

Chapter 126

They slept until 6 pm.

A maid knocking on the door woke them up.

"Yeah." Christina heard the voice and answered vaguely.

Nanny Faang had made dinner. Today Old Master Mr. Hopkins and the other would return home. They had to go to the Main Residence for dinner.

"Patrick, get up."

She was surprised that he slept so soundly but he was in high spirits this morning.

She shook him, then noticed that his

body temperature was high, and she immediately got up nervously. "Patrick, are you having a high fever?" She pressed her hand against his forehead, and her voice became irritable.

The man quickly opened his eyes. "I'm fine."

His voice was a little hoarse.

He took her hand away, sat up, and tried to get out of bed.

"You seem to easily have a very high fever these days." Christina crawled to him and wrapped her arms around his waist.

He might have just woken up, and his expression was a little stunned when she rested her hands around his waist.

He turned to look at her worried expression suspiciously. He reached out his palm and patted her on the head. "You made me angry and that's why I have a fever now." He seemed to tease her on purpose.

But Christina didn't find it funny at all. Instead, she thought that he deliberately changed the subject.

"Patrick, I'm telling you, you have to see a doctor to take medicine when you're sick. Don't let people tell you about the common sense of life all day. It was the same last time. You worked overtime when you had a high fever..."

He had gotten out of bed, tidied up his clothes, listening to the woman nagging.

He walked up to her and went out of the bedroom with her in his arms. "Christina, it's not easy for you to finally learn to care about your husband."

Christina was so angry that she wanted to kick him.

They got to the dining room of the Main Residence. Old Master Mr. Hopkins and Judy had sat down. Barbara was here. She looked up and smiled at them. On the other side, Brianna seemed timid and sat straight.

There was not much emotion on Patrick's face. After they sat down, the housekeeper on the side immediately motioned for the maid to serve.

"Miss Parker, I'm so sorry." When Nanny Faang served soup, the chronic disease of her right hand relapsed and her hand trembled, so the soup was spilled out.

"It's okay." Barbara didn't care. Instead, she stood up and took the spoon from Nanny Faang's hand. "Let me do it. I'm not an outsider." She smiled amiably.

"Grandpa, eat more." Barbara personally ladled a bowl of Ginseng Soup for the old man.

Old Master Mr. Hopkins grunted softly, looking worried, without appetite.

Judy, on the other hand, was obviously very friendly with Barbara. She was very happy to take the Ginseng Soup

from Barbara and casually asked, "As you are transferred back to A City to work, have you made arrangements for your house?"

"Barbara, you transferred back to A City from Seattle?" The old man suddenly looked up, as if he was concerned about this matter.

The other maids came over to serve the soup. Barbara sat down calmly and began to eat. Looking at the old man, she replied, "Yes, the work has been handed over. If there is no accident, I should have been developing my career at home."

Judy's smile grew brighter hearing this. "It's good to stay at home. After all, you had to look after Derek in the first place."

"Don't talk about business while eating."

Old Master Mr. Hopkins suddenly interrupted their conversation in a deep voice.

Judy immediately dialed it down and ate peacefully, while Christina did not dare to say a word at the table. Occasionally, she glanced at the man beside her. Patrick ate like he was working, expressionless.

"Barbara, do you have any plans after you are back?"

"Brianna like you so much. You can come to the Hopkinses to accompany her often. Otherwise, according to her temper, she might not be able to make

friends."

After dinner, they went to the living room for tea and fruit. Judy talked with Barbara.

Christina was pregnant and she couldn't drink tea. When passing by, she heard the two women laughing and talking. She would have thought Patrick's elegant and beautiful mother was a kind person if the woman hadn't always given her a cold shoulder.

"When did I offend her?" Christina had reflected more than once.

Like her, Patrick didn't like to stay in the living room. He went straight to the study.

"I don't even dare to ask now."

Invincible Tina said, "I don't want to argue with him."

Christina walked out of the living room and did not want to stay in the bedroom. She ran to the backyard of the garden and sat down. A full moon hung high above her head, which seemed like a happy reunion. But for today's dinner, she felt embarrassed.

She didn't appreciate the flowers and the moon, so she took out her cell phone to kill time.

She happened to see Crystal sending her some new messages on WhatsApp, saying that a new boss would come to the company tomorrow, and she was a little excited.

Pig Is Rising texted, "Christina, don't mess with Mark anymore. You didn't see that day. He was really nervous. I heard later that they found you in the Clifton District, he was relieved."

Thinking of yesterday, Crystal felt shocked.

Pig Is Rising said, "Christina, I'm speechless. You are kind to take the child home. How did you get lost by yourself? Fortunately, you are fine. Otherwise, I think your husband will turn the A City upside down."

Christina looked at the screen of her phone, she looked gloomy with a surge of emotion surging in her heart.

She knew that he cared about her.

Pig Is Rising said, "The executive parachutes tomorrow is Barbara. Isn't she the imaginary rival you're talking about?"

Invincible Tina replied, "I didn't say she was my rival. I just thought her relationship with Patrick was weird."

Pig Is Rising said, "Christina, don't worry. Barbara is quite decent. When I was studying in the united states, I had worked in the Seattle branch for half a year as an intern. Although I was not qualified to directly contact Miss Parker, who had a good reputation in the company."

Crystal thought about it and remembered another thing. "By the way, I heard that Barbara is very devoted. Her boyfriend was seriously

ill and has been unconscious in Seattle private hospital for several years. She goes to the hospital every day to take care of him, waiting for him to wake up."

"Barbara's boyfriend?"

After finished chatting with Crystal, Christina found that it was getting late, she got up and prepared to go back to his bedroom.

She clutched her phone in her right hand and frowned. "Charles never mentioned her boyfriend. I've been at Seattle hospital for so long. Why haven't I heard of him?"

Patrick's study was next door to their bedroom. Christina heard some noise when she went to the staircase.

The study door seemed to be opened impatiently. "I know you came back for Derek. I will definitely find him." It was Patrick's voice, but it was too far for her to hear clearly.

Christina slowed down and stood at the corner of the stairs, looking furtively at the study.

"Patrick, what did grandpa say to you?"

"You're the one I'm worried about."

Chapter 127

At seven in the morning, Christina was woken up by Nanny Faang.

The general meaning was that both Old Master Mr. Hopkins and Judy were in the Hopkinses now, it was not suitable for them to sleep late in the morning. Otherwise, this would be gossiped about and was a bad influence.

"I'll pay attention in the future."

Christina was very grateful to Nanny Faang for her warning. After all, she should behave properly when his elders were back.

She went into the bathroom to wash up quickly, changed her clothes, and

rushed to the Main Residence...

"Barbara, how did you sleep last night?"

Christina stopped at the gate and listened to the small sound coming from inside. Suddenly, she somehow had mixed feelings.

Barbara spent the night in the Hopkinses last night...

Christina knew she shouldn't be imagining things. There were so many guest rooms in the Hopkinses anyway. But judging by the rules of the Hopkinses, they didn't seem to like to invite an outsider to stay overnight.

Was Barbara an outsider?

