

Chapter 291

Christina thought of the lingering warmth.

They didn't even have the warmth of hug after they went bed.

"Bastard! Who does he think I am?"

Christina was very angry. She cursed at the 502 room above her head in a low voice angrily, but she still had an inner struggle.

Patrick shamelessly threatened her to go in his room last night. He was very impatient and annoying. She couldn't see

his expression clearly without the light as she slept with him, and she was so tired that she fell asleep quickly after that. Her mind was in a mess at that time, but she was reluctant to finish making love with him.

When she woke up, Patrick had already left.

Her mind was still in a daze. The clothes under the bed were messy, and her heart was full of mixed feelings. She grabbed her long coat and ran away. She forgot to wear her underwear last night. It seemed that she delivered herself to his room and served him. Damn it!

She hurriedly slammed the door out in her coat with her long hair messy, looking really embarrassed.

As soon as she went out, a group of residents came out of the elevator and bumped into her.

She blushed. The residents all looked at her with contempt. The property administrator, who walked by on patrol last night, said, "Miss Dickens, you live in Room 402, don't you?"

"I took the spare key but couldn't find you. Didn't you go back last night?"

When the property administrator

looked at her carefully, he immediately stopped speaking. Even the fool could know what she had done last night. Christina lowered her head in shame.

"He's my husband!" She raised her head in anger and shouted at the gossipy residents.

'Patrick was really the worst husband ever.'

'Why would I marry such a person!'

Christina was so ashamed that even her ears turned red. She ran back to the 402 room, and locked the door.

Christina hid for two days, not wanting to see anyone. She didn't even order takeout. Maybe it was because she ate too much unhealthy instant noodles, she couldn't help but stare at the ceiling resentfully with mixed feelings when she was lying in the living room watching TV or resting on the bed.

He lived upstairs!

Why did he live here?

She asked him, but he didn't say anything.

She didn't know who he was angry with. Since he wanted to numb his heart and

have a competition on coldness with her, she should be colder than him. She should ignore these questions, and ignore him.

However, in the third day of her otaku plan, someone interrupted. The advertising team of the IP&G Group called her, and she asked nervously, "Did the result come out?"

"Don't talk about boring business. Let's go out to have some fun tonight to get to know each other better. We still have to work together in the future."

"The director said the result need three days to come out, didn't he?" She was

very anxious and wanted to know the result as early as possible.

"Christina, it's necessary for you to join our party. You know the rules, right? Besides, we're not frivolous. Renee and the others are here too. It's good for you to meet a few more big shots. Come to the club quickly..."

She still didn't know the result. Thinking of the club mentioned just now, Christina looked a little strange.

She stared at the instant noodles on the coffee table and thought for about a minute.

Then she quickly went into the room to change her clothes.

Half an hour later, Christina walked into a spacious but slightly cheerless club in the North of the City.

It looked cheerless because it was too big and there were too few customers.

The Hopkins family had many businesses, but Christina liked this club the most, and she had wanted to take a look for a long time. She heard from Charles that this club was set up by Patrick out of his personal interests. It covered an area of more than 5000 square meters and had thousands of

employees to provide private and professional one-on-one service. But it only had more than 1000 anonymous members.

It had a boxing ring and a shooting ring. And even if one wanted to learn horsemanship, they could sign up here to practice at the horse farm owned by other Patrick's company. All kinds of equipment here were top in the world.

Obviously, such a place was not for ordinary people to enter. Christina was politely stopped by the security guards on both sides when she approached the counter.

"Miss, please show me your club card."
Even the security guards here was tall and handsome, like models or fitness coaches.

"I'm not a member here. My friend is having a party, and I'm invited by them."

Christina replied calmly. She was not a bumpkin, and she knew that many senior clubs of the Hopkins family only served their members.

"Sorry, only members can enter here."

The staff here refused her politely in a tough tone. It was really Patrick's style.

Christina did not say anything. Just as she was trying to find someone to help her, the door at the entrance opened and a male employee walked to her quickly. It was the employee of the IP&G Group who had contacted her on the phone.

"Christina, why are you so late? Mr. Biden and the others are waiting for you." He urged reproachfully. "Hurry up, how can you work in the entertainment industry with this attitude in the future..." As he spoke, he reached out to pull her.

Christina frowned. She didn't like strangers touching her, so she quickly took a step back.

"What's wrong with you? I am kind enough to help you..."

"Jack, don't lecture her."

Renee had put on delicate makeup tonight, and she looked extremely beautiful under the lights. She walked over in high heels, leaning against the counter with her sexy waist and smiling. Then she turned to Christina and said in a concerned tone, "Aren't you a member here?"

"So you don't have the right to come in?"

The male employee was stunned for a moment. Then he looked a little more

disgusted and impatient and said directly, "You must have a card with 300,000 dollars. Go to get a card first. As for other services..."

