

The deafening noise spread out in the early hours of the quiet night, and a black cloud of dust rose from the sky, sweeping up for a dozen miles.

The strong impact of the airflow caused the people outside the abandoned factory to immediately lie down and lift their hearts.

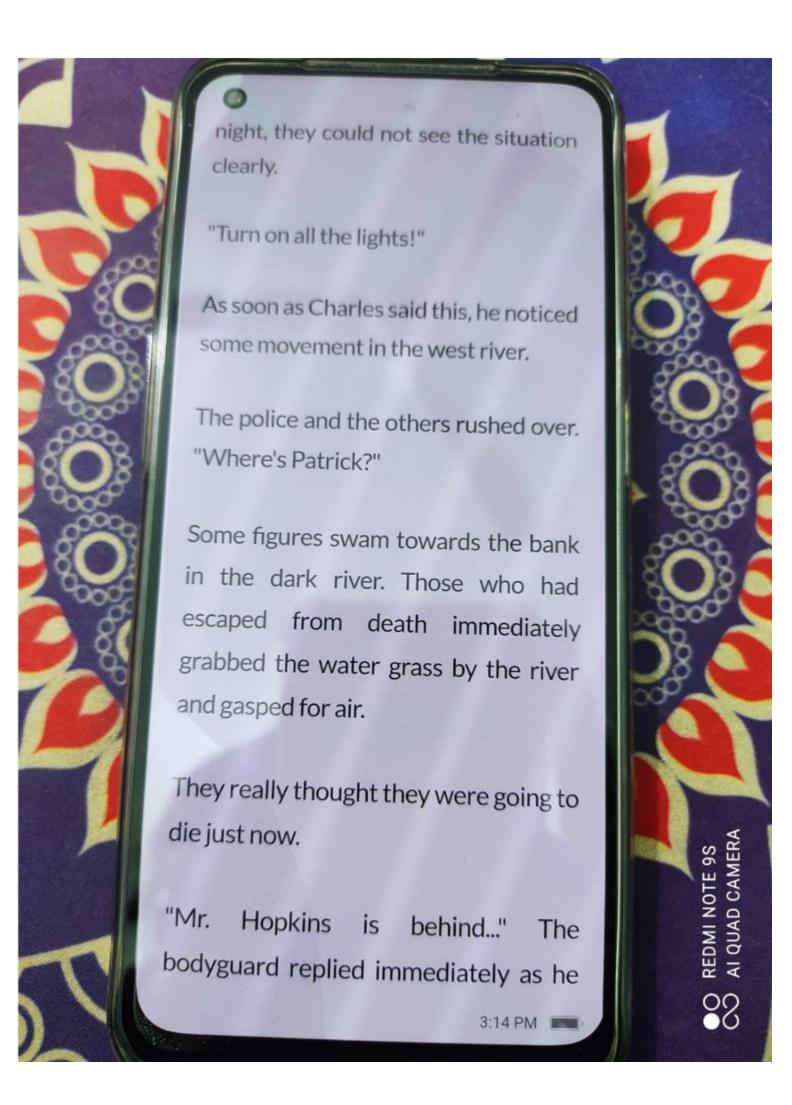
Then there was a terrible silence.

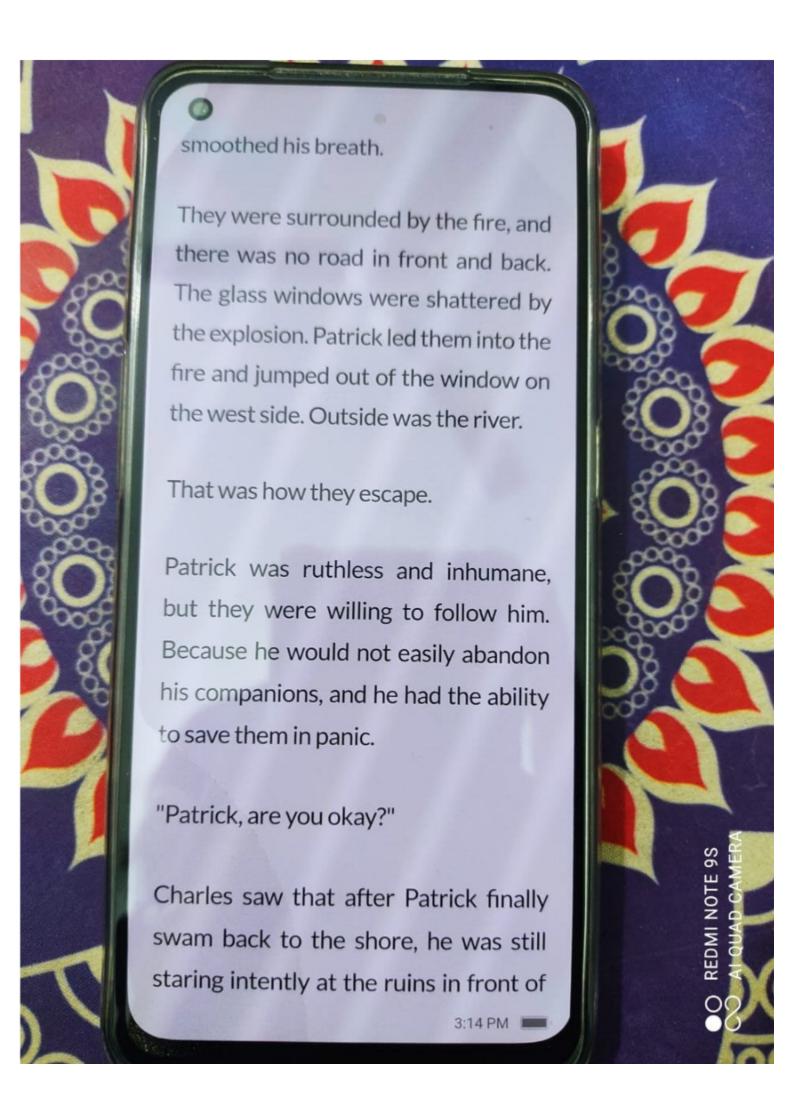
"Patrick!"

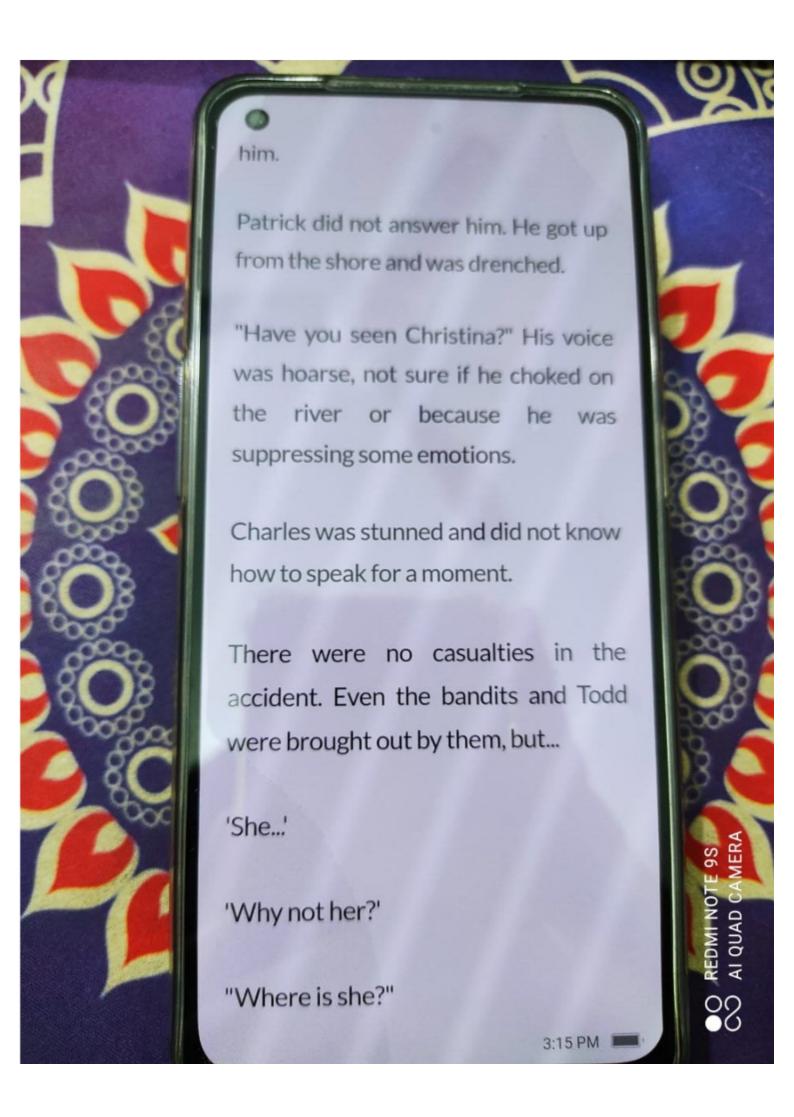
Charles covered his nose with his left hand and hurriedly got up from the ground to look around. The abandoned factory in front of him was in ruins.

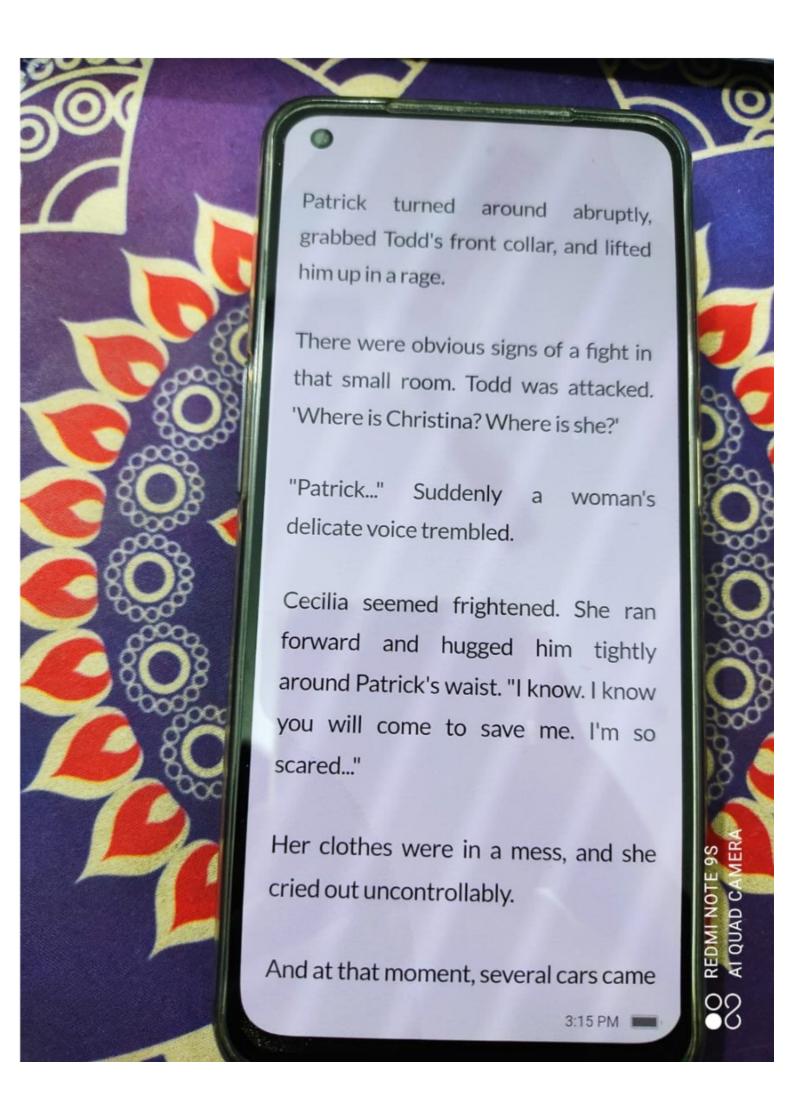
There were still a lot of scattered flames burning. But in the dark of the

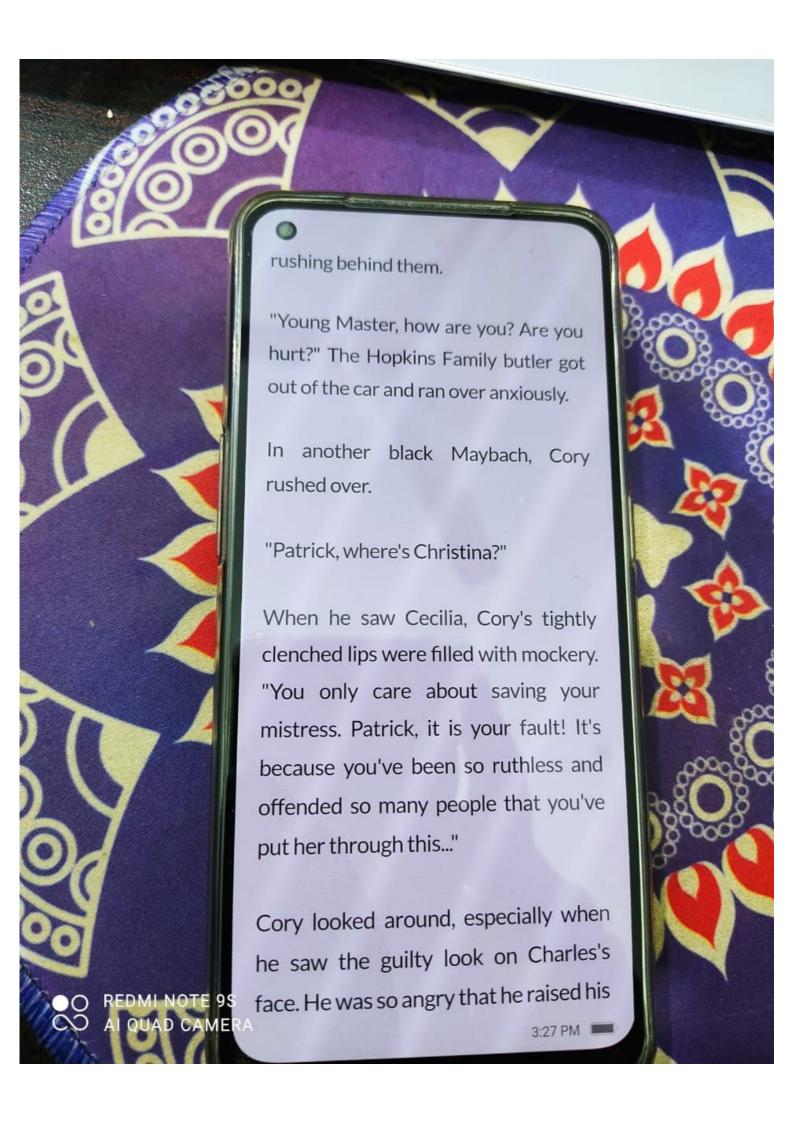
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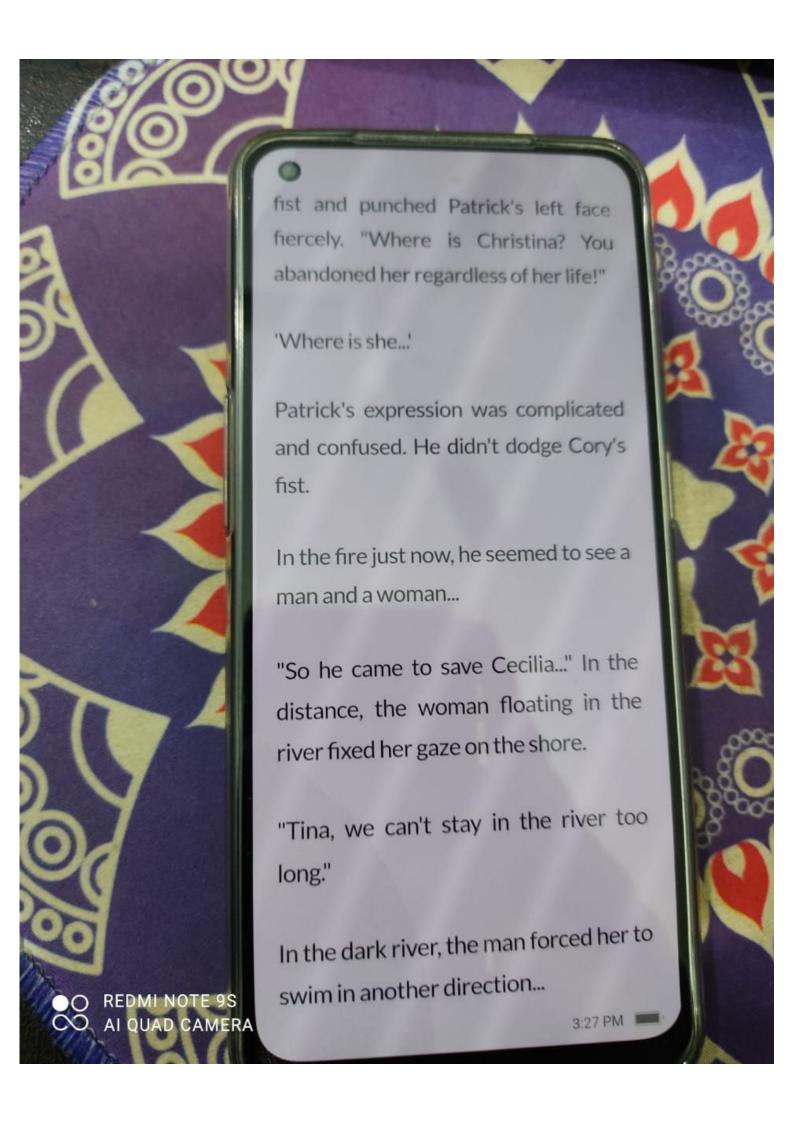


