

When Patrick returned home after a week's business trip abroad, he knew that a conflict had happened at home. The arrogant and domineering Lassie's foot was fractured by a heavy object and she asserted that Christina had hurt her.

"Why didn't anyone tell me about it?"

Patrick went straight back to the Eastern Garden. Impatient, he took off his coat and asked Nanny Faang in a cold and reproachful tone.

Nanny Faang had a guilty expression and did not explain.

Nanny Faang had taken care of Patrick since he was a child. Compared to Patrick's biological mother, Nanny Faang cared more about him. Patrick would show respect to her in everything, but Nanny Faang had exceeded what was proper this time.

A dozen servants working in the Eastern Garden lowered their heads and did not dare to make a sound. Patrick sternly glanced at them with grimness in his eyes.

"In the future, there is no need for grandpa and the others to interfere in the affairs of the Eastern Garden. If you think that grandpa and my mother's decision should be given priority, then pack up and work in the Northern Garden or the Main Residence. You are not needed here."

The servants panicked. They didn't expect Patrick to get angry as soon as he came back.

There was fixed staff working in all positions in the Hopkins family. If they left the Eastern Garden, the only result would be that they were fired. None of them wanted to lose their jobs. It was not easy for them to get the jobs, which needed to beg the Hopkins family.

Nanny Faang took the lead to promise, "Mr. Hopkins, it will never happen again."

Patrick had no intention of punishing the servants. Even if he had always been strict with them, as long as they could promise not to do it again, he would simply stop pursuing it.

"Did Christina go to the company?"

He went upstairs and didn't see Christina just now. Patrick guessed that she had gone to work again.

Nanny Faang reported truthfully, "Junior Mrs. Hopkins has rarely gone to the company these days. She went to a friend's home." Christina often visited a friend these days, but Nanny Faang didn't know her friend's name.

Patrick's first thought was that she went to find Crystal. After all, Christina had rare friends. Her life circle was very simple, and Patrick had deliberately prevented her from meeting so many messy people.

But when Patrick called Christina, a low and hoarse male voice came over the line.

Patrick's expression froze instantly.

"Chubby is washing clothes." Derek looked at the caller ID and knew it was Patrick. He pressed the answer button and spoke bluntly.

Hearing Derek's voice, Patrick didn't know how to answer for a moment.

Christina's complaining voice came over the line. "Derek, how long has it been since you washed your clothes? You only wear new clothes every day. Look at this shirt. It costs hundreds of dollars but you threw it into garbage bags after wearing it once. Why not hire an hourly worker..."

"And when did these curtains and sheets become so dirty? Wasn't you a neat freak? Hurry up and help me clean them up!"

Then Derek raised his head dully and answered, "Okay."

He threw the phone back to the table although it was still on the line. Derek completely ignored the call and got up to help with the housework.

Patrick tightened his grip on the phone, and his expression gradually became gloomy. However, he could still hear the voices of Derek and Christina...

"Derek, What do you want now? You don't allow Larry into your apartment yet. Do you want me to deal with these? You're the most troublesome with so many quirks." Christina said angrily.

"Ask Larry to bring us afternoon tea and snacks. I'm hungry!"

"Okay." Derek was dilatory.

After a long time, Patrick hung up the phone without changing his expression.

Nanny Faang did not understand what had happened, but she noticed that Patrick was in a worse mood than before.

She asked cautiously, "Shall I ask a driver to pick her up?"

"No."

Patrick spoke in a cold voice.

The servants in the Eastern Garden were in a panic all afternoon. They looked up at the clock on the wall from time to time, hoping that Christina would come back as soon as possible.

Christina knew the rules of the Hopkins family. No matter how reluctant she was, she would rush back before 7 pm.

As soon as Nanny Faang saw Christina, she immediately told Christina that Patrick had rushed back from abroad at noon.

Christina immediately checked her call. Of course, there was a call from Patrick.

"I went to Derek's apartment to help clean up. He's very unreasonable. No outsiders are allowed in. His room is so messy that he can't clean them up alone."

When Christina went to the study, she saw Patrick. Instead of showing affection to him at the long-awaited reunion, Christina reported her itinerary to him as a routine.

She felt that there was no affair between her and Derek.

Patrick sat at his desk and continued to flip through the documents.

Seeing that Patrick ignored her, Christina thought for a moment and explained, "Maybe when you called me this afternoon, I was too busy to hear you. You don't have to be angry."

Christina knew Derek's character. If Derek noticed that there was a call, he would ignore it directly.

"Did I say I was angry?" Patrick stood up from the chair and stared at her.

Christina did not answer his question because of his depressing tone.

"How dare he say that he is not angry in such an unpleasant tone!" Christina thought.

She had a lot of pent-up depression these days. "I just went out to visit Derek. There is no need for you to be so unpleasant because we didn't do anything. It is nonsense to talk about married women and single men. Do you want me to recite the wifely submission and virtue? I'm too bored at home all day long. I don't want to be called a parasite..."

Patrick's expression was even gloomier. He stepped forward and asked Christina coldly, "Who called you parasite?"

Christina looked at the man who was so close to her and immediately shut up.

Patrick could tell by Christina's look that she was angry.

"Lassie..." Patrick made a start.

Christina overreacted and immediately retorted, "I didn't do it. It wasn't me anyway!"

"If it were me, I wouldn't have pushed her down behind her and hit her with a stone... If I really want to hit her, I will throw her over the shoulder and throw her into the cold pool." Christina was obviously aggrieved about others' harsh words these days.

Patrick listened to her speaking confidently. The woman was saying that she wanted to throw Lassie into the cold

pool.

