

Chapter 77 You Can't Fall in Love with Him

Christina looked at them suspiciously. Since they didn't want to say anything, she didn't continue to ask.

"Grandpa, I want to go back to my old apartment and pack something up."

"Be careful."

Although Mr. Hopkins pulled a long face all day, he was not as cold and domineering as the rumors. He was more open and easy to get along with than his grandson.

"Got it."

She answered and followed the driver out.

Yesterday, when she talked to her aunt on the phone and mentioned the past, Christina remembered that her little wooden box had disappeared. There were so many things that happened in the past few months and she was not sure where she left it.

The car was moving steadily and rapidly. In a moment of thought, Christina turned to look out of the window and found that they had arrived at the old house she used to live in.

"I want to stay in the apartment for half a day. You go back first. I'll call you if anything comes up and then you come to pick me up." As she spoke, she opened the car door and walked out.

"All right. Ma'am, take care."

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The driver nodded at her and did not dare to accompany her forcefully. He stepped on the gas and left quickly.

Christina walked into the dilapidated apartment. Without an elevator, she could only climb the stairs step by step. She took the key out of her bag and wondered where her little wooden box was...

"Miss Dickens, you're here."

A man came out of the opposite door and greeted her with a smile.

Christina didn't know him and he looked like a new resident. She replied politely, "Hello." She took out the key to open the door of her apartment and walked in.


When the door was closed, Christina suddenly realized something, 'How does he know my surname is Dickens?'

Out of curiosity, Christina lay prone on the door. From the peephole above the door, she could see that the other party had locked the door and gone downstairs. She didn't think much about it. Anyway, she would return to the Hopkins Family in the afternoon.

After rummaging through the small apartment twice, she still couldn't find her small wooden box.

"Could it be left in the Hampton Family..."

Feeling a little depressed, she looked up at the electronic clock on the wall. It

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was almost noon.

She packed up and stuffed back the clothes which were in a mess as she rummaged through them. Thinking about it, she felt a little awkward going to the Hampton Family to get her little wooden box.


Suddenly, there was a knock on the door. Christina was startled and hurried out of the small bedroom.

However, before she could go forward, the door had already been opened with a click.

Who had the key...

"What are you doing here?"

Christina looked at the person in front

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of her warily and puzzledly, especially when she saw that he was carrying a large bag of fresh ingredients in his right hand.

"I bought some food and came to cook for you."

He seemed to be in a good mood, and his tone sounded very natural. As he spoke, he walked towards the kitchen.

"Cory!"

Christina shouted at him in a voice of complicated emotions and quickly followed him.

He was really strange today. He was dressed in casual clothes which outlined his tall and thin figure. His handsome face had no angry and


decadence he had yesterday. He turned on the tap in the small kitchen and washed vegetables seriously.

"What exactly do you want to do?"

Christina stood behind him, a little afraid to approach him.

He didn't seem to hear her question, and his expression was calm. He looked down at his expensive Patek Philippe watch and whispered, "It's almost 12 o'clock. Christina, wait for me for a while. I'll be quick..." His voice was light. It was as if cooking was his usual hobby.

But Christina knew that this Young Master, Cory, never had the habit of cooking.

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"What's wrong with you?"

She couldn't help but step forward and snatch the big shopping bag from his hand.

"Christina, I know you don't like eggs..."
He still had a smile on his face, and he said slowly. It sounded like he was trying to coax her. "I bought a lot of things you like to eat today. Give me these ingredients. You can just wait outside."

Christina stood beside him with a look of astonishment. 'What happened to him?'

She looked at a ferocious Australian lobster on the table which was struggling hard. Cory didn't know how to cook at all. He was a little confused,

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and his fingers were bleeding as his fingers were stabbed by the hard shell of the lobster.


"Cory, stop messing around!"

Christina couldn't bear to see this. She grabbed the big kitchen knife and cut the poor lobster into pieces.

Yes, she didn't know how to cook either. So the last time when she saw Patrick fry soft-shelled crabs for her, she was very surprised.

