Chapter 144

"This is the new medicine just sent from Seattle. Young Master Patrick needs to take it for a month before the operation..."

It was a cloudless day. The early summer breeze was refreshing and comforting, but the old man in the pavilion looked upset and fretful.

The old housekeeper's right hand carried a small paper bag printed with a hospital logo. Inside the bag was a carefully packed brown medicine bottle. He hurried over here. Halfway through his talking, he looked around and found Patrick was not there.

Looking at the old man in front of him, he gave a wry smile, "Young Master

Patrick has returned to the company?"

Yesterday was Dragon Boat Festival, and today happened to be Sunday. Patrick and Christina got up early. After finishing breakfast with the old man, Young Master Patrick even played chess with the old man, which was rare. It seemed that Christina also went out, wasn't it?

"... He accompanied his wife to the sanatorium in North of the City."

Old Master Mr. Hopkins looked at the half-finished chess play and said angrily, "I really didn't know that this skunk also knew filial piety. Hmph... You can just give the medicine to his wife."

When the old housekeeper heard this,

he was startled. Then he laughed, "Young Master Patrick should also go to the sanatorium in North of the City. Christina is even more fond of this aunt Betty than of the Dickens Family. He went to see this elder personally. Young Master Patrick is really considerate."

Old Master Mr. Hopkins seemed to have been irritated by something and immediately became furious. He roared out in anger, "Can he not be considerate? I just ignored his wife for a few days, and he actually asked me not to make things difficult for her. He was afraid that I would scare Christina..."

Old Master Mr. Hopkins grabbed his crutch and walked slowly to the lotus pond, cursing, "Unfilial child!"

7:56 AM

"What a fool! He only married this woman for half a year... Just like the dog he had when he was a child. He was still silly like before."

However, the old man did not show much anger on his face when scolding him. Instead, he stared at the blooming lotus, deep in his own thoughts.

"Young Master Patrick has been partial to people who were close to him since he was young..."

Thinking of the past, the housekeeper couldn't help laughing out loud. In the past, even though Patrick had a puppy, he wouldn't let anyone else touch it. Even his dog was not allowed to touch, let alone his wife.

"This skunk Patrick seems to be very happy recently?" Old Master Mr. Hopkins said casually.

Before the housekeeper said anything, the old man simply put his crutch aside. His thick and old hands held the railing tightly and leaned forward. He bent down like an old naughty child, reaching out to the lotus in the pool.

"It would not be the same as before if you fall in the lotus pond." The housekeeper immediately stepped forward nervously and warned.

"You also think I'm old and useless?"

The old man straightened up slightly, turned his head to glance at his old companion, and smiled reluctantly. "Rong, I'm old, and I'm going to leave

first after all. But the child in my family happens to be worrying..."

The housekeeper looked also sad. He wanted to say something to comfort Old Master Mr. Hopkins, who, however, also knew that his grandson was not stupid enough to play with his life. This grandson should be very clear about his own illness.

"The thing I asked you to check last time... Since that skunk doesn't want me to know about it, you don't have to look into it anymore."

The housekeeper was surprised to hear that, "Old Master, Young Master Patrick went to work in C City as an assistant six years ago, and at first check, his car accident with Derek was closely related, and Christina..."

first after all. But the child in my family happens to be worrying..."

The housekeeper looked also sad. He wanted to say something to comfort Old Master Mr. Hopkins, who, however, also knew that his grandson was not stupid enough to play with his life. This grandson should be very clear about his own illness.

"The thing I asked you to check last time... Since that skunk doesn't want me to know about it, you don't have to look into it anymore."

The housekeeper was surprised to hear that, "Old Master, Young Master Patrick went to work in C City as an assistant six years ago, and at first check, his car accident with Derek was closely related, and Christina..."

7:56 AM

"As long as Christina gives birth to the child and acts properly as the Young lady of the Hopkinses... As long as there are no surprising issues, I can let bygones be bygones."

This old voice echoed in this quiet lotus pond, echoing a sense of vague uneasiness...