"Barbara, you're not an outsider after all. Why don't you just stay with the Hopkinses and don't bother to find somewhere else to live? Brianna and I like you too..." It was Judy's voice, who seemed to be in a good mood.

Barbara was a little embarrassed, she then declined politely, "Grandpa has set rules. It's not convenient for me to stay."

Judy said confidently, "You don't have to worry about that. Patrick promised to take good care of you. You can tell him about it. It'll surely be ok..."

Patrick promised to take good care of her...

"Young madam."

Suddenly, the maid who passed by the door called out.

The two women in the living room immediately turned around to Christina. All of a sudden, everyone looked at each other with embarrassment.

"What kind of manner is this? Hiding and eavesdropping..." Judy's voice immediately cooled down, and the look in her eyes was also unfriendly, "The Dickens Family has raised such a daughter like you."

Christina was angry, and she tried to retort. But she pursed her lips and held back.

They chatted so loudly, and it turned out to be she was the one

eavesdropping rudely.

It seemed that every time she bumped into Judy, Judy showed her with no kindness. Christina lowered her head and hesitated at the gate, feeling a little reluctant to go in.

"Christina, hurry up and get ready for breakfast."

Barbara greeted her with a usual smile.

"What are you doing standing here?"

At this moment, a familiar figure behind Christina stepped closer.

Patrick naturally put his right hand around her waist, looked down at her, and saw she was angry. He asked, "Still feel sleepy after being woken up?"

She looked up at the man next to her, blamed him for all her unhappiness, and complained in a low voice, "It's all you. Why didn't you wake me up?"

Patrick raised his eyebrows slightly. This woman was truly unhappy.

"Let's eat."

Behind them, Old Master Mr. Hopkins walked slowly into the main dining room. Everyone then sat down accordingly.

Just like last night, the atmosphere at the meal table was heavy, everyone did not speak much. They even got so cautious when eating, and did not dare to make it too loud.

However, Christina noticed that Old Master Mr. Hopkins felt much better this morning, at least he was not as grim as yesterday.

According to Nanny Faang, Patrick was summoned to Beiyuan by his grandfather early in the morning.

The grandfather and grandson might have talked about the group. There were rumors spread at a time when Patrick was seriously injured after the car accident, and grandpa had been concerned about it. But Christina thought that what grandpa cared most was not the company, but Patrick.

What was grandpa doing in Seattle for more than a month?

She still wanted to know. While she

was thinking about it, suddenly the Old Master Mr. Hopkins glanced at her, which frightened Christina. She immediately lowered her head with guilt, and quickly fed herself with a spoon of porridge.

"Eat slowly."

The man beside her frowned and handed her a clean handkerchief.

Christina blushed slightly and did not even dare to raise her head. She took it silently and wiped the corners of her lips casually.

"What, are you afraid of grandpa?"

Patrick looked down at her. Her thoughts were easily guessed, as the thoughts were almost visible on her

face.

Christina felt more panicked when he asked so. She replied, "No."

She then turned around, grabbed a glass of milk casually, pretended to be thirsty. She then drank the milk fastly as if she had no time to talk to him.

"Christina, there's another serving of milk. Do you want it?"

Sitting opposite her, Barbara saw that her half-glass milk had been drunk out. Barbara smiled and handed over the milk in front of herself.

Looking at the well-dressed woman in front of her, Christina honestly didn't want to pick up the things she handed over. So Christina smiled back, "Thank

you. I've been enjoying milk a lot lately."
She gave a too far-fetching reason.

"Christina, don't choke my son... Drink slowly."

Patrick glared at her angrily, picked up another clean handkerchief, leaned close to her lips, and told her in a low voice. The woman even looked like an amateur when she was pretending.

"What happened?"

After breakfast, Christina left the table and ran to the lotus pond. She then leaned on the railing, looking at the blooming lotus in a gloomy mood.

Behind her came the familiar low voice, it was Patrick stepping towards her.

"Nothing."

She did not look back and replied sullenly.

"Christina..." He turned her over with both hands and looked her in the eyes. This woman was drooping her head and was obviously unhappy. "The doctor said that the mood of the pregnant woman would affect the intelligence of the fetus..."

"I also think I'm not smart enough."

It was rare for her not to talk back. She then leaned forward and her forehead hit directly against his chest. She felt a little frustrated, "Patrick, I feel like... I'm really stupid."

This made him laugh out loud.

"Why are you laughing? I'm telling you the truth." She raised her head and glared at him gloomily.

Yesterday, grandpa and the others returned to their home country suddenly. Grandpa called Patrick to talk. She knew it must be for something very important. Patrick didn't want to tell her. She then asked Barbara naturally.

"Didn't Patrick tell you?" Yesterday Barbara asked her back naturally.

This sentence didn't mean anything, but when Barbara said that, she was naturally doubly shocked. Wasn't this insinuating that Barbara was surprised at Patrick not telling her.

"So she didn't know either... Then why did she use that tone?" She buried her face in Patrick's chest and murmured.

Last night at the stairwell, Christina heard clearly that Barbara was asking Patrick what his grandfather had told him. So it clearly showed that Barbara knew nothing either.

"What's wrong exactly?"

Patrick didn't think much about it. Instead, he felt funny seeing that this woman threw herself into his arms early in the morning and knocked her forehead on his chest.

"Patrick, I think I'm getting pettier and pettier."

She looked very depressed. After

thinking about it, she thought Barbara probably didn't mean it either. Being jealous was not the true her, "Hey, maybe my son influenced me."

Hearing that she unreasonably blamed her unborn son for the mistakes, Patrick smiled and smoothed her long hair, "It's boring at home... There's a company orientation party at Fire Club tonight. Do you want to go?"

Chapter 128

At the company's welcoming party...

"I don't know those people in the group."

Christina was a little frustrated. She had never worked since she graduated from college and felt that she had left behind society. "I am a disgraceful illiterate."

After thinking for a while, she hugged her man and rubbed him with her hands. "Patrick, after I give birth to my son, I want to work like Barbara..."

"You want to be a senior executive like Barbara?"

Patrick gazed down at her frustrated

face, chuckled, and said with disagreeing, "Christina, I don't think you'll ever learn that."

"Don't underestimate me. I graduated from a prestigious school too!"

Seeing her indignant expression, Patrick thought that she was a little persistent. After thinking about it, he told her seriously, "You don't need to be like her..."

As soon as he said that, the servants from the corridor rushed over. "Young Master Patrick, Old Master is waiting for you in the car."

"Patrick, you have to work hard to make money. You have a wife and a son to raise. Go quickly."

Christina pushed him, telling him to hurry, lest the Old Master become impatient.

"I'll send a car to pick you up for the Fire Club's welcoming party. Don't go alone, you hear me?" Before Patrick left, he did not forget to warn her.

"Got it."

She continued to stoop over the fence by the lotus pond, and as she watched the man in front of her walk away, she felt a little emotional.

There was a saying that one of the reasons why there were so many divorces in modern society was that modern couple were not like the couple in the old days who worked together in the mountains, whose

learning and understanding were synchronized.

In modern times, one of the two had been in contact with new things and was improving, while the other had stopped, which created a gap between the two, and they gradually were not on the same track.

