

Chapter 81 He Might Like Me

"Christina has been in Hopkins Family for a while."

In the early spring morning, the sun rose earlier than it did in winter, and the grey sky gradually turned white. The old man stood beside the carved wooden fence in the corridor with the help of a walking stick, looking at a large area of precious flowers and plants which had just sprouted and overflowed with vigor in front of him.

Time flew.

The butler felt that the climate early in the morning was wet and came over with a thin coat in his hand. He smiled faintly. "Young Madam will give birth to twins at the end of the year, and

Hopkins Family will be very lively!"

"My mind is clear and my body is still very strong. I don't need this coat." Mr. Hopkins raised his right hand slightly and asked the butler to take the coat back. Mr. Hopkins turned his head and looked straight at the east side. With his mind full of thoughts, he muttered, "There's one thing..." There was one thing that Mr. Hopkins couldn't figure out.

"Old Master doesn't understand why Patrick is trying so hard to marry Christina?"

The butler remembered the old man's question in the dining room that did Christina and Patrick know each other before.

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"It seems that Christina has no impression of Patrick..." The old butler paused and his expression became more solemn as he knew that his Patrick clearly kept her in mind.

"Do you remember that Oreo before?"

Mr. Hopkins walked slowly towards the pavilion at the end of the corridor and asked in a deep voice.

The butler followed behind him. When the butler heard the word "Oreo", he was startled for a moment, then nodded and answered, "Yes."

Of course, the butler remembered...

Oreo was the name of a puppy in Hopkins Family.

"Grandpa, he wants to eat my cookies."

When Patrick was three years old, he brought back a filthy Labrador from outside, which looked like an abandoned stray puppy.

How could their only Young Master in Hopkins Family have such a thing around him? It was too dirty and dangerous. The servants at home immediately nervously took the puppy away.

"It's mine."

The three-year-old boy's voice was a little childish, but his words were clear and his tone was firm.

A group of servants felt helpless as they saw their Young Master pull a

long face, hold the dirty puppy in his short hands, and refuse to let go of it.

"You want to raise him?"

Mr. Hopkins did not dislike the stray puppy much, so he looked at the child and asked in a low voice.

Their Young Master was straight-faced. He thought about it, raised his head, and told the old man in a childish voice, "He has been following me all the way, secretly following me all the way..."

Before their Young Master could finish speaking, perhaps the half-month-old puppy was a little heavy for him, he placed it on the bright clean floor.

He squatted down and opened a bag of

Oreo cookies in his hand to feed it.


The little dog may be really hungry, and it nibbled on it hurriedly.

He pinched the dog's ear with his little hand. "Grandpa, I think he might like me." He seemed very happy and told the old man happily.

"You think he likes you, so you bring him home. Do you ask him if he likes living here?"

Facing his three-year-old grandson, Mr. Hopkins was very kind and he smiled. "If you take him home, you have to take responsibility and take good care of him. Can you raise him?"

"I have a lot of snacks." He raised his little head, very confident.

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Mr. Hopkins shook his head and deliberately lowered his voice. "A dog can't eat chocolate. He will get sick if he eats too much of the biscuit."

The child's expression froze instantly and he spoke nervously again. "Then, I have something else to give him. He will like me."

In the end, the stray dog was kept in the Hopkins Family. The servant carried it to take a bath and get vaccinated. The dog had white hair and two earlobes that looked cute.

Labradors were docile and stable. They were neither slow nor active. They were friendly and loyal to people. The old man felt that it was good for his grandson to develop a sense of

responsibility as his grandson raised this dog since he was young.

In fact, there was a more important reason for agreeing to keep the puppy. The Young Master of Hopkins Family was too lonely.

Ordinary people were not allowed to approach him. Although there were always a group of servants following him, the old man suddenly realized that this kind of overprotection was a kind of harm to the child.

"He has been following me."

"I think he might like me."

The children's simple and direct words made them understand that perhaps their Young Master of Hopkins Family



had always been eager to get in touch with others.

Hopkins Family was different from ordinary families. Even if one just walked in the Hopkins Family, he/she would make others feel a bit more serious and solemn. Their Young Master had been growing in this kind of atmosphere since he was young, and he was very serious about taking care of the dog.

At that time, everyone felt that it was a good thing to have this stray puppy in the Hopkins Family because their Young Master was more lively than before.

But good things didn't last for long.


When Mrs. Hopkins returned from

abroad a month later, she saw Oreo running around the house and her expression changed suddenly. She was afraid of dogs.

"Dad, where did this mongrel stray dog come from? Patrick is still a child. What if he goes crazy and bites Patrick one day?"

Although the adults would not discuss things in front of the children, their Young Master was very sensitive. He could feel that his mother did not like his little partner.