Only a fool would spend 300,000 dollars to get a membership card. In addition, she was very poor now.

"No."

Christina said in a cold voice.

"You don't have enough money, do you? I'll lend you first. Mr. Biden is waiting for you inside. He saw your advertisement and said he was very interested in you."

"What is he interested in?"

When she asked so directly, Jack did not know how to explain it at the moment. Obviously it was a hidden rule.

"Jack, don't force her." Renee was applying for a new card. She turned to look at Christina complacently and reminded her with a smile, "It needs a referrer for a card here."

That meant the people who wanted to get a card here should not only have much money, but also connections.

Renee also spent a hard time getting her card. She looked up and down at

Christina, thinking that she would have no connections besides Charles, and maybe she had already been dumped by him.

Jack just wanted to get Christina in as soon as possible. After thinking about it, he gave her a suggestion. "Call Mr. Shepherd. He knows the people at the club very well." As he spoke, he was also a little worried that Christina had been Charles's ex-girlfriend.

"I just came to ask about the result of the advertisement."

Christina did not want to trouble Charles. She had to keep a distance from

him recently because she was afraid of
Lucy.

She glanced around the club calmly.
Then she looked at Renee and said
coldly, "I'm not interested in going in."

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Renee was annoyed. How could Christina speak to her in that tone? Renee had put up with Christina during the shooting of the commercial.

"That's funny. Why are you pretending? If you can't find a referee, tell me."

Christina didn't want to argue with Renee, so she turned around and left.

"Miss Dickens is beautiful and elegant. How could anyone refuse such a beauty? I should be qualified to be her referee. Let me get her a card."

Christina didn't know the man, Mr. Biden, in front of her. He was in his forties and dressed in high-end casual clothes. At first glance, he looked like a businessman who had just returned from abroad.

"Mr. Biden, you are quite a great businessman. Thank you!"

Jack smiled flatteringly. Before Christina could react, Jack grabbed her bag and handed her ID card to the receptionist.

IP&G Group had various businesses. In addition to the commercials that female models competed, there were many large projects. One of the recent projects

was to work with Mr. Biden. To get the job done well, they needed to please the client.

Christina hated what the IP&G Group staff did, but when she saw the receptionist filling in the information for her at a fast speed on the computer, she gritted her teeth.

"I'll pay the fee myself," she ground out, and it was torture to her!

Christina was resentful.

Why would a card be so expensive? And the club charged for other services!

Christina's beautiful face was a little twisted. Mr. Biden maintained his smile and was gentle. He gazed at Christina and wondered why she was angry.

Because Mr. Biden was there, Renee had her standard model smile on her face as if she was a friend to Christina. "Mr. Biden, Christina has just entered the industry. She is shy. If anything goes wrong with her, please forgive her."

Shy?

Christina widened her eyes in astonishment. For the first time in her life, someone said she was said. She looked down at her elbow and saw

goosebumps.

Mr. Biden, who had just returned from abroad, seemed to find Christina's expressions very interesting. He looked at Christina fixedly on her side face, smiling and asking with interest, "Miss Dickens, what did you do before?"

"I was a housewife."

Christina answered Mr. Biden frankly.

She had thrown her wedding ring into the drawer with anger. The IP&G Group commercial was her first job. She had been saying that after giving birth, she would be a strong woman like Barbara,

but this time, she was forced to do so.

At the thought of this, Christina looked even angrier.

Mr. Biden and Renee were shocked and asked in disbelief, "Are you married?"

"Then, what happened to you and Mr. Shepherd?"

Renee couldn't help gossiping. Charles wouldn't be with a married woman, would he?

Christina didn't bother to explain after being gossiped about by them. She couldn't figure out whether she wanted

to tease Charles or annoy Patrick.

Now she wanted to tell them the truth and clarify for Charles, but the receptionist stood up and interrupted their conversation.

"Miss Dickens, according to our record, you were a member of our club long ago."

"What?"

Renee had a pretty big reaction. "How could a person like her be your member?"

After that, she felt Mr. Biden looking at her strangely, and she realized that her

words were not proper. She put on a fake smile to cover for herself.

"I mean, did your records show who her referee was?"

The receptionist looked down at the computer screen, then looked at them and replied politely, "No record."

"You're already a member here. Why didn't you tell us and pretend that you know nothing?" Jack lowered his voice and was dissatisfied with Christina.

Mr. Biden looked a bit embarrassed. "It seems that I'm trying to be a hero today."

Jack ingratiated himself with Mr. Biden.
"Mr. Biden, Miss Dickens doesn't remember things well. Please forgive her. I think she didn't mean it."

Christina was expressionless. She could hear others spouting off her, and she wanted to refute.

But she didn't mean it as she didn't know who her referee was.

They soon entered the main venue, where there was a small party. People sat in small groups chatting and drinking. The light above them was warm, which was somewhat romantic.

