

Chapter 278

[Golden. A Club] Christina was full of bad memories about Golden.

Cory's plotting was not the only awful thing. Once she came here to look for Patrick and was kicked out by him. After that, the person in charge of the clubhouse all remembered her firmly.

"Junior Mrs Hopkins, what can I do for you?"

But coincidentally or not, the person in charge of the club was also here. He recognized Christina at once and quickly walked towards her.

Christina looked at him with no words, feeling that so long had she not heard this address "Junior Mrs. Hopkins".

The people in the service industry were the most tactful. The people in charge of the Hopkins Group had probably heard about her, but they did not dare to offend her directly. Their tone sounded still respectful.

She didn't know why she came to the Golden. A Club. She guessed that maybe the main reason was that Lucy wanted to meet her here.

"I'll walk around alone. Please don't follow me."

She dropped a sentence with no sight at the director and walked away in a random direction.

The man in a decent suit wanted to catch up with her and say something,

but there seemed to be some accidents in the club. Christina saw the waiter here hurrying to the man. She heard some of the words, said, "All the monitors were out of order because of being disrupted."

Christina hesitated for a second, pretended not to have heard it, and continued to walk to a corridor on the left.

The architectural decoration of the Golden. A Club was similar to that of the Hopkins family. They were both characterized by the ancient Chinese garden style. Christina always had mixed feelings when she walked around here.

At the top of the crisscrossed corridors, a paper lantern was lit every

half meter, shining warm yellow light to pervade a wonderful taste. At the end of the corridor stood a pavilion with a large variety of valuable lotus ponds on both sides. The lotus pond looked a little withered in the winter, but fish swimming in the pond and jumping out of the water added to the gaiety and vigor.

There was heating in the club, and the wind blowing through the outside of the corridor was somewhat cold, but it enabled people to feel more focused.

She walked around but did not meet Lucy. So she took out her phone to call Lucy. When she saw that there was no signal on her phone, she looked even more vigilant.

"How can there be so many

coincidences?" Christina guessed that the sudden electromagnetic interference at Golden A. Club was probably caused by Lucy.

She grew more suspicious of Lucy's identity.

Who the hell was she and who did she work for?

Last time in the dark alley, she saw Lucy fighting against a strong man bare-handedly. The woman's skills and cold eyes made her look more like a professionally trained mercenary. If Lucy had any grudges against her, however, she felt no hostility from Lucy, but more disdain.

Just as she was leaning against the wooden railing, she suddenly heard

someone rushing to open the door.

The thick wooden door suddenly creaked and then slammed into a wall on one side, showing that the people who opened the door was rather anxious.

Christina changed her countenance. She almost instinctively reacted, immediately hiding behind the nearest red wooden pillar when she heard the sudden sound.

Then she saw two figures gradually appear on her right.

She thought it was Lucy, but it wasn't. And this fat short figure was a little familiar...

Christina calmed down. Under the

Christina looked over there quietly. Seeing Larry raise his strong fist and punch directly at the servant in front of him. The servant's face immediately turned black and blue. He knelt down and lowered his head, not daring to resist at all.

"Steven has been away for so many days, and you just came to inform me now. Do you want to die or replace me?" Larry gritted his teeth with a dark face.

"I never mean to do that, Larry. Don't get me wrong, please... How dare I?"

"I always remember that it was you who helped me to live a good life. Otherwise, my whole family would still live in that village and be looked down upon. Even my son would not be able

to get married..." The servant begged for mercy sadly.

Larry glared at him angrily. Christina could feel his rage from afar. He was probably really provoked.

"What the hell is going on? You'd better tell me honestly, or I'll make you unable to get out of this club!"

"I didn't dare to lie to you. All of us obeyed you and sent six people to keep an eye on Steven. We didn't dare to slack off at all. It was a closed room and no one went in. Steven just vanished in the twinkling of an eye."

"We immediately checked the surveillance video around. Weirdly, all the surveillance cameras in the room were out of order. Then I sent someone

to several intersections and found that Steven got into an unlicensed black car. The person dragged him into it seemed a woman."

"Do you think it is time to talk about women now?"

Larry kicked him on the shoulder angrily, and the man immediately fell to the ground in a foolish posture.

"It is true, Larry, I didn't lie to you."

The man's voice trembled with fear and he was explaining constantly, "It's truly a woman."

"Then my son found some clues. He quickly drove after him. Even my own son's life and death are unknown now. I'm not lying to you. It was really a

to several intersections and found that Steven got into an unlicensed black car. The person dragged him into it seemed a woman."