His man was too good, which made Christina worried.

Originally, she didn't like this ice-like man, thinking that she was just forced to remarry for her pregnancy and forced to give birth, which was just a deal.

She didn't know since when she was loath to part with him, was attached to him, was worried and afraid the

distance between the two of them was greater. Then, she would never catch up with him.

Pig Is Rising: [Christina, do pregnant women have hormonal disorders and like to think nonsense.]

Crystal slacked off at work and secretly chatted with her via WhatsApp. [Although Mark is outstanding, he doesn't seem to be a man who has an affair.]

Invincible Tina: [Life is so long, how do I know whether that ice-like man will betray me? Of course, I have to be vigilant.]

Pig Is Rising: [Forget it, he's had enough troubles marrying you... And look, you changed the name of my wise and

powerful boss into some bullshit name as Antarctic Ice Cube. He didn't even complain. Dead Christina, don't try to ruin his lofty temperament all the time, okay?]

Christina felt that this woman had been blinded by his charm and that she had scolded her for him regardless of their friendship.

Invincible Tina: [Patrick isn't as good as you think he is. He's so fierce when he's angry.]

Pig Is Rising: [That was because you, a wife who didn't do anything, made him angry. If anyone else dares to make him angry, he probably won't even be angry and just let someone kick him out.]

But Crystal thought about it.

Christina's worry was reasonable. Who she married was Patrick. Gods knew it was good luck or bad luck.

Pig Is Rising: [It's rare for Mark to let you know his friends. You have to take the initiative to blend in. Connections, you know? For people like us who were in this society, connections are priceless. You have to go to the welcoming party.]

After a long conversation with Crystal, Christina felt that what this unreliable classmate Crystal said made sense. She threw her phone on the bed and ran to the cloakroom to select clothes for tonight's party.

Around 5 pm, Patrick sent someone to pick her up to the Fire Club bar.

Perhaps it was because she once went to the wrong floor, so the two bodyguards who were watching her were on full alert and insisted on seeing her to the top.

She came early. Old Master Mr. Hopkins went to the company today, and there was probably a board meeting, so when she reached the top, the huge space was quiet.

Bored, she turned around and found several emergency openings. The bar staff was placing food in the middle of the buffet. She was not hungry and continued walking.

Suddenly, a familiar figure rushed over.

"Be careful -"

Christina reacted quickly. Seeing that the woman in front of her seemed to have sprained her high heels and jumped forward, she subconsciously wanted to help her.

However, the impact was a little strong when she jumped over. Almost out of instinct, Christina quickly squatted down, lowered her center of gravity, and supported herself with her right hand back to the floor at the same time. She could not let herself fall.

"Thank you."

Soon, the woman in front of her was also caught on.

"What happened to you, Barbara? Are you okay?"

Christina saw her take a step back with a complicated look, and the corners of her eyes seemed to be wet. Had she cried?

Barbara stood up with an embarrassed expression and didn't want to elaborate. "Nothing. I think I just saw an acquaintance. I chased him, but he ignored me..."

Her voice lowered, and when she looked down, she saw that Christina's right palm seemed to be bleeding since she was trying to help her.

"Your hand..." She said.

"Christina!"

Suddenly, an aggressive voice shouted at them.

"Please don't run around. You're heavily pregnant. If you die, we would be in big trouble too. Why are you lying on the ground? What if Patrick sees you later..."

As soon as Charles came over, he saw her lying on the cold floor with one hand, so he scolded her.

However, when he came closer, he was even angrier. "Damn you, Christina, you came here to bring troubles for me, didn't you?"

Before Christina could explain, Charles frowned. He turned around and shouted at the manager of the bar. "Call someone who knows nursing."

"I'm fine."

"Christina, you'd better wish that Patrick would be blind and wouldn't see it!" Charles glared at her.

Christina felt guilty and shut up.

The manager of the bar rushed over with the medicine box and led Christina into one of the private rooms to disinfect and bandage the wound on her right palm.

"She just wanted to give me a hand. Her palm probably hit the fire-resistant metal sensor buckle in the corner of the floor. There's no need..." Barbara was surprised to see Charles act like this.

She chuckled. "Don't be so dramatic. It's just a little bruise."

"A little bruise."

Charles glared at the private door on the left, heartbroken. "Barbara, you don't know what's going on... If Patrick sees her bleeding, he'll be heartbroken."

Chapter 129

"Mr. Hopkins, you're coming..."

The door to the top floor of Fire Club was opened, and a man walked in slowly. Ignoring the flattering voices around him, he raised his eyes and looked around, and walked directly to the semicircular bar on the east side.

"Patrick, is Grandpa coming with the other shareholders?"

As soon as Barbara turned around, she saw the man walking toward her and asked with a smile.

"Grandpa doesn't like bars," Patrick replied faintly. Before the words were out of his mouth, he suddenly frowned and lowered his voice. "What

happened to your hand?"

Patrick stared fixedly at Christina's hand. But Christina immediately hid her hands behind her back.

"What's going on?"

How could Patrick let her go so easily? He looked at the woman with dark eyes and grabbed her right hand, which was wrapped in white gauze.

"Nothing."

Christina did not want to explain and tried to withdraw her hand, but Patrick clasped her wrist.

"Her palms are a little bruised," Charles said innocently. He had known that Patrick would blame him, so he took a

sip from his glass and did not forget to emphasize, "Christina hurt herself."

Patrick deliberately pressed his finger on the wound. Christina strained her face as stinging pain came from the wound and her brow furrowed a little, which made Patrick even more irritated.

"I've told you this morning to wait and I would send someone to pick you up. You didn't listen to me."

"It's because of me." Barbara smiled awkwardly and she wasn't expected that Patrick would become angry so easily.

"Patrick, don't blame Christina. She was holding me up, so her palm hit the fire-sensitive metal buckle on the

floor..."

"I'd love to."

Christina, not knowing what mood she was in, darkened her face and muttered.

It means that her injury had nothing to do with him, nor did she need Barbara to intercede for her.

"Christina!"

Patrick's face was a little gloomy. He bent down, put his hands on her shoulders, and pressed his lips against her ears. He said angrily, "How many times have I told you not to flaunt your superiority."

"I didn't hurt my son."

Christina's first thought was that she was pregnant and raised her head rather proudly, adding, "I reacted quickly and immediately half crouched down and propped myself up on the floor with one hand, I wouldn't let my son have an accident."

Patrick looked sideways at her and was so angry that she dared to show a smug look on her face.

"Christina, you're very proud, huh?" He was angry but laughed out loud.

He simply sat next to her and pulled her down on his lap. He put his left hand around her abdomen and raised his right hand to deliberately ruffle her hair on her forehead.

"Hey, don't mess up my hair!"

"It looks no different than usual..."

"That's because you don't appreciate it. I'm obviously prettier than usual tonight." Christina was not modest at all.

Patrick laughed and said nothing more.

A little depressed and with her hair mussed on her forehead, Christina simply rubbed against his shoulder.

She did pick out some clothes and get a haircut to attend his party today, trying to impress his senior staff and friends, but it didn't seem necessary. Those people didn't dare to come.

