

Chapter 180

Without another word, he turned and walked out of the bedroom.

Christina stared at him in silence as he walked away.

She was sure that this wasn't an illusion. Patrick had been flustered, and his footsteps were hurried and messy.

What happened to him?

Was he sick?

Soon the door was opened again. Nanny Faang came in with a large bowl of scallop porridge. "It's very hot. Be careful." Nanny Faang was attentive as usual.

She wasn't in a hurry to eat, and stayed in bed still, as Nanny Faang put a porcelain bowl and a spoon onto the table for her. Suddenly she talked.

"Send some to Patrick's study. He may not have dinner yet..."

Nanny Faang served her half a bowl of porridge and said, "Yes, he hasn't had dinner yet."

"Miss Parker called to remind me that Young Master Patrick had drunk a lot of wine outside and hadn't had dinner. So I asked the cook to prepare dinner for both of you. I'll just leave the food here. He prefers eating with you here..."

Christina quieted down.

"Sure." She answered casually.

She rolled over on the bed and buried half of her face in the pillow. It seemed that she had lost her appetite.

Then there was a click. Nanny Faang closed the door and walked out.

Silence returned to the bedroom.

"Barbara is so considerate..."

She didn't get up from bed until Nanny Faang had left. Maybe that was because she didn't want other people to consider her as someone who haggled over every ounce. She didn't like to be jealous.

Christina had her own pride. Although

she could not help Patrick with the company's business like Barbara did, she could at least not be a burden to him.

Of course, she wanted to do something for him, but what?

The exquisite big clock on the bedroom wall had gone from 10 to 12. Her mind was just a mess during the past two hours.

She glanced at the door. Patrick hadn't returned yet. Was he planning to stay up all night in the study?

She scratched her head, feeling upset.

"Your porridge is getting cold."

Some emotions that she couldn't

explain either urged her to dial the familiar number on the phone.

The man on the other end of the phone listened and said nothing.

Christina's mood turned even worse. She raised her voice and urged him in an overserious tone. "Your porridge. Nanny Faang asked the cook to cook it for you. It's in the bedroom now!"

Patrick was startled. While absent-mindedly reading the material he just received on the computer, he heard her clearly.

She wanted him to go back to the bedroom.

"I'm coming."

It was strange that Christina felt relieved hearing his reply. She hung up at once out of her guilty conscience.

"It sounded like an invitation to sex. Awkward." She couldn't help but complain about herself.

Maybe Patrick was truly hungry. He turned off the computer and returned to the bedroom quickly.

"I have had mine. The warm porridge in the cup is for you."

They rarely had the chance to eat together and chat face to face like a normal couple. Christina served him some porridge and pushed the bowl towards him. Patrick stared at her in surprise.

"Thanks." He drank the porridge gracefully with a spoon, not saying much.

Suddenly, the big bedroom became quiet again.

Crystal often gave her suggestions such as that she should communicate more with her husband. But Christina found nothing in common with Patrick.

It was obvious that he was avoiding her tonight. She could tell that he was hiding something.

That jerk!

She rolled her eyes at the man on the other side of the table.

"I fell into a pool this afternoon. But I'm

fine. Safe. Healthy. Didn't even catch a cold."

She started to talk on her own, explaining things that he would definitely ask her later.

"It was not my idea to go to the Gordon Hotel... Barbara sent me a text message from your phone, telling me to go there." She said the last few words in a very odd way.

The mention of Barbara made her a little emotional.

Patrick made no reactions to her words. He put the bowl back on the table and noticed that she was obviously a little pissed off.

It was unusual for her to explain things

to him on her own initiative. Under normal circumstances would he know nothing until servants reported it to him. That was when he got angry and went to ask her. He was surprised tonight to see Christina being frank and initiative.

Nanny Faang had already told him about her falling into the pool. He wasn't too worried about that because he knew her as a good swimmer. She was always energetic and had done things a lot more dangerous than this before she was pregnant. What's more important is, she was fine after all.

But there was something strange about the text message.

"Barbara didn't text you. Show me your phone..."

"If it wasn't her, who else would be so boring?"

Christina replied with a poker face. "She picked up the phone when I called..."

It clearly showed that the message came from Patrick's number. His cell phone was not available to any passers-by. Who else could it be?

"Not her."

Patrick sounded pretty sure about that. He stared at the white phone in her right hand with a little scrutiny in his eyes. "Hand me the phone..."

But she grabbed her phone tightly and refused to give it to him.

Why did he believe in that Barbara so much?

"Fine. Just think of it as my stupid boring lie! I ran out in the heavy rain to make a fool of myself because I was too bored and had nothing to do. I'm so sorry that you people were worried about me!"

