

"Your father has been in a coma for almost 24 hours. These quacks keep saying we have to wait. What if he wouldn't wake up? They are just bullying us because they think our Dickens family isn't not as powerful as before..."

"Grandma, that's not the case."

"Christina, you have to ask for help now. Now that your father is sick, we must find assistance immediately. I know you have little social experience, and you may have few connections. But now your father's life is hanging in the balance. Do you want to piss me off? Is it so hard for you to ask for the Hopkins family's help? You don't care about your father's life, do you? Can you be so cruel?"

Christina didn't know how to communicate with her grandma. Several men at the nurse station looked at her strangely. After all, the Dickens family was distinguished in C City. Thus, although the nurse wanted to remind them to be quiet, after the crying of the old lady, she didn't dare to speak.

"Grandma, don't worry too much. I promise you I will find the best doctor to treat uncle."

Cory asked his subordinate to send Carrie back. He brought a fruit basket to the ward to visit Donald. When Mrs. Dickens saw him coming, she immediately held his hand and cried warmly, begging for his help.

Christina sighed, turned around and went into the ward to talk to her aunt. Betty stayed here all night, looking haggard and tired.

"Christina and I will stay here. Go and have a rest." Crystal said. She was considerate and good at taking care of people. Betty trusted her.

However, Betty insisted on staying in the hospital. "I won't go to the hotel. The ward is big. I'll take a rest on the small bed inside. I had a nurse watching with me last night, so I'm not very tired. I'll wait until your father wakes up."

"Auntie, eat something before you sleep." Cory walked in and brought some breakfast.

In the past, Betty didn't like Cory very much. But now, maybe she was old and experienced more things, suddenly, she didn't want to care about those trivialities. Therefore, she nodded at him.

Betty had some breakfast and went to the inner room to rest. Mrs. Dickens was sent home. Cory went to talk to the doctor and the dean, leaving Christina and Crystal in the ward.

"I think your auntie is attentive to your father." Crystal casually chose a subject, in case of being bored.

Christina stared at the injection in a daze. When she suddenly heard Crystal's words, she paused for a moment and then answered calmly, "Although my auntie hated the Dickens family, it has been many years since my mother's incident. She have hated them long enough."

And likewise, she hated the Dickens family as well. But after all, they were relatives. When an accident like this happened, everyone put aside their previous grudges and hoped to get along well.

There were footsteps outside the door. Cory walked in front, followed by several senior doctors and the dean.

"Don't worry. Your father's condition has stabilized. He should wake up today..."

Christina didn't expect Cory to help her so heartily. As she was about to say "Thank you", she turned around and was shocked.

Her eyes fixed on the bed, and the man on the bed slowly opened his eyes, whose sight happened to meet hers.

Perhaps Donald had been in a coma for too long and didn't wake up completely, he called out "Mair" at Christina. His voice was hoarse and weak, but he shouted hard.

Mair was the nickname of her mother Mary Eisenhower. Donald rarely called her mother so affectionately.

Christina was slow for two seconds. Meeting the confused eyes of her father, who had always been at odds with her, she pursed her lips and squeezed out a word awkwardly, "Dad."

She hadn't called him for a long time.

Hearing the word "Dad", Donald's eyes gradually became clear, as if he was suddenly awakened from a dream.

He remembered his car accident and looked a little surprised. He didn't expect to see his daughter who had broken up with him the first time he woke up. He even thought that if he died, his stubborn daughter might not come to his grave.

But his daughter was not as heartless as he had imagined, at least not like her mother.

"Mr. Dickens, do you still feel a headache?"

Seeing the patient wake up, the doctors immediately went forward and asked carefully.

Christina stepped back and listened to their conversation. It seemed that her father's illness was not particularly serious. At least he had a clear head for every question.

After a round of reexamination, the doctor confirmed that there were no sequelae. But they also advised Donald to pay more attention to his accumulated physical problems caused by his years of hard working, especially after his blood vessels ruptured once, he must pay more attention to his lifestyle, diet, and control of emotions.

"Please tell me again the food avoiding and other restrictions."

Betty immediately got up when she heard some noise in the ward. She excitedly asked the doctor about the precautions over and over again.

