

Chapter 243

Crystal got a windfall. She had mixed feelings, and she was a little excited and uneasy.

She called back the strange call, but no one answered it.

She drove to the market, thinking about the money all the way.

"Do I need to tell Derek?"

Crystal knew that she was not smart enough. But the money was very strange, it came at the time she was most in need of money. 200,000 more dollars was a huge sum of money for her, which was almost her previous annual salary at IP&G Group.

Holding the steering wheel, Crystal suddenly thought of something important. Then she immediately drove to the bank.

"Hello, please check the transaction details of this card. Where did this money come from?"

She stopped the car and rushed straight into the bank to check.

The clerk at the counter saw that she was flustered and asked, "What's wrong? Did you encounter a telecommunications fraud?"

Crystal was even more flustered when she heard about telecommunications fraud.

Money didn't grow on trees. There

must be something wrong.

"Please check for me. I don't even know where the money comes from."

She waited anxiously. The clerk at the counter was very professional and quickly checked and printed it out for her.

Finally, Crystal was told that the money was transferred from the IP&G Group's financial account.

IP&G Group transferred it.

Crystal was surprised by the sudden happiness.

Seeing her reaction, the clerk kindly added, "There should be no problem with the money. You have always had

the transfer records of the company's salary. The IP&G Group building is in the second alley. You can also go and consult it yourself."

"I see. Thank you."

After thanking the clerk, Crystal walked out of the bank happily.

The reason she left IP&G Group was actually to act as a stepping stone for Barbara. Barbara pretended to be kind and said that the company would give her an extra month's salary as compensation, but she didn't receive the money for a long time. She didn't expect that Barbara would be so generous, who compensated her one year's salary.

Crystal returned to her car and smiled

a little foolishly.

The money was legal and reasonable, so there was no need to ask Derek, lest she was laughed at.

Buying food and cooking by herself didn't cost too much. As she drove, she secretly calculated that even if Christina ate and drank at her house for a year, the two hundred thousand dollars would be enough.

"Patrick can be back in three months. There's no need to save money. I can buy more good food and cook for her..." Crystal decided to go shopping.

With more than 200,000 dollars in her hand, Crystal felt a little dizzy.

However, when she received another

strange call, she became extremely vigilant. Could it be that the IP&G Group found that they had paid her too much? She didn't want to return the money back.

"Hello, this is Crystal." She greeted the other end of the phone fawningly.

However, instead of the formulaic tone she had expected, a child shouted loudly, "Stupid Crystal."

Crystal's face darkened.

It turned out to be Geoffrey.

"Your voice just now is so unpleasant."
On the other end of the phone, the child said in an innocent voice.

Crystal snorted. With the 200,000

dollars arrived, she was in a good mood and didn't get angry with him.

"Kid, why do you have my phone number?"

"I saw it last time." Geoffrey was honest.

Geoffrey directly got to the point, "My father is back."

When Crystal heard this, she looked at the sky with emotion. Today's weather was good, and her mood was good too.

She had a chance to contact Patrick since Chandler was back.

She immediately parked the car by the side and said in a serious tone, "Geoffrey, please let your father

answer the phone. I have something to talk to him about."

"What's your relationship?" Geoffrey asked back.

"Why do you have to talk to my father? Is there something secret?"

Crystal rolled her eyes, "We don't have any relationship and we don't have secrets neither."

"But my father taught me not to pay attention to those irrelevant people." Geoffrey was a little distressed and embarrassed to tell her, "You have no relationship with my father. I can't let him answer your phone."

Crystal was furious. What did he mean? Was he playing with her?

Just as she was about to scare him, Geoffrey wisely changed the subject, "My nanny left today."

"Don't tell me that. I'm not interested in your family."

Geoffrey listened to Crystal's roar on the other end of the phone and said calmly, "But my nanny is not an irrelevant person. She's a servant. So... Do you have interest in this job?"

Crystal was so furious. Why was Chandler's son so perverted?

Chapter 244

"Hurry up here. My father is going out later and you won't see him..." Geoffrey shouted loudly and hung up the phone in an agile manner.

Crystal was a little embarrassed for his words implied that her relationship with Chandler was unusual.

In this way, she was tricked to go to Chandler's house by a five-year-old kid. The Stephenson family was a family of scholars for generations, and their house looked less magnificent than the Hopkins family's house. It was located in the western suburbs of A City with a tranquil and fresh environment. The chinese courtyard building. Standing outside the retro-

style door, she hesitated for a while and knocked on the door.

It was said that Chandler's grandfather was once a tenured professor in Princeton before he died, but at that time, during the national turmoil, his grandfather gave up everything and resolutely returned back home to support his country, making a major contribution to the backward scientific research at that time. Chandler's parents were also professors at famous universities.

Crystal stood outside the door and waited. She was imagining if there would be a line of well-trained maids opening the door for her and welcoming her.

It turned out that she was thinking too

much.

She kept knocking on the door and no one came for her.

Finally, she found a communication button on the upper right side of the door, and then she rang the bell despondently. She didn't expect that the retro courtyard was equipped with modern technology.

