

Chapter 175

"You really love your wife."

"Yes, so Brianna, you must be careful not to offend her. otherwise, I will be angry."

After lunch, they felt lazy on the weekend afternoon. They went to the garden of the Hopkinses for a walk. Christina took the bait to play with the fish in the pond excitedly and happily. She saw that the two women in the pavilion were talking very intimately.

She didn't know what Barbara and Brianna were talking about. She only felt that Brianna's eyes were a little strange when she looked at her.

Christina had no impression of

Brianna, only thought she was very introverted. At first, she wanted to build a good relationship with her, but others all said that she was peremptory and could scare Brianna.

Christina was very depressed. How could she scare her?

In the past, Derek was also very introverted. How did they become this kind of person?

Throwing the bait into the pool, a few fish leaped out of the water with full energy to grab food. The pool splashed and rippled. Christina felt it interesting. Her eyes lit up, and then she threw the bait in another corner wickedly.

She thought insidiously that it was really good to see others working hard.

Christina was very childish. She narrowed her eyes, stretched out her fair neck, and looked at the pool. She amused the fish with a smile, like a traitor.

"She can play all day by herself."

She heard the familiar but deep voice behind her. Christina was stunned for a moment and turned around. She saw Patrick walking towards her. Perhaps because of the afternoon sun or the faint smile on Patrick's face, she blushed.

This glance made her heart beat faster.

Christina approached him unconsciously. But the pool didn't have barriers, and there were smooth

pebbles all around her feet. She slipped and felt a little unstable.

The figure in front of her was startled and immediately ran to her. Christina was not a delicate girl. She stood up straight, waved her hand, and said, "It's okay, it's okay."

"Be careful." Patrick stood in front of her with his face darkened.

Patrick taught her lessons in a strange way, such as asking her to walk carefully and eat carefully. It seemed that he needed to keep an eye on her all the time.

"Patrick, I am not messing around all day. I think I'm useful to some extent."

How could she say she was useful?

Patrick thought.

Patrick was angry. He held her and looked down at her red face, trying to teach her a lesson. But he couldn't help laughing.

"Don't get too close to the pool."

Christina was a little guiltily, nodded honestly, and said, "Okay."

Charles walked slowly behind them. His eyes were full of gossip with an ambiguous meaning. He thought that the unscrupulous couple was also lovely.

Old Master Mr. Hopkins was walking past the corridor at the same time. He turned to look at them.

Who's staring at her? Christina thought.

Not sure if she was being paranoid, Christina instinctively became vigilant. She was serious and narrowed her eyes to look around.

"What are you looking at?"

"No, nothing..." Facing Patrick's question, she couldn't say the reason.

She just felt like there was a pair of eyes staring at her recently.

Patrick saw her pondering something and wanted to ask more questions, but at this moment, his phone suddenly rang. It was the vice president of the group calling. It must be something urgent.

He let her go, turned around, and took two steps before answering the phone. He said, "What's the matter?"

Patrick had subconsciously kept her out of the group's affairs and all the complicated matters. He had said that she was not his subordinate and did not need to know.

The older people were, the more they knew, so they had so many troubles.

He said he didn't want her to know these things. He was strong and dictatorial. This was Patrick's special way to protect her.

Christina looked at his handsome appearance and was a little worried.

She stood quietly by the side and did not disturb him. She could not understand what Patrick was talking to the other side but could know he seemed a little annoyed due to his cold tone.

Who pissed him off?

Charles was standing not far away to watch the gossip and Barbara was in the pavilion before. But they seemed to have received some news and hurried towards Patrick.

"What's wrong?" Charles frowned and asked.

"Larry rejected the investment of the IP&G Group."

Barbara was surprised and sarcastic. It

was unbelievable to refuse the investment of the IP&G Group. Didn't they want money? Or did they have ulterior motives?

"Larry must be mad." Charles could not help but said sneeringly.

Several of Larry's new projects in the past six months had achieved amazing results. Last week, he officially announced a new project about new energy. As they all knew, projects of new energy were not easy to make profits as the investment was slow to return. But Larry is in the limelight, and everyone secretly asked about Larry's plan. The answer was he had put all his money into this project, so people from all walks of life were curious and wanted to invest in the project.