Cory looked a little embarrassed.
"Christina, I heard from your aunt that you like men who can cook. I can..."

She looked at him and found that he had a fawning expression on his face.

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If he had said these things to her when they just got married, she would have been very touched.

"Cory, I know you feel bad about being tricked by Patrick, but it's too late..." She didn't want to get involved with him anymore.

"Christina, do you want this lobster steamed or stir-fried?" He continued to work and asked patiently as if he had not heard her at all.

Christina looked at his pretense. She saw his clumsy movements as he tried to hold pots and plates...

"I don't eat seafood when I'm pregnant." She suddenly raised her voice and said.

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At this moment, the smile on Cory's face froze completely.

Pregnant.


Pregnant with Patrick's child.

As if he could no longer pretend, he held back his anger and shouted angrily, "If Patrick didn't get in the way, we would be a very good couple..."

"Enough!"

Christina couldn't stand him. She grabbed his arm quickly and dragged him out the door. "Cory, don't go crazy here. Get out!"

She was so angry that she slammed the door and locked it.

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The sound of banging came from the old iron door.

The man on the other side of the door screamed out like he was out of control but occasionally, he would soften his voice. "Christina, I'm not messing around anymore. I listen to you. Whatever you like, I can change... We were husband and wife!" In the end, he could not suppress his anger and unwillingness.

Christina ignored him and looked at the shaking iron door, feeling very upset.

The things that Patrick did, and Cory, Carrie, and the rest... She didn't want to talk to them anymore.


Christina went into the kitchen to

clean up and threw the big bag of ingredients into the trash can. Cory's annoying voice still rang in her ears.

He probably had to pester her when she went out. Although she was usually fierce, she hated the softness deep in her heart the most.

She flipped through the bag of ingredients expressionlessly, picked out some vegetables and beef, and decided to make her own lunch.

She remembered that there were some instant noodles at home. She threw them into the pot and boiled beef noodles. Although the beef was hard to chew and the vegetables became a little yellow, she had to eat them. After Cory left, she would go out.


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"Sure enough, I should find a cook to be my husband." As she chewed on the horrible beef, she sighed with emotions.

She had this realization a long time ago, so her birthday wishes in her third year of high school were to ask God to give her a man who could cook well and be obedient.

But then she didn't know who took the wish card. Christina thought that maybe some unscrupulous person got and ruined her wish card, so her wish didn't come true.

It had been a long time since the last time she came back to this small and dilapidated apartment. Hopkins Family was too big and luxurious. Returning

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back to here gave her a sense of relaxation and security.


After eating, she cleaned up and went back to her little room, preparing to lie down for a while.

Gradually, she became sleepy. By the time she woke up, it was almost sunset.

"Oh no." She promised the old man that she would return by six.

She quickly got up from the bed, tidied up her clothes, grabbed her bag, opened the door, and walked out.

But as soon as she opened the door, she smelled a strong smell of alcohol. The lights on the stairs of the old apartment had been out for a long time, and the light was a little dim at

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sunset, but she could clearly recognize the man sitting on the stairs.

"Cory!!"


She called out to him with a complicated look on her face.

There were at least eight empty beer bottles at his feet. He didn't take his image seriously at all, and he sat on the dirty ground. He leaned against the rusty staircase railing, grabbing the beer bottle.

"Christina..."

When he heard the voice, he turned to look at her and forced out a smile.

"Christina, you, you're finally out." His words were intermittent, and it was

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obvious that he had drunk too much.

Christina became gloomy with anger.


"What are you doing here?"

"I don't know where to go."

When she yelled at him, he seemed to have sobered up. He had a strong smell of alcohol all over his body and he mumbled, "My mother and Carrie are very annoying. I, I don't want to go back..."

"Christina, I don't even know where I shall go. Where do you think I should go..." He kept talking as he was drunk.

As Cory spoke, he slowly straightened himself with his right hand on the rusty staircase railing, but his feet were unsteady, and the leather shoes kicked

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at the empty bottles at his feet, causing the bottles to fall down and the glasses were shattered on the floor of the stairs.

