

angry about. He looked cold and didn't say anything. He just turned around and walked away, leaving her leaning against the wall, staring at his back in a daze...

"Hey -"

"Hey, Patrick -"

She couldn't figure out the sudden fluster rising in her heart, so she followed with him in a hurry.

Unable to catch up with his fast step, Christina felt a little aggrieved and angry, she rather sat willfully in the middle of the alley. "Patrick, my feet hurt!"

The tall figure in front of her suddenly stopped. He looked back at her, with a

slight rigid in his deep eyes.

She was sitting on the road like this.

"What's going on?" He returned to her, with quick steps.

Christina angrily looked at her with a straight face. She looked down and didn't look at him and muttered, "I have cramps on my swollen feet."

Maybe she walked too long today, and it was common for a pregnant to have cramps or swollen feet. Although it was not that serious as she said, she didn't lie anyway.

"Hey, what are you doing..."

"I'm embarrassed. Put me down, put me down..."

Suddenly she looked awkwardly and struggled to shout.

"Christina!"

Patrick directly carried her up, glared down at the woman in his arms, and called her name with gritted teeth.

She froze for a moment and immediately stayed quiet.

Patrick was 1.85 meters tall, and he loved boxing. He carried her up very easily and walked very steadily for each step.

She curled up in his arms, her cheeks were burning, and she could not deny that she had a sense of safety in her heart as if there was nothing to be

afraid of when he was with her.

"Her husband is so handsome. I want to be carried like her too. Hurry up..."

"Honey, you're just too heavy. You should lose weight first. I can't carry your weight."

A couple across the road looked at them. The woman glared at her man and was very dissatisfied with him. "You are small, you have the nerve to say that! How could I have been blind to date with you in the first place?"

The man immediately begged for mercy. "Honey, there must be a feminist in their family. Look at that man's looks... Well, he must be sponging off her for his good look. Honey, I'm different. You can rely on

me..."

Christina's face turned red as she looked at the couple in their eyes across the street.

"Patrick, put me down. I can walk by myself... A lot of people are watching." She protested in a low voice.

He tightened slightly his arms, and stared at her for a long time before he said irritably, "Come on, Christina, it turns out that you would blush."

The first time Christina heard his sarcasm, her eyes widened slightly and she was a little stunned.

Patrick looked at her stupid face and suddenly became a little angry. He didn't know whether he was angry at

his past behavior or at this woman's dullness.

"... Christina, I do have some rough time to have you relied on me."

His voice was low, a little angry, but more helpless.

When they reached the end of the alley, there were more and more people around walking past them. She buried her face in his chest and wrapped her hands around his neck. At this moment, she really didn't want to let go.

Chapter 98 Patrick, Wake Up

"Sit down."

Patrick pushed her into a taxi and helped her fasten her seat belt. After all, it was not a car from the Hopkins, so he didn't trust those "outsiders" at all.

The driver was under pressure. Although he did not know the two passengers, the man glanced at him, and his cold eyes seemed to tell him to drive safely.

"How're your feet?"

The car started slowly. Patrick sat beside her and frowned at her legs.

Christina was acting like a hooligan just

now. Her act of sitting directly on the road surprised Patrick, making him think that her feet cramped because of pregnancy and it was very urgent, so he even didn't wait for the driver of the Hopkins and directly took a taxi back.

Christina felt embarrassed when he looked at her.

She lowered her head guiltily and was thinking about how to deceive him. Suddenly, her phone rang. She perked up, immediately taking out her phone and pressing the answer button.

"Christina, have you met Patrick?" It was Mr. Hopkins.

Christina was surprised and replied truthfully, "Yes, we're going back together."



The old man on the other end of the phone heard her and didn't ask any more questions. He just said, "If you encounter any trouble in the future, just tell him. He is your husband..."

"Grandpa, did something happen?"  
Christina was really confused.

"He didn't tell you? That bastard heard you wanted to borrow money, so he called you in a hurry and directly drove out to look for you..."

Christina blushed inexplicably again.  
"Didn't he just pass by?"

"He went specially to see you."

Old Master Mr. Hopkins said that heavily, feeling that those two people

were really...He didn't want to care about those young people anymore. He just felt that what they did was really troublesome.

The old man hung up, and Christina looked at the screen in a daze.

The man next to her could vaguely hear their conversation on the phone. He pursed his lips and gazed at her profile, wanting to say something.

"How's your feet?" He repeated in a complicated tone.

Christina lowered her head, not daring to look straight into his burning eyes. She shook her long legs and said, "I'm fine."

Patrick looked at her childish action