

Chapter 51 Please

"That year, I was chased out by the landlord. My luggage was thrown onto the road like garbage. You wouldn't understand how humiliated and helpless I was..."

Christina sat beside the hospital bed and talked about her past in a low voice.

"My aunt and I just left the Dickens Family. We were short of money, so we found a low-rent house. I was in my senior year, and my aunt cooked at home to save money. It was my birthday, and she wanted to make me fried tempura, but,"

"... The house was on fire."

"By the time I got back from school, the fire in the kitchen had been extinguished. The landlord immediately chased us out without a word and said she wanted 20,000 dollars for compensation. At that time, we couldn't afford that. 800 dollars was all we had..."

Christina fixed her eyes on them. She didn't expect Patrick and the other young men to understand the helplessness and lowliness of being poor.

Her aunt's right arm was burned but she covered it with long sleeves without wanting her to know.

Without the money to pay the landlord, she could only be insulted and cursed.

Without the money to see a doctor, she could only bear the pain.

"That night, we huddled around the corner like vagrants. We were hopeless. At that time, a kind-hearted man gave us a hot meal, offered us a temporary stay at her house, and lent us money to go to the hospital..."

Christina paused, and she stretched out her right hand to tug at Patrick's hem.

"It was an accident..." She said in a low voice with an imploring tone.

She could guess that there was something wrong with the mango juice that Sophie gave her the other day, and Patrick would definitely find it out.

However, she didn't want to reveal the truth.

Someone once treated her well, and she would remember it for the rest of her life.

Christina was a little worried. After all, Patrick was not an ordinary person. If she wanted to deal with Sophie, she might never turn around.

"Why are you still be kind to the person who hurt you?"

Patrick stood by the bedside, looking down at her profile with sharp eyes. Suddenly, he spoke coldly with mild anger.

She was saved once by Cory, who had treated her the way he had treated her.

She was able to calm down and talk and laugh with him.

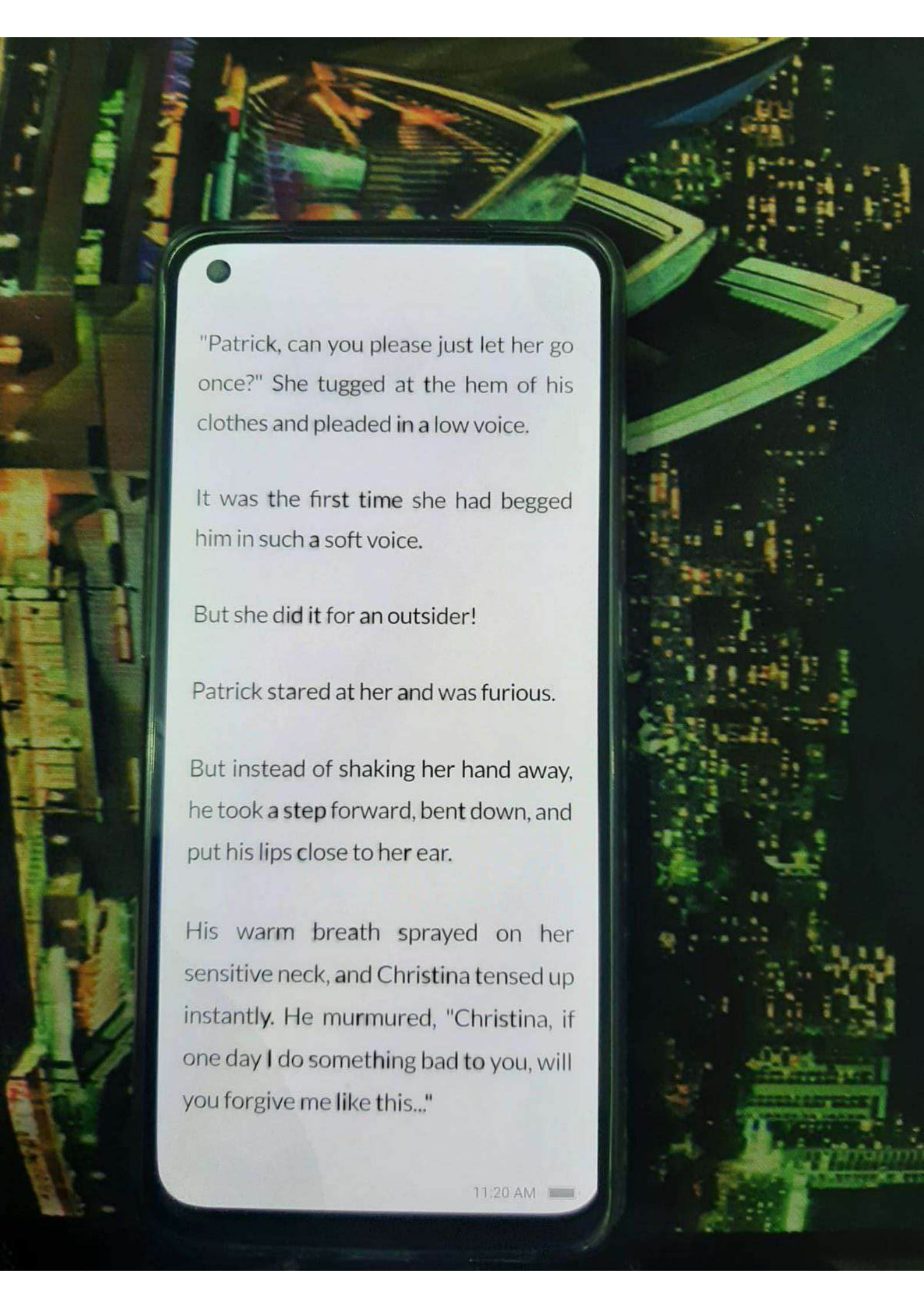
"My heart is too small to remember something unhappy to displease myself."

