

By the time Derek woke up the next day, the sun was already shining brightly outside. It was noon now.

As the curtains of the window were not closed, the harsh and dazzling sunlight threw inside, which made him feel uncomfortable. He closed his eyes struggling for a moment before he opened them blankly. Then he looked at the ceiling in a daze being a little confused.

What he thought at first was he was still alive?

Then he imitated Christina and reached out childishly to pinch his waist. He didn't feel any pain, but he looked down and could see that his abdomen was a little bruised from his fingers.

"Mmm." he frowned.

By this time, he had already noticed that the wound on his left arm had healed.

The unknown black cat had poison on its paws. After being scratched by it yesterday, he felt very uncomfortable in the middle of the night, and then what happened?

Derek was a little confused. How did he get better? He had no recollection. Vaguely, he only remembered that he dreamed a lot last night, all of which were memories of his childhood being bullied by Christina.

Now it was hard to find the wound on his hand, it was only when he looked carefully that he could notice a slight scar. The scar was healed perfectly as if he had never been hurt before.

Although it did not hurt bones, the surrounding flesh began to rot out. Pus flowed out of the purplish flesh and blood. How could it be cured overnight?

At this moment, a black cat came out from under the bed.

It did not make a sound, nor did it excitedly jump. Instead, it was very calm, raising its head to look at Derek.

It was obvious that in this room, except for Derek, who was already poisoned last night, only this black cat was more suspicious.

It saved him.

Yes, it was indeed its credit, or else he would have died.

But when Derek looked down at the cat, he didn't think so. The cat was the cause of the disaster.

"Get out." Derek's blue eyes were glinting with anger.

Derek treated it like this the moment he woke up.

The black cat meowed at him on the bed. Its very strange cat eyes also flashed with dissatisfaction. It stretched its front paws and lowered its body, pretending to be ready to attack at any time.

"I won't give you another chance," Derek shouted in a deep voice.

He reacted very quickly, turned over to get up, and ran over to hold the cat's neck with his right hand very accurately. The cat was about to pounce on him but was held in his palm.

"Meow". Cats all over the world hate people holding their necks. The cat struggled to shake its body. No matter how sharp and poisonous its claws were, it was useless now.

Derek would not show any mercy to it. He held the cat in his right hand and opened the window with his right hand. Then, he threw it out with great strength and threw the cat high in the air!

"Meow."

All of a sudden, the cat screamed. It was thrown out in the air having no way to show any arrogance and nobility. It was so scared making a harsh scream that its fur stood up.

When the cat luckily fell on the balcony of the next floor, it raised its head and roared angrily at Derek upstairs. It sounded obviously very angry.

Derek, who was upstairs, was still calm and did not take it seriously at all. He even enjoyed what happened to the black cat when it fell to the balcony just now.

Now Derek was even more confused, "Who raised the cat?"

It mattered more who its owner was.

The sound of the cat's meow attracted the attention of the child in the house downstairs. A boy who had been in primary school for a year ran excitedly to the balcony, he pointed at the window with his short fingers and then turned to shout, "Mom, there's a cat in our house. I really want to keep it."

His mother ran out. At first glance, she saw a fierce black cat.

It was too weird, too scary.

"No, don't open the balcony door. The black cat is an ominous animal. We can not let it run in."

His mother was scared by the black cat, especially when she saw the black cat's bright, golden pupils. She did not dare to offend or provoke it.

"Oh my god, why is there a black cat in our house? Where did it come from?"

She would never have thought that the black cat was thrown down by Derek from upstairs.

The cat seemed to understand what humans said. It turned its head and its golden cat eyes lit up. It looked at these ignorant people who should bow down in its direction.

Derek, who was upstairs, was in the mood to watch the show. He leaned against the window and looked down at the scene downstairs. Suddenly, he said, "So no one likes you."

He said calmly while the black cat downstairs immediately raised its head. Its fur stood up, and the cat's tail straightened. It seemed to show its dignity and let out a "meow" with hatred at Derek.

Was the cat a petty and vengeful creature?

Derek had a deep understanding of it.

Ever since he threw the cat downstairs that day, it held a grudge against him. The black cat had a lot of willpower and hid quietly in a corner every time to find a chance to attack him, but of course, Derek would never let the black cat make it.

Derek was annoyed to be disturbed by the cat every day and wanted its life all the time.

In fact, he couldn't do anything about a cat. No matter what he did, he couldn't kick it away.

"Why are you pestering me?" That day, he grabbed this cat by the neck and was about to throw it out when he couldn't help but ask in a low voice.

Just then, the family opposite him went out and saw him talking to a cat. The other party looked at him curiously and then at the black cat in his hand.

The neighbor greeted him with a friendly smile. "Mr. Fisher, you have a cat recently?"

"It's not my cat." He answered.

Derek had no choice but to throw the cat away and close the door again.

After struggling with the unknown black cat dozens of times, Derek seemed to feel a little tired.

Anyway, he had no experience living with other creatures.

In his memory, except for when Christina was a child, who had domineeringly snatched his bed, there were no others even a cat like this having intruded into his affairs time and time again, disturbing him and making him unable to live at peace.

Early the next morning, the black cat came again!

Derek was so furious.

Just like the first time he went to kindergarten when he was a child, he sat quietly in a small seat. Many students

were looking around him and talking about something, but no one dared to approach him.

Christina was wearing a very bright red dress with two pigtails and a small schoolbag. She, however, sat down next to him and turned to tell him, "Hey, I'll be your deskmate from now on."

The parents all said that he liked to pester Christina since he was a child. In fact, at first, he was afraid of being with his lively and active deskmate. Christina had a lot of ideas every day. And when she played hide-and-seek with him, even if he found her, he had to pretend not to see her. Otherwise, she would beat him up.

Slowly, he got used to it. Christina was noisy who loved to laugh, was very picky about food, and liked to lose her temper.

In the end, he couldn't leave her.

Why did this happen? Many times when he was alone, he was also thinking about it. But he had never tried to force anything and it did not matter whether he would meet her or not. He had always been in such a state of no desire.

The black cat came again, and Derek suddenly remembered his childhood.

At that time, his grandfather was still alive, so did Christina's grandfather. Sometimes people outside bullied him and called him a fool. Christina would definitely blush with anger and pounce on them fiercely. No matter whether others were taller or stronger than her, she would beat them up first to speak for Derek.

When Christina was a child, she was always covered in injuries and several of her skirts were torn. He often stood by and looked at her quietly, as if he was indifferent. In fact, he was at a loss at that time.

Perhaps, it was for the sake of her childhood memories, he did not say anything to chase the black cat away when it came over today.

Just as many people asked Christina how she and Derek became playmates, she shamelessly said that one day he would get used to being pestered.

Derek had always looked mysterious, because he did not like to be close to people, and even Christina did not really know what he was like in private.

So what was Derek's daily life like?

His daily life was actually very bad.

He had such a handsome face and figure, but this guy woke up every day with his hair in a mess, and he didn't even bother to tidy it up. Sometimes he went out to sleep on the lawn and went home to continue sleeping. The next day, he still wore the same set of clothes with some grass, wood, and dirt. He didn't even bother to shake out the dirt, making the sheets dirty.

When he woke up today, he stood up looking tall and thin by the bed. But as soon as the fair and handsome man woke up, he was still a little sleepy, his white shirt was in a mess, and his trousers were still stuck with weeds he went outside yesterday.

Derek always dealt with anything in a simple way.

He stared at his blue and white striped sheets for a long time, as if he had finally made a decision. He wrapped his sheets, covers, and pillows into a pile.

Then he also took off his clothes, pants, and underwear.

He found an oversized trash bag and threw all the dirty sheets, including his clothes, into it to tie a knot. It was all clean now.

There were many garbage bags in his house, and they were all super large. He was so rich, but he didn't like to live in a big house. It wasn't because Christina's house was too big and cold but because he just didn't bother to clean up such a big one.

He also didn't like to hire servants to clean it up, so no one else was allowed to enter his house nor could they touch the things he placed. As long as someone came in and moved something, he would feel uneasy all day.

He had been taking care of himself for so many years, but who would have thought that such a good-looking man might live in the trash.

"There are no clothes left." Derek walked to his closet. He was very skillful and took out a new set of shirts and pants as well as underwear.

