

Chapter 37

Christina stood there, stunned. Her face filled with complicated looks as she watched Patrick leave with Cecilia in his arms...

"Christina, are you okay?" Charles comforted her.

She lowered her head, her long eyelashes covering the emotions in her eyes, and then murmured softly, "I am fine. It's just a minor injury."

Charles was furious. "I mean, don't be too sad about Patrick leaving with that woman."

"Who's sad? Why should I be sad?"

Christina seemed to be hit on the soft

spot. She raised her head and yelled at him angrily. "My right hand is hurting so much that I want to cry. What he wants to do has nothing to do with me!"

Charles was speechless. What a stubborn girl.

He clearly saw a sad look in her eyes, and he thought it was natural for her to feel bad since she just saw her husband leave with another woman in his arms.

The two took the elevator down to the parking lot.

Charles couldn't help scolding her. "Didn't I ask you to go up to the top floor? Why did you get to the 35th floor?"

"I saw Cecelia... Nothing!" Christina's face was livid, and she didn't want to continue.

Charles walked to his car, opened the door, and grumbled at her. "Christina, I told you a long time ago that women should be obedient. Just now, when Patrick lashed out at you, if you just listen to his lecture, you will be fine. But you chose to talk back to him..."

After all, few people dared to talk to Patrick like this. If anyone else had dared to do that, they would have been beaten up and taken away.

"He's always been gentle to Miss Jones but scolds me every time he sees me. What did I do wrong to him? Why did he scold me?" Christina's face turned even worse when she heard Charles

mentioning Patrick.

Charles also felt strange.

Patrick had always been indifferent to others. There were not many things that could really make him angry. However, he turned moody when Christina was involved.

"Go back to the Hopkins Family and find a way to please Patrick..." Charles sat in the driver's seat and gave her a suggestion.

"I wasn't wrong!" Christina looked reluctant.

Just as Christina was about to get into the passenger seat, a person rushed towards them.

"Ma'am.." It was a bodyguard of the Hopkins Family.

The bodyguard asked anxiously, "Ma'am, have you seen Mr. Hopkins?"

Christina kept a straight face and did not answer.

Charles rolled down the window and asked, "What's wrong?"

When the bodyguard saw that Charles, he immediately called out respectfully, "Mr. Shepherd."

He quickly said, "Today we've been practicing boxing with Mr. Hopkins at the club. Ten minutes ago, someone from Fire Club called him and said that Young Madam was not on the 35th floor."

As the bodyguard said this, he looked at Christina strangely before he continued. "Mr. Hopkins looked unhappy. After hanging up the phone, he immediately grabbed the car keys and rushed out. We don't know what happened. Mr. Hopkins overtook many cars and ran many red lights. He almost ran into someone else's car on the highway in the mountains..."

Christina and Charles were shocked when they heard this.

"Mr. Shepherd, did something happen at Fire Club? I heard that Mr. Hopkins drove out all the people on the 35th floor?" The bodyguard then asked, "Where is our Mr. Hopkins now?"

Christina pursed her lips, and her eyes

were a little dim.

"It's no big deal. Patrick has left Fire Club..." Charles said faintly. The bodyguard nodded at them and left.

Christina sat in the passenger seat with a heavy heart and remained silent.

Charles was sending her back to the Hopkins Family. Along the way, he was a little confused too.

"Christina, did you know Patrick before?"

Charles couldn't help asking when the car was about to reach the Hopkins Family.

Christina said sullenly, "Why? You

want to say I look like Cecilia again, don't you? She has had plastic..." She had had plastic surgery.

"Forget it. Even if you knew him before, you must have offended him a lot." Charles glared at her.

The car was parked outside the gate of the Hopkins Family. Charles turned around and grabbed a rose-red bag from the back seat of the car and handed it back to her. "You left your purse in my car. I couldn't get in touch with you before meeting you at Fire Club. No wonder you didn't answer my calls..."