Originally, Patrick was depressed. Looking at Christina's angry expression, he seemed not to be depressed anymore.

"Why don't you confront Lassie and grandpa with your fierce look?" Looking at her angry face, Patrick was a little amused. "You suffered a setback at their hands and lose your temper at me now."

"They thought I did it. No matter what I say, it's useless." Christina had been very aggrieved these days.

"If you encounter a setback, just face it. You won't solve the problem by hiding."

Patrick rarely talked to her about these general principles. He wanted Christina to lose her temper at him willfully, but he hoped that Christina would grow up.

It was dinner time in the Hopkins family.

Patrick led Christina to the dining hall of the Main Residence. Grandpa, Judy, and Brianna were all seated.

"Lassie's injury has nothing to do with Christina." As soon as Patrick sat down, he said directly.

As Mrs. Hopkins, Judy was furious. "Patrick, we still have to investigate it. Whether it has anything to do with her or not, we will find out soon..."

Judy had known that her son would protect Christina when he came back. But Patrick gave them a verdict as soon as he sat down, which made her feel uncomfortable.

"As I said, it has nothing to do with Christina." Patrick was very tough.

When seeing the stubbornness in Patrick's eyes, Old Master Hopkins was also a little unhappy. "Serve the dishes. Don't talk about it anymore."

Grandpa's attitude made Christina feel a little disappointed. It was clearly not her fault, but grandpa avoided talking about it and did not give her a chance to clarify. Such a vague attitude would only lead the servants to think that Christina had really done it.

"Christina didn't hurt Lassie."

Brianna, who had always been very quiet at the table, raised her head to argue for Christina and looked at Old Master Hopkins.

Christina looked at her in surprise.

Brianna's eyes were pure, and she repeated in a low voice, "Grandpa, Christina really didn't hurt Lassie." Her voice was soft and sweet.

Old Master Hopkins had always been patient with his obedient granddaughter, Brianna. Brianna had rarely spoken for others. Hearing her words, Old Master Hopkins frowned slightly.

Judy was a smart woman. She lived to her middle age and would rely mainly on her children for the rest of her life. Since Patrick and Brianna were both supporting Christina now, no matter how she disliked Christina, she would not oppose at this time.

"Dad, I asked Lassie carefully today. She said that someone pushed her down and picked up a stone to hit her leg... Then she fell to the ground and didn't see that perpetrator's appearance. She just felt that it was a woman."

When Old Master Hopkins heard it, he became embarrassed. "The perpetrator was not witnessed at that time. Why did Lassie say it was Christina? What a fool!"

Judy did not forget to intercede for Lassie. "She has never suffered in her life. The fracture really hurts. She was panicking and didn't explain it clearly."

After all, Lassie was his daughter, and she was lying in the hospital. Old Master Hopkins didn't say more.

Everyone ate quietly and did not mention it again.

Usually, Brianna was the first to finish eating and whispered to them, "I'll go back to my room." But tonight, she had her own dinner early, but she still sat upright like a very disciplined primary school student as if she was waiting for something.

When Christina and Patrick were about to leave the table after dinner, Brianna stepped forward hesitantly and said, "Ch... Christina."

Christina turned to look at her. "What's the matter?" Subconsciously, Christina was still on guard.

Brianna immediately ran to the window in the living room, took a small paper bag, and handed it to Christina. "Yes... Mrs. Stephenson made a lot of small cakes for us today. She asked me to bring one back for you."

Brianna's voice was sweet and lovely. She was like a primary school student reporting to an adult, trying to make it clear.

But Christina really didn't understand what Brianna was talking about.

"Crystal brought a lot of cakes to the company. She asked Brianna to bring you one." Patrick could easily understand what his sister wanted to say.

"Don't call her Mrs. Stephenson. Just call her Crystal." Patrick also reminded Brianna to change her address to Crystal.

Brianna looked at her brother and nodded. "Okay."

Christina listened to their conversation and took the cake. She was a little confused and was taken back to the

Eastern Garden by Patrick.

"Why are you so vigilant against Brianna?" Patrick noticed that Christina seemed not to like Brianna and was on guard.

"I think she's a little strange."

Christina didn't know what to say. Brianna looked really innocent just now and she seemed not to pretend at all. She was very different from the image of a villain that Christina had imagined before.

Christina lowered her head. Patrick looked down at Christina's side face. He admitted that he was selfish. Christina and Brianna had completely different personalities. He sometimes favored Brianna, his sister. But Christina was different. This woman often drove him crazy.

"Brianna is like Derek. They are simple and introverted..."

Before Patrick's words ended, Christina was a little excited. "No, Derek is completely different from her."

At this moment, Patrick seemed to realize that he might have overlooked something, or that he had underestimated Derek's importance in Christina's heart.



Super Like



Comment

0 Super Like

After Christina didn't go to the company, she kept going to see Derek.

Patrick didn't say anything about it, but the servants in the Eastern Garden, especially Nanny Faang, who watched Patrick grow up, could clearly feel that their Young Master Hopkins's dissatisfaction had been growing recently.

"Why do you keep calling Derek 'Eric'? It is really a strange nickname." Charles, who had disappeared for a long time, came to bother Christina again.

Christina was still very rude to him. "You're so idle. Why are you following me? I don't have time to talk to you." As she spoke, she went to the garage and prepared to drive to Derek's apartment.

"Christina, where are you going? I'll drive you there."

"No need." Christina immediately refused.

Charles came to Christina enthusiastically, but Christina was so cold to him, which made him extremely disappointed. Christina was spoiled by Patrick and always hectored. She was not polite at all.