After saying that, she stood up and walked straight to the bed, ignoring all he was yelling behind her back.

"Christina!"

Patrick shouted at her back with a complicated expression.

Should he give her a warning? But she was already immune to that.

Christina reclined on the bed and covered her head with a thin blanket, continuing to ignore him.

Although her face was buried under the blanket, she listened carefully. Soon she heard the sound of water running. Patrick seemed to be taking a shower.

Something was different about him tonight. He didn't scold her for the pool thing and didn't snatch her phone for the text message.

She looked around. As expected, he was in the bathroom.

Christina found herself being too childish tonight. She checked the text message again. It truly showed that the

message was from Patrick's number.

Feeling annoyed, she couldn't sleep at all.

She didn't know much about him. But Barbara might do...

The thought of Barbara made her even more upset. It wasn't jealousy. She just felt annoyed to have a woman staying around her husband and playing tricks all the time.

What's the most annoying is that she was their old friend. She would be considered too jealous if she minded their relationship.

They would also say that she bullied Barbara. After all, Barbara was not a bad woman. She really cared about

Patrick and helped him a lot.

She wanted them to keep a distance but it was an impossible mission. There must be transitions between their companies, and Barbara was so close to the Old Master Mr. Hopkins, her picky mother-in-law, and even her aunt...

Annoying!

If violence could be used to solve the problem, Christina would definitely strike away this woman with a huge pan over the pacific ocean so she could disappear forever.

As a married woman, Christina suddenly realized how important it was to watch out for the third person.

Chapter 181

Patrick hasn't come out of the bathroom yet...

Christina sat by the bed and idly scanned through the news with her phone.

After a few clicks on the screen, she opened the browser and searched the keywords 'how to chase the mistress away'.

In less than a second, a lot of related web pages appeared, and she entered a forum to read some passages.

A woman in this city had just posted a new post, and there were a lot of people showing interest.

The woman said in the post that she had a very close friend. Her friend was a nerd, and she lived by herself so she dressed more casually at home. But tonight, the woman and her husband would go to her apartment for dinner together. Unexpectedly, her best friend was wearing a light gray shirt, but she didn't wear bra.

Christina was excited to see this part, and she immediately thought of Barbara being drenched in the rain tonight, and her clothes became transparent.

Other people started to ask the woman curiously, "Is your best friend's shirt penetrable?"

The woman replied, "Yes, we can see right through her shirt? My husband

was embarrassed. And she has big breasts. We can see clear about her... under the light! I'm embarrassed as well. I don't know if she wore it on purpose or if she's used to it."

Onlooker number one, "knowing that there are outsiders at home, there is a man! I think she should wear properly."

Onlooker number two, "To be honest, I'm also a Otaku girl. Now that I'm used to not wearing underwear. It's really painful for me to be strangled at the breast. If it were me, I might not be willing to wear them either. "

Number one immediately replied to number two, "You have a problem with your three outlooks. Her best friend doesn't even wear underwear in front of her husband. This is simply hooking

up with her husband in front of her. If you aren't retarded, you should know the basic etiquette."

Number two was reprimanded and provoked, "What do you mean? You said I was retarded, you are retarded!"

Christina was shocked, gossiping about everyone's replies, and then she saw a very imposing reply.

An anonymous onlooker was furious and wrote down a sentence, "bah, scheming bitch!"

"It seems that everyone is very sensitive to these things." Christina sighed. She felt like she had found many people who could understand her.

After reading a dozen comments, her hand felt a little sore by holding the phone.

Suddenly, she found that Patrick had been in the bathroom for almost 30 minutes. He usually wouldn't spend so much time in the shower.

"What was he doing inside?" Christina was confused.

She then put down her phone and stood stealthily in front of the bathroom door with her ears pressed against the door. She could not hear the sound of the shower. She was always feeling uneasy and called out hesitantly, "Patrick..."

He didn't answer her.

Her heart beat fast due to the worry, and she then tried to open the door but it was locked.

Knock, knock, knock... She slammed the door so hard, "Patrick!"

"What is it?"

A husky voice came from inside, and she stopped pounding on the door. She stared at the door in a daze, feeling relieved. Just then, she was really scared.

Hesitantly, she said, "I, I've noticed you stayed in there for so long... Didn't you say you couldn't stay in the bathroom for too long?" She was a little awkward.

She stood in front of the bathroom for a while before he replied, "I'll be out in

a second."

But he didn't open the door.

She frowned and glared at the door that she couldn't open.

He forced her not to lock the door when she was in the shower. But why did he lock the door? And usually when she stood outside, he would come out and open the door for her...

