

Chapter 214

It was almost subconscious for her to turn to look at the door. She looked a little reserved. Derek was a very gentle person, and he closed the door very carefully as if he knew that she would be afraid.

Betty, on the other hand, suddenly shook off her hand in angry. She stepped hard, going straight back to the guest room on the left without looking at her again.

Betty didn't question her. She just brought her here, and... being cold to her.

Christina sat on the sofa in a daze.

She didn't know the reason for her

leaving the Hopkins family. It was only because her aunt wanted her to leave that she had to leave with her aunt.

But... Why?

Why was her aunt so angry?

Was it because she didn't tell Betty about her accidental pregnancy and remarriage to Patrick?

She didn't know. Her mind was in a mess.

"I, I want my phone." Suddenly, she looked up and shouted.

She knew that Derek was sitting opposite her, quietly accompanying her.

The man opposite her, whose blue eyes had been fixed on her, was not as angry as Betty. He did not have many expressions on his face, he just stared at her gently.

Derek did not speak or ask. He took out the phone from his suit and handed it to her.

Christina knew that he was always like this. As long as she asked for it, he would bring it right in front of her.

... He was the same as before.

She felt a little sad. Looking into his clear blue eyes, she had a lot to ask him. Where had he been all these years? And how had he been all these years?

However, when she took the phone, she could not help but think of Patrick. All she wanted to do was to call Patrick. She wanted to tell him...

She wanted to tell Patrick that she just left him temporarily...

She had promised him that she would stay with him.

Christina was sitting huddled up on the side of the sofa. It was daytime, but all the lights in the whole room were on. Under the incandescent light, Christina looked anxious, holding a new black phone and dialing the same number again and again.

Still, no one answered.

She looked down at the automatically

locked phone screen blankly. She felt upset.

The man beside her did not say a word. He quietly listened to the "The subscriber you dialed is busy" again and again.

Christina left her phone at the home of the Hopkins family. She called Patrick on Derek's phone. What call Patrick received was a new unknown number. No wonder Patrick refused to answer.

A faint sense of loss flashed across Christina's face. She raised her head, pursed her lips, and forced a smile. "I give up. Here you go..."

She handed the phone to Derek.

Derek was extremely handsome that

anyone who had seen him would never forget his looks. He was tall and thin, with slightly curled black hair and a handsome look. His skin was fair and delicate. And he had a straight nose and a pair of deep blue eyes. His features were perfect as sculptures.

He slightly looked downed and glanced at the phone Christina handed him. He was as if hesitating something.

At this moment, the phone suddenly rang.

Christina was dazed for a moment. When she saw Patrick's number on the screen, she felt excited.

"Who allowed you to call him?"

Before Christina could press the

answer button, a scolding came from behind her and someone snatched the phone away.

"Give it back to me..."

Christina quickly turned her head and subconsciously raised her hand to snatch it back. But when she met Betty's angry expression, her hand froze in midair.

"Auntie, I, I just want to..."

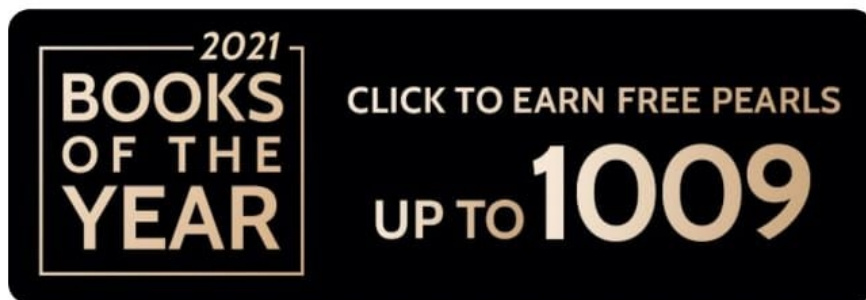
Christina stammered to explain. Betty saw her hesitant look and heard the phone in her hand was still ringing. Betty became angrier.

"You are not allowed to contact anyone surnamed Hopkins ever!"

