

Christina was a sinner.

She hid her close friends and was suspected of instigating divorce and ruining the happy life of the couple. These were heinous crimes.

"Bah."

Christina was wearing a lavender Persian cat apron with her long black hair tied up high. A few strands of hair on her fair neck were dripping with water. In her fair and beautiful face, her eyes were clear but full of anger.

Her left hand was on her waist, and her right hand was holding a wireless vacuum cleaner as a scepter, pointing furiously at the two men at the door of her house.

"Don't stand at my door. Disappear immediately!"

There was a small yard with a small fence in front of the gate of the villa. Charles and Chandler did not dare to approach the gate at all. They only stood outside the small fence and tried to negotiate with her.

Charles was pulled over to be a peacemaker. "Christina, don't worry anymore. Ask Crystal to come out and let them sit down to have a good talk."

Before he could finish speaking, Christina's face turned angry. "I was so angry when seeing you. Get out of here!"

The wireless vacuum cleaner on her right hand flew straight at them. Charles dodged in horror and saw the high-end wireless vacuum cleaner beside his feet break into pieces with a bang.

God, how fortunate that it didn't hit his head.

"Christina, you are going to murder me!"

"Crystal's hiding can't solve anything. We only want to talk with her."

"Talk what? Do you want to bully her together and ask her to have an abortion? You, heartless people, keep still. I'll go into the kitchen and get a knife..."

Hearing this, Charles's face changed in fear. He quickly hid behind Chandler and did not want to be hurt as an innocent citizen.

"Christina, I just want to see her."

Chandler, who had been silent all this time, suddenly spoke with a gentle and firm tone. There was no fear on his face.

Christina stood at the gate, frowning and looking at him.

She said that going into the kitchen to get a kitchen knife could only scare Charles, but Chandler didn't buy it at all. Christina threw the vacuum cleaner just now only to scare them away.

But Chandler was more experienced than Charles.

"Crystal doesn't want to see you."

Christina's tone was still cold, but there was a bit more seriousness in it, showing that she was not joking.

There was a sense of loss in Chandler's eyes, but he was still standing with a gentle and handsome appearance.

Crystal rarely refused people. She didn't know how to refuse at all. It had been three days since she moved out of the house this time. He thought that she could calm down within these three days, but Crystal's phone was always being turned off, so he had no choice but to come over personally.

But he was blocked at the gate by Christina.

"How has she been these days?"

Chandler suddenly dropped his voice, as if begging her.

Christina's heart suddenly leaped. She couldn't stand anyone begging her.

If he was aggressive, she would naturally beat him up. But looking at Chandler's disappointed look, she really did not know how to deal with this situation at once.

Christina was a little flustered. "Crystal, of course, Crystal has been living well these days. I've moved all the best things in the house and bought her a lot of tonics. You don't know how happy we can live here together. We don't have any worries." Christina rambled on and began to talk illogically.

All in all, she wanted to express that Crystal was living very well here and the two stinky men should quickly disappear.

Charles heard some information from Christina's words that Christina had also almost moved in since Crystal lived in there. No wonder Patrick had become so aggressive recently.

Crystal ran away from home because of family dissension, and Christina ran away with the excuse of accompanying her friends.

Chandler was a good talker and negotiator, but now, he could only stand outside the house and looked hard into the glass window, trying to see the woman hiding in the house. He fell silent and didn't know what to say. He knew he had let Crystal down.

Christina was impatient. "What the hell? You really want me to kick you out?"

Fortunately, Miss Dickens did do it in person. Instead, she took out her cell phone from her trouser pocket and called the community administrator angrily.

"What the hell happened for your services? You put bad animals into the community."

"I'm really sorry about it. We'll deal with it now."

They lived in a luxury residential area. The annual service fee for security here was expensive. So the service was naturally of high quality. Soon, someone came to ask Charles and Chandler to leave.

Christina looked at the two men being invited out with dignity. Charles looked a little embarrassed, gritting his teeth to say that he must buy a villa here to vent his anger.

Christina was sighing that the people here were so efficient, and at this moment, a familiar clear voice came from behind her.

"I really don't understand why you like to meddle so much. There are no profits."

Christina suddenly turned her head and looked at Lucy with astonishment.

"How did you get in?" Lucy even stood right behind her.

Lucy looked at her disdainfully and didn't bother to explain. It was just a piece of cake.

Before Christina asked, Lucy, pushed the door open and shouted, "What are you having for lunch today?"

It was as if she had entered her own house.

This woman was really too presumptuous.

Christina hurriedly followed her and slammed the door, said dissatisfiedly. "Hey, hey, hey, Crystal is not your servant. Don't order at our place. This is not a restaurant."

Crystal came out of the kitchen with a big bowl of chicken soup and a warm smile. "It's okay. Just one more person and one more set of tableware."

Lucy was satisfied with her attitude. She ran to the kitchen to wash her hands, sat on the dining table chair, and shouted, "Dinner, dinner." It was rare to see her so happy.

Food was the paramount necessity of the people.

She worked so hard and went through all terrible difficulties just for her stomach. Because Crystal was so good at cooking, Lucy's liking for her rose to a high level.

"Next time, if Chandler and the others come over again, you can tell me. I don't charge anything. I promise they won't be able to come back in a month."

Lucy picked up a piece of chicken wings with soy sauce, which was sweet, just to her taste. She was in a good mood.

If Lucy made a move, she could send people into the crematorium directly and professionally.

Even Christina was still frightened about it. Crystal immediately waved her hand in panic. "No, no need!"

Lucy was holding a chicken nugget in her mouth. Seeing that they didn't really want to do it, she muttered, "How boring." There was no flirting in her world but only took action to beat who she disliked.

As for the conflicts between couples, frankly speaking, she didn't know how to deal with them.

She lowered her head and looked at the large grouper that had just been served on the table. The food really had a good taste. She had been eating fast food or eating in restaurants before. Of course, she had also eaten more luxurious and tasty dishes. But after eating such home-cooked dishes yesterday, she had always been scrounging free meals off them.

Considering the dishes on the table, she considered making friends with these two women reluctantly.

"Don't forget what I told you to do." Christina reminded her meaningfully.

Lucy was chewing a piece of beef. Her hands were also not idle at all, trying to peel the shell of the Australian lobster, and the big grouper just now was all but bones.

"I know, I know." She swallowed her food in a rather impolite manner and replied unclearly.

Christina was speechless. The valiant and cold image of Lucy collapsed now. This guy's eating looking were really...

"Oh, just like locusts' crossing..."

Crystal smiled in a good mood. "Eat more if you like. I'll cook more tomorrow." She was optimistic. Seeing Lucy eating so appetizingly, she also wanted to eat more.

Recently, she had been heavily vomiting during pregnancy and felt nauseous whenever she ate.

"Have more millet and sweet potato porridge." Christina looked at Crystal sympathetically.

Yesterday, Crystal ate a piece of beef, the meat was still in her mouth, but she suddenly turned around and trotted to the toilet to throw up.

They asked her what was the cure against vomiting because Christina was a veteran after all. But she really didn't know about it. She could eat well when she was pregnant. No wonder Patrick said to her how fortunate that she didn't be influenced by the baby at that time.

The three women were huddled in the exquisite and luxurious villa. After eating and drinking, they lay on the living room sofa in great enjoyment. Crystal made them a pot of black tea thoughtfully.

"I've already told you why women should get married. We can live a good life like this."

Taking a sip of tea, Lucy sighed contentedly and looked at Crystal's belly.

"If what is in your belly is born, do you mind me playing it?"

She said it casually as if giving birth to a child was like keeping a pet for her. Pets were used to kill the time. So the owner could bully them when he or she was in bad mood.

Crystal was frightened and embarrassed, not knowing how to deal with it.

"Don't bully my child."

"Don't worry. It won't be bullied outside except me. I'll teach him."

"What are you going to teach?"

"Ordinary survival skills... If it's a boy, he has to be stronger, or else he'll be sissy," Lucy said with a look of disgust, "If it's a girl, then she has to be more powerful. Otherwise, how can she get along?"

Christina agreed and nodded. "Yes."

"If it's a boy, he can play with my twins. There are many new clothes in Hopkins family that haven't been worn, and there are a lot of toys..."

"I prefer a girl."

Crystal went into the kitchen and took out another fruit platter. Christina and Lucy continued to eat.

Crystal listened to the heated discussion about her baby, which was completely different from what she had experienced in the Stephenson family before. she smiled and felt warm in her heart

The Stephenson family didn't like her child and didn't want her baby at all.

Thinking of the Stephenson family and Chandler, a trace of sadness added to Crystal's delicate face. But she tried to hide it from Christina. She didn't want her good friend to worry about her.



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Chapter 510

"I'm going to take a nap. If you're still hungry, go to the fridge and get some mango pudding. I made two this morning..."

Lucy turned around and said frankly, "Next time, remember to make three, cause I have an incredible appetite, which was double to ordinary people."

Christina kicked her. "Hey, don't be annoying."

Crystal just smiled and agreed. "Okay." Then she turned around and went into the bedroom. She was very sleepy with pregnancy.

Although she was living a good life here, and was proud of being regarded as a good cook. But during these days, she had to force herself to be busy, because as soon as she was free, she would think of Geoffrey and Chandler. Did they eat well? Did Chandler drink? And did he have a stomachache? Whether Geoffrey lost his temper at home or not?

Just now, Charles and Chandler came over, outside the house. Christina warned her not to be soft-hearted and go out.

She had to plug her ears with earplugs, because as soon as she heard Chandler's voice, she was afraid that she would lose control of her feet and run out.

She wondered what he had just said. She was eager to know, but also afraid to know.

Since he came to look for her, so he was caring about her, right?

After meeting Erica that day, she was really angry. All she could think about was that this marriage was a joke, and divorce was the best choice. But she regretted it after a night. She couldn't bear to part with him.

What to do now?

Didn't she hide in this room all the time? Crystal covered herself with the quilt with a troubled mind and tired body. Soon, she fell asleep...

[...]

At 5:30 pm, it was almost time to get off.

The light was still on in the general manager's office. Several program documents and proposals had been completed in advance, but he still worked overtime.

The door was knocked twice and someone came in.

"Make me a cup of coffee, and you can get off first." Chandler didn't look up. He thought it was his secretary. He

casually left these words and continued to type.

"Chandler, it seems to be your mother's birthday today. Why are you still working overtime?" A familiar and hearty voice broke forth.

Looking up, it turned out to be Charles.

Charles had no merits, but he had a good memory, especially those special days and each girlfriend's birthdays.

As soon as Chandler asked this question, the phone in his pocket rang before he could answer him.

"... We decided not to dine out. Mom said it would be good to enjoy home cooking. When will you come back, Chandler?" It was Erica's loud voice.

"I'm busy at work. You can eat first." Chandler said calmly.

"What are you busy with? Just decline it. We are all waiting for you." Erica's voice became louder with dissatisfaction.

"Take this message to my mother. Also, I bought a jade necklace for her, which will be sent over by the clerk later."

Chandler finished his report as if he didn't want to listen to Erica's complaints anymore and quickly hung up the phone.

Charles looked at him in surprise, thinking that this guy was an excellent liar.

Charles stepped forward with a teasing look and tapped his finger on the table, pointing to the date on the program documents, which was in next month. "Busy man, is this why you were busy at work and don't go home to celebrate your mother's birthday?"

Then he deliberately exclaimed, "What an unfilial son, uh?"

Charles was just joking.

But Chandler replied with a bitter expression, "Yes, I'm an unfilial son."

His eyes were sad.