"Patrick, you're very finicky."

At this time, the black sports car was speeding steadily on the highway, and the woman in the car was unwilling to fasten her seat belt. She felt uncomfortable with it and complained.

"I heard from the housekeeper that you used to have a dog. When you took it out for a walk, and people came over

to touch it. You proudly say that it was your dog..."

Chapter 145

The car stopped steadily, and the driver immediately opened the door in a careful manner. The man in the back seat came out, but the woman with him hesitated.

"Come out..."

Patrick stood outside the car door and glanced at the woman inside with a sullen expression.

Christina felt guilty when he looked at him, especially when she looked up at the nursing home before her, which was surrounded by a white wall. She became more nervous.

It had been nearly half a year since she had come to see her aunt Betty. She

looked down at her obviously bulging abdomen.

She was pregnant for so long, but she didn't have the guts to tell Betty about her pregnancy.

"You never mentioned me to her?"

Patrick's face darkened. He was very dissatisfied.

"I've been looking for the right time..." Christina had to pop her head out of the car and find an excuse for herself.

The two of them walked side by side towards the door of the nursing home.

After thinking for a while, she told him, "By the way, when you see my aunt in a while, you can't behave in that cold

way, and my aunt may not like you..."

"Doesn't like me?"

Patrick stopped walking, and his voice grew colder.

Christina smiled and comforted her man. "It's okay. When I married Cory, my aunt didn't like him either. She accepted it gradually. In fact, the main reason was that she felt rich men were unreliable..."

"Patrick, you stay here. I'll go in and find out..."

After that, Christina left, leaving him alone.

Patrick's face darkened and stared at her turning left and into a ward.

"Betty is not here..."

Suddenly, a familiar voice came from the other side of the corridor. Patrick heard with a slight frown and turned to find out. That man strode towards him with a complicated expression on his face.

"Betty went out with a man this morning. She's not in the ward."

Cory stood a meter away from him and repeated his cold words.

The two men looked at each other, and both were in an indifferent manner.

"Yesterday it's dragon boat festival, so today I brought some things to greet Betty and see if there's anything I can

do to help..."

Cory was the first to speak. He was dressed in a black suit and stood upright. He looked very strict and spoke more calmly.

"However, I realized that Betty did not require my help." His words paused, his eyes gazing at Patrick.

"With the care of your family, she surely doesn't need me." Cory's tone was a little self-deprecating.

But looking at Patrick, his eyes became more and more complicated, as well as confused.

"You've been looking for Betty's substitutable heart since six years ago?" Cory couldn't help but ask.

Patrick didn't answer. He raised his eyebrows and looked at his cousin. He felt that Cory had changed a lot since the car accident.

However, he was still not interested in talking to him, so he stepped forward and thought of taking Christina home from the ward.

Cory stepped forward and stopped him. "Christina is so devoted to you now. She's very grateful for what you did in the past. She must love you very much..."

"What are you trying to say?"

Patrick's face darkened when he heard the words.

Cory's lips lifted to sneer. "I know I can't compete with you. And I also know you went to be that ridiculous teaching assistant for her, and you even took a bullet for her. But Patrick, why did Christina unluckily met a gangster during her graduation trip? Was it for her or for you? You know it very well!"

Chapter 146

"I was truly drunk when the car accident happened. I wanted to catch up with you, but I didn't really want to bump into your car. My car was tampered with by someone. The person who did this obviously wanted to kill you. Your opponent is just like you. Trying to kill you by my hand, how cruel."

Cory looked at him fiercely, with some hatred.

"But after the incident, all blame was put directly on Christina. They were all saying that I had a grudge with Christina, and that you are the victim... No matter what the people outside have said, Patrick, you yourself know in

your heart that you have implicated Christina. Don't think how great you saved her. You are her greatest disaster."

Cory was a little agitated, gritting his teeth, with unwillingness and anger.

"Without you, Christina would have lived a better life..."

Cory could finish his words. Patrick's face darkened, reached out his right hand, and grabbed Cory by his neck, pushing him so hard against the wall that he couldn't move.

