A smartphone screen is shown, displaying a text message. The background of the phone's home screen is a vibrant autumn scene with fallen leaves in shades of yellow, orange, and red scattered on a dark surface. In the upper right corner, a portion of a modern building with a glass facade is visible. The text message is centered on the screen and is enclosed in a white bubble with rounded corners. At the top left of the bubble is a small black dot, representing a missing character or a placeholder. The text is in a clean, sans-serif font. At the bottom right of the bubble, the time '8:06 AM' and a battery level indicator are visible.


Chapter 43 Christina Steals My Man

"Christina steals my man..."

"I was forced to leave my home. It's all her fault that I suffered so much during these years," Cecilia sobbed, her trembling hand gripping the hand of the middle-aged woman. "Mom, you must help me..."

"Is Christina really the daughter of the richest man in our city?"

"She's the daughter of Donald. Why does such a rich girl work in our shop? And she even works the night shift? There are some things I've never dared to tell you. Every time she comes to our shop, she laughs at me and makes things difficult for me. She also says that her family can make us homeless.

8:06 AM 

She scares me... This time she really went too far..."

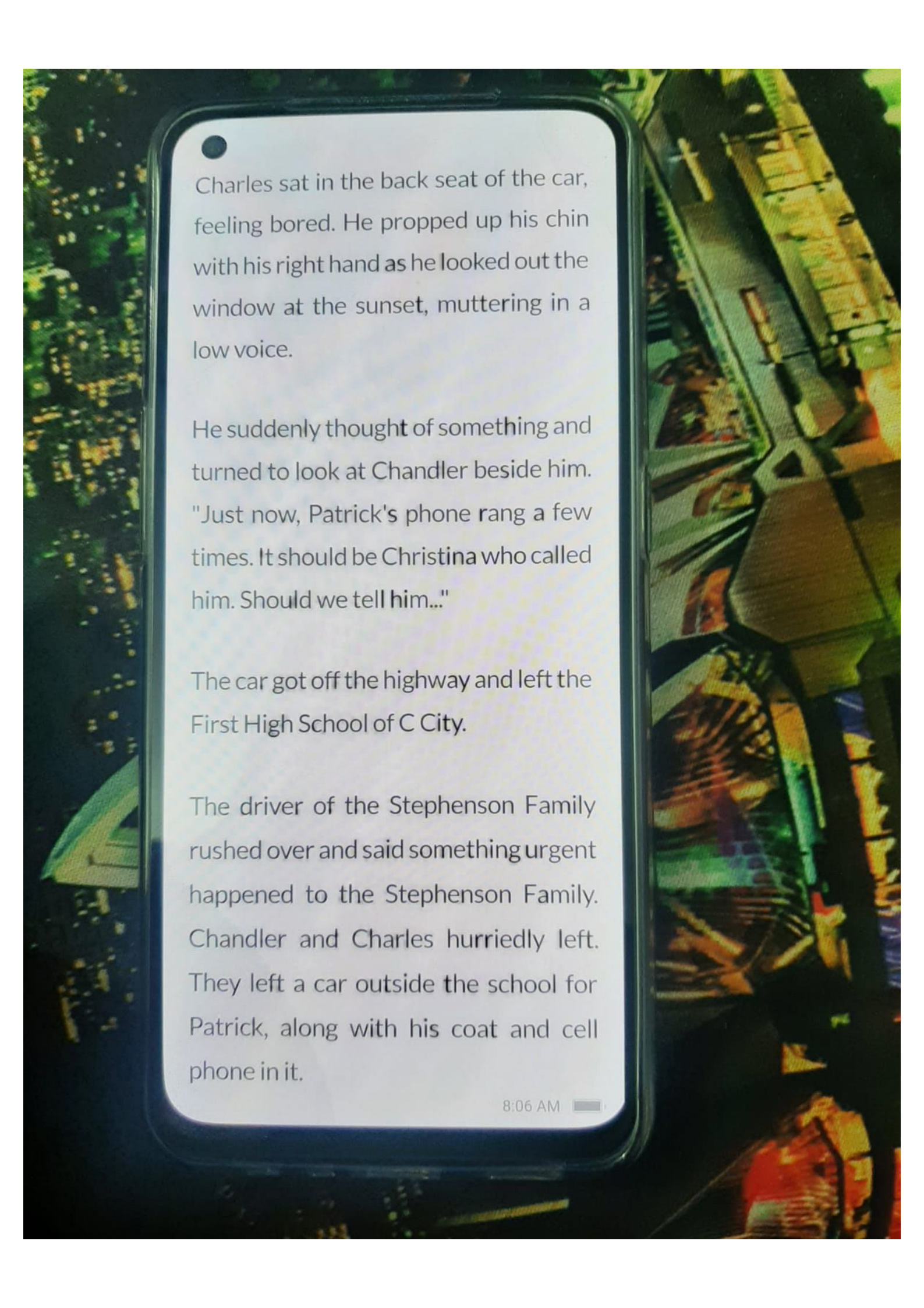
Her voice became more and more agitated, and she was choking with sobs. "Mom, I, I don't know what I should do. Christina wants me to die. She wants to kill me. She's going to kill your grandson..."

"What?!"

When Sophie heard the word 'kill', she was very anxious.

Seeing her hands protecting her abdomen, Sophie asked in a trembling voice. "Are, are you pregnant?"

"Christina is pregnant. Where can she go?"


A smartphone screen is the central focus, displaying a text message. The screen is white with a dark border, and the text is in a simple, black, sans-serif font. The background of the entire image is a collage of autumn-themed elements: on the left, there are green and yellow leaves; on the right, there's a view of a building with a staircase and more autumn foliage. The lighting is soft, suggesting an indoor setting with natural light.

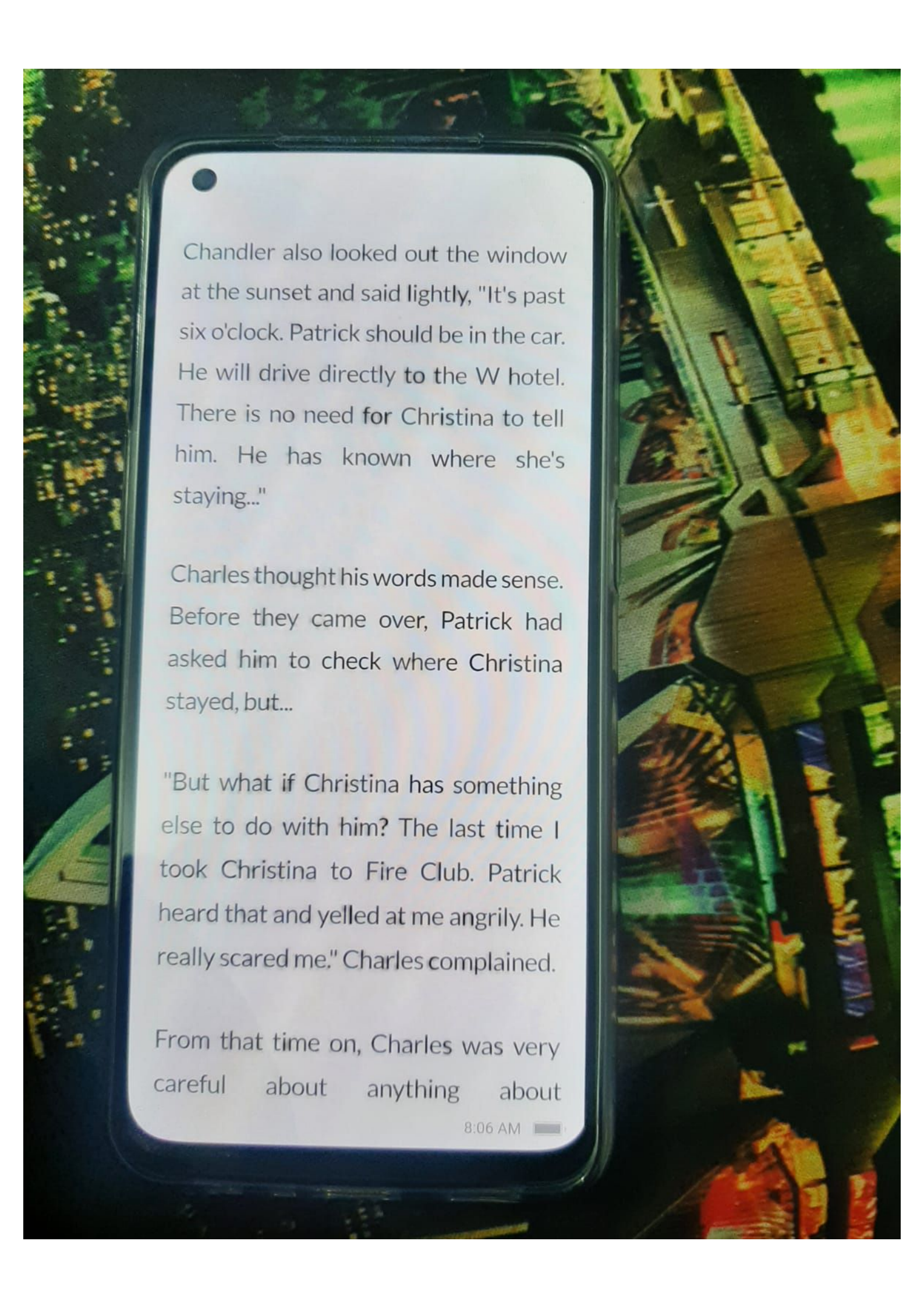
Charles sat in the back seat of the car, feeling bored. He propped up his chin with his right hand as he looked out the window at the sunset, muttering in a low voice.

He suddenly thought of something and turned to look at Chandler beside him. "Just now, Patrick's phone rang a few times. It should be Christina who called him. Should we tell him..."

The car got off the highway and left the First High School of C City.

The driver of the Stephenson Family rushed over and said something urgent happened to the Stephenson Family. Chandler and Charles hurriedly left. They left a car outside the school for Patrick, along with his coat and cell phone in it.

8:06 AM 

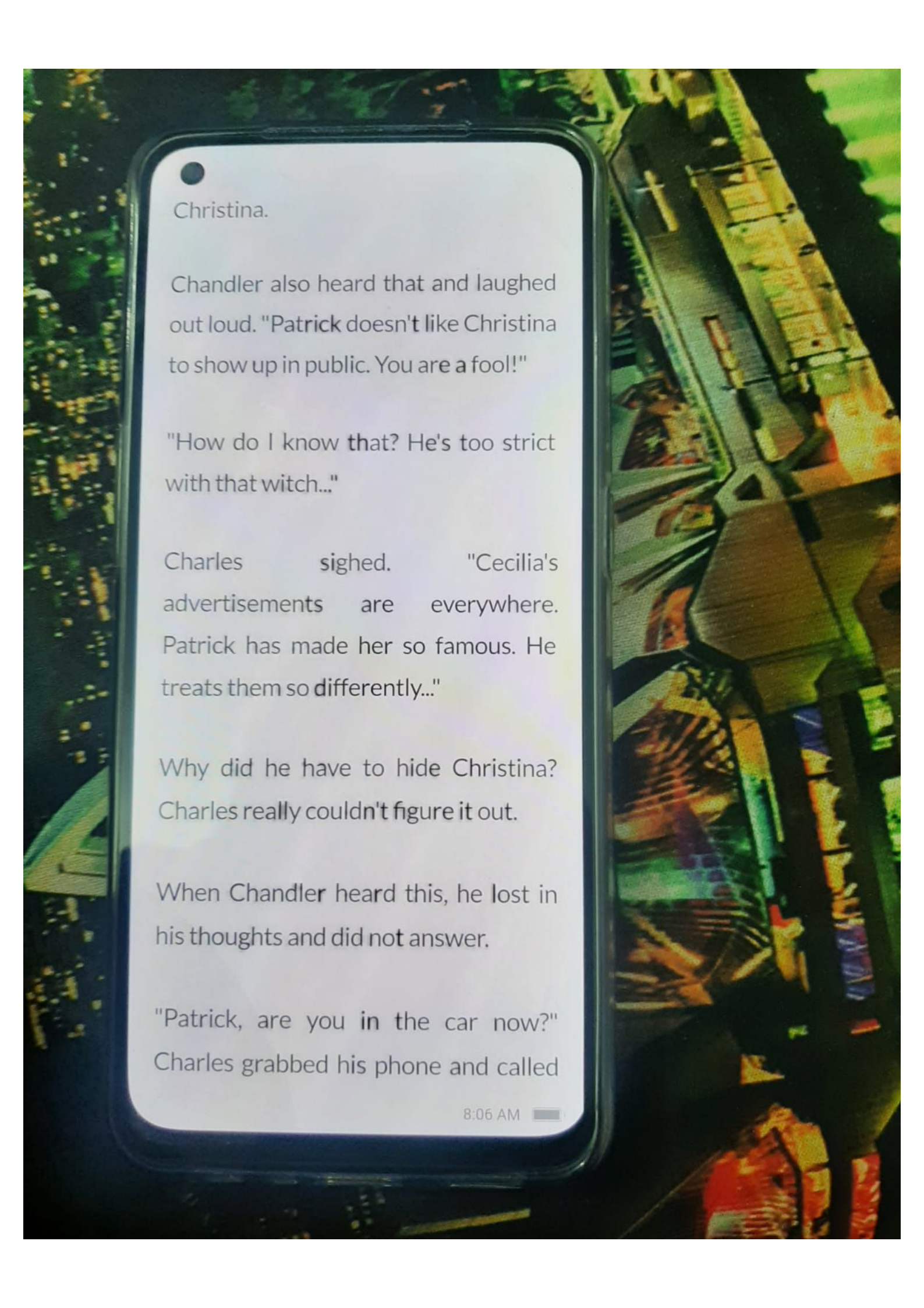


Chandler also looked out the window at the sunset and said lightly, "It's past six o'clock. Patrick should be in the car. He will drive directly to the W hotel. There is no need for Christina to tell him. He has known where she's staying..."

Charles thought his words made sense. Before they came over, Patrick had asked him to check where Christina stayed, but...

"But what if Christina has something else to do with him? The last time I took Christina to Fire Club. Patrick heard that and yelled at me angrily. He really scared me." Charles complained.

From that time on, Charles was very careful about anything about

A smartphone screen is shown at an angle, displaying a text message. The background of the phone's home screen is a vibrant autumn scene with fallen leaves in shades of green, yellow, and orange. The text message is centered on the screen. At the bottom of the screen, the time 8:06 AM and a battery icon are visible.

Christina.

Chandler also heard that and laughed out loud. "Patrick doesn't like Christina to show up in public. You are a fool!"


"How do I know that? He's too strict with that witch..."

Charles sighed. "Cecilia's advertisements are everywhere. Patrick has made her so famous. He treats them so differently..."

Why did he have to hide Christina? Charles really couldn't figure it out.

When Chandler heard this, he lost in his thoughts and did not answer.

"Patrick, are you in the car now?" Charles grabbed his phone and called

8:06 AM 



Patrick.

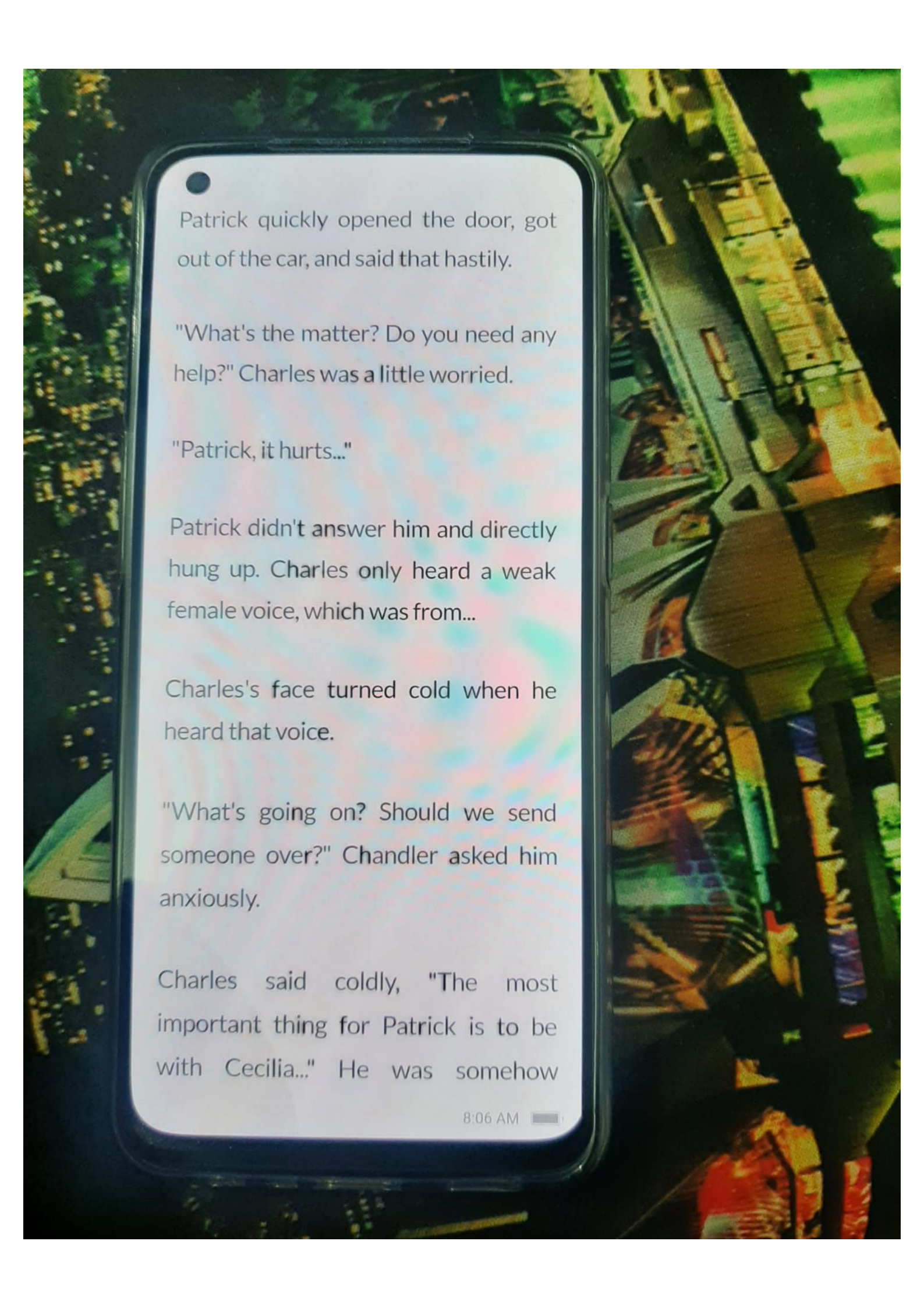
"You're going to the W Hotel, right?...
Oh, nothing. I just wanted to tell you
that your phone rang a few times
before, and there seems to be a text
message from Christina.."

