

Chapter 57 Fall in Love with Him

In the past week, every time Christina passed by the study, she would stare at the thick door. She wanted to go in.

The old documents in the study made her curious.

But she never had a chance.

It was said that Patrick was very busy on the fiftieth anniversary of the group. These days, she saw Charles and the rest of them often come over. They discussed the study very late before leaving.

'I am not invited to the opening ceremony...'

They had just finished breakfast when



Patrick's phone began to ring again.

Someone was reporting from the other end of the phone. Patrick's look went gloomy. He said in a cold voice, "You can't even handle such a small matter? Idiot."

Christina heard the anger in his voice and looked up at him secretly.

There seemed to be some trouble at the company, but Patrick was generally casual about work, so he rarely got angry about company-related matters.

"Did those old men..." Even Mr. Hopkins, who was sitting in the middle of the sofa, looked up at him.

With slight anger on his face, Patrick didn't answer the old man's question

and hung up the phone.

"After all, they have been in the company for 30 years. Don't go too far." Mr. Hopkins warned.

Patrick was in charge of the group. As a retired old man, Mr. Hopkins would not interfere too much.

Mr. Hopkins suddenly turned to look at Christina beside him. "Christina, have you learned ballroom dancing? Tonight is the IP&G Group's fiftieth-anniversary party. The first dance requires your company..."

"She's not going."

Patrick suddenly spoke coldly.

Christina was stunned for a moment,

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looking bad. And she lowered her head without refuting.

The IP&G Group's fiftieth-anniversary party would be grand, and the first dance at the party should be performed by Patrick and his partner.

It was obvious that Patrick's partner was not her.

His partner should be Cecilia.

Christina sat with the old man for a while and then went back to her bedroom.

She didn't pay any attention to Cecilia. Recently, Cecilia posted a wedding photo from three years ago on her Twitter, which quickly became a hot topic.

The grim-faced man in the photo seemed to be the eldest grandson of the Hopkins Family as well as the president of the IP&G Group.

The media did not dare to report on Patrick. When Cecilia took the initiative to post the photo, the netizens were shocked. Some people speculated that Cecilia had already stealthily married into a wealthy family.

"No wonder she hates me so much." Christina sat on the bed and swiped her phone, then lay down and stared at the ceiling.

If she had not been pregnant by accident with Patrick's child, Patrick would have married Cecilia.

Christina subconsciously stroked her abdomen with her right hand.

She was already three months pregnant. Although she was pregnant with twins, it didn't look obvious as she was thin. But her palm could feel the life in her stomach.

"He married me because I was pregnant." The marriage will end soon.

Thinking of Patrick, she felt a little reluctant to leave.

Christina was startled and she quickly got up, forcing herself not to think about him.

At this moment, the phone beside the bed rang.

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Christina looked at the number displayed on the screen. It was a call from the sanatorium where her aunt Betty stayed. She immediately pressed the answer button.

Before she could speak, the nurse quickly said, "Miss Dickens, your aunt suddenly fainted yesterday.."

"How is my aunt now? Why did she faint?" Christina immediately became anxious.

Betty had been living in that sanatorium for two years, and the doctors and nurses in the hospital were familiar with them.

"Miss Dickens, you don't have to worry too much. Ms. Eisenhower is fine now."

"You should have told me yesterday!"
Christina didn't mean to blame the
nurse. She was just worried.

"Ms. Eisenhower insisted that we don't
contact you yesterday," the nurse
hesitated.

As she spoke, the nurse sighed and told
her honestly, "I'm not sure about the
situation. Ms. Eisenhower's getting
better recently. Yesterday, she was
watching TV alone. Suddenly, she
cursed loudly after watching a piece of
entertainment news. Then she
fainted..."

"What kind of news?" Christina looked
confused.

"I already know about your divorce

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with Cory!"

Betty snatched the nurse's phone. Her voice was unusually angry. "Christina, why did you keep it from me about your divorce? If I hadn't seen the wedding report on Cory and that slut on the TV, you would have kept it from me for the rest of your life!"

Christina was surprised and guilty when she heard Betty's voice.

"I'm sorry."

"Auntie, I didn't mean it. I just..." She explained nervously. Betty was gentle and rarely spoke in such a cold voice.

"Christina, you know why I'm angry. I'm angry that you didn't tell me anything. I'm angry that my heart is too weak,



bring you trouble."

Betty sounded excited, and she held the phone tightly in her right hand. "I know you're worried about my illness, but you have to tell me the truth. Why did Cory divorce you? Why did he marry Carrie? Did the two sisters make trouble for you? My sister has been forced to die by them."

Christina thought of her mother who had committed suicide, and she was getting more depressed.