"Patrick, you, are you guilty... Or are you nervous..." Cory said intermittently as he tried to break open his five fingers.

"Christina loves you very much now. Her love is no less good compared with a man's love. She's headstrong and stubborn, but she can risk anything." Cory was angry and shook off this gripping with both hands. He then subconsciously stepped back to the left.

Cory put his right hand around his neck, took a deep breath, and smiled at himself with a self-deprecating meaning, "I am no satisfied, very unsatisfied."

"These days, I seriously think back to the time... When I fell into the river and when I almost got hit by a truck, Christina would always jump out and help me as long as she saw it."

"So I am thinking that if I were still her

dear husband, maybe Christina would treat me better. All of a sudden, I wanted to be with her... No one loves her as purely as I do. Even if my mother was good to me, it was because of the family inheritance."

His voice dropped and he calmed down.

The past, after all, had passed. She no longer liked him, and perhaps she had never liked him. It was just a wrong love.

The corridor of the sanatorium was very quiet, and suddenly there were sounds of footsteps coming from the left.

Cory looked up and happened to meet the woman's eyes, who was standing

opposite to him. Christina looked surprised and subconsciously quickened her steps towards them.

Patrick didn't look back, but he knew it was her.

"Those complicated things in the Hopkinses, and those vicious opponents of yours... Cousin, I hope you have the ability to handle these things without getting my cousin involved."

Cory looked casual and relaxed. He then lowered his voice with a commercially polite smile, "You'd better not be too proud. You cannot be satisfied with everyone and everything in this world. There will always be someone who makes you fall..."

Patrick narrowed his eyes and looked at his ambiguous smile. Just as he was about to speak, Christina had walked up to him, "What are you talking about?"

"Your aunt is not here. Let's go home."

Patrick looked unhappy and did not look at Cory. He naturally wrapped around her waist with his right hand and pulled her into his arms with a slight force. This looked somehow like declaring his ownership.

Christina didn't quite understand this move, only feeling that Patrick was in a bad mood.

She guessed that may they had a fight?

However, according to Patrick's

personality, he would not be the first one to initiate the argument. It was probably because Cory annoyed him again.

Patrick turned around and wanted to take her to leave. Christina did not want to annoy him anymore, so she followed him and left.

"Wait a minute."

The man behind them strode after them and stopped right in front of them.

Christina looked at Cory in front of her. Her first feeling was that he seemed to have become much mature. Hesitating for a while, she then asked, "What is it?"

"Christina, I brought you something," he looked straight at her, picked up a small bag, and handed it to her.

"No need..." She refused subconsciously.

"... Christina, it is your wooden box."

Chapter 147

"Thank you..."

Christina took what he handed over and did not look at him again.

She turned around and walked away side by side with the man beside her.

Cory stood rooted to the spot, looking at the two figures who were leaving away. He looked gloomy, pursing his lips tightly, and was about to say something.

But his words wouldn't work.

He felt bitter.

"Patrick, how much do you know her better than I do..." He muttered in

anger.

"What's in the box?"

Patrick and Christina got into the car. He frowned and looked out of the window with a complicated look. Christina did not speak, and they were both quiet.

The car drove smoothly back to his house, but the driver felt the atmosphere in the car was serious.

Trembling, he looked up at the rearview mirror and saw that their young master looked gloomy, while the woman lowered her head with excitement, looking at the contents of her little wooden box without paying attention to the bad mood of the man beside her.

"What are these..."

Patrick turned his head and glanced that Christina was holding some objects in that small wooden box. They did not look like valuables and were old and yellow.

However, Christina carefully examined the objects in her box with both hands. She was careful and treasured them very much.

"Nothing."

She looked at him in a daze, and a strange look of guilt flashed across her face. She immediately packed up her things.

The car continued to move steadily

"What are these..."

Patrick turned his head and glanced that Christina was holding some objects in that small wooden box. They did not look like valuables and were old and yellow.

