

Chapter 269

Christina entered the room and quickly closed the glass door in front of the balcony.

The storm outside slammed against the glass door with a thumping sound. Christina was wet all over. She unfolded her right hand and a screw fell out of her palm.

It was evening, and the rain was falling heavily outside with terrible streaks of lightning and thunder that ripped through the sky.

Perhaps the bright light in the room made her feel a little more secure. The handle of the glass door was loosened, but she was more willing to believe that this screw fell automatically.

She glanced at the gloomy little balcony and convinced herself not to think too much. Then she turned around and went straight into the bedroom to get changed.

But she was always filled with anxiety.

She locked the bedroom door and turned on all the lights in the room. The noise of thunder and rain outside highlighted her room's coldness and quiet, and even her short breathing was clear.

Christina took off her wet clothes and wiped the stains on her face and long hair with a towel. She reached out to get the dry clothes on the bed. When she looked down, she saw the scar on her abdomen at once.

She looked at it steadily. Her slightly cold fingers touched the cut on the abdomen. The scar was no longer obvious. She didn't know what medicine Derek had applied to her, and even the striae of pregnancy were gone.

It was as if the memory of her pregnancy and marriage to the Hopkins family was a dream. The traces had disappeared, and Patrick had disappeared from her world...

Ding-

The phone rang in the empty and quiet house abruptly.

She tensed up and had a look at the phone on the dresser. She walked over

quickly. It was Derek calling.

He said, "Christina, I'm outside the door."

Christina was surprised for a while before she came to her senses and replied quickly, "Oh, wait a minute." Then she hung up, quickly changed her clothes, and tidied up her face in front of the mirror on the dresser.

Suddenly, she found something different and stared at herself in the mirror.

She coiled up her long hair, raised her head, and turned to look in the mirror. There was a faint red mark on her fair skin at the neck below her left earlobe...

Her fingertips touched the strange red mark on her neck. It was like...a hickey.

Hickey?

It was a little unrealistic. Christina put down her long hair and did not think about it. She felt that it should be the mark from her previous sleep.

"Why are you here?"

She ran out to open the door for Derek. He stood straight outside the door. His black expensive coat was wet by the rain with the water dripping from his short hair.

Derek simply walked in and closed the door.

Christina frowned and looked at him.

She immediately gave him a dry towel.
"Take off your coat. Are your undershirt wet? Why do you come to me in such heavy rain?"

He took the towel and wiped it on his slightly curled short black hair. Then he looked at her with his clear blue eyes. After a while, he said in a low voice, "It's thundering."

Christina's expression was a little puzzled. The house was bright with the light on. Derek stared at her. After a few seconds, he sighed and said, "You will be afraid."

"I'm not afraid." Christina understood and immediately shouted at him.

Then he smiled.

Derek was tall and thin. His face was fair and handsome with a pair of deep and amazing blue eyes. When he smiled, his eyes were slightly curved, and even his pupils were sparkling. His clean and pure eyes were enchanted.

He rarely smiled. At this moment, he was extremely charming.

What are you laughing at? Don't laugh!" Christina yelled at him angrily.

Only Christina could get along with him in this manner as if they had a tacit understanding.

Derek glanced around at the lights in the house and found Christina had turned on all the lights. It was obvious that she was afraid. But Derek wouldn't clarify it. There was more

amusement in his eyes. Derek liked to see her angry.

"What's wrong?"

Derek was very quick-witted. Sitting for less than ten minutes, he found that she was a little restrained.

Christina subconsciously glanced at the balcony from time to time, feeling a little suspicious.

"Nothing." She said constrainedly. Obviously, she was perfunctory.

She would probably be laughed at for talking about the apartment and the strange faint red mark under her earlobe. She insisted not to say anything stubbornly.

"I'm a little hungry. Do you want fried rice..." Christina opened the refrigerator and took out the fried rice that she had packed this morning. She was going to put it in the microwave to heat it.