"Cory, be careful..."

When Christina saw this, she immediately stepped forward to help him. She wanted to scold him, but she couldn't bear it. She shouted at him in a bad mood, "Go back. Your family is worried about you."

"I'm not going back to the Hampton Family!" He retorted angrily.

He drank too much, and his body was so heavy. He leaned against Christina. She just wanted to help him to the side, but Cory put his arms around her and refused to let go of her.

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He hiccupped and his voice grew angrier. "It is Patrick who causes all the trouble. He causes us to divorce... Christina, can we start over?"


"Cory, we can't! Sober up!"

Christina wanted to slap him angrily. Seeing that he was so drunk and he lost his composure, she endured. She reached into her coat pocket with her right hand and took out her cell phone.

She wanted to call the Hampton Family and ask Laurie to get Cory back so that she won't be blamed for any accidents.

"Christina, you like Patrick, don't you?"

"How can you like him?"


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Cory seemed to have been angered by something. He grabbed her cell phone and threw it to the floor as hard as he could.

"You think he's the eldest grandson of Hopkins Family, so you look down on me!"

He became more and more agitated. His hands clasped tightly around her shoulders and he shook her shoulders violently. He roared in anger, "You know he was the one who saved you on that high school graduation trip, so you fell in love with him wholeheartedly, right?"

"You can't fall in love with him. No! No way!"

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Christina was stunned.


She sensed his anger, the smell of alcohol, and his words...

Patrick. It was Patrick who saved her that time...

She was stunned, and she felt confused and complicated. Her feelings were indescribable. She mumbled in a daze, "Did he save me?"

Cory flushed after drinking too much. Seeing that she had no reaction, he nervously straightened her face with both hands and forced her to look at him.

He said agitatedly, "Christina, listen to me. He must have sent someone to harm you when you were held hostage

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by the mountain bandits during your high school trip... He deliberately created an illusion. Patrick made it all the way through..."

Christina did not speak and looked directly at Cory, her mind totally in a mess.

"Christina, that's all fake! You don't know him. No one knows him. What kind of person is Patrick? He is ruthless..."

"Then what kind of man do you think I am?" Suddenly, a deep voice came from the stairs.

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"Let me go..."

"Patrick, let go of me..."

He grabbed her wrist and dragged her down the stairs.

Christina frowned and looked at the cold profile of the man in front of her. He suddenly appeared in this old apartment and coldly asked her what she thought he was like. Then he reached out and dragged her away. She had no idea what he was thinking.

Christina turned around and looked up the stairs with a worried look...

He dragged her away. Cory tried to stop him and lost his balance and fell

down. His arm seemed to have been pierced with broken glass.


"Worried about him?"

His voice was cold and deep, and his eyes were fixed on her, which sent a chill through Christina.

Patrick looked at her cringing look and told her word by word, "My cousin specially sent someone to watch over your apartment. He... really cares about you." The last four words carried a hint of sarcasm.

Christina was furious. "Patrick, what do you mean by that? I helped Cory because he was drunk. We didn't..."

"Get in!"

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He lost his patience and ordered her to get in the car.

The car started quickly and steadily up the highway. He looked straight ahead. Christina in the passenger seat looked at him with a complicated look. He was silent, and the atmosphere suddenly quieted down.

Christina looked at him and wanted to speak but didn't know what to say.

He texted her last night that something was going on in the United States and that he wouldn't be back until next month. But now he was in A City...

He was dressed in an expensive suit, still handsome, but he seemed to have lost some weight and looked tired with

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his brows furrowing a little.

He had been in America for only about two weeks, but somehow she felt like she hadn't seen him in a long time.

Christina turned her head and her mind was in turmoil. She wanted to ask him a lot of questions.

Especially what Cory said about six years ago...

She hesitated for a long time and made up her mind to ask him, but when her eyes swept over the unfamiliar scenery outside the window, she was shocked. "Where are we going?!"

This was not the way back to the Hopkins Family.

He didn't answer her.

It was evening, and the sky was dark,
and the street lights were lit up.