But he turned down the investment of the biggest IP&G Group. No one knew why he did this.

Executive Barbara was a competent officer. She quickly felt that something was wrong. She said, "Last time, Patrick asked us to look into all projects that Larry invested in, especially the partners who had worked with Larry..."

Then she paused and looked straight at Charles. She said, "Charles, to be honest, is there any personal conflict between Patrick and Larry?"

"I could find nothing."

Charles darkened his face and was irritable. Last time, Patrick was furious in the office and asked his men to find everything about Larry. However,

nothing was found. Everything about Larry was normal.

Even though Charles didn't say anything, Barbara could feel something was wrong. She said, "Larry obviously didn't want Patrick to join in his new project. There must be a dirty trick."

While they were talking, Patrick had already hung up.

Charles and Barbara looked at each other and hesitated to say something. In fact, Patrick knew more about these affairs.

"You looked around just now. Did you find anything wrong?"

Patrick put away his cell phone as if the

business had been dealt with. He turned to look at Christina and asked about other things plainly.

Christina was a little confused by his question. Then, she answered, "Nothing."

"Ask the housekeepers for help if you need anything," Patrick said, not paying much attention to her words. His eyes softened when he looked at her in a loose and comfortable maternity dress. The baby in her belly was theirs.

"I won't be home for dinner today. Go to bed early."

He naturally put his arm around her shoulder and kissed her on the forehead, whispering in a low voice.

"Okay." When Christina came back to her senses and heard his words, her face was blushed and hot.

Patrick was not an affectionate man and would not always sweet talk to her. After he said that, he simply strode towards the door of the Hopkinses.

The bodyguards quickly went to the garage to pick up the car. Charles and Barbara followed them in a hurry. Christina frowned when she saw they were hurried. She asked, "What had happened?"

What had happened?

Everything seemed to be a coincidence.

Just as Patrick left the Hopkinses,

Christina stood by the pool and thought about something. Suddenly, there was a hand to push her.

She had no idea what was going on. She just leaned forward and fell into the pool.

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Perhaps it was too sudden. Before Christina could react to what happened, she sank to the bottom of the pool. The fish in the pool fled in panic.

"Young, Young Madam... What's wrong with you!" This scared the maid passing by the corridor. She shouted for help.

"I, I'm fine."

The water in the pool was brought in by living water. The water was clear and not too fishy. And the pool was not very deep, about two meters. Christina was very good at the water, and she was just suddenly frightened and sank. Soon, her head popped out and her

hands clinged to the side of the pool, coughing and panting.

The maid's face turned pale with fear, and a group of people carefully and anxiously helped her out of the pool and onto the shore.

"Young Madam, what's wrong with you... Don't be afraid, the doctor will be here soon..." A large clean towel was wrapped around her, and servants quickly comforted her.

"I'm really fine." Christina wiped her long wet hair with a towel calmly and waved at them. "There's no need to call a doctor."

"We go to find Mr. Hopkins now..."

"Don't tell him!" Christina panicked

and said quickly.

The sun began to set in the afternoon, and Old Master Mr. Hopkins had already returned to South Court for rest. Their young master had just left the house, and their young madam had soaked herself in the pool. They felt anxious and had no ideas.

Christina wiped the water off her face and explained in a slow voice, "Patrick is very busy. Tell him after the doctor had come to have a check... I'm really fine. Just now, something seemed to have thrown at my back knee..."

At this point, Christina tightened her eyes and looked back nervously.

There was nothing strange, just a land of flowers planted behind the pool and

stone tables and chairs for people to play chess, admire flowers and fish.

What happened just now...

She was wet all over and sat beside the cobblestone pool in a daze, not understanding what happened for a moment.

"Young madam, why did you fall into the pool?"

The maid was relieved to see that she looked good. If something happened to her, they must bear the responsibility.

"Did someone deliberately push..." A younger maid speculated excitedly.

Who was so bold!

People outside didn't know her importance, but employees in the Hopkinses all knew that their young madam must be safe. Their Mr. Hopkins had been furious several times because of her. Who wanted to be fired?