"I bought a lot of fried rice this morning. It tastes good." She had thought to give Derek half.

Before her words ended, Derek took the pot to wash the rice.

Christina, a lazy eater, stood by the side. Looking at the man working in the small kitchen, she said, "Don't bother. Just eat some we have."

Derek ignored her and continued to cook. No matter what he did, he was always nimble. The handsome man

was cooking, and he carefully stirred the porridge in the pot with a long spoon. Such a handsome silhouette was really a special feast to the eye.

Thinking that she was really a failure as a woman who couldn't cook, she was embarrassed to look at some bowls and chopsticks piled on one side. Well, those were the bowls she used to hold takeout the other day. She wanted to wash them together, but in fact, she was lazy.

Christina felt sorry and entered the kitchen to help.

She turned on the tap and began to wash the dishes. Derek did not care about her. He took some scallops from the refrigerator and washed them. Then he put them into the porridge to

cook. As he turned around, he saw Christina washing the dishes happily.

"Bae, don't play with bowls." He said helplessly, looking at her.

Christina blushed and looked down at her hands, which were full of bubbles. She even played with bowls.

"I didn't."

She retorted stubbornly, but she continued to wash the dishes and tidy them up.

In fact, when they got along in the past, Christina was the one who made trouble. Derek had to handle the trouble for her without complaints. And Christina didn't admit that she had made a mistake.

They sat next to each other at the glass tea table in the small living room. Each of them was eating a large bowl of scallop porridge. It was unknown what seasoning Derek had put in it. The hot porridge filled the room with delicious flavor.

"This fried rice is really dry. It might have been stored for a long time and become so unsavory."

Christina took a small bite of the microwaved fried rice and soon she despised it. She immediately changed her mind to eat porridge quickly in the bowl.

Derek naturally threw the box of fried rice into the trash can. "Don't eat it anymore."

The bad habit of picky eating was cultivated in this way.

Christina devoured two large bowls as if she had not eaten any delicious food for a long time. Derek ate much more gracefully than her. Occasionally, he would spoon the scallops from his bowl to Christina.

She had grown up with him all her childhood and youth. Christina used to think that apart from her grandfather, Derek was the closest to her.

Derek would always be good to her.

"Eric, don't lie to me."

The storm outside began to lessen. She held the spoon and suddenly

whispered.

So much has happened in these years since Derek was gone, and then she had changed, and so had Derek.

She thought he didn't hear her. When they cleaned up the dishes, the rain outside had stopped. He walked out of the door. Christina stood outside and looked at him for a minute. She wanted to politely ask him to take care on the way back, but Derek said first, "Baby, I won't lie to you."

Christina was surprised. He looked at her calmly, then turned around to leave.

She closed the door and her mind was filled with Derek's tall and straight figure with indifferent temperament.

Bang.

Bang.

Bang.

The continuous noise came from upstairs. The sound of thumping, which was like playing basketball, was annoying. Christina's face darkened. She was about to outburst.

She raised her head angrily and cursed towards the ceiling, "You fucking psycho! You played basketball as soon as the thunder stopped!"

However, it seemed that the one upstairs was in a bad mood tonight, and even the noise he made was especially loud and annoying.

Christina was furious.

Chapter 270

Last night, Christina was disturbed by the lunatic person upstairs who made noises for almost the whole night. Fortunately, the person got quiet after 12 o'clock. Otherwise, she would really rush upstairs and hit him.

She kept in mind the rumors about the 402 haunted house that the old residents said. Besides, she was mentally weakened by the noises upstairs, that was why she had nightmares all night.

She dreamed that she was in an unfamiliar and spacious room. There was nothing in the room. Only a big white bed in the middle, and she was tied to the bed, unable to move her

limbs.

She struggled in fear. The rope was rather thick, tying her hands and feet tightly. So she was unable to break free. However, a dark figure pushed the door open and entered. She could not see the person clearly because she was lying in bed. So she felt that the person was particularly tall and terrifying.

"Who are you?"