"Auntie, I divorced three months ago. Don't worry about me," she said in a low voice after a moment of silence. "I don't like Cory anymore. It doesn't matter to me whom he marries."

"Tina, I know you haven't been happy



marrying into the Hampton Family in the past few years. I can tell even if you don't tell me."

Betty's voice was faint and sad. "You left the Dickens Family with me to suffer. I can't help you with anything. Now I'm afraid you've wronged yourself for my illness."

"I don't..." Christina retorted almost subconsciously.

"Tina, don't fall in love with people you shouldn't love. You'll be in pain. Living a normal life is a blessing." Betty did not ask about the divorce. Betty repressed her memories. She knew the pain and did not want Christina to repeat her mistakes.

Christina held the phone and looked

down at her belly.

"I see," she replied softly.

After hanging up the phone, Christina looked around the luxurious and spacious bedroom with complicated feelings, as well as the bed and his pillow.

'Patrick!' She murmured the name in her heart.

Christina had to admit that it was really easy to fall in love with a man like him.

She was not sure if it was love.

However, she indeed liked him. No matter how much she denied it, she really cared about him in her heart.

Patrick was someone she shouldn't fall in love with.

She wouldn't let herself become too attached to him. Even if she liked him, she wouldn't say it.

What did Patrick have to do with Carrie? Why did he want to help Carrie? She wanted to know.

After thinking for a long time in the bedroom, she suddenly got up and went to the study again.

She twisted the doorknob and found out that the door was locked.

This week, she had tried several times and had no chance to go in.

Tonight was the 50th anniversary of the IP&G Group, and Hopkins Family was filled with festivities. Mr. Hopkins, accompanied by the butler, attended the celebration party, while Christina remained at home and did not go because Patrick insisted that she did not need to attend.

Patrick didn't really like her going out. Maybe he thought she would embarrass him if she went out.

"Doesn't Christina come?"

The IP&G Group's anniversary party was held in Gordon Hotel. Successful businessmen and celebrities, as well as famous movie stars, all came to congratulate them.

At 7 pm, before the party officially

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started, Charles and Chandler had already arrived early, drinking and chatting in a private room.

"Patrick, you don't let her out?"

Charles glanced at the man on the opposite sofa and handed him a glass of red wine.

Patrick took the glass but remained silent.

Charles shrugged. He was used to Patrick's act of evading questions. "When the party officially begins, you're going to dance. Who's your partner tonight?"

The women at the venue comprised secretaries, socialites, movie stars, who were all looking forward to it. As

long as Patrick was willing, he didn't lack women.

"It can't be Cecilia?" Charles muttered gloomily.

Was Cecilia Patrick's partner tonight?

"No," Patrick said coldly.

At the fiftieth anniversary party, even Mr. Hopkins and the major shareholders came over, but Patrick let the group's vice president do the first dance.

It didn't seem to be appropriate. However, since Patrick said yes, then that was fine.

Patrick didn't seem to care much about IP&G Group's 50th anniversary, but

there was nothing he could care about.

Charles suddenly thought of something else. "By the way, Patrick, Cecilia recently received a series of anonymous letters threatening her. One of them was written in blood..."

Cecilia was one of his artists, who had an affair with Patrick, so Charles paid more attention to her.

"You don't have to tell me about her," Patrick replied indifferently.

Charles was surprised. Patrick didn't seem interested in Cecilia.

"How's the investigation about the Dickens Family?" Patrick ignored Charles and suddenly remembered something else and asked Chandler

directly.

Chandler was using his laptop, and he was typing quickly and skillfully. "I'll send you the information."

Chandler looked across at Patrick and thought for a while. "Are you really going to help Donald?"

In fact, C City's so-called richest man had high debt. The so-called transformation was fake. In fact, Donald wanted Patrick to support him.

"Judging from the situation, this sum of money is quite large."

Chandler looked at the data in the notebook and asked, "Is it really worth it?"

"We should check the surplus and deficit in the future. After all, the foundation of the Dickens Family is stable," Patrick suddenly picked up a glass of red wine on the table and shook it, sipping lightly.

"... Only when the two things are closely correlated can you take control of it." He seemed to be indicating something anything instead of talking about work.

Charles looked at Patrick with wide eyes, thinking that fortunately, he was not Patrick's enemy.

Chandler smiled. "I noticed that Donald doesn't seem very happy to ask you for help." This was really strange.

"He may be scared of him," Charles

muttered.

Since Patrick entered IP&G Group, he had spent three months in a ruthless and forceful manner, transforming this huge group empire.

Now both the new generation and the elders in the circle were very afraid of Patrick.