With a wave of Betty, the phone was slammed to the floor, and the ringtone disappeared in an instant.

"Why..."

Christina's heart trembled. She looked at the woman in front of her, then at the smashed phone components on the floor. She said in a low voice, "Auntie, why..."



Chapter 215

Betty's expression was livid. She seemed unwilling to listen to Christina and she shouted and scolded Christina.

"Only people of the Dickens family, shameless and snobbish, would fawn on Hopkins family, that rich and powerful family. Have you forgotten what kind of person your grandma is? She is a profited-mind woman, so as others of the Dickens family. As long as they can gain benefits, they will disgrace themselves to fawn on the Hopkins family. They sell you to the Hopkins family and claim that's for your sake! Christina! Don't you listen to me now? Or you just want that vanity and wealth?"

"I, I'm not... It has nothing to do with the Dickens family."

Christina almost didn't dare to look at Betty who was angry like this. She lowered her voice, pursed her lips, and added, "Patrick is very good to me."

"Shut up!"

Betty gritted her teeth and reminded Christina with harsh words.

"That Patrick, Hopkins family's eldest grandson, was born with a silver spoon. He has everything he wants and there are many women who still covet him now. He had engaged to many women before since he was young. Now that you get married to him, so you're proud of yourself? How much do you know him? The son of Victor and Judy

must not be a good guy!"

Betty gritted her teeth hard. As if she had recalled something, and her body trembled angrily.

"You are not allowed to mention anyone surnamed of Hopkins the future. Not even a single word..."

"And, I tell you, I don't care if the Dickens family agrees to this marriage. Anyway, I don't agree. When you give birth to the bastard in your belly, you must break up with that Patrick!"

Christina stood up anxiously. "Why?"

"Auntie, did the Hopkins family have offended you? Or did Patrick do anything wrong? Tell me. I don't understand. I don't understand why

you're so against my marriage to Patrick. The people of the Hopkins are not as overbearing as rumors say. They treat me very well..."

"If you think they good, then don't take me as your aunt. You can leave now. Get lost -"

Betty didn't want to hear Christina's defense for the Hopkins family. She pointed in the direction of the door and roared angrily.

The cold shout echoed in the new room...

Christina did not argue back. She pursed her lips and lowered her head.

Christina was the only child of the wealthiest family in the C City, the

Dickens family. Her grandfather, General Eisenhower, had doted and spoiled her. So Christina had become kind of a headstrong girl. However, Christina had always respected her aunt, who had always been sick. Because Betty had been not in good health, Christina had dared not trouble Betty. And when they together had left the Dickens family and hung on, Christina had ever sought money for her aunt's medical care. Even that had been at the cost of starving and freezing, Christina had hung on with a smile.

Christina was obedient to Betty very much. But this time, she really didn't understand and didn't want to accept these arrangements.

"How many years have passed? We're

the only ones left in my family. Do you still remember your grandfather and your mother that..."

In the quiet house, Betty's low voice sounded. She was muttering to herself, full of miss.

"Do you remember that every time you made a mistake, your grandfather held you with a stern face, touched your little head, and scared you that he would punish you? Your grandfather loved you so much. He arranged everything for you back then. Christina, why are you disobedient?"

Betty choked with sobs, and her eyes were already red. Her voice now was not her usual soft voice.

Christina looked up and found there

were tears falling from the corner of Betty's eyes and falling on the bright floor one by one. Christina was in astonishment.

Her aunt cried!

Christina was suddenly at a loss and looked at Betty in panic.

Betty's eyes were filled with sadness and helplessness. She closed her eyes. The tears on her long eyelashes were still flashing. She whispered softly, almost begging, "Baby, you have to be obedient..."

"Baby, you have to be obedient."

Christina stiffened and those memories came to her mind.

How many years ago had it been? That had been her happiest childhood. She could be unscrupulously willful and naughty. Her mother's arms had been very warm and her mother had always coaxed her with the softest voice.

"Baby, don't make a scene. You have to be obedient."

The old days had been really happy. Christina still had had her grandfather and mother with her. And even Donald had been a loving father at that time. But all were the past...

