

## Chapter 26

"This year, Hopkins Family actually spend the first day of the New Year here..."

It was already late at night. Christina was depressed all day and couldn't sleep at night, so she ran to the back garden to enjoy the scenery.

Looking at the expensive flowers and exquisite cloisters in the garden of Hopkins Family, she felt that everything was illusory. She never thought that she could live in such a magnificent place.

"No wonder those women are looking at Patrick like they're looking at a treasure..." After all, marrying into the Hopkins Family was really something

to brag about.

A gust of night wind blew, and Christina cringed and rubbed her hands. It was cold.

"What are you doing standing here?" Suddenly, a deep voice sounded behind her.

As soon as Christina heard this voice, she immediately became alert.

She turned around and watched Patrick stride towards her. For a moment, she didn't know what to say.

What did he come back for? Didn't he stay in the hospital with Miss Jones?

It was quiet all around. The moon was dim tonight, and only the orange

Patrick saw her cheeks reddened by the cold wind.

"What are you doing standing here in the middle of the night when you're not sleeping" For some reason, his voice became a little anxious.

She wanted to retort, "Can't I just walk around the garden?", but she didn't dare.

"Go back to bed after 10 pm!" Patrick seemed to be able to read her mind and ordered her coldly.

"Why?" She yelled out angrily.

Christina thought, "He is so gentle with Miss Jones, but as soon as he came back, he was mean to me."

Patrick's eyes became deeper and more complicated as he stepped forward, his voice somehow filled with anger. "Do you think it's suitable for a pregnant woman to fool around?"

"I didn't..." She was about to retort but she remembered that she had actually gone out earlier.

Patrick looked down at her palms turning red from the cold, and he looked more impatient. Without saying anything, he reached out and dragged her straight into the house.

Sure enough, her hands were cold, and Patrick's footsteps were even more irritable.

Christina was disgruntled when he

suddenly tugged, almost dragged,  
"Hey, let go. I'll walk myself..."

Patrick heard the noise behind her, and became sullen. He took her into the house and immediately let her go.

"Go back to the bedroom!" His voice sounded impatient.

Christina looked at his cold face and felt even more displeased.

"I'm not sleeping!"

She puffed up her face and replied.

"You!" Patrick was so angry that his face turned green. How dared she talk back.

"Christina, what did you beg me for last

time? You said you would reflect on how to be a mother. You're pregnant and you go out into the night air. Do you have any common sense?"

Christina pursed her lips and did not dare to refute anymore. She lowered her head and looked a little ashamed.

Patrick saw that she suddenly became silent, drooping her head as if she was really reflecting on herself. He was angry and...couldn't do anything with her.

"Go back to your bedroom and rest." This time, his tone softened as much as possible.

"I'm not sleeping," she said it again.

Patrick narrowed his eyes and stared

at the woman opposite him.

He already knew this woman was a pain in the ass and would make many more demands...

"Christina, what exactly do you want to do..." Patrick remembered that other people had advised him not to make things difficult for Christina. Looking at her now, the more he thought about it, the angrier he became.

"I'm hungry." Christina was a little embarrassed by his stare. She looked down at her toes and said unhappily, "Grandpa said I can't eat too much because I'm pregnant. But I can eat an elephant..."

Patrick's face froze for a moment, and he was stunned at her words. It's rare

for a lady to say things like "I can eat an elephant" in front of a man.

Christina lowered her head and did not dare to look at him. She looked a little embarrassed, and she was too hungry to sleep...

"No, don't call the chef." She peeked up and saw Patrick's stance of preparing to call for the maids, and immediately stopped him. "I don't want to wake someone up in the middle of the night."

She looked guilty. "I don't like that so-called tasteless nutritious meal." Who wanted to eat that? It was worse than porridge!

This woman was really picky about food!



Patrick's face darkened with anger and his eyes were fixed on her for a long, long time...

Actually, Christina didn't know what was going on either. Anyway... Finally, the two of them sneaked into the kitchen.

Originally, she had thought of sneaking into the kitchen to find something she could eat and casually fill her stomach while everyone was asleep, but Patrick actually cooked noodles for her! Christina was a little flattered.

"Can you cook?" Patrick glanced at her and motioned for her to stay out of the way.

