

## Chapter 358

"Charles, so you know he lives upstairs."

Christina suddenly turned around and shouted at him with gritted teeth.

Charles quickly explained, "I only found out later. I really didn't know what he had done before."

She had stayed in C City for more than half a month and hadn't come back for a long time. The door of her house was covered in a layer of dust, and many newspaper advertisements were stuffed into the crack of the door.

"Miss Dickens, you're back." The neighbor opposite opened the door and greeted her warmly.

Christina didn't live in this apartment for long but things interesting had happened to her before. So the neighbors here were very impressed with her.

Christina was not a warm person. She just wanted to nod politely to the other party.

But as soon as she turned around, she glanced to find Patrick here, too. Why didn't he go back upstairs?

Just as she was about to let Patrick go, her neighbor shouted in surprise, "Oh, aren't you the handsome guy in 502?"

Patrick was dressed in a black suit, being elegant and mature. He stood there, not speaking but very eye-catching.

The neighbor looked at him, then at Christina, and asked curiously, "So you two really know each other. Is he really your husband?"

Christina immediately remembered she once shouted at the neighbors to say Patrick was her husband.

Feeling embarrassed, she quickly took out her key and opened the door.

Charles was interested. "What did she tell you?"

Patrick seemed to be a little curious and looked at the strange neighbor.

"That morning, Miss Dickens suddenly came out of apartment 502 upstairs. Some people said that she was messing around with men. But she told us the person that lived upstairs was her husband..."

The neighbor smiled and chatted with them.

"I thought she was joking. Since they were husband and wife, why did they live upstairs and downstairs? They should live together."

Christina forgot where she had put the key, not finding it for a while. While Charles was gossiping with her neighbor.

"There's a security guard in our neighborhood who cares about Miss Dickens. When the guard went on patrol, he often came here to see if she's back..."

Charles suddenly became excited. "Which security guy?"

"Someone's nephew here, and he has a well-off family and he is very down-to-earth..."

Charles gave Christina a loving look. "Someone is into you."

Christina felt annoyed and looked at the man behind her as if nothing had happened. While Patrick, who was emotionless behind her. Finally, she found the key to the apartment.

She quickly opened the door and pushed Charles into the room in case he talked nonsense.

Just as she was about to close the door, the neighbor suddenly remembered something and shouted at her anxiously, "Miss Dickens, I almost forgot to tell you something. Last week, your landlord came to see you. He said he couldn't reach you on his phone and asked you to contact him as soon as you come back."

Christina didn't know why her stingy landlord was looking for her. Maybe he wanted to raise the price.

"Thank you. I'll call him later."

As she spoke, she flipped through her phone. She had ignored too many missed calls and muttered to herself, "Just in time to stop renting."

"Miss Dickens, are you going to move out?"

"Will you not live here anymore?"

The neighbor seemed to be very interested in her private life, especially when two men with such outstanding looks came. The neighbor thought Charles and Patrick should be very rich, not those who messed around.

Christina was most afraid that others would ask too much. For a moment, she was a little dazed. "Yes, I'm going home."

"Where is your family, in A City or your hometown?"

The neighbor did not mean to ask more, just showing care for Christina by a few more questions. Instead, Christina only smiled awkwardly. The neighbor also realized that it was not polite to ask more and said quickly, "It's better to live at home than rent a house outside." Then the neighbor waved a hand and went downstairs.

In fact, Christina really didn't know how to answer. She always felt that she had no home.

She had no time to feel sorry for herself. Meanwhile, Charles broke a few glass teacups in the room, making noise.

"Pay for it!"

She hurried into the house and shouted at him angrily.

"So stingy. It's just a few broken teacups. How much is it worth?"

Charles, who was rich and powerful, didn't take it seriously and looked around the small apartment in disgust. "I really don't understand why you rented this lousy place."

Christina took a broom and threw it to him. "Handle these glass shards."

After not coming back for half a month, she found the furnishings at home were still the same as before. The doors and windows were not opened for a while, and she felt a little cold in the house.