Mrs. Dickens had already been called, and Cory and Crystal greeted the patient politely.

Christina's expression was awkward, because she didn't know what to say. Usually, she quarreled with her father when she met him.

She squeezed out a greeting more politely and distantly than an outsider, "You, you have a good rest." In case she would say something wrong to provoke him.

Donald didn't have anything to say to his daughter either. He said "I see" and closed his eyes to rest.

Christina quickly walked out of the ward, and even the senior doctor here warned her not to provoke her father as if she was immoral and unfilial.

As soon as she walked out of the ward, Donald opened his eyes and looked at the ceiling in confusion, and sighed.

"Your father seems to have aged a lot after this illness..."

Crystal and the others were outside the ward. Christina glanced back at the door and replied sullenly, "He only looks a little haggard when he's sick. You don't know how unreasonable he is when he scolds me."

However, there was no resentment in her complaint.

"Christina, the doctors can guarantee that your father's condition is stable. Don't worry," Cory walked towards them.

"Long time no see. Can we sit down and have a cup of coffee?"

The three of them went to the restaurant opposite the hospital and randomly chose a seat in the hall without going to the private room.

Christina took the number and ordered two cups of hot cocoa. Cory, who was sitting opposite her, ordered a cup of black coffee. In fact, they had nothing to talk about when sitting together.

"What happened to Carrie just now?"

Christina's tone was flat. She was neither concerned nor curious. She was just bored while waiting for her hot cocoa.

Cory seemed to be disgusted with the name. Looking annoyed, he took out a cigarette from his pocket and took a deep puff.

Christina was sensitive to the smell and frowned.

"I'm sorry." Cary realized that it was impolite to smoke in front of women and immediately put out the cigarette.

"Patrick must have rarely smoked in front of you," he said in a natural tone. "The upbringing in the Hopkins family is strict. Even the cousins like me are disciplined when we visit the Hopkins family..."

Christina did not speak. She stared at the man in front of her. He had changed a lot.

Christina, people always change..." He raised the corner of his mouth, a little self-deprecating.

"If Patrick and I were just strangers, maybe I would admire him, but we were cousins. The two of us had been compared by others all the time since we were children because we were at the same age. I hate it the most because I always have worse performance than him. Defeating him has been my dream since I was young."

"Then reality told me that I could never do that... He was the only grandson in the Hopkins family. The IP&G group was in the charge of him. No one could shake his position. No matter how hard others tried, it was a waste of effort."

Cory seemed to be in high spirits and told her the truth.

"In fact, my mother and I used to work together with three aunts to win over the shareholders of the company and use a loophole in the project to exclude Patrick. At that time, we all felt that we would succeed because he had just returned from the United States and had never handled the group's affairs."

As he recalled, he laughed. "Do you know the funniest thing is?"

"In the end, we found out that Patrick's power abroad was much more terrifying than the Hopkins family's... He was a shareholder of 18 major companies and the president of all regions. No one dared to disrespect him."

Christina listened quietly. She looked at his smile, which seemed very calm, but Christina saw jealousy in his eyes.

"I knew then that I would never defeat my cousin in my life."

Cory paused, looked at her face with crazy, and said in a low voice, "But things are unpredictable. Who knew that he would be unlucky one day..."

Being stared at by him, Christina felt a little uncomfortable.

"What the hell are you trying to say to me?"

Christina, I want to say that I regret it. I regret it very much. I married you first. I could have beaten him once, but in the end, he schemed against me."

Cory suddenly became agitated and raised his voice. "He conspired with Carrie to deceive me. He schemed against me!"

The anger and jealousy spread through his chest, and he slammed against the table with his right fist. "I already married you, but he sent Carrie back to lie to me!"

With a bang, the waiter in the hallway carrying their drinks was terrified, and the plate in his hands fell to the

ground.

The sudden noise brought him back to his senses.

The waiter quickly tidied up and timidly said that he would prepare new drinks for them.

As an outsider, Crystal was frightened by Cory's behavior just now. She secretly grabbed Christina with her right hand. If anything happened, she would immediately pull Christina and run away with her.

Christina was calm. Probably because of her indifference, Cory felt that he was a joke and quickly calmed down.

"Christina, I was the one who wronged you in the past. Will you forgive me?"