Chandler knew from a very young age that his parents preferred his eldest brother, who was calmer, liked to be quiet, focused on research, and cared about the family. He liked to accompany his parents, instead of busying around all day like him.

But his eldest brother died because of him, an unfilial younger brother.

"Come on, don't be gloomy. Cheer up." Seeing that he was so depressed, Charles immediately spoke louder to him, "I heard from Patrick that Crystal has been eating and living well at Christina's place recently. She is very well there.

I heard that she has even gained two pounds."

"... That's good." Chandler thought for a moment and forced a smile.

From the bottom of his heart, he hoped that Crystal would live a better life.

Charles looked at him and muttered, "You don't need to worry about Crystal for she was taken good care of by the Siren Christina. But you're not doing well yourself."

As soon as he finished speaking, Chandler's face suddenly turned pale. He furrowed deeply and his right hand subconsciously touched his stomach, with the perspiration starting forth upon his brow.

Seeing that he was suffering, Charles knew what was going on. He hunted the room and asked, "Where is the stomach medicine?"

Chandler replied weakly,... "I'm fine." He could endure it.

Charles rolled his eyes at him. "If you don't do anything, you'll have stomach bleeding. You haven't eaten all day, have you?"

After so many years of brotherhood, he knew him very well.

Back in the months when his eldest brother died, he really had stomach bleeding totally three times and stayed in the hospital for half a year before he recovered, and his family didn't know about it.

"You are out of pills."

Charles finally found the medicine bottle. But it was empty after he shook it.

Chandler smiled a forced smile. Since Crystal was not at home, no one had prepared these pills for him. Nor had anyone called him every day to remind him not to drink and remember to eat. He was used to having a wife nagging at home every day.

And he was really in a mess these days.

Crystal looked very ordinary. Her appearance was just fine at most, not as beautiful as his secretary or as capable as there business women. However, she was very good at taking care of people and looked weak, which made him could not help but feel funny.

He didn't know what love is.

To him, love was a terrifying existence. Erica loved him and pestered him like that, which had made his life fall into hell and even killed his brother.

At first, because he felt comfortable with Crystal, and had an impulse to spend his life with her, so they got married.

But Patrick was right that day. He didn't deserve to be happy. When he married Crystal, she would be dragged to hell by him and couldn't be happy again. He was such a terrible man.

"... Now that she's with Christina, she can take good care of Crystal." At least she was much better than a bastard like him.

After enduring a throbbing pain in his stomach, it gradually eased. He had long been used to this kind of pain, and recently even he himself had a little rejection of taking stomach medicine, as if he wanted to use this pain to punish himself.

Everyone said that Crystal was timid, but deep down, he felt himself was even weaker and more incompetent.

Charles saw through his mind and whispered, "You'd better take care of your wife on your own. Don't expect Christina to be her nanny."

Would the Siren Christina look after people? Dream on.

Maybe she was the one who needed Crystal's care.

"Let's go. Don't numb yourself with work. Let's go to Gordon Hotel for dinner. Patrick will be there if you agree. By the way, he has been in a bad mood recently." He could know without thinking that it must be caused by Christina.

But Chandler had been depressed recently and didn't want to go anywhere.

He wanted to see Crystal before, but after being chased away angrily by Christina, he and Patrick were very sensible and did not disturb them, lest they affect Crystal's mood. However, he would think of her when he had spare time after that day.

He felt very strange without her at home.

In the past, there was always a petite figure busy in the kitchen. As soon as he came home, she would always rush over and sniff him like a little squirrel, asking if he had drunk secretly, and then happily took out a lot of snacks from the kitchen for him to taste. As long as he said they were nice, Crystal would be over the moon all day.

He didn't want to go back to the Stephenson family now.

Erica was getting along well with his parents. However, the more he saw them getting along well, the more depressed he felt, as if he couldn't breathe there, and he felt suffocated.

He owed his brother a life, so he had to replace his brother to continue living, but he really hated all of this. If he hadn't had a happy and sweet marriage with Crystal, he would have been able to endure it. But now, he wanted to have his own family selfishly.

As Patrick said, he wanted to marry a woman he loved, to give her all the fancy things, and to try hard to make her carefree.

"Stop thinking too much. Let's go out and have dinner together. Or you'll suffer from depression if you keep being like this."

Charles patted him on the shoulder.

"Chandler, you have to think carefully. If you get sick, then who would look after Crystal for you when something bad happens? You can't count on Christina at all. She is completely unreliable."

In the end, Chandler couldn't get rid of Charles and had to go to the restaurant together. Because of the stomachache, he only ate a bowl of porridge.

"What's your stomach medicine that Crystal usually buys for you? Ask the waiter here to buy you a bottle later."

"No need. There's more at home."

"That's true. Crystal has always been careful and prepared. There must be a lot of stock at home."

Chandler and Charles were chatting, didn't notice that Patrick's face darkened and he said in a strange tone, "I heard that Crystal cooked very well."

"... Let's go and try it tomorrow."

It sounded like a notification.

Chandler was surprised, so as Charles, who looked up in astonishment and asked, "Are we going there together?"

The Siren Christina, who hit him with the vacuum cleaner last time. If they could go with Patrick tomorrow, she could definitely not drive them away. Thinking of this, he was like venting his spite upon her and looking forward to seeing her angry tomorrow.

Chandler said to Patrick, "Thank you."

He could finally see Crystal tomorrow. He hadn't seen her for almost 20 days.

Patrick did not say anything more. He took a chopstick of vegetables with a poker face and ate silently.

In fact, Chandler didn't need to thank him at all, because his dear wife, Christina, had not come home for dinner for 17 days. As soon as she came back, she was buzzing about how tasty the food Crystal cooked.

If he didn't bring her back, she would be too high to come home.



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Chapter 511

The weather changed suddenly at noon. The sky, which had been bright and clear in the morning, was now covered with dark clouds. The heavy rain started to pour down soon.

Crystal was buying some fresh food in the supermarket, preparing for lunch with guests that were going to visit her in the afternoon.

She was caught in the sudden heavy rain.

Crystal had just left the supermarket with bags in her hands when it started to rain. In order to protect the baby, she didn't wear any makeup today. The pink dress she was wearing, which was specially designed for pregnant women and had cherry blossoms on it, was wet with the rain. So was her face and ponytail.

Like all the unlucky people around her, she rushed back to the supermarket again quickly to hide from the rain.

The heavy rain was pouring down in front of her. She felt cold as the wind which carried raindrops was blowing.

Crystal put the two bags of food on the ground and took out her phone to call herself a taxi. As a mother-to-be, she couldn't catch a cold. The baby's health was currently the most important thing to her.

Just then, a dark blue BMW drove this way at an extremely fast speed, splashing dirty water on the ground everywhere. Pedestrians shouted in anger, "Can you drive or not?"

Hearing the noise behind her, Crystal turned around.

She recognized the car immediately. Just as she was standing there still in shock, the car had already stopped in front of her.

Chandler rolled down the window, glaring at her, "Are you insane?"

"Why did you run out when it was raining so hard?" scolded Chandler, who couldn't help but feel angry when he saw her drenched in rain.

Crystal didn't make any reaction since she was still surprised about seeing him here. Being scolded by Chandler for no reason filled her heart with grievances.

Chandler regretted it immediately when he saw her sad expression.

He really shouldn't have been so impulsive just now. He caught a glimpse of a familiar figure when he was driving just now. He drove closer and found that it was Crystal coming out of the supermarket with two big bags full of food, which made it very easy for him to guess that she was going to cook for all of them today.

Damn it!

He should have thought of this earlier. Christina was bad at taking care of people. When the two girls lived together,

Crystal must be the one who took care of everything.

Charles was right. Christina was enslaving Crystal.

The more Chandler thought about it, the angrier he became. He glared at the two bags on the ground and snorted, "Are you an idiot?" This wasn't the first time he called her an idiot.

Crystal was used to it, considering the word "idiot" as proof of their intimacy. However, ever since Erica called her stupid that day, she only felt aggrieved when she heard Chandler saying that again.

"Yes, you're right, I am an idiot. Only idiots will marry you and be the third man in your relationship with another woman! Yes, I'm stupid! I'm not good for you! Are you happy now?"

Crystal retorted with a straight face. The rain kept streaming down her hair and face. She looked so pitiful with tears welling up in her eyes.

Chandler stared at her, not knowing how to comfort her. How he wished he could those words back!

"I didn't mean that."

His voice trembled a little as he was trying to apologize and say something to make her feel better.

"We all know how picky Christina is. You don't have to go out on such a rainy day to buy food for her..."

Crystal said defensively, "I'm willing to do it."

"Christina is nice to me. Don't speak ill of her." Crystal always defended her friend even though she knew there were only limited things she could do for her.

She was obviously on guard against him. Chandler's feelings became complicated when he found that.

He had reminded himself hundreds of times not to be mean to Crystal when he saw her the next time. He would talk to her with complete calmness and frankness.

However, he hurt her again this time. He hated himself so much for hurting the people he cared most about by mean words.

"Get in the car," Chandler said softly.

Crystal took a step back and refused in a low voice, "No, thanks. I called a taxi. It should be here soon."

Chandler swore he had intended to be calm and patient with her, but she really irritated him by refusing him in wet clothes.

Chandler raised his voice and warned, "Don't force me to get out of the car and grab you in."

"I said I don't need your ride."

Crystal looked a little hesitant, afraid to be surrounded by crowds if they continued to quarrel in public. It would be so embarrassing.

Chandler knew what she was thinking, so he raised his voice deliberately. "Pay my money back today, or I swear I'll give you a hard time today!"

Crystal was flustered. "What? When did I owe you money?"

Chandler sounded even more righteous. "Are you denying it? I have an IOU at home with your signature on it! Leave with me now, or I'll see you at the police station."

Lots of people were waiting for the rain to stop under the eave of the supermarket. Hearing Chandler mentioned money and police station, they all got interested and started to gossip.

Gazed by those curious eyes, Crystal blushed in embarrassment. "No, I didn't..."

"You're doing this again. You always embarrass me."

Crystal had no choice but to get into the car. She threw the bags and slammed the door, complaining.

Chandler asked her patiently, "Are you seated?"

Crystal refused to speak to him, straight-faced.

Ignoring the gossip outside, Chandler started the car. It was true that he had always done these kinds of things to her ever since they met.

He found that interesting but had never considered if she would be angry.

"Where are we going?"

Crystal, who was sitting in the car, finally came back to her senses and realized that she had made a wrong choice. She shouldn't have got into his car. It was awkward with only the two of them in the car.

Looking straight ahead at the road, Chandler tried to stay as calm as he usually was, "Your clothes are wet. We're going home so you can change them. Otherwise, you will catch a cold. Do you want to catch a cold?"

"I don't want to go back..." Crystal sounded a little nervous.

She was like a child who had run away from home for a long time. The more she got closer to home, the more scared she became.

She was never a heartless woman. Every time she was bullied, she would recover and forgive them by herself after a few days. She didn't really want to leave that house. The reason why she was hiding like an ostrich was that she

didn't know how to face it.

This marriage was actually under Chandler's control because he knew Crystal too well. He was clear that she would never leave him.

Instead of forcing her to go back home, he drove them to the neighborhood she had been living in recently.

It was a perfect place for pregnant women to stay with its quiet and beautiful environment and excellent community service.

Chandler was checking the surroundings carefully for dangerous things or people as he drove the car into the neighborhood. It suddenly occurred to him that Crystal and he would have a happy life together with their child in the future after they moved out.

His hand on the steering wheel stiffened. Only then did he realize that he was actually looking forward to seeing their child too.