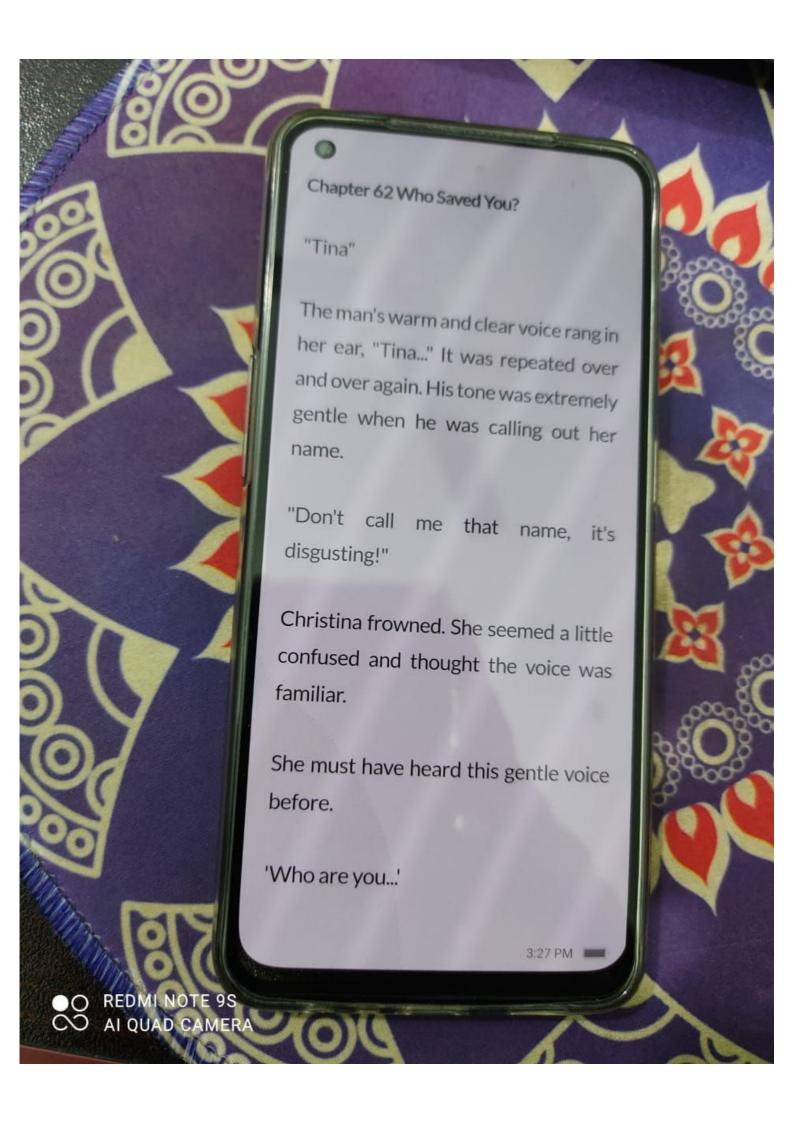


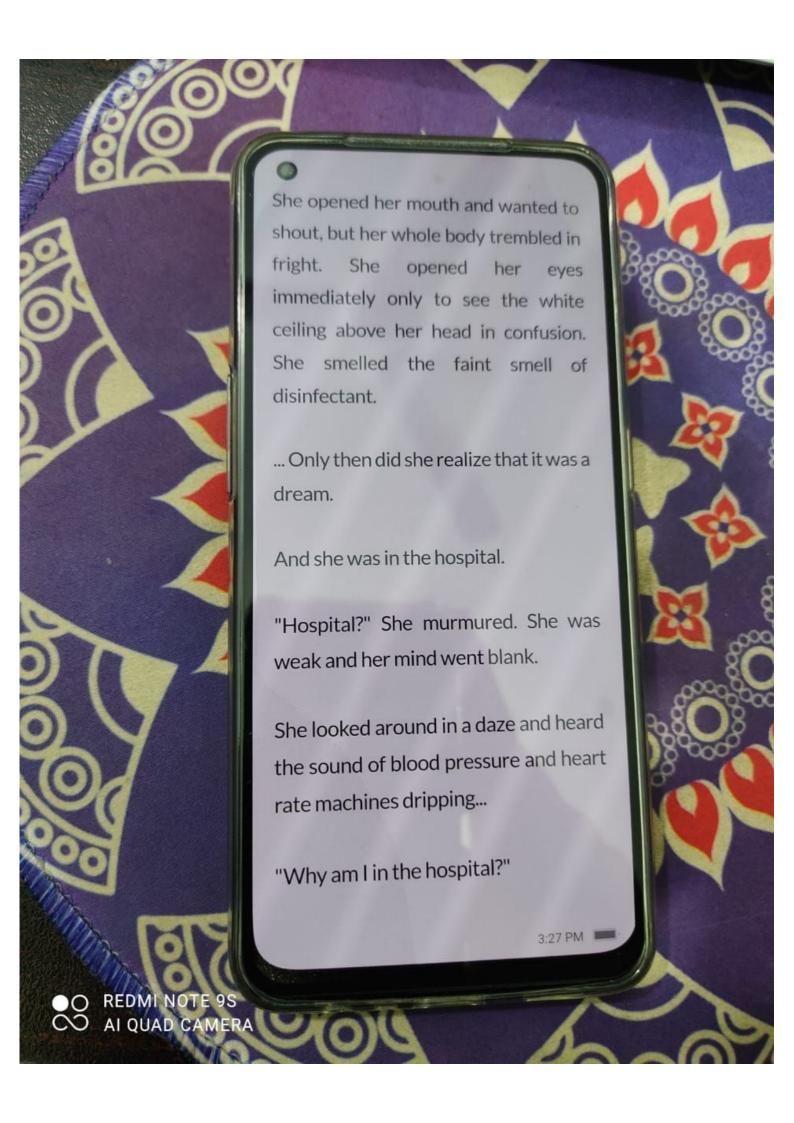


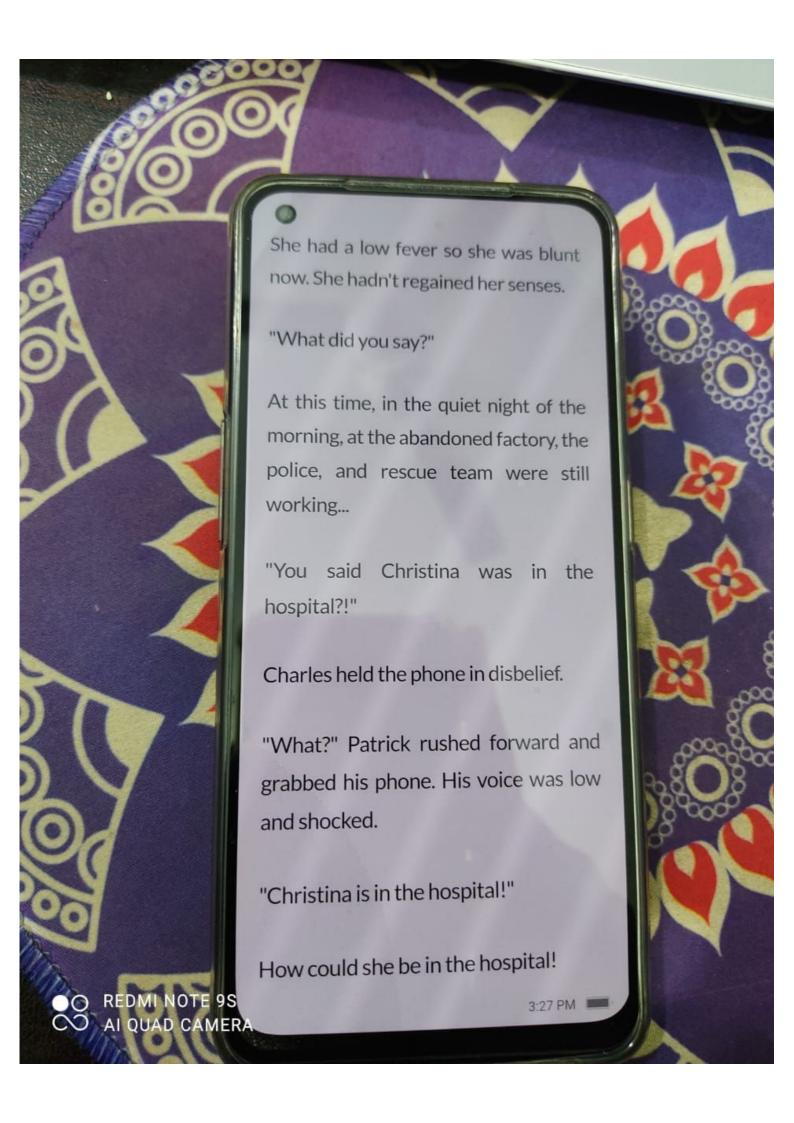


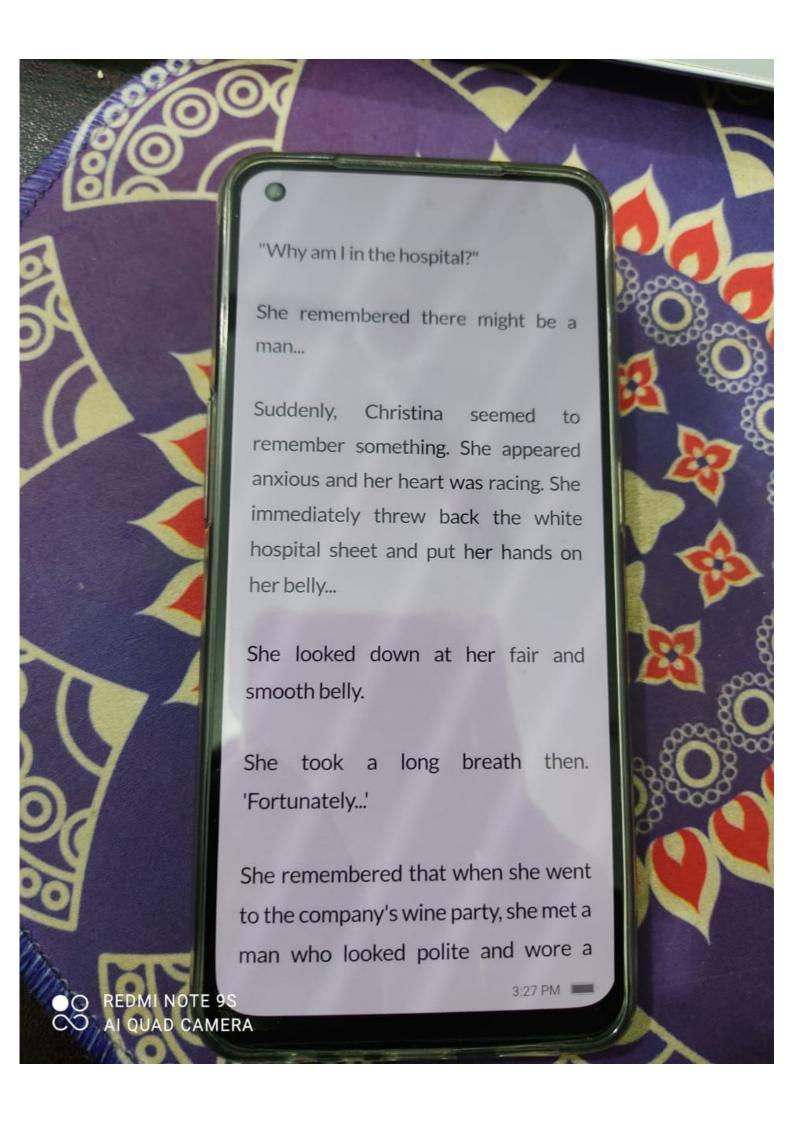


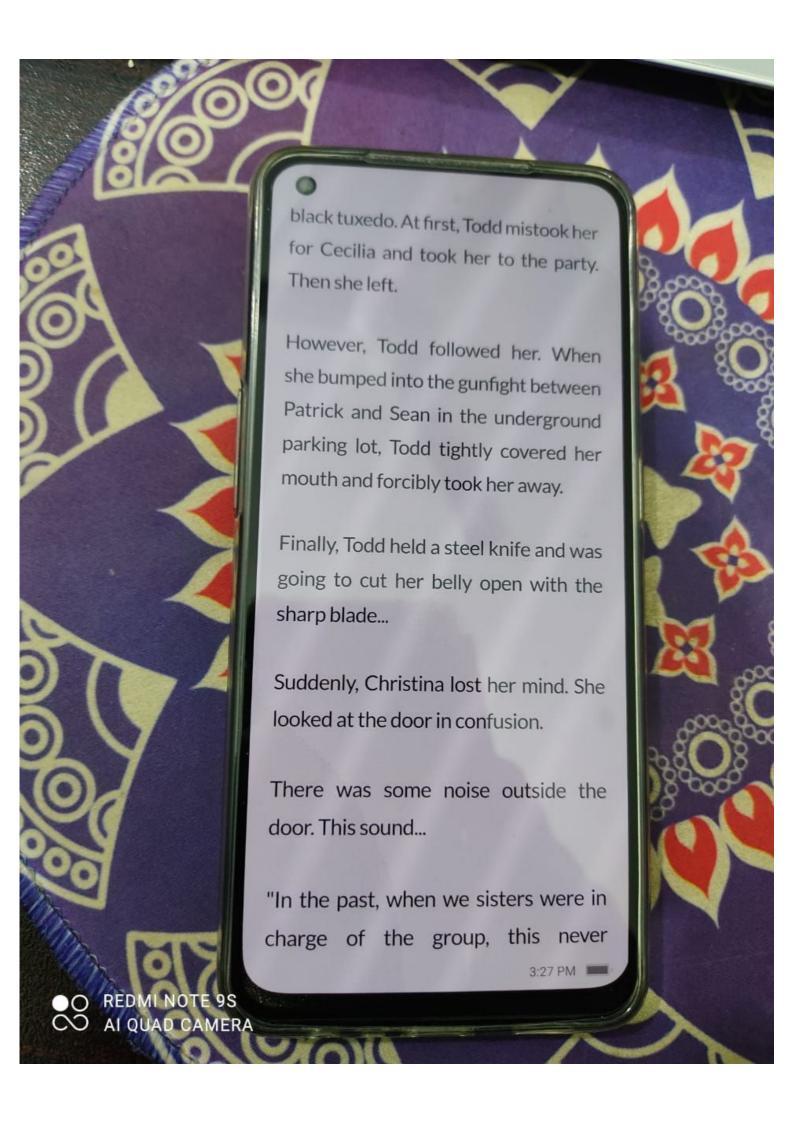


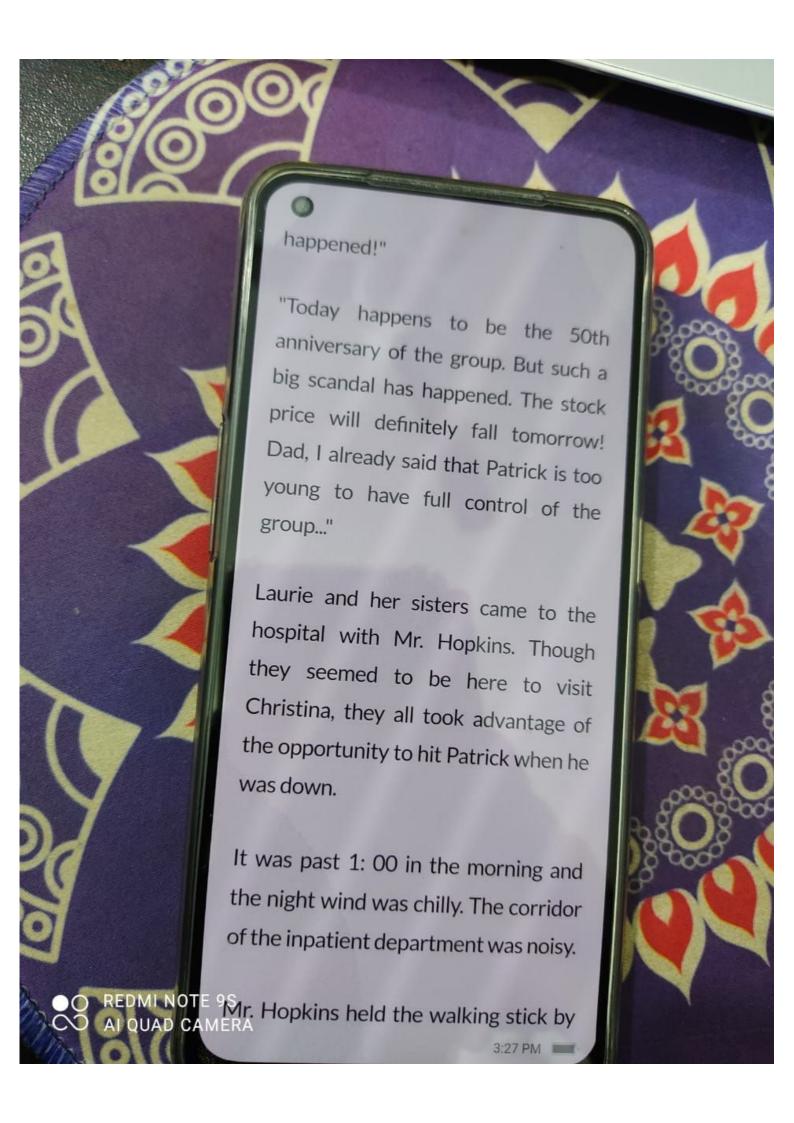


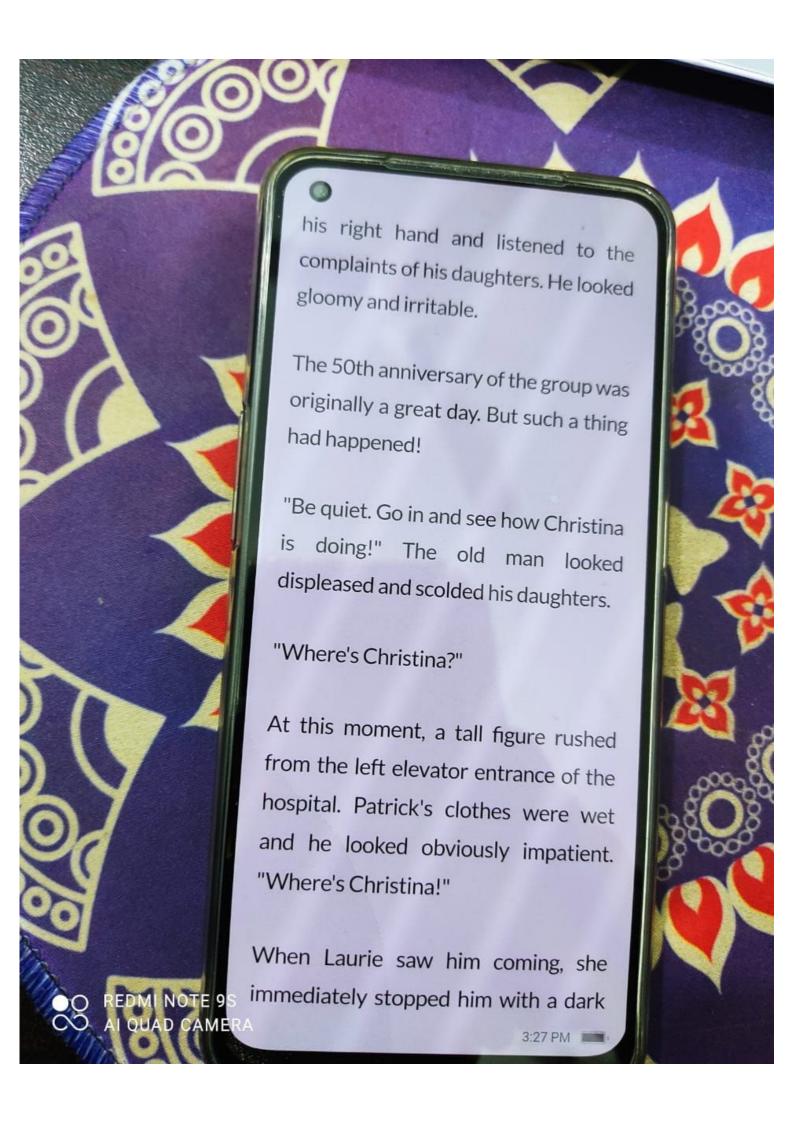


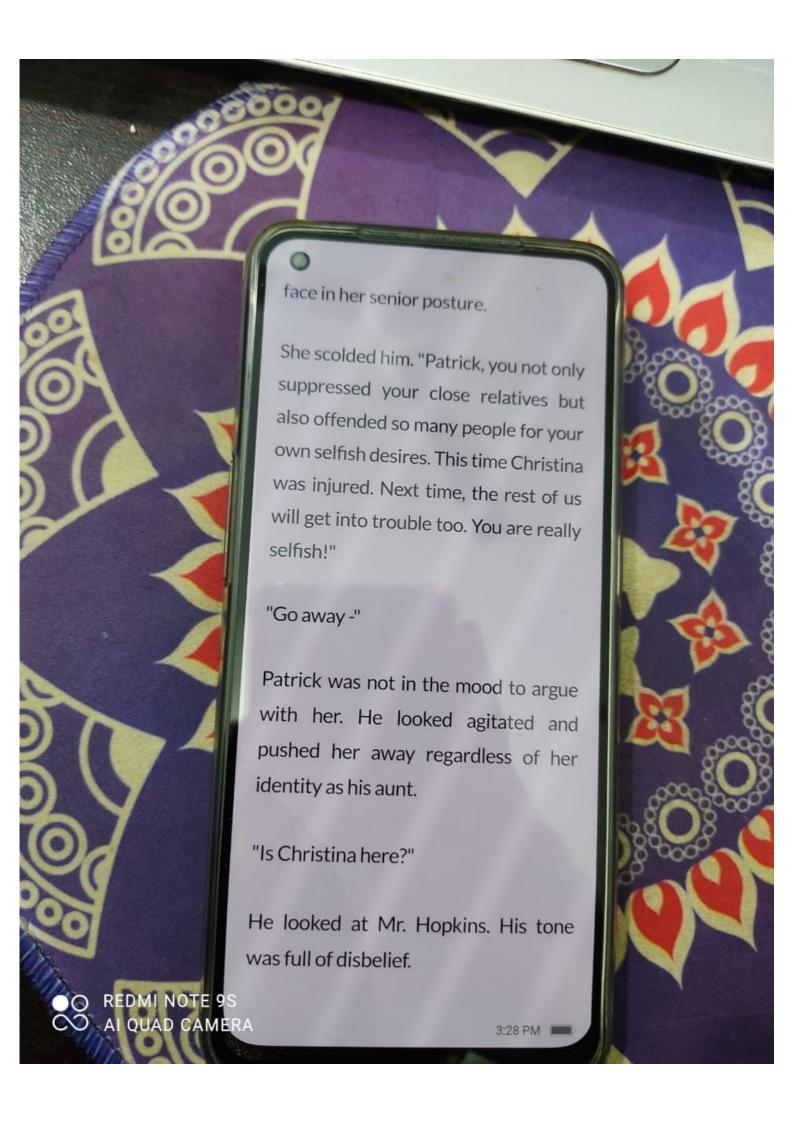


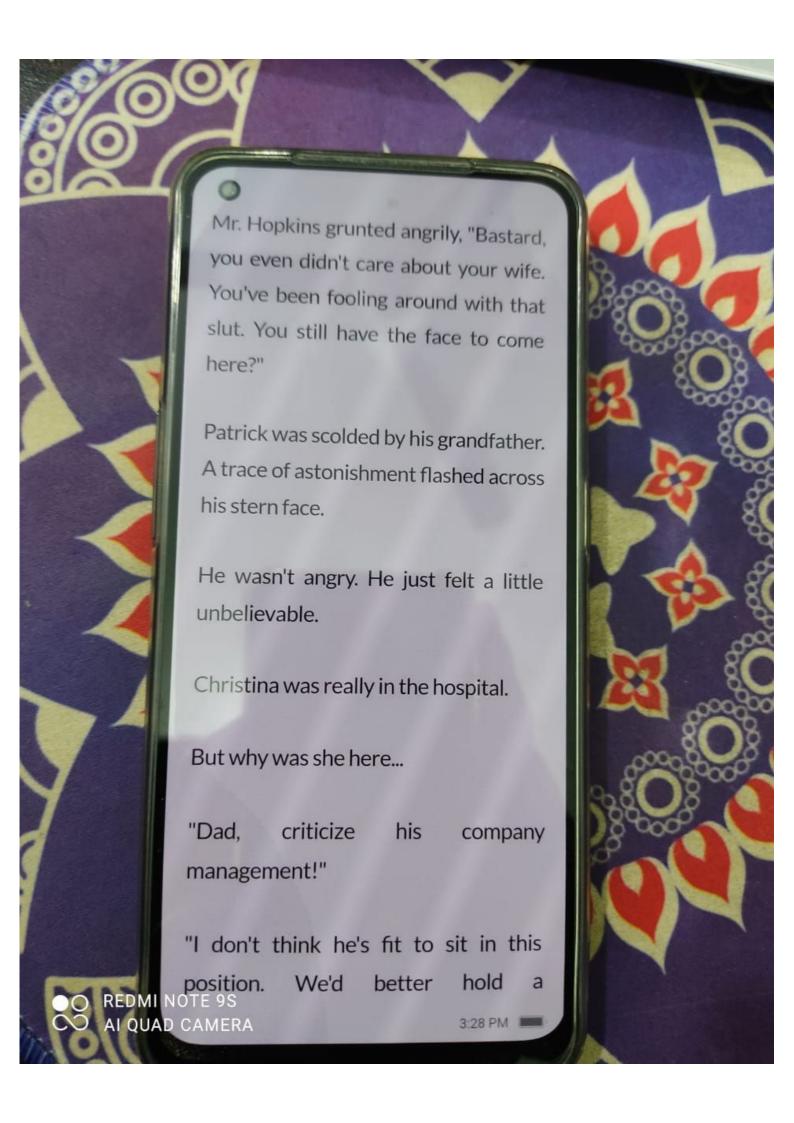


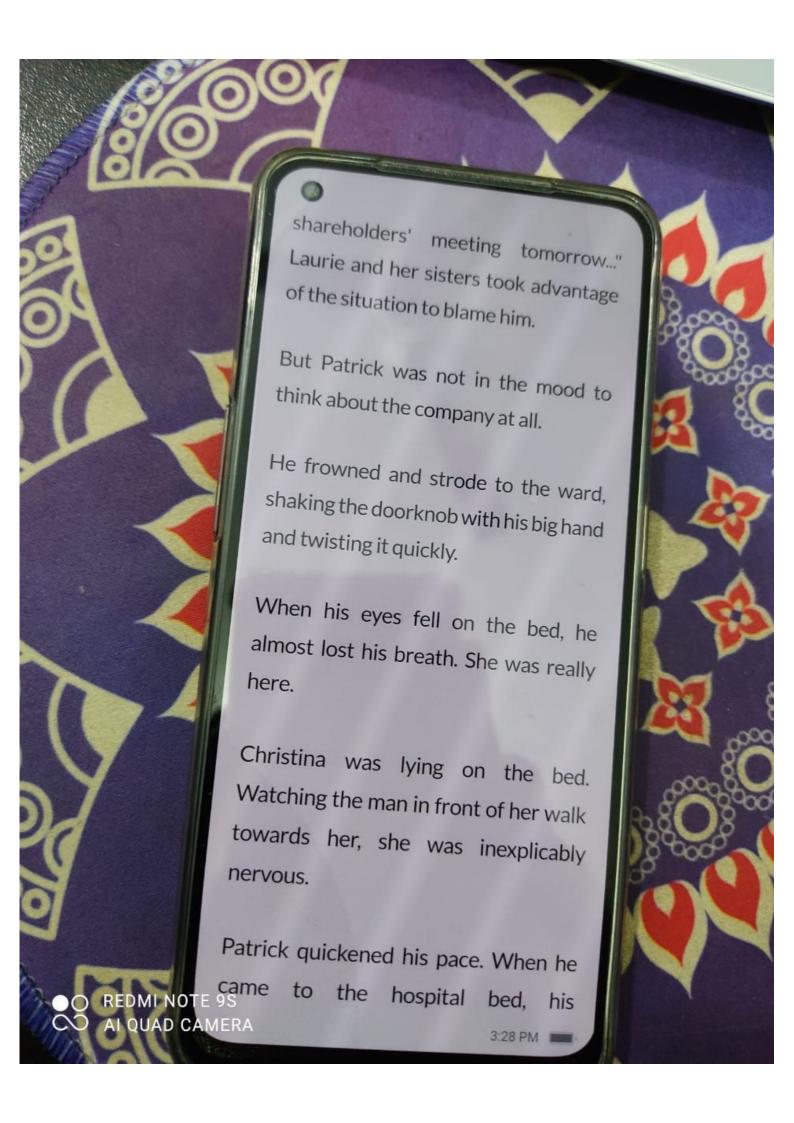


