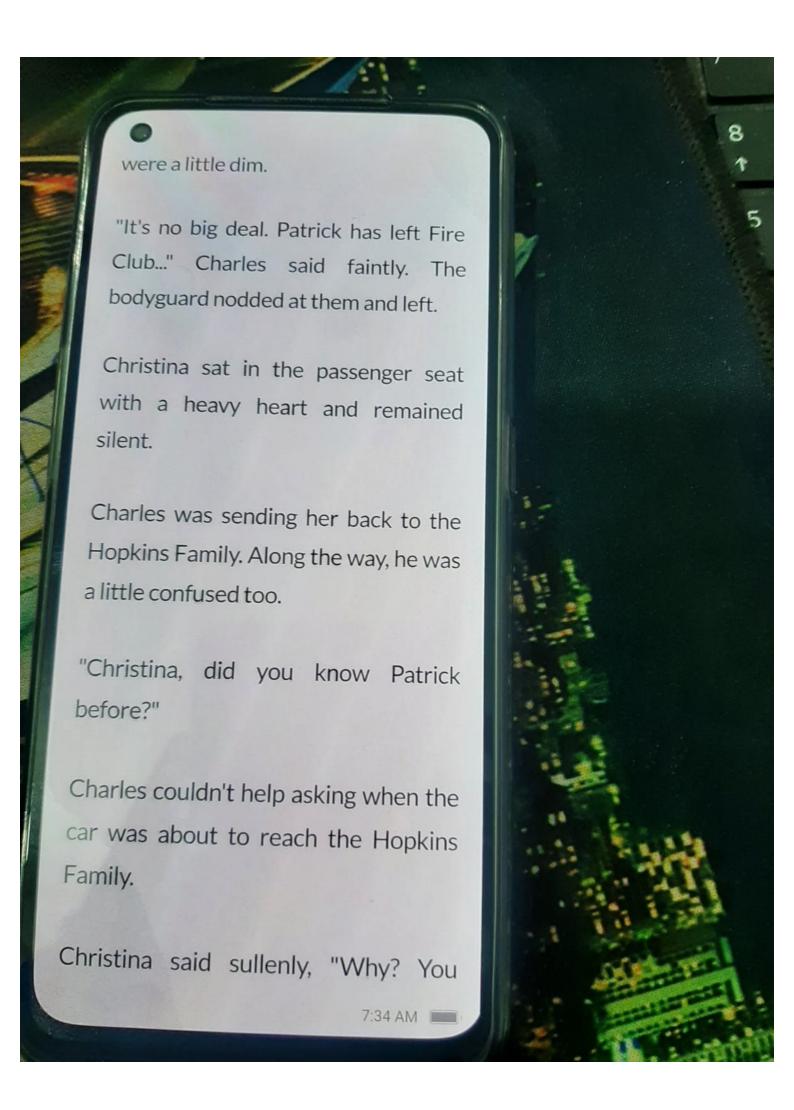


"Mr. Shepherd, did something happen at Fire Club? I heard that Mr. Hopkins drove out all the people on the 35th floor?" The bodyguard then asked, "Where is our Mr. Hopkins now?"