"Are you trying to hurt me? Did I offend you?"

She tried to calm down and negotiate with the person. "If I really did something wrong, I apologize to you. I'm sorry. You can do anything you want."

However, the person just stood at the head of the bed silently.

Finally, she couldn't suppress her fear and screamed, "You can hurt me. I'm not afraid of pain. Give me back the child. They're so young. Don't hurt them. Give me back the child..."

When she woke up, she found that there were still tears in the corner of her eyes.

Christina then got up and sat on the bed in a daze. Ever since that thing happened, she had been used to having nightmares and feeling scared.

She could not forget those things. But if she thought about them, she was afraid that she would remember them

too clearly.

She had been annoyed by that, like entering a maze. She could not walk out no matter how hard she tried. She was scared, uneasy, and almost broke down. She did not know how long she could hold on and the meaning of living in this world.

She took the medicine at the bedside and took one on an empty stomach.

She closed her eyes and prayed in a low voice in her heart, not daring to make a sound. She heard that she could not say what she wished, or else it would not work. She was not a superstitious person, just being afraid.

She knew that she could not be depressed, so she immediately got up

to wash up and opened the windows of the house to let the sunlight in. At least, it was not that dark in the room.

After the heavy rain last night, the air got rather fresh this morning. She took a deep breath, changed into sportswear, and decided to jog along with the neighborhood. After all, taking exercise could cheer her up.

She was about to leave, but she found that the white drone electric toy was still there.

She wondered why no one took away such an expensive electric toy.

She squatted down curiously and examined it carefully, finding that it was quite exquisite. She took the remote control and pressed it a few

times. The light was on and the toy flew into the air.

She felt surprised and ran after. She watched as the toy flew out of the window in the hallway and disappeared.

She was guilty. After all, it was not her own thing. She quickly leaned against the window and looked around, but not knowing how to control it. She glanced at the elevator, feeling uneasy. So she simply ran down the stairs to chase after it.

After the heavy rain last night, the lawn turned wet. But the road dried. She just chased the drone all the way, and the water splashed making her pants dirty. Finally, she found the drone and picked it up from the cement ground

on the west side of the community.

She was out of breath from running. She stared at the toy on the ground, just wanting to step on it to vent her anger.

However, the toy belonged to someone else, so she had no right to destroy it. She looked at the buttons in boredom and then clicked them by chance.

Surprisingly, the drone could go straight on the concrete floor, turn around, and take off suddenly. It flew at a fast speed. After playing it a few times, she found it not so difficult to control.

Soon, she felt childish playing it and wanted to put the toy where it was

placed. Suddenly, a big dog rushed out.

The dog jumped up to be as tall as an adult. It chased the drone excitedly, barking and opening its mouth, trying to bite the drone.

She was so scared that she hurriedly flew the toy high. Half a minute later, she felt calm noticing the dog was probably raised by someone. It just kept chasing the drones flying in the sky rather than people.

She then realized it was so funny and flew the drone high and low, letting the dog jump back and forth. After jumping dozens of times, the dog was tired and put out its tongue to breathe.

Not long after, the dog was very thirsty. It rushed home to drink water.

She guessed that the dog would probably come back. So she lowered the drone to the ground and let it walk in an s-shaped or z-shaped way at random. She wanted to walk the dog for a while to kill time.

To her surprise, a small voice suddenly came from the neatly trimmed lawn. She calmed down and saw a small head popping out of the lawn.

It was a little white boy who was about a year old. He was wearing a cute red spider-man cartoon suit and his big bright eyes looked at her curiously.

She stood still looking at the little guy who suddenly appeared. He couldn't even walk steadily. He trotted towards her, calling out coquettishly,

"Mommy..."

She froze.

It was cloudy, not hot, at 9 in the morning. Besides, today was Saturday, and there were many people walking in the community early.

Crystal was very motivated today. She took Geoffrey to spend Saturday with Christina.

However, before they could go upstairs, Geoffrey tugged at the corner of Crystal's clothes and pointed to an open space on the west side of the community.

