

Chapter 171

"Let's sit there for a while."

Walking out of the Fishers's banquet hall, it was already 9 pm. The evening breeze was a little chilly.

The banquet lights behind them shone brightly in the dark night. As soon as they stepped out of the Fishers's gate, the vision became open wide and the light gradually dimmed. The violin music behind also weakened.

... Far away from the obsequious and worldly noise at the banquet, their heart also quieted down with this silent night.

Christina stopped in front of the Fishers's gate and looked around.

There were flower nurseries on both sides, and the parking lot was behind the villa of the Fishers.

the Fishers's birthday party was especially grand, with many distinguished guests from business and political circles invited. Some cars being even parked outside the wall, the surrounding roads looked a little crowded.

Even for leaving, Christina and others had to wait for a while for the bodyguards to pick up the car.

"There are a few stone chairs over the pool. Let's sit there for a while."

Thinking that she had to wait anyway, Christina let go of Patrick's hand in a good mood and went straight to the

right rear of the Fishers villa excitedly.

She curiously looked at the plants around and suddenly thought of the past. She raised her voice and muttered, "By the way, there are two cantaloupe vines planted behind the rockery. I don't know if they will bear fruit this year..."

Looking at the woman's brisk pace in the front, she seemed to be in a good mood all of a sudden.

Patrick followed her with a slight frown. In the back garden of the Fishers at night, there was dim orange streetlights. The dim light made the night quieter.

the Fishers was not as grand as the Hopkinses, but the Hopkinses was too

big. Just a corner of lotus pond in the Hopkinses qualified for shooting terrifying scenes was always disliked by Christina. But here, she seemed to like it very much...

She was rather familiar with the Fishers.

Patrick stopped. He was standing right under a streetlight. In the dim yellow light, he stared at the woman in the front, with his eyes becoming increasingly suspicious...

"Christina, what are you doing there?"

Charles followed them curiously. Seeing Christina's sneaky behavior, he couldn't help but complain.

She bent over and squatted behind the

rockery, fiddling with the vines with great interest. "Wait a minute, wait a minute..."

Soon, however, Christina popped her head out of the tangled vines. With a dark face, she cursed unhappily in the quiet back garden.

"Bastard, my cantaloupe vine got killed!"

Summer was the harvest season of cantaloupes. Christina was a picky eater, but she liked fruits and melons. She once buried two melon vines in the back garden of the Fishers excitedly with a flushed face, letting it grow quietly.

During that time, she ran more frequently to the Fishers. Derek's

uncle, Larry, had been bullying her all the time, saying that even if it bore fruit, it wouldn't be good.

In fact, the weather was not suitable so that the fruit wouldn't even be born. Only some small flowers bloomed. She was unhappy for quite a few days, but soon, Derek put a palm-sized melon in her hand.

Derek did not like talking, but he unexpectedly told her everything about it. Roughly, it might have formed a young melon before, but it was bitten off by a damn mouse. So it failed to live on.

At that time, maybe because of her young age or some deep feelings in her heart, she felt that something was destined to be a tragedy. She was

afraid of tragedy. Looking at the young melon with broken vines, she cried so inexplicably and uncontrollably that Derek was scared and didn't know what to do.

"Christina, you seem to be quite familiar with the Fishers..."

Patrick's grim face changed into a complicated expression, and even the dull Mr. Shepherd felt it was not appropriate and asked in a deep voice.

Christina shouldn't be so familiar with the Fishers.

As far as they knew, the Dickens Family in C City had no relationship or business dealings with the Fishers in F City. Larry saying those strange words just now, so they couldn't help getting

upset. Looking at Christina's performance now, they felt a little agitated.

"I used to sneak here a lot when I was a kid," she said directly.

Charles didn't quite believe it. "Christina, you were too naughty. Why did you run around all day long and come to F city at such a young age?"

Christina didn't answer because she had just patted the weeds off her body and raised her head, only to find that Patrick was staring at her with a suspicious expression.

For a moment, she was stunned and did not understand the irritation on Patrick's face.