After listening to his complaints, Christina got out of the car and went back with a servant of the Hopkins Family.

She picked up her bag and suddenly thought of something. She immediately took out her cell phone. Sure enough, Charles called her twice, and...

She felt complicated and this emotion showed on her face. Her eyes were fixed on the missed calls. Patrick had called her twelve times...

"He must be with his Miss Jones now."

Christina went back to the bedroom, feeling depressed. She slammed the door shut, feeling agitated for no reason.

Patrick looked irritated and slammed the door with a bang.

"Patrick..." The woman in the passenger seat called out to him softly with concern. "Patrick, are you okay? Are you feeling unwell?"

Patrick's face was gloomy. He turned and glared at the familiar face beside him.

Cecilia was somewhat flustered by his deep gaze.

"Patrick, you came to Fire Club for me?"

Cecilia's voice was tinged with guilt when she explained in a soft voice. "Some of my colleagues forced me to come over, saying I had to have this meal with the producer."

As she spoke, she looked frightened

and held Patrick's hand in fear. Her voice trembled. "I didn't expect Fire Club would be so messy. It was really scary. Those people were really outrageous..."

Patrick listened to her, his eyes fixed on her face, but he did not say a word, as if he was thinking about something.

Cecilia noticed that he was a little distracted.

He looked like he didn't care about what had happened to her at Fire Club at all. He was lost in his own thoughts.

"Patrick, I promise I won't accompany my colleagues to such a place. Don't be angry." Cecilia said in a pleading tone. Her voice was sweet and soft.

Patrick looked at her with a sneer in his heart.

If she had been so good...

He leaned against the back of the car, closed his eyes, and calmed down the agitation in his heart.

His eyes were closed and his brows were furrowed. Cecilia sat quietly beside him and looked fixedly at him.

Patrick was very handsome, with fair skin and well-defined features. Perhaps because he was born in a distinguished family, he looked noble and aloof, which fascinated many people.

"Patrick..."

"Patrick, I love you very much." She said in a passionate voice.

"Get out of the car!"

Patrick was still motionless, but the voice was cold, breaking the romantic vibe in an instant.

Cecilia didn't want to give up. Every time she wanted to go further with him, he would refuse. Tonight, she had to...

She whispered his name in his ear.

"Patrick..."

Normal men wouldn't refuse when women made advances to them...

"I said, get out of the car!"

Patrick pushed her away impatiently. Cecilia seemed to be frightened by his harsh, cold voice and was stunned.

"Patrick." Cecilia didn't want to leave but was a little afraid of him.

Patrick looked at her face and suppressed his frustration. "Get out of the car," he ordered again.

Cecilia had always been obedient and sweet in front of him. She knew that Patrick was bad-tempered, so she should be submissive.

She got out of the car and was sent back by Patrick's bodyguards.

But Patrick still sat alone in the driver's seat of the convertible sports car and his right hand was casually put on the

door. His head was raised, and his silent gaze fixed on the vast sky above him.

Cecilia felt a little uneasy when she saw him like this.

She had never seen Patrick being like this. He seemed to be irritated. Why would a man as powerful as him feel bothered?

Cecilia got into the bodyguard's car and looked back, reluctant to leave...

All of a sudden, Patrick pursed his lips tightly as if he had remembered something. He slammed on the accelerator, passed their car, and disappeared into the darkness...

Cecilia was shocked. He seemed to be

filled with anxiety and irritation.
Where was he going?

Patrick went straight back to the Hopkins Family.

"Patrick, may I prepare supper for you?" When the servants saw him coming back, they immediately came forward to greet him.

"No."

Then Patrick paused and asked in a deep voice, "Where's the Young Madam?"

The maid reported to him truthfully. "Half an hour ago, Mr. Shepherd sent the Young Madam back. She should be in the bedroom and she doesn't go to bed yet..."

When Patrick heard this, there was a mixed expression on his face.

He went straight up to the second floor, but he didn't go back to his bedroom.

