

[In the Club.]

Patrick didn't like to participate in social gatherings made up of people from many backgrounds. He did not have so many casual acquaintances. But he was not that isolated or lonely. He met most of his friends during boxing in the club, practicing shooting, and horse racing in suburbs.

Patrick arrived at the club and went straight to the boxing stage for two rounds of games. He had short black hair and his forehead was covered in sweat. He fought for more than 50 minutes, then took off his gloves and shook hands with his opponent. After that, he went to the bathroom to shower and change into a new suit. Then he came out.

Many people were watching from the audience. Charles looked at the other player in blue who had just stepped down from the stage. Seeing that his left face was bruised, Charles smiled and handed him a glass of Brandy.

"Bad lucky today," Charles spoke bluntly and teased this friend with a smile.

He took the glass, drank it in one gulp, and took a deep breath. He then shook his head and pretended he was in pain, "Patrick is in a bad mood tonight."

Tonight, he boxed with Patrick for two rounds, which was so exhausting. In the final stage of the game, he couldn't bear it anymore. Before he realized it, his cheeks were punched by Patrick and got bruised.

Charles laughed, "I escaped a disaster. Fortunately, this idiot came on stage to take the blows. Otherwise, I would suffer tonight."

Charles laughed gloatingly, then he was punched in the stomach by the man and screamed.

They frequented this club a lot. Men were under great pressure at work. Apart from going to noisy bars and nightclubs, some people especially liked to vent in the sports area. They were old friends.

As a married man with a wife and a child, Chandler came a little later and missed the boxing just now. However, looking at Charles's sly smile, he could roughly guess something.

"Did Patrick and Christina quarrel?"

Chandler sat down. The seasoned bartender at the bar counter served him a cocktail of low alcohol concentration. His wife did not allow him to drink wine with a high concentration of alcohol. After listening to it many times, he really listened to it and gradually developed a habit of it.

Charles was a single bachelor, and he did not have a wife restricting him. He then ordered another glass of Brandy.

He took a sip. It was cold and chill. He then said straightforwardly, "Chandler, you're wrong. It wasn't that Patrick quarreled with Christina."

"If you see that Patrick is in a bad mood, it must be that he quarreled with Christina. You should say it the other way around, when did Patrick quarrel with anyone? It's all Christina's fault, that witch..."

Charles kept spitting. Then he looked up and saw Patrick had already come out of the bathroom for a shower. Patrick had changed into new clothes. Charles quickly shut up and took another sip as if nothing had happened.

Chandler pursed his lips and smiled when he saw Charles behave so cowardly.

Many women believed that when men were gathering together, they must do drinking, smoking, and talk about women. It was indeed so. But when men got together to talk about their wives, it was actually more amusing than watching many comedies.

Patrick sat down and glanced at them without saying anything. The experienced bartender served him wine very skillfully.

Patrick was the owner of the club, and a lot of the treasured wine at the bar was reserved for him. Once Lucy dared to steal one of the bottles and drink it, people in the whole club had been nervous for half a month.

It turned out that Patrick was a very generous boss, or rather, he would not care about such a trivial matter at all. He rarely flew into a rage, but it was rare to see him laughing happily. The staff of the club were afraid of him and also respected him deeply.

Therefore, the bartender was particularly curious about the "Christina" mentioned by Charles and others during the talking. As he served them wine, he pricked up his ears to listen to some internal gossip and wanted to know more about the "proprietress."

"Patrick, I'll teach you a way to deal with women. It always works out."

Charles was drinking and was in a high spirit. Everyone was having a good time at the club. He decided to teach Patrick some private skills, "If a woman suddenly makes trouble out of no reason, then ignore her for three days. At most seven days, then they will give in."

Charles's girlfriends used to be like this. If they were angry, he would leave them alone for a few days, and then they would be obedient.

Patrick turned to look at him, frowning slightly, as if he was really thinking about the feasibility of this plan.

Chandler looked at them and couldn't help laughing, "Charles, don't be full of bad ideas."

"What a bad idea? I've been through a lot of love battles." Charles spoke confidently, "If you ignore a woman for a few days, she will reflect on themselves..."

"But there is not a single one called Christina, among all your batches of girlfriends. Haha..." Chandler felt that his approach was unreliable.

Patrick soon understood that Charles's moves against women were unreliable, or at least they were useless to Christina.

Patrick felt that it was practically dreaming if he wanted to let Christina reflect on herself.

Last night Christina acted with such confidence and refused to let him sleep in the bedroom. She threw the pillow at him and refused to share the same bed with him.

Christina slammed the door angrily and shouted for him to reflect on himself.

Patrick frowned at the thought of his wife at home. It was impossible to tell these brothers about his family matters. It was a matter of male dignity. He continued to remain silent and took another sip from his glass.

Seeing that Patrick was silent, Charles then looked at Chandler, who was smiling gently. Both Patrick and Chandler were all married men. How could they be so different?

"Anyway, Crystal really has a good temper. When Erica lived in the Stephenson family, she didn't say a word. If it was Christina, she would have torn down your Stephenson family."

Charles sighed for a moment. He felt that whether a man was happy after marriage might depend on what kind of wife he married.

"Christina and Crystal are obviously good friends. Why are their characters so far apart? Haven't they been assimilated after being together for so long?"

Chandler reacted strongly, "Stop joking. If Crystal becomes like Christina..."

"How's Christina?"

Patrick, who had been silent for a long time, suddenly looked up and asked coldly. He was looking at Chandler with deep eyes.

Chandler was shocked and did not come back to his senses. He felt a little scared by being gazed at so suddenly.

Charles was enjoying the wine at ease. When he heard Patrick's sudden question, he was also stunned. A mouthful of spirit was stagnant in his throat, and he was choked uncomfortably. He then coughed... Without considering manners, he grabbed the napkin on the table and almost got choked by the wine.

The bartender had been eavesdropping. Their boss had always been serious and indifferent, and now he suddenly defended his wife like this.

After resuming calmness, he then also felt a little amusing. The crystal glass in his hand was out of grasp and fell to the ground with a clang. The crisp sound eased Chandler's embarrassment.

"I'm sorry."

The bartender apologized to them and pretended he did not hear what they were talking about. The bartender then lowered his head to pick up the broken pieces.