Finally, she heard footsteps approaching, and the heavy door was opened with a click. Then she looked at the man in front of her in surprise.

Crystal was too shocked to greet and stared at him in a daze.

"Are you lost your way?" Chandler felt that this woman was a little bit strange.

He had met her several times before, so he knew that she was Christina's good friend. In addition, she had engaged in his company's cooperation project with IP&G Group a long time ago. Once, when he had a stomachache during a meeting, she went to buy some medicine and secretly put it on his desk.

But overall, he didn't know her well.

"Miss Zhu, what brings you here? Why do you look so shocked?" Chandler asked directly in a distant tone.

Crystal looked embarrassed and complained in her heart. Why was this man so rude? She just didn't expect that he would open the door for her personally.

Chandler looked gentle and kind, but in fact, he was very scheming. She knew it very well.

"How is Patrick now?" Crystal asked directly.

"He's in Seattle."

Chandler didn't hide it from her and told her the truth.

"I know he's in Seattle. I mean when will he be back? Is his illness really so serious..."

Chandler interrupted her, his tone a little cold. "Miss Zhu, since you know that Patrick is not an ordinary man, then you must know that I can't make comments about his illness. It will

affect the group's stock price. The consequence is too much for everyone to bear."

Crystal listened to his lecture and lowered her head guiltily.

If Patrick really had a serious illness, it would definitely affect the entire IP&G Group, and some words were forbidden to say.

"Miss Zhu, you can go straight to the highway by turning left. If you get lost, please turn on your GPS. Then see you around."

Chandler didn't want to talk to her anymore, so he said goodbye and closed the door.

Crystal could clearly see that Chandler

was unwilling to talk to her. She watched him closing the heavy door absent-minded. Suddenly, she was very angry. These upper-class people always acted in a condescending manner.

"Christina's children are dead!" She shouted angrily.

Chandler, who was at the other end of the door, stopped when he heard her.

He did not speak immediately, and his brows were slightly furrowed with fatigue. In fact, he had just returned back from Seattle and found out about it.

Christina's twins were gone.

He felt heavy and could hardly believe

it, but the reality was so cruel.

Seeing that he was indifferent, Crystal became even more excited. "Do you guys really not know this? It has been almost half a month and the people in the Hopkins family have ignored her. Where is Patrick? Where is he? Please, if you can contact Patrick, tell him that Christina really wants to see him."

Chandler looked at the woman in front of him and her eyes turned red with anxiety.

He rubbed his brows and said calmly, "I can't help you with this."

"Patrick can't come back from Seattle for the time being."

"When exactly will he be back? Will it

really take three months? What if he never comes back? Even if Patrick really can't come back for the time being, he can at least call and send a text message or make a video call when he's free..."

The more Crystal said, the angrier she became. "This is about his wife and children. Why is he so cruel?"

Chandler felt very upset at her accusations and scoldings.

He coldly asked her to leave. "Miss Zhu, you are not qualified to meddle in these matters. Please leave my house immediately."

"Chandler, don't put on such an arrogant look. I'm not as rich as you, but I'm not stupid!"

Crystal was even angrier at his cold and heartless words. Her eyes were red and she held back her tears. Her bright eyes looked straight at him.

"I don't believe that Patrick is seriously ill and won't be cured. A rich and powerful man like him knows schemes better than anyone else. He can't fight unprepared battles. Don't lie to me that he won't come back because something happened to him. He just doesn't want to come back!"

Chandler looked shocked. He didn't expect this soft woman to say this.

Crystal looked tense and her heart was cold.

She would never look for them to ask

for information about Patrick again. Anyway, time could heal everything. Christina would definitely go through this. When she got better, her relationship with Patrick would be cut off completely.

She turned her gaze away and left.

Chandler looked at her in astonishment and he didn't expect that this woman to be so angry. Seeing that she was leaving, he suddenly felt that he had to say something. He opened his lips and hesitated...

At this moment, a small figure rushed out of the house. A pair of short fair hands grabbed Crystal's pants directly and stopped her from leaving.

Crystal stopped and looked down at

the little guy expressionlessly.

Without looking at her, Geoffrey just held her pants tightly. The little guy turned around and shouted at the door, "Dad, this is the nanny I hired. She can cook for us."

Nanny?

What nonsense was this little guy talking about?

Crystal turned to look at Chandler with her expression more and more ferocious. Chandler completely ignored her, but it seemed that he was considering his son's suggestion carefully.

Geoffrey knew his father very well and took the opportunity to persuade him,

"Grandpa and grandma have gone abroad to be visiting professors. No one has cooked could cook for us. Anyway, if we have to hire someone, why can't be her?"

The little man thought for a moment and added, "She's poor. She doesn't have a job."

"Geoffrey, thank you for your 'kind' words!"

Crystal lowered her head and glared at the little guy angrily. She gritted her teeth and thanked him. She found that Geoffrey was as evil as his father!

She raised her head and forced a smile. "Thank you so much for your appreciation. I don't think I can do it. See you around!" She stressed her last

words deliberately.