So she hurriedly opened the curtains in the apartment to let the sun in, making it warmer.

In fact, she felt that as long as modern women could earn enough money, they could live a good single life. They could do whatever they wanted in their own apartment, and they were free.

Perhaps it was because Patrick had appeared so rarely in her life recently that she could almost ignore him. She learned to ignore his existence. When Patrick entered the house, she pretended not to see him.

With Charles around, she was not afraid of being awkward. She did not know how to communicate with Patrick now and she refused to think about the complicated problems of love.

Patrick did not respond to her-disregarding him.

He knew her apartment very well and took the electric kettle to boil the water. He also took out a new set of cups and a porcelain pot of black tea from the kitchen cabinet.

The water was boiling and Patrick was making tea.

It was early January, and it was still cold in A City. They were tired from taking a plane and felt very comfortable suddenly when the water vapor in the air warmed the room which was filled with the fragrance of tea.

Charles cleaned up the broken glass on the floor, washed his hands, and immediately went over to drink the tea.

Christina stood at the door of the bedroom and looked at the two men drinking tea so comfortably. They thought of this as their home.

Patrick suddenly turned to look at her. There was a slight expression change in his cold face. His deep eyes looked straight at her as if he were calling her over.

Christina was indifferent and did not respond.

Charles stretched out his neck and shouted at her, "Where did you buy these black tea leaves? It's delicious."

"I asked a friend to buy them. It's expensive. Don't use them up."

Christina could act very naturally if it was Charles who said next. She was known to be picky about food and liked to drink black tea.

But she didn't expect Patrick to suddenly say, "There's a lot at home."

Patrick answered in a low and a little magnetic voice, and the way he said made people feel cold. No one could learn that. He grew up in the Hopkins family, and he was born with charm, and that was why many debutantes were fascinated by him.

Christina realized that she was a little distracted.

Especially when he said it so naturally, it seemed that the Hopkins family was her home, too.

Some time ago, he had been alienating her, and she gradually got used to living without him. But suddenly, he came back to her sight again...

So she wondered she could not be obedient. She would not listen to him as he wanted her to go or return.

The more she thought about it, the angrier she became.

"Go, go, don't let me see you. Get out!!" She immediately turned angry and fiercely chased them away.

Patrick stood up cooperatively and walked towards the door under her angry eyes. Charles hesitated and quickly left.

She lost her temper, which meant that she was fine. But if she was quiet, then something wrong would happen.

She was really fine. She was very angry that Patrick had pretended to be an amnesiac and lied to her before. She would forgive him just for this. She won't shout for divorce and never saw him again. Anyway, that was not her way.

She wanted to be alone for a few days before thinking about forgiving him.

But things always went wrong, seemingly going against her on purpose.

"Why is this USB drive with you?"

When Patrick was about to leave the gate, he found a small black USB drive in the corner of the tv cabinet. He seemed to be very surprised and became stern. "Who gave it to you?"

Christina was not ready to react, and her eyes were fixed on the unidentified USB drive.

Patrick asked anxiously, "Who gave you this USB drive?"

Christina did not understand why he suddenly became nervous, looking at the small black USB drive on the TV counter.

"What's in it?"

She suddenly realized that he might worry about the information in the USB drive.

Patrick didn't seem to know how to answer her. He looked down slightly, and there was a moment of anxiety in his eyes.

Christina walked forward quickly and took the it, holding it tightly in her hand.

When Patrick was going to take it back, she was looking straight at him.

Maybe her eyes were too bright, clean, and stubborn. Patrick was a little flustered when she looked at him.

"I'm going to the digital city to buy a computer and figure it out."

Christina held it tightly with a calm look. Her voice was cold and distant.

She walked past him and towards the gate.

Christina was determined to figure it out.

"Where did you get it?" Patrick asked again, grabbing her wrist to prevent her from going out.

"Let go."

She shook off his hand without answering him.