Charles knew the bartender very well and immediately winked at him to change the subject.

The bartender was very helpless. He came out to make his own in society and naturally he didn't want to offend these powerful people. He had to force himself to speak to Patrick, "Lucy said that she didn't know why the proprietress wanted to investigate Miss Brianna."

Charles quickly answered, "What happened between Christina and Brianna? Are they not on good terms?"

Chandler had always disliked Crystal spending too much time with Christina. After all, not every family could afford to support a daughter-in-law like Christina.

No matter how wild and undisciplined Christina was, she was Patrick's wife. Anyone could not possibly reason with a man who wanted to protect his wife.

"Didn't Brianna almost become your wife of the Shepherd family?"

Chandler helped to change the topic. If they wanted to scold Christina in the future, they had to do it indirectly in a subtle way.

"The last time Lassie and the others came to my home and mentioned the blind date to my mother, they almost scared me to death. I don't understand why they wanted to set us up." Charles was still a little frightened to think of that.

If he really married Brianna, he would be quite bored in the future.

Charles told Patrick the truth, "Your auntie Lassie has bad intentions. Though she claimed she came to talk about marriage on behalf of the Hopkins family, she kept mentioning to my mom that Brianna was just a foster child. She even mentioned that Brianna's autism may be inherited by her children. She said this to undermine Brianna..."

Charles actually preferred women of Christina's type. Although Christina was a little willful, she would say it out when she was unhappy. Unlike Lassie and other women of her type who were born in prestigious families, they never said what they really meant.

Hearing so, Patrick was very calm. He knew very well what kind of persons his aunts were and was not surprised.

"Lassie may be scheming to marry Brianna to her nephew, who is her relative. Brianna's temper is very easy to control, and Lassie probably has no good intentions."

Charles was frank, "I'm really not suitable for a quiet girl like Brianna. I've always thought of her as a sister. If we really want to find her a partner, we really should find a good-tempered and tender man..."

Patrick did not talk followingly. His younger sister Brianna was old enough to get married. His mother and aunts would discuss the matter of marriage, and he usually did not ask.

"Brianna can do whatever she wants."

In any case, in the Hopkins family, they did not need to engage in business marriages through female members in the family. No matter what background the man was from, grandpa's love for Brianna would be enough to grant her choice of marriage.

"With Brianna's temper... What kind of man does she like?" Charles really couldn't figure it out.

A quiet girl such as Brianna, who seemed to lack a sense of security in this world all the time. What kind of man would she like?

"The last time Brianna and Christina visited my house as guests, you didn't see... Tsktsk, it was the extreme of two personalities. Brianna quietly followed me, while Christina actually climbed up a tree. She said she was going to steal a squirrel."

Charles turned around abruptly, looked straight at Patrick, and asked him, "I heard that my neighbor's big tree was bought over. The whole tree was uprooted and dug up."

There were three squirrels living in the hole of the tree. Last time Christina said she wanted to steal them.

Patrick was still calm and looked up at him.

It was indeed Patrick who sent someone to move the tree.

Charles didn't know how to continue speaking, and he felt a little uncomfortable. Just like the saying went, people were not afraid of stealing but worried most that the thief would steal from them constantly.

Christina did not give up her intention of stealing squirrels. She must have mentioned those squirrels to Patrick in private.

The bartender was wiping his glass and listening to their conversation. He had heard before that Patrick inexplicably sent people to buy the tree. Lucy had complained about it at the club several times. Christina said that she wanted to keep pets. The squirrels near Charles's house were very cute, and then they went to dig the tree.

The bartender suddenly smiled and interrupted, "Our proprietress is actually very suitable to work at the club."

He heard that Patrick had quarreled with Christina as she was unwilling to quit her job outside.

People working in the club were very well-informed about the news.

"You care about her?" Patrick asked calmly.

The bartender immediately felt that he had said something wrong. He then smiled, "Gossip. After all, she is our proprietress and she seemed very interesting." It must be right to praise Christina.

Indeed, Patrick felt better hearing the word "proprietress."

The bartender guessed right what was on his mind and was a little proud. He chuckled, "Even a freak like Lucy who doesn't fancy dealing with women also likes to befriend our proprietress."

That day, Christina said that she wanted Lucy to help her investigate Brianna. A detached person with a high sense of dignity like Lucy actually started working immediately.

Patrick heard about Lucy checking up on Brianna from someone else. Also, he felt strange about it. Then he asked about it and realized that it was Christina who arranged it.

But Patrick did not forbid Lucy to investigate it either.

"Christina said that Brianna had fought with her many times. Did Brianna have mania?" Patrick heard about this mania thing from Christina when he quarreled with Christina that day. He still couldn't figure it out.

Charles and Chandler shared the same view, "Impossible."



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Chapter 470

It was impossible for Christina to reflect on herself.

Therefore, Patrick had no choice but to give in first.

After clocking out at six o'clock, a group of women gossiped about the company's customers.

Penny suggested eating hotpot together tonight. Originally waiting for their answers, she found them all tacitly quiet as they walked out of the company gate.

"Come on. Do you want to eat hotpot? I happen to have a membership card which can give us a discount." She pushed Rachel beside her, who then signaled her with her eyes to look at the gate.

Looking sideways, Penny immediately stopped talking.

Standing tall on the left side of the company gate, dressed in a black and gray suit, Patrick looked straight in their direction with his deep eyes.

Because his personal image and temperament were too conspicuous, even if the car was not by his side, he drew a lot of attention.

Christina had a mixed feeling the moment she saw him.

It was as if she had met a natural enemy and wanted to run away guiltily.

It was reasonable that there should be no contact between the two sides in a cold war. About his initiative coming, Christina was at a loss for a moment.

While she was thinking nonsense, Patrick walked towards her.

There was no escape.

Crystal and Rachel were also a little nervous, hearing Christina speak first, "Are you passing by?"

They were speechless about such a bad excuse since it was obvious that he came for her.

"No."

Standing two meters away from them, Patrick said in a low voice, "Hang out with me?"

Seeing the strange expressions on the face of Crystal and the others, dissatisfied with being stared at like this, Patrick reached out and dragged the confused girl Christina away without giving her a chance to refuse.

"How can I leave without saying goodbye to my friends..." When she came back to her senses, she was already dragged a hundred meters away.