Crystal recognized Christina at a glance, finding Christina sitting cross-legged on the ground. Christina was

back to Crystal and looked down seriously to find something.

"What are you doing?"

"Playing with the kid."

Christina answered calmly. When she looked up, she saw that it was Crystal and her cheeks were a little red. She, feeling a little embarrassed, hid the remote control in her hand behind her back in case Crystal found the drone.

Crystal felt speechless.

Crystal was speechless that Christina should control an electric toy to let a baby crawl on the ground.

"He can't walk steadily."

Christina explained awkwardly and she didn't mean to make him dirty. Anyway, it didn't matter if it was dirty. What mattered was that the child was happily playing with Christina.

As she spoke, Christina noticed a boy around five or six years old behind Crystal. "Who is he?" Geoffrey was shy when Christina glanced at him.

Crystal looked down at Geoffrey, becoming more speechless, not expecting that Chandler's son would blush, too.

"Today is Saturday. He doesn't have to go to kindergarten. Chandler has to discuss something with Patrick tonight, so I take him out with me."

Christina was confused when she

heard the name "Patrick".

The baby, who had been very happy playing with the toy, hugged the drone with his small hands and shouted happily. Then he went straight to bite it.

"You can't eat it." Christina leaned over worriedly.

A voice came from afar and a woman was anxious coming over before Christina leaned over. When the baby heard the voice, he immediately got up excitedly.

Christian watched as the little baby grabbed a corner of the drone with his right hand and shouted at his mother.

Soon, the woman ran over and picked

him up. Perhaps she found the child's clothes dirty and she frowned but was relieved to find that the child was not hurt.

"What is this? Where did it come from?"

"Don't stuff everything into your mouth. This can't be eaten. Let's go back. Dad bought you a birthday cake."

Christina stood there to watch them walk away, being envious.

She looked down at the remote control in her hand. The drone was taken away by the child, so she wanted to give the remote control to the baby and step away to catch up.

Although the drone was very light, it

was about the size of a small bench. The baby couldn't hold it steadily and the drone fell straight to the concrete floor.

Such a high-tech toy was really easy to break, and the parts were scattered.

The woman only glanced at the ground and left. She stepped forward and squatted down to clean up the broken parts.

She sighed a little, not knowing whose it was. She might have to pay for it.

"What is this?"

Geoffrey also came over curiously to help her clean up, picking up a black part with a retroreflector.

Crystal became serious to ask, "Is this the kind of miniature monitor?"

Christina took it and put it directly into her coat pocket. Without saying anything, she cleaned it up and led Crystal and Geoffrey back to apartment 402.

"Christina, where did you get this drone?" Crystal was a little worried.

As soon as she closed the door, Christina took out the monitor from her pocket and threw it on the floor. Then she said to Crystal, "Don't worry."

Christina was cold and lifted her right foot to step on it fiercely. The monitor immediately made a hissing sound and was completely destroyed.

Chapter 271

[In the central area of the east of the city, on the top floor of the IP&G Group.]

Charles stood in front of the dark, special glass wall on the 68th floor of the magnificent building. He leaned closer to the telescope and looked at the bustling commercial street beneath him with amusement. People came and went, and their black heads were just like ants.

In the spacious president's office, two people were talking about a million-level project. Charles let go of the telescope and turned to look at Patrick. In front of capital, it was never fair. Human lives were sometimes as

small and lowly as ants.

"Are those projects all going to be announced?" Charles walked over curiously.

"Patrick has signed the authorization document. Some of the samples were airlifted from Silicon Valley last week. I also found suitable materials and factories nationwide. We're ready to produce the first batch. Next month, our new product will show up at the new artificial intelligence product conference in New York."

Charles patted Chandler on the shoulder excitedly and smiled evily. "Then I should quickly increase my stake in IP&G. "When the new product is released, the stock price will definitely surge."