She should not be so polite, hmph.

She would never yield to anyone!

Unfortunately, it only lasted for a minute, just a minute...

Chandler's phone suddenly rang. He asked the other end of the phone, "Patrick just woke up?!" After a few words, he hung up the phone. Crystal couldn't hear what he was talking about clearly, but she was sure that Chandler was talking to Patrick's grandpa.

Patrick just woke up? Did that mean he would be back soon...

Since Chandler was so close with the

Hopkins family, he must know a lot about them.

Just as Crystal was lost in her mind, Geoffrey, who was next to her, tugged at her pants. The little guy whispered to her kindly, "Didn't you say that two children were missing? Their mommy was worried about them. My father is very powerful. He knows a lot of things..."

The thought of staying here and snooping flashed through Crystal's mind immediately.

Chandler hung up the phone and looked at them with interest. He was a little confused because his son didn't like to be accompanied since he was a child. Even the nanny he hired was chased away by his son on purpose.

After thinking for a while, he found Crystal was sort of a pushover.

It was rare for his son to like her, and then he narrowed his eyes to look Crystal up and down...

"Miss Zhu, I have two requests. First, from Monday to Friday, you have to pick up Geoffrey from kindergarten. Second, you have to take care of me and Geoffrey, including cleaning and cooking. The basic salary is ten thousand, and the bonus depends on your performance."

"I didn't say yes!" Crystal retorted angrily.

His overbearing words made her furious.

Chandler leaned against the door and glanced at her casually. "Really? But your expression tells me that you desperately want to stay for some ulterior motives."

He actually could read her mind.

Crystal felt guilty and wondered if her expression could really give herself away.

Doing housework was no big deal to her, but for some reason, she stressed, "Cleaning and cooking are fine with me, but I'll leave when my job's done. I won't stay overnight!"

Chandler looked at her in a gentle and serious manner for a long time. Finding that this woman seemed to be very

nervous, he suddenly felt funny.

He looked down and up at her figure in a deliberate and exaggerating way, and then calmly told her, "Miss Zhu, you don't have to worry. You're safe with me."

Crystal looked twisted. What did he mean by that?!

Geoffrey, who was tugging her pants, ran to his father and hugged Chandler's leg in a good mood, smiling in a handsome way, while Chandler reached out to touch his little head lovingly, with an elegant smile on his face.

Looking at them , Crystal suddenly felt as if she had been set up...

Chapter 245

Cunning!

Time passed quickly. Crystal had worked for the Stephenson family for a month, and she wasn't busy. However, every time she saw Chandler's gentle and handsome face, and his chuckle, she could not help scolding him in her mind.

"Miss Zhu, thanks to your care, Geoffrey is always happy recently. You have contributed a lot."

Crystal was expressionless and silent.

"However, you are loyal and honest, so I suppose you care little about money and only offer you a basic salary this month. I'm afraid that you will feel

stressed if I give you bonuses."

'I would never be stressed. I wanted money!'

Crystal remained silent, but she seemed to be angry.

"By the way, are the cookies I gave you delicious?"

Crystal Zhu nodded stiffly.

"Did you eat a lot?"

She hesitated. "I've eaten them up."

"Good."

Mr. Stephenson's praise was actually meaningful. Then, he told her calmly, "If you have diarrhea tonight, remember

to call me. There are still many boxes of cookies at home. I don't know if they have expired because they've been home for too long."

Crystal was shocked, with some biscuit crumbs on the corner of her lips.

She was furious. Mr. Stephenson, you gentle scum!

She really wanted to quit!!

She had endured humiliation for a whole month. It was a simple thing to pick up the children or to do housework or to do some cooking. The biggest trouble was to face Geoffrey and Chandler.

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"I heard that Patrick's operation in the United States was successful. He's recovering well." Crystal immediately shared the news with Christina at home.

It had been more than 40 days since Christina was discharged from the hospital. Christina would wake up in a cold sweat with her hands and feet freezing cold a few days ago. At that time, she clenched Crystal's hand very hard, saying that she had really heard the baby crying in the operating room that day.

She spoke disjointedly, sometimes even incoherently and deliriously.

Crystal sat by the bed and watched Christina. Every time her eyes would

turn red and she would hug her tightly. She knew that Christina who was trembling was actually panicking.

Crystal remained silent, without the courage to mention the child. They all dreamed that the children would be fine.

Christina suddenly lost nearly 10 kilograms, making Crystal sad as well. About 25 days after the incident, Christina suddenly asked for more rice, saying that she would gather her strength to think of another method.

Christina didn't need others' comfort, stronger than expected.

Crystal cried with joy that day. Derek still talked little, but he obviously looked relieved. Finally, they didn't

have to worry about Christina's mental illness, so they all looked better.

In fact, it was worse. One morning, before Crystal went out, she wanted to ask Christina what food she would like to eat, but Christina was just lying silently on the bed. Crystal took a step forward quietly, only to find that Christina's forehead was drenched in a cold sweat and she was trembling, with the pillow already wet.