She didn't know why Patrick walked side by side with her in the crowd like ordinary people taking a walk after work instead of driving away directly.

With Patrick holding Christina's one-shoulder rose-red bag naturally in his hand, from afar, two figures snuggling up to each other, they impressed others.

Crystal and Rachel stood where they were, looking at their receding figures enviously.

"I can do anything if I have such a good husband." Penny gritted her teeth with envy.

Even Rachel, who had always been calm, was irritated. "Let's go and eat hot pot. I want to try the spicy one."

Perhaps in life, one could have more new attempts, but in the love, one could have either a desperate quarrel or the happiness of protecting each other.

Crystal sighed. "Compared to Christina, I feel like I'm a loser." Every time she was the first to offer an olive branch while Chandler was always waiting for her apology.

Upset, they decided to fill up their stomachs tonight.

However, it was not as romantic as what they had imagined about Christina, who was still wondering if all this was because she had scolded Patrick too much in their last quarrel.

"You don't like the crowds on the street, right?"

Tilting her head to look at the man beside her, she guessed if he wanted to take the opportunity to teach her a lesson.

Whereas, Patrick led her into a private restaurant without any extra words.

It was obvious that he had an appointment. When the manager at the front desk saw him, he immediately greeted him with a smile. "Mr. Hopkins, it's my great honor to have you here in the restaurant."

Then, Christina was politely led by the waitress to wash her hands, face, and fresh up.

Walking around the restaurant, she found the environment very elegant with the simple Japanese style. When hearing carefully, she could hear the crisp sound of water falling on bamboo tubes, which made her suddenly relax.

"No other guests?" She found there were no other diners in this restaurant.

The waitress who was always following her smiled gently. "Mr. Hopkins booked the whole restaurant. Hope you like it."

With the dim lights and all the exquisite and elegant decorations, the atmosphere was really romantic that a violinist from abroad was playing melodious music, even if it was not like the so-called candlelight dinner like

others.

They sat opposite each other, the manager serving them dishes one by one, which were all her favorites. The chef came out to talk to them personally for a while and asked if they liked the dishes. Looking down at the Foie Gras Caviar on the table, Christina looked up at Patrick. "Very good."

Patrick raised his eyebrows and looked at her while the chef was puzzled by the reply, wondering whether she agreed with the food or not. Not daring to disturb them anymore, he smiled politely and nodded before leaving.

They quietly tasted the food without saying anything during this romantic dinner.

The manager winked at the waiter standing next to them, feeling the dull atmosphere, he wondered if they would be dissatisfied with their service.

The dessert which was served at last was made from the top ingredients.

Christina took two small spoonfuls. It was the top food for foodies as it was sweet but not greasy, but she was not a foodie having much preference for food.

Taking a look at her deliberately, he seemed to feel the dinner didn't work as he expected.

After looking at each other, she scooped out several large lumps of cake with the exquisite silver spoon. Seeing the bottom, she frowned in disappointment. "Why didn't you bury a diamond ring in it?"

"Diamond ring?" Patrick was confused.

Christina sighed. "I thought there was a diamond ring buried in the dessert."

He didn't even think about that.

Patrick looked at her seriously. "It's easy to get choked if there's a diamond ring in the dessert."

"Let's go to the jewelry store later and ask Kevin to book one for you..." This was Patrick's idea.

She was just playing with it instead of asking for a diamond ring, thinking that he would play a little game with her. As expected, he was not romantic at all.

Then, they went to see a movie. There were just a few people in the reserved VIP area with a total of more than ten couples, and the cinema was playing a sad love drama.

With the scenes of the separation of life and death, and the hugs and kisses of the protagonists after a long separation, the smell of hormones in the dark cinema became stronger, and the men and women around them were eagerly entangled.

Staring at the screen, Christina yawned.

"What a boring movie..." Grabbing a handful of popcorn, she chewed it.

Looking around, Patrick found the couple in the dark seemed to be stirred up by the movie, but the woman around him was very calm.

He thought what Charles said didn't work.

After that, they went to the center of the largest shopping mall nearby. Good-looking, they were very eye-catching. People looked back at them frequently and some young female students even took a few photos excitedly with their phones.

There were a lot of people in the square. Christina originally wanted to go into an internet-famous shop to buy a few skewers of Grilled Fish, but the crowd around stared at them straightly, as if they were the focus of attention, which made her too embarrassed to eat in public.

"What do you want?"

Patrick ignored these people directly, finding most of the women's clothing and accessories were sold in the square. "Do you want a diamond ring?" He casually mentioned it.

It was a little crowded there. Seeing a man in a gray cap suddenly rushed over from behind, Patrick reacted quickly and subconsciously held Christina to his chest.

The man just bumped left of Patrick and ran away without doing anything bad.

"Hey, you bumped into my husband... Damn it, you walk without eyes!" Furious, Christina was about to run out to chase after him.

However, it was such a trifle that Patrick held her back quickly.

"How are you? Did that man hurt you?" Furious, she looked back at him, then nervously searched his pockets. "Patrick, is your wallet still there?"

She felt that the man was probably a pickpocket.

Looking at her calmly, Patrick let her do whatever she wanted.

"It's okay." Finally, he let out two words.

Even if the man had really taken his wallet, he was not angry. Instead, he watched her scold angrily, "You bumped into my husband," which made him feel happy.

With people around looking at them, she realized that she was too fierce just now and replied awkwardly, "It's good you're fine."

Taking her hand, Patrick said, "Let's go home."

In fact, she knew it was a sincere remedy tonight since she scolded him for always going on business trips and never accompanying her out to see a movie.

In addition, she had a new understanding of the quarrel between the husband and wife. In fact, she was not really angry. It was only a moment of impulse that she had said hurtful words before. She loved him, but it was very awkward to say it out.

That night, Patrick returned to the main bedroom smoothly. It was not a loss of self-esteem for a man to give in to a woman, because the result was the most important.

However, Patrick had always been strict with himself. He felt that the dinner and the movie were not effective, so he called Charles.

"Why don't you take her to a horror movie instead of a romantic movie?" Charles, who was on the other end of the phone, said eloquently, "Speaking of giving gifts, there's one thing that every woman likes..."