The past that could not be returned.

After that, her grandfather had died, Donald cheated on her mother, and her mother committed suicide in prison in despair. Christina and Betty

fled the Dickens family and lived a frugal life, earned a living by pennies. From that moment on, she and her aunt had been the only ones left in her world.

"Baby, you have to be obedient." These simple words rang in Christina's mind over and over again.

Christina was stunned and completely silent.

Betty seemed very tired. It was as if she had used up all her courage. She did not ask Christina or scold Christina anymore. She walked back to her room unsteadily.

Christina looked at Betty's thin body and her heart ached.

Her aunt, Betty, was such a gentle, modest, and easy-going woman who would not argue with others. Her indifference and sternness today had exhausted her.

Betty actually shouted, lectured, and even begged with all her might...

A figure came over. Derek was still so quiet and accompanied Christina.

Christina's voice was low as if she was asking herself but not the person in front of her, "Derek, what do you think I should do?"

Chapter 216

This was a private boxing and fitness club, covering an area of more than 5,000 square meters. There was a shooting range to the west. One could learn horsemanship here in its subsidiary. It had only more than 1,000 anonymous members who enjoyed high privacy and professional services from only thousands of employees.

Among so many businesses under the Hopkins Group, this club was Christina's favorite. She had been longing to have a look, but she was grounded because of pregnancy. To her dismay, there was a sign hanging at the door of the huge and exquisite entertainment club.

It was closed.

"Patrick, I've found the number you asked me to check..."

Chandler was holding the notebook computer in his right hand, pushing the door open with his left hand. It was dim in the room, with only a row of lights on. The empty seats made it desert and cold.

Patrick actually sent all the waiters away.

As he walked a hundred meters into the club, the lights gradually brightened. As soon as he entered the boxing area, he vaguely heard a familiar wail.

The corner of Chandler's lips raised.

He felt helpless.

"Patrick, Chandler is here. Let's rest for a while..."

Charles' hands were tightly wrapped in gloves, but he was unable to ward off Patrick's attack. He felt terrible as he was always the one who got bitten when practicing with Patrick.

Upon seeing someone, Charles roared, gasping for breath.

The man in front of him seemed to be lost in his world. Ignoring him, he raised his right hand and punched him. Charles' eyes widened in fear. Patrick's fighting skills were agile and lethal. He almost thought he was going to be sent to the hospital.

"The number you dialed back yesterday is Derek's."

As Patrick's punch was about to land on Charles, Chandler stood under the stage with his arms folded across his chest. He looked at Charles on the stage and said.

The punch was missed, and Charles fell into the corner of the ring. His forehead was covered in sweat. Gasping for breath, he said through gritted teeth, "Christina, damn..."

He knew Patrick wouldn't be so calm as he looked when Derek took her away yesterday.

But he couldn't figure out he was the unlucky guy again.

Charles held a grudge against Christina secretly.

"Christina borrowed his phone to call you. That might be the case."

Chandler took a look at Charles and sympathized with him. He continued in a calm voice, "I also found six properties under Derek's name in A City. Do you need to follow them..."

Patrick remained in silence. But when he heard Chandler's words, he impatiently took off the gloves of his hands, threw them into the center of the stage, and strode down the stage.

Charles heaved a big sigh of relief.

Chandler looked at him and couldn't withdraw his laughter.

"Get that witch back!" Charles waved his fists and mouthed.

Chandler shrugged at him. They all knew that Patrick must know where she was and it was his call whether to get her back or not.

Patrick, who was such a possessive man, couldn't feel worse anymore. Watching his woman leave with someone else voluntarily distressed him. If he ordered to get Christina back immediately, she would be in trouble.

The culprit ran away. He could only vent his anger on his friends.

But Patrick was in a bad mood, which led to bad consequences.

Chandler worried about his personal safety. He said after a moment of thought, "When you called Christina back yesterday, it wasn't that she didn't want to answer it. Betty stopped her, I suppose."