If Patrick hadn't hinted at Charles to accompany Christina when he was drinking with him last night, Charles wouldn't have to waste his time on Christina.

Charles took advantage of his thick-skinned character and got directly into Christina's car. "Christina, you haven't told me why you called him 'Eric'?" Charles was particularly troubled by this problem.

Christina sat in the driver's seat and glared at Charles, but Charles didn't want to get out of the car at all. He didn't even move his butt in the passenger seat. He was determined to follow Christina today.

Christina had no choice but to let him follow her.

"You both like to call each other these nicknames, don't you?"

"What nonsense!" Christina was a little annoyed.

Charles raised his eyebrows and said, "Isn't that right? Derek calls you 'baby', and even Patrick didn't call you that. You call Derek 'Eric'? What does that mean? Does his dick as hard as a pillar? (Eric sounds like pillar in some languages.)"

"Charles, if you say one more word, I'll throw you in the middle of the highway!" Christina roared angrily.

Charles finally quieted down. He believed that Christina would really throw him onto the highway, and she even dared to take his cell phone away.

"I see. What I said just now was too harsh. I was just teasing you." Seeing that Christina was so furious, Charles immediately admitted his mistake. "I haven't seen you these days, so I'm just joking with you."

"You are so serious every time I mention Derek."

Charles was really a little unhappy and said sarcastically, "I heard that you thought Derek was so stupid that he wouldn't run away even if he was beaten up when he was a child. He stood and was beaten like a pillar, right? You have a deep relationship, and a stranger like me can only stand aside and think over what I should say."

Charles was a little jealous. The Shepherd family didn't have any daughters, and Charles liked to play with Christina very much. After all, Charles had gone through a lot together with Christina. When Derek appeared, Charles had no status in Christina's heart.

Even Charles was so jealous, it was conceivable that Patrick must have suffered internal injuries.

Christina drove straight to Derek's apartment.

Charles followed her out of the car, but he hesitated whether to go in. "Why does Derek stay in the house all day?" Charles thought that Derek was too decadent.

Christina took a few bags of daily necessities from the trunk of the car and said faintly, "He's sick."

"What's wrong with Derek? He hasn't recovered from his injury last time?"

Charles only asked casually, but Christina darkened her face and murmured, "He will be fine."

Seeing Christina's serious expression, Charles felt that Derek seemed to be seriously ill.

Christina had the key to Derek's apartment. Charles stood by and watched her open the door skillfully like the hostess. Then she put the daily necessities in the cupboard.

"Christina, does Patrick mind it?" Charles couldn't help but ask.

Christina continued to stand on tiptoe to sort out the cans and instant noodles she had bought in the cupboard. She threw away the expired food and said, "Charles, keep your voice down. Derek is sleeping now."

Charles said angrily, "Christina, you really shouldn't come to see Derek every day. It's not appropriate."

"I just came here last week, and I haven't been here for 10 days, but you said I came to see him every day. You spread these rumors as you want!" Christina didn't even look at Charles.

"Christina, I'm telling you this for your own good. Patrick loves you very much, and he's willing to let you do whatever you want, but men care more about extramarital affairs than women. You and Derek don't have any affairs now, but if you meet too frequently..."

Christina was so angry that she slammed the cupboard.

"What if! Did I complain anything about Patrick's affairs with Barbara and the other female secretaries? You guys

think women are your accessories, don't you? Did I marry into the Hopkins family to wait for the sunrise and sunset, and look forward for his coming to see me when he is free? I'm not happy at all in the Hopkins family. I had to obey the rules all day. Now he even doubts me when I come out to see a friend. Does he ever thinks about my feelings?"

Charles was shocked. He had never expected that Christina would be so irritated.

She said that she was unhappy in the Hopkins family.

A thin figure slowly came out of the living room of the apartment. Derek was woken up by the noise of their quarrel. He was wearing a light blue nightgown and looked at Christina.

"Baby." He called Christina in a hoarse voice.

Christina turned to look at him and immediately walked over, saying softly, "I've told you not to wear this kind of strapped nightgown. You will catch a cold and have a fever. You have to wear those nightgowns with high collar and buttons."

Derek's nightgown was a little loose, and his upper chest was exposed. Christina naturally reached out to tug at it for him. Derek just stood there and let her do that.

"What's your temperature now?" Christina put her hand on his forehead.

Derek said frankly, "I don't know."

Christina was a little angry. "Go to get the thermometer. It's by your bedside. It was 38 degrees yesterday before I left."

"Okay." Derek turned round and went to his bedroom to look for the thermometer.

Charles was very surprised to see this scene. Derek was like an obedient baby.

Derek was an outstanding and stunning man with fair skin, deep blue eyes, and a slender figure. Even Mrs. Shepherd praised Derek several times for his handsome appearance.

Now Derek even spoke in a such gentle voice. Charles watched Christina rummage the medicine box under the coffee table. With such a close friend staying beside her, Christina probably would never fall in love with any man at first sight in her life.

Suddenly, Charles understood why Christina was not interested in other men.

She had been facing such a handsome man since she was a child, and Derek was very obedient to her, so other men could never arouse her interests.

Charles realized something. "No wonder even Patrick is not confident."

Though Christina and Derek did not do anything ambiguous, there seemed to be an invisible wall separating them

from the outside world. They had a tacit understanding, and no one could interfere with their deep feelings.

With Patrick's character of controlling the overall situation and absolute possessiveness, Derek's existence was like an untouchable string to Patrick. If Derek accidentally crossed the line and touched it, Patrick won't tolerate it.

"Derek's temperature is only 38 degrees. You really don't have to come to see him every day." On the way back, Charles kept saying this.