One morning, their Young Master's mother's high heels were bitten and played by Oreo as a toy. When this was found out by her, she scolded Oreo seriously and asked the servants to catch the dog and throw him out.

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But the servants couldn't find that Oreo for a long time that day. He was hidden by their Young Master.

Hopkins Family's three-year-old child had to start receiving education. Every day, a teacher came to class, and the Young Master kept the dog in a storage room in a house in the west of the Main Residence.

Perhaps he was worried that the dog would be chased away by his mother. He hoped to wait for his grandfather to come back and then he could plead.

But when Mr. Hopkins returned, he was told that his grandson's dog had died.

It was trapped in the storage room.

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Perhaps he was out of unfamiliarity and hunger, the dog tried to run out many times, but the main door was closed. However, this remote storage room used to be connected to a rockery. A big gap was left under the wall. The gap was simply blocked by workers with barbed wires which rusted over time.

The puppy probably wanted to get out of this hole, but it was stuck in the middle by the sharp wires. As he bled, he was unable to get out or get back in. He bled a lot. He probably struggled and screamed for a long time. When the servants finally found him, he could not move.

"Grandpa, Oreo said he knew he was wrong. He promised that he wouldn't dare to do it again."


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The child finished class at four in the afternoon and immediately went to the old man to talk about the dog biting his mother's high heels in the morning.

Mr. Hopkins's expression was grave. He did not say anything but nodded at the child.

The child was very happy as he ran to the house in the west of the Main Residence. He opened the door saw that the creamy white fluffy Labrador huddled in fear in a corner. "Are you sick?"

He felt that his little friend was a little timid today. He touched his fluffy head with his shorthand and held him in his little arms. He took him all the way


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back to the dining room of the Main Residence of the Hopkins Family, brought his dinner down, and put his dinner in front of him.

"Eat. Hurry." He squatted next to him and looked at him with big clear eyes.

But the little dog seemed to be a little afraid of strangers. He wagged its tail and walked to the corner of the wall, shivering and ignoring him.

Mr. Hopkins looked at him with a hesitant expression. But then Mr. Hopkins saw that the child was very patient and ran to the dog again and said, "Oreo, are you angry with me? Don't be angry. I will treat you well in the future..." Murmuring the innocent words of the child, Mr. Hopkins felt sorry for the little guy.

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But three days later, the child stopped playing with his little friend.

"Patrick, the teacher said that you were not in the mood for class these days. What happened?"

Around five o'clock in the afternoon, Mr. Hopkins went to the back garden of the house in the west of the Main Residence and found the child. The child was squatting in the rockery with his head down. The child's expression was sullen.

"Grandpa, I'm not happy."

The child spoke childishly in a low voice.


The old man's expression froze. He

squatted down and softly coaxed, "Tell grandpa what happened."

He raised his head, looked at the old man with big clear eyes, and said nervously, "Grandpa, where did you hide my Oreo? I can't find him. I've been looking for him for a long time, but I still can't find him..."

For a moment, the old man did not know what to say and his words were stuck in his throat.

The child came out of the rockery, shook the old man's arm nervously, and begged the old man in a baby voice, "Grandpa, does mother dislike him. Does mother drive him away? Go tell mother, I will teach him and he will be good... Grandpa, can you tell mother to let her return Oreo to me?"

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Their Young Master in Hopkins Family rarely acted coquettishly. The housekeeper stood by and watched, his eyes turning red.

At this moment, a puppy ran over happily. "Young Master, look. Oreo has come to play with you..." The housekeeper squeezed out a smile and gently coaxed the little boy.

The child did not even look at the dog next to him. The child exerted more strength at his hands which tugged at the old man's arm anxiously. His childish voice was full of grievance and he retorted, "He is not Oreo."

The housekeeper was stunned.

"He's dead. I asked someone to have

shouldn't have lied to the child from the start because the child in Hopkins Family was very sensitive and he would know that the substitute was not real.

That day, Mr. Hopkins watched the sun slowly setting with the child. When the last piece of light disappeared, the old man took the child's hand and went back to the Main Residence together.

"Grandpa, I shouldn't have brought Oreo home. He probably doesn't like me..."

The words that the child said in a low voice that day made Mr. Hopkins and the housekeeper unable to forget.

"We haven't had any pets in Hopkins Family since then," said the butler.

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Then, the butler looked down at Mr. Hopkins who was in the pavilion and sighed with some emotions. "Patrick has a cold temperament, and he doesn't like to be close to people ever since..."

So, Christina...

This was really strange.

"Send someone to find out how they met in the first place."

"Since six years ago, in C City..."

His grandson was no longer the naive child he once was. He would definitely try to get what he wanted immediately. Why did he keep waiting for six years and why did he try to snatch Christina from Cory six years later?

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