Just then, the bodyguard ran over and said the car had been waiting outside the iron gate of the Fishers.

The dim street light in the Fishers's back garden was so dazzling that Christina turned her head inadvertently and didn't look at him.

Patrick said nothing, neither. He walked to her side as usual with his right hand naturally around her waist, and led her out along the path.

Christina followed him obediently. But this time, she felt that the grip on her waist from Patrick was a little hard.

The bodyguard had already opened the car door and waited for them. A few passing friends in the business circle said with a smile, "Drive safe."

Patrick still had no expression on these people as before.

Everyone had his or her own secrets. Patrick had said that she was not fit to interfere in his affairs.

So for her, the Fishers, and the name Derek, were the secrets in her heart. She was reluctant to mention it to others.

Moreover, last time when Patrick suddenly sent someone to search the hotel, she was not sure what kind of relationship he had with Derek. She admitted that she wanted to protect Derek. He was different from Patrick who was the only grandson of the Hopkinses, born to be the son of the heavens, having absolute arrogance.

Derek was just an illegitimate child often laughed at as an autistic fool. Those people always liked to bully him and take everything from him.

"the Fishers were so shameless. They had signed the agreement, but they broke their words."

Christina was extremely angry, especially when she sat in the car and the car was moving smoothly, Patrick answered Barbara's call and said, "Derek isn't in the Fishers." The woman on the other end of the phone asked hypocritically about Derek.

She glanced at the cell phone in Patrick's hand and cursed with discontent, "None of them are kind-hearted. I don't know what kind of trick Barbara is playing, neither. She just can

pretend, pretend and pretend!"

She had seen Mrs. Fisher and her friends' arrogant demeanor tonight. Thinking of Barbara, the woman acting like a senior executive, Christina got really upset.

Charles couldn't help choking on her, feeling that she was very irritable tonight. "Christina, you're pregnant with internal division disorder. If you have anything to say, just say it. Don't say these weird words."

"Even if I say it, you wouldn't believe me. If I say that Barbara can't be Derek's girlfriend, do you believe me?"

Charles got stunned.

Having finished speaking, Christina

turned to look at the car window angrily and ignored Charles since then.

After hanging up the phone, Patrick slightly lowered his eyes, and stared at the woman next to him. They had attended a party of the Fisher Family which was almost over, but it seemed like something had just begun.

Everyone quieted down and became upset.

The car sped along the road and soon disappeared into the night...

"She's gone..."

In the quiet night, in the corner where the lights could not illuminate, two dark shadows stood. One fat man of them cursed angrily, "She's pregnant

with Patrick's child!"

It was late summer and early autumn. The night wind was a little strong, swaying the treetops in the back garden of the Fishers.

The tall and thin figure stood by the rockery. He stroked a withered and yellow melon vine with his slender white fingers, but his eyes were fixed on the direction of the Fishers's gate, chasing a car far away.

The deep blue eyes in the night looked very strange.

Chapter 172

After returning from the party organized by the Fishers, everything seemed to return to peace.

As usual, Patrick was busy with the group's affairs. And as usual, Christina also went to do prenatal checkups, and listened to nutritionists' various parenting tips.

As the days went by, the baby twins in Christina's womb grew and became very heavy, making her look plumper and lazier. She was not willing to move except daily walking in the Hopkinsees.

Christina was eager to deliver the babies as soon as possible. It was not easy for her to bear the twins.

"Ouch, waist. Where's my waist? I'm almost a waistless woman."

Christina gained so much weight that she didn't want to face herself anymore.

She felt bored just after breakfast. So she went to take a rest in the lotus pond pavilion inside the Hopkinses, where she could call Crystal to kill some time.

But life was hard. Not everyone was as idle as Miss Dickens.

"If I could marry Patrick, I would gladly lose my breasts, let alone my waist. Christina, you are sponging off him. Can you please visit people outside and experience the sufferings of life? Do you want to force me to revolt?"

Crystal had been very upset lately. She grabbed her cell phone and yelled at her best friend, regardless of what.

