

Chapter 114

The night was dark, but a cramp in the calf muscles woke Christina up from a sound sleep.

She reached out to turn on the light beside the bed.

Frowning, she propped herself up slowly and moved to the bedside. And she lifted her numb and painful right leg and put it down softly.

Pregnant women often had cramps in their legs at midnight...

She didn't know what to do with it before, so she just lay on the bed and massaged herself, but the effect was not much. Fortunately, Crystal taught her how to deal with that.

"Why are you still awake?"

The door was suddenly opened.

Seeing that the lights were still on, Patrick looked at her with a displeased expression and said, "Christina, it's already 2:00 in the morning."

"I thought you don't know!"

She glared at him, her tone not very good.

His injury didn't recover but he stayed up late. No one could keep him on a short since grandpa hadn't been here.

The room became quiet again, and neither of them spoke anymore.

Patrick went to the shower but felt annoyed to see that she was still sitting by the bed when he got out.

"Christina, you're not supposed to stay up late when you're pregnant." He tried to speak gently.

"I know, and I'm just..."

She felt kind of awkward, but did not want to say anything after staring at him for a second.

Christina sulked and turned her face away from him. She shook her right leg slightly, not feeling the cramp, and then put her left foot in, lay down again.

Patrick indeed wore out. After going through the financial report all night, he didn't want to argue about anything.

He lay down, turn off the light, wanting to rest.

"Patrick..."

The woman beside him called him hesitantly.

"Patrick, are you asleep?"

Christina said in a low voice. She knew he didn't fall asleep yet.

The man did not respond to her, but suddenly extended his palm to hold her hand, which was soft. Their fingers touched.

After that accident, his right shoulder got injured, so he could not hold her in his arm like before, which made him kind of not accustomed.

"I'm busy all day, Christina. I want to get my rest."

His low voice was with tiredness, but perhaps it was late at night, the voice got softer.

Christina moved closer to him. She had slept for hours and was wide awake now.

She wasn't contented and said, "I'm not stopping you."

"Dear, I wanna talk to you. Can you sleep later?"

"Okay."

It was the first time for them to chat in bed at night. And usually, she was not

clingy.

"I know you're busy, and I don't have much to do at home. Can I select the outfit for you in the future?" She got excited, "The doctor told me that adequate exercise was going for me..."

"I was thinking of helping out in the kitchen, but that didn't suit me." Her voice grew fainter and fainter.

The man chuckled.

"Why are you laughing? I really want to be a good wife."

She felt a bit annoyed, aiming a kick at him.

He already knew at the very beginning that she did not have a knack for that.

Something suddenly occurred to her, and she leaned closer to him with an ingratiating smile. "Hey, I want to be a gardener. That's what I can do. I like to use clippers."

"No." He rejected that.

As expected, he did the same thing as the gardener. She didn't give up but tried to persuade him in a tender voice.

"I won't hurt myself, believe me. I will be careful. Hey, I just like that..."

"Wanna be a gardener, you can start from weeding."

The talks failed, for he could not allow her to do that.

Looking out at the blackness of the sky and the brightness of lights, he felt rather pleased with the serenity here.

"My dear wife, shall we sleep now?"

He was in a good mood and deliberately teased her.

Her face blushed because of his calling her wife. She was too shy.

He hurt his right shoulder, so Christina tucked him in.

"By the way, grandpa has been in Seattle for almost a month. Why don't you call him tomorrow..."

She actually wanted to know about his grandpa. The last time she went to Seattle hospital, he scolded her

strangely. There was a hint of resentment in his tone.

If it hadn't been for you, he would have been great. That was what Patrick said to her the other day with a dark face.

She didn't understand what it meant. There were a lot of questions, but they didn't give her the opportunity to probe...

No one would be gossiping about the things that grandpa snubbed her and Judy slapped her in the face. She also told Charles not to tell Patrick, for she didn't want to be misunderstood as ruining the family relationship on purpose.

She was afraid to call his grandpa but he would be truly pleased if Patrick

called him.

He remained silent, making Christina kind of anxious.

Tugging at his left hand, she said, "Did you do something to vex him? He's sometimes childish. You need to entertain him. What he does must be for your own good..."

"I'll take care of it, okay?"

However, his voice turned ice.

She got a bit cross and said, "Can you just accede to his wishes?"

"Christina, Your only job now is to take care of yourself and be ready to give birth to the baby."

They both got upset because of that conversation even though this was a great night.

She kept the quilt on, turning away from him.

She was angry with him.

She woke up at seven o'clock in the morning, but found he had left the bed.

She got up and stared angrily at the place where he lay down at night.

She had thought that Patrick was out again. Going downstairs, she got to know that Charles and Chandler came very early and were in the study.

"Oh." She was at the table, answering in a bland tone.

Thinking about it for a while, she looked up at nanny and said, "By the way, I'll be going out..."

Hearing what she said, Nanny Faang kind of stunned and then nodded her head. "Well, I'll tell him."

At noon, the servants knocked on the door, reminding them of lunch downstairs.

"Where's Christina?"

The food was ready.

"Tell her to have lunch."

Charles looked around and did not see her.

After the serving, the nanny stood at the table, looked at Patrick, and said after hesitating for a while, "She goes for her prenatal checkup today. A maid for company."