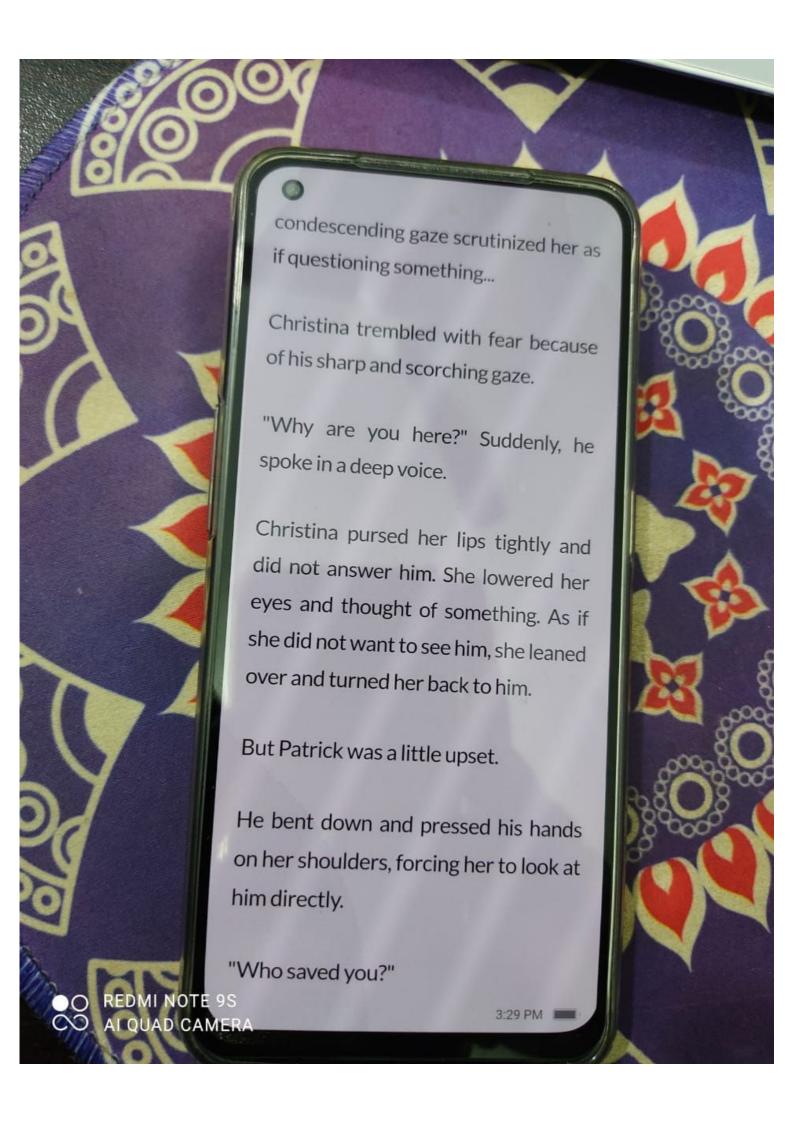












When he sneaked into the abandoned factory, he found Todd being attacked. He also remembered that at the last moment in the fire, he vaguely saw a man and a woman hugging each other intimately...

"Answer me. Who saved you in the abandoned factory?"

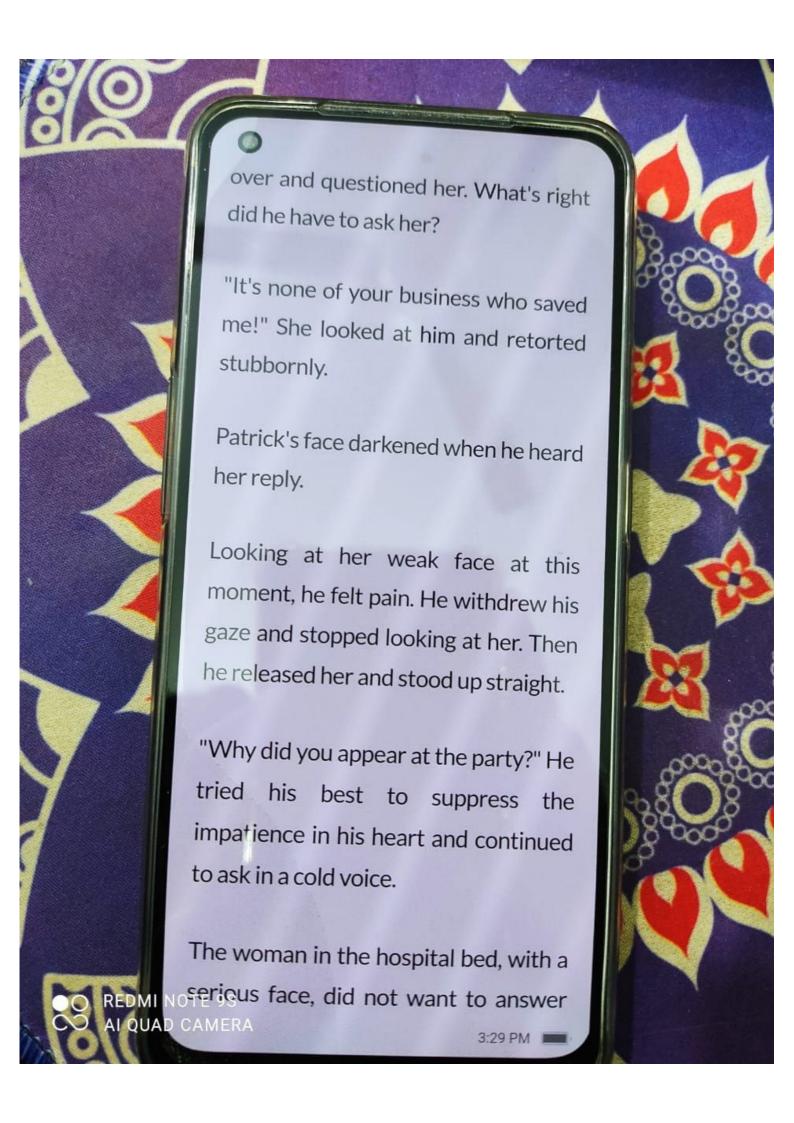
Patrick was getting more and more agitated. His voice was cold and he kept repeating his question.

