

## Chapter 92 A Fool

"I'm not going to the party..."

Christina got up early today and had breakfast with Old Master Mr. Hopkins. He asked about her high school reunion party that she had mentioned before.

The butler brought them a platter of fruit after breakfast and smiled kindly. "Young Madam, the fetus is 18 weeks old. It's fine. If you want to attend the party, just be careful..."

"Let that bastard go with you." Old Master Mr. Hopkins was in a good mood. He took a sip of tea and made a suggestion.

"I'm fine alone."

Christina was flattered and immediately refused.

She smiled awkwardly. "Patrick is very busy. I heard he has an important reception today." Even if he wasn't busy, she didn't dare to disturb him.

A few days ago, Crystal said something heartfelt to her. She had been thinking about it these days. In fact, Patrick was really good to her.

Patrick was not the only one who treated her well, even the cold and dignified Old Master Mr. Hopkins. Perhaps they were good to her because she was pregnant, but she should learn to be grateful.

She understood that the reason why

Old Master Mr. Hopkins cared about her was more because of Patrick's attitude towards her.

"It's a noisy place. I haven't contacted those high school classmates for a long time. My best friend won't go to the party since something happened..."

"Is that the friend who works in the group?" Old Master was a little curious.

Christina felt sorry for Crystal, and she chatted with Mr. Hopkins about it at home.

"Yes, it's difficult for ordinary people to get married and buy a house, so she has been quite annoyed lately..."

It had been a week. Crystal seemed to

be very busy recently. Christina was a little worried about her.

"Because her brother is going to get married, he took her house away. That's not reasonable. That man is a bastard. If Patrick dares to bully his sister, I will kill him..." Old Master Mr. Hopkins had always been very demanding of his descendants, especially boys.

"Patrick has a sister?" Christina was surprised.

The butler explained, but his tone sounded a little strange. "Miss Brianna is a girl adopted by us in Hopkins Family. She has been with Patrick's mother since she was young. They rarely come back from America."

It was clear the butler didn't want to talk about it anymore. Their expressions would change as long as it was about Patrick's mother.

Christina stopped talking about this topic and got up to go back to her bedroom.

"What kind of person is Patrick's mother?" As she walked along the corridor, she was wondering.

It had been the most complicated relationship between in-laws. Since his mother barely returned to the Hopkins, she probably could not have to worry about this. She could leave directly after giving birth to the child.

But... she couldn't bear to leave when looking at the elegant corridors and

flowers.

She was not sure she didn't want to leave because of the beautiful sceneries or something else...

Suddenly, the phone in her pocket rang and she came back to her senses.

"Christina, do you want to keep me as your mistress..." It was Crystal.

"What's wrong?"

Christina became nervous because she heard Crystal crying.

"Christina, my brother has a new house. He doesn't have to bother me anymore."

"Did you really give him your house?"

Christina's face darkened immediately.

"No, they despised my apartment for being too remote and too small. My mom gave him 700,000, and he bought a house of 110 square meters and paid for the down payment..."

"Where did your mother get 700,000?" Christina didn't understand.

Crystal suddenly burst out laughing with sarcasm. "She doesn't have any money. She borrowed it from my father's relatives..."

"It's Saturday, and my mom just told me to go home. She said she made me some soup. When I just arrived, a bunch of relatives came to ask me to return their money."

Crystal couldn't help but cry out, "It's my curse to have such a mother. She wrote an IOU to these relatives and promised to pay it back today, so she tricked me into going home to pay it back for her! Seven hundred thousand, how can I get so much money all at once? She's forcing me to die."

"If she gets sick, I'll do my best to lend money to treat her. But, she's just trying to help her stepson. My stepfather only paid 200, 000 for his son's marriage. My mother was very generous and gave him 700, 000 directly. She said that in the future, she would rely on Simon to support her and let me please their family now. Even if I suffer now, I'll be able to have a backup. Bah, nonsense! My mother is the only one who valued these shits..."



"Well, now that Simon's new house is available, the whole family is happy to prepare for the wedding. All the money they owe is my responsibility."

"Is your mother a fool?" Christina was so angry that she wanted to curse.

Crystal was sobbing. She had no choice and didn't have any reliable friends. She could bear to be bullied and wronged in typical days, but she felt so terrible this time that she called Christina.

"My aunt comforted me and told me not to be so angry. She said I can pay back by selling my apartment. Damn it, they all planned to ask me to sell my house and buy Simon a new one. What are they thinking about? They are all crazy!"