As neither of them was willing to budge an inch, Charles subconsciously glanced at the small black USB drive, which looked very ordinary. He did not understand why Patrick was so nervous.

"Christina, this thing may not be safe."

Charles felt that there must be something wrong with the USB drive.

"Why? What's the danger of a USB drive? Even if there's a virus in it, it won't hurt anyone."

Christina retorted angrily, then she calmed down.

"Hey, where on earth did you get this thing, Christina?"

Charles asked her. She looked up at him and pursed her lips, hesitating.

Patrick let go of her resignedly. He seemed to have been unable to communicate with her, not even as good as Charles.

Christina had a mindset. The more nervous Patrick was, the more she couldn't calm down.

People often had trouble with communicating with those closest to them.

She unfolded her hand and found her memory.

She remembered that the day before the Dickens family accident, a strange man like a European aristocrat suddenly gave it to her.

She didn't know who that strange man was.

Seeing that she was unwilling to say anything more, Charles advised her, "There's no need to look for a computer. There's a plug in the back of your YV that can read the contents of the USB drive directly..."

Christina and Patrick turned to look at him at the same time. Christina's eyes were filled with surprise, but there was a trace of fear and panic in Patrick's deep eyes.

"I'll figure it out now." Christina did what she said.

Patrick did not stop her. He was right beside her. He was tense, trying his best to keep his composure.

He watched Christina turn on the TV, looking for a plug in the back, and then she plugged in the USB drive.

After waiting for a few seconds, an action prompt appeared on the screen.

Then she took the remote control and opened the data. There was no file data inside, only a video.

Christina clicked on the remote to confirm and opened the video file.

The video showed several doctors and nurses walking around the operating room with strange expressions.

After a while, a woman's sinister voice came out. "She's been anesthetized and unconscious. Director Ann, you can do it now."

Christina froze, staring at the screen.

At this moment, her mind went blank, while the video went on.

It was Lucy's voice. She urged, "Take the baby away as soon as it is dissected. The morgue has prepared the dead

babies. After that, I will ask the family members to cremate them as soon as possible. For the safety of your family, you'd better keep it to yourself. No one else can know about this..."

Even Charles's mind was blank.

Everyone in the hospital claimed that Christina had a miscarriage because of a car accident. Due to the urgency, the hospital said that there was no video of the operation.

This video was specially recorded by someone arranged by Patrick.

"The babies are alive?"



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**C** **Clarita Jacobs**  
get back your babies Cristina

4 days ago

He didn't remember exactly how Christina drove them away.

Charles only saw that her eyes were red. She held back her tears and did not shout angrily. She stayed unusually calm and pushed them with both hands, trying her best to push them out, and then closed the door.

She must be crying on the other side of the door.

"You... You shouldn't lie to her about the child."

Charles walked out of the apartment step by step. His mind was still in a mess. After watching the video on the USB drive, he had a feeling that the reality had been smashed beyond recognition. For a moment, he did not know how to deal with it.

Patrick remained calm and looked at Christina rationally.

He seemed indifferent, but Charles could still feel that he was a little flustered.

Christina said to him, "I don't know why you approached me in the beginning. I'm not a woman who likes to fantasize. I never believe in love. I only believe in companionship."

The moment the door closed, he asked in a low voice, "Didn't I always be by your side?"

Then, they were locked outside the door.

Charles looked at Patrick, who was walking in front of him. Even he felt very angry about it. No matter what had happened, he shouldn't lie to her with the child.

"I thought you were just pretending to be amnesiac. I know you very well, but I didn't expect you to be so cruel to her."

Charles said so sarcastically and turned to part ways with him.

Patrick did not respond to his sarcasm. After Charles took a taxi and quickly left in the opposite direction, he stood there quietly for ten minutes. In fact, he was just standing, not thinking about anything at all.

Then, he looked up at Apartment 402. The curtains were tightly closed by Christina.

She probably hated him to the extreme.