Prenatal check-up?

"Why didn't she tell me?" He looked a little unhappy. He happened to be at home today.

There was a wry smile on her face and answered, "She wanted me to tell you that it's none of your business."

His face darkened when he heard this.

Christina still held a grudge.

Chapter 115

Around 5 pm, Christina returned to the Hopkinses from the hospital.

The prenatal examination went well this time, and she had an ultrasound. Looking at the ultrasound pictures of her twin sons, she was very excited to be a new mother.

"Nanny Faang, let me tell you, I..." Christina passed the corner of the corridor and happened to meet Nanny Faang. She was very excited and walked over with the ultrasound photos.

However, halfway through, she saw a tall figure, suddenly appearing in front of her.

Christina stopped immediately, and Patrick stopped when he saw her.

For a moment, they looked at each other and their expressions were a little stunned.

"You..." He said in a low voice.

"Nanny Faang, I've been busy all day. I'm a little sleepy. Call me when dinner is ready." Christina spoke a little fast, and her voice clearly sounded angry.

As if unwilling to talk with the man in front of her, she walked past him quickly with a straight face.

Patrick was ignored by her. He turned around, the expression in his eyes complicated as he watched the woman walk away without hesitation...

His cold face gradually darkened.

"Young Master Patrick, Young Madam... She's pregnant, so she's emotional." Nanny Faang stood aside with an awkward expression.

After thinking for a while, Nanny Faang slowly told him, "Young Master Patrick, actually, Young Madam has been working hard this month. She has read a lot of fashion magazines and books, learnt from designers about how to match, and personally went to the mall to choose clothes for you..."

Christina did these things with concentrated attention, and all of the servants could feel it, but Young Master was too busy to notice it.

Patrick raised his eyebrows when he heard Nanny Faang say that. He remembered that a few days ago, she took a new suit and showed it to him excitedly.

Seeing that he was obviously in a much better mood, Nanny Faang immediately went on, "The dinner tonight was also prepared by Young Madam. She started preparing the ingredients in the morning to make seafood soup, simmering it seriously..."

Patrick was a little surprised. How could she be able to cook such a difficult dish?

Nanny Faang smiled helplessly. "Young Madam said that she just had to put the ingredients into the pot. As long as the ingredients are fresh and well

cooked, the dish will be eatable."

In fact, Christina had been studying cooking for nearly half a month, but she learnt nothing. When she learned how to kill fish, she chopped it with a knife, but broke the gallbladder and bones of the fish.

In the end, she was probably discouraged but unconvinced.

A few days ago, she went to the kitchen and yelled that she must make a difficult dish. Christina chose to make seafood soup, which was complicated to make. She threw a dozen raw materials, such as abalone, holothurian, pleurotus eryngii, into a big pot.

Nanny Faang felt that Christina had

abandoned herself to despair.

"Really?"

Patrick replied in a deep voice, looking at the figure that had disappeared at the corner of the corridor, deep in thought.

Was she doing this for me?

Patrick never thought that she would be so proactive and considerate.

When did she learn to take care of others? Did she really want to be a good wife? It would be nice if she didn't cause trouble.

Inexplicably, Patrick chuckled.

Tonight, the Hopkinses had dinner late,

because the big pot of seafood soup made by Christina had not been flavored enough. The dinner didn't start until nearly 9 o'clock.

"Nanny Faang, does it taste bad?" The holothurian was almost stewed deformed.

"Young Master Patrick will definitely like it."

"Isn't he going out for dinner tonight?" As Christina entered the dining room, she looked up in surprise. Someone was already waiting at the table.

The maid served quickly and placed the pot of seafood soup in the middle of the table.

Patrick's eyes darkened as he looked at

the food in front of him, and then he turned to look at the woman beside him.

Christina didn't know what she was feeling now. Being stared at by him, she was a little nervous and walked to the dining chair opposite him.

Pretending to be calm, she asked, "You haven't eaten yet?"

"I'm waiting for the seafood soup."

Patrick's tone was much more brisk than his tone in the afternoon.

"This... this is made by Nanny Faang." As if she was guilty, Christina stressed loudly.

Patrick felt her bad disguise and

laughed out loud.

She blushed slightly as he stared at her.

"What happened to your hand?"

Patrick frowned and noticed two band-aids wrapped around her right hand.

When he asked her this question, she looked even more guilty and confused.

"I just accidentally cut myself."

He didn't say anything more and quickly got up from his chair and walked over to her. "Let me see..."

Christina blushed with embarrassment and raised her hand hesitantly.

At this moment, there was an anxious

voice...

"Young Master Patrick, it's the call from Old Master..." The housekeeper rushed over with the phone.

"Grandpa's call."

Christina straightened her face and nudged the man beside her to signal him to answer.

Patrick took the phone with a complicated expression. Before he could speak, the old man on the other end of the phone ordered angrily, "Come to Seattle immediately!"

"Patrick, did you hear what I said? I told you to come over right away. I found some brain specialists. They have a way..."

"No," he replied coldly.

Patrick held the phone tightly, his face a little gloomy.

Then there was another round of scolding over the phone...