"They said that if I didn't pay the debt for my mother, I would be an unfilial daughter. My mother was crying and making trouble at home. She said it was useless to give birth to me..."

"Crystal, well... Don't be too sad. Your mother borrowed the money. Don't..." Christina wanted to comfort her, but she didn't know what to say.

"I'm fine. I'm fine." Crystal adjusted her mood and wiped the tears off her face.

"My parents divorced since I was young, and I've been living under others' fences ever since I was a child. I'm used to living like this. Eating more and sleeping more makes me feel guilty. Other people's daughter is a princess, but I think even a maid is

living a better life than I am. Christina, you're sad that your mother was gone. My mother is still alive, but she made me even more... I don't know what to say."

Christina listened to her and she felt sad as well. She knew that Crystal was already very strong.

"Crystal, why don't I help you..."

"Christina, I just wanted to talk to you to vent my anger. It's okay. I can handle it." Crystal said.

"I haven't repaid my loan yet, so I can't sell it. I've decided to use my new number and stay in the company's dormitory for the time being. I don't care if they want to collect debts or make trouble. It's none of my business.

The group's security guards are not pretty faces."

Christina was a little worried. "If there's anything you can't solve, remember to look for me."

After the phone was hung up, Christina went back to her bedroom, looked for her bank card, and checked her balance. It was only 100,000.

All these years, her grandfather's legacy was spent on her aunt's treatment, and there really wasn't much left.

She looked a little depressed that she couldn't help Crystal.

She knew that Crystal was not sad about the 700,000, but her mother's

actions made her heartbroken.

Although Crystal's tone was very calm and she said she would change her number and stay in the dormitory, if her mother made a scene and threatened to commit suicide, she wouldn't ignore her. The money borrowed would eventually be returned.

Christina looked at her bank card with a helpless face.

She was very upset and felt sorry for Crystal. She stayed in her bedroom until dinner. Before she went out for dinner, she saw Nanny Faang going in with some maids to clean up. She heard someone say, "This vase is very expensive. You guys, be careful."

Christina stared at the blue and white porcelain on the table and suddenly thought of a way.

"Nanny Faang, Patrick, is he home?"

"There's a reception tonight, and he might be back a little late... Is there an emergency? Young Madam, you can call him. He will be very happy to receive your call..."

## Chapter 93 I'll Kill You

"Young Madam had asked about you before... It seemed that she wanted to borrow money..."

There was a celebration party with other senior executives after a quarterly meeting held today, but Patrick didn't go to the hotel where the party was held and went straight back to Hopkins Family.

Borrow money?

When hearing Nanny Faang's words, Patrick frowned and felt confused that Christina asked him for money.

"Young Madam said she had something that needed to be dealt with in a hurry, so she had the driver

drive her out half an hour ago..." Nanny Faang told him truthfully.

Patrick took out his cell phone and dialed her number. But after a while, he became solemn because Christina didn't answer the phone.

Christina did not answer his call for she was running out of the car and not in the mood to answer the phone.

"Why are you here?"

"Crystal, I bring my friends over to play. It is none of your business"

On the opposite side of the road, a man and a woman started to argue. Christina crossed the road with a serious facial expression and hurried towards them.



"Simon, this place caters to people of a high level of consumption. You have money to come out and play. Why would you ask my mother to pay the down payment?" Crystal furiously asked.

Crystal and her classmates were supposed to hold homecoming in the Red Villa in A City. She didn't take part in it because of the financial burden. Unfortunately, she met Simon who came here for fun with a bunch of friends.

Simon had bright red hair and wore a black leather shirt with nails and worn-out cow pants. He pretended to be haughty and arrogant. "Your mother, that bitch, is crying and making a scene at home. It's so annoying. It's none of

your business for me to bring some friends out for fun!"

Crystal said angrily. "Well, it's none of my business. Then you can return the money for your marriage and house immediately! Why did you ask my mother to pay your marriage bill and return the seven hundred thousand!"

A few of Simon's friends heard Crystal's words and then curiously discussed them in a low voice. "Did Simon take his sister's money when he held a wedding ceremony?"

"Didn't Simon say he made a lot of money from the stock market..."

Listening to what his friend was talking, Simon felt humiliated and became solemn. "Your mother offered

me 700,000! My father married a remarried woman like her and raised you, the burden of our family. How about the money spent on two of you these years? How dare you ask me for money? Crystal, you really think you're something!"