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"Then my son found some clues. He quickly drove after him. Even my own son's life and death are unknown now. I'm not lying to you. It was really a

woman who did it. She must be an old hand. So many surveillance cameras couldn't capture her face. All I saw was that she was tall and thin, and that woman was remarkably skilled."

Larry had known that he was not lying once hearing what he said.

But he was so angry that he kicked the man hard on the back to vent his anger.

"You bastard, this has happened for so long and until now that you tell me about it! You must be really tired of living!"

"I... I thought it was just a woman and my son had chased her, so he must be able to find her soon. It would be fine if I could find Steven before Mr Fisher came back. I didn't think about it at

that time... Brother, I was just afraid of young Mr Fisher..."

Larry spat at him angrily. "Have you known the feeling of fear? Trash!"

Several people hurried towards the door and whispered to Larry. Then they left with a strange look.

The man who was lying on the ground also quickly got up and chased after him. And the area around the lotus pond turned back to quiet only leaving Christina who was hiding behind the wooden pillar.

She stood up straight and her eyes fixed on which they had disappeared.

She didn't know where Larry was going, but now there was only one

thought in her mind.

The purpose that Lucy asked her to come here was to let her see this?

It was wide and quiet in view, but there were mixed emotions in her heart.

It turned out that Derek had sent Larry to arrest Steven before.

The moonlight shone into a silver glow. Under the cool night, her shadow was constantly elongated. The wind lifted her long hair and her pale face. She was more like a ghost in the quiet night.

"Eric, you said you wouldn't lie to me."

Chapter 279

Christina felt that she was like a puppet that was manipulated by others. The strings behind the scenes controlled her life.

She hated this feeling.

No matter what Lucy asked her to do here, she just wanted to leave now.

She walked briskly towards the gate of the Golden. A Club. Even if she kept looking straight ahead, she could feel the sudden increase in staff numbers here.

They looked at her strangely, and Christina hated this club even more.

As she passed the lobby, Christina

clearly noticed the manager in front of the counter opening his mouth as if he wanted to say something to her. but when she looked at him, the manager in uniform looked hesitant and immediately lowered his head.

Christina frowned and became nervous.

What happened to these people?

She immediately remembered that when she came over, a staff reported to the club leader that the monitors were out of order, and there was suddenly no signal in this area. Larry and his companions also left in a hurry.

The Golden. A club belonged to the Hopkins family, and she didn't want Lucy to destroy it. She looked around

but didn't find the club leader.

"Where's your leader?" She went to the counter and asked.

When the manager in the sapphire blue uniform saw Christina coming, a trace of fear flashed across his face. Not daring to look straight at her, his eyes dodged and he lowered his head. He quickly pointed at the gate. "He... He is out there."

Christina looked at him suspiciously for a while and didn't respond to him. The waiters at both sides of the door immediately bowed respectfully and opened the glass door in front of her. She strode out.

However, as soon as she stepped out of the club, she froze in shock when her

eyes were occupied by a tall figure.

There was a dark gray Ferrari parked on the main road, of which headlights were dazzling. Patrick suddenly appeared in front of her and she could not ignore him.

"Why are you here?"

Patrick said in a low voice firstly with obvious displeasure. Christina was familiar with that.

When Christina heard his voice, she suddenly came back to her senses. She had mixed feelings and looked away from him.

His eyes were dark and sharp. Patrick took a big step and grabbed Christina's wrist with his right hand. He asked

coldly, "Christina, is here where you should come?"

"What do you want to say?"

She tried to push him away angrily, but he grabbed her tightly that she couldn't wrench herself from his grasp.

"What do I want to say?" His face was gloomy. Seeing her aqua-blue silk strapless dress and uncovering fair skin, Patrick's voice became even colder. "I want to ask you, the Junior Mrs. Hopkins. You have dressed so attractively, which senior are you going to sleep with?"

"What are talking about? Patrick, don't disgust me!"

Christina knew that it was not

appropriate for her to come to the club in an evening dress, but she was embarrassed to hear what he said.

"You're not qualify to judge me, Patrick. As a husband, have you fulfilled your duty?"

Annoyed, she rushed forward and bit his right arm hard. Patrick didn't expect her to bite him, and he let go of her in pain.

"I'm not interested in your private life," he loosed his hand with an indifferent expression, and warned her, "Christina, don't forget that it was you that refused to sign the divorce."