Chandler was much smarter than Charles. He was very observant and knew what to say to make people comfortable. At least he knew he couldn't fuel Patrick's anger.

He learned the lesson from the day he graduated from college when he and Patrick had a match. As a result, he had been lying in the hospital for a month.

When Patrick heard what he said, he stopped and looked back at Chandler. He said, "Put the computer on the table."

With that, his cold face seemed to soften a little and he went straight into the bathroom in the inner room.

Charles, who was not in a mood to take a shower, stood up from the boxing table, and his feet felt weak. He staggered down the stage, found a booth to sit down, grabbed a mineral water and gulped it down.

Noticing that Patrick was not around, he scolded unhappily, "Damn it, I will be killed by Christina sooner or later."

Chandler sat opposite him, turned on the laptop, and teased as he worked on it, "Charles, you don't have to worry. According to your mom, you will never be defeated by any troubles."

"Chandler! Stop talking nonsense. It's killing me!" Charles retorted with a long face.

"It's your honor to get punched for Christina." Chandler looked gentle though, only those who were familiar with him knew how scheming he was.

"Forget about it. She almost screwed me over..." Charles said in anger, "Her auntie is even worse. What's wrong with Betty? I can't believe she fought with the Hopkins family directly and slapped Christina."

At this point, Charles was still a little incredulous.

He always found pleasure in seeing Christina crying. But what Betty had done was unbelievable, making

Patrick, as well as them, furious.

Patrick couldn't bear to scold Christina no matter how angry he was, but she was slapped by an outsider.

"Christina would be angry with Patrick for days if he scolded her. But she left with others after being slapped. In front of her aunt, she is a total pushover, unlike the person when she is with us. Why Betty seems to be against the Hopkins family?"

"Betty might not have any hatred for Hopkins family..."

Chandler couldn't figure it out either. His eyes fell on the computer screen. These were all the new information that Patrick had asked him to look up, but the file about Betty was very short.

All he could know was that she used to be a daughter of a wealthy family and it had nothing to do with Hopkins family at all.

"But Betty's attitude that day was so resolute that it was obvious that she wanted Christina to break up with Patrick."

As soon as Charles finished speaking, a loud bang came from the cold door of the club and a tall man came in.

They all wondered who could it be.

Charles and Chandler turned around warily, and asked in surprise, "What are you doing here?"

"I'm looking for Patrick!"

Chapter 217

Patrick came out of the bathroom of club. Just now, he had boxing with Charles, but he was still very upset. He put on the clothes that the club had specially prepared for him. It was a tailored dark purple shirt. His outstanding figure revealed a low-key nobility and his short hair was still dripping. He looked at the uninvited guest with a cold expression.

It was Cory.

Patrick did not have much emotion in his eyes. He sat directly in the booth next to Chandler and read the information on the computer screen. He completely pretended that the guest did not exist.

"Cousin, I have something important to tell you today!"

Cory was angry. Patrick still ignored him as before.

Charles had just been beaten up, and his body was pained. He leaned lazily against the booth and glanced at Cory. He thought Cory was another reckless person.

Even if Patrick didn't say anything, his cold aura should have told him that he was in a bad mood at the moment. It was better not to bother him now.

When they saw Cory, he and Chandler both wanted to kick him out, but they had a sinister idea.

Patrick was still angry, so it was good to

take his anger out on Cory.

The club was closed today. There was an echo in the huge space. The cold space was very quiet at this time, with only the sound of the keyboard.

Patrick was busy browsing through the information on the screen, still ignoring his cousin.

Cory looked a little worried. He took a big step forward and raised his voice angrily. "Patrick, I'm here to see you today!"

He didn't want to call him cousin anymore since Patrick, the talented son of the Hopkins family, had never taken his relatives seriously.

Cory's sound was probably a little loud

and annoying.

Only then did the man in the booth raise his head slightly and glanced at Cory unhappily, ready to throw him out.

"Why haven't you been working at the headquarters of IP&G Group recently? My mother said you took a year off. Why?" Seeing that Patrick finally looked at him, Cory asked the main point directly.