"Nanotechnology and quantum computers are not included. Our main exhibit is AI robot butlers for individual service." Seeing his excited look, Chandler couldn't help but dampen him.

Charles ignored him and looked up at Patrick, who was reviewing the documents at his desk. Charles was still smiling evilly. "Hey, no matter what, you won't let me lose money, will you?"

Ever since Patrick came back from Seattle after the surgery, he had become even colder and more unpredictable than before.

Patrick did not look up, but ridiculed rarely, "If you lose all your money, just

go back to the Shepherd family."

Chandler laughed. Charles was so strange that he refused to help the family business. Every time they met Mr. Shepherd at a business party, they could hear him scold Charles for being unfilial.

Charles sighed. "My mother asked me to marry a wife all day. I didn't dare to go home."

"You have so many girlfriends. Has anyone been pregnant? Why don't you just get married? Don't bother. Everyone is happy." Chandler was just wicked.

Charles didn't think so and immediately said, "I'm very conservative. I didn't have sex with all

of them. Besides, even if they got pregnant accidentally, do I have to marry them?"

At this point, Charles and Chandler looked a little strange. They both knew that Patrick married Christina because she was pregnant.

In fact, the general way to deal with the kind of matter in their circle was to give the woman a sum of money directly to abort the child to save trouble or let the woman give birth to the child and then send her away.

Charles knew that Patrick and Christina had been in a bad relationship recently. He also felt that Patrick was not happy to hear about Christina. He and Chandler tried not to talk about her in front of Patrick.

Charles looked at the man opposite him suspiciously for a while and asked carefully, "Patrick, can't you still remember Christina now?"

Chandler was also a little concerned and looked sideways.

Patrick hesitated for a moment with the expensive pen in his hand. He looked up at them and was about to say something when the communicator on the desk rang twice.

The chief secretary's voice came from outside. "President, Director Parker is here."

Barbara came here for business. She was originally the head of the personnel department and was

promoted to the product director last month. Patrick actually let her join the group's secret artificial intelligence project. Now Barbara had gained more power.

Charles looked displeased. He remembered that three months ago, Patrick had said that he would transfer Barbara to Paris so that Christina wouldn't be jealous. But now...

"Let her in." Patrick said to the communicator in a flat voice.

Barbara had always been a capable person. When she pushed the door open and came in, she saw Charles and Chandler were there. She greeted them with a smile.

"You're all here. That's great. The new

project is a tough one. The group's first public announcement of AI research and development will definitely attract great attention. I terribly need your help this time."

"It's none of my business." Charles was indifferent to her.

Barbara still smiled. "Chandler controls the quality of the new product, but in terms of promotion, I want you to help me find a suitable spokesperson."

She knew that Charles had a lot of stars signed up with his entertainment company and had a wide network of contacts, so he could get twice the result with half the effort in media promotion.

Charles was unhappy and said

perfunctorily, "I've been a little busy lately."

"Charles, what are you busy with? Are you busy changing your girlfriend, or are you going to marry a woman home?"

Chandler retorted immediately. Seeing Charles's sullen face, he knew that Charles was close to Christina and it would be a little awkward to work with Barbara. It must be the best to let Charles in charge of the promotion. Besides, if it was Patrick's order, Charles would never dare to say no.

So Chandler gloated. "For the New York exhibition next month, we need to shoot a 50 seconds advertisement. The spokesperson should speak fluent English and his or her temperament

should match the product. Europe and the United States have always valued the aesthetic value of advertisements. You're the only one who can do it, Mr. Shepherd."

Charles's face darkened. He felt that he had really made a bad friend by mistake.

Barbara talked with Chandler about the details of the product performance. Charles had no choice but to listen to them talk about the product positioning expressionlessly. Occasionally, he said, "Just make it big and hold a public audition to find a spokesperson."

While Patrick was not very interested in his company's new project. He put aside the documents that had been

reviewed and signed. He stood up and walked straight to the glass wall on the east side.

