

Husband and wife should be honest with each other.

On the way back, Christina had been thinking about this. Every time she went back to the Dickens family, she was nagged by her aunt. Especially this time when she went back, her aunt kept talking that Patrick was a good man.

Christina was thinking if Patrick gave her family money. Or did Patrick brainwash her family?

Her aunt's attitude towards Patrick and the Hopkins family had completely changed. She was even worried that Christina didn't know how to serve her husband after getting married, so she even taught Christina some methods to serve men.

"Patrick." Christina suddenly called Patrick.

"Patrick, do you have any secrets to tell me?"

Patrick didn't know what his wife was thinking. He turned to look at her and frowned. His first thought was that she knew about the conversation between him and Donald.

Christina looked a little awkward and tugged at his sleeve. "Hey, I'm asking you. Are you trying to avoid my question?"

Patrick was scrutinized by her and wanted to deny it, but he couldn't say it when he met her bright eyes.

As Patrick's wife, Christina could already see through his conspiracy from the subtle expression on his face.

Charles and the two babies sat in the second row of seats of the long black Bugatti. The two one-year-old babies got up too early this morning, so they fell asleep quietly in the stable car after drinking milk.

Because the children were asleep, they lowered their voices in the car. Charles was so bored that he could only look at the two babies next to him.

Suddenly, he heard Christina asking Patrick and sneered.

Christina became smarter after being together with Patrick for a long time. If Patrick had plotted against her in the past, she would not have known it.

"Patrick, Derek gave me so much property. How do you feel?" Christina and Patrick were sitting in the back row of the car, which was convenient for them to talk about personal matters.

Patrick did not expect her to ask so directly. He raised his eyebrows without answering.

"Hey, do you want to be silent again?" Christina kicked Patrick with her right foot.

Charles, who was sitting in front of them, seemed to be looking straight ahead at the road. The driver in the front

row also looked very serious. No one seemed to pay attention their conversation, but they were very curious about it.

It was a rare and interesting thing to eavesdrop on the conversation between Christina and Patrick.

So far, few people dared to yell at Patrick like this.

Patrick was not a passive person. He raised his head and looked straight at Christina. "Do you know why Derek suddenly gave you all his belongings?"

Christina felt a little uncertain when he asked her this question.

"Why do you think he did this?" She wasn't too sure herself.

Patrick hesitated deliberately and said softly, "So you don't know it."

Hearing his tone, Christina leaned closer to him and grabbed his arm tightly with both hands, asking anxiously, "Do you know anything? Tell me quickly!"

"Hey, tell me. Derek has been sick recently. His illness is so strange. The last time I went to his apartment, I saw him smash all the furniture in his apartment. He even scratched the door with his thumb and left five blood marks on it. He fell under the bed and was covered in wounds. He kept moaning."

"The next day when he woke up, I asked him what was going on, but he said he didn't remember."

Christina spoke everything she knew. Patrick was listening to her in surprise. In fact, Patrick did not know as much as Christina did.

It was too difficult to investigate some things from Derek. Only Christina knew some facts.

Christina said with disappointment, "Tell me. Is it because he feels that he is not in good health that he gives me his property? Can't he be cured?"

Hearing this, Charles was very shocked. He had never known that Derek was suffering this.

He immediately remembered that once he, Patrick, and Chandler broke into Derek's apartment and happened to see that Derek's house was smashed into a mess. Besides, Derek was also scarred and very weak, as if he was going to die at any time. However, it was amazing that after a long time, the doctor diagnosed that Derek's various indicators had returned to normal.

Christina had misunderstood that they beat up Derek.

Derek always hurt himself. What happened to him?

Patrick was silent for a moment. Seeing that Christina was extremely worried about Derek, Patrick had a mixed feeling and patted Christina on the head.

"Derek's illness will be treated by a professional doctor. You're not a doctor." Patrick was not very good at comforting people. He added, "I will try my best to help him."

Then he said bluntly, "I'm very annoyed that Derek transferred such a large sum of his property to you."

No man would like to see that his wife was supported by another man.

Hearing what he said, Christina felt a little surprised.

When Senior Mr. Hopkins, Ms. Hopkins, and the Dickens family asked him, he always kept silent. Hearing that he said he was unhappy, Christina wanted to laugh.

Charles laughed out loud. "Patrick, take it as the dowry Derek gives to her."

Seeing that Patrick was so frank, Christina also told him something, "Patrick, I think Brianna is very strange."

Patrick turned to look at Christina. It was strange that she suddenly mentioned Brianna.

"What's wrong with Brianna?"

In Patrick's opinion, Brianna was always quiet and honest. She had never caused trouble for so many years since she came to the Hopkins family.

Charles couldn't help but turn round and glance at Christina. "Brianna is such a nice person. Are you not satisfied with her?"

"If you really want to complain, you should complain Ms. Hopkins. Ms. Hopkins really likes to stir up trouble."

Christina frowned and said, "Ms. Hopkins is just gossipy and likes to make trouble for me, but she's not that bad. I didn't say that Brianna was a bad person. It's strange, because Brianna is sometimes good and sometimes bad."

Christina could not tell how she felt.

It was as if there were two Briannas, one timid and cowardly, and the other extremely violent.

Charles was surprised. "Don't you think Ms. Hopkins treats you badly?" He didn't think that Christina was so tolerant.

"I thought you were always on guard against Ms. Hopkins in the Hopkins family. She is not easy to get along with."

But Christina said bluntly, "I just want to be on guard against Brianna."

