

Chapter 281

Atishoo!

Christina didn't go to bed until 12 pm last night, but she was awakened by the phone called by the staff of the IP&G Group early in the morning. They reminded her to get to the airport on time, because she and the other three models were going to H City to take pictures today.

Christina held the phone in a daze. She really forgot about this thing.

"Okay."

She replied casually and went to wash.

"Christina, do you have a cold?"

She called Crystal before she left. Maybe it was because she spoke with a twang, Crystal asked her with concern.

"I'm taking a car to the airport now. I'm going to stay in the H City for three days."

Christina sat in the taxi and complained to Crystal, "Charles is afraid that I will be fired, so he sent someone to wake me up before dawn."

Christina was still a little dazed, but she suddenly thought that Charles was not in charge of the staff of the IP&G Group. Did IP&G Group have a waking up service?

Christina sneezed again and covered her nose with a tissue. She didn't want to care about whether the IP&G Group

had a waking up service.

"Christina, you've promised to have a big meal with me. Did you run away after you knew that Patrick didn't attend the dinner party? You are so heartless..." Crystal said resentfully.

Patrick didn't go to the dinner party either?

When Christina heard Patrick's name, she was suddenly in a bad mood.

"Hey, what did you do last night? Why did you catch a cold? Are you still filming? Will the cold affect your filming?" Crystal was so soft-hearted that she began to worry about Christina.

"I was being blown by the cold wind on

the balcony for a whole night." Christina remembered what she did last night and lowered her voice. "I suspect that the person living in the 502 room upstairs is someone I know."

"What 502?"

"Nothing." Christina was embarrassed and didn't want to talk about it.

"Derek told me that you were with Chandler last night. Did he send you home?"

Now it was Crystal who didn't want to talk about it. She said with a stiff tone, "Yes, we went back early."

Both of Christina and Crystal had their own thoughts. Christina said that she was about to arrive at the airport, and

Crystal reminded her to be careful outside and hung up.

Crystal usually arrived at the Stephenson family at 6: 00 am and made breakfast. Then she went to wake up Chandler and Geoffrey. After sending Geoffrey to school, she rushed back to watch Chandler take stomach medicine after breakfast. After that, she began to wipe the floor, wash the dishes, and prepare dinner for them. Her life was so simple.

However, when Crystal drove her little car to the Stephenson family today, she found a women's red Lamborghini sports car parked at the door. The two cars were parked together, which showed her car was so low and cheap.

Crystal got out of the car and glanced

at the new sports car beside her
jealously.

She was thinking about who would
drive such a sports car.

Then she took the key to open the
door. Before she entered the house,
she found that Chandler and Geoffrey
had already gotten up. It was really a
miracle.

"Are there any guests today?" She
entered the Stephenson family
naturally.

"Who's the guest?!"

Erica came out from behind the sofa
and looked at the door unhappily.

Crystal stood at the door in shock.

"Miss Erica." Crystal was in a daze for a long time and said.

But Erica was obviously very dissatisfied with Crystal's address to her. She raised her chin arrogantly and sat down on the sofa in the middle of the living room, looking like the hostess.

"Since you're the nanny at home, why are you still standing there in a daze? Hurry up to make breakfast!"

Erica spoke forcefully, so Crystal did not dare to argue with her. Crystal also felt that she had no identity to argue with her. She just nodded at Erica and went into the kitchen.

Chandler and Geoffrey were both in

the living room. They just watched what happened just now in silent.

Crystal was making breakfast as skillfully as usual. Suddenly, she smashed a plate. The sound seemed very abrupt in the strange atmosphere of the house. She was anxious and immediately squatted down to clean up the broken pieces, but her finger was cut by them.

"Why did you find such a person to be the nanny at home?"

Crystal heard the voice in the living room. She was a little embarrassed and hurried to clean them up.

It was a terrible feeling, as if she had done something wrong and had come to a place she shouldn't have come.

Crystal didn't want to have breakfast with the three of them, so she found an excuse. "I've had breakfast before I came. You three enjoy it."

Chandler didn't say anything and waved her away to do something else.

"You usually eat with us."

Geoffrey ate his kidney beans with a small spoon and looked up at Crystal with big eyes in confusion.

At first, Crystal didn't eat at the same table with them, but Chandler said that he was worried that what she cooked would cause them to have diarrhea, so he asked her to "test the poison" for them first. Then she gradually became closer to them and acted more

naturally.

