

Chapter 166

Christina sat in the corner of the Fishers lobby and looked around bored. She noticed that Patrick and the other men seemed to be dealing with some emergency.

"You go back to the hotel first."

After a while, Patrick walked towards her hurriedly and said quickly.

"What's wrong? The party hasn't started yet."

Unwilling to move, she rolled her eyes and muttered, "I want to wait..."

"Christina, who do you want to wait for?"

Charles glared at her angrily. "Chandler's son is missing. We're going to find that little guy. No one will company you."

Just now, the nanny rushed to the coffee shop to look for the child, but she couldn't find him. Charles thought of some terrible kidnap cases, which made him nervous.

Christina was surprised at first. After all, losing the child was a big deal, but, she then said, "You don't have to accompany me. I'll just sit here. You guys go and do your work." As she spoke, she also pushed Patrick by his arm and asked him to go quickly.

Patrick frowned, as if he was thinking about how to deal with it.

Chandler, on the other hand, calmed down and looked at the red dot on the screen. "He ran to the amusement park..." His son had a habit of hiding in noisy places whenever he was in a bad mood.

Chandler put away his phone and strode towards the door without delay.

"Geoffrey is just throwing a tantrum. I'm going to look for him now. Patrick, you guys stay and wait to see if Derek is back..."

"Derek," Christina's expression froze when she heard the two words.

Were they really that close to Derek?

Suddenly, Charles wanted to ask something, so he followed Chandler

worriedly. "Chandler, wait for me. I'll go look for that little guy too..."

This unreliable Mr. Shepherd had always loved children and was practically a male nanny for the kid.

"Sit here and don't wander around." Patrick warned her, stepped forward, and whispered a few words to the two bodyguards behind him. His expression was a little strange, and he walked into the crowd.

She was still sitting there, watching them go about their business, and suddenly felt that she was useless.

In fact, there were many things that she could help, but Patrick did not allow her to interfere.

Christina had been waiting until 7: 00 in the evening. It was already dark outside and the Fishers birthday party had officially begun.

The lights in the hall were dimmed and a beam of light lit up on the podium. A pair of sixty-year-old couples were standing on the podium with flowers in their arms. They were smiling generously and kindly in front of the guests.

"Thank you very much for coming to my wife's birthday party today. Just enjoy the food and drink and make yourselves at home here..."

Ralph, the current head of the Fishers, was speaking on the stage. He was full of energy and he seemed very healthy. Christina could see that the old man

could live for so long. She had always hated the people of the Fisher Family. Look at the fake smile of this Ralph.

"Today, I would like to take this opportunity to announce another important issue to you all,"

Ralph, who was on the rostrum, paused, became serious, then he naturally took Mrs. Fisher's hand, and the two old couples took a step forward with affections for each other.

Ralph cleared his throat and said calmly, "My wife and I have been working hard for the company for the most part of our lives, and we are old enough to retire and enjoy ourselves..."

The audience immediately became a little noisy when they heard this.

It was not a small matter that the person in charge of the Fishers officially announced their retirement, especially for companies that had close working relationships with them. They were especially concerned about the next person in charge...

"Last week, our board of directors unanimously approved the appointment of Luke as the CEO of the FISHER Corporation..."

In that dark corner, Christina was furious when she heard the news. "Why?!"

That Luke was only the son-in-law of the Fishers. Luke only agreed to marry the eldest daughter of the Fisher Family because of the Wilsons's

downfall, it was obvious to him that Ralph gave away the company to an outsider. What about Derek!

"And Derek's little girlfriend?"

The lights in the hall gradually lit up. Just as Christina's face darkened with anger, a rough and surprised voice suddenly came into her ears.

Christina raised her head, gloomy, and looked at a short, fat man in front of her, with a big gold chain around his neck. Who was this fat middle-aged man with a big belly?

"Go away!" The more upset she was, the angrier she was with this rich stranger.

"It's really you," but he didn't leave.

Anyway, he looked at her curiously. "Little girl, after all these years, your temper is still the same as that when you were a child. You are really spoiled by your family all along."

Christina immediately recalled some childhood memories when she heard the duck-like voice of this man.

"That fat pig uncle of Derek?"

She remembered that she met a strange uncle surnamed Morris when she sneaked into the Fishers to look for Derek, and he liked to tease her.

"Girl, you'd better be polite. I didn't care back then because you were a little girl. Now look at you already..."