Patrick seemed to realize the seriousness of the matter. He lowered his voice and asked, "What did Brianna do to you?"

Even Charles became a little vigilant.

Christina would not choose to hold a grudge against someone. She did not even hate Ms. Hopkins, who was always targeting her. What did Brianna do?

Christina looked a little awkward. In fact, she could not tell it herself. She felt that Brianna had attacked her several times, but there was no real evidence.

And Brianna had no motive to hurt her.

Christina didn't say much to them. She just mumbled, "Isn't there a lot of cameras in the house? Even a cunning fox will give itself away one day."

Brianna was a little introverted and autistic like Derek when he was a child. Christina didn't want to hurt Brianna, but she wouldn't wait to be attacked by Brianna.

"Okay, it's your turn."

Christina seemed to have said something hidden in her heart. She breathed a sigh of relief, and then patted Patrick on the shoulder to urge him with a relaxed expression.

Patrick looked at her blankly.

After being married for so long, he couldn't keep up with his wife's thoughts at all.

"I've already told you some secrets in my heart. It's definitely your turn to say something now. Say it!" Christina's tone was a little overbearing.

Patrick looked at her quietly and suddenly chuckled.

Patrick's deep burning eyes were staring straight at Christina. Christina was a little embarrassed. "Why are you looking at me? I'm asking you to say something. Hey, don't laugh. What are you laughing at?"

Every time Christina was shy and embarrassed, she would raise her voice and be especially fierce.

"Don't stare at me like that. It's so strange." She pushed Patrick.

Patrick was in a good mood when he saw her like this. He teased, "I've been staring at you for so long in the past, ~~but~~ didn't look up at me."

"When?"

Christina complained in her heart. His eyes were so burning, and he was just like a beast looking at its prey. How could she not notice it?

Patrick said casually, "You're under the platform, and I'm on the platform."

"You mean when you went to our school to be a teaching assistant?"

Christina was very surprised. He rarely mentioned it. Sometimes she asked him when he was about to sleep at night, he didn't say it, as if it was so embarrassing.

"Tell me. Patrick, you were very famous in our school at that time."

Charles was also very curious about Patrick's experience as a teaching assistant. In order to chase after the girl he liked, Patrick actually went to her school to be a teacher. Patrick didn't date with many girls, but he was definitely a doer.

The atmosphere in the car was very harmonious. Christina reached out and slapped the back of Charles's head. "Why did you teach the babies to stick tongues out?"

The children were very curious. They opened their eyes and look around. Looking at Charles, they unconsciously learned to stick their tongues out, as if it was fun. They also smiled shyly.

"I didn't do it deliberately. Don't tell grandpa." Charles immediately begged for mercy. If Senior Mr. Hopkins knew it, he would chop Charles up.

Christina and Charles were quarreling. The babies seemed to be playing with them, prattling and waving their chubby hands.

The car was running steadily all the way. The sun outside the window was blocked by clouds today, and the scenery on both sides of the highway looked a little hazy. It seemed that it would rain later.

Patrick stopped smiling and looked out the window. He was thinking about something.

"The island of the Strozzi family..."



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At 8:30 in the morning, the car finally reached the Hopkins family.

After making sure that his precious grandson was in good health, Senior Mr. Hopkins snorted, "I didn't ask you to come back so soon. You can return until tomorrow."

When Senior Mr. Hopkins had known that Patrick had taken his grandson away, he had been so furious that he had almost planned to smash the cup.

Aware that it was Donald's birthday, Senior Mr. Hopkins finally understood the reason and reluctantly agreed the little boy to stay at the Dickens family for two days. At first, Senior Mr. Hopkins thought that Christina would bargain with him that they would come back later. To his surprise, they went back so quickly.

"The Dickens family was busy. We'll visit them next time." Patrick explained slowly. As Patrick called his men, he walked back to his study.

It seemed that Patrick had something urgent to deal with.

Looking at his grandson's cold look, Senior Mr. Hopkins turned to Christina. "What's wrong with the Dickens family? Do they need our help?"

If something really happened to his in-laws, Senior Mr. Hopkins would be glad to help, although someone had said that he wasn't always generous.

Watching Patrick who was entering the study hurriedly, Christina was confused as well. "I have no idea, either."

Senior Mr. Hopkins sighed. "You sleep with Patrick every day. Why can't you understand his thoughts? Why are you so stupid?"

Christina refuted, without keeping gentle. "You've raised him for decades. Why don't you know what he's thinking?"

With a smile on his face, Paul served them a plate of fruit and asked Charles to sit down and have tea. "Mr. Hopkins is missing you all day after you left. Haha..."

It is better to have a noisy family than to be estranged from each other with mere polite greetings.

At 11 pm, Patrick received a call from Donald in the study.

"I asked Christina's aunt to find the diary left by Christina's mother in the Eisenhower family's old house..."

"The old house has been deserted for a long time and the handwriting is unclear because of dampness." After all, time flew, and things had changed over time.

It had been a long time since anyone mentioned Mary and Donald had been bearing her in his mind, unwilling to talk about the past.

It was because Patrick unexpectedly mentioned Christina's biological father that Donald agreed to look for the diary, so as to see if anything about Christina's father had been recorded.

"It indeed is recorded that the man used to live on an island." Donald talked about his ex-wife's relationship history calmly.

Mary had still been young back then. At the time she had written the diary, she had been a young girl who had just fallen in love. Even her handwriting could tell how excited she had been and how much she had admired that man.