Then he realized that his entire wardrobe was empty and there were no other clothes. What about his next set of clothes tomorrow?

The black cat was squatting on the counter in the bedroom. It was quiet and motionless like an ornament. At this time, the black cat was looking at Derek doing it curiously, especially when he sighed at the wardrobe.

Derek was born a little hoarse, and his voice was pleasant to hear. He became a little helpless and aggrieved when saying "no clothes". The cat's eyes lit up in surprise.

Derek was really a weirdo.



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The black cat had been lurking here for seven days and nights.

Derek was super sleepy. He could fall asleep on the road outside. Sometimes, he fell down the hill accidentally and he didn't bother to get up. He could sleep with his eyes closed in a comfortable place on the lawn.

It seemed like he was afraid of nothing.

Once, the black cat saw him fall asleep in the bath. His whole body was soaked in water, and his head slowly sank down along the smooth bathtub. He almost drowned him.

However, the black cat, who had successfully broken into his house several times, failed to attack him again.

He was really a strange man.

There was a lot of dust in every corner of Derek's room, and he didn't ask anyone to clean up. He just packed and threw away everything that looked dirty and messy.

The black cat was very dissatisfied with the environment. It was used to being served, used to having countless servants, and used to being served food regularly.

Derek, on the other hand, would not feed a cat.

He couldn't even feed himself!

Just as Derek was thinking that he would not have any new clothes to change tomorrow, the telephone in his room rang.

It was his uncle, Larry.

"Derek, I ordered fifteen sets of clothes at the counter and asked the service assistant to deliver them to you. Remember to open the door." Larry reminded earnestly.

"And your apartment hasn't been cleaned for a long time. Why don't you go out tomorrow and I'll go clean it up..." Larry said to him in a negotiated tone.

In fact, Larry really wanted to scold him in his heart. If it was someone else, he would lose his temper. Derek wouldn't let anyone into his apartment, not even a cleaner. Several layers of dust had accumulated in the corners of his house. God had given him such a good look, but he was an idiot in life management.

"My apartment is very clean." Derek said slowly.

Larry almost choked on his internal injury. What the hell was clean? How could it be clean?

He didn't know that Derek's so-called "clean" meant to throw away everything in the house so that it had nothing

and of course it was clean.

Larry, an old man in his fifties, was a charming playboy when he was young. He had dated countless women. He also had a bottom line back then. He would never marry any woman he had affair with. He was a non-marriage believer. It was the next life for him to have children.

But one day, when he came into contact with the silly Fisher boy, the bastard child, and the bad-tempered little girl Christina, Larry felt that children were not that annoying, and it was good to have some concerns.

Recently, he had been in love with Betty Eisenhower like a young man in his first love.

But he was shy to express his love. Just think about it. An elegant lady like Betty can't like a man like him. Maybe he was disappointed in love. Now Larry's attention had been turned to Derek and Christina. He liked to take care of their lives whenever he had nothing to do. It helped kill the pale and boring time for him.

Recently, Larry became more and more like a nagging housekeeper, holding his phone and reminding him with concern, "Derek, did you pack and throw away your sheets again? There seem to be a few new ones left in your house. That one was changed three days ago... It's not a matter of money for you to change these things, but I heard that the newly bought things have a high amount of formaldehyde..."

"Forget it. Next time, I'll have your clothes washed and sent over."

"And don't drink those expired things in your fridge, especially milk. The last time you drank expired milk, your stomach ached so hard and your face turned pale. You're going to the ICU in a few years if you keep doing this."

The more Larry spoke, the more energetic he became. "I bought you a lot of food in the supermarket and got someone to deliver it to you. I put it at the security guard downstairs. Remember to get it..."

Derek had a good habit of not interrupting other people's nagging. He was a very good listener. Of course, whether he really heard it or not was another matter.

"How do you feel? Are you feeling uncomfortable?" Larry was most worried about his health, especially the last time he saw with his own eyes that he was hurt all over and was so weak that he was almost out of breath. It really scared him.

"Has anything happened recently?"

Derek subconsciously turned to look at the bedside table. The black cat was also staring at him. Just as he was about to speak, he said slowly, "There's a..."

"Did Christina call you recently? Did she contact you?" Larry was so lively that he cut him in.

When Derek heard him mention Christina, his blue eyes hesitated for a moment and then told him, "She scolded me..." His tone was calm, but he was actually a little emotional when he mentioned her.

"What?"

"Why did that girl scold you?"

Larry was very protective of him. Before Derek could say the second half of his sentence, he was already angry." She had married the Hopkins family to enjoy her life as Mrs. Hopkins. She became so arrogant, didn't she? She had already forgotten our past friendship. She's heartless. What's so good about the Hopkins family? Patrick is so sophisticated. None of the Hopkins family is easy to deal with. None of them is good!"

Larry had seen Christina and Derek grow up together, and they were engaged by her grandfather. He had firmly believed that these two were a couple.

Out of nowhere, a man named Patrick appeared and took Derek's wife away. He was despicable and shameless. Larry was really upset with the Hopkins family.

Compared to Larry's anger, Derek was not so angry about Christina's marriage. At first, he was shocked, but then he accepted it. Christina didn't seem to hate Patrick, and she didn't ask to leave.

Christina did not ask for anything from him as she did when she was a child. He would do whatever she said. Now she no longer asked him to do anything. Derek was also confused for a while. He did not know what to do in the future.

So, he decided to Italy to investigate the Strozzi family.

Not long after returning, he got this strange disease.

Thinking of this, Derek's eyes were filled with confusion. He walked towards the black cat on the other side of the cabinet.

The black cat was alert. It knew very well that this seemingly casual and lazy man was actually very dangerous and could kill it at any time.

The cat jumped out of the bedroom and ran towards the living room.

It thought that Derek was going to grab it by the neck again and threw it downstairs inhumanely.

"That's mine."

When Derek walked out of the living room, he saw the unknown black cat licking the milk in his cup.

He frowned slightly and got a little annoyed.

He didn't like people entering his space, and he didn't like any creatures using his things.

The black cat seemed to know that this would annoy him, so it was even proud. With a twist of its butt, it deliberately dropped Derek's crystal cup off the table.

The crystal cup was heavier than ordinary glass and more resistant to fall. It didn't break, but it just knocked on the floor and rolled to Derek's feet.

Derek lowered his head and looked at the cup beside his feet expressionlessly. He looked a little pale.

It was not important whether the cup was broken or not for him. What was important was that a cat had used it.

On the other end of the phone, Larry nagged a lot and found that Derek did not respond at all, so he roared a few times to see if he was listening.

"I don't have a cup." After a while, Derek's unique deep voice came slightly.

Larry was confused hearing that.

After a while, there was a crackling noise. There seemed to be some sounds of turning tables and cabinets over on the other side. Bang, bang, this sounded like he was going to tear down the house.

"Derek, what's wrong with you?" Larry became nervous and immediately asked him.

Derek was still the same and he ignored him.

Larry was hesitating with his phone in his hand. Should he rush over and find out what happened now?

But as to Derek's odd temper, he was probably just packing up the things he thought were dirty and throwing them away. Last time, he threw the entire sofa out.

"I told you, I don't like people coming into my room!"

Derek's voice vaguely reached Larry's ear through the phone.

Although Derek's voice always sounded sleepless and lazy, Larry could tell that this time Derek seemed to have been provoked by something.

What happened? Larry was even more nervous. Who entered Derek's room?

Christina?

No way. He wouldn't drive her away if it's Christina.

Was it the delivery guy who dropped over?

While Larry was guessing, he heard that Derek was even angrier. His voice was still lazy, but with some anger, and he said slowly, "You can enter my room as long as you are made into a specimen."

What?

Specimen?

Larry's face immediately changed. He grabbed keys and stroved to Derek's apartment in a panic.

Oh my god. Someone's going to die!

At this time, in Derek's apartment, he was chasing a cat. The cat was small and kept dodging. He had restrained himself before, but this time the cat used his cup, which annoyed him.

Derek did not show any mercy. He rummaged through the cabinets, and the room was in a mess.

The black cat gripped the crystal chandelier from the ceiling with its four claws and swayed in the air.