Chandler parked the car in Christina's garage easily. To make Crystal's life more convenient here, Christina had left her in charge of the whole house. In her opinion, Crystal was probably going to live here for a few years.

"... Give these to me. You can leave now."

Crystal tried to take over the two bags Chandler was carrying for her.

It was impolite to invite others to Christina's house.

Chandler raised his eyebrows in surprise. Crystal was obviously braver than before. Being friends with Christina had somehow influenced her positively. At least, she had learnt to refuse others and protect herself.

"Are you going to abandon me after using me as a driver? How heartless." Chandler blamed her with serious eyes.

Guilt filled Crystal's heart. She was so afraid of being blamed.

Before she could react, Chandler took out the key from her pocket and opened the door. Then he turned around and urged, "Hurry in. Change your clothes first."

Crystal stood still in shock.

He manipulated her again. Crystal sighed when she realized this.

While Chandler put the bags into the kitchen, Crystal had a shower in her room and got changed. She was annoyed with herself for taking the enemy home. Christina would definitely despise her for being so spineless if she knew about this.

Probably affected by the bad mood, Crystal felt a little dizzy after the shower. Somehow, it was hard for her to walk steadily now.

She was trying to stay awake and think about what she should say to Chandler when she saw him later. A voice came from the living room just as she walked out of her room.

Chandler was listening to a voice message in the living room. "Dad, we will have the parent-child activity indoors because the teacher told us it was going to rain on that day. It's not canceled, so remember to come here on time tomorrow! I'll be waiting for you, Dad!" Geoffrey had learned to send voice messages with his smartphone.

The innocent and excited voice of the child echoed in the room. Crystal and Chandler looked at each other in silence.

Crystal couldn't reach a consensus with the Stephenson family when it came to children.

If they didn't welcome her child, she would raise him or her up by herself.

She would never give up on her baby, even if she had to divorce Chandler for that.

Crystal lowered her head in tears so that Chandler couldn't see how weak and sad she was right now, "Leave now. Hurry up. I don't want to see you." She said that extremely fast.

She wanted to sound tougher but couldn't do it since her heart was currently soaked in deep grievances. Her soft, half-crying voice made her sound like she was begging him to go.

Chandler's heart hurt so much when he heard her voice.



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Chapter 512

"Go. I don't want to see you." Crystal choked back her tears, her voice pleading.

Then she turned and entered her room with her head down, closing the door behind her.

Chandler stayed put with a key in his hand and stared after her noiselessly. Disappointment colored his face when the door was closed.

The 200-square-meter villa was very quiet. He could distinctly hear the clock ticking.

Chandler had never been at a loss as he was now. He stood stiffly and felt too tired to think about anything.

He didn't want to leave.

He dipped his head and darted a woeful glance at the key in his hand.

Chandler walked quietly to the counter by the door and gently put it down.

Then he left the house and closed the gate.

Crystal tossed and turned on the bed. Her thin brows were furrowed tightly as if she was unsettled by a nightmare.

Perhaps it was because she'd fallen asleep in a bad mood that she couldn't have a sound sleep.

After a while, her cheeks flushed and sweat beaded on her forehead. Her breath turned unsteady too.

Suddenly, a cool hand covered her forehead to check her temperature.

She was having a fever.

"Why... Why are you still here?"

Crystal opened her eyes and felt groggy. She saw a familiar face above her and was confused.

Chandler had intended to leave but stayed at last.

Without answering her, Chandler rummaged through the wardrobe and said with a serious face, "Put your clothes on. I'll send you to the hospital."

Crystal felt her head so heavy and tried to push his hands away subconsciously, but the fever had made her body limp.

"Why hospital... I don't know. I don't want to go..."

"Crystal, be a good girl."

Chandler's voice turned stern. He bent down, pulled the quilt off, and helped her put on a coat. He struggled to get Crystal off the bed but she threw tantrums like a kid and wouldn't cooperate.

"Why should I be a good girl? Why do I have to be a good girl?" Crystal shouted willfully.

"Don't you take me as a soft touch? The worm will turn."

She lay on her stomach and clutched a pillow to her chest, looking really angry.

Chandler had the fever to thank for showing him the childish side of Crystal.

Chandler found her both annoying and amusing. When he touched her, he could clearly feel the heat coming off her body.

Chandler was very worried and picked her up directly.

The body in his arms was so hot. She flailed her arms in the air and scratched his neck.

Chandler winced. He'd never expected this docile woman to have so sharp nails.

After protesting futilely for a while, Crystal got exhausted and fell asleep quietly.

Chandler carefully carried her into the passenger seat and fastened her seat belt.

He whispered in a mild voice, "We'll be in the hospital soon."

Crystal looked so weak with flushes on her cheeks and colorless lips. Chandler took a deep breath to calm himself down and then started the car, heading towards the hospital.

He felt very nervous along the way and kept glancing at the woman beside him.

She took good care of others but didn't know how to take care of herself.

"Silly Crystal."

In the hospital, Chandler called a doctor friend and got Crystal a VIP ward. Holding the woman's hot body in his arms, he was worried sick and said to the doctor, "She's pregnant..."

The doctor took on a grave look and asked, "Then we need to run more tests. How long has she been pregnant?"

Chandler was tongue-tied.

He didn't know.

He hadn't cared about it.

Seeing his embarrassed expression, the doctor patted him on the shoulder and said, "Don't worry. She'd be fine. Even if she's in an early stage of pregnancy, the odds of having a miscarriage are low. Don't think too much."

Chandler nodded. "Thank you."

He sat by the bed with his eyes on Crystal. She looked very fragile with her eyes tightly closed. She was not as strong as Christina and became lethargic once she got ill.

"Crystal..." He murmured her name.

Chandler looked at her pale face and suddenly realized that he was not a good husband, not to mention a good father.

"Crystal, you didn't marry up. I'm too selfish..." Chandler mused with his head lowered. His eyes gradually became vacant as he got immersed in the memory.

"You're a good woman. You make people feel comfortable around you. You're always considerate and caring. I'm an asshole who failed you again and again."

"I was the reason my brother died, but I've been too afraid to tell my parents the truth."

His voice was very low. He had too much in mind and never confided to anyone. "I'm a coward," he said. He didn't lift his head for a long time as if he'd been paralyzed by time.

On the bed, Crystal slowly opened her eyes. Her gloomy expression was saying she'd been awake for a while. She stole a glance at Chandler and saw the wistful expression on his heavenly face.

It was the first time she'd seen Chandler so downhearted.

He'd always been confident. He liked to play pranks on her and mess with her, but maybe this was the real him.

She had this feeling that he'd been exerted himself to put on a disguise and fake smiles even in front of his family so the untenable harmony wouldn't collapse. He sacrificed himself for others' happiness.

At this time, a nurse knocked on the door and walked in. Crystal hurriedly closed her eyes shut.

"Mr. Stephenson, don't worry too much. Your wife's fever has subsided and the baby is very healthy," the nurse smiled, handing Chandler a stack of test reports.

Chandler took it with an expressionless face and nodded.

The room fell silent again. Chandler sat in a chair by the bed and carefully read the papers in his hand.

Crystal furtively opened her eyes again to look at him.

He was looking at a sonogram picture of the baby in a daze, apparently lost in his thoughts.

Was Chandler looking forward to the coming of their baby too?

Crystal really wanted to tell him that she was not an able woman, neither was she clever, but she would shoulder whatever happened in life with him.

She was heartbroken to see him so worn out.

She'd fallen in love with him and whether he loved her back was not her concern. She was willing to wait for him and keep his company.

At three in the afternoon, Christina rushed to see Crystal but she was nowhere to be found.

"Did you ask Crystal to leave?"

Christina punched Patrick in the chest angrily.

Crystal was not in the house and her phone had been off. Patrick was the most likely culprit. He'd been implicitly complaining about it for days.

Patrick did not defend himself.

The process didn't matter to him. He just wanted the result.

"No one's cooking you dinner now so you don't need to drop by again," Patrick said in a deep voice with no palpable emotion.

Charles had come all the way for the dinner. He searched every corner of the spacious house and said, "Crystal might just leave for an emergency. She prepared all the ingredients in the kitchen."

"Did Lucy take her out?" Christina asked.

LUCY had been taking this house as her home recently. She'd been coming by for at least one meal every day.

Patrick turned to look at her and suddenly asked, "Are you close to Lucy?"

"I... Why do you ask me about your employee working in your company?" Christina hedged in a fluster.

"God, Crystal is in the hospital."

Charles suddenly shouted in surprise.

Both Christina and Patrick swung their eyes at him. Christina dashed to him and asked, "What happened? Why is she in the hospital?"

She immediately imagined how Crystal had been forced to take an abortion in the hospital.

Charles looked at ease. He handed his phone to her and showed her a group chat on WhatsApp. A doctor friend of Charles said Chandler had taken his wife to the hospital.

"She had a mild fever. It's been brought down after the doctor gave her a drip."

Christina was relieved. "Just a fever. Thank god." She'd thought something much worse had happened.

Charles sat leisurely on the sofa and asked, "How come she suddenly had a fever?"

Christina glared at him and hissed, "You should ask why Chandler happened to be the one sending her to the hospital. He was despicable to lay his hands on her when we were away."

"Forget it. I don't think you should meddle in their marriage."

"Do you mean I should stand by and let them perform an abortion on her?"

"Chandler definitely has his reasons." Charles didn't think it was proper for him to talk about his good friend's private affairs.

"Anyway, you can't persuade them to have a divorce. That'll be sinister."

Patrick shot a cold glance at Charles at this moment.

"I don't intend to do that," Christina replied in an aggrieved tone. Maybe she should really back off.

Patrick frowned and reached out to grab her wrist forcefully. "Let's go home. The cook will make you whatever you want to eat." He seemed a little angry and dragged Christina away.

Christina followed behind him amenably, which was quite rare.

The door was slammed shut.

Charles came to the realization that he'd said something wrong. How could he have forgotten how protective Patrick was?



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[In the Eastern Garden of Hopkins family]

Just after dinner, Christina was sitting in the pavilion. When Nanny Faang felt that Christina was in a bad mood tonight, she brought a plate of fruit over.

"I'm full." Looking at the fruits, Christina didn't have much appetite.

She then propped her elbows on the table, feeling bored. And she reached out and pointed at them casually. "Just give them to Nancy and the others, or else it will be wasted."

The whole Hopkins residence was divided into several areas, and the servants hired were fixed to work in one area. The servants in the Eastern Garden were often glad that Christina didn't put on airs. They all liked her, except when she annoyed Patrick as he would vent his anger on them.

They prayed to God every day that she and Patrick could get along well with each other and stop quarreling.

"You don't like the dishes at the dinner?" Nanny Faang knew that Christina didn't pay much attention about rules. So she directly sat next to Christina and asked with concern.

Recently, Christina often went out to eat, saying that her friend Crystal's home-cooked food was delicious.

After a few cooks at home secretly found out about it, they all came to Nanny Faang, hoping that she would ask what kind of food Christina liked. Christina was very picky in food.

At this time, she didn't seem to hear Nanny Faang's question. She propped her chin with both hands and was thinking about something.

Suddenly, she stood up. "I think I'd better go to the hospital."

"Hospital?" As soon as Nanny Faang heard that, she immediately became nervous and asked, "Are you feeling uncomfortable? I'll call the family doctor here." As she spoke, she did not dare to delay and quickly got up.

Just then, Christina immediately grabbed her arm. "I'm not sick. I mean, I'm going to the hospital to see Crystal!"