Christina wouldn't. She was basically a kitchen waste. She was basically a

kitchen scrapper who had trained hard for years and still had no talent. She could cook the noodles to a mush.

Christina stayed in the corner and watched as Patrick took out some dragon beard noodles and cut some scallion and beef slices. He also marinated the beef with some ingredients.

Thinking of the carp soup with black beans that Patrick stewed a few days ago, she was a little surprised. She didn't expect him to cook so well.

"Patrick, do you have a special hobby of cooking?" She exclaimed.

Patrick's hand with the kitchen knife paused for a moment and turned to look at her, as if he was a little annoyed.

Then he ignored her.

Christina noticed that he was a little angry and quickly added, "Actually, I wanted to say that a man who knows how to cook is awesome. Really, I was thinking about finding a cook to marry."

"Oh." He casually replied, remembering some things in the past, his expression was a little complicated.

Christina felt that he was different tonight. She thought it might be the new year.

"Patrick, can you make a tempura?" She asked carefully.

He looked up at her and clearly saw Christina's greedy face and her big eyes staring at him, eager to eat some.

Patrick was furious. "No shrimp!" He didn't know why he would reply to her.

"I saw a lot of soft-shelled crabs in the small pond at home. They came from Australia..." Her voice was a little excited. "Fried soft-shelled crabs are delicious!"

He mixed flour, eggs and water to make a batter. The fresh soft-shell crabs from the pool were gilled and battered directly into the frying pan and fried until golden brown, then...a plate of crispy fried soft-shell crabs was finished.

"Patrick, you're excellent!"

Christina was a little excited and took the big bowl of noodles in his hand. She

used the chopsticks to pick up two soft-shelled crabs and threw them into the noodle soup. "I'm easy to raise. You don't have to help me dip them in soy sauce." She would just eat it with noodle soup.

Patrick looked at her excited look, he was speechless that she had the nerve to say she was easy to feed.

Christina took her delicious meal out to the dining table and gobbled down the food. Patrick stood by and watched her eat with satisfaction.

Suddenly, his expression was a little complicated. He didn't know why he actually helped her do such a boring thing.

Christina was full and in a particularly

good mood. She approached him and thanked him sincerely.

"Full? Happy?" Patrick looked at her silly smile and ordered angrily, "Sleep!"

Christina immediately changed into her pajamas and lay down on the bed, not daring to have other demand.

She hugged the quilt, and her small expression showed happiness and disbelief. The Young Master personally cooked noodles for her, and also made a soft-shelled crab that she had been drooling for a long time. If only he could treat her as well as he did today every day, she would be so happy.

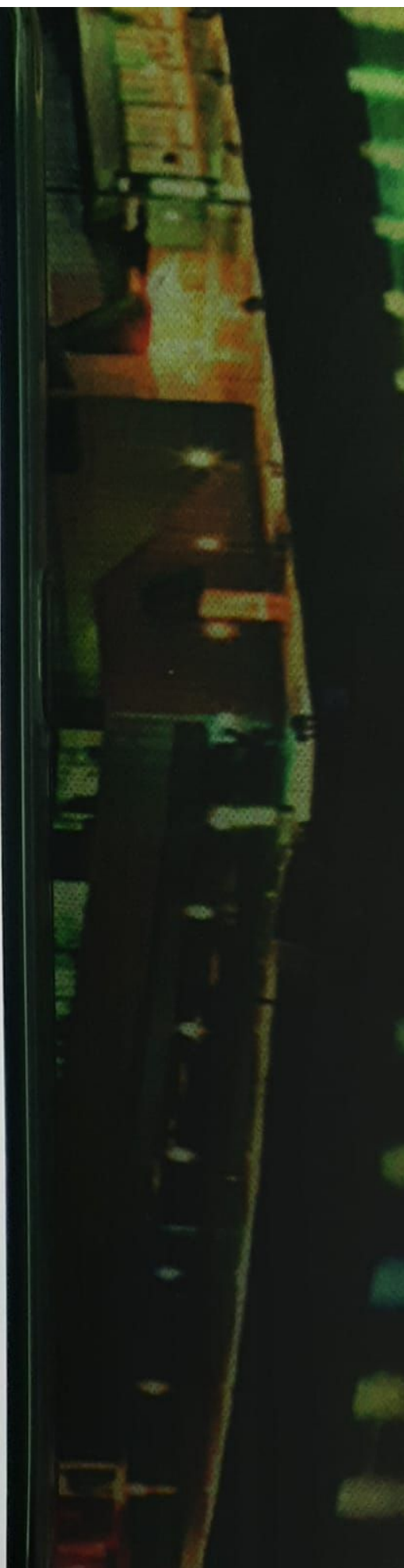
When Patrick took a shower and came out, he found that the woman on the bed was already asleep.