Right below, Derek was not joking. He found a bottle of formalin. He looked at the crystal chandelier above him seriously with his blue eyes and was about to make a cat specimen.

"Get down!"



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Derek had bad days in the past few days.

He was not good at housework, but yesterday he messed up his room because of fighting with the black cat, which made the whole apartment into a garbage dump.

Early in the morning, a retired lady from the neighborhood knocked on the door of his house angrily.

"I hate those young people who are not self-disciplined. They spent all their money on eating, drinking, and buying luxuries. As for utilities bills, however, they were unwilling to pay that I have to come to their house to ask for money..."

There are many hospitable retired volunteers in the old district of Crescent Garden. They are happy to help maintain the good running of the community, especially teaching those disobedient new residents lessons.

Bang, bang, the thick alloy door was slammed by the lady violently. She urged angrily.

"Open the door immediately. I know you're inside. You haven't paid utilities for three months. It's less than a hundred dollars in total. It's too irresponsible to repudiate such small amount of money!"

The lady was energetic with her loud voice. "The last two times I came, you weren't at home. Today, I asked Mr. Capener next door to keep an eye on you specially. I know you're in the house. Open the door! A hundred dollars is not a big deal. Don't be so irresponsible. Since you live here, you have to follow the rules. You have to promise not to repudiate utilities in the future. Don't expect us to come here all day to teach you..."

Derek opened the door in a daze with his short, messy hair.

The lady continued to criticize, "Finally open the door, you..." But when she looked inside, she was shocked and screamed, "What's wrong with your house?!"

It was even more terrifying than a home invasion robbery. The sofa and chairs were in a mess, the curtains were torn to pieces, and there were pieces of cups and plates on the floor.

Compared to the frightened expression of her, Derek was still in a daze. He said in a deep voice slowly, "Don't pat on my door."

Until now, the lady turned to look at the tall and thin young man in front of her.

Because Derek didn't sleep enough, he was sleepy and spoke with his head half lowered. It seemed that he was woke up by the noise, and reluctantly got up for he couldn't stand the noise anymore. His shirt and pants were all crooked. He looked lazy, but wasn't sloppy. The first impression to him was that this young man had a good temperament, who should be a well-educated and civilized man.

Although he is a good-looking young boy with a lovely voice and a good temperament, she had to criticize him for he had done something wrong.

The lady showed him the bills in her hand and said with a lower voice. "It's been three months since you paid the utilities. I came here to inform you that if you don't pay it, the security guards would cut off your electricity and water directly."

She continued to complain that, "The sun has upped for a long time, and you were still sleeping, young people nowadays are all like this. I came to inform you kindly but you complained so much."

Derek hadn't paid the utilities.

It was 98.2 dollars in total.

He took the bills and tried to close the door.

However, the old lady was such an experienced dunner. Just as Derek wanted to close the door, she angrily slapped the door with a big palm and stopped him.

"It's only 100 dollars. When can you pay it off? Do you really want your water and power supply to be cut off? It'll bring you a lot of trouble, have you ever thought about the consequences?" Although the lady was furious, she advised him in earnest.

"I don't have money."

Derek looked up and said this. His voice was low, lazy, and slow.

What a shameless man! How could he just admitted that he had no money!?

The old lady was so angry that she was about to continue scolding him. But when she saw Derek's face, she suddenly stopped talking, as if she had forgotten what to say.

He caught a glimpse of the black cat in the room coming over to watch the show, then he quickly went over and caught it.

With his long, white hand, he was steadily holding a black cat. Derek asked seriously with a low and deep voice, "Can I use this cat to pay for it?"

The old lady was dumbfounded, gibbering with astonishment. She quickly waved her hand, "No, no!"

She looked at the black cat, which was struggling with its teeth and claws in the air. Then she looked up at Derek's handsome face and looked into his clear blue eyes.

This young man is really pretty. The thought popped into her mind.

She had said so many harsh words just now as if she was a bully, but the young man did not show any anger on his face. He was really well-educated. No wonder he was so handsome.



As for her, who ran into his house to make a big noise for merely a hundred dollars utilities. The more she thought about it, the more ashamed she became. How could this young man deliberately owe such a small amount of money? He must be in trouble. I'm really old and confused.

In the end, Derek did not say anything. But the old lady who came to urge the money was thinking nonsense and did not press for it anymore. She lowered her head and felt ashamed. "Mr. Fisher, forgive me for being rude today..."

Derek still maintained the gesture he carried the cat. His face was fair and handsome, with a hint of confusion in his blue eyes. He did not say anything.

The lady praised him from the bottom of her heart. It was the first time she had met such a handsome man in her life. Moreover, he had such a good temper that he was not mad at all.

She instantly became warm and kind. She smiled with fine wrinkles around her eyes, "Derek, do you usually live here alone? When did you move here? I've lived here for 40 years. The houses in this area are a little older, but the neighbors nearby are very kind and contented. Life here does not move as fast as the life in the east. It's rare for young people like you to stay here..."

Looking at Derek's appearance, the lady associated all the good characters with him subconsciously.

Seeing the lady suddenly became so enthusiastic. Derek felt a little awkward. He wanted to close the door directly, but the door was tightly held by her. He was still holding the cat and listened to her without any emotion.

Suddenly, the lady got close to him excitedly. "Derek, I wonder if you would mind me introducing a girl to you. My niece is really good and filial..."

Without changing his expression, Derek took a step back. He didn't like to get too close to others, nor did he like to be socially intimate with them.

But he forgot to refuse, and he completely underestimated the enthusiasm of those hospitable people.

Soon, a rumor gradually spread over the Crescent Garden district.

It said that a handsome man had recently moved into their neighborhood. The retired square dancing aunties said even more exaggeratedly that the young man was a descendant of a reclusive aristocrat.

This man was very mysterious. He lived alone with a black cat. Even the cat's squatting posture was very noble.

Now, Derek's apartment was bustling every day, with ladies deliberately passing by his door. Rumors of various versions were endless.

Friday afternoon was so close to the weekend. Both the office workers and the students were excited. Christina and Crystal agreed to meet and go shopping at this time.

"Shh!"

"Wait a minute, I'll answer the phone."

Christina had just received a call from Derek. It was quite rare for him to call. Usually, this guy didn't say anything to her even when she went to his house. So Christina was a little nervous when she saw his calling.

She made a silent gesture to Crystal, lest she would miss any words. Derek would not repeat the same sentence.

"What?" Christina frowned, suspecting that she had misheard.

As expected, Derek did not repeat. Soon, the call was cut off.

Staring at her black screen, she was angry and felt confused at the same time.

"What the hell? Why don't you make it clear? What bill?" Christina called back as she nagged to herself.

But Derek had turned off his phone, and it was useless for her to call.

Christina was furious and speechless.

"What's wrong?" Crystal saw her looking at the phone furiously and asked.

"It's Derek, I just want to punch him now." Christina stared at the screen of her phone and spoke quickly.

After hearing about this, Crystal laughed aloud.

Derek, who was so-called the lonely prince charming, only had a few phone numbers on his phone list, and only a few people could get close to him.

"Derek is blessed by god with his face. No matter how angry you are, you can't do anything bad to him when seeing his face... Ha ha... He is really suitable for earning his living by his face."

Crystal teased Derek with a smile. It was rare for her to bring up the topic about him. No matter how curious she was about Derek, she could only imagine about it. But with Christina here, she could hear more interesting things.

Christina immediately scolded that, "If he could be smarter, he would cheat for money, not like now, calling me for paying his 100 dollars utilities."

"100 dollars utilities?" Crystal looked at her in surprise.

Christina sighed speechlessly.

The original quote about Derek's words was, "Bae, the utilities bill is 98.2 dollars. I couldn't afford it."

Then, he didn't even say a word more and cut off the call.

Christina was annoyed. "He lives alone and rarely uses water and electricity, and it's impossible for him to cook. It

might take months for him to spend 100 dollars for utilities. When the property management staff see that he haven't pay for a few months, they might go to urge him."

Derek must have been annoyed by them to call her for help.

"Doesn't Derek have 100 dollars?"

According to her estimation, the market price of his shirt and pants alone would cover all the living expenses of an ordinary family for three months.

"He's out of money."