Nanny Faang turned to look at her, hesitating, and then said carefully, "It's past 8 pm now. If you want to visit her, you can go tomorrow."

"She has a fever and is hospitalized. I don't know why she has a fever," Christina muttered thoughtfully. "She didn't answer the phone, and she's pregnant now."

Nanny Faang then hurriedly added, "Junior Mrs. Hopkins, there's a fixed time for visiting patients in the hospital at night. You may not be able to enter after 9 o'clock."

Christina raised her eyebrows. She didn't think about it at all. "I'll find a way in, don't worry!"

Upon hearing her words, Nanny Faang smiled wryly.

She was worried, which was why she tried so hard to stop Christina.

Anyone could tell that Young Master Hopkins didn't want her to always be with Crystal all day.

Yet before Nanny Faang could say anything, Christina had already walked far along the wooden corridor.

It was not easy to persuade Christina.

After calling Charles and asking about the hospital and ward where Crystal was staying, Christina drove straight there herself. On the way, she saw a few fruit stalls and got out of the car to buy a large basket of fruit.

"If she stays in the hospital, what if Chandler takes the opportunity to force her to do an abortion?"

Christina carried a large basket of fruit and went to see her friend. In fact, her true purpose was to see if Crystal had been bullied.

There was no one on the floor of the VIP ward. Along the way, she could only see some clean and tidy medical supplies, spotless hallways, bright fluorescent lights, and the air here was filled with the smell of disinfectant.

She frowned and walked faster. The sound of her high heels sounded in the quiet corridor.

Actually, she didn't like hospitals because of those bad experiences. Unless there was no other way, she wouldn't want to come to the hospital.

When she passed by the nurse station, she saw a few nurses working overtime to prepare the medicine. Right now, she was entertaining all sorts of ideas and quickened her pace. She wanted to find Crystal's ward quickly, afraid that someone would murder her.

When she had just arrived at the door of the ward, there seemed to be another visitor here.

"At that time, Christina was right in front of our house. There were a lot of people passing by. But she suddenly slapped Chandler in public."

Standing outside the ward, she heard Mrs. Stephenson's voice.

"Mom, I'm sorry. Christina is a little impulsive sometimes, but she definitely didn't mean it." Crystal's soft voice echoed.

"What else can we do? We can't ask Junior Mrs. Hopkins to apologize to us." Mrs. Stephenson was brooding over her son being slapped.

"Crystal, I'm saying this for your own good. Don't get too close to her... because no matter what happens in the future, we will definitely be the one who gets all the blames."

"I know." This time, Crystal's voice was very low.

At present, Christina stood outside the ward. For a moment, she was in a dilemma. Should she go in or turn around and leave?

"Since you're here, why don't you go in?" Just then, a gentle voice came from behind.

Chandler had just returned home to take a shower and change his clothes and then rushed to the hospital to accompany his wife. When he arrived at the hospital, he saw Christina standing outside the door with a strange expression.

Because they had some conflicts before, his tone was polite and estranged.

"I came to see why Crystal had a fever for no reason." She turned around and stared at him warily. And she said with a strong attitude.

"Also, Chandler, I'm warning you, Crystal is pregnant now and she wants to give birth to the child. Don't use Geoffrey being too young and now was not a good time to have another child as an excuse. Abortion is very harmful to a woman's body. If you dare to force her to have an abortion, I won't let you go!"

Unlike her hostile look, he stood still calmly and did not refute.

Yet her voice attracted the attention of people inside the room. Mrs. Stephenson immediately ran over and saw her at the door with a fruit basket. She was immediately worried whether Christina had heard her conversation with Crystal.

"It's so late. You, you're still here to visit?" She felt a little guilty.

Christina was carrying a fruit basket in her hand. It was obvious that she must have come to see her friend. At this moment, Mrs. Stephenson was very embarrassed and didn't know what to say.

Afraid that Christina would embarrass his mother, Chandler quickly stepped forward and said, "Mom, it's late. You can go back and rest now."

Mrs. Stephenson glanced at her son and immediately replied, "Yes, it's late. Geoffrey needs me to tell him a story before going to bed. I, I'll go back first."

Yet before she walked far, she then turned her head hesitantly and said, "I made fish soup for Crystal. She can't finish it alone. You can drink some too. Don't waste it."

After that, she hurried into the elevator. And she seemed to press the close button a little urgently.

Christina only stood there with a cold face, then Chandler said, "Just come in."

She then snorted. "I don't need you to remind me, even if you don't let me in, I'll find a way in." Being spoiled in the

Hopkins family, she became more arrogant.

"Christina."

When Crystal saw her, she immediately looked guilty and wanted to get out of bed.

Just then, Chandler took a few quick steps over and immediately stopped her. "The doctor told you to lie down."

"The fever has subsided. I can leave the hospital now."

"You're in the early stages of pregnancy. You're still under observation. Just lie down."

Crystal then continued to lie in bed, looked at Christina, and smiled apologetically. "I'm really sorry to make you worry. You don't have to come to visit me so late. I'm fine, really. But he was worried and said that I should be under doctor's observation for a few more days."

After casually putting the fruit basket aside, Christina then walked to the bedside, leaned closer to Crystal's ear, and whispered, "Tell me, why do you have a fever? Did someone do anything to you?"

Although her voice was low, he could still hear it. He then said in an ironic tone, "Someone had brought a group of friends to our house for dinner. It was raining heavily that day. But Crystal went out to buy food alone."

After Crystal heard that, she glared at him. "Don't say that."

Only then did Christina remember that they were having a small gathering that day. Yet she didn't inform Crystal in advance and rushed over to Crystal's house at 3 pm. And later, Crystal insisted to prepare the food herself.

Therefore, they caused Crystal to catch a fever after getting wet in the rain.

Expressionless, Christina now knew that Crystal and Chandler were getting along well. And she seemed to be too nosy.

All of a sudden, she felt that she had kind of become a hindrance to this couple.

"Well, Crystal, take care of yourself. I must go back now." She said politely.

Crystal noticed that she seemed a little unhappy and then quickly said, "Christina, please don't take it to your heart..."

Maybe Christina heard what Mrs. Stephenson said just now.

And Christina forced a smile and pretended not to know anything. She waved her hand. "The most important thing is that you are fine and the fetus is healthy. If you need me, then call me."

Crystal then smiled at her. "Okay."

Right now, Christina felt that she should leave now and then turned to leave.

Just then, Chandler suddenly said to her, "Christina, I appreciate your concern for Crystal. I've already discussed the child with Crystal..."

Hearing that, she quickly turned around. When she heard him mention the child, she immediately became vigilant again. "Chandler, it's your baby as well. Don't be so heartless!"

"No, that's not what he means." Nervous, Crystal immediately spoke for her husband.

"It's not what you think," she then said with a happy smile on her face, "He promised to let me give birth to this baby."

At this moment, she was in a good mood. She had talked to Mrs. Stephenson just now. "His parents also said they were willing to accept my child. If Geoffrey can't accept my baby, we can raise it outside first. When Geoffrey is a little older, we then bring it home..."

Widening her eyes, Christina listened to that with disbelief.

Turning around, she glared at him angrily. "This is the solution your family came up with?!"

He looked a little embarrassed. And he also knew that this arrangement was unfair to Crystal and the baby.

Yet Crystal immediately defended, "Don't scold him."

Christina pinched her lips tightly, feeling angry. Then she walked out of the room without looking back with a frown.

"Christina, don't be angry..." Crystal shouted behind her worriedly.

In the room, he held her down again. "Don't worry about her. Take care of yourself and the baby first..."

When Christina heard what they were saying, she was getting more agitated.

Now she felt like she was making superfluous efforts.

When they quarreled, Crystal called her in the middle of the night and cried that Erica had talked to her. She was going to divorce Chandler. Now that they were reconciled, Christina became a bad person who destroyed their relationship in the end.

At night, she was feeling low. She tossed and turned on the soft bed with the quilt in her arms and couldn't sleep.

Meanwhile, Patrick had a very important video conference in the study and finished his work until one in the morning.

"Why aren't you asleep yet?"

He pushed open the door and subconsciously looked over to the bed. The soft light at the head of the bed was on, and the beautiful woman on the bed curled up with a thin white duvet. There was annoyance in her eyes.



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"Why aren't you asleep yet?"

Patrick Hopkins pushed open the door and subconsciously looked over to the bed.

"... I can't sleep."

Christina looked at him and replied sullenly. She was in a bad mood. She turned over and turned her head back to him.

Patrick had recently learned some of the humor of a couple getting along. He approached the bed and sat down, his large palm deliberately reaching out to her warm neck. "Hey, it's cold." Christina turned to glare at him.... "Get your hand off me."

"You can't fall asleep without me in the middle of the night?" Patrick asked her in a deliberately meaningful tone.

"Patrick, don't be so narcissistic."

Christina wanted to laugh. Recently, Patrick seemed to have learned from someone. He would be very playful at night.

Patrick saw a smile on her face and deliberately reached out to pinch her nose.

Christina was not feeling well. She rubbed against him and broke free easily. Then she simply hugged his thighs with both hands and rested her head on his legs. She bit him on his expensive trousers with sharp teeth.

She bit him, but still held his legs and refused to let go. She asked him, "Patrick, do you think I'm too nosy?" Her voice as sullen.

"Actually, I didn't think much... I just wanted to help." Christina muttered to herself in a low voice and did not mention the names of Crystal and Chandler in front of Patrick.

Even if Christina didn't say it, Patrick naturally knew why she was bothered.

"Christina, your husband needs your help now." He deliberately changed the subject.

Christina turned around and rested her head on his thighs. Her cheeks were a little red. "No way, I'm on vacation."

"What erotic things are you thinking?" Patrick said seriously. "I had a meeting in the study all night. My shoulders are sore now. Give me a massage."

Christina was embarrassed.

But because she was too lazy, she didn't even want to get up. She rubbed her head against his legs for a while. "If you want me to massage you, you should massage me later." She immediately bargained.

"You've helped Crystal so much. Why don't you bargain with her?" Patrick continued to pinch her nose.

Christina struggled to avoid him and buried her face in his legs. Then she slowly reached out her fair hands, grabbed his waist, held his shoulders, and wrapped her arms around his neck. Only then could she barely support herself up.

Patrick's body reacted to her movements. She was still lying on his chest, looking lazy and unwilling to move.

Then she said in disgust, "Hold your hard body... In the midnight, you'll drag me over again."

She meant that a man's body was strong, and a woman's body was naturally soft.

Patrick obviously misunderstood. "Don't play with fire." He was a little annoyed and his voice was hoarse.

Christina had her period these days, so they took it as a vacation.

Christina did not know what was going on in his heart. She simply leaned her head on his shoulder and sighed. "Chandler and Crystal are reconciled. Their relationship is quite good..."

Her voice was a little disappointed and she whispered to herself, "But now the Stephenson family said that I taught Crystal bad things, and Charles also said that I instigated Crystal to get divorced... But I didn't."

Patrick's face darkened when he heard this.

Christina seemed to have figured it out herself, "... I have to get up early tomorrow morning and argue with grandpa to get more time for visiting the twins."

Christina straightened up and patted him on the head. Her fair fingers pointed to the other side of the bed. "Patrick, you can lie in the massage chair for a while. I don't have time to massage you now. I want to sleep." Christina said straightforwardly.

Patrick looked at her with a complicated expression as she lay back on the bed, covered in the quilt.

She made him so hot but then she go back to sleep. What an irresponsible woman!

"Christina, remember this time." Patrick was not feeling well now. He looked at her sideways and said to her seriously. Then he got up and went to the bathroom to take a cold shower.