Chandler knew that Patrick had provoked public anger by stirring up the interests of a large number of people. Therefore, he reminded, "Patrick, I heard there was a blood case at the Venice branch last week. Be careful."

Those who were caught in a desperate situation could do anything, so they had to bring more bodyguards when

they went out.

Patrick glanced at the clock on the wall from the corner of his eye. He was not interested in this grand reception and suddenly wanted to rush back...

To see his wife.



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Chapter 58 Devil's Wife

Christina sneaked into the wine party.

In fact, she did not understand why she came over. She was a little concerned and upset.

She thought that Laurie and Cory would definitely attend IP&G Group's anniversary celebration. Carrie might come too.

She wanted to know what was hidden between Patrick and Carrie.

She wondered whether he helped Carrie against her.

To her disappointment, Carrie wasn't there tonight.

The celebration had begun. "The one on stage is the President of IP&G Group..." A stranger beside her pointed to the rostrum and whispered.

Immediately, he looked down at Christina and smiled. "Miss Jones, I heard that you are his girlfriend." He smiled casually as if he were simply curious about their relationship.

Christina looked a little embarrassed. The man mistook her for Cecilia.

She had no way but to pretend to be another woman because she didn't have an invitation.

At this time, the lights of the venue were dimmed. Patrick was making a speech on the rostrum. He was surrounded by the spotlight, setting off

his outstanding temperament. Instantly, he became the focus of the entire venue.

Christina stood in the crowd and occasionally heard some women whispering. These women looked at the stage with adoration.

The distance between her and him was not that far. But at this moment, Christina really understood the distance between them.

The distance between her and him reminded her of what Betty had said before.

Patrick was the kind of man whom anyone shouldn't be in love with.

Falling in love with him was doomed to

end in misery.

What kind of woman would own such a man?

Christina didn't know. But that woman was definitely not her.

Just as she was thinking about it, a burning gaze suddenly fell on her from the stage.

Christina was shocked when she looked into his deep eyes.

Patrick's speech was brief. He quickly handed the microphone back to the host. He seemed to find something and then strode down the stage.

"Patrick."

This soft voice came from a woman who threw herself to Patrick when he just stepped down.

In the distance, Christina was stunned. After a second of hesitation, she turned around and walked straight to the exit.

"Why on earth did I come here..." Christina lowered her head and walked a little faster, mocking herself in a low voice.

"Go away!"

Patrick's voice was cold and deep, with a hint of displeasure.

"Patrick, I have received those anonymous threatening letters recently. They are terrible..." Cecilia

held his arm tightly. Her voice was soft and low, making people softhearted.

"Miss Jones, please don't bother me!"

Patrick looked impatient. Without any pity, he pushed her away. "Go away -"

He looked anxiously at the previous position but found nothing.

Did he make a mistake?

It was Cecilia not her?

"Patrick, are you going back so soon?"

Charles and Patrick left the party together and took the elevator directly to the underground parking lot.

Patrick looked cold and did not answer

him. At this moment, the two of them walked side by side to the car.

Mr. Hopkins was at the celebration today. So, Patrick asked all the bodyguards to protect his grandfather from any accident.

Charles took out the car keys. "Patrick, why don't you let Christina out..." As he spoke, he reached out to open the door.

"Patrick!" A gloomy voice suddenly sounded.

Then, there was a sharp and piercing gunshot.

Bang -

"Get down!" Patrick shouted at

Charles almost at the same time.

Charles was startled and quickly turned over. The two of them were hidden under the car. The bullets hit the metal body of the car, making a soul-stirring noise.

"Patrick, come out!"

The man was dressed in a suit, looking like an elite. But at the moment, he was out of control. His face was ferocious, his eyes were bloodshot, and his right hand held a gun. He was striding towards them.

"Patrick!!"

He seemed to hate the name and kept roaring!



Christina, who was hiding behind a white Bentley, turned pale with fear.

'What should I do?'

She just walked out of the elevator and wanted to drive back to Hopkins Family. She didn't expect to meet such a terrible gunfight. That man wanted to kill Patrick...

Christina could not help but tremble. Her mind went blank. She kept telling herself to calm down and find a way to help them.

But when she looked up at the mirror, she saw that the ferocious man holding the gun tightly with his right hand. He was about to reach Patrick...

Bang -

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The bullet flew out of the muzzle. The horrible and ear-splitting sound scared her.


'No -'

Christina could almost hear herself shouting in her heart. Her feet were weak and her trembling body was about to run towards them...

However, as soon as she took a step, she heard a familiar voice.

"Patrick, today is the anniversary celebration. It's bad luck to see blood." Soon, Charles's voice came from the huge parking lot.