Christina said expressionlessly, "The last time he went to a lawyer and said transferred to me all his assets directly, without much thinking. If Uncle Larry hasn't fed him regularly, this guy would have starved to death."

Crystal laughed after hearing this.

Neither Derek nor Christina had a clear concept of money. Now that it was her turn to help him, Derek didn't seem to feel ashamed. He just wanted to solve the problem as soon as possible so that the hospitable lady wouldn't come knocking on his door again.

"After we are out of the pet store, I'll go to his place to see what he's doing." Christina said to herself.

Christina used her little knowledge of pregnancy to remind Crystal, "It's better not to keep pets when you're pregnant, especially those with furs. I don't know if you're allergic."

"Those pet has been vaccinated. It shouldn't be a matter if I don't get in touch with it often." Crystal said in a gentle voice. "In Geoffrey's school, they have a course this semester, which the teacher asked the student to feed the small animals themselves, saying that it could cultivate the their sense of responsibility since young."

Christina felt it unreliable when hearing this course.

Then she complained, "Who said that raising an animal can develop a sense of responsibility? Some people can't even take good care of themselves. Maybe they have to fight for food with their pets."

Derek, who was far away in his apartment in Crescent Garden district, suddenly sneezed. "Achoo ..."



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Chapter 497

On Friday afternoon, when school time was over, it was getting crowded outside the school gate. Parents came early to pick up their children from school.

In Christina's words, all the parents immediately turned to look at the school gate in unison when the bell rang. As soon as the big iron gate at the school gate opened, a group of little babies rushed over. It was quite a spectacular scene.

"Crystal, don't go into the crowd as you're pregnant now." Christina was very dutiful, protecting Crystal behind her so as not to be hit by some reckless child.

They still had to be very careful in the first three months of pregnancy.

Seeing that she was so nervous, Crystal was very moved. She smiled and said. "The doctor said we don't have to be too nervous to make a fuss. Just calm down."

Christina had no sense of being a mother when she was pregnant then. Only when her grandfather glared at her with a frown did she become vigilant herself.

Christina was completely unprepared to be pregnant and had a lot of problems during childbirth so that when she saw the two little lives in front of her, she had a very magical feeling. "Oh, how did these two cute little babies come out of my belly?"

She was now so relieved thinking that the twins in her family were now safe and sound. "God bless them."

Last night at dinner, Geoffrey was very excited to say that he wanted to buy a rabbit and he would take good care of it. Crystal was free today so she asked Christina out today to go to the pet store and pick a little rabbit for him. She was going to surprise the little guy when she saw him later.

As usual, Geoffrey always liked to come out slowly from the school gate at the end. He was such a clever boy and he said he didn't want to be sandwiched in the crowd. In fact, he was only in the second year of primary school.

"Didn't I say that I don't need you to pick me up from school?" Geoffrey was very handsome in a light blue school uniform.

"I've told you eight times."

Geoffrey looked at Crystal, who was waiting for him at the school gate and complained in his childish voice.

Crystal ignored his words and deliberately reached out to ruffle his short hair. "You told me not to come the first seven times. Oh, you think you've grown up and want to walk home on your own. Do you know how far it is? If you're kidnapped by human traffickers halfway, it's no use crying then."

"I'm not that stupid!" Geoffrey's expression was a little awkward.

Christina watched from the side and felt that Crystal and Geoffrey were getting along quite well.

"Geoffrey!"

Across the road, Erica drove slowly past in a white BMW. She rolled down the window and shouted at them, "Geoffrey, come here. I can't stop my car here. Hurry up!"

It seemed that in case they didn't hear her, Erica specially tapped the horn of the car twice to urge them.

Christina frowned and looked at Erica. Crystal was about to say something when Geoffrey, who was standing beside her, heard her mother's voice and ran over.

Crystal stood there and watched as Geoffrey ran happily towards his own mother. Geoffrey opened the door and climbed into the car in a familiar manner. Erica seemed to have turned around and said something to him. Then Geoffrey craned his neck and waved at them. The car drove away.

Biological mother was indeed different.

"Crystal." Christina felt that she was a little disappointed and called her.

Crystal forced a smile. "I forgot to tell him about the rabbit."

Yes, she didn't have a chance to say anything more. When he heard Erica's call, he turned around and ran away without any hesitation.

A stepmother was indeed a stepmother. There was always a gap between them no matter how hard she tried to get close to him.

The stepmother was really in a difficult position. Even in fairy tales, Snow White's stepmother was vicious. There were many reorganized families in society. The stepmothers could not communicate with their children and they even hated each other. Christina had no idea about this problem so she could only pat Crystal on the shoulder to comfort her.

"By the way, does Erica still live in the Stephenson family?" Christina suddenly asked her in a serious tone.

Crystal said in a low voice, "No."

The Stephenson family also knew that it was embarrassing to let an ex-wife sneak around all day long as the new wife had already entered into the family.

Erica had been in the police station for a relationship dispute with her ex-boyfriend. The Stephenson family was very nervous about her so they immediately asked Chandler to get her out and then let her live in the Stephenson family for a while.

Crystal was not a stingy woman but there were some things she could only hide in her heart feeling aggrieved. Later on, Erica took the initiative to move out of the Stephenson family while Crystal did not say anything about

this.

At first, Crystal was secretly a little happy. After all, two women in a family were really embarrassing. However, it backfired.

"After Erica moved out, Geoffrey packed his luggage and said that he was going to live with his mother and would come back to see his grandparents on the weekend. Of course, Mrs. Pei and the others want to see their little grandson every day so now they live there most of the time and occasionally go back to the Stephenson family on weekends."

Crystal told Christina what she had been thinking for a long time.

Christina looked surprised. Was that okay?

"You mean that Erica has taken all the Stephenson family people away?" Christina said quickly.

The old man and the children followed Erica. Then where was the home exactly was?

Crystal smiled bitterly. "Not exactly. They'll be back for a day this weekend so I bought a lot of ingredients this morning."

Unexpectedly, Erica picked up Geoffrey on Friday afternoon and it was so obvious that they should not go back to the Stephenson family tonight.

"How about Chandler?"

Christina had already shown an angry look. She held back her scolding and asked.

Crystal knew that she was angry for her seeing her expression. She softened her voice to comfort her, "Chandler is busy with work. He often goes on business trips..."

Crystal tried to be relaxed and indifferent. A new text message came on her phone.

She carefully peeked at the screen of her phone.

"I'm going to Erica's place today. You don't have to wait for me for dinner." It was Chandler's message.

Crystal lowered her head and her eyes darkened.

Like countless times before, she quickly replied one word. "Okay."

Christina didn't notice Crystal's slight movements and muttered to herself, "At least Chandler didn't play around with the old and the child. Otherwise, it would be a mess. The original home has become a hotel and it can't be regarded as home anymore."

Crystal raised her head again and the forced smile on her face froze.

"Although I don't have much experience dealing with family matters, I think the most important one is Geoffrey. The Stephenson family pay all their attention to Geoffrey."

Christina decided to accompany this brave but poor woman. They were going out to the restaurant for a candlelight dinner and having a good talk about the trivial matters in life.



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"Christina, are you sure you don't need to go back to the Hopkins family for dinner?" Crystal had a delicate mind and was used to being considerate. "If you suddenly don't go back, will Old Master Hopkins be angry?"

Christina thought for a moment. "No, it should be alright."

Ms. Hopkins might pick on her at the dinner table. Her mother-in-law, Judy, would keep silent and be an onlooker. As for Senior Mr. Hopkins, he would only say that she'd better go home early next time and wouldn't take such trifles to heart.

Compared with Crystal, Christina suddenly felt her life in the Hopkins family was not that bad. It was rumoured that the rules in the Hopkins family were stringent, but actually the life there was not that difficult.

Christina turned the conversation back to Crystal. She felt that Crystal was too oppressed after getting married.

She continued, "Look, children nowadays are parents' riches. Geoffrey is the only child in the Stephenson family, so everyone in the family revolves around him."

As Christina spoke, she looked at Crystal confidently. "When your baby is born, the two elders of the Stephenson family will pay attention to your baby. Geoffrey should also like having a little brother or sister."

Crystal walked side by side with her, listening quietly without making a sound. She lowered her head, and her eyes brimmed with tears.