He sat in the study for a long time...

It was not until the cold night wind blew from the French window did Patrick look at the clock on the wall coldly. It was one o'clock in the morning.

She should have fallen asleep...

A hint of discouragement flashed across Patrick's grim face. He rarely felt this way.

This feeling became intense when he remembered her stubborn look when she was arguing with him before...

[Why are you scolding me?!] Her angry voice echoed in his ears... He didn't want to scold her or argue with her.

Patrick walked towards the bedroom. He held the doorknob and gently turned it.

He immediately looked over to the bed. Under the dim lights, he saw the woman on the bed was sleeping soundly on her side.

He stood by the bed and gazed down at her sleeping profile.

In fact, he was in a bad mood today. Today was the Lantern Festival, and he

hated this day. When he received a phone call saying that she went to Fire Club, he couldn't control himself and lashed out at her.

Patrick looked out the window at the quiet moon, adjusted his emotions, bent down, lifted the quilt, and looked at her right fingers.

He didn't know what trouble she had got herself into this time and even her fingers were bruised, and there was black blood in the flesh.

He picked up her hand and examined it. The woman on the bed felt pain and frowned slightly. She involuntarily withdrew her hand,

"Christina, when will you be obedient..."

Patrick stared at her with a burning gaze, his tone angry... But he couldn't do anything about her.

He turned and walked towards the cabinet, trying to take out the medicine kit.

But Patrick had just taken two steps and froze. He looked at a birthday cake on the table in the small living room in the bedroom...

She bought him a birthday cake.

Chapter 38

Christina rolled over on the bed with the quilt in her arms and suddenly opened her eyes.

It was already 9:00 in the morning, and she got up nervously from her bed...

She was slightly startled and felt a little strange. Usually at 5 am, the maid would wake her up to accompany the old master for breakfast. Why didn't anyone wake her up today?

Sitting on the bed, she glanced around the bedroom and subconsciously looked at her side...

He didn't come back last night.

When Christina thought of Patrick, she

was a little depressed.

She quickly got out of bed and went to the bathroom to wash up. When she picked up the towel to wipe her face, she suddenly found that her right hand was almost cured.

She frowned slightly and examined her fingers carefully. She leaned her nose closer to her fingers and smelled the medicine.

"Who gave me the medicine?" She was confused.

"Ma'am, are you awake?" At this time, the maid pushed the door open and came in with a bowl of porridge.

"Did you call a doctor last night?" Christina popped her head out of the

bathroom and asked the maid.

The maid quickly placed the porridge on the table and looked worried. "No, it's just that Young Master told us not to wake you up this morning. Ma'am, are you feeling unwell?"

"I'm fine." Christina felt complicated in her heart for a moment.

After finishing her porridge, she stayed alone in her bedroom, with her mind a little confused.

Sitting cross-legged on the bed, staring at her right hand, she wondered if it was Patrick who drugged her.

So he came back this morning...

Then last night... Did he stay with

Cecilia last night? Christina suddenly was eager to know that.

She felt awkward. Christina turned around, grabbed her cell phone, searched for Cecilia's name, and immediately a bunch of related news came up.

Her expression grew colder as she scanned the news.

She fixed her eyes on a snap on her phone screen. In the underground parking lot of the Fireworks Bar, the woman could not be seen clearly with her back facing the camera, but the man's cold profile...

Christina recognized Patrick immediately.

"How could they be so eager, in public..." She bit her lips and murmured, feeling a little uncomfortable.

She stared at the photo and was annoyed. "Are you blind? Why are you attracted by that woman? She has received a plastic surgeon!"

However, Patrick liked her.

Charles also said that Mr. Hopkins only had one girlfriend, his precious Miss Jones.

"I'd better not talk about her plastic surgery, in case I would get scolded again." Christina was in a bad mood, so she threw her phone away.

She had just thrown her phone at the head of the bed when the door

suddenly opened.

