

Chapter 79 Now, She's Mine

Christina was in a daze, not remembering how she got out of this horrible basement.

It seemed that she could still hear the sounds of fighting and bones breaking and the shrill cries...

In the quiet night, there was a champagne golden Rolls-Royce stopped in this dark alley. Someone opened the door for her. She stood by the door and turned to look at the left...

Just then, an anxious footstep came, and she heard someone reporting respectfully, "It's confirmed... After waking up at the Seattle private hospital, he immediately flew back, probably back to the Fisher Family in F

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City ..."

Christina didn't know what they were talking about and didn't want to know.


Patrick strode towards her expressionlessly. Under the dim street lamp, he was even more outstanding and dominating.

She lowered her head and quickly sat in the car without waiting for him to come near. She sat up stiffly and clenched her hands into fists, trying to hide her anxiety.

Patrick walked to her and looked at her profile with complicated eyes...

Bang -

Suddenly, he slammed the door.

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"Send Christina home."

His cold and deep voice echoed in this wide and creepy dark alley.

Christina was startled, but she didn't look up. The car started quickly and drove away.

Until the car slowly drove out of the corner of the alley, she couldn't help but look behind her...

He was nowhere to be seen.

Along the way, she was very quiet. Her eyes were dazed as she looked at the speeding scenery through the car window, and her mind was in a mess.

Around 9 pm, the car arrived in

Hopkins Family.


As soon as the car stopped, a maid ran up to her, looking nervous. "Ma'am, where have you been? Old Master is looking for you."

"Hello, grandpa."

She went to the mansion and found Mr. Hopkins was sitting on the sofa in the hall. His face was dark and he was obviously unhappy.

The old butler looked up and down at her. Seeing that she was safe and sound, he breathed a sigh of relief. "Ma'am, we are worried about you. We couldn't get through you..."

Her phone was broken by Cory.

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But Christina didn't tell them. She looked up at the old man and said with hesitation. "I-I've been with Patrick."

"Patrick is back?" The old butler looked surprised.

Christina muttered a yes and looked down at her toes again, not wanting to speak.

Mr. Hopkins stood up from the sofa with his walking stick and walked to her and asked in a deep voice, "What happened?"

The old butler also looked at her suspiciously. Her expression was a little strange. It seemed that she was frightened.

She pursed her lips, not wanting to say

anything.


Mr. Hopkins did not force her. He walked straight towards the door with his walking stick, leaving behind a sentence, "Nanny Faang made soup for you. Go to the dining room to eat something, and then go back to your bedroom to rest."

Christina felt warm. She followed Nanny Faang to the dining room for a simple dinner and then went back to her bedroom.

[Don't do anything I don't like as he did...]

"He's warning me."

She soaked in warm water in the bathtub. The bloody and cruel scenes

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she saw tonight came to her mind again.

She had never seen a basement like this, and he had never been an ordinary person. That place was strange and scary to her...

The water vapor blurred her vision and confused her thoughts.

[Because Patrick was the one who saved you during your high school trip, you fell in love deeply with him...]

[Christina, listen to me. He must have ordered those hooligans to harm you during your high school trip... He deliberately made the show. It was Patrick's show...]

Cory was drunk. He shook her

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shoulders and yelled at her angrily.


Feeling a little dizzy, Christina got out of the bathtub. She wrapped herself in a large towel and turned to look at the full-length mirror on the wall.

She was lost in her thoughts, then lowered her eyes and muttered, "So, he saved me..."

[You don't know him. No one knows him...]

It was the end of March. She wore the bathrobe and walked to the window. In the distance, under the night, the street was brightly lit.

The spring wind blew in with some drizzle, and the night wind was a little chilly.

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She stood in front of the window, her eyes looking ahead, her mind in a mess...

Constant streams of traffic flowed past, rushing to the next destination.

At a crossroad between A City and F City, a car suddenly rushed out from a side lane.

The drivers who were normally driving turned the steering wheel in a hurry and slammed on the brakes. The tires screeched against the ground.

"Who is it?"

Who dared to block their way?

The bodyguard in the driver's seat

angrily opened the car door and walked out. That driver suddenly changed lanes, which was obviously a provocation.

Patrick sat in the back. He raised his eyebrows and looked at the car ahead expressionlessly.

But the car owner seemed to be even angrier. "Patrick, get out!"

It was his acquaintance.

He pursed his lip and watched the women outside cursing him like a shrew with a teasing expression.

"Go away!"