Christina could not hear what the two of them were talking about. Patrick seemed to be avoiding her on purpose. He turned around and walked in another direction. But in a moment, she could feel Patrick's impatience, and perhaps the old man had lost his temper.

What were they arguing about?

Finally, with a cold face, Patrick hung up.

"Young Master Patrick, Old Master is very worried..." The old housekeeper at the side tried to suppress the gloomy expression on his face and to persuade him in a low voice.

"Don't answer the call from grandpa next time."

Patrick said in a cold voice and cast a glance at the housekeeper.

The housekeeper had watched him grow up and knew his temperament. He was helpless and did not dare to say anything, but Christina in the dining room could not stand it.

"What did grandpa say on the phone?"

She quickly stood up and walked over

to him. "Patrick, you have to listen to other people's advice. Don't be so grumpy all day. Grandpa must be busy with your business in Seattle, right? Just listen to him..."

"I told you, this is none of your business!"

Patrick turned his head and looked at her with a tough attitude.

Christina was also furious. "You're always so arrogant. Do you think it doesn't matter how many people you hurt as long as you get what you want?"

"... Last time, Cory said that you secretly sent someone to frame him for rape. You could really do anything for the sake of your own purpose. Have

you ever thought about how other people felt? You should think more about grandpa's feelings. How could you..."

"What's wrong with me!"

Patrick's cold face darkened completely.

In a deep voice, he gritted his teeth. "Christina, do you think you're qualified to tell me how to handle it? Or do you feel sorry for Cory... I tell you, if I want something, I will get it, regardless of how many people get hurt."

"... Christina, behave yourself and don't bring this up again."

Chapter 116

"Christina, be quiet and don't talk about it again..."

Ever since that night when Patrick warned her coldly, she had been trying to be restless. She seemed to be deliberately against him and provoke him all the time.

At noon in midsummer, the sun was shining brightly outside.

The servants in the living room of the Hopkins Family's Main Residence

were busy preparing a rich lunch for their guests.

Early this morning, Charles, Chandler, and a few new men arrived in Hopkins

Family.

These people went into Patrick's spacious study and had a secret meeting. Christina had no idea what was going on and didn't want to know now.

"Young Madam..."

It was time for lunch. Nanny Faang was surprised to see Christina striding over to have lunch.

Ever since their young master taught Christina a lesson that night, she refused to eat with Patrick at the same table.

Anyway, with him around, she would definitely turn around and leave.

Patrick and the others sat upright on the dining chair. They had not eaten yet. Chandler greeted her with a gentle smile on his face.

"It's been a long time since I saw you. It is our pleasure to dine with you..."

Christina smiled, "I already ate."

"But I'm a little full, so I need to exercise after dinner." She turned her head and glared fiercely at Patrick in the middle of the dining table. The last words were emphasized, which made others confused.

Charles and the others did not understand what she meant by exercise after dinner and were curious to ask the male owner of the house. However, before they could say

anything, the whole hall rang with the crisp and melodious sound of the piano.

She skillfully played Chopin's nocturne on the piano with her slender fingers.

Christina played this song so well that she could recite it without music. The faster she played it, the harder she pressed the keys, as if she was venting some emotions.

Though the music was melodious, the servants in the hall of Hopkins Family became anxious.

Chandler and Charles looked at each other warily. The others in the dining room were a little scared and secretly looked at Patrick in the middle seat.

Suddenly, they felt restless.

And she was still playing the piano smoothly. How dare she play this song in the Hopkins Family...

"Enough!"

The man in the dining room seemed to have run out of patience. He stood up in a huff and bumped into the tableware on the dining table. Charles and the others became nervous.

"Christina, have you had enough of this?"

It was not until the last note of this nocturne that she stopped contentedly.

Though the Hopkins Family's dining

room was a little far from where the piano was placed in the middle of the hall, others could still clearly hear the sound of the piano, which made some people annoyed.

Yes, she knew that he had never liked anyone playing the piano at home, especially this piece of music.

The atmosphere at home was solemn and tense.

The butler anxiously ran over to Christina and whispered, "Young Master Patrick doesn't like this song because madam used to..."

Judy used to be an international pianist and liked Chopin's nocturne most. And she became famous for her performance skills in playing this

music.

"Really?" Christina stood up from the piano stage with a nonchalant face.

"Don't tell me. Patrick said that anything here is none of my business."

Christina strode straight and heavily past the restaurant, clearly demonstrating against the men over there...

"Be quiet! Never! I would make a loud noise!" She thought.

Patrick was grim and refrained from getting angry. He glared at her and saw the woman haughtily walking away. Charles and the others were too scared to breathe loudly.

Others didn't know when the cold war between them started. Maybe it was the day when she tried so hard to cook him a good meal, he inexplicably taught her a lesson. As a result, Christina was not convinced.

Or perhaps the problems between them had existed for a long time and had been piling up for too long.

In any case, if the masters of the family had a cold war, servants would suffer most.

"Young Master Patrick said he... He's not coming home for dinner tonight."

At noon, Christina played the piano to protest against him, which made Patrick furious. At night, he simply did not come back to avoid arguing with

her.

Christina gritted her teeth and stared at dishes on the table.

She took a deep breath and pretended to be indifferent. She smiled and looked at Nanny Faang in front of her, which made Nanny Faang feel bad.

"Where are you?"

