

Chapter 41

The car got off the highway and headed for C City's largest private hospital.

Cory, who was in the driver's seat looked at Christina from time to time and said, "Christina, Cecilia and you look very alike. She..."

"She's not related to me!"

Christina said quickly with a straight face, "Please pull over."

The man parked the car by the side, turned to stare at her side face, and he said in a deep voice, "I just care about you..."

"Cory! I don't need you to care about

me!" snapped Christina.

Christina opened the door urgently, trying to get out.

"Christina, you don't have to avoid me like this. I don't mean any harm to you. If I really wanted to hurt you, I would have..."

Cory paused.

He said in a calm voice, "I just want to remind you that don't be fooled by the look of the women in the circle. They are not as simple as you think. Cecilia looks like you so much. She must have had plastic surgery. You have to be careful..."

Christina was surprised. He seemed to care about her...

She opened the car door, walked out, looked down at the man in the car, and said word for word, "Cory, you came to C City this time to deal with the marriage with Carrie, right? Frankly, I'm not broad-minded, and I won't forgive you. You won't get my blessing! But I won't bring you any trouble. Please remember, we're done..."

She knew her feelings clearly, and if she loved, she would do her best, but she didn't care about those expired concerns.

Cory, however, sat in the car, narrowed his eyes, and stared at the woman walking away step by step...

"Christina!"

He shouted at her back. "Christina, it's not because you're from Dickens Family that I care about you, but..."

But because...

Cory watched her disappear around the corner and was lost for words... Even he couldn't explain himself.

Because the last time he agreed to marry Carrie in front of Mr. Hopkins, he and Carrie went to the civil affairs bureau to sign for their certificate the next day. These days, they were busy with the wedding. Everything went well, but he felt a little disappointed and unresigned.

Cory punched the steering wheel angrily.

The horn of the car gave a sharp beep.

He was irritable and confused as if some truth had been hidden by something, and he had been deceived and schemed.

At the corner, Christina took a deep breath. "What's wrong with him?" Frowning, she was angry.

However, just now when Cecilia was making a fuss about her relationship with Patrick in the private room, his sudden appearance made her less embarrassed.

Without thinking further, Christina calmed down and walked to the hospital across the street.

She came to C City this time to visit her

grandmother in the hospital. She would go back to A City soon to leave the place that upset her.

When Christina arrived at Mrs. Dickens's ward in the inpatient department, she was in good spirits. She sat on the hospital bed and was overjoyed to see Christina.

"Christina, you're here."

Christina, however, said with a calm expression, "Grandma, are you feeling..."

"Where's Patrick?" Mrs. Dickens looked behind her excitedly without waiting for her to finish her words.

However, seeing that there was no one behind Christina, Mrs. Dickens

immediately darkened her face and said with reproach, "Christina, don't pull a long face all day. Mr. Hopkins won't like that. People will judge that you're ill-bred."

Christina stood on the spot, motionless. She wanted to refute but bit back the words she would like to have said.

Mrs. Dickens looked at the only granddaughter and couldn't help but recall the past. She said in anger, "Back then, your mother pushed Connie down the stairs and caused her to miscarry. My eldest grandson was gone!"

"Grandma, that has nothing to do with my mother. Connie fell down on her own!" Christina clenched her hands

and couldn't help but retort.

"Connie was pregnant. How could she fall down on her own!" Mrs. Dickens didn't expect Christina to retort. Her face darkened immediately.

The previous generation always prioritized men over women. After Connie's miscarriage, she fell ill and couldn't get pregnant again. Mrs. Dickens hated the dead Mary even more and felt that it was Mary who caused Dickens Family's misfortune.

"Grandma, I have something urgent to go back to A City. If you need anything, just call the nurse..." Christina didn't want to stay for a moment when it came to her mother.

"Wait a minute, I haven't finished!"

Mrs. Dickens was immediately displeased to see that she couldn't wait to leave.

"How can you serve the young master in Hopkins Family with your rude character? Do you want to be abandoned by a man for a second time? Our family can't afford to be more embarrassed," Mrs. Dickens said.