Before Charles could finish his
sentence, he heard a loud 'bang' from
the phone.

"Patrick, what's wrong?" Charles's
expression changed and asked
anxiously.

Chandler also heard the sound
because he sat beside Charles, and he
became nervous. "A car accident?"

"I have something important.."



Patrick quickly opened the door, got out of the car, and said that hastily.

"What's the matter? Do you need any help?" Charles was a little worried.


"Patrick, it hurts..."

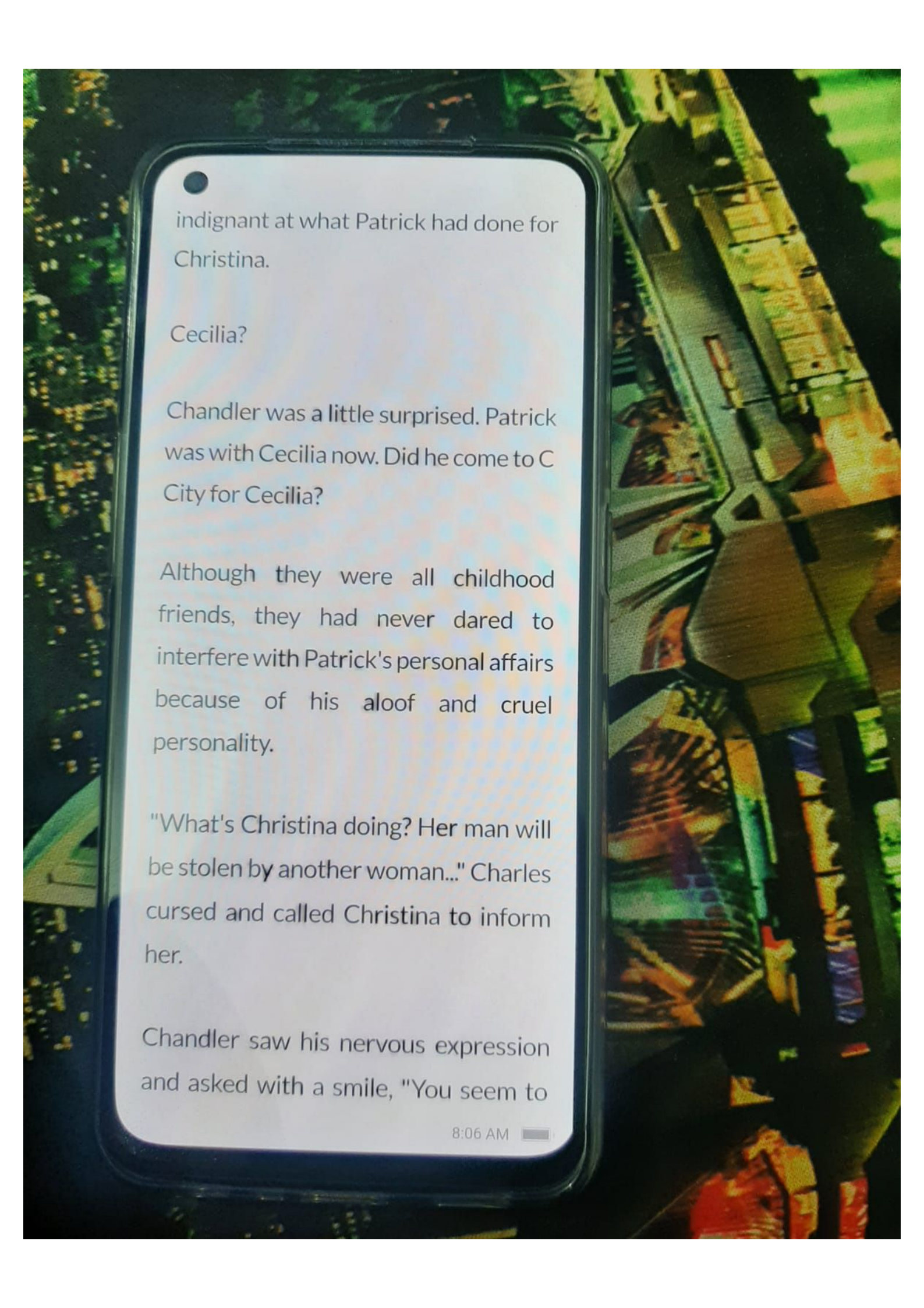
Patrick didn't answer him and directly hung up. Charles only heard a weak female voice, which was from...

Charles's face turned cold when he heard that voice.

"What's going on? Should we send someone over?" Chandler asked him anxiously.

Charles said coldly, "The most important thing for Patrick is to be with Cecilia..." He was somehow

8:06 AM 



indignant at what Patrick had done for
Christina.


Cecilia?

Chandler was a little surprised. Patrick
was with Cecilia now. Did he come to C
City for Cecilia?

Although they were all childhood
friends, they had never dared to
interfere with Patrick's personal affairs
because of his aloof and cruel
personality.

"What's Christina doing? Her man will
be stolen by another woman..." Charles
cursed and called Christina to inform
her.

Chandler saw his nervous expression
and asked with a smile, "You seem to

8:06 AM 

like Christina?"

"I just don't like Cecilia."

Charles snorted, his tone somewhat similar to that of Mr. Hopkins. He ran an entertainment company. He knew women well.

"Although Patrick doesn't have many women around him, he doesn't..." Seeing Charles's exaggerated expression, Chandler retorted.

"You know he had been kidnapped... He doesn't know anything about these affairs." Charles thought of what happened in the past and became worried about his bro.

Christina's cell phone was ringing anxiously...

She happened to come out of the bathroom, so she walked to the bed with her phone, and took a look at the strange caller Id.

After a moment of hesitation, "Hello, I'm Christina." She answered the call.

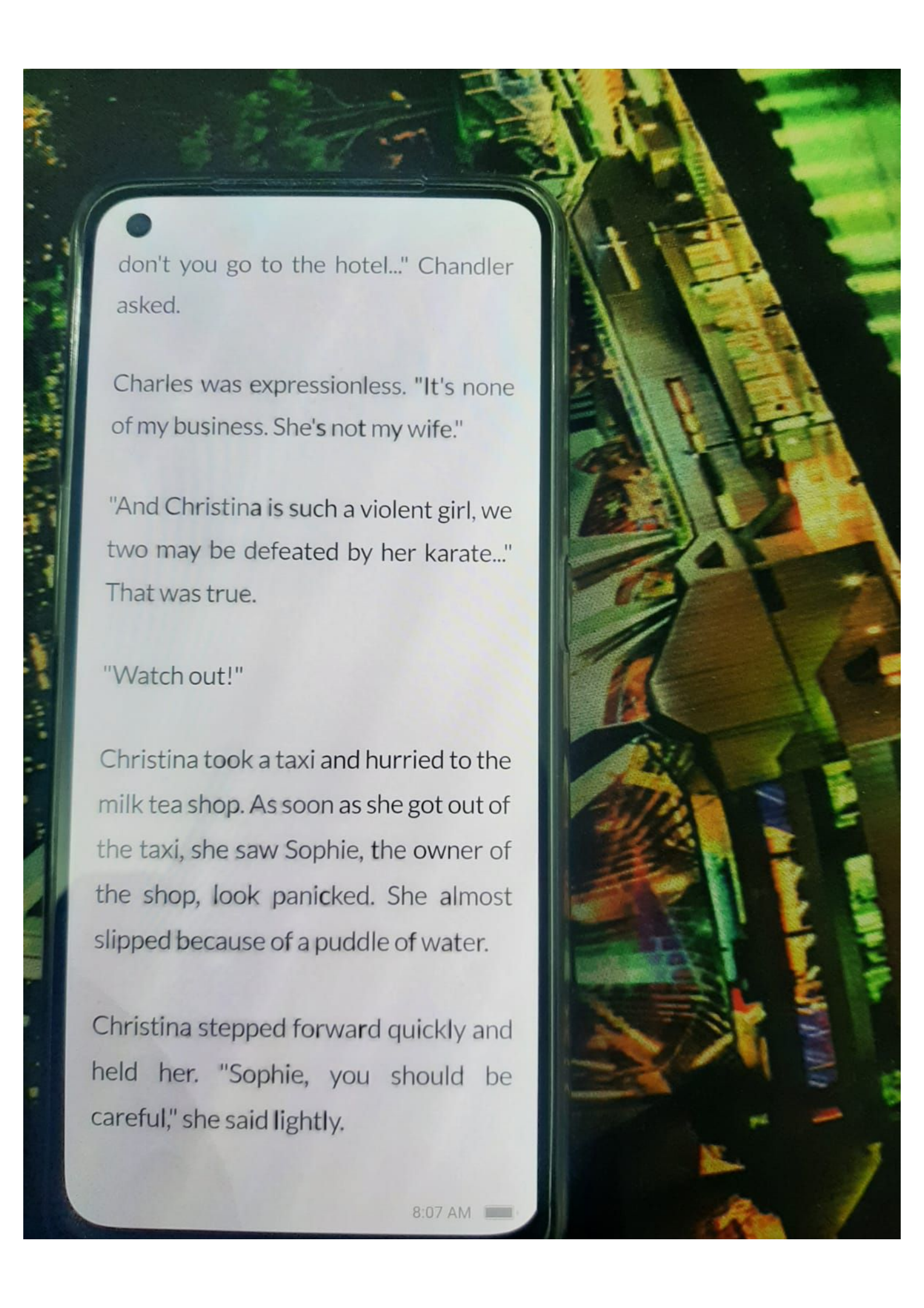
Christina was surprised to hear the voice over the phone. "Oh, okay, okay... I'll be right there."

"What's wrong?"

At the same time, Charles stared at his phone with a dark face.

"This witch's phone is busy. Who is she talking to?!" He grumbled immediately.

"Charles, if you're really worried, why

A smartphone screen is shown, displaying a text message. The background of the phone's home screen is a vibrant, abstract pattern with green, yellow, and blue tones, resembling a stylized cityscape or a complex geometric design. The text message is in a simple, sans-serif font. At the bottom of the screen, the time '8:07 AM' and a battery icon are visible.

don't you go to the hotel..." Chandler asked.

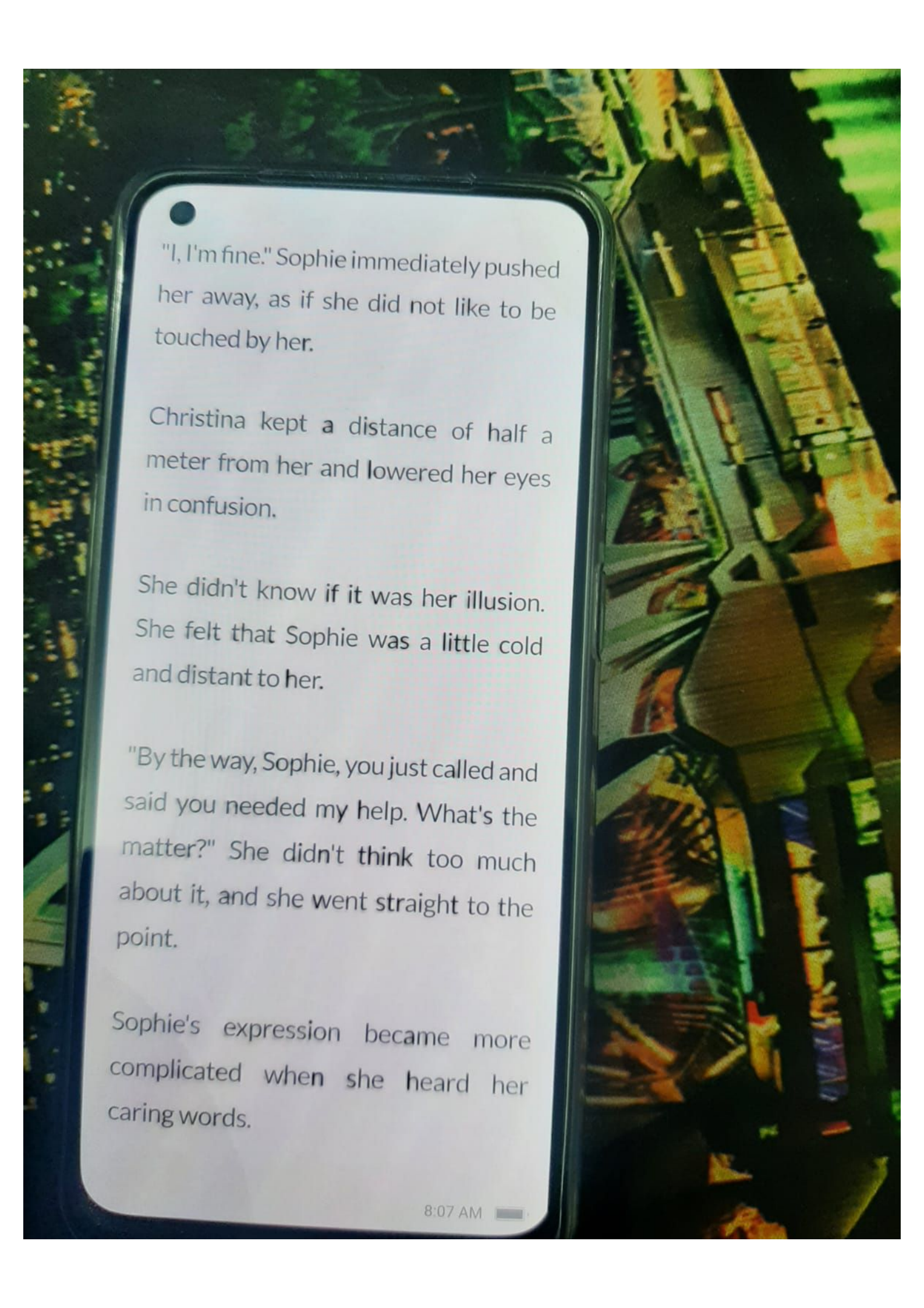
Charles was expressionless. "It's none of my business. She's not my wife."

"And Christina is such a violent girl, we two may be defeated by her karate..." That was true.

"Watch out!"

Christina took a taxi and hurried to the milk tea shop. As soon as she got out of the taxi, she saw Sophie, the owner of the shop, look panicked. She almost slipped because of a puddle of water.

Christina stepped forward quickly and held her. "Sophie, you should be careful," she said lightly.