Patrick admitted that he was a very ruthless man, and many people were afraid of him. To win, he had to be ruthless.

Especially this time, he couldn't afford to lose.

His face was as cold as ice. He took out his phone and sent a message.



"If you want to see your child, go back to the Hopkins family."

After checking the unread message on her phone, Christina gritted her teeth and became so furious that she wanted to smash the phone.

After taking a few deep breaths, she finally chose to remain calm.

She looked at the message. There were only a few words, cold and cruel.

Her life seemed to be completely under his control. His words were orders. She really hated the feeling of being his puppet. She leaned back against the door in mixed feelings. She raised her head and tried to keep the tears in her eyes from falling.

She didn't know how long she had been sitting on the floor. She didn't cry. She could hold it back.

It was not until her aunt Betty called her that the ringing made her regain her senses. "Christina, are you back in the apartment?"

Christina had told Betty before that she would call her when she arrived in A City, but she totally forgot about it.

"What's wrong?"

"Is anything wrong?" Betty asked nervously in a gentle voice.

Christina was a little slow, and she answered subconsciously, "Everything was fine. I just had a headache from the cold wind."

Betty was as careful as ever and reminded her, "Drink some warm water, order some hot porridge, take some medicine, and go to bed early."

"OK."

After a short conversation, Christina stood up and did as her aunt said. She had some food, took some medicine, and went to bed early.

However, she had nightmares all night.

In her dreams, she was forced on the operating table by a group of doctors and nurses in white. They cut her hard with sharp scalpels. She was in pain and kept struggling.

"Don't hurt my child, please! Please!" she screamed in panic.

Suddenly, she woke up with tears in her eyes.

What happened last time made her suffer a lot mentally. She tried to forget about it, but it hurt so deeply that her

body remembered the pain clearly.

She was in a daze. She turned on the lights to light up the whole bedroom.

She leaned against the bed and didn't sleep at all.

It was not until dawn that she felt sleepy. She lay on the bed and slept for a while. At 9 am, she was woken up by a phone call.

She didn't sleep soundly, so when her phone rang, she woke up vigilantly in an instant.

At first, she didn't want to answer any call, but she saw that it was from her landlord.

She went back to A City to ask the landlord to terminate their lease. Now she just wanted to leave here quickly. She didn't want to face it.

Before she could say anything about the lease, the landlord told her, "The house has been sold."

"What?"

She didn't understand.

"Our lease has not expired, has it? Since you have sold the house, what should I do now? I want to terminate our lease directly now, but should I find the new landlord?"

She didn't sleep well all night and was in a bad mood. When she heard about it, she became even angrier.

"Miss Dickens, don't get angry. I did sign a contract with someone else to sell the apartment you're living in. It just so happens that you're moving out, so it's fine for all of us. I'll return your deposit now. We're even, and I'm not taking advantage of you."

She was silent for a while and suddenly asked, "What's the name of the one that bought the apartment?"

The stingy landlord's apartment was sold at a good price, so he was in a good mood. "I can't tell you his full name since it is private information. But I can tell you that Mr. Hopkins said that he wasn't in a hurry to move in. But you'd better hurry up and move out."

She was so angry that she hung up the phone directly.



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"What are you thinking?" asked Crystal.

She and Christina were about to go shopping, but she looked very odd.

Christina had been absent-minded since she left home. Walking on the flat road, she even bumped her head against the concrete pillar, and her forehead was immediately bruised.

She rubbed the bruise and mumbled, "I have got good news and bad news."

"What?"

Crystal felt as if she had encountered something bad.

Christina showed a complicated expression. She pursed her lips and said nothing.

Crystal knew her temper. It was useless to force Christina to say anything that she didn't want to say. The stronger you were, the more she resisted.

Crystal gently started to talk about her own thing. "Yesterday, Chandler and I went back to the Stephenson family. Ah, I really don't know where to put myself. It was so embarrassing."

