

Chapter 89 Reunion Party

"Yes... I'm on my way to the IP&G Group."

The sun was shining at noon, and a champagne-gold Rolls-Royce cruised towards the city center. Christina was sitting in the back seat, talking to Mr. Hopkins on the phone, "There's a high school reunion next week, and she happens to be an employee of the company."

"Patrick?" Mr. Hopkins on the other end of the phone suddenly asked.

The car window reflected Christina's slightly stunned expression and she said truthfully, "He's fine. He hasn't had a migraine for the past few days."

Before Mr. Hopkins hung up, he said, "Since you are at the company, give him a call..."

'Call Patrick?'

She touched the screen of her phone and looked at Patrick's number. She hesitated, but she still called him.

She put the phone close to her ear and she was nervous about what to say to him. However, Christina put her phone down after a while and her eyes were filled with an inexplicable sense of loss.

Patrick didn't answer her call.

She felt that she was stupid to be nervous just now. She thought she had been very sensitive lately.

[I'm in the lobby of the IP&G Group. I'm here to have lunch with my friend.]
When the car arrived at the company, she got out of the car and casually edited a text message to send to Patrick.

After waiting for ten minutes, she didn't receive any reply, and Christina didn't care much. He should be busy.

She stepped into the lobby of the group. She didn't see Crystal last time, so Christina simply waited for her at the company this time.

When it was almost 12 o'clock, the staff began to go downstairs for lunch, so the five elevators on the west side began to get crowded.

"Crystal?"

Christina looked at a woman in a black dress at the door of the elevator and smiled.

After graduating from high school, they hadn't seen each other for almost seven years. Nonetheless, Crystal still looked the same as before.

"Crystal, can't you keep your creditors from stirring up trouble in the company? It's a real shame to be in the same department as someone like you."

As soon as Christina approached, she heard a shrill female voice. A woman was taunting Crystal with arrogance.

"Hey, why are you speaking so harshly?" Christina directly shouted at

that woman.

Hearing Christina's voice, the two women who were quarreling turned to look at Christina simultaneously.

Crystal recognized her at first sight, "Christina." Crystal called out her name with some excitement.

As for the woman who had just quarreled with Crystal, her face suddenly took on a ghastly expression. She seemed to be afraid of something, so she turned around and walked away quickly.

"That woman just now..." Looking at the woman's back, Christina felt as if she had known her before.

"Sabrina." Crystal whispered, "She was

in the same class as us in high school!"

Christina raised her eyebrows slightly. No wonder she thought Sabrina looked familiar.

"She bullied you?"

Crystal used to have a round fair face. Now, she had an angular face and she was more mature, but she still looked gentle and easy to bully.

"Not really. It's my family's shit." Crystal took Christina's arm and led her out of the company. She said to Christina in a low voice, "My mom came to the company this morning and made a scene, so Sabrina said that to me."

"What happened?"

man, but he was so shameless that he used the credit card to buy goods of the first-rate. After that, he asked Crystal to help him out.

Crystal took a sip of the milk tea on the table and smiled bitterly, "My mother asked me for 300,000 dollars, but I was not born in the purple and I don't have any money."

"I told my mom last month that I really don't have 300,000 dollars. I'll give my stepbrother 30,000 dollars at most. You know my mother. She has always been partial to my stepfather and stepbrother, and always feared that they will abandon her. She scolded me fiercely and said that I was too selfish and that even if I got married, I would have to rely on them. She told me I must give my stepbrother 300,000

Christina turned to look at her. Christina remembered that Crystal's mother remarried when she was very young. Her stepfather was very strict with her. Her mother echoed the man and often scolded her for nothing.

They went to a western restaurant and had a simple lunch.

Crystal told her everything without scruple, "My stepbrother is getting married. My mother wants me to give him 300,000 dollars."

"Did you really give it to him?"
Christina was a little angry.

She knew that Crystal's stepbrother was a terrible person. All he knew was beer and skittles. He was not a rich

students in the class looked down on her and gossiped about her behind her back. Christina stood up, slapped her right hand at the desk, and the class quietened down.