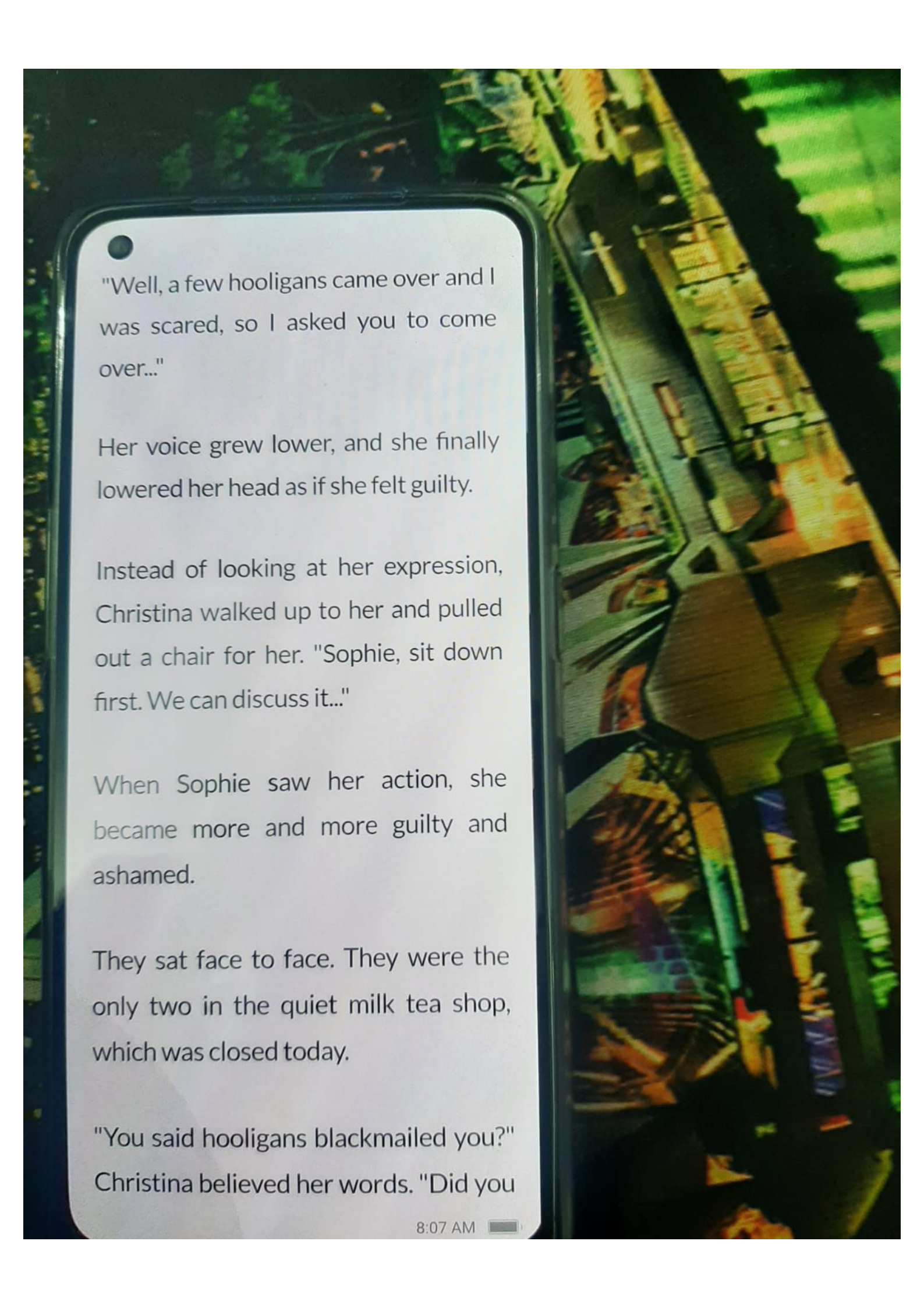
"I, I'm fine." Sophie immediately pushed her away, as if she did not like to be touched by her.

Christina kept a distance of half a meter from her and lowered her eyes in confusion.

She didn't know if it was her illusion. She felt that Sophie was a little cold and distant to her.

"By the way, Sophie, you just called and said you needed my help. What's the matter?" She didn't think too much about it, and she went straight to the point.

Sophie's expression became more complicated when she heard her caring words.



"Well, a few hooligans came over and I was scared, so I asked you to come over..."

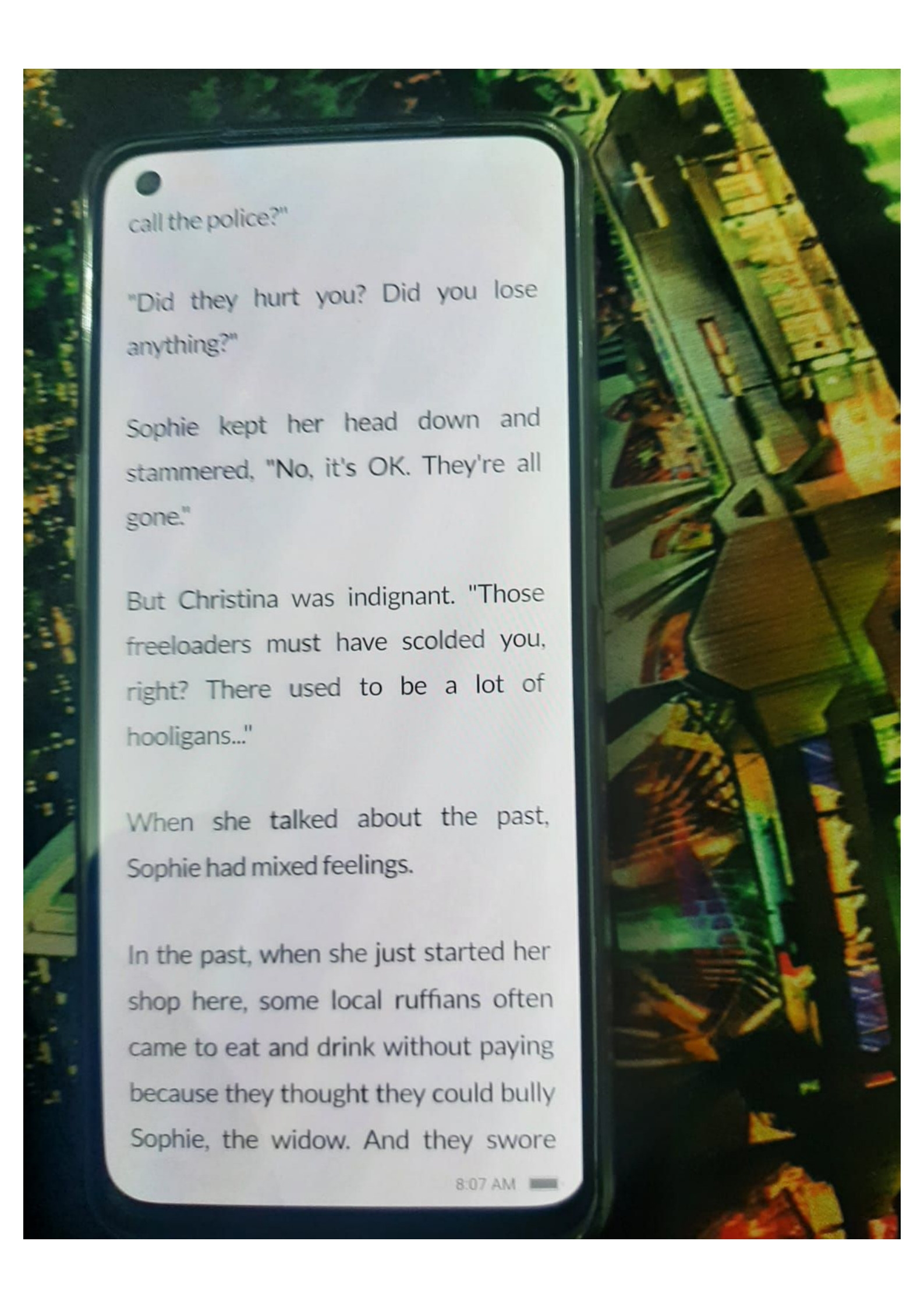
Her voice grew lower, and she finally lowered her head as if she felt guilty.

Instead of looking at her expression, Christina walked up to her and pulled out a chair for her. "Sophie, sit down first. We can discuss it..."

When Sophie saw her action, she became more and more guilty and ashamed.

They sat face to face. They were the only two in the quiet milk tea shop, which was closed today.

"You said hooligans blackmailed you?"
Christina believed her words. "Did you



call the police?"

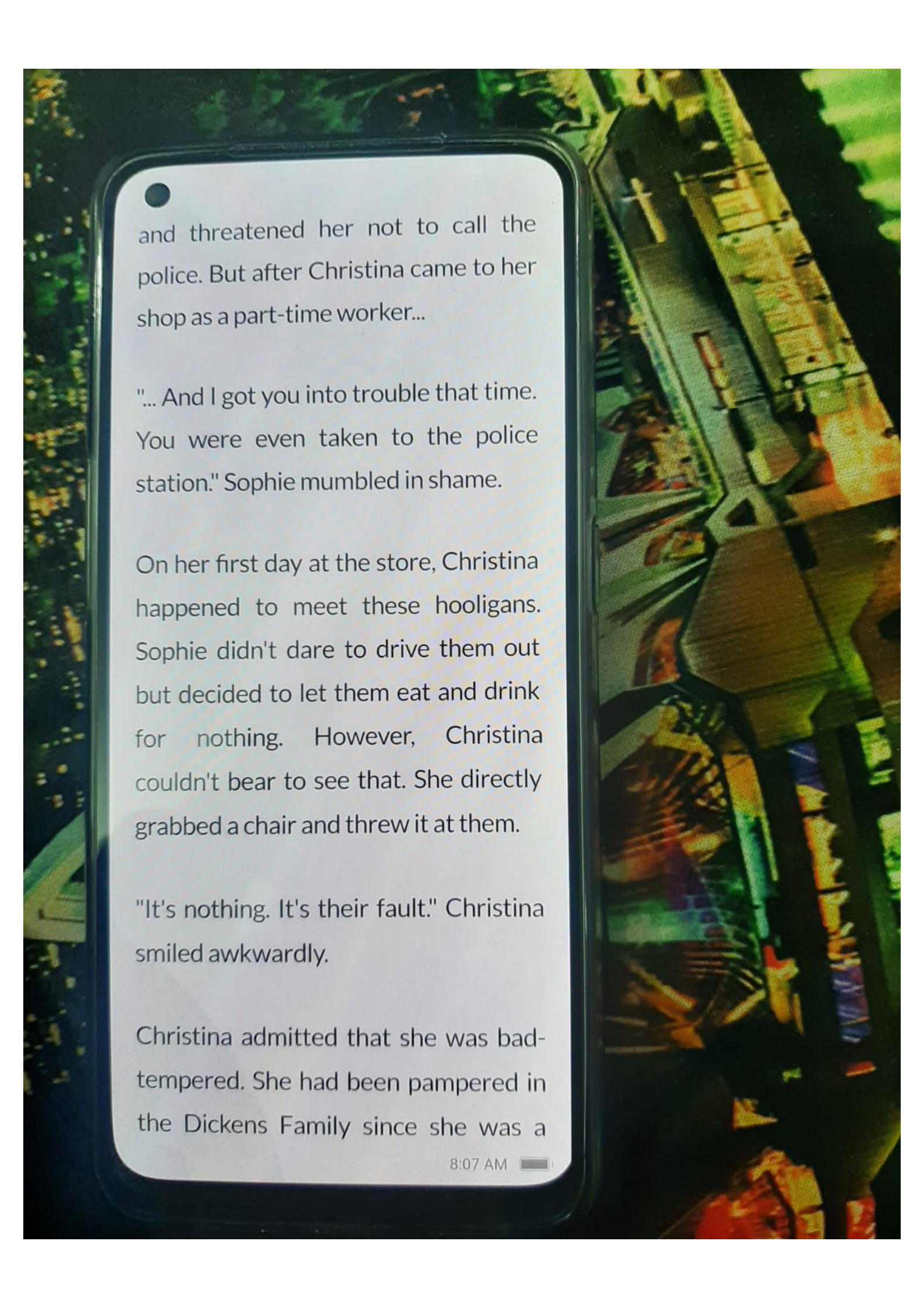
"Did they hurt you? Did you lose anything?"

Sophie kept her head down and stammered, "No, it's OK. They're all gone."

But Christina was indignant. "Those freeloaders must have scolded you, right? There used to be a lot of hooligans..."

When she talked about the past, Sophie had mixed feelings.

In the past, when she just started her shop here, some local ruffians often came to eat and drink without paying because they thought they could bully Sophie, the widow. And they swore



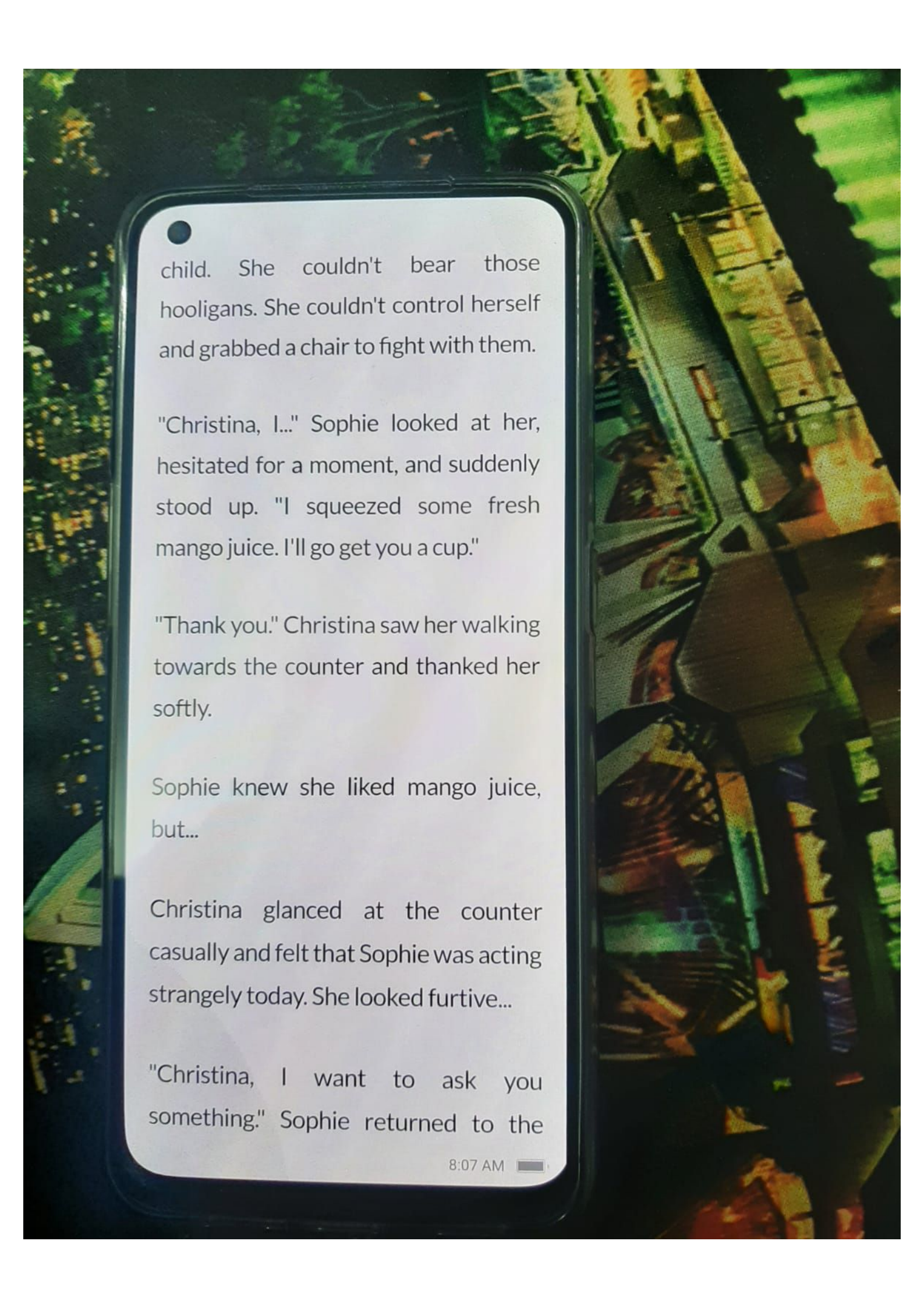
and threatened her not to call the police. But after Christina came to her shop as a part-time worker...

"... And I got you into trouble that time. You were even taken to the police station." Sophie mumbled in shame.

On her first day at the store, Christina happened to meet these hooligans. Sophie didn't dare to drive them out but decided to let them eat and drink for nothing. However, Christina couldn't bear to see that. She directly grabbed a chair and threw it at them.

"It's nothing. It's their fault." Christina smiled awkwardly.

Christina admitted that she was bad-tempered. She had been pampered in the Dickens Family since she was a



child. She couldn't bear those hooligans. She couldn't control herself and grabbed a chair to fight with them.

"Christina, I..." Sophie looked at her, hesitated for a moment, and suddenly stood up. "I squeezed some fresh mango juice. I'll go get you a cup."

"Thank you." Christina saw her walking towards the counter and thanked her softly.

Sophie knew she liked mango juice, but...

Christina glanced at the counter casually and felt that Sophie was acting strangely today. She looked furtive...