Christina rolled on the bed and ignored him.

She felt that her relationship with Patrick was quite ordinary and not as sticky as other couples. In contrast, "Crystal seems to be very partial to Chandler..." Their relationship should be deeper than her and Patrick's. Christina couldn't figure it out. Forget it. She stopped thinking about it.

Early the next morning, Lucy, who had come specially to eat, found that there was no one in the house. The most important thing was that there was no food in it.

"Your alliance is disbanded?" Lucy called Christina directly.

"What alliance?"

Christina had just woken up and couldn't understand what Lucy meant.

Lucy teased coldly over the phone, "I've already guessed that Crystal's willpower is not strong enough. You're all working for nothing."

"Crystal had a fever yesterday and was hospitalized."

"Well, and... Chandler and she seem to be reconciled. The Stephenson family said that Crystal could give birth to her baby, but they were worried that Geoffrey would not be able to accept the child, so the child should be temporarily adopted outside..."

Christina held her phone and told Lucy everything that happened yesterday.

"What the hell?" Lucy frowned. She never wanted to get involved in these troubles.

They agreed Crystal to give birth to her baby? The child should be temporarily adopted outside?

Why were they acting like this as if it was an illegitimate child?

Christina said casually, "Love makes people numb."

Lucy looked disdainful and snorted, "Love makes her lose her head."

If it weren't for that Crystal lost her head, she wouldn't have thought of such a strange way to deal with it. Lucy felt that the Stephenson family, including Crystal, should all have a brain CT scan. There must be something wrong with their brains.

Lucy didn't care if they were crazy. She just asked, "What about my breakfast?" The point was that she hadn't had breakfast yet.

Christina was expressionless. Charles and the others had always said that Christina was willful. However, compared to Lucy, Christina felt herself really virtuous and considerate.

Lucy always cared about her own personal interests first. She was really an honest person.

"Crystal can be discharged this afternoon," Christina reminded Lucy.

"Then I'll come back tomorrow morning," Lucy thought quickly. "No, she shouldn't be living with you again."

"She still has to go back to live. The Stephenson family wants her to stay outside to take care of the baby. After giving birth, she will still stay outside for the time being..."

Lucy tutted. "I feel like your friend Crystal is the mistress of the Stephenson family."

God made everyone come from different backgrounds. When there was a gap, people would feel humble, but if they were too humble, Lucy would look down on them.

Christina's face darkened. "Hey, don't talk nonsense."

"OK, OK, I only care about my three meals a day." Lucy stopped sensibly.

"By the way, I should remind you that boss doesn't like you to interfere in the Stephenson family's affairs. If you insist on meddling in other people's affairs, in the end, the Stephenson family would definitely fall on evil days."

Patrick used to pamper Christina. Even if he was angered by her, he could only bear it. How could he watch outsiders bully his darling?

If those people from the Stephenson family went too far, they would definitely suffer.

Christina was indeed like a "trigger".

"Hey, what are you talking about?" Christina frowned and asked.

Lucy smiled but did not answer.

Anyway, Lucy liked to watch others get into trouble.

As the days went by, Crystal reached an agreement with the Stephenson family to live in Christina's villa for the time being.

"Chandler asked me out to choose houses this afternoon." After lunch, Crystal stood up to clean up the dishes and said happily.

"Sit down. I'll clean up." Christina had been working hard at housework recently. She asked Crystal, "Are you going to leave here?"

Crystal looked a little embarrassed and nodded. "It's not good to disturb you by staying here all the time."

"It's okay. The house is empty anyway."

Christina's tone was calm, and she didn't mean to force Crystal to stay. After all, Charles and Lucy often reminded her not to meddle in other people's affairs.

Crystal stammered. "Actually, Christina, Chandler is not as bad as you think. He has his reasons..."

Christina immediately waved her hand. "If you think it's okay, you don't have to tell me." Christina didn't want to hear Chandler's troubles.

Crystal lowered her head and looked a little depressed. "Christina, am I troubling you too much?"

"Not at all. Don't think so much. Pregnant women have to keep a good mood."

Christina held a pile of dirty dishes and chopsticks. "Crystal, what time did you make an appointment with Chandler? Where will you meet? Do you want me to drive you there?" As Christina spoke, she went to the kitchen to wash the dishes.

The last time she washed the dishes in the Hopkins family, Patrick was interested to stand aside and watch her carefully, sighing at how virtuous his wife was.

Christina was now good at doing the housework in an apron.

Seeing her like this, Crystal smiled and knew that she shouldn't be so polite to Christina. After all, they were so familiar.

Standing by the sink and watching Christina washing the dishes, Crystal casually said, "Christina, would you like to be the godmother of my child?" This was mentioned when Crystal went out to dinner with Mrs. Stephenson last night.

If the child could have a godmother like Christina and a godfather like Patrick, it would be a great gift for the child. The Hopkins family would help the child with everything in the future, and the child would win at the starting line.

Although Crystal was a little snobbish, Christina didn't think she was an outsider, so Crystal still said it.

Being the godmother of the child?

Christina's hands were covered with bubbles. Without thinking much, she agreed directly, "Okay."

At four o'clock in the afternoon, Christina drove Crystal to a sales center to see houses.

"Chandler hasn't arrived yet."

Christina looked at the clock in the center discontentedly. The man actually let a pregnant woman to wait him.

Knowing that Christina had been very unsatisfied with the Stephenson family recently, Crystal immediately found an excuse for him. "He said he had a meeting. I came early."

Christina saw that Crystal was eager to protect her husband, so Christina complained in her heart and stopped complaining.

"Miss, do you want to see a house? How big do you like? Do you want to live on your own or invest?" The sales brought two cups of tea and warmly came over to receive them.

Crystal smiled shyly. "I'll wait for my husband to come over."

"It must cost man's money. Ha ha, miss, your husband really loves you." The sales lady had a sweet mouth.

Crystal blushed and smiled.



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This was the first time Christina had visited the sales center.

No one had ever asked Christina what she liked about buying a house. Patrick and the others all bought houses directly and then took her over to see.

Crystal was chatting with the enthusiastic sales lady, but Christina did not join in. Christina thought she was just a driver accompanying Crystal.

Christina walked around curiously and looked at the models of the building. There were small and large units, detached houses and townhouses...

Just like going to the counter to buy new clothes, on a whim, Christina casually pulled a salesperson who was explaining to other guests and asked.

"... How much is it?" Christina pointed to a small apartment with 2 rooms and a hall.

"Miss, you have a good taste. A small house like this is the most suitable for investment. There are a lot of office workers nearby, so it's easy to rent it out. The rent is equal to the monthly installment payment. It's very cost-effective..."

The salesperson was as enthusiastic as ever.

Christina said calmly, "I'd like to live by myself."

The guest who was looking at the house was very excited and scolded the salesperson with a fierce face, "I came to look at the house first, and I took a fancy to this first. Besides, I bought it for investment. I can buy 5 sets at once!"

The rich lady glanced at Christina arrogantly.

"These people who plan to live on their own will make careful calculations. They'll bargain later. It's extremely troublesome."

When the salesperson heard that the rich lady wanted to buy 5 sets, he immediately smiled and flattered her. "Not everyone is as generous as you. If you need anything, I will definitely serve you as soon as possible."

Christina was expressionless. She wanted to buy an apartment for herself. The Hopkins family was too big. Although Patrick gave her a detached house with good living environment, the neighbors were too far away, and sometimes she felt too lonely. Besides, Eric gave her several houses, and the Dickens family also left two sets for her in the C City...

However, it was like a woman buying clothes. The entire cloakroom was full of all kinds of clothes, but occasionally she wanted to wear something different.

"... Why did you buy so many houses to rent to others?" Christina asked casually.

Christina couldn't understand the behavior of buying houses to make investment and housing speculation.

It was just like that she would never lend the clothes in her own wardrobe to others. Even if someone gave her money, she would not lend them.

The lady glared at Christina. "You don't even know housing speculation. Illiterate!"

Seeing that the lady was so arrogant, Christina was not angry. She just said coldly, "If you don't have much money, don't buy so many houses. Be careful."

"What did you say?"

The lady in a red leather suit and black high boots was immediately annoyed.

When the staff in the sales center heard the quarrel, they rushed over nervously to avoid angering their big clients. One of the sales managers immediately pushed Christina away. "Miss, do you want to buy a small apartment with 2 rooms and a hall? There are also many houses over there. I'll take you there. The discount there is higher."

"Don't push me. My clothes are wrinkled."

Christina didn't like the service in this place. She shook her hand and pushed the sales manager away in disgust.

The sales manager didn't expect Christina to be so pretentious. He immediately felt a little dissatisfied, but he still said it nicely. "Miss, the lowest price for the new property over there is more than 4 million dollars. Although there are only a few sets left in the other old property of our company, the price is only 2.8 million dollars. It's almost half cheaper, which is more suitable for you..."

"Why did you take me to look at the old sets?" Christina's face was livid. She glanced at the name of the real estate company marked at the bottom left of the sales manager's name tag and scolded, "Fuck Charles!"

It turned out to be the company invested by Charles!

No wonder Chandler came here to buy a house. The services here were too terrible!

The sales manager heard Christina scolding the name of the general manager, shocked.

"Miss, do you know Mr. Shepherd?" Only then did he take a serious look at Christina's clothes. It seemed that her clothes could not be bought easily.

Christina was in a bad mood and did not even look at him.

"... If there is any illegal building, I will report it immediately. I'll see how the profiteer Charles can sell the house."

Christina immediately vented her anger on the innocent Charles and snorted. She really wanted to kick those building models.

The sales manager immediately changed his expression and apologized, "M-miss, I said the wrong thing just now. Don't take it to heart..."

Although he didn't know what this woman's background was, he couldn't offend her. If he really got into any big trouble, it would be really difficult.

Christina was more than a trouble for Charles.

"Christina, you can't be too wicked. Leave some houses for others to buy." A clear voice came. Lucy strode forward and suddenly patted Christina on the shoulder.

Christina was shocked to see that it was Lucy's prank. Christina had recently become familiar with Lucy and knew that Lucy looked cold and heartless, but in fact, she was extremely childish.

Being angered by the sales manager, Christina said coldly, "I asked you to investigate Brianna, but you just bum around all day and don't do anything."

"You can't blame me for this. I've worked so hard to go out of town, only to find that the orphanage where Brianna had stayed was burned down. I couldn't find out anything. All the background information about her was burned."

Lucy pretended to be mysterious and whispered in Christina's ear.

"Do you know how difficult it is to find out about her? There were also fires in both orphanages where Brianna had stayed before she was adopted in the Hopkins family. Tsk tsk..." Lucy gave a meaningful look.

As soon as Christina heard this, she immediately forgot the trivial matters about buying a house and fell silent with a serious expression.

"You mean," Christina repeated, "All three orphanages where Brianna had stayed had fires?"

Lucy smiled with interest.

Brianna seemed to be more interesting than she had thought. Previously, Lucy had only thought that Brianna was Patrick's autistic sister, and had never cared about her.

Lucy, who liked to stir up troubles, was a little excited. She dragged Christina out of the sales center and said, "Do you think it's possible that Brianna set fire to all three orphanages?"

"Then she's really awesome." Lucy couldn't help but exclaim.

Christina saw her excitement and rolled her eyes. "Impossible. She was only a few years old then."

"You don't know. Some children are born with a lot of schemes at a young age. Have you ever seen a film called 'The Bad Seed'?"

Christina frowned. "It's just an exaggeration in films. She's not that scary." Still, Christina didn't believe it. "Human nature is good."