Crystal liked her friend Christina because she was not scheming. She was simple and honest, but she was slow in some aspects.

"Let's not talk about my family. How are you? Where's your husband?" Crystal looked at her with a sly smile, "Christina, didn't you say that he works in the same company as me? What's his name?"

Before Christina could answer, her phone vibrated and she got a new message.

dollars. Otherwise, if my brother's marriage is ruined, it will be my fault."

Crystal looked a little depressed. She picked up her chopsticks, put a vegetable leaf in her mouth, and chewed it. She had no appetite.

"You've only been working for three years, so it's normal that you don't have any savings. What's wrong with your mother? How can she ask you for 300,000 dollars for a stepson? Is she trying to force you to take out a loan? She's crazy."

Crystal laughed out loud when she saw that Christina was so angry that her face clouded over.

Back when they were in school, her family was always in trouble. The

torn.

"Nothing."

Christina put her phone in her bag and told Crystal something serious, "By the way, I might not go to the high school reunion you said before."

"You're not going?"

Crystal looked up and down at her. Christina was a famous campus belle in high school, and now she looked even more beautiful. Judging from her fair and tender skin, Crystal was sure that Christina must have married a rich man.

"Is it because your husband won't let you go? Haha, married women are different. You have to get your

"I was in a meeting just now," Patrick replied.

Was that an explanation?

It turned out that he didn't answer the phone because he was in a meeting. Christina was happy for no reason when she read his message.

She looked at the screen of her phone and hesitated, wondering if she should send him another message, such as telling him that she was now in the western restaurant opposite the company.

Maybe he was still busy, and it would disturb him if she texted.

"Christina, why are you in a daze?"
Crystal could tell that Christina was

husband's permission to go out."
Crystal teased her with a smile.

Christina did not deny it. She lowered her head and ate the spaghetti, looking a little embarrassed.

Indeed, she was worried that Hopkins Family would not allow her to go. Besides, she was bound to drink at the reunion, but she was pregnant, so she could not drink.

Crystal smiled and persuaded her, "Christina, it doesn't matter if you don't go, but I heard that the person in charge of this year's event is trying to invite our former teaching assistant. Are you really not going? A lot of girls have signed up for it because of that handsome teaching assistant."

suddenly remembered something and was very excited. She kept talking and Christina couldn't get a word in edgeways.

Her little white face reddened, "The man's back looks a lot like our teaching assistant. Do you think it's really him?"

When Crystal mentioned the top floor of the IP&G Group, Christina thought for the first time that Patrick's office was on the top floor.

"I don't remember him."

"Ok, I get it. You only like the fat nerds who are easy to bully."

Crystal had a pained expression on her face. Christina had promised that she would marry a cook, who was fat, good-tempered, and faithful.

There was a big misunderstanding.

Christina wanted to explain. After all, when Crystal saw Patrick in the future, it would be bad if she call him a fat homebody.

"By the way, Christina, let me tell you something. When I went up to the top of the company today to hand in my report to the secretary's office, I thought I saw someone I knew," Crystal

She knew that although Crystal was annoyed by her mother, she was filial.

They walked towards the counter together. "Let me pay the bill." Christina then took out her card from her bag.

Crystal didn't refuse. They were good friends, and they often treated each other to meals.

But Crystal thought of something. "By the way, how's your aunt going? Is she better now?"

Christina's aunt had once been a rich lady, and she hadn't known how to do housework at all. But her heart attack cost her a lot of money. So Christina spent most of her time working part-

Chapter 90 His Blue Eyes

"Well, I gotta go."

Suddenly someone called Crystal, and she stood up before finishing her lunch.

With a bitter smile on her face, she said, "I had to ask for leave to deal with my personal affairs. I'm afraid that Sabrina would complain to the manager and I get fired because of my mom making a scene in my company."

So Christina also stood up. "Then let's go together."

She had heart Crystal's mom's harsh words. She sounded like a debt collector.

"Crystal, call me if you need anything. If

your mother asks you for money, I can lend it to you.."