"Cory, you came all the way here to care about your cousin. It's a rare scene."

Charles teased and gloated at the side.

Cory had become more steady in the past six months. He used to be too

competitive and always liked to compare with his cousin but always lost badly every time. After Christina's matter, he became more steady.

He ignored Charles's provocation and looked straight at Hopkins family's only grandson. He repeated, "Why did you take such a long leave?"

The Hampton family annoyed him, so he had been running out for the past six months and only came back from Munich last month. His mother, Laurie, was happy to tell him that grandpa had personally ordered Patrick to leave all the business of the IP&G Group. In the following whole year, several vice presidents, his mother, and other aunts were in charge of the whole group's business.

This was unusual.

"Patrick, are you sick?" Otherwise, he wouldn't have been idle for so long.

The man in the booth who was browsing the computer screen paused.

Charles, who was sitting in the opposite seat, raised his eyebrows. It seemed that Cory was not so stupid.

"I found out that Christina's aunt went to Hopkins family to make a big fuss yesterday, and Betty took her away..."

Cory continued, and when the man who had completely ignored him heard Cory mention the name Christina, he suddenly became angry and showed a cold expression.

Cory clearly saw Patrick's angry and said proudly, "It seems that Christina's aunt doesn't like you at all."

Patrick closed his laptop impatiently and looked up coldly, "Don't force me to do something about your Hampton family business."

Even if he didn't participate in the IP&G Group, it would be easy for him to take down a company that he disliked.

Cory stood up straight and his face turned pale.

Of course, he knew what Patrick could do. His mother had taught him since he was a child to fawn on his cousin, let alone to oppose him.

"Patrick, don't be too arrogant. I told

you there must be someone in this world who will make you fall!"

Cory's face darkened with anger and he cursed angrily, "I don't care why you left the IP&G Group. I just want to know if you're implicating Christina. Don't think I don't know. I sent someone to check. The strange text messages Christina received, the takeaway with laxatives, and being hurt at the hospital, all of these were aimed at you."

"Patrick, you said she's my sister-in-law now so I don't have the right to care about her. But what about you? You'll only hurt her when she's with you!"

His words kept echoing in the cold and empty clubhouse...

Hearing this, Charles became nervous and didn't know how dare Cory to say that.

He carefully turned to Patrick and saw Patrick's dark face. Patrick clenched the silver-grey laptop in his right hand, his veins throbbing in his fists.

To Charles's surprise, he didn't lash out.

"Patrick is too cruel and cold. He's not suitable for you. He must have a purpose in marrying you. He's too complex and even many elders in the circle can't see through him. Christina, Patrick will hurt you."

At 5: 00 in the afternoon, in late autumn, the sun gradually fell, and the hazy golden afterglow shone into the

exquisite independent villa. Betty was persuading Christina.

The two of them sat at the dining room table in front of the kitchen. Christina was wearing an apron and a small basket was placed between her legs. She lowered her head and skillfully dealt with vegetables, removing some withered leaves and old stems. She looked very focused as if she had not heard Betty's instructions at all.

Her aunt, Betty, was much calmer today. This morning, she was taken to the market to buy vegetables and fish. She also accompanied Betty to buy a lot of oil, salt, soy sauce and vinegar. Her aunt seemed to like living a simple and peaceful life like this, and even now she spoke gently.

Betty patiently told her a lot. She just listened quietly and did not agree or refute.

Christina sorted out the vegetables in the basket and looked up. Just then, Betty stood up from the chair opposite her and reached out to take the small basket.

"I'll go wash up. Sit still. The water is cold. It's troublesome for you to be pregnant and have a cold."

As he spoke, Betty turned around and walked into the kitchen, turning on the tap to wash the vegetables.

Christina did not rush to work. She sat still and looked at the busy figure in the kitchen, feeling a little uncomfortable.

Though her aunt scolded and hit her,
she was worried about her.



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Chapter 218

"I make you a fish soup. Don't eat the fish when you have the soup later. There are too many fishbones. I put wolfberries and ginger slices to avoid the fishy smell. If you don't like the red dates, you can pick them up..."