The next day after work, Christina was inexplicably taken away by Patrick, who even asked her to cover her eyes with a scarf and lead her for hundreds of meters.

"Why are you so mysterious? Don't tell me you have some special hobbies."

She thought to herself at that time that if something strange happened, she must go for Charles. She knew that Charles had always been trying to give Patrick some bad counsel.

Patrick did all that he felt impossible to do, but now it seemed that he enjoyed it and even found it interesting to make his life a little different.

"Do you like it?"

Leading her to a detached villa in the same old-fashioned way as Charles, he took off the scarf covered her eyes.

Walking around in the house, looking at the high-end European-style villa with more than 600 square meters with a swimming pool behind, she was a little slow. "This is for me?"

Patrick didn't say anything as an acquiesce.

"Why did you give me the house?"

Patrick remained silent.

"Actually, I prefer that kind of single-story apartment. It won't be so lonely if there are more people in the neighborhood." She felt that the small apartment she used to rent was good, which was smaller and warmer.

Patrick still didn't say anything, but he frowned.

Thinking of something, she ran to him and looked at him eagerly. "Patrick, is this a gift or should I give it back to you if we get divorced."

Patrick interrupted. "I'll take you to learn riding in the stable tomorrow..." He had to change the subject in case he would get furious.

"Okay."



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Chapter 471

The servants of the Eastern Garden of the Hopkins family had been happy and relaxed recently.

Patrick and Christina had made peace. Patrick became very easy-going and didn't punish the servants who made mistakes. All servants felt lucky.

Today was Sunday, so Christina slept in. Wrapped in a silk quilt, she stretched and then patted the handsome face next to her with the back of her hand.

She tilted her head and looked at him doubtfully. "You are not awake?"

Patrick had no habit of sleeping in unless he didn't want to get up.

Men were particularly easy to be aroused in the morning. Patrick was a normal man. He threw himself at her and they started doing it.

After that, Christina pushed him away, tired, her face red. "Patrick, get rid of your bad habits..."

"I think that's a good habit." Lying on top of her, he said in a low voice tinged with desire.

He had gotten up before her every morning. Now after being intimate with her and holding her soft body, Patrick felt that he had been too restrained before, and he should have done so long ago.

"From now on, this will be our routine every weekend." Patrick made a decision.

He was too overbearing, asking this decision without discussing it with her. Christina pinched him angrily. Patrick didn't feel pain at all. He laughed and said, "We have a whole day. We can do it again after breakfast..."

"I am not doing it! You're so heavy..." Christina blushed.

There was little time for them to be intimate with each other because Patrick had always been busy, but he was willing to change now, to find some time to be with her. Christina was very happy and moved.

Patrick was going abroad for a few days. Christina packed up his things while telling him which two ties were bought by her. Then she walked forward, stood on tiptoe, and straightened up his collar.

Patrick suddenly felt that he had a good wife and smiled.

He wrapped his arms around her waist and kissed her on the lips for five minutes in front of Nanny Faang, the driver, and his entourage behind them.

"Wait for me at home." Patrick reminded her as he had done every time he would be on a business trip.

Christina blushed and didn't give him a clear answer.

Recently, her life had been full of joy and harmony. Even Lucy had sent her a message saying that she had found nothing unusual after looking through the documents about Brianna that the orphanage had been keeping.

"You can start with the people around Brianna. The maids in the Hopkins family who have been taking care of her all these years might know her best." Lucy gave her some advice.

"I've sent someone over, but I haven't heard anything yet." Christina had sent Nancy over. So far, she hadn't found anything.

No news was good news.

She didn't want the Hopkins family to be thrown into chaos. If nothing was wrong with Brianna, she would be happy.

"I thought you have lost your mind on your husband." Lucy teased.

Lucy was surprised that Christina was not so stupid as she had thought and that she had even secretly sent her confidants over to investigate from the people around Brianna, but there was one thing that Lucy agreed with Patrick and Charles.

"I don't think Brianna is deliberately hurting you. She doesn't seem to be pretending."

Lucy had seen a lot of people and was good at reading people now. Brianna was just a weak girl who had been spoiled and overprotected. She was simple and introverted.

"I hope so." This was Christina's last message.

She was now the chairman of the charity organization. She had a document, which was the plan for funding orphanages all over the country.

The one where Brianna had stayed when she was a child was on the list. There was a note, saying that there had been a big fire, which had broken out late at night and killed many employees.

A lot of files had been burned.

Later, the orphanage had been rebuilt with donations from all walks of life. The orphans got to live in new houses. Because of the fire, it had received much attention from society, and many people had come to this orphanage to adopt orphans.

"No one investigated the cause of the fire."

The fire had happened years ago. At that time, people had feared being blamed for being negligent. They had shirked their responsibilities and hadn't looked into the cause carefully, but just said it was an accident.

For some reason, Christina felt scared when she was looking at the old photos, whose color had faded, of the abandoned orphanage after the fire.

The fire had taken more than a dozen lives, but no one was sure if it was really an accident.

If someone had done it on purpose, it would be horrifying.

Christina closed the document and went to read other projects. A pile of documents was waiting for her, the nominal chairman, to sign.

The days passed peacefully with gentle breezes and sunny weather. Everything seemed peaceful.

The next morning, Nanny Faang received an express mail from the guard of the Hopkins family. It was sent to Christina.

Looking at the flashy commercial on the box that said someone could have a prize draw for free and a free gift, Nanny Faang frowned and weighed the small cardboard box. It was not heavy. The things inside were shaking around. She didn't know what it was.

Nancy came to the Eastern Garden to chat with her old friends before work. When she saw Nanny Faang frowning, she immediately came over curiously.

She was younger than Nanny Faang, so she had heard about this prize draw. She exclaimed, "Mrs. Hopkins is so lucky. She won the prize for this event! I have taken part in this with Marian for more than half a month and thought it was tricking people. But it turns out I was wrong. The parcel is the proof!"

"Stop yelling and mind your manners!" Nanny looked serious and patted Nanny on the head.

"I don't know if this is a prank or not. Mrs. Hopkins has been living here for so long, but I rarely saw her buy anything online. This is just a lucky draw prize. I thought only you will be interested in this since you have little work to do."

Dejected, Nancy retorted in a low voice, "Mrs. Hopkins has much less to do than us."