Simon was 1.8 meters tall and strong. He stared at her with his frightening eyes. Crystal took a step back in fear after noticing his aggressive facial expression.

"But I can't say you're useless." Simon looked at her and suddenly changed his tone.

He turned around and shouted to a short man with cropped hair behind him, "Haven't you been doing online loan business lately? You have to help

my sister..."

The man under the streetlight, who was less than 1.6 meters tall, approached them. He obscenely looked at Crystal and smiled.

"What are you talking about? Although my sister is homely, she graduated from a famous American school and has worked in a big company. At least you should give her a quota of 500,000 dollars." Simon immediately bargained with him.

Crystal was stared at by a bunch of hooligans and she became anxious. "Psycho, what do you want to do? I don't want a loan!"

"Shut up!" Simon stared at her ruthlessly.

"How can you pay back the money if you don't take out the loan? Your mother is crying at home all day. I've had enough of her. Crystal wants to see her die. Well, if you are filial, you should find a way to help your mother pay back the money. Now that I solve the problem for you, you should accept my advice!"

"Are you silly? It is all because you took the 700,000 ..."

Before Crystal could finish her retort, Simon rudely took a step forward with a grim expression.

"I told you to shut up. Why are you butting in when a man is talking? Bastard!" Simon pushed Crystal's back with his strong hands.

Crystal's body slammed against the rough wall on her left side. She scratched her face and had two bloodstains, which made her frown painfully.

"Crystal, how are you?"

Christina crossed the zebra crossing and ran to them anxiously to hold her.

The five or six men in front were staring at Christina and someone whistled obscenely, "How much is it for your night, hahaha..."

"Christina." Crystal trembled with the fearful and aggrieved face. Crystal clutched Christina by the right hand tightly and called out her name for now she was alone and helpless.

Christina was 1.7 meters tall and wore flats. She narrowed her eyes and indifferently looked around at the group of idle hooligans.

"Get out of here now, or I'll call the police!" She held Crystal by her side and said coldly.

Simon and the others laughed more and more arrogantly when they heard the words. "Beauty, the police are very busy catching bad people. They have no time to deal with common people's home affairs."

The short man with cropped hair stared at Christina's chest. "Beauty, you don't have to be afraid. I'm a good man, or I'll prove it to you tonight. Hahaha..."

Christina became furious and was about to rush over to fight them.

Crystal knew her personality and nervously grabbed Christina and said in a low voice. "Christina, let's go..." because Crystal worried that Christina would be bullied when fighting with too many people around.

"Beauty, where do you want to go?"

Simon seemed to be very interested in Christina. He had never known that his stepsister knew such a beautiful woman and stepped forward to stop them.

He looked like a playboy and said, "Beauty, what's your name? You may have misunderstood. I'm Crystal's



brother. How could I hurt her? Crystal hasn't had enough money recently. I'll introduce her to an acquaintance who has done a low-interest online loan business."

"Come with us to a Red Villa tonight. I'll treat you..." Simon arrogantly smiled.

"Treat me?"

Christina raised her head and looked straight at his disgusting smile. She pursed her lips and slapped his face angrily with her right hand.

"I'm afraid you can't afford it!"

There was a loud, crisp sound.

Simon had a red and swollen palm print on his left side, and the others

didn't react and even didn't realize she had a hot temper.

"Damn you, you dare to hit me -"

Simon was angry and wildly raised his big fist and threw it at her.

"Christina, let's go -"

Crystal screamed in fear and tried to escape with Christina.

Christina immediately pushed Crystal away. Simon didn't punch her but the rough wall and then bled. He became even more ferocious. "B\*tch, I'll kill you."

"Christina, be careful-" Crystal was pushed to the side and looked anxiously at Simon's long arm tugging

at Christina's long hair.

"Ah--"

All of a sudden, Simon's face twisted in pain.

"What did you just say?"

Christina was also surprised. She couldn't believe the man beside him. Patrick calmly gripped Simon's right arm with great force.

"My, my hand, is broken -"

## Chapter 94 He Is My Husband

Under the dim yellow streetlight, several shadows were lengthening...

Christina froze in place, looking straight forward. Her vision blurred probably because of the dim light, but the shadows reflected on the ground were barehanded and crisscrossed.

Then she heard Simon's anxious tone, "You motherf\*cker, do you know who I am?"