He looked at her bulging abdomen and

immediately looked surprised, as if he saw something terrible, "How did you get pregnant!"

"Are you pregnant with Derek's child?"

"Don't talk nonsense." Christina stood up in a hurry.

Seeing her nervous look, he sneered and said in a more sarcastic tone, "That's right. You hated him back then. How could you be pregnant with his child? That autistic idiot nephew of mine didn't deserve you..."

Chapter 167

"There's one thing that I haven't been able to figure out..."

As darkness fell outside, F City was lit up by colorful lights, and the commercial streets bustled with people and activities. In the second floor of a high-end coffee shop, a woman sitting near the glass wall looked outside the window in a daze.

"Barbara, I'm talking to you. What are you thinking?" Erica in the opposite seat raised her voice.

It was not until then did Barbara regain her senses and respond with a smile, "What is it?"

Raising her eyebrows, Erica looked at

her. She lit a cigarette casually and took a puff. "Barbara, are you used to wearing such a fake smile?" Erica blurted out.

"It's a professional habit," said Barbara with a nonchalant shrug.

Erica didn't say much about it either. It wasn't easy for Barbara to work in IP&G Group.

"By the way, Barbara, the party at the Fisher Family begins. Why don't you go?"

Barbara didn't seem to care much about it. She took a sip of the coffee on the table and said casually, "There's no need to go."

"You're part of the Fishers, Barbara.

People say you're a tough woman, but I know you grow up without parents. You're eager to have a family. Knock it off."

Erica married Chandler after she graduated from college. Like Christina, she was outspoken and had few work experiences. Sometimes she would compare herself to Christina, but she was frustrated to find herself overshadowed by her.

"Well, get married as soon as possible. Enjoy a relationship so that you won't be immersed in work, and..." Erica paused and looked at Barbara with suspicion.

"Barbara, there's one thing bothering me... How did you end up with that idiot from the Fishers?"

When Barbara heard what she said, the hand she was holding the coffee cup froze.

Erica gave her a long searching look. Without waiting for her to speak, she went on, "I wasn't in the position to judge before. After all, Derek is the only male grandson of the Fishers, and it's not a loss for you to marry him, but things are really different now..."

"Barbara, listen to me. You'd better break up with him as soon as possible. From what I know, Mrs. Fisher hated Derek, this bastard. Today's party must involve the inheritance. I'm sure he won't get anything..."

Without saying anything, Barbara picked up the coffee and took a few

more sips. She finished the coffee before put the cup down slowly.

Erica frowned with puzzlement. "Barbara, don't tell me you're in love with him. He's really useless except for his good looks. Besides, he's been a vegetable abroad for so many years, and he's been mentally ill. Even if he wakes up now, he might be physically ill... You might as well get rid of him."

"I had nothing to do with him," said Barbara's in a complicated tone.

"What do you mean?"

Erica was stunned. "Aren't you in a relationship with Derek? You said it yourself. You were also sad that he had been in a coma because of a car accident. You've been taking care of

him in the United States all these years..."

In the middle of her words, Erica seemed to figure out something and looked at Barbara in shock.

"No wonder you fall in love with Derek? So that's it!"

"Back when we studied together in the United States, I clearly remember that you had crush on Patrick. You talked a lot about him when we in the first year of college, and you were shy at the mention of him. You asked me how to get close to him."

"Get close to him?"

Barbara did not deny it, but she forced a smile. She said calmly, "Patrick rejects

almost all women."

Young master Hopkins Family was not interested in women, which could be found out by a little inquiry.

She couldn't get close to him. at all...

Erica raised her eyebrows and looked at her. She put out the cigarette between her fingers and said in contempt, "It seems that the fool is not completely useless."

The fool was Derek.

She didn't pay much attention to Derek, but he was Patrick's best friend...

She couldn't help but want to know everything related to him.

Sometimes people are so strange that they can't control their emotions. They want to get closer and closer to the person they liked...

Barbara turned around and looked at the flashing street lights outside the window. She remembered the day when she first met Patrick on campus.

That night, she left in a hurry and dropped her textbooks all over the floor. She was not familiar with the environment and uncomfortable with the foreign students who were especially open-minded.

She quickly picked up the textbooks and wanted to rush back to the classroom, but suddenly there was a deep voice behind her. "There's

another one."

It was a little dark around, and she could vaguely see a handsome man leaning against the guardrail of the corridor, flipping through her law textbook in his hand.