Christina was supported by them to stand up slowly, frowning and silent for a long time... "No."

No one pushed her.

There was only one thing that hit her directly, and the speed of the object was very fast under the huge force...

But the problem was that she took a closer look around and found nothing suspicious.

"Look around here. There was something about the size of a fist, about a kilogram in weight and hard..." She didn't know how to describe it, so she had to rely on her perception.

"Young Madam, these pebbles each is only half a kilo in weight, not as heavy as you said."

They didn't know what Christina was looking for. There was indeed something that hit her back knee, so her right foot fell with no strength to support her. Why couldn't she find it?

"Young Madam, the doctor is here."

Nanny Faang was mainly in charge of Christina's daily life. When she heard from the maid that she had fallen into the pool, she was scared out of her

wits. Fortunately, it didn't seem like a big deal now, but only after she had a check could she be not worried.

Christina was carefully supported by Nanny Faang, but she was a little unwilling and turned back frequently to stare at the pool.

It was impossible for her to slip and fall. She, Christina, is not a weak woman.

Damn it...

"Young Madam, you are pregnant now, and your health is the most important thing. You don't have to worry about anything else. We will investigate it thoroughly. No one can act rashly in our the Hopkinses." Nanny Faang understood what she was thinking and promised her.

"I'm afraid you can't find out them."

Christina frowned and spoke in a cold voice. She pushed Nanny Faang away with a little force, straightened her back and walked back to the pool.

If it was because she stood by the pool and fell into the pool without others pushing her... In the end, she would only admit that it was because she was careless.

But in fact something hit her...

Especially when she remembered that she had been stared by a pair of strange eyes recently, she was getting more and more agitated and spared no efforts to figure it out.

"Young Madam, you just fell into the water. Although it's early autumn, it's easy to catch a cold. Let's go back to the house first..."

Nanny Faang and the others stood behind, trying to persuade her, but they failed to do so, and they did not dare to drag her. As a result, they were helpless.

"What's going on!"

On the other side of the corridor, Old Master Mr. Hopkins hurried over with his crutch and shouted at the pool. He didn't even button the first button of his suit.

Christina was a little afraid of him, so she stood still and looked up to him awkwardly.

Nanny Faang walked up to her affectionately, afraid that Old Master Mr. Hopkins would get angry. So she slowly said, "Young Madam, the child in your belly is the most important."

"Mmm." She grunted reluctantly.

She did not dare to look at the old man's dark face again. And she turned her head and followed the maids away dully.

"That's impossible. Something hit me!"

Christina could not calm down with some doubt in her heart, so she kept muttering.

Old Master Mr. Hopkins stood at the corner of the corridor with a stern

expression, watching Christina quietly leave with the maid. Only then did his right hand holding the crutch relax a little.

The old housekeeper asked the servants about the situation, then approached the old man's ear and explained it in detail.

Mr. Hopkins listened without much reaction.

The autumn wind lifted the corners of his clothes gently... "There is no need to mention this to Patrick."

Then, he turned back to South Court.

The old housekeeper was slightly stunned for a moment, puzzled by his coldness. In deep thought, he turned

his head to the direction where Christina had fallen into the pool.

The back garden of the Hopkins Family was magnificent and beautiful. The setting sun after noon added a touch of beauty and calmness.

But... The tropical ornamental fish which hated coldness in the pond was in a corner. And a hard piece of ice on the other side of the pond gradually melted...

The hard ice melted and turned into ice water as if it never existed.

Like a ghost, it disappeared without a trace.

You can find it out in no way.

"I don't understand why I fell..."

After the doctor examined Christina carefully and made sure she was fine, she let her go back to her bedroom. Nanny Faang still thought it was strange and asked Christina again.

"We've already sent people to look around, and we've asked the servants who work nearby and they said they didn't find anything..." Nanny Faang stared at her, told her to take a hot bath and put on her pajamas, and chased her back to bed to rest.

"Forget it. Maybe I'm in bad luck."

Although Christina was unwilling, she did not hold any grudges. Anyway, she was not hurt. But now when she closed her eyes, inexplicable coldness

penetrated her back.