Hearing his words, Christina's anger vanished in an instant, and then her whole body tensed up and froze. She

was numb and unable to refute.

The club leader at the entrance hesitated whether to step forward, and there were already many people waiting here. They all heard clearly Patrick's humiliating words.

From the beginning to the end, Christina was the only one pestering.

She forced herself to raise her head so that her tears would not drop easily.

In front of the quiet club gate, the wind blowing in the dreary darkness was very cold.

"Young Master Hopkins, we've found out the reason why the monitors are malfunctioning..." The club leader carefully stepped forward and

whispered.

Finally, the club leader dared to speak, and his followers immediately stepped forward, pretending that nothing had happened just now, and reporting as usual.

"We found eight jammers around the club, which are not available on the market..."

They were busy discussing. Christina lowered her head and turned around. She tried her best to be as invisible as possible and walked destructively out of their sight.

She walked to a shady corner far from the street lamp and kept looking for lipstick, tissue, foundation, and cell phone in her bag... She was messing

them up.

In fact, She wasn't looking for anything. She was embarrassed and wanted to hide the panic in her heart.

"Bastard." She cursed in a low voice.

She had plucked up all her courage and decided to go to the Gordon Hotel to look for him, but now she met him... There was really no need to tell him. There was no need to wait for him, for such a ruthless bastard.

"What the hell am I insisting on?" Her eyes were a little red for tears.

The night wind of early winter was bitterly cold. Wearing the strapless dress, she was really embarrassed standing in such a quiet suburb in the

middle of the night.

"Young Master Hopkins, it's not easy to taxi here," the club leader looked at the shade of the tree on the right from time to time and said meaningfully.

"And at night, it was colder in the suburbs than in the city. It's easy to catch a cold standing outside."

Seeing that Patrick was also looking over there, the club leader carefully added, "Do you want me to find someone to drive her back?"

When Patrick stepped closer to the shade of the tree, a white Bentley was already waiting nearby. With his deep eyes, Patrick stared at the man who opened the door for her and saw her naturally sitting in the passenger seat.

The club leader followed closely behind him with a surprised expression. The white Bentley had taken her away...

"Young Master Hopkins, should I, should I chase after him?" His voice was trembling nervously.

Patrick seemed not to hear it. He turned around and entered the club with indifference.

"Eric, why are you here?"

The white Bentley drove smoothly. Christina looked at the man in the car awkwardly. She had overheard Larry's conversation before, and now she looked at him with suspicion.

Derek looked at her calmly and didn't care about her suspicion at all. He continued to look ahead and told her calmly, "Crystal called me. She said you were missing."

Christina suddenly remembered poor Crystal.

"I forgot there was no signal at Golden. A Club."

Feeling sorry, she quickly called Crystal back, but perhaps because Crystal was still in the noisy Gordon Hotel venue, no one answered the phone.

"Eric, I want to go to the Gordon Hotel." Seeing Derek drive the car towards her apartment, Christina reminded him at once.

However, Derek continued to drive along the same route. It was said that driving showed a person's character. It made sense exactly; calm Derek always drove the car at a steady speed.

Chapter 280

"She's with Chandler."

Derek sent her to the gate of the community and told her about Crystal's current situation. He wanted to tell her that she didn't have to worry about Crystal.

Christina was already outside the car, looking at his fair and handsome face through the window, and his dark blue eyes were crystal clear, which hid no secret behind them.

Derek seemed to be okay with her scrutiny. As long as she wanted to stare at him, he would not shy away.

They looked at each other for three minutes. "I'm going back."

She said this, turned around, and walked towards the neighborhood.

The white Bentley was parked here until she disappeared from sight. Ten minutes later, the lights in Apartment 402 turned on. Derek regained his senses. His blue eyes lowered slightly before he started the car and left.

Christina did not know what he was thinking. She quickly returned to her haunted apartment and immediately changed her aqua blue strapless evening dress. When she took the elevator upstairs, several residents she met looked at her with weird expressions.

After all, ordinary people really couldn't afford such an expensive

dress, not to mention that she lived in such an ordinary neighborhood.

Christina angrily threw the clothes into the corner of the bathroom and stepped forward to kick them so hard that it was obvious that she was venting her anger. "Damn it!"

[Which senior official are you going to sleep with, all dressed up?]

The voice of that jerk lingered in her mind. She kept telling herself that she still had a lot to think about, including LUCY, Larry, Director Ann... Yes, she wanted to see her child the most. She could do anything to hang on.