"He has more than a low fever." Christina was driving and didn't want to say anything more.



Super Like



Comment

0 Super Like

Chapter 461

Charles deliberately told Old Master Hopkins that those rich ladies were inclined to choose Christiana as the charity chairman.

"This is a good thing to learn, it's good for you to learn how to organize charity with them..." Old Master Hopkins concluded, which made Christina have to make contact with those rich women.

"Charles knew I didn't like to deal with those women, but now grandpa asked me to do charity. I don't know what to do now and I don't want to go."

Christina was a little angry and complained to Patrick at night.

"Didn't you say it was too boring staying at home? You could just make friends outside and learn something as if you were hanging out?" Patrick seemed to agree with this matter.

Christina could not refute, and she did not dare to disobey grandpa.

But she was not good at organizing the charity. The next day, some socialites invited her out for coffee and chatted about the progress of the charity project. Christina acted like a stone statue all day, wasting her time listening to their chatter.

She didn't get down to business. Instead, she heard a lot of secrets about rich families, for example, a man and his sister-in-law secretly hooked up and someone married a rich businessman by pretending to be pregnant.

"Mrs. Halper made an appointment with us tomorrow. Mr. Halper is in the shipping business. Let's talk to them about charity. Mr. He will donate a lot of money when he sees Christina working so hard to raise money for charity."

To put it bluntly, they wanted to use the fame of the Hopkins family to make these rich people donate money more generously.

Christina was annoyed. No wonder as soon as they met her, they put forth an effort to choose her as the chairman. She was a simpleton who had been used.

"Patrick, I don't like these charities. They're so hypocritical."

She had been on the run all day before returning home. She was so busy today that she didn't even have time to call Derek. She rushed to the study to complain to Patrick without having dinner.

"It's enough to get what we want." Patrick only replied to her like this.

It was obvious that he had long known the essence of the so-called charity.

Christina doubted, "Patrick, are you deliberately fooling me?" He knew that she was incompatible with those women, but asked her to deal with them.

Patrick put down the pen in his hand, looked up at her, and suddenly fell silent.

"What are you looking at?"

Christina felt a little awkward for him to keep silent and gaze at her quietly.

Patrick pondered over for a while, and then said slowly, "I was thinking whether you would like the job of just being my wife?"

Being his wife was a job?

Christina gave a puzzled glance at him. What kind of question was this?

Patrick gazed at the woman before him and reached out to pull her to sit on his lap.

Although he looked cold, his eyes were soft. He said slowly in a low voice, "If you are just my wife, you won't have to run out. I was wondering if you would feel bored in that case."

In fact, Patrick did not want her to go out for those so-called charities, nor did he want her to deal with those socialites, which made her unhappy.

Christina didn't overthink and asked, "Do you want me to work in the IP&G Group like Barbara?"

He told her calmly, "For me, a colleague is always a colleague. Don't you know I separate my family, my sister, from my wife very well?"

Christina gazed at him in a daze.

To be honest, she didn't really know the man in front of her, though he was her husband.

In the corner of her eye, she glanced at a large stack of documents on his desk. These were the secrets of many projects within the company, and there were many emails on his laptop that needed to be replied to.

"Patrick, aren't you tired from work?" It was the first time she had cared about his work.

It seemed that nothing in his daily work and life could make him feel hard.

Patrick pinched her nose and complained to her on purposed, "If I'm tired, I'll go home. Then I'll see that you look angry and are ready to lose your temper with me."

Hearing what he said, Christina felt a little complicated and moved, but she said stubbornly, "How could I lose my temper with you?"

She put her arms around him and pressed her head on his shoulder. Suddenly, Christina felt that she had too many thoughts and was very ungrateful. Maybe this was the life she needed to endure after marrying him.

Christina sighed, "It's so boring to be your wife."

When Patrick heard her words, he put his arm around her waist and laughed.

Christina had been very busy with charity recently.

There were too many projects that needed to be funded, such as projects to fund the poor children, the orphans, and the left-behind elderly in the villages. Every day, there were a lot of proposals placed in front of her, the so-called chairman.

Recently, Patrick also went out on a business trip, so both of them were very busy.

Christina had no time to think about the meaning of life as before, and Old Master Hopkins praised her for the charity activities.

In fact, Christina still didn't like this kind of work, but she had to keep telling herself that there was nothing unsatisfactory. She was already living a very happy life compared to others.

Besides, she disliked attending the so-called meetings.

The meetings were gatherings of a group of rich ladies who had no place to spend money. They would go to the beauty salon for a spa or stay together to enjoy tea, try new desserts, gossip, and then think about which rich person could donate money.

"I don't understand. Is there something wrong with her head? She married such a good man, but she's still not satisfied."

Today was the day of the meeting again. Christina listened expressionlessly to their heated discussion about the rumors in their social circle.

"Although Mr. Lannan is busy, he goes out to work without having a love affair stealthily. His wife carried on a clandestine love affair with the male servant who was cutting the lawn at home. I heard that Mr. Lannan came back early from his business trip, and caught Mrs. Liu having an affair with that servant. It's humiliating."

"I heard about this too. Mrs. Lannan was a model before getting married, and she is gorgeous. Her husband was very generous to her, and he bought her a luxury car worth more than 800 million dollars as a birthday present. However, she had sex with that servant in the car. My goodness, she's finished."

"I think there must be some inside stories. Mrs. Lannan must have some unspeakable secrets. Otherwise, why did she do this? She isn't a simpleton."

Christian heard them gossiping that a rich lady had cheated on her husband.

She didn't say anything and just listened quietly, trying to blend into this upper-class circle.