Christina didn't dare to cry out, probably because she didn't want her friends to worry about her, or maybe Christina was forcing herself to face the misery.

Crystal had had to go to the Stephenson family every day before. Later, Chandler might have known that

Christina lived with her and informed Crystal that she didn't have to go there on the weekend because he wanted some personal space. Crystal was a little touched although Chandler's words were still annoying.

With Derek at home, Crystal was much more relieved. Derek was extremely meticulous, and Crystal found that he was good at cooking. Compared to the food prepared by him, the food she cooked was disgusting.

Betty had visited Christina a few times, and Derek did not refuse her to enter the house. But Derek seemed to look a little colder, even without having a glance at Betty. Crystal thought that Derek perhaps blame Betty for dragging Christina into the rain that

day.

"Crystal, thank you for taking care of Christina."

"I did little. Derek was the one who took care of her."

Crystal had no idea why Betty wouldn't like Christina and Patrick to be together. Whether what had happened that day was related to Betty, before it was investigated, Betty was at least Christina's aunt. As a result, Crystal behaved in a polite manner.

Betty always seemed remorseful. Crystal could tell that Betty was in a bad mood, so she would usually comfort Betty, "With Derek around, Christina will get better soon. Time is

the best medicine."

Every time Betty came over, she would bring some nourishing stew, which would be poured into the toilet by Derek immediately. It wasn't because Derek hated Betty, but for the reason that Derek was always prudent.

"Christina was attacked by a woman in the car that day," Derek said something strange to Crystal.

Crystal was shocked and confused for a moment. "How do you know?" Christina had never mentioned what had happened that day before.

"I hypnotized her."

Derek dropped a sentence and turned to the kitchen without any

explanations.

Crystal's mind went blank for about two minutes, then she became irritated. "Does this mean that someone planned to hurt Christina before?"

Derek wouldn't explain more, so Crystal could only imagine what had happened and gave up thinking about it in the end.

She didn't dare to ask Christina about what had been going on that day. To put it bluntly, all of them would like to avoid mentioning it, hoping to let time cure the pain.

Today was Friday, which meant that Crystal had to work in the Stephenson family. Before she left early in the

morning, Crystal remembered something important. She took the calendar and counted the days. "I said before that three months later I would return home, it is already half of a month..."

However, today seemed to be special. Derek also got up early, and he came over and told Crystal to stay at home and take care of Christina.

"Where are you going?" Crystal asked when Derek slammed the door and left in a hurry.

Ever since Christina lived in her house, Derek had basically become a homebody. He had called someone to deliver the food and supplies. Today, he looked strange and went outside, which made Crystal not only shocked

but also uneasy.

After spending more than a month with Derek, Crystal thought Derek was a perfect man. He was handsome with his clear blue eyes. He looked expressionless as if nothing could affect him.

So what was the matter with him?

"Christina, did Derek tell you anything?"

Crystal called Chandler and said that she needed to be absent today and Chandler didn't ask why. As a result, Crystal made some breakfast and went to the guest room to ask Christina to eat. Seeing that Christina look better today, Crystal asked.

"Nothing."

Christina sat at the table and ate like a machine. Hearing the question, she replied in a low voice.

"Oh, then eat more. It might not be so tasty." Crystal sat opposite her and scooped her a bowl of porridge.

"Did Derek go out?"

"Yes, he suddenly said he had something to do outside."

Crystal looked at Christina who seemed really not to know where Derek had gone to. Then, she thought for a moment and added, "Probably because Derek has been at home for too long recently, and has a lot of businesses to deal with. There should

be nothing serious. He will come back tonight."

Crystal was right. Derek did come back that night.

It was 1 o'clock in the morning, and Crystal was sitting in the hall worriedly. When hearing someone opening the door, Crystal quickly ran over. "You're finally back. I was worried that it would take months for you to return." Then she breathed a sigh of relief.

But when Crystal looked up, she was stunned.

Derek's clothes were torn and messy, and his short hair was stained with dirt. Even his cheeks and nose were bruised, with his thin lips and forehead bleeding.

It was the first time Crystal had seen him in such a mess. How could he be seriously hurt in this way?

"What's wrong with you?"

Derek replied calmly, "I've fought with Patrick."

Chapter 246

It was past 1 a.m. And the neighborhood was quiet.

The living room of one of the apartments was brightly lit. Crystal quickly took out the medical kit and frowned at Derek, who was covered in injuries. She fell into deep thought.

Derek actually went to fight with Patrick.

Looking at the injuries, she could imagine that they fought too fiercely...

"Do you need help?" She saw that he seemed to have hurt his back.

"No."

Derek simply refused. Although he was hurt all over, he was not anxious at all. He did not frown, and he was still so calm as if he did not feel the pain even if he was hurt.

"Why are you fighting?"

Crystal was warm-hearted, and she felt sorry when she saw the bruises and bleeding on Derek's handsome face.

Crystal was suddenly a little annoyed. She remembered that Patrick was very strong and he was good at Thai boxing, but Derek was so thin and quiet. How could Patrick do this!