"I've forgotten them." Her voice was calm.

Cory also replied calmly, "Your words are really hurtful."

No matter how calm he pretended to be, his jealousy could not be calmed down.

However, he suddenly laughed again. This time, he smiled sincerely. "To be honest, Patrick was blind. He chose you among so many women. Hahaha..."

"You didn't marry me because you loved me. After you didn't marry him because you loved him, either."

Christina was a little uneasy when she heard this.

Cory seemed to have breathed a sigh of relief and was in a good mood. He looked at her face and asked her inexplicably.

"Christina, would you forgive Patrick if he did something wrong to you like me?"

Christina pursed her lips, not speaking.

The waiter carefully brought them hot cocoa and coffee. Christina picked up the hot cocoa expressionlessly and took a sip, feeling a little more troubled.

Cory thought it was easy to guess her emotions. He could tell from her eyes that she cared about the other man.

"Christina, have you ever thought that actually, you don't care about him as much as you think?"

He seemed to be sowing discord, "You said you hated the Dickens family, Connie, and Carrie, but I know you don't hold grudges. Your way of thinking doesn't allow you to hate and love crazily like other women."

"If a man wants to make your stay, he must have something that binds you. For example, you think I have saved your life. An arranged marriage by an elder, or a child can also make your stay. If you don't have these bindings at the beginning, you can easily forget about the man. You're just yourself."

Christina did not have many friends. In fact, it was not that people didn't want to make friends with her. She did not care about them at all and habitually ignored them.

"Your grandfather doted on you. He only taught you how to live for yourself, but he didn't teach you how to live for others."

Christina's expression changed suddenly. She wanted to refute, but she could not.

The bell at the entrance of the restaurant jingled and a guest came in.

"Mr. Cory, Don't talk too much to her. She probably can't understand since she is so stupid."

Charles, dressed in a custom-made expensive gray suit, walked towards them step by step, looking very handsome.

Christina and Crystal were surprised to see him suddenly appear and they look at each other in surprise. Why did this guy come here?

Cory, on the other hand, nodded politely at Charles with a calm expression.

The Shepherd family was also powerful. They had known each other since they were young. Charles was more easy-going and managed things tactfully. In fact, Cory liked to play with him at first.

But later, Charles always hung out with Patrick, and everyone said behind Charles's back that he was fawning on the Hopkins family. There were all kinds of rumors. But Charles didn't change at all. Cory looked down on him for being willing to do things for Patrick, thinking that he was doing it for his own benefit.

Charles didn't hate Cory, because they were different people. Cory liked to show off and compete with others. Poor for him to have such a powerful cousin. Charles sympathized with Cory.

Cory seemed to have matured a lot, but unfortunately, he was still short-sighted and his nature was hard to change. In Charles's eyes, Cory was now like a trapped beast being driven to a corner, a little self-defeating. It was not maturing.

Charles had nothing to say to Cory and left with Christina.

Christina also consciously followed him up and left. She politely said to Cory, "Goodbye." and didn't even look back.

Cory was calm and his eyes were burning as he watched them leave. He wanted to say something to stop them, but he had no excuse or chance.

He was full of resentment and jealousy.

"Cory seemed to be jealous of Patrick..." After they walked out of the restaurant, Crystal, who had been silent, suddenly spoke.

Charles teased casually, "Whoever has such a cousin will go crazy."

"Patrick's aunts must want their children to perform well in front of their grandpa very much. So the children at the similar age were under a lot of pressure. Besides, the Hampton family gained its prosperity because of the assistance of the Hopkins family..."



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Charles suddenly remembered something interesting that happened recently.

"I heard that Cory's daughter, who was born by a surrogate mother, has been sent abroad. Carrie refused to sign a divorce with him, and Carrie now is like a lunatic, chasing after those pretty and superficial women and scolding them for being a mistress. Once she even went to the police station."

Crystal Zhu immediately asked excitedly, "Does Cory really have an affair with that star Cecilia?"

Charles turned to look at Christina Dickens, who was quiet on the other side. She didn't seem interested in gossip.

He said truthfully, "Cory and Cecilia are indeed together. Half a year ago, I saw them go abroad on business and stay at a hotel."