With a cold face, Patrick took a step forward, with his left hand holding Simon's front collar, and his right hand holding his belt. With a strong force, he threw him against the rough wall on the side.

Simon did not react. He bumped into the wall unsteadily, leaving a sharp cut on his forehead. There was blood on the wall and the pain made him gasp for air.

"What..." He scrambled to his feet and turned to look at Patrick, who was approaching him step by step. Panic took hold of him.

Simon hurriedly shouted to his friends behind him, "Come here, come here and beat this bastard..."

"Really?"

Patrick walked up to him and looked down at him. Suddenly, he grabbed his throat with his right hand.

He tightened his grip. Simon's neck

twisted. With a dark face, he trembled and tried to speak, unable to utter a sound.

Simon's face was filled with fear, but Patrick remained calm, sending a chill over.

Simon was going to die...

"Patrick!"

Christina yelled at him nervously.

The night wind in early summer was cool, but the smell of blood went floating out on the air.

Patrick let go of Simon, and he collapsed. His forehead was bleeding, his face whiter than ever. Lying on the ground, he was trembling and afraid to

move.

"Take this rubbish away."

Patrick said coldly and turned to look at Christina under the streetlight.

Christina looked at him with a blank expression and a chill stole over her body.

Simon and his friends were suppressed by the three bodyguards. Most of the time, they put on an act but turned out to be a coward after seeing the black and shiny gun around the other party's waist.

"I, we didn't do anything. Really, it's none of our business..." A few hooligans were brought into the car, unconvinced, but dreaded to speak too

loudly.

"It's Simon. It's his fault..."

"Shut up!"

The bodyguard in front of them turned his head and glared at them. "One more word, you will suffer!" After a while, the car started and drove directly to the nearest police station.

Christina, however, was still very nervous. Being stared at by the man, she lowered her head, probably with a guilty conscience.

She was doomed...

Crystal was stunned. She quietly tugged at the corner of Christina's shirt. "He, he..." This man seemed to



be...

"Mark!!"

Suddenly, a few well-dressed men and women came out of a villa. They shouted excitedly and joyfully, "Mark, we thought you weren't coming. It was really nice to see you..."

Mark?

Christina heard the shouts of some of her old classmates. When she looked up, she bumped into the man's dark eyes and she tensed up.

"Just now, my friend called and said she was bullied, so I came over..." She whispered to explain.

"To fight?" A cold voice came from

above.

Christina was filled with dread and she retorted stubbornly, "Simon deserves it."

Patrick walked up to her and looked down at her without saying more.

Crystal stood by and stared at Christina and Patrick. At that moment a surge of mixed feelings flowed through her blood and she could not calm down.

"Christina, he, he..."

Crystal, who was frightened once by Simon and his friends, and then surprised by Christina and Patrick, was a little out of her mind.

"He's my husband," Christina said.

Patrick, who was standing next to her, looked a little stunned.

He lowered his eyes and glanced at her slightly red face. Although his grim face was expressionless, it was obvious that he was in a much better mood.

[ Christina's husband ]

Crystal was dumbfounded.

"Let's go home."

Patrick naturally put his right hand around her waist and looked in the direction of the car not far away.

"Mark." Three of their old classmates ran up to them with excitement on

their faces. "The private rooms are all booked. Let's go in..."

Their expressions froze as they said. Their eyes fell on Christina whom they knew. She was the school belle, and her karate was well-renowned.

But... They wondered what their relationship was.

Sabrina was also here. She looked at Christina and Crystal with a complicated expression, and finally her eyes fell on Patrick.

"The more the merrier. Crystal, Christina. We haven't been together for a long time. It's rare to meet each other. Why don't we go in and meet the others..." Sabrina spoke in a natural tone with a smile on her face, holding

Crystal's arm.

"Yes, it's been so many years we haven't seen each other after graduation. It's a rare chance. I don't know when we'll meet next time. Crystal, let's go in. Everyone's waiting..." The others echoed with a smile.

They all knew that Crystal was softhearted and open to persuasion. Not knowing how to refuse, she turned around and looked at Christina awkwardly.

It was said that there was always one thing to conquer another.

Being held by Patrick tightly, Christina, who lost the air as the cold school belle she used to be, lowered her head

without saying something.

"You want to go?"

Patrick asked, seeing that she was in a dilemma.

Christina didn't say anything, but she looked up at him in surprise.