His tone was calm and didn't sound too panicky. Christina leaned out half of

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her body and looked at them with a puzzled expression.

Then she breathed a sigh of relief.

Fortunately, they were fine.

The man with the gun was pinned down on the car by Patrick. Patrick clapped his hands with his right hand and pressed his neck with his left hand.

"You want to kill me?"

Patrick asked him. His voice was cold as if he did not care at all about the horrific scene just now.

"Patrick, you motherf*cker."

The man roared out of control. His voice was full of hatred, and he resisted

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with all his might.

However, his gun had fallen to the ground. He was suppressed by Patrick and all he did was in vain.

"Your father's death has nothing to do with Patrick."

Charles was not too shocked by this scene. It was not the first time they had encountered such a situation. Seeing the man in front of them, they could immediately guess the reason.

"He killed my father! Patrick, you cold-blooded beast, it was you! You killed my father!"

The man's face, which was pressed against the car window, was deformed. The voice he uttered was eerie and

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angry.

"My dad worked for IP&G Group for nearly 30 years. Patrick, you suddenly landed as president of the group this year. In order to consolidate your power in the group, you did not hesitate to suppress these previous managers who worked hard for the group."

"Patrick, you asshole, I'm gonna kill you."

Click -

Patrick motioned to Charles, took the gun in his right hand, and loaded it skillfully, and pressed the cold muzzle against his temple.

He didn't seem to mind the scolding at

all. Instead, he sneered,... "You want to go to the hell to accompany that useless old thing?"

The man's face turned pale. The cold and terrifying metallic touch on his temple made him tremble instinctively.

"Patrick, you, don't be too arrogant. There are a lot of people who want you to die..." He suppressed the fear in his heart and shouted with trembling.

Patrick was too ruthless. He did everything he could without leaving leeway, which had offended many people in the business circle. Those people didn't dare to challenge him directly, but they all hated him.

"Do you have the ability to kill me?"

Patrick pressed the muzzle closer to him. His cold and deep voice was filled with contempt.

Charles looked at the gun in Patrick's hand. He was very worried that if this man would shoot him.

In this confrontation, one must die.

Patrick was never softhearted on his enemies.

Charles persuaded the man, "Your father jumped off the branch building in Venice. Who else can you blame? The police have also decided that it was a suicide. I advise you to calm down..."

"No! No!"

When the man heard that his father had committed suicide by jumping off a building, he became agitated again. "Patrick, it's you. You must have forced my father to leave. He has worked for the group for 30 years. He can't take the initiative to leave..."

"Also, I found out that you weren't there on the opening day of branch company in Venice. When my dad was standing on the rooftop asking for a phone call, what did you say to him?"

"Patrick, you son of a b*tch! You didn't persuade him not to. You said you would have to find a cleaner to dispose of his body if he jumped down. You're not a human being. You're a devil. You're the one who deserves to die!"

The man's voice was filled with hatred

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and despair.

His roar echoed in the spacious underground parking lot.

In the distance, Christina was stunned. She didn't know what kind of person Patrick was. But he really wasn't the man who could persuade a person to cherish his life. He didn't have so much sympathy.

She knew that long ago that Patrick was a very dangerous man.

But after spending time with him recently, she had somehow forgotten his true nature. Now that she suddenly heard these words, complex tangled emotions surged into Christina's mind. Her hands tightened into fists.

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Charles looked at Patrick in front of him and saw his cold side face. He knew that this man was not going to explain.

Charles did not want to see blood here. Anyone who provoked Patrick would not have a good result.

"Why do you think your father agreed to resign so easily.."

Charles said quickly, "Your father privately made hundreds of millions of dollars, and he even used the company to smuggle."

The man was stunned. Then he retorted excitedly, "No, impossible!"

"You want to fabricate the truth. My dad can't do this..."

Patrick's face was cold compared to his excitement. "Your father is a waste."

"Patrick, shut up, shut up!"

He couldn't stand people mocking his father who had just passed away. He shouted ferociously, "Patrick, you have a family too. I won't let you go. I'll kill your wife and let you taste the pain of loss..."

Bang -

He had no chance to say the rest because Patrick pressed the man's head against the car window and smashed it hard. The glass shard cut half of his cheek and blood slid down his cheek.

Patrick's slender fingers were stained red.

Charles stood right beside them and was startled to see this scene. Patrick looked very terrible.

"Your father called me. He begged me. He wanted his dignity back. He wanted to be powerful and mighty. He wanted to threaten me with his life..."

Patrick's bloodstained fingers tightened and grabbed the man's throat. He sneered.