"Patrick, if your wife changes her

clothes and hairstyle, you have to praise her, or I have the right to be angry with you." Christina recently read a lot of articles about how men and women get along.

"Then remember to remind me."
Patrick was obliging.

Dissatisfied, Christina punched him in the chest with her right hand. "That will be meaningless if you need me to remind you."

Patrick was punched by her, but it didn't hurt at all. He didn't understand what a woman was thinking about. It was hard for him to understand. He felt helpless. "You're the same every day. You don't have to dress up deliberately."

Barbara grabbed half a glass of red wine from the bar and couldn't help but look over at them. She lowered her eyes, pursed her lips tightly, raised her glass, and drank it all in one gulp.

"By the way, Barbara, a Fire Club staff said you were running in the hallway..."

Charles curiously chatted with her. "Are you chasing someone who dares to steal your wallet?"

Barbara was stunned by his question and put down the glass in her hand.

With sadness on her face, she murmured, "I saw a figure that looked like him just now, so..."

"You mean you see Derek here at Fire Club?"

"I think I have the wrong person."

The bartender filled Barbara with half a glass of red wine. She picked it up and took another big gulp, feeling a little upset and depressed.

"Don't go online and read those posts that are meaningless at all."

Patrick and Christina did not hear their conversation. Christina was scolded by him, her face bulging with anger and remaining silent.

Charles felt a little pleased when he saw that Christina was deflated. This demon girl just needed to be dealt with.

But he suddenly remembered

something else. "Patrick, there is one thing I want to talk about..."

With that, Charles stood up from the chair at the bar with a serious expression on his face. "That video..."

When Patrick saw Charles, he gave a hint to Christina to move from his legs and naturally put her back into the chair. He approached Charles and the two men headed towards the French window on the other side in tacit agreement.

"It was the day when you had a car accident and Christina was taken to the hospital in advance by a man and they were caught on a video. I was going to send it to you, but that night, my computer was hacked and all the data were gone..."

Christina looked over at them. She could not hear what they were talking about, but from a distance, Patrick's face was a little gloomy. Probably he was in a bad mood.

"Christina, I heard you install a bug in Patrick's phone?"

Barbara also glanced at the two men in the distance, but she quickly withdrew her gaze, with a habitual smile on her face, as if asking her casually.

But when Christina heard her ask about it, she felt a little conflicted.

The last time Patrick found out that she had secretly installed a bug, he scolded her mercilessly.

"Don't mind, I'm just curious because almost no one can do these things to Patrick..." Barbara looked at her and said with a chuckle, "How did you come up with that? It's really interesting."?

"I bought it online. It can be controlled remotely, and can conduct anti-reconnaissance."

Christina was sad. The bug cost her three thousand dollars, but it was broken by Patrick.

"No, I didn't ask where you bought it," Barbara picked up the wine glass at the bar again and thoughtfully swirled the fragrant red wine, saying in a slow tone.

"I just wanted to say, how dare you

install this on Patrick's phone? Don't you know that your behavior... is betrayal?" Her tone was sarcastic.

Christina frowned, looking straight back to her look of contempt. Was she contemptuous of my mistakes?

"Christina, don't you know what you did wrong... Have you heard of the werewolf story?"

Barbara's extremely calm tone sounded very cold. "It is said that werewolf is a very powerful and mysterious species. They are ferocious and violent, but there are exceptions... Once they fall in love with someone, they will kneel and raise their heads to show their lifelong loyalty."

"I heard that when a werewolf raises

his neck, it means that he is willing to show his fatal weakness, and some people will take the opportunity to kill him with a sharp blade." In the end, Barbara's voice went even colder.

The person you love the most will give you the most fatal injury. This kind of injury is equivalent to betrayal.

Christina's heart trembled as she listened and her eyes widened slightly at Barbara.

Immediately, she lowered her head and did not look at Barbara again, but concerned.

No wonder Patrick was so angry that day.

"But I just want to get closer to him..."

Chapter 130

"What's wrong?"

Patrick gazed down at the woman in front of him. She was obviously unhappy.

Christina glanced at him and lowered her head in silence.

"By the way, didn't Chandler say he was coming over? I haven't seen him in years..." Barbara suddenly asked with a stiff smile on her face.

Charles answered, "You surly haven't seen Chandler for long. His son is already five now."

"His child must be very gentle and handsome."

Hearing that, Patrick said calmly, "Chandler will come with that child today..."

Though Patrick was indifferent, he liked that smart kid.

Charles also liked that kid and smiled merrily. "Barbara, when you see that little boy whose name is Geoffrey, you will definitely like him. He looks as innocent as Chandler, but in fact, very cunning and scheming."

As they were talking about the past, Christina sat quietly by their side. She did not say anything, as she couldn't really have an opinion on it.

"Perhaps that woman would come as well. Forget it. It's a rare chance for us

to get together. That kind of people will just spoil the fun." Charles spoke directly, a bit irritated.

"After all, she's Chandler's wife, and Geoffrey's mother. Charles, don't look o bothered."

Barbara exhorted her, raising the glass in her hand and clinking it joyfully with him.

Christina couldn't understand what they were talking about, but Chandler's wife didn't seem to be very welcomed by Charles's words.

"Wanna go home?" The man beside her said in a low voice.

She was stunned and a little dull.

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She looked at Patrick holding her right wrapped hand. He rubbed her wound with slight pressure, but it was more like a stroke.

Although she didn't understand their conversation and their past, at least he didn't leave her alone.

"No, I was thinking that you do have a lot of friends." Suddenly, her tone was a little awkward.

She really didn't understand Patrick's life, let alone his circle.

This so-called orientation aimed to expand Barbara's domestic connections. There were several senior executives who had appeared on television and some rich businessmen. These people were

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mostly here for Patrick's sake.

When Patrick heard her words, he smiled. "Why, do you think I have no friend..."

Then he added, "I asked them to bring their wives and children over today. If you feel bored, you can chat with those women."

Perhaps it was because his eyes were focused and indulgent, her cheeks were a little red as she murmured, "I'm not familiar with them."

"If you like, they will try to familiarize themselves with you instead." Patrick's tone was firm and disdainful.

Everything you wanted would come true.

"Oh."

Christina was a little confused, and she answered absent-mindedly.

Patrick seemed to like to see her freeze up when she went blank.

He was in a good mood. He put his hand around her waist, pulled her body to his chest and leaned his head against her shoulder.

Christina was so tightly held by him that she was a little embarrassed. There were so many people watching them.

But Patrick behind her did not seem to mind it at all. His head rested on her shoulder and he rubbed his thin lips

against her earlobe occasionally.

All of a sudden, Christina's ears turned red.

At this moment, two men on the left came over with wine glasses in their hands. They glanced at each other in surprise. All the business people were extremely sophisticated and did not dare to disturb them.

With a smile on his face, he clinked glasses with Charles and others. "Why didn't I see anyone from the Fishers today..."

"You the Hopkinses, the Shepherds, and the Fishers from F City have always been in good relations with one another, but seemingly you have seldom been together in the past few

years. I heard that next month is Mrs. Fisher's 50th birthday. Charles, will you come?"

"That old witch!"