"Christina, I want to ask you something." Sophie returned to the

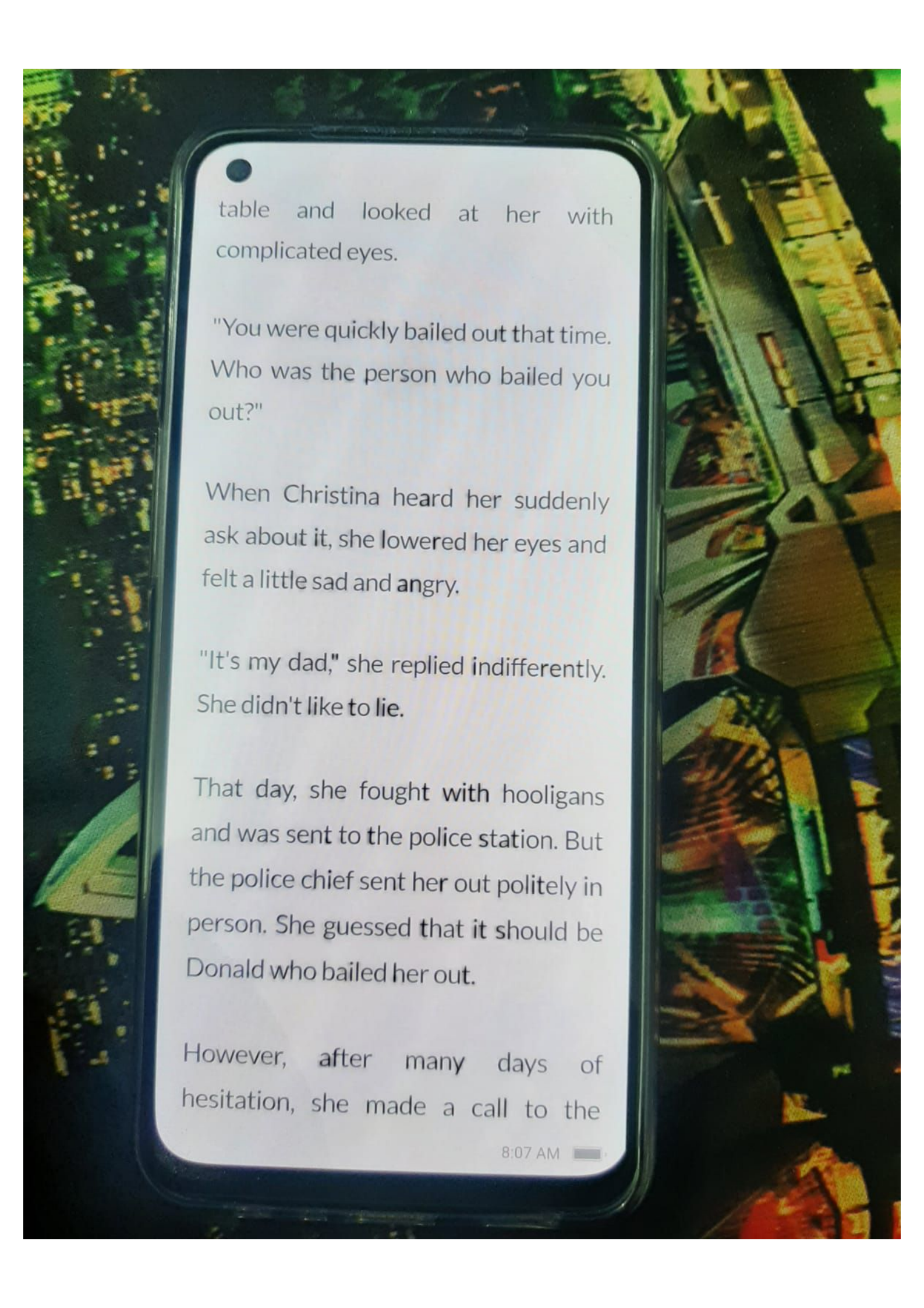


table and looked at her with complicated eyes.

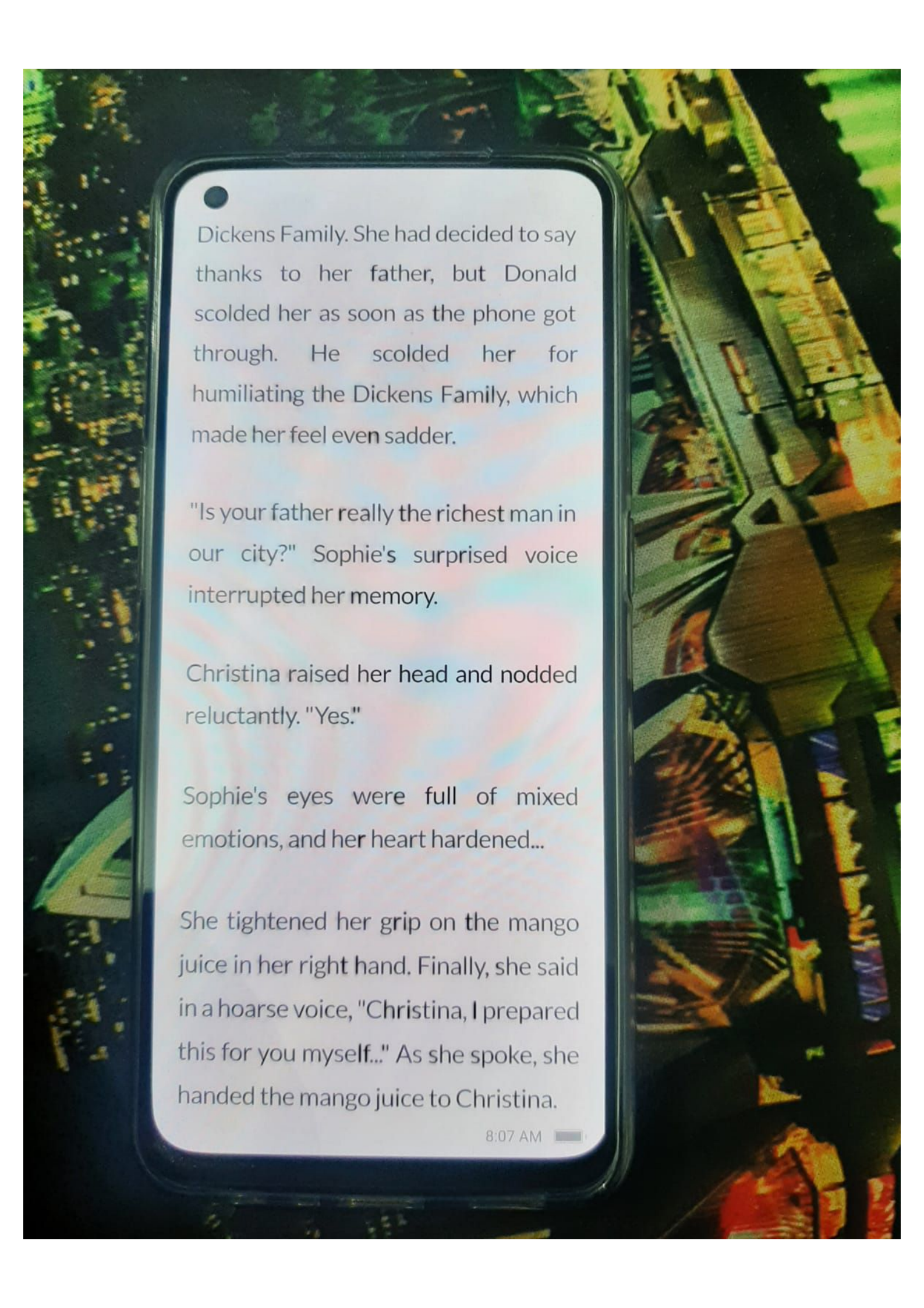
"You were quickly bailed out that time. Who was the person who bailed you out?"

When Christina heard her suddenly ask about it, she lowered her eyes and felt a little sad and angry.

"It's my dad," she replied indifferently. She didn't like to lie.

That day, she fought with hooligans and was sent to the police station. But the police chief sent her out politely in person. She guessed that it should be Donald who bailed her out.

However, after many days of hesitation, she made a call to the

A smartphone screen is the central focus, displaying several paragraphs of text. The background of the entire image is a vibrant, abstract pattern with green, yellow, and red tones, resembling a stylized forest or a colorful fabric. The smartphone screen has a white background with a black border and a small black circle in the top left corner. The text is in a simple, black, sans-serif font.

Dickens Family. She had decided to say thanks to her father, but Donald scolded her as soon as the phone got through. He scolded her for humiliating the Dickens Family, which made her feel even sadder.

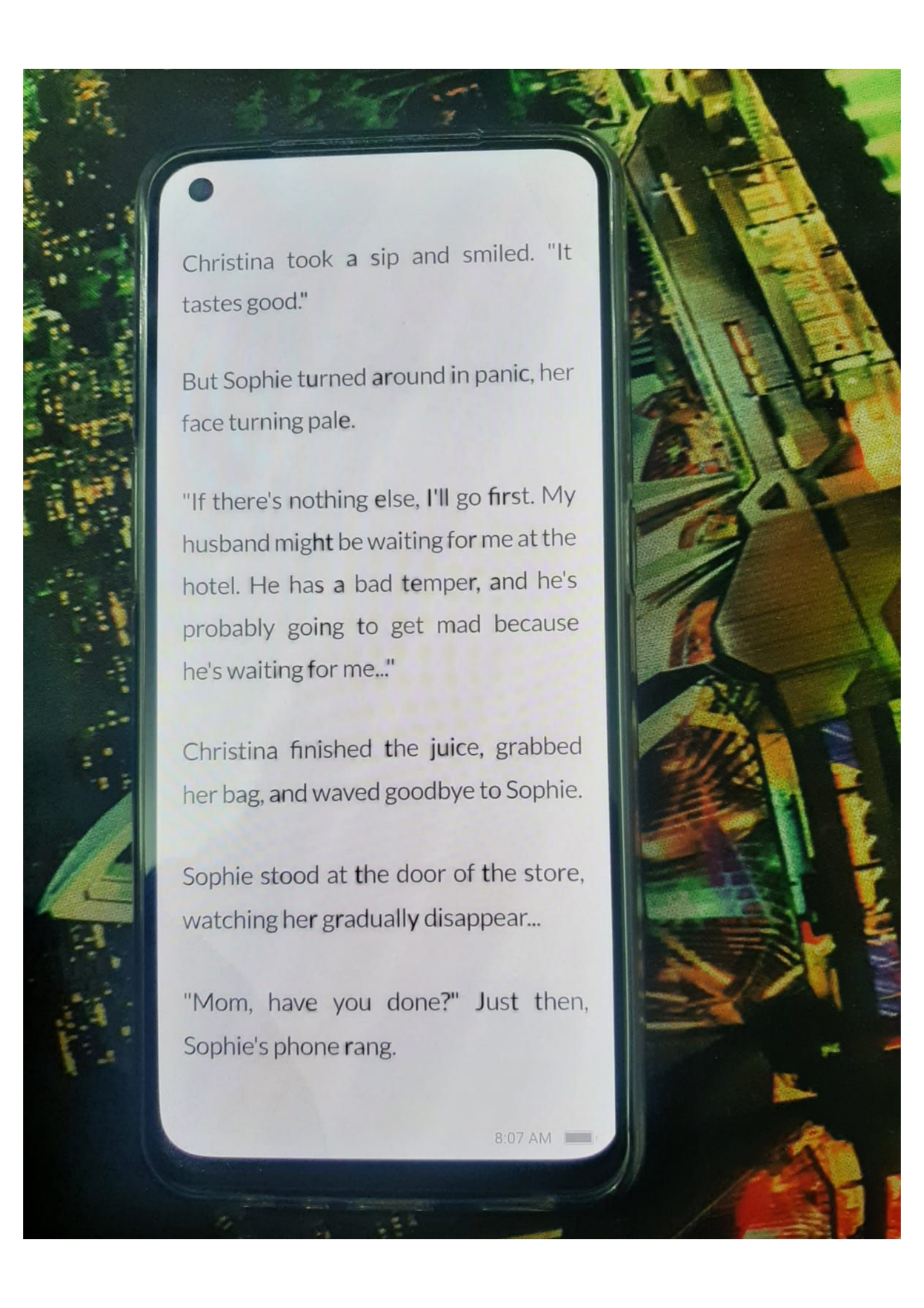
"Is your father really the richest man in our city?" Sophie's surprised voice interrupted her memory.

Christina raised her head and nodded reluctantly. "Yes."

Sophie's eyes were full of mixed emotions, and her heart hardened...

She tightened her grip on the mango juice in her right hand. Finally, she said in a hoarse voice, "Christina, I prepared this for you myself..." As she spoke, she handed the mango juice to Christina.

8:07 AM 



Christina took a sip and smiled. "It tastes good."


But Sophie turned around in panic, her face turning pale.

"If there's nothing else, I'll go first. My husband might be waiting for me at the hotel. He has a bad temper, and he's probably going to get mad because he's waiting for me..."

Christina finished the juice, grabbed her bag, and waved goodbye to Sophie.

Sophie stood at the door of the store, watching her gradually disappear...

"Mom, have you done?" Just then, Sophie's phone rang.

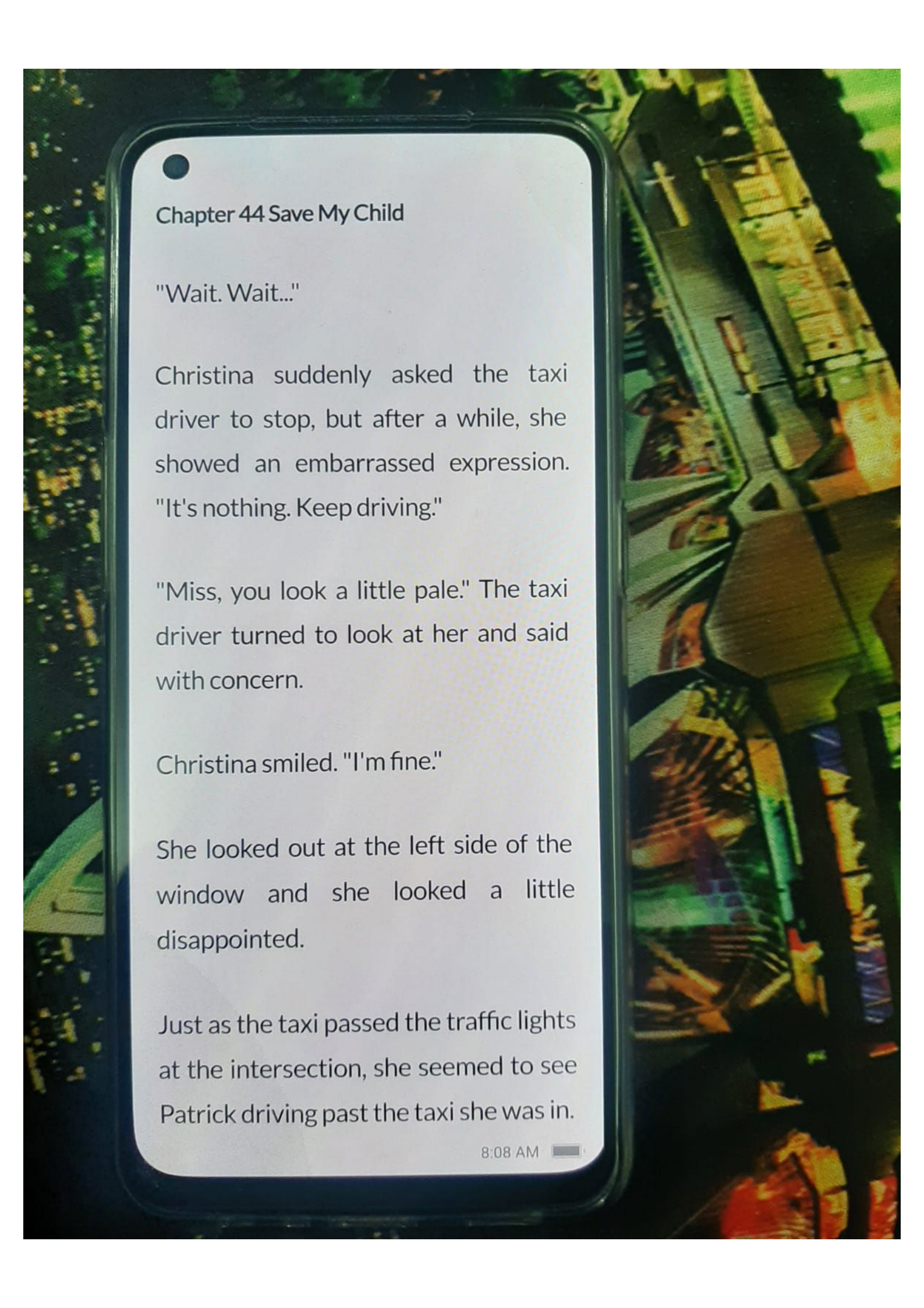
8:07 AM 

Sophie's hand trembled as she held the phone. She had never done anything guilty, but this time...

"She finished the drink..."

8:08 AM



The image shows a smartphone screen with a white background and rounded corners. The screen displays text from a book. The background of the entire image is a photograph of autumn leaves in shades of green, yellow, and orange, with a building visible in the upper right corner. The text on the screen is as follows:

Chapter 44 Save My Child

"Wait. Wait..."

Christina suddenly asked the taxi driver to stop, but after a while, she showed an embarrassed expression. "It's nothing. Keep driving."