Crystal's eyes widened, "They're really screwing with each other."

No wonder when Carrie saw Christina today, she looked like a crazy woman who was a little delusional.

"Why did Cory sleep with that outdated female star?"

It was the very Cecilia, the one who did plastic surgery.

Crystal had no bad intention and was just curious. Christina didn't want to talk about this, so she interrupted, "Charles, why did you suddenly come to C city?"

Charles stopped, looked at her cold face, and suddenly sneered, "Christina, actually, Cory was right about one thing just now. A woman like you is heartless."

"Weird. Just say what you want to say." Christina glared at him angrily.

Charles snorted as if he had deliberately angered her. He turned to look at Crystal and talked.

"Do you want to know why Cory was with Cecilia? In fact, it's easy to understand. Cecilia looks very similar to our Miss Dickens. Cory has always held a grudge against things that happened in the past. He must have drunk too much and in a moment of confusion, he can directly regard Cecilia as Christina."

"Cecilia, on the other hand, was desperate. When Patrick wanted to support her, she was as popular as a princess, and no one dared to touch her. But if Patrick doesn't want her, no one will dare to have anything to do with her. Everyone knows that Patrick wants to ruin her career, which does not need him to do it himself. Those who desperately want to please the Hopkins family will do it for him."

Hearing this, Christina looked a little pale.

Charles asked her deliberately, "Didn't Patrick tell you how he dealt with Cecilia?"

"Patrick really didn't do anything. He didn't need to do anything. Just let the issue escalate and turn a blind eye to it." So it was normal for those women to hate her and be jealous of her.

Christina's face darkened and she quickened her pace. She left him behind and didn't want to talk to him.

Crystal walked side by side with Charles. Crystal somehow became vigilant. She felt a chill behind her. This was the saying that killing people did not need a knife, and with no blood spilled on hands.

They lived in a different world compared with hers, and she was an ordinary person. This was somehow scary.

Watching the woman in front of him walking faster and faster, Charles shouted angrily, "Christina, slow down. Do you have a heart? I came here especially because of your father's illness. I have found a few experts for you..."

Christina, who was around ten meters away, stopped and turned around, "How did you know my father was hospitalized?"

Charles looked a little guilty when she asked.

"I just know," he replied stiffly.

"I just come to tell you that I'm busy in C City right now. Call me if you need anything. Don't go to meet that Cory, lest you cause any trouble. I'm busy. See you."

Charles finished in a hurry, pretended to be very busy. He then took a taxi and left.

Leaving Christina and Crystal standing by the roadside, Crystal sighed, "He's a terrible liar."

Christina raised her eyebrows. It was obvious that Charles felt guilty.

"Christina, do you want to go back to the hospital now, or do you want to walk around?" Crystal stood in front of a bus plate and looked at a familiar address. She suddenly missed her life in high school.

"Shall we go around the school?" The school was very close. It was just a bus ride.

Christina's father had woken up at the hospital, and the doctor and her aunt were looking after him. In fact, she had no use staying there. Seeing that Crystal Zhu was in high spirits, Christina then said, "Okay."

The pace of life in C City was indeed not as fast as that in A City. Even a few empty seats could be seen on the bus. Crystal felt happy. It was too painful for her to squeeze in a bus in A City.

"I like C City very much. If it weren't for my stepfather and his family moving to A City, I would have stayed in this city."

The two of them were high school classmates, and they hadn't known each other for long. They had been in the same high school for just three years, after which they were separated by their own life.

On the contrary, Christina hated C City.

When they arrived at the station, they walked together and looked at the high school in front of them. The high school was surrounded by a wall.

Crystal rushed excitedly to an old locust tree, "Christina, do you remember this tree? You used to climb up this tree. Once you fought with a few boys in the next class and asked me to climb up the tree to hide. I was scared to death."

That time, when a few gangster boys saw that Crystal was petite and sweet and easy to bully, and they deliberately snatched her schoolbag and refused to return it to her. In the end, they, unfortunately, bumped into Christina.

Christina did not have too many memories of the fight, but she remembered the old locust tree.

"I often climb up to take refuge." She said it without a trace of guilt.