Seeing that she was resting peacefully on the bed, Nanny Faang did not disturb her. "By the way, Master Patrick is not coming back for dinner tonight..."

"He told me."

Nanny Faang smiled and knew that Patrick valued her like a jewel.

"Then I'll have dinner delivered tonight, so don't wander around... I'll go down first." After that, she closed the door.

Christina was immediately blue hearing the phrase "Don't move around." Patrick's mantra was "don't run around." Ah, she sighed.

"You said I was fooling and running around all the time, and when you come back, you should say I fell into the pool..."

Patrick really didn't like her going out, and rarely agreed to let her attend public events. He wished he could settle her down in the Hopkinses without going out.

Christina was a little sleepy. The sun had already set outside the window, and it was evening.

A voice disturbed her dream.

In the dark, she reached out to turn on the bedside lamp, and there was a dark shadow at the door.

Who! She was so scared that her face turned pale.

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In the dimly lit bedroom, her trembling hands slammed on the wall switch, turning on all the headlights. In an instant, the room was as bright as day.

Christina's face turned pale, and she stared at the door in shock.

It was gone.

The dark shadow at the door was gone.

The bright lights around her eased her nerves a little. She took a deep breath and pinched her thigh with great force. It hurt, which at least ensured that she wasn't dreaming.

"Is it because I got shocked after falling into the water in the afternoon?" So

was it just an illusion?

She got up from the bed and sat on the edge of it. She was bemused and a little disturbed.

"Nanny Faang, I'm hungry. Get someone to bring me dinner. Hurry up!" She couldn't care too much, just wanted to ask for a few more people over to build up her courage, pressing the service bell and, with some panic, urging Nanny Faang on the other side.

Nanny Faang had been taking care of her for more than half a year. It was the first time for her to rush to eat. She brought two maids with her and rushed over with three dishes and a soup that she had just cooked.

"Young madam, there are still three

dishes being cooked. Eat slowly..."

Nanny Faang quickly knocked on the door and walked in, setting up the cutlery for her to eat. But Nanny Faang found that Christina was sitting on the small sofa with no appetite at all.

"Don't you like these dishes?"

Nanny Faang was stunned for a moment and asked in puzzlement. Now that the whole the Hopkinses knew about her bad habit of being picky about food, their Young Master Patrick never said a word about it, because the Hopkinses could afford to feed her, no matter how picky she was. As long as it did not affect the health of the fetus, even Old Master Mr. Hopkins had no problem with it.

"... Then I'll go and ask the cook to cook something else." Nanny Faang thought for a moment and then turned around to walk out.

"Don't go."

Christina tugged at her clothes. It was rare for her to be so clingy.

Seeing her unhappy expression, Nanny Faang felt like laughing. "It's a pity that Young Master Patrick can't see you like this tonight..." They all knew that Patrick had a special hobby, which was her attachment to him.

Christina was in no mood to listen to these jokes. She lowered her head and was depressed.

Nanny Faang frowned and became

serious. "Young madam, you don't look well. Did you catch a cold in the pool this afternoon?"

"It could be." Christina replied in a low voice.

She didn't know what was wrong, but her whole body felt wrong.

Clang, clang, clang -

The phone on the bedside table suddenly rang. Christina was startled and turned stiffly to look at the phone.

Christina had never been afraid of anything since she was a child, except for weird things.

When she was a child, and people in the Dickens Family really couldn't

make her behave, they would tell her ghost stories to scare her. This made her suffer from trauma.

Nanny Faang saw her huddling on the sofa and looked pale. It was as if she had been terrified by something.

"Did you have a nightmare?"

Christina didn't answer her. She stared at the phone and struggled whether she should get closer to it or not. But her mind was full of strange and weird things, and she immediately became cowardly.

"It was Young Master Patrick who sent you a message." Nanny Faang took the phone from the bedside table for her.

Christina glanced at it. It was indeed

from Patrick's cell phone number.

Inexplicably, Christina calmed down. She then took the phone, and couldn't help complaining, "Why did he text me at this time to scare me?"