The party was not messy. People gathered together to talk about new plays and movies. They didn't do anything improper. It felt like a high-end gathering.

"Christina, good of you. You can be with Charles even after you get married. I underestimate you."

Renee brought Christina a cocktail and said with some admiration, "Who is your man?"

"Charles and I are just friends." Christina took the cocktail and said to Renee.

"Just friends?"

Renee was not so hostile to Christina, and she laughed. "You must be kidding me. You are not that naive, are you? Judging by Charles' attitude, I don't think you're only a friend to him." Renee didn't believe it.

"I heard Charles doesn't sleep with some of his girlfriends. Didn't he touch you? Maybe he's curious about a young married woman like you. Men are like this. They like to try something new."

As Renee spoke, she looked up at the men on the other side with a meaningful look. "Mr. Biden seems to be interested in you. How about dumping your

husband and considering him?"

"To tell you the truth, I've asked around. Mr. Biden is not bad. Although his family is not as rich as Charles', he started from scratch abroad. If a woman can keep him, he should be a good husband and father."

A good husband and father?

Christina was bored and glanced at Mr. Biden.

Mr. Biden saw them looking at him, so he walked towards them with a smile.

"Beauties, what are you talking about?"

Renee beamed. "Mr. Biden, we're talking

about you."

Mr. Biden showed some surprise.

"Really? What about me?"

"We're saying that although Christina is married, she has a bad relationship with her husband and may have to divorce. It would have been great if she had met a man like you."

Renee sold Christina out.

Mr. Biden did seem to be interested in Christina. He spoke prudently. "I had a marriage five years ago, but I didn't get along with my wife and got divorced. The divorce rate is high abroad, and people

are mature. If we're unhappy together, we'd better separate."

Christina had been silent, especially when she heard the word divorce.

"Miss Dickens, if you have any difficulties, you can tell me..."

"That's right. If you have no feelings for your husband, then don't waste time with him."

Renee said with excitement. She wanted to bring them together. Christina didn't even wear her wedding ring, and she must have broken up with her husband.

Christina only felt that they were annoying. She thought of many things and had mixed feelings.

She picked up the cocktail and took a gulp, leaving her lipstick on the glass. Under the light, her lips looked seductive.

Mr. Biden looked at her fair fingers, then turned to her red lips. When he looked up at Christina's face, there was lust in his eyes. He advised, "If your husband cares about his face, he may refuse to divorce you. You don't know what a man will do if he doesn't want to let you go. Be careful. If he does anything violent to you..."

"Christina, did I do anything violent to you?"

A voice suddenly sounded, low and deep, unable to tell the emotion of its owner.

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Jack was in a good mood tonight. He had done a favor for Mr. Biden, the company's client, so the project he was in charge of should be going well. He walked over with a smile.

"Christina, congratulations on your smooth entry into the entertainment industry. Mr. Biden saw your advertisement and felt that your temperament was very suitable for the teleplay he invested in, with a theme of survival in troubled times of the 1910s ... You should thank Mr. Biden."

Christina stood up straight with a

complex expression. She did not respond to his words. Mr. Biden and Renee also seemed to have strange expressions, as if they did not listen to him.

Jack was in doubt when a strange low voice came from the left, "How to thank Mr. Biden?"

Jack didn't care. He smiled and said, "Of course, Christina has to work hard for Mr. Biden..." As he spoke, he turned around and had a casual glance at the man with a strong presence in his left hand. Jack's face froze. He was so frightened that his lips were twitched.

"...Mr. President."

It was Patrick.

Why was Patrick here?

Jack looked at the man in front of him. He was too nervous to even breathe heavily.

As an employee of the IP&G Group for eight years, he knew very well that the structure of the IP&G Group business was huge and complicated. The president of the Asia Pacific region, the president of the North American region, the president of the real estate or technology field, all were leaders of the IP&G Group. But there was only one Mr.

President in the headquarters...

Jack had attended the annual meeting of the company and had seen the Mr. President once from afar, with whom he was deeply impressed.

Patrick's presence was unforgettable.

He enjoyed the inherent noble and cold temperament, and also a sense of cruelty.

Jack felt his heart beating much faster. He stammered uncontrollably, "Mr. Hopkins, hello... Nice to meet you."

Mr. Hopkins was still silent, and Renee

and the others awkwardly smiled and tried to speak. However, Patrick suddenly stretched out his long arm and naturally hugged the woman's shoulder beside him.

The moment Patrick's hand touched her skin, Christina trembled.

The people in front of them were shocked and did not know how to react.

Although Patrick did not look at her, Christina tensed up. Her whole body was alert as if she was waiting for him to lash out at her at any time.

She thought that he would probably be

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Although Patrick did not look at her, Christina tensed up. Her whole body was alert as if she was waiting for him to lash out at her at any time.