"What was he doing inside?" She couldn't help but wonder.

"What are you doing standing here?"

Just as she was wondering if she wanted to kick the door open, the door was opened. She raised her head in a daze. Patrick was standing in front of

her in a dark blue bathrobe.

"I, I want to go to the bathroom..." She said with a guilty conscience.

After saying that, Christina hated that she couldn't even make a proper lie. There were two bathrooms in their bedroom.

"It's almost 1:00 at night."

He reminded her. She pursed her lips and wanted to say something, but he took a deep breath and dragged her towards the bed.

"Patrick, you..." What's wrong with you?

She wanted to ask, but he wouldn't want to say...

She frowned and lay on her side on the bed with her back to him. She had just noticed that there was a lot of sweat on his forehead.

"Hey, why are looking in on my phone!"

She was embarrassed to find that the man beside her was holding her cell phone. He sat by the bed, looking at the screen with a strange expression, and then looking at her.

"This is my privacy. Give my phone back, give it back..." Christina stretched out her hand and snatched it back.

"Mistress?" Patrick looked at her and suddenly laughed.

He just wanted to check her text

message, but she logged into a forum and was in the mood to chat with a group of netizens.

"Patrick, do you think I'm petty and jealous of Barbara?"

She saw that he had returned to his normal expression and hesitated for a while. She didn't want to sleep anyway and asked him some questions.

He raised his eyebrows and looked at her curling up and holding a thin blanket.

As long as it didn't involve anything confidential, he was actually willing to explain to her. "Barbara is just a staff in the company..."

"But she is very familiar with the

people of Hopkins Family."

Anyway, it was started, so Christina didn't hesitate to say it directly.

"Brianna is a little autistic. Barbara is very patient. Brianna likes her, but that's all." His explanation was simple.

Christina did not expect he was willing to tell her so much. Tonight, he was really strange, but his explanation somehow made her feel petty about herself.

She lifted the blanket and buried her head dejectedly.

"Forget it, Barbara is very patient, she's capable to accompany you to all kinds of social and business matters. But I'm useless and fat, I'm not worthy of you."

He also lay down and pulled down her blanket in case she had difficulties breathing.

He found that his wife had become more and more concerned about her figure and appearance since she became pregnant.

"You're not pregnant. You don't even know how I feel. My whole body is swollen..." She was angry and dispirited. How unfair!

Patrick, of course, could not understand her feelings, especially his wife always thought differently from other women. She had more complicated thought.

Seeing her grim face, he was about to

comfort her.

"The people out there say I'm not good enough for you, that I'm not considerate enough, that I'm not as good as Barbara!"

She suddenly rolled over and glared at him, grinding her teeth with resentment. "Patrick, no matter how I become, I'll always be your wife! Never think about cheating on me!"

He was stunned and looked at her angry expression.

It seemed that there was no need to say those comforting words. The next second, he looked at her with a smile in his cold eyes and then burst into laughter.

Chapter 182

"I don't know... I've been feeling a chill in my spine lately..."

"The people in the Hopkinses also arranged a psychiatrist for me. The psychiatrist said that pregnancy hormones could make people paranoid and sensitive... The day before yesterday, I was so annoyed that I started to complain to Patrick, but he didn't say anything to comfort me, and he still laughed at me." Christina was very dissatisfied.

She was resting at home for her pregnancy. After lunch, she stayed in her bedroom and called Crystal to complain.

"Crystal, how's your work? Do you

have time to visit Hopkins Family?"
Christina was so idle that she suspected that she was really suffering from delusions, "If you're not free, then I'll come to you."

Crystal held her cell phone and rolled her eyes, "Please don't go out. You are bearing twins, and if you get hurt by some bumping, I don't know how to tell your husband."

"Does that mean I can't go out until delivering babies in October?"
Christina suggested.

Did all pregnant women have no human rights now?

Crystal sympathized with her. "The main thing is that your husband is too scary."

"By the way, where's your Mr. Hopkins? He should be at home with you, right?"

Crystal had heard from her former colleagues at the IP&G Group that Patrick had handed over the company's main projects to the vice president. The secretary's office on the top floor was full of exciting gossip, saying their president had "asked for maternity leave".

"He did say before that he would spend less time working and try to be with me..."

Christina muttered in a low voice. The people outside always said that Patrick was ruthless, but Patrick was really good to her. On second thought, she

was a little resentful.

"He's not home right now. He's busy. He flew to America last night." And Christina knew that Barbara had gone with him.

But she didn't know what they were busy doing in the United States.

"He seems to trust Barbara..."

"Are you still jealous of Barbara?"