"Thank you, but I'll handle it myself."

Crystal shrugged. "I know my mom well. I did have earned some money but I spent it all at once for a down payment on an apartment. I don't have any money to give her now."

"It's good to have your apartment."
Christina thought she was smart.

"My salary only allows me to pay by installment. But I'm happy to have my own apartment. If my mother and my stepfather get into a fight in the future, she can live with me." Crystal had a clear mind.

Christina chuckled.

time when she was at college, as diligent as those poor students.

"My aunt is much better now."

Crystal teased her. "Your rich husband treats your family well." She could tell from Christina's clothes that her husband must be rich.

But Christina's expression froze when she heard that. She explained in a hurry, "No, I paid my aunt's medical bills with the money of my granddad's legacy... He, well, I don't want to use his money."

"Why are you so uneasy?" Crystal noticed her strange expression and then asked, "Are you not getting well with your husband? You seem not to be close."

Christina lowered her head and did not answer.

Not close.

How could she and Patrick be like an ordinary couple...

Old Master promised to help her aunt find a suitable source of heart and in the Hopkins she... Well, she shouldn't think too much.

Crystal could tell that she was in a bad mood so she changed the topic. "Why do you have to wait until you graduate from college to get the heritage? Why are rich families so complicated?"

Christina looked a little embarrassed. "Because I did something that made

"Got it. I'll take care of it." She heard Crystal's vague reply.

Christina felt pity for Crystal. But her life was in a mess too.

"How much is it?"

She looked at the electronic clock on the wall of the restaurant. The driver of the Hopkins would come to pick her up later, so she hurried to pay the bill.

"Miss, your bill has been paid." The waitress told her with a smile.

Christina was confused. "What?"

The waitress looked at the No.2 glass door of the restaurant with a blush.

"Ten minutes ago, a handsome man

came in to pay your bill."

'Who?'

"Is he wearing a black suit and a dark purple shirt..." Christina immediately thought about Patrick.

But the waitress shook her head. "No."

"... He has beautiful blue eyes."

'Blue eyes.'

Christina's expression changed, and out of instinct, she quickly walked towards the No.2 glass door.

She stood at the door, looking around anxiously...

Blue eyes... Would it be him?

my grandfather angry."

Actually, her grandfather exploded with rage.

Because she refused to follow his order...

"I remember that your grandfather cared about you very much. What on earth have you done..." Crystal was curious. But the phone in her pocket rang again.

"Christina, I have to go. My Mom's calling again."

Crystal then waved at her and rushed out.

Christina shouted behind her, "Call me if you need anything."

All of a sudden, a familiar figure appeared in her vision. Her eyes widened and she quickly crossed the street.

"Eric..." She called out to the crowd.

He was far away from her, and her voice was drowned in the bustling cars and pedestrians.

"Young Madam!"

The driver was here to pick her up, but he saw her trying to cross the street disregarding the red light. So he hurried to stop the car beside her and shouted.

Christina stopped when she saw the car that suddenly appeared.

"Young Madam, you can't cross the road now."

"Oh, I'll pay attention next time."


Her mind was in a mess. The figure had gone.

"Is it him?" She really wanted to know.

Christina got into the car which drove steadily towards the Hopkins. She felt complicated. She hadn't seen Eric for many years, so she wasn't sure whether it was him.

"If it's really him, why didn't he say hello to me..." She looked at the scenery outside the window, her face gloomy. She had mixed feelings.

cheeks were flushed.

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Where had he been during these years?

Was he still angry...

When the car arrived in Hopkins Family, Christina was still lost in her thoughts of the past.

"Young Madam." Nanny Faang walked towards her.

"Have you had lunch?"

"Yes," Christina replied. She wanted to go back to her room to clear her mind.

"I'll go to grandpa at dinner. I'll go back to the bedroom now..."

"Young Madam, please wait a minute."

Christina looked back at her. "What's

the matter?"

Nanny Faang smiled and said, "Young Master Patrick had rushed home twenty minutes ago. As soon as he came back, he asked where you were..."