She thought that he would probably be

angry again when he saw her' hooking up' with a man here.

Patrick was completely unreasonable. He always did whatever he wanted and scolded Christina as soon as he spoke.

In such a strange atmosphere, everyone suddenly became cautious.

However, to Christina's surprise, Patrick was not angry.

At least in front of these subordinates and partners, Patrick remained calm. Patrick turned his head to Christina and said calmly, "Follow me."

Mr. Biden and the others watched them leave in a daze, not daring to say a word.

Christina didn't want to have an argument with him in public, so she reluctantly followed his steps. Patrick's expression looked as usual, but his hand grasping on Christina's shoulder tightened, and Christina felt a little painful.

Christina walked stiffly beside him. She did not need to look back but knew that behind them must be countless gossipy and surprised eyes.

Because wherever Patrick was, he would definitely be the focus of attention.

Standing beside him, Christina could not feel the vanity as other women called. She only felt uncomfortable.

She hated being watched as a clown on the stage.

The last time she came out of 502, she was embarrassed to face a group of residents...

"Where are you going? Let me go." She lowered her voice in indignation.

"I have freedom in life. I can go wherever I want. There is nothing wrong that I make friends in this club. Let me go. I like to stay here."

Her shaking shoulders tried to struggle, but the strength of Patrick's grasp on her would only make their bodies closer. It was like that Christina had taken the initiative to lean close to Patrick's chest.

Christina was very angry. "Damn it!"

All the gossip must be about her again.

"Patrick, what the hell do you want to do?" She gritted her teeth with a suppressed voice and she almost outburst.

Patrick still ignored her.

Christina pinched her lips and decided

10:08 PM

not to talk to him anymore.

She had never been holily kind to the wicked, but thinking of this man's indifference and what Patrick did to her, Christina had already emptied her mind and even paralyzed herself. She had been making excuses for him that he didn't remember her.

"Don't force me to hate you."

As a husband, Patrick was really awful.

Christina was in depression. She lowered her head and stared blankly at the clean floor. However, she seemed to have forgotten that she had not been so close

to Patrick for a long time.

After a while, there was a voice in her ear. "Mr. Hopkins, it's ready."

When a special noise-canceling headset was put on her head, Christina raised her head vigilantly and looked at the familiar and deep eyes in front of her.

Then a cold and heavy gun was placed on her fair and slender hands.

Christina looked at the real weapon in her hands and her expression was dull.

"Miss Dickens, you can try this gun to aim at the target ahead now. This type of



recoil is suitable for women. I'll check your performance first, and then I'll teach you the details..."

A head coach of the shooting range spoke to her in his awkward foreign accent.

"I, I don't want to learn it," Christina said confusedly.

No matter how bold she was, she was just an ordinary person. In the past, no matter how grandpa spoiled her, he would not let her play with such a dangerous weapon. Now, her fingers were chilled, and she subconsciously wanted to return the weapon.

The retired American head coach was a little confused, with a strange glance at her. Before the coach could ask, there was a cold and commanding voice coming beside her.

"You're not allowed to leave tonight if you can't learn it."

Patrick's words were hard to resist.

"Patrick, are you making fun of me?"
Christina was a little anxious and wanted to throw the gun away, but what if it discharged accidentally?

Patrick didn't look at her. He looked

straight at the shooting coach. "Start training!"

In the distance, Renee and Jack looked at the shooting range in disbelief.

The woman held the gun and fired at the target in front of her. When the bullets were used up, she put the gun on the table and wanted to leave, but the club's most famous shooting coach refused to let her go. He reluctantly loaded her gun with bullets and handed it back to her.

Mr. Hopkins stood on the side, looking at them calmly in silence.

The atmosphere was really weird.

"They, they..." What was going on?

Not only Renee but also the people in the party who were gathered to drink and joke looked at the shooting range.

"Isn't it Mr. Hopkins?"

"Mr. Hopkins is here too." The voice was a little excited.

"Mr. Hopkins likes boxing very much. He's at the shooting range...for what?"

The people in the small party were regular cooperative partners. After looking at each other in confusion, they all looked at Barbara at the same time.

At this moment, these regular partners looked at Barbara with questioning eyes. She could only pretend to smile and say nothing.

She arrived at the party very early, and she knew that Christina had been stopped outside the door and driven away. But she didn't expect Patrick to come.

"Isn't Miss Parker very familiar with Mr. Hopkins?"

An old friend stepped on the clean marble floor in high heels. Her charming posture was arrogant. She came over with a soft voice. It was not difficult to

tell that her words were a little ironic.

This voice was a little strange to Barbara, but the face was familiar when Barbara looked up.

Cecilia walked over and sat directly opposite her, smiling.

"Miss Parker, Mr. Hopkins is teaching his wife how to shoot. Why don't you remind them..."