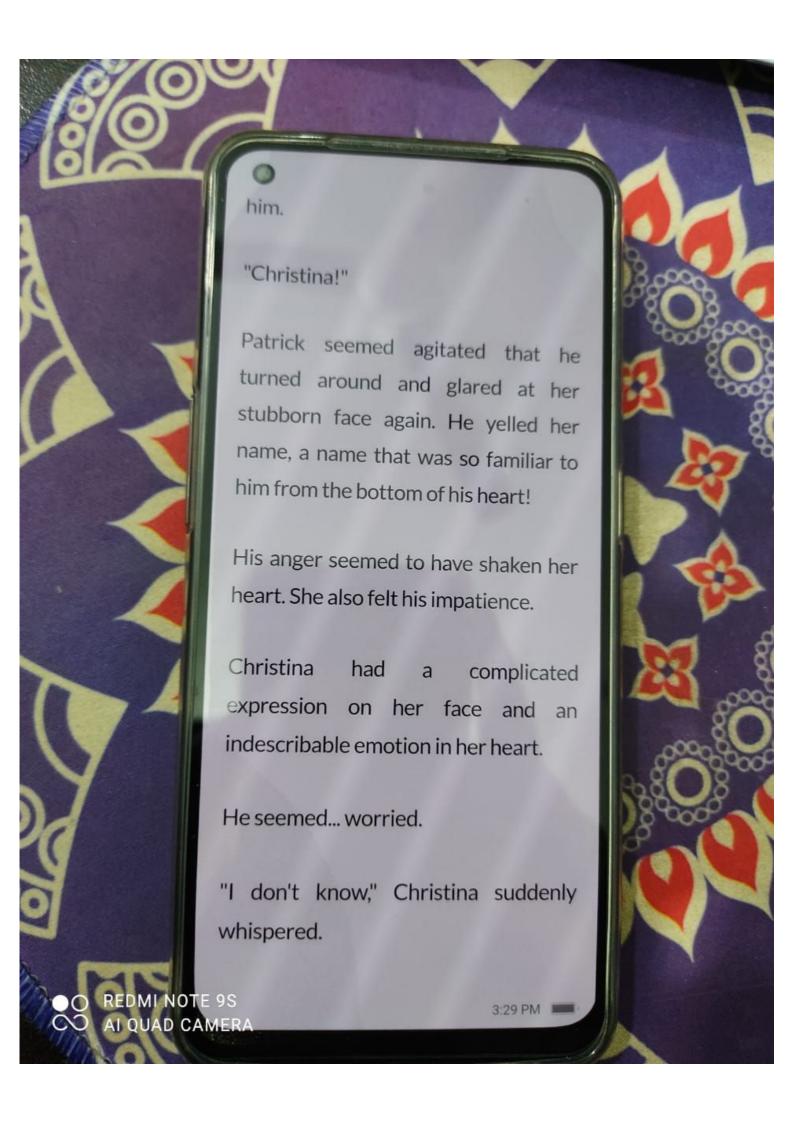
Christina's shoulder hurt a little from his pressure. Her small face wrinkled and she glared at the man on top of her head. "Let go!"

He went over there to save Cecilia and didn't care about her life. Now he came

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3-29 PM





"I don't know who he is."

She didn't lie. She really didn't see the man's face. All she knew was that he showed up in time and grabbed the knife from Todd's hand. That man saved her...

Christina half-closed her eyes. She looked pale and painful. She hadn't recovered from the shock.

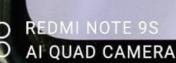
Patrick looked at her. His anger seemed to dissipate.

"Why did you go to the party? Who told you to go there? What did you see in the parking lot?" He spoke slowly. After thinking about it, he added, "Christina, don't hide it from me..."

"What about you? What are you hiding

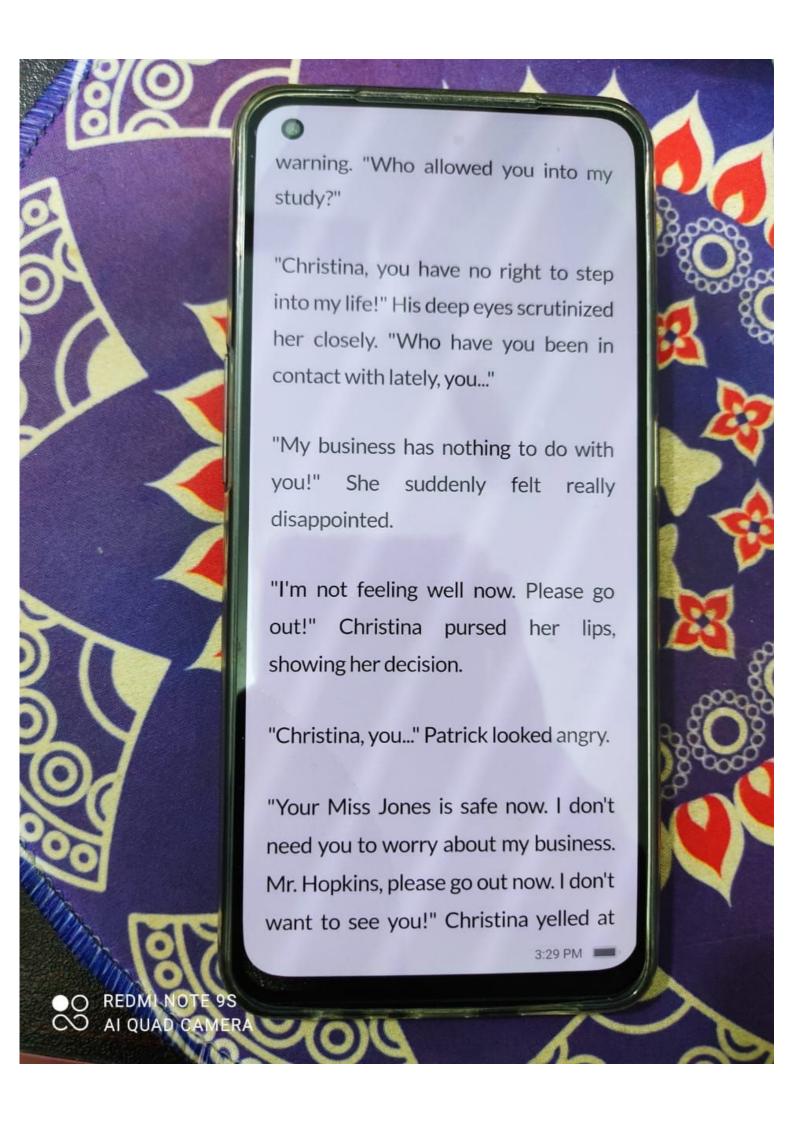
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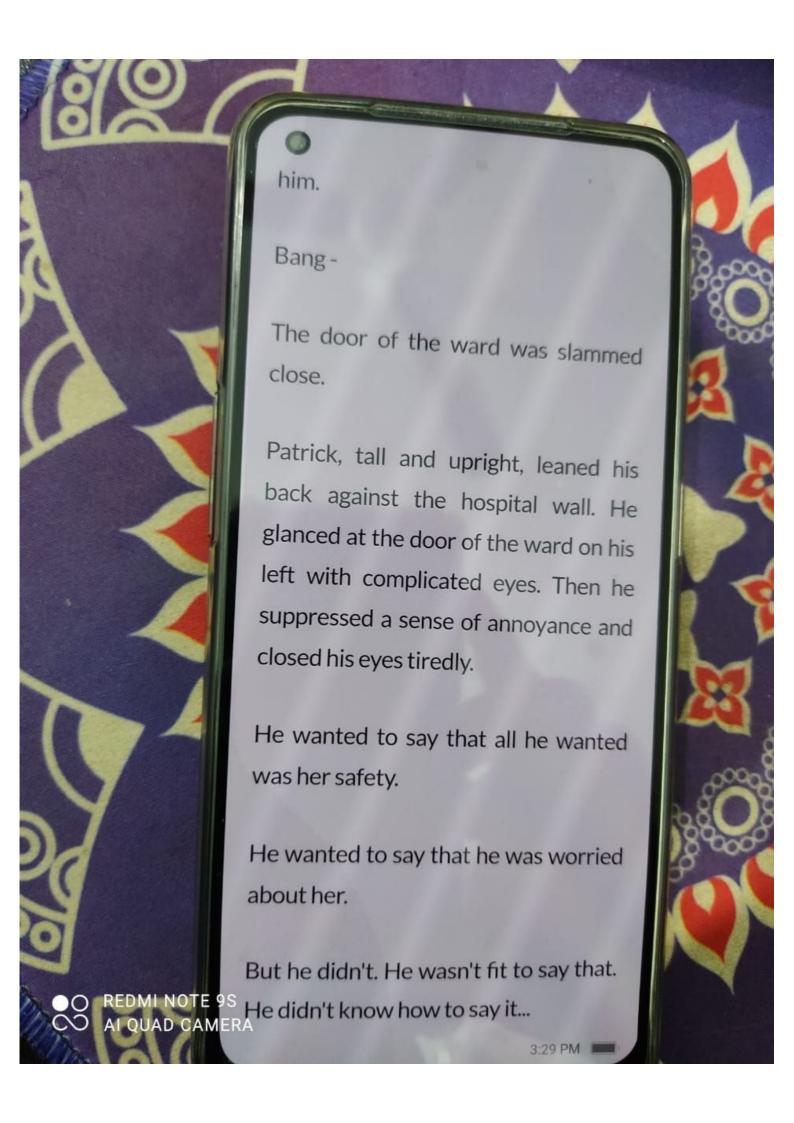
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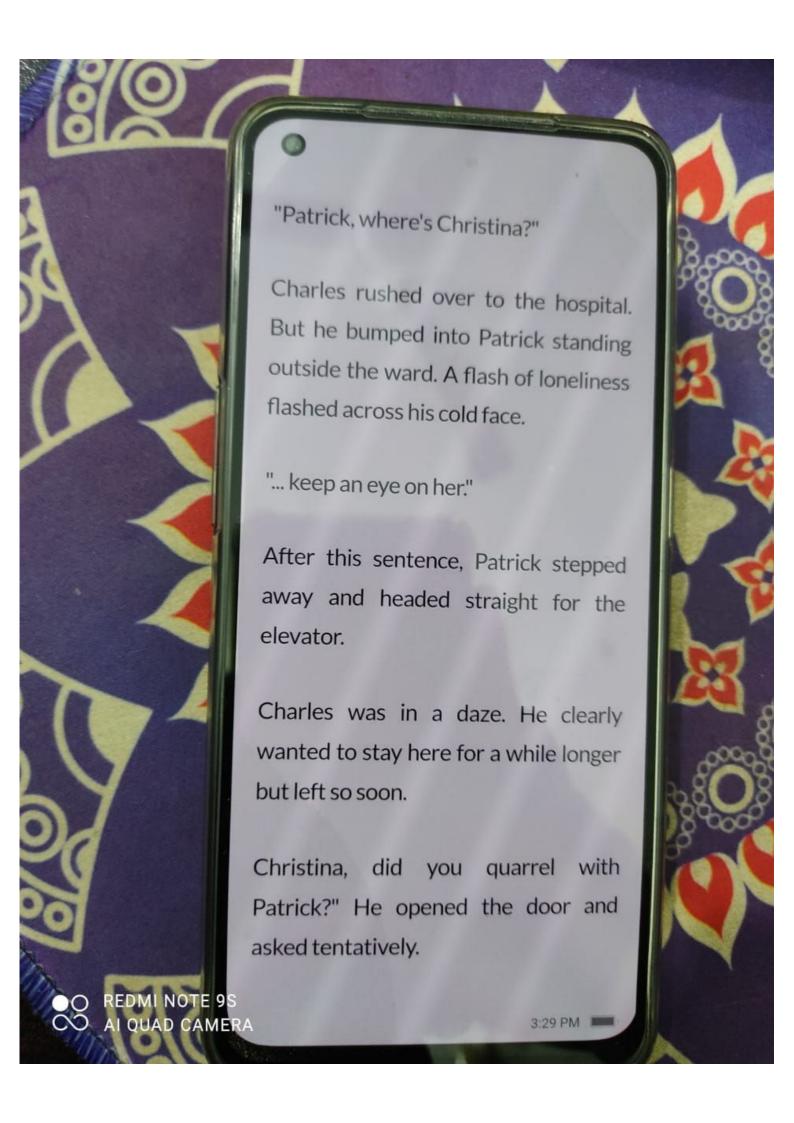


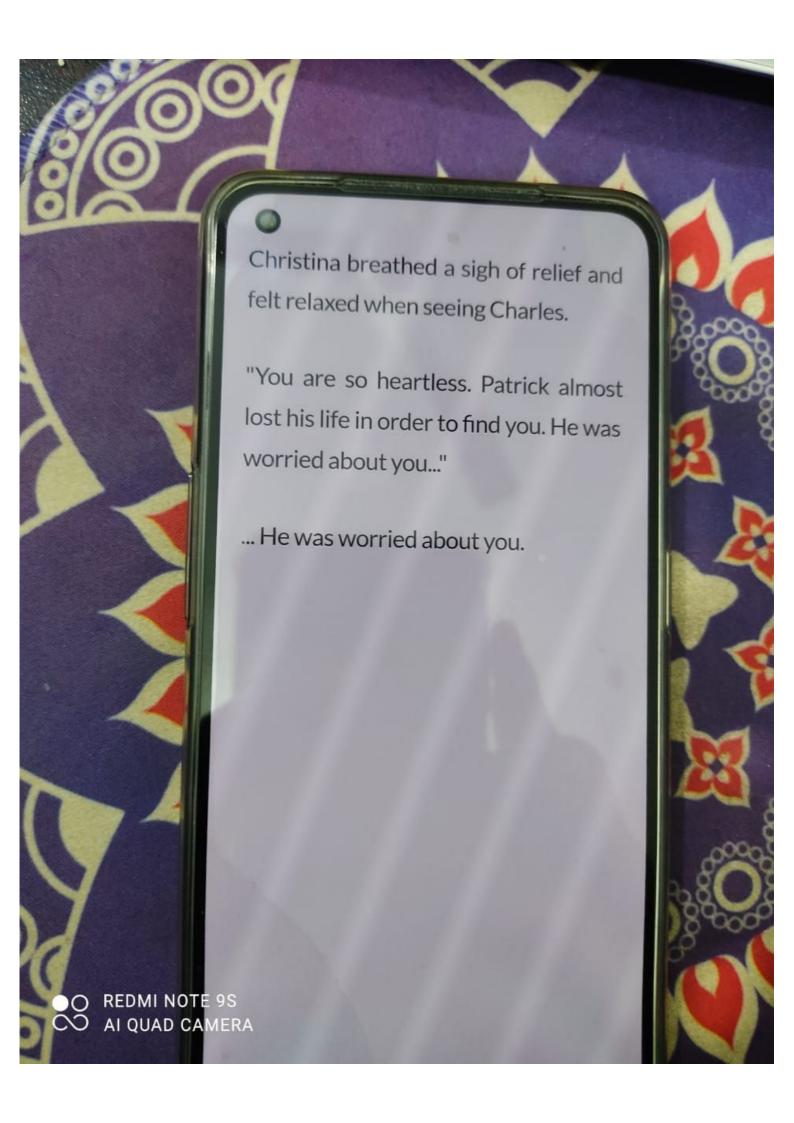


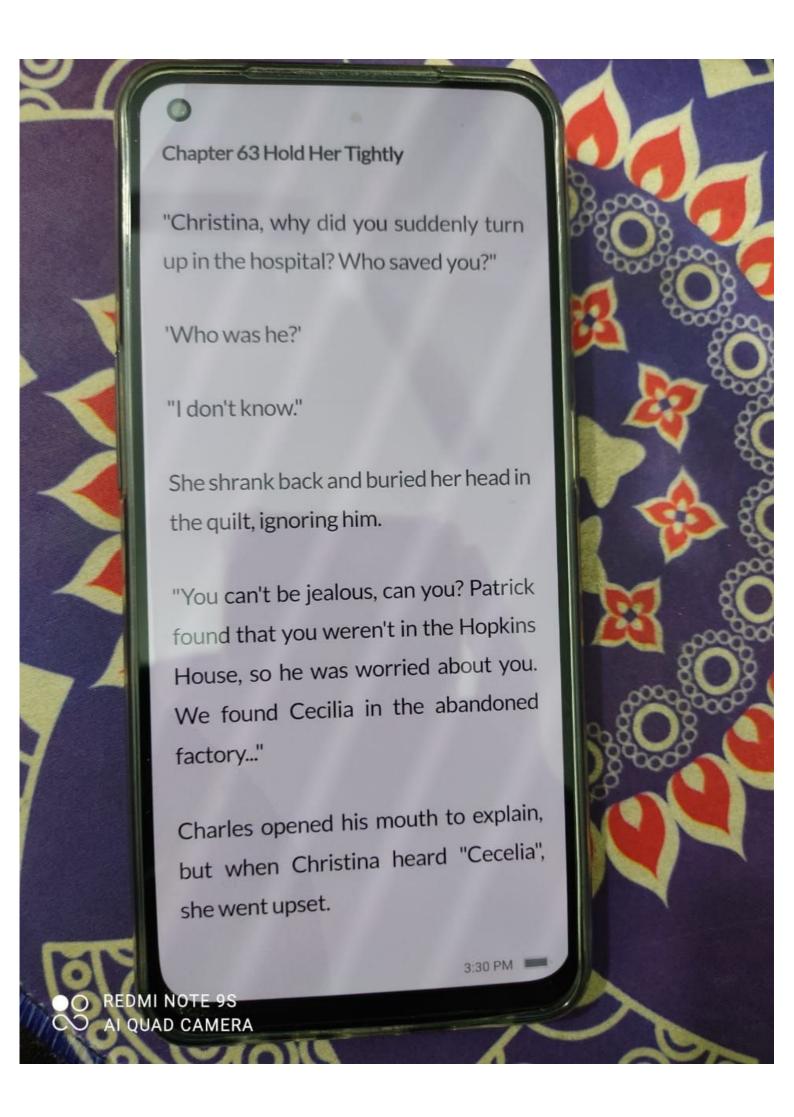


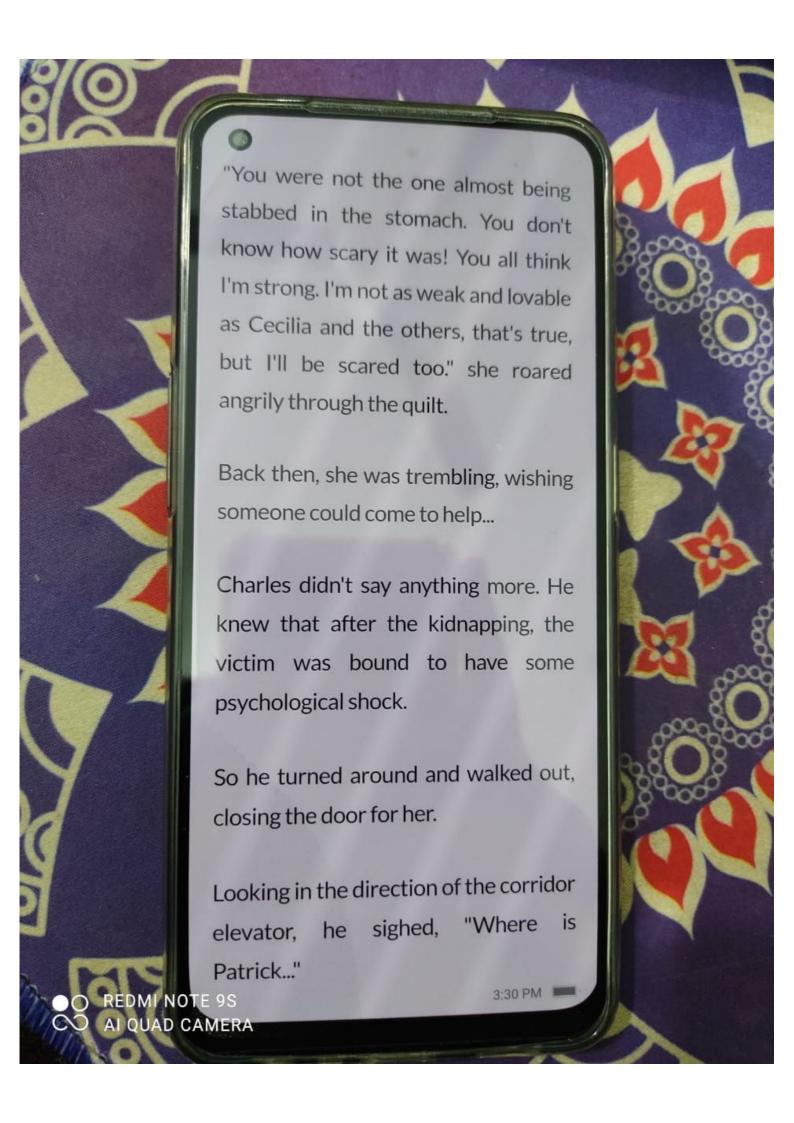












"Patrick!"