Damn it!

Crystal felt like she was about to get exploded. She then cursed, "Those who say money is not important are usually naive. Ah! Maybe they have a lack of calcium in their brain."

"What's wrong with you?"

Christina licked a small piece of kiwi with a fork and put it into her mouth, trying to feed her twins vitamins. Listening to Crystal's angry roar, she thought there was probably something unpleasant happening to her again.

"I'm calling myself an idiot..."

Crystal soon lost her momentum of cursing and said in a sullen voice, "Why did I refuse that job from W&A Company? Why did I pretend to be so noble? I recently found several jobs to compare with it. I found that these capitalists were really squeezing people too hard. I have to work so hard at such a low salary, which couldn't even get me to pay the house mortgage."

"There are many competitors applying for jobs in W&A Company, and the benefits offered are good. Why did you reject it?" Christina had also heard of this company. It seemed to be a new company that had just opened a year ago, attracting many investments from large groups with its bright prospect.

"Impulsiveness, it's all because of impulsiveness." Crystal was getting more and more frustrated.

"A while ago, I happened to meet a lost boy at a coffee shop in F City. The little boy was in a bad mood. Although I knew that he was a rich man's child, I didn't think too much. I followed him purely because I was afraid that something might happen to him."

"Not long after, his father came over," said Crystal, her face darkening and she was still angry.

"That man didn't say a word of thanks. He just gave me five thousand dollars and said that it was the several-hour care fee for his son. What does that mean? Did he take me as a scheming

person..."

It was true that some people were very cold, always used to using money to get rid of people, which in fact, seriously hurt people's self-esteem.

"The worst part is, after I quit my job at IP&G Group, I was so excited to take the job interview in W&A Company, and it turned out that father was actually in charge of this company..."

Crystal's voice was lowered down. Why was she so unlucky these days?

"It's just because of such a coincidence that you refused a good job?"

Christina heard this and sensed something wrong. She thought it for a while and asked, "Crystal, why do you

care so much about that child's father?
Did you know him before?"

Christina was very clear that Crystal had a good nature, and there were too many people who bullied her in daily life. Crystal always said that peace was the most important thing, and she would not take it seriously. Why did she get impulsive this time?

"Who is that man? What's his name? Should I ask Patrick to dig up his secret..."

Christina spoke with great interest, but Crystal could not help getting nervous when she heard this.

Crystal said in a hurry, "Christina, don't get involved. The day before yesterday, Barbara called me personally and

asked me about my job search. I can't afford this kind of care. I've been rejected by companies when looking for a job lately, and I think it's too wierd. Now I don't dare to get involved in anything that you big shots have involved. Let me live. I'm just a humble person with no significance."

"Barbara!"

Christina's face darkened when she heard the name.

After that, she asked Charles for some gossipy news. Charles said that the important client Barbara and Crystal were entertaining that night happened to be Larry.

Larry, a fat man with a foul mouth, spoke bad words and liked to watch

others suffer. But Christina knew Larry's temperament, and she knew that Larry wasn't evil and terrible person. What Larry said that day was only directed at Barbara. In the end, Barbara took Crystal as a scapegoat and forced her to resign voluntarily.

The more Christina thought about it, the angrier she got. It seemed that the fire of her anger was strong enough to burn her hair.

Crystal sensed that Christina was furious. But she didn't want to make a big deal out of it. Peace was the priority.

Crystal quickly changed the topic and said, "Christina, I forgot to tell you that I am blind dating recently. I was thinking that no matter how well I did

my job, it is still less successful than good marriage..."

Crystal told Christina a lot of strange things about her blind dates recently. Christina listened calmly without any emotion and did not say anything. But Christina herself knew very well that she was not the right one to interfere in her business, even if she knew these things.

After hanging up the phone, Christina had been thinking while sitting in the pavilion for a while.

A maid came up behind her, reminding her to keep warm and not catch a cold. Christina saw the withered lotus leaves in the lotus pond and realized that it was already autumn.