"According to her description, the island was isolated with good green plants and vegetation. It was not desolate at all. Instead, the buildings at the center of the island were modern, full of cars and private planes, as well as abundant mechanical weapons. It has been said that there had been many servants, most of whom were children who were sold by their poor parents working as fishermen. What's more, the facilities were well-developed..."

Donald could only use 'her description' because Mary might be deceived by the man's hearsay. It was unknown whether Mary had really been to the island.

Was there really such a strange person who liked to live on islands?

Deep down, Donald believed that Mary had been deceived by the liar. If so, however, Mary should have changed her mind and gone back. But now, so many years later, Mary did not come back. Had she found the island and the man?

With the phone in his hand, Patrick listened carefully to Donald. The description in Mary's diary was exactly the same as the investigation completed by Patrick's men.

"Has the diary mentioned the location of the island?" Patrick asked with some concern.

"No."

Donald answered bluntly, suddenly became nervous, and asked, "Have you noticed that some strange people have been deliberately approaching Christina recently?"

"Maybe a few years ago, they might investigate Christina..." With mixed feelings, Donald was filled with guilt.

As a father, Donald was really negligent, even unable to notice whether his daughter had been followed up all these years. In the past, Donald hated Mary so much that he had totally ignored Christina.

"If the description is true, the man would not abandon his own child. It seems that he is powerful and low-profile, like a mystery." It was the reason why women, including Mary, had admired the man.

"If someone approaches Christina on purpose to take her blood sample or fingerprints, you have to be careful!"

As a father, Donald had told Patrick everything he knew.

He was clear that he was incompetent to compete with others, but he still wanted to try to protect his daughter.

"Patrick, I beg you to take good care of my daughter." Finally, Donald begged Patrick in earnest.

It was like the time when Donald had asked Patrick to take care of his daughter Christina at the wedding ceremony.

"OK," Patrick agreed.

Donald was relieved to hear Patrick's promise.

The father was finally relieved to have an outstanding man like Patrick guarding his daughter.

Then, Patrick asked Donald to send him Mary's diary. He planned to ask his men to do some identification, in order to find more clues.

As long as the island really existed, Patrick had the confidence to figure it out.

After the call with Donald, Patrick was not in the mood to deal with his work. As a result, he quickly turned off the lights in the study and went back to the bedroom.

The woman on the big bed was already asleep. Seeing it, Patrick walked quietly, unwilling to disturb his wife. Next, he lifted a corner of the quilt and lay gently beside her.

The man hugged Christina from the back tightly.

Patrick felt calm when hugging Christina in this way.

In fact, Patrick felt the island was mysterious as well as if it was a brand new area and something unknown, making him a little overwhelmed.

Especially when thinking of Derek's health condition, Patrick would be nervous and uneasy.

Patrick admitted that he was selfish. He sympathized with Derek for having such a strange disease, but if Christina was infected with it, Patrick would go crazy.

"Ah, I'm not feeling well... Don't hug me." Maybe it was because Patrick hugged Christina too tightly that the woman struggled unconsciously.

Patrick loosened his grip, looked up at her sleeping face, and asked softly, "Christina, have you ever met anyone strange?"

In a daze, Christina could vaguely hear what Patrick was saying.

The dim yellow light at the bedside shone on her fair cheeks. Christina frowned and mumbled in a dissatisfied tone, "I hate Ms. Hopkins the most. Is she going through menopause so that she troubles me every day? If she bothers me anymore, I will fight back."

Patrick chuckled, with his head slowly approaching to her ear, and asked more softly, "Have you ever met anyone suspicious?"

This time, Christina heard it clearly, but she was confused and sleepy, immersed in sleeping.

Therefore, she replied perfunctorily, "I think the most suspicious person is Brianna."

"... Brianna is really strange."

Then, she fell asleep with steady breathing.

Patrick did not wake her up. He frowned and thought about it all night. To be honest, Patrick was confused why Christina had been on guard against Brianna.

Meanwhile, there was another man who couldn't sleep because of concerns.

Derek found something strange. Recently, a black cat always followed him and repeated appeared before him like a ghost.

Late at night, it was empty and cold at the square. Most people had already gone back home, making the square silent. Except for several street lights nearby, it was dark. At this time, Derek was sitting on a wooden chair under the tree. The cold wind moved his short hair and he sat there quietly, with his blue eyes staring at the grass opposite him.

The big clock in the middle rang 12 times.

"Meow -"

Just then, a black cat came out of the grass. Its hair was black and shiny as if it had been treated well by its owner. Its fur was very soft, and its eyes were golden. The cat was fit, well-proportioned, with a long tail.

It was hard to see the cat at night, and the cat seemed to be patient. For a long time, it could sit still, like those commanders who were good at foresight.

It walked out of the grass after being discovered by Derek.

Now, Derek was more puzzled.

He fixed his eyes on the black cat which walked towards Derek slowly and calmly, as gentle as a nobleman. It seemed that the cat had been professionally trained, making it get the temperament from its owner.

The black cat stopped three meters away from Derek. It squatted upright and looked up at Derek with its golden eyes. Derek felt like being surrounded by indescribable strangeness.

The man and the cat examined each other, keeping a distance, still.

"What are you looking for?"

After about ten minutes, Derek seemed to be impatient. He stood up and asked slowly, without looking at the cat.

There was no one around, only the black cat. Derek seemed to be talking to himself.

The black cat was still vigilant, focusing on Derek's movements.

Seeing that Derek was about to leave, it wagged its tail.

Derek never remained interested in something. After losing interest, the thing would be regarded as nothing.