Nanny Faang chuckled. She didn't expect Christina would be scared so easily. Usually, their Young Master Patrick failed to scare her by all means. Nanny Faang continued to fill a bowl of soup for her and put it on the table.

Just as Faang was about to tell her to calm down after drinking the hot soup, Christina frowned, put down her phone, and said first, "No need, I'm going out."

"Go out now?"

Christina subconsciously glanced at her phone again and said, "Yes, going out now. Patrick asked me to go to Gordon Hotel now. He said he would need me to attend a business party with him."

When they were in the back garden this afternoon, she couldn't understand what Patrick was talking about. Patrick mentioned the name Larry in the message he sent to her on his cell phone, and it seemed that this so-called wine party had something to do with Larry.

That fat man Larry scolded Patrick for no reason last time. Was he going to Larry's wine party to take revenge on him?

But it was a little strange. No matter

what grudge Patrick had with Larry, he would never let her get involved. "Patrick asked me to come over now. It might be urgent. Nanny Faang, get the driver ready..."

Christina stopped thinking about it. If he really needed her to be there, of course, she would offer her full support.

"But Young Madam, the weather..."

Nanny Faang told the driver something and walked with her through the Eastern Garden gate. The autumn wind was blowing hard, messing up their clothes and splashing them in the face with some light rain.

"It looks like there will be heavy rain in a while. Young madam, you haven't had

dinner yet, and you fell into the water in the afternoon. If you go out now you would get cold easily, why don't you call Young Master Patrick and tell him..."

Nanny Faang looked at the thick clouds in the dark sky and became a little worried, and she felt it was also very strange, how could young Master Patrick ask Christina to go out in this kind of weather?

Christina stood up straight and narrowed her eyes at the sudden flash of golden lightning. In an instant, the dark sky was lit up, and thunderous clouds rolled over, followed by loud sounds of thunders.

The wind and the rain were getting more and more violent. Christina felt a

little cold when the water dripped on her face.

On this rainy night, something seemed to be stirring, which made her feel cold, strange, and terrified.

The heavy rain blew the glass of the hotel wall...

"It's raining really hard."

In the seventh-floor lobby of Gordon Hotel, a business wine party was being held. The hall was filled with loud music and toasts. No one cared much about the heavy rain outside the window.

A bolt of lightning happened to flash across the dark sky, outlining the profile of the man who was standing in

front of the glass mirror in the hotel. He looked cold and noble. His brows were slightly contracted, and he stood elegantly. He was staring at the distant place outside of the hotel, and he was somewhat absent-minded about the party.

"Patrick, it seems that this Larry has really grown up. It seems that even if we came uninvited tonight, he had already guessed it..." Charles came over with a glass of red wine, he took a big gulp, looking in a bad mood.

Larry refused to invest in IP&G Group, which was obviously showing no favor to Patrick. Most importantly, the more he refused it, the more they wanted to know what was so magical about Larry's projects.

So tonight at the business wine party, Patrick personally showed up.

When friends in the business circle saw Patrick and the others, they were all very surprised. Everyone knew that Patrick didn't like to involve in social mingling. It was difficult to invite him to any activities. However, he came this time.

Strangely enough, Larry was not surprised at all. When he clinked his glass with others, he dared to swear that he would make Patrick regret it. Charles really wanted to beat him up when he heard that.

The sounds of rain and thunder were mixed together outside...

"It's thundering. I remember Christina

hates this weather the most..."

When Patrick heard the name, he gave a thoughtful look and said, "Well, she should be at home."

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"Patrick, you are really too tolerant of the Fisher Family."

Patrick was ruthless. He thoroughly reorganized the IP&G Group, leaving no room for his enemies. But there existed an exception: the Fisher Family.

Charles felt that the word "tolerant" had nothing to do with Patrick's life forever. It was awkward to say it. In fact, Charles felt that Patrick had taken Larry seriously.

It was not like his usual style.

"Larry is just a cousin of the Fisher Family. Seeing how arrogant he is now, I really want to..."

'Damn it, I really want to send someone to ruin his new project to discourage him.' He said to himself.