It had been nearly two months since returning from the party of Fisher Family. Christina suddenly remembered something. She quickly touched the screen of her phone, opened WhatsApp, and found an account nicknamed Sleeping Beauty.

"Eric, are you back? What are you doing now?" she typed this in her WhatsApp, but after a moment of hesitation, she deleted this text.

She knew that Derek used this account. She knew that if she sent him a message, he would definitely see it.

But he wouldn't answer her back.

Being pregnant with a big belly, she slowly stood up from the stone chair, holding the phone and slightly

tightening her strength.

She wanted to see him, wanted to ask him a lot of questions. She had sent him a lot of messages, but Derek did not reply.

Maybe he was still angry about what happened back then.

Or perhaps, Derek knew that even if they met, they would be embarrassed.

Especially now that she had a big belly. Christina looked at the huge lotus pond and said to herself, "Actually, I don't like such a big place..."

"Don't like it?"

In the grand and spacious penthouse office of the IP&G Group, several elite

men in suits lowered their heads nervously, not daring to breathe, while the man sitting in the office chair looked grim.

Patrick took a document and threw it back to the table angrily.

"So what if you don't like it..." He didn't need to care about the feelings of an outsider.

"Go do the stats now and go through all the projects that Larry has been involved in for the past six months, including the list of partners..."

"Investigate him for me..."

Chapter 173

It was another peaceful morning, Christina just finished breakfast and took a walk in the back garden of the Hopkineses.

Christina always felt strange recently.

She frowned and turned around vigilantly...

"Nothing..."

She muttered to herself. There was nothing unusual behind her. Everything was normal, but she always felt a pair of eyes glaring at her fiercely.

Perhaps she was thinking too much. She remembered that the nutritionist said that pregnant women tend to

think too much.

After irresponsibly attributing all the doubts to her twin son, she was a little more relaxed. Her biggest wish now was to give birth to the children smoothly without any trouble.

Today was Saturday. Patrick didn't go to the company. He was busy in the study early in the morning. Charles and the others came over. It didn't feel like they were busy with work.

Christina lay lazily on the porch railing, looking up at Charles, Chandler, and... Barbara, they whispered as they walked.

Christina didn't know what they were up to, Patrick wouldn't let her in.

She looked down at the lotus pond and was in a daze. Suddenly, she heard a clear voice. Christina was surprised that Barbara was walking towards her.

"It looks like the baby will be born in two months."

Barbara was not malicious, it was flat as if she was bored and came over to chat with her to kill the time.

"The due date is in October." Christina didn't want to talk to her, so she replied casually.

"In October, grandpa must be very happy. His baby great-grandson will be born in the same month as him. the Hopkinses must be very busy in October. They will also celebrate Grandpa's 80th birthday this year..."

Hearing Barbara's words, Christina raised her eyebrows. It turned out that the old man was almost 80 years old.

As his granddaughter-in-law, Christina really felt that she was not responsible enough. In contrast, Barbara seemed to be part of the Hopkinses. Did she think she didn't want to ask about it? Patrick was so cold and he didn't let her get involved in anything. The old man had been very distant to her since he came back from Seattle, so she didn't dare to bother him.

Barbara didn't mean to leave. She also leaned over the railing and continued to chat with her. "Christina, are you still angry about Crystal's resignation? I called Crystal a few days ago. I really didn't handle this well enough. I can

help her..."

"Miss Parker, are you lost? Patrick's study is over there."

Christina was expressionless and pointed directly to the left. It was obvious that she didn't want to talk to Barbara.

"You don't have to be so hostile to me..."

"I don't have as many maneuvers as you who has an ulterior motive, so I have to avoid you. Barbara, we're not the same kind of person. Stop pretending."

Christina looked impatient and straightened up. She didn't even want to look at Barbara anymore and

planned to leave along the corridor.

"What do you mean by an ulterior motive? Do you talk of me to Patrick as well?"

Nervousness flashed across Barbara's face and she quickly stepped in front of Christina.