Under the dim light, her brows were wide and her side face was slightly smiling, which was much more natural than her previous vigilance.

Patrick looked at her like this, lost in thought. He lifted the quilt and lay on the other side, only to find that the center of the big bed was separated by her with a long pillow.

Out of nowhere, Patrick's face darkened, his body crossed the pillow, and his right hand pinched the tip of her nose, punishing her by covering her mouth and not letting her breath.

Christina couldn't breathe and felt uncomfortable. Her little face was wrinkled together.



She subconsciously waved her hands. "Let go of me, let go of me -" she would resist in her dream.

Patrick let go of her when he saw how uncomfortable she was. He chuckled, which included a sense of indulgence.

He adjusted the temperature of the room, threw away the long pillow in the middle of the big bed, pulled the quilt for her, then dimmed the bedside lamp and closed his eyes to rest.

Earlier, he had been busy with Christina being kidnapped. When Cecilia suddenly came back, he wasn't idle, either. Tonight, he was actually more tired than her.

Although Patrick also slept heavily, he nevertheless kept a certain amount of



●  
vigilance during his sleep.

Around four in the morning, he felt the woman beside him suddenly curl up and tremble.

He opened his eyes and looked at her.

"Christina!" Startled, Patrick immediately woke up.

The woman next to him still closed her eyes and did not respond, but Christina's face looked a little pale and his forehead was covered in cold sweat.

Patrick's brows were furrowed, and his large palm touched her forehead. It was very hot.

He immediately got out of bed and

grabbed the phone. "Call the doctor right away..."

When the private doctor of Hopkins Family heard that the Young Master had personally called, he rushed over nervously.

"What's wrong!"

Patrick saw the doctor examine Christina with a serious face and felt a little impatient. "What's wrong with her?"

She had gone out for a night breeze earlier and nothing had happened. How could she sleep in the middle of the night and suddenly have a high fever?

The doctor heard his unkind tone and

immediately said nervously, "Young Master, did Young Madam catch a cold before?"

"I, I just blew the night breeze." Christina was awake on the bed, but her mind was heavy, and her voice was still a little hoarse.

Afraid that Patrick would scold her, she explained guiltily, "I'm wearing thick clothes tonight."

Patrick looked at her face, which was flushed red and weak from the fever, and he was a little upset. He turned to the doctor in front of him. "She jumped down the river last week and got cold."

Christina almost forgot about it and became even more anxious. She reached out and tugged at the corner

of his shirt, begging for mercy. "Patrick, don't tell grandpa. I beg you not to tell grandpa..."

"The videos have been deleted. Grandpa doesn't know about it." He looked at her frightened face and said in a low voice.

"Young Master, if this is the case, Young Madam should take a rest at this time."

Of course, Patrick knew. And that was why he canceled the wedding.

"But Young Master, did Young Madam eat something cold tonight?" The doctor asked again.

Patrick thought about it and told the truth. The doctor was stunned. "Young

Master, pregnant women can't eat crab." Fortunately, she didn't eat much!

"She wants to eat..."

The doctor thought, "You can't spoil her by giving her the wrong food."

## Chapter 27

"You allow a pregnant woman to eat crabs, do you have any common sense?"

This sentence sounded familiar. Christina buried her head in the quilt guiltily. Last night, Patrick was still blaming her for not having any common sense, but now...

Now it was Patrick who was scolded.

Christina suddenly had a fever at four in the morning and called a doctor. Since Mr. Hopkins had always been an early riser, it was hard to hide what happened from him. The old man came over angrily with his crutch and scolded.

"Grandpa, it's actually me..." It was me who wanted to eat crabs.

Christina popped out of her head and was about to admit her fault, but Mr. Hopkins was in a bad mood and looked at her with a darkened face. Therefore, Christina immediately became timid and stopped speaking.

Patrick was yelled at by his grandfather and did not refute, but he didn't look good. He glanced at Christina meaningfully.