Christina didn't have to take care of her parents-in-law or take care of her son. Patrick often went on business trips.

Nanny Faang glared at her. "You forgot all the rules I taught you before!"

Nancy shut up and lowered her head.

She had been with Christina a lot and became more of a free spirit.

"Why did you suddenly apply for a transfer?" Nanny looked strict but was actually kind to them. Nancy came from a poor family and dropped out of high school to work. She had signed a long-term contract with the Hopkins family and been trained by Nanny Faang. They were somewhat close. "You like working in the Eastern Garden very much. What's going on?"

Nancy was flustered and lowered her head even lower.

Seeing that she was unwilling to say anything, Nanny Faang thought she wanted to work for Brianna to get close to her crush, so she didn't ask any more questions.

"Take this to Mrs. Hopkins, asking her if she had bought this. If not, throw it away. Be careful when you or she opens this. If anything happens, ring the bell immediately..."

Nanny Faang gave the express to Nancy and went to do other things.

Nancy happily went upstairs to the master bedroom and knocked on the door with the express in her arms. "Mrs. Hopkins, the product you bought online is here."

Christina was reading the charity projects with difficulty. When she heard it, she looked up and replied, "I didn't buy anything online..."

"So this is really a prank?" Nancy was surprised.

On second thought, she realized that it was unlikely that Christina would shop online. After all, the Hopkins family was not short of anything.

Nancy walked out. When she was going to throw it away as Nanny Faang had said, she thought it was such a waste. She looked around and took a pair of scissors to open the box. She just wanted to see what it was.

Two minutes later, Nancy rushed over with a complicated expression, and the door of the master bedroom was knocked again.

"Mrs. Hopkins, Mrs. Hopkins!"

Christina couldn't stand the yelling. She put down her pen and asked angrily, "Is there a bomb in that box?"

"No..."

Nancy handed the box to her, and there were 18 pregnancy test sticks.

"Mrs. Hopkins, are you, are you pregnant again?"

Nancy looked unusually serious and a little panicked. "We have to tell Old Master Hopkins, Mr. Hopkins, and Nanny. I'll tell the chef about..."

Christina picked up a pregnancy test stick calmly and looked at it. Then she said, "Crystal had a lucky draw last time, and this is the free gift."

Nancy was very anxious. "Mrs. Hopkins, tell me. What should we do? Should we get a doctor here to check you..."

Nancy looked like she was crying. "You have to be nervous if I am pregnant again?" Christina asked.

Nancy nodded heavily. "Yes."

"I'm not pregnant."

Christina said flatly.

Nancy was shocked. Seeing her expression, Christina teased, "My friend asked me to buy them. Don't tell others. Otherwise, your year-end bonus will be gone!"

Nancy was loyal, so she wouldn't tell others. There was a slightly resentful look in her eyes. She muttered to herself that all capitalists used the same method to scare their employees.

Nancy had been working for Christina for two years. In fact, she was not afraid of Christina. "Mrs. Hopkins, you and Mr. Hopkins have done it frequently. Aren't you going to have a test?"

Nancy was bold enough to give Christina a meaningful look when she closed the door.

Christina took a pregnancy test stick, raised her eyebrows, and thought Nancy had a good point. They had been doing it frequently without condoms. The probability was really high.

She rushed into the bathroom, read the instructions behind the pregnancy test stick, and followed the steps.

The only thing she was thinking was that if she was pregnant this time, she wouldn't let Grandpa take the baby away again and that Patrick might be scared out of her wit's and fly back immediately.

Thinking about it, she got expectant and looked at the stick attentively.

She was disappointed.

"Why?" Christina's good mood was ruined.

If she weren't expectant of it, she would not be disappointed. She shouldn't have taken a pregnancy test.

After lunch, Christina called Crystal. "The product has been mailed to me. They are pregnancy test sticks."

Crystal had guessed that it was daily necessities, but they were of a decent brand and mailed for free. Everyone liked free stuff.

"Why do you sound... You have a cold?" Crystal asked carefully.

Christina glared at the pregnancy test sticks in the box. "I don't think there is something wrong with my health. Maybe we should do it more often!" Her tone was firm as if she was onto something.

Crystal ignored her weird tone. It was at the weekend. She decided to drive to the Hopkins family's to hang out with Christina and took this cheap express with her.

"Didn't Nanny Faang and the others find it strange that you have bought these things online?" Crystal soon arrived.

She was quite familiar with the Eastern Garden. As she spoke, she opened the box and looked at the sticks which she had gotten for free.

"The list says there are 18 pregnancy test sticks. Why are there only 10?"

Christina said calmly, "I used them."

Crystal turned around and looked at her with a strange expression. "You, you're pregnant again?"

"No." Christina gritted her teeth.

She just didn't give up. She and Patrick had been doing it a lot without contraceptives. Why wasn't she pregnant? It was unreasonable.

She used eight of them to make sure she was not pregnant.

She patted Crystal on the shoulder and said calmly, "Cheap products are always of low quality. They must have expired."

"Really?" Crystal looked at the date of manufacture. "This is a regular manufacturer. It was produced last month."

Christian refused to believe this. "Why don't you use one? The plastic feels bad, so they must be of low quality."

Crystal took a stick and was pushed into the bathroom to take a test.

Five minutes later, Crystal came out, dumbfounded. "Well, you are right about the quality..."

Christina took a closer look and was surprised. "It is positive."

The two lines were so obvious!

"Crystal, you're pregnant." Christina calmed down.

Crystal didn't believe it. "But we've been taking precautions..."

Hearing this, Christina was even angrier. It was so unfair!



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As a woman, if she suddenly heard the news that she was pregnant, she would first feel frightened and disbelieve it. Then she would slowly accept the reality and calm down. Then she would decide how to deal with it.

"Crystal, the remaining 9 pregnancy test kits have been used. They all show two red bars. Please accept the reality."

Christina saw that Crystal seemed to be frightened by the sudden news. Crystal put her right hand on her abdomen and sat nearby in a daze. She fell silent.

"Are you not happy about getting pregnant?" Christina sat beside her, "Shall I accompany you to the hospital to make a B-scan ultrasonography now?"

"No, no." Crystal came back to her senses and quickly refused.

"I just think it comes a little too suddenly."