"Why does the nanny eat at the same table with the hosts?"

Erica said to Geoffrey in a gentle tone, but the smile on Crystal's face suddenly froze.

Erica was right. The nanny usually should not eat at the same table with the hosts, and what she did seemed to be wrong.

Crystal found that although Erica was so snobbish and powerful in the past, Geoffrey still liked Erica very much. He even blushed when Erica said that she would send him to school today.

After all, Erica was his biological mother, and no one could change this

kinship.

"Erica suddenly said she was coming to see Geoffrey today."

When only Crystal and Chandler were left in the house, Chandler suddenly put down the newspaper and said to Crystal.

Crystal just nodded.

In fact, Crystal didn't know how to answer. Erica was Geoffrey's biological mother, so she had the right to come to see Geoffrey though she had divorced with Chandler.

Crystal went back to the kitchen to clean up, and then went to the storeroom to take out a bucket and mop. When Chandler came out of the

study again, he saw her wearing gloves, a scarf, and a work cap. It was as if she was going to finish half a year's work.

"Your breakfast." He handed over a box of cookies.

Crystal looked at the cookies in a daze and did not take them.

Chandler said, "Eat quickly, or you don't have the strength to work for me." Then he put the biscuits directly into her hand.

But she just held it in a daze.

Chandler turned his head and added awkwardly, "It is not expired."

Crystal looked up at him for a while and replied sullenly, "I know." Then she

ignored him, taking off her gloves and eating beside the tea table.

She had known that these biscuits had not expired. Chandler just deliberately annoyed her and made her feel uneasy to eat them.

"Don't be so nice to me." She whispered as she chewed the biscuits.

Chandler seemed to be used to taking stomach medicine after breakfast. He had some work to do today, so he packed up the documents and was about to go out. Before he left, he glanced at Crystal, who was busy cleaning the house. And he noticed her cut finger.

He said faintly. "I'm going out."

"Take your time and be careful on the road."

Chandler glanced at her again and drove away.

At 4 pm, Christina called her again, saying that her work today was not going well, and that the harsh director scolded her for a long time for catching a cold.

"I don't understand. What does my cold have to do with him? It's as if he'll get his salary deducted if I get sick." Christina was very depressed.

But Crystal sounded a little absent-minded. Christina noticed that she was not energetic today and asked with concern, "What's wrong?"

Crystal said gloomily, "Christina, I'm going to resign..."

At this moment, Chandler returned from outside, and he heard the voice in the living room.

"Christina, I don't want to get involved in other people's love life, and I don't want to be a mistress. But when I'm with them, I can't help liking him...I think it's better for me to leave the Stephenson family."

Chapter 282

"No, no!"

Geoffrey came home from school and heard that Crystal said that she was quitting her job. Chandler was calm and he had not said anything yet. But Geoffrey rushed into the study. He shouted in a childish voice and strongly objected.

Crystal turned to glare at him. Who asked for your opinion?

Geoffrey ignored her and rushed over to hug his father's thigh. He raised his little head and his big bright eyes flashed, "Dad, the contract she signed stated that she couldn't leave, right?"

Chandler raised his eyebrows slightly

and glanced at Crystal meaningfully.

Crystal was helpless. She was sure that Chandler was a profiteer!

At first, she wanted to find out about the Hopkins family and Patrick Hopkins for Christina, so she sacrificed herself and signed the contract without looking at it carefully.

She sighed and said sincerely, "Well... I've already found a suitable job, so please don't make things difficult for me."

"Do you find it difficult to be here?" Chandler suddenly asked.

Crystal looked up. Her eyes met his thoughtful eyes. She suddenly became embarrassed and she turned her head

slightly. She glanced around the study and didn't want to look at him.

Geoffrey seemed to be unable to accept it. He was angry, "How can you get another man behind our back? What about my father and me?"

Seriously?

Crystal stared blankly for a second. Facing the question of a child, she really didn't know how to answer him.

Geoffrey pulled a long face, twitched his lips, and hung down his head as if he was really unhappy. Although he was only about six years old, he was usually very arrogant and sensible. Crystal did not expect him to be so stubborn all of a sudden.

In the end, it was unsettled.

When Crystal left, she looked back at the Stephenson family door with mixed feelings.

She used to stay here for Christina but now she didn't know who she stayed here for...

She was wasting her youth. She thought she was really stupid. She sighed and drove away.

"Why on earth do you insist on making this film?"