It was rare for Patrick to drive by
himself. His grim profile was
expressionless. He held the steering
wheel in his right hand and turned at a
junction ahead, speeding towards the
depths of the darkness.

About 30 minutes later, the car got off
the highway, and the surrounding
streets gradually brightened up, with
lights and billboards flashing.

It was a very famous entertainment
district in the east of the city, and some
people secretly called it the lesser
version of Las Vegas. It was said that
this place was empty in the daytime,

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but when night fell, it would be like a lively carnival.

It was so famous that it attracted many tourists at night, but if they had no friends here, they wouldn't know where the interesting places were.

And this place was very strange to Christina.

Patrick did not enter the busiest area, but turned left and headed for a remote alley.

Christina looked at this strange place in front of her and suddenly felt uneasy.

'Why is he bringing me here?' Christina thought.

After a while, the car stopped in a quiet and spacious dark alley.

Just as Patrick opened the car door, two people hurried over. The two men bent down slightly with a fawning smile and whispered something in Patrick's ear.

"Get out."

Patrick turned around and said into the car. His tone was cold, and no one could tell his emotions at all.

She was very anxious in the passenger seat. She opened the door and walked slowly out with caution on her face.

Seeing Christina, the two men standing behind looked surprised, as if this was the first time that Patrick had brought

a woman over.


The two men didn't dare to look at her. They nodded slightly at Christina and then led the way for them with a serious face.

After they walked all the way to the end of the dark alley, one of the men stepped forward and knocked five times on a very common big iron door, three long and two short.

Soon, the heavy metal door was pulled open.

Christina looked over and was startled.

Although it was not so bright inside, it could be seen that the decorations and furnishings were magnificent. As they walked inside step by step, they could

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hear some noisy music coming out from time to time, and as they continued walking in, the light became brighter.

And she felt more nervous.

She followed Patrick into the elevator and went down to the fourth floor underground. She felt that the number four was ominous, while the man next to her kept a cold face and did not say a word.

When they reached the fourth floor underground, Christina saw a quaint corridor with European-style crystal lights hanging on both sides of the wall and they gave off orange lights. They were not so bright, but kind of eerie.

Every step Christina took, she could

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hear her own footsteps. This floor was really quiet.

Moreover, when some passers-by saw them, they would immediately stand still and half-bow their heads to make way for them.

And these people couldn't help sizing up Christina as if it was strange for her to be here, which made Christina's scalp a little numb.

What the hell was this place?

The phone of the man who had been leading the way suddenly rang and he answered it. After he hung up, he walked over to Patrick and reported in a low voice. "Mr. Hopkins, Laurie gave the project of Hai City to Hampton Group, but the budget exceeded 30%

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of the market price..."

They were talking about business. Laurie used her power at Hopkins Group to help her husband's family.

She had heard Patrick's aunts' had been coveting the corporation.

But Christina found it strange that this man addressed Laurie by her name. Laurie was Patrick's eldest aunt anyway. The man's tone sounded a little disdainful, without any respect.

These people were not from the Hopkins Family.

Christina recalled that the people working for Mr. Hopkins usually called Patrick Patrick.

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"He can get the money if he wants," Patrick said coldly as he walked to a heavy black wooden door. "We'll see if he's worth it."


"Yes, sir." The man nodded, turned, and left.

Christina did not quite understand what they were saying, but judging from Patrick's cold voice, she knew that person would end up in misery.

The luxurious and exquisitely carved black wooden door was opened, and Patrick strode in, while Christina stood at the door, unable to move her feet.

She didn't want to go in.

Because some of the sounds coming from inside sounded scary...

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Someone was desperately kowtowing, his head pounded against the cold marble floor. His hands and feet were tied up with thick ropes and he was kneeling on the ground, begging for mercy in a trembling voice. "I was wrong. I was wrong. I won't dare to do it again..."

"Do you think there will be another time?"

A man at least 1.9 meters tall cursed in a low, disdainful voice. He raised the long black whip in his hand and lashed the man on the ground hard.