These women exclaimed in unison, "It's not easy for us even if we look gorgeous."

Suddenly, one of the rich ladies turned to Christina with envious eyes, "Christina, you must live a happy life."

Christina didn't know why they began to talk about her. Did she look happy after she was forced to attend such a boring meeting?

Another lady immediately interjected, "I've always wanted to go to the Hopkins Residence in person. Is your residence massive? I heard that there seem to be many villas with small golf courses inside. Are there hundreds of servants in your house?"

The lady looked very curious, and Christina smiled awkwardly, "I don't know how many people there are." She didn't need to remember these things.

Suddenly, their enthusiasm surged.

"Christina, can I ask what are Patrick's preferences?"

"What does he usually like to eat, what kind of movies he likes, or does he have any special preferences on collections?"

Mrs. Capener was very excited. In order to be polite, she immediately added, "I don't mean anything else. Really, I'm just curious."

As she spoke, her cheeks blushed slightly from excitement and she recalled some teenage memory.

"Because my father and some elders around me often mention him. I saw Patrick a few times when I was young. He didn't like to be disturbed, so I didn't dare to chat with him."

Since Mrs. Capener began the topic, another lady continued.

"When I was a child, I followed my father to parties and saw Old Master Hopkins attend with Patrick from afar. Although he was a child, he had a specific temperament in the suit and was always very easy to be the center of attention. Besides, Patrick seemed to play the piano very well. My useless brother had always wanted to be friends with Patrick, but he didn't dare talk to Patrick. And I could only hide behind my brother."

As she spoke, she was filled with memories and regrets.

Christina was a little surprised.

She knew that there must be a lot of women secretly admiring Patrick, but she didn't expect there were this many, and they had a crush on Patrick since he was young.

Patrick was very popular.

"He doesn't have any hobbies and doesn't collect anything. Besides, he is not fussy about food. I don't know anything else." Christina replied generously.

But they felt a little disappointed.

Perhaps Christina's answers were brief, these ladies didn't make further detailed inquiries because they were worried that she felt uncomfortable about their questions.

Mrs. Mellish, sitting in the corner in a long purple dress, was drinking a cocktail in a bad mood. Maybe stimulated by the alcohol, she suddenly shouted at Christina.

"There are some things in this world that we can't envy. Christina, you are lucky to meet Patrick. There is no regret even if you break up one day."

"What about me? I fucking married an ugly and fat geezer in his 50's. He has to take medicine to have sex with me at night. Besides, he has a few mistresses outside. Anyway, I don't take him seriously, and we have been separate lives now. If he touch me at night, I would feel disgusted. If it weren't for the money, I would have run away!"

Drunkenness revealed what soberness concealed. Many of them married for money and luxury lives. They admitted that they were vain, but they were willing to give up love for living a better life.

Christina listened to them complaining as if no matter how beautiful the world looked, there would always be something distressed.

In Patrick's words, she could learn some social skills by participating in these charity activities. Christina did learn some kind of worldly wisdom now.

On Saturday, Crystal asked her out to go shopping.

In a cafe, Crystal heard what Christina said about the chat among those rich ladies and couldn't help punching the table with a laugh.

"Haha, I can't stand it. It's so funny."

"If Patrick knew that you have learned such things from those women, he must have a funny expression."

Seeing Crystal laughing with delight, Christina was depressed, "He asked me to participate in those meetings."



Super Like



Comment

0 Super Like



"I feel my life very boring," Christina said something to her friend, "Crystal, do you think I'm a little too avaricious?"

Crystal looked at her and felt that Christina had always been in high spirits. Now Christina looked like a wilted rose, which was languid.

"Do you think life in the Hopkins family is too fixed and boring?"

Christina lowered her head and stirred her milky tea, not knowing how to express it for a moment.

"It's just... I feel like I will just live my life like this. For example, I don't like doing that kind of charity... But the granddaughter-in-law of the Hopkins family should get in touch with those people. I feel like I'm going to keep forcing myself to do these."

Finally, she whispered to herself, "...This is really not the life I want."

But now Christina was doing well, she should also be satisfied.

"What about the twins?" Crystal suddenly mentioned the children and suggested, "You can spend more time taking care of them, so you won't think about these things."

Marrying into the Hopkins family should be something that many women would envy and Christina should be satisfied, but she always looked downhearted and unhappy.

Christina was aggrieved hearing this, "Stay with the children? Don't even think about it."

"Grandpa stuck to his heir's education model... He said that mothers shouldn't have too much contact with their children and that they would be affected and would lack tenacity. Now, I just go to see them occasionally at most."

Christina was not particularly against the grandfather's education method. Patrick grew up like this and he was so outstanding now. It would be more beneficial for the children to grow up like Patrick.

Christina poked at the mousse cake on her desk with the fork and remembered something. She looked up at Crystal, "You've been taking cakes to the company to your colleagues these days. Do you have nothing to do?"

"Crystal, how are you doing in the Stephenson family?"

Christina rarely heard Crystal complain. Crystal was much more mature than her.

Hearing her question, Crystal smiled, "It's fine."

"By the way, you like children so much. Why don't you and Chandler do some pregnancy preparation?" Christina did not understand this.

"Hurry up and have a child. Tell you what, now that you're married and have a marriage certificate, you should have

a baby as soon as possible. Anyway, that pain was unavoidable, why not get through it while you're young, or you'll suffer more when you're older."

Crystal still smiled gently, but sadness flashed through her eyes. She lowered her head and pretended to get some tissues from her bag, then she looked up and smiled again.

"It's okay. We plan to have children in a few years."

Christina continued, "Actually, I don't think you have much enthusiasm for work. I thought you were more willing to be a housewife."

