

Chapter 75 Who You Really Like

"We can't get through Young Master..."

"There must be something important for Patrick to do in America. We'll discuss it when he comes back."

In the lobby of the Hampton Family, the immediate relatives all spoke politely and did not dare to jump to conclusions. After all, what Cory had said had something to do with the young master of the Hopkins Family.

Patrick framed Cory?

No one dared to comment on the matter until it was cleared up.

Everyone sat upright. Mr. Hopkins looked solemn. His bleared eyes were

deep in thought. His right hand held the crutch tightly as if his anger was about to erupt at any moment. The others were trembling, glancing over at Christina with suspicion from time to time.

"Let's go."

The others thought that Mr. Hopkins was going to lose his temper, but he leaned on his walking stick and sat up from his chair. Their heart skipped a beat.

This meant that it was not suitable to mention this matter for the time being. Everyone was smart. Seeing Mr. Hopkins's attitude, they were all ready to leave.

Christina walked out of the Hampton

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Family with the old man on her right side.

She put on a straight face. She was thinking about something.

She remembered she had broken into Patrick's study and flipped through some documents...

Cory just mentioned that he was framed in a rape case six years ago... It was Patrick who had it done.

"Carrie, you can't blame Cory for canceling the wedding today. You're so vicious, you had told so many lies to us, and may have plotted something else. How dare you dream of marrying into the Hampton Family!" Laurie's voice came faintly from the lobby of the Hampton Family's.

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"Mrs. Hampton, I just lost my head for the moment..."

Carrie cried with tears all over her face. "I admit that I can't have children because of my physical problems. That's why..."

As she spoke, she turned to the angry, cold man and pleaded, "Cory, I was in love with you. I really loved you. I wanted to spend the rest of my life with you, but I was afraid that you would despise me for not being able to give birth, so I secretly hid the used condom..."

"Stop it!" Cory snapped at her impatiently.

When he thought of these things, he

could not calm down.


Seeing how ruthless he was to her, Carrie became anxious, raised her voice, and shouted, "Cory, believe me, I really didn't know you were framed at that time. I only guessed later that it had something to do with Patrick. I really didn't think about setting you up..."

"Believe you?"

Cory muttered in a deep voice. He lowered his head and did not want to look at her again.

Somehow, he felt very tired. He had been fooled by Patrick. What could he do? The die was cast.

Laurie also felt that his son was too

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aggrieved and angrily promised,
"Patrick has gone too far. Cory, don't
worry. I promise you that I'll get even
with him for this even if it would cost
my life!"

Cory looked sullen, his handsome face
much more haggard. He did not want
to hear the noise of Carrie and his
mother anymore. He ran out in a huff.

Carrie looked at his angry figure and
sobbed because she was really afraid
of being abandoned by him. Lifting the
white gown, she quickly chased after
him.

"Cory, don't go. Listen to me, listen to
me..." She shouted as she ran.

Her voice disgusted Cory and made
him want to leave even faster.

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All of a sudden, at a corner outside the door...

"Ah--"

Carrie screamed in horror.

It was already sunset, and the farce of the wedding took most of the day. Around six in the afternoon, the sky was dark and the air was cold.

"Cory! Cory, run away!" Laurie who was following him shouted, her voice breaking up with fear.

Cory instinctively raised his head. Less than five meters ahead, a large red truck carrying construction steel rushed straight at him.

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It was obvious that the driver of the truck was also stunned. He had been driving smoothly and did not expect that someone would run out of the corner.

The driver was in a panic. He was so flustered that he did not know whether he stepped on the accelerator or the brake.

The relatives who were about to leave were shocked to see the scene.

The heavy truck in front of them with at least 20 tons of steel rushed straight to Cory...

"Cory!" He heard a clear voice shouting.

The next second, the truck roared past.

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It was too late for the driver to hit the brakes at the last moment.

The screeching sound of the brakes echoed in the quiet dusk, and the truck ran for a long distance before stopping.

"Cory, Cory, are you all right? How are you feeling?"

Laurie was incoherent with fear and ran over there with trembling legs.

"Thank goodness, thank goodness, God bless him..." Laurie almost burst into tears when she saw Cory fall to the side of the road without being mutilated.

"Are you okay?"