"Christina, I admit that sometimes I speak too harshly, but I believe that I did the right thing. The things I warned you not to hold Patrick back are all facts. I'm trying to make things easier with you now because I don't want to put him in a difficult position. Don't exhaust other people's patience with your spoiled temper. Sooner or later, you'll make others tired of you..."

"Then should I thank you for your

generosity, for reminding me time and time again that I'm not worthy of Patrick? You slapped me, then comforted me, so I should be grateful to you? You lecture me righteously. Barbara, don't expect me to listen to your bullshit! You'd better not annoy me!"

Christina was so angry that she opened her mouth to chase Barbara away.

Barbara was not angry when she saw Christina was angry. She experienced many difficult clients and was curious. "Do you really hate me?"

She hated her. Christina never hid her disgust.

"Why don't you explain to me first,

Barbara? Why are you pretending to be Derek's girlfriend?"

Christina looked straight at her, clearly seeing the guilt in her eyes.

"Y...You know Derek very well?"

Barbara could not pretend to be calm in front of Christina. Perhaps Christina's tone was too firm, and her eyes were too clear.

"Charles mentioned two days ago that you used to run to the Fishers when you were a kid. But it takes at least three hours to drive on the highway from the Dickens Family in C City to the Fishers in F City. Your family actually allowed you to run around like this..."

No matter how unpopular Christina was, she was still the daughter of the Dickens Family, especially when she was a child, Donald was still a responsible man. How could he let his only daughter run around like this?

Barbara didn't quite believe it, and she was a little worried that if Christina had said anything to Patrick...

"What, are you worried? Executive Miss Parker?"

Christina raised her eyebrows, her voice provocative, "You don't have to worry too much. Patrick and Charles don't take my words seriously at all. How can I compare to your dedication to the group for the Hopkinses?"

Christina really didn't want an outsider

to affect her emotions, so she grimaced and turned around to leave.

"By the way, there is one thing I can tell you, the Dickens Family is quite far from the Fishers, but my grandfather was living in the suburbs not far from the Fishers. If I want to see my grandfather, no one dares to stop me..."

"... General Eisenhower." Barbara's face changed as if she had thought of something.

In fact, Christina's family background was quite superior. She was not only the only daughter of C City's richest Dickens Family but also the granddaughter of general Eisenhower, who lived in seclusion after he retired. It was conceivable that general Eisenhower loved her very much.

Barbara had also read about General Eisenhower's life. Reporters had interviewed him, and the old man had specifically mentioned that his granddaughter was too naughty, and said that he must entrust his comrades and their grandchildren to take care of her so that he could be at ease.

General Eisenhower's comrades...

"Christina, Derek is an illegitimate child. What is the relationship between his biological mother's relatives and your grandfather?" Barbara shouted at her back, her voice was a little loud and urgent.

"Want to know?"

Christina paused for a moment, looked

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General Eisenhower's comrades...

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"Want to know?"

Christina paused for a moment, looked

back at her, and said coldly, "If you want to know, go to find it. Isn't that how you usually act? By the way, you can tell Patrick because he could find it out faster than you."

Barbara stiffened as she watched Christina walk away, gritting her teeth and looking pale.

"What do you think Christina has to do with Derek?"

In the study on the second floor of the Eastern Garden villa in the Hopkinses, the morning light shone into the whole study, but the atmosphere was gloomy and depressing.

Charles sat casually on the sofa, making his own tea, taking a sip, and looking up at the man standing in front

of the glass window, he thought of something interesting and he smiled.

"Patrick, are you still thinking about what Larry said at the Fishers party that day?"

"The woman who Larry talked about must be Barbara, probably because he saw you are close to Barbara and he got crazy. That's why he was talking nonsense about someone who stole the woman from him."

"Besides, don't know about Christina's character? Even her grandfather, General Eisenhower who is such a strict person, was called a paper tiger by her all day long. She has never been afraid of anything and is indulged since she was a child. If Christina and Derek were together, hahaha, I can't imagine

how miserable Derek will be..."