"From now on, You two will report to the parenting center every Sunday and learn how to be parents. Hmph." Mr. Hopkins's face was especially grim. He ordered seriously.

Christina had to go to class every

Sunday, so she didn't care. She had nothing to do anyway, but Patrick was busy with work...

Seeing his grandfather go downstairs, Christina turned to look at Patrick. As expected, he was not very happy.

"Christina..." He looked into her guilty eyes, muttered her name, and warned angrily, "You better behave yourself!"

She did not dare to refute, because he had taken the blame for her.

Patrick left with a darkened face, leaving Christina in bed. Nanny Faang brought her breakfast, not forgetting to remind her.

"The young master has said that you must return to your bedroom before



10: 00 pm this evening and call him in advance before going out..." Halfway through, Nanny Faang suddenly laughed again.

"By the way, Old Master let me ask you about Patrick's cooking skills."

Christina was a little surprised.

Hadn't Old Master try anything cooked by Patrick?

In fact, Mr. Hopkins said before, "Can what cooked by that rascal be eat? It must taste awful!" Yes, he had never eaten it.

Mr. Hopkins was rather displeased. He glared at the doctor with a stern and cold gaze. "What else does he hide from me?"

The doctor felt innocent, so he just said. "It is not suitable for Young Madam to get too tired now..."

"I actually knew about the video of Christina jumping off a river in C City!"

Mr. Hopkins's face became even more grim and he gritted his teeth. "He made her supper in the middle of the night!" Why didn't he cook me a bowl of noodles?

Mr. Hopkins was upset for several days because he didn't eat a bowl of noodles cooked by his grandson. Even Laurie, who came to pay a New Year call, felt the anger of the old man. Only after inquiring about it did she know that Christina almost had a miscarriage.

He turned around and went back to the study with his briefcase.

"Patrick, we caught some people, who might have something to do with the kidnapping in C City," Charles was reporting something when suddenly his voice became sarcastic. "Carrie sent someone to do it."

When Patrick heard this, he was not too surprised. He just looked out the window at the dark sky, seeming to think about something.

"Patrick, how are you going to deal with it?" Charles asked after Patrick's silence.

"Don't interfere. I have plans," he didn't answer directly.

Just as he was about to hang up the phone, he thought of another woman and said, "Let me be the leading heroine of your company's first TV series this year..."

Then the phone was hung up. Charles heard his last words and looked at the entertainment headlines on TV with a stiff expression.

"Cecilia returns to the entertainment industry..."

"Are you so busy these days because of Cecilia?" Charles murmured. He couldn't handle Patrick's personal affairs, but...

Since Cecilia was back, Patrick didn't even bother about Christina's last

kidnapping.

"It's not easy for Christina..." Charles sympathized with her.

Christina?!

Patrick came out of the study, pushed open the bedroom door, and watched the TV on. The woman curled up on the sofa and fell asleep.

Well, he rushed back to check if she went back to her bedroom at ten o'clock to rest. However, it turned out that she fell asleep on the sofa.

Patrick approached her with a darkened face. He really wanted to wake her up and teach her a lesson.

Although he didn't look too good, he

bent down and hugged the woman on the sofa. "You're really troublesome..."

Perhaps Patrick was being too imposing. Christina felt something staring at her. She was so uneasy that she opened her eyes. "Patrick, what do you want to do?"

"What do you think I want to do!"

Patrick was so angry that he threw the woman onto the bed.

She that he was in a bad mood. He turned around and went to the bathroom to take a shower. Christina was so frightened by him that she wasn't sleepy any longer.

Looking thoughtfully at the TV in the small living room on the left, a piece of

entertainment news was just  
broadcast about that Miss Jones...

"Patrick, there's one thing I want to  
say..."

As soon as he came out of the  
bathroom, Christina mustered up the  
courage to negotiate with him.

"What do you want to say?"

Unfortunately, as soon as Patrick  
spoke, Christina's heart trembled. The  
man was really fierce.

"Well, aren't you in a bad mood?"

Patrick wiped his wet hair casually  
with a towel in his right hand and  
glanced at the woman on the bed who  
wanted to speak but stopped, signaling

her to continue.

"Patrick, I know that anyone would be angry at something like this."

She pointed to the TV on the left, looking sympathetically.