She just said it directly. "Chandler's parents, as well as his two uncles, are sitting in the living room waiting for us to go back. After we are in the hall, they hold a meeting for questioning, which makes me so embarrassed. I think I'm really unworthy to seek connections with them. Besides, Chandler and I don't have any profound affection. It was just a moment of confusion that we slept for no reason. I was sick that day, and I couldn't think straight!"

The more Crystal said, the sadder she became. She felt that she had done something outrageous.

"Why should I go with him to get the marriage certificate on impulse?"

As she spoke, she thought to herself, "Christina, can I deny this certificate? I suddenly want to buy a plane ticket and run somewhere else to hide from the thing."

Christina saw that she was under too much pressure and even wanted to run away from the marriage. "What did Chandler say?"

When it came to Chandler, who was a real refined rascal, Crystal Zhu had a problem with it!

"When I discussed with him before, he said that I can do whatever I want. But when I returned to the Stephenson family with him, everything became different. After all, so many elders with so many pairs of eyes looked straight at me in that meeting!"

Crystal was about to explode.

"I was so nervous that I didn't know how to deal with it. Then Chandler's father asked when we were together. Chandler was so straight that he didn't even give me any face and said directly, 'we went to bed and got the marriage certificate later.' Oh my god, it was so embarrassing. He really went too far!"

Damn it, she was schemed by that refined rascal again.

Christina looked at her angry expression and suddenly wanted to laugh.

The more Crystal said, the more excited she became. She was furious. "Do you know what he went the most overboard?"

"It doesn't matter to be examined by his elders yesterday. However, Chandler even asked Geoffrey to come and chat with us. Every time little Geoffrey looked at me, his innocent little eyes seemed to blame me for robbing his mother's seat. Ah, I'm so ashamed. I feel sorry for him."

Crystal walked to a corner of an alley. She leaned against the wall and was so depressed that she didn't want to go.

"I think Geoffrey likes you," said Christina.

Crystal sighed. "Christina, you don't understand. Children are very sensitive. You see, no matter how bad Erica is to Geoffrey, he is her own child. After all, blood is thicker than water."

Hearing this, Christina was in a daze and her eyes were thoughtful. "Blood is thicker than water."

They were standing in the corner of the bustling commercial street. The new year was around half a month away, so there were a lot of people in the streets and alleys. Shops and small stalls in the corner were filled with all kinds of goods. It was noisy and festive.

Christina came back to her consciousness. She found a familiar little figure who was looking at them at the corner across the street.

Christina soon recognized the boy, reaching out to wave at him and shouted, "Geoffrey."

Geoffrey was dressed in a handsome black suit. His face was white and tender, and his facial features were exquisite. He was very handsome and charming. Some of the little sisters who went shopping couldn't help but tease him.

Founded out by Christina, Geoffrey was a little embarrassed. Then he walked out directly, and behind him was an elder holding his little hand.

Crystal stood opposite Christina, so she did not see the situation clearly. Hearing the shout, she immediately turned around and looked back, standing straight in surprise.

What a coincidence!

"Mrs. Stephenson."

Crystal looked at Chandler's mother and greeted her politely.

Christina did not know Chandler's family. Hearing Crystal call her that, she also called out to her, "Hello, Mrs. Stephenson."

Chandler's mother was a professor at the university, mainly engaged in the study of ancient hieroglyphics of Egyptian writing. She had a dignified and delicate appearance with curved eyebrows. There was also a smiling expression on her face. And her conversation and behavior had a gentle temperament of a scholarly family.

"You are the granddaughter-in-law of the Hopkins family, right? Last time my husband and I went to the Hopkins family, we met from afar."

Mrs. Stephenson smiled and shook Christina's hand.

Christina smiled gently. She stood beside Crystal and looked at Chandler's mother. She felt that this woman should be very kind and easy to get along with by the first impression. No matter what, it must be much easier to get along with her than cold mothers-in-law like Laurie and Judy.

Crystal used to like this woman very much when she was a nanny in Chandler's house. She came from a scholarly family, and she was knowledgeable and kind to get along with.