It was time to relax on weekends. Mr. Shepherd was daydreaming and laughing like a crazy man.

However, the other two men in the study could not laugh. Chandler looked at the man standing in front of the window. Patrick was holding a small object in his right hand and did not make a sound no matter what guesses they made.

Chandler raised his eyebrows and looked curious. "A wooden box."

This rosewood box seemed to belong to Christina.

Chapter 174

At noon, the maid specially called Christina to the Main Residence for a meal. She was a little unhappy, but Hopkins Family had no rules except to have breakfast together.

Christina thought that she was called to eat with them.

"Christina, you're getting fatter and fatter..."

When she went to the Main Residence unwillingly, she heard Charles tease her from afar. She hadn't seen him for more than a month, but he was still such a bastard.

Christina stared at him with a straight face.

In the past, she would have scolded him, but now...She looked down at her bloated figure and pinched her waist, feeling very sad and angry.

Where was her waist? She was so fat now that she didn't even have a waist.

Patrick naturally pulled her to sit beside him. He was used to their quarrel and ignored them. Besides, Christina would be more lively when Charles was here.

But now Christina's expression was so grim. She was indeed very unhappy.

Women hated it when people mentioned the word "Fat". It would pierce into their heart.

In particular when their husbands were so outstanding, and the women outside were extremely coveting them.

Christina moved her butt away from Patrick.

She gave herself up as hopeless and shouted, "Patrick, don't talk to me anymore. When I become a ball, you can find a beautiful lover yourself."

Many female celebrities and models were afraid of getting fat when they were young and didn't want to have children. To be honest, for women who loved beauty, giving birth to children would pay a lot.

Patrick laughed when he heard what Christina said.

"That's good."

He used his large palm to fondle the hair on her neck, and the tip of his cool hand brushed the skin around her neck. After Christina became pregnant, it was probably because of hormones that her skin became more delicate and watery.

"What's so good? Don't think I don't know what you guys are thinking."

Christina had been protesting with Patrick countless times. She didn't want to eat so many tonics, but Patrick said it was all for the baby's sake. And he shamelessly put his hands on her breasts, which had gotten larger, and said that it was better to have larger breasts.

Damn it!

"I don't care. After I give birth to your son, you should get the nutritionist to come up with a plan for me to get back in shape after childbirth. I'm so fat now that I feel self-contemptuous..."

Charles couldn't hold back and roared with laughter, "Christina, do you know how to write the word 'self-contemptuous'? You're such a thick-skinned person. If you're self-contemptuous, no one else in this world will be self-contemptuous..."

"And I think you are the reincarnation of the favorite concubine of emperor Minghuang, who completely wrecked the country and brought ruin to the people. Christina, this is your fate. From now on, your weight will

definitely increase quickly..."

What the hell was he talking about?

Christina's eyes were burning. She twisted her head and shouted at Patrick beside her, "Even if I go on a hunger strike, I will lose my weight!"

To be thin or to die!

This was the basic principle of modern feminism.

Patrick originally allowed her to lose her temper, but when he heard that she wanted to go on a hunger strike, he immediately darkened his face and glanced coldly at Charles.

Charles immediately felt a chill on his back and was so scared that he

couldn't even laugh.

Seeing that Christina seemed to be really worried about her recovery after childbirth, and the man beside her was so imposing, Charles trembled. If he didn't say anything to appease Christina, he would make trouble for himself.

So he cleared his throat and said against his will, "In fact, we only look at the women outside and think that they are beautiful when they wear high heels, have big breasts, thin waist, and graceful figure. Anyway, they are other men's, so we always give them strict requirements. However, our own women are different. We'll feel distressed when they feel aggrieved. It's more comfortable to hug them if they become fat..."

Christina was smoothed by the man next to her, but she was still very dissatisfied with Charles. "I saw you change so many girlfriends, but none of them are fat!"

"I can't do nothing about it. I haven't found my wife yet."

Listening to Charles's nonsense, Christina rolled her eyes angrily as she watched the butler and the others busy setting up chairs and cutlery in the dining room. It seemed that someone had not arrived yet. The Old Mater didn't come to have meals except breakfast, then who else would come?