Charles and Barbara were greeting each other, while Christina faintly heard them mentioning "Mrs. Fisher". She felt angry.

"Did she offend you?" Patrick rarely saw his wife so indignant and hateful.

Christina grimaced and thought of something terrible. She wanted to say something, but suddenly Patrick's phone rang.

After he answered the phone, his face became a little solemn.

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"Chandler has something urgent to deal with. He's not coming." After a while, Patrick hung up his phone and said calmly.

"What's wrong?"

Charles raised his eyebrows slightly. They knew that Chandler was very punctual. He rarely broke his promise.

"Did something happen to him?"

Patrick's face darkened, but he didn't say much.

"Don't tell me, it's that woman again. I really don't understand why Chandler has been holding her back..." Charles seemed to have guessed something and his voice was a little angry.

Christina didn't know what he was

angry about, but she felt a little guilty when she heard him say that.

She herself had a tantrum with Patrick a few days ago.

"You are different from her." He whispered with a low voice in her ear.

Christina was curious about what unbearable things Chandler's wife had done.

"I'll have a good chat with Erica when I have time." Barbara said in a low voice with a thoughtful look in her eyes.

Charles snorted angrily. "Barbara, remember to tell the woman to cherish what she has. If she really dares to go out and cheat on Chandler, though he wants to bear her for their son, we

won't stand it anymore."

Charles hated Chandler for marrying that woman back home. When they got married, she liked to compare herself to other women in her friend circle. Chandler bought jewelry and houses for her and finally she hated the Stephenson Family for being less powerful than Hopkins Family.

Over the past few years, She complained that Chandler has been too busy with work to accompany her or not pay attention to her, and she had affairs with some deceptive handsome boys outside.

Chandler was indeed a gentle man, but he had his own bottom line...

"Go back."

Patrick's face darkened when he heard these trivial things. He hugged the woman beside him and stood up.

Christina had no problem. She politely said goodbye to Charles and Barbara and left side by side with him.

When she entered the elevator, Christina suddenly remembered that Crystal had said that she would come to the Fire Club. But as she was leaving now, Crystal had not shown up.

"Where are you? I'm going home." She took her phone from her bag and quickly called Crystal.

To Christina's surprise, there seemed to be something wrong with Crystal's side. She was a little anxious. "I was

downstairs at the Fire Club... A man suddenly shoved a five-year-old boy to me and asked me to take care of him. The parents of the child were quarreling..."

"Hold on, what's going on?"

Christina frowned and she was hung up.

They had already exited the elevator and reached the underground parking lot. Patrick turned to look at her.

"What's wrong?"

"Maybe my friend's phone is out of charge."

Christina guessed that although she didn't quite understand what Crystal was saying, she would be fine.

"Patrick, something's wrong."

Another elevator door opened and Barbara ran out anxiously. "Erica just called me in tears and said Chandler was going to kill her..."

When Patrick heard her say this, he immediately thought of Chandler's angry voice on the phone and frowned.

"I'm coming over now..."

Patrick took the car keys and quickly opened the door.

He almost subconsciously turned to look at Christina, but she stood still with a frozen expression.

Barbara already sat in the passenger

seat and said with an urgent voice, "Patrick, hurry up. Chandler only listens to you. Let's go and have a look."

Christina just looked at them. For a moment, she really didn't know if she should go with them, and if yes, where should she sit.

To see someone else sitting in the passenger seat of her husband's car was really awkward...

Did she do it intentionally or unintentionally?

Chapter 131

"I see."

She stood there with mixed feelings as the black Bugatti in front of her sped away.

Patrick and Barbara left, leaving her behind.

The Fire Club in the city center was filled with noise and excitement, and she felt lonely standing in this large, cold underground parking lot.

Patrick asked the bodyguard to send her back to the Hopkinses. On the way, Christina quietly looked at the streetlights outside the car window.

It seemed like something urgent had

happened, but Christina told herself not to ask because it was none of her business. If she asked, Patrick would say that she was messing around, and then she would let her imagination go wild.

She had to admit that she was not emotionally intelligent enough to hide her depression. When she returned to the Hopkinses, the maid asked her to eat but she had no appetite.

After a warm bath, she climbed onto the big bed in her comfortable pajamas and told herself to get some rest.

But she was unable to fall asleep. She tossed and turned in bed. "Why can't I know..." She was not happy that she didn't know anything and she had a feeling of being excluded from the

circle.

The phone on the bedside table suddenly vibrated.

Christina perked up and quickly got up.

When she picked up the phone and looked at the screen, she was a little disappointed. It was not him who was calling her.

Pig Is Rising: Christina, are you free now?

It was Crystal who sent her a WhatsApp message, "If you and Mark are busy, forget it. I won't disturb you."

She sounded a little hesitant. Crystal thought she shouldn't disturb a couple at night.

Invincible Tina: Patrick is out. I'm alone in the bedroom. What's the matter?

When Crystal saw Christina's message, she was a little excited and quickly asked her for some advice.

Pig Is Rising: Christina, tell me how to get along with children!

Invincible Tina: I don't know... By the way, what did you mean by bringing a five-year-old boy home? Crystal, child trafficking is illegal. No matter what happens to you, just let the police handle it.

Crystal read the message from Christina and hesitated. She turned to look at the boy behind her and sighed helplessly.

Pig Is Rising: This child's father is an important partner in our company's project, and that man helped me last time. He asked me to look after his son in person. I can't just drop my kid off at the police station right now. It's not a good idea.

Christina was a little curious about who the man was and why she hadn't heard about their story.

Before she had finished editing her message, Crystal was in a hurry to send her a voice message.

Pig Is Rising: Christina, hurry up and tell me how to get along with kids. He is difficult to get along with. I asked him to eat, but he said he wasn't hungry. I found some toys to coax him, but he

looked at me like he was looking at an idiot. What the hell? He's driving me crazy.

Crystal lowered her voice and complained. Christina chuckled when she heard that Crystal was really helpless.

Invincible Tina: That little boy I met last time in Clifton District was a leftover child. He was shy. His mother abandoned him since he was a child and he grew up with his grandmother, so the little boy was very good except for being a crybaby.

Pig Is Rising: Why? They're all kids with psychological problems, but the one you met is obedient and the boy at my home is unruly.

Crystal was very depressed.

Pig Is Rising: When I got to the first floor of the Fire Club, my clothes were a little messy and I wanted to go to the ladies' room to tidy up. But I saw a handsome boy in the ladies' room. I thought he had gone to the wrong place and wanted to let him out gently, but I found the little boy staring at a cubicle in the bathroom with a sullen look.

When Christina heard this, she was immediately shocked and sent another message, "Could it be that his mother was having sex with another man inside?"

Crystal's expression was a little solemn and replied, "Yes, it was really disgusting."

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Pig Is Rising: The cubicle was unlocked and the door was left ajar. It was probably because they couldn't wait to have sex... Bah, they were disgusting. They were like a bitch in heat that the woman moaned so loudly inside. She must be crazy. Her son was standing outside.

In the end, Crystal couldn't help but curse.