"Not really..." Christina said in a sullen voice, "It's just that there's another woman who cares about my husband, and I feel uncomfortable about this..."

Crystal suddenly yelled, "Christina!"

"Don't think too much. You must get

panicked for being idle. You said you fell into the pool and saw a dark shadow at the door. Anyway, just live your idle life. Don't be so stupid as to fight with Patrick and let those mistresses outside take advantage of it. If you do not look for trouble, you will be ok!"

Crystal had been busy looking for a job recently, and all kinds of unspoken rules in the workplace made her tired and unable to resist. She had no choice but to endure it in order to live, so she really envied Christina.

She said a lot of wise rules, but Christina on the other end of the phone suddenly became silent.

Crystal was very depressed, "What are you thinking?"

"Oh, nothing." Christina replied, beginning to reflect on her own role as a wife, who seemed to have not fully fulfilled her duty. "I was thinking that I have not given Patrick any official gifts..."

"Do you want to buy a present for your wife?"

On a shopping street full of luxury goods in Seattle, the saleswomen were all well-trained. They looked at the man wearing an expensive suit in front of them. He had a platinum ring on his left ring finger, which obviously showed that he was married.

In this bustling city, there were many men from the upper class who came here with beautiful girls in their arms.

These men spoke sweet words and bought expensive gifts to please these women, who also were very clear that these men pretended to be single and had no interest in wearing wedding rings. This man in front of them was rare.

"I've known you for so many years. How could I not know that you also fall for romance..."

This was a commercial street near the international airport. The flight was suddenly delayed because of the weather, so they had some more leisure time on their way back. Barbara thought he would be in the VIP waiting room as usual, and was surprised that he was interested in these women's jewelry.

"Sir, you can take a look at this necklace with a pendant of Polynesian black pearl. This necklace just arrived this morning. It matches your wife's temperament very well. It looks tender, generous, and noble."

Patrick ignored the enthusiastic waiter and took a look at the black pearl pendant on the white fluffy tray. The heart-shaped platinum outer ring was embedded with fine diamonds, and the black pearl was inlaid in the center, which made it even more mysterious and noble.

He glanced around the ornaments on the glass counter.

It seemed that he was not so interested in women's decorations. Playing around with his platinum

wedding ring, he seemed to be thinking which one he should buy.

"Patrick, what do you think of this black pearl pendant?"

Barbara asked him casually with a smile. Her smile grew brighter especially when she saw the waitress in front of her.

The staff in the store naturally thought that she was his wife, but she wasn't. But at this moment, she didn't want to deny it.

"Pearls don't suit her."

Patrick spoke very softly.

Pointing to the furthest left side of the glass cabinet, he said, "Please bring me

DJ856021." This was the unique code of their jewelry shop.

The staff in the shop did not dare to neglect, so she pushed a special chair over and carefully took down the ruby necklace from the cabinet.

This necklace was a little special. It was not the most expensive one in the shop. A French word "chance", which meant lucky, was written with platinum in the necklace. The first letter of the word was capital, cleverly inlaid with a ruby.

This was not the same as the top international brands in their store. There was no second similar necklace like this one, which was the only one designed by a master jeweler on a whim. Most lovers like to buy some

accessories to express their love, while the word "chance" was somewhat different.

"You want to buy this necklace for Christina?"

Barbara looked a little complicated, and her low voice sounded flat. Then she said firmly, "Buy the latest version over there."

The necklace was actually quite exquisite in workmanship and gemstone, but if it was something given by Patrick to a woman, he should choose some jewelry more expensive and dazzling.

"She's afraid of those weird things."

Patrick directly asked the clerk to pack

it up and said it surprisingly, which Barbara couldn't understand.

Barbara was so smart but she was stunned for a while. In fact, the thing that Christina was afraid of darkness and ghosts was really not a secret.

Rubies seem to ward off evil spirits.

"Mr. Hopkins, when did you become so superstitious?"

Barbara smiled and teased him. She turned her head slightly and felt somehow bitter. People would really change. She never thought he would too.

Patrick held the little delicate gift bag in his hand and said calmly.

"I'm not."

He never believed in these things that had no evidence to back off, nor did he believe in coincidences. He only believed in deliberate planning and calculating.

But if...

If one day he made a mistake and he was unable to protect her.

When a person was in endless despair, he would rather believe in ghosts and pray for having the luxury for some last hope. And he wanted her to have enough luck when she was helpless and she would be safe.

Chapter 183

"Patrick, thank you for giving me the coat last time."

Barbara suddenly spoke out and quickly interrupted his contemplation.

With his usual smile, she handed him the black bag held in her right hand reluctantly. Last time she got drenched in the rain and he put the coat on her.