It was on the 68th floor of a commercial building with a high-powered telescope. Usually, he didn't have the time to fiddle with it. Suddenly, he got close to the telescope as bored as Charles. He turned slightly and aimed at the neighborhood two kilometers away.

Chandler turned to him with a surprised and thoughtful look.

"In terms of promotion, just hold a public audition."

Barbara and the two finalized some details. After the conversation, it was almost lunchtime. She originally

wanted to suggest that everyone go to dinner together, but Charles was a little unhappy. He said he wanted to accompany his girlfriend, so he left first.

Chandler was going to the factory with the team to see the new materials in the afternoon, and he had to leave too. It was only she and Patrick in the office. Before she could say anything, Patrick replied directly, "I'm not hungry."

"Why? Director Parker actually couldn't find someone to have lunch with? Are you kidding me? All the employees in IP&G want to curry favor with you now."

In the end, Barbara called her best friend, Erica, for lunch.

The two of them sat opposite at a very famous restaurant. The dishes were reserved. The waitress quickly served the dishes. All the dishes were very light, and the main food was a large pot of porridge.

"What's this? Porridge for calming the nerves and nourishing the stomach?" Erica looked at the table and found it not to her liking. "You really don't know me at all. How can you order these dishes?"

Barbara smiled at her friend and mocked herself. "I called to reserve two seats. Mr. Hopkins didn't want to come, so I called you. I'm familiar with the manager here. It would be awkward for me to be asked if I came alone."

When Erica heard it, she raised her

eyebrows. "So it's Mr. Hopkins who wants to have the porridge."

"He's been in a bad mood recently. He probably didn't sleep well at night. When he is busy in the company, he often forgets to have dinner. I'm afraid that he might have a stomachache especially when he hasn't recovered from the old illness yet."

Erica was in a daze when she heard the word "stomachache". In fact, Chandler's stomach problem was even more serious. When he got sick, his whole face would turn pale.

Thinking of her ex-husband made her look a little pale, she glanced at the woman in the opposite seat and joked, "Barbara, you are really a considerate wife."

"But he doesn't care."

Barbara cooped a bowl of porridge and had it slowly.

"I heard that Christina's child is dead."
Erica suddenly said.

Barbara's hand, which was holding the spoon, paused. She looked a little strange and suddenly fell silent.

Erica thought Barbara was worried and began to comfort her. "Since her child is dead, Christina is no longer a threat to you. They only need a divorce agreement. Patrick is naturally indifferent. If you stay by his side, you will win in the end. Don't worry."

"The young master of the Hopkins

family is really unattainable."

Barbara smiled helplessly. Was he really not moved by her efforts?

Erica had not been hooking up with men since the divorce. She seemed to have grown up all of a sudden. Looking at her best friend, she said in a serious tone, "Actually, marriage is not just about two people."

"Men have money and power. They can find younger and more beautiful women. Beauty will finally fade away. Love is the most untrustworthy thing. But if you have more to do with his family, he won't give up on you easily. You are invited by Judy to live in the Hopkins family now, you can still communicate with Brianna, and the Old Master Hopkins likes you. One

day, as long as you sleep with him and have a child, your marriage will be settled."

"With the Hopkins family's background, there's no need for a business marriage. Who else are around Patrick besides you?"

Barbara looked at Erica in surprise and smiled. "I haven't seen you for a while. When did you become so mature?"

"In the past, I was irrational and thinking too much. Now I've seen through it."

Erica remembered something that annoyed her. She took out a cigarette, lit it, and took a puff.

"Do you regret divorcing Chandler?"

Barbara looked at her, a little confused.

"You said you despised Chandler for being incompetent, but we all know that the Stephenson family is a scholarly family. They are not on the same starting line as the Hopkins family. Chandler is already very outstanding. But you still flirted with men outside and said that you have found true love. Now that you're divorced, but you broke up with your true love. What the hell is going on?"