Then, Derek walked towards his apartment. He was tall and slim, with his black curly hair, beautiful features, and pure blue eyes. He walked slowly with an indifferent look. The street lights lengthened his shadow.

The black cat was not used to being ignored. After hesitating for a while, it caught up with Derek.

The man and the cat, one in front and one behind, formed two shadows.

Derek did not look back, seemed not to refuse its follow. When Derek reached his apartment, the cat was still looking at him.

"I don't like pets," Derek said slowly, with a little husky and pleasant voice.

"Bang," the door was slammed shut.



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Crescent Garden, an old apartment complex in the east of A City used to be the city center of A City, and because of its previous prosperity, there were many buildings of historical value left.

The buildings in this area were not very high, with at most about five or six floors. Although they did not look as modern as the new buildings, most residents here were rich locals, and it was easy to find retired people who owned several new houses in this area. The pace of life here was very slow, and people who lived there felt very comfortable and satisfied.

"Did that man come to our restaurant today?" A female employee of a restaurant was looking curiously at the square.

There was an old square in the center of Crescent Garden, and its surrounding environment was very good. There were also many restaurants around. Especially, there was a western restaurant specializing in handmade biscuits and cakes that had a very good business. Many tourists would come from all over the country to enjoy the food there.

But recently, the female employees of this restaurant noticed a very special male guest.

He often patronized the restaurant. He was a little eccentric and liked the seat in the corner the most. He seemed to be a little paranoid about a fixed seat. If the seat he usually sat in was occupied, he would turn around and leave.

Most importantly, the man was very beautiful. He had a tall and slender figure, and his features were very handsome. He looked a little like a mixed-race, especially because his blue eyes were clear and beautiful. His skin was very fair, and so were his arms. His long fingers were clearly jointed. Even his hands were so beautiful.

"Leave that seat in the corner to that beautiful man. The other guests are very happy to see him."

The owner of the restaurant was an old man in his eighties, and he couldn't help but praise that man's appearance.

"He has been coming to our restaurant to have meals for almost half a year. Haven't you got to know what his name was?"

When there were few customers in the restaurant, the female employees liked to gather together and talk about the special male guest.

"You even remember how long he had come to our restaurant for meals?"

"Of course. His appearance and temperament are so special that it's hard to forget about it, okay?" Most of the people who came to work in the restaurant were very young girls. Some of them worked part-time and studied in college, while others dropped out of school to earn money.

At the age of the first awakening of love, women were very enthusiastic and curious about handsome men.

"I don't think he's like an ordinary salaried worker. Look at the shirts and clothes he usually wears... Those are all of

the big brands."

"Of course. As for someone like him who is taken care of by god, even if he casually chooses to be a model, he will be top male model, and his income will be much higher than that of the ordinary working class."

These young girls' enthusiasm was like fire, but no one dared to ask him his name and where he came from for such a long time.

One of the older foremen among them sighed, "I think he has that kind of temperament which make others not dare to walk close..." She just didn't dare to talk to him for fear of disturbing him.

"He might probably be the son of a rich family."

"Then why does he like to go to a restaurant like ours that caters to ordinary people? If he only comes here once or twice, he may just find it's fun to occasionally go to ordinary restaurant. But he's always been ordering the cheapest cake. He hasn't even ordered our most expensive opera cake."

Suddenly, a short-haired girl excitedly pointed at the window of the restaurant and shouted, "Look, he's outside in the square..."

"Where?!"

"A little to the right, under that tree. See? He fell asleep leaning against the tree!" She exclaimed excitedly as if she had seen the person she loved.

"Yes, I see him. He really fell asleep leaning against the tree. God, he looked so handsome when he fell asleep."

A group of female employees was talking about him enthusiastically.

"Hey, hey, hey, ladies, calm down. We are still in the work time." The male staff in the restaurant knocked on the table to remind them.

One of the girls with a ponytail turned around and replied to him, "It's employee benefits to watch a handsome man sleep."

"What's so good about watching a man sleeping?"

"If it were you, we wouldn't be bothered to watch it. Handsome men are different. It is much more eye-catching than the special effects scenes of stars... I wonder whether it would make him angry if I secretly took photos of him."

A group of female employees began to have a heated discussion about whom to send to the tree to secretly take a picture of a handsome man's sleeping face.

The male employees in the restaurant were really jealous and angry. "You are anthomaniacs. A man who is so beautiful must have something wrong with him."

"And that man can fall asleep anywhere. On my way home from work last time, I saw him sitting on a wooden chair and he had actually fallen asleep there. I don't know if he's pretending or not. A lot of women were taking pictures of him around him."

Yes, Derek had been very somnolent recently.

He himself did not know the reason for it. Whether he lay down, sat down, or stood, he wanted to sleep all the time. He could only stay awake for a few hours a day and was in a state of sleepwalking during the rest of the day.

Once, he woke up at the foot of a hillside in the green belt on the side of the road. He was very confused. He probably fell down when he walked by, and then he fell asleep there because he felt sleepy.

Derek brushed down the dust on his body and went back calmly. He didn't take it seriously at all.

It was more unlikely that he would think of himself somehow becoming a hot topic in this neighborhood. Of course, even if someone told him that he was high-profile, he would still be indifferent to it.

Whether you paid attention to me or not had nothing to do with me.

It was Derek's nature, which was always like this.

Derek lived in the old district of Crescent Garden. He chose this place because compared to the bustling city of A City, it made him feel more peaceful.

He liked a fixed life. He would like to choose the same restaurant, eat the cake of the same flavor, and sit on the same stool under the same tree.