At this time, Christina, who was in Hongkong, had just finished shooting and was sitting dejectedly by the fountain. Charles Shepherd immediately ran over, gloated and

asked her, "Did you do it for Patrick?"

Christina looked up expressionlessly and saw that he was smiling shamelessly.

She gritted her teeth and said to him in a gloomy tone, "Charles, do you want to take a shower in the fountain?!"

Charles felt a chill on his back. He quickly moved away from the fountain. If he was thrown to the fountain by her, he would be shameful.

"You are ungrateful. Don't forget that if I hadn't been secretly helping you, you, Miss Dickens, couldn't have stayed here, hmph!"

Christina had not recovered from her cold and her mind was in a daze. She

looked at the man and said, "How do you want me to thank you, Mr. Shepherd?" She emphasized the last two words.

"Well, let me think about it." Charles Shepherd seemed to be thinking about it seriously, "Christina, you are not diligent nor smart. Oh, it's really hard for you to repay me." He deliberately lengthened his pronunciation.

"Then do you want me to marry you?"
Christina was angry.

Charles looked shocked and didn't say any word.

Christina wanted to continue to satirize him but suddenly the phone in her coat vibrated a few times. She thought to herself that Crystal was in a

bad mood this afternoon. So she quickly took the phone to see if something was wrong.

However, when Christina saw the phone screen, her expression immediately became serious.

It was a text message from LUCY.

"Who texted you?"

Charles looked curiously at the screen of her phone. Christina moved very fast. She naturally covered the screen with her palm.

He noticed that the woman was alert and frowned slightly, her eyes full of uneasiness.

After a moment of silence, Charles said

in a serious tone, "Hey, Christina, did something happen to you?"

She was still sitting by the fountain. Her phone had been turned off by her. She lowered her head and suddenly said, "Charles, can you really help me get this endorsement?"

"The director said you were the worst of the four of them."

As he spoke honestly, he saw her expression and noticed that she was obviously hiding something. Christina clenched her phone, left the fountain, and said, "I have a cold. I'll go back to the hotel to sleep."

Charles didn't chase her either. He just stared at her back as she walked away and made a call, "Help me check all the

communication records of a cell phone number."

Christina returned to the hotel. Perhaps because she had been troubled by too many things recently or she had caught a cold, she lay on the bed and fell asleep quickly.

The hotel in the downtown of Hongkong was not easy to book. The IP&G was in a hurry to shoot the advertisement, so Christina and the others didn't have enough rooms. The original single room had to be changed into a double room or suite.

Christina also knew that it was not proper for her to participate in this advertising shoot as an amateur, but she had no choice. She didn't want to rely on Charles every time. She also

tried her best to study. She set the alarm clock on her phone and didn't dare to sleep too long.

This suite was very big. Christina lived with another model named Renee. To be honest, Renee performed the best among them, but Renee was very ambitious and did not care about this simple advertisement.

At eight o'clock in the evening, the director asked them to gather, so Christina woke up at seven o'clock. She was more energetic properly because she had slept for a while.

She went into the bathroom to wash her face. Just then, a beep came from the door and someone swiped the door open.

Christina didn't care. She thought Renee was back.

"I heard before that they were going to leave this suite to Christina alone."

A woman said in a sharp voice and there was full of ridicule, "She is really capable." It seemed that Renee not only came back on her own, but also brought other models.

"Do you think she will be selected to be the model of the advertisement?"

"This is unfair. No matter how Mr. Shepherd protects her, it's impossible for her to be selected. IP&G values this new product very much, and such a big company won't choose the model casually..."

Christina could hear their conversation in the bathroom. Feeling a little guilty, she quickly turned off the tap and pretended that she was not there.

Renee, who had not spoken much, suddenly smiled and said, "It would be hard to say if the boss behind the scenes shows up."

The other woman seemed to be very angry, "It's useless. If she was really selected, I'll find a private investigator to find out about her and expose her on the Internet. I want to see how she can continue to work in this industry."

"The one from the Hopkins family has nominated her. What dare you say then?" Renee's words implied something.

The atmosphere in the room suddenly became lively, "You said IP&G..."

"It seems that apart from IP&G, he also owns a lot of property rights. If someone really hooked up with him, she wouldn't have to worry for ten lifetimes, but it's hard to meet him."

"What kind of woman do you think he would like?" They chatted enthusiastically.