Laurie's face darkened and she pushed away from the bodyguard who was

blocking her.

"Patrick, come out!"


She yelled angrily at the silver-gray Bugatti. "You hurt my son. There are glass shards in his arms and back. How cruel you are! Cory is your cousin. How could you hurt him? He has suffered a lot. You can't bully him anymore. I must get justice for him. Come out and give me an explanation!"

"Is he dead?"

In contrast to her excitement, he asked back coldly.

"What did you say, Patrick? You heartless asshole!"

Laurie flew into a rage and pulled the

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door handle with all her might.

The door was locked and she couldn't open it. Patrick's face became more sullen. He had already in a bad mood tonight.

He glanced at the bodyguard outside the car. "Drive."

"Patrick, you can't leave!"

Laurie screamed in a shrill voice. She was no longer the elegant rich madam anymore. She was so angry that she ran straight to the front of the car and spread her arms to stop him from leaving.

The bodyguard was in a dilemma. He knew that Patrick was not on good terms with his aunt, but Laurie was

blocking the car...

"Hit her!"

The man in the back of the car ordered in a cold voice.

The bodyguard who was holding the steering wheel paused. Laurie, who was in front of the car, turned pale and hesitated.

"Bastard!"

All of a sudden, a black car and stopped behind them.

Mr. Hopkins came out of the car in a hurry. His eyes were fixed on the car opposite him. He hit the ground with his walking stick and scolded Patrick angrily. "Go to the hospital and

apologize to your cousin immediately!"


They found Cory at the stairs of Christina's apartment. He passed out drunk and had broken glass on his body. Needless to say, it must be Patrick who did that!

The bodyguard did not dare to move. He looked nervously at the rearview mirror...

"Dad, you must help me..." Laurie looked aggrieved and immediately ran towards the old man.

Patrick looked at the old man in that car. He was irritated.

"Mr. Hopkins, should I call someone over..." Another bodyguard in the car asked in a low voice.

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"You want me to apologize to someone who covers his cousin-in-law?"

To their surprise, Patrick got out of the car and asked in a cold and mockery tone.

"Patrick, we know what you did in the past! You secretly helped Carrie marry into Hampton Family. How dare you mention 'cousin-in-law'? Christina was my daughter-in-law!"

Laurie was angry and she couldn't suppress her emotions and was about to slap him.

Patrick grabbed her wrist immediately and said with a cold and cruel voice.

"Now, she's mine."

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"Get out."

"Get out, Carrie. I don't want to see you."

Late at night, impatient roars came from the brightly lit VIP ward.

"I'm your wife now. You're hurt. I should stay with you," the woman said in a low, aggrieved voice. She looked at the man on the sickbed and raised her voice as she bit her lips. "Christina has married Patrick. Don't go against him. Patrick is too cruel. He can do anything horrible..."

With a click, the door was suddenly opened, and Carrie turned around subconsciously, her face turning white.

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It was Patrick.

How could he come here...

Cory, who was on the bed, was startled to see Patrick's sudden appearance. Then he sat up angrily and was about to rush to the door...


"Cory, you're injured. You can't move."

Carrie looked flustered and walked to the sickbed, pressing his shoulder to stop him.

Laurie, who was near the door, also rushed over and tried to dissuade him.

"Cory, you have to take care of yourself."

"Get out."

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"All of you, get out!" Cory held back his anger and scolded angrily.

Laurie looked at him as he was covered in white gauze. She couldn't bear to see it. After hesitation, she said. "Mom will go outside first. Remember to call me if you need anything..."

As she said this, she pulled a long face and vented her anger on Carrie. "I told you. You are not qualified to be the daughter-in-law of the Hampton Family. Cory was hurt and you came here to piss him off."

Carrie was too scared to say a word and followed Laurie out.

As they passed by the door, the expressions on their faces became


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more complicated. The sounds of Laurie's footsteps were heavy and loud as she suppressed the anger in her heart while Carrie lowered her head even more.

The door was closed.

The ward was very spacious, and the night wind outside the window was a little strong, making the curtains sway. Neither of the two people in the room spoke. The ward was cold and quiet.

Patrick's expression was calm, and he looked around casually, pretending that his cousin in the sickbed did not exist at all. Finally, his eyes fell on the dark night sky outside the window, and he could feel the cold night wind blowing in.

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"She's asleep" He looked down with thoughts deep in his eyes. It was as if he was thinking of something else.

Cory, who was on the sickbed, on the other hand, was angry and glared at Patrick fiercely. He didn't expect his cousin to say a word of apology, but he had to figure out some things with Patrick.