Christina stood outside the ward, holding her bag tightly in her right hand.

Mrs. Dickens didn't like her very much. Christina's temper was not as gentle as Carrie's. She was too stubborn, too lively from a young age, unlike other socialites who were amenable. Besides her looks, nothing about her was to Mrs. Dickens's liking.

But now...

After all, her granddaughter married into Hopkins Family, and Mrs. Dickens's tone softened at the thought. "Christina, you are my granddaughter. Of course, I want you to be happy, but there are some things that you may not like to hear. Men like women like Connie and Carrie. Be good and be gentle. That's what makes you likable..."

She wanted her to learn from Connie and Carrie... There was suppressed mockery in Christina's eyes.

She raised her head and looked at Mrs. Dickens on the bed. "Grandma, if there's nothing else, I'll go back and learn how to please that Patrick..."

With that, Christina walked out. This time, she no longer hesitated.

"Stop, I haven't finished..." Mrs. Dickens also knew Christina's stubbornness. Seeing that she had left directly, she shouted at her back and ordered.

"Help your dad with the business... Use your baby as the chip, so that the women outside won't get in the way..."

Bang...

It was not until Christina slammed the door of the ward that the sound gradually faded.

'I really shouldn't have come here!' She really hated herself for being soft-hearted.

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Christina leaned against the hospital wall with her eyes closed. She calmed herself down and said to herself, "... Back to A City."

Even though the old man in Hopkins Family had a stern face and was cold and dignified all day, she'd rather go back to the Hopkins Family...

She knew that she no longer had a home and that the Dickens Family was only using her. She also knew that Hopkins Family was only her temporary residence, but at least...

She suddenly wanted to go back.

She took out the phone from her bag and wanted to book the fastest return ticket, only to find that there was an

incoming call and a text message on her phone.

It was Patrick who called.

[I'm in C City.] His message was very short.

'Patrick is in C City!' Christina felt strange.

Looking at the phone screen number with complicated eyes, she hesitated for a moment, lightly touched the callback button, and waited for him to answer nervously...

She wondered if she was supposed to ask him why he came to C City, for official business? Or for her?!

She blushed after letting her mind

wander for a while.

However, half a minute later, Christina immediately lowered her head in frustration because Patrick's phone was not answered.

"What? Is it because I missed his call that he purposely didn't answer?" She mumbled, telling herself that he would answer if she called again.

But in fact, Patrick still didn't answer the phone.

Christina was awkward. "Should I wait for him to go back to A City now?" she wondered.

Listening to the cold mechanical tone coming from the other end of the phone, she pursed her lips and left him

a message.

[Patrick, I'm staying at W Hotel...]

...

Patrick's phone rang a few times when it received a new text message.

However, he did not notice as the black phone and an expensive suit jacket were left in the car.

"It seems that Patrick's cell phone is ringing?"

Charles immediately turned to the back seat of the car when he heard the sound. He turned to Chandler in the driver's seat and asked, "Shall we give him his phone?"

Chandler looked at the gate of First High School of C City, looked down for a while, and replied, "Leave him alone."

Charles looked up. Patrick got out of the car and walked towards the high school alone. He looked a little weird and obviously didn't want to be disturbed.

In that case, none of them dared to follow Charles. Some of the memories of this high school were heavy for Patrick. After six years, they almost avoided talking about it.

Charles noticed that Patrick was holding a small golden object in his right hand and patted Chandler on the shoulder curiously. "Chandler, Patrick seems to treasure his pocket watch..." he said.

Chandler nodded in agreement.

He remembered one time when they hung out in Fire Club, Patrick accidentally lost the pocket watch, and he was so desperate to look for it.

Charles approached him with a curious look and said, "Hey, Chandler, you saw the picture of the woman embedded in Patrick's pocket watch. You said it was Cecilia. Are you sure about that?"

Chandler was a little uncertain.

That time, he just glanced at it and was about to take a few more glances when Patrick snatched it back. He didn't take a closer look.

"It should be Cecilia. Who else would it

be?"

"Cecilia, where are you going?"