It was the same clear voice. Christina looked at the man below her awkwardly. Cory was stunned as if he had not recovered from the thrilling scene.

"Cory!" Carrie and the others ran over anxiously.

"Get out of here!"

Laurie looked at Carrie with hatred in her eyes and pushed her away. "See, how dare you say that you love my son? You only stand there at the crucial moment. You're the closest to Cory. Why can't you help him like Christina? He was almost hit by that truck!"

In fact, none of them had ever thought that Christina would react so quickly and jump at him to save him.

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The suspicion in everyone's heart was even stronger. If Patrick didn't stir up trouble, they were actually a loving couple.


"Christina, we gotta go."

Mr. Hopkins, who was already sitting in the left seat in the car, suddenly shouted in a deep voice.

Christina pretended not to see those piercing eyes and quickly got up from Cory.

It was impossible for her to watch Cory hit by the truck. She had the ability to save him, so she must save him.

Suddenly, Cory reached out and grabbed her wrist tightly.

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Christina looked at him. It was not very bright, but her eyes widened slightly in surprise, looking into Cory's red eyes.

He seemed to have a lot to say to her, and his expression was painful.

"I'm going back to the Hopkins House."

Christina looked away from him and said in a faint voice.

Cory's expression froze. When he heard the words "Hopkins House," he bit his lip. "Why did this happen?"

"Why did this happen?"

He seemed to have lost control.

He growled, angrily but also helplessly,

seeming to give up on himself. He flipped over and punched the rough concrete floor with his fists. Bruises were seen on his knuckles.

That manic mood filled his blood and nerves. He was shouting that he was mortified!

Christina stood by and looked at him in shock as he was so decadent and self-destructive.

She had known him for so long, and this was the first time she had seen Cory struggling like this. He seemed to be in pain. He was fooled, but he couldn't do anything.

Laurie looked at his son, her heart aching. She couldn't hold back her tears and quickly helped him up.

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Carrie stood still. She wanted to go forward, but she didn't dare.

Christina lowered her head and walked quickly back to the car. Mr. Hopkins signaled the driver and the car immediately started to leave.

The car was a little quiet and depressing. Mr. Hopkins was in a bad mood, and Christina looked at the window, silent.

"Mr. Hopkins, actually I just..." Christina looked out the window at the streetlights that were already on one by one and suddenly spoke.

She rushed to save him because she could. It had nothing to do with love.

"Christina, figure out who you really like." Mr. Hopkins interrupted her in a deep voice.

His words made Christina look down, her eyes gloomy...

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When they were back, the servant already prepared dinner for them. Coming back from Cory's wedding, they were in a bad mood and had no appetite. Christina ate some and went back to her bedroom.

She went to the wardrobe to put away her pajamas, and she would take a bath after a short rest.

When Christina was putting away her pajamas with her head down, she saw that there was a faint bruise on her right wrist. It was made by Cory, who grabbed her a little hard just now.

Her heart sank when she thought of Cory's angry and self-destructive look.

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She did not know whether it was Cory's emotion or the knowledge of what Patrick had done that made her sad...

"He's so cruel!"


If it hadn't been for the fact that Patrick happened to be in America and couldn't be reached, grandpa would have hit the roof on the spot.

What was Patrick doing in America...

Suddenly, the phone on the bedside table rang. Christina froze for a moment, threw her pajamas back into the closet, and ran to answer it.

"Christina, are you okay now?"

Christina looked surprised and


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disappointed. She called her in a gentle tone, "Auntie."

"What's wrong? Are you in a bad mood?" Betty could tell that Christina was disappointed.

She immediately comforted Christina, "Is it because Cory and Carrie held a wedding today?... Christina, don't be sad. He's just a bastard and you deserve someone better."

Betty had spent most of the past two years living in the sanatorium because she was ill, but she had learned about the wedding held by the Hampton Family through TV and magazines. The more she knew about it, the angrier she became and the more worried she was about Christina.

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Christina, on the other hand, was not angry. She muttered, "Actually, Cory is not that bad..." He was a wonderful man compared to that bastard, Patrick.


"Christina, do you still like Cory?"

When Betty heard her say this, she immediately became nervous,

"Christina, listen to me. Hampton Family is way out of our league, and we don't give a crap about it either."