"There's nothing left if he died. He doesn't even have the ability to bear failure. This kind of trash wants to threaten me with his lowly life and make me feel guilty. What a joke!"

Patrick's expression was grim. He threw the bleeding man directly onto the floor.

"Put him in prison for a few years..."
Patrick said to Charles in a cold voice.

But just as he spoke, he seemed to feel something and suddenly turned around and looked behind.

Patrick narrowed his eyes.

"Who is it? Come out!"

His cold voice echoed in the spacious underground parking lot...



Chapter 59 I'll Kill You Tonight

Patrick's face was grim. He strode forward and looked at the white Bentley in front of him. Just now, he felt...

"Who's there?" Charles hurriedly walked over.

They looked around but didn't find anything...

"Help. Help."

At this moment, a woman rushed over from the east entrance of the underground parking lot.

She looked frightened as she ran, panting and screaming anxiously, "Mr. Hopkins, Cecilia was taken away."

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Please help her..."

It was Cecilia's manager, Anne.

Patrick just ignored her. His face was filled with impatience, his brows were slightly furrowed, and his eyes kept looking around.

"Mr. Hopkins, those people are threatening us with guns. I really don't know what to do. Please help..." Anne looked at him anxiously and stammered.

"You should report this to the police," Charles told her kindly. He looked indifferent, which indicated that he didn't care much about Cecilia being taken away.

This world was very realistic. They

were not philanthropists.

Anne hurriedly took out a few pieces of paper from her bag and said nervously, "Mr. Hopkins, Cecilia has been receiving a lot of anonymous threatening letters lately. At first, we thought it was the prank of her fans and her competitors, but then we found out it wasn't..."

"These anonymous letters are targeted at IP&G Group and you..."

Charles's face changed when he heard what Anne said and immediately took those letters from her.

These letters, according to the handwriting, were written by the same person. Anne did not lie. These letters were indeed directed at Patrick and

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IP&G Group.

"Your man is a heartless asshole."

"The IP & G Group drove us into despair. It is you and Patrick that are the ones who should die!"

"B*tch, I'm going to kill you. I'm going to take a picture of you and let everyone know that Patrick is cuckolded. I want to insult him, and I want him to regret all he has done."

In particular, the last line of writing was written so forcefully that the paper was punctured.

Seeing the paper Charles could feel the hatred of the writer, he felt nervous.

Who wrote this...

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"Patrick..." Charles grabbed the letters and approached Patrick.


Patrick was squatting down and found a drop of blood on the floor behind a white Bentley. He touched the drop of blood and found it hadn't solidified yet...

There was really someone here just now.

Patrick looked at the drop of blood and felt inexplicably agitated.

"Patrick, look at these." Charles did not know why Patrick suddenly squatted down. He just handed Patrick the letter in his hand.

It seemed that Cecilia's abduction had

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something to do with Patrick.

But Patrick stood up straight with cold his face, as if he didn't care. He just glanced at the letters casually.

He turned to look at Anne and said in an indifferent voice, "I'm not a policeman."

Anne's face turned pale. She didn't expect the man to be so indifferent.

But this matter was of great importance, and she continued to plead, trembling. "Mr. Hopkins, Cecilia has been with you for so many years. She may have offended you before, but there must be a misunderstanding. I apologize to you for her... She is in danger now. I know you are broad-minded, please ask some people to

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look for her. I am afraid that something bad will happen to her..."


Patrick hesitated and looked behind him.

Looking at the man who had lost much blood and fainted, he frowned, as if something occurred in his mind, and he strode straight towards the car.

"What did you find?" Charles noticed that Patrick was a little anxious.

"You stay here and deal with the stuff." Patrick's eyes grew cold and he spoke in a deep voice.

As he spoke, he seemed to have no patience to waste time here. He grabbed Charles's car keys, got into the driver's seat, and sped away.

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Charles was stunned as he watched the car leave. "Why is he so hurried to get back?"

"Mr. Hopkins, what about Cecilia! You, how can you..."

Anne was astonished and she didn't believe that this man had left without even saying a word to show his affection for Cecilia.

"Call the police. Cecilia's kidnapping may have something to do with the person surnamed Preston.."

Charles spoke in a low voice, turned his head, and complicatedly looked at the man who was unconscious due to excessive blood loss.

He picked up his phone and contacted the police to handle the previous attack and Cecilia's kidnapping.

The IP&G Group was completely changed by Patrick. The old faction who had worked in the group was unwilling. They hated Patrick, but they didn't dare to attack him directly. So...

The people around Patrick naturally became the first target of their revenge...

"Where's Christina?"

Patrick drove back in a hurry, looked at the maid in front of him, and the first thing he asked was where Christina was.