But now, to be honest, Crystal was still not used to the sudden change from a nanny to a daughter-in-law of the Stephenson family. She only felt awkward now. She had only met her yesterday.

Holding his grandmother's hand, Geoffrey greeted very lovelily with his big eyes sparkling. "Aunt Zhu, Mrs. Hopkins."

Crystal glanced at the little guy and habitually ignored him. She looked at Mrs. Stephenson and smiled awkwardly. "What a coincidence. You're out for shopping too?"

Mrs. Stephenson smiled lovingly and reached out to rub the little head of her grandson. Then she looked at Crystal and told her very directly.

"Geoffrey said he wanted to follow you."

"Grandma!"

Geoffrey immediately protested.

"A man has to be brave. What did you tell me before? Didn't you say you were afraid that Aunt Zhu would run away? I didn't even eat lunch when you pulled me out. You kept saying that you should follow closely. You were afraid that you would lose track of her or be discovered."

Mrs. Stephenson's words were humorous and amusing, teasing her grandson with a gentle smile.

"I didn't."

Although with a flush face, Geoffrey refused to admit it.

Crystal knew Geoffrey's temper very well. She was speechless that he even dragged his grandmother out with him. She really defeated because of him.

As an outsider, Christina was happy for Crystal from the bottom of her heart when she saw them. The Stephenson family was really a good family. Although they were not among the richest families, they were wealthy enough, knowledgeable, and harmonious. It was much better than living in rich families to suffer from so many intrigues. Such a simple life was really good.

Mrs. Stephenson said she didn't have lunch. Christina and Crystal decided to find a restaurant to eat at before going shopping.

In order to take care of the elders' taste, they chose a quiet restaurant. It was past lunchtime at 2 pm, so there were few people in the restaurant. The lobby of the restaurant was very clean and spacious. Mrs. Stephenson said that it was not necessary to go to the private room. So, they sat down at a table in the lobby and had their lunch.

This restaurant was famous for its soup dumplings and barbecued pork buns. Crystal ordered a few and she also ordered borscht for Geoffrey.

"I don't want to eat this."

Geoffrey immediately refused to eat the carrot soup.

Crystal immediately taught him a lesson. "Do you think I don't know? Your kindergarten teacher has told me so many times that you secretly buried the carrots in the flowerpot every time. Now drink this."

When Crystal was a nanny of the Stephenson family, the kindergarten teacher told her about the bad behavior of the little guy all day long.

When Mrs. Stephenson heard this, she just smiled and said nothing.

Geoffrey really didn't like carrots. He thought carrots were the worst food in the world. He wasn't a rabbit. Why did he have to eat carrots?

The little guy struggled desperately and pushed the plate of borscht away, intending to get past the problem.

Crystal instantly acted like a stepmother and scolded him. "Geoffrey, you are so picky now. Your IQ will not be on the rise in the future."

However, at this moment, Mrs. Stephenson said in surprise, "Miss Dickens, why do you only eat the skin and not the meat?"

Christina looked up. The three of them were staring at her with six pairs of eyes. She was very embarrassed.

"I... I don't like eating stuffing." She explained hesitantly.

"There's something stuffed in the bun. Don't you want it?"

"I don't eat meat dumplings either. If it's shrimp dumplings, I'll eat some. I'll just eat steamed bread."

Mrs. Stephenson and Geoffrey were very curious about her strange picky eating behavior.

"I think it strange that the meat is chopped into pieces," Christina explained.

Crystal looked at her friend agonizingly.

Originally, she wanted to teach Geoffrey a lesson so that he wouldn't be so picky, but she forgot that Christina was the most difficult one to deal with.

Little Geoffrey had a natural admiration for Christina. In order to show his manliness, he finally drank the borscht.

After dinner, they went to the counter to pay the bill and were about to leave when they met a Stephenson family relative.

A young woman in her 30's, pushing a stroller, was walking up to greet warmly when she saw Mrs. Stephenson and Geoffrey.