She raised her head and looked straight at him with clear eyes.

Patrick pursed his lips tightly and looked into her eyes, but he suddenly became silent.

Charles and Chandler did not speak again. They were surprised to hear what happened to Christina. They looked at each other and their gazes fell on Patrick.

This matter depended on how Patrick dealt with it.



"Patrick, can you please just let her go once?" She tugged at the hem of his clothes and pleaded in a low voice.

It was the first time she had begged him in such a soft voice.

But she did it for an outsider!

Patrick stared at her and was furious.

But instead of shaking her hand away, he took a step forward, bent down, and put his lips close to her ear.

His warm breath sprayed on her sensitive neck, and Christina tensed up instantly. He murmured, "Christina, if one day I do something bad to you, will you forgive me like this..."

Christina was stunned and didn't react.
His words echoed in in her ears.

'What did he mean by that?'

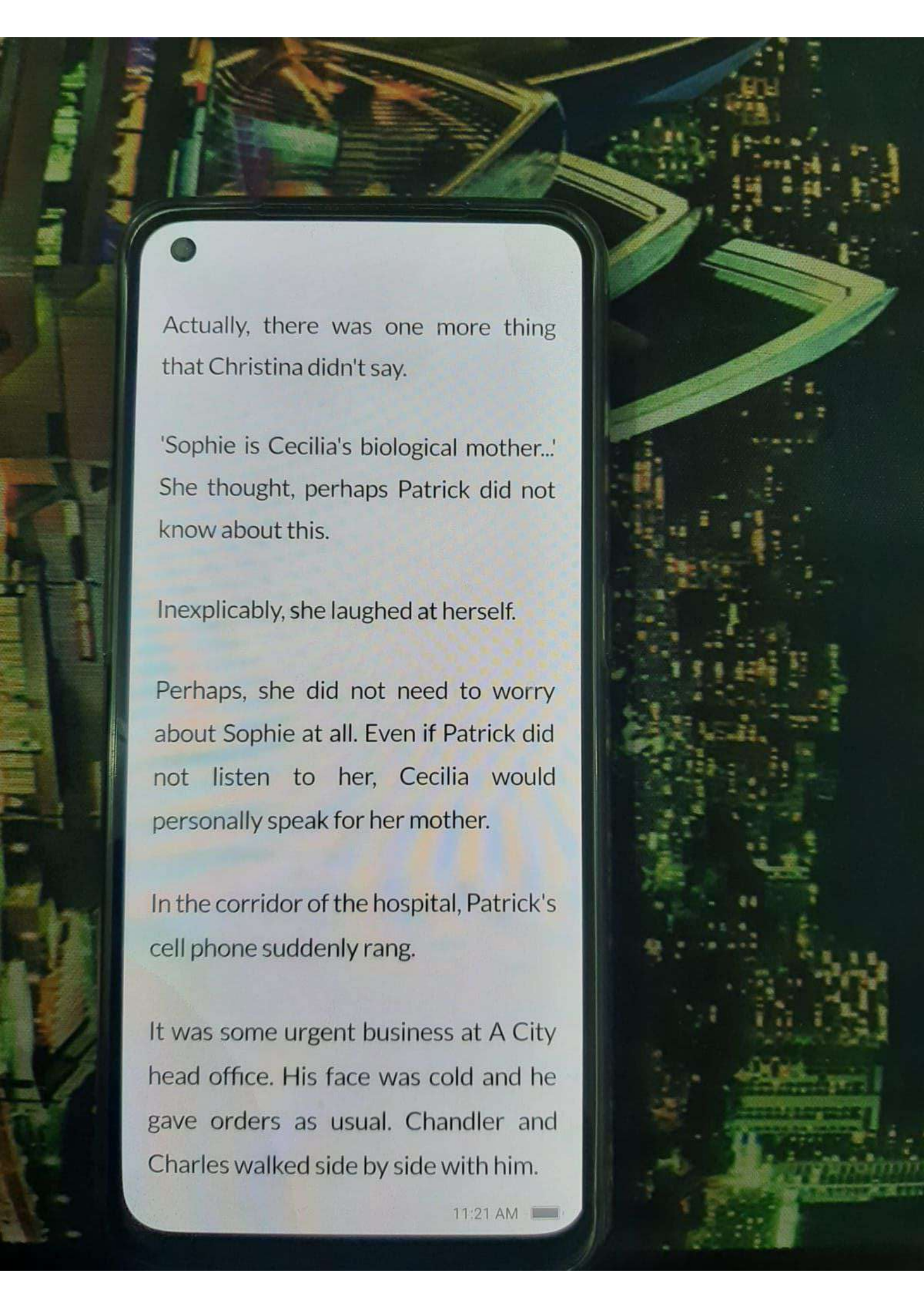
When she looked up, Patrick and his friends had walked out of the ward, leaving her sitting on the bed, looking at their departing figures in confusion...

She heard vaguely Chandler's question. "Cecilia is also in this hospital. Should we go and see her?"

"... She was discharged."

Christina watched the nurse close the door, and their conversations were completely inaudible.

She lowered her head and looked at her abdomen.

A photograph of a smartphone screen displaying text. The phone is held in someone's hand, and the background is a blurred cityscape at night with lights from buildings and streets. The text on the screen is in a simple, black, sans-serif font. The phone's status bar at the bottom shows the time as 11:21 AM and a battery icon.

Actually, there was one more thing that Christina didn't say.

'Sophie is Cecilia's biological mother...'
She thought, perhaps Patrick did not know about this.

Inexplicably, she laughed at herself.

Perhaps, she did not need to worry about Sophie at all. Even if Patrick did not listen to her, Cecilia would personally speak for her mother.

In the corridor of the hospital, Patrick's cell phone suddenly rang.

It was some urgent business at A City head office. His face was cold and he gave orders as usual. Chandler and Charles walked side by side with him.

liver that she hated, and stuffed them directly into her mouth.

At this time, they were in the small side-hall of the ward, where there was a set of simple wooden chairs and a glass tea table. Dinner brought by Patrick was placed on the tea table, emitting a strong fragrance.