Christina pursed her lips, and her eyes

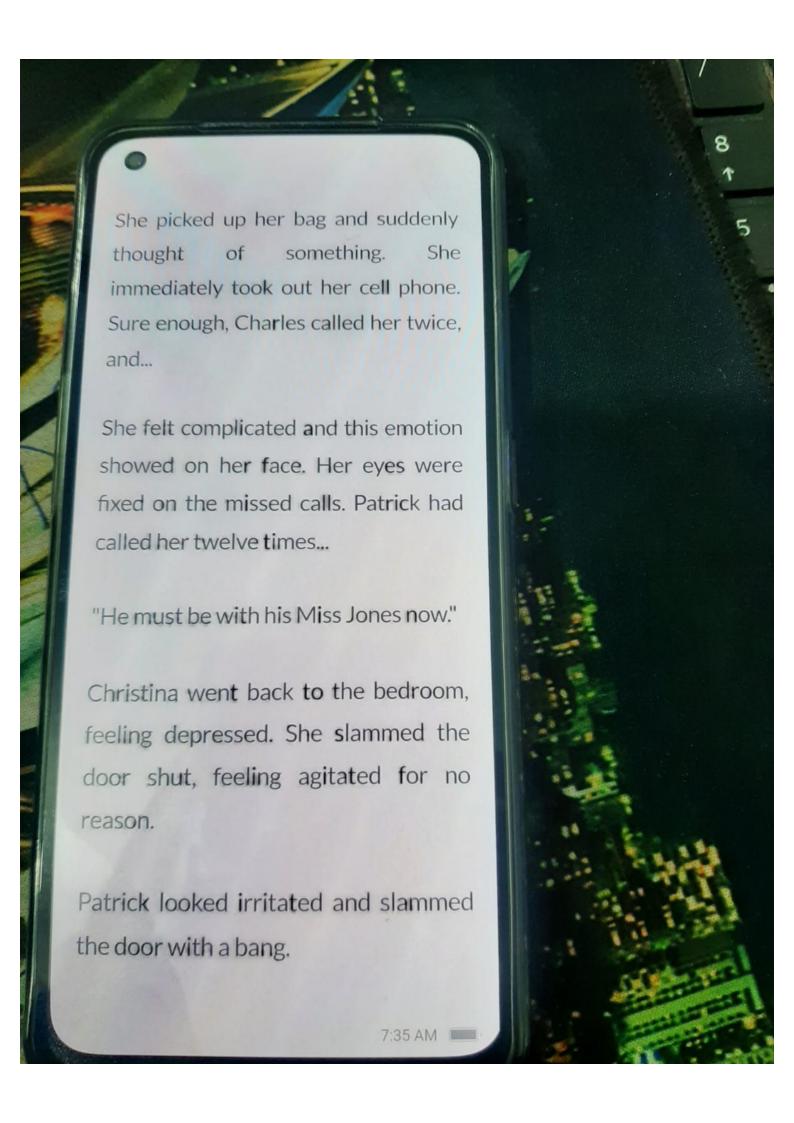


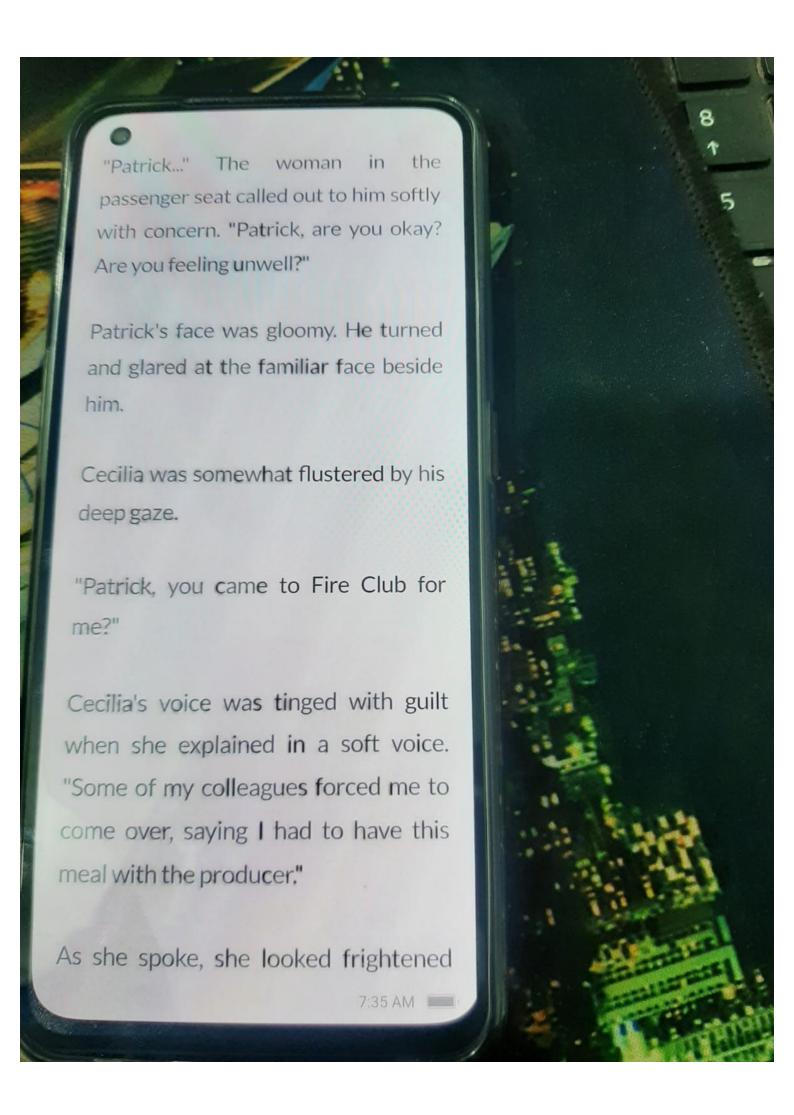
want to say I look like Cecilia again, don't you? She has had plastic..." She had had plastic surgery. 8