Being seen through what she was thinking about, Crystal stirred her coffee cup and muttered, "You're right, I actually prefer to stay at home as a housewife."

Christina suddenly felt that Crystal was not that happy in the Stephenson family.

"Is there something wrong?" She asked with concern.

Crystal hesitated for a moment. She hadn't sat down and chatted with Christina for so long. She felt uncomfortable after holding it in her heart for a long time, so she simply burst out and told it all to Christina today.

"Erica lives in the Stephenson family now," Crystal said in a low voice.

Christina's face was full of surprise, "What?"

"Are you kidding? You mean that Erica, Chandler's ex-wife, lives in the Stephenson family now. What do you mean?" Erica, an ex-wife, still lived in Stephenson's house. It was ridiculous.

"Actually, it's not that complicated. I just heard that Erica quarreled with her ex-boyfriend. The man would be violent when he was drunk. They quarreled and fought and even went to the police station. She called Chandler to pick her up. Afraid that the man would pester her, he arranged for her to stay at Stephenson's house for the time being."

Crystal spoke coolly about what had happened, and there was no emotion on her face.

Christina frowned and felt that this was a little inappropriate, "Anyhow, Erica is his ex-wife. You've already married Chandler. Why doesn't he find a house to settle her down?"

An ex-wife and a current wife crowded in the same house. It must be very unpleasant for them to meet.

Crystal seemed to be very sensible and smiled, "That's okay."

"Now I'm busy with work. I used to find a nanny at home, but Erica said recently that she wanted to learn how to cook, so there's no need for a nanny. She's helping with some housework at home, so I've been very free recently... And Geoffrey likes her."

She bit the corner of her lips and smiled bitterly as if comforting herself, "It's good that everyone is happy."

Christina could tell from the way she looked that she was feeling uncomfortable. Crystal was used to compromising.

"You and Chandler have already got your marriage licenses, and the Stephenson family is now your home. There's no need for you to be so tolerant."

Christina taught her to be more aggressive, "You're the hostess of that house. You have to think for yourself. If you don't want Erica at home, just tell Chandler that you can find a house for Erica."

Christina really didn't understand it.

Erica was just an ex-wife. Why did the Stephenson family treat her so well and clean up Erica's mess time and time again?

Crystal took a sip of the bitter coffee in silence and didn't know how to say it to Chandler.

Once she mentioned it, it would seem that she was forcing Geoffrey to leave Erica, and she could not bear to do that.

In fact, before she married Stephenson, she had a sense of guilt that she had interfered in destroying Erica and Geoffrey's family, but the truth was that Chandler and Erica could not get along and had already divorced. The main problem was that the Stephenson family and Erica had always been keeping in contact.

Crystal, the current wife, looked like an outsider now.

"If I told Erica not to live in the Stephenson family, maybe they would think I was a little selfish." Crystal lowered her head. In fact, there was a lot of confusion on her face.

Christina was very dissatisfied. "Bullshit. Erica is selfish. She doesn't care about your feelings at all."

Christina said it bluntly, then thought about it and immediately suggested, "I think you should hurry up and have a child of your own with Chandler. In this way, the Stephenson family won't have to focus on Geoffrey and Erica all day long. You're the current wife!"

About having a child,

Crystal really wanted it.

It was just that Chandler had mentioned that Geoffrey was in primary school and was still young. If she gave birth to a younger brother or sister, he was afraid that Geoffrey would not be able to accept it, so they kept contraception...

For her own little happiness, Crystal should fight for it. Looking at Christina's determined eyes, Crystal also encouraged herself, "Okay, I'll discuss it with him tonight..."

At this moment, Christina's phone suddenly rang.

"Where are the keys to Derek's apartment?"

It was Larry. He said that Derek wouldn't let him in, so he wanted to ask Christina for the key.

Ever since Christina went to work on the charity project, she had been so busy that she had no time to get together with Crystal. She hadn't been to Derek's place for a few days.

"I put the key in a storage box on the ground floor. The password is 1314XX. Did Derek have a fever? I called him but he gave me a perfunctory answer..."

Christina asked, but Larry didn't want to reply to her and just said coldly, "Junior Mrs. Hopkins, you don't have to worry."

Then, Larry hung up on her.

Christina was angry and

scolded him, "He's half a hundred years old. With such a bad temper at this age, no wonder he can't find a wife."

Crystal listened and smiled, then asked about Derek, "I haven't seen Derek for a long time. Larry seems to care about him very much."

"There's no one around Derek..." Christina muttered in a low voice.

Although she was sometimes very angry with Larry's bad temper, Christina was still very grateful for uncle Larry to accompany Derek. Otherwise, Derek would have been even more dissocial.

"I'm going to see Derek tomorrow."

Hearing this, Crystal thought that tomorrow was Sunday and she didn't have to work, so she blurted out, "I'll go with you..." Crystal admired Derek, the male god very much and thought seeing the handsome guy was especially pleasing.

However, "Will Derek let me into his apartment?" Crystal had ever been in contact with him for some time and knew that this male god had many strange habits.

Without thinking, Christina agreed directly, "It's okay. I'll take you in."

Crystal had sudden enlightenment. Yes, if Christina brought her in, Derek would definitely not be able to refuse.

Ever since they knew each other, Derek had always granted whatever is requested by Christina.

The two of them were really special childhood friends. The girl was fierce and the boy was obedient.

Crystal suddenly smiled and understood why Christina began to participate in those charities recently. If it was in the past, Patrick would not have agreed.

It was probably because of Derek's appearance.