At this moment, a woman in a student costume ran out of the school gate excitedly, completely ignoring the manager behind her.

"Patrick!"

Cecilia ran up to him with a look of surprise. "Patrick, are you coming to visit me?" As she spoke, her face flushed.

Patrick looked at the woman who suddenly appeared, but did not answer her.

He stared at her face, his thoughts drifting away...

Chapter 42

Being stared like this, Cecilia held his arm intimately. "Patrick, I'm glad you came to see me," said she with a bright smile.

"Our crew has been filming in this high school recently..."

Cecilia looked at the man in front of her and blushed. She asked him shyly, "Patrick, what do you think of my student look? Is it nice?"

It was a one billion dollar remake of the television series by Universe Studio, which was about a daring and honest female student in the Republican period. In an accident, the female student saved the life of the most powerful and handsome young

warlord of the time. The drama depicted the misunderstanding between the lovers, and the touching story of their life and death together in the revolutionary cause.

The original female lead of the show was not Cecilia, and the media did not think much of her for the sudden change in the lead role. After all, Cecilia's delicate temperament was very different from the female lead's personality in the script.

Patrick's eyes gazed down at her face thoughtfully.

"It is," he replied in a low voice.

Cecilia held his arm intimately and was flattered to hear him praising her.

She understood that with Patrick's cool personality, he was unlikely to praise others.

At this moment, she looked at his handsome profile, and she became more and more proud.

"Cecilia, you have to work hard. With Mr. Hopkins supporting you like this, you have to make an effort. Don't let those people outside look down on you." Cecilia's manager walked up to them with a fawning smile.

"Mr. Hopkins, you came to visit us. Do you want to go in and rest for a while?"

Manager Anne asked with a smile, her eyes filled with joy.

Everyone in the entertainment

business guessed who Cecilia's sugar daddy was. If Patrick was willing to show up today, then in the future...the producers and directors had to be subservient to Patrick.

Patrick ignored the manager and looked around with a complicated look.

This high school...still looked like it was six years ago, but...

"I just passed by here..."

Patrick said in a cold voice. He withdrew his hand and pushed Cecilia away.

He didn't come here to visit Cecilia.

Cecilia looked embarrassed as she

watched him stride towards the campus alone, completely ignoring her.

Cecilia thought, "Patrick isn't here for me. So why did he come here?"

The manager quickly gave Cecilia a push and whispered, "Mr. Hopkins seems to be in a bad mood. Follow him and be careful to pacify him..." When a man was lost, he always yearned for the gentleness of a woman the most.

"Patrick, is it something wrong with the company?"

Cecilia trotted after him, her voice softly caring.

Patrick glanced at her face from the corner of his eye and ignored her, but did not say anything to drive her away.

The two walked around the campus quietly and randomly. Cecilia found that he was very familiar with the school. She wanted to ask more questions, but looking at his cold profile, she did not dare to speak.

Patrick was such an indifferent man. His aloof and cool temperament always made people cautious and not dare to approach him.

This century-old high school had a long history. Because the film crew was filming in the front school building and the students were on holiday, there was no one at the back door of the school.

Patrick strode out of the back door of the school. Immediately, a milk tea

shop came into his sight.

He suddenly stopped and looked at the milk tea shop across the street.

"Patrick," Cecilia called him softly.

She looked at the milk tea shop across the street, her expression suppressing complicated emotions. Cecilia wanted to ask him something.

"Patrick, you used to go to that store a lot?" She pointed nervously at the milk tea shop across the street.

"Very sweet."

Patrick seemed to be reminiscing and said two words.

Those milk teas were too sweet.

He didn't like sweets very much, but...

His gaze deepened as he looked at the milk tea shop opposite him.

It was as if he had returned to the past and he was standing here, while the woman of the night shift at the window of the milk tea shop opposite him was still busy. She made all the milk tea personally.

Cecilia was stunned when she heard what he said. She didn't know what he was thinking.

But his gaze made her cheeks redder. She looked up at him shyly, like a young girl who had just fallen in love

'Six years ago, he was the one who sent

people to buy milk tea in large quantities!' She was filled with excitement and joy.