Her expression made Patrick feel a little sulky for some reason. He tightened the grip on her waist and led her straight to the entrance of the villa.

"Get home at 10: 00." In the end, he said in a low voice, which could be a compromise.

Christina followed him and replied, "Okay." She had no objection.

In fact, she wasn't timid, but in the past, Patrick rarely asked her what she thought.

Sabrina and the others quickly followed them and caught up with a smile.

Patrick was not interested in what they said. His face was cold and expressionless. The rest of the people looked a little stiff and spoke with caution.

"Don't you go to the reception?" Christina asked him in a low voice when she saw that he didn't like to talk to them.

"Did you just pass by here from the reception? If you're busy..."

Patrick looked down at her and pursed his lips. After hesitating for a while, he then suddenly changed the subject. "Did you lose your credit card?"

Christina was a little confused.

"You need money?" he asked casually.

Christina suddenly realized that she did want to borrow money from him before.

"My friend is a little short of money recently. I was wondering if you could borrow..."

Christina thought blue and white porcelain would be enough at home.

Patrick said to her in a displeased tone, "You care a lot about your friend!" He



seemed jealous.

## Chapter 95 You Have So Many Suitors

The Red Villa was considered a high-end leisure clubhouse in A City. Their services included hot springs, massage, authentic seafood, and spacious private rooms that were best suited for parties and fun.

Crystal dejectedly grabbed the cocktail on the table and drank it one glass after another.

Christina sat across from her. She was worried that Crystal might get herself drunk. So Christina wanted to get up to her side to persuade her to drink, but the man beside her was somewhat pulled her by the waist.

"Behave yourself," Patrick reminded her lowly.

She wanted to explain, "No, that cocktail was very strong. What if Crystal gets drunk..."

"Sit down."

She didn't know what he was angry about. He glanced at her coldly and warned her. Christina's face darkened and she knew that he wouldn't change his mind.

"Mark, I heard that you left our school after half a year of teaching. Our class was the only class you have taught. I wonder which school you are now working for?"

A man in a suit and leather shoes walked over, his face full of confidence. It wasn't hard to tell that he was a

successful gold-collar worker.

Unfortunately, Patrick sat on the sofa and only cast him a glance, obviously not wanting to talk to him.

After the man was treated so coldly, his expression instantly became awkward. He handed Patrick a glass of red wine with a slightly smug smile. "I asked a friend in France to send me this wine."

Patrick took it over. But he didn't drink or say a word.

Christina looked at the glass of bright red wine and suddenly her eyes lit up. In fact, she was a wine lover...

Christina was not only a wine lover but also a little drunkard. When Patrick was about to warn her not to drink too

much, the high-spirited male classmate immediately handed her a glass of red wine.

He was smiling and talking with her, "Christina, I haven't seen you for so many years. You're really getting prettier!"

"She's pregnant. She can't have wine."

Patrick interrupted him abruptly.

The man standing in front of them was stunned.

He fixed his gaze on Christina's abdomen, probably because she was tall and thin, so it was hard to see that she was pregnant. But on closer inspection, it was indeed slightly protruding.

Although Patrick's voice was not loud, all eyes were on him. The word 'pregnant' crashed the fantasy on him of the women present and they glared at Christina fiercely.

"What is their relationship?" Those women were curious.

Embarrassed, Christina grabbed a glass of juice from the table and took a sip. "We're married." So it was legal.

Their dream girl married their dream man! Her words shattered the men and women's illusions!

"Drink, this wine is good, it was specially bought by class monitor." The mood of the men present was also very complicated. They could really use a

drink.

All of a sudden, the originally tense atmosphere became joyful because of the wine, and everyone was much more at ease, laughing and reminiscing about the past.

Suddenly, a slightly chubby man, drunk, stood tall in a chair.

"Christina, I'm Bruce. I like you very much!" He yelled at the top of his voice.

Christina looked at him with a surprised expression.

"In the past, you said that the corpulent man made you feel safe. You also said that your ideal type was a chef. I am now a senior chef in the

hotel..."


Another man next to him pulled him down quickly. He thought he was probably drunk and out of his mind. "Bruce, come down quickly. Don't make a fool of yourself."

"Jason, go away, you bastard. When I said I was going to confess to her, you stopped me and scolded me."

Bruce winced in anger. He roared at the man beside him.

"Hmph! You thought I didn't know. You went to see Christina before me that afternoon. I saw her give you the shoulder throw and throw you into the river."