Barbara felt that Erica regretted it and said in a slow voice, "I think Chandler treats you very well. He has tolerated your mistakes over and over again, and you have Geoffrey, you are his mother anyway. If you really want to fix your relationship, I can sound out his

thoughts for you..."

"Stop talking about him."

Erica spoke in a hurry, as if she had been touched something. She was furious and took a puff of smoke.

"I shouldn't have given birth to the child!"

Barbara saw that she was a little overreacting and wisely stopped talking about it. Erica's face darkened.

"My mother doesn't like me." At this time, in Christina's apartment 402, she and the five- or six-year-old boy squeezed in a small sofa. Geoffrey seemed to be very willing to talk to Christina.

"She doesn't want me." The little guy lowered his head and shook his legs. His childish voice was low and depressed.

Christina looked at him for a long time. She was not good at comforting people and didn't say anything in the end.

Crystal was preparing lunch in the kitchen. When she heard the little guy talking, her feelings were mixed. She deliberately raised her voice and urged, "It's time to eat. Come and help me get the dishes!"

Geoffrey recovered from the bad mood quickly and immediately ran off the sofa and rushed over. He even said a little disdainfully. "Why are you so slow? Mrs. Hopkins is hungry."

"It's Saturday. I'm not your servant. Behave yourself!"

Crystal glared at him. Humph, he called Christina Mrs. Hopkins intimately. It turned out that he worshipped Patrick Hopkins, she didn't expect him to be like this.

Crystal and Geoffrey spent the Saturday in the haunted apartment 402. After dinner, they left.

"I didn't expect that children all like you, Christina." Those little guys liked to play with her.

Christina said, "He likes you."

Crystal was very sad and angry. "He inherited his father's bad habits. It's called bullying the good and afraid of

the evil." As she spoke, she noticed that Christina was a little depressed and asked with concern, "What are you thinking?"

"Nothing," Christina forced a smile at her. "I was just thinking that the children would know that they were rejected by their mother. They would be very sad."

Chapter 272

Christina hadn't been herself recently. She hadn't talked to anyone since she'd met Crystal and Chandler's son last week.

The whole world was busy, but she seemed to lose her direction suddenly.

She called Crystal to ask her to go shopping.

"Chandler has been working on a big project with the Hopkins Group recently. He's always away on business, so he left Geoffrey to me. That boy is so annoying, and I don't have any free time now," Crystal complained.

"Are you calling to ask me to go shopping with you?"

Crystal thought about it and decided that her friend was more important, so she said, "Chandler came back last night. He's in the study now. I'll go talk to him. Hold on."

Crystal was about to rush to the study to ask her boss for leave when the doorbell rang.

Who would it be at this time?

Crystal had already taken herself as the servant in this house and turned to answer the door first.

When she pulled the door open, both she and the woman outside the door were stunned.

"Stop staring like a fool and go make

tea," Chandler said, walking out of his study. The two women came back to their senses due to his voice.

Crystal then forced a smile and said politely, "Come in. I'll make you some tea."

Crystal quickly made tea in the living room and left tactfully.

She couldn't help but cast a glance at Chandler as she walked away.

Why was Barbara here?

"Why is she here?" Barbara was as curious as she was.

Chandler replied casually without changing his countenance, "She's my maid."

"Crystal is your maid?" Barbara gasped incredulously. Crystal had worked for her before so she knew that Crystal could absolutely get a better job than being a maid.

Thinking that Crystal was Christina's good friend, she shot a glance at the kitchen and asked jokingly, "Are you and she in a relationship?"

As if he hadn't heard his question, Chandler shouted at the kitchen with a serious face, "Miss Zhu, Geoffrey's teacher called me saying that he needed to have a word with me. You go to the school now and tell me everything after you come back."

Crystal was trying to eavesdrop on them but only heard her boss send her

on an errand again.

Her face darkened. How could he take it for granted that she should go? It was on the weekend and she had no overtime pay.

But she'd quit fighting for her rights and mumbled reluctantly, "I see."

"Is it Barbara?"