Christina looked up subconsciously, and the man at the door was staring at her.

Their eyes met, then their expressions became complicated. They all kept silent.

Christina turned her head and climbed to the head of the bed, as if she was hiding something. She picked up her phone and immediately deleted the information she had been browsing.

She didn't want him to know that she was investigating Cecilia's affair with him.

She didn't want him to know that and didn't want... To make herself more

humble.

Patrick did not know what she was thinking. He just stared at her with fixed eyes and walked towards the bed.

"Why did you go to the Fireworks Bar with Charles last night?" He suddenly asked in a deep voice.

Christina's face darkened when he mentioned what happened last night.

"Nothing," she replied perfunctorily.

Patrick's eyes became more and more complicated. He tried to soften his tone and said, "Don't go to the Fireworks Bar..."

"Why!" Christina suddenly raised her head and glared at him.

"Are you not letting me out because of the rules of the Hopkins Family? Or are you afraid that I will embarrass you?"

When Christina thought about what happened last night and the 'car sex' photo, she became angry and unconvinced.

"Your Miss Jones is a famous movie star. Her face is everywhere in social media and magazines. Since I look so similar to her, why can she..."

"You are different from her!"

He blurted it out but his voice sounded strange.

Patrick looked at her with mixed emotions in his eyes and warned her in a cold voice, "Do as my words! You'll

always have bodyguards with you when you go out. Christina, don't make trouble for me. I don't have that much time to take care of you."

She could not understand the coldness in his eyes at this moment, but suddenly felt a little wronged. Every time, he used a different standard to measure her and his Miss Jones.

She didn't want to argue with him. She kept reminding herself that she didn't have the right to ask for his justice, but sometimes, she just...

She just couldn't help but care about his attitude.

Although he was indifferent, sometimes, he was gentle to her. She was trying to pretend to ignore his

tenderness, but greedily wanted to get it.

Christina lowered her head, her eyes slightly red.

She got out of bed and went to the closet to change her coat, then walked out the door. "I'll go downstairs to accompany grandpa." She spoke in a weak voice, sounding like a stranger.

Patrick gazed at her with complicated eyes. Just as she reached the bedroom door, he suddenly called out to her, "Christina."

Christina stopped, but did not turn back.

Christina just stood there and waited for his order. Anyway, he would have

nothing more to say than to order her.

"That cake..." He asked tentatively, sounding like he was hiding and bearing something.

When Christina heard the word "Cake," she turned around and looked at the table on the left of the living room. She almost forgot that she had ordered a birthday cake yesterday.

"I bought it myself because I suddenly wanted to eat it!" She raised her voice, as if denying something.

Patrick was stunned when she said that.

While Christina walked quickly to the table, packed up the specially reserved tiramisu, turned around and threw it

into the trash can.

Patrick slightly widened his eyes and looked at her fiercely.

Christina did not dare to look at his gloomy face. She pursed her lips, strode past him and went straight downstairs.

While Patrick walked to the trash can and looked at the crumbling cake inside, his lips slightly raising.

He thought she was celebrating for him...

"Yesterday was the birthday of that bastard. The Hopkins Family never celebrates the Lantern Festival..."

In the hall of the Main Residence of the

Hopkins Family, Mr. Hopkins was sipping his tea leisurely. When he played chess with Christina, he was in a good mood and talked to her about Patrick.

However, Christina didn't want to hear anything about him. She had a serious look and pretended not to know that. "Oh, really? So yesterday was his birthday."

Mr. Hopkins looked at the chess board and casually made a move, then asked, "Yesterday the butler said you bought a cake..."

"I threw it away."

Christina looked a little angry.

Then she picked up a 'horse' and ate

Mr. Hopkins's 'car' without hesitation.

"You! What are you doing!"

Mr. Hopkins lost a 'car' and immediately shouted at her discontentedly, "Do you know how to play chess?"

"There is no father or son on the battlefield!"