The man who persuaded him was

2:08 PM 



embarrassed. Christina was famous at school, not only for her academic and attractive appearance, but also for her good at Karate. She showed no mercy to the boys who were pestering her.

"Christina, I like you very much. I'm the slender boy who used to sit behind you."

Bruce drank too much. After shouting, he was so excited that he was about to cry. All these years, he had been regretting he didn't make his confession to her. He was too timid and self-abased back then. Although he knew that she couldn't agree to it, he now could make peace with the past.

"You have so many suitors."

Patrick said in the low voice, gnashed

his teeth.

Christina tilted her head, not daring to look at him.

She explained, "I didn't say accept them." It was them who kept wooing her back then.

There were more than eighty people attending the party. They had booked the largest private room in the villa. There was a gazebo in front of the balcony on the left and an open large hot spring beside it. At night, the sound of the gurgling water was pleasant to hear.

They hadn't been together for seven or eight years. Although they didn't have many deep feelings for each other now, they gathered together and started to

remember their youth. In the days when they were studying together on campus, their hearts were touched.

"Mark, I, I used to be the first to attend your class..."

A beautiful woman came over, her cheeks slightly red. She raised her glass to Patrick, smiled, and said. "In the past, all the girls in our dorm adored you very much and kept prying into your private affairs..."

"Okay."

Patrick's face was still calm and emotionless. He nodded at her, raised the glass in his hand, and took a sip as a courtesy.

The woman was excited. She then

turned to look at the woman beside him and asked curiously, "Christina, how did you know Mark when you skipped all his classes?"

Christina was embarrassed by her question and responded to her with a smile.

She was unwilling to talk about her personal matters, and the woman walked away. She immediately breathed a sigh of relief when she saw her go away.

She couldn't tell her that she and Patrick slept together at the club when they first met.

But Patrick was the rumored teaching assistant at her school. She really thought it was incredible back then.

"You skipped all my classes," the man next to her suddenly said in a cold voice.

Patrick stared straight at her. "Christina, you really didn't attend a single lesson of mine at that time?"

"I had no choice. I needed to earn my school fee."

She drank the juice while playing dumb.

She suddenly thought of something, raised her head, looked straight at him with clear eyes, and asked directly, "Why did you work at my school as a teaching assistant?"

"Christina, what do you think?"

He wore a complicated look and asked softly in a deep voice.

The answer seemed to be obvious, but she didn't want to utter it.

She looked at him, her face flushed, and her heart pounding.

"I didn't touch the wine, but why was I a little intoxicated..."

Chapter 96 His Cousin's Hatred

"Stop drinking."

Christina helped Crystal, who was drunk, into the ladies' room to prevent her from falling into the toilet, but Crystal was not grateful and angry. "Christina, I want to break up with you!"

"You said you didn't know Mark. However, you had sex with my Prince Charming and you got pregnant..." Crystal belched and glared at Christina angrily.

"Christina, you lied to me. Tell me! What else are you hiding from me?"

Crystal was drunk and was getting bolder. She yelled at Christina, but

Christina was expressionless. Christina smelled alcohol on Crystal and pushed her straight into a cubicle.

"Hurry up," she said coldly.

There was still no sound in the cubicle. Christina hesitated for a moment and kicked the door of the bathroom with her right foot. "Crystal, hurry up, or I'll go in and help you take off your pants!"

Inside, Crystal was muddleheaded, but Christina was domineering, so Crystal was scared and she quickly relieved herself.

"She is so fierce. How could Mark marry her..." Crystal could not help but mutter in grief.

Her mind was in a mess, but she still



thought that her fierce best friend and Mark were indeed a perfect match. However, Crystal resented Christina for keeping her in the dark.

"Christina! Christina! You said your husband and I are in the same company..." After Crystal had relieved herself, she stumbled out of the cubicle and questioned Christina.

"I think I saw Patrick in room 1001 just now..."

"Patrick? How could that be... IP&G Group is having its quarterly celebration party tonight. He should be at the party..."

Crystal had just left the ladies' room and was a little confused. She watched two men in their 50s walk by, talking.

"Patrick..." She mumbled the name vaguely.

IP&G Group, Patrick...

The next second, Crystal screamed.  
"Christina."

Christina had been idly gazing at a potted plant on the left side of the corridor and turned to see Crystal running over in a murderous manner.

"Christina?" A man's voice came from the other end of the corridor.