Patrick had just stepped out of the elevator when he got entangled by a woman.

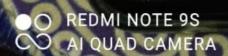
Cecilia was dressed in hospital clothes.

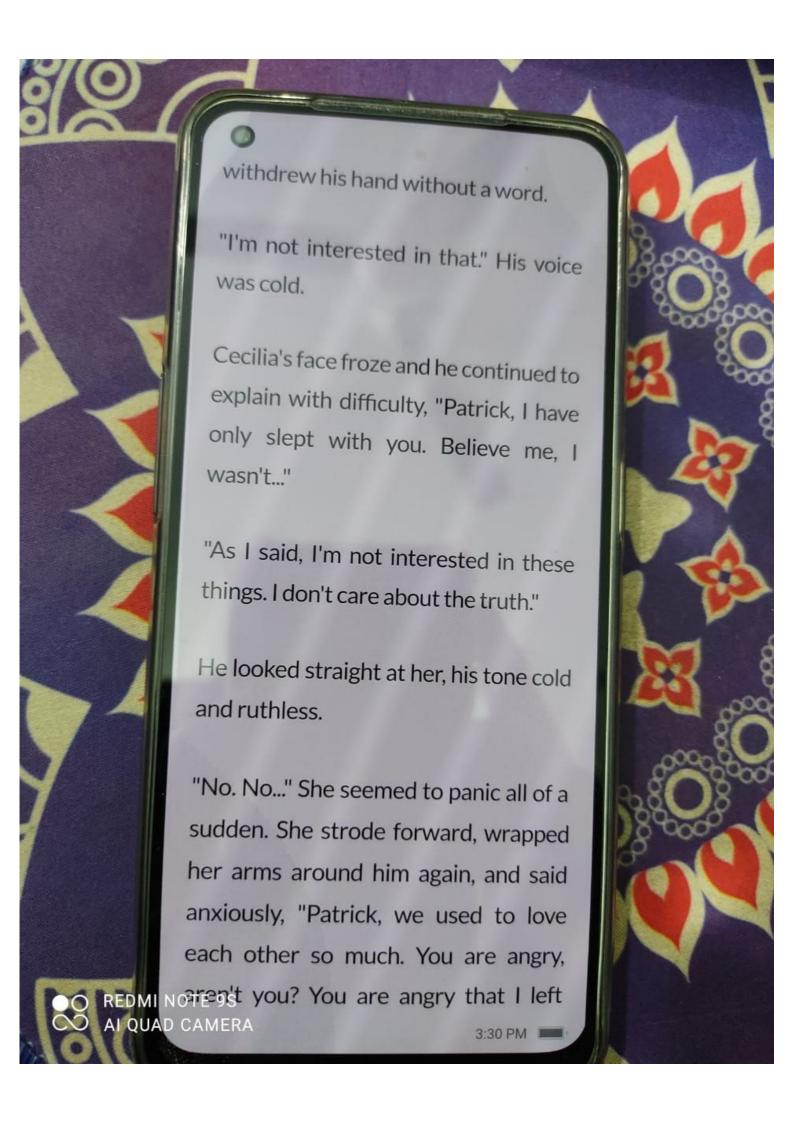
After being rescued from the abandoned factory, she was sent to this hospital for observation. Although she was not seriously injured, she...

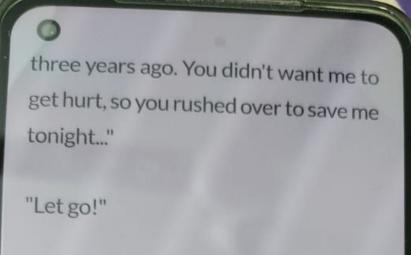
She ran towards him in anxiety and held his arm nervously. "Patrick, don't believe those doctors' guesses. Although my clothes are taken off, I'm not... not violated by those bandits. Really not..." She emphasized in an agitated voice.

Patrick looked at her coldly and

3:30 PM







He looked at her impatiently and fiercely pushed her away with his right hand. Cecilia leaned back and almost fell against the wall.

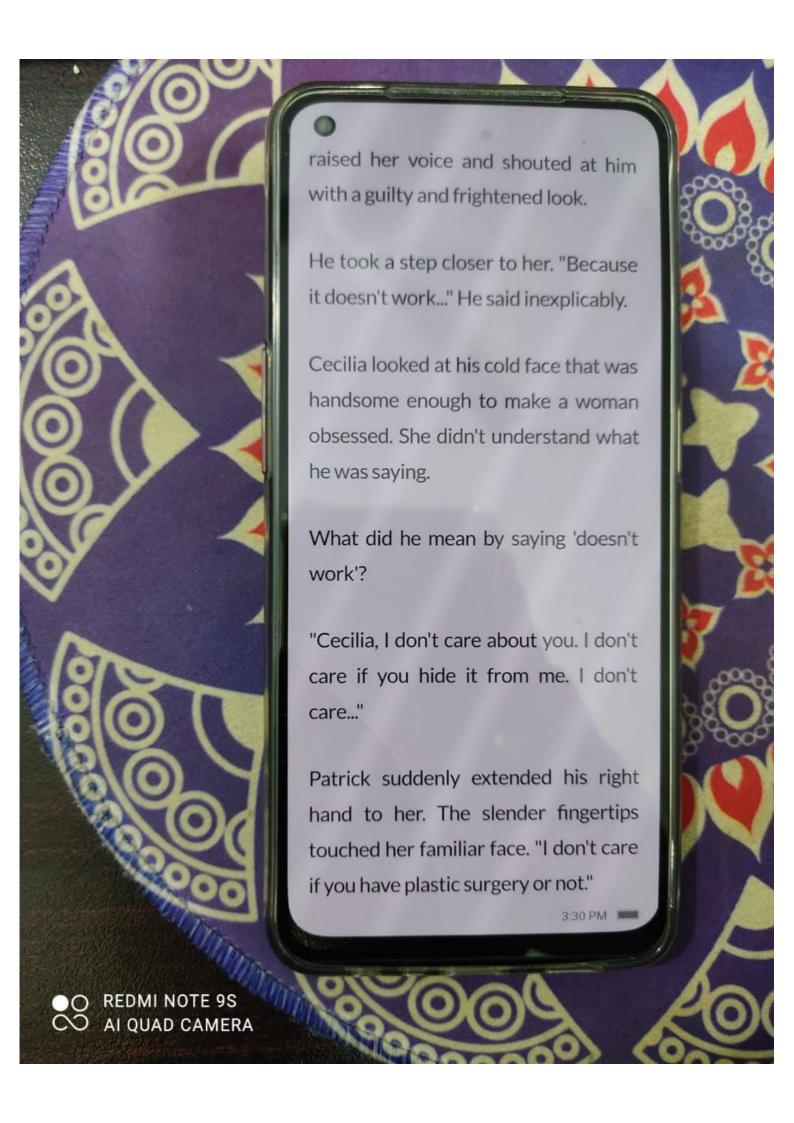
Patrick didn't explain much. "Miss Jones, please stop bothering me." He warned coldly word by word.

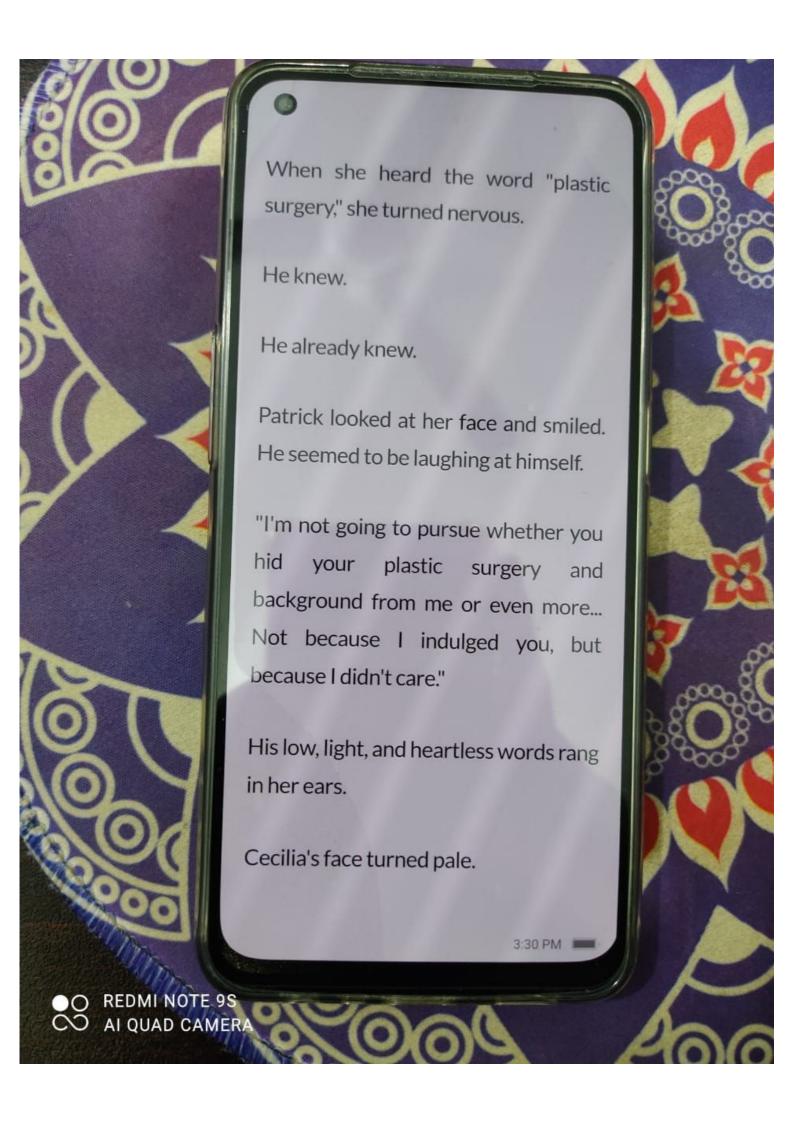
"Why!"

She didn't want to give up!

"Patrick, you used to indulge and pamper me so much. I know you love me. The person you love is me!" She

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Standing right beside her, he was enough to make her feel a sense of alienation and oppression.

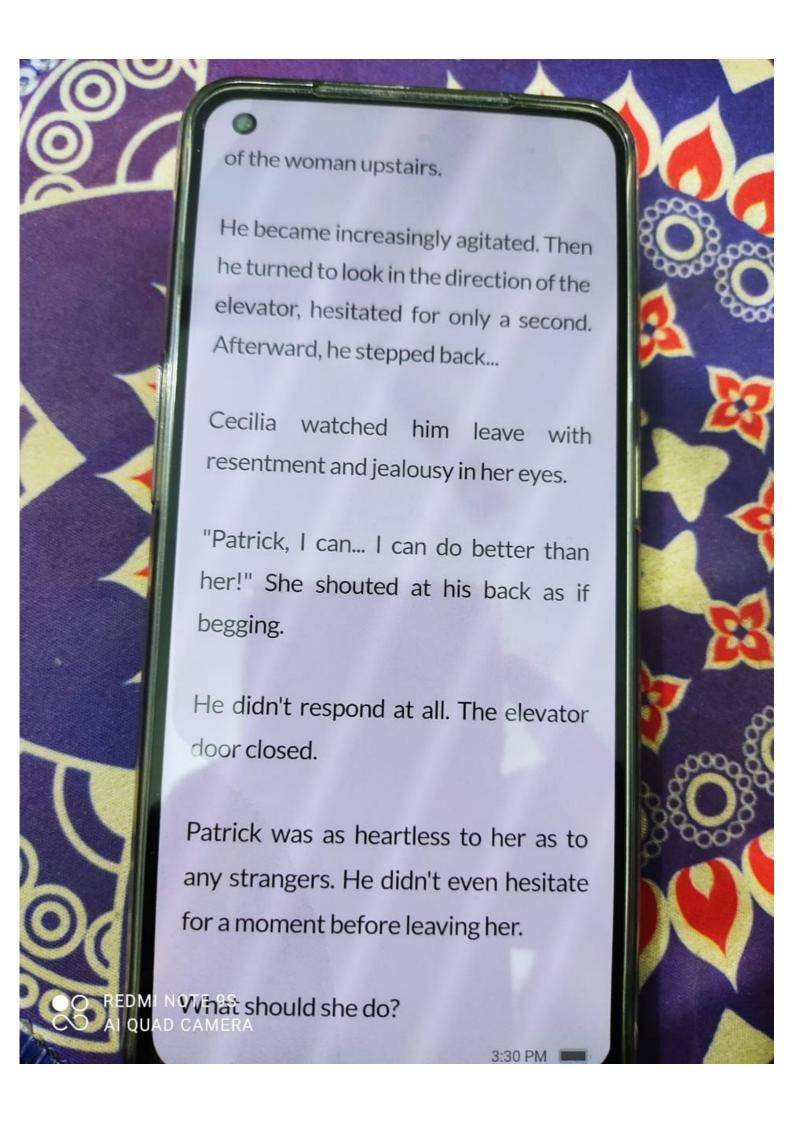
Once, he would smile at her gently and indulgently. However, every time he looked at her, his eyes drifted away.

Cecilia was a smart woman. She knew that Patrick had ulterior motives for treating her well, but she fell in love with him and wanted more from him, like his love.

in C City, there was a sense of loneliness in his eyes. She wanted to go up and hug him.

But he didn't want her to get close.

REDMPNOTE S looked at her face and thought



Without Patrick as a backup... Cecilia glared at the closed elevator door in a panic. "Christina!" She muttered the name in a low voice, wishing that the woman would disappear forever.

"Christina, she seems to be asleep inside,"

When Charles saw that Patrick returned, Charles quickly approached him. "Christina seemed to have been frightened by Todd's knife. I think she was really scared..."

She was scared, not because she was unsafe, but because the safety of her unborn child was threatened.

When Patrick heard what he said, he REDMI NOTE 98 AI DOOKE dithoughtful. After a moment of

silence, he opened the door and walked straight in.

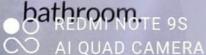
The woman on the bed was not asleep. When she heard the door open, she subconsciously looked up.

Thinking it was Charles, she yelled at him angrily. "You're really annoying. I told you to go out. My kids need to rest."

As soon as she spoke, she met those deep eyes. For a moment, Christina was stunned.

'Why is he here again!'

Patrick looked at her, turned his head away, and walked straight to the





It seemed that he had come here not to look for her, but to take a bath.

After a while, the sound of water sounded from the bathroom...

She was a little nervous for no reason.

She saw that he was soaked, his short hair was in a mess and his clothes were unclean. It was rare to see this Young Master be in such a mess.

... But why didn't he go back to take a bath?

He came out wearing a hospital gown.

There was a hairdryer in the VIP ward, and the hospital clothes were specially prepared. She was surprised to see that Patrick was dressed in the same



hospital clothes as her. He stood in front of her bed. She felt complicated and uncomfortable.

"What do you want to do..."

As soon as she asked, he lifted the white sheet and said, "Move!"