Christina heard from Charles that there was a popular Chinese restaurant nearby, which was particularly famous for its stews which were really delicious.

Although Christina was not attentive enough to notice Crystal's frustration, she still made an effort to ask about suitable food for a pregnant woman.

Christina excitedly pulled Crystal into the restaurant. "Here we are. Even Charles said the food here is tasty. You should have a try, and your baby will be healthier."

While seeing Christina act so warmly to be considerate of herself, Crystal felt much better. She smiled and said, "Okay."

Crystal knew why Patrick Hopkins liked Christina. It was really comfortable to be with her, and she could make you forget those vexations for the time being.

Coincidentally, Christina booked a private room and was about to have a big meal with Crystal, and then she saw two acquaintances sitting in the private room next to hers.

It was Ms. Hopkins, whom she hated very much, and Brianna.

"What are they doing here?" Christina stopped. The door of the private room was not closed, and she could faintly

hear some curses inside.

Ms Hopkins scolded Brianna fiercely. "I was kind enough to introduce a boyfriend to you. Why did you perform so recklessly? At least you've lived in the Hopkins family for so many years, but how could you didn't even know the basic etiquette. It's embarrassing that I brought you here."

Ms. Hopkins scolded Brianna without caring about her feelings, even though they were in a public place, so the waiter in the private room was very embarrassed and wanted to meditate but didn't know what to do.

Strangely, the quiet lady kept her head down from the beginning and did not utter a word.

The more Ms. Hopkins did this, the more Christina felt sorry for this lady. She looked rather young, and Christina pitied her for having such a snobbish relative.

"Madam, I have seen that it was the male guest who did something to this lady." The waiter couldn't stand it anymore and spoke up for Brianna in a low voice.

"It was this older lady who brought her niece over for a blind date, but the man just acted so indiscreetly. At first, he sat close to her and wanted to chum up with her. As soon as he saw the older lady go to the bathroom, he rudely touched the young lady's thigh. The young lady was so scared that she quickly stood up and somehow tugged at the hot pot on the table. The soup stained the man's pants, and he was also scalded and then scolded.

"It's none of your business. Get out of here!"

Ms. Hopkins was in a bad mood, as her plan failed. When she saw this waiter speak up for Brianna, she immediately snapped at him as she always scolded servants like that at home.

This restaurant was fancy, and most of the customers here were rich people, who were generally polite and respectful. While seeing this arrogant guest speak so harshly, the waiter thought about whether he should go and ask the manager to mediate.

Just in time, Christina walked into the room.

"Crystal, take Brianna out first."

Christina looked at Ms. Hopkins calmly. Since she already had a dispute with this shrew and also quarreled with her constantly, she was not afraid of her at all.

"Christina, mind your own business!" Ms. Hopkins was even angrier when she saw Christina suddenly appear against her.

"I don't mind you telling on me to Senior Mr. Hopkins. Ms. Hopkins, what's the name of this 'nobleman' you introduced to Brianna? What are his hobbies? And what's his personality? Although Brianna is not Senior Mr. Hopkins's granddaughter, he does care about her marriage. You'd better not play tricks on her."

"You!" Ms. Hopkins's face darkened even more.

Ms. Hopkins did harbor evil intentions, and she wanted Brianna to marry his husband's cousin, so it would be easier for her to maintain relations with the Hopkins family.

Brianna was autistic, so Ms. Hopkins could effortlessly control her. Although Brianna had no blood relationship with the Hopkins family, her identity could bring about many benefits.

"Christina, I warn you, don't talk nonsense when you go back." Ms. Hopkins had some scruples about Christina.

Christina looked at her indifferently. "I always only tell the truth."

Ms. Hopkins felt uneasy and became furious immediately. "I arranged this blind date for Brianna with good intentions. Don't you see what kind of girl she is? Besides, she's not even a member of the Hopkins family."

"It was because they felt that Patrick alone would be so lonely, so they brought her back from the orphanage. She had been Miss Hopkins for so many years, and it was already a great blessing for her. Was she still not satisfied and thinking of marrying Patrick? It was only a joke when they talked about a child bride back then, and how could she really take that seriously? Let alone Patrick, even Charles wouldn't fancy her. The person I've arranged for her is not that bad. How dare she be picky!"

Christina was a little shocked. A child bride?

Originally, Brianna's identity was Patrick's child bride.

It sounded strange. What era was it? How come this kind of thing could even have happened?

However, Christina was engaged to Derek when she was a child under her Grandpa's arrangement. It was not impossible for the Hopkins family to do the same old stuff.

Thinking of this, Christina turned to look at Brianna. "Hey, why are you still sitting there?" She had no intention of asking about such a strange thing as a "child bride."

She just felt that she and Ms. Hopkins were quarreling so fiercely, but why Brianna could sit there still and didn't even make a reaction?

Sometimes Christina couldn't understand why Brianna let others bully her at will, and she didn't even dare to argue.

"Brianna, let's get out of here. I'll accompany you home first."

Crystal also felt sorry for Brianna. She soon stepped forward and pulled Brianna, who was obedient and did not dare to move in her chair, and then they went out of the room quickly.

Brianna did not refuse. She was like a child who had done something wrong and was at a loss. She did not dare to look around and let Crystal pull her away.

"You're pregnant. Don't run." Suddenly, Brianna whispered.

Crystal slowed down and turned to look at her strangely. "You know I'm pregnant?"

Brianna's face was delicate, and she only said, "Yes, I saw your pregnancy test kit."



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Brianna's blind date arranged by Lassie was finally left unsettled.

After all, Brianna didn't put the blame for it on Lassie. Though Christina was dissatisfied with what Lassie had done, she couldn't pursue the matter since she did not want to stir up trouble.

Recently, Lassie always picked holes in Christina's behaviours. "I don't understand why your sister didn't resist at all. Now it seems that I put my finger in her pie."

At night, Christina stayed in the bedroom and complained to Patrick about it before going to sleep.

"Brianna has been like this since she was a child."

Patrick had never interfered in the disputes between these women, but he really couldn't understand why Christina said she needed to be defensive against Brianna the last time.

Christina sat at the dresser, looking at herself in the mirror and combing her long black hair.

She turned her head and looked at Patrick suspiciously. She pointed at him with her comb and asked in a rather imposing manner, "Patrick, tell me the truth, were you with Brianna before?"

Patrick had just come out of the bathroom, and his short black hair was still a little wet. He approached her with a white towel.

"Brianna is my sister. Did Lassie tell you that Brianna used to be a child bride?" Patrick looked at Christina with clear eyes.

Seeing that he was so honest and frank, Christina felt a little bored. She originally thought that he wouldn't have said frankly if she hadn't forced him. She continued combing her long hair violently, and a few black hairs even broke.

"... Are you jealous?"

Patrick compressed his lips and chuckled. He picked up the big hairbrush in her hand and combed her hair. He was very patient, smoothing her hair back over her scalp.

Christina sat upright and looked at the man who was standing behind her combing her hair in the mirror. She swung her legs and enjoyed being served by him. She replied proudly, "Why am I jealous? Derek and I also had an engagement when we were kids and we even exchanged love tokens."

Though Brianna was adopted by the Hopkins family as Patrick's child bride, Christina was Patrick's legal wife now and they even had two kids. She was in an unassailable position.

How could she be jealous because of some jokes made by Patrick's elders?

"How's Derek?"

Patrick's combed her hair with a little force, and Christina felt a pain in her scalp. Christina was depressed because she found that Patrick was the one who could not stand those old stories.

Men like to be jealous the most.

"I transferred a hundred dollars to Derek's account." The mention of Derek turned on the gas. "Do you know why I transferred it to Derek? He actually called me this afternoon and said I owed his money..."

She originally wanted to share Derek's embarrassing story with Patrick, but before she could finish her sentence, Patrick was gloomy. He stuffed the large white towel into her hand and changed the topic seriously.

"I combed your hair just now. Now it's your turn to help me rub my hair." Patrick took it for granted.

"Patrick, I'm your wife, but you're so fussy."

Christina grabbed the big towel and deliberately rubbed his short hair tousled. "Men are unreliable. Do you know it? Chandler and the Stephenson family always bully Crystal. If one day I can't bear it anymore and rush to the Stephenson family to judge them, you must get my back unconditionally. Understand?!"