If LUCY didn't lie to her, if she really found the child, then... if Patrick, that bastard, still couldn't remember her,

then she didn't want him either!

Bastard!

Christina took a big garbage bag and wrapped up the expensive dress, as if she remembered that bastard the moment she saw it. Her heart was burning with anger. She was going to throw it away now.

"That woman in 402 is a little strange..."

In the elevator came two aunts who had just finished their aerobics. They were chatting happily.

"Yes, I think so too. She doesn't seem to like talking to people very much. Zamani, do you think she's the kind of woman who is kept by men..."

Christina looked up at them expressionlessly, but they were so focused on the talking that they completely ignored her.

"Hey, don't talk nonsense. Besides, we have no right to interfere with her career."

"That's right. It's possible for such a beautiful woman like her to be kept by men. Just don't bring some weirdos back. Then the background of our neighborhood will be quite complicated..."

She wanted to clarify this for herself, but then came the opening sound of the elevator. The two middle-aged women walked out side by side. Christina was expressionless. She couldn't just keep them stay to listen to

her explanation, right?

They were still gossiping, "The new resident in 502 is even weirder."

Then the elevator door closed, leaving Christina alone in the narrow space. Suddenly, it was quiet, even a little chilly.

The resident of Room 502?

Christina's anger suddenly diverted by this.

When she returned to her apartment, she didn't seem so angry anymore. She looked at the small balcony from time to time. According to the rumors of the haunted house, even ordinary people could climb from 502 to 402 balcony.

She stood on the balcony. The night was dark and the moon was blocked by thick clouds. There were only a few stars in the dark sky. Christina looked up at the balcony of Room 502.

Since ordinary people could climb down, that meant that she could climb up too...

"What the hell is Christina doing?"

At this time, at the reception venue on the fourth floor of Gordon Hotel, Crystal was wearing this expensive dress. She stood awkwardly in a corner and looked at the handsome men and women at the venue raising their glasses and laughing. She looked helpless.

"Miss Zhu, hurry up and eat. It's all

yours."

A handsome figure approached her. Chandler ridiculed her with his gentle voice, and he pointed to the food area on the left side of the venue.

Crystal glared at him expressionlessly. "I'm not in the mood to eat now."

"If you're not in the mood to eat, then why are you here?"

Crystal was stunned and she could not refute it.

They had planned to come over and eat as much as they wanted, but that woman, Christina, stood her up.

"I'd better go." She was a little discouraged. A place like this was not

suitable for her.

But Chandler was unhappy. He narrowed his eyes and scolded, "Miss Zhu, you just left like this?"

"You used me. Now you don't want to be responsible for this!"

This tall man took a big step towards her. There was only one punch between the two of them. He looked down at her with his sharp eyes. Crystal was stunned and her thin face was already flushed.

"You, don't talk nonsense." Crystal was so panicked that she rambled.

Seeing her panicked look, Chandler lowered his head and leaned closer to her, maintaining his cold tone. "Oh,

then who begged me to bring her in just now?"

"Well, that was just because... I only know you."

"Miss Zhu," Chandler interrupted her coldly and asked her seriously, "What do you think of this? I brought you to the venue, and then you ran away. I don't have a female companion. What would others say? I would lose face, right?"

"Well, I..."

"It's surprising that you, Crystal Zhu, are an ungrateful woman." Chandler straightened up and looked disappointed in her.

Crystal Zhu's face was twisted

because of anger and she glared at his cold back.

Damn it, did the whole world think I was a pushover!

"Crystal Zhu... Miss Zhu, you're here too." When Barbara saw her with Chandler, her voice was filled with surprise.

Crystal was a very adaptable person. Since her heartless boss didn't let her go first, she went to eat. She had just scooped up a large plate of seafood from the buffet area and was about to find a place to sit down and eat, but she bumped into an "enemy."

"Hello."

When Crystal saw her, she forced out a

decent smile and looked calm. This was a party held by IP&G, and it was natural that Barbara Parker was present.

However, when Crystal saw the other woman beside Barbara, she could not calm down. She looked at Erica's face with exquisite makeup in astonishment. For some reason, she felt a little uncomfortable.

Erica was wearing a long red dress with a tight v-neck tonight. Her fiery figure was perfectly shown. She raised her eyebrows and even her gaze was very charming.

At this moment, Erica was staring at her with an indifferent expression, as if she was thinking of something.

Erica did not speak, but Crystal was

uncomfortable. She put the plate in her hand on the nearby table and looked anxiously for help.