There was his scent lingering on the expensive coat, so she was reluctant to return it to him.

She had long known that the unrequited love was bitter, but all of a sudden, she couldn't help wanting more when she glanced at the unique necklace in his hand.

"Boss, you can go home soon. But I have to transfer for a flight to Paris. For the sake of my hard work for the company, can you give me a piece of jewelry as a reward as well?" She said jokingly as usual.

"What do you want?"

Patrick subconsciously asked. He would buy her whatever she liked in the jewelry store without hesitation.

And he would like to do so, regardless of what style she liked or whether it fitted her.

Hearing his promise, Barbara was overjoyed, but then she felt even more disappointed.

She had known his coldness for a long time. If he had always treated any woman this way, then she could tell herself that she could at least be by his side.

But there was just Christina.

The female employees of this luxury jewelry store, which catered to international tourists, all knew some Chinese. Upon hearing their conversation, an employee immediately rushed forward to recommend the latest and the most expensive jewelry to Barbara.

"I want the one he just bought, the same one."

Patrick suddenly felt a great pain in his brain. His tightened his grip

unconsciously on the exquisite bag. He tried not to show his pained and tired look. With a cold face, he went straight to the soft sofa on the right side of the store so that he could have a rest.

Barbara talked to the clerk in a low voice. He was not interested in their conversation so he leaned back against the sofa and gasped because of the pain in his brain.

"Miss, I'm sorry, but that ruby necklace was unique... The other necklace designed by the same master jeweler is here. Do you like it?"

"Are you sure you can't find the same one?"

She turned to glance at the man in the rest area, with her words somewhat

insistent.

The employee was a little embarrassed. "I'm very sorry. Even in the branch store, there's none. There's only one of that."

"If you really want the same style, then... There may be a replica in the small shops in the downtown area..."

Replica.

There was a hint of self-mockery on Barbara's lips. There was only one. She saw it first, but why couldn't she have it?

Habitually looking back at the man behind her, Barbara suddenly became nervous. "Patrick, what's wrong with you?"

"How's Patrick doing?"

Christina had been summoned to Old Master Mr. Hopkins's Northern Garden. It had been almost two months since she had spoken to him face to face, making her a little uncomfortable.

"What's wrong with him?"

Puzzled by the question, she straightened her back, frowned slightly, and looked directly at the old man across the coffee table.

"Young Madam, you should pay more attention to how many times Mr. Hopkins has a headache..."

The old housekeeper stood aside, with

his voice worried. It seemed that he wanted to remind her of something. Old Master Mr. Hopkins frowned and glanced at him with displeasure and he shut up immediately.

"What's the matter?"

Christina remembered that it should have been easy for Patrick to lift her up the night before yesterday, but he bumped into the corner of the table and almost fell off her strangely.

She knew that as long as it was within his abilities, he would not let this happen, so she was surprised as well.

Christina felt a surge of uneasiness and nervousness. "Grandpa, is Patrick ill?"

"No, he isn't."

Perhaps because of panic, the old housekeeper quickly retorted. He was not lying. Patrick was indeed not ill. "It was an old wound..."

"What?"

She could not hear the housekeeper's words clearly.

And there was a long silence.

In the backyard of Northern Garden, a row of ornamental bamboos rustled in the autumn wind on the other side of the wall.

"... You should ask that bastard to come home and take his paternity leave. He doesn't need to handle the business of the company this year. Just ask him to

accompany you."

Finally, Christina was invited out by the maid. Looking back, the door slowly closed, and the old man's last deep words lingered in the ear.

The sun had gradually set in the west. She was called to the Old Master's at noon and sat awkwardly looking at him for almost an entire afternoon. She did not understand what he meant, and he seemed to want Patrick to rest.

"Since it is about Patrick, why not talk with him? Such a weird old man..."

She could not help bemoaning, but she remembered it.

When walking towards the Eastern Garden, she could not help but shrink

her neck. It was a little cold.

The wind ruffled her long hair. It was the early autumn, but she already felt the chill. She looked around the huge house of the Hopkinses with her clear and beautiful eyes. Inside the high walls, everything looked beautiful under the setting sun, so beautiful that it suddenly made people restless.

She thought that when Patrick came back tonight, she would figure out what happened to him.

"Didn't you say you were coming back tonight?"

After dinner, Christina went back to the bedroom and waited peacefully. But later she checked the time and found it was behind the expected time.

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"Didn't you say you were coming back tonight?"

After dinner, Christina went back to the bedroom and waited peacefully. But later she checked the time and found it was behind the expected time.

So she hesitated for a while and called him.

"Oh, hello..."