As Christina rubbed Patrick's hair, she complained and made requests.

Patrick chuckled and said nothing.

"Why are Chandler and his family so biased towards Geoffrey and Erica? Chandler's parents looked at Erica in such an affectionate way that I couldn't even stand.

Christina deliberately tied the towel around his neck. She raised her eyebrows in an exaggerated manner, pretending to be fierce and threatening.

"Patrick, I don't have many true friends. Now, my friend has been treated unfairly, of course I'm very dissatisfied. Stop imagining helping Chandler just because he's your friend."

Patrick glanced at Christina sideways and knew that she was childish. He suddenly stood up and put his arms around her waist. With great force, he lifted her up. Christina's heart missed a beat. She was afraid of falling so she quickly held his head tightly with both hands to avoid getting hurt.

Christina could not resist and patted him on the head. "Hey, hey, put me down..."

Carrying her in his arms, Patrick walked straight to their big bed and said in a deep voice, "Christina, you strangled me just now. I am defending myself."

How could Christina be able to play tricks with Patrick?

"Don't meddle in the affairs of the Stephenson family, and Brianna and Lassie." Patrick reminded her because he

didn't like her to interfere in other people's affairs.

"Christina, if you're really that bored, you can think about me."

Christina was thrown onto the bed, and her body bounced on the soft bed. She immediately turned over to defend herself and asked doubtfully, "Think about what?"

Christina and Patrick often played such a game. Knowing that Christina was never obedient, Patrick liked catching her and throwing her on the bed when she got into a huff.

Just as she was about to jump out of bed again, Patrick grabbed her ankle and pulled her back...

"If you're bored, you can think about my desires." Patrick's voice was low, hoarse, and full of desire.

Christina blushed.

Patrick covered her with his body. "Hey, I'm not ready yet..." Christina complained coquettishly. "How long do you need? I'll give you at most five minutes..." Patrick felt challenging to suppress his desire, especially to Christina who was so dull. He felt that he was always suffering before enjoying the intimate night with her.

Perhaps it was because Christina complained to Patrick about Lassie last night, the next morning at breakfast, grandpa warned seriously, "If anyone dares to introduce Brianna to anyone with selfish intentions, don't blame me for being cruel and breaking up the family relationship, humph!"

Senior Mr. Hopkins warned not only because he cared about Brianna who was autistic but obedient, but also because Patrick inadvertently mentioned how unreliable the man Lassie introduced to Brianna last time was while he was playing chess with Senior Mr. Hopkins this morning.

Although Patrick asked Christina to mind her own business, he cared about Brianna.

At breakfast, Christina felt satisfied when she heard grandfather warning Lassie.

And Christina thus understood that though complaining to her husband was shameful, it worked!

It was boring to idle the days away in the Hopkins family. Christina had nothing to do apart from serving Patrick at night, so she often called Crystal when she was free, sharing her pregnancy experience with Crystal and hoping that Crystal could smoothly give birth to a healthy baby.

The sun was shining brightly.

At noon, Christina sat on a chair under the shade of a tree and checked the time with her phone frequently.

She and Crystal agreed to buy some maternity supplies and baby clothes today, but she waited for a long time and didn't see Crystal.

"We agree to meet at 10:00, but it's almost 12:00..." Crystal was actually two hours late.

Crystal had always been used to arriving early. What happened today?

Before, they talked on the phone about pregnancy do's and don'ts and parental experience. Christina reminded her what cosmetics she couldn't use when she was pregnant. Today, they planned to come out to buy daily necessities such as shower gel and cream for pregnant women with loose skin on bellies.

Crystal said that they'd better not meet at the Stephenson family because it was a little awkward to let them know they were going to buy these things. She asked Christina to meet in the Central Park located in the business street of the east of the city and said that she might be a little late.

But it was almost 12 o'clock and Crystal didn't show up.

Christina made five calls but no one answered, and she also sent a bunch of messages to Crystal on WhatsApp, but Crystal didn't reply.

"Did she meet an accident?"

Christina was worried, especially now, Crystal was in the early stages of pregnancy. What if Crystal met an accident on the way over and went to the hospital?

Christina thus got up and hailed a taxi to the Stephenson family.

Christina urged the driver to speed up. In the parking area across the road from the Stephenson family, she immediately ran out of the car.

"Christina!"

At this moment, in the lanes of oncoming traffic, a dark gray Porsche was driving towards her. The man in the driver's seat rolled down the window. It was Chandler. He looked a little gloomy and shouted at Christina anxiously.

Christina heard someone calling her and turned to look.

Christina felt strange to meet someone she knew. Chandler seemed to be angry and was glaring at her.

Chandler seemed to have just driven out of the Stephenson family and was in a hurry. He parked the car aside, where it was clearly marked as a non parking area.

He anxiously slammed the door and strode towards Christina.

He looked like he was going to seek revenge on her.

Christina stood still and looked at Chandler. It was obvious that he was going to stir up trouble. What happened? Christina felt she didn't offend him.

"What happened to Crystal?"



Christina was not dull, and she soon recalled that Crystal had missed their meet today.

Crystal asked her out but was actually two hours late. Was Crystal in trouble?

Chandler stormed up to Christina and gritted his teeth. "Christina, what have you said to Crystal? Don't mislead her. We ordinary people can't afford your noble habits!"

Chandler was not as gentle as he used to be. Instead, he scolded in a sharp tone.

Christina was confused.

"What happened? Where's Crystal?" Christina suppressed her anger and asked him again.

Chandler was even angrier when he saw that Christina didn't feel guilty at all.

Chandler felt that Christina had been indulged by the Dickens family since she was a child. After she married Patrick, she became more wilful because Patrick spoiled her. But it was her business. However, now, Christina interfered with his marriage, and Chandler couldn't stand it.

"I've always respected Patrick, so I respect you. No matter how unreasonable you are, we won't take it seriously. But Crystal is not you. She's completely different from you. Christina, leave her alone..."

"What are you talking about?"

Christina lost her patience and glared at him with a darkened face.

Chandler's face also darkened. "Crystal has run away after leaving a message because of you! Where is she?!"

He was furious and questioned Christina.

Christina was shocked.

Did Crystal really run away after only leaving a message? Crystal didn't tell anyone.

How could Crystal do so? How could that coward Crystal have the guts to do such a thing?

She was always caring about others' feelings and was always worried that if she did something wrong, she would cause trouble. How could she suddenly be so wilful?



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Chandler's face darkened, "You taught Crystal to leave a message and run away. Where did you hide her?"

He was furious and directly asked Christina to hand Crystal over.

Christina startled.

Chandler was very irritated, "Crystal kept me a secret about her pregnancy until someone suddenly sent me a B-scan report this morning."

As he spoke, his tone turned down, as if he knew he was wrong, "I admit that I was too excited at that time, but I just wanted to make it clear to Crystal that Geoffrey is still young and can't accept a brother or sister. We can have another baby in the future."

"Chandler, what did you say?"

Christina did not listen to him anymore. She raised her voice and interrupted him angrily.

"Crystal is pregnant. She's been hiding it from you because she is afraid to tell you?"

In fact, she was also suspicious because Crystal's behavior was too strange. She was always halting when Christina asked about how the Stephenson family reacted to her pregnancy.

Christina did not understand why Crystal was afraid to tell her family the good news about her pregnancy.

Now she knew the reason.

She was simmering with rage. This bastard.

"Chandler, you just said that Geoffrey is still young, but he is already a second-grade student. Everyone is making a second child. Why are you so resistant?"

"Did Erica tell something nonsense to you?"

Christina was furious, "I know you've been very close to Erica recently. It doesn't matter if you help her financially. After all, she's Geoffrey's biological mother, but Chandler, you'd better go back and look at your marriage certificate. Who's your wife now?"

"If the Stephenson family hadn't bullied her too much, would Crystal run away from home? You just said that you had a lot of chances to have another baby in the future. That means this baby is gone, right?"

"Chandler, you know Crystal is pregnant but still asked her to have an abortion?" Christian gritted her teeth, even she couldn't believe it.

"I never thought that you would be such a scumbag. Crystal is pregnant with your own child. How can you ask her

to have an abortion?"