"Those people asserted that Miss Jones dated a rich man after seeing a randomly taken photo. They were talking nonsense. Don't be too angry. Miss Jones loves you so much. She'll never cheat on you."

Patrick listened to her inexplicable words, turned around, grabbed the remote control, and dialed back to the news. It was indeed a scandal about Cecilia.

"Christina, how did you know that the



person wasn't me?"

He looked at a blurry photo on the high-definition screen. The news was actually a publicity stunt did by the industry's managers, but he suddenly became interested.

"Of course, you're so handsome. I can tell from the back of that common man that it's not you."

Patrick had taken the blame for herself a few days ago, so she felt a little guilty about him. Now she was laughing heartily.

Seeing her silly smile, Patrick raised his eyebrows and asked in a complicated voice, "Do you know me well?"

Christina continued to flatter him.

"Patrick, you are so handsome that no one else can simulate your temperament. You are absolutely eye-catching and impressive. You can attract the attention of a crowd of women the moment you appear."

"Really?"

Hearing this, Patrick was a little angry.

"Christina, do you find me impressive?"

Then why did you forget me?

She didn't know why he suddenly got angry. This man was really hard to get along with.

However, Christina had something serious to talk to him tonight. She had been looking at him for a long time, so she nerved herself!

The moment she opened her mouth, she said, "Patrick, I like you very much!" She roared out bravely.

The man, who was standing by the bed and wiping his hair with a towel in his right hand, suddenly trembled and the towel fell to the floor.

Patrick was mixed with many emotions. He glared at the woman on the bed. "What did you say?" His voice was suddenly very low.

She sensed that he was acting strangely. Did she just piss him off when she said she liked him?!

"Patrick, don't get me wrong," she quickly explained. "I mean, a man like you is too good. There are so many women who love you. I know I'm not

good enough for you..." She lowered her voice deliberately.

Patrick's expression grew colder and colder.

"You can rest assured that I will never take over the position of Mrs. Hopkins for long. After I give birth to the child, I will make it clear to grandpa that I will be happy to see you and Miss Jones together. I hope that you will be together openly as soon as possible." Christina felt that she spoke very fluently. She even expressed her heartfelt blessing.

But why did the man look cold and aggressive?

"Christina, you dislike me!"

He clearly saw the excitement and joy in the woman's eyes. She seemed to be very happy that he was with Cecilia.

"How dare I?" Christina refused to admit it.

"You dare not?!"

Patrick approached the bed aggressively and pressed her down angrily.

He stared at her face fiercely. "Christina, you dare to do anything. You jumped down from the tree and pressed me down. You did something wrong but you shifted the blame on me." He knew that the woman was too bold.

Christina looked at his face and felt

guilty when she heard his accusations. She admitted that she had bullied some people, but...

"Don't hold me down. Grandpa said that in the first three months..." The two bodies were so close together that her cheeks reddened and she struggled to push him away.

She even had learned to deal with him using grandpa.

"Then three months later, we'll do it!" Patrick let go of her and glared at her with a heavy gaze.

"Who wants to do that with you..." Christina was embarrassed.

"If you move again, we'll try something else!"

She was very quiet on the bed. Her body tensed up and she did not dare to move. And the man on her left seemed to be very satisfied with her as a pillow. He buried his head in her neck. It seemed that they had been husband and wife for a long time.

Before turning off the lights, Patrick shamelessly praised, "Christina, your body is very soft. Mmm, it smells good..."

Damn it! Christina cursed in her heart.

Why was this tyrant Patrick not interested in my proposal? She didn't understand why every time she saw Cecilia's face, she felt uncomfortable.

Christina didn't want to be anyone's

substitute.



## Chapter 28

"Miss Jones, Universe Studios has already confirmed that you will be the heroine of their first play of the new year. This is a remake of the blockbuster last year. After rounds of selection, you got the role as soon as you made a comeback. How do you feel?"

Christina was sitting in front of the small sofa of her bedroom, watching the entertainment gossip. The news about Cecilia's return to the entertainment industry was being broadcasted.

"Miss Jones, since you debuted six years ago, you have been playing important leading roles. There are also

rumors that you refuse to accept ordinary plays. Everyone has been very curious about your emotional life. Can you reveal the identity of the man a little bit?"