As a person who had delivered children, Christina advised, "This is normal. After giving birth to the child, when you hold the baby, you will start to feel the wonderfulness of life. It's really incredible that a living little creature can come out of your belly."

Crystal smiled gently, "Little baby is very cute. It is so happy to imagine holding my own baby!"

In an instant, Crystal felt that her life was fulfilled and filled with happiness.

"But," she turned to Christina, "Can you help me keep it a secret for a while? I don't want Chandler to know it for the time being."

Christina was a doer. She was holding her cell phone and preparing to take photos of the two red bars shown by pregnancy test sticks. She wanted to share these pictures on Instagram, so as to share the happy event with Charles and the others.

"Why?" Christina put away her phone, "Are you afraid that this would be a misunderstanding and that Chandler will be disappointed?"

"No." Crystal felt somehow bitter.

As Crystal spoke, she lowered her head, "I am afraid that he wouldn't be prepared. I am afraid that he will say he wants to abort the child..."

Christina slapped the table angrily, "Chandler wants to go to hell, doesn't he?"

"We've discussed it before. Geoffrey is still young. We are afraid that giving birth to another baby will affect his mind..."

"Geoffrey is in primary school now. He's very smart and knows everything. You don't have to worry about children

fighting for the family's love at all. If you tell Geoffrey properly, he will accept it slowly. The Stephenson family is too protective of Geoffrey."

Crystal smiled bitterly. She thought so too. Geoffrey was so smart that he probably wouldn't compete with the baby for the love. But Chandler and the others insisted on it because they were afraid of breaking Geoffrey's fragile heart.

Her hand gently stroked her abdomen, where a little baby was nurtured. It was her own child.

"After I go to the hospital for a B-scan ultrasonography and I'm really sure I'm pregnant, I'll find a chance to tell them." Crystal was surprised and also happy about the sudden pregnancy, and she believed that Chandler and the others would accept it gladly.

Since Crystal said so, Christina then did not want to interfere with matters in the Stephenson family.

While sending Crystal away, Christina reminded her, "Remember to tell me if anything happens. Don't just give in to others foolishly. If people in the Stephenson family mistreat you, you must tell me."

Crystal smiled, "Ok."

They waved hands at each other. After that, she drove away carefully.

Crystal didn't want anyone to know about her pregnancy for the time being. Christina quickly put all the pregnancy test sticks she had used into a black bag and tied a few dead knots. She personally threw the bag into the garbage disposal box downstairs.

In the afternoon, Nanny Faang told her that Patrick would return from his business trip and would be able to rush back to the Hopkins family to have dinner with her tonight.

Hearing this, Christina was very happy. A short period of separation between a newlywed couple would enhance their relationship more. Recently, she had no misunderstanding with Patrick. She also wanted to seriously discuss the issue of a second child with him.

On the path from Landy to the Main Residence for dinner, Nancy ran towards her in a panic, "Junior, Junior Mrs. Hopkins!"

Christina turned around and saw that she was panting, "What's wrong?"

Nancy stopped running, put her hands on her waist, and took a deep breath. She spoke intermittently, "I, I've found something new. You want me to pay attention to Miss Brianna's situation..."

"What's the matter?" Christina had not taken Brianna seriously recently.

"I don't know either. I saw Miss Brianna act weirdly and she was looking for something in the trash can..."

"Why did she look for the trash can? What did she want?"

"It seems to be a black plastic bag. I didn't dare to go forward and see it clearly." Nancy looked a little strange. She ignored her identity of being a servant and stood on tiptoe and whispered in Christina's ear, "I hid behind the rockery, but I clearly saw Miss Brianna's expression at that time was very... very stiff and scary..."

"What's so scary?" Christina frowned as she listened.

Just as Christina asked and before Nancy could reply, Nancy screamed suddenly. "Step back!" Patrick's face darkened. He grabbed maid Nancy's arm and pushed her away as if he was suppressing a great deal of anger.

"Why did you push her for no reason!"

Once Christina saw clearly that it was Patrick who did it, she immediately defended Nancy angrily.

Patrick turned around and gave Nancy a cold look. He tried his best to control himself and repeated, "Leave now!"

Nancy was a little flustered and looked at Christina. It was obvious that the reason why Patrick suddenly came here was that he wanted to talk to Christina about something private. Nancy then nodded and immediately left.

"What's wrong with you?" Christina didn't understand why he scolded maid Nancy for no reason.

This place was surrounded by a quiet lawn, a crisscrossed path, stone tables, and stone chairs for a short rest. The flowers were blossoming. It was at dusk, several lampposts were also lit up, giving off faint yellow light. Right now only Christina and Patrick were standing here face to face.

Patrick was consumed with complicated emotions, which could be identified from his eyes. His sharp eyes seemed to be trying to see through her whole body.

"What's going on?" He threw a pregnancy test stick onto the stone table next to him. There were two red bars indicated on the stick.

Patrick's voice was low, but it sounded like he was going to erupt his anger next.

Christina's eyes dwelled on it and she shivered. She had never seen him so angry.

It was just a pregnancy test stick that showed a positive result.

"What are you trying to say? Two red bars on the pregnancy test stick mean pregnancy. Even so, must you act with such rage?"

Christina disliked his cold and stern eyes. He was often so cold and distant to outsiders, but he rarely behaved like this at home.

Hearing her say this, Patrick's expression became even gloomier. His right hand clenched into a fist as if he was trying his best to suppress his emotion.

Suddenly, Patrick looked indifferent. He reached out and grabbed her arm. With great force, he dragged her away...

"What are you doing?"

"Let go of me!"

"Patrick, let go, let go of me. It hurts when you are grabbing my hand..."

Christina was forcefully dragged by him and she pushed him all the way. She scolded him angrily, but he did not react. The servants who passed by looked at them, but they did not dare to say anything more.

Patrick looked very displeased. He opened the door of the car and did not allow her to refuse at all. He directly pushed her into the passenger seat and slammed the door.

The car drove into the city district. The speed of the car was quite fast, and the car soon passed the cars ahead. Christina looked at him, who looked angry and did not say anything. Then she looked out the window and saw that the traffic police had already honked to catch them.

"Don't drive so fast. It's dangerous."

"Where are you taking me?" Christina was really angry and did not know why he behaved like this.