Crystal couldn't help laughing, "I remember one time when you went back to the dormitory and told me that you had a free meal in the restaurant. So you ran to the tree to hide for most of the day. And when you jumped down from the tree, you hit a boy. You were worried that him would seek revenge on you."

"That's because I hit him, didn't apologize to him, and I scolded him." Back then Christina panicked and ran back to school.

"That person is really unlucky. Hahaha."

Christina didn't even see what the person looked like. She only knew that the clothes he was wearing were very premium. "I was too poor to pay for a meal, and he wore luxurious clothes. Naturally I scolded him."

But when she thought about it, the man seemed to have been shocked too. As she suddenly jumped down from the tree and threw herself on him, and the man got frozen by this.

She didn't know whether this was because he was timid or he hadn't had any contact with a woman.

The two of them chatted about interesting things that happened in the school in the past, and they gradually relaxed.

"Patrick was very famous when he worked in our school as a teaching assistant. How could you not know him, Christina?"

Thinking of this high school, Crystal really couldn't help mentioning the handsome and mysterious teaching assistant Mark back then. Many female students coveted him, and even the female students from several other schools nearby often sneaked over to squat at the entrance of their school, waiting to see Mark.

At the mention of Patrick, her expression was a little complicated, "He came to our school as a teaching assistant in our third year. That was when I had the most trouble with my family. I didn't want to use the money of the Dickens family, so I was busy with classes and part-time jobs all day. Who had time to think of him?"

But when she thought about it carefully, she remembered that back then in the girls' dormitory, students used to call assistant Mark all day, and some people said they were going to secretly take pictures of him.

Crystal looked at her, "You were really tired at that time. You fell asleep as soon as you got back to the dormitory."

She smiled even more happily, "I don't know if it's God's will or not. Patrick's classes are always crowded. While you always skipped his classes and went out to work part-time."

"Because his class was not mandatory," Christina looked a little awkward.

Crystal suddenly remembered something interesting, "No, I remember once you went to class with me. That day, he called you to the office to lecture you."

"No way," Christina didn't remember at all.

Patrick was so good-looking, and if he caught her and asked her to meet him in the office, how could she not remember it at all?

Seeing that Christina really didn't remember anything and was a little depressed, Crystal then said, "It's true, okay? I've been worried about you all afternoon that day. Patrick has always been a very disciplined teaching assistant in our school. He was very cold and difficult to approach. When he saw you come that day, he somehow got angry and asked you to meet him in the office."

Christina looked surprised, "He bullied me?"

When Crystal heard Christina saying that she immediately laughed so hard that she couldn't stand up straight, "What are you hallucinating? How did Patrick bully you at that time? Hahaha..."

"Otherwise, why did you say he asked me to meet him in the office?"

"At that time, you didn't even know who he was," Crystal chuckled, "I remember when I couldn't wait anymore and went to find you, you fell asleep on the desk in the office alone, and you were wearing a man's coat."

"I was really impressed by you. I then asked you who the coat belonged to, and you said you didn't know. I asked you why you were sleeping on your desk. You seemed to say that the teaching assistant asked you to sleep here. I was confused by you."

Christina had no impression of this small matter and said three words directly, "I don't know."

Crystal was used to her temper, "Forgetfulness is really Miss Dickens' style."

"I didn't want to go to class that day. You dragged me there. I was sleepy."

This was how Christina explained it. Crystal looked at her seriously trying to remember things. But Christina could not remember anything about it.

Crystal was in a happier mood and kept laughing, "Christina, did I say that you are a little dumb?"

"Who is dumb? Don't forget that I scored higher than you in all exams." Christina would not accept others slandering her intelligence.

Crystal had been with Chandler Stephenson a lot recently, so she became bolder. She then teased, "Then tell me the names of the other girls in our dormitory back then. Who was the class monitor in our class? You're the best if you can name one."

Crystal was sure that she could not remember, which was not because she had a bad memory, but because Christina habitually ignored these passers-by in her life.

If Crystal hadn't taken the initiative to contact her, this Miss Dickens probably would have forgotten about her.

Originally, the two of them were having a good time. But Christina looked a little serious and frowned.

She suddenly realized that if there was no binding relationship, she really wouldn't have remembered anyone else.