"Miss Jones, did you marry into a rich family when you suddenly disappeared three years ago? Did you come back because he tolerates your interest?"

Cecilia smiled but didn't answer.

She was dressed in a light yellow suit jacket and a long chiffon dress, looking fashionable and elegant. When she was asked about her affair, her face flushed slightly and she looked happy and shy.

"Patrick is so good to her."

Christina looked at the face on the TV that was almost eighty percent like herself. She suddenly felt a little depressed.

Christina never paid attention to entertainment news, but recently she took an interest in Miss Jones. She didn't know if she was too bored or... Concerned.

She suddenly wanted to know more about Cecilia. Theoretically speaking, Cecilia was also her rival in love...

"Charles!" Christina picked up the phone and called Mr. Shepherd.

She did not dare to ask Patrick directly, but Charles was different. She felt that Charles was much easier to get along with than Patrick.

Charles was a little surprised when she called.

He thought for a moment before answering, "Christina, what's the matter? Have you been bothered by the recent news? Are you jealous?"

He gloated in an unserious tone.

When Christina heard the word 'jealous', her face darkened.

She raised her voice and retorted, "I'm not jealous. I just want to know if I really have a half-sister."

Speaking of this, Charles once doubted, "Don't think too much. Cecilia is not related to you at all."

"Cecilia has been an orphan since she was a child. She was adopted by an old couple in Canada when she was a baby. After she grew up, she went to a university in the United States. Patrick met her in New York six years ago..."

Christina looked a little awkward. She also knew that Miss Jones was unlikely to be her biological sister. She just wanted to know more about her rival in love.

Then she suddenly thought of something that she didn't understand.

"Charles, last time in C City, did you say that Patrick went to pray at her tomb?"

"You thought she was dead and buried her in C City? Is Cecilia's ancestral home in C City?" Christina's ancestral home was exactly in C City.

Speaking of this, Charles looked strange and his voice was low. "I don't know about her ancestral home, but... Cecilia talked a lot about the high school in C City with Patrick..."

"Is it my alma mater? Hey, Charles, last time you said that Patrick was back in C City for half a year at the No. 1 High School..." Christina seemed a little excited when he mentioned that high school.

"I advise you not to mention the high school in front of Patrick. He doesn't like it to be mentioned." Charles interrupted her.

Christina listened to his serious tone and did not ask any further questions.

It seemed that every time he talked about Patrick's six months in C City six years ago, he was hiding something, which seemed to be a secret.

"To be honest, apart from the fact that you have similar facial features and bodies, hehe... Christina, you are so violent. Cecilia is such a gentle and beautiful girl. You are no match for her."

Charles teased her before hanging up.

Christina didn't bother him anymore. She just felt a little uncomfortable at the thought of Miss Jones.

"As soon as Cecilia came back, Charles treated her well. He was nicer to her than to me. He has never given me a gift." Christina was jealous.

Originally, she was looking forward to the remake, but, "Cecilia's character is not suitable for that play. Patrick is obviously throwing money to support her..."

Patrick had been busy lately, and she guessed that he was busy with the career of Miss Jones. After all, this time Cecilia took the role of another woman.

"You took the role that belonged to Connie!"

The door of the office was pushed open and Cory anxiously stormed in.

"Universe Studio attaches great importance to this TV play. Last year, they had already started to choose



roles. Cecilia's temperament is not suitable to be the female lead at all. You actually interfered in the investment for a woman!"

Since the TV play was a remake, the crew was top-notch, and the goal was to break through the classics. This temporary change in the lead increased the risk of investment, and Cory was one of the investors.

Compared to the agitation and anger of Cory, Patrick, who was sitting at his desk, looked indifferent.

"You can withdraw your funds if you want."

Patrick continued to hold the pen and sign the document. He didn't even raise his head and his voice sounded

cold.

Patrick's cold attitude provoked Cory. "Cousin! You know this isn't just about investing!" He almost gnashed his teeth when he said "cousin".

"Cousin, you should know that Connie is Donald's current wife." Connie was Christina's stepmother as well.

Patrick's hand paused and he chuckled.

"So what?"

"At least Connie is also from the Dickens Family. You and Christina are legally husband and wife. You are doing this openly to curry favor with your lover and go against the Dickens Family. Cousin, isn't that disrespectful of Christina?"