"Christina, there is a bottom line for all my indulgence in you..." His eyes were cold and deep as he looked at the road traffic ahead. He was still driving very fast, "You'd better not disappoint me." The last sentence was uttered very low, with his hesitation.

Soon, the car braked and stopped in front of a hospital.

Patrick got out of the car quickly. It seemed as if there were overwhelming and intense emotions accumulated in his mind. He couldn't wait to quickly drag Christina to the hospital.

"Why are you taking me to the hospital? I'm not going to the hospital!" Christina subconsciously retreated. She had been very resistant to the hospital she suffered postnatal sequela last time.

"Take her for a test..." Patrick did not allow her to refuse at all and ordered the doctor coldly, "A pregnancy test."

The doctor at the reception told him faithfully, "But now staff working in the complex are off work. As for B-scan ultrasonography, you have to wait for tomorrow..."

"What B-scan ultrasonography? I won't do it!"

Christina took the opportunity to break free of Patrick's hand. She was very angry and turned to leave. She didn't want to play around with him here.

Before she could walk out of the door, she was stopped by a few security guards. Several people from the hospital rushed over and changed their tone when speaking to Patrick, "There are many methods for pregnancy testing."

Which one do you need?"

Patrick did not show any emotion. He said coldly, "All of them. Use all the methods to test her."

"What are you doing? Don't hold me. Let me go! Let me go!"

Christina was held by people from the left and from the right. She was struggling like a prisoner. She felt humiliated and was forced to take several tests, such as drawing blood, B-scan ultrasonography, taking off her clothes, and being manipulated by these medical staff.

Patrick had been standing beside her and watching. He had accompanied her and witnessed all the tests.

Finally, the test results came out, "We are sure that your wife is not pregnant."

It seemed that this sentence brought Patrick back to his senses in an instant. He fixed his eyes on the examination reports holding in his hands and read them over and over again.

"You get furious at me because of a pregnancy test stick."

Christina came down from the examination table. She looked embarrassed, "If you want to know whether I'm pregnant or not, you can ask me directly. Why did you humiliate me in this way? You don't believe me, and you act inexplicably like this just because you saw it from a pregnancy test stick..."

As she spoke, tears welled up in her angry eyes, "Patrick, I don't understand. You. It's really hard to get along with people like you!" She grabbed the examination reports on the table and threw them all on the floor. She turned around and left.

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Goodbye, 2019. Hello, 2020.



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Clarita Jacobs

2022/03/06

Patrick is an asshole🤬 He'd been treating Cristina very badly.How could he humiliate his wife like that

Christina walked out of the hospital gate angrily. She would rather take a taxi herself than share the same car with Patrick. The driver asked, "Where are you going?" At that time, Christina held a strong impulse to run away from home.

Patrick's car followed them all the way. The taxi driver looked back from time to time, feeling that they seemed to be followed. He was a little nervous and subconsciously drove faster.

"Lady, do you know the car behind us?" The driver asked doubtfully.

Christina kept a straight face and did not answer.

When the taxi stopped at the Hopkins family gate, Christina quickly got off and kicked the floor with obvious anger. The Hopkins family guard immediately opened the door for her respectfully, said, "Junior Mrs. Hopkins, you're back."

Christina even did not give them a look and strode in with a dark face.

The guard was in a blank. Christina had never been so arrogant.

Then a car came back. It was their Young Master Hopkins's car.

"Mr. Hopkins, do you want to drive in?" The guard hurried over.

Patrick sat firmly in the driver's seat, looking at the distant back with deep eyes until it disappeared.

Finally, Patrick backed the car, turned around, and drove out again.

The taxi driver, who was parked by the side, was gossiping in his heart. He looked up at the wall of the luxury villa and sighed, "What a real rich person...It turns out that a quarrel of a couple." He thought before that some bad guys were following him.

So it turned out rich couples would also fall into quarrels easily.

Christina returned to the Eastern Garden and went straight into the master bedroom, locking the door. She was so angry that she ignored everyone outside. Nanny Faang and the other maids were worried and wondered whether to find someone to pry into the door.

"How about call Young Master Hopkins?"

Nanny Faang looked at the locked door and thought for a while. "No, she's just in a bad mood. Let her calm down..."

During this period of time, Christina had a good relationship with Patrick. And it was Christina who had more temper than Patrick in usual. Even if Patrick was angry, he rarely said anything harsh to her. Today, for some reason, he suddenly flew into a rage.

"Have you heard what happened?"

It happened suddenly while they were ready for dinner. So Nanny Faang and the others did not know why Patrick was so angry once coming back.

A maid leaned closer to Nanny Faang's ear and said, "Young Master Hopkins was quite normal when he first came back this afternoon and went to the master bedroom in the Eastern Garden to look for the Junior Mrs. Hopkins. But when he left the room, his expression became very terrible, holding a pregnancy test stick..."

Nanny Faang frowned. "Is Junior Mrs. Hopkins pregnant?"

Why was there a pregnancy test stick in the bedroom? It would be a big deal if Christina was pregnant. She had to inform the Old Master Hopkins first.

"I don't know why there is a pregnancy test stick in Junior Mrs. Hopkins's room, and it shows two red strips..."

Nanny Faang was astonished. "Is she really pregnant?"

Pregnancy was a good thing, but why did Patrick suddenly become so angry?

"According to Nancy, Young Master Hopkins angrily talked to the Junior Mrs. Hopkins privately... After a while, Young Master Hopkins looked very angry and insisted on dragging the Junior Mrs. Hopkins out."

The maid happened to witness the process. She got a lingering fear. "I've been in the Hopkins family for so many years. It's the first time I've seen Young Master Hopkins so angry."

At that time, it was as if Christina had done something unforgivable.

"Usually, Junior Mrs. Hopkins loses her temper in front of Young Master Hopkins. Young Master Hopkins only frowns and doesn't want to scold her. This time...I really don't know what happened."

The maid felt that this matter was quite serious and looked at Nanny Faang. "Should we report it to the Old Master?"

Nanny Faang thought for a while in a daze. Suddenly, her face changed as if she had understood something.

Nanny Faang sternly ordered all the servants in the Eastern Garden, "Never mention this to the Old Master!"

After thinking for a while, she added, "It's just a quarrel between couples. Don't bother the Old Master with such a small matter. Have you heard it?"