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Chapter 331

Christina felt that Crystal was very strange. Crystal had just answered a phone call and seemed to be frightened by the person on the other end of the phone. She said she wanted to leave first.

Christina looked at her seriously and stopped her from leaving. "Who called you just now? Does someone threaten you?"

Hearing that, Crystal blushed and felt ashamed.

"I'm fine. I'll tell you after a while..." She really didn't get a cheek to say anything about her and Chandler.

"Crystal, there are too many bad things happening around me. I don't want to implicate you. If you find anything wrong, tell me immediately."

The more nervous Christina was, the more embarrassed Crystal became. She tried to calm her, "I'm just an ordinary citizen. It's you who should be careful. Every time you go back to C City, there's something bad that happens to you. I'll contact you later."

They each took a taxi, Crystal headed west, and Christina went to the central hospital.

"How is he now?"

Standing outside the ward, she glanced inside. Just as Betty opened the door and came out, Christina asked awkwardly.

She and her father were almost in a relationship of strangers, and now she suddenly had to care about him, saying those caring words face to face. She felt a little embarrassed.

Betty saw her wandering outside the ward and knew that she was struggling with ambivalence.

"The doctor said that as long as he wakes up, he will be fine and can be transferred to an ordinary ward."

"Oh."

She replied calmly, expressionless.

Betty asked naturally, "Do you want to go in?"

Her father seemed to have woken up, and there was the sound of the news on the TV in the ward. Christina just sat in the chair outside the ward, "I'll go in after he falls asleep." What's the point for her to go in now? If they quarreled, her father might be so angry that he would go back to the ICU.

Seeing her sitting quietly by the side, Betty wanted to laugh.

"Christina, do you want to go back to the Dickens family to sleep tonight?"

Betty knew that she was staying at a hotel. Mrs Dickens mentioned it was very cold and desolate in the Dickens family. Her mood was a little complicated.

Christina did not answer her immediately. But previously, she would reject her without hesitation.

She changed the subject. "Auntie, go and rest. I feel you're tired."

Watching Betty run up and down for her father's illness, she suddenly remembered that her stepmother had not even been seen now. She was angry. "Connie hasn't come yet?"

Betty wanted to say something, but at this moment, the nanny in the corridor helped Mrs. Dickens come over. When the old madam heard Connie's name, she immediately cursed, "Connie married into my Dickens family, and she still acting tv and films all day. Now that Donald is sick, she even doesn't come to see..."

Mrs Dickens had always been very satisfied with Connie, or else she wouldn't have agreed to her daughter-in-law being an actress outside. But this time, even Christina found it strange that her hypocritical stepmother didn't show up.

"Christina, why are you sitting here? Go in and see your father."

Mrs Dickens saw her granddaughter outside the ward with joy on her face. She pulled her up forcefully and entered the ward. Christina did not dare to push her and followed her awkwardly.

As Christina had guessed, as she went in and looked at her father, both of them were embarrassed.

They were like strangers and had no topic to chat.

"She's indeed your daughter. Donald, Christina rushed over immediately when she heard that you're sick." Mrs. Dickens smiled proudly. "Just now, the young master of the Shepherd family in A City also came here personally. After looking for several experts, I'm finally not that worried."

"Our Christina is promising."

Although Mrs Dickens was snobbish, she seemed really happy now. Christina was not used to this strange warmth.

Donald leaned against the bed and said, "Yes."

Christina was stunned.

She was surprised that her father would approve of her sometimes.

She didn't do anything. Maybe they thought she had ask Charles for help. But, in fact, Charles went here without her invitation.

Mrs Dickens brought some tonic soup over, poured it into a bowl, and asked her, "Christina, I heard from your aunt

that you're renting a house in A City alone now?"

"Yes."

Christina didn't say anything more.

The old madam handed half a bowl of soup to Donald. Donald took half a sip and looked at Christina.

Mrs. Dickens said slowly, "You're alone outside. Can you take care of yourself? The Dickens family is so big. Don't stay outside. Come back with us..."

Christina did not say a word, looking down at her toes.

After all, they were families. They all knew Christina's temperament. The girls in other families were lovely and cute, but Christina was even more stubborn than the boys. Sometimes, as long as the children played the coquetry or cried, they could soften people's hearts, but the child of the Dickens family just looked at you blankly.