"Then is it because..." Cecilia's voice grew softer, suppressing excitement and anticipation.

"... Because it's a hassle to change jobs... leave work early."

Patrick dropped a confusing sentence. He turned his eyes sideways and stopped looking at the milk tea shop opposite him as if nothing had attracted him there.

He strode straight down the school road back to the front gate...

Cecilia was frozen in place.

'What did he mean?'

Her expression was complicated as she watched the heroic figure in front of her slowly leave...

'What did he mean by those words?' Somehow, Cecilia felt a surge of uneasiness in her heart.

Six years ago, the milk tea shop opposite was about to close, but in the next six months, it sold nearly a million cups of milk tea. This amazing amount of milk tea brought this small shop back to life, and it had been thriving ever since...

Cecilia knew very well since this milk tea shop was owned by her mother.

Six years ago, she had noticed that her

milk tea shop often had salespeople come in the middle of the night to place large orders and the required time was very loose, a week or a half months would be fine.

It wasn't buying milk tea at all, it was like directly sending money to the shop.

"It was Patrick who sent someone over. It was really him..."

But, "Didn't he do it that year because he wanted to help my family? What was the reason..."

Cecilia's face turned pale. Could it be...

"So it's the Young Master of Hopkins Family. No wonder you took my role!"

Suddenly, a tall and arrogant figure strode up behind her, and Connie's voice was full of sarcasm.

Cecilia heard the voice and quickly turned around, raising her chin haughtily, looking at the other party.

"Connie." She mumbled the name in disdain.

Cecilia stepped forward with a fake smile on her face. "It's true that Patrick is helping me. Jealous?"

Connie glared at her. "Cecilia, how dare you!"

This mega-budgeted remake of Universe Studio was making a huge splash from the media to the publicity. Since last year, famous actors from all

over the nation have been competing for the lead role. She had a hard time getting through and taking the female lead position, everything was done, but in the end, the role was snatched away by Cecilia.

Connie gritted her teeth angrily as she looked at Cecilia's smug arrogance, but...

"Cecilia, I hate your face every time I see it. Do you know why?"

Connie suddenly calmed down, as if something had made her very happy, and laughed out loud. "Because your face is almost the same as my daughter, Christina. Hahaha..."

Cecilia was originally proud to refute, but when she heard the name

"Well, what exactly happened here..."

As soon as manager Anne opened the door of the lounge, she looked in astonishment at the mess in the room.

"Get out, get out of here -"

Cecilia's face was extremely gloomy, and she angrily swept all the makeup equipment in front of the dressing table to the ground, shattering the glass bottles and splashing all over the floor...

Anne looked nervous and quickly closed the door to the lounge. "Cecilia, calm down. There are a lot of big directors and producers out there. It would affect your image..."

"What happened? Didn't you just walk around campus with Patrick on good terms? Did you make him angry?"

When Cecilia heard Patrick's name, she suppressed a sense of guilt and horror. She turned around and grabbed a large ceramic plate on the counter and threw it on the floor as if she were venting.

"That's impossible! The woman in his pocket watch can't be her... Impossible!" She shouted incoherently.

Anne heard her mention her pocket watch and immediately asked nervously, "What's wrong? Did Patrick know about your plastic surgery?"

"Three years ago, I told you not to jump into the river and pretend to be dead.

You just insisted on making a scene and say you didn't want to be a substitute for that woman in the pocket watch, but now..." Anne was also anxious.

Cecilia's eyes were bloodshot, and she turned to the manager angrily. "Three years ago, I had a plastic surgery sequela. I had no choice. You think I don't want to marry into Hopkins Family?"

Cecilia thought, "I almost became the Young Madam of Hopkins Family!"

But now it was Christina he married.

"Christina," Cecilia muttered the name in a cold voice.

The thought of the woman's face made her feel uneasy...

"Where are you going now?" When the manager saw Cecilia's cold face and sudden stride out, she rushed to catch up with Cecilia.

Cecilia's expression was sinister, and she said coldly, "I'm going to get rid of those eyesore things today..."