He was used to living alone and he hated strangers entering his domain. It would make him uneasy. Even if it was just a cat, it would make him toss and turn in bed, unable to sleep all night.

Derek didn't sleep well last night, and it was all a cat's fault.

When he felt the sun rising, he would sit on the bed and look at the walls around him. The house was empty and he thought it was very good. Others said the life he lived was too lonely and quiet, but he was used to it.

Just as Derek stretched out his hands, he heard another sound, "Meow -"

Derek frowned.

So, without thinking about it, he stood up and went out directly. He walked to the tree in the square park, which was his second place to take a rest.

He leaned against the big tree and smelled the fragrance of the plants, while the setting sun made him feel very warm. The sun shone through the leaves above his head on his fair face. His clear blue eyes were very stunning. He closed his eyes with long eyelashes and fell asleep as he wished.

But someone disturbed him at this moment. "Hey, hello, handsome boy. Are you awake?" A figure stood beside him and greeted him warmly.

Even if Derek fell asleep, he was very vigilant.

At this moment, he could not feel the danger, so he still closed his eyes and breathed evenly as if the person didn't exist.

The waitress in front of him was very brave. She squatted down next to him and continued to say in a low voice, "Handsome, it's not good for your stomach if you don't have breakfast." Her voice was sweet and caring.

Derek slept casually, leaning against the big tree and sleeping with his head sideways. His short hair had not been taken care of for some time. His bangs were a little long and blocked his vision. A ray of sunlight fell on his head, which did not dazzle him. He slept comfortably, but now a voice had been disturbing him.

Derek's breathing became a little unsteady, and he frowned while his previous relaxed expression disappeared.

"Don't get so close to me." He said in a deep and languid voice.

He spoke slowly, and he was obviously in a daze after sleep, without any imposing manner which might make others feel disgusted. Instead, the waitress found his voice particularly pleasant and intoxicating. She looked at him blankly.

The waitress was surprised and immediately looked a little embarrassed. Then she took out a colorful paper box and opened it. There was a beautiful cake inside.

"I'm an employee of the western restaurant on the north street, the one you often go to."

She smiled shyly and realized that she had forgotten to introduce herself. Looking at the handsome man in front of her, she was a little nervous. She slowly pushed the cake in front of him and explained.

"This, this is what the owner of our restaurant said to give you."

In fact, it was the thought of a few female employees of the restaurant to send a cake to this special male guest. They wondered if he would like it or not.

In particular, the cake maker in their restaurant was so nervous that she even looked towards them with binoculars in the restaurant. The female fans were like red roses, crazy and enthusiastic.

Derek leaned his body to one side and slowly opened his eyes.

He looked at the exquisite opera cake on the grass and didn't express much emotion.

"This is our signature cake... It's just been made. You would probably like it." The waitress continued to chat with him enthusiastically.

She had never seen a man who liked desserts as much as this handsome man did. He sometimes sat in the fixed seat in the restaurant and ordered 5 or 6 plates of the same cake. This man could eat the cake bit by bit with a fork without blinking his eyes. He had an elegant gesture as a nobleman who appeared on the screen, and the way he ate was pleasing to the eye as well.

All this was just a stranger's thought.

Derek did not touch the cake. He had always been not keen on trying new things, especially food.

Originally, eating was just to take care of his spleen and stomach. What he ate was not important to him.

Christina often chattered in his ear that she had never seen a man who liked desserts as much as he did. He didn't say a word. In fact, it was just because he could get more calories from desserts, and then he didn't have to worry about what to eat anymore.

To put it bluntly, he was just lazy.

Thinking of Christina, Derek had a look in his eyes that was a little disappointed, as if his only toy had been taken away by another person.

"Meow -" suddenly, a cat meowed.

A black cat with soft hair walked out of the grass. Its tail was very long, and it swayed its tail gracefully in the air, as if it did not want to touch the dirty soil on the ground.

The waitress was startled by the sudden appearance of the black cat.

What was even more amazing was that she saw the cat walk to the position between them, and then it unceremoniously stick out its tongue to lick the cake.

Did cats eat desserts as well?

The waitress felt confused, and looking at the cat's elegant eating style, she couldn't help but look up at the man next to her who was leaning against the tree.

Derek was also looking at the cat which ate the cake that should belong to him. His beautiful brows were frowning again.

"Ah, this is your cat. It's so cute."

The waitress said with a smile, trying to ease the atmosphere.

She even wanted to reach out and touch the cat's furry head to get close to the little animal.

However, the black cat did not want anyone to touch it at all. It raised its neck high and sat very upright, just like the statues of the divine cats in Egypt. Its golden eyes were very bright and its pupils were very smart, revealing a

strange feeling that it might be able to see through people's minds.

It was as if the cat's eyes were emitting a threatening sense of alienation. It seemed to say: Don't touch me.

The ordinary waitress looked at the cat in front of her. For some reason, she felt a chill on her back, and she froze as she was about to reach out and touch the cat.

"This is not my cat," Derek said slowly with a languid voice.



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MunmunSamima

Not bad!

2022/02/28

"This is not my cat," Derek said slowly in a languid voice.

His hoarse voice broke the strange silence. The cat turned to look at him, and then it shook its tail with the arrogance owned by a cat.

The waitress turned her head and met Derek's face. She looked into his deep eyes and seemed to be lost in thought and a little mesmerized.

The girl blushed.

She slowly withdrew her hand. She did not think about how strange the black cat was. She seemed to have a crush on Derek. She was not clear-minded now.