When it was almost 00:00 at midnight, Patrick rushed back from outside.

As usual, he would go to the bedroom first, and then he would open the door. It was dark inside with the lights off, and there was no one on the bed who should be sleeping soundly.

"Where is she?"

Patrick gritted his teeth and asked, almost losing his temper.

Nanny Faang was under great pressure and this time pulled the butler over because she was afraid that she couldn't handle Patrick alone.

"Let me ask you, where did she go? Everyone didn't know she was lost last time."

Recently, because of the conflict with Christina, some work, and personal affairs, he was restless.

The butler said hesitantly with a complicated expression, "Young Madam has gone to her friend's house for the night."

"Around 7 p.m. tonight, the driver personally sent her over. We also called you..." But Patrick was too busy. Knowing the phone from the butler, the assistant didn't tell Patrick and continued to work.

Patrick became grim and didn't speak, with his lips pursed tightly.

She should have gone to Crystal's apartment.

Nanny Faang hesitated for a moment and said carefully, "Young Master Patrick, although the Young Madam is a little noisy, she is kind-hearted. Don't argue with her..."

Patrick became furious when he heard this.

If he were to argue with her, she would still be... He didn't know what words to scold her. He was extremely angry.

Although it was summer, the midnight breeze was also somewhat cool.

"Young Master Patrick, do you want to pick up Young Madam to go home..." The butler also knew that Patrick didn't want to argue with her. Patrick just wanted to shun her when he didn't come back home for dinner.

"Leave her alone!"

Patrick was really angry this time. She actually ran out!

He turned around as if he didn't care about her and strode towards the study, only angrily holding the phone a

little too tightly.

"Christina, why are you staring at your phone?"

This small apartment, about 70 square meters, was Crystal's home.

Usually at 12: 00 a.m., she had already washed and slept, but Christina's sudden visit tonight made her a little surprised and confused.

"Nothing."

Christina angrily threw her phone away.

Crystal looked her up and down and asked curiously, "Christina, did you run away from home?"

Chapter 117

"Are you waiting for your husband's call?"

Crystal looked at Christina and teased her, "You just ran away from home. Aren't you afraid that your husband would look for you anxiously?"

"The driver sent me here." Christina said in an upset voice.

When Crystal heard what she said, she immediately became excited. "Are you actually waiting for Mark to pick you up personally?"

Christina was a little dissatisfied with Crystal's words.

Christina glanced at her unhappily, and

said "I'm in a blue mood". The implication was that Crystal should stop saying things that upset her.

Crystal laughed fearlessly when she saw Christina's look.

"Seriously, I'm a little nervous when the big boss comes to visit my humble abode in person."

Crystal looked around her apartment seriously. "Is the place in a mess? Should I clean up..."

"Crystal, go to hell -"

Christina grabbed a SpongeBob SquarePants pillow from the sofa and threw it at Crystal. She was getting annoyed, but Crystal, as her bestie, was gloating instead of comforting.

Crystal took the lovely pillow, suddenly said concernedly after thinking about it, "Christina, what will you do if Mark really doesn't care about you?"

To Crystal, Patrick was a Prince Charming. And she thought it was irrational for Christina to argue with him and run away from home.

Crystal thought, "So many women want to win Patrick's heart. Seriously, if he gets really angry and leave poor Christina, she will definitely regret it."

"Christina, why don't throw in the towel?"

"Call Mark and admit your mistake. Don't be afraid of that. If you really can't do it, try to be nice. If you miss the

chance and he really ignores you, don't regret it."

Christina disdained her suggestion, quickly change the subject and said, "Crystal, your place is pretty good."

Looking around the elegantly decorated apartment, Christina suddenly got up from the sofa and walked towards the small bedroom across the street, looking at a 1.5 meter single bed.

"I've decided to stay in your humble abode."

"What?"

"Hey, Christina, those are my pajamas. You can't live with me. What if Mark comes to me?"

At the end of the sentence, Crystal yelled at the bathroom in despair, "Christina, if your husband suspects me, remember to explain it to him. Don't get me into trouble!"

In the bathroom Christina was in a happy mood, bathing with Crystal's shower gel, completely ignoring the wailing outside the door.

Crystal accused Christina of her shameless behavior, and thought, "Damn it, she is crazy."

How could the boss fall in love with this kind of woman...

"Christina, I'm just a corporate slave. I'm different from you!" Crystal put her face close to the door and

complained.

"After the shower, if he comes to pick you up, go with him!"

Crystal was wrong. But it wasn't Christina's fault, and Patrick didn't come to pick her up that night.

The next day was a weekend and Crystal did not have to go to work; if it were normal, she would have slept in.

"Stop sleeping. It's already six o'clock. Get up and have breakfast. I'm hungry, as well as the baby in my belly!"

The clear voice disturbed Crystal from sleeping.

Christina had developed the habit of getting up early in Hopkins Family and

waking up naturally at some point. Especially now that she was pregnant and in a bad mood, she got hungry easily.

Crystal looked haggard with dark circles.

Crystal looked up at the energetic woman beside the bed and said, "Lady, it's only six o'clock. I don't get up so early. I want to sleep!" She pulled up the quilt and struggled to fall into sleep again.

Unfortunately, Crystal's struggles were futile.