"Did you come with Chandler?"

Barbara's eyes fell on her expensive dress. The clothes of such an expensive brand were definitely not affordable for ordinary employees like Crystal. With a routine smile on her face, she asked with care.

"Yes."

Crystal was very frank, but Erica looked at her even more harshly. She pursed her lips timidly and did not want to speak.

"Go get another plate yourself."

When Crystal Zhu heard the familiar gentle voice, she looked up at her boss, quite moved. However, Chandler actually ignored Erica and Barbara. Maybe he didn't let her leave early because he knew that his ex-wife was coming and he wanted to irritate her?

No wonder he said he wouldn't attend the party before, and suddenly he changed his mind and came.

Thinking of this, Crystal Zhu felt a little depressed, thinking that she was just a tool, but she then saw this man sitting down and eating her large plate of cheese lobster.

Crystal frowned and almost subconsciously lectured him, "Hey, you have a stomachache. Don't eat so much seafood."

"The fried rice at home is too salty. You want to make me starve, right?"

Chandler did not look up, as if he was really hungry. Ignoring these ladies, he ate elegantly.

Barbara watched from the side and wanted to say something, but Chandler's attitude was obvious that he did not want to talk to them. She felt a little awkward for a moment, and Erica's expression was extremely gloomy.

"Chandler, can I have a word with you? Erica has something she wants to tell you..."

Barbara still said it, but Chandler acted as if he hadn't heard anything. He

immediately got up and left with Crystal Zhu, who was in a daze. "Your home-cooked food is better. Go back and get me another pot of fried rice."

Crystal Zhu was not stupid. The man was obviously ignoring his ex-wife, so she obediently followed him.

"Are you really not going back?" As soon as she walked out of the hall, she couldn't help but ask.

She clearly saw the hesitation and reluctance in Chandler's eyes. He probably still loved her.

Chapter 281

Atishoo!

Christina didn't go to bed until 12 pm last night, but she was awakened by the phone called by the staff of the IP&G Group early in the morning. They reminded her to get to the airport on time, because she and the other three models were going to H City to take pictures today.

Christina held the phone in a daze. She really forgot about this thing.

"Okay."

She replied casually and went to wash.

"Christina, do you have a cold?"

She called Crystal before she left. Maybe it was because she spoke with a twang, Crystal asked her with concern.

"I'm taking a car to the airport now. I'm going to stay in the H City for three days."

Christina sat in the taxi and complained to Crystal, "Charles is afraid that I will be fired, so he sent someone to wake me up before dawn."

Christina was still a little dazed, but she suddenly thought that Charles was not in charge of the staff of the IP&G Group. Did IP&G Group have a waking up service?

Christina sneezed again and covered her nose with a tissue. She didn't want to care about whether the IP&G Group

had a waking up service.

"Christina, you've promised to have a big meal with me. Did you run away after you knew that Patrick didn't attend the dinner party? You are so heartless..." Crystal said resentfully.

Patrick didn't go to the dinner party either?

When Christina heard Patrick's name, she was suddenly in a bad mood.

"Hey, what did you do last night? Why did you catch a cold? Are you still filming? Will the cold affect your filming?" Crystal was so soft-hearted that she began to worry about Christina.

"I was being blown by the cold wind on

the balcony for a whole night." Christina remembered what she did last night and lowered her voice. "I suspect that the person living in the 502 room upstairs is someone I know."

"What 502?"

"Nothing." Christina was embarrassed and didn't want to talk about it.

"Derek told me that you were with Chandler last night. Did he send you home?"

Now it was Crystal who didn't want to talk about it. She said with a stiff tone, "Yes, we went back early."

Both of Christina and Crystal had their own thoughts. Christina said that she was about to arrive at the airport, and

Crystal reminded her to be careful outside and hung up.

Crystal usually arrived at the Stephenson family at 6: 00 am and made breakfast. Then she went to wake up Chandler and Geoffrey. After sending Geoffrey to school, she rushed back to watch Chandler take stomach medicine after breakfast. After that, she began to wipe the floor, wash the dishes, and prepare dinner for them. Her life was so simple.

However, when Crystal drove her little car to the Stephenson family today, she found a women's red Lamborghini sports car parked at the door. The two cars were parked together, which showed her car was so low and cheap.

Crystal got out of the car and glanced

at the new sports car beside her
jealously.

She was thinking about who would
drive such a sports car.