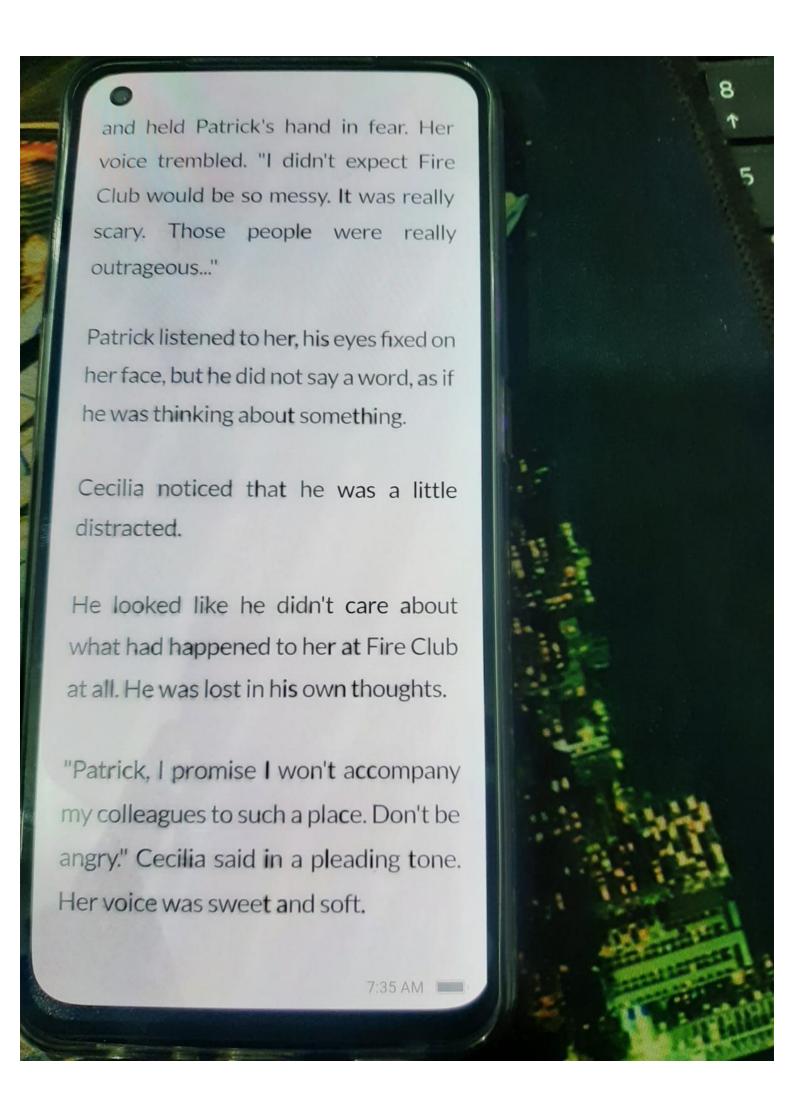
"Forget it. Even if you knew him before, you must have offended him a lot." Charles glared at her.

The car was parked outside the gate of the Hopkins Family. Charles turned around and grabbed a rose-red bag from the back seat of the car and handed it back to her. "You left your purse in my car. I couldn't get in touch with you before meeting you at Fire Club. No wonder you didn't answer my calls..."

After listening to his complaints, Christina got out of the car and went back with a servant of the Hopkins Family.







Patrick looked at her with a sneer in his heart.

If she had been so good...

He leaned against the back of the car, closed his eyes, and calmed down the agitation in his heart.

His eyes were closed and his brows were furrowed. Cecilia sat quietly beside him and looked fixedly at him.

Patrick was very handsome, with fair skin and well-defined features. Perhaps because he was born in a distinguished family, he looked noble and aloof, which fascinated many people.

"Patrick..."

"Patrick, I love you very much." She said in a passionate voice.

"Get out of the car!"

Patrick was still motionless, but the voice was cold, breaking the romantic vibe in an instant.

Cecilia didn't want to give up. Every time she wanted to go further with him, he would refuse. Tonight, she had to...

She whispered his name in his ear.

"Patrick..."

Normal men wouldn't refuse when women made advances to them...

"I said, get out of the car!"

Patrick pushed her away impatiently. Cecilia seemed to be frightened by his harsh, cold voice and was stunned. "Patrick." Cecilia didn't want to leave but was a little afraid of him. looked Patrick at her face suppressed his frustration. "Get out of the car," he ordered again. Cecilia had always been obedient and sweet in front of him. She knew that Patrick was bad-tempered, so she should be submissive. She got out of the car and was sent back by Patrick's bodyguards. But Patrick still sat alone in the driver's seat of the convertible sports car and his right hand was casually put on the 7:35 AM

door. His head was raised, and his silent gaze fixed on the vast sky above him.

Cecilia felt a little uneasy when she saw him like this.

She had never seen Patrick being like this. He seemed to be irritated. Why would a man as powerful as him feel bothered?

Cecilia got into the bodyguard's car and looked back, reluctant to leave...

All of a sudden, Patrick pursed his lips tightly as if he had remembered something. He slammed on the accelerator, passed their car, and disappeared into the darkness...

Cecilia was shocked. He seemed to be

filled with anxiety and irritation.
Where was he going?

Patrick went straight back to the Hopkins Family.

"Patrick, may I prepare supper for you?" When the servants saw him coming back, they immediately came forward to greet him.

"No."

Then Patrick paused and asked in a deep voice, "Where's the Young Madam?"

The maid reported to him truthfully. "Half an hour ago, Mr. Shepherd sent the Young Madam back. She should be in the bedroom and she doesn't go to bed yet..."

When Patrick heard this, there was a mixed expression on his face.

He went straight up to the second floor, but he didn't go back to his bedroom.

He sat in the study for a long time...

It was not until the cold night wind blew from the French window did Patrick look at the clock on the wall coldly. It was one o'clock in the morning.

She should have fallen asleep...

A hint of discouragement flashed across Patrick's grim face. He rarely felt this way.

This feeling became intense when he remembered her stubborn look when she was arguing with him before...