She raised her hand and slapped him hard.

Chandler was stunned by her slap. Then he felt a stinging pain on his cheek.

At the same, Mrs. Stephenson was taking Geoffrey out through the gate. They watched in astonishment as Christina hit Chandler, and they also heard the contents of their quarrel.

Geoffrey was a little frightened, and he held his grandmother's hand tightly.

Mrs. Stephenson was a little embarrassed and angry. After all, her son has been hit by someone.

She took Geoffrey to walk to them, maintaining her gentle temperament and trying her best to be friendly, "Christina, you misunderstood Chandler. We didn't force Crystal to have an abortion. We just discussed with her if she agreed to have a child a few more years later..."

They didn't force Crystal to have an abortion.

They just discussed with her whether she agreed to give birth a few years later.

That meant the same things to Crystal, who was not good at rejecting others.

The Stephenson family was bullying Crystal in disguise. Looking at Mrs. Stephenson's fake manner, Christina became even angrier and asked her sarcastically.

"Mrs. Stephenson, Erica gave birth to your grandson, isn't Crystal pregnant with your grandson too? You have always been kind and merciful, but you are killing your own grandson yourself. You don't even have any pity!"

Mrs. Stephenson's face turned pale. She did not know how to answer.

At this moment, in the parking area opposite, there was a red Ferrari parking there ostentatiously.

As soon as Lucy received her salary from Patrick, she went to the 4S store and generously took out a sports car she had expected for a long time. A single woman was so cool by living paycheck-to-paycheck. She spent money whenever she had money, and when she had no money, she would freeload off her friends.

As for the Stephenson family right there, the wife had to serve this large family. That woman, Crystal, was stupid to be a stepmother which was thankless.

Lucy had a tall figure and short hair. She was wearing a branded suit, which looked more handsome than a man wearing it.

She sat in the car and set up an SLR camera with a telephoto lens, facing the entrance of the Stephenson's house.

She clearly saw that Christina scolded those people in the Stephenson family. Especially when she slapped

Chandler's face, Lucy almost wanted to press the shutter and take a few close-ups of her.

Lucy was just watching this like a show.

After a while, Christina glared at Chandler fiercely with her face darkened.

She warned Chandler coldly, "I'm telling you clearly now. If anything happens to Crystal because of you scums, I'm not done with you!"

She directly called the Stephenson family scums.

She was so angry that she didn't show any mercy to the elder and children.

Thinking of the time when Crystal hid her fear of mentioning pregnancy to the Stephenson family, Christina felt sad. Crystal really wanted to be a mother. Every time she mentioned the unborn baby, she looked maternal and gentle.

No matter how gentle Mrs. Stephenson was, how smart Geoffrey was, all of them were accomplices to hurt Crystal, especially Chandler, a scumbag!

Christina refrained from doing anything else. Otherwise, she would rush over to give Chandler a shoulder throw, letting him lie in the hospital for a month.

"Your whole family is insane!"

Christina couldn't help but scold them. Then she turned around and left angrily.

"Christina!"

Chandler's expression was very gloomy, especially there was a handprint on his left cheek. The slap from Christina really lost his dignity as a man, but he could not fight back to a woman.

They all knew that Christina had cultivated that unruly temperament in the Dickens family since she was a child, and she had become more headstrong since she married Patrick. But they were still intimidated by her scolding just now.

Christina's tone was a little like Patrick's, which was sharp and cold.

They all looked sullen and didn't refute, but when Chandler saw she had finished scolding and left angrily, he did not care about his male dignity and quickly chased after her.

"Christina!"

"Did you ask Crystal to run away from home? Where did you hide her?"

"She hasn't been feeling well these days, and she is in the early stage of pregnancy. If you ask her to come back, I will

communicate with her."

Chandler disregarded any manners and reached out to stop Christina, who was in a rage in front of him.

Christina seemed unwilling to say any word to Chandler and walked faster. At this moment, Lucy, who had been watching the play in the corner, shouted to them.

"Hello everyone!"

Lucy's beautiful face was shining under the sun. She smiled brightly with a gloating look.

She also waved at them pompously, and the red Ferrari was so hard to ignore.

Christina immediately trotted over. She quickly got in Lucy's car and slammed the car door.

Then she said, "Drive!"

Lucy looked at her lordly with raised eyebrows.

Patrick was her boss, so Christina was her boss's wife nominally. But all the core members of the group, including Lucy, didn't admit the existence of the boss's wife.

Christina was the woman Patrick married to give birth to a child. Such a woman could be replaced at any time. They worked themselves to the bone for Patrick, so they did not accept an ordinary woman like Christina.

She did nothing but give birth to a twin for the Hopkins family. How could Patrick treasure her so much?

Lucy was still dissatisfied with her boss's wife. Not everyone could command her and regard her as a driver. If she was unhappy, she would chase Christina away at any time.

However, Lucy glanced at Chandler, who was running over. She hated this kind of bookish man even more.

Chandler glared at Christina angrily. He wouldn't let her go before he knew where Crystal was.

"Christina, tell me where Crystal is now!"

Christina's face darkened, and she wanted to drench him with the bottled water in the car. She cursed angrily, "You fucking don't even know where your wife has gone, Chandler Stephenson, you bastard! Why don't you go back and remarry your ex-wife? It's really Crystal's misfortune to meet you in her life!"

Although Chandler was usually gentle, he was incited by Christina's temper.

"Hey, my new car is only for women. Have you been castrated?"

Lucy spoke loudly with these vulgar words.

Chandler wanted to open the car door and drag Christina out to ask clearly. Lucy also steamed him up.

Lucy turned the car key to start the engine with her slender fingers, drove off with full automatic mode.

"You're lucky. Standing behind and smelling the exhaust of my new car. Haha..." Lucy let out a loud laugh.

The car backed away, Chandler quickly turned around and glared at the two arrogant women in the car.

A stream of car exhaust gushed out. At the moment Chandler looked up again, the car roared out along the spacious road and disappeared.



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Chapter 501

The latest red Ferrari ran smoothly on the main road.

The smooth driving experience and extremely fast speed made Lucy excited. The high-end car was indeed great and Lucy enjoyed driving her new car.

Lucy turned around and gave Christina a meaningful look. "How do you think of my car?"

Lucy, who had always been smart and thoughtful, was actually childish sometimes.

Christina took Lucy's car for free, and it was the new car Lucy had just brought. If Christina didn't praise it, Lucy swore that she would throw Christina out of the highway immediately.

"Oh, not bad."

Christina was still thinking about Crystal. She didn't expect Lucy, who had always been cold, to talk to her about these boring topics. So Christina replied perfunctorily.

Lucy's face darkened and she was thinking about which intersection would be more suitable to throw Christina down.

"There's one in the Hopkins family that's similar to yours, but it seems to be better than yours."

Christina didn't know much about Lucy, but when she saw that Lucy seemed to have a crush on cars, she said it casually.

Several times when they met, it was Lucy who took the initiative to find Christina. Lucy was arrogant, and Christina could feel that Lucy looked down on her.

"In which aspect?" Lucy said teasingly. "Is it more powerful and durable?"

Lucy had learned some dirty jokes from the men.

Christina did not understand Lucy's sarcasm and replied seriously, "Yes, that car has a better motor."

"If you can help me investigate Brianna, I'll give you that car."

Christina said it casually, but Lucy secretly got excited. The limited-edition sports car in the Hopkins family garage was rare and expensive.

In fact, Lucy appreciated a strong woman like Christina. At least Christina was loyal to her friends.

"You scold Chandler for being scumbag because he still contacts his ex-wife. But there are also some women around Patrick, why don't you get angry at this..."

Lucy remembered that Christina raised her hand to slap Chandler. As a woman, Lucy felt that it was right. Crystal was so weak that she could only cry and run away.

Lucy wanted to hear Christina scold Patrick, so Lucy wanted Christina to say a few more words. "Patrick has a lot of women around him. There is a bunch of women in the Secretarial Office, and there are also many beautiful female clients of the project cooperation..."

Christina looked at Lucy strangely and she said calmly. "Don't worry about it. I trust him."

Lucy was speechless. Lucy had never worried about it, she was trying to sow discord between them instead.