Then she took the key to open the
door. Before she entered the house,
she found that Chandler and Geoffrey
had already gotten up. It was really a
miracle.

"Are there any guests today?" She
entered the Stephenson family
naturally.

"Who's the guest?!"

Erica came out from behind the sofa
and looked at the door unhappily.

Crystal stood at the door in shock.

"Miss Erica." Crystal was in a daze for a long time and said.

But Erica was obviously very dissatisfied with Crystal's address to her. She raised her chin arrogantly and sat down on the sofa in the middle of the living room, looking like the hostess.

"Since you're the nanny at home, why are you still standing there in a daze? Hurry up to make breakfast!"

Erica spoke forcefully, so Crystal did not dare to argue with her. Crystal also felt that she had no identity to argue with her. She just nodded at Erica and went into the kitchen.

Chandler and Geoffrey were both in

the living room. They just watched what happened just now in silent.

Crystal was making breakfast as skillfully as usual. Suddenly, she smashed a plate. The sound seemed very abrupt in the strange atmosphere of the house. She was anxious and immediately squatted down to clean up the broken pieces, but her finger was cut by them.

"Why did you find such a person to be the nanny at home?"

Crystal heard the voice in the living room. She was a little embarrassed and hurried to clean them up.

It was a terrible feeling, as if she had done something wrong and had come to a place she shouldn't have come.

Crystal didn't want to have breakfast with the three of them, so she found an excuse. "I've had breakfast before I came. You three enjoy it."

Chandler didn't say anything and waved her away to do something else.

"You usually eat with us."

Geoffrey ate his kidney beans with a small spoon and looked up at Crystal with big eyes in confusion.

At first, Crystal didn't eat at the same table with them, but Chandler said that he was worried that what she cooked would cause them to have diarrhea, so he asked her to "test the poison" for them first. Then she gradually became closer to them and acted more

naturally.

"Why does the nanny eat at the same table with the hosts?"

Erica said to Geoffrey in a gentle tone, but the smile on Crystal's face suddenly froze.

Erica was right. The nanny usually should not eat at the same table with the hosts, and what she did seemed to be wrong.

Crystal found that although Erica was so snobbish and powerful in the past, Geoffrey still liked Erica very much. He even blushed when Erica said that she would send him to school today.

After all, Erica was his biological mother, and no one could change this

kinship.

"Erica suddenly said she was coming to see Geoffrey today."

When only Crystal and Chandler were left in the house, Chandler suddenly put down the newspaper and said to Crystal.

Crystal just nodded.

In fact, Crystal didn't know how to answer. Erica was Geoffrey's biological mother, so she had the right to come to see Geoffrey though she had divorced with Chandler.

Crystal went back to the kitchen to clean up, and then went to the storeroom to take out a bucket and mop. When Chandler came out of the

study again, he saw her wearing gloves, a scarf, and a work cap. It was as if she was going to finish half a year's work.

"Your breakfast." He handed over a box of cookies.

Crystal looked at the cookies in a daze and did not take them.

Chandler said, "Eat quickly, or you don't have the strength to work for me." Then he put the biscuits directly into her hand.

But she just held it in a daze.

Chandler turned his head and added awkwardly, "It is not expired."

Crystal looked up at him for a while and replied sullenly, "I know." Then she

ignored him, taking off her gloves and eating beside the tea table.

She had known that these biscuits had not expired. Chandler just deliberately annoyed her and made her feel uneasy to eat them.

"Don't be so nice to me." She whispered as she chewed the biscuits.

Chandler seemed to be used to taking stomach medicine after breakfast. He had some work to do today, so he packed up the documents and was about to go out. Before he left, he glanced at Crystal, who was busy cleaning the house. And he noticed her cut finger.

He said faintly. "I'm going out."

"Take your time and be careful on the road."

Chandler glanced at her again and drove away.

At 4 pm, Christina called her again, saying that her work today was not going well, and that the harsh director scolded her for a long time for catching a cold.

"I don't understand. What does my cold have to do with him? It's as if he'll get his salary deducted if I get sick." Christina was very depressed.

But Crystal sounded a little absent-minded. Christina noticed that she was not energetic today and asked with concern, "What's wrong?"

Crystal said gloomily, "Christina, I'm going to resign..."

At this moment, Chandler returned from outside, and he heard the voice in the living room.

"Christina, I don't want to get involved in other people's love life, and I don't want to be a mistress. But when I'm with them, I can't help liking him...I think it's better for me to leave the Stephenson family."