Which husband would like his wife to always run to another man's house? No matter how generous he was, he would feel uncomfortable. Especially that Christina and Derek were childhood sweethearts and there were many memories of childhood that outsiders could not get involved in.

"Christina, if you don't want to participate in those socialites' activities... before you mention it to Patrick, you have to put in a little effort to coax him."

Crystal felt that it was necessary to talk to Christina about the art of controlling husbands. "Ha-ha, everyone knows. If you make the men at home happy, everything will be easy. "It's better for women to learn to give in."

Christina didn't take it seriously. Coaxing him?

After thinking about it, Christina thought it didn't have to be so troublesome.... "Patrick is easy to coax."

Leaving the coffee shop, they took a taxi to the business street.

"I'll buy some daily necessities, and Chandler's razor was broken by Geoffrey. I want to buy him a new one."

Crystal asked Christina, "Do you have anything to buy?"

"The housekeeper will arrange for the daily necessities at home... Vegetables and fruits are delivered regularly every day..." To put it simply, Christina was like a parasite and made no contribution at all.

Crystal suddenly realized that no wonder Christina said it was too boring at home.

Home, if you don't need to take care of it yourself, it would be just like staying in a high-end star hotel and lacking a sense of belonging.

Crystal asked again, "Didn't Patrick ask you to take care of his dressing every day after you got married?"

Christina told the truth, "His clothes are custom-made and sent over every month. Nanny Faang takes care of his daily life."

Crystal chuckled, "Then how do you arrange your time every day..."

It seemed that no matter how competent Patrick was at work outside, he was really not good at dealing with the trivial matters of marriage in life.

If she wanted Christina to have a sense of belonging and like the job of being a wife, in fact, he only needed to let her take care of some simple things at home herself. There was no need for her to go out to participate in any charity with those women that Christina disliked.

Patrick really had put in a lot of effort to arrange his wife's life, which was quite understandable.



Super Like



Comment

0 Super Like

The taxi pulled over. Christina and Crystal got out of the car and walked towards the most bustling business street in the east of the city.

Crystal chose a man's suit and walked to the cashier, she threw her credit card on the table, ignoring its price and discount. Christina looked at her in astonishment.

She was shocked by Crystal's change after marriage.

Before getting married, Crystal liked to use coupons. She used to say that bargaining was the pleasure of shopping.

"Crystal, you paid by your card." Christina felt it was necessary to remind her.

Crystal answered calmly, "I know."

After a few seconds, she spent more than 5,000 dollars on a tie.

Seeing that Crystal squandered her money like this, Christina sighed, "If my memory serves me right, you said that it was your retirement savings."

It was not a big deal for someone who was born rich, but it was hard for Crystal to get rid of her habit of frugality. Christina didn't expect Crystal became a squander now.

The waitress in the shop packed what Crystal had bought and handed them to Crystal with a smile.

Generous customers were popular in such shops. The waitress also provided her with a platinum VIP card, saying, "Mrs. Zhu, you have good taste. Our brand clothes are made by foreign designers. Our factory is in Holland, and all the branches around the globe have the same after-sale service. Please call our hotline whenever you need. We will provide service at your home."

Crystal was a frequent visitor. She took the exquisite paper bags and said with a hearty smile, "My husband likes the designers very much. The size fits him well. If he gains some weight later, I will come to buy some bespoke suits."

"Mrs. Zhu, you're a good wife. Your husband is so lucky." The waitress flattered.

Crystal gave her a knowing smile and left.

After getting out of the men's store, Crystal pulled Christina to an electric appliances store, "The razor Chandler likes is rare in our country. I don't know if it's available here."

Christina could do nothing but follow her. Crystal bought many things for Chandler. It seemed that buying gifts for others made her happier.

"Are you feeling okay to spend so much money?"

Christina remembered that she would be upset for several days every time she bought a pair of expensive shoes. After that, she used to tighten her belt and go on a diet. Otherwise, she wouldn't forgive herself.

"I don't know. I think it's easy to buy things for others. I don't have to worry so much. I just want to buy them."

Crystal told her the truth and blushed, saying, "Chandler gives me some private money every month, and I don't spend half a cent on anything in the Stephenson family. I should buy something for them."

Christina could tell from Crystal's flushed cheeks that she loved Chandler very much.

Moreover, Crystal was remarkable for her sweet temper. She was stingy to herself but generous to others. She was the one who believed that giving was better than receiving.

She liked to give more to others. What a silly girl!

"I know you are nice to others. Please be kind to yourself." Christina laughed at her, "You dote on Chandler too much. What if he wants more in the future?"

"I'm not doting on him," Crystal blushed.

"Every woman wants to buy as many things as she can for her man after they get married."

Christina looked at her in astonishment. "But I didn't buy anything for Patrick." After thinking for a long time, she couldn't remember what she had bought for him.

Crystal was confused, "What? Are you serious?"

Christina answered, "Patrick didn't give me anything either. We have got everything at home. Nanny Faang will take care of domestic affairs."

Crystal felt that Patrick was not romantic. When Chandler was out on business, he often brought her some gifts or wrote some letters.

"Patrick is too busy. He can't waste time on trivial things, but you can buy some clothes for him. He will be very happy." Crystal patted her on the shoulder and gave her a meaningful smile.

Christina thought that it was a good idea.

"If I buy him many clothes, will Patrick agree that I don't have to go to parties with those rich ladies? I don't like it."

Christina was good at squandering money. Without hesitation, she swiped Patrick's secondary card for everything.

At the sight of this, Crystal reminded her, "Do you need to ask him about his likes before you buy them?" Christina had bought so many clothes that the waitress said that they would offer home delivery.