"You can eat it yourself. Why do you have to pull me up to eat with you? Christina, you crazy."

Crystal was annoyed and was still very sleepy. She seemed to be sleepwalking and in her dream she was still eating meat buns.

"I'm used to having company."

Christina was a little blue. Patrick did get up very early and often came home in the early morning at night. However, other than his business trip, no matter how early he got up, he would have breakfast with her around 7:30 in the morning.

The breakfast used to be served at 5:00 a.m. because of Old Master Mr. Hopkins. Ever since she lived in the Hopkinses, the time for breakfast had gradually changed to 7:30 a.m. The old man didn't complain about it, and it was actually Patrick who changed the

time to accommodate her needs.

"Christina, are you going back today?"

"It can't work out. There are bound to be arguments between couples. It's not right for you to run away from home like this." Crystal kept on lecturing her.

Last night, they slept in a 1.5 meter bed. The bed was also originally large enough for two people to sleep together, but Christina pushed Crystal to the bedside several times last night and almost rolled down. Crystal thought she was used to sleeping in the 2 meter bed at home and that was why she sleeps badly

"Christina, you are very mobile when you sleep. Did Mark say that?"

Christina mumbled a word while she was eating noodles, "No."

Crystal was surprised and speechless. She thought it was hard for her boss to sleep in the same bed with such a woman.

After breakfast, Christina actually diligently found some cleaning tools and said she was going to clean the house.

It looked like Christina was going to live here for a long time, ready to fight a long battle against her husband.

Crystal thought she would definitely get into trouble because of Christina.

"Christina, no matter what happens,

we need to discuss it and everything will be solved!"

With a rarely serious expression, Crystal snatched the mop from her hand and dragged her to the small living room to sit down.

"Did Patrick treat you badly?"

"He abused you?"

"He has an affair?"

Crystal asked eagerly, "Everyone says 'marrying rich is a step into the unfathomable depth'. Can't you stand the rules there?"

"No."

Christina felt uncomfortable as she

was scrutinized in this way.

"He won't let me know anything. I think..."

Crystal was surprised to hear her say that. "It's for your own good that Patrick doesn't let you know. We can't understand how dark and complicated their world is. I'm telling you, I've seen enough of those intrigues in the company. So sometimes, I really envy you for being able to not know anything."

"I don't want to!"

Christina frowned and lowered her eyes unhappily.

"Crystal, you know me. I'm not afraid of being hurt or suffering. I don't need

him to protect me. Likewise, I don't want to be a silly woman."

She paused. Clutching the phone in her right hand, she stared at the familiar number and said in an insistent tone.

"If I knew everything, I would feel insecure. If one day he forgets to come to me, how would I find him?"

Chapter 118

"I've been feeling creepy when I go to the Hopkinses these days. Chandler, what's wrong with Patrick? I think he's been really irritable this week."

It was another weekend.

It was rare for them to have some free time. Charles and the others went to the club to drink, play pool and relax.

Charles grabbed half a glass of whiskey from the bar and took a sip of it. Before Chandler could speak, he muttered to himself, "It must be Christina."

Chandler seemed to sense something and elbowed his brother.

He reminded her with a half-smile,

"Charles, you'd better shut up now."

"Why?"

Charles glanced at him confusedly, upset, and the whiskey in his hand spilled out.

However, Mr. Shepherd sat in the metal rotating round chair. As he rotated, his eyes widened, and he immediately shut up.

When did Patrick stand behind him?

Charles personally poured half a glass of red wine, handed it to him with his signature smile, "Patrick, didn't you say you would stay at home today?"

Patrick took his glass. He was inexplicably angry to hear him mention

the word "home". He sat down without saying anything and drank it up.

Obviously, he was in a bad mood.

"I heard that Barbara has been busy handing over the work of the Seattle branch recently. Will she be transferred back home?"

Seeing that the atmosphere was gloomy, Chandler chuckled and brought up a safe topic.

"Yes."

Patrick's voice was hoarse. As if he was not interested in that, so he answered casually.

His deep eyes stared at the crystal wine glass in his hand, twirling the glass

in boredom, looking absent-minded.

Red wine, she loved red wine.

I hadn't been home for a week.

She was pregnant. Would she run out to eat anything unhealthy?

"Patrick."

"Patrick, what are you thinking?"

Charles called him a few times, but the man over there looked thoughtful.

An awkward look flashed Patrick's eyes. He said coldly, "What's the matter?"

"Nothing. Let me ask Barbara if she came back for Derek."

Chandler's expression suddenly became tense, "No news from Derek?"

"No."

Patrick only said a cold word.

Thinking of their brother, Charles frowned and muttered, "But it's strange. Last month, when you were hospitalized, someone told me that they saw Derek in Seattle. What's going on? Has he returned to China, or has he been in Seattle?"

"By the way, there's one thing I forgot to tell you."

Charles became excited, looking at Patrick with a complicated look, and hesitated, "Patrick, you had a car

accident last month. On that day, Christina was saved and sent to the hospital in advance."

Speaking of this, Chandler almost forgot about it.

Because Patrick was seriously injured in a car accident at that time, they were all in a panic and were not in the mood to pursue those irrelevant little things.

But when they thought about it later, it wasn't that simple.