Mrs. Stephenson held Crystal's hand and chatted with the relative casually. "This is my daughter-in-law."

"When did Chandler get married again?" The woman was a little surprised.

"They've got the marriage certificate. If young people like to keep a low profile, just let them do it. Having a good life is more important."

Crystal Zhu obviously didn't expect to meet some relatives so suddenly. She was a little nervous. Mrs. Stephenson finally accepted her face to face. And Geoffrey was standing close to Crystal. The young woman smiled and didn't ask much.

Christina stood by and did not interrupt. She kept fixing her eyes on the baby in the stroller.

At this moment, she felt that little creatures like babies were really magical. They were small, white, and tender, with small hands and always screaming.

Although she was once pregnant, she did not face a living life on her own. She felt that these babies were very strange and weak.

Christina wondered if her twin sons were also so strange.

Mrs. Stephenson came out of the restaurant just now. She said that it was still so early and she wanted them to go to a place with her. Christina and Crystal did not dare to refuse the request of the elder. Geoffrey looked proud and he was obviously in a good mood.

Then they went to the place and saw all kinds of precious jewels on display, which were shining with golden light.

Crystal began to mutter, "It's really an evil intention..."

This was a very famous wedding shop in A City. There were all kinds of expensive wedding dresses and jewelry. Mrs. Stephenson should have an appointment. As soon as they entered, the manager immediately came out to greet them with a smile.

"Mrs. Stephenson, I don't need a wedding dress." Crystal was only a little awkward.

She told the elders yesterday that after getting the marriage certificate and keeping a low profile about the wedding, they could just have a meal with some relatives. Besides, Chandler was married twice, so there was no need to be too ostentatious.

"Crystal, I don't know if you young people will think gold is too rustic. I've studied the history of ancient Egypt a lot. I think the jewelry made of gold is actually very eye-catching. Come and see this set of jewelry quickly."

Mrs. Stephenson and Geoffrey sat in front of the glass cabinet and they were in high spirits choosing jewelry.

Crystal glanced at it from afar and was startled. "Can my neck stand it with it on my head?" It was really a luxury Egyptian style.

The manager asked the shop assistant to bring out several sets of jewelry and entertained them warmly. "There are also many domestic styles. If there is a special order, we can ask the parent company to send it over or customize it."

"There's no need to spend so much money on it."

Crystal had never received such a great favor since she was a child and she was a bit flattered.

"This is a gift from me and Chandler's father."

Mrs. Stephenson smiled kindly. "We're family now and we'll live together. Just make yourself at home. And Geoffrey is very naughty, so we still have to trouble you to take care of him in the future."

Then Mrs. Stephenson asked in confusion, "Crystal, are you planning to move out with Chandler after getting married? You young people need private space. If you think it's too troublesome to live with us, you can just come back to see us at times..."

This tone sounded a little bleak.



Crystal was shocked and immediately explained, "No, I've never thought about moving out."

Mrs. Stephenson smiled even more brightly when hearing this. "Then I'll have to trouble you to take care of us in the future. Come on. Choose what you like."

Mrs. Stephenson immediately asked the manager to bring out a few more sets of western-style platinum and diamond designs.

Crystal felt like she had made the wrong choice.

As expected, the whole Stephenson family was wily.

She approached quietly and looked at the price on the tag with her sharp eyes, then she was shocked.

How dare she wear these things? They were too expensive!

Christina felt that the jewelry designed by this shop was quite unique, and the style and texture were very refined. She also helped Crystal to choose. "You suit this set..."

Geoffrey came over them. "Do you want to buy diamonds?"

"Choose another set of platinum with diamonds to match the wedding dress." Christina pushed Crystal into the fitting room and chose a set of jewelry to try on.

Mrs. Stephenson and Geoffrey were waiting outside the fitting room. Crystal was dressed in a long white dress and her delicate face was blushing shyly. She was holding a light gauze skirt, and she looked charming with a set of sparkling pink diamond necklace earrings.