She knew the man was extraordinary from what he was wearing. Like those arrogant gentlemen, he shouted and stopped moving. He was waiting for her to go and get it herself, not even bothering to hand it to her.

She knew that there were a lot of rich kids in this school who could not be offended. She walked over and was about to thank him and take her textbooks and left.

However, to her surprise, the man's

cold face flashed with hesitation, and then she looked at him in a daze as he lowered his eyes. He slowly flattened out the wrinkled pages of her second-hand textbook.

At that moment, the only thing in her mind was that his fingers were beautiful and he was gentle.

"You're going to be late." She didn't wake up until he handed the book back to her.

Aware of her impoliteness, she raised her head to look at him so closely. For some reason, her cheeks were very hot. His handsome face had a cold look.

Even when he handed the book back to her, his fingers were slightly cold when she accidentally touched it.

"Who is he?" A question lingered in her mind.

Later, she found out that he was Patrick, the eldest grandson of the Hopkinses.

Although he was cold, arrogant and evil in others' eyes, she found him thoughtful and gentle.

There was an inexplicable feeling in her heart that was stirring. She wanted to know him...

"Barbara, when Derek was knocked out in a car accident, you were the first to stand up and say that you were his girlfriend and that you would take care of him. Now that Derek is awake, don't Patrick and the others know you're

lying?" Erica's words woke her up from memory.

Barbara said with a bitter smile, "It's a lie, but if.."

"If I weren't Derek's girlfriend, he wouldn't even look at me.."

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'If I wasn't Derek's girlfriend, he wouldn't even look at me...'

She admitted it unwillingly and helplessly.

Erica raised her eyebrows in surprise. They had known each other for many years. She knew that Barbara was a sensible woman, so she was surprised to hear these words.

It turned out that Barbara loved him so much.

"Barbara, have you ever thought that the more you love him, the further you are pushing yourself away from him..."

Erica suddenly thought of her own

private affairs. She pursed her lips and said seriously as if mocking herself. "It's true that you have been accepted by Patrick's family for all these years. Old Master Mr. Hopkins, as well as Judy, liked you. Brianna, the defensive girl, also loves to be with you. But it was all because of the fact that you are Derek's girlfriend. This means that you can never have relationships with Patrick even though he also falls in love with you."

"Considering Patrick's personality, he would never have relationships with a woman related to his brother...What you did are..."

Barbara was very upset because what troubled her most was told by Erica. So she stood up from the seat and stared straight at the distance outside the

window, considering something else.

"I didn't think anything of it at the time."

When they were studying abroad, Patrick was so charming that there always had many beautiful and outgoing girls trying to get close to him.

"At least I'm better than the strangers. He cared about me at least." Barbara murmured as if comforting herself. But she was also self-mocking.

"That's true. Patrick was so strange. He was not interested in those women at all."

Erica picked up the fork on the table and had a few bits of the Spaghetti.

Suddenly, she looked sad and raised her voice when reminding someone. "By the way, where's Christina? How's her relationship with Patrick..."

Barbara looked at the beautiful twinkling light in the distance, and her expression was tightly locked down.

"Christina."

She could not conceal the ruthlessness in her voice as she silently recited the name. It was not easy for her to get what she wanted, but it was easy for that damned woman to get it. It was like she worked hard every day but was robbed of all the credit by that woman.

"Christina..."

Christina was sitting quietly in the

corner of the banquet hall of the Fishers. Suddenly, she felt someone staring at her from the left side. She stood up vigilantly and walked over.

The hall was brightly lit. Some guests were waltzing in the middle of the hall. There was a violin concerto on the right side. People were talking softly and lowly. The clink of glasses and waves of laughter were everywhere. The atmosphere was animated while was still formal.

Christina roamed among the crowds. She didn't dare to take big steps. She walked carefully with her head down. In fact, she was not in a good mood.

She was mocked by Derek's uncle. She had always been a sharp talker, but could only remain silent in the end.

[My nephew is only an autistic fool. Indeed, he's not good enough for you...]

[Derek is not a fool! He just doesn't like to talk.] She got a bit carried away and contradicted him without thinking.

When he heard what she said, he laughed coldly and scolded with his teeth clenching. [Well, you still like him as before and get used to help him and protect him. I can't help but wonder, are you really loving him? Or you only treat him like a joke for having fun. Don't forget that you are the person who hurt him the most. Don't forget what you had said to him. You threw away the jade pendant for engagement in front of him, mocking that you would never marry an autistic person like him. You also told him never to appear

in front of you.]