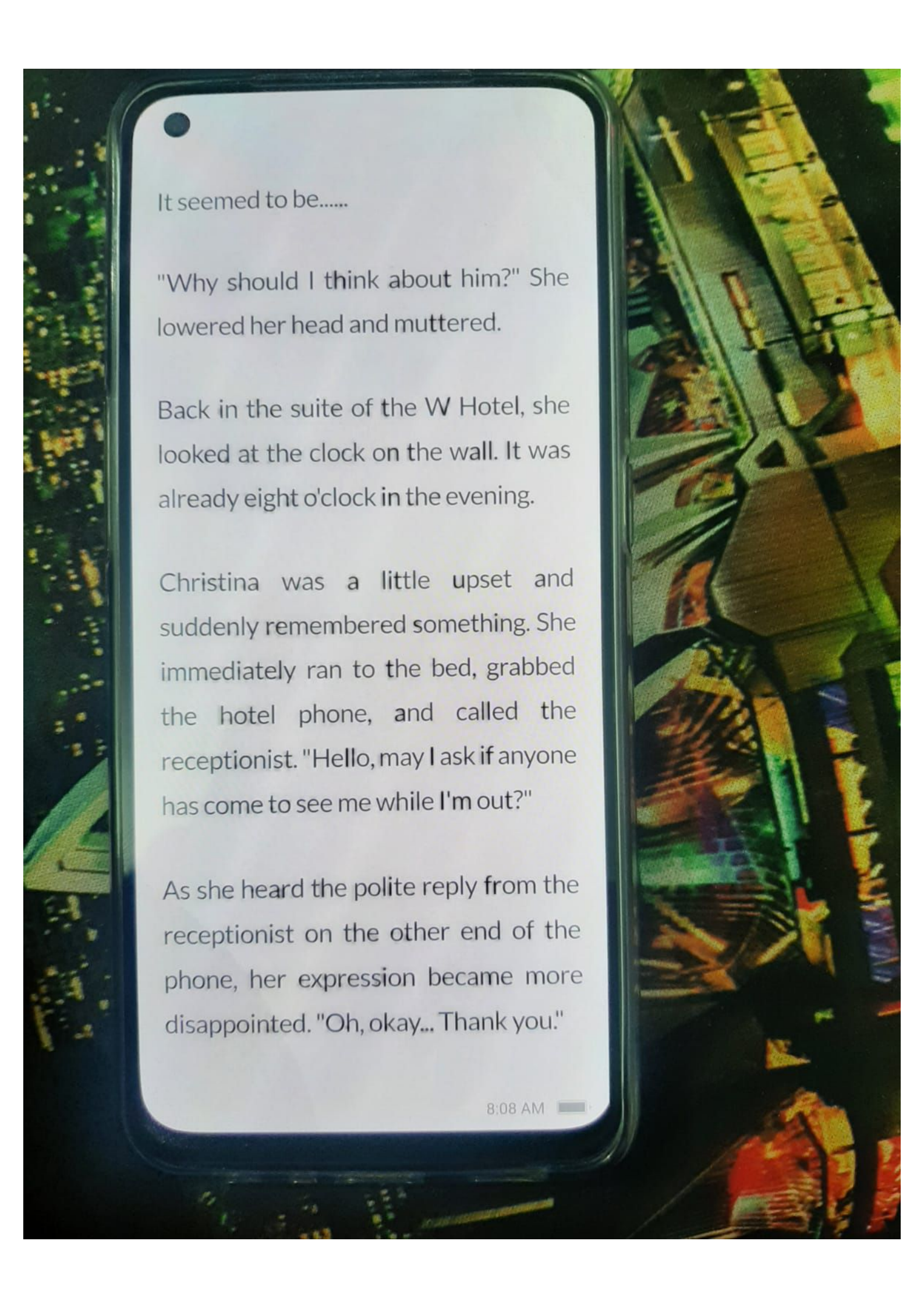
"Miss, you look a little pale." The taxi driver turned to look at her and said with concern.

Christina smiled. "I'm fine."

She looked out at the left side of the window and she looked a little disappointed.

Just as the taxi passed the traffic lights at the intersection, she seemed to see Patrick driving past the taxi she was in.

8:08 AM




It seemed to be.....

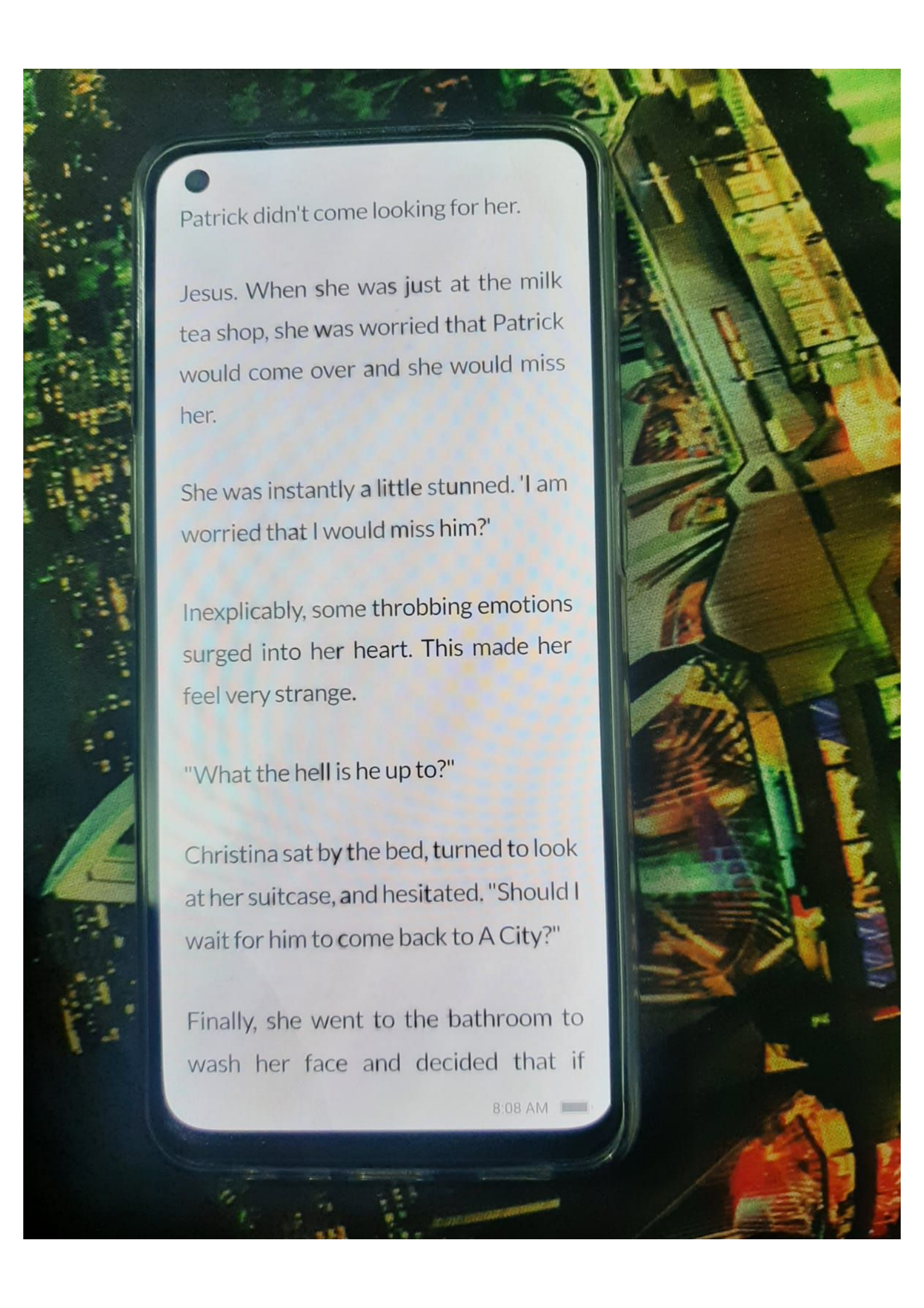
"Why should I think about him?" She lowered her head and muttered.

Back in the suite of the W Hotel, she looked at the clock on the wall. It was already eight o'clock in the evening.

Christina was a little upset and suddenly remembered something. She immediately ran to the bed, grabbed the hotel phone, and called the receptionist. "Hello, may I ask if anyone has come to see me while I'm out?"

As she heard the polite reply from the receptionist on the other end of the phone, her expression became more disappointed. "Oh, okay... Thank you."

8:08 AM 

A smartphone screen is the central focus, displaying text from a book. The background of the entire image is a vibrant autumn scene with fallen leaves in shades of yellow, orange, and red scattered on a dark surface. To the right, a portion of a multi-story building with a grid-like facade is visible. The smartphone screen has a white background with black text. At the top left of the screen is a small black circle. The text is arranged in several paragraphs, with the last one partially cut off at the bottom. At the bottom right of the screen, the time '8:08 AM' and a battery icon are visible.

Patrick didn't come looking for her.

Jesus. When she was just at the milk tea shop, she was worried that Patrick would come over and she would miss her.


She was instantly a little stunned. 'I am worried that I would miss him?'

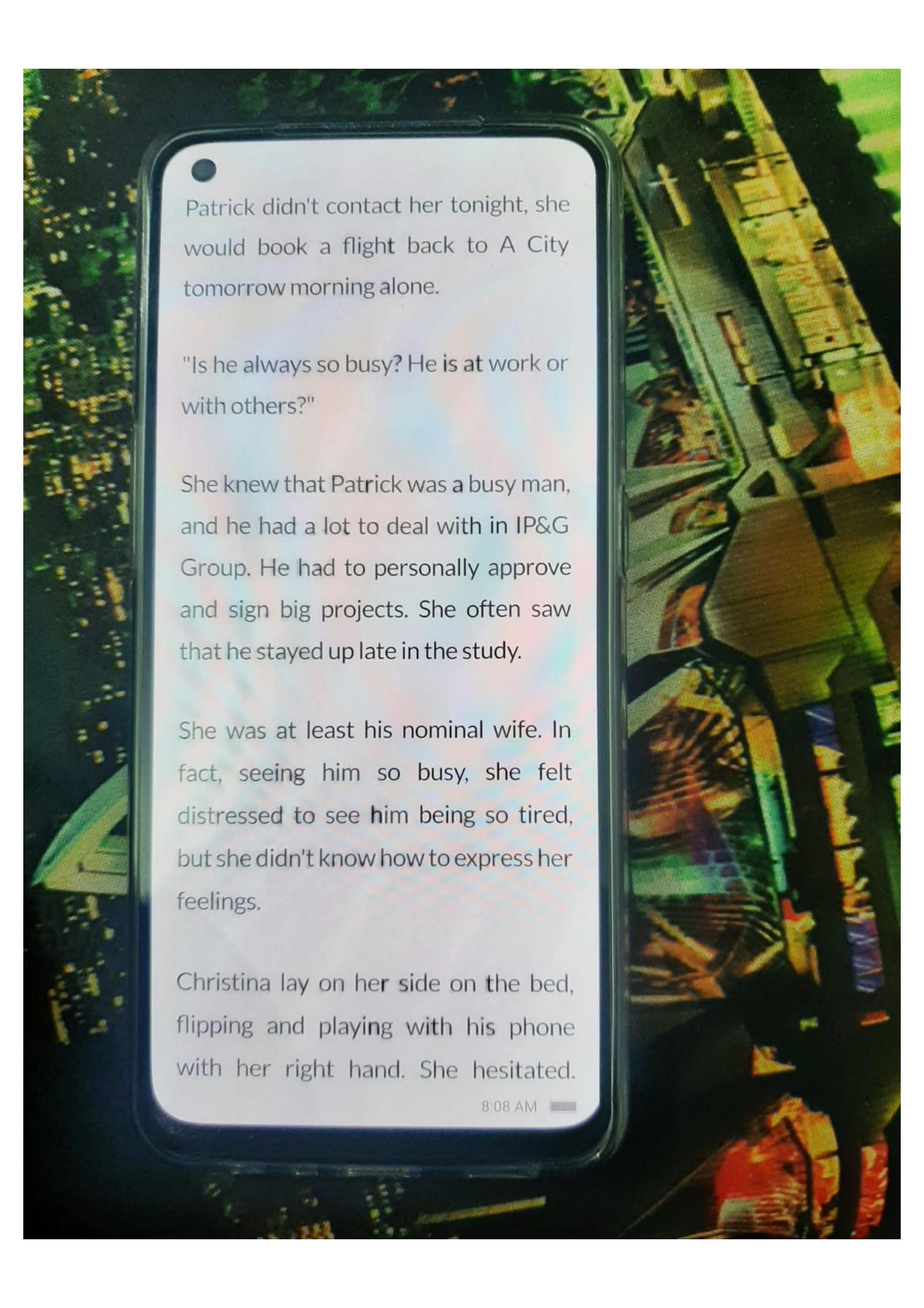
Inexplicably, some throbbing emotions surged into her heart. This made her feel very strange.

"What the hell is he up to?"

Christina sat by the bed, turned to look at her suitcase, and hesitated. "Should I wait for him to come back to A City?"

Finally, she went to the bathroom to wash her face and decided that if

8:08 AM 

A smartphone screen is the central focus, displaying several paragraphs of text. The phone is held against a background of a vibrant, abstract pattern with green, yellow, and red tones, resembling a close-up of a plant or a colorful fabric. The text on the screen is black and set in a clean, sans-serif font. At the top of the screen, there is a small black circle, likely representing a camera lens or a notification dot. The overall scene is brightly lit, with the colors of the background appearing somewhat saturated and slightly blurred, creating a sense of depth and texture.


Patrick didn't contact her tonight, she would book a flight back to A City tomorrow morning alone.

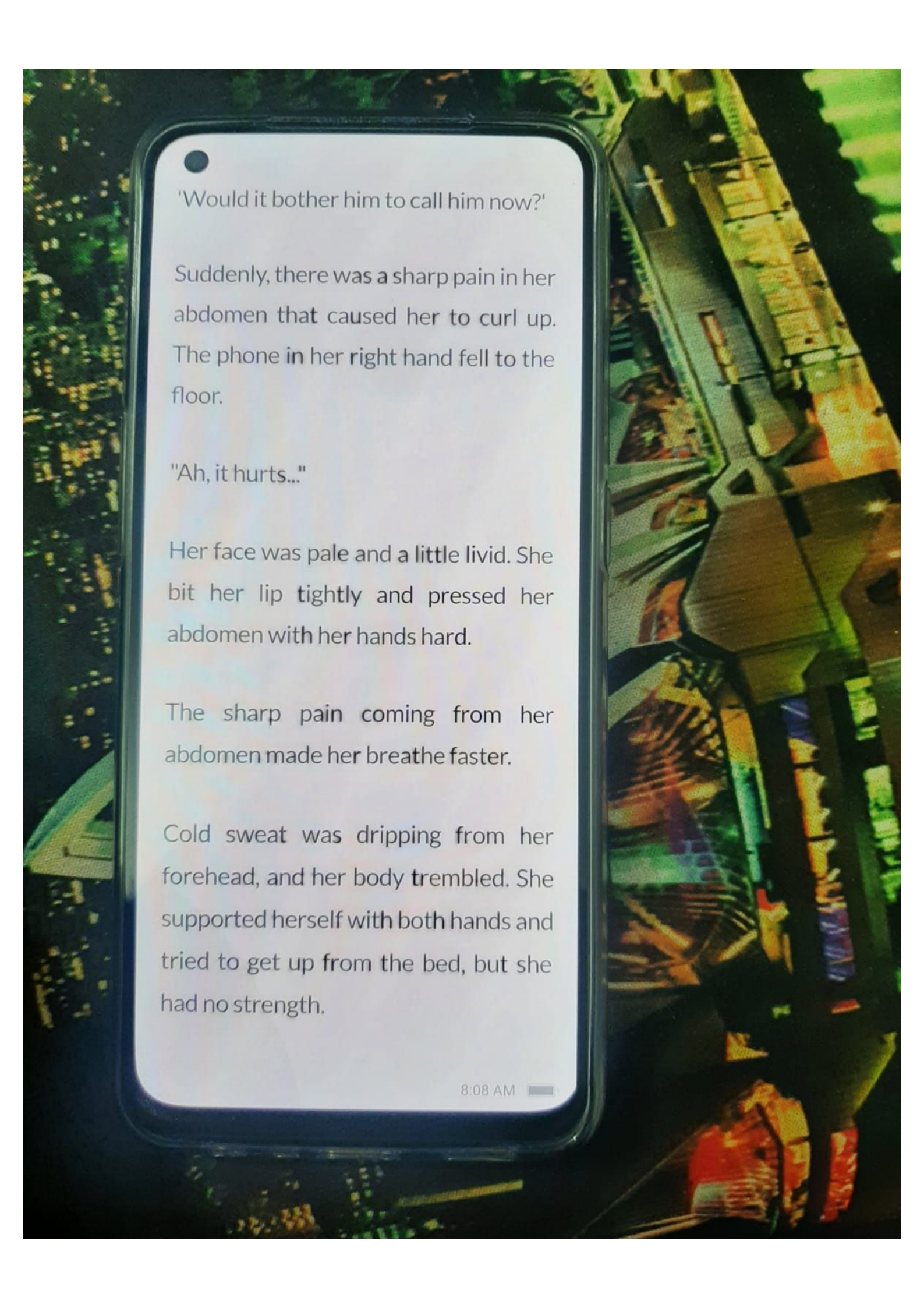
"Is he always so busy? He is at work or with others?"

