

Chapter 319

"Let me go."

It was the fifth time she had yelled at him, but he still held her wrist hard. Christina was so angry that she wanted to beat him up regardless of his illness.

"Patrick, I'll get a thermometer and fever medicine. I won't leave." She looked complicated and emphasized.

however, Patrick still didn't let her go.

"Hey, you're heavy. Stand still and don't press me..."

"Oh, my gosh. Do you think that I won't lose my temper... don't lean over. Your beard! It's itching. Go away..."

He said in a low and hoarse voice,
"Stop talking."

Christina was exhausted.

She felt bad. Finally, she dragged him to
the bed.

She pushed him on the bed with great
force vindictively.

She was so angry.

If he was not sick, she would pour him a
basin of cold water. Damn it!

Patrick didn't move. Christina frowned
and moved closer to him.

Patrick was tall. The bed at the length
of 1.8 meters was not enough for him.
His short black hair was messy and he
closed his eyes. He was not as

intimidating as usual. He had a straight nose and his lips were dry. She could feel his breath if she approached him. His breath was warm.

"He was not sick after the operation. I don't know what he did and he has a fever now. He deserves it."

Christina looked at his haggard face. She felt complicated. He frowned. He might have a headache.

She took off his shoes and coat and took out a velvet quilt. She wanted to cover the quilt, but she stopped and stared at his belt.

It seemed intimate to take off his belt. She didn't know how many women had done it...

Christina had mixed feelings and took off his belt expressionlessly.

"You can look for many people, but you come to my home..." She became more resentful.

She covered the quilt hard and accidentally touched him. Even though he wore an expensive silk dark purple shirt, she could feel that he had a serious fever.

Christina had mixed feelings. She was resentful, but she had sympathy for him.

She took his temperature.

Five minutes later, Christina looked at the thermometer. It was 39 degrees celsius. She was serious.

She was cautious or a little afraid of the high fever. Derek was over 40 degrees celsius when he was young. And then he had been autistic for several years. She believed that people would be influenced a lot if they had a high fever.

She attached some patches on his forehead and back neck to bring down a fever. There was some medicinal alcohol. She dipped some cotton balls in it. She wanted to take off his shirt and cool him down with it.

However, Patrick did not cooperate. It was annoying.

"Straighten your hands, and I'll take off your shirt..." Christina tried hard to take off his shirt. But he was so heavy and she could only take off half of his shirt.

Christina glared at him, who was asleep. Finally, she put down the alcohol cotton and got on the bed to pull out his shirt bit by bit.

As soon as she got on the bed, she was pulled into his arms. He hugged her tightly and didn't let her go. Maybe he did it on purpose.

"Hey!"

Her skin was delicate. She was pressed against his strong chest and flushed. Patrick was so strong that she couldn't push him even though he was sick. He hugged her like a koala. Christina was helpless.

"If you don't let me go, I'll bite you."

"Patrick, if I don't cool you down, your

brain might be injured due to the fever."

She warned him and reasoned with him at his ear, but he didn't let her go.

Patrick took her as a pillow. It seemed that he could relieve the pain when he hugged her tightly. Christina was uncomfortable, and he had a bad habit... He buried his head in her neck and she felt itchy because of his beard. She was afraid of it the most.

He seemed to be asleep.

It was a long night for Christina. She had a hard time.

Crystal slept soundly as if she had not slept so comfortably in a long time.

It was not until midnight that she woke

up by some noise.

She lived alone for a long time, so she was careful at night. She was in a daze and didn't remember what happened. She lifted the quilt. It was cool. Oh, where were the clothes?

She only had underwear. But she didn't have the habit of sleeping naked.

It was not time to think about it. She wore a bathrobe and listened to the sound in her kitchen cautiously.

She thought it was a thief. But why the thief was in her kitchen?

She held the phone tightly and was ready to call the police. After thinking about it, she bravely took a closer look. She found all the lights on in the living

room and a familiar man in her kitchen.

"Chandler, why are you here?" She spoke with a nasal voice.

Chandler was busy. He heard her and turned to look at her. Crystal felt dizzy, but she found that he was embarrassed.

"What are you doing?" She asked.

Chandler looked complicated and said angrily, "Crystal, don't you remember what you did?" He didn't answer her but asked her.

Crystal's mind went blank. She looked at him in a daze and lowered her head stiffly and stared at her underwear in the bathrobe.

Oh!

What happened?

She remembered that she cried and it was ugly. The worst thing was that she met him, and then... "Where're my clothes?" She blushed.

"Your clothes are all wet. Do you want to sleep in them?" Chandler was calm.

"So... Did you help me take them off?"

Crystal remembered that her unscrupulous brother and mother bullied her. At the moment, she spoke in an inexplicable panic in front of him.

"I asked you to take it off yourself. And you were asleep." Chandler told her.

Crystal looked complicated. How could he say it calmly? It was so

embarrassing.

But soon it was Chandler's turn. He almost burned down Crystal's kitchen.

"Were you cooking for me?"

Crystal regained her senses and walked into the kitchen. She was surprised by the brunt rice. It was black. She couldn't recognize what he was cooking.

And there was something on her pan that couldn't be removed with a spatula.

"Fried eggs." He said strangely.

Crystal turned to look at him and sighed, "If you don't tell me, I won't recognize it."

Chandler looked bad. Crystal cleaned up skillfully. He hesitated for a moment and said, "I made... cereals."

"Don't you add water?" Crystal was shocked.

"I don't know how much water is needed."

Chandler was stiff and a little angry.

It was the first time that he had cooked and washed the rice. He didn't know how to cook. It was so troublesome.

Chandler was usually gentle and calm. Now he was angry at the burnt food. He was just like a child and didn't admit that he failed.

Crystal suddenly laughed, "You're so useless. You are an adult, but you

cannot make cereals." She didn't mean to ridicule him, but she wanted to laugh.

"I heard that Patrick is good at cooking. But you don't even know the common sense."

Chandler felt that his self-esteem was damaged.

"I have never cooked before. It's normal. I don't need to learn it. Charles had never taken a spatula... I don't know why Patrick suddenly learned to cook from a few chefs. You don't know that his home almost had a fire."

Chandler said with a complicated expression. How dare Crystal, who was soft, teach him a lesson?

Crystal looked at him. She cleaned up the kitchen and laughed more happily.

In the end, Crystal made noodles by herself. She added small pieces of marinated beef and some chopped green onion. Chandler was also hungry. They were satisfied when they had the noodles.

Another man was also hungry now.

Patrick's fever was not gone. Christina took his temperature several times. She muttered in annoyance, "38 degrees celsius."

"Only one degree celsius! You have to go to the hospital for an injection. Otherwise, call your family member..."

When Christina saw that he was

awake, she immediately pushed him away. She said a lot.

Patrick said, "I'm hungry."

Christina took a deep breath. She wanted to throw the pans and spatulas at him. Go to hell!

Thirty minutes later, she hated herself for not being cruel enough.

Bang.

A bowl of fresh Dragon Beard Noodles was placed heavily in front of him.

"What is this?"

Patrick looked at the noodles and looked up at her.

She explained casually, "It's late. No

one can deliver food. I don't have instant noodles, so I add a fried egg in the Dragon Beard Noodles..."

"Are they noodles?"

Patrick looked at the paste in the bowl. Was it really food?

"What do you mean?"

Christina was angry, "Suit yourself! I cannot make delicious food like others. Anyway, I can only make it!"

Patrick took a small bite expressionlessly. It was terrible.



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Chapter 320

Chandler finished the big bowl of beef noodles, feeling well both physically and mentally. It tasted so good.

He looked up. Crystal was sitting in the living room, looking weak and gloomy. Although she didn't eat much because she didn't have an appetite, she took all the medicine with water by herself.

"Do you still have a fever?"

Chandler walked over to help her clean up the dishes and wondered if he should take her to the hospital when he saw how pale she was.

"No. I took my temperature. It was 98.6. But I still feel dizzy...Maybe I caught a cold."

Crystal said in a nasal voice and stood up subconsciously as she saw that Chandler was going to wash those dishes in the kitchen, saying, "I'll wash them." Maybe she had been used to being the one who did all the cleaning.

Chandler put on an apron and turned around, looking at her with a complicated expression. "Don't worry. I won't break your bowl."

"That's not what I meant. There's no hot water in winter and you're not used to the work in the kitchen..."

Crystal explained in a low voice. How dare she let him wash dishes for her as she had been his cleaning lady in the past?

"Do you really think I'll be afraid of cold water?"

Chandler asked with a grim face as if he was tired of her nagging. "Go lie in your bed... I can handle this. Are you questioning my ability by standing here and supervising me?"

"No, I'm not."

Crystal was speechless. How dare she question his ability?

Chandler looked quite professional with that apron, but Crystal noticed soon that he had used too much detergent. It was actually a little funny seeing him working in the kitchen.

Crystal decided not to argue with him. She turned around, heading to her

bedroom.

She lived alone, so it was always quiet here. The last man who came into her kitchen was Derek, who was really good at cooking and was familiar with all kinds of kitchenware. She had been amazed by how handsome he was when cooking in her kitchen. To be honest, he performed much way better than Chandler did.

But somehow, Crystal was more impressed by Chandler's clumsiness. She lay down on the bed with her eyes closed but Chandler's figure in the kitchen was still so clear in her mind.

The reason was probably that she liked him. Yes, she had been secretly in love with him for a long time.

Crystal thought that she would definitely recover when she woke up because she had taken all the medicine.

So she didn't tell Chandler about the dull pain in her head.

Ever since she was a child, she had been despised by her mother and bullied by her stepfather. Therefore, when other girls cried about their aggrievances, she bought herself the medicine and treated her wounds alone. She had to be strong because no one would take care of her.

Her temples were aching as she slowly fell asleep with memories of being bullied in her childhood.

Chandler, on the other hand, spent half

an hour washing two bowls and three plates in the kitchen.

He flushed the plates over and over again since he couldn't help but suspect that they weren't clean enough. As a result, the kitchen was wet all over and he had to look for a mop elsewhere.

The first thought in his mind was that Crystal must have been very tired of doing all the housework every day.

After he finally finished his work and went to have a sip of hot tea in the living room, he looked up at the clock next to the TV cabinet and was surprised to see that it was already 4 in the morning.

A man was alone in a woman's house at

midnight...

After staring in the direction of the bedroom in silence for three minutes, he stood up.

He knew that Crystal liked him, but he was afraid that he couldn't give her happiness. Being hesitant wouldn't do anything good to her. And what if Erica gave her trouble when she knew they were together?

He hadn't really wanted to fire Crystal that day. He was just hoping that by doing this, Crystal could return to her peaceful life.

Chandler stood up in a hurry and accidentally knocked the medicine Crystal had taken down from the coffee table.

He picked it up and noticed that the medicine had expired.

"The little fool."

He sighed as he threw the medicine into the trash can. "It's been six months since it expired."

Without much consideration, he went straight into her bedroom, put his big hand on her forehead, and discovered that she was having a fever again.

He leaned closer and called her a few times, but she didn't wake up and just turned over uncomfortably.

Chandler stood by the bed, hesitating. Should he let her continue to sleep or shake her to wake her up?

The thermometer showed that her body temperature was 100. If she had the fever for the whole night, she might become even more stupid than she was now.

However, seeing how soundly she was sleeping with her eyes closed and her face turning red due to the fever, Chandler felt reluctant to wake her up.

"Why are women so troublesome?" he complained in a low voice.

In fact, Chandler had always been a calm and decisive man. Even when Erica had been in a special relationship with him in the past, he could refuse or agree to her requirements immediately. It was really not like him to have difficulty in making a decision.

In the end, he decided to buy some new antipyretic medicine in the nearby pharmacy.

His car wasn't around because his assistant had driven him here. There was no medicine in the convenience store for 24 hours and it was not easy to find a taxi after 4 am, so he had to look for pharmacies in the neighborhood on foot. After walking for half an hour, he finally found a big pharmacy.

It was already five twenty when Chandler returned to the apartment.

He took half of a cup of warm water and was going to wake Crystal up to take the medicine. The light pink phone on the bedside table rang just as he reached her bed.

At first, he thought it was the alarm clock and was ready to turn it off.

But the word "Mother" on the screen caught his attention. Crystal's mother?

The phone kept ringing, whose sound was abrupt and annoying in the quiet space.

Chandler put the medicine and glass on the bedside table, picked up the phone, walked out of the room, and answered it calmly.

"Crystal has a bad cold and needs to rest. What's the matter? I'll tell her when she wakes up..."

Mrs. Zhu interrupted him when she realized that her daughter's phone was picked up by a man. Ignoring what

Chandler had said, she asked in a loud voice, "Who are you?"

"Where's Crystal? Why is her phone with you in the middle of the night?"

Her voice was shrill and harsh. Chandler frowned as he listened to her cursing.

"She caught a cold today. I'm in her apartment..." He tried to explain to her patiently.

But Mrs. Zhu shouted excitedly when she heard that a man was at her daughter's house at midnight.

"Why are you together in the middle of the night? You must be trying to take advantage of my daughter. I'm telling you, you'd better get out of there

immediately, or I'll call the police."

"Also, my daughter has a boyfriend. You are not good enough for her. I want you to break up with her now, or I will not let you go!"

With a creak, the door behind him was opened.

Crystal wasn't completely awake, but she still got up when she heard her mother's familiar, high-pitched voice vaguely in her sleep. Chandler turned to her with her phone in his right hand.

The woman on the other end of the phone was still cursing angrily. Chandler hung up the phone impatiently with his slender finger. At the same time, he said to Crystal, who was standing in front of him, "I'm

leaving."

Crystal was burning all over in a daze due to the fever, whose vision was a little blurry at this moment. His cold words frightened her, so she instinctively ran over and wrapped her arms around his waist.

"Let go." Chandler's tone became complicated.

Crystal didn't let go of him. Instead, she hugged him even more tightly as if she was afraid that once he left, he would never come back to her again.

Her hot, delicate body was pressed against his back. Chandler could clearly feel her persistence in holding him.

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"Don't leave..."

"I know I'm not good for you. I'm timid. I don't have a pretty face or a strong personality. I hate myself too," she mumbled in a hoarse voice, whose tone sounded like she was begging.

"My colleagues and friends all treat me as a useless coward. Very few people are really nice to me and whoever treats me well, I will try my best to please them. I don't want to be so humble, but I can't control myself. I'm afraid that if I do something wrong, they will despise me and leave me forever..."

"I could even bear it when my mom and my brother hit me and scolded me. So tell me what I did wrong, I promise me I will change! Just don't go... If only I

were Christina..." She knew a woman like her wasn't good enough for him, but she really didn't want to lose him.

At this moment, her heart was filled with panic as if she was a pet that was about to be abandoned by its owner. She thought that he would never talk to her again.

Pressing her face against his back, Crystal cried as she spoke.

"You're good," Chandler finally said slowly with a stiffened body.

She was really simple.

It was hard to describe Chandler's feeling right now. He was surprised, delighted, but more disgusted with himself.

He was smarter than her and knew from the beginning that she had affection for him. As a calm and rational man, he really shouldn't have provoked her.

Chandler didn't like Crystal's mother just by hearing her voice, but he had to admit she had said something right. He wasn't good enough for Crystal.

It was his fault that his brother died that year. Erica was his brother's fiancée and Geoffrey was his brother's child... So he had to be responsible for both Erica and Geoffrey's life.

A person like him didn't deserve to be happy.

"The medicine you took before has expired. I put some new medicine and

water at the bedside. You..."

His fingers prised her as he spoke to her in a deliberately cold voice. Crystal, who was hugging him tightly, panicked. "Don't leave, okay?"

"Chandler, don't ignore me. Stay with me..."

Chandler couldn't help but turn to look at her. She was still sick but she kept grabbing him and begging him humbly. The more he looked at her pitiful appearance, the harder it turned for him to leave her.

He turned around and stroked her tear-stained face, looking straight into her eyes. "Crystal Zhu, do you know what it means to ask a man to stay?" He couldn't say these words clearly as

his tone was a little trembling.

"Crystal, listen. I don't love you..."

He tried to say a few more cruel words to warn himself, but Crystal interrupted him, "But I love you. Let me love you. I'll be satisfied just by doing that secretly on my own."

Chandler was surprised.

"You, you really want me to stay?" He asked hesitantly in a very soft voice.

"Yes."

Crystal was indeed a little fool.



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Chapter 321

When Crystal woke up the next day, it was already 12 o'clock at noon.

She found that she had recovered from her cold and fever, but there was another person beside her, a man...

She opened her eyes wide, nervous, and her heart was about to jump out. Chandler was lying on the same bed with her, and her clothes... were thrown to the ground in a mess.

She was completely dumbfounded.

Chandler asked her as soon as he woke up, "How did I do last night?"

"Ah-"

She looked at the man next to her

pillow and couldn't help screaming.

"How did this happen?"

Crystal's face almost turned scarlet and she moved towards the edge of the bed.

"Do you feel very uncomfortable?"

Chandler pulled her back directly and asked her again with a serious look.

"Don't mention it again, don't mention it again!"

She did not dare to look at his face and said something incoherently to numb herself.

Chandler propped up his front with hands and deliberately approached her. He stared straight at Crystal's

blushing face. After thinking for a while, he said,

"It'll be all right next time. I heard that women usually feel a little uncomfortable for the first time."

Crystal froze and immediately buried her face in the pillow.

Why did she...

She remembered that the phone rang in the morning... Then she hugged him and did not allow him to leave.

'Why did I confess my love to him? Why did I say I loved him...'

'Chandler was such a mean and refined rascal...'

'How embarrassing!'

"Crystal, don't worry. I volunteered."

Chandler, who was on the bed was in a very good mood when he saw her in pain. He even told her about last night again on purpose and laughed as if he was generous.

"I was sick and unconscious. It didn't count!"

She was so anxious that she abandoned herself and shouted, beginning to behave like a hooligan.

Chandler took the clothes on the ground and put them on. He turned around and warned her, "Crystal, do you think it's over after you slept with me? Do I look so easy to bully?"

Crystal was timid and frightened,

staring at him.

Chandler held back his smile and lifted her up with one hand.

"Change your clothes first. We'll discuss it after the meal..."

Crystal was not as calm as he was. She waved her hands in panic and pushed him. "Ah, turn around, turn around. Don't look at me, don't!"

There was another woman who was tortured and did not sleep soundly until morning.

At this moment, the sun was high, and Christina had already gotten up. While the man on the bed dared to stay in bed, not to mention it was Christina's bed!

"Let me sleep a little longer."

No sooner had he sit up halfway than Christina was immediately pulled back by him.

"Hey, get up!"

But Patrick was obviously unwilling to get up and turned around to press her under his body.

Christina was furious, "Get up!"

"Christina, don't you want me?" His voice softened a little as if he was coaxing her.

Mr. Hopkins was getting more and more shameless!

"You still have a fever!"

Although Christina was usually very wild... in a word, she was very angry with Patrick now.

She struggled to break free, and Patrick, the patient, was pushed too hard by her to the bedside. The bed was so small that his head hit the headboard. His tall body lost balance, and there was a bang.

Mr. Hopkins fell under the bed.

Christina climbed to the bedside and looked down at his Young Master Hopkins turning over on the ground awkwardly. She immediately laughed and said, "You deserve it."

Patrick's face changed and he stood up. He was so tall and stood by the bed staring down at Christina with a

powerful and somewhat intimidating aura, "You're gonna move upstairs to my room."

Christina knew very well that the bed in room 502 above him was of king size. Maybe he had it custom-made.

He was the only one who lived in this shabby apartment and bought expensive furniture.

Christina pretended to be aloof and ignored him. She quickly got up from the bed and said coldly, "I'm so sorry, my bed is too small. I'm sorry to make you go through all this, Mr. Hopkins."

"Yes, you should be." He dared to have the nerve to respond.

He was probably still sick, so his vigor

was a little weaker than usual and he became very childish. He opened his arms and clung to her. Christina was in his arms and expressionless, watching the man act like a spoiled child and a koala.

His head rested on her left shoulder, his thin lips rubbed against the skin of her neck, and a few strands of Christina's hair hung over his face. The tip of his nose could feel Christina's babylike sweet and quiet breath, which was his partiality. He was sick, and she was beside him. He was so tired that he suddenly didn't want to pretend anymore.

Christina kind of wanted to laugh, wondering if he was in a daze because of the illness.

His image was so ruined. Was this Patrick Hopkins?

He was so childish.

"I'm ordering takeout from a high-class restaurant now. Please take the medicine on the table."

"No."

Hearing that she asked him to take the medicine, Patrick immediately frowned and edged to her ear. He refused directly in a low, husky, magnetic voice.

Christina was about to lose her temper, but a hollow voice came to her ear. The words were so familiar. He said, "Christina, I think we're fine just the way we are now."

She stiffened in an instant. She remembered that he had said the same thing to her that night when lightning flashed and thunder rumbled.

"Christina, I think we're fine just like this for the rest of our lives."

The superior young master of the Hopkins family was not that mysterious. He was just a mortal, an ordinary person with joys and sorrows.

Christina's heart suddenly beat faster. She pushed him away a little, trying to see his pupils clearly.

But Patrick refused. He hugged her even tighter. "Where are you going?"

He suddenly raised his voice with a hint of anger.

Christina was shocked for a moment. She didn't expect him to react so strongly. He seemed to remember something and gritted his teeth like being irritated. "Christina, you women really like to lie, but I didn't expect you to be one of them."

"You promised me, you promised me you wouldn't leave. Why did you run out when I was unconscious that night... Your aunt could call you away with just a phone call. Christina, what am I?"

She looked at his deep eyes in shock, where there was filled with rage, unwillingness, and a trace of injury.

Chapter 322

Looking at him, Christina breathed rapidly and wanted to ask him something.

However, he suddenly restrained all his anger. As if it was just an illusion. Patrick let go of her and turned to the bathroom.

Christina's heart skipped a beat and she immediately followed him. She reached out and grabbed his wrist anxiously, trying to follow it on. "You just said..."

"Scum."

Patrick didn't answer her question. Facing the mirror, he met her eyes with a serious expression. "I don't feel

comfortable."

Christina felt like he was fooling with her.

She yelled at him anxiously. "I was asking you what you just said..."

"Shave for me and I'll tell you." He was calm.

Christina did not understand what was going on with him. Just now, he was clearly furious. Suddenly, he pretended that nothing had happened.

She became serious and looked deeply into his deep eyes, which were as dark as an abyss, incomprehensible.

"I don't have a razor." In the end, she shouted in frustration.

"I have one upstairs."

He took out a key from his pocket, put it on her palm, and said in a brisk tone, "Go get it now. Christina, remember to go back." He didn't forget to remind her.

Holding the key to Apartment 502, Christina saw him rest by the bed with his eyes closed. He was handsome. He seemed leisurely as if he was waiting for her to serve him.

He did not live in the huge Morning Hillside Villa, ignoring many servants, and insisted on living upstairs to annoy her.

"I don't understand. Why do you have to live in this small apartment?" She turned around angrily.

"It's all because you chose this stupid place."