The eyes of Christina turned red. She pursed her lips, wanting to say something, but remained silent.

In fact, back then... She didn't mean to say that, but she was in great panic.

"I've always wanted to apologize to him..." She lowered her head and choked up in a low voice. "Derek, where are you?"

She had been trying to find him, but failed!

"Derek?"

Two tall figures suddenly appeared from the inner chamber. A shrill voice murmured these two words and then

cursed with disdain, "Someone's spoiling this festival. Don't mention that fool..."

When Christina heard this familiar and harsh voice, her face darkened, and she looked straight ahead.

When the two women saw Christina standing in front of them, they were stunned for a moment. Soon, Mrs. Fisher recognized her and glared at her. "It's you."

"I know you. You're the shameless bitch who came to our house every day when we were young." The young lady of the Fishers was cruel and offensive.

Derek was an illegitimate child. However, Mrs. Fisher's offsprings were only two girls. So, the elders in the

Fishers finally agreed to accept Derek as their own blood. Anyway, Derek's biological mother died when giving birth to him. The elders wanted Mrs. Fisher to accept him.

But there was more to it. Mrs. Fisher hated the redundant child. So she secretly scolded and punched the handsome little boy who had just started kindergarten.

Christina used to come to comfort Derek secretly. She knew that he wouldn't talk back when being scolded, and wouldn't fight back when being hit. He only cried when being locked in the utility room, being scared, and suffering from hunger. He was always being quiet, and was indifferent to everything, even to his own life.

But Christina could not bear it!

Christina glared angrily at the mother and the daughter who had heavy makeup. "You had agreed before that Derek would join the Fishers. He is part of the Fishers now, and he will enjoy the inheritance of the company. It was nonsense what you were talking about..."

They had announced that it would be the eldest son-in-law who operated the companies of the Fishers. The younger son-in-law would be in charge of purchasing raw materials. They enjoyed all the stock dividends. However, they never mentioned the name of Derek, as if he never existed.

"It's none of your business. You are nobody, and are not qualified to judge

us." Miss Fisher sneered.

Christina was furious. "I know everything. When the Fishers sent people to the C City and met Derek's grandfather, they agreed on the terms. As long as Derek was willing to go back to the Fishers, he would have 30% of the company's shares. The older generation of the Fishers had signed documents..."

Mrs. Fisher was a little nervous when she mentioned that.

Miss Fisher's face darkened when she heard issues relating to her money. "30% of the shares? Keep dreaming. A bastard was vying for our family property. Urgh!"

"Besides, that fool hasn't come back

for so many years. He's dead for us. That document is therefore invalid!"

Christina couldn't help to beat her. She shouted angrily, "Nonsense! He's alive and is doing well, and he'll come back!"

"Whether he comes back or not has nothing to do with our the Fishers," Mrs. Fisher, who kept quiet for a long time, looked at Christina sharply and then glanced at the crowds in the banquet. She spoke elegantly but coldly. "You'd better leave now, no matter who brought you here."

Christina found the bodyguards of the Fishers approaching her. They were seemed planning to get her out of the room.

Miss Fisher looked at her arrogantly

and said disdainfully, "Just a woman globbing our food. You'd better stay out of your way and get out now!"

There were steady footsteps behind her...

"She came here with me."

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Christina looked surprised as she looked at the fat man standing beside her.

She knew him. He was Derek's uncle. The fat man had just taunted her shamelessly.

But now he walked towards her in a hurry. What did he mean by those weird words?

"She came in with me." Larry spoke directly to the mother and daughter of the Fishers.

"Uncle, why did you bring such a person into our place..."

Miss Fisher of the Fishers looked

scornful. After some thought, she raised her eyebrows and looked at Christina's bulging abdomen. Her tone became somewhat ambiguous.

"Uncle, you're aged now. Are you fooling around with her... Can the child be yours?"

At this point, Mrs. Fisher, who had been quiet for a long time, looked even gloomier.

Christina frowned and said nothing.

She glanced at Larry beside her, always feeling that his behavior was a little strange.

Larry was a cousin of the Fishers, and he had been relying on the relationship of the Fishers to get commissions from

introducing business for the Fishers in recent years. But recently, he seemed to have his lucky day and make a big profit from a newly invested project, and now the market share that he controlled even made the Fishers a little jealous.