The maids didn't dare to say anything. "Yes."

After the crowd dispersed, Nanny Faang looked meaningfully at the locked bedroom door.

"Is it what I thought?" Nanny Faang looked worried. "It's not appropriate to do this. The Old Master won't agree on it."

At night, the city was brightly lit and bustling with endless traffic.

The more bustling and prosperous the city, the more easily it was to make people feel empty and lonely at night. Outside the car was crowds and prosperity, but his eyes were cold and cheerless.

Patrick drove the car to the city center and found a place to park. He didn't want to go anywhere. The first thought was that Christina definitely didn't want to see him now. So he didn't go back to the Hopkins family for the time being.

He smoked a cigarette and propped up his right elbow against the window railing, looking at the crowds through the street through the smoke. There were too many emotions in his deep eyes.

He took another puff of smoke as if he had breathed out his tense nerves.

"Mr. Hopkins, all the tests have been done... We are 100% sure that the Junior Mrs. Hopkins is not pregnant." said by a call.

"Besides, there's no problem with your ligation."

In fact, the doctor found it very strange that rich people liked to have many children, but this young master of Hopkins family secretly arranged a ligation operation for himself. If Old Master Hopkins knew about this, he would definitely not agree.

Maybe it was a personal question. Maybe Patrick really hated children. He was an outsider and didn't dare to ask.

"Mr. Hopkins, if you really don't want Junior Mrs. Hopkins to have any chance of getting pregnant, we can arrange for her a ligation operation or inject with medicine. The new medicine is effective now..."

Before the doctor could finish his sentence, Patrick hung up expressionlessly.

He stubbed off his cigarette irritably with mind heavy.

Charles, a bachelor, was always lonely at night. Ever since Christina mocked him for being a playboy, he didn't find new girlfriends anymore as if he was poisoned. After being a monk for a year, he had to find a bunch of friends to drink to idle away his time.

Usually, Patrick would not reply to Charles' messages of gathering for fun. Charles did not expect that he would really come to the bar tonight. Everyone present was quite surprised.

When men gathered together, the most frequent topic was women. "I heard that pregnancy is very harmful to a woman's body."

One other man immediately looked angry. "My girlfriend told me that she would rather find a surrogacy than have a

baby herself."

"She said about her body being deformed. She wants to continue to be a model, but she can't walk on the runway if her body is out of shape...."

He yelled at other guys angrily, "I had a big fight with her that day. If it were not for the relationship for so many years, I broke up with her on the spot."

The other men in the bar box immediately became indignant. "Yes, women nowadays are too capricious. Are they still women if they don't have children? Otherwise, what's the use of marrying her?"

The men were naturally biased towards men. After making a scene, they raised their glasses and drank to their heart's content.

Charles looked at them and suddenly interjected, "It is said that many of those women have pregnancy marks after they are pregnant and give birth. Their pelvis gets bigger, their stomachs get thinner, their backs get hunched, and some sneezes leak urine..."

The men turned to look at him in surprise. "Really?"

"It's too exaggerated. Just giving birth to a baby."

They all didn't believe it. "That's right. In the past, women had to work in the fields when they are pregnant. It's not like the women nowadays, who are so delicate..."

Charles shrugged. "When your wife gives birth to a child, ask her about it. It will be more obvious for some women who are weak healthy."

"Charles, you Shepherd family also has four children, doesn't it? But Mrs. Shepherd is also very healthy now."

Speaking of Charles's pain, he said gloomily, "When you went to my house, You didn't see that every time my mom looked at me, she looked like she was looking at an enemy. My mother said that if she had known I wasn't a girl, she wouldn't have given birth to me."

As the Shepherd family's youngest son, he had been sermoned by his mother since he was a child, saying that it was not easy to be a woman and to have children.

The most important thing was that his mother scolded to him that why it was so difficult for the Shepherd family to have a daughter. She had risked her life to have four children, but she still didn't have a daughter. Every time she saw Charles, she was very unreconciled.

These guys, many of them were dandies who grew up together since kindergarten. They knew Charles's childhood shadows very well.

They burst into laughter.

One of the men realized his conscience and pondered, "I heard that miscarriages seem to be more harmful to a woman."

They sighed together. "Well, it's not easy to be a woman."

"So, I used to buy whatever my girlfriends liked to her." Charles was famous for being generous to his girlfriend.

They chatted noisily. Patrick had not spoken a word since he entered the room and drank quietly alone.

Charles looked around, feeling that he didn't seem to be in a good mood tonight. He winked at those noisy friends. No one dared to be too naughty.

"Patrick, do you want them to leave first?" Charles walked over and asked.

Usually, Patrick didn't attend their parties, and tonight they didn't know why he had the mood to come over. But after he came, he ignored others and didn't say a word. It seemed that he was thinking a lot. It would be terrible if something unpleasant happened because of him at the party.

It was impossible to drive Patrick away, so he had to ask other friends to leave first.

Patrick turned to look at them without saying anything. He stood up and said in a deep voice, "Take your time." Then he strode out of the room.

The rest of them looked at each other and then turned to Charles together. "We didn't say anything we shouldn't have said just now, did we?"

One of the slightly fat men immediately said, "Patrick is here. I've already restrained myself. I don't even dare to speak something obscene."

"Forget it. Patrick has always been like this. It's the same like when we were kids. No matter how lively the atmosphere is, he doesn't talk much..."

"He is the oldest grandson the Hopkins family, holding a honourable identity." Someone said jealously.

"But Patrick doesn't have as many women as we do. A man still has to know how to enjoy life. He has to follow the rules and work under pressure all day long, which seems that he never knows the significance of life."

They quickly regained their high spirits and began to play again.

Charles was cautious and ran out. Seeing that Patrick was about to drive away, he moved closer and asked, "Is there anything wrong?"

"Go back to the Hopkins family," Patrick told him calmly.

According to what he said, it didn't seem that Patrick have anything important to do.

Suddenly, he remembered the topic they were talking about in the room just now and said, "Christina is in good health and recovers quickly, but she has serious postpartum depression..." Charles muttered to himself, "Fortunately, she's not sensitive and soon forgot."

"I'll go first." Patrick was a little anxious, stepped on the accelerator, and sped away.



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