The first thing he said was to ask Patrick to let Christina go.

Christina.


The name Cory mentioned made Patrick turn his head slightly. Patrick examined the anger and unwillingness of the other party with his deep eyes. Patrick's thin lips were slightly pursed, revealing contempt.

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Cory hated Patrick for standing high above the masses since Patrick was a child. Yes. Cory was afraid of Patrick, but there was no doubt that none of their relatives liked to get close to Patrick.

Cory's expression was sullen as his right hand was clenched into a fist. He tried to calm himself down. "Let her go. Christina is different from you. Her world is very simple. It is unlike your world which is full of plots and fights, I don't know what your purpose is as you try your best to take her away from me!"

In the end, Cory roared angrily, "Patrick, what are you trying to do? Let Christina go. Don't try to hurt her!"

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"Christina owes me this," Patrick said suddenly and inexplicably.

Patrick paused, his deep eyes staring straight at the man in the sickbed. Then Patrick said inexplicably "I want her to repay for the rest of her life..."

"Christina owes me."

"I want her to repay for the rest of her life....."

Cory did not expect Patrick to say such a strange thing, and he was stunned for a moment.

Patrick lost his patience. He came just to do what Mr. Hopkins asked him to do perfunctorily. After finishing his mission, he walked straight to the door.

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"Patrick, stop!" Cory became a little anxious when he saw Patrick leave.

"What did you mean by that?!"


There was anxiety in Cory's eyes, and that strange sentence kept echoing in his mind. "I want her to repay for the rest of her life?"

What did this mean?

A man wanted a woman to repay for the rest of her life...

Cory looked even more agitated than before. He pulled the needle out of his left hand and strode forward to grab Patrick's arm.

"You better remember. She's your cousin's wife."

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Patrick stopped, turned around, and grabbed Cory's injured left arm backhand at an extremely fast speed.

Patrick gave Cory his last warning, "Next time, I will show no mercy!"

Cory looked into Patrick's eyes, suppressing the panic in his heart.

Suddenly, Cory shouted sarcastically, "Patrick, you've been plotting against her. Even if you keep her by your side, so what? Christina will only be afraid of you and hate you. She will never fall in love with someone like you."

There was no emotion on Patrick's face, but his increasingly stronger force made Cory pale and pant in pain.

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Blood was oozing from the white gauze on Cory's arm as Patrick exerted more and more strength.

"It doesn't matter if she loves me or not. I love her. This is enough!" Patrick gritted his teeth and his deep voice was filled with years of discouragement and indignation.

Bang.

With a strong force, Patrick threw Cory into the corner.

"What's wrong!"

"Cory, how are you? Are you hurt..."

Outside the door, Laurie and Carrie heard the sound and immediately opened the door nervously and rushed

in.

Cory leaned back against the wall, looking surprised and ignoring them.


With a sullen face, Patrick strode away.

"Did he do something to you? Did he threaten you?" Laurie saw that her son was in a trance. She angrily chased after Patrick, shouting abuse.

"Patrick, stop right there!"

"My father asked you to come over and apologize. You go too far... Patrick, don't be so arrogant. Someone will make you suffer!"

Laurie's angry and unwilling voice echoed in the corridor of the hospital. Cory, on the other hand, suddenly fell

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silent and looked at the white floor in a daze.

He was utterly shocked, and he even wondered if he had heard it wrong.

"It doesn't matter if she loves me or not. I love her. This is enough."

"How is that possible?"

A gust of night wind blew in through the window, and the ward was quiet and cold. Cory was stunned. His fingers were tightly clenched, and there was a strong sense of contradiction in his heart.

He muttered the name with difficulty, "Christina..."

"Where's Christina?"

The dark night quickly turned white, and the first rays of the morning sun shone down. Mr. Hopkins had already woken up and finished his morning exercise, as usual, preparing to go to the Main Residence for breakfast.

"Nanny Faang said the Young Madam didn't sleep until early last night. She shouldn't have gotten up so early." The butler said as he served breakfast to Mr. Hopkins.

The old man didn't seem to have a good appetite. He just drank half a bowl of porridge and then he put down his spoon. He frowned and thought about something.

"Old Master, do you have some urgent things to talk to Young Madam?" The

butler, who had been accompanying Mr. Hopkins for many years, felt a little strange at first sight and asked slowly.

Mr. Hopkins looked up and asked in a deep voice, "Did they know each other before?"

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