"He's not much better."

Derek seemed to know what she was

thinking. Without raising his head, he said slowly.

"Did Patrick also get hurt?"

Crystal asked subconsciously. Suddenly, she froze and her expression changed. She immediately sat down beside Derek and asked him anxiously, "Has Patrick returned home?!"

Only then did Crystal realize the point. Patrick was back?!

Derek did not answer her, and his emotionless face became a little gloomy. Finally, he whispered to her, "Don't let Christina know it."

Crystal paused for a moment.

She had heard him call out the word

"Christina" in such a clear and deep voice many times. His voice was as calm as his temperament, and it was very pleasant to hear.

And it sounded so natural as if it was a habit of his life.

"Since Patrick is back, why can't let Christina know it?" Crystal didn't understand.

Derek remained silent. He took the anti-inflammatory drug and ointment from the table and went to the bathroom.

In the early morning, the living room was quiet, and only Crystal's voice echoed.

Finally, Crystal sighed and looked at

the clock on the wall. It was late at night. Then she turned off the lights in the living room and went back to her room to rest.

Soon the night returned to peace.

However, Crystal did not know that the door of the next room opened a little. Christina inside was leaning against a wall and heard their conversation clearly.

He's back.

He's already back...

Sitting by the bed, there was no light on in the small room. There was a layer of gauze curtains in front of the right window. The street lights outside faintly shone in, and the orange light

was not dazzling.

This was the new curtain that Derek had asked someone to put in. He knew that if it was too bright, she would be restless. And if it was too dark, she would be afraid. He had always known her very well.

It was already November, and it was a little cold at night. Christina sat against the head of the bed and hugged her knees with both hands. She turned to look at the bright green alarm clock on the bedside table in a daze.

It was 1: 45 in the morning, and the hour hand of the clock moved very slowly.

She couldn't sleep.

She hoped that time would pass a little faster and that dawn would come soon.

She fixed her eyes on the clock and kept looking forward to it, just like she had been looking forward to a miracle for more than 40 days.

If he came back, everything would be alright.

As long as he came back, everything would come right in the end.

At night, the neighborhood was very quiet. Perhaps everyone was asleep. Until the street lights outside turned off automatically, it was dark before dawn. She still sat there and held the little alarm clock tightly. She knew that after this moment, it would soon be

dawn.

She could wait.

Soon the sky turned white, and the curtains let in a hazy light again.

At 6:00 in the morning, Crystal got up with dark eye circles on her face. And she went to brush her teeth and take a bath, then she was about to go to the kitchen to make breakfast. When she passed Christina's room, she suddenly stopped.

"Christina, what do you want for breakfast..." She opened the door and then she froze.

Where was Christina?!

Derek got hurt yesterday. He slept on

the sofa in the living room and didn't wake up until Crystal rushed over and roared at him, "Christina is missing!"

Derek woke up in shock and frowned. Both of them were thinking about the same thing.

Christina must have gone to find Patrick.

Sure enough, Christina couldn't wait to find Patrick, so she went to the Hopkins family.

For the first time, she was stopped outside by the grand iron gate of the Hopkins family. On the other side of the door was a familiar face, but he said the cruelest words.

"Miss Dickens, this is the divorce

agreement for you."

Chapter 247

But what was the result? It was a clear divorce agreement.

"Young Master Hopkins has signed it. Please cooperate with us." Paul urged her at the other end of the door.

She still did not move. Her eyes fixed on the eye-catching divorce agreement. The handwriting was really his own autograph.

She didn't pick it up, and her face was pale.

For a long time, she said in a hoarse voice solemnly, "Ask Patrick to come out and see me."

"Miss Dickens, you still have a long

life... Take care."

Paul didn't seem to be able to bear it. Christina had lost a lot of weight, and she was in a trance with a pale face.

They knew what she had gone through, and they knew that she was depressed, but that was the reality.

"Miss Dickens, now that the child is gone, you are no longer of any value to our Hopkins family."

"Sign this divorce agreement and regard it as a dream."

Every word Paul said was so cold and heartless. He solemnly handed the two agreements to the security guard at the door and turned to leave.

Christina was in a daze and froze in place.

"Miss Dickens, please sign here..."

Everyone in Hopkins family was so aloof and unapproachable, including the servants.

"Ask Patrick to come out and see me."

Unable to suppress her emotions, she rushed forward, grabbed the cold iron door with both hands, and shouted at Paul, who was walking away, "Call him out!"

"Miss Dickens, watch yourself. Don't mess around in our Hopkins family, or don't blame us for being rude..." The two security guards looked impatient and dragged her from the side.

However, she gripped the iron pillar of the high gate fiercely with her thin fingers and refused to leave.

"I want to see Patrick."

"I want to see Patrick-" Her voice was choked with sobs and despair.

In this vast Hopkins family, her voice was so faint that it dissipated with the wind. No one here would care about her anymore.

"Old Master Hopkins, she's still outside the door!"