However, Christina carefully examined the objects in her box with both hands. She was careful and treasured them very much.

"Nothing."

She looked at him in a daze, and a strange look of guilt flashed across her face. She immediately packed up her things.

The car continued to move steadily

and rapidly. They didn't have much to talk about, and suddenly the car quieted down again.

Patrick narrowed his eyes and stared at her for a while.

He thought she would ask about Cory's appearance and what the two men were talking about, but to his surprise, she didn't. She frowned and was a little absent-minded.

Christina's mind was indeed a little confused, and she glanced at the small wooden box on her right from time to time as if she was reminiscing about something in the past.

In fact, he didn't know her that well...

Thinking of this, Patrick was annoyed

and turned his head, staring at the speeding back outside the car window with a disturbed mind.

There was a strange silence in the car when suddenly a phone rang.

Christina was startled. She took the vibrating phone out of her bag and looked at the caller ID. Suddenly, she hesitated.

"Your aunt called."

Patrick looked back and saw her look hesitant. He reminded her in a deep voice.

"I know, I know."

Christina responded, glancing away from him, her voice tinged with

nervousness. She immediately pressed the answer button.

"I just went to the sanatorium..."

"I'm on the highway now. They said you went out. Who are you going out with?"

She was talking on the phone with Betty. Patrick pursed his lips and looked at her, feeling that Christina acted weirdly.

"Auntie, how are you doing recently?"

Christina greeted her aunt as usual, but the next second, she looked surprised, raised her voice, and asked, "What?"

"Your heart surgery is over. Why didn't

the sanatorium inform me?" As she spoke, she turned to Patrick with a puzzled look.

Patrick could hear what they were talking about on the phone. Faced with Christina's bewildered expression, he frowned too.

"Did you arrange..." Christina naturally remembered that his family had promised to help her aunt with her illness.

Patrick did not answer, but his face became gloomier.

"Christina, you don't have to worry about me anymore. The surgery was successful. I asked the sanatorium to keep it a secret for me," Betty told her with a smile.

7:57 AM

"I wanted to tell you in person, but you've been too busy to come over for the past six months... There's a great doctor here..."

Chapter 148

"Auntie, why didn't you tell me about such a major operation?"

Christina blamed her but with more astonishment.

Betty seems to trust the new doctor. Who is he? Her aunt was always vigilant and distrusted others.

"You didn't tell me about your divorce last time. I saw it on TV myself..." A faint retort from the other end of the phone.

"I was afraid that you would get angry and thus deteriorate your health condition..."

Hearing the things that happened before, Christina felt a little guilty and

couldn't help looking at the man beside her.

Patrick happened to be staring at her all the time.

Their eyes met, and Patrick raised his eyebrow, warning her to make things clear immediately.

Christina felt a little uncomfortable under his gaze and turned her head slightly.

Shit...

There's stillt her marriage to be told.

She hesitated, but before she could say anything, Betty suppressed her complicated emotions and sighed, "It's been so many years, and your

grandfather could always make a better choice."

Hearing that he mentioned Grandpa suddenly, she didn't sink in for a moment.

Betty lowered her voice with a hint of speechlessness and laughter. "I mean, when you were a child, your grandfather had arranged a child's marriage for you..."

The child marriage Grandpa arranged...

Hearing these words, Christina's eyes widened slightly with her nerves tense.

Looking at her strange expression, Patrick frowned.

Just as she was about to ask

something, Betty continued to sigh. "Christina, you were young and impulsive at that time. You really went too far and hurt his self-esteem..."

"He's too narrow-minded. I just said the wrong sentence and he directly walked away without hesitation. It's been several years and now he really ignored me so I have no chance to apologize anymore."

Christina clutched a small wooden box with her left hand, suddenly emotional. The black glass window reflected the trace of red in her eyes.

In fact, it was just like a normal quarrel, just a little more violent. She was sure that he would be softhearted and come back.

But no, after that time, for so many years, it seemed that he disappeared.

She secretly regretted and looked for him, but she failed.

She scolded him, making him run away.