She knew that Patrick was a busy man, and he had a lot to deal with in IP&G Group. He had to personally approve and sign big projects. She often saw that he stayed up late in the study.

She was at least his nominal wife. In fact, seeing him so busy, she felt distressed to see him being so tired, but she didn't know how to express her feelings.

Christina lay on her side on the bed, flipping and playing with his phone with her right hand. She hesitated.

8:08 AM 



'Would it bother him to call him now?'

Suddenly, there was a sharp pain in her abdomen that caused her to curl up. The phone in her right hand fell to the floor.

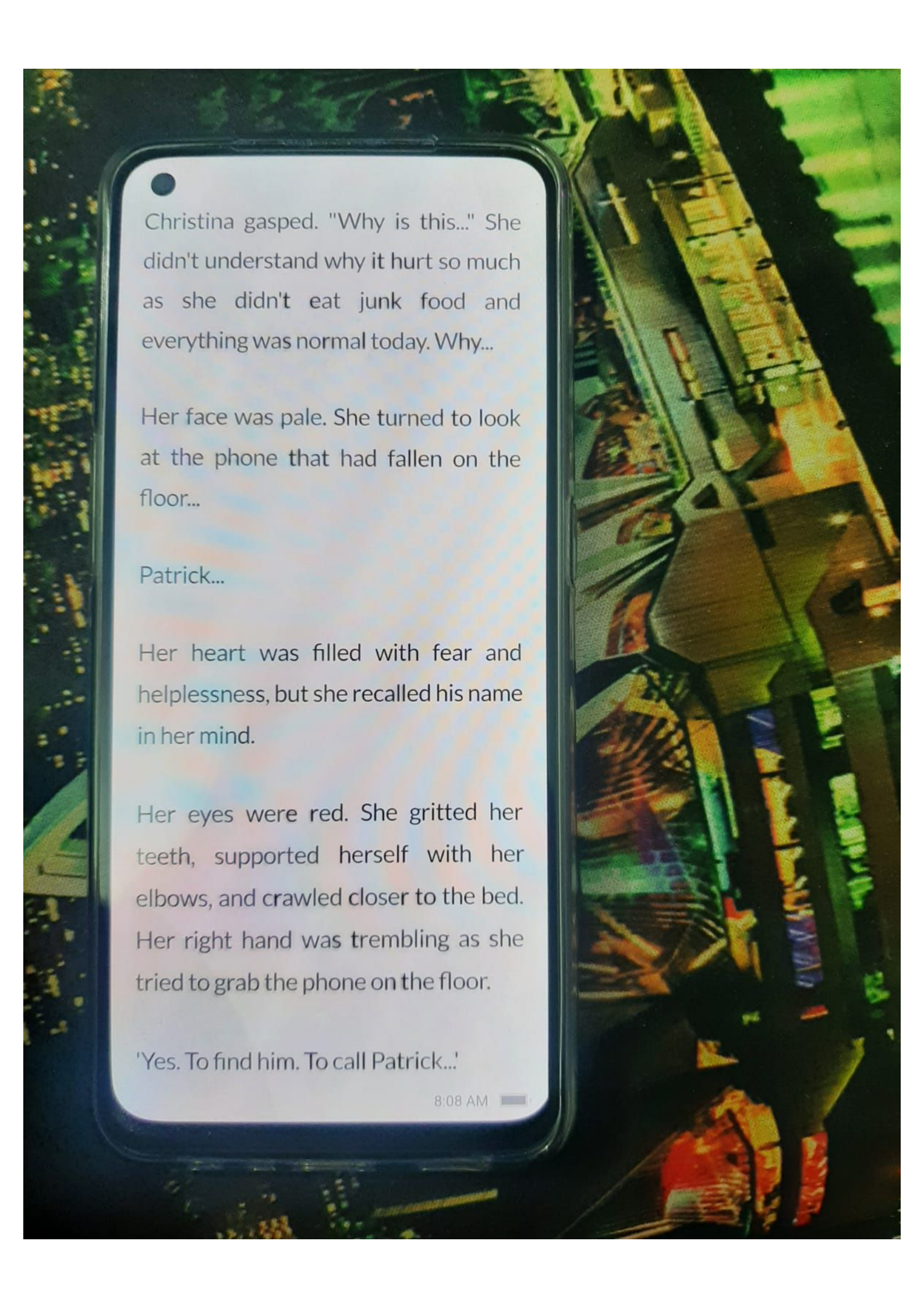
"Ah, it hurts..."

Her face was pale and a little livid. She bit her lip tightly and pressed her abdomen with her hands hard.

The sharp pain coming from her abdomen made her breathe faster.

Cold sweat was dripping from her forehead, and her body trembled. She supported herself with both hands and tried to get up from the bed, but she had no strength.

8:08 AM 

A smartphone screen is shown, displaying a text message. The background of the phone's interface is a vibrant, abstract pattern of colors including green, yellow, orange, and red, resembling a close-up of a plant or a colorful fabric. The text message is written in a simple, black, sans-serif font. At the top left of the screen, there is a small black circle representing a notification or a status indicator. The text of the message is as follows:

Christina gasped. "Why is this..." She didn't understand why it hurt so much as she didn't eat junk food and everything was normal today. Why...


Her face was pale. She turned to look at the phone that had fallen on the floor...

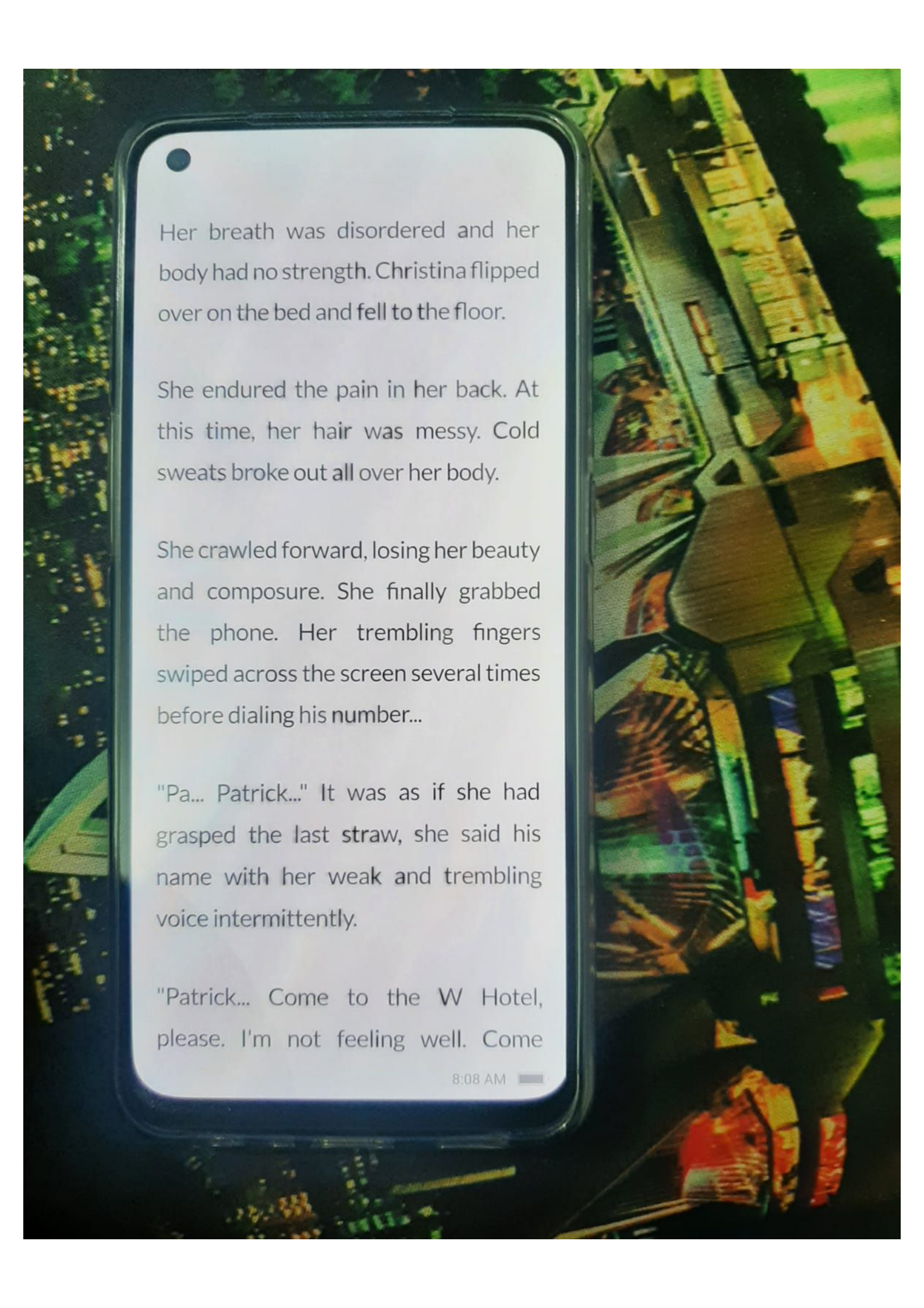
Patrick...

Her heart was filled with fear and helplessness, but she recalled his name in her mind.

Her eyes were red. She gritted her teeth, supported herself with her elbows, and crawled closer to the bed. Her right hand was trembling as she tried to grab the phone on the floor.

'Yes. To find him. To call Patrick..!'

8:08 AM 



Her breath was disordered and her body had no strength. Christina flipped over on the bed and fell to the floor.

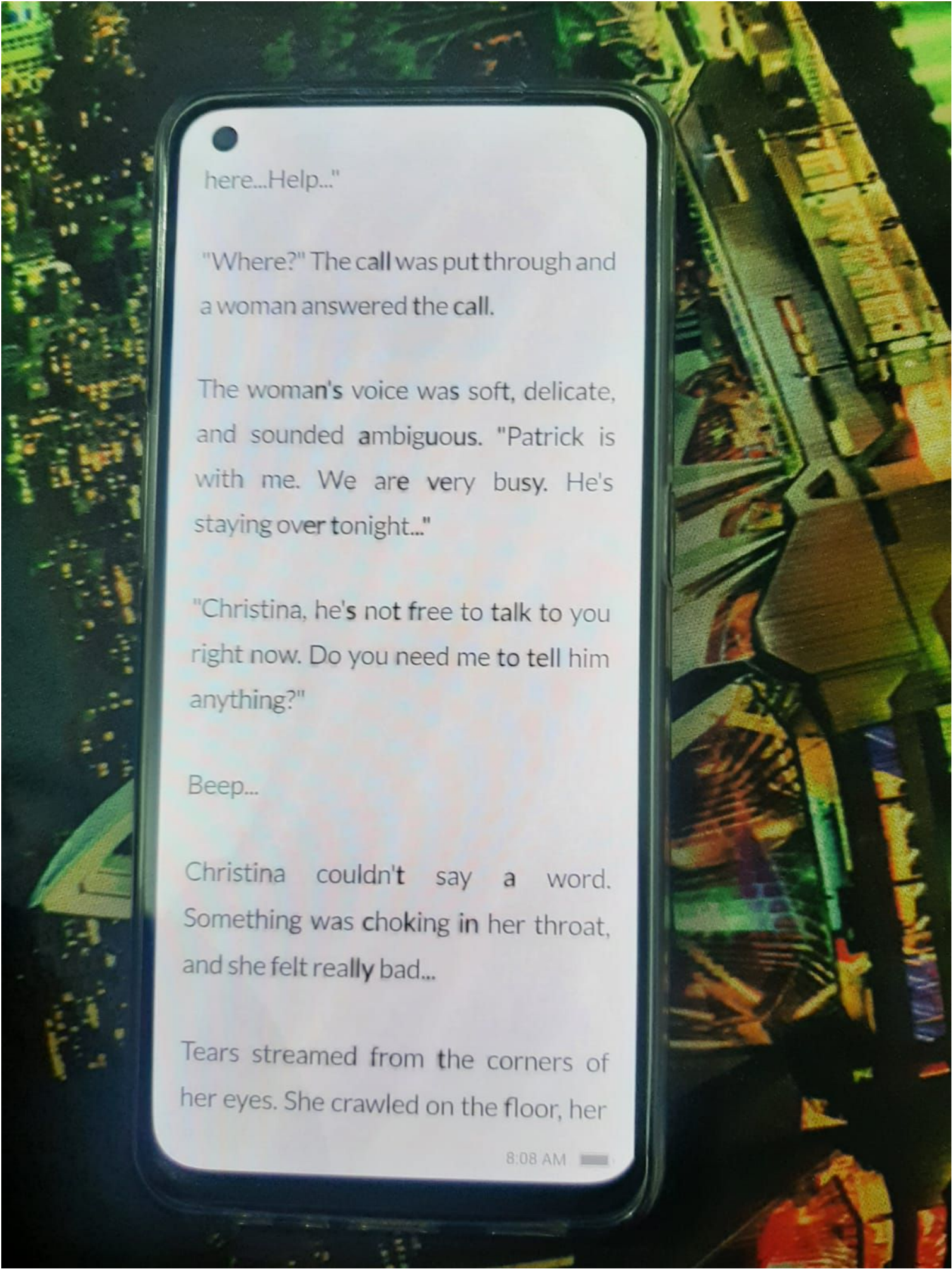
She endured the pain in her back. At this time, her hair was messy. Cold sweats broke out all over her body.

She crawled forward, losing her beauty and composure. She finally grabbed the phone. Her trembling fingers swiped across the screen several times before dialing his number...

"Pa... Patrick..." It was as if she had grasped the last straw, she said his name with her weak and trembling voice intermittently.

"Patrick... Come to the W Hotel, please. I'm not feeling well. Come

8:08 AM 



here...Help..."

"Where?" The call was put through and a woman answered the call.

The woman's voice was soft, delicate, and sounded ambiguous. "Patrick is with me. We are very busy. He's staying over tonight..."

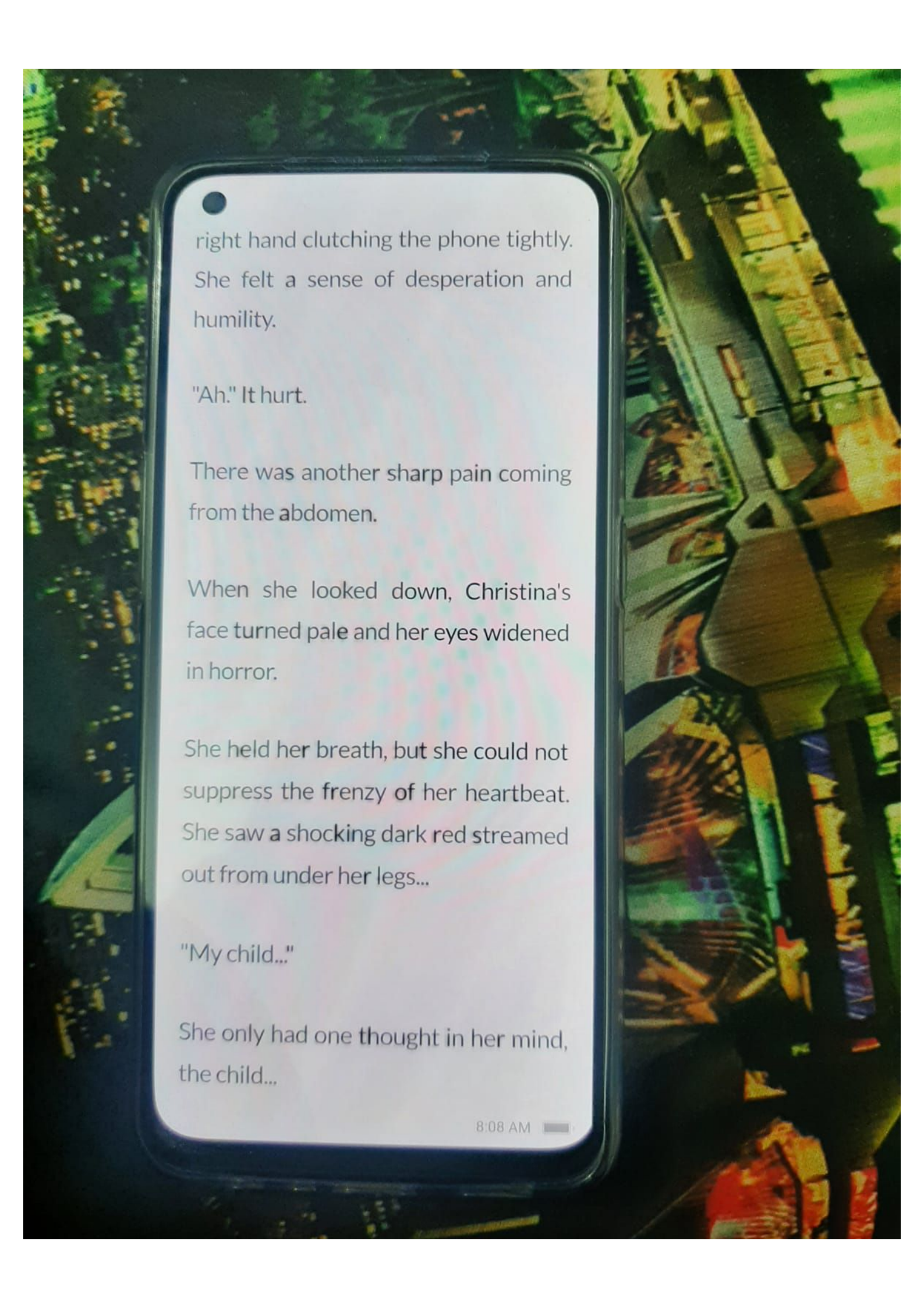
"Christina, he's not free to talk to you right now. Do you need me to tell him anything?"