Mrs. Dickens had told her off many times, but there was no effect about it. She thought that apart from being not close to them, there might be other reasons why she didn't want to go back to the Dickens family.

"How are things going with Hopkins family now?"

"I heard that you haven't divorced Patrick yet. What're your thoughts now? They said you insisted not..."

This time, her grandmother asked calmly. She did not mock her, but Christina did not know how to answer. It was really ridiculous.

"If it's not suitable, let go." Donald, who had been silent, suddenly spoke.

Christina looked at him in a daze.

In fact, she had already noticed that her father had opposed her from the beginning to have connections with people in the Hopkins family, and her aunt was also very opposed. Except for her grandmother's simple desire to set a close relationship with the Hopkins family, no one in the Dickens family agreed to her marriage to Patrick.

"The children have been gone. Alas, it's fate. No one can't change it. Let it go..."

Mrs Dickens seemed to have figured it out. The older she got, the more resigned she became.

At the mention of the word "Children," Christina's hands slowly tightened, and her mood was indescribably down.

The door of the ward was pushed open, and Betty heard what they were talking about. Looking at Christina's expression, she spoke to ease the atmosphere. "Christina, Mr. Shepherd is looking for you. Go out for a while."

"I'll go out."

She walked out of the ward hurriedly as if she was running away.

Donald looked at her leaving figure and was about to stop her. Betty looked up at him and everyone fell silent.

In fact, Charles did not look for her. It's just an excuse that Betty gave her.

"Thank you."

She saw Charles in the doctor's office and heard some treatment plans. As she walked out of the hospital, Christina suddenly thanked him thinly.

Charles was a little flattered.

However, thinking that he came all the way from A City, he thought that he indeed could afford Miss Dickens's gratitude.

"Christina, I haven't eaten yet."

Charles was proud and give orders immediately.

"Why didn't you say it in the restaurant before?"

"Just now, you and Cory Hampton were sitting together. I'm not in the mood to order food," he added, a little dissatisfied. "And there's nothing delicious in that shop."

Christina commented to him. "You're the most delicate one. So picky about food."

"You have the nerve to say that I'm picky about food?" Charles also threw away the polite.

The two of them walked into the elevator side by side and went down to look for food in tacit agreement.

Charles got a car. He liked to drive around by himself. Besides, he knew best where there was fun and delicious food in C City. He wouldn't treat his stomach so casually.

Christina, who was originally in a very depressed mood, suddenly relaxed a lot with him. Looking at this man's relaxing and unrestrained demeanour, she was really jealous that he was not in trouble. And he had many various friends.

"Charles, have you ever heard of any grudges between the Dickens family and the Hopkins family in the past?"

She asked casually. Charles had a lot of friends and connections. This guy knew a lot about the secret history of rich families.

"I don't know."

He still drove without looking sideways and squeezed out three words stiffly.

Christina was sitting in the passenger seat, looking at him with a burning sight. Charles probably felt guilty under her staring and said, "Sometimes Patrick may be aggressive and paranoid, but he would not want to hurt you in his original intention..."

Christina raised her voice. "What do you know?"

Charles woke up and realized that he had revealed something.



Chapter 332

Charles became smart and even fudged the issue.

Then Charles brought Christina to a private restaurant. Its decoration was quite simple and there were few customers, but the cuisine was really delicious.

She was full and in a good mood.

Charles paid the bill and took the opportunity to persuade Christina, "Don't be so stubborn. Look on the bright side and be tolerant. Enjoy your life. Life is actually very simple."

Christina glanced at the bill Charles signed. "But first, you need to be rich." The meal was indeed very expensive.

"We don't need our wives to make money. They only need to give birth to children and raise them. Also, stay at home and take care of us."

Charles felt that this was what a perfect wife should be like. But Christina was very disdainful of his opinion. "And then you guys can find mistresses and enjoy your lives outside, right?"

"Do you think Patrick has a lot of mistresses?" Charles felt that Christina might feel very insecure.

Christina looked sullen and immediately stopped talking.

Standing at the entrance of the restaurant, they were chatting while waiting for the waiter to drive their car from the parking lot.