With that said, Christina took some pictures of the suits and sent them to Patrick's WhatsApp, but he didn't reply

for a few minutes. It was typical of him. He didn't like to check his phone.

"Don't worry about that. Patrick will like them." With that said, Christina paid for them by card.

It was the weekend, so there were a lot of people on the street. Having been shopping for a long time, they were tired at this moment. They decided to have a rest in the restaurant nearby. Just then, they caught sight of an acquaintance.

Christina shouted, "Is that Charles?" A man had walked into the bar. She felt it was a familiar figure.

"Let him take us to dinner."

She wouldn't be nice to Mr. Shepherd. Christina grabbed Crystal's arm and stepped into the bar after him.

They were not familiar with the layout of the bar, and it was dim inside. They couldn't find Charles for a moment.

"Miss, do you want to drink or to look for someone?"

A bar staff asked. He knew what they were not frequent visitors. Their dresses and shopping bags told him that they came here to look for someone, not drinking.

"Look for someone." Christina looked around and asked, "Where is the man who came in a few seconds ago? He has short dark brown hair. He wears a dark blue suit."

"What? Are you looking for Mr. Shepherd?" The young waiter was shocked. After hesitating for a while, he continued, "Mr. Shepherd is busy now. Please wait for a moment. I'll tell him."

"Miss, your belongings can be kept here." Hearing that they came here for Mr. Shepherd, another waiter walked over to greet them.

In the shopping bag was a red woolen sweater. It was the same color as Santa Claus. She felt that it would be very funny if Patrick wore it. It was her way to tease him. All the other clothes would be sent to the Hopkins family by the store.

"Thank you. But I'll take this one myself." She didn't want to stay here too long.

The waiter looked at them with curiosity. After giving them two glasses of juice, the waiter returned to his work.

Crystal leaned closer to Christina and whispered with a smile, "Perhaps they think we are Charles's ex-girlfriends who come to mess him up. I can tell from their eyes!"

Christina frowned. "Do you mean they want us to wait here for nothing? Waste our time?" She knew the tricks Charles used to send his ex-girlfriends away. He just ignored them.

They guessed right. After twenty minutes, Charles didn't show up.

After losing her patience, Christina walked around angrily, "When I find Charles, he will be in trouble!"

Crystal followed her and sniggered, "Mr. Shepherd would be in great trouble."

Although the two girls had never been to this bar before, they guessed that Charles must have booked the most expensive private room. That was why they headed to the VIP area.

At the end of the corridor, the door of the penultimate VIP room stood ajar.

A familiar voice came from inside. "I said to Old Master Hopkins that she could do charity work. It was for her good." It was Charles.

Christina and Crystal quickened their steps. They planned to break in and scare him. To their surprise, Chandler was also in the private room, chatting with Charles.

"Did Patrick tell you to pester Christina so that she had no time to go out with Derek?" Chandler said mischievously.

Charles sighed, "Yes, he doesn't like it, but no one can persuade her. That was why he managed to let her do the charity work."

A girl interrupted, "Why didn't Patrick tell her face to face?"

Charles gasped, "She has a bad temper. She will make a fuss."

Chandler told the girl gently, "Patrick doesn't want her to know that he doesn't trust her. Yesterday, he asked me to install many hidden cameras in the Hopkins family. The lotus pond, Christina's favorite place, has the most."

"Why?" The girl was curious.

"Something happened in the Hopkins family. It seemed that Christina hurt Ms. Hopkins."

There was a bang.

The door was kicked open. Christina clutched the shopping bag in her right hand and looked at them with a clouded face.

The sound scared Charles and Chandler. They immediately looked at the door, only to see Christina and Crystal. They were shocked this time.

Christina was too incensed to speak, gritting her teeth. Charles looked at her with a guilty look, "Christina, why are you here? Did Patrick ask you to come over?"

Christina glared at them in silence.

At the sight of Erica, Crystal, who was behind Christina, was speechlessly amazed.

Chandler took Erica out to drink and chat with Charles.

Crystal was in a state of mental confusion. There was a glass of foreign wine in front of Chandler, which was a high-proof liqueur. As usual, she stepped forward and said, "You have chronic stomach trouble. I have told you not to drink."

"We want to have fun. It's okay to have a tiny glass. Otherwise, it will ruin the enjoyment." Erica answered before Chandler could say something.

Hearing her words, Crystal didn't know what to say. She had mixed feelings.

Was that the reason why Chandler didn't bring her out to meet his friends? Did he think she would ruin the enjoyment and embarrass him?

Thinking of this, Crystal looked at Chandler with disappointment. Sitting next to Erica, Chandler asked, "Why are you here?"

Crystal tried to control her anger, "Why can't we here?"

It was awkward right now.

To clear the air of tension, Charles walked forward with a smile. "Sit down. Did you go shopping just now? What have you bought? Patrick will be here in a while. Are you hungry? I'll order something for you."

Before he could finish, there was the sound of feet from outside.

Christina looked gloomy. She turned around and was about to leave.

"Where are you going?"

Patrick came face to face with her, but she brushed past him with a straight face.

Christina was in temper, so she passed him with a sullen face. Patrick stretched out his arm to grab her wrist, only to tear the brown paper bag in her right hand. As a result, he saw the woolen sweater she had bought for him.

The bright red sweater was eye-catching.

"What are you looking at? I bought it for Derek!" Christina shouted angrily. She immediately pulled it back and held it in her arms. It seemed that she didn't want Patrick to touch it.

Patrick frowned at her.

On hearing her words, Charles, Chandler, and Erica came out. Seeing that Christina and Patrick were quarreling, they remained silent. No one dared to make a sound.