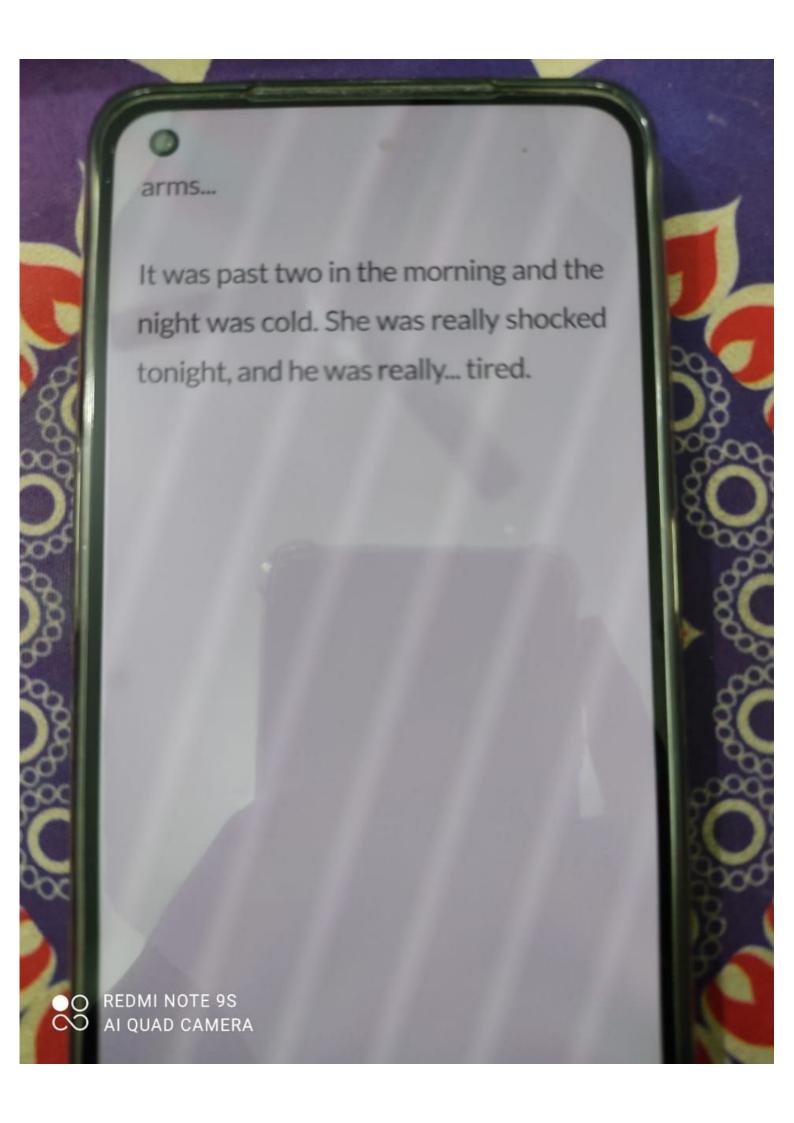
What? She could barely react.

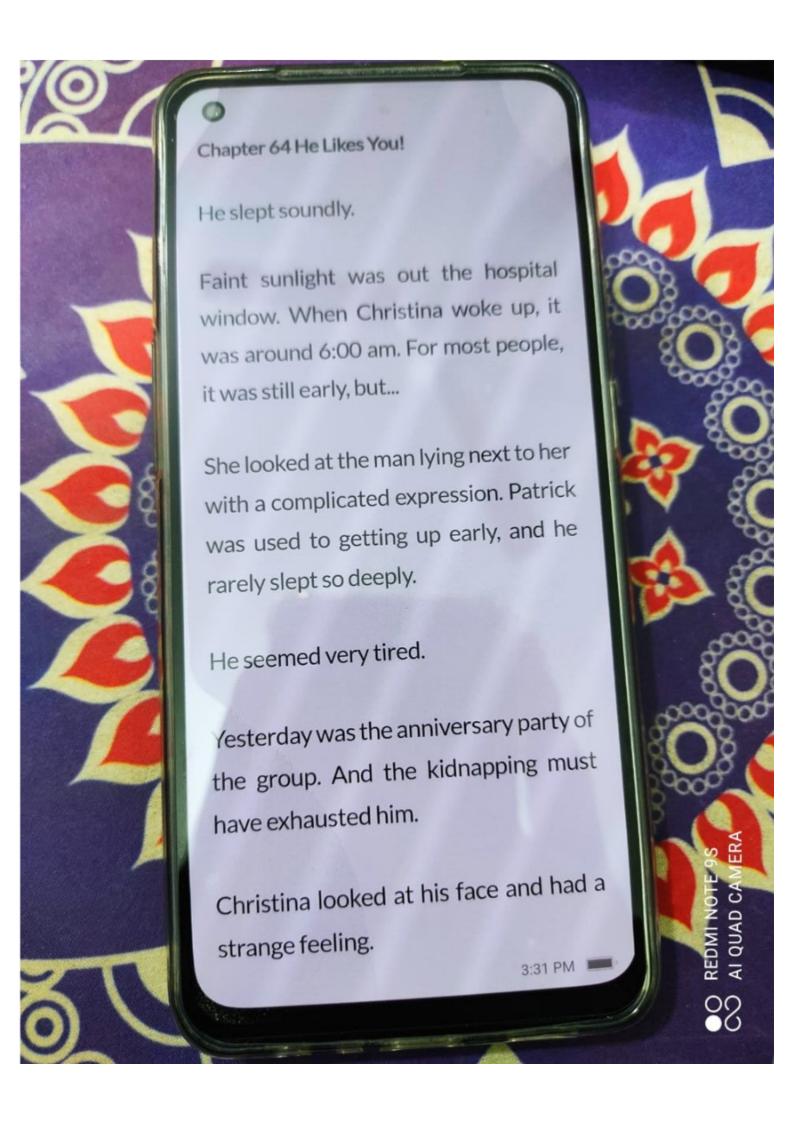
He just lay beside her, as if this was their bedroom.

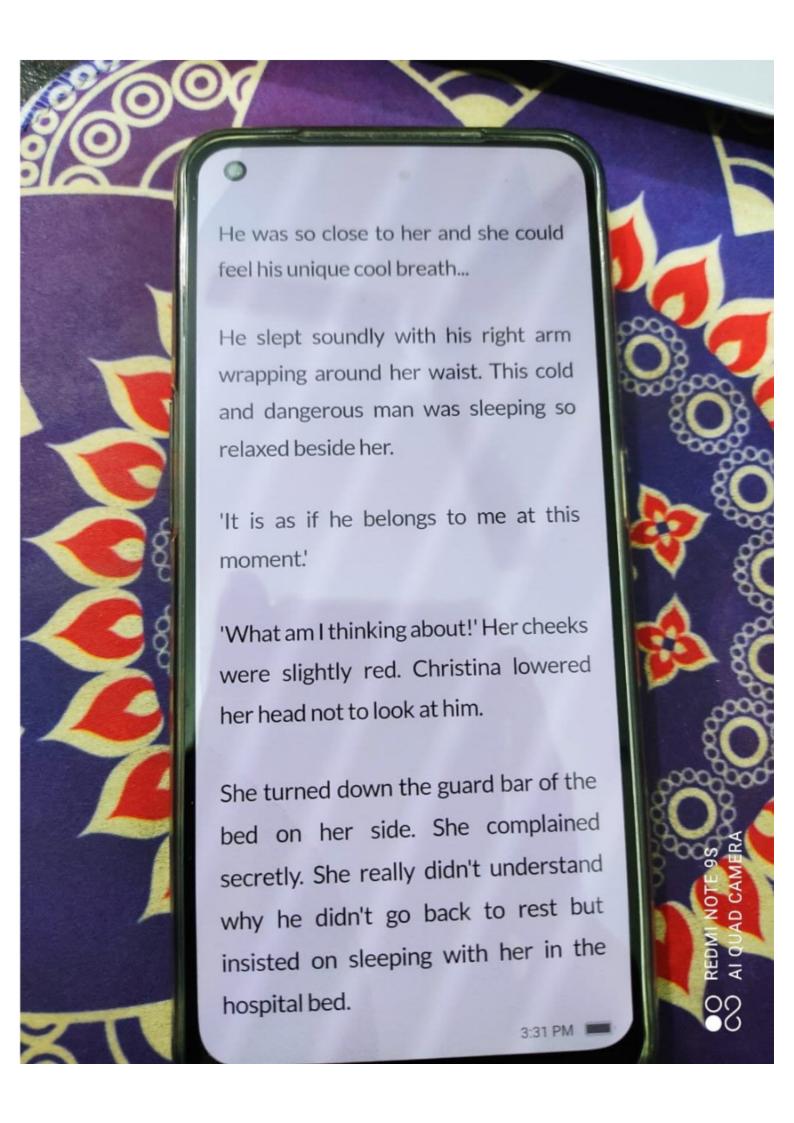
"Sleep." He just said one word in a low voice.

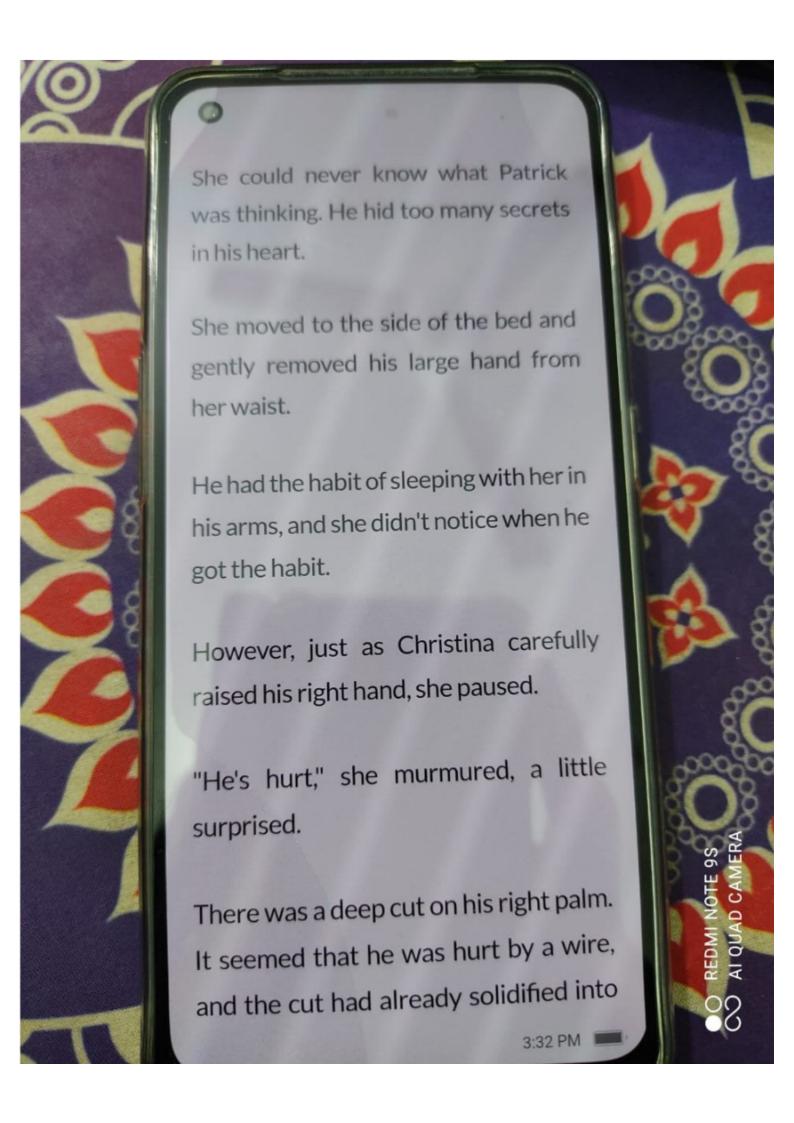
He didn't know how to express it. Since he didn't know, he simply didn't say it.

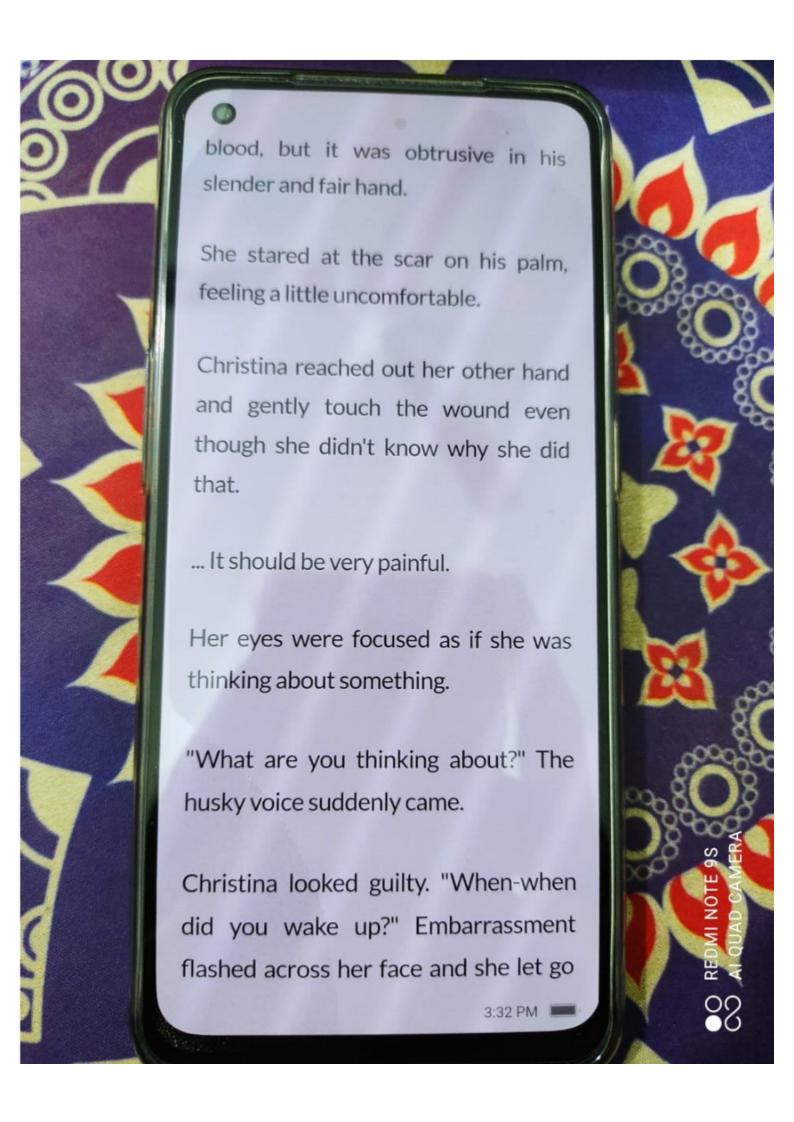
He naturally wrapped around her REDWAINTTEVENTING to hold her tightly in his ALOUAD CAMERA