Christina heard a strange voice from the other end of the phone and was stunned for a moment, then quietly listened to his explanation.

It was the vice president of the group Shawn who answered the phone. He said Patrick had to deal with something and came back the day after tomorrow.

"Is he busy now?"

"When he is awake, I'll tell him that you called..." The vice president's voice was very stable and gruff.

But before Christina could ask more, he hung up.

Her heart suddenly beat a little faster, and her fingers quickly dialed back, but it indicated that the line was busy, and no one answered.

She spent the whole night panicking.

The next morning, she had breakfast with Old Master Mr. Hopkins. Brianna and the others were there as well. She ate absent-mindedly and looked at the old man across from her from time to time, trying to figure out the way to ask about what happened to Patrick.

"Young madam, it's a package from the United States."

The unexpected delivery made them

curious. Christina frowned and opened the package.

It was a jewelry box, a platinum inlaid ruby necklace.

"Chance...", Christina read the French word.

She knew that the word meant "Lucky," but she wondered why Patrick had sent her the necklace for no reason. When did he become so romantic as to buy his wife a gift on his business trip and send it home specially by express? Was it a surprise?

She didn't know if it was a surprise, but when she saw that there was also an expensive coat for males inside, she was a little stunned.

If she remembered correctly, this coat seemed to be the one over Barbara, who was caught in the rain a few days ago.

Does that mean that Barbara personally packed and sent this package?

"He didn't pick up the phone... The gift was also sent back by the other person by courier..." She was suddenly very anxious.

"Grandpa, do you know what Patrick has been up to lately?"

She looked up and asked the old man directly.

Judy, who had finished breakfast, took the lead in a cold and displeased voice.

"It's wrong for you not to know what he's up to. And he is on a business trip and gives specially you a gift. How can you be his wife?"

Judy distasted her. It seemed that since the first time they met, this noble mother-in-law has disliked her.

She didn't want to argue with anyone. She wasn't in the mood.

With her eyes fixed on the old man, she lowered her voice and suppressed her nervousness. "Grandpa, is something wrong with Patrick?"

Chapter 184

In the end, Old Master Mr. Hopkins said nothing.

Christina was very confused and wanted to catch up with him as he walked out of the dining room with his walking stick.

But as soon as she took a step, the old steward in front of her made a gesture to indicate that she should not come forward. Christina stood still, feeling even more anxious.

They always didn't want to tell her anything.

She just wanted to know more about Patrick...

Ding ding -

As the phone in her coat pocket vibrated, she received a new message.

"Patrick is at the golden.A club."

Christina held her phone and fell silent after reading the text message on the screen.

Barbara sent the short message.

"Is Patrick at the golden.A club now?"

Golden.A club was a high-end private clubhouse and Christina knew about it, because Cory tricked her into spending a night with him in this club where she met Patrick.

She frowned and became concerned .

Looking at the new text message, she lowered her eyes and stared at the handwritten letter that Patrick had sent her and the precious platinum ruby necklace with the word "chance" on it. Her heart was beating faster and she had a bad feeling.

"The vice president of the group said he wouldn't be back until tomorrow, so why did Barbara text me..."

What tricks did she want to play?

On the last rainy day, she received an inexplicable text message asking her to go to Gordon Hotel. But after that, Patrick insisted that it had nothing to do with Barbara.

She was confused but managed to

calm down and called Barbara back.

"The number you dialed is currently on the line. Please wait..."

There were the auto-responder's replies.

That made Christina feel bad. She clutched her phone tightly and kept breathing in and out, telling herself to calm down.

Calm down! But she couldn't calm down!

After the vice president hung up on her yesterday, she couldn't get through. She encountered many things, including him saying that she should wait for Patrick to wake up, the strange talk of the old man at home and this

text message from Barbara.

They always said she couldn't help. She didn't want to cause trouble for anyone, but she was nervous at home.

She called the driver from the Hopkinses and immediately drove to golden.A club.

Whether Barbara was playing a trick on her or not, whether the text message was true or not, she had to go over and take a look.

s the car moved steadily forward, she silently looked at the scene outside the window and thought of Patrick's strange behavior recently. Her mind was in a mess.

"What's wrong with you?" She

murmured.

Her eyes were full of tears.

She felt anxious and self-loathing for she couldn't help him in anything. She felt that she was useless.

Forty minutes later, she arrived at golden.A club.

After Christina got out of the car, the driver of the Hopkinses led her to the front desk of the club. When the receptionist heard the driver's words, she immediately picked up the internal phone and called the head of the club. Then they talked for a while.

"Hello, Young Madam."