"Miss Dickens, didn't you just say that you dislike the food in our hospital? This Chicken Soup is suitable for you. It's not greasy and it doesn't taste like Traditional Chinese Medicine, and it's made by the chef of a five-star hotel..." The nurse tried to persuade Christina.

Christina smelled the strong aroma and found that it was exactly the soup she liked.

questions. After they got out of the elevator, they went on their own businesses.

"You're not even capable of doing one thing I asked!"

In a milk tea shop opposite the north gate of First High School of C City.

A mother and daughter sat opposite each other, and the young woman shouted angrily, "I told you to add the whole package of medicine to her drink..."

"Maria..." Sophie kept her head down and called the young woman across from her with a look of embarrassment.

"Shut up!"

Cecilia seemed pissed off. She slapped the table and stood up from her chair.

"How many times have I told you not to call me that name? Are you suffering from senile dementia or are you helping that Christina to kill me?"

"No, no." Sophie was nervous and stood up.

"Cecilia, you asked me to drug Christina, but..." But her conscience was troubled.

"You still have the nerve to speak up for her. I am your daughter!"

Cecilia glared at her with a straight face. She heard that Christina was bleeding profusely in the hotel that

night and was in a coma. Cecilia thought she would lose her baby. But things didn't go as she wished.

Cecilia yelled at her mother in anger, "Mom, we are dependent on each other. I have suffered so much since I left home for so many years, and you've been on my mind constantly. But you, you always help those outsiders. Do you know that b*tch Christina stole my man? Patrick was supposed to be your son-in-law."

Sophie realized that since she became a famous movie star, she was getting arrogant. Looking at her well-dressed daughter, she was extremely humble.

"Cecilia, I know. I'm useless. I can't provide you with a good living environment, but..."

She looked at her daughter and cautiously tried to persuade her, "Cecilia, you told me before that you were pregnant and Christina wanted to kill your baby, but she is not that kind of person. If her husband really doesn't love her, she won't pester him..."

"You really know Christina!" Cecilia lost her patience and yelled at her.

Then, with a dark face, she quickly took out a bag of suspicious powder from her new LV bag and patted it on the table.

She raised her chin and ordered proudly, "That brainless Christina hasn't found you yet. Go to the hospital tomorrow and bring her a cup of soup.

Remember to add all the medicine this time!"

"No, this is murder." When Sophie saw the bag of medicine again, she felt uneasy.

"Even if they do find out, it's fine. Patrick will protect you for me."

Cecilia's voice sounded confident and complacent. As if she was tired of communicating with her mother, she grabbed her bag, turned around, and walked out.

With an anxious look, Sophie ran out, trying to catch up with her...

"Oh, sorry..."

A young man in a suit and leather

shoes walked up to her and bumped into Sophie.

"Our shop is closed today."

Sophie said apologetically to the man in front of her. Her eyes had been fixed on Cecilia, and she wanted to catch up with her and persuade her.

"Madam I'm here to order 10,000 cups of milk tea." The man did not leave, but stepped forward, stopped in front of her with a bright smile.

Sophie froze when she heard "Ten thousand cups of milk tea."

She turned around in panic. "You..."

"Madam, you don't remember me? Six years ago, I came to visit your milk tea

shop very often..." The man was polite, but his tone was not so friendly.

"I also came here today to order 10,000 cups of milk tea, but this time it's a little different..."

With a faint smile, he handed over a handwritten letter. "This time, these milk teas must be made before sunset today."

"This, this is impossible." How could she make it in only half a day?

The man shoved the letter into Sophie's hand and reminded her in a cold voice, "There are things that must be done, even if they are impossible to be done."

Sophie grasped the high-quality paper

and unfolded it, trembling.

There was a faint smell of ink. It was written in a very expensive pen. These words were vigorous and powerful, and even Sophie, who did not know much about calligraphy, could tell that the handwriting contained a sense of anger and warning.

[If there is a next time, your daughter will be ruined]

Sophie's heart was filled with anxiety as she read the words.

Especially when she saw Patrick's name was signed on the right side of the paper, her face instantly turned pale.

"He knows everything..."