"Just like the last time Christina was rescued from an abandoned factory, she didn't know what was going on. We went to check, but..."

The man was so shrewd that he avoided almost all the surveillance

cameras. Only one outside the hospital emergency room captured his back vaguely.

The man was tall, not looking strong, with white skin.

Unfortunately, the hidden surveillance camera outside the emergency room was covered by dust, so the images were blurry.

Charles and the others had analyzed it for a long time, and they felt that this man was not like an ordinary person. He had a kind of detached temperament, pure and cold. But he was not dominant, seeming indifferent.

For some reason, Charles felt that this back was familiar.

"Maybe it's just one of Christina's suitors." That woman was trouble.

Although the surveillance video was blurry, it was clear to see that the man had carefully carried Christina to the emergency room, and even the movement of putting her on the stretcher bed was gentle.

Who was he?

Not to mention the average family, even in their circle, few men had the temperament.

Patrick listened but he did not speak.

He frowned, as if he had decided something, and suddenly stood up.

It scared Charles, "What's wrong?"

Patrick, where are you going?"

He might be angry with the man who secretly cared for his wife.

"Send me that video." Patrick's voice was hoarse. He strode towards the exit of the club gate after this.

"What video?"

What video were they talking about?

Damn it! The signal was bad so she couldn't hear it clearly.

At this time, in a small, warm apartment, the woman, sitting on the sofa in the small living room, wearing white headphones, was operating a strange instrument in her hand. She pressed hard on the button, but it

didn't work.

"I can't hear anything."

Then, the woman cursed in a low voice angrily.

"Christina, what's the thing have you been working on?"

Around 1:00 at noon, as soon as they finished lunch, Crystal went into the kitchen to prepare dinner. After marinating the steak, she prepared a plate of fruit to help her Godson add get some vitamins.

"Christina, you should exercise properly when you're pregnant, or you'll feel terrible when you give birth to my Godson."

Christina was fidgeting with the electronic equipment in her hand, and she retorted without looking up, "I told you I would help you in the kitchen. You won't let me in."

Crystal glared at her. How could she say this?

She wouldn't expect her best friend to help with the cooking lest the kitchen would be exploded.

"What the hell is that in your hand?" Crystal sat close to her with a curious expression on her face.

"Nothing."

Seeming guilty, Christina quickly took off her headphones and put away the strange equipment.

Seeing that she didn't want to let her know her secret, Crystal immediately became angry, "Christina, don't you forget that you have been living and eating in my house for nothing for a week, a whole week. I'm going to go bankrupt. When the hell are you going to leave?"

"Good friends have no afterlife. Crystal, please let me go." Christina lectured shamelessly.

Who was your good friend?

Crystal had a good temper, and she was easy on everything. But recently, she was especially angry at Christina's bad habit of being picky.

It was probably because Crystal had

been poor for too long. She would go crazy when she saw other people waste food.

"Christina, if you are too picky, you will be punished by God." She snorted angrily.

"When you have dinner tonight, if you dare to throw away my steak secretly again, I will ask your husband to come and take you back."

Ding-dong.

Suddenly the doorbell rang.

The two women in the apartment looked at each other. Who?

"Christina, you ordered takeout again?" Crystal immediately

remembered her evil deeds and immediately disdained her.

"I didn't."

Christina, who was stared at by her best friend suspiciously, got up awkwardly from the sofa, "I didn't order takeout, or maybe they sent it to the wrong place. I'll go and see what it is."

As she spoke, she walked towards the door in surprise.

But as soon as she opened the door, Christina was stunned, not knowing what to say for a moment.

"Go home."

After looking at her with complicated

eyes for a long time, the man outside
the door finally said two words in a
deep voice.

Chapter 119

"Bo... Boss."

Patrick's energy field was too great. Crystal looked at the man suddenly appearing outside the door in shock and stammered. "Christina, pack up and go back."

Christina froze at the door and was gazed at by the man. She lowered her head awkwardly.

"How long do you want to stay here?"

It was rare for the man to be patient. However, his attitude was ambiguous.

"Actually, she's been staring at her phone, waiting for you to come and pick her up..." Crystal said without

hesitation.

Patrick's once grim face showed slight surprise and he turned to look at Crystal.

"Oh?" His deep voice was filled with curiosity.

Crystal felt that she was valued by the boss, and immediately straightened her back and prepared to report everything...

"I'll go in to pack up."

Christina said quickly in an embarrassed look. She grabbed Crystal's back collar and dragged her in.

"Crystal, if you dare say more, I'll get

you for that!"

Christina lowered her voice and glared at Crystal.

"You should be happy that he came to pick you up in person. Christina, don't be so stubborn. You had a nightmare last night and you were still saying his name..."

"Aww!"

Before she could finish her words smugly, the little fat on her waist was pinched by Christina, so she immediately screamed out.

"For couples, harmony is the most important thing..."

Crystal stood in front of her home and

finally sent away these two tough guys.

Christina and Patrick walked side by side with their faces tense and sights separated, as if they did not know what to say.

They hadn't met each other for a week...

Until they walked out of the elevator, the residents around stopped curiously to observe them. It was probably because of their outstanding appearance, especially Patrick's.

"Be careful."