Christina guessed that the club had a

close business relationship with the Hopkinses. They were very respectful and Patrick seemed to like to rest here.

"Is Patrick here now?" She asked hesitantly.

The head of the clubhouse did not mean to hide anything, but simply nodded. "Yes, Young Master Patrick is in room 2008 ..."

When Christina heard this answer, she had the mixed feelings.

He's really here.

Christina forced a smile and coldly ordered. "Take me to him."

"Yes."

She followed the person in charge into an elegant European-style corridor.

Delicate crystal lights hung on both sides of the corridor, casting the gentle yellow light. It was very quiet here. There were thick red carpets under her feet. She did not meet any other guests on the way. It seemed that this was the VIP area.

"Give me the room card."

When she arrived at room 2008 and noticed that the person in charge looked a little embarrassed, Christina directly asked for the room card and asked him to leave.

He heaved a sigh of relief and said, "Young Madam, if you need anything, please ring the bell. I'll leave first."

They all knew that Patrick had a hot temper. Without his permission, most people did not dare to disturb him. If his wife came to him, it would be different.

They were well-informed in their social circle and needed to know some special people to avoid offending others, especially Hopkins Family. It was said that Patrick's wife was very pampered and difficult to get along with. But now it seemed that she was more easy-going than ordinary women...

Thinking of this, he couldn't help but turn around and remind her, "Young Madam, Miss Parker is also here..."

Beep -

As Christina swiped the room card, the door opened.

Miss Parker.

As soon as the head of the club said "Miss Parker", Christina straightened her back and saw Barbara through the crack in the door.

"Barbara..."

She mumbled the name in a complicated tone and stared at the woman sitting by the bed in the room who bent over as if she was busy with something.

The sound of footsteps made the people in the room turn around vigilantly...

Barbara looked surprised. "Why are you here?"

"You asked me to come over."

Christina stepped into the suite, held back some emotions and looked over to the bed. The man on the bed had already woken up.

Patrick was indeed here. He looked at her at the door and did not speak immediately.

They just looked on in silence.

Christina suddenly found it funny. Did she catch a cheater?

Strictly speaking, it should not be the case, at least because their clothes are

intact, and there were no misleading gestures... It was only Barbara who looked worried and affectionate, sitting by the bed and taking care of her husband.

The other woman worriedly looked after her husband. Christina sneered.

She couldn't be angry and even had to thank her.

"Why are you here?"

Patrick got up from the bed and leaned is back against the headboard. He asked the same question with the hoarse voice.

"Barbara asked me to come over."

She was indifferent and walked

towards him step by step. She didn't lose temper like before and repeated calmly.

The man on the bed frowned and glanced at the woman beside the bed.

Barbara hastily retorted, "I didn't ask you to come over."

"I received a text message from you."

"I didn't text you."

For a moment, the atmosphere was a little tense.

Christina refrained herself from becoming agitated and gritted her teeth and said. "Miss Parker, do you have any missed calls from me?"

"You did call me 50 minutes ago, but the assistant in the group was busy talking to me. I didn't have time to answer..."

"What a coincidence!" Christina shouted angrily. She could no longer pretend to be calm.

She was angry, not because of what Barbara had done with him in this room, but because Barbara had lied to her time and time again!

"Get out."

The man leaning against the bed had a serious headache. He closed his eyes tightly and shouted, "Get out now!"

Christina was stunned and looked back at him and glared at him fiercely.

You want to chase me away!

Chapter 185

"You want me to go?"

Christina gritted her teeth angrily. But when she looked at the man sitting by the bedside, she clearly saw his pain from his furrowed brows.

She knew his temperament, and she believed that he would not chase her away because of a woman.

He wanted her to leave because he had something to hide from her.

"Why?"

Instead, she stepped forward, lowered her voice, and tried to calm herself down, "Patrick, we are a family. You should tell me whatever happened.

Why do you..."

"Take her out."

Impatiently, Patrick reached out and pressed the bedside bell before she could finish her sentence.

Barbara had been standing quietly by the side, staring blankly at the intense confrontation between them. This was the first time she had seen Patrick treat Christina so rudely.

Soon, security guards from the clubhouse broke in.

"Who dares to touch me! Get out of my way!"

Christina didn't even look at the security guards on either side. Her

bright eyes were fixed on the man. She shouted angrily and wasn't intended to make a compromise.

"Patrick, I'm telling you, I'm not leaving today!"

She would not leave!

"Take her out." His voice was cold and deep, full of rage.

Christina looked stunned for a moment. It was not until the tall and strong security guards dragged her out of the room that she realized that he really chased her away.

"Patrick, why did you do that?"