Lucy shrugged. "I'm sorry, I've always supported what Xuncius said that human nature is evil."

When people were born, they did not know anything. They didn't know what self-discipline was, what law was, or what benevolence, justice, and morality were, so they needed to be educated.

Therefore, in Lucy's opinion, every child was a devil.

Christina laughed at Lucy's unreasonable reasoning.

Compared to Crystal, who was always apologizing to others and being polite, Lucy was real. Even if she was shameless, she was aboveboard.

"Christina, are you leaving?" Crystal, who was behind her, saw Christina walking out and called out to her.

Christina turned around and asked, "Hasn't Chandler arrived yet?"

Crystal looked a little embarrassed. "Maybe there's something wrong with the company. It's okay. I'll sit here and wait for him..."

Christina was impatient and immediately cursed Chandler in her heart.

Lucy was right beside Christina and said slowly, "... You're like the back-seat driver." Crystal didn't care, while Christina was so angry.

"I'll discuss Brianna's matter with you." Lucy simply dragged Christina on. A wicked smile flashed across Lucy's bright eyes and she told Christina in a teasing tone, "Christina, I'll tell you a secret by the way. Geoffrey is not Chandler's biological son..."

Christina was in astonishment, as if she was shocked by the last sentence.

Then, Christina immediately turned around and looked at Crystal with strange eyes.

Being stared at, Crystal felt a little confused. "What?"

"No-nothing." Christina felt a little guilty and said casually, "I have something to do with Lucy first... Oh, by the way, this real estate company belongs to Charles. Remember to ask them for a big discount. If they don't agree, then call Charles and say that's what I said!"

With that, Christina and Lucy strode away side by side.

Crystal stood still. She looked at Christina and LUCY, who were standing side by side, feeling inexplicably disappointed.

It was as if watching her best friend gradually leave her. She couldn't keep up with Christina. She was really inferior to Christina and Lucy.

Crystal sighed and sat back in her chair dejectedly. She glanced at the clock on the wall. Chandler hadn't come yet.

Christina and Lucy were outside the sales center.

"You just said that Geoffrey is not Chandler's biological son?" Christina looked gossipy and lowered her voice. "Erica had an affair..." As she spoke, Christina was a little sympathetic.

No wonder Crystal said that Chandler had his reasons. It turned out that he was in trouble.

In an instant, half of her dissatisfaction and anger with Chandler dissipated.

Lucy wanted to laugh when she saw Christina's exaggerated expression. Christina had an expressive face no matter when she was happy or angry.

"Strictly speaking, Chandler was indeed cuckolded in his previous marriage, but he did it voluntarily because the man was his own brother..."

"Chandler and Erica were in love when they were studying abroad. Because of their conflicting personalities, they broke up. A year later, Erica and Mark had an official engagement. Chandler went home to attend his brother's wedding, only to find that his ex-girlfriend had become his sister-in-law."

"When Chandler and Erica were talking by the wall, Mark happened to bump into them. The wedding was suddenly canceled. Mark suddenly said he was going to Switzerland to climb the snow mountain, but then fell down and died."

"Chandler and Mark's parents didn't know the truth, and they were heartbroken seeing their son pass away. At that time, Erica happened to find out that she was pregnant with Mark's child for three months. Mark had just passed away, so the his parents naturally wanted to keep this child. However, Erica had the condition that she wanted Chandler to marry her."

Lucy briefly described this complicated triangular relationship. Finally, she came to the conclusion, "Erica is a lunatic."

Christina didn't believe what she had heard and looked at Lucy in disbelief.

"Are you lying?"

Lucy was expressionless. "I have evidence. I can get you the paternity test result of Geoffrey and Chandler."

"Why didn't Patrick tell me?" Christina looked surprised and gossipy.

"Boss probably doesn't take this to heart. There were all kinds of stories in upper class. Besides, men don't like to talk about personal matters."

Even Charles didn't mention a word about it to Christina. He didn't want his brother to be treated as a joke.

It was because this past was so ridiculous that even if Chandler had been married to Crystal for so long, Charles didn't know how to tell the truth.



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Alexandria Christina Chung
a lot of subject

2022/04/03

Although he was an hour late, Chandler still arrived at the sales center.

"Crystal, I know it's not appropriate for you to live outside. I'll make it up to you."

Chandler held her hand tightly. Compared with Patrick and Charles, Chandler didn't come from a privileged family and started from scratch. Sometimes, it was difficult to adjust his working hours, so he often missed appointments, and Crystal needed to wait for him. Fortunately, Crystal was not unreasonable as Erica used to be.

Even if Christina didn't mention it, Chandler knew very well that it's inappropriate for Crystal to live outside when she was pregnant.

"It's okay. We're a couple and we'll face it together." Crystal blushed and said softly.

As a man, Chandler also felt very touched.

"What kind of apartment do you like? You choose and I'll pay it." Chandler hugged her shoulder affectionately.

The sales manager, who was standing by them, smiled and said, "Miss Zhu, your husband really loves you. That's enviable."

Crystal was shy, and her face turned red all of a sudden.

"Let's choose a bigger apartment. It's more spacious and comfortable. Mom and dad may come over in the future." Crystal was considerate.

Chandler agreed and nodded. "Okay."

"Actually, you don't have to worry about Geoffrey." Crystal hesitated for a moment, but she still said it. "Although I'm not Geoffrey's biological mother, I really like Geoffrey. If you want to be his father, I can be his stepmother. And I don't think you need to keep it from him. Geoffrey is very smart. In fact, you should tell him who is his biological father and Geoffrey has the right to know it."

Hearing this, there was a hint of complicated feeling in Chandler's eyes and he said in a low voice. "I'll talk to him in the future. Don't mention it to him now."

Crystal knew that he was a little unhappy and immediately stopped talking about it.

They then followed the sales manager to look at a few model houses, and in the end, Crystal was still a little hesitant. After all, buying a house was a big deal. Usually, she would buy a new dress when there was a discount. Frugality in household management was a virtue.

Chandler knew that Crystal was frugal, so he told her, "Don't worry. This is the real estate company invested by the Shepherd family, and Charles will give us a big discount."

Chandler didn't want his wife to be extravagant, but it's easy for him to buy a house.

Crystal calculated in her mind that the most cost-effective was the most expensive.

She asked expectantly, "Shall we buy a single villa?" After that, she felt that buying a single villa might be too extravagant. "Otherwise, we'll buy the house on the fifth floor of the building19..."

The sales manager heard that they were about to buy the house and ran over immediately. She held two contracts in her hand. "The three-story villa is quieter. Could I know how many members there are in your family? If you have a small family, the large apartment in building19 is also very comfortable and more economical."

"How much is the price difference?"

Crystal was really frugal when buying a house. How could she buy a house easily like Christina?

When Crystal had a heated discussion with the sales manager, a handsome man walked over quickly. "If we buy a single villa, it would be better for you to live in Christina's neighborhood now."

"Mr. Shepherd." Several salespeople in the sales center immediately recognized Charles and greeted him sweetly.

Charles smiled at the female employees, walked quickly to Chandler and Crystal, and looked at the contract for the sale of the house.

"Mr. Shepherd," the sales manager immediately smiled, looking even more cordial. "It turns out that Miss Zhu and Mr. Stephenson are good friends with Mr. Shepherd. Then we are also good friends."

Crystal was not used to the flattery and blushed with embarrassment.

"How is it? Which house do you like?" Charles took both contracts in his hand and looked at them carefully. Then he turned to Chandler. "I'll give it to you for free. Just take it as a gift for your unborn child."

Crystal was very excited when she heard this.

Chandler smiled. "Didn't you say that Christina's neighborhood was better? Why don't you give us the best?"

Chandler had long been used to it. Charles usually sent various famous bags and cars to his girlfriends. It was also very common for him to send a house and he was called the god for females.

"Chandler, you go too far." Charles pretended to be reluctant.

Patrick probably didn't think much when he bought the house for Christina, and he just wanted to make her happy, but its price was three times the average price of the new houses.

"... I don't know if there are any other houses available."

Charles muttered to herself, "If there are, I will buy myself a single house, preferably near Christina's house. Last

time, I was chased away by her..." Mr. Shepherd was very vengeful.

Crystal told Charles, "Christina came over just now."

When Charles heard this, he was vigilant. "Where is she? Where is she now?"

The sales manager had been standing behind them, not daring to interrupt, but when she heard the name "Christina", she remembered that it was the client who had left unhappily before.

"Mr. Shepherd, is Miss Dickens also your friend?" The sales manager asked in a low voice.

Charles asked her with a serious face, "You didn't provoke her just now, did you?"

The sales manager immediately became nervous. "Just now, there might be a little misunderstanding between Miss Dickens and us..."

Before she could finish speaking, Charles's expression immediately changed. "What's the little misunderstanding?"

The sales manager had a foreboding. "... We didn't know that Miss Dickens was your friend, Mr. Shepherd."

"Not my friend. She's your boss's wife!"

"Ah, that, that's the girl appointed by Mrs. Shepherd?" These employees heard that Mrs. Shepherd had been desperately looking for a wife for their boss, Charles.

Crystal heard their conversation and felt very strange. Chandler chuckled and said nothing.

Charles looked a little angry but very serious. He gritted his teeth and said, "Don't talk nonsense. Anyway, the next time you see Miss Dickens, you will treat her respectfully!"

The sales manager didn't dare to say anything. "Sure, sure."

"... Damn it, will Christina report it to Patrick?" Charles thought that he was unlucky today.

After thinking about it, Charles felt a little uneasy. After all, a branch company of his family was cooperating with the IP&G Group. Patrick might end the cooperation for the sake of Christina.

"What are you thinking about? Didn't you say that you had booked a restaurant? Let's go over and try some new dishes." Chandler patted Charles on the shoulder.

Charles hesitated. "Chandler, I've already booked the private room in the restaurant. You two can just go over there and tell them my name directly. I have something to deal with first."

As Charles spoke, he walked out of the sales center in a hurry and drove to the IP&G group.

Crystal looked at this and couldn't help but laugh. "Charles treats Christina as a monster."

Chandler walked out slowly with her and he smiled. "You don't know that your good friend Christina is really like a monster in the business circle."

"Christina is not bossy. Usually, even if she loses, she won't complain to Patrick." Crystal knew Christina very well.

"That's true. However, Patrick will be angry if he knows about it because Christina doesn't report it to him."

Chandler said faintly, "Patrick is happy to spoil her."

Crystal was envious. Even if Christina suffered losses and grievances, she didn't need to worry at all, because Patrick was protecting her.

"... After getting married, I think she's getting freer."

Chandler led Crystal into the car and joked with a smile, "Crystal, don't learn from Christina. I can't afford it."

Crystal pretended to be angry. "Patrick is always protecting Christina. How about you?"

"My wife protects me. Patrick is really jealous about that."

Chandler was driving in a good mood.



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Mai Bo

18 hours ago

Sometimes it's envious of Christina as Patrick spoil her. But sometimes she's pathetic as Patrick didn't trust her. Anyway hope that Patrick will be frank to Christina in the following chapters.

How did it feel to be spoiled by a wife?

It was rare for Patrick to have time off from work. He sat in a custom-made leather chair, holding his phone with his long fingers and scrolling through WhatsApp. Usually, he thought it was a waste of time to use social software, so the secretary set his schedule and informed him about social interaction. However, Christina liked to use WhatsApp, so he occasionally logged in to see what she had posted.

Coincidentally, he saw Chandler had just written this sentence in his moments.

"A man spoiled by his wife deserves to be envied. "

Patrick frowned.