"Patrick grew up in a rich and powerful family. His temperament really can't be imitated." The more she spoke, the more excited she became. She lowered her voice, "He's really noble and cool. He has good genes, and he has a great figure. Once I saw the strong muscles and chest of his upper body exposed in

the pool of Fireworks Bar..."

The woman's voice became shy and they discussed in detail, "I wonder how he's doing in bed?"

"Oh, I know that."

Christina walked out of the bathroom and looked at the three stunned women in front of her. She had planned to wait for them to leave before she walked out to avoid embarrassment. But when she saw footsteps approaching the bathroom, she thought that it was better to come out first than being caught.

Chapter 283

"Christina, what did you do to them?"

It was dinner time. After the director briefly told them about tomorrow's work schedule at eight, everyone gathered in the lobby on the third floor to have a buffet. However, Christina was obviously ostracized.

Charles saw her eating alone when he was walking towards a corner after chatting with the producers and directors.

"What outrageous thing have you done again?"

Those female models were obviously isolating her on purpose.

Christina put down the knife and fork since the buffet in this hotel was not to her liking.

She replied indifferently as she was wiping the corner of her mouth with a clean napkin, "They were discussing Patrick's bed skills. I wanted to join them, but they just left."

Charles was shocked.

Everyone here was clear that Christina and Mr. Shepherd were close, so they did not dare to vent their anger on her no matter how dissatisfied they were.

Except for the director. "A married woman should behave more restrained. Such a shame, hmph!"

Christina narrowed her eyes while the

bearded director snorted loudly and strutted past them. Her expression twisted immediately.

Charles didn't take the gossip seriously since he was a man with a good temper and had met with these weird directors frequently. He turned to look at Christina, afraid that her blood sugar was too low at this moment because she hadn't eaten much and would do something rashly.

So Charles made up a fake story to comfort her immediately. "It is said that this director was cuckolded by his wife. He has been a little perverted ever since." He even approached her mysteriously to make himself more credible.

Christina thought for a second and

said, "He deserves it."

In fact, she wanted to ask if this bearded director who looked a little familiar had visited the Hopkins family before. But she was not sure about that.

Their schedule was still tight the next day, but the good news was that even Christina, who had always been a drag, finished filming smoothly at 4 in the afternoon. Finally, as the bearded director waved his hand, they were free from work.

"The shoot this time was strange. They said that they would only choose the best 50 seconds for an advertisement, but all of us were asked to rehearse for it. It seemed that they were making a lot of different versions in preparation.

I've never seen this way of making an advertisement."

Everyone was free this afternoon so they rushed back to the hotel to take a shower and change into new clothes. After that, they met in the hotel restaurant to have coffee and chat with each other.

"Why did they have to make all of us tired? They should have picked up the final person first. Otherwise, all of the others' work is just in vain." One of the models complained. She was wearing a long black dress with shoulder straps despite the cold weather.

"Renee, you're always the most well-informed. What's going on now?" The woman asked, whose tone became even more disdainful.

"Are all of us going to be a foil to Christina? Seriously, who is she? Isn't she just a woman Charles slept with? So annoying!"

"The director is still editing, how would I know?" Renee, who had the highest score in this advertisement, didn't seem to care about it. Instead, she smiled gently. "Well, but I do have the latest news..."

"The president of IP&G Group happened to be here on a business trip. One of its branches booked a very famous restaurant and invited us to Central for dinner tonight."

Hearing this, the other women at the same table asked excitedly, "You mean Patrick Hopkins? Can we see him

tonight?"

As the models were gossiping here, a woman walked out of the elevator and strode towards them with a confident smile. "IP&G Group invites everyone in your group for dinner in Central tonight. I hope you can all present."

"Nice... Nice to meet you, Miss Parker."

"Nice to meet you, Director Parker."

Those models were all smart who immediately stood up and showed a standard eight-teeth smile to please her.

"Miss Parker, I didn't expect to see you in person. It's such a delight."

They all sat down at the table quickly.

Barbara was in charge of the new product this time, so it was not surprising that she came to check it out herself. Whether they meant it or not, everyone was smiling happily.

Christina, who had just come down to the restaurant for food, was totally surprised and not happy at all when she saw Barbara.

She walked past them with a straight face. Barbara did not like her, and neither did those models. So they treated each other like strangers, not even making any eye contact.

Of course, the models and the assistant staff in the group would not miss such a good opportunity to flatter a director of IP&G Group. They kept praising Barbara.

"Your skin is so perfect. We model have fly to different working places and always have jet lag. Without skincare products, our skin would be terrible. I'm so envious of your natural beauty!"