Larry was 56 years old, old enough to be Christina's father, but the old man was rich, regardless of his ugly and disgusting look, there would always be some vain women flocking to him.

"Come with me..."

Larry completely ignored Miss Fisher and Mrs. Fisher and gave Christina an order.

He turned around and left. Christina hesitated. Of course, she didn't come

Mrs. Fisher was startled.

Larry urged Christina in a low voice,
"Hurry up, he's waiting for you."

Christina didn't understand. She
wanted to ask him.

"What did you mean by that?" Mrs.
Fisher was the first to ask in her sharp
voice.

Mrs. Fisher's eyes signaled the two
bodyguards of the Fishers to stop
them, and Christina felt some tension.

Sure enough, the next second, Mrs.
Fisher was so aggressive that she
yelled, "Larry, I don't know who you've
been working with lately, but you'd
better know that what you achieved
was just because of your luck. Luck will

always come to an end. We are your relatives. If you dare to secretly do something against us, don't blame me for being rude."

"What did you mean just now by "offend"? Make it clear to me!"

Mrs. Fisher had been fighting with her husband in the business field for decades, and she was so discerning that she could sense the meaning of Larry's words from the moment she heard them, especially since there had been a series of errors in several projects of the Fishers recently, which made her vigilant.

Larry didn't say anything, but the flamboyant Miss Fisher suddenly approached Mrs. Fisher. "Mom..." She tugged at her mother's arm nervously.

Mrs. Fisher was impatient. She had wanted to get rid of his willful eldest daughter, but when she turned her head, her expression froze.

It was him...

The two handsome men walked slowly towards them. On the cold face of the leading man, his brows furrowed slightly and he gave a cold atmosphere, indicating that he was not very happy.

He approached them, step by step, steadily...

This time, even Larry, who wanted to speak sarcastically, was shocked.

"Christina, could you not wander around for just one day?" The man

complained to her with anger.

It was Charles who said it, but the man who put his arm around Christina's waist was the young master of the Hopkinses.

Mrs. Fisher, Miss Fisher, and Larry were all stunned, unable to respond to this.

"Patrick, Charles, long time no see."

Mrs. Fisher was cunning and she was the first to react. She put on her usual dignified expression, gave a faint smile, and looked kindly at Patrick and Charles in front of her.

Patrick didn't treat Mrs. Fisher as coldly as the other elders. He nodded at Mrs. Fisher. "Auntie."

Patrick's behavior was not surprising, but Christina felt that he was very abnormal. How could this ice cube be so polite? It was already good for him not to put on an indifferent expression, but now he was actually taking the initiative to greet her.

It was probably because Christina tried to struggle out of his hand, Patrick pressed her waist with a slight force in his hand, sending a clear warning signal.

"Auntie, Patrick's wife is quite straightforward. If she offended you just now, please don't take it seriously." Charles glanced at Mrs. Fisher and specially mentioned this in a plain tone.

The burning eyes immediately fell on

Christina.

"How could this shameless little bitch be..."

Miss Fisher was used to insulting Christina. When she said this out of shock, Patrick looked at her coldly. She felt a chill on her back and dared not continue.

She was the woman who was pregnant and married into the Hopkinses...

The Fisher Family lady looked incredulous. How could this wild girl, who often frequented the Fishers looking like a dirty little beggar when she was a child, had become the granddaughter-in-law of the Hopkinses?

At the same time, a sense of panic surged in her heart. She scolded her just now.

In fact, as early as a few years ago, the business of the Fishers was gradually declining. If it wasn't for the support of the Hopkinses of A City, there wouldn't be the Fisher Family today, so they were in awe of the Hopkinses.

What was behind the fake smile on Mrs. Fisher's face was a mix of complicated emotions. She reached out and pinched her eldest daughter's arm.

Miss Fisher endured the pain and immediately understood, she said with a fake smile on her face that she usually put on in the workplace. "At first, I wondered whose wife had got

lost. It turned out that she was the granddaughter-in-law of the Hopkinses, the young Mrs. Hopkins, I just said those words to outsiders. Don't take it to heart. the Fishers and the Hopkinses have a good relationship..." She laughed to hide the awkward atmosphere.

But Christina looked at the disgusting smile of the woman. She turned her head and ignored her without any response.

Christina didn't respond, which made the tow of the Fishers even more awkward.

This the Hopkinses's granddaughter-in-law was too disrespectful.