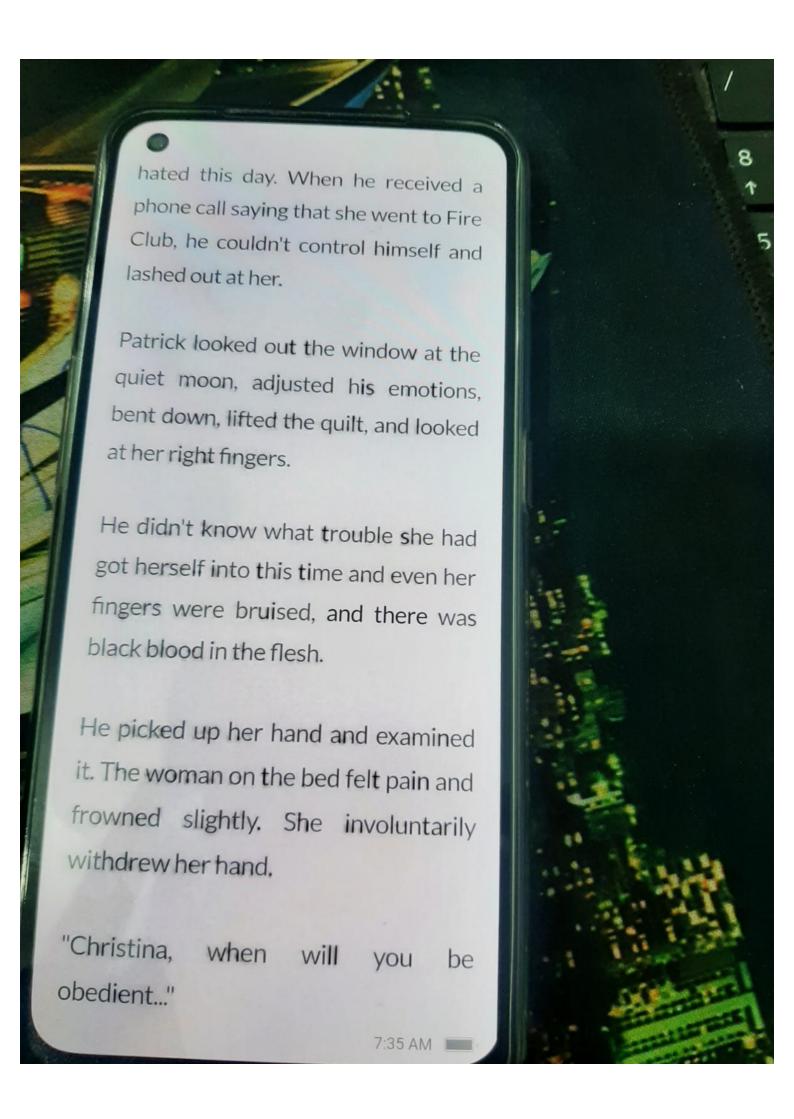
[Why are you scolding me?!] Her angry voice echoed in his ears... He didn't want to scold her or argue with her.

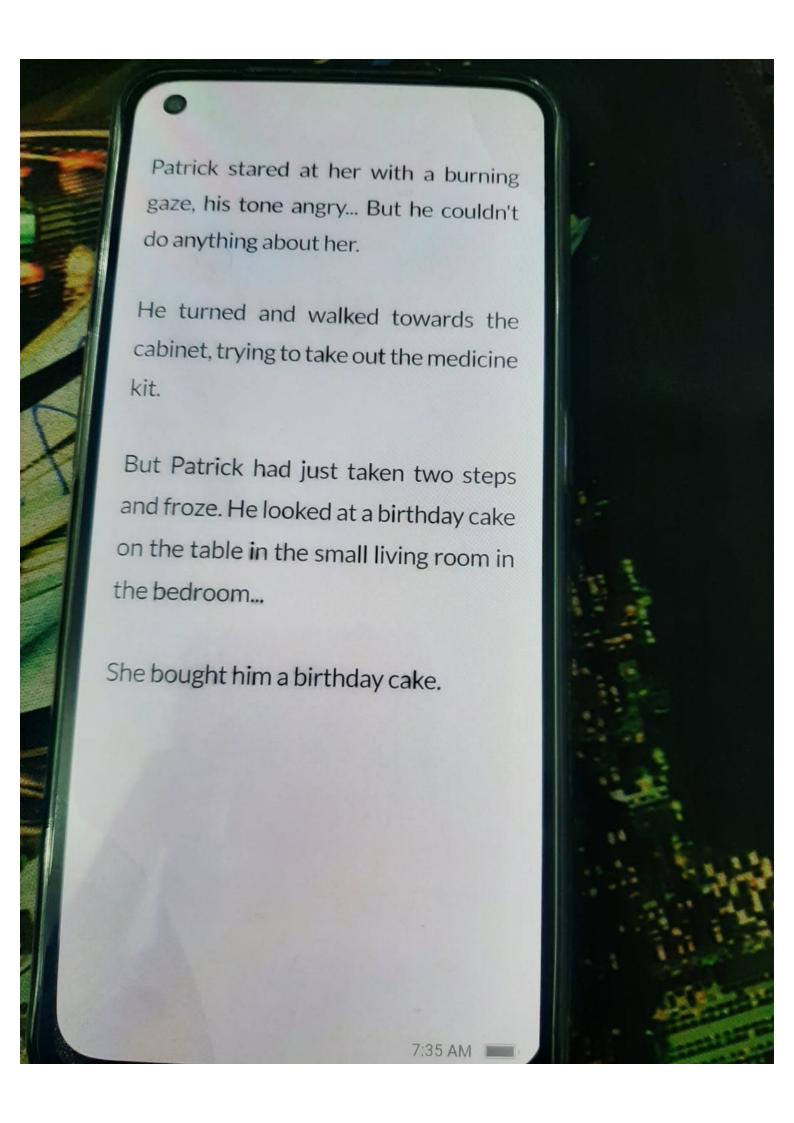
Patrick walked towards the bedroom. He held the doorknob and gently turned it.