She was surprised when she saw the man in front of her, Cory.

When Cory saw her, he was also surprised and walked towards her.

"Christina, are you here to have fun?  
I'm here tonight to negotiate a project,  
or I'll treat you..."

Crystal, who was drunk, ran over, put  
her arms around Christina's shoulders  
excitedly, and shouted angrily, "Patrick  
is my big boss. You married him, but  
you didn't tell me. I want to break up  
with you!"

"Calm down."

Christina looked embarrassed and  
glared at Crystal, who was drunk and  
courageous.

She turned to look at Cory and said in a  
calm tone, "I'm leaving first."

There was nothing more they wanted  
to say to each other.

Cory stood there with a complicated expression as he watched Christina walk towards room 1001 with a drunk woman...

"Was that the Young Madam of Hopkins Family?"

Two middle-aged men in suits walked out of the men's room. They looked surprised. "Patrick is really here."

One of the men smiled fawningly at Cory and asked, "Mr. Geoffrey, why don't we go over and say hello to your cousin..."

"F\*ck off."

Cory stared at the door of room 100, his face darkening a little. He gritted

his teeth and yelled, "Get out of here."

His business partners were taken aback. They didn't know when they pissed him off.

"Cory, what's wrong?"

The people in room 1002 were all thrown out. They looked confused and didn't dare to ask anymore. They came over with the contract tonight and were ready to sign it. They really didn't understand what was going on with the Young Master Geoffrey, so they had to leave with the briefcase.

"Get out, all of you."

Cory sat on the sofa in the middle of the room. He poured himself two large glasses of brandy and drank them all in

one gulp. The moment the liquor hit his throat, it was so hot that his heart and lungs burned unpleasantly.

"Cory, you're crazy. Stop drinking." A familiar female voice came from beside him. She was eager to snatch the glass from his hand.

"Get out of here."

His mind was in a fog. He looked up and his eyes were bloodshot as he glared at the woman in heavy makeup.

"Carrie, get out of here!"

"You are crazy! Boss Chen just agreed to sign the contract. Why are you..."

Bang-

Cory grabbed the crystal wine glass

from the table and slammed it on the floor, looking at her fiercely. "Get out of here now, Carrie! Don't let me see you again!"

The debris flew everywhere, and Carrie's face paled in fright. Seeing him grab the half bottle of brandy and drink it widely, Carrie looked angry and had mixed feelings.

"Cory, what are you doing now? For Christina, you've ruined your company, the reputation of the Geoffrey Family and even your daughter..."

"Daughter? How dare you mention your daughter to me? Carrie, you brought back a child given birth by a surrogate mother and lied to me."

Cory suddenly stood up, reeking of

alcohol. He suddenly put his right arm around her neck and pulled Carrie in front of him. "You can do anything for fame and money... You even teamed up with Patrick to set me up!"

Then he fiercely pushed her hard onto the couch and he was on top of her. He was resentful and tore at her clothes to vent his anger.

She was pained by his rough movements. He used her purely as an instrument for his sexual desires.

Carrie's eyes were filled with tears, and she felt humiliated. She pushed him away hurriedly. "Cory, go away. Don't touch me."

"Why? Don't pretend to be aloof and unwilling to have sex with me," Cory



was strong and pinched her jaw with his right hand. He gritted his teeth and was ridiculed. "Didn't you say that we already got the marriage certificate? You're the one who wants to be Young Madam of the Geoffrey Family, so you've tried your best to be with me. Carrie, what right do you have to refuse me?"

"Are you so angry because of Christina, who is in the next room?!"

He had drunk too much, so he was violent. Carrie's jaw was bruised by him, and she bore his heavy body. She looked at the man above her head and shouted angrily.

"Cory, you don't love her. You just don't want to lose to Patrick. It doesn't matter to you whom you have sex with.

Don't pretend to be infatuated. When I came back, you are obsessed with my body and you even said you loved me..."

"Shut up."

"Shut up."

He looked sulky, and he retorted angrily. It seemed that she had seen through him. He got up from her and was in a trance. "No..."

"If it weren't for Patrick, I wouldn't have divorced her and we would lead a happy life." He was drowsy and his eyes were bloodshot. He clenched his hands into fists and shouted to vent his anger.

"She was mine. I lost her because of Patrick. He was the one who set me up!"

Carrie watched as he ran out of the room in a huff. "Cory, where are you going?"

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