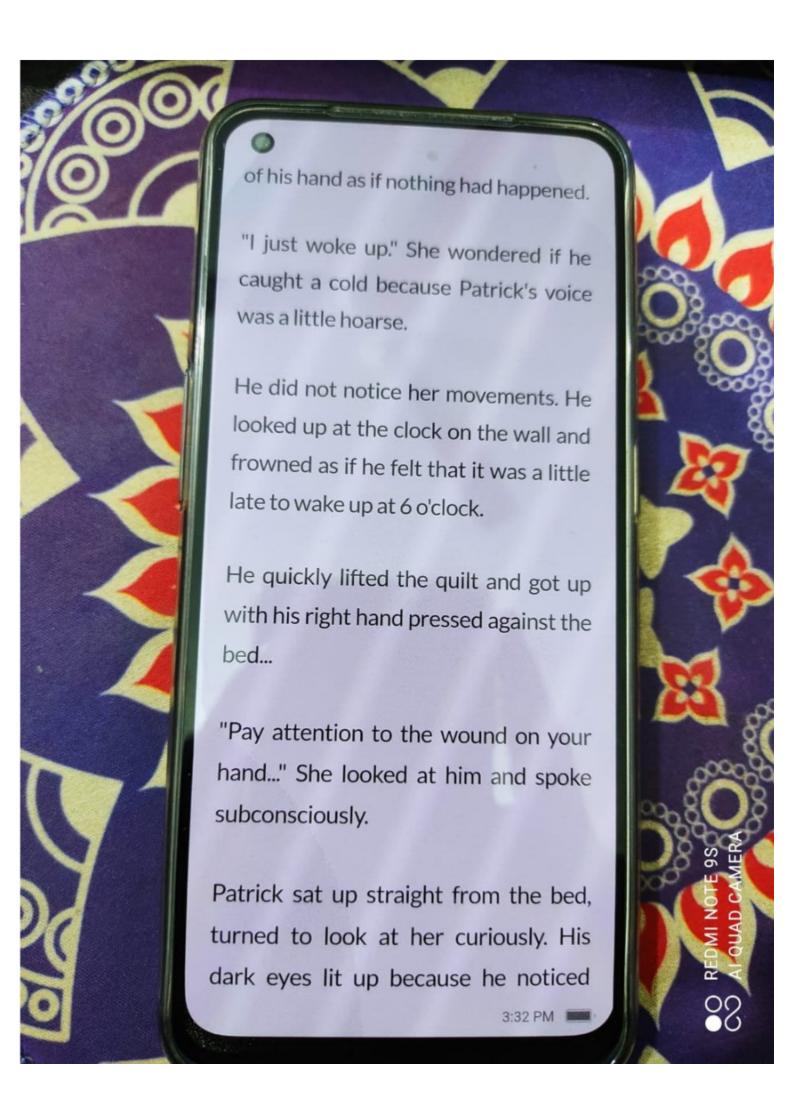


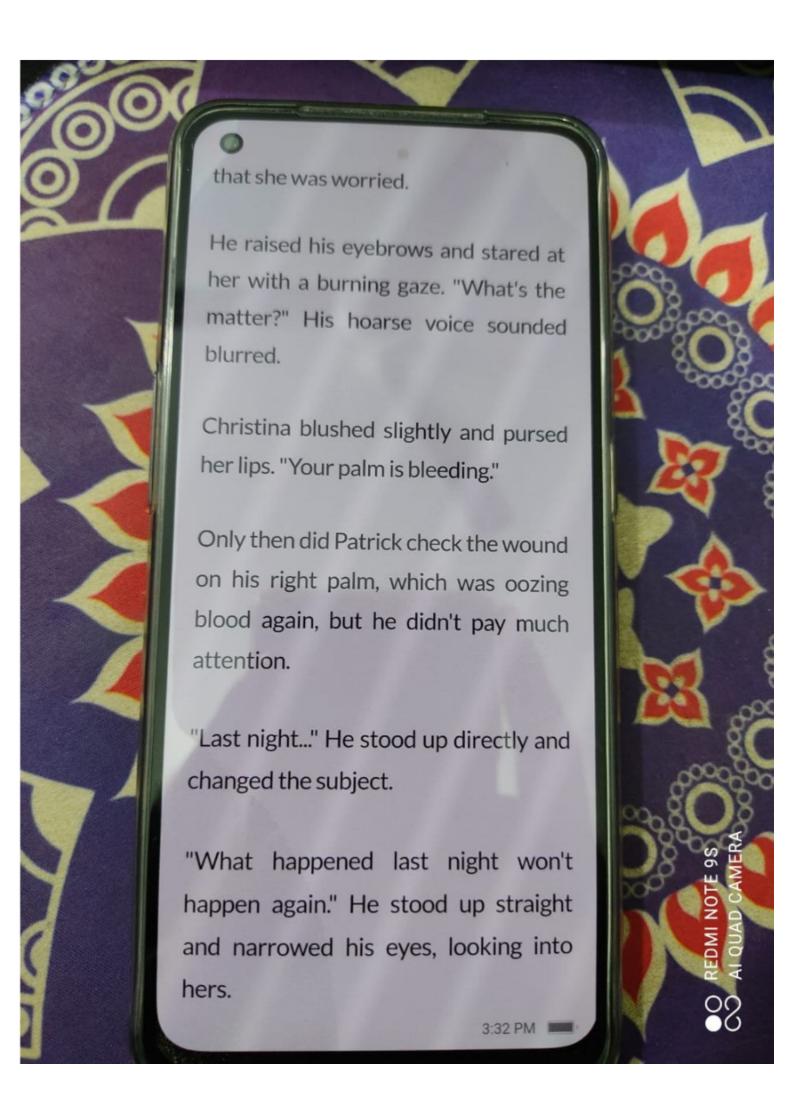


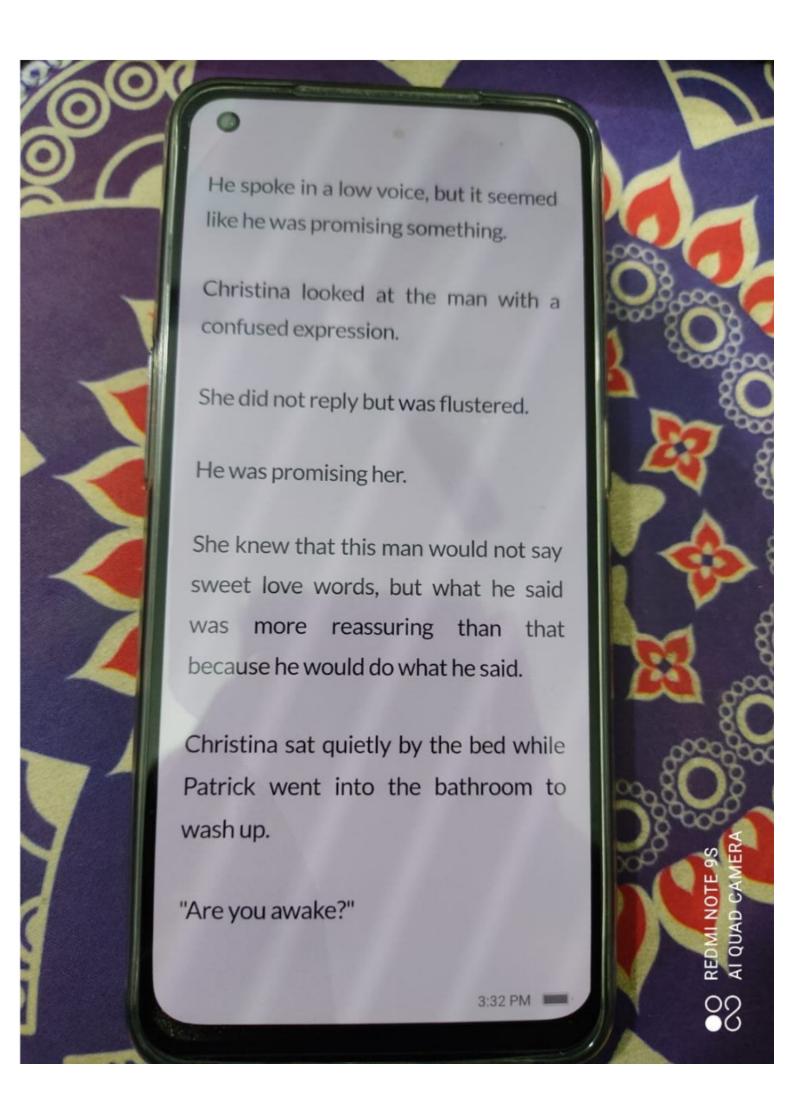


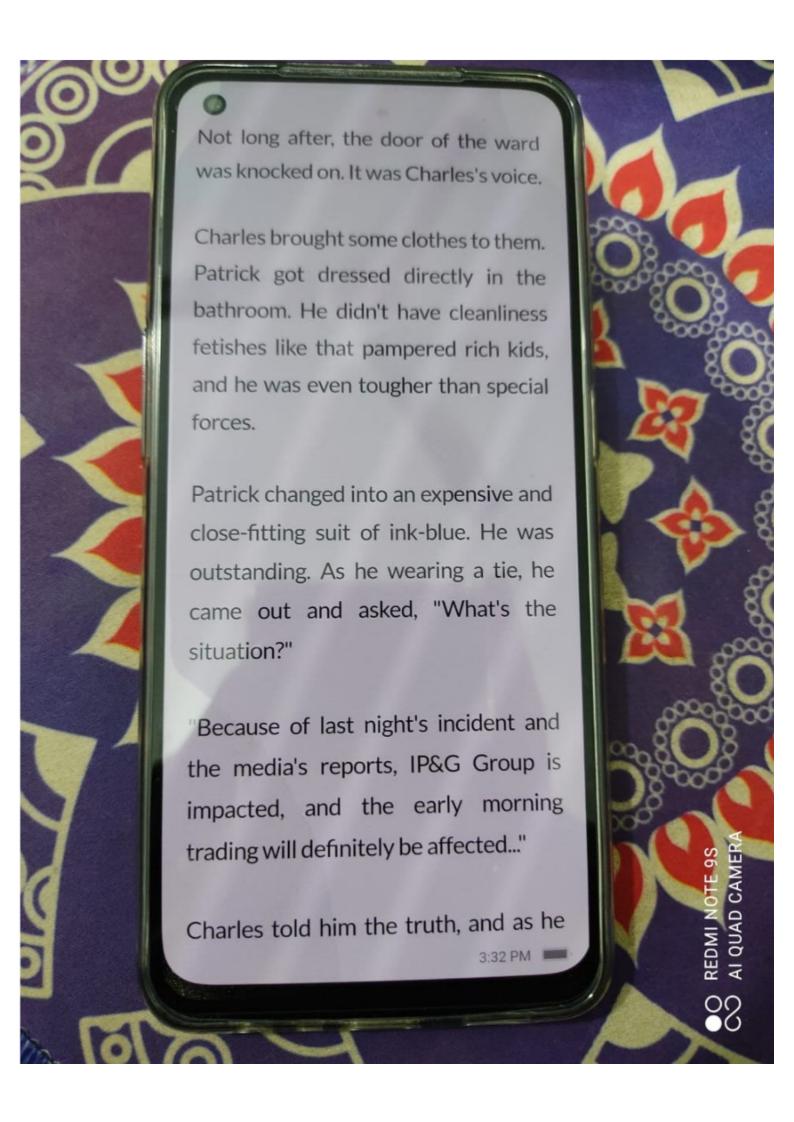


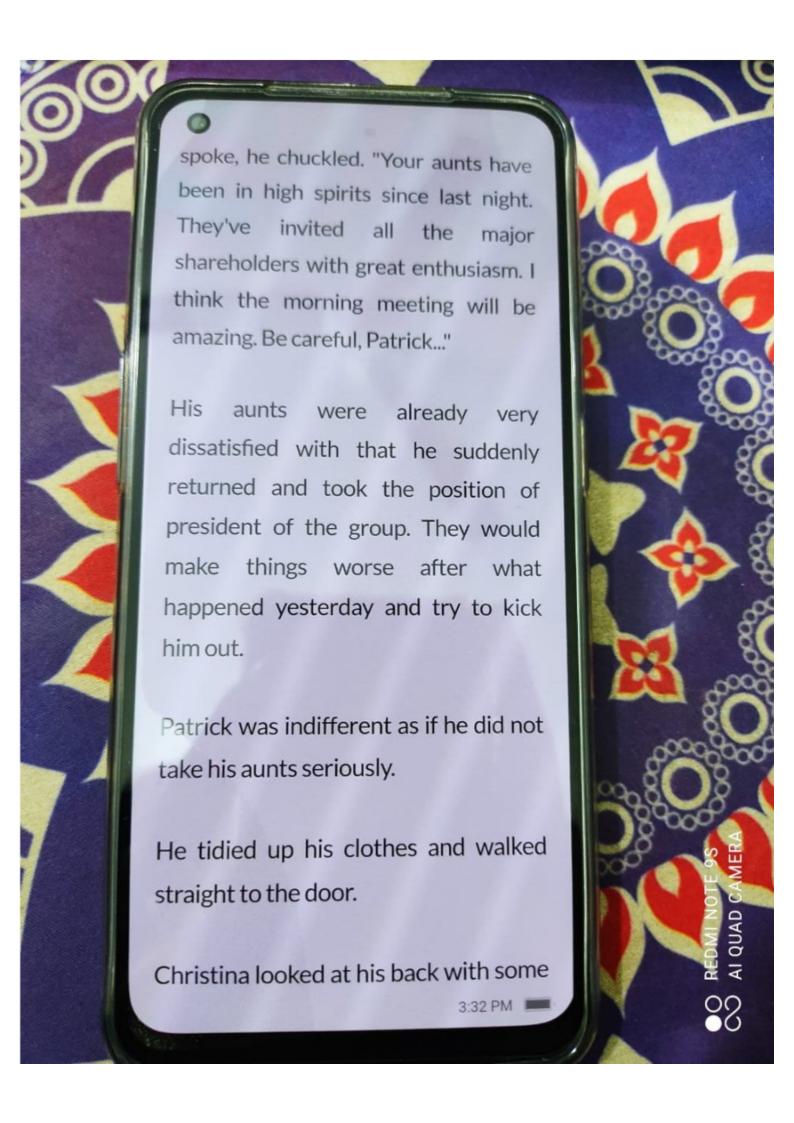


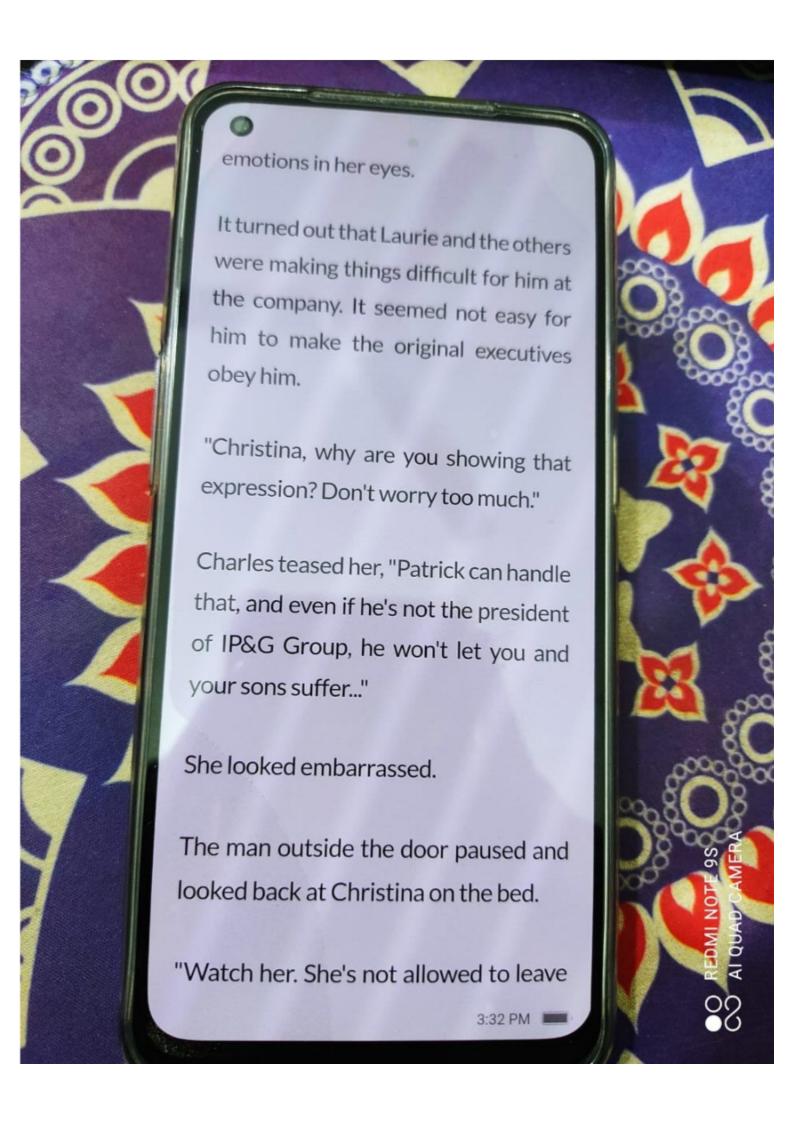


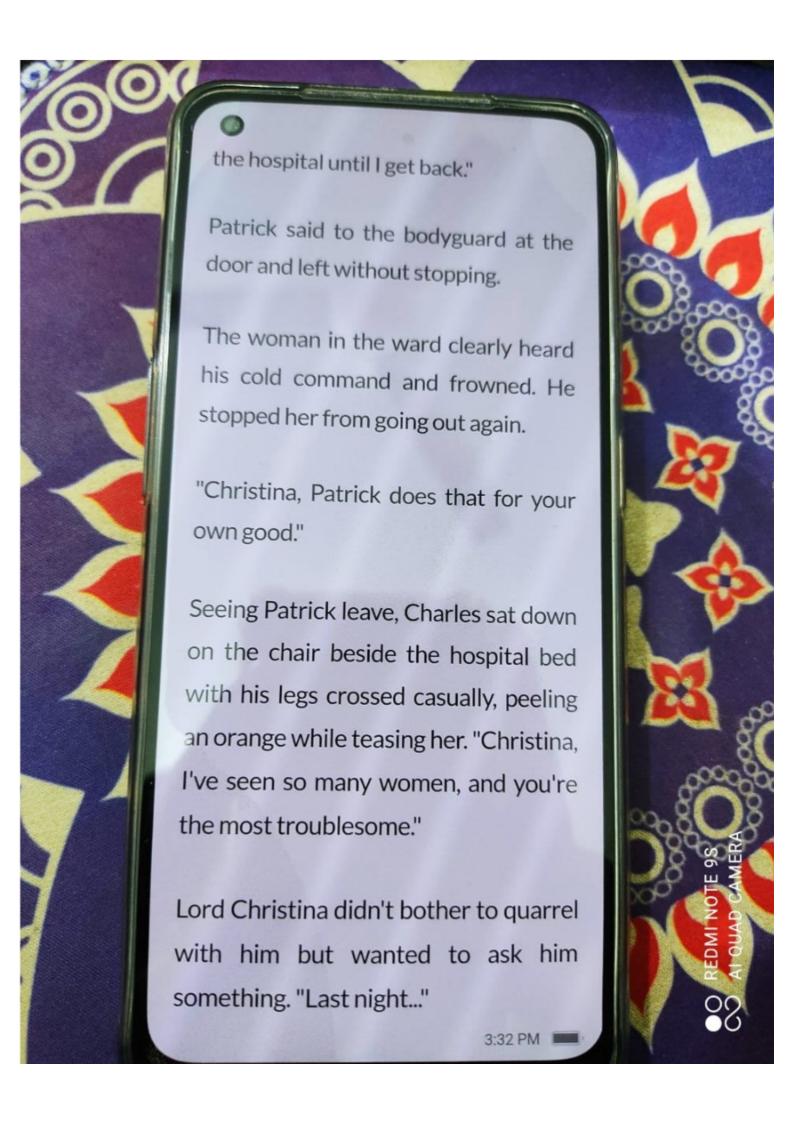


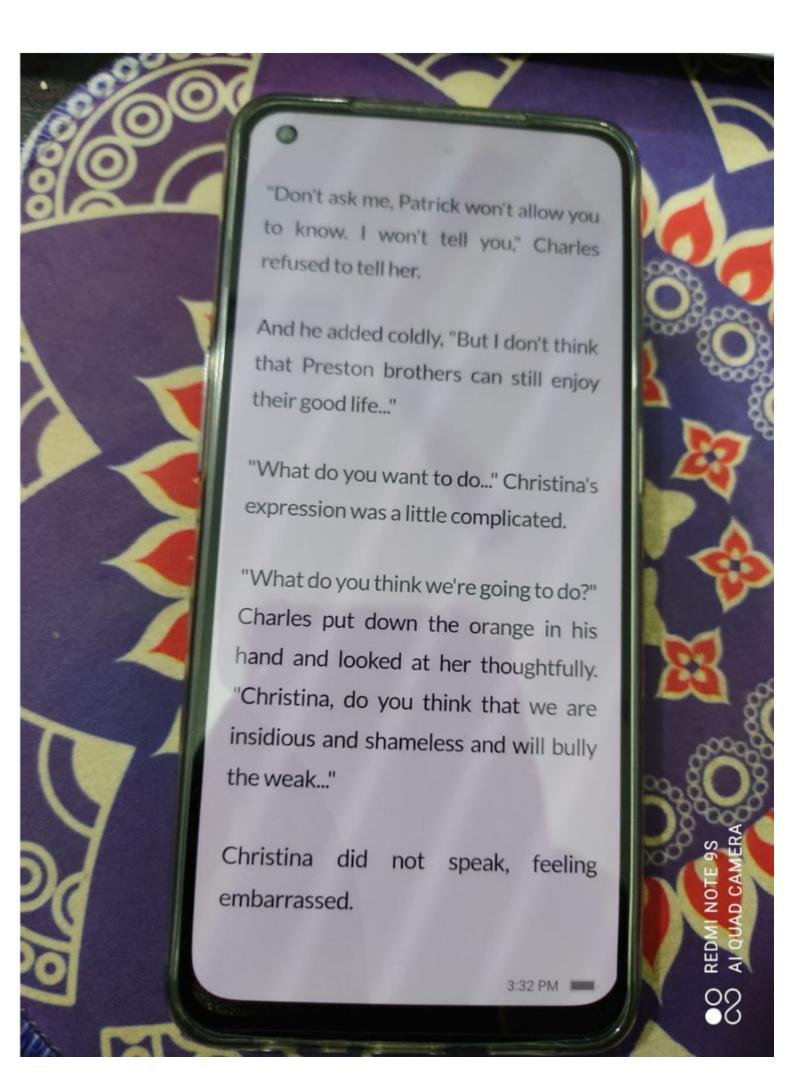


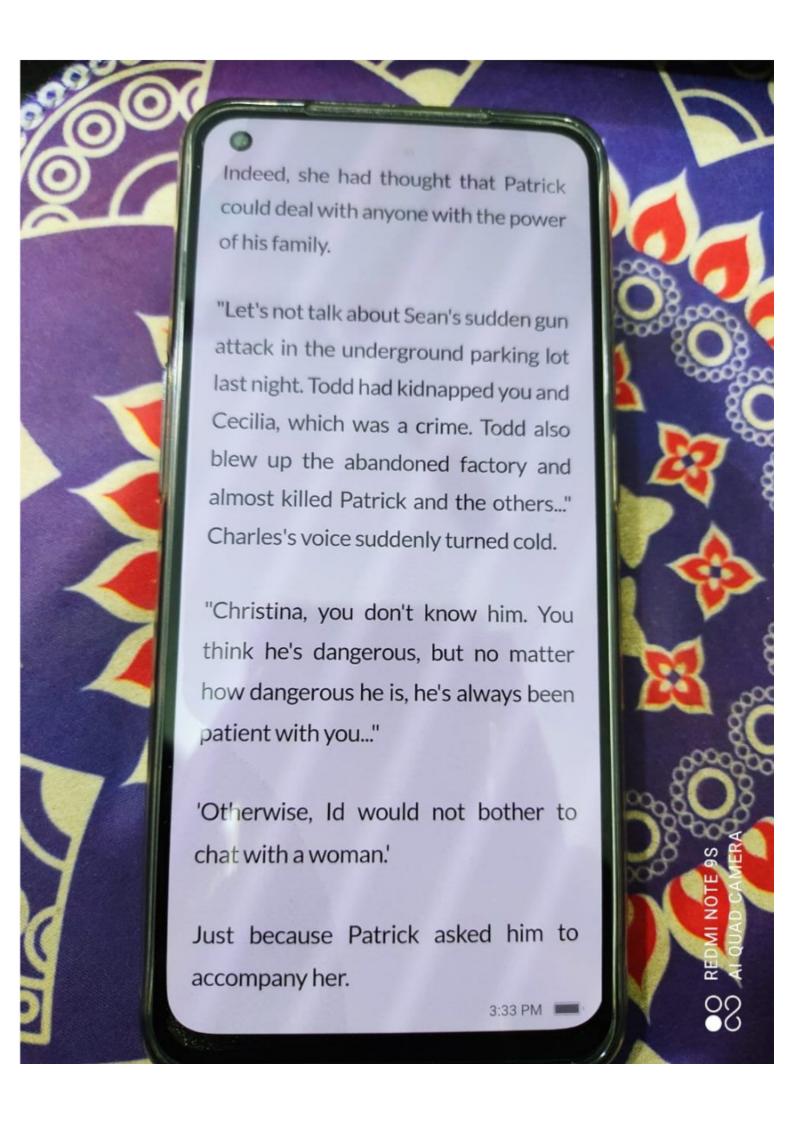


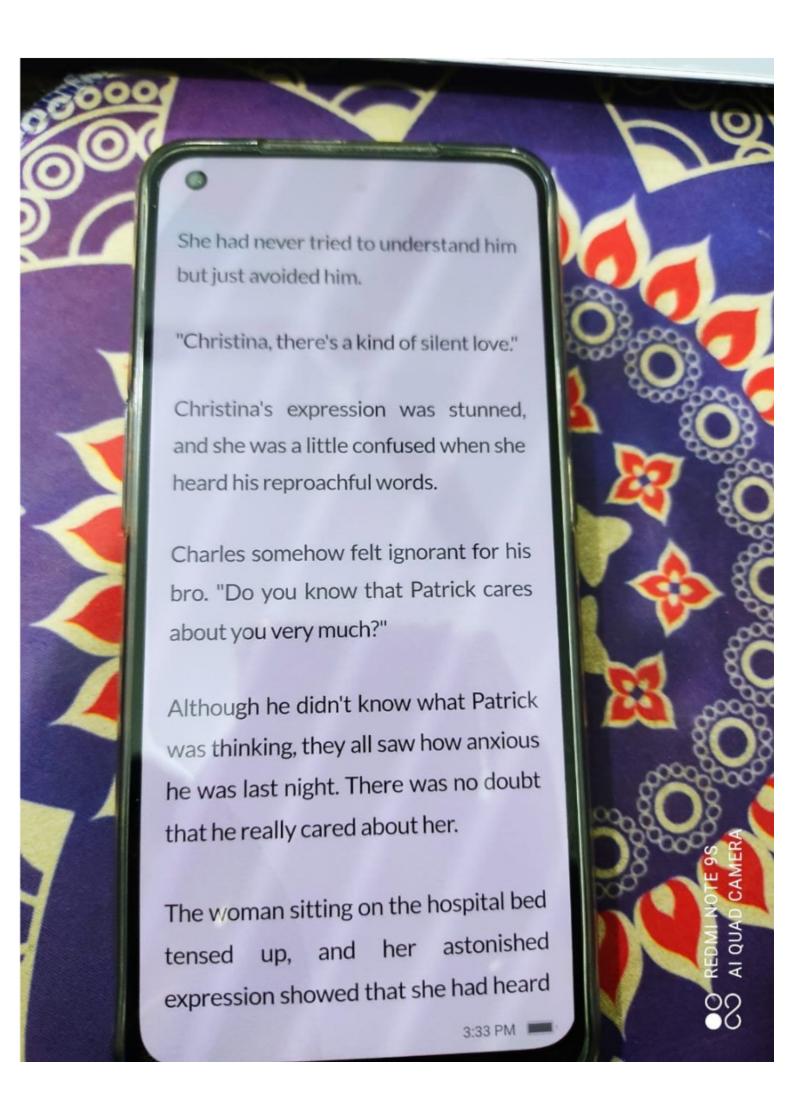


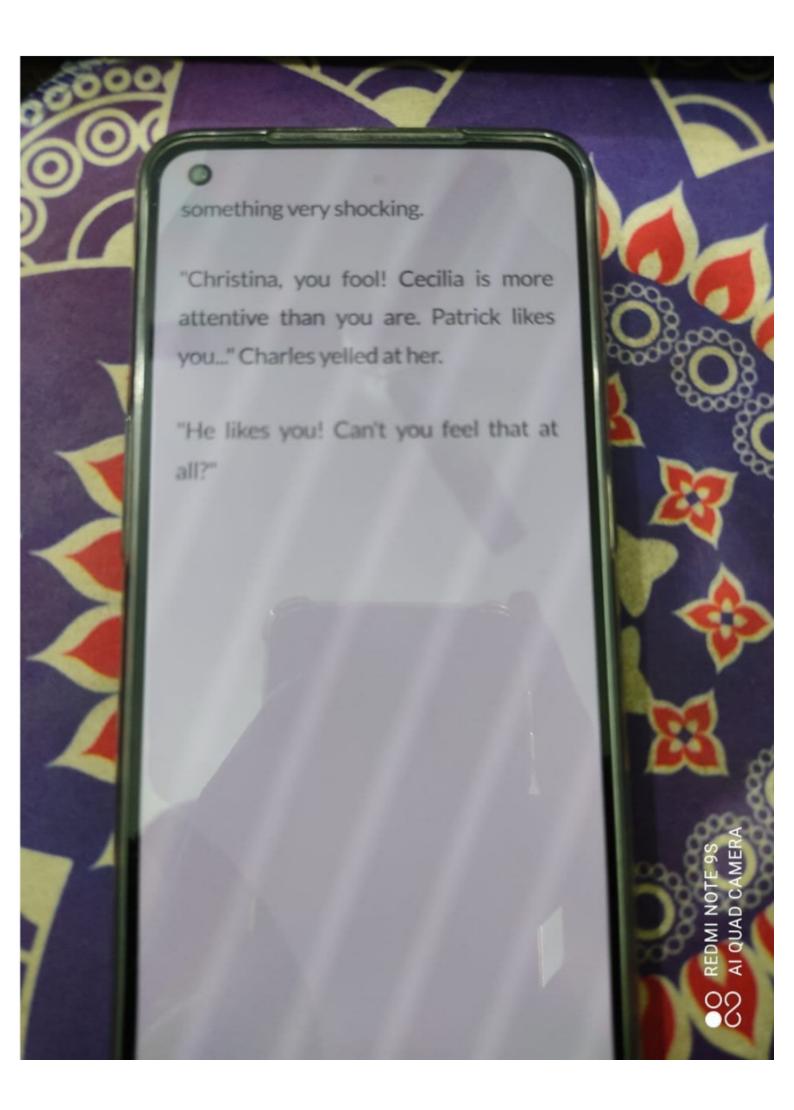


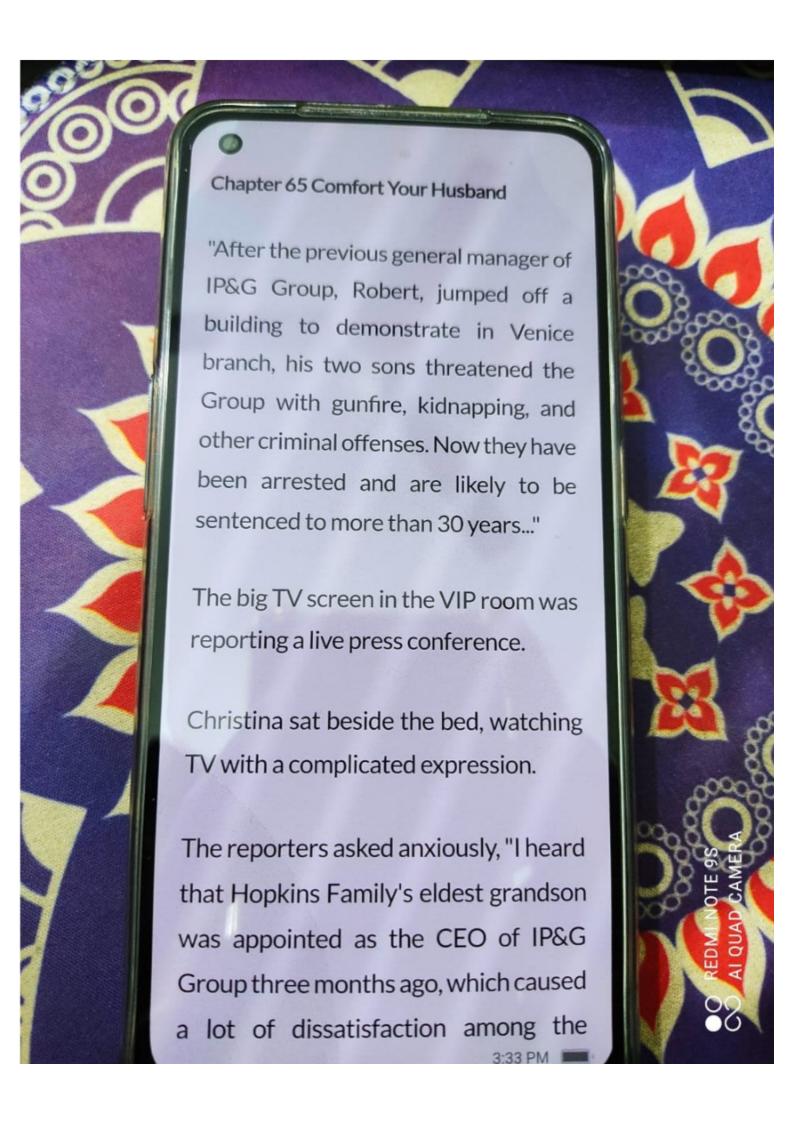