He immediately looked over to the bed. Under the dim lights, he saw the woman on the bed was sleeping soundly on her side.

He stood by the bed and gazed down at her sleeping profile.

In fact, he was in a bad mood today. Today was the Lantern Festival, and he





Chapter 38 Christina rolled over on the bed with the guilt in her arms and suddenly opened her eyes. It was already 9:00 in the morning, and she got up nervously from her bed... She was slightly startled and felt a little strange. Usually at 5 am, the maid would wake her up to accompany the old master for breakfast. Why didn't anyone wake her up today? Sitting on the bed, she glanced around bedroom and the subconsciously looked at her side He didn't come back last night. When Christina thought of Patrick, she 7:35 AM

She quickly got out of bed and went to the bathroom to wash up. When she picked up the towel to wipe her face, she suddenly found that her right hand was almost cured.

She frowned slightly and examined her fingers carefully. She leaned her nose closer to her fingers and smelled the medicine.

"Who gave me the medicine?" She was confused.

"Ma'am, are you awake?" At this time, the maid pushed the door open and came in with a bowl of porridge.

"Did you call a doctor last night?"
Christina popped her head out of the

bathroom and asked the maid.

The maid quickly placed the porridge on the table and looked worried. "No, it's just that Young Master told us not to wake you up this morning. Ma'am, are you feeling unwell?"

"I'm fine." Christina felt complicated in her heart for a moment.

After finishing her porridge, she stayed alone in her bedroom, with her mind a little confused.

Sitting cross-legged on the bed, staring at her right hand, she wondered if it was Patrick who drugged her.

So he came back this morning...

Then last night... Did he stay with

Cecilia last night? Christina suddenly was eager to know that.

She felt awkward. Christina turned around, grabbed her cell phone, searched for Cecilia's name, and immediately a bunch of related news came up.

Her expression grew colder as she scanned the news.

She fixed her eyes on a snap on her phone screen. In the underground parking lot of the Fireworks Bar, the woman could not be seen clearly with her back facing the camera, but the man's cold profile...

Christina recognized Patrick immediately.

"How could they be so eager, in public..." She bit her lips and murmured, feeling a little uncomfortable.

She stared at the photo and was annoyed. "Are you blind? Why are you attracted by that woman? She has received a plastic surgeon!"

However, Patrick liked her.

Charles also said that Mr. Hopkins only had one girlfriend, his precious Miss Jones.

"I'd better not talk about her plastic surgery, in case I would get scolded again." Christina was in a bad mood, so she threw her phone away.

She had just thrown her phone at the head of the bed when the door

suddenly opened.

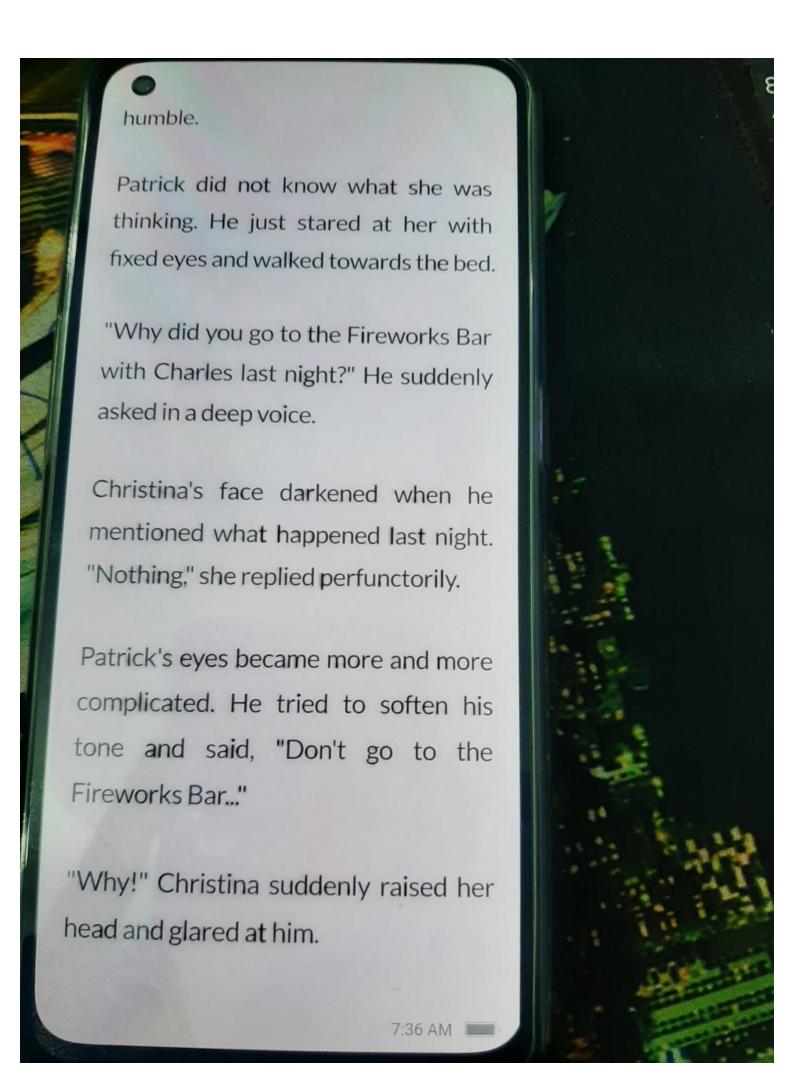
Christina looked up subconsciously, and the man at the door was staring at her.