Patrick's expression suddenly changed. He quickly reached out and pulled the woman into his arms.

Christina looked a little stunned and fell into his arms.

A basketball flew through them and almost hit Christina's abdomen.

"Walk carefully."

His familiar low voice sounded a little hoarse and worried.

She didn't answer, but her cheeks were already red.

Christina straightened up slightly, wanting to part from him, but then, she was held by him. He held her waist a little tightly.

Many people looked at them. It might be out of shyness or anything else... She did not resist and walked out of the

neighborhood with him.

The car was parked just outside. It was a newly custom-made bright black Ferrari, dark but flamboyant.

He didn't take the driver with him today. Christina saw him open the door and get into the driver's seat and she hesitated outside with a stunned look.

"The wound on your right shoulder..." Her voice sounds a little awkward.

The doctor said that it would take at least another month for his right scapula to recover from fracture.

"Automatic drive," Patrick knew what she was trying to say and looked out the window at her. "I can also drive with one hand... It's safe." He added.

It seemed like he was promising something.

Christina looked at his grim profile with a hint of hesitation. In fact, this man was not cold every day, and he would also have some ordinary emotions.

"Are you still pained severely?"

Christina sat directly in the passenger seat. Although Patrick looked straight ahead, the glimpse of her closing the car door inexplicably made him a little dazed, then he started the car quickly and drove towards the Hopkinses.

"Will your fracture be numb when you apply medicine to it?" She was a little anxious and asked again.

The man had previously disliked the medicine for external use prescribed by the doctor because it made his skin numb, and he was thinking of not taking the medicine at all. She had not been at home for a week to keep an eye on him, so it was very likely that he had thrown the ointment away.

"It's recovered."

Patrick replied casually.

As expected! Men always cared little about their health.

Christina was a little angry. It seemed it was because of him, and of herself away from him for a week as well.

"Patrick, you need those drugs. It takes

time and patience for you to recover..."

The car stopped steadily at a red light.

He glanced at her who was in the passenger seat, with his eager eyes. "How long do I have to endure?" His voice sounded ambiguous, a little low, and hoarse.

"Christina, it's bad for me, your husband, to endure like this all day..."

Not knowing whether she had misunderstood his words, she was blushed embarrassedly.

Patrick looked at her blushing cheeks, half-lowered head, and her trying to hide her shyness. He wanted to laugh.

However, just as he looked away, he

caught a glimpse of a familiar electronic device in the printed paper bag on her left...

"Where did you get this?" Suddenly, Patrick became serious.

Seeing the print bag he picked up, she looked guilty and panicked and she leaned over with intention to snatch it back. "Give it back to me..."

The man was so fast that he was already holding it in his left hand.

"You bought this?"

After he took it out, his face darkened with complexity, and he asked in a deep voice with some anger.

"Christina, why did you buy this..."

He seemed extremely unhappy as if she had done something terrible.

"I, I just..."

"You bought it to eavesdrop on my calls!"

Patrick took out the black cell phone in his coat pocket with his injured right hand. He endured the pain and tore the outer shell with both hands hard.

"Click." The phone was torn apart.

Christina was nervous with her heart lifting up after watching his angry face.

They saw a small fingernail-sized, flashing red chip in the small gap of the power board inside the phone.

"Chip for eavesdropping."

Patrick thought it more sarcastic when he was saying this.

There were too many devious people around him, so he needed to be strictly guarded when he was outside and had to be vigilant all the time. He knew many people were looking forward to his failure, but he never thought...

His phone was secretly embedded with a chip.

Besides her, who else could do such a thing so easily? She was so important to him, so she shouldn't do it.

"Christina, I have told you that your only job was to successfully give birth

to a child... Now that you're learning to be greedy like those women, do you have to piss me off?"

He looked into her eyes coldly, almost gnashing his teeth.

She was stared at by him. Her whole body tensed up. She couldn't understand why disgust and hatred were revealed in his eyes.

'Is he hating me? Or Is he hating 'insatiable' women? What does he hate...'

She really wanted to know about his past. Should she ask him? It was no use.

He didn't want to tell her anything.

'I bought this just to... I want to know

what you are thinking every day!

'I want to know everything about you!'

Chapter 120

Bang!

Christina walked out of the car angrily and slammed the door in a huff.

And the man in the car seemed angry too.

Patrick looked at her viciously as she crossed the road. "Christina..." He gritted his teeth and called out to her angrily, but the woman in front of him walked faster. She refused to pay any attention to him.

The red light ahead had turned green.

The driver in the car behind him kept honking, which made him even more annoyed and angry.

It was a quiet area. They were on the outskirts of the city. There was a simple and dilapidated little park a hundred meters ahead on the right. Christina did not go far. She was sitting on a stone chair under the shade of trees, sulking.

He stared at the familiar figure and started the car quickly, approaching her.

But just as Patrick was about to get out of the car, he suddenly felt a sharp pain in his brain.

Frowning, he subconsciously wanted to scratch his head with his right hand in an attempt to ease the pain, but the injury to his right shoulder caused him to lose his balance and lean toward the

steering wheel. He wanted to use his left hand to quickly support himself, but his elbow hit the horn.

Beep!

The harsh sound of the horn suddenly sounded.