Mrs. Stephenson praised her. "Crystal, this wedding dress and jewelry suit you very well. You look so beautiful."

Crystal blushed and said awkwardly, "You overpraise me."

Crystal looked at herself in the mirror, wearing a dreamy white dress and such expensive jewelry. She felt like she was dreaming.

Although she kept saying that it was unnecessary, that she had to keep a low profile and didn't want to have a wedding, every woman liked to fantasize about her appearance in a white wedding dress. A woman was the most beautiful person at that moment when she wore the wedding dress, and every woman had a sweet dream in her mind.

Mrs. Stephenson liked Crystal very much and teased her with a smile. "It's all because Chandler is too busy. If he comes over, it's good to surprise him and he should treat you better."

Crystal felt a little dizzy. She didn't expect the Stephenson family to accept her so quickly and treat her so well. Her eyes were moist with emotion for a moment.

At this moment, Geoffrey tugged at her skirt and pointed in the direction of the shop door. "Look over there."

When Crystal turned to look, she paused for a moment.

Chandler happened to come out of the car. He must have just finished his business. He was dressed in a suit and he looked gentle and handsome, and he walked in with a smile on his face. Just then, he saw Crystal, who was deeply moved.

"I was just talking about you." Mrs. Stephenson looked at her son with a smile, held Crystal's arm affectionately, and asked, "How do you think of your bride?"

Chandler smiled handsomely and looked at Crystal, then he pretended to say affectionately. "Very beautiful."

Crystal knew that Chandler was teasing her on purpose, but her heart was beating wildly and her face was red.

Christina stood by and smiled. She felt that the people from the Stephenson family all had a great sense of humor.

At this moment, another man walked into the shop.

Geoffrey shouted excitedly, "Uncle Hopkins."

Christina paused. She did not look back, but in the huge mirror of the shop, she could see handsome Patrick walking over step by step.

"Hello, Mrs. Stephenson." Patrick walked up to Mrs. Stephenson first and greeted her in a low and steady voice.

Mrs. Stephenson was a little surprised. "I'm very glad to meet you, Patrick."

"I haven't thanked you for supporting the scientific research funding for our archaeology project last time."

"You're welcome."

Patrick was always so polite and distant to his elders and clients.

Then Patrick turned to look at Crystal and said calmly, "It looks good."

Crystal was flattered and nodded wildly. "Thank you, thank you."

Chandler stood aside and helped Crystal stand up. Crystal was too nervous and he wanted to laugh at her.

"Go pick a cheongsam. I like it."

"The cheongsam here is too small. I have fat around my waist and it doesn't look good on me."

"Don't worry, I like it." Chandler dragged Crystal to the other side.

The Stephenson family went to choose cheongsam on the other side. Chandler was good at teasing Crystal and deliberately angered her with some cheongsams she couldn't wear. Mrs. Stephenson personally helped Crystal to measure and planned to make a custom-made set.

"Mrs. Stephenson, there's no need to customize it. The clothes here are all very good. Just choose a ready-made one."

"Don't always call me Mrs. Stephenson. I'll give you some time to make an adjustment. After the new year, you'll call me mom."

Crystal smiled shyly. She finally knew that Chandler's character was inherited from his mother.

Christina stood not far away and looked at them. She also felt that Mrs. Stephenson was very interesting and happy for Crystal. It was great to see a harmonious family.

Patrick approached her, and Christina pretended to ignore him. She lowered her head and fiddled with some wedding dress headgear.

Patrick stood beside Christina, quietly, without any further movement.

Crystal changed into a red and silver cheongsam, and the Stephenson family was teasing her. Crystal looked gentle, and the cheongsam was more suitable for her.

Christina smiled faintly at Crystal. A happy woman was the most beautiful.

Patrick did not look at Crystal. His eyes were fixed on Christina and he felt that everything here was not as beautiful as her.

Suddenly, he said, "Christina, come back to the Hopkins family with me."



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