With his right hand holding tightly the wine glass, Charles glared at the fat figure in the black suit in the center of the party.

Patrick stood still with a cold expression.

He looked out of the window. The rain was frantically slapping the window, a little noisy.

"Larry and Derek are very close..."

He said in a low voice. But he didn't finish his words as if he was very annoyed. He picked up a glass of whiskey on the small round platform

beside him.

"Don't drink too much."

All of a sudden, a beautiful figure rushed over from behind, and Barbara naturally reached out and grabbed the glass from Patrick's hand.

"You had a headache in the company the day before yesterday... The doctor also reminded you not to drink too much..." Her words being rarely tough, she was genuinely worried.

"Patrick had a headache recently at the company..."

Charles's expression became serious, and Barbara turned around and gave him a reproachful look. "I hid all the wine you brought there."

"Well... Now," Charles was very surprised. Patrick was strong, so it was easy to ignore his physical problem. Charles asked nervously, "Then, do you want to go to Seattle..."

"Shut up!" Patrick was annoyed by others mentioning his illness.

Looked straight at him, with tenderness in her eyes, Barbara persuaded in a soft voice, "Patrick, if you're worried about something, you can tell us..."

Without looking at the affectionate expression in her eyes, Patrick pressed his lips and turned his head to glance at the streaks of golden light lightning outside the left glass wall, frowning...

But Christina saw it.

She suddenly didn't understand why she was standing at the elevator.

She should have walked over to greet them because he texted her to come over.

But now she was unable to walk. "You don't need me at all..."

It rained heavily outside. Thunder rumbled and clouds were surging, and lightning appeared from time to time. It was a terrible night, but the people at this party didn't care. These celebrities often went to different splendid and glorious parties, enjoying themselves to the fullest.

"Why did you ask me to come here?"

She could not move her eyes away from them, and she clearly saw Barbara snatching his glass away in such a natural manner.

They were really close.

Suddenly, she was angry.

She thought he needed her, so she came here on this stormy day especially only to see the woman showing tenderness to him. She had already known how popular he was among women outside.

With a straight face, Christina forced herself to turn around. She told herself, "Pretend I never came."

But as soon as she turned around and

wanted to press the elevator button,
she stopped.

She was hesitant...

It was he who sent her a message and
asked her to come here...

Taking out her phone, she found that it
was indeed Patrick's number... What if
he really needed her help?

She lowered her head and stared at
the screen. After hesitating for a while,
she moved her fingers quickly and
dialed the familiar number.

The crisp ringtone of the phone rang...

She was sulking, thinking carefully that
if Patrick said, "Go over," she'd
definitely ask him with a dark face that

how important it was to let her come over in the heavy rain. And she'd never give him a good look...

"Hello..."

Unexpectedly, it was a clear female voice.

Christina's face turned pale and she was speechless. She hung up the phone in a hurry.

Without hesitation, she walked into the elevator without looking back

"Barbara has holding his phone..." The elevator went down quickly. She muttered and couldn't help but laugh at herself.

"Christina?"

Charles looked at the screen and raised his eyebrows. It was indeed from Christina. "Why did she hang up without saying anything?"

"Is she unhappy because I answered the phone?"

With a little embarrassed look on her face, Barbara returned the phone to its original owner and said apologetically, "Patrick, it seems that next time my phone is out of power, I'd better borrow one from someone else."

"Christina shouldn't be so mean..."

Although Charles usually was not on the same side as Christina, she was just angry for a while, and she would probably be fine tomorrow.

Patrick felt strange. She rarely called him voluntarily.

Thinking of this, he frowned and dialed back.

[The number you dialed is turned off...]

The man's face darkened a little while holding the phone as he heard the mechanical reminders.

Looking at Patrick's gloomy expression, Charles marveled in his mind, "How dare she turn off her phone?"

Well...Some Innocent people were absolutely getting into trouble...

"Where's the Young Madam?"

Patrick directly called Hopkins Family, with his voice cold and bleak.

Nanny Faang was surprised when she received the call. "Hasn't she arrived at Gordon Hotel..."

She told him in detail that Christina fell into the pool this afternoon, including that she hadn't had dinner...