The black cat hadn't eaten for a long time. Instead of looking at Derek, it lowered its head and licked the delicious cake bit by bit.

Derek didn't mind his food being eaten by the cat.

His blue eyes were full of thought, and he patiently watched the cat eating the cake in front of him, as if he was observing and thinking in his heart. Suddenly, he reached out and took the cake off the lawn.

It was like a prank, but it was also like a test.

While the cat was enjoying itself, Derek took the delicious food from its mouth.

The cat seemed to hate people disturbing its meal and flew into a rage. It raised its claws, and its fur stood up. It meowed at Derek, then pounced on him and scratched him.

The cat's claws were sharp. Derek's white shirt sleeve was scratched. There was a faint trace of blood oozing out.

The waitress next to him was startled and screamed in fear.

She was so scared that she immediately retreated. She was afraid that the black cat was scary. The cat's claws made Derek bleed.

Derek had a slow personality, but he reacted quickly.

The next second, he grabbed the back of the cat's neck. The black cat was caught and was not as powerful as before. It was carried in mid-air by Derek.

It turned its head. Its golden pupils showed its anger. It glared at Derek and meowed sharply like a provoked spirit.

Derek's large, fair and slender hand directly grabbed the cat's neck and controlled it. There was no expression on Derek's face. Under the morning light, his delicate and handsome features and his beautiful blue eyes could be seen

clearly. Everything about him was gentle and harmless, handsome.

But the strength in his hands was enough to kill the screaming cat in an instant.

This made the waitress in the restaurant even more stunned. They had always felt that this beautiful man, this gentle and slow-tempered man, should be a man who did not know how to handle daily affairs. It seemed that he had been secluded from the world.

But his reaction just now was swift and direct. How could he be a harmless man?

"Is it dead?"

Her voice trembled as she asked, her eyes no longer daring to fix on the beautiful man in front of her.

The black cat was pinched on Derek's fair and slender right hand. The cat stopped struggling and lowered its tail as if it had lost its breath.

Without any pity, he killed a little creature in an instant.

This beautiful man, at this moment, seemed to be terrifying. The more beautiful and mysterious things were, the more dangerous they were. The girl screamed in her heart.

Derek suddenly felt tired and sleepy. He closed his eyes lazily and sighed.

He seemed to have lost interest in the black cat that had attacked him just now and threw it to the left.

Then the black cat seemed to have come back to life in an instant. It jumped in the air and landed steadily.

Was this cat pretending to be dead just now?

The waitress looked at the cat in surprise and then at the beautiful man. The man and the cat were both really... strange.

Derek felt that he could no longer have his rest here. He felt a little pity. He liked to sleep under this tree.

He got up and didn't even pat the grass and dust on his pants. His hair was messy. He looked as if he would fall asleep at any time. He wandered off in the other direction, looking for a place where he could sleep undisturbed.

"Sir, your hand is injured."

"There's blood oozing from your white shirt on your left hand."

The waitress who stood on the lawn did not dare to chase after him, but when she saw the beautiful man injured, she could not help but shout to remind him, "You were scratched by a cat and bled. You must go for the vaccination. You may get rabies. You must deal with the wound. Don't you feel pain?"

Derek, who was walking ahead, paused.

He lowered his head slowly and raised his left hand. There was indeed a scratch in his white shirt. The black cat's claws were unusually sharp. His hand was scratched and was bleeding. The wound was not big, but the cut was quite deep, and dark red blood kept oozing out.

His blood stained his white shirt sleeves, and the smell of blood wafted into the air.

Such a deep cut and dark red blood might indicate that the cat's claws were poisonous and should hurt.

"I don't feel it."

Derek turned to look at the strange waitress and said to her.

He said in a low voice and seemed to be muttering to himself, his eyes dark and calm.

He hadn't been conscious of any pain lately.

The waitress seemed to have never expected him to turn around and talk to her. For a moment, she was surprised and nervous and wanted to say something more.

But Derek walked away without looking back.

The black cat still followed him.

Derek walked to the apartment door and looked down at the black cat squatting in front of the door. "Go." His voice was languid, as if he hadn't had enough sleep.

After that, Derek was about to close the door.

Perhaps it was because the black cat had learned a lesson yesterday. This time, it reacted quickly. At the moment Derek closed the door, it flashed into the apartment.

Derek stood at the entrance of his house and was surprised.

It seemed that he had never dealt with such a problem.

He felt that he had discussed with the cat and let it go. Why did it come in?

Derek began to look for the cat all over the house, but the black cat seemed to know that Derek did not like it here, so it hid.

Ten minutes later.

Derek stood in the middle of his living room. His handsome and fair face showed rare confusion.

For as long as he could remember, he only played hide-and-seek with Christina. He had no other playmates, and now he was looking for a cat.

"Come out." He frowned and shouted.

At this moment, in the corner, a pair of golden cat eyes were carefully watching his every move.

Derek closed his eyes again. He was tired and wanted to sleep.

After thinking about it, Derek decided to catch the cat when he woke up.

"Jump out of the window yourself, or I'll catch you and throw you out!" Derek was talking to the air. His lazy voice was not intimidating at all, but he was not joking at all.

Derek walked into his bedroom, his eyes half-closed already. As soon as he lay on the bed, he fell asleep. He was exhausted.

His face was handsome, his slender body sleeping sideways. He was breathing evenly, his eyes closed. He had long eyelashes, he was beautiful. It would be an enjoyment to see him sleeping.