Christina glanced at him and had anger at every one of the Hopkins Family.

"Grandpa, do you want to repent?"

Mr. Hopkins's face darkened.

The butler beside them laughed out loud. "Young Madam is really good at playing chess," He praised.

"Of course, I'm better at the piano!"
Christina was not humble at all.

"Piano?"

Mr. Hopkins had been a little unconvinced, but when she mentioned the piano, his eyes flashed with deep thought.

"Do you like playing the piano very much?"

"I don't like it." Christina was an active girl since she was young. She suffered a lot when she was forced to practice the piano.

"However, I'm really good at the piano. In addition to working in a milk tea shop, I was often employed as a pianist by the senior clubs." When she talked

about her past job, she was quite proud.

Mr. Hopkins looked at her, thinking about it and muttering, "Why don't we buy a piano..."

"Ma'am, you can't play the piano at home. Patrick hates the sound of the piano..." The butler spoke nervously, as if he was afraid of something.

Christina was taken aback, noticing that the housekeeper was worried, and that Mr. Hopkins also looked grave.

"Why?"

As soon as she asked, she saw the two of them raise their heads in unison and look at the gate with complicated eyes...

Christina followed their gaze and was a little surprised. He didn't go to work?

Patrick, as usual, kept indifferent and did not even look at them. With a document in his right hand, he walked directly across the hall towards the study on the second floor.

"Since he doesn't object, then let's buy a piano."

Just as Patrick's figure disappeared at the staircase, Mr. Hopkins said suddenly. Christina always felt that the old man was planning.

Patrick returned to his study and heard his grandfather's last sentence, "Buy a piano." He was a little unhappy and he slammed the door of the study.

"Mr. Hopkins, we've got the surveillance of last night on the 35th floor of the Fireworks Bar..." As he answered the phone call, the person in charge of the Fireworks Bar reported to him.

"At 8: 05 last night, Mr. Shepherd led our Young Madam into the Fireworks Bar from the VIP entrance. Then Mr. Shepherd met Mr. Biden and the others and asked the waiter to send Young Madam up to the top floor first..."

The general manager of the Fireworks Bar said in great detail, afraid of being blamed for missing information.

"Young Madam suddenly stepped out of the elevator on the 35th floor and

followed Miss Jones."

Speaking of Miss Jones, the reporting man hesitated and added, "Miss Jones booked a private room with her other five colleagues. They were inside... Taking drugs, and were seen by Young Madam..."

Although the people outside did not understand, most of the people who followed Patrick knew the relationship between Cecilia and him, because of which they were very respectful to Cecilia for the sake of Patrick.

About Cecilia taking drugs... He didn't dare to report it. On the one hand, he was afraid that Patrick would lose his temper when he found out. On the other hand, he was afraid of offending Cecilia.

However, Patrick was not angry. Instead, he urged impatiently in a cold voice, "I want you to find out why Christina was injured!"

The general manager of Fireworks Bar was a little surprised.

It sounded as if he didn't care about Cecilia taking drugs or getting involved with other men.

"Young...Young Madam was mistaken for Miss Jones by a man named Ted and dragged into the men's washroom on the 35th floor..." He said nervously.

On the other side of the phone, Patrick's face was grim, his right hand holding the phone tightly. "And then?"

Hearing his tone, that man became more nervous and tried to speak calmly. "Although there was no surveillance in the bathroom, when we found Ted, he fainted on the ground... Young Madam should be fine..."

"Fine? Do you think she would still be fine if she were covered in injuries?"

Patrick was very dissatisfied and scolded him coldly. "Find Ted immediately and strengthen the management of the Fireworks Bar. Don't let dangerous people in!"

"Okay, okay..." The general manager was so frightened that he quickly responded.

Suddenly, he thought of something else and whispered, "Oh, Mr. Hopkins,

actually the reason why Young Madam came here with Mr. Shepherd was to look for you..."

Patrick was stunned. Did she go there for me?