"He is not so important. If he doesn't come to see me, I won't look for him."

The words revealed her obstinacy which was a bad habit because of being spoiled a long time ago.

"Christina, the reason why you became pampered and wilful when you were a child was that your grandfather your families had doted on you but not because you were the lady of Dickens Family."

Betty smiled gently on the other end. "Especially Derek. He did everything you liked. He was autistic and didn't like to talk at that time, and you bullied him hard. He was totally responsible for your bad temper. That day, you refused his proposal publicly and said you didn't want to see him again."

Christina pursed her lips, with her eyes darkened and filled with shame.

That day, even her grandfather was furious.

"He's still angry with me. I don't know... Where he had gone." The voice sounded dull.

Betty smiled snappishly. She had already known that her bark was worse than her bite.

"Christina, you two grew up together. You know best his personality. He didn't really get angry with you, and you weren't needed to give him an apology. He has just run into some things over the years."

She said and paused, later smiled even more.

"Derek is back."

"It was he who operated on me. And it was successful. Now he's with me. Christina, do you want to talk to him..."

Christina could hear the rumble in her brain, her back straightened, and her right hand clutched her phone tightly.

She couldn't hear what Betty said after

that, except the words she had said before.

Derek is back.

It was really him. He was the person she met the other day.

He's back.

"What happened?" Patrick asked in a low voice.

He vaguely heard them say that someone was back, and she cared about it.

Then, just as Patrick frowned and tried getting close to her, the car abruptly stopped.

Christina was caught off guard. Her

body leaned forward. Patrick protected her as soon as possible. After a few bumps, the car steadily stopped.

They looked up and quickly noticed that a black van was rushing across the road at the intersection off the highway.

"Are you hurt..."

Patrick asked her, and Christina shook her head in a daze. Her phone fell to the bottom of her seat, and she tried bending down to pick it up.

"Christina, what happened?" Betty on the other end of the phone also felt something wrong.

And she heard a man's voice, that

voice...

She asked anxiously, "Christina, who's next to you?"

Chapter 149

Christina was stunned for a moment. She turned to look at the man beside her and asked, "It is hung up?"

She became a little worried after saying it.

Christina pursed her lips and muttered in a sardonic tone, "Patrick, what did you say to my aunt? Why did she hang up..."

The man next to her got his face darkened.

He unhappily put the phone back to her and snorted coldly, "I don't know."

Christina took her phone and looked at the turned-off screen.

She sighed. "Did you say something that scared her..."

Patrick's face darkened and he felt even irritated.

However, he didn't want to argue with her. He turned to look at the car window and saw the driver rushing over.

The car was driving at a normal speed when suddenly a black van ran across the road. Their car suddenly stopped and Christina's phone fell off.

Betty, who was on the other end of the phone, perceived something to be wrong and asked her with concern.

Christina bent over to pick up the

phone, but Patrick had picked it up. Before she could answer, Betty heard Patrick's voice and asked, "Who is it?"

"I'm Christina's husband."

Patrick just said that.

Then the phone was hung up.

Patrick himself felt baffled.

On the other end of the phone, Betty seemed to be shocked after clearly hearing Patrick's voice.

"Sit back down."

Patrick pushed Christina back into her seat and fastened her seat belt with a cold face.

He looked up at the driver and signaled him to continue driving back.

As for the strange behavior of Christina's aunt, he did not take it seriously. Perhaps, it was like Christina's analysis. There were many people in the business circle who were afraid of him.

Patrick was a little concerned about another thing. "Check out the black van that cut in just now." Was it accidental or intentional?

As the car continued to move smoothly, Christina opened her cell phone and anxiously called her aunt back.

But it couldn't get through...

"Hey, what exactly did you say to my aunt just now!" Christina was a little angry.

She was sure that this arrogant man must have said something unbearable to scare her aunt.

Patrick ignored her words.

He still looked straight ahead and was particularly concerned about the passing cars.

"You are terrible. My aunt has just finished her heart operation. Don't scare her..."

"What if she relapses?"