After hanging up his phone in silence, Patrick looked around the venue with burning eyes. He pressed his lips and wanted to say something. The suspicion in his heart increased.

"Go and find the hotel manager..." It was a long time before he spoke in a deep voice.

Charles was stunned for a moment and found that his face was solemn. What happened?

Barbara tensed up, not daring to delay, and walked towards the reception desk. Gordon Hotel belonged to Hopkins Family, so it was very convenient for him to find anything.

She didn't ask what happened because she didn't need to.

He was so nervous just because of that woman, Christina.

"Actually, it's not a big deal. Maybe Barbara didn't like me and wanted to make fun of me..."

At this time, the rain outside the window was still dripping. Christina sat

in a corner of a restaurant nearby.

[The only thing you can do is not to disturb him. Christina, little do you know him...]

She had heard a lot of sarcastic remarks, and she was never bothered by them. But she remembered Barbara's words very clearly.

Perhaps it was because she indeed didn't understand him.

Barbara told her with actions that she really couldn't help him.

They were so tacit. They had been friends for so many years, and they had been in the company together. What kind of existence was she? She could just give birth to his baby...

Christina looked depressed and looked at the mirror in front of the restaurant. Her face was even round because she was pregnant. She was wearing a loose dress with a protruding belly, and her figure was no longer as graceful as before. She felt really inferior...

Compared to those women at the party, she really felt inferior.

"How annoying!"

She frowned. She knew that there was no need to be angry about what happened just now, but she realized that she was becoming increasingly sensitive and narrow-minded.

If she didn't care, there was no need to compare herself to the woman around,

but she did.

Grabbing the menu to order something, she bellowed angrily, "If only the men can give birth to children! So annoying..."

The waitress waiting beside her burst into laughter at her words, feeling that this pregnant woman was quite cute.

The waitress was a young girl studying part-time. She joked, "It seems that all married women are worried about their men cheating on them..."

"Not necessarily. You can just stop loving him."

Hardly had Christina's angry voice faded away, a loud noise came from the door of the restaurant. They turned

their heads subconsciously

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Christina turned sideways and looked at the entrance of the restaurant in boredom.

The next second, she opened her eyes wide and was frightened.

"So, so you're here..." A slender figure rushed towards her, panting and speaking intermittently.

Christina didn't understand. Barbara was drenched. Her clothes, hair, and fingers were still dripping with water.

"What are you doing?"

"Christina, I'm sorry. I borrowed Patrick's phone. I... I shouldn't have answered your call... I," Barbara

explained to her as she panted, pale from the rain. "We were worried about you. Don't be angry with Patrick. I'm sorry..."

'You were sorry.

'Why were you apologizing to me?' She thought.

"Christina, what are you doing?"

On the other side of the glass door of the dining room, a handsome man walked up quickly, gnashing his teeth in a rage.

"On a rainy day, you ran out and turned off your phone. Christina, you're looking for trouble!"

Charles was so angry that he could not

help but scold Christina when he saw her eating dinner so peacefully, compared to Barbara's miserable appearance.

How many times did he mention to Patrick that women couldn't be spoiled, the more they got, the more they wanted.

The atmosphere of this ordinary Chinese restaurant, which was less than a hundred square meters, suddenly turned into the alert state because of these distinguished guests.

The waitresses huddled in a corner. If they remembered correctly, the one with brown hair was the most popular man in the city, Mr. Shepherd, and although they didn't know the other one, it seemed he was even more hard-

core.

What brought these big shots here?

Christina was expressionless and motionless, still sitting in her seat.

She completely ignored Charles's scolding and did not respond, and she also knew that although Patrick did not scold her, his eyes were deep and fiercely staring at her...

'What did I do wrong again?'

Still expressionless, she finally looked at Barbara, who was drenched.

It was in the early autumn, and Barbara was attending a business party tonight, so she was wearing a sexy dress, and the material was transparent. The wet

clothes pressed against her skin, revealing her fair shoulders and long legs. The light in this restaurant was soft, but she could clearly see her red bra...

It was rare that Christina did not refute.