Christina hadn't hung up and heard the faint sound from Crystal's side.

"Yep," Crystal said, "I heard that she was promoted again in the IP&G Group. I think she's here to talk to Chandler about the project."

Christina listened quietly and answered lethargically, "Mmm."

Crystal asked her if she wanted to go out to the kindergarten with her but she refused. She would inevitably think too much when she saw these kids.

After hanging up the phone, Christina took another antidepressant pill. The empty house made her listless and she decided to hang around a bit to figure out what she should do next.

Betty had called her yesterday, asking if she had plans to leave the city for a new place.

Christina didn't want to leave but she didn't know why.

At least she wouldn't leave now.

It was in early September but the wind

was already freezing. She wondered if it was because the winter had come early this year or because she'd become weaker. With an overcoat and a scarf, she was shivering while walking along the street.

Christmas was approaching and many stores played Christmas songs and had Christmas trees laden with decorations outside the doors. The Santa Claus in red could be seen everywhere.

She hadn't celebrated Christmas for many years. She watched parents and children chattering and laughing with teary eyes. It seemed that she would never experience such happiness.

She walked aimlessly along the street.

When she passed an alley, she heard the noise of fighting and stopped in her tracks. She turned to the right with a baffled expression.

A man and a woman were fighting. The man was at least 1.8 meters tall, strong and sturdy, dark-complexioned. Muscles bulged on his arms and he had a heavy iron bar in his right hand. He brought the bar up with a ferocious face and swung it to the woman's head.

Christina was dumbfounded. That woman looked slender and would definitely be beaten to a pulp by that man.

However, to Christina's great surprise, that woman dodged that man's attack with lightning speed. Christina didn't even see clearly how she'd moved.

The woman grabbed the man's wrist and with a twist, the man's face turned pale and his wrist seemed to be broken. The bar fell to the ground with a bang.

Christina was awestruck by this woman and saw her side face. She was the woman named Lucy she'd met the other day.

When Christina thought the fight was over, Lucy seized the man by the scruff of the neck single-handedly and banged his head on the wall again and again until his face was covered with blood.

The man struggled but Lucy directly broke his left arm. The cracking sound of the bone was frightening. The man

roared frantically but got his throat clutched. It looked like Lucy could break his neck any second.

Christina recoiled in fear but kicked an empty can, making a crisp clang.

"Come out!" Lucy shouted in Christina's direction.

Lucy's hand stilled. She had an exquisite face and always had a faint smile on her lips, but her eyes were sharp and fierce.

Christina didn't move. She heard a thud when Lucy threw the limp man on the dirty ground and then Lucy's approaching steps.

Lucy was about twenty meters from her and she didn't escape, knowing

that she couldn't outrun this woman.

"Miss Dickens, it's you," Lucy spoke to her in a relaxed tone as though she was an old friend.

Christina's heart thumped and she looked at Lucy warily.

She'd been trained to fight for self-defense since a young age and was good at karate. Who on earth was this Lucy?

Christina assumed composure and asked, "You know me?"

"Yeah, we met a long time ago. Have you forgotten me completely?"

Lucy smiled innocently. Then she gestured at her abdomen and

continued, "You had a baby on the way back then."

Lucy looked straight into her eyes with a weird smile and sounded derisive.

"When was that?" Christina asked in a quavering voice. Lucy's gaze made her skin crawl.

Lucy did not answer her. Instead, she raised her eyebrows and asked her in a friendly manner, "By the way, did you go to the hospital to look into Steven and the other doctors?"

She added frankly, "It's of no use. All the people taking part in the surgery that day, doctors and nurses, were dispatched aboard and given new identities. You can't find them."

Christina was staggered.

After a while, she suppressed the fear in her heart and stammered, "W-What are you trying to say?"

Lucy's smile broadened. "Nothing. I just want to say that your twin sons are not dead."

Christina was thunderstruck and couldn't make a sound for a long time.

They looked at each other silently and then Lucy asked offhandedly, "Do you want to see them?"