Patrick looked expressionlessly at the road ahead and found it was about to

reach.

Turning around, he saw the woman next to him being annoyed so he coldly said, "Christina, how long will you secretly keep my identity..."

"What?"

The woman who was complaining did not react.

Patrick glared at her. "Um... Do you think I don't deserve your introduction to your family?"

The car quickly stopped in the garage in a steady way. Patrick got out of the car without driver's service and left with big strides, as if something urgent had happened.

Christina was in the back seat, staring at the figure rapidly walking away...

She frowned and muttered, "How hard it is for me to make it public..."

It was so awkward. Should she just say, "we just got married after having sex and my pregnancy?"

She didn't know what Patrick was up to. He was a capable man, so he spent most of time working. Every time she was with him, she felt guilty to take up his time.

However, at this moment of urgency, she should give her aunt a good explanation...

After returning to her bedroom, she tried to call Betty back several times,

but no one answered.

Patrick was busy in the study. When they were having dinner together, he emphasized that he must meet her aunt and explain their current marriage situation.

"But my aunt has just finished her operation. If it stimulates her..." After finishing the soup, she faltered and retorted.

Patrick seemed really busy and suddenly stood up from the dining chair. He just glared at her and ignored her words.

She had got used to being idle when she was about to give birth.

"Hey, I used to like the kind of man who

has time to be with his wife. Why do I meet your dad?" After a walk, she went back to her bedroom to get her pajamas. Then she was about to take a bath.

Soaking comfortably in warm water, she thought of Patrick who was so busy all day and didn't have much time to take a vacation. And unknowingly, this man had gradually occupied all her mind.

For a while, she started to complain again. "He's always cold and furious. If only I could tease him..."

Her right hand splashed the water in the bathtub in boredom.

When she heard her phone ringing outside, she immediately got excited.

She grabbed the towel, wrapped herself up, and walked out quickly.

Christina glanced at the screen. It was from the landline phone of the nursing home. It should be Betty.

"Auntie, that is my husband!" She cheered herself up with courage and then confessed.

"Hello, Miss Dickens. I'm a nurse of nursing home," a young female soft voice came from the other end of the phone.

"Aunt Betty asked me to give you a call. She wants to tell you that she is in good status and the operation is successful. There is no need to worry about her. She has some things to handle now. She will contact you in a while."

"What's my aunt doing?" Christina couldn't help but ask.

Betty asked a nurse to call her. Wouldn't she answer the call herself?

Thinking about it, she suddenly became worried. "Does something happen to her? Does she look angry? Will it affect her health..."

Christina asked several questions in one breath, but the nurse on the other end of the phone laughed. "Miss Dickens, you really don't have to worry. Your aunt is in good health, and Dr. Fisher has been treating her personally..."

Dr. Fisher.

Christina was stunned for a moment when she heard the name.

Derek Fisher

He operated on her aunt himself.

In fact, Derek shouldn't have studied medicine. His family were particularly against it back then. But they didn't care because he insisted on getting multiple professional degrees at the same time.

Eric, don't take the medical exam. You should study finance. If you insist on that, people in the Fishers will be even more dissatisfied with you..." At that time, she also suggested him.

"If your aunt is ill again... you'll upset in tears."

Derek was a person of few words.

He had promised her that he would cure Betty for her. At that time, she thought he was kidding...

After hanging up the nurse's call, Christina felt a little depressed for no reason.

She dried her long hair, changed into her pajamas, and climbed onto the bed. But she couldn't fall sleep.

Wrapped in a quilt, she turned over and couldn't help but look into the second drawer of the nightstand. She put the small wooden box inside.

All these years, she had secretly kept this rosewood box by her side. After

falling out with Cory and the people at his side, she almost forgot about it. Fortunately, it was still intact.

Derek's grandfather and her grandfather were close comrades-in-arms, and Derek was an illegitimate child. He had lived with his grandfather until he was three years old, so she naturally knew him...

