

Chapter 97 Get Close to Him

"Where are you going?"

Crystal was so drunk that she rushed her fences. She grabbed Christina's arm with both hands and wouldn't let her go. "Christina, our issues haven't been resolved yet. Don't go."

Christina was speechless at her freaking action and tried to reason with her. "I'll make it clear to you tomorrow. Now..."

"Don't go!"

She simply held out. "Christina, tell me! When did you hook up with my big boss?!"

"She's going home to rest."

Behind them came a deep voice.

Crystal froze, everything in her eyes was spinning around as she looked at the grim face in front of her, but she let go of Christina's hand as if it were an instinctive reaction.

"Crystal drank a lot tonight..."

Christina looked back worriedly about her best friend.

But the man next to her was expressionless, staring at her coldly.

Christina decided to leave Crystal alone. Anyway, Patrick had already told the people in the villa to take care of her. No one would dare to hurt her.

"Don't try to put on a brave face to help others." He reminded lightly.

Christina pursed her lips, trying to refute, but she finally chose to remain silent.

She thought, in Patrick's opinion, most people were just 'others'. How many people could he value?

They walked out of Red Villa. It was now around 10 pm. The lights of the busy lane flickered. They walked side by side. Under the warm light, their long shadows were thrown to dependent on each other. There was a rare sense of harmony and warmth in the mist.

Christina looked down at their shadows on the ground. It was quiet all

around, and her heart beat a little faster for no reason. She rarely had a chance to wander around with him like this.

Maybe when they walked out of this alley, Patrick would call the driver to pick them up, but all of a sudden, Christina wished this alley to be longer, and she walked slower, slower...

All of a sudden, she felt something land on her shoulders, and she looked a little surprised. She looked up at the man on the left.

A black suit jacket was draped over her.

Naturally, he pulled her coat. "Don't move."

She felt the coat was warm, with his

temperature.

Christina didn't dare to refuse. It was probably the dim light on the street that brought a blush to her face.

"Patrick."

She still looked down at their shadows on the ground and whispered, "Patrick, why on earth did you become a teaching assistant at my school that year?"

The man next to her raised his eyebrows and looked at her slightly red cheeks.

She looked a little shy now. It was completely different from the first time he met her. She impressed him at that time.

That year, his father died of illness. He came back from the US to attend the funeral. He hadn't been back for a long time and found Hopkins Family strange and irritable.

That day, he went to C City for a good friend. He was wearing casual clothes and white headphones, listening to music while walking casually.

At sunset, the spacious alley in front of the First High School of C City looked very empty. Under the dusk, the solemn high school across the street, with fallen leaves falling down, was charged with a gloomy atmosphere.

He had no idea that under the old locust tree, at the corner, a girl would jump down from the middle of

somewhere.

He was so caught off guard that she broke into his world, and her soft and warm body fell straight on him.

There was a hazy beauty in the twilight at sunset, and he looked at her...

At that moment, he was stunned.

A strange thought even flashed through his mind. He thought he had bumped into an angel in Bouguereau's oil painting.

"Hey, you don't have your eyes on the road!"

However, the next second, her voice brought him back to his senses. She quickly got up from him and did not

apologize to him. Instead, she made him out to be the crazy one.

He was about to speak when the girl in front of him ran away without even looking at him, the victim.

He tidied up his clothes and stood under the old locust tree, looking at her running away. She was a little hasty, and then did he realize that she was nervous, but she was just trying to be brave.

It was not hard to figure it out, he was a little tangled, a little hesitant. Those days he was even more agitated, her figure kept flashing through his mind.

He just couldn't forget her...

Suddenly, he wanted to see her again.

He didn't know why, but he just wanted to.

"... I don't know."

The streetlights were dim and the night was quiet. He suddenly turned around, put his hands on her shoulders, and looked straight at her with his deep eyes. "Christina..." He whispered her name.

Christina was a little stunned. She asked him why he came to be a teaching assistant at her school, but he said he didn't know.

She opened her eyes slightly and watched him lean down and approach her. Her heart palpitated and she froze. His thin lips kissed hers lightly.

He wasn't as strong as he usually was,
and he even kissed her carefully.

"Don't be like this..."

She nervously pushed him away with a
deep blush and irregular heartbeat.

He suddenly stopped, he stared at her
eyes with an exasperated look. They
were so close to each other, and they
could even feel the other's breath.

"Christina, don't forget that you are my
wife now. How long will you keep me
waiting!"

He sounded so angry that was
confusing to Christina.

She had no idea that what Patrick was