"Don't you like to have a cold war with Patrick and argue with him?"

Christina looked innocent and told Lucy, "Oh, I gave him time to apologize."

Lucy suddenly braked and stopped the car, looking at Christina in surprise.

Christina felt that Lucy was a temperamental woman and didn't know what Lucy was going to do. Christina remained calm when Lucy stopped the car.

Christina added, "The last time I was trapped in the snow mountain and unable to contact Patrick, but I knew he would come to me." Christina had never mentioned it to anyone else.

If Patrick heard it, he would be very moved.

Lucy raised her eyebrows. She felt that Christina was a little different from her impression.

"By the way, you just scolded the people of the Stephenson family so harshly. You really have no mercy at all."

At the mention of this, Christina's face was gloomy and she got angry again. "The Stephenson family wants Crystal to have an abortion. Why should I be polite to scum?"

Lucy looked at Christina in amazement. Christina didn't hide her true feelings at all. Looking her angry look, Lucy thought that it was good to tease Christina to pass the time.

Lucy wondered if Patrick found it interesting.

Lucy did not understand the physical and mental harm of abortion to women, nor did she understand Christina's anger at this moment.

Lucy had never considered giving birth to a child at all, and the harm of giving birth to a child to a woman's body was irreversible. If giving birth to a child could not bring benefits, then in Lucy's opinion, giving birth to a child was simply futile.

Christina was cursing at the Stephenson family. She had long disliked Chandler's attitude towards his ex-wife, but she couldn't speak ill of him in front of Patrick and Charles. Now Christina was complaining to Lucy.

"They're divorced, but Erica still always goes to the Stephenson family. Is that reasonable?"

"The elders of the Stephenson family don't care about Crystal's feelings at all, and they think that Crystal has a good character and she will obey them. They only explain that it is for Geoffrey's good and they indulge the child too much. Maybe they really want Chandler and Erica to get remarried. They are all bastards!"

Lucy continued to drive, looking straight at the road and listening to Christina's complaints.

This feeling was a little strange as if two close friends were talking about family matters. Lucy had never had this kind of experience. Lucy was surrounded by rude men since she was young, and she had to fight to get food. Now Lucy was in the same car with Christina, listening to Christina's complaints.

Lucy looked up at herself in the rearview mirror. She was still so beautiful. Why did she feel like she had fallen since she returned home?

"... There's one thing I want to emphasize."

Lucy's expression suddenly became serious, as if she was negotiating with Christina, and she said slowly, "You just said that when I get things done, you will give me the car in the garage."

"So it's better to write it down on paper so that there won't be any financial disputes." Lucy meant that it was better for Christina to write her a letter of guarantee or something.

Christina looked at Lucy strangely. It was her first time working with Lucy and Christina was a little curious.

Seeing that Christina was silent, Lucy's face darkened and threatened Christina. "I have an obligation to tell you that the SLR camera I put in the back of the car has the function of recording. Our conversation has been recorded, which can be used as evidence. If you don't agree, I will tell others that you are looking for me to investigate Brianna, and I can also get the car from Patrick."

Once Christina didn't keep her words, Lucy would immediately turn her back on Christina.

This was Lucy's survival principle in this world. There was no right or wrong. In order to get her own interests, Lucy did everything she could. And that's why she could survive until today.

In the eyes of ordinary people, it was really immoral and even heartless.

So what? In order to survive, Lucy used to steal the last mouthful of dry food from the old man in the war-torn village, because she would starve to death if she didn't do it.

Perhaps because Christina had been in much contact with Patrick, Christina felt that Lucy was not too difficult to get along with.

"I asked you to investigate Brianna and you are not allowed to report it to Patrick for the time being. If you tell him, I will speak ill of you in front of Patrick every day."

Christina looked confident and used her trump card.

Lucy was furious. "Miss Dickens, you're getting more and more despicable and shameless. Don't you look down upon the behavior of making reports to men?"

Lucy herself also looked down on women acting coquettishly towards men. However, Patrick was her boss.

Christina looked relaxed and brushed her long hair. "You'd better show your respect to me. I have figured it out recently."

Christina was in a good mood. She patted Lucy on the shoulder and said enthusiastically, "Look, it's good for you to be in cahoots with me. One day you accidentally offend Patrick, you can ask me for help."

"I'll leave the investigation of Brianna to you. As long as you do it well, I'll definitely bring the car from the Hopkins family to you immediately. Don't worry."

Lucy looked at Christina's sly smile expressionlessly. Christina chuckled and patted Lucy's head. It was quite comfortable to touch Lucy's short hair.

"... By the way, help me find out where is Crystal. I'm a little worried about her."

Christina was really good at ordering people now.

Although Lucy was full of dissatisfaction with Christina, she did not dare to throw Christina directly on the highway and she sent Christina back to Hopkins family safely. The car turned around and Lucy had to work hard again.

Patrick soon heard the news that Christina went to the Stephenson family to make a scene at noon.

"You hit Chandler?"

In the evening, Patrick took Christina to a bar. The main business of the IP&G Group was entertainment. The busiest and tallest nightclub in the east of the city was solely owned by Patrick. They went straight to the top floor, and it was different from the noisy environment of the ordinary bar.

Christina had been here many times. The bartender smiled and he immediately made her a cocktail according to her preference. Then he placed it on her table respectfully.

"So what?"

Christina sat on the high chair with her hands on the spotless bar table. She shook her high heels and sniffed at the cocktail. Then she picked it up and took a sip. She answered perfunctorily as if she didn't take it seriously at all.

Charles also brought a new girlfriend over tonight. Charles's girlfriend drank leisurely and she knew that Miss Dickens had always been picky.

"Christina, why did you hit Chandler?"

Charles sat down beside Christina, and he asked her curiously instead of scolding her.

Patrick stared at her deeply. Christina felt his gaze and it seemed that he wanted her to admit her mistake. Patrick had already found out the reason and process of the matter.

"Chandler deserves it."

Christina didn't want to admit her mistake.

Charles frowned at her. "Christina, men have self-esteem. We and Chandler have known each other for many years. You hit him..."

"Do you mean that women don't have self-esteem?" Christina immediately sat up straight and scolded Charles angrily, "Do you know how hard it is to get pregnant and how painful it is to give birth to a child? You men only need to enjoy having sex and you don't have to bear any bullshit... Chandler wants Crystal to have an abortion. He's out of his mind and I just did what I should do!"

Christina looked angry. She didn't think she was wrong at all.

Charles was surprised at her words.

"That's impossible, right?" Charles muttered to himself and he hesitated.

Thinking about the relationship between the Stephenson family and Erica, Charles frowned. "Crystal is pregnant and Chandler wants her to have an abortion? He's really out of his mind."

Christina grabbed the glass, raised her hand, and drank it in one gulp.

Christina was still very angry. "Chandler has always been unwilling to bring Crystal out to meet his friends. He thinks that Crystal has embarrassed him and that Crystal is not as beautiful as his ex-wife Erica. Bastard!"

The bartender immediately filled her glass again. Christina picked it up and drank it in one gulp again. When she was upset, she liked to drink the most, which could bring temporary happiness.

Patrick winked at the bartender. The bartender bent down and nodded, then left knowingly.

Patrick came to the empty seat by Christina's side. "Didn't I tell you not to interfere in the matter of the Stephenson family?" Patrick said calmly as if he didn't care much about it.

Christina had no wine to drink. She was in a bad mood and unwilling to speak.

At 11 pm, Patrick and Christina came back from outside.

On the way home, Christina was solemn all the way. Even the driver could see that she was in a bad mood and then found Young Master Hopkins was calm and expressionless as usual after secretly looking at him. Patrick looked out the window and seemed to ponder on something.

Christina was already sulking and didn't expect that Patrick would comfort her.

However, as soon as they returned to the Hopkins family, Ms. Hopkins did not sleep late at night and said something loudly in the living room.

"Even though she was Patrick's wife, she couldn't hit the people of the Stephenson family. Our two families have a good relationship at least. Patrick and Chandler are such good friends. Christina was too rude. She's beneath her dignity!"

Ms. Hopkins was talking excitedly about the fact that Christina ran to the Stephenson family to make a scene at noon.

No one cared too much about the disputes of ordinary people, