

Christina walked down the stairs quickly, not even taking the elevator. She lowered her head and strode through the crowded hospital corridor with flustered steps.

As soon as she walked out of the lobby on the first floor, a trail of footsteps approached behind her.

She subconsciously thought it to be Patrick. With an angry expression on her face, she turned around and was about to speak, but the person in front of her shouted even more anxiously, "Christian, how's your father now?"

Christina stopped and looked at Crystal in astonishment, who was rushing over.

After running up to her, Crystal rested her hands on her waist, almost out of breath. "I, I just heard from Chandler that your father suddenly had a cerebral hemorrhage yesterday afternoon. He said it was serious... Don't, don't worry too much. Your father will be fine." Crystal comforted her while panting.

Christina did not know why Crystal had stayed in C City for so long, but now meeting her friend, she could finally relax her tense nerves. Her eyes turned red in an instant. She took a big step forward and hugged Crystal with both hands.

Crystal was petite, and the unexpected warm hug from Christina made her a little uncomfortable.

Christina usually wouldn't get close to others, but now she was really flustered.

"Crystal, I'm not my father's daughter. They're all lying to me... I'm the one who hurt them all." Christina's long hair covered the sadness in her eyes. With her head resting on Crystal's shoulder, she had finally found someone to confide in, but it was more like she was talking to herself.

Crystal could not hear her murmur clearly. She only felt that Christina was blaming herself.

Crystal was about to say a few words of comfort, but as she looked up, she noticed two familiar handsome figures at the elevator exit in front of her.

It was Patrick Hopkins and Charles Shepherd.

Crystal saw that Patrick obviously glanced at them. Instead of coming over, he turned and walked in another direction.

However, Charles approached them gracefully.

As a sensitive person, Christina had noticed footsteps approaching behind her. She was used to hiding her weakness, so she let go of Crystal instantly and returned to her usual indifference.

If it weren't for her red eyes, Crystal would have thought that her loss was just an illusion.

People around Christina all said that she had a noble family background and good luck, but in fact, she never

complained to others and pretended to live a good life.

Charles was quite sure that Christina's red eyes were caused by her crying. So he cautiously stood a meter away from the two women, not daring to approach them easily.

Women could be really scary sometimes.

Christina told Crystal about her father's operation in a casual tone, and then went to the hospital restaurant to look for her aunt and grandmother with Crystal. As for the sneaky Mr. Shepherd behind them, Christina just ignored him.

It was about 500 meters from the inpatient building to the hospital's restaurant. Crystal walked side by side with Christina and checked her expression worriedly from time to time. After hesitating for a while, Crystal asked, "Christina, do you know that Connie was caught by the police?"

No matter what happened, Connie was the daughter-in-law of the Dickens family, and nominally Christina's stepmother. Therefore, Crystal shared the news with her as soon as herself knew.

Christina turned to her with surprise in her eyes. It was obvious that she did not know about it.

Crystal continued, "I heard it from Chandler. It should be true."

"In this early morning, C City dispatched many police forces to arrest Connie. It seemed that she had committed a major crime. The paparazzi had taken photos of her being handcuffed, but Chandler said those photos were taken down, and the news was blocked... I was wondering if Connie had offended some big shot."

Connie was in the entertainment industry. It was normal for some paparazzi to film and broadcast some gossip scandals. Every star experienced this thing more or less. But now the media was clearly prohibited from getting involved in this matter.

Christina's expression was getting heavier.

Crystal was more concerned about her than curious. "Christina, is Connie related to the Dickens family? Will it affect you?"

Christina just shook her head gently and didn't say anything.

Crystal actually grabbed Chandler to ask about it, but Chandler told her not to pry into it, and he also had a serious expression.

Crystal turned her head and glanced at Charles, who had been following them quietly.

Charles was about a meter away from them. He could hear what Crystal had just said, but he was even more surprised about Connie's arrest.

"Who caught Connie?" He asked foolishly.

Seeing that he didn't know anything about it, Crystal immediately turned back and continued to ignore him.

Although Christina and Crystal didn't treat Mr. Shepherd well, when the three of them arrived at the hospital restaurant, Mrs. Dickens quite adored him. She pulled him to sit beside her and asked him to order.

"Mr. Shepherd, there's nothing delicious in the restaurant in this hospital. You have to make do with it. It's been too much trouble for you these days."

Charles smiled handsomely and amiably. "Grandma, just call me by my name. Don't be so distant."

Only Charles could call someone else's grandmother as his so smoothly.

Seeing that he didn't have the airs of a rich man, Mrs. Dickens liked him even more. She smiled happily. "You Shepherd family have a good upbringing."

Christina had not eaten anything since yesterday afternoon. Betty had ordered her a hot porridge and noodles early in the morning. It was unsure whether Christina was really hungry. When Mrs. Dickens and Charles were chatting, she buried herself in eating and didn't say a word.

Crystal greeted Mrs. Dickens and Betty politely and turned to look at Christina, feeling that she was preoccupied.

"Charles, then I'm going to put the formalities aside. There's one thing I really can only ask you..." Mrs. Dickens was still talking to Charles.

"I know I'm old, I can't keep up with the times, and I don't understand the world of your young people, but there are some things I understand."

Mrs. Dickens's tone suddenly sank, and her old voice choked. "My son Donald Dickens is really sick this time. I know that even if he can save his life, he won't be able to go back to work..."

"We cannot save the Dickens' company."

At this point, the old lady held Charles in her rough and weathered hands. "Christina's father started from scratch to establish today's company. Christina doesn't know anything about business. Can you help us again and try your best to help Christina win the shares of the company? I really don't want to tell Donald that his company was stolen by others..."

All her life, Mrs. Dickens had flattered plenty of rich families, but it was the first time she had asked for help in this way.

"You don't need to worry about your company."

Charles was so sure that he almost blurted out, "As early as a year ago, Patrick began to control the various marketing channels of the Dickens Group. The Dickens family has no real power and is completely dependent on the Hopkins family..."

"What did you say?" Christina glared at Charles fiercely.

"I, I mean..."

Charles immediately realized that he had said the wrong thing and stammered nervously.

Even Crystal and Betty, who knew nothing about business, were shocked. Christina lost her appetite and threw the spoon back into the bowl.

"Patrick Hopkins had long planned all this for me to beg him." Christina thought to herself.



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love it but too drawn out and expensive

2022/01/24

Christina searched the internet on her phone. The so-called "Love me, love my dog" meant that one would love someone and care about the people and things related to it.

Crystal had just told Christina that Patrick had interfered with the Dickens Group so much, probably because he loved Christina, so he cared about the Dickens Group.

Christina felt that Crystal was wrong. The meaning of the old saying was not suitable for Patrick.

Patrick would have started to infiltrate Christina's life a year ago, and even more so, he knew the people and things around her well. He didn't mean to care but was just used to controlling everything.

When Christina faced Patrick, she often had a feeling that she had to obey, because she did not dare to disobey.

"Christina, when have you been obedient?"

Charles accompanied them back to Donald's ward in the inpatient department to wait. He turned around and suddenly found it funny, so he asked Christina, who looked worried.

The atmosphere in the corridors of the ICU was heavy. There were cold footsteps or a few cries of grief in the ward sometimes. Charles's bright chuckle was a little abrupt here. Crystal replied in a low voice, "Indeed." She suddenly felt like laughing too.

When would Christina be obedient?

She couldn't be obedient.

Christina looked a little awkward and turned her head away from them.

"Mr. Dickens is awake."

The door of the ward was pushed open, and the old professor called out to the people waiting outside in a low and gentle voice.

All of a sudden, everyone's faces were shocked, and the next second, their faces were filled with joy.

Mrs. Dickens immediately stood up from her chair and walked forward. She was too excited that her voice was trembling, "That's great."

Betty held Mrs. Dickens. Christina and Charles also surrounded the professors and academicians. "Can we go in and see him? How is he now..."

"Miss Dickens, your father has regained consciousness and is in a better condition than we thought. As for the sequelae of cerebral hemorrhage, we have prepared 37 plans to deal with it at any time..."



Betty quickly took a step forward and held the doctor's hand tightly, "I really appreciate you." These old professors and academicians who came from abroad were famous internationally. It was a great honor for them to come here in person.

These authoritative figures who were over fifty were dressed in white coats and stood upright. They smiled at the Dickens family kindly. They were all calm and steady, showing the arrogance of old scholars.

"You're welcome." The doctor replied simply, neither warm nor cold.

Christina felt that the old men's aura was similar to that of Old Master Hopkins. She took a step back later and kept her eyes fixed on the ward. She just wanted to know when she could enter the ward. Charles seemed to be familiar with those professors and called them uncle a few times.

"Miss Dickens, we have a treatment plan for your father, so you don't have to worry too much."

Betty and the others asked some questions about Donald's illness with concern. The old men answered them patiently, but it was obvious from the conversation that these authoritative people were talking to Christina because they called Miss Dickens every time when they spoke.

Christina showed no expression and just nodded at them.

"I'll go in and see Donald..."

Mrs. Dickens couldn't help but anxiously push open the door of the ward to take a look. She suddenly thought of something and turned to Christina, "Christina, thank the Hopkins family well later."

Mrs. Dickens was also smart. A discerning person could tell at a glance that these people were all invited by the Hopkins family, and Charles was just a middleman.

Christina pretended not to hear.

Charles followed those professors and academicians to the office to talk about it in detail. Christina was sitting alone in a chair in the corridor. Suddenly, she was not in a hurry to go to see her father and felt relieved.

With Patrick around, there would be no accidents.

It was like habitual thinking in the brain, and she wasn't sure if it counted as a dependency.



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## Chapter 350

Donald was still very weak when he woke up. He was lying flat on the white hospital bed and looked more haggard and old with her wrinkled face and the chin covered with stubble.

He seemed very tired and listless.

However, he looked at his relatives in the ward with his eyes half-open and was listening carefully to Mrs. Dickens, his mother, sobbing and talking.

"Donald, you have to get better. Do you hear me? I'm panicking. You should look after yourself."

Donald didn't say anything and nodded weakly with his dry lips.

Christina stood quietly by the side and guiltily lowered her head with mixed feelings when she looked at the bed.

After finishing speaking, Mrs. Dickens she wiped away her tears and turned to shout, "Christina, come and see your father."

As Betty, her aunt, pushed her lightly, Christina stepped forward in a daze and became helpless when looking at the person on the bed at that moment.

Although Donald was weak and listless, he looked straight at her sharply.

It was as if he was waiting for Christina to say something.

Christina had known what had happened when Connie went to the Dickens family to make a scene.

Christina already knew everything about her mother, Mary, and her background.

Christina wanted to apologize to him personally when he woke up, but when she really met him face to face, she couldn't say a word.

Christina hesitated for a long time before she said, "Dad."

Donald was a little disappointed and then closed his eyes because he seemed to know his daughter would not comfort him as expected.

He bordered on crying.

Donald's hair was shaved off, and a hole was made in his skull to direct a tube to drain the blood after craniotomy. As he suddenly turned to the right with great difficulty, Betty immediately stepped forward to hold him and told him not to move.

Christina was very close to him and easily noticed the tears in the corner of her father's right eye.

At this moment, Christina was shocked and had mixed feelings.

She had never seen her father cry since she could remember things. Everyone knew that a man should not shed tears easily. Even if a man cried, he should remain calm.

Donald was sleepy and then breathed evenly and gradually fell asleep.

Many of the things that he never mentioned for more than 20 years flashed in his mind. He tiredly frowned as if he was trying to recall them.

Christina and the others decided to leave him alone because her father needed to rest the most. Her aunt insisted on staying in the ward while Christina helped her grandmother out of the ward.

As soon as Mrs. Dickens left the ward, she suddenly said to Christina. "Call your aunt Connie and tell her that Donald is awake."

When someone had an accident, the family should be more united.

Christina pursed her lips with a complicated expression.

"Christina, I know you don't have a good relationship with Connie, but don't argue with her now. She should be told that your father has woken up. As for whether she wants to be a member of our family in the future, it depends on her."

Mrs. Dickens thought Connie was still young and beautiful and married into the Dickens family mostly for money. If she wanted to leave when Donald had the accident, she could leave or stay in the Dickens family.

Christina had mixed feelings and did not reply for a moment.

When Mrs. Dickens naturally felt that Christina was against Connie and was about to persuade her again, Christina raised her head, sighed silently, nodded, and agreed, "I see."

"I'll go find her," Christina answered.

Crystal who waited for them outside the door approached Christina and asked quickly, "Do you know where Connie is?"

Just now, when Crystal mentioned that Connie had been arrested, Christina looked surprised. Crysta wondered where they could find Connie now.

After Christina watched as her grandmother was helped into the elevator by the nanny, she turned around and walked in another direction. Crystal quickly followed her and enthusiastically suggested, "How about asking Chandler?"

Christina looked back at her strangely. "Do you know Chandler very well?"



"Crystal, you're quite close to him. Do you have any secrets you can't tell?" Christina asked.

Just as they reached the door of the doctor's office, Charles came out and looked at Crystal with a playful smile.

Crystal blushed and immediately denied, "No!"

In fact, Christina would leave the task to find someone for Mr. Shepherd and never thought to ask Chandler for help.

"What's Chandler's phone number?" Christina asked.

Christina directly asked for Chandler's phone number.

"Why are you looking for Chandler?" Charles asked.

"Is something wrong? Tell me. I can definitely help." Charles felt ignored by them and was whining.

Charles added "Hey, tell me. Why don't you tell me? What Chandler can do? I can definitely help you."

Crystal stammered guiltily. "When I asked you about Connie, you said you didn't know. Chandler received news this morning that Connie was taken away."

"What?" Charles was shocked.

Christina thought Charles was too noisy and pushed him. "Get out."

Christina seriously talked to Chandler on the phone. At first, Chandler was surprised when receiving a call from Christina because they didn't contact each other. The two of them communicated calmly now.

"I want to know where Connie is now," Christina asked.

Finally, Christina said absent-mindedly, "Oh."

After hanging up the phone, she was silent for a long time.

When Charles and Crystal looked at each other and felt something was wrong, Christina looked up and vaguely told them, "Drive to Patrick now."



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"Patrick, you don't have the right to imprison me!"

The room was about 30 square meters, with no windows or balconies. It was a closed space, separated by a thick glass wall. Behind the high-density bulletproof glass wall was Connie, who was like a caged animal, pounding on the glass angrily and shouting.

"Miss Yankey, you'd better behave."

There was an alloy electronic door on the right side of the glass wall, and the guard warned her in a low voice.

"Damn it. Let me go right now!"

Connie was so mad that she kicked the wall hard.

In the closed space, she felt dizzy as if she suffered hypoxia. After a while, she would be unable to think logically. There were red lights, but the dark color made Connie agitated. She glared at the man. Her clothes were disheveled and her hair messy.

She screamed at the top of her voice and punched the wall angrily, "Patrick, what are you trying to do? I'll kill Christina if you hurt me!"

"Let me out! Do you hear me? You don't have the right to do so!"

"Think about why I take you here."

Patrick broke the silence, sitting across the glass wall and looking furious.

Connie glared at him and gritted her teeth, "You're so insidious. You're gonna rot in a hole!"

"Patrick, do you think you can do everything secretly? You'll be punished one day!"

Although not provoked by her cursing, Patrick gradually became impatient.

"Donald is awake," Patrick told her.

Connie, who was crazy just now, was shocked and suddenly calmed down.

"Patrick, what do you want to get from me?"

Connie seemed to have compromised. After getting herself together, she asked him, with her lips trembling.

Before Patrick could say anything, Connie looked at his poker face and laughed hysterically, sneering, "I'm surprised that there are things you don't know! Did you catch me for interrogation? There's something you don't know. It's ridiculous!"

On hearing his laughter, Patrick's face clouded over.

"It was you, right?" He asked directly, without any patience.

Connie looked at him and stopped laughing.

After taking some steps back, she smarted herself up and fixed her hair, raising her chin and asking arrogantly, "It's because of Christina again."

She looked at him carefully, trying to notice the slightest changes in his face. Connie knew that Patrick would frown every time she mentioned Christina.

"Patrick, why do you get close to her?"

Connie regained her composure and asked him calmly, combing her long hair. She was ready to leave here after finishing the conversation.

Patrick pinched his lips and repeated his question, with a flash of doubt in his eyes, "Are you behind the accidents happened when she was pregnant?"

Connie was very arrogant, so didn't want to answer. Suddenly, she noticed a trace of panic in his eyes. She felt so funny and ridiculous.

She found it hard to believe that the heartless man was in panic.

"Patrick, you should have known that her mother was your father's lover, who destroyed your family. And he wanted to divorce because of Mary. That's why Judy has been taking that out on you. To put it bluntly, Mary ruined your childhood!"

Connie stared at him. Patrick's the golden child, almost perfect. But he's heartless and secretive, so not an ideal life partner.

Connie wanted to see how many secrets he has. At the thought of this, she smiled mischievously.

"What's worse, irritated by your father, Judy found a new lover and kidnapped you with him. You were a five-year-old boy at that time, but they dragged you with a dog chain. How heartless they were! But I guess you don't remember what happened at such a young age."

Patrick glared at her and was about to shoot back, clenching his fist, with the veins in his neck popping out.

He took a deep breath and gritted his teeth to suppress his anger.

In the Hopkins family, no one dared to mention the kidnapping.

This was a scandal in the Hopkins family. It snowed heavily that winter, and it was especially cold when the snow

melted. Patrick kept running, but he couldn't lose their tail even if he tried his best. He was too young! He did not remember whether he was afraid at that time. It was so cold that the wounds on his body were pained and itchy. And the skin around the wounds was swollen. He was numb at that time.

Luckily, he escaped from the kidnapers. When he was found by his family members, his clothes were in tatters, with blood everywhere. He had pneumonia and almost died.

No one dared to mention it because they felt it was inappropriate. His grandfather had noticed that it was an unusual kidnapping, but the kidnapers died, with no proof left.

And until now, he didn't know that the kidnapping was planned by Patrick's mother.

He never mentioned it and soon it passed in time. Patrick's parents finally made up with each other and his mother was still Mrs. Hopkins, as dignified and noble as before.

But from then on, Patrick started to hate women.

"You know too much."

Patrick didn't get angry and said calmly.

Connie was shocked. She thought that Patrick would be provoked if she talked about the kidnapping. But she didn't expect him to be so calm.

"Patrick, you get close to Christina for revenge, right?"

Connie talked about Christina, trying to provoke him. She raised her voice, "Her mother is shameless. And she ruined your family. You can't find Mary, so you want to vent your anger on Christina. I guess you hate her!"

Lost in thought, he didn't say anything.

His calmness irritated Connie. She stepped forward and punched the glass wall very hard, gritting her teeth. "Patrick, you should hate her. You should hate her so much!"

"Patrick, you should do that!"

Bang!

Connie punched the glass wall again and there were cracks on it. She was almost an excellent MMA fighter!

Her right hand became swollen after a few seconds. She looked at Patrick, with anger and confusion in her eyes, but it didn't seem to bother him.

"Why do you love her? Tell me why!"

Connie asked in a low voice, unwilling to admit it. After thinking about it for a while, she found herself ridiculous. It

turned out that both of them were losers in love.

"Patrick, you are similar to your father. He was so obsessed with Mary, only to be cheated by her. After that, Mary found a new lover. And her daughter must be similar to her! They know nothing about love. Christina doesn't understand you, so how long are you going to be with her?"

"The rest of my life."

Patrick stood up with a straight face, looking at her and giving his answer.



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## 2 Comments >

**Lucy De Alvarez**

2022/01/31

love this book



**Kezia Betrue**

2022/01/24

nice, some errors need to be corrected.



Suddenly, someone pushed the door open and hurried in.

"Is Christina here?"

Patrick did not look back. When he heard that, a trace of surprise flashed across his cold expressions.

He slowly turned around and saw that it was Chandler. So he resorted to his usual cold expressions again.

Needless to bother Patrick to ask questions, Chandler took the initiative to explain, "An hour ago, Christina called me and said she was looking for Connie, so I told her the address directly."

Chandler's gentle and handsome smile stiffened.

"I don't expect Christina to have such filial piety to look for me..."

Inside the thick glass wall, Connie, who was imprisoned, heard their conversation. She touched the glass wall with her right hand and laughed in an exaggerated and mocking manner.

Her laughter sounded very shrill and piercing.