Patrick didn't pay much attention to Cory. However, when Cory mentioned Christina's name, Patrick suddenly raised his head and asked in a cold voice, "What are you trying to say?"

Cory had always been afraid of his cousin since he was a child. Apparently, Cory was displeased now.

He was careful about his wording, "Cousin, I know you're using Christina as a substitute for Cecilia. But no matter what, don't hurt Christina."

Patrick looked at him and his eyes grew colder. "You came here today to remind me not to hurt Christina. You seem to care about her!"

"I told you. Don't interfere with me and Christina!"

Cory blurted out, "I've been married to Christina for three years. I know her personality. She can't give in to being anyone's substitute, and I just had a misunderstanding with her..."

"What? Are you regretful? Do you miss your ex-wife?"

Patrick suddenly sneered, suppressed his anger, and looked at Cory fiercely. "Don't forget that she's your sister-in-law now! A good horse will never turn round to graze on an old pasture..."

"Some things are destined to be impossible in the beginning... So don't dream about it!"

Patrick said word by word, suppressing his fury that was about to explode.

"Get out!"

He suddenly stood up from his chair and gave a stern shout.

Cory was stunned. He didn't expect Patrick to be so emotional. It seemed that Patrick had been irritated by something. Patrick had complex emotions with his eyes burning fiercely, like...

Bang!

Patrick raised his hand and slammed the vase on the left counter onto the floor.

"I've been married to Christina for three years. Three years. Three years..."

Cory's words echoed in Patrick's ears...  
Patrick was mad from being jealous.

They had been together for three years, but he had waited for six years.

People at the top floor of the IP&G Group were nervous...

On the sixth day of the new year, some of the senior executives who were lucky enough to be called back to the company for the first meeting were a little excited. However, they didn't expect that Patrick had a gloomy face during the afternoon meeting.

"In terms of the undersea tunnel project with Germany, all the raw materials are transported from Germany, and the price has been agreed on. But the construction time

needs to be postponed for two months..." The project director spoke carefully.

With a cold face, Patrick grabbed a document from the table and flung it out with a bang.

"Two months later?" He looked up at the project director.

The project director could tell from the grim tone that the president was dissatisfied with the result.

The project director broke out in a cold sweat and quickly explained, "President, this is because there are some core issues in the engineering department that need to go abroad..."

"Then what's pointing of paying them?"

Patrick interrupted him in a cold voice, looking grim. "Bring the foreign team back directly. Fools! Don't you know that time is money?"

In front of the huge circular conference table on the top floor of the IP&G Group, the elite executives lowered their heads and did not dare to make a sound.

The more Patrick looked at these people, the more displeased he became. Suddenly, he stood up.

The rest of the people immediately tensed up, only to hear Patrick impatiently instructed, "Discuss the rest of the project yourself and send the decision reports to my office by tomorrow morning."



It was not until Patrick strode out of the conference room that the nervous executives breathed a sigh of relief.

They all looked at each other with bitter faces. The president was not easy to get along with. Today, he seemed to have eaten explosives and was not satisfied with any proposal.

Who the hell offended their president!

Today was the first day to work after the new year. Patrick was standing in front of a French window in his office on the top floor of the sixty-eight floor of the grand IP&G Group Building. He was in a bad mood as he watched the sunset.

"President, the flight to New York is

already booked." The chief secretary pushed the door and came in to report.

As long as their president was in a bad mood, he liked to work overtime and travel. He was literally a workaholic.

Patrick was still cold-faced and upset. He walked straight to the door with his long legs and was about to leave for New York to negotiate on a new project.

However, just as Patrick was about to leave the office, he paused.

He looked at the calendar on the wall thoughtfully.

It was Sunday tomorrow...

"Let the vice president replace me to

needs to be postponed for two months..." The project director spoke carefully.

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eased a lot.

He joked and asked, "Scolded by grandpa?"

"Come on! You said last time that the video of me jumping into the river was withdrawn. Now grandpa is blaming me. That old man is so insidious. He keeps scolding me. You will also be scolded when you go home!" Christina complained to him with a darkened face.

"Also, grandpa said that we have to take notes for the maternity course tomorrow. I don't care. I won't do this. You can do it yourself..."

The man was silent, listening to her complaints.

The thick glass reflected Patrick's handsome profile. He raised his thin lips and chuckled...