It was 9: 30 pm. When the maid saw

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that Patrick's face was very serious, she immediately responded, "Young Madam has been in the bedroom since dinner."

Patrick had told her to keep an eye on Christina and not let her out. And Christina must go back to her bedroom after 10 pm.

Patrick's cold face softened when he heard her in the bedroom.

He strode straight back to the east villa. As soon as he stepped through the door, there was something wrong with the cold atmosphere.

'Did Christina go to bed so early?'

'How could she be so obedient?'

Inexplicably upset, he quickened his pace, went straight up to the second floor, and pushed open the bedroom door.

The spacious bedroom was brightly lit and everything was in order as usual, but...

Patrick's face changed. He pressed his lips tightly and strode to the bathroom. With a bang, the door of the bathroom opened and it was empty...

"Where is she?!"

There was no one in the study on the right, cloakroom, or balcony...

"Patrick, we really don't know..." The maid shuddered when she learned that Christina had disappeared.

"Young Madam went back to her bedroom after dinner and didn't tell us..."


The nanny, who had been in charge of taking care of Christina, rushed over, unable to suppress her anxiety. "We looked for Young Madam in the whole residence but couldn't find her. The guard didn't have any records of her going out..."

Patrick's face was terrible. "Why she could escape under your nose!"

"Go out and look for her immediately!"

"Yes, yes..." A group of servants nodded in panic.

Coincidentally, the group banquet was

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held tonight. So Mr. Hopkins and the butler went to the banquet. Usually, these servants were quite in awe of Patrick. Now they were trembling with fear and panic.

In the quiet night, a full moon hung high. Standing in the exquisite and elegant corridor, Patrick held his phone impatiently and constantly dialed Christina but he always heard a cold mechanical voice.

She turned off her phone!

He narrowed his eyes, looked down at the bloodstain on his finger, and tightened his fist.

Where did she go?

"Sir, the surveillance outside our wall

captured Young Madam's figure. She climbed out of the north wall at 7: 40 pm..." A guard rushed over.

Did she go to the banquet?

Patrick's mind flashed with the attack on the parking lot tonight and the anonymous letters that Cecilia's manager brought...

"Get the records of reception entry and exit and the surveillance video immediately. Let me know if there are any updates about Christina!"

Patrick held the phone tightly in his palm as if something missed from his heart, which made him very upset.

"Charles, where is Sean now?"

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Charles suddenly received Patrick's call, feeling very strange, and listening to his gloomy voice which was full of anxiety, it seemed that something bad had happened.

"I'm at the police station now. What's wrong?"

"I'm asking you where Sean is now!" Patrick's voice was rather impatient.

Sean was the man who attacked Patrick tonight. He was the eldest son of Robert, the former president of IP&G Group, who jumped off a building last week.

When Charles heard how anxious Patrick was, he said without hesitation, "Sean lost too much blood and passed out. The police sent him to the hospital

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for the time being..."

"Send someone to wake him up immediately!"

Patrick gnashed his teeth as he said, "Go check if the handwriting of those letters Cecilia received is related to Sean, and have forensic expert immediately go to the hotel parking lot to take a blood sample from the EC5620 parking space and do a blood sample analysis to compare the one of Christina.."

There was a suspicion in his heart, and it may be the truth. Patrick looked at the full moon above him and became more and more agitated.

"Christina?"

Charles did not understand why Patrick suddenly gave such an order. In a daze, he was startled and asked anxiously, "Patrick, do you think Christina was in the parking lot just now..."

Anne, who was making a statement with Charles at the police station, rushed forward and shouted, "Is it, Mr. Hopkins? Mr. Hopkins, please save Cecilia. She is really in danger now. I beg you to send someone to save her. That gangster is crazy. He has a gun..."

Patrick hung up his phone. Anne's words made his mood worse.

Christina was not like those normal rich ladies. It was common for her to climb the wall and sneak out. Perhaps, she just wanted to walk around

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outside...

She didn't stay in the bedroom, which made Patrick very upset, especially after so many things happened tonight.

He said in a cold voice to the servants in Hopkins Family, "Immediately send someone to the Dickens Family and Betty's sanatorium to find her..."

"Where are you?"

Patrick stood still in the dark, raised his head, and looked at the full moon above him. Concern?

"Perhaps this is the so-called concern."

He was always worried uncontrollably that something might happen to her. No matter where she was, Patrick was

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worried about her.

This feeling should not have belonged to him. It was a little ridiculous because Christina didn't need his concern at all. For six years, she had been living well without him.

She didn't need him.

The silver moonlight cast a shade on his upright posture, making him look lonely.

He wanted to get her back.