Derek was a little autistic, probably because he was bullied by the Fishers when he was a child, plus his inborn cold personality. In fact, Christina felt that this genius was a little proud, to be exact, very strange. Derek did not care about anything.

Because of his indifference, it was always difficult to get close to him.

She went to the same kindergarten, the same primary school, and the same high school with him... Christina had always felt it was natural to grow up with him and did not think too much about it.

But one day, her grandpa told her that the jade pendant that Derek gave her should be kept because it was her engagement token with him.

"What engagement token? I don't want to marry him."

"You have to marry even if you don't. I've already promised his grandfather. Don't be willful!"

"I don't want to marry an autistic man!"

She was very surprised that no one had

ever told her about the engagement. At that moment, she was so angry that she said some very hurtful words.

At that time, he was standing outside the gate silently.

Probably because of their tacit understanding, she was aware that he was standing at the gate. She clutched the precious half-moon carved blood jade in her hand at that moment. And she rushed out. When she passed him, she blushed and shouted at him, "I don't wanna see you anymore!"

Then, with a hard throw of her right hand, Christina threw the engagement jade pendant away.

Her grandpa was so angry about this. So he threw a big tantrum at her and

complained that she was too headstrong to throw away her jade pendant.

Christina's heart sank when she thought of the past.

"I didn't really throw it away. I threw it into the pool..." Yes, that day, she threw it at the artificial carp pond in the front yard.

The jade pendant was not missing, but Derek was.

The jade pendant was very special. The jade was bright red. It was very precious. There were two pieces in total. When they were combined, they could form a circle.

Inside her rosewood box, there were

many things Derek gave her, along with some worthless handiwork such as grasshoppers and small grass rings. Although they were withered and yellow, they were still exquisite. All were made by Derek himself.

Thinking about it, she felt a little sleepy.

She closed her eyes lightly, hugging the quilt. She remembered the nurse's words, "Dr. Fisher had left the nursing home. I heard he went to F City..."

"Eric is in F City..." She pursed her lips and murmured.

She knew Mrs. Fisher's 50th birthday was next week... Because Patrick told her to accompany him to the Fishers's birthday party.

"Eric, what have you been doing all these years..."

"Why don't you see me? Are you still mad at me..."

She wanted to tell him many things, especially an apology.

Chapter 150

"Christina, you have a big belly. You'd better not go out and bring others trouble. Stay at home." A bantering voice sounded with a hint of ridicule.

Christina's attitude was resolute. She looked at Charles and complained, "My son wants to go outside, don't keep them bored... We're going to F City. Why are you going with us? Your boss has his hands free."

Charles wanted to talk her back, but when he looked up and saw Patrick's cold eyes, he had to shut up.

It was Saturday. Mr. Shepherd, who was supposed to be out on the weekend, had to go to F City and asked Patrick to go to the Fisher Family with

him, but this bitch had to make things difficult for him.

They did not delay because they had to rush to the airport and take a plane to F City. They got into the car, and the driver drove quickly, but Charles couldn't help but nag.

"Patrick, your son will be born in three months at the earliest. You can't let her be so ... shameless all the time."

When Patrick in the back of the car heard this, he looked thoughtful again.

"After giving birth, your body will become weak..." Patrick's right hand rested lightly on Christina's bulging belly and murmured in a low voice.

As he spoke, he turned to look at

Christina and said in a serious tone, "Remember not to lose your temper."

He knew some women would have postpartum depression, so they had to be careful.

Christina opened her eyes wide and nodded desperately. "Yes, don't make me mad."

Postpartum depression? Bullshit!

Charles sat in the passenger seat, listening to the conversation between the couple behind him. He was depressed. Was this to say that Christina could be more arrogant after giving birth to the child? Damn it!

They arrived at the airport very quickly. "Chandler said that he would

rush to the Fishers early tomorrow morning..." Charles and Patrick whispered.

Christina had never paid much attention to what these men were talking about, but when she heard the word "the Fishers," her expression became a little concerned.

"You know the Fishers very well?" She hesitated for a moment and couldn't help asking.