Christina's expression froze when she heard that.

"What did he ask me for?" She had texted him.

"I don't know." The smile on Nanny Faang's face was gentle. She paused and then chuckled. "I don't think he had something urgent to ask for you. I guess he just missed you."

'He just missed you.'

"Oh," Christina replied calmly, but her

Charles hesitated for a long time before he dared to persuade him.

The man on the left raised his glass and gulped it down. With his calm eyes, he glanced coldly at Charles.

Charles felt a chill on his back and he immediately shut up.

It was all because Chandler had to deal with his own problems, or else Charles wouldn't have to face such a gloomy Patrick alone.

Charles knew that Patrick hated it when people talked about his old wounds, so he quickly changed the subject. "By the way, Patrick, haven't you heard from Derek yet?"

"I can't find him."

Chapter 91 He Treats Me Very Well

It was the evening.

The prosperous commercial street was noisy and many cars were bustling and the largest commercial bar in the center of the square was shining with colorful light beams, which was particularly dazzling and lively.

"Patrick, are you in a bad mood?"

Compared to the hustle and bustle of the dance floor in the bar, the east side of the bar seemed a little chilly and no one dared to come over.

"Patrick, you'd better not drink so much. You've been suffering from migraines lately. It's probably because of your old injury. This is no trifle"

Patrick thought of his good buddy and there was a deep frown on his face. He was upset and poured another half glass of whiskey.

"What a strange thing. It was hard for him to wake up. How could he be missing." Charles raised his eyebrows and muttered softly.

But that Derek had always been a weirdo. Although they knew him from a young age, no one really knew him. Charles had remembered that every time he competed with that guy, he would be at a loss.

As Chandler said, Derek didn't want to be disturbed. Even Patrick had no way to change this:

But... What exactly did Derek want to do?

When Charles looked at Patrick again, he was a little surprised. He found that Patrick had put down his wine glass and looked at the hot girls diagonally across him with complicated expressions.

The women across from them were wearing silk stockings, tight scarlet suspender skirts, and they were leering with their heavily made-up faces.

One of the women stood against the bar, her right foot slightly raised, and her long legs gradually exposed. It seemed that people who came here were all for playing.

lecture seriously.

Spending money was the most convenient and simple way for these rich men. If woman was difficult to conquer, they would spend more on jewelry or even houses. No woman could resist them.

Spend money on her...

Patrick held the crystal wine glass with his long and delicate fingers. He gently shook the glass with the mellow liquor, and some thoughts came into his mind.

Charles's face was expressionless, and he muttered meaningfully, "But there is one kind of woman who is exceptional, probably because they were stupid."

Did Patrick want to find a sex partner?

This thought immediately popped into Charles's head.

However, the next second, Charles felt that this idea was a little stupid. If they dared to get close, the five bodyguards in the corner would be the first to drive them away.

"In fact, as long as you spend money on women, they will be moved," Charles said suddenly.

As expected, Patrick turned to look at him.

"I don't know who wrote this. Those women all agree that the man who is willing to pay for them had the true love for them." Charles continued to

However, it was not entirely Christina's fault. Patrick never pursued her and never said anything sweet to her.

Patrick directly got her and sent her to Hopkins Family.

"You can give her some jewelry or spend some time with her..." Women seem to be insecure creatures. They always like to be accompanied.

Although Patrick didn't say it, Charles could easily guess that it must be because of the basement incident last time. Christina was afraid of him.

It was so awkward. He liked her but he still scared her, and then he became uneasy himself.

must have former affliction.

Patrick's face became more serious, and he answered it.

He didn't say anything. The person on the other end of the phone seemed very excited and immediately raised his voice to ask.

"Hello, are you Mark?"

It was a strange voice, and it sounded a little flattering.

The voice on the other side of the phone was a little loud as if the person was afraid Patrick could not hear it clearly. As Charles sat beside him, he could clearly hear the name "Mark", which was Patrick's fake name.

"Why don't you wait for Christina to give birth? Then you can make up for your honeymoon..." Charles gave a good suggestion.