"... There is a difference between loving someone persistently and being loved. I don't want you to be so tired. Thus, I just want you to find someone who loves you and to live a simple life." Her voice was low and gentle, and she was trying her best to persuade Christina.

Christina held the phone and did not

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reply immediately.


In fact, she was not a shy and delicate woman herself. If a man was worthy of her love, she would definitely do her best.

But all of a sudden, she didn't know what love was...

She thought, 'Do I still like Cory?'

Christina was stunned for a moment. She recalled the night she had been trapped in a remote village. The mudslide destroyed and buried the villagers' houses, and Patrick thought she was dead.

She remembered that the rain fell on her cheeks and her clothes were cold and wet. Patrick ran towards her. He

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held her in his arms and trembled slightly. He seemed very nervous.

"Auntie, I have nothing to do with Cory. It's just a misunderstanding from the beginning." She said softly to Betty.

At first, she thought Cory was her savior. Therefore, when she heard from Carrie that he was framed and imprisoned, she used the inheritance she received from her mother to negotiate with her father to secretly release him.

"Well, it's good that you break up. You two are not a perfect match anyway."

Betty was relieved to hear her calm tone. Thinking of something else, she asked in a joyful voice, "Christina, do you remember the little boy who

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played with you when you were a child?"

"The one you bullied, Eric..."


"I didn't bully him. It was him..."

Christina retorted almost subconsciously, but in the end, she could not continue.

Lowering her head, she silently repeated the name of this long-lost friend in her heart, Eric...

Betty knew what Christina had done when she was young and comforted her, "Christina, don't feel guilty. I know you've kept that little wooden box all these years..."

After a pause, Betty lowered her voice

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and asked tentatively, "Christina, if he comes back..."

Just then, a new text message popped up on Christina's phone...

Christina didn't hear what Betty was saying. She stared at the message notification in astonishment and almost subconsciously opened the message with her fingers.

[Something's wrong. I won't be back until next month.]

'Patrick.' She was inexplicably nervous.

'What happened?'

Christina pursed her lips tightly and dialed his number, but she couldn't get through to him.


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Christina sat by the bed with a dejected look on her face, staring discontentedly at the new text message that she had just received.

"Why haven't you contacted me for so long? Why did you fly to the United States for no reason? Why don't you make it clear when you sent me a message?" She had a lot of resentment against Patrick.

After complaining for a while, she suddenly came back to herself and hung up on her auntie!

Betty reacted faster than Christina, and she immediately sent Christina a message. [Christina, why did you hang up suddenly? Is your phone dead?]

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Christina was so ashamed. She didn't know what was wrong with her that she was so excited to see the text message from Patrick.

[Auntie, I'm sorry. If there's nothing important, I'll call you tomorrow. I'm a little tired tonight.] Christina sent Betty a message back.

She was really tired tonight. There was so much trouble at Cory's wedding, and...

She touched the screen with her fingers and read the text message from Patrick. She was worried about him.

"It's so annoying."

She lay on the bed, tossing and turning.

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She hadn't been sleeping very well lately, but Christina didn't want to admit that it was because Patrick wasn't home and she wasn't used to sleeping alone.

It was hard to fall asleep on a quiet night...

She didn't wake up until 10 o'clock the next day in a daze.

Christina quickly washed up, ate something, and went to the Main Residence to look for Mr. Hopkins. Yesterday, when she talked to Betty on the phone, she suddenly remembered something. Today, she wanted to go back to her old residence.

"Patrick didn't answer the phone... The assistant reported that the person had

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woken up, but he left without permission. The young master has sent his men to look for the person. Besides, Mr. Shepherd also got the news and got there last night."

As soon as Christina entered the Main Residence, she heard the butler's voice, which sounded a little anxious.

"Let's wait until Young Master is done with the things in America before telling him what Cory mentioned yesterday. He is having a tough time in America too..."

"It's all Patrick's own fault!" Mr. Hopkins cursed angrily with a sullen look.

The butler sighed, "Master, it was just an accident. They were so close that

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they were just like brothers. Patrick doesn't like to talk about it, but he also feels bad..."

"Grandpa, what are you talking about?"
Christina said suddenly.

Mr. Hopkins did not notice her when he was talking to the butler. In a daze, he looked up at her.

They replied almost simultaneously,
"Nothing."