In any case, the restaurant was also a public place, and now it happened to be dinner time, so there were many guests, so they didn't say anything for a while.

"Patrick, when you go back later, don't scold her. It's all my fault."

Barbara must leave as soon as possible. Everyone in the restaurant didn't know what the couple was talking about. They only saw the guilt on the woman's

face, and the man standing opposite her didn't say anything. He took off his coat and handed it to her.

Barbara naturally put on his suit jacket, smiled at him, and quickly turned around to get into the car.

As the car drove through the rainy night, the women in the car kept turning back...

The waiter came over with a plate and carefully put down a small pot of porridge. Christina looked away and did not look at the woman with 'lingering affection' outside the window. How annoying!

"You have a good appetite." Charles sat directly across from her, saying spicily.

Christina was not angry. She just calmly took the spoon and began to eat the food.

She just treated him as air.

Charles was even angrier. "Hey, Christina, you should reflect on yourself. Barbara was nervous. She was worried that something bad will happen to you since you turn off your phone and get jealous, then she rushed into the rain and looked for you with guilt. Do you have any conscience..."

She still ignored him.

"Do you think I was wrong?" Charles thought about it and thought that Christina was acting a little strange tonight.

strode past Christina and went up to the study on the second floor.

Christina was expressionless. He was clearly angry that he was stomping

In the past, when they quarreled, he would scold her as soon as he saw her, but now they would just sit in the car and remain silent.

The silence hurt each other more than quarrels.

Nanny Faang looked at them and she felt something bad was going on. Did he lose his temper?

She said slowly, "Young Madam, in fact, young master Patrick is worried about you."

"Who wants him to worry about me?"

Christina was so angry tonight that she couldn't hold it back as soon as she got home. She scolded him angrily, and then stepped up the stairs, went into the bedroom, and slammed the door.

'Well, don't talk to me for the rest of your life!' She thought.

Christina was very annoyed. She grabbed her pajamas and ran to the bathroom to take a bath. She was lying in the bathtub. The warm water calmed her down a little.

She slapped the water in the bathtub, the splashing water was on her face, her hair wet.

The bathroom was spacious and had a

ventilation system in all four corners. She felt at ease soaking herself and her mind was empty.

After a long time, the full-body mirror embedded in the right wall was misty, and the whole space was covered with a layer of vapor.

"Well, I can't starve my son..."

She was in a daze, and she remembered that she hadn't had enough dinner, so she quickly got up.

It happened that there was a bang on the other side of the bathroom door, which scared the naked woman and almost caused her to fall.

"How many times have I told you not to take a bath for too long? Stand still!"

Christina held the man in front of her hurriedly. It was all of sudden and she did not expect that Patrick would suddenly break in. After being scolded by him, she forgot to talk back.

Patrick skillfully pulled off the towel and carried her out.

His arms were strong, and it was easy to hold her in his arms, even she was pregnant. Christina's face was right next to his left chest, and she could not ignore his strong heartbeat and his unique masculine aura. He was cold and ruthless but he made women feel at ease, probably because he could give women a sense of security.

He seemed to be very tough as if nothing would be difficult to him.

"Patrick, what's wrong with you?"

Christina didn't know what was going on, but she suddenly screamed, her arms clenched tightly around his neck in shock.

Patrick bumped into the coffee table as he walked, his body wobbling. He staggered and almost fell down while holding her.

Christina raised her face and looked at him. She was stunned.

The man turned pale. His eyes opened slightly and a trace of fear flashed through them. Fear? It never belonged to Patrick.

It was as if he suddenly couldn't see...

Christina suddenly became anxious.

What the hell was going on!

"Patrick..." In a low voice, she carefully called out again.

Christina had never seen him so flustered. She was in a panic. She felt that he was trying his best to adjust his breathing. He was trying to stand up straight as if he was trying his best to pretend...

Her eyes were burning. "Patrick, put me down." She pushed his chest and wanted to stand on her own because she was a burden to him.

She always hated being a burden to him.

"I'm fine."

He was strong and persistent.

He was still standing tall and steady,
holding her safely to the bed before
letting her go...

Christina didn't say anything more, and
it just seemed like an illusion just now.