Chandler looked around and saw that Connie, who had been caught by Patrick in the early morning yesterday, looked mentally deranged after being confined in this enclosed, suffocating space with red light for 12 hours.

In order to let Connie tell the truth quicker, the oppressive enclosed space was used to destroy a person's strong will. Sometimes, some sound waves at a frequency beyond the range of human beings' hearing were played to stimulate the brain...

Chandler was no stranger to Patrick's various means to know the truth. If Connie didn't cooperate, she would be the only one that suffered.

"Patrick, leave Connie to me."

Chandler told Patrick that he was not a kind person either and he just wanted to avoid unnecessary trouble.

Patrick was emotionless and made no reply.

Chandler raised his eyebrows, patted Patrick on the shoulder, and added casually, "The guard just informed me that Christina had arrived. Why isn't she here? Where has she gone?"

Patrick's expression had a slight change.

Connie suddenly raised her voice on purpose and shouted, "I saw a crack between the door and its frame just now. Could it be Christina's eavesdropping?"

With a strange smile on her face, she looked straight at the man outside the glass wall.

Patrick turned to look at her with anger in his eyes.

Then, without saying a word, he turned around and went out.

Connie glared at his back fiercely, feeling reluctant to give in. She smashed her right fist against the glass wall and cursed angrily, "People like you are so suffocating that no one wants to stay by your side. They are all afraid of you!"

With her angry voice coming behind Patrick, the door was slammed shut.

"Connie, I strongly advise you not to annoy him." Chandler and Connie were the only ones left in the room. Obviously, Chandler had a much better temper than Patrick.

Connie looked at the gentleman with her messy makeup and curved up her lips in a sinister smile, replying coldly, "I also strongly advise you to let me go, or you will regret it."

Chandler didn't take her words seriously.

His eyes lingered on the closed iron door for a second. Then he frowned and asked curiously, "Did you really see Christina standing outside when the door was left with a crack just now?"

"In such a heavily guarded place, who else could eavesdrop outside the door except those you let in?" Connie smiled evilly.

Chandler looked more serious. "What were you talking about just now?"

"Aren't there surveillance cameras? Why do you need to ask me?" Connie restrained her expression and continued, "Even if I say something, you won't believe it." Her words had overtones.

"Connie, you're a very smart woman."

Chandler examined her closely. "You should know why Patrick imprisons you..."

Connie was enraged again and shouted at him, "Why do you imprison me? It's because you have the power and money!"

"Connie, you are suspected of instigating a kidnapping and rape case seven years ago. As the mastermind of the case, how many years in prison do you think you will be sentenced to, if we directly hand you over to the judiciary?"

Chandler looked very calm. "Not only do we place surveillance cameras in this room, but we have already monitored every corner of the Dickens family. We have video evidence of your breaking into the Dickens family and causing them trouble. You have admitted that you are responsible for the kidnapping and attempted rape of Christina by asking a villager to commit crimes on her high school graduation trip..."

Connie glared at him and bit her lips, which turned pale. She didn't expect them to do this.

She was so angry that she gritted her teeth and retorted, "I was too excited at the time that I talked nonsense. Feel free to sue me if you have any evidence."

"It seems that you really trust Mr. Dickens and believe that he has destroyed all the evidence for you."

Connie pounded on the glass and shouted furiously, "Bah!"

"You think I'm a wicked person and have done all the evil things. I do commit some outrageous crimes, but do you see how I am hurt? I am forced to do all these!"

"We are all sinners. We are all guilty. I just want to live a better life. What's wrong with it?"

"Mary caused me to miscarry and lose my son, but Donald secretly let her get away with it. Then I wanted Christina to pay the price. What's wrong with it? At last, you people of integrity saved her, but who came to my rescue? Donald forced me to have my uterus removed, which was the price I paid for asking him to help me back then! There was no love, but deals between us!" As she spoke, two lines of clear tears rolled down the corner of her eyes.

Chandler had investigated Connie before and knew that this woman had an unusually strong mind.

He didn't expect her to cry and had no idea whether it was her acting in disguise or revelation of true feelings.

In the business world, he had seen many who could conceal their true intentions with admirable skills. It might be because he had seen too many of this kind that he preferred simple and beautiful hearts.

A simple heart wouldn't be easily let go of, if it was found by him.



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