The rising sun was already hanging high in the sky. Paul finally came to Northern Garden and said in a complicated voice.

The wind was a little strong today, and Northern Garden was quiet. The cold wind swept past as if no one cared here.

In the back garden of Northern Garden, the old man looked at the bamboo forest in front of him with a walking stick. Unknowingly, he had spent more than 40 days in Seattle. He even missed this year's mid-autumn festival. The bamboo leaves on the wall began to wither and turn yellow.

He was finally back.

Yesterday, they took a flight and finally returned home. However, he felt that all the scenery in front of him was so strange.

"Hopkins family seemed to change a lot."

The old man's old voice drifted away with the cold wind, meaningful and heavy.

"Rovy..." Suddenly, the old man called Butler Rovy, who had been by his side for many years. His voice was no longer as cold and imposing as usual, but sadder.

"Rovy, I shouldn't have chased her away that day."

He forced to chase Christina away that day. He never thought that on such a stormy day...

"Old Master Hopkins, we are all heartbroken that the child is gone."

Especially when they saw the invitations placed at home, the colorful children's room, and the cute baby clothes, they would feel heartbroken.

Butler Rovy lowered his voice and tried to comfort him, but they knew in their hearts that it was of little use.

The dead would never live again.

"At least... At least Young Master Hopkins' surgery went well." Finally, he muttered in a low voice.

At least their Young Master Hopkins was still alive, and Christina never belonged to them, and everything returned to the beginning.

Chapter 248

Derek and Crystal looked around anxiously for Christina.

They went to the Hopkins family, but the security guards only said that she had come and gone.

"Gone?"

"When did she leave?" Crystal rushed forward and pressed the middle-aged security guard about Christina.

But the security guard didn't care to respond to her, and he said perfunctorily, "About twenty minutes ago."

As he spoke, he turned to look at the two documents on the counter in the

security booth, raised his voice, and cursed in annoyance, "She's making a big fuss here, and she hasn't signed the divorce agreement yet..."

"What, divorce agreement?" Crystal asked obtusely.

As soon as she asked, Derek on the other side turned grimly and strode forward to quickly grab the security guard's collar with his left hand and punch the guard fiercely with the other, causing him to bare his teeth in pain. It was rather frightening in view of the bloodstained teeth.

"You! who the hell are you..."

The middle-aged guard twisted his face in pain, bent down, and coughed incessantly in agony. Crystal saw it

with her own eyes that he spat out a bloody tooth.

She looked at Derek in shock, as she realized that he was not joking when he said last night, that "Patrick was almost as injured as him."

"Everybody comes out and help! Someone's coming to make trouble. Make haste!!"

The security guard in front of the Hopkins family's gate shouted, anxiously grabbing his pager for help.

Derek, however, stood tall and straight outside the Hopkins family's gate with a cold face. Crystal met the indifferent gloom in his blue eyes, and it instantly occurred to her that Derek was by no means a pushover.

Crystal couldn't be as unperturbed as he was. Without a word, she grabbed his hand and ran towards the car.

"Derek, finding Christina is more urgent for us now. Let's talk about the fight later."

Crystal explained to him whimsically. Fortunately, Derek was willing to cooperate, and after pushing him into the car, Crystal started the engine to speed away from the spot as if fleeing for her life with unprecedented dexterity.

As she drove, she looked nervously in the rearview mirror. She could vaguely see a large group of people rushing out of the gate of Hopkins family, her heart thumping in fear. Soon, the butler of

the Hopkins family also appeared, and the thirty or so strong servants withdrew in an orderly manner after he ordered something she couldn't quite detect from a distance.

Crystal breathed a sigh of relief only by then.

But she didn't understand. "What is the divorce agreement that the security guard had said?"

She turned to Derek in the back seat and asked, "Do you know something?" She paused for a moment, and before he could answer, her countenance changed to be vehemently furious.

"Could it be... The Hopkins is going too far! Aren't they bullying her with their power? Give her up when they've

taken advantage of her... Couldn't they see what is going on now? They're killing her to talk about such a matter with her right now. Bastards!" She was so angry that she couldn't help but hurl all kinds of abuse.

No wonder Derek would hit people, damn it!

Crystal got more agitated now and looked around. Where was Christina?

They went to places where Christina might go, including the IP&G Group, the old apartment where she used to live, and even the neighboring area of the Hampton family, but they couldn't find her.

"Aunt Eisenhower, you've watched her grow up. Is there anywhere else she

would go?" Crystal had run short of ideas and called Betty in a hurry.

Betty was also very worried when she heard that Christina was missing. She mulled over it for a while. "In the past, whenever she was upset in C City, she would go to the cemetery to see her mother and grandfather. But ever since she got married and moved to A City, she hasn't told me anything unhappy. I don't know." She said the last sentence in a low and ashamed tone.

In all, she had been Christina's burden, having never done anything for her. What had been preoccupying Christina had always been evaded with a forced smile, and Betty thought she had never shared Christina's burdens.

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"Then what should we do?"