The communicator on the table rang. "Mr. Hopkins, Mr. Shepherd is outside the door now..." The secretary said seriously in a sweet voice.

"Let him in."

It was quite common for Charles to come over to the IP&G Group. He opened the door and walked in with a playful smile.

"Are you in a good mood," Patrick put his phone on the table, looked up at him, and added, "Or did you do something wrong?"

Charles revealed a stiff smile, afraid that Patrick would notice something.

He couldn't say he came to pry because he was worried that Christina would come to tell Patrick on him.

"Were all your ex-girlfriends nice to you?" Patrick suddenly asked him.

Analyzing his sudden question, Charles asserted Christina should have not complained yet, according to experience.

He said seriously in a pretending posture, "My ex-girlfriends loved me to death...But it would be troublesome if I met someone who was pestering me."

"How did they treat you well?"

Not intending to listen to his nonsense, Patrick cut to the chase.

From Patrick's cold tone, Charles was not sure whether he was in a good mood or not for the time being, so he said, to be on the safe side, "Patrick, I found that Christina has become very considerate and virtuous recently..."

"Really?" Patrick raised his eyebrows, wanting him to continue.

Charles smiled confidently. Whenever he wanted to avoid the topic, he would flatter Christina, which was the most pleasant to Patrick.

"Christina lives with Crystal. I saw she did the housework herself several times. She did cleaning, mopping, and dishes washing. She learned to bake biscuits from Crystal, which tasted good. It turns out she has a little talent for cooking."

"Oh."

With an expressionless face, Patrick gave a meaningful word.

Experienced, Charles immediately felt something was wrong.

"Patrick, did Christina tell you something?" Charles braced himself and asked, afraid that the salespeople of his company had offended Christina.

"What should she say to me?" Patrick asked vigilantly.

At this moment, Charles began to regret his asking.

Suddenly, the phone on the table lit up and rang.

Patrick picked up his phone and answered directly in a cool tone, "What's the matter?"

Charles was relieved, seeing Patrick ignore him. It must be Christina, or Patrick wouldn't have answered immediately.

It was because of her and thanks to her.

He scolded Christina in his heart.

The woman on the other end of the phone spoke bluntly. "Patrick, I'm not going back to the Hopkins family for dinner tonight." It was to inform him.

Patrick darkened his face a little and answered softly, "Okay."

Being with him, Christina was not as cautious as Charles, but knowing Patrick's temperament very well, she knew he was not happy about that.

"Originally, Crystal asked Chandler to select a new house and eat out tonight, but Chandler seemed to have something urgent to do. Crystal was bailed on, so I went back to have dinner with her..." She explained dutifully.

But Patrick quickly asked her in a cold and deep voice, "What are you doing over there, mopping the floor, washing the dishes, or baking cookies?"

Charles looked at Patrick in a daze, who was clearly angry.

Hearing this, Christina felt guilty for a moment and did not know how to answer, wondering why he knew that she was doing housework here.

The night before yesterday, Patrick said his shoulders were sore after he had a video conference in the study for a long time. He asked her to give him a massage, but she confidently told him that she had no time and asked him to lie down in the massage chair by himself.

Charles was secretly glad that it was not pointed to him this time.

Christina was very confused who told Patrick these trivial things.

"... Tell our grandpa I'm not going home for dinner tonight," Pretending not to know that he was angry, Christina added awkwardly, "I'll go back early and massage you."

Christina had never improved her massage skills.

Patrick held the phone without saying anything.

Christina darkened her face, seeing him not satisfied.

"... Then I'll go back and wash your hair." She remembered once when Patrick's hand was injured, she took the initiative to wash his hair, which made him seem to be in a good mood.

Holding the phone, Patrick still didn't speak.

Christina's face darkened. "Then, what do you want?"

"Christina, you're not willing to do anything for me, right?" Patrick suddenly asked her in a calm tone.

Feeling that he was a little strange today, Christina thought maybe someone gave him some bad counsel.

"Patrick, we're already married. We shouldn't be mindful of narrow personal gains and losses, right?" Christina deliberately softened her tone.

However, Patrick still used a very calm tone and deliberately became estranged from her. "Christina, you don't seem to have done anything for me. You didn't give me anything as a gift. In fact, you just used my card."

She was surprised that he made it so clear.

Not daring to lose her temper, she immediately ran into the room and asked Crystal in a low voice, "How to coax a man?"

Crystal was confused by her question. "Be good to him and care about him."

"He's not a child anymore." Christina used her own way directly. "Patrick, my period is over. I'll be up there tonight, so you can lie down and enjoy yourself."

Then, she hung up the phone.

Hearing what she had just said, Crystal gradually came to her senses with a flushed cheek. "You, you're very open..."

Christina was expressionless. "Didn't you do that? Then, how could you be pregnant?"

Having sex was the most direct compensation to coax a man.

In the huge CEO's office on the top floor of the IP&G Group, Patrick's handsome face froze for a few seconds. When he came back to his senses, his wife had already hung up the phone.

"Ahem..." Charles wanted to laugh, but he didn't dare.

Just now, Christina shouted impatiently on her phone, "Patrick, my period is over. I'll be up there tonight, so you can lie down and enjoy yourself."

She said it so naturally.

Although it was ridiculous, it did work.

Patrick glanced at Charles in a good mood and asked, "Did you come here today for the Forest Farm Development Project?"

There was a new tourism project in the IP&G Group, and a forest area was to be developed. One could both tour and adventure the original forest, so many companies were eager to participate in this project.

The Shepherd family was also interested. Every year, the group had a lot of projects, which covered a wide range of areas. Patrick usually did not ask whether the cooperation company won the bid or not.

Of course, networking resources were always the key to success in the business world.

Raising a smiling face, Charles didn't respond.

He wouldn't say that he came here because he didn't want the Shepherd family to lose the opportunity on account of Christina.

Patrick took the project documents directly from the second row of the bookshelf behind him and signed a few words. "Ask your brother to contact the personnel department tomorrow."

Charles looked excited. "I see."

He was extremely satisfied with the result.

Christina had just baked a plate of biscuits in the kitchen.

"It's a little burnt."

Glancing at her biscuits, Christina was satisfied. "Crystal, don't eat burnt food when you're pregnant. I'll take these back to feed Patrick, who is not picky."

Watching as Christina carefully bagged the biscuits, the edges of which were burnt black, Crystal wanted to ask her to throw them away.

"I know why Patrick was so weird just now."

Christina tidied up halfway and looked up with some anger on her face. "It's all your man's fault!"

Crystal was shocked.

Christina rushed over, took out her cell phone, and pointed at a message in the moments.

"Have a look at what Chandler posted."

"A man spoiled by his wife deserves to be envied."

It turned out that Chandler had set her up.

This sentence was so hateful that it would cause comparison between men

"Crystal, don't spoil your man too much. If he gets his way, he will be arrogant." Christina taunted Crystal angrily. "Take what happened today for example. Chandler asked you to select a new house. He was an hour late even though he knew you were pregnant. After that, you were going to the restaurant for dinner, but he said that he had something else to do and asked you to come back on your own."

"He had no choice but to work to earn money for our family." Crystal was more considerate of her husband.

Christina looked at her closely. "Are you really not angry at all?"

Crystal smiled and shook her head.

Christina sighed. "What a good luck that Chandler had married you."

Crystal blushed sheepishly. "Don't say that."

"I can't stand it when being broken so many plans." Christina had her own opinions. "We have to keep the appointment if we make one."

"... Crystal, you've been standing behind him all this time. Will you feel tired waiting for him?"

Crystal maintained a happy smile. "It's okay. It's not a big deal. Couples have to be tolerant and understanding of each other."

Christina looked shocked, because she was not that enlightened.

If she had said that one day, Patrick would have thought she was terminally ill or possessed.

"... I didn't mean to say anything bad about Chandler. I just want to remind you that marriage is not something you give unilaterally."

Crystal teased, "Didn't Patrick always give unilaterally?"

"No way. I've paid a lot too."

Christina continued to put the burnt biscuits into the bag. Crystal laughed, hearing what she said confidently.



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Charles Shepherd sent Christina Dickens a message saying that he wanted to treat her to a slap-up meal for no reason.

"... He is not the person that would come to me for nothing", thought Christina while studying the message carefully.

Because Patrick Hopkins went abroad on a business trip the day before yesterday, Christina had a good time these nights, because she didn't have to serve him anymore. And there was no reason for her to reject a free dinner invitation.

She also thought about calling all her friends over and taking advantage of Charles.

Lucy immediately said that she would be there in time.

Crystal Zhu said she wanted to know if Chandler Stephenson would show up tonight.

As for the other former colleagues like Penny, they politely refused the invitation. After all, they knew clearly that Christina was not in the same class as white-collar workers like them and thus was beyond their reach.

This time, Charles invited Christina to dinner with full sincerity. He asked his whole family to gather together and chose a mountain villa with excellent scenery, where his guests could enjoy the beautiful scenery while dining and go to a spa afterward.

Because the villa was in the suburbs far from the city center, they made an appointment that they would drive their own cars and meet at the villa.

"Chandler said he had no dinner party to attend tonight so he drove me there. You don't have to pick me up." Crystal sent Christina a WhatsApp voice message. Christina could tell from her voice that she was very happy.

Christina didn't want to stay with Ms. Hopkins all day, so she slipped out of the Hopkins family as soon as she told Senior Mr. Hopkins that she was going out for dinner. Lucy took the opportunity, pressing her to drive a fancy car of the Hopkins family and took her for a ride.

"The fact that Chandler would go to pick her up should make her so excited."

Lucy gunned the luxury car of the Hopkins family and roared on the highway. On the way, she kept raving about how good it was to be rich while complaining about the conversation between Christina and Crystal at the same time.

Christina subconsciously defended her good friend, "Everyone is born differently. You don't know what happened to her, so don't make judgements so easily. Crystal is a person who would be happy with what she has, which is also a good personality. After all, she is way better than those who would never stop complaining."

Crystal's parents got divorced when she was very young. Her biological father never took her as his own daughter and refused to pay the alimony. Then, Crystal's mother remarried and she had to move into her stepfather's and

lived with her bully stepbrother.

Lucy glanced at her and stopped scolding Crystal anymore.

Recently, even Lucy herself did not realize that she came up to Christina much more frequently. She felt that it was not bad to hang out with her.

Lucy enjoyed driving this low-key, dark-gray, limited-edition Rolls-Royce so much that she should have gotten off the highway to the villa but chose to take a turn.

"Charles invited you to dinner. You're the guest. So it's natural for you to be late." She continued to drive.

Christina tried to stop her, but Lucy would not listen to her. Because it was Lucy, a complete car enthusiast, that was holding the steering wheel.

As a result, at 8 pm, while Charles and his family had all arrived at the reserved private room in the villa, Christina didn't even know where she was.

"... I might be there in half an hour," she was not sure.

Just then, she looked up and saw a very familiar building. When she got closer, she suddenly realized, "Hey, how did you drive? It's the opposite direction. This is the Crescent Garden!"

This old district was in the complete opposite direction from the villa.

Lucy slammed on the brakes and parked the car on the side of the central square at top speed, narrowly missing the street lamp.

"Don't look for excitement all day long. I don't want to die!" said Christina furiously.

Lucy was such a reckless person that she should drive in such a heedless manner.

"Sorry, sorry."

"I somehow drove over here", said Lucy awkwardly.

When she was about to get off the highway, she somehow took a turn and arrived here. It was as if she could not figure out what went wrong.

"I'm grateful that you didn't drive me straight into the sea," Christina complained.