Christina rarely attended public banquets, and few people knew about her, but if Sean and the others attacked her...

Patrick gritted his teeth and muttered,

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"No one would dare to hurt her!"

"Do you think we really don't dare kill you!"

A woman was tied up in the dark and dirty abandoned factory and struggled in panic.

"Don't think that you have Patrick to rely on, then we're scared," he said in a rough voice, slapping that woman with his big and thick palm. "B*tch, I'll kill you tonight."

Chapter 60 Never See Her Again

"Help-"

The woman, who was kidnapped, shivering in a corner, was begging for mercy. "Nò, no..." Her face was beat red and swollen, and her long hair was disheveled.

"Do you want money? How much do you want? I can give it to you."

"Don't touch me! Go away. Go away..." Her lips were pale and she trembled incoherently.

"Shut up, b*tch!"

The stout man looked impatient and dragged her long hair...

"What's going on?"

The closed iron door was suddenly opened with a clang.

A man in a black tuxedo dragged another woman and came back.

"Two Cecilia?"

Christina was suppressed by the man in the tuxedo. When she looked up anxiously, she saw Cecilia lying on the ground in the middle of the dirty abandoned factory. Christina was shocked.

"Let me go!"

Christina struggled. The man pinched her jaw and felt very surprised. He narrowed his eyes to examine her and

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the other woman on the ground.

"Forget it. F*ck both and take a video to send that bastard Patrick."

"No, don't touch me. I beg you. Let me go..." Cecilia looked at the rogue on her body, trembling with fear.

She twisted her body, which made him even more irritable. The man pinched out a trail of bruises on her fair body.

Cecilia's face was covered in tears, and she turned her head sideways and shouted, "Christina, help me!"

"Christina?"

The man in the black tuxedo was stunned when he heard the name.

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Then he tightened his grip on Christina's neck and glared at her.

"So you are Patrick's wife."

He gritted his teeth and said with hatred.

Christina was glared at by him and her heart was filled with fear. "What do you want to do?" She struggled with all her might, but she was still no match for this man.

"Well, I heard that the woman Patrick married is pregnant with his child..." He laughed grimly.

"Point the camera at me..." He shouted at the man in front of him.

"I'll dissect this bastard!"

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"I'll send this fetal body to Patrick..." He held a fruit knife in his hand and pointed it at her belly.

In the abandoned factory, the eerie voice echoed at the quiet night... An old lamp above shook, and the blade gleamed under the dim yellow light.

The sharp edge of the cold metallic knife fell on her abdomen...

Christina was so scared that her face turned white and her whole body stiffened. "No, don't touch my child..."

'Don't..!'

"It's been confirmed. The anonymous letter that Cecilia received recently was written by Sean's brother Todd.

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The two brothers had a grudge against you because of their father, so they had been waiting for an opportunity to retaliate..."

"Tonight was the anniversary of the group. They took the opportunity to kidnap Cecilia, probably to retaliate you..."

Charles rushed over, and the police also began to search everywhere.

It was not Cecilia.

Patrick received a short video on his phone.

"Mr. Hopkins, did you receive a message from the kidnappers about Miss Jones being hijacked..." The police officer next to him looked at him.

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REDMI NOTE 9S
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Patrick stared at the screen of his cell phone, feeling bad.

He recognized this face. No matter how similar the two looked, he could still recognize the woman he loved deeply.

It wasn't Cecilia, it was Christina.

Sean really kidnapped her...

"Patrick, where are you going now?"

Charles saw that his face was gloomy and he sat in the car without saying a word. It seemed that he was in a hurry to go somewhere.

"Mr. Hopkins, do you know any clues?"



Several special police officers followed him, whispering, "We must be patient in negotiations with the kidnappers to ensure the safety of the hostages."

Patrick didn't answer them. He slammed the accelerator, and the car sped into the road at top speed, passing cars dangerously...

"Young Madam did attend the reception tonight. Someone mistook her for Cecilia and brought her in..."

At this time, the communicator in the car kept sending out reports.

"The drop of blood left in the car EC5620's parking place was confirmed to be Young Madam's blood..."

The news made Patrick really annoyed.

Patrick pursed his lips tightly, gripped the steering wheel, and spun the car around abruptly. The car turned sharply, making a harsh noise.

The car shook as he slammed on the brakes.

Patrick had already thrown the door open and rushed out.

Charles and the others were confused. They opened the door and caught up with him.

Patrick was about to look for Sean in the hospital.

"Mr. Hopkins, Sean hasn't woken up yet. I can't ask him what's going on..."
The police officer behind him ran to

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him and added.

They felt it was useless to rush over now.