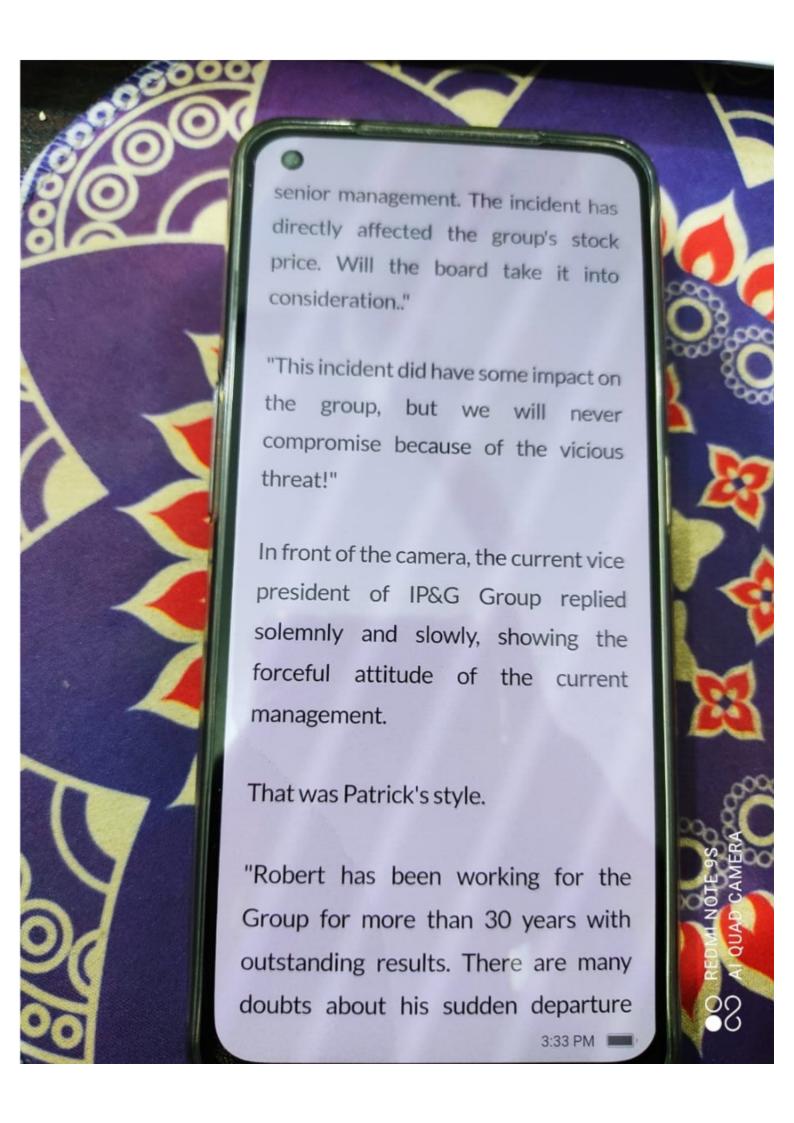


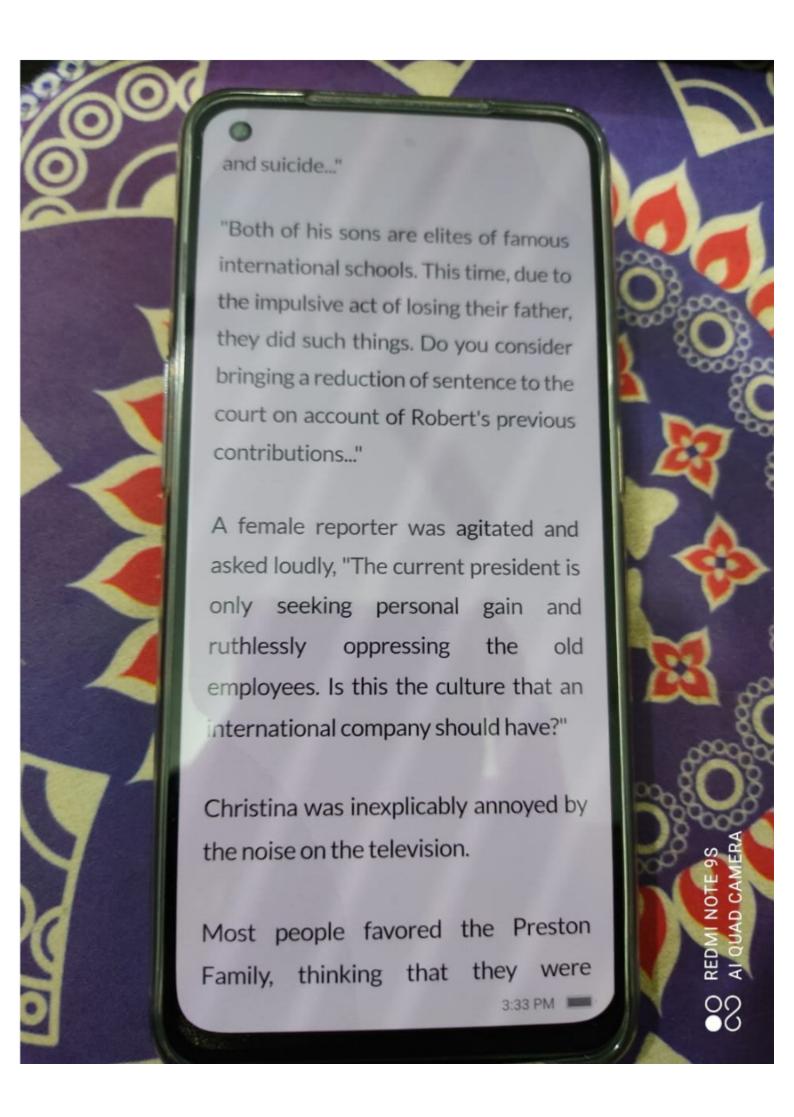


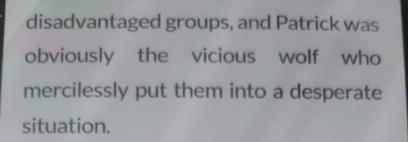












Picking up the remote control, she turned off the TV.

"Patrick..."

She sat on the bed in sorrow and murmured the familiar name.

What kind of person was Patrick?

Christina looked at the spacious ward with complicated eyes. There was no one else but her inside and four tall and sturdy bodyguards were guarding the door outside because she was grounded.