Mrs. Fisher was so angry in her heart,

but she did not dare to say anything. Hopkins Family had strict family rules, but Patrick actually allowed his woman to be so rude.

The atmosphere was a little strange, but Patrick did not care at all.

He lowered his eyes, looked up and down at the woman next to him, found that she did not get hurt, and asked her in a soothing voice, "What are you looking for?"

Patrick knew her very well and could know what she was up to, unlike Charles, who was so angry and scolded her for running around. Christina raised her head and looked at the man much taller than her.

"Actually, I came to the Fishers for..."

She mumbled.

She came to the Fishers for Derek.

She wasn't sure about Patrick's relationship with Derek...

"Mr. Hopkins, I've heard a lot about you." Larry's voice was hoarse and high-pitched, and his sudden utterance attracted everyone's attention.

Larry's words were ambiguous in meaning. "Thank the Hopkinses so much for taking care of we the Fishers in these years..."

"Larry, tell me what you want."

Charles didn't even bother to call him uncle, and his face darkened as he interrupted with this strange words.

The last time Larry talked about cooperation with IP&G Group, he was so bold as to force Barbara and the others to drink more than they could, which was obviously provoking them.

"Mr. Shepherd also inherited your old man's quick-witted style. You guys are really young and promising. You both have bright futures."

Larry was complimenting them, but there was no expression on his face.

Patrick also turned to Larry. He had noticed the middle-aged man as soon as he came over, but he didn't take Larry seriously because he didn't need to.

He tightened his around Christina's waist unconsciously for some reason,

and there was some other implication in the expression of Larry.

Larry and Patrick looked at each other, his face contorted with a forced smile. "Actually, there's nothing to say. We all know that the so-called good gesture of the Hopkinses is only because someone felt guilty and gave some money to us for compensation."

"To be honest, I used to think that the Hopkinses helped the Fishers so much, which was enough for compensation for the car accident. But now..."

Larry's expression were filled with hatred. He stared at Christina's bulging abdomen.

"Mr. Hopkins, your brother has been lying in the hospital for you for six

years, but you took the opportunity to steal the woman he loved... You deserved a horrible death." At the end of the sentence, there was a strong resentment and hatred.

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[Mr. Hopkins, your mate has been in a vegetative state for the last six years, but you married the woman he loved. You should die in your boots!]

Christina's face turned pale as she couldn't understand what Larry just said.

But that he wanted Patrick to die made her nervous. It sounded like a curse.

For a while, people standing in the inner room of the Fishers looked terrible. Patrick did not speak. He just narrowed his eyes and looked at Larry in front of him fiercely.

Perhaps because he was still a little afraid, Larry said no more words and

left in a huff.

"Stop, Larry!"

Charles shouted at him in a cold voice, as he didn't want to let him off like this. He definitely crossed the line for insulting Patrick in public.

The bodyguards on both sides looked nervously at Mrs. Fisher at the same time. Should they stop Larry?

Mrs. Fisher and other family members were panicked, with their lips pursed. Hence, as there was no instruction, the bodyguards did not dare to act at will.

Though it was at the Fishers's place, no one dared to offend Patrick.

As long as there were things related to

the Hopkinses, it was always wise to keep a distance.

Charles's face was darkened with anger as he watched the fat figure disappear at the banquet. He could not help but curse, "After getting lucky in these few months, how dare he to be so uncaring."

Was Larry out of his mind or was someone really there to support him?

The atmosphere suddenly became awkward and grim.

The people there were at a loss: the bodyguards straightened their backs, while Mrs. Fisher could no longer keep that fake smile. But as the violin concerto started playing, though she wanted to leave the room, she felt it

impolite to do that. It was such a dilemma.

Damn it, Larry!

He not only offended Patrick, but almost implicated their the Fishers!

"Larry's business has nothing to do with us. He may just run into some luck. His investment projects have been in full swing recently. Maybe he's just doing some shameful and immoral things."

With a fawning smile, Miss Fisher tried hard to belittle Larry, her uncle, to relieve the tension... "You don't have to be angry, this kind of people will have his retribution sooner or later."

Retribution.

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Retribution.

This words totally meant something else right now.

"Patrick... You should die in your boots."
Under this context, Larry's words now meant that Patrick deserved to be punished.

Mrs. Fisher felt her daughter was too mindless. She immediately glared at her daughter and told her to shut up to avoid getting into trouble.

Patrick remained silent, hence, the atmosphere became even grimmer.