Crystal hung up the phone flummoxed. "She's so weak and she hasn't had breakfast. It's already noon and she certainly hadn't had any food. A City is so big and there are so many people and cars. It's dangerous for her to roam aimlessly. If she gets a car accident and goes to the hospital again..." She didn't dare to continue with her ominous imagination anymore.

She parked the car aside and turned to urge the one in the back seat. "Derek, think of a way!"

"She went to find Patrick."

Derek uttered a few words softly with no emotions shown on his face.

Crystal fumed at the reference of a certain Hopkins. "Those people of the Hopkins family are truly cold-blooded. How dare they say anything about divorce at this time? They deserve to go to hell and endure the cruellest torment there!"

"Do you think Patrick has something wrong with his brain during the operation in Seattle? What's the problem with him? Does he really intend to divorce Christina? Don't forget that he was the one who shamelessly forced Christina to remarry. What a jerk!"

Crystal kept swearing in the car. Through the rearview mirror, she saw that Derek's handsome face was much calmer, seemingly not worried at all. Crestfallen, she stopped her grousing.

She didn't understand why he didn't take the initiative to look for Christina when Patrick came back. Love was a luxury. How many people in this world could understand it?

And what about Derek?

He was even more elusive.

With a tinkle sound, a new text message came in.

Crystal came back to her senses and noticed that Derek in the back seat had been holding his phone and typing. She perked up. "Is there any news of Christina?"

"She's at the entrance of the Fireworks Bar."

Crystal exhilarated and shouted, "Then, let's go now."

It turned out that she was at the Fireworks Bar, which was very famous in A City, crowded with celebrities and dignitaries, and it was Patrick's personal property.

"Don't find her." Derek stopped her calmly.

"Why?"

Crystal looked puzzled and even a little irritated. "Why don't we look for her, Derek? To be honest, I don't understand what you are planning. You may be able to devise strategies and have the situation well in hand, but I only want Christina to be safe now."

"Don't look for her now."

Derek remained unfazed in the face of her rage.

He tilted his head and ignored Crystal.

Derek's blue eyes gazed out the window thoughtfully as if he had foreseen something through the intersection outside the window. His eyes were slightly closed, seemingly bored, or to be waiting for time. His long and pale fingers repeated the same word on the slightly cold glass window, and the handwriting overlapped.

It read "Christina."

Crystal suddenly calmed down,

frowned, and examined him with staring eyes.

She was a little annoyed, as she thought he was really not worried about Christina at all!

"Christina wants to see Patrick, then let her see him." In the end, Derek said softly as a response.

Chapter 249

It was nighttime.

The most prosperous and also the largest entertainment area in the country was the famous Ninth Alley in the east of A City. Its landmark, the 36 floors building the 'Fireworks Bar' was lit up by neon lights, which made it dazzling and luxurious.

The first floor was the reception area, in the center was the fountain of Venus. Red carpets extended from the door to the elevator, walking on the red carpet, one could see two rows of 18 beautiful girls greeting incoming customers with their sweet voices. These girls would also bend down 90 degrees to welcome the customers,

which made the customers feel that they were very respected.

The second floor was a feast of beauty. In the middle of the open lobby was a huge triangular bathtub of 100 square feet, a special solution had been added to the water in the bathtub. The air was filled with a light blue mist and a faint smell of wine. Ladies' hot figures and smooth long legs could be faintly seen in the mist...

There was a row of booths at the east side of the bathtub, which was a quieter place.

The bartender dressed elegantly and skillfully served the guests. The colorful lights hanging from the ceiling kept spinning, the lights flickered in this large, misty, and watery space.

Under such an environment, people naturally became more indulgent, occasionally, there were flirting sounds...

However, the atmosphere in one of the booths seemed a little out of place. Charles was very annoyed. He waved his big hand at friends around him and drove them away annoyingly.

"Go away, I'm serious, go away. I'm not in the mood today. Just go away!"

At usual times, when Mr. Shepherd came, he would enjoy himself and have fun here. Therefore, someone asked with a smile, "Charles, I haven't seen you much this month. Where did you go? Did anything good happen to you or did you work on a big project? If that's the case, don't forget us..."

"Damn! Good news? What's the good news? Leave me alone and go away! Go away!"

Charles scolded as if he had been provoked. His gloomy face showed that he was really in a bad mood.

Seeing his darkened face, the other rich men looked at each other confusingly, shrugged, and finally left.

Charles had a good temper and a lot of friends, he usually had a mild disposition. He had not appeared in the entertainment area for a long time. So when his friends saw him, they wanted to gather together to have fun. Yet, none of his friends had expected that Charles was in such a bad mood.

Noticing that no one dared to approach him and the space around him finally became quieter, Charles reproved with a sullen face, "Damn it, that's so exasperating!" Grabbing a glass of whiskey on the table, he poured it into his throat without even adding ice.

He wasn't scolding his friends, but... His eyes subconsciously glanced at the phone on the table.

He had mixed feelings, "How could this happen!" He was annoyed again and scratched his short hair with both hands.

He remembered that a month ago, Christina called him, and then he scolded her.