Betty knew Christina's preference very well. She was busy killing fish, washing the stew pot, and adding Chinese herbs into it. In the meantime, she turned around to remind Christina.

"You don't have to make it for me. I'm not so picky now." Christina was a little ashamed.

Auntie, who was the daughter of the Eisenhower family, had been taken good care of since she was a child.

When they first left the Dickens family, their food was really hard to swallow. After so many years of training, Christina's own cooking skills were still very poor, but Betty was proficient in all kinds of home-cooked dishes. She was good at baking cakes, making desserts and sweet water.

"I've worked so hard to learn this. If I don't cook for you, who shall I cook for?"

Betty turned on the range hood very skillfully in the kitchen. She was stewing the soup on the one side, and took out the beef marinated this morning for frying on the other side.

The afterglow in the west dimmed bit by bit. Christina looked at the setting sun and felt a touch of happiness.

Life was like this. Ordinary people, who were not good at those gorgeous and touching words, could touch people's hearts with simple words in an instant.

In fact, like Betty, Christina did not expect to be rich and powerful. She was satisfied with a self-sufficient life.

"When you married Cory in the past, I had expressed my disapproval. Those people's life circle was too complicated for us. Now, you make such a big trouble while I was in the hospital. You have been pregnant for a few months. If I had known it earlier, I wouldn't let you keep the baby..."

Betty's voice came from the kitchen again. She was obviously complaining but was not so angry.

The steak was quickly fried. Christina, who smelled the aroma, got up to fetch a plate from the disinfection cabinet and handed it over. Betty took the plate tacitly and said casually.

"Christina, you still have a long life ahead of you. Can you live with Patrick for the rest of your life?"

Christina froze on the spot in a daze and did not answer.

Betty was a little angry when seeing her expression, but after all, she was her niece. If there were any faults, they must be attributed to those surnamed Hopkins. She quickly arranged the aromatic steaks and asked Christina to bring them to the table.

Christina hurried to the table with two plates of steak as if to evade the question.

Then Betty quickly cooked a plate of green vegetables and a plate of scrambled eggs with tomatoes. The fish soup was not ready yet. So she came out with two simple dishes.

"Listen to my words and take my advice. Don't play dumb." Betty knew Christina's temperament very well.

"Oh."

Christina set the table by preparing two bowls and two pairs of chopsticks. Since Derek didn't come to eat, the two could pay no attention to table manners. They were much more at ease now than in the Hopkins family.

Christina picked up her chopsticks and put a piece of tomato into her mouth. When chewing it, she replied perfunctorily.

"You are such a picky eater that you don't even eat eggs. You need nutrition when you're pregnant."

Betty also sat down, took a large porcelain spoon, and added a spoonful of scrambled eggs with tomatoes in Christina's bowl. Christina poked the eggs with her chopsticks as she didn't want to eat them, but she didn't dare to refuse. So she swallowed them expressionlessly.

There were few people who could deal with Christina, and Betty was one of them.

Betty examined her bitter face which looked as if she was taking poison, feeling a little angry and a little amused. "I've already told Derek not to be too accommodating to you. Sometimes he should be harsh to you..."

"Don't teach him a bad lesson." She was a little surprised and did not understand why her aunt suddenly talked about this.

Betty was also not in a good mood when talking about Derek, because she had told Christina not to bully Derek all day long and Derek not to be too good-tempered many times. Nevertheless, they were still the same, one willing to beat and another willing to be beaten.

"Tell me, which man in the second-generation circle is loyal? None. Just see how much love and affection Donald used to have with your mother. Even your grandfather praised Donald as a good son-in-law. But later Donald became rich and powerful while the Eisenhower family declined. He found a young and beautiful lover, Connie. Once a man changes his mind, he can do anything cruel. Donald said that your mother caused Connie to miscarry and sent her to prison. He did such an ungrateful thing just for a lover."

Though many years had passed, they still felt the hatred when they talked about it again despite their calm acceptance of the fact.