Christina felt the hand on her waist put more pressure, and made her uncomfortable. It was a rare thing to see Patrick was insulted to his face. Besides his grandfather, who else

dared to treat him like that.

But she knew that Patrick was not the kind of person who would get angry if being insulted. He would feel it unworthy to get mad. He didn't take others seriously. How could he mind what they said?

But now he was holding her so tightly. He seemed to really care.

"Hey, Charles, why are you here? Didn't you say you were going to look for the baby with Chandler?"

Christina's voice broke the ice. Her tone was so natural as if she didn't go through what had just happened, and just changed the subject without any clue. "Has Chandler found his son?"

Charles was stunned to hear that.

He glanced around and answered, "Yes, Geoffrey is playing at the theme park. Chandler is accompanying his son now."_x0010_

Christina raised her eyebrows and naturally tugged at the Patrick's arm. "Didn't you say you'd bring that little boy over to introduce us?"

Charles could not answer as Christina was asking Patrick.

Mrs. Fisher and her daughter's expression was unnatural. They couldn't help but look at the talking people, but they didn't dare to look at them directly.

"I don't like the food here. Ask

Chandler to take the child out to dinner with us."

"Geoffrey has been brought back to the Stephenson Family. She will you next time."

It took a long time for the man next to her to speak in that deep voice. He did say that to help Christina with the cultivation of motherhood, he would let her get in touch with the child in advance.

"Then, can I go? I don't like here. I want to go out and find Crystal for dinner. If you two are busy, send someone to give me a ride there." Christina took the chance to bargain with her husband.

Patrick was thinking about Larry just

now, but when he heard her, he lowered his eyes and glared at her.

"How can any bodyguard keep an eye on you?" His deep voice was a little stuffy.

There's no chance for him to let her go!

Christina's face was grim. Why she became his target?

She didn't have to break the ice anymore, as her husband dragged her out directly with large strides.

Charles took a step and left, too. Looking at Christina's upset face, he raised his lips heartlessly and smiled.

But anyway, Christina did make a difference, especially facing off difficult

Patrick's behavior was not surprising, but Christina felt that he was very abnormal. How could this ice cube be so polite? It was already good for him not to put on an indifferent expression, but now he was actually taking the initiative to greet her.

It was probably because Christina tried to struggle out of his hand, Patrick pressed her waist with a slight force in his hand, sending a clear warning signal.

"Auntie, Patrick's wife is quite straightforward. If she offended you just now, please don't take it seriously." Charles glanced at Mrs. Fisher and specially mentioned this in a plain tone.

The burning eyes immediately fell on

disappeared.

Biting her lips, her voice was very angry. "How did Derek's silly little girlfriend marry Patrick? She must have played some trick to have sex with Patrick in a shameless way."

She was really angry and jealous to see how Patrick treated Christina.

Mrs. Fisher also couldn't understand. In their eyes, Christina was just a rude girl who used to be in the Fishers' house all day. They just know she was Derek's playmate and showed no interest in knowing who she actually was. They were surprised to see such an autistic child like Derek actually had a female playmate. They always ridiculed Derek for he couldn't marry some debutante but could only play

with a rude girl.

Now, that rude girl had become Patrick's wife.

"Be smart. Don't make trouble for Christina."

Mrs. Fisher warned her daughter in a cold voice and left to tidy up her makeup. She walked towards the banquet hall, still with the usual dignified and calm demeanor as a lady.

She had been in this business world for decades, while her husband was weak. She was said to be the one who fought for the Fishers. She had a sharp eye and always thought more than others.

Only those short-sighted women could think like her daughter and say

something for jealousy.

In fact, few ordinary women dare to marry Patrick, the eldest grandson of his family.

It was a joke to marry Patrick only by being pregnant. When did he ever pay attention to such a small trick? Anyone who dared to irritate him would come to no good end.

Unless Patrick was happy about that.

Thinking of this, Mrs. Fisher's face became serious, with Larry's curse echoing in her ears. Considering it for a while, she could not help but mutter anxiously.

"Patrick went to great lengths to marry Derek's little girlfriend. What kind of

tricks do these young people want to play?"

Over the years, Patrick had given the Fishers privileged support and even spoke politely to them all because of Derek.

But now...

Mrs. Fisher looked at the lively birthday banquet. She suddenly had a bad feeling that someone was secretly battling for something. If the consequence affected the Fishers, it would change everything.