"So do I, Miss Parker. You are smart, capable, and beautiful. All women must envy you!"

Although Christina stayed away from them deliberately, she could still hear what they were saying and couldn't help but feel disgusted.

However, they might be telling the truth when they said they were envious of Barbara. Mr. Hopkins used to hate having women around him but Barbara could get along with him well.

She couldn't be a simple woman.

H City was a paradise for women with all kinds of international jewelry, clothing, and cosmetics.

It would be heartless not to bring some presents for their best friend when one came to H City.

Christina had never been sharp when it came to socializing with women. After finishing a small piece of mousse cake, she looked up and saw that these women were making phone calls to invite their friends to go shopping together on the business street after dinner tonight.

Barbara was also video chatting with her best friend Erica on WhatsApp. Out of instinct, Christina also called

Crystal on her way leaving the restaurant.

"Crystal, any presents you want?" She was always straightforward.

Crystal, thanks to her good habits of diligence and frugality, sighed. "H City is not a paradise for women. It's a paradise for rich women! And for poor women like you and me, the place is just evil! Don't buy anything for me. You still have to pay the rent."

Barbara, who probably heard Christina talking over the phone, looked up and stared at her fiercely as she passed by.

Christina also turned to her subconsciously. Both of their faces were as cold as ice.

One of the models whispered to Barbara with a scornful smile. "She bragged yesterday that she slept with that man in Hopkins family. Such a boaster. That's why we all hate her."

She said the last few words so loud that Christina could hear them clearly even though she had already walked by.

Barbara was still sitting with them, whose smile, however, seemed pretty strange now.

At half-past seven in the evening, everyone in the team had already left in high spirits for Central, the most prosperous area in H City. But Christina didn't go.

She decided to stay in the hotel room.

Her laptop was replaying the key points of the recent shoot while she sat cross-legged on the big bed, eating biscuits loudly from the package in her right hand.

Why should she go when she was not welcomed by anyone? Besides, the food here was not to her liking, so she had to fill her stomach with biscuits.

"Why didn't you come over!"

To her surprise, the bearded director called her personally and roared angrily, "It's so annoying that you're such a picky woman. The dinner is ready. Come here now."

Christina was still a little confused even when the phone was hung up. Finally, she came to her senses,

muttering, "Who told him I was picky about food?"

Chapter 284

A lot of people in the IP&G rushed to a famous western restaurant in Zhonghuan. The restaurant was booked for tonight, and the chandeliers were shining. Everyone walked into the venue excitedly. Several models of the production team were treated as platinum guests, and they couldn't help feeling fluttered.

At 8.30 pm, everyone sat in an orderly manner. The chefs in the restaurant were indeed world-class. Everyone had a good time eating, drinking, chatting, and laughing.

"I heard that the restaurant serves no more than 30 times a year. It's okay. It's impossible to make an appointment

without any connections. These dishes are developed by themselves. There's no such food outside."

Several people whispered and turned their heads to the table on the most left side of the room. Their shrill voices were lowered and they were rather excited, "He's really here!"

Barbara was sitting at the very table, which was on the most left side of the room. She frowned and looked around unhappily.

The French chef in the restaurant also felt the burning gaze of others. He glanced at the man beside him, picked up a glass of red wine on the table, and clinked it with him. A deep laugh came from the chef's throat, which sounded

refreshing.

The chef spoke with fluent Chinese, "Mr. Hopkins, Would you like to have meal in the inner room?"

Patrick didn't say anything. He just picked up his glass and took a sip.

"Is the food not to your liking?" The stout and tall French chef asked enthusiastically.

Barbara had been paying attention to the man opposite her. She always felt that Patrick had been a little strange since he entered the restaurant. Patrick looked calm and indifferent as ever, but Barbara always felt that he was absent-minded.

Patrick seemed to have been looking around for something.

"Because someone didn't show up."

The director with bushy beards was also sitting at the same table. He cut a piece of beef and gave the French chef a thumbs-up, "Yummy!"

"There are only some people who don't know how to behave properly. The dishes are ready for her, but she is even not willing to come, humph!" Thinking of someone who was irritating, the director got furious and reckless.

"Who is it?"

The French were born with a romantic temperament. The chef asked

excitedly in his substandard Chinese accent, "Is it Mr. Hopkins's lover?"

At this moment, Barbara interrupted in a hurry, "Where's Charles Shepherd? Why didn't he come?"