Beep...

Christina couldn't say a word. Something was choking in her throat, and she felt really bad...

Tears streamed from the corners of her eyes. She crawled on the floor, her

8:08 AM 

A smartphone screen is the central focus, displaying a text message. The background of the entire image is a vibrant autumn scene with fallen leaves in shades of yellow, orange, and red scattered on a dark surface. In the upper right, a portion of a multi-story building with a grid-like facade is visible. The phone's screen is white with a dark blue status bar at the top. The text on the screen is in a simple, black, sans-serif font. The message consists of several paragraphs of text, including a timestamp and a battery icon at the bottom right.

right hand clutching the phone tightly.
She felt a sense of desperation and
humility.

"Ah." It hurt.


There was another sharp pain coming
from the abdomen.

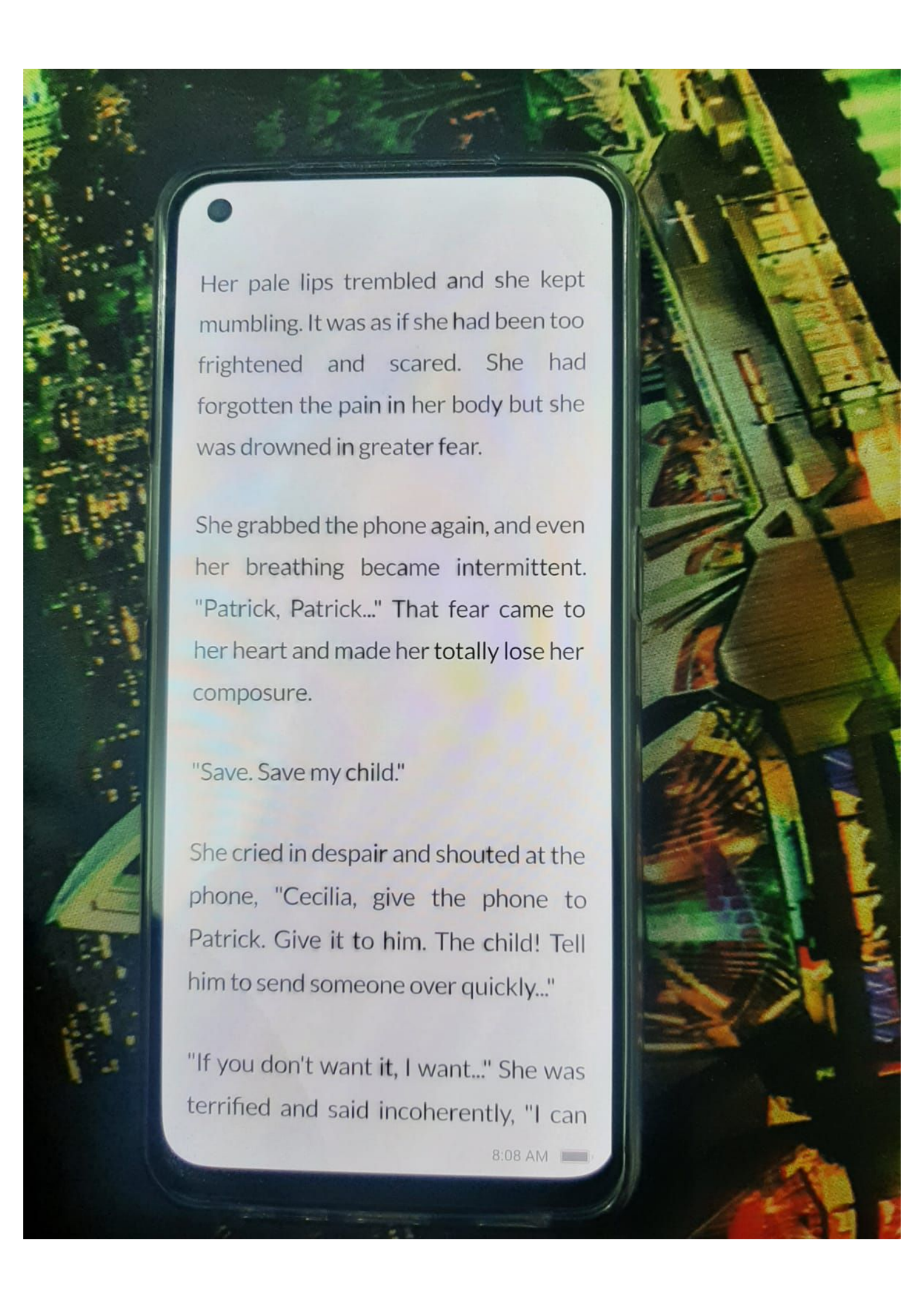
When she looked down, Christina's
face turned pale and her eyes widened
in horror.

She held her breath, but she could not
suppress the frenzy of her heartbeat.
She saw a shocking dark red streamed
out from under her legs...

"My child..."

She only had one thought in her mind,
the child...

8:08 AM 

The image shows a smartphone screen with a white background and a black border. The screen displays several paragraphs of text. The background of the entire image is a collage of autumn leaves in shades of green, yellow, and orange, with a building visible on the right side. The text on the screen is as follows:


Her pale lips trembled and she kept mumbling. It was as if she had been too frightened and scared. She had forgotten the pain in her body but she was drowned in greater fear.

She grabbed the phone again, and even her breathing became intermittent. "Patrick, Patrick..." That fear came to her heart and made her totally lose her composure.

"Save. Save my child."

She cried in despair and shouted at the phone, "Cecilia, give the phone to Patrick. Give it to him. The child! Tell him to send someone over quickly..."

"If you don't want it, I want..." She was terrified and said incoherently, "I can

8:08 AM 



raise the child myself..."

"I won't disturb your lives. I beg you, save my..." She could not help but sob and cry out. Her low voice trembled and she begged.


"Save, save my child!"

"The number you dialed is power off!"

It was this cold mechanical voice that replied to her. It was repeated over and over again, making her heart fall into the abyss. It was as if she would never come back to life again.

Save my...

Her eyes were empty as she stared at the dark red patch between her legs. The whole room was filled with the

8:08 AM 

A smartphone screen is shown, displaying a text message. The background of the phone's home screen is a vibrant, abstract pattern with shades of green, yellow, and blue. The text message is centered on the screen and reads:

smell of death...

Her eyes were blurred by tears when she looked at the screen of the phone. Her fingers trembled as she tried to call 120. But all of a sudden, she stopped.


The screen of the phone was on, but the woman next to her closed her eyes...

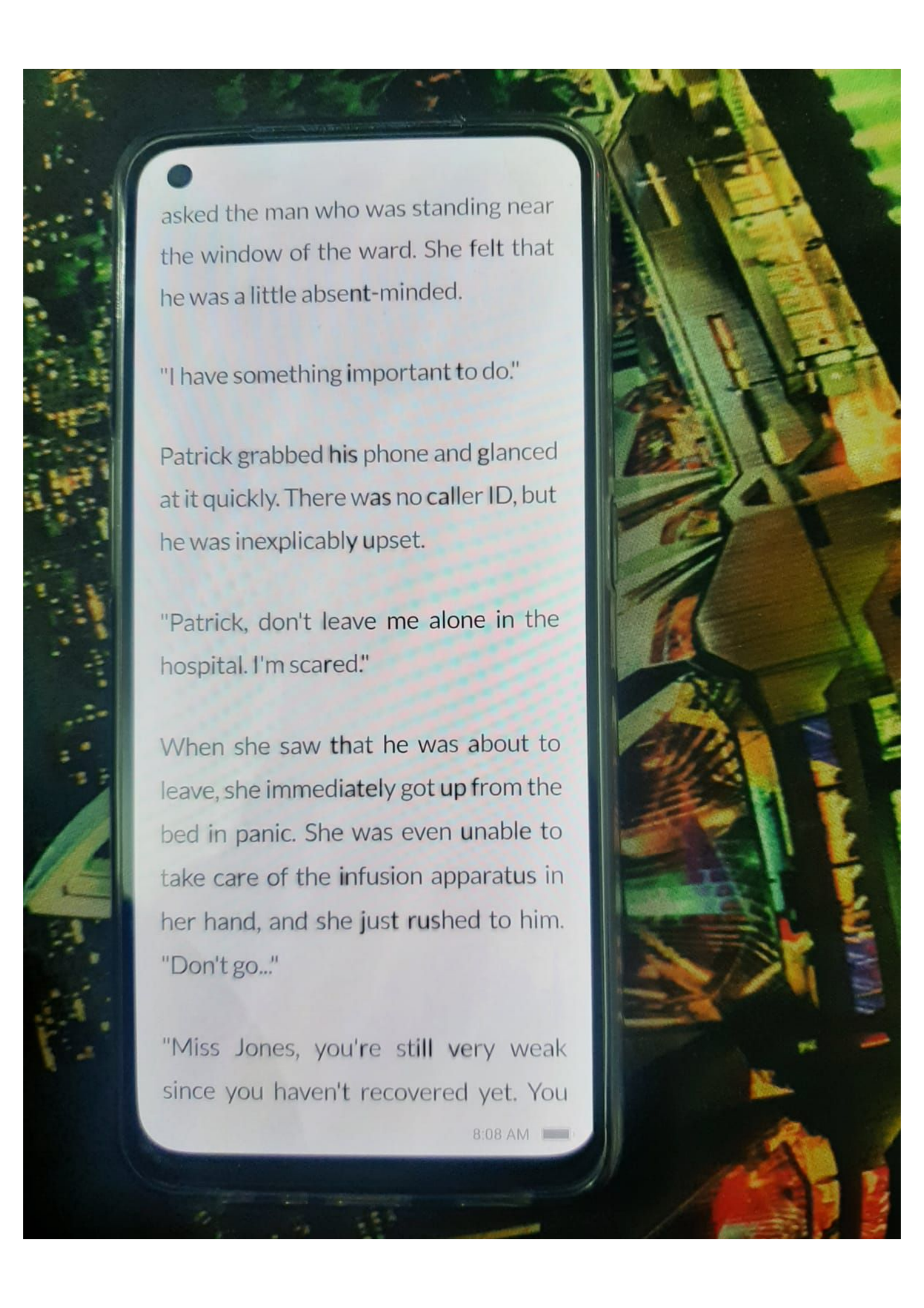
The whole suite quieted down instantly.

Save my child...

"What's wrong?"

At this time, in the hospital emergency clinic, the woman was lying on the bed. Her voice was coquettish and she

8:08 AM 

The image shows a smartphone screen with a text message. The background of the phone is a vibrant autumn scene with yellow and orange leaves. The text on the screen is as follows:

asked the man who was standing near the window of the ward. She felt that he was a little absent-minded.

"I have something important to do."


Patrick grabbed his phone and glanced at it quickly. There was no caller ID, but he was inexplicably upset.

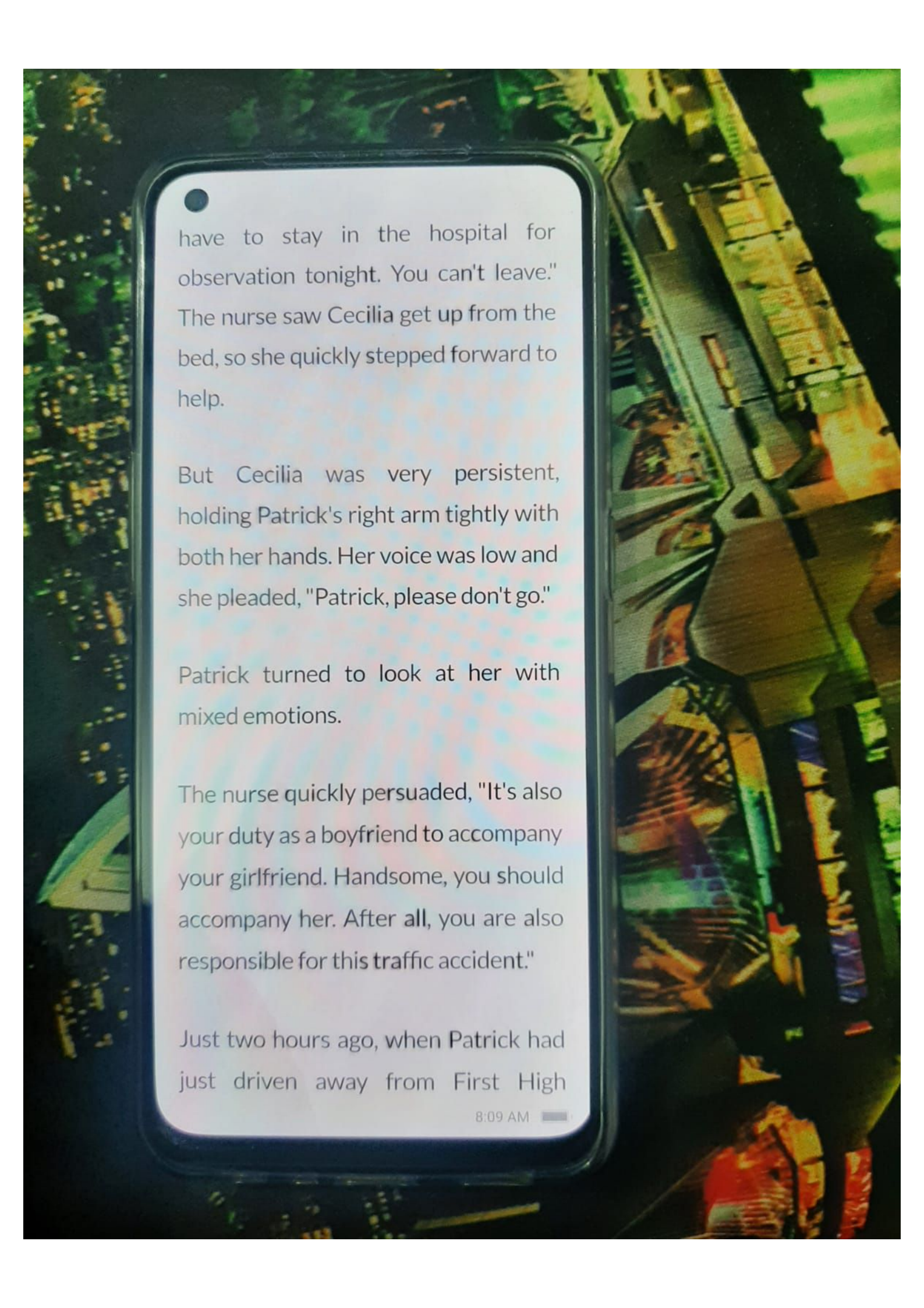
"Patrick, don't leave me alone in the hospital. I'm scared."

When she saw that he was about to leave, she immediately got up from the bed in panic. She was even unable to take care of the infusion apparatus in her hand, and she just rushed to him.

"Don't go..."

"Miss Jones, you're still very weak since you haven't recovered yet. You

8:08 AM 




●
have to stay in the hospital for observation tonight. You can't leave." The nurse saw Cecilia get up from the bed, so she quickly stepped forward to help.

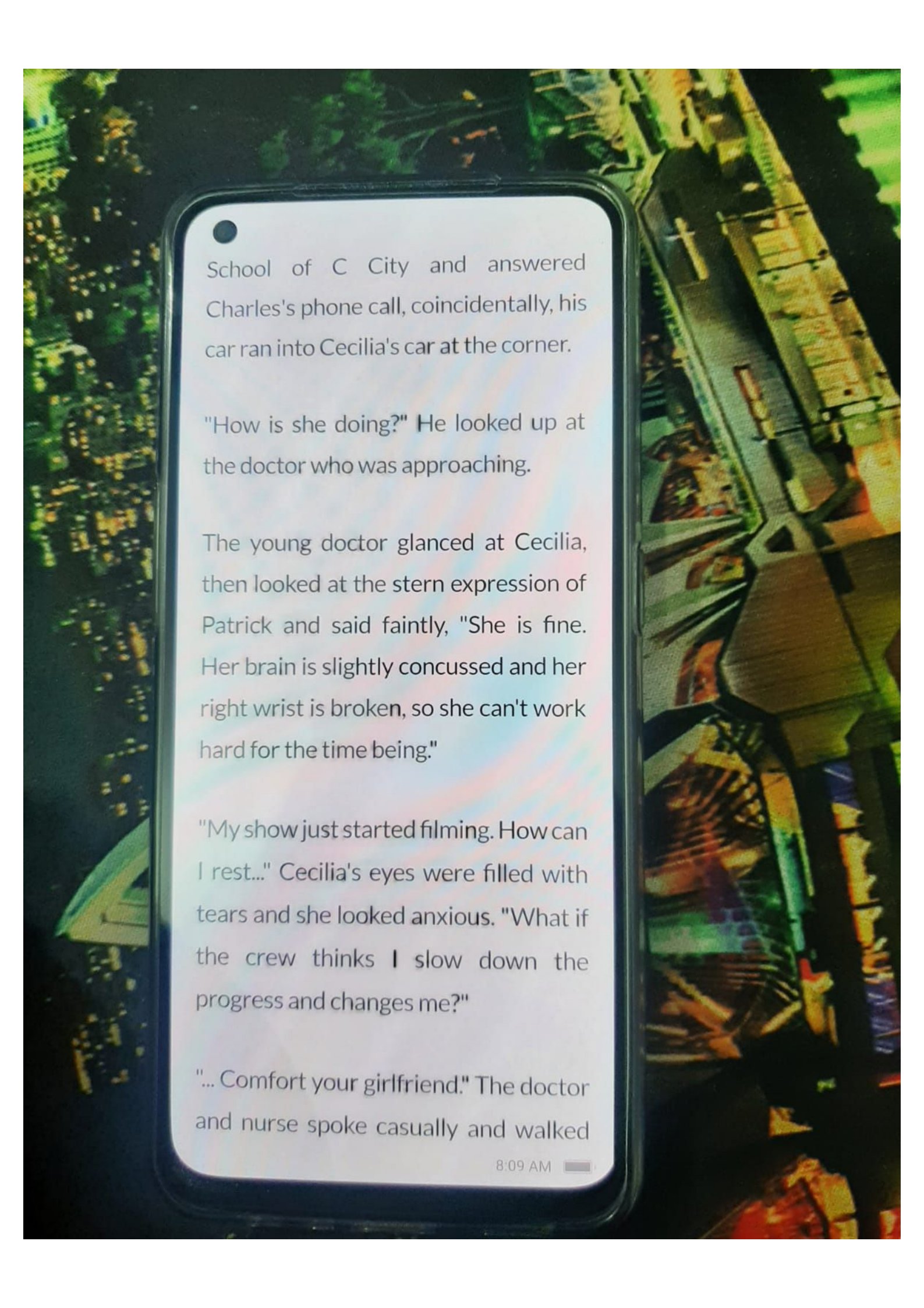
But Cecilia was very persistent, holding Patrick's right arm tightly with both her hands. Her voice was low and she pleaded, "Patrick, please don't go."

Patrick turned to look at her with mixed emotions.

The nurse quickly persuaded, "It's also your duty as a boyfriend to accompany your girlfriend. Handsome, you should accompany her. After all, you are also responsible for this traffic accident."

Just two hours ago, when Patrick had just driven away from First High

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School of C City and answered Charles's phone call, coincidentally, his car ran into Cecilia's car at the corner.

"How is she doing?" He looked up at the doctor who was approaching.

The young doctor glanced at Cecilia, then looked at the stern expression of Patrick and said faintly, "She is fine. Her brain is slightly concussed and her right wrist is broken, so she can't work hard for the time being."

"My show just started filming. How can I rest..." Cecilia's eyes were filled with tears and she looked anxious. "What if the crew thinks I slow down the progress and changes me?"

"... Comfort your girlfriend." The doctor and nurse spoke casually and walked

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out.

Cecilia was asked to lie back on the bed and continue having the intravenous drip, but she looked anxious and pitiful.


Patrick stood by the bed with hesitancy on his face.

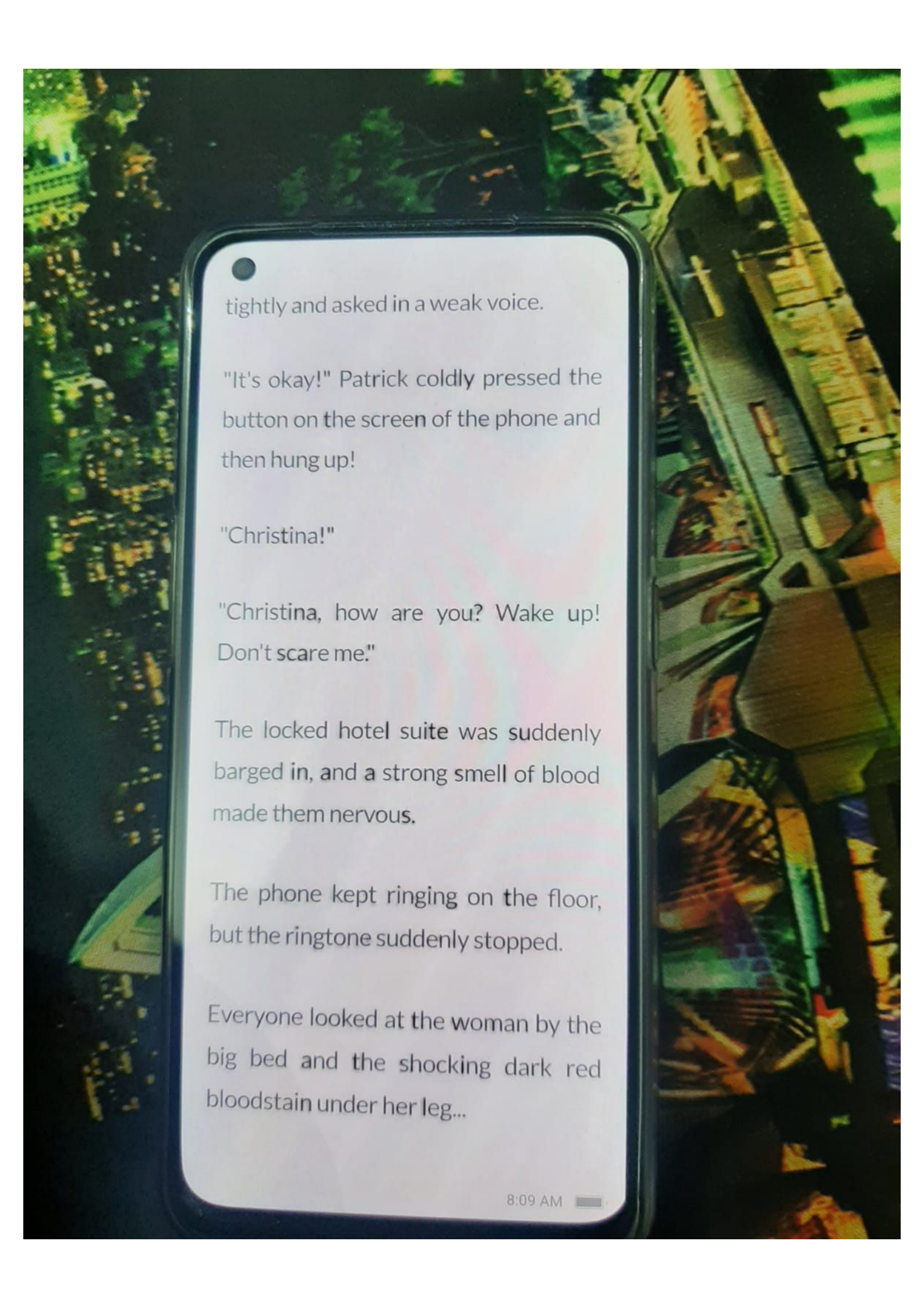
He dialed a familiar number...

The repeated ringtone was not answered.

He looked at his cell phone, his face showing impatience. He thought that Christina deliberately did not answer his call!

"Patrick, you are in bad mood. Is there something bothering you?" Cecilia, who was on the bed, held his big hand

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tightly and asked in a weak voice.

"It's okay!" Patrick coldly pressed the button on the screen of the phone and then hung up!

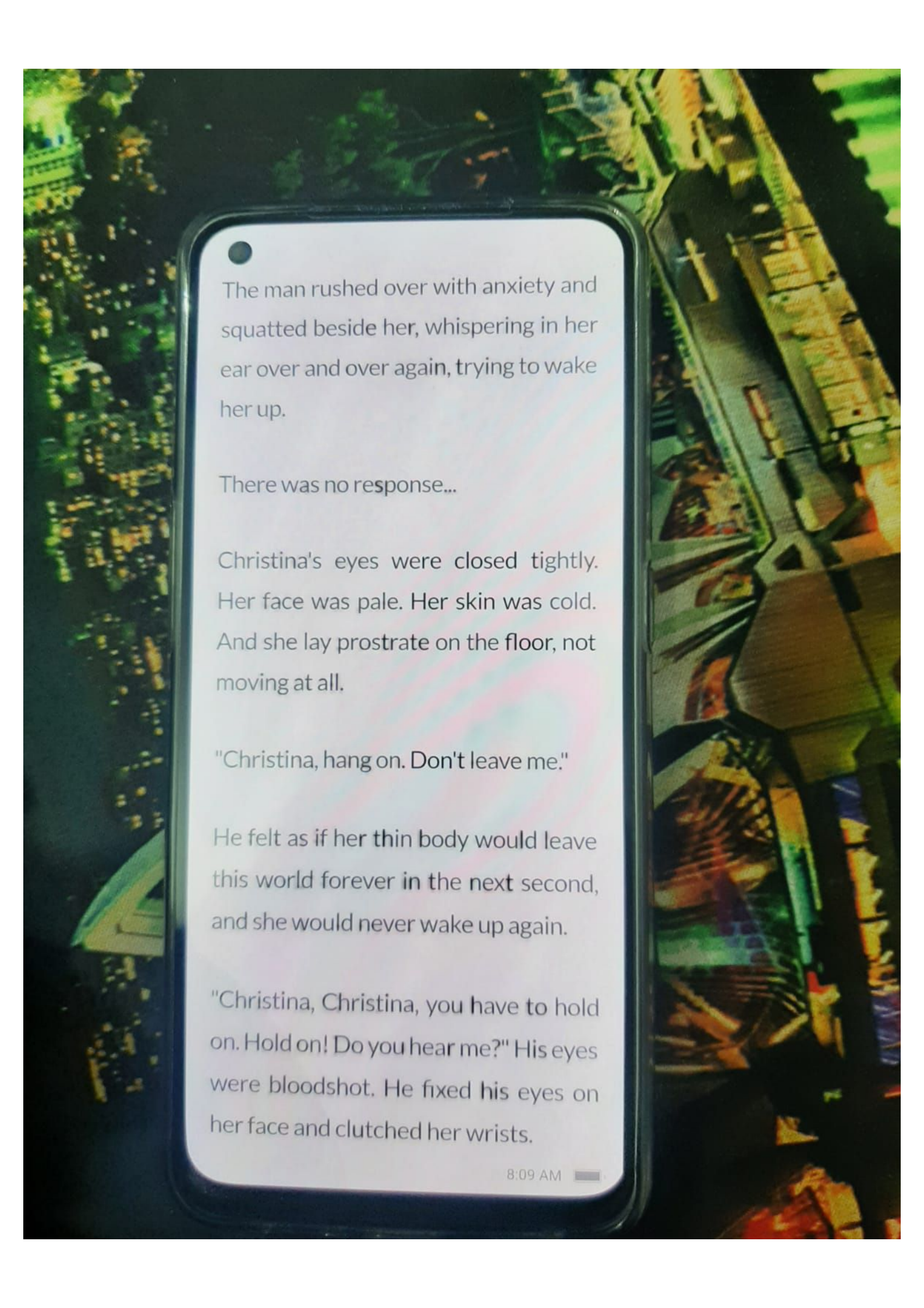
"Christina!"

"Christina, how are you? Wake up! Don't scare me."

The locked hotel suite was suddenly barged in, and a strong smell of blood made them nervous.

The phone kept ringing on the floor, but the ringtone suddenly stopped.

Everyone looked at the woman by the big bed and the shocking dark red bloodstain under her leg...



The man rushed over with anxiety and squatted beside her, whispering in her ear over and over again, trying to wake her up.

There was no response...

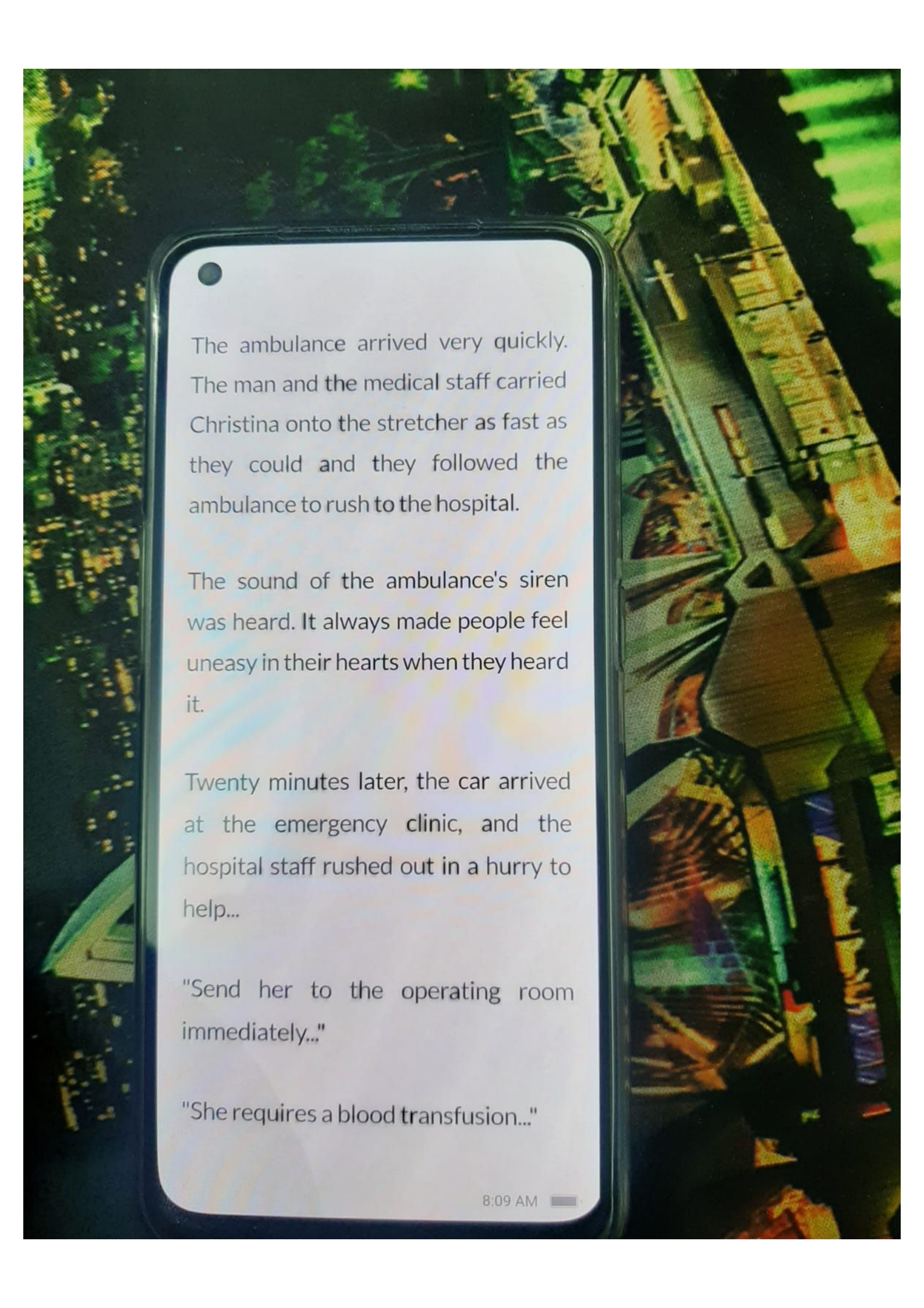
Christina's eyes were closed tightly. Her face was pale. Her skin was cold. And she lay prostrate on the floor, not moving at all.

"Christina, hang on. Don't leave me."

He felt as if her thin body would leave this world forever in the next second, and she would never wake up again.

"Christina, Christina, you have to hold on. Hold on! Do you hear me?" His eyes were bloodshot. He fixed his eyes on her face and clutched her wrists.

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The background of the image is a photograph of a forest path leading to a large, multi-story building. The path is covered in fallen leaves and is flanked by trees with green and yellow foliage. The building has a modern architectural style with large windows and a flat roof. The overall scene is brightly lit, suggesting a sunny day.

The ambulance arrived very quickly. The man and the medical staff carried Christina onto the stretcher as fast as they could and they followed the ambulance to rush to the hospital.

The sound of the ambulance's siren was heard. It always made people feel uneasy in their hearts when they heard it.

Twenty minutes later, the car arrived at the emergency clinic, and the hospital staff rushed out in a hurry to help...

"Send her to the operating room immediately..."

"She requires a blood transfusion..."

"Where's the patient's family?"

'If you weren't by my side when I needed you the most, then maybe I wouldn't need you anymore...'

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