The voice behind her had become even more hoarse because of illness, sounded annoyed, as if Patrick disliked it.

Christina was upset and she didn't hear what he was saying angrily. She slammed the door close and went upstairs to Apartment 502 to find a razor.

Just as she slammed the door, Patrick stood up and his face became much colder.

He walked to the counter, picked up the box of antipyretic, took two pills, threw them into his mouth, and

swallowed them.

Patrick hated medicine.

In the past week, he kept changing planes. He worked overtime, stayed up late and was tired.

The first thing he wanted to do when he returned home was to look for her.

This strong feeling of concern and yearning was strange, and the more he wanted it, the more uneasy he became.

He walked around this small apartment filled with her breath and he was bored. So he casually opened the drawers, and the wardrobe, rummaging through her things, as if it was fun.

Maybe he was sick. He shouldn't have

said that to her.

Christina quickly found his razor from Apartment 502 upstairs. Her mind was occupied with what he had said. She rushed back to question him immediately.

But as soon as she entered, she saw the man rummaging through her closet. She was surprised and then became angry, "Hey, why did you throw that coat into the trash can?"

Patrick looked unhappy and turned to look at her.

He replied coldly, "I don't like it."

He was not ashamed. Christina quickly ran over to pick up the black men's coat from the trash can. The corner of

it was wrinkled.

"If you don't like it, just leave. This is my house. Don't touch my things!" She didn't play nice with him, and she tidied up the coat and hung it back in the closet.

This was Derek's coat which was wet when he came to her house last time.

"Throw it away, or you can't live here." Patrick hated the man's coat and his tone was cold and firm.

"I just want to keep it!"

Christina was fed up with his arrogance. He always threatened others.

"That's good. In this way, we don't have to live in this stupid apartment."

"What do you want, Patrick? You're really self-righteous and annoying."

He became angrier when he found her cherish this coat. He said in a strange tone, "You're tired of being with me. Do you know what Eric has been up to recently? Derek is not a good person."

"I know Derek well."

"Patrick, you're so unpredictable. Not everyone has to tolerate your temper. I can live well without you."

Christina scolded him angrily, he suddenly fell silent.

Patrick gazed at which frightened her. He looked into her eyes and stared at her.

For a moment, Christina felt guilty and regretted saying, "I can live well without you." She looked at him stubbornly but her mind was in turmoil.

The phone rang suddenly rang and broke the silence between them.

Christina came to her senses and lowered her head with a complicated expression. She compressed her lips and wanted to say something to him.

But in the end, she didn't say anything. She walked to the bedside table, picked up her phone, and mechanically answered it.

It was a strange voice on the other end.

Christina didn't ask who was that. She

held the phone, listening. Her expression became complicated and gloomy.

"I'll go right now!" She suddenly replied anxiously.

When she turned around and bumped into something. Standing in front of her, Patrick looked down at her expression.

"Where are you going?" His voice became cold and deep.

"Who called you? Aunt Eisenhower, Crystal, or Charles? You will ignore me totally with one call from any of these outsiders."

"Patrick, what nonsense are you talking about?" She thought that he

lost his temper for no reason.

"I'm talking nonsense? Don't you always get tangled up with Derek or Charles? Christina, have you ever thought about who I am in your mind?"

He stared at her with burning anger in his eyes.

Christina had never thought that he would be out of control and become unreasonable. Maybe a man like him had too much in his mind and had a vision. She didn't understand him nor his angry shouting. He seemed uneasy.

Aunt Eisenhower and Crystal had said before that she didn't understand love.

She didn't understand Patric's uneasiness. Now she didn't want to

know what love was. She just wanted an answer.

She remembered the man's voice on the other end. She met him in the park that day.

He said he got a black USB drive from Barbara's house.

He said he was downstairs at the gate of her neighborhood and wanted her to go down immediately.

"This USB drive is popular. If you dare to come alone, I will give it to you. However, my dear sister, I am very curious whom you choose, Derek or Patrick."

Screenshot has been saved to/Pictures/Screenshot