It caused a crisp and harsh sound, and Christina's heart trembled. The man's back was lacerated and he screamed in pain.

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"Mr. Hopkins."

"Mr. Hopkins..."

As Patrick approached, the men with whips immediately stood up straight and greeted him respectfully in unison.

The wretched man on the floor raised his head nervously. When he saw Patrick, his eyes widened and he stammered in a trembling voice. "Mr. Hopkins, I... I will take responsibility for this batch of steel plates. I will definitely think of a way..."

The man was in fear and felt uneasy, but Patrick was calm and indifferent, which was even more frightening.

"Uncle George, we are in-laws. Don't

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be so nervous."

Patrick said faintly, so no one was able to hear his emotions.


But his address scared the man on the ground." Mr. Hopkins, please..."

Patrick did not even look at him again. He turned to the door and called out softly, "Christina, come and say hello to your uncle."

Christina froze and was in a panic.

His voice was very gentle, but Christina felt a chill down her spine.

At this moment, she recognized the middle-aged man kneeling on the ground. He was a distant relative of her father.

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"Christina? Christina!" The man on the floor shouted excitedly at the door. "Christina, I'm Uncle George. I held you when you were little. Do you remember me..." He tried to force a flattering smile, but that made his blood-stained face look even scarier.

Christina was 'invited' by two sturdy men behind her to Patrick's side. Reluctantly, she approached Patrick who was sitting on the dark red leather sofa in the middle of the room.

As she got near, he stretched out his long arm and pulled her to his legs.

His movements were quick and he did that masterfully.

Christina was trapped in his arms and


felt extremely uncomfortable. She wanted to break free, but Patrick put his arms around her waist tightly, not letting her move.

But he looked calm. He put his head on her left shoulder sluggishly. From afar, they looked like an intimate couple in love.

"Christina, your uncle did something that he shouldn't have done. What do you want me to do?"

Patrick pressed his thin lips to her ear and asked in a low voice as if he didn't care much about it and was really entrusting her to handle it.

Christina's eyes were filled with anxiety and she pursed her lips, not saying a word...


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"Do you know that over 70% of Dickens Family's projects now rely on Hopkins Group?"

Patrick leaned on her shoulder and continued in a calm voice. "Your uncle here replaced the German steel plate with a batch of domestic ones in a project and pocketed 600 million."

Christina's face turned pale when she heard this.

Patrick seemed to be satisfied to see her anxious face. He reached out his right hand and combed her long hair as if he was bored. He murmured, "If I turned him to the police since this matter involves the Dickens Family, your father Donald would be doomed."

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"What, what do you want to say?!" She couldn't suppress her faster heartbeat and asked him anxiously.

Christina soon realized that he was telling her these things on purpose.


"I sent someone to do that to Cory that year."

Patrick suddenly straightened up and his face darkened. His eyes were fixed on her terrified face.

She was looking at him, and he boldly admitted it.

He did that, but so what?

"Christina, you're smart. Don't be like your Uncle George and do something I don't like..." He sneered and said in a

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low voice.


Patrick seemed very upset and pushed her away.

Christina immediately stood up, her face taut as she stood by. She saw him grabbing the wine on the large table, pouring half a cup and drinking it up in one go.

Then Patrick slammed the sparkling crystal cup back onto the table, raised his head, and ordered coldly. "Bring him to the ring for 15 minutes. If he is still alive, let him go..."

"No, no, Mr. Hopkins, I know I was wrong. Please forgive me..."

George looked terrified, and his whole body trembled as he begged for mercy.

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But he was still dragged into the boxing ring.


He could not stand these professional boxers' fierce hitting for 15 minutes. There were shrill cries of pain, crying, and intermittent pleadings... The boxer punched his right shoulder bone fiercely, and the bone broke...

Christina's face was pale and her eyes were wide open as she watched the beating, the brutal scene.

Her body trembled uncontrollably... He was warning her.

[What do you think I am?] She remembered what he said before.

And now he brought her to this place because he wanted to show her that he

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was such a person.

If she made a mistake, he would do the
same to her...

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