At that time, he was in a private hospital in Seattle with the Old Master Hopkins. Patrick was in a coma after the operation and the doctor kept issuing the Situation Criticality Notifications. As soon as Charles received the call from Christina, he was immediately in a rage and scolded her before she could speak.

"You want to talk to Patrick? How dare you say that? Christina, you are a jinx. Whoever meets you will be unlucky."

Charles looked very complicated and felt guilty. He really didn't know what had happened to Christina at that time.

He waved at the bartender for another glass of whiskey and gulped it down angrily, "How could the twins be gone..."

"The vexing Christina, why did she run around all day? How many times had we told her to stay safe, she just didn't listen. Why did she try to go to the Hopkins family on a rainy day? Well, she got the consequences now..." Charles reproached angrily, but he was actually more disappointed.

He still worried about Christina.

"... And Patrick has gone into a coma."

Charles leaned against the table, his left hand propped up his chin, and he was depressed. His right hand was playing with his phone, and he hesitated whether he should call Christina. He scolded her too fiercely last time, so he wanted to apologize.

"Hi beauty, are you coming here alone?"

A flirtatious voice came from the left, "Who are you looking for? I'm a VIP here. Why don't I help you..." Two or three men surrounded a woman, this kind of scene was very common in the Fireworks Bar, all the people who came here were playboys.

But when Charles turned his head and glanced out of curiosity, he suddenly jumped up from his booth.

He strode over and warned angrily, "Do you want to die? How dare you touch her!"

Chapter 250

"Leave her alone, you'll regret if you touch her."

Everyone here knew Charles. Someone asked with a smile, "Mr. Shepherd, is this your girl?" Noticing his intense face, he looked at the thin girl suspiciously.

Charles Shepherd was not in the mood and didn't bother to explain. He punched that man in the face and cause a bruise on it. Everyone knew who's the boss here, so they left grudgingly without causing too much trouble.

Everyone was out of sorts recently and it seems that violence is the only way to solve problems.

"Christina, why are you here?" He grabbed the woman in front of him and shouted.

"Don't you know this place is full of chaos and disorder? Aren't you supposed to be at home now? What are you trying to do here? Can't you just stay at home and not ask for trouble?"

Listening to him grumbling violently, she didn't utter a single word.

Charles Shepherd also quieted down. He felt he talked too much.

Christina was not really an acquaintance to him, but they have known each other for a year. This woman was never a fair lady to him, for

she never talked nicely or friendly, she even talked against him and put him in embarrassment.

However, compared to those coquettish women he knew, her sincerity and persistence were very rare and precious.

He did not intend to scold her. But looking at her thin figure, he just couldn't help.

"Where's Patrick?" It was quite a while before she spoke.

It seemed that Charles Shepherd didn't hear her. He toned down and said, "Is Derek now taking care of you? How did he agree to let you come here? You must come here alone secretly. Humph, you've been so stubborn all

the time. You'll be wronged, you fool."

Speaking to her, he grabbed her hand and walked towards the exit. "There are too many people and the air is stuffy. Where are you living now? I'll send you back."

She didn't move and repeated in a low voice, "I want to see Patrick."

Charles Shepherd heard it, but he continued to play dumb and dragged her away.

The two of them were in a stalemate. "Charles, take me to him." Her voice was pleading.

This seemed to be the first time she had pleaded with him.

Charles looked very pale and dragged her with both hands. But she refused to leave. Looking at the west end of the swimming pool fearfully, he raised his voice and scolded her.

"You wanna see him? Look at yourself first. 'A girl will doll herself up for him who loves her.' But you look so ugly now and you don't know it. Look at these beautiful girls around you. He didn't mind you like this before, but now it is different..."

"Patrick, you have just had your operation last month. You can't drink." This gentle voice was very familiar.

The huge triangular pool flickering with blue lights on the second floor was filled with the flirtatious laughter and the sound of water. It was noisy

here, but Christina could tell Barbara's voice.

She instinctively turned back and put her eyes on the west end of the pool. In the mist, she saw the man who was half-immersed in the bath and revealed his strong chest...

"Patrick, what happened to you? People said that you and Derek had a fight yesterday. Don't soak your injuries in the water..."

"I'm fine."

It was the same deep and mellow voice as before, suppressing a sense of irritation.

Christina's heart was pounding wildly. She ran over and threw herself at the

edge of the pool. She held the man in front of her tightly with both hands. "Pa, Patrick..."

"Piss off, don't touch me!" What she got was a haughty rebuke.

He was so strong that Christina fell down with just a sweep of his hand. She was in extreme embarrassment.

"Patrick, don't do this to her!" Charles rushed over and tried to help her up.

She ignored Charles. Lying on the edge of the pool, her clothes were half wet and she did not get up instantly, instead, she was looking straight at him. She was so familiar with this cold face, except the look in his eyes.

She knew that he was a difficult person

to get familiar with, and she knew that he had always been cold to others.

But she never experienced his real coldness until now.

"Patrick, don't you recognize me?" She asked in a trembling voice.