Christina looked around curiously and said undesignedly, "Charles, what are

your requirements for your wife?"

After all, Charles felt so bored to wait for someone, so he thought about it seriously for a while and said, "Actually, there's no special requirements...but she should have big breasts."

"...Big breasts." Christina grabbed an apple from the table and threw it at Charles.

"Patrick, control your wife..."

"Oh! Christina, don't think I don't dare to fight back with Patrick here..."

Charles was crying and howling. His handsome forehead was smashed into a big lump. Then they quarreled and made the Main Residence noisy.

Patrick was cold and calm and naturally disliked the noise. The maids standing on both sides looked at each other with complicated expressions. No one in the Hopkinses dared to make such a fuss, but it seemed that their young master did not mind.

Patrick took a big apple and gave it to the woman in his arms. Seeing that she was laughing so freely, he also laughed out loud in a good mood.

Charles was helpless. Patrick let his wife bully his friend again, and now he became an accomplice.

Suddenly he heard a deep cough.

Charles's eyes lit up as if he saw the hope.

Old Master Mr. Hopkins walked towards them step by step with his walking stick. He glanced those "presumptuous" young people with his muddy old eyes. And he had a dignified expression on his face, making people not know whether he was could happy or angry.

It was probably because he had been keeping a distance from Christina recently, so Christina straightened up and immediately became more disciplined.

"Serve the dishes." Old Master Mr. Hopkins ordered without looking at them.

The smile on Patrick's face was fleeting, and he became as cold and calm as usual. He naturally hugged the

woman next to him and walked straight to the dining room.

Christina would not notice how special Patrick's smile was, because when he often scolded her angrily when he was with her. In the end, she would admit defeat, and Patrick would look at her helplessly.

But Barbara noticed Patrick's pure smile sensitively just now.

Patrick was handsome and aloof, but his smile was so gentle that he even looked at Christina with ardent love in his eyes.

But his smile never belonged to her.

"Barbara..." Christina was surprised to find that Barbara was still in the

Hopkinses.

"Barbara came over to chat with Brianna today. She's been having a bee in her head all day."

Charles said in a low voice when he walked past Christina and saw she looking at Barbara in surprise.

"Brother...Sister-in-law." Brianna called out timidly.

Brianna was not Patrick's biological sister. She was just an adopted girl. She was very introverted, and the doctor said that she was a little autistic. Besides having breakfast together, Christina rarely came into contact with her. It was said that she only liked to play with Barbara.

Barbara had contributed a lot to the Hopkinses, both in business and personal matters.

Thinking of this, Christina was a little jealous. It turned out that she came to the Main Residence to eat with Barbara, the hero of the Hopkinses.

Her mother-in-law, Judy, who had always been dissatisfied with her, also came over to have lunch with them. Judy obviously had a good impression of Barbara. They chatted and laughed amicably during the meal.

Christina also knew about the traditional code of conduct, but she found that she was unable to get into their conversation, so she had to give up. She ate half a bowl of rice, and the maid specially served her a cup of

ginseng chicken soup. But she didn't want to eat it when she saw the red date slices floating in the soup.

She was a picky eater, and she wouldn't eat any boiled dates or pears.

Just as she was hesitating, Old Master Mr. Hopkins on the other side glanced at her with complicated eyes from time to time, which made her not dare to refuse the soup.

"Give it to me." The man next to her had already seen through her.

Christina was surprised, but then she became excited. Seeing Patrick eating those red date slices with great righteousness and awe, she moved closer to him feelingly and spouted nonsense, "Patrick likes eating red

dates very much..."

Patrick chuckled helplessly.

Everyone on the table was silent.
When did Patrick like to eat red dates...

No matter how she refused to eat, or
how picky she was, she was the woman
Patrick was willing to pamper.

Brianna widened her eyes slightly,
while the others were used to it and
said nothing. Everyone continued to
eat quietly with their own thoughts.