But who would have thought that this man had reacted so quickly that he grabbed the cat's neck and almost killed it?

The black cat, which was still squatting in the corner, swung its tail gently.

By the time Derek woke up, it was already sunset. He woke up hungry.

Derek slowly sat up from the bed and opened her eyes sleepily.

His reactions were slow, but the first thing he muttered was, "I told you, I don't like you in my room."

His mind was clear. He remembered that there was a cat in his room.

He sounded like a person who had just woken up from his dream. His lazy tone was not threatening at all. However, at this moment, the black cat, who was standing and looking at the refrigerator, had its fur standing up. It jumped on its paws and hid again. Its body was light.

Derek walked to the fridge and opened it. His hand paused for a moment. He slowly lowered his head and stared at the corner next to the fridge. He seemed to smell something unusual. He frowned again.

Derek first casually took out a box of doughnuts from the refrigerator. The doughnuts seemed to be there for a long time, and the outer packaging had been covered in frost.

Derek was not picky about food. He sat in the living room with a dry, hard, and sweet doughnut in his hand. He didn't even make a cup of tea or pour a cup of warm water. Without expression, he picked up a piece and ate it bit by bit. He ate just to fill his stomach.

After Derek felt that he was full and his stomach didn't hurt, he started his work.

"Come out!"

Derek's tone was obviously impatient this time. His logic was simple. He had given the cat time and opportunity, but the cat still didn't leave. Then don't blame him for being ruthless.

In the empty house, his low and mellow voice echoed.

Derek began to look for the cat all over the house again.

He had looked for the cat in every corner. A man with such a sharp mind could not find a cat. The cat was quite **gibbiling**.

He stood quietly in front of the bookshelves and closed his eyes. His hearing was extremely sensitive. He was listening to any subtle sounds in the house.

Derek suddenly turned around and looked at the balcony behind him. There was anger in his blue eyes. "Don't let me find you!" He rarely got so angry.

He pulled the door.

The glass door of the balcony was closed by Derek.

The cat was calm and did not panic at all. The black cat was squatting on the air conditioner external unit behind the balcony. It wagged its long tail and looked at Derek through the glass door of the balcony. The cat's golden eyes showed that it seemed to have its own thoughts.



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Derek suddenly woke up in the middle of the night.

He felt his blood boiling and his heart beating fast. He sat up from the bed and looked at the darkness in the room. He turned on the light. No matter how he adjusted his breathing, he couldn't feel calm.

Derek frowned, with his beautiful eyebrows drawn together. He subconsciously turned to look out the window at the night sky. The stars were sparse under the clear moon, and a few scattered stars set off half of the crescent moon.

The moon was not full today.

Every full moon night before, strange things happened to his body. Although his memory was blurry every time he woke up, there were still some vague memories in his subconscious.

Every full moon night, he would be tormented with pain all over his body, and even his bones would be in great pain. His skin was scorching as if he was being roasted by a hot fire. His heart would beat very fast as if it was trying to get out of his chest. He felt that his whole body was about to explode. Every time he felt like he was on the verge of death, and he had to be suffering every month.

Therefore, on that day, he would become very manic and restless. He became a totally different person, more like a wild beast out of control with no sense.

Derek's blood was boiling all over his body, which made him uneasy, but it was not the kind of manic pain he felt on a full moon night.

When he lowered his head, he found the wound on his arm.

During the day, he was scratched by the black cat in the square. The previous wound was very thin, but it was very deep. Derek did not care. He let the blood drip out and dyed the sleeve of the white shirt red. Now the dark red blood on the shirt had solidified.

Although he could not feel the pain, he faintly felt that this was where the problem was.

Derek tore open the left sleeve with his right hand, and the expensive satin fabric made a cracking sound. He did not care about how expensive it was.

The sleeve was torn open, and at this moment, he could clearly see the whole wound on his arm. The edge of the wound was turning purple, and the nearby muscles began to fester, the area expanding. There was light yellow pus oozing out, which looked very disgusting.

It seemed that the muscle was intoxicated. Pus flowed out of the rotten wound and the wound extended to the normal skin around. Little by little, the skin of the whole arm turned black and purple.

The cat's claws were extremely poisonous, more than he expected. He thought it was just a mild poison and never

took it seriously.

"Who raised the cat?" Derek's deep blue eyes were still flashed with calmness as he muttered to himself.

If this happened to others, he would have sensed the pain long ago, but because of the influence of the full moon recently, the nerves all over his body were numb.

He slept until midnight and woke up restlessly. It seemed that the poison had invaded his blood.

Would he die?

Derek did not worry about this.

He didn't go to the hospital. Derek quietly looked down at the wound on her arm as if it wasn't him who was in pain. He just quietly observed the changes in the wound.

There was a small light on in the room. The late-night room was quiet. Since Derek had no sense of time, he usually didn't like to hang the clock in his room. He hated the sound of the clock ticking because he was very sensitive to all sounds. Even if the electronic clock was silent, he didn't like it to be flashing all the time. Larry bought one for him before, but Derek threw it away every time.

As for death, he had never been afraid of it.

In fact, for him, there had always been no concept of living in his word.

The black cat was still squatting outside Derek's balcony. It had been 7 hours, and it was still very patient squatting in the same position on the air conditioner shell.

The night was cool and humid. The cat's soft fur was covered with a layer of dew.

It could perfectly blend in with such a late night, like a motionless and farsighted predator. It was now staring intently into the room, its golden cat's eyes shining in the dark night, extremely weird.