Pig Is Rising: Not long after, a man ran over in a rage and kicked the door of the cubicle open... I saw everything. The kept man already took off his pants. Tsk, tsk, they almost had sex.

Christina was thoughtful when she listened to Crystal's angry voice messages.

Invincible Tina: Crystal, what are you going to do with the little boy you brought home? He saw this... Or you can coax him to sleep. It's almost 10 o'clock.

A five-year-old child was still very young mentally, but it didn't mean that he knew nothing. He knew what his mother had done was dishonorable.

This kind of thing had a very bad effect on the boy.

Crystal didn't know what to do. She thought and sent another message, "Forget it. I don't even know the name of this little guy. He doesn't like to talk to me. He keeps a straight face. He doesn't cry or make a scene when he saw his parents argue. He's very calm."

It was just that he was so calm that it made people feel sorry for him.

Invincible Tina: Crystal, stop talking. Just sit next to the child and stay with him quietly. If he's tired and asleep, cover him with a blanket.

Christina couldn't think of a good way, so she could only give Crystal a suggestion according to her own logic.

Suddenly, she thought of Patrick because he was cold and didn't like to talk to people. He always frowned and looked sulky. He didn't want to say anything to anyone.

When he was like this, Christina would pester him and sit quietly beside him.

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She didn't know if Patrick would be annoyed by her, but besides these, she really didn't know what to do.

Christina got a message...

She lowered her head and took a look.
"I'll go back later. Go to bed early."

It was a short text message from Patrick.

She looked at the screen of her cell phone, and suddenly it seemed as if all her previous frustrations had disappeared. He was still thinking about her.

She put her phone back on the nightstand, dimmed the lights, and lay back on the bed, feeling sleepy.

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When she woke up the next morning, Christina found out that Patrick had not returned home last night.

"Nanny Faang, didn't Patrick come back last night?"

After washing up, she changed her clothes and rushed to the Main Residence. She wanted to call Patrick directly, but she was afraid that it would hinder his work. She happened to meet Nanny Faang who was preparing breakfast, so she walked up and asked her urgently.

"Young Master Patrick, this morning..."

Nanny Faang looked back at her and was about to continue, but she was interrupted by a cold voice, "Your husband is busy outside, but you can

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sleep so soundly. This is the daughter taught by the Dickens Family!"

It was her mother-in-law Judy's voice. Christina looked at her with a complicated expression. After a moment of hesitation, she asked, "Why do you hate me so much?"

Christina asked directly, and Judy was a little surprised.

"Patrick is back. He and Chandler are with grandpa now..."

Barbara's voice came from outside the door. Judy was hesitant for a moment, as if she was avoiding a topic. She strode away with a sullen look.

When Christina saw that Judy left without scolding her, she was even

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more confused, but she didn't run over to ask.

"Do you know why Patrick has always disliked women since he was a child?"
When Barbara saw that Christina had been staring at Judy's back, she asked Christina this ambiguous question.

Christina turned to her and said nothing.

"Judy had an affair when she was young and was caught by Patrick..."

Chapter 132

"Patrick hates the sound of the piano and women... I don't think you know more about him than I do."

Barbara looked at her with a habitual smile. After a pause, she kindly reminded Christina, "But, Christina, I think you'd better not ask him, lest you have a quarrel again..."

Hearing that, Christina compressed her lips silently.

Staring at Barbara, Christina could clearly see the slight smugness on her face.

Christina did not answer, so Barbara suddenly looked nervous and stepped forward half a step.

"Christina, are you angry? Please don't. I just wanted to remind you... Because I am afraid that no one will tell you this." Barbara's tone sounded quite sincere.

Christina remained silent and frowned. Suddenly, she could not tell whether Barbara was sincere.

Christina could not act like her, nor could she learn how to pose the fake smiles from the workplace.

"Thank you."

In the end, Christina thanked Barbara softly, but her tone was a little stiff.

As Barbara had expected, no one would tell Christina anything about him, let alone the fact that Patrick's

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mother, Judy, had cheated on her husband, and Patrick had seen it at a young age.

Christina didn't want to talk about it anymore, so she turned around and walked past Barbara into the restaurant.

"Christina, you don't have to be too depressed..."

As Christina brushed past Barbara, Barbara's eyes were flashing with mixed emotions. She looked at Christina's back. Then, she said so with sincerity.

"Although Patrick has always hated women from a young age and refused to stay close to women, you are the mother of his child, so he will certainly

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treat you differently for the sake of his own child."

Hearing that, Christina couldn't help walking more heavily, with her right hand tightened slightly.

'He will definitely treat you differently for the sake of his own child!'

Christina was annoyed. Barbara was taunting her.

"It means that Patrick is nice to me because I am accidentally pregnant..."
Christina pursed her lips tightly, with irritation suppressed under her brows.

Something happened to the Stephenson Family. As a result, they delayed their breakfast today.

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Around 8: 30 a.m., Old Master Mr. Hopkins, Patrick, and Chandler came to the Main Residence's dining room to have dinner. Everyone ate politely and silently.

After dinner, Chandler respectfully walked up to the Old Master to make polite conversation with mixing emotions on his face, and then he left quickly.

"Patrick, you need to attend two important meetings in the company today. Let's hurry over now, or others will wait for a long time..."

Seeing that it was getting late, Barbara quickly packed up the briefcase in the living room and turned to urge the man beside.

Few people could urge him to hurry up in such a natural tone.

Christina, who was a little annoyed, couldn't help glancing at Barbara. Christina didn't want to stay in the living room anymore, so she walked out expressionlessly and would like to take in the fresh air in the back garden.

It was Barbara, the senior executive of the group. No wonder Patrick said I wasn't competent. "Compared to her, I'm really ashamed!" She gritted her teeth angrily.

"What are you angry about?"

The familiar low voice came from behind when Christina just arrived at the rockery.

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The man looked at her sullen face and knitted brows. Then, he thought and added after thinking for a while, "Last night, Chandler..."

"Don't tell me this!" Christina turned around angrily and looked straight at him.

"What's wrong with you?"

It seemed that she was really angry. He had noticed that her face had been darkened since the meal began, so he came to have a talk with her before going to work.

He strode over and naturally reached out when he saw a leaf on her shoulder.

"Christina, I texted you last night. Please do not make a small temper..."

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He thought she was making a small temper about leaving her in the parking lot last night.

"Am I making a small temper?"

Her look was complicated. And then she pushed him away.

"Patrick, I'm indeed angry!"

"But I am not making a fuss. You are often busy with your business. And I don't dare to disturb you," she looked straight at him, with her eyes filled with anger and her voice raised.

"But, don't you say that we have been married? Then why do I have to know everything about you from other people? You think I'm not qualified to know, so you don't want to tell me

anything!"

Patrick stood there in a daze. He had never expected her to say these words.

But Christina in front of him had already strode away. She didn't want to see him now!

"Christina, why are you here?"

Happened to meet Christina at the gate of the community, Crystal was a little surprised, and then she realized what happened and immediately asked, "Did you argue with my boss?"

Christina's face darkened, and it was obvious that Crystal was right.

"I happen to ask for leave today, otherwise you can't find me." Crystal

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walked into the elevator with her to go back to the apartment.