"Christina, have you ever heard of a saying that a man's marriage can reveal whether his career is successful or not. The kind of wealth that comes with a sudden fortune can't be kept. If you read some financial news, you will find that those successful businessmen usually have harmonious families and happy marriages."

Christina was not used to Charles preaching to her.

Charles was also a little awkward, "That's what my family is like. My family has strict rules for my marriage, and the Hopkins family's rules about marriage are even stricter."

"I see."

Christina replied coolly.

In fact, Christina was quite surprised. For the first time, Charles talked about topics with her, as if he was comforting her in advance.

Soon, the waiter of the restaurant drove their car over.

Charles opened the door for Christina and then got in first. But Christina didn't get in. She glared at the two guests

who had just entered the restaurant.

She immediately rushed over in a rage. When Charles looked up, he noticed that she was not in her previous position.

Christina grabbed the woman's arm right in front of the counter, "What are you doing? Flirting with a man?"

Connie seemed surprised to meet Christina here, but Connie quickly calmed down because she was a slippery woman.

"Beauty, why are you questioning? Who are you?" The man beside Connie looked at Christina curiously.

Christina was in a rage, but Connie smiled charmingly and told him, "This is my daughter." Then Connie burst into laughter.

The man laughed wantonly, "Connie, you're still so young. How could you have such an old daughter?"

Connie laughed and blurted out, "I'm only three years older than her. Haha..."

Christina glared at them with an increasingly gloomy face. Connie was only three years older than her but she had slept with her father.

"You must be a crazy fan of the TV dramas, right? Don't allow them to influence your real life. Connie is not interested in women. You won't have any chance."

The man looked at Christina obscenely and drawled, "Why don't you pursue me? I've also made a lot of movies. Do you know who I am..."

"Go away!"

Charles walked in and saw an actor teasing Christina.

If Charles was only rich, A-list actors like the man with Connie would not take him seriously. But Charles had a say in the film and television industry. So the man immediately shut up when he recognised Charles.

"Mr. Shepherd, are you also here for dinner too?" The man tried to flatter Charles. Although this restaurant was small, it was very famous.

"Get lost!"

Christina's face darkened and she scolded the man impatiently.

The man lost his previous arrogance since Charles was here, he left awkwardly.

Connie looked at Charles and Christina and said sarcastically, "Miss Dickens is always so lucky. You have rich men to get your back all the time."

"A grateful person is always lucky."

Christina glared at Connie. Christina hated women like Connie who got ahead by scheming and plotting.

"Christina, a person like you who has been overprotective has no right to look down on me."

Connie glared back at Christina and her face gradually darkened with hatred. "You are ignorant and blinded by the truth. You were born into a good family so you have lived in wonderful illusions. But people like me are always struggling... You do make me envious."

"My life is none of your business. At least I won't always complain."

Christina lost her temper every time she saw Connie, especially now. Christina scolded angrily, "Connie, my father is seriously injured in a traffic accident and has been hospitalized. You are his wife, but you don't take care of him and even flirt with another man. What do you want to do?"

Hearing it, Connie calmed down a little and raised her eyebrows, "Is your father dying? Can I come into his money?"

Christina became irritated, "Don't you dare say that again! My father is in a good condition!"

"I didn't expect you to be filial to him."

Connie didn't care how others commented on her. She was a young and beautiful woman and she married an old man. Obviously, she was waiting to come into his money.

Christina gritted her teeth, "Connie, if you dare to play any tricks, I will never let you off!"

Christina was a woman of her word.

Connie didn't dare to provoke Christina, especially when Charles was with Christina now. There were always so many people to help Christina. Thinking of it, Connie was more and more envious.

"Mr. Shepherd, are you going to deal with me the way Patrick dealt with Cecilia?"

Connie recalled the past and suddenly laughed, "Patrick was so heartless when he dealt with Cecilia. Cecilia loved him for so many years, but in the end, he totally ignored her. This man is so cruel!"

"Christina, you really have to be careful when you are with such a person."

Connie said with sarcasm, turned around, and left.

With rage, Christina watched Connie leave, but she did not chase after Connie.

Charles also didn't like Connie. A lot of actors in his company were vain. Connie was quite capable in the circle and was very smart.