Christina, who was sitting quietly and sulking, was so frightened by the sound behind her that she immediately turned around and recognized Patrick's car.

Because what was inside the car could not be seen through the window from the outside, Christina felt that he was deliberately honking to urge her.

"I'm not going back!" She yelled at the car furiously.

"It's none of your business!"

With a splitting headache, Patrick leaned against the back of the seat and breathed out to adjust himself. But when he heard the woman in front of him shouting defiantly, Patrick's head hurt even more and he was so angry.

Within five minutes, the custom-made black sports car sped away.

Christina looked sideways at the rapidly disappearing car and pursed her lips. The sunlight that fell through the leaves shone on her fair cheeks. Her beautiful brows furrowed slightly and she was somewhat depressed.

"If you want to leave, leave. Who wants you to be around?"

She cursed angrily in the direction of the car, and at this moment, she did not know what she was angry about.

"You jerk! You often scold me indiscriminately. I didn't do anything bad. I just wanted to know..."

It was stupid of her to sit alone in the remote and deserted park and speak to herself. She didn't want to be so awkward. He was a man. Couldn't he get out of the car and coax me? Who the fuck were you? I had human rights too! She angrily thought to herself.

She thought she was married to a cold fish who would yell at her all day long.

Christina was filled with resentment. It was 2: 00 pm in midsummer. The sun

was blazing. In the scorching sunlight, her anger grew.

At this moment, Mr. Shepherd was holding his cell phone. He also felt that Patrick had been easily irritated recently. Charles got involved in this matter involuntarily.

"She's at the street park in the Clifton District?"

"Patrick, why don't you take her home... I know. I'll go and see her right away..." The voice on the other end of the phone was so gloomy that Charles immediately agreed.

"Mr. Shepherd, are you leaving so early?" Mr. Shepherd loved to have fun on the weekend. Why did he leave so early?

"I'll go and pick someone up."

"... Just ask someone else to do this for you."

"I'm afraid no one will be able to do this other than me!" Charles was a little angry.

It seemed that the couple had quarreled again, and Patrick couldn't bear to ignore her.

Charles hated Christina a little more. She was a wicked woman! All day long, she could only cause trouble for others.

Reluctantly, he put down his billiard pole and rushed from the club to the Clifton District. Because of the long

distance and the traffic jam caused by the office workers who sought pleasure on the weekend, Charles arrived at the park that Patrick talked about at about 3 p.m.

"Christina is not in the park."

Charles drove the car to the side and got out of the car. He walked around the deserted little park, but he didn't see the person he was looking for.

Charles called Patrick in a very angry voice. "Patrick, I know you love her very much, but you still have to teach her a lesson. I think when she was just married to you, she behaved herself. It's only been six months. How can you let her be so arrogant..."

"Now she doesn't even answer her

phone. She's so willful and spoiled..."

Charles took the opportunity to scold her, and let Patrick reflect on it. A man's wife must be disciplined. Otherwise, what if the woman couldn't be controlled in the future?

"I have her phone." Patrick said seriously in a cold voice.

Just now, after a quarrel with Christina in the car, she suddenly got out of the car without even her bag and phone.

"Go to Apartment C 205 in the Florence Resort..."

Patrick's tone was not too urgent, and he gave the order gently.

At this moment, a respectful voice

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sounded at Patrick's end, "... When will the Young Madam come back? We have prepared all the dishes she likes."

Charles looked expressionless and hung up the phone. "He clearly wants her home, but he asked me to find her for him. How ridiculous!"

Although Christina had the guts to yell at Patrick all day long and Charles had all sorts of things against her, Christina didn't really make them worry.

"Didn't Christina get picked up by Mark?"

Crystal surely knew this Mr. Shepherd in front of her. She often saw his face in the entertainment section. It was not surprising that Patrick's friends were all rich men, but it was strange why he

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came back to find Christina again.

"What happened to her?"

When Charles heard her say that, he no longer doubted that the woman was hiding Christina from him, and his expression became serious.

"Patrick, Christina didn't go back to her apartment to find her friend..."

He anxiously called Patrick again.

The man on the other end of the phone was signing some documents in the study. When he heard Charles's words, he put down the pen in his hand and immediately stood up.

"Send someone to look for her."

He thought that she was throwing a tantrum and might have deliberately prevented him from looking for her, but... He was still worried.

At first, he thought Christina was just throwing a tantrum, but after Charles sent someone to look for her, he became more and more uneasy.

"It's very quiet around the park. There are no shops. Almost no one passes by except on the road beside it..."

"The Florence Resort, which is the closest to the park, is also ten kilometers away from this park. Christina doesn't have a wallet or a cell phone. She's unlikely to walk back to the Florence Resort to find her friend..."

"The only surveillance camera on the road can't get a picture of this side. This park is a blind spot."

From four o'clock in the afternoon, he asked his men to search everywhere until six o'clock when the sun was setting...

Patrick and a group of his men came to this deserted park. He stood in the shade of a tree and looked at the empty stone chair with a complicated look in his eyes.

"There are no signs of struggle around here. I guess she left voluntarily..."

"It's too desolate here. Why did she get off here..."

There were anxious and noisy voices in

his ears. The sky began to darken, and under the last rays of the sun, Patrick's shadow lengthened...