"I'm just here for a stroll," Christina replied dully.

Last time, Crystal gave her the key friendly. And Crystal promised that Christina could come here when she was in a bad mood. Now, Christina needed her so Christina came here.

"By the way, where's the little boy?" Christina thought of some serious matters although she was upset.

Crystal subconsciously looked back and shrugged. "He just got picked up by his father."

"Oh, are they driving south in a white Bentley..."

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Christina was a little impressed that she had just met a new famous car as the driver of the Hopkinses sent her here.

"Crystal, I think the kid is from a rich family," Christina turned to look at Crystal who was holding the key to open the door, thought for a while, and asked, "Do you like that man?"

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The key in Crystal's hand slipped and fell to the ground.

She turned her head gloomily. "What are you talking about? He is so wealthy that I was not worthy of him. Besides, I'm not interested in a married man."

It was indeed Patrick's call. "I'll be home later.."

"Don't bother. I know that you have two important meetings today, and I have something important to do as well." Christina was still angry.

"Patrick, I'm going on a blind date.."

Chapter 133

The most luxurious hotel in the east of the city Crystal mentioned was Gordon Hotel, owned by IP&G Group.

"Christina, what did you say to Mark on the phone just now? A blind date?" Crystal glared at the woman next to her and sighed.

"This is your husband's hotel. If he misunderstands and gets angry, he can kick us out. Your husband is not an ordinary person. You must be careful to serve him..."

Christina didn't want to hear her ramble, so she changed the subject. "Crystal, you haven't told me who was the father of that little boy you brought home last night."

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At the mention of this, Crystal's expression became a little strange.

She stuttered, "We're not really friends. We just happen to know each other."

Christina narrowed her eyes and looked at Crystal. "You said last night that the man was an important client of the company. What's his name? I might know him."

"Christina, you don't answer the questions I ask you, but you pry into my privacy..."

Crystal immediately became anxious and shouted at Christina with a straight face, "I see. You must be jealous of Barbara, right? You refuse to

admit it."

"I'm not!"

With a sullen look, Christina grabbed a cup of hot cocoa from the table and took a big gulp.

Crystal glanced at her angrily. Christina never said uncle.

"If you don't care about Patrick, you won't be jealous."

"In today's society, many people marry not for love, but because they are old enough to get married..." Crystal mocked herself and added, "For example, I'm one of them."

At this point, Christina frowned and looked at the time on her phone. "Why

hasn't the man who asked you out on a blind date arrived yet?"

"I come half an hour early."

Crystal was a little nervous. Looking at her best friend, who was the campus belle, she felt even more inferior. "Christina, do you think any man would like a plain woman like me?"

"Bah."

The beautiful woman sitting opposite sipping hot cocoa cursed with a straight face.

"Men are cheap by nature. They prefer those sultry women... I think you're very good. Don't bother with those bastards. I guess they have bad taste."

Christina raised her eyebrows and said in a disdainful tone, "Do you know the Stephenson Family in C City? One of Patrick's cronies, Chandler, is a good-looking, gentle man. Unfortunately, he was seduced by beauty and married a slut..."

"Charles told me that after Chandler's wife gave birth to a child, she liked to hang out and play cards with those rich ladies. They gambled a lot, had fun and went to the hot springs with a group of men. When she was tired, she got a room for the night..."

Crystal's eyes widened in surprise at her gossiping.

"I can't tell that woman likes to gamble so much..." She murmured.

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Christina didn't hear what she was saying and continued to grumble. "Charles said that her monthly expenditure is at least enough to buy an apartment in the city center... The elders of the Stephenson Family are gentle and don't ask for much from their daughter-in-law. They put up with her because she bore their family a child. They can put up with her spending too much money, but if she sleeps with other men, it's too much..."

No one knew what Crystal was thinking, and she was a little absent-minded.

In fact, the Stephenson Family was only a scholarly family, not a rich family. "That woman spent so much money... No wonder he worked so hard..."

"Who are you talking about?" Christina was curious.

Before Crystal could answer her, there was suddenly a shrill female voice came from their left. She warned them with gritted teeth, "Crystal, you better shut up. If you dare to talk nonsense, don't blame me for being rude!"

Christina and Crystal heard the voice and turned to look at Sabrina, their old classmate.

"What does it matter to you that we're sitting here talking?" Crystal looked at Sabrina with a straight face.

"You took leave of absence to come here and smear my cousin. Shouldn't I stop you, Crystal? You'd better stay out of trouble. You are not allowed to

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mention a word about what you saw yesterday!" Sabrina was angry and yelled at he.

Christina was confused. "What happened yesterday?"

She was just taunting Chandler's wife...

"Ying, how can you be in the same department as this kind of person? She's ridiculous..."

A sexy woman with makeup and red lips in front of her strode towards them, twisting her waist, and gave Crystal a disdainful look.

"She's ugly and not qualified to entertain clients in the IP&G Group. No one wants to have sex with such an ugly woman."

Bang.

Christina slapped the table angrily and stood up. "Who are you calling ugly?"

Sabrina looked a little apprehensive and immediately walked over to the woman and pulled her clothes. "Cousin, don't..." But the other party was not in the mood to listen to Sabrina.

She looked at Christina up and down arrogantly and mocked her contemptuously. "You work for IP&G Group too? You are pregnant and you work hard to make money..."

"Erica, don't take your frustrations with me out on my friend."

With a sullen look, Crystal rushed forward, unable to hold back her anger.

Erica looked arrogant and disdainful. She raised her eyebrows and shouted over her shoulder, "Barbara, come quickly and recognize these two people. Don't let those stupid people work in your department. They will be a drag on you."

Christina's expression changed when she heard the name 'Barbara'.

Erica glared at Christina's beautiful face and was even meaner. "You look good, but you're cheap. You sleep with your clients to make money, but you accidentally got pregnant..."

"What did you say?!" The deep voice was cold and clear.

On the first floor of the hotel, two people strode towards the right hall of the lobby. Besides Barbara, who Erica knew, there was a man who looked unkind.

They were all a little stunned and did not expect Patrick to appear here.

Christina compressed her lips. She ignored the flamboyant Erica in front of her, but her eyes were fixed on the man and the woman walking towards her.

She knew that Chandler's wife's name was Erica, and Erica was Barbara's best friend.

"Where are we going?"

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Crystal was grabbed by Christina toward another exit to the hotel. She was in a daze. "Christina, where are you going?" Crystal could only see her profile tensed up. It seemed that Christina had mixed feelings.

"Christina, do you have any misunderstandings? I apologize to you on behalf of Erica. Don't go..." Seeing them suddenly leave, Barbara shouted anxiously.

Christina walked faster and faster, biting her lips and feeling very angry.


Why was she angry? She didn't know. Anyway, every time she met Barbara, she became an unreasonable person. Barbara was really hypocritical.

Seeing Patrick with Barbara made

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Christina even more frustrated.

8:19 AM 

Chapter 134

"Christina, you can communicate with him when both of you are in conflict." Crystal stopped, grabbed her, and tried to persuade her.

"Couple? I've been wondering if he and I were even a couple."

She held back her emotions and slightly smiled with self-deprecation.