Patrick was in a daze. He opened his mouth slightly and wanted to ask something. Suddenly, the phone on the bar vibrated.

"Derek?"

Charles looked at the strange phone number and asked excitedly.

Very few people knew Patrick's phone number and this strange call...

They were all worried about Derek. After all, he was terribly injured that year. After being vegetative in the United States for so many years, he

"Yes," Patrick replied calmly.

Hearing his voice, this person became more and more excited. "Mark, hello, I'm from class 301, grade x5, First High School of C City... You used to be our teaching assistant..."

"Next week, we have a class reunion. Do you want to join us?"

The other party paused, as if afraid of rejection, and solemnly emphasized, "Not only our class, but also other students of our major, most of them are elites of society, and they all want to see..."

"No."

Patrick lost his patience and said one word coldly.

The person on the other end of the phone was a little embarrassed when he heard his cold tone. "Mark, I heard you're from A City. Our party happened to be at the Red Villa in A City.."

There was no more conversation because Patrick hung up his phone directly and threw his phone on the bar.

Charles was not surprised to see him cut off the call. He was usually met by a lot of big business people, not to mention this kind of nobody.

But when he thought about the past, Charles still didn't understand.

Why did Patrick go to that high school

in C City to be a teaching assistant? If his students knew who he was, they must have been scared to death...

Charles's face suddenly froze. Christina seemed to be a student of that class.

Patrick grabbed the glass, feeling even more agitated because of the phone call.

Chasing a woman was really difficult.

Ding ding...

The cell phone in the bedroom kept ringing.

Christina was still applying body lotion in the bathroom. When she heard the bell, she ran out immediately.


explode!"

Christina, "..."

"I'm going to die. Before your husband comes home, please sacrifice yourself and be my trash can. I need to vent."

"Do you know how crazy my mother is? I listened to her and went back home to discuss my brother's marriage with her. I told her that I had a down payment on all my money, and there were only 30,000 dollars left. She immediately scolded me for not talking to her about buying a house..."

"In the end... My mother and my bitch brother, my stepfather, surrounded me and asked me to hand over the keys to the apartment. In that case, my brother didn't have to bother buying a new

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She was a little anxious as if she was afraid of missing something.

"Crystal?"

It was already 11 pm. Christina picked up the phone and heard Crystal's voice. She originally thought it was Patrick...

"Oh, I'm sorry to disturb you two so late." Crystal's voice was sullen and she was clearly in a bad mood.

"He's not home yet," Christina said and then asked with concern. "What's wrong?"

Crystal immediately stopped being polite to her and let out a loud roar.

"Christina, I feel like I'm going to

house, he just used my apartment as his new house..."

"You really gave it to them?" Christina was startled.

"You didn't see the disgusting look on my future sister-in-law's face. She said that my apartment wasn't in the city center. It was only 80 square meters and it was too small. She didn't know that how I tried to pay that down payment. She didn't know how difficult it was to buy a house in A City." Crystal was really furious.

As she spoke, Crystal, who had always been optimistic, became depressed.
"Christina, I'm really tired."

"When I was in college, I went abroad on a full scholarship, but more than half

of my college mates were entered by paying sky-high tuition fees. I worked part-time to earn living expenses. When I got up at 4:00 in the morning to study, those rich kids were just hanging around. I failed when I was born. It's useless no matter how hard I tried..."

"I finally got my own house, and it would be robbed again."

Christina's heart also sank. "Crystal, don't worry about them. Your name is on that property certificate. Why do you listen to them?"

"I'm not that stupid. I'll take care of it." Crystal was just grumbling in a bad mood.

However, she really made something

clear in her mind. "I just want to find a man who would treat me well with his whole heart right now. I don't care about his appearance and family background. We could work hard together. It's enough to have someone to share the trivial matters of life."

"Christina, your husband treats you really well. You should cherish it. It's not easy to meet him."

Christina held the phone and suddenly became silent.

Besides the last time, Patrick took her to the basement to scare her, actually...

"He treats me very well..." She murmured.