The small balcony was facing Derek's bedroom. It could see everything inside from here. After a while, the black cat seemed to be a little bored. It stretched out its left paw and stroke its face.

It tilted its head as if it did not understand what Derek was doing inside.

In the past, after everyone was grabbed by its claws, they would roll on the ground painfully and make a mess, loudly begging for mercy and roaring, which would finally lead to death.

This man was really strange.

At this moment, Derek, who was sitting on the bed, suddenly felt his head getting heavier and heavier, and his vision began to blur. He knew that his blood poisoning was getting worse.

He no longer observed the wound on his arm. He leaned against the bedside, folded his hands and feet, leaned his head against his knees, and sat in a corner.

For him, it felt the same as in the Fisher family when he was a child. The adults of the Fisher family liked to punish him by locking him up in the dark and scary storeroom. Instead of crying or making a scene, he found a corner and sat there quietly with his body folded up.

Those people said he was a weirdo. They scolded him for not crying. The adults would be angrier and angrier when they saw him not crying.

They liked to beat him by the side of the willow vine. The sound of the vine whipping the flesh seemed to make these people even more excited and noisy, but Derek still did not cry. He stood still while being beaten up.

However, they hit harder and harder, and their expressions became more ferocious.

he didn't faint and fall to the ground until he was seriously whipped and his weak body could not withstand it.

Christina used to scold him for being stupid, standing there like wood instead of dodging the whipping. She didn't understand what he was thinking. He wanted to fight, but he didn't fight as bravely as Christina. If she didn't like it, she would say it directly. He couldn't, because no one would care about his mood.

Even at a young age, he knew very well that his only way to fight was to fight against himself. He often thought that maybe one day these people could kill him. Death was never a terrible thing for him.

But Christina liked to drag him around. He didn't want to, but she was really bossy.

When they were in kindergarten, she was picky and poured carrots that she didn't like into his bowl.

When she was at her grandfather's house, she kicked the piano in the living room and said, "My birthday gift this year is that my piano is stolen, so I don't have to learn it anymore. Derek, can you help me realize this wish?"

"Derek, my mommy doesn't seem to like me very much. Help me think of a way. I think I have already behaved myself. Why doesn't she like me?"

"Derek, you're so smart. Don't get sick. Get better quickly. The class teacher has assigned a lot of homework for us. I don't know how to do it."

A lot of memories flashed through Derek's mind, just as some people would look back on their lives before they died.

What he remembered most was the time when he and Christina were children. Some children had long forgotten their childhood. It was the only time he was grateful for being so smart and unforgettable, which was the only evidence that he had ever lived.

Just as he was left in a dark and enclosed space at a young age, the whole world harbored malice towards him, but suddenly the broken iron door in his heart was opened and the light shone in. The little girl in the red dress rushed in breathlessly and shouted, "Hey, Derek, are you still alive?"

He had no concept of living, but Christina wanted him to live, or she would cry.

Derek was completely unconscious, just like when he was a child, he endured the beating up until he could no longer bear it and fell down with his eyes closed.

The light from the bedside lamp was very weak, which was cast on his handsome face. A pair of startling blue eyes were tightly closed. His perfectly outlined and fair face was a little pale. His face was so pale as if his blood was drained, but his thin lips became purple.

He lay sideways on the bed, very quiet. The air seemed to be stagnant and what was covering him was the aura of death.

It was so quiet that he seemed to be breathless. It seemed that there were only dead things and no living people in this space.

He closed his eyes. Even though the wound on his arm was badly festered and his lips were purple, his expression was still very calm, as if he was sleeping soundly.

Suddenly, a nimble little shadow jumped down.

The cat's cushioned paws landed steadily on the ground. It was light and small, elegant and noble, making no sound at all.

The glass door of the balcony was locked by Derek, but it was a piece of cake for the cat. Cats were very smart. It found a small hole in the air conditioner and got in easily.

Of course, the dirt on the inside of the hole bothered it a lot, which made its dark hair covered in dust.

The black cat shook its body and shook the dust off its hair.

Then, it walked towards Derek slowly with the catwalk, jumped onto the bed and landed on the soft white mattress. It came to Derek's side.

It still squatted in a dignified and sacred posture, raised its head, and looked at him.

It seemed that it knew that Derek was no longer a threat. It tentatively probed him with its paws. Derek was unconscious and did not move.

It jumped up and stepped on Derek's chest with all its paws. The black cat looked down at Derek with his golden eyes, as if it also held a grudge and vented its previous dissatisfaction. It jumped up and down on his chest and angrily meowed at the unconscious Derek to express its fury.

The black cat did not let Derek die.

It stepped on Derek's body and walked to his injured arm. The black cat shook its tail, as if it was very reluctant.

Then it lowered its head, stuck out its pink little tongue, and licked the bruises on his arm that had already turned purple.

The black cat's saliva was magical. Under the soft light, it could be clearly seen on the wound licked by the cat, the black and purple rotten parts gradually shaded the dead color and returned to the light red color of normal skin.

There was no pus in the wound. The rotten meat seemed to be able to repair itself, and the cells divided and grew bit by bit.

When the black cat finished treating the wound, it did not leave immediately but continued to squat beside Derek.

The moonlight shone in from outside, and the silver moonlight always made people sad.

On the big white bed, there was a cat and a person.

A sickly man with pale skin and black trousers curled up on the bed. This was Derek's most vulnerable moment.

The soft and dark cat, with its long tail swinging, raised its head. For some reason, it seemed to be looking thoughtfully at the moon outside the window.

"Meow." it looked at the moon and gave a respectful meow.



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