Couple? He kept things from her. Barbara and others all knew these things. But she was not qualified to ask him. She was only a woman who would give birth to his child.

Charles and others were his friends and Barbara was an excellent executive in his company. What was

she? She wasn't allowed to do anything but give birth to a child.

She bit her lips and smiled bitterly. "Actually, I knew from the start that I couldn't be a good match for him..."

Crystal was shocked to hear these words when she noticed Christina's eyes were red. As Christina turned her head to look behind, a man stood there and watched them.

Crystal hesitated and said, "Patrick should have come to see you himself. You just left home in this way, which made him humiliated... Don't argue with him."

Christina looked at him without saying a word, with half-lowered eyes and a complicated expression.

'Arguing with him?'

'Why do they think I am always the one who make a scene?'

And then a clear voice came from behind, "Patrick, we still have a meeting this afternoon..." Although the hotel lobby was spacious, the sound was loud enough for them to hear clearly.

"I can't believe you're still here, Crystal. Do you really want to be kicked out by the security personnel?"

Christina forced herself to smile and strode towards the emergency exit before Crystal could react.

"Christina, wait for me..." Crystal couldn't mind other matters and immediately followed Christina.

They quickly walked between the luxurious hotel lobby and quickly disappeared into the sea of people...

The man behind them frowned and glared fiercely in the direction where they had disappeared. His lips were pursed tightly and his face was gloomy.

"Who is that woman..."

Seeing that the atmosphere was tense, Erica at the table asked Barbara in a low voice.

"My wife." Patrick said coldly.

Erica looked at him in shock with the

pale face.

"No matter what, you and he have already obtained a marriage certificate. Legally, you are his wife..."

Crystal caught up with Christina and persuaded her, "I think Patrick is tender in front of you. When you're not in the company, our executives are scared of him. When noticing Patrick's grim expression in the meeting, they always hesitate for a while before they speak... He cares about you..."

In fact, it was the fact that a woman marrying into a family of higher classes would feel humble, let alone Hopkins Family.

Christina didn't want to talk to Crystal about it and changed the subject.

"Crystal, do you think that good women usually meet playboys while gentle men mostly marry women who are not content with what they have..."

"I think so."

"So, either Patrick is a playboy, or I'm this kind of woman." Christina smiled self-deprecatingly.

Crystal raised her eyebrows and glared at Christina angrily. "Knowing how to smile proves that you are fine. I'm really worried about you."

Christina was light-hearted. It was not like her to lose her temper over a small matter.

"Crystal, if you don't let me stay at your home today, I will really be homeless."

"Don't make it so sad..."

Though Crystal's blind date had been ruined, they bought bags of clothes in the East Mall and went home happily.

Since Christina stayed at Crystal's house for a week, there were her pajamas and toothbrushes. Christina felt that the place was more comfortable and warmer, not as cold as the Hopkinses.

"Crystal, the last time you said your mom and the others wanted you to sell the apartment and save money for your brother to get a new one. How is it going? It's been solved, right?"

Christina came back after dining with Crystal. Christina brushed her teeth

and lay down on the bed, stretching her limbs and getting ready to sleep.

Crystal took out a new pillow from the closet and threw it at her. Immediately, Crystal climbed into bed and the two women huddled together to talk about their daily life.

"That matter has been solved. Probably the last time Simon was scared by Patrick and didn't dare to provoke me..." Crystal said and looked at Christina. "Aren't you going to call your husband?"

Christina became grim and did not speak.

"Hey, don't live in my house for a week like last time." Crystal was depressed.

"I may have to stay here until my baby is born..."

Christina said slowly, lay down on the bed, pulled the quilt, and was going to sleep.

"You are going to stay here!" Crystal was too scared to sleep.


...We agreed that innocent people, like me, wouldn't get hurt in your couple's quarrel!

Crystal coaxed her, "Christina, it will be the Dragon Boat Festival tomorrow. It is suitable for family reunion..."

Christina could only sleep sideways with a big belly. She held the quilt and opened her eyes. In fact, she was not sleepy. "Dragon Boat Festival..."

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Before that, she had planned to give Patrick a present at the Dragon Boat Festival... Maybe he didn't care.

8:20 AM 

Chapter 135

The more prosperous the city, the more impetuous the people's hearts became. To live in this city, they spoke insincerely, wearing a mask of hypocrisy.

People were getting along with each other with suspicions and tricks. They were tired.

"Christina, I don't think you need to be humble when you are with Patrick. He really likes you."

Early the next morning, Crystal drove Christina to the Women and Children's Hospital for a check-up. As soon as the car stopped, Crystal turned to glance at the woman who on the passenger seat.

Christina, on the other hand, was a little absent-minded. Today was the Dragon Boat Festival, she was thinking about whether she went to the Hopkinses or not.

Christina was stunned to hear Crystal suddenly say, "He really likes you."

"Please don't say such mushy things in the morning."

Christina opened the car door with a poker face and walked out of the car. She was naturally not romantic.

"I just want to say that you two are matched." Crystal thought she was avoiding the question and decided to breach her.

"Patrick occupies a place in the business world. He has few sincere friends in the whole group. With his background, he has been living a tiring life than others since he was young. So I think you should..."

"Crystal, didn't you say you had to go back to the company today? Go now."

Christina didn't want to listen to her, so she urged her to leave ruthlessly.

Crystal sat in the driver's seat, glaring at her angrily, "Kick the ladder." She was heartless to push me away after I helped her.

But Crystal was in a hurry. Yesterday, she had asked for a leave of absence for a blind date. She had to go back to work today. Otherwise, Sabrina would

definitely say something bad about her. If she was fired, she would have nothing to eat.

Crystal looked gloomily at Christina, who was outside the car, frowning slightly, with her head down, as if she was lost in thought, looking a little dazed.

It was rare to see this woman confused.

Crystal knocked on the window with her hand and said.

"I am going to work now to support myself. I'm not like you for whom someone will support you. If you have anything to say, just go to your husband. He would love to be with you."

"How do you know that?" Christina looked a little awkward.

Stepping up the steps, she turned to look at her best friend in the car and sighed, "Crystal, I find you really suitable to be a nanny. We are not middle-aged women, why are you so nagging?"

"Christina, check your left."

Crystal felt speechless to make such a friend. She drove away after saying that.

This woman should be left to the almighty who could control her. Ordinary people like her were not a match for her.

Christina raised her eyebrows and watched her best friend drive away.

Turned left and glanced.

Her whole body tensed up and her eyes widened slightly. Why was he here?

The man was standing at the entrance of the hospital. He leaned back against the white wall and looked at her quietly.

It was 7:00 in the morning. Crystal had to rush to work, so they came early. The hospital seemed empty at this time.

The morning light was shining. The sounds of babies coming from the nursery from time to time, which made

the "quiet" hospital more lively.

Christina did not speak, looking calm, and she walked towards the entrance.

Patrick didn't say a word. Just as she walked up to him, he naturally followed her and walked beside her.

It was weird, but none of them wanted to break the silence.

As they walked towards the elevator step by step, the hospital lobby echoed with their footsteps, and it sounded strangely reassuring.