"Why does Barbara know all the things? Why can she stay with you but I

cannot?"

Her eyes were red with anger and she yelled at the man on the bed. She turned her head to the right and took a bite of a security guard, pushing them away.

"Get out of my way. If you want me to leave, I'll leave by myself. You don't have to rush me!"

The security guards at the clubhouse had mixed feelings and were hesitant to rush up and catch her.

The woman standing by the door suddenly calmed down and didn't struggle. She looked cold.

"Charles isn't here today, or he'll call me a busybody and laugh at me for

making a fool of myself."

"Everyone said so. I can't help you with anything. Patrick, in your opinion, I'll only make things worse for you, and I'll only hinder you, right? I never feel that you are my husband. the Hopkinses is powerful and influential. You just need a woman to give birth. What's right do I have to mind your business?"

She said every word calmly and emotionlessly as if telling a fact.

Her calmness made the man on the bed slightly stunned and feel perturbed.

"Patrick, I know my limitations. I can't control or help with your company and personal business."

She thought she would angrily argue

with him and yell at the security guards. But instead, she suddenly lost her temper, which surprised Christina herself.

She was just more disdainful of herself.

He wanted to chase her away because she was useless.

He had repeatedly stressed that the result wouldn't change even if she knew everything and she could do nothing.

"But I just want to know." She thought. Christina knew he would never understand that feeling.

She turned around and walked out of the room step by step.

If he asked her to leave, she would leave on her own.

"I've been woolgathering all day. I know I was wrong. Maybe I was also wrong to disturb you today."

She bit her lips and murmured.

Tears welled up in her eyes but she held them back. She, Christina, was not delicate. She, Christina, would never be pretentious like those women. Proud as she was, she just didn't understand why he did this to her and refused to accept it.

"Patrick, am I wrong to worry about you?"

The door closed with a bang.

She slammed the door.

The man in the room looked stunned. Her voice was very soft, and it was loud enough for Patrick to hear it clearly.

For a moment, silence filled the room.

"Get out."

His voice suddenly became low and hoarse. He closed his eyes to hide his anxiety.

Barbara's heart skipped a beat as she looked at the man with his back against the headboard and his face pale. She said carefully, "Patrick, do you know how serious your situation is? You need someone to accompany you."

"I didn't ask you to accompany me."

His words were so cold and heartless.

He did not ask her to accompany him, but at least she knew his stuff.

Barbara felt that she could at least know these things and the difficulties he faced. His attitude towards Christina was very obviously repulsive. He didn't want her to step in his privacy.

"Patrick, you should stay in Seattle. You should listen to grandpa and receive the operation immediately."

She was hesitant and then said those words that were hidden in her heart, "Patrick, I have been by your side all these years. Don't you really feel that I..."

"I'm worried about you."

She dared not say that she loved him.

She knew very well that once she said it, this man would not hesitate to drive her out of his world.

Worried.

"I'm worried about you."

She said the same sentence.

It reminded Patrick of what Christina had just said. Every word she said was so clear and he could feel her self-abasement.

"You should be more worried about Derek. Get out."

His head ached even more. He opened his eyes, his dark eyes filled with coldness and fierce and his tone demanding.

Barbara tensed up and looked at him.

He treated her and that woman differently after all.

Christina would never know how cold and heartless he looked when he really wanted to chase someone away.

"Christina, do you know.."

"I don't know!"

After she left the clubhouse, she went straight to Crystal's apartment. Crystal immediately panicked.

"My lord, do you know how dangerous it is for you to come here when you're pregnant? What if..."

"I'm not going back."

Seeing her being so stubborn, Crystal felt sad and angry. She tried to persuade her again but cried out when approaching her, "Christina, are you crying?!"

She didn't reply.

Christina took the lead with a straight face and sat down on the sofa in the living room.

She left the clubhouse without looking back, raised her chin, and held back her tears.

Why would she cry? She didn't do anything wrong. She was just driven out by a bastard.

Crystal was most afraid of her being quiet. She was used to seeing her being headstrong and conceited. It was so rare that Christina was quiet.

"Christina, what's wrong with you?"
Sitting beside her, Crystal asked with concern.

"You quarreled with Patrick?"

She lowered her head and muttered, "I suddenly feel like I've become greedy ever since I married Patrick."

He was too good to her. Then she gradually forgot how superior and

lofty Mr. Hopkins was. She even had extravagant hopes to know more about him.

"Christina, the Hopkinses is too complicated. If he doesn't allow to step in some things, then..."

"Crystal, I don't know if I'm doing the right thing. But I don't want to be the kind of woman who's being guarded. I don't want to be kept in the dark. I will do my best to achieve my happiness."