"Of course. Otherwise, why would I go all the way for the birthday party of that old lady from the Fishers?" They were in the first-class airline lounge, the plane was a little late, and Charles was roasting her.

Christina was quite dissatisfied with

this man's attitude, but Charles's words of "old lady" sounded quite pleasant.

Then she cursed, "That old lady was elected as a goodwill ambassador. She disgusted me. Bah-"

"Christina, I don't remember that your family has anything to do with the Dickens Family."

Charles raised his eyebrows and gave her a sharp look. "You sounded like you have a deep hatred for the Fishers. Who do you know in the Fishers...?"

Christina was about to tell him, but as soon as she turned her head, her expression changed into surprise as she shouted to the right, "Crystal!"

7:59 AM

"You're going to F City too?"

Charles watched as a group of IP&G Group employees walked towards him. A figure stood out in the crowd. "Barbara, are you going to the Fishers or work?"

"There's a project, but our partner puts on airs and says they're only free on weekends."

Barbara walked up to the front and spoke with a chuckle as if she was used to dealing with these difficult clients. "I just came here. There are a lot of people at headquarters who don't like me. This project is quite big, and I have to come here myself."

Christina sat down and looked at the woman. She found that Barbara

seemed to keep a standard and friendly smile all the time. Indeed, many men unmatched her calm manner.

But Charles had just mentioned that Barbara was going to the Fishers, and she was a little curious. "Barbara, what's your relationship with the Fishers?"

Christina asked directly, and surprise flickered in Barbara's eyes as if she did not know how to answer.

"She's going to see her boyfriend's parents. You are so gossipy." Charles interjected meaningfully.

To meet her boyfriend's parents in F City, the Fishers?

Christina didn't understand. As far as she knew, Mrs. Fisher gave birth to two daughters, unless...

"We're in a hurry. We've arranged for a client to meet tonight. See you tomorrow."

Barbara did not explain much. She smiled, whispered a few words to her subordinates, and walked towards the gate.

"See you in F City, Christina." As a newcomer to the workplace, Crystal had to leave with the leader.

"It looks like your gentle friend has a chance to be promoted," Charles muttered in a bored voice as he watched Barbara and the others leave with a thoughtful look while Patrick

was talking on the phone.

"As Barbara used to do, she would not bring a newcomer to such a big project."

Christina always remembered that Charles was experienced in relationships and warned him, "What are you talking about? Charles, if you dare to touch my friend, I will not let you off!"

"Don't worry, I'm not interested in her sexually," Charles glanced at her. Of course, he knew he shouldn't dip his pen in the company ink. However, he added, "Your friend has big boobs."

"Go to hell!"

Christina punched him hard, and he

screamed.

"Christina, don't be so arrogant even if you're with Patrick. You're a scourge... Behave yourself when we get to the birthday party. Don't embarrass us."

Charles planned to speak ill of her when Patrick came over, but the bodyguard ran over to tell them that Patrick had an emergency.

"Mr. Hopkins have to go back home."

Christina and Charles looked at each other confusedly. "Why does he suddenly return home?"

"Did something happen to grandpa?"

Thinking about it, Christina became worried.

"Mr. Hopkins just asked Mr. Shepherd to send Young Madam to F City first. He will go directly to the venue tomorrow..." The bodyguard reported truthfully.

"I'll go back home."

Christina was really worried.

"Stop fooling around. Grandpa is in good health. Let's go to F City first..."

Charles stood up from his chair and glanced at her. "Christina, if you really want to go home, you might as well not go to the party. It's troublesome to take care of you."

"But I want to see him..." She hesitated as she spoke.

Charles did not know what she said, but seeing that she was worried, he could not bully her. Otherwise, when Patrick knew, Patrick would kick his ass.

"Your husband can handle everything. Patrick asked you to go to F City, so do it. Christina, you are troublesome. Do you know?"

Charles mocked her as usual and strode towards the departure gate.

Christina hesitated for a moment and followed Charles.

"Charles, do you know what Patrick is up to?"

"Can you help him with his busy work,