In the hospital building, the elevator rose rapidly. With a ding, the elevator door opened.

"What are you going to do?"

Patrick's eyes were dark and he strode straight to the first ward on his left, which was guarded by two police officers.

But he suddenly stepped forward and snatched a pistol from the police officer's waist with great speed.

Another officer, unaware of the situation, pulled out his gun vigilantly

and threatened him. Charles and the others rushed over and shouted, "Stop."

Just as Charles's voice fell, the door of the ward was kicked open.

"Ah--"

The nurse in the ward was changing the injection for Sean. When she saw Patrick suddenly barging in, she screamed in fear.

"Where is she now!"

Patrick asked anxiously with his left hand holding Sean's collar and his right hand holding the gun against his temple.

"Patrick, it's no use killing him. He lost

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blood and fainted after you beat him.
Calm down."

Charles ran in, looked at the scene in panic, and immediately tried to persuade him.

"Mr. Hopkins, it's improper to..." The officer behind him was also terrified when he saw Patrick's threat.

"Where is she now?!"

Patrick narrowed his eyes and scrutinized the weak man on the bed. Suddenly, Patrick removed Sean's oxygen tube and all infusion devices and lifted him from the bed.

Sean seemed to be choking, he coughed but couldn't open his eyes.

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Charles anxiously tried to stop him, but Patrick threw Sean into the corner of the ward. He fell heavily and gasped in pain.

"Mr. Hopkins, you can't do this!"

The officer stepped forward and grabbed his arm. "The main thing we have to do now is to save people, not..."

Patrick impatiently shook off the police officer behind him and stepped forward. He stepped on Sean's injured left arm by his right foot. "Ouch!" Sean screamed in pain and opened his eyes wide.

"Send her back to me immediately!"

Patrick raised the gun and pointed it at the center of his eyebrow, warning him



word by word.

Sean's face was pale as if he had been startled.

Then he burst out laughing. "Patrick, you really care about that Cecilia. Patrick, even you will care about someone... Eh-hem..."

His voice was hoarse and he coughed violently. His eyes were filled with hatred as he looked straight at him. "My brother kidnapped her. He will kill her and you will never see her again in your life!"

Bang, bang, bang -

"No!"

Charles screamed, but before he could

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stop it, the bullets were fired continuously at Sean. The sound of the gunshot was shrill and frightening. Suddenly, it quieted down and everyone panicked.

The bullet nearly hit Sean on his forehead, and if Patrick deviated slightly, his head would immediately explode.

Sean was trembling all over, and he even peed with fear...

Patrick's face was grim. He squatted down, grabbed Sean's neck hard with his left hand, while his right hand was holding the weapon with the last bullet in it.

"Where is she?"

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At 11: 00 in the evening, police cars honked on the highway. The cars and pedestrians who passed by could not help but look around and guess what had happened.

The police arrived at an abandoned factory in the suburbs and quickly surrounded the area.

Patrick was the first to get out of the car. The officer behind him was worried and reminded him, "Stay here. We got it..."

After all, he was the young master of the Hopkins Family. If something happened to these rich kids who usually only knew how to have fun, no one could take the responsibility.

"Don't worry. You just stay put. Our

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people will handle it..."

Charles said to the police chief. Soon a group of mighty bodyguards came running in an orderly manner behind him.

"Patrick is in the front checking out the situation. Keep him safe. Ensure the hostage's safety first," Charles told them, not forgetting to add, "You can shoot if necessary."

"Yes."

The bodyguards broke into the abandoned factory. In the dark of the night, they were still able to move freely. Obviously, they were not ordinary bodyguards.

"Officer, I'm glad you helped us out

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tonight, but we have the final say here."

Charles reloaded his gun very skillfully and coldly warned him. His tone was no more playful. They were never ordinary people.

He didn't know if Patrick was so anxious for Cecilia or Christina.

But he knew that Sean and Todd would not end up well.

They broke his bottom line...

This night was destined to be unusual.

At this moment, Patrick leaped over the wall rapidly.

He landed steadily, his right hand gripping the pistol, his body leaning

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REDMI NOTE 9S
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against the wall, his eyes blazing through the dusty window.

In the dim yellow light, there were two men guarding the front. In the center, there were three men sitting around drinking and eating peanuts, with a DV camera beside them.

Perhaps these people had never thought that they would be found so quickly, so they were chatting relaxedly.

On the left side of the old mechanical assembly line, there was a disheveled woman tied with a thick rope. The woman was Cecilia.

However.

Patrick was startled, his right hand

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holding the pistol, and he suddenly tensed up.

'Where is she?'

'Cecilia was tied up, then what about Christina?'

'Is she not here?'