As soon as the French chef heard the name Charles Shepherd, he immediately changed the subject, "Mr. Shepherd, oh, by the way, why didn't Mr. Shepherd show up tonight? I lost my suitcase in Tokyo last time. The police there had been searching for it all day and did not find a clue. We then asked his friends to help me find it. I want to thank him properly."

Charles, a playboy who was indulged in having fun, was indeed a master of connections. He always made a lot of

ambiguous "Oh."

This young assistant was terrified.

The assistant then added nervously, "What I said just now is the truth." As he was afraid that others wouldn't believe him, and he almost swore for this.

But his extra words made the atmosphere in this room instantly heavy and tense.

No matter how dull the French chef was, he could feel something was wrong. Suddenly, everyone was silent.

"Hello, Mr. Hopkins."

This delicate female voice suddenly came and broke the strange silence.

Renee was wearing a casual white shirt with jeans tonight, without a sexy outfit nor a lot of makeup. She was wearing a silver cross necklace, which was very low-key. With her light makeup and a smile, she looked beautiful and pure. Compared to other models, she looked like a virtuous woman.

Barbara subconsciously wanted to say something tactful to drive Renee away. After all, everyone here knew the rules. Patrick didn't like women taking the initiative to approach him.

But tonight, Patrick did not refuse beautiful women. Instead, he looked up and signaled to the waiter beside him to quickly add a seat for Renee.

The director with bushy beards was the first to show his surprise, and almost got choked on the beef he had just chewed.

Barbara on the other side still maintained a professional smile, but she was very upset in her mind. Even she couldn't sit next to him, but this model!

Because there were not many people, everyone ate in the lobby on the first floor. Everyone saw everything here. The women looked at this side secretly while continuing to chat with each other with a smile. They were thinking different things in their minds.

"How did the advertisement shots go?"

Patrick moved the half-glass red wine poured by the waiter to the woman beside him, then asked her in a very natural tone.

Renee was really flattered. She tried her best to suppress the excitement in her mind, maintained a calm and smiling expression, and replied slowly, "We have finished filming. As for the final result, no matter what, I believe everyone has done their best. I hope you will be satisfied when the work is presented."

In fact, these were all meaningless words for formalities. Renee was no match for Barbara after all, and she did not have the courage to talk nonsense, nor did she dare to joke, so she had to behave herself.

To Renee's surprise again, he even agreed personally, "I should be satisfied."

Barbara watched them chatting, and she nearly tore the table cloth apart especially seeing Renee getting more and more complacent. Barbara was trying to remain calm. But when they finished eating, Patrick left first, and he was politely holding Renee with his right hand. This time Barbara could no longer pretend to be calm.

"Patrick, the people in the branch company are going to have a video conference with you tonight." Barbara also stood up abruptly, her tone revealing her eagerness.

"Postpone it." He just dropped two words.

Other women in the restaurant watched them leave, and they looked very jealousy and regretful. If they had known this, they would have tried their luck.

For a moment, Renee became a thorn in their hearts and they even forgot the rejection towards Christina Dickens.

"Mr. Hopkins, where are you going?"

Renne asked as she saw that Ms. Hopkins didn't call the driver. Instead, he asked the waiter to find a black Ferrari with a local license plate and then got into the driver's seat. Most importantly, before she could get in the

car, he started the engine directly.

Renee tried to open the door in the passenger seat but found that it was locked. She couldn't get in the car.

For a moment, she looked very embarrassed.

Even the waiter at the side looked at this strangely, "Sir, do you need any help?" The waiter thought there was something wrong with the door. Just as he took a step forward, the black Ferrari sped away.

There was no response, only a dazzling shadow of the car until it disappeared from view.

As for Ms. Shepherd, who had brought

Christina away, suddenly sneezed loudly.

"A cold?" Christina asked with concern, which was rare.

Charles looked serious. He didn't catch a cold, but... There was a chill in his back.

friends no matter where he went.

Charles's assistant, who was sitting at another table, was summoned over. Looking at the big shots at this table, the assistant immediately reported the truth with trepidation.

"Mr. Shepherd originally said he was going to the hotel to pick up Miss Dickens, but half an hour ago, they suddenly changed their minds. Now they are heading to the temple street in Mong Kok, Kowloon. It seems that Miss Dickens is going to try the authentic snacks in Hongkong."

"Oh."

Mr. Hopkins, who had been silent all this time, suddenly uttered an