"Move your butt, please," said Christina, assuming the posture of the car owner. She thought that it would be safer for her to take the steering wheel.

In addition, since the whole Shepherd family would come with Charles this time, she couldn't be too late.

Lucy changed seats with her immediately.

Then, Lucy thought for a moment and said casually, "Oh, this is where your old beau lives, isn't it?"

Christina started the engine and began reversing.

She turned around and threw her an angry look.

Old beau?

Crescent Garden was where Derek Fisher lived. Thinking of this, Christina looked up at the building where he lived and muttered, "What about inviting him to join us?"

"I'll bet fifty cents. Derek is not willing to eat with a large group of ordinary people like us," said Lucy playfully.

Lucy had been in contact with Derek before, so she knew that he was difficult to deal with.

The more beautiful something is, the more poisonous it is.

Christina knew clearly that Derek was unwilling to come, and there was no need to force him. "Forget it. Leave him alone."

Christina turned on the navigation and drove straight to the villa.

As the car was speeding along the way, the scenery outside the window was gorgeous. Cool winds soothed their cheeks and lifted their hair. The two women, beautiful and flamboyant, seemed very enjoyable.

"Meow!" A sudden meow broke the peaceful atmosphere.

Christina panicked and immediately slowed down. "Did I bump into a cat just now?" asked her anxiously.

Just then, a cat's head popped out of the control stick next to her driver's seat, and a pair of golden eyes were staring at her.

Christina just froze while Lucy shouted, "Look ahead. Be careful!"

Christina suddenly regained her senses and immediately turned the steering wheel. She narrowly brushed past the fence of the ring road and the car was scratched.

"You almost killed me!" Lucy glared at her.

Christina was also shocked. She took a deep breath and argued with her after the car slowed down. "It's none of my business. You suddenly got a cat into the car!"

"It's not my cat." Lucy glanced at the black cat.

Christina frowned and glanced at the cat, who was sitting upright. This guy was not afraid of people at all and looked very arrogant.

Whose cat it is? Look at its eyesight. It's really unpleasant.

It seemed that Lucy also noticed that the cat was a little overbearing, so she said coldly, "Forget it. It's just a thief who didn't pay the fare, let's just throw it down."

All of a sudden, the black cat was on guard, and its tail was taut. It pressed down on its body as if it was going to attack.

"Meow -"

It meowed and could see that its claws were very sharp.

Lucy teased. "You should want to play with me..." She immediately reached out to give the black cat a lesson.

Christina looked a little nervous and immediately said, "Lucy, its claws are poisonous."

"How do you know?"

Even Christina was a little slow. She pointed at the cat "It... it said."



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Samir Puranik

interesting book.. cant stop reading

6 days ago

"Christina, are you hallucinating?"

Christina sat in the driver's seat with her hands on the steering wheel, looking a little confused. Lucy was also shocked. Of course, their lives were the most important in the current situation.

The dark gray limited-edition Rolls-Royce was running at a speed of 120 kilometers per hour on the mountain highway. Just now, because of Christina's distraction, the car's left side scratched against the fence of the highway.

Besides Christina and Lucy, there was a strange black cat that came out of nowhere.

Christina was a little distracted. She turned left into an exit and muttered, "I thought I heard... the cat talking."

She glanced at the black cat, which was still sitting on the steering stick of the car. It sat upright. Although the wind was blowing, it sat still like a greek statue carving, with a mysterious nobility.

Even Lucy became more vigilant and looked at the "uninvited guest" with a frown.

The black cat had dark and shiny hair and a long tail. It was well-proportioned and muscular. Its golden cat eyes and showed an aura of unruly arrogance. All these showed its former owner had a high status, and it had been treated well.

"Whose cat?"

Lucy was more concerned about the cat owner's background because of her professional sensitivity.

Just now, they stopped the car in Crescent Garden for a short time. Did the black cat jump into the car at that time? And she didn't even notice it.

It's said that black cats were the sign of mystery.

The luxurious sports car was still running on the highway. Lucy said in a serious voice, "Christina, don't think about anything now. Look ahead and focus on driving. Don't care about the black cat."

The most important thing was to arrive at the destination safely.

Christina held the steering wheel tightly and felt a little nervous. Why did a black cat come up inexplicably?

They were two hours late, but fortunately, they finally arrived at the villa safely. Charles trotted to meet them when they entered the gate of the villa.

"Miss Dickens is really arrogant."

Charles teased her on purpose, but he wasn't really angry.

However, Christina did not look as he had imagined. Instead, she looked absent-minded and kept looking back as if she was looking for something.

"What are you looking for?"

Charles also looked at her car and his eyes lit up. It was a limited edition Rolls-Royce. There were only 12 sets in the world.

"Christina, I just invite you for a dinner. Why did you come here to show off again?"

Christina ignored him. Instead, she leaned over to Lucy and said nervously, "It's gone!"

"Where is the black cat? Did it disappear?"

Christina looked very shocked and immediately thought of many incredible scenes.

Ever since she gave an Ancient Coin to Derek, she hadn't had any hallucinations for a long time. At this moment, a cat suddenly appeared and ran into her car. It was also a black cat. The more she thought about it, the stranger and scarier she felt.

"Before the car reached the parking space, it jumped out of it..." Lucy had a quick eye. The cat jumped so fast that it almost disappeared in a flash.

If she hadn't seen it with her own eyes, she would have thought like Christina, thinking that it had disappeared out of thin air.

But such a sudden appearance of a black cat and its posture, eyes, and agility arouse Lucy's curiosity.

Charles walked behind them and heard them talking about cats. He wanted to step forward and say something, but he found that they were so intimate that he had no chance to interrupt.

But when did Christina start to get so familiar with Lucy?

"Mr. and Mrs. Shepherd, I'm sorry, I was late for something on the way."

The waiter opened the door of the private room for them. Although Christina didn't like to follow the rules, she still had basic etiquette. She stepped forward and apologized to the elders first.

Mrs. Shepherd smiled generously. "Fortunately, I've guessed that. I knew Charles wouldn't be able to invite you. I had two pieces of pancakes before I went out."

As for the other men of the Shepherd family, well, no one cared about them.

Christina laughed as well.

Suddenly, Mrs. Shepherd seemed to have found something good. She looked at Lucy with bright eyes and was very

excited. She immediately stood up from the chair, walked over, and shook hands with Lucy.

"Miss, are you Christina's friend?"

Mrs. Shepherd was full of enthusiasm. "Can I know your name, where your hometown is, how many members of your family are there? Are you married?"

Lucy was dumbfounded. She had never liked to be too close to people and subconsciously wanted to pull her hand back. However, Christina winked at her and let Lucy hold back her temper and be kind to ordinary people.

"Mrs. Shepherd, my friend Lucy is a celibate."

Christina quickly spoke with a smile to ease the tension.

Charles patted his forehead and sighed helplessly. "Mom, don't be so excited every time you see a woman."

Mrs. Shepherd frowned. "If I hadn't given birth to you unfilial children, I wouldn't have worried so much!"

Charles knew Mrs. Shepherd's words could not be refuted.

He was very sensible. It was better to find a seat and sit down quietly.

Lucy glanced at Charles and looked at Mrs. Shepherd sincerely. She said in a serious tone as if reporting, "I'm sorry, your son is not my type." She always liked a strong and wild type.

Christina was surprised.

Mrs. Shepherd was also in a daze for a while, then smiled and waved her hand. "Forget it. Fate can't be forced." She added, "But sometimes you don't like it now, maybe you'll like it in the future."

Charles had been used to his mother's tease since he was a child.

He naturally changed the topic and looked at Christina. "Chandler called and said that something happened to his company. He and Crystal are not coming. Let's order now."

"But Crystal sent me a voice message before, saying that Chandler would pick her up."

"Chandler probably didn't pick her up. An important client of his company just arrived today. He's going to pick up this client personally."

Christina looked dissatisfied and cursed in a low voice, "He'd rather pick up his client than his wife. Bastard..."

"It's not easy for Chandler to start a business."

In fact, compared to many people who started from scratch, Chandler was already very good. After all, that was his company's major client, he couldn't be more careful.

Christina also knew that Chandler needed to support his family. She just felt a little indignant for Crystal.

Crystal had been stood up by Chandler many times.

"So Crystal is alone at home now... If Chandler doesn't have time to drive her over, she can take a taxi or call me to pick her up."

Charles handed the menu to Christina and let her decide what she wanted to eat. He said casually, "Have you ever thought about Crystal's feeling? She's afraid she'll trouble you too much... Even if you're good friends, she wants some dignity."

Especially compared to Christina, Crystal would feel ashamed easily.

Oh, what a sentimental woman!

Lucy tutted. She couldn't understand what this kind of woman was thinking about. She looked up and said to Christina.

"Christina, I don't need that so-called dignity. If you have anything good to eat, drink, or have fun with, just give them to me. Especially those luxury cars of the Hopkins family, just throw them to me. I can take it."

Christina looked at her speechlessly and gave the menu to her. "Order whatever you want... And order a takeaway for Crystal."

"She is pregnant. I don't know what she can't eat."

Christina thought for a moment. "Forget it. I bought her a lot of pregnant women's nutrition. She shouldn't be able to eat them all at once... I'll ask Nanny Faang to make more nutritious meals tomorrow."

Christina was impatient and impulsive, but her grandfather had taught her to protect those in need since she was a child.

Patrick's biggest disadvantage was that he was too strong, so Christina rarely cared about him. On the contrary, at this moment, Crystal might be at home alone.

Charles complained, "Crystal is not as miserable as you think, okay?"

Christina snorted. "Pregnant women are especially prone to think nonsense, don't you know?"

Not knowing if it was because of hormones, pregnant women are really prone to think too much.

Crystal sat alone in the living room. The bowl of cubilose porridge on the table 沟got cold. After eating half a bowl, she had no appetite to eat the rest.

She still lived in Christina's villa, which was elegantly decorated. All the furniture was imported and made of the

best materials. It was more than 200 square meters. To Christina, it was a small house, but it was too luxurious for ordinary people like her.

Most importantly, this was not her home.

She knew that Christina would not mind how long she lived, but she would always feel that she didn't belong here.

And she didn't belong to the Stephenson family either.

Crystal subconsciously caressed her abdomen with her right hand. She lowered her head and looked melancholy.

"... Business again," she muttered.

She remembered that a few hours ago, she happily texted Christina that Chandler would come to pick her up. At that time, she was so happy and easily satisfied as an innocent child.

But he missed their appointment again.

Would she be sad after being stood up again and again? Of course, she would. But she usually didn't allow herself to show it.

"... Crystal, I forgot that a very important client flew over tonight. I need to pick him up personally. If you want to go out for dinner with them, ask Christina to pick you up."

She didn't want to go out for dinner at all. She just wanted to go out with him.

"Okay."

She agreed. But after hanging up the phone, she became confused.

"... Why are you always able to show up when there's something happened to the Stephenson family, and I'm always the least important one?"

As Christina asked, for so many times she stood there and waited for Chandler to find her, would she lose patience one day?

She didn't know either.

"... Stop thinking nonsense. Chandler is doing it for our family." She touched her abdomen to feel her baby. And her heart was filled with anticipation. "When my baby is born, then I don't have to think too much."

Babies' fetal heart could be felt after 6 weeks. And her baby was already 12 weeks old.

Suddenly, Crystal's face turned pale. And her right hand started to tremble...

Her heart was beating wildly. She quickly pressed against her abdomen with her left hand. Why, why was there no

heartbeat?



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Lhen A.
poor crystal

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