Their eyes met, then their expressions became complicated. They all kept silent.

Christina turned her head and climbed to the head of the bed, as if she was hiding something. She picked up her phone and immediately deleted the information she had been browsing.

She didn't want him to know that she was investigating Cecilia's affair with him.

She didn't want him to know that and didn't want... To make herself more



"Are you not letting me out because of the rules of the Hopkins Family? Or are you afraid that I will embarrass you?"

When Christina thought about what happened last night and the 'car sex' photo, she became angry and unconvinced.

"Your Miss Jones is a famous movie star. Her face is everywhere in social media and magazines. Since I look so similar to her, why can she..."

"You are different from her!"

He blurted it out but his voice sounded strange.

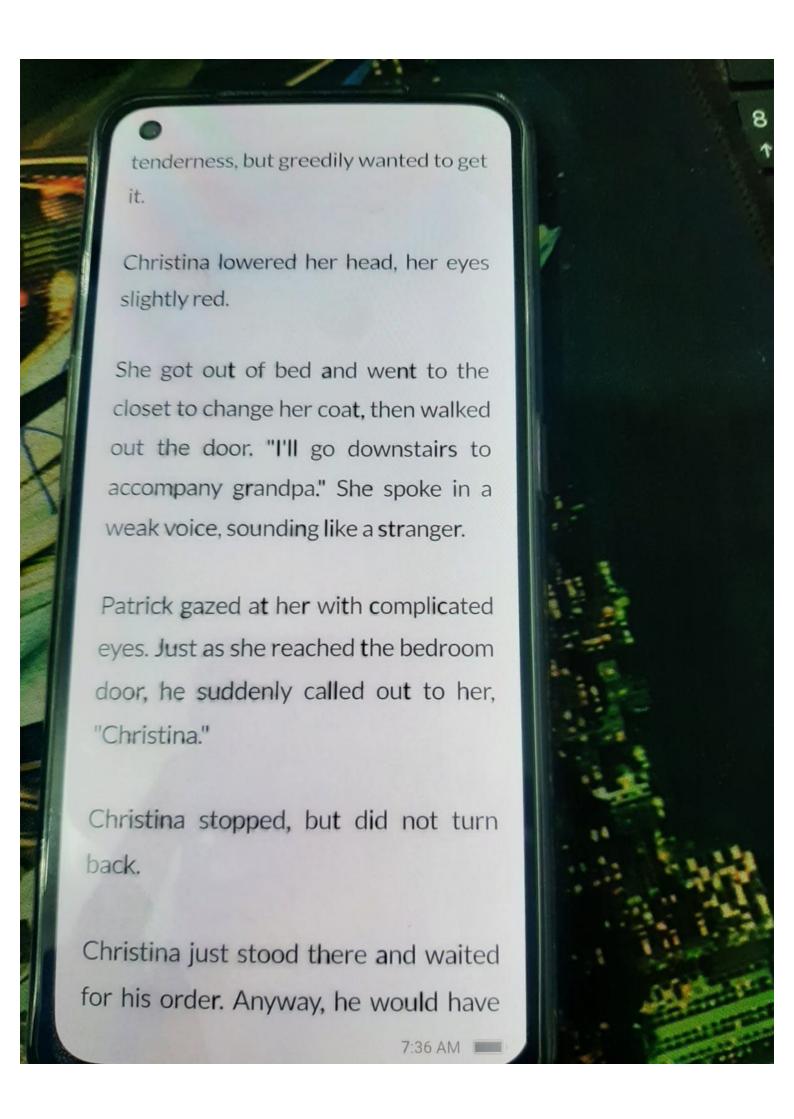
Patrick looked at her with mixed emotions in his eyes and warned her in a cold voice, "Do as my words! You'll always have bodyguards with you when you go out. Christina, don't make trouble for me. I don't have that much time to take care of you."

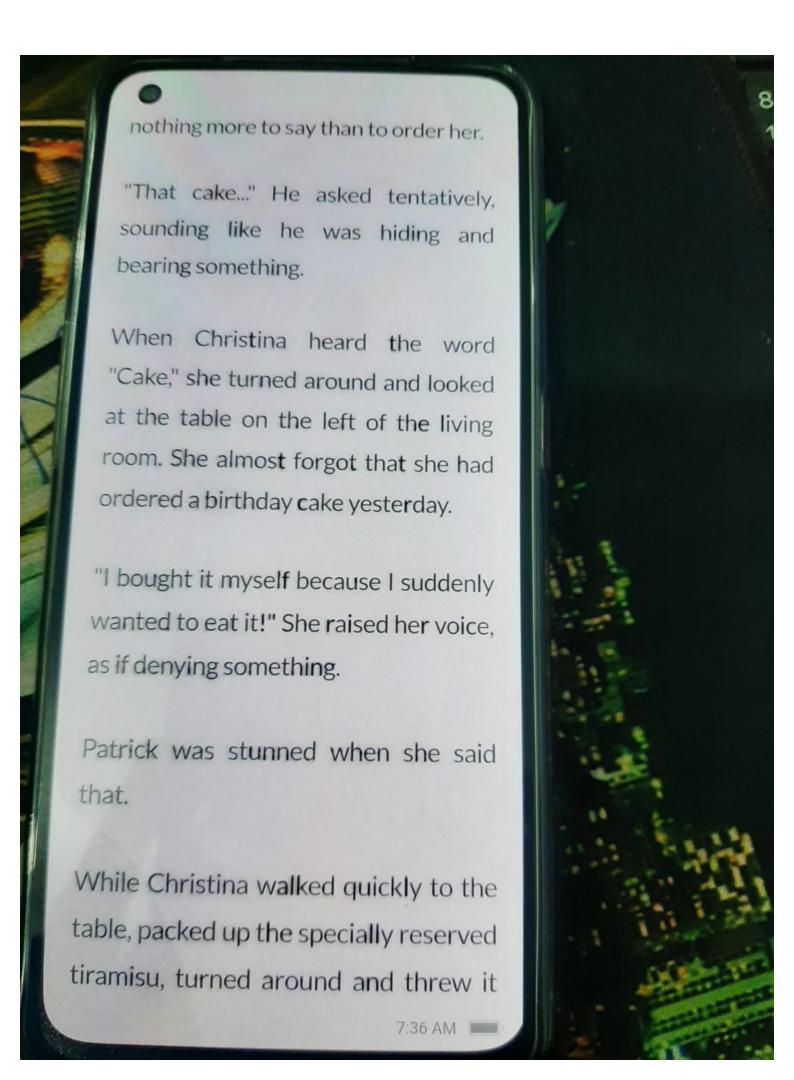
She could not understand the coldness in his eyes at this moment, but suddenly felt a little wronged. Every time, he used a different standard to measure her and his Miss Jones.

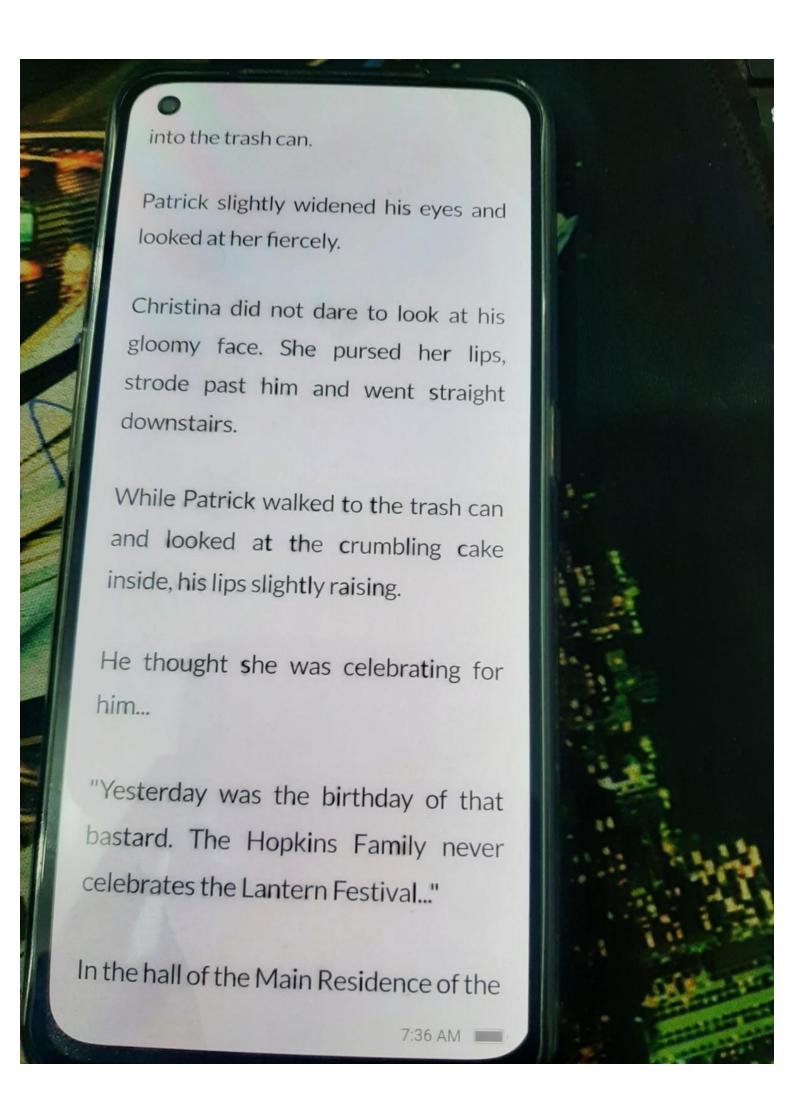
She didn't want to argue with him. She kept reminding herself that she didn't have the right to ask for his justice, but sometimes, she just...

She just couldn't help but care about his attitude.

Although he was indifferent, sometimes, he was gentle to her. She was trying to pretend to ignore his







Hopkins Family, Mr. Hopkins was sipping his tea leisurely. When he played chess with Christina, he was in a good mood and talked to her about Patrick.

However, Christina didn't want to hear anything about him. She had a serious look and pretended not to know that. "Oh, really? So yesterday was his birthday."

Mr. Hopkins looked at the chess board and casually made a move, then asked, "Yesterday the butler said you bought a cake..."

"I threw it away."

Christina looked a little angry.

Then she picked up a 'horse' and ate

Mr. Hopkins's 'car' without hesitation.

"You! What are you doing!"

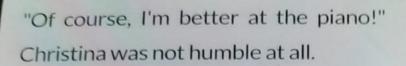
Mr. Hopkins lost a 'car' and immediately shouted at her discontentedly, "Do you know how to play chess?"

"There is no father or son on the battlefield!"

Christina glanced at him and had anger at every one of the Hopkins Family. "Grandpa, do you want to repent?"

Mr. Hopkins's face darkened.

The butler beside them laughed out loud. "Young Madam is really good at playing chess," He praised.



"Piano?"

Mr. Hopkins had been a little unconvinced, but when she mentioned the piano, his eyes flashed with deep thought.

"Do you like playing the piano very much?"

"I don't like it." Christina was an active girl since she was young. She suffered a lot when she was forced to practice the piano.

"However, I'm really good at the piano. In addition to working in a milk tea shop, I was often employed as a pianist by the senior clubs." When she talked

about her past job, she was quite proud.

Mr. Hopkins looked at her, thinking about it and muttering, "Why don't we buy a piano..."

"Ma'am, you can't play the piano at home. Patrick hates the sound of the piano..." The butler spoke nervously, as if he was afraid of something.

Christina was taken aback, noticing that the housekeeper was worried, and that Mr. Hopkins also looked grave.

"Why?"

As soon as she asked, she saw the two of them raise their heads in unison and look at the gate with complicated eyes...

Christina followed their gaze and was a little surprised. He didn't go to work?

Patrick, as usual, kept indifferent and did not even look at them. With a document in his right hand, he walked directly across the hall towards the study on the second floor.

"Since he doesn't object, then let's buy a piano."

Just as Patrick's figure disappeared at the staircase, Mr. Hopkins said suddenly. Christina always felt that the old man was planning.

Patrick returned to his study and heard his grandfather's last sentence, "Buy a piano." He was a little unhappy and he slammed the door of the study. "Mr. Hopkins, we've got the surveillance of last night on the 35th floor of the Fireworks Bar..." As he answered the phone call, the person in charge of the Fireworks Bar reported to him.

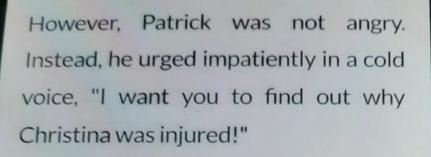
"At 8: 05 last night, Mr. Shepherd led our Young Madam into the Fireworks Bar from the VIP entrance. Then Mr. Shepherd met Mr. Biden and the others and asked the waiter to send Young Madam up to the top floor first..."

The general manager of the Fireworks
Bar said in great detail, afraid of being
blamed for missing information.

"Young Madam suddenly stepped out of the elevator on the 35th floor and Speaking of Miss Jones, the reporting man hesitated and added, "Miss Jones booked a private room with her other five colleagues. They were inside... Taking drugs, and were seen by Young Madam..."

Although the people outside did not understand, most of the people who followed Patrick knew the relationship between Cecilia and him, because of which they were very respectful to Cecilia for the sake of Patrick.

About Cecilia taking drugs... He didn't dare to report it. On the one hand, he was afraid that Patrick would lose his temper when he found out. On the other hand, he was afraid of offending Cecilia.



The general manager of Fireworks Bar was a little surprised.

It sounded as if he didn't care about Cecilia taking drugs or getting involved with other men.

"Young...Young Madam was mistaken for Miss Jones by a man named Ted and dragged into the men's washroom on the 35th floor..." He said nervously.

On the other side of the phone, Patrick's face was grim, his right hand holding the phone tightly. "And then?" Hearing his tone, that man became more nervous and tried to speak calmly. "Although there was no surveillance in the bathroom, when we found Ted, he fainted on the ground...

Young Madam should be fine..."

"Fine? Do you think she would still be fine if she were covered in injuries?"

Patrick was very dissatisfied and scolded him coldly. "Find Ted immediately and strengthen the management of the Fireworks Bar. Don't let dangerous people in!"

"Okay, okay..." The general manager was so frightened that he quickly responded.

Suddenly, he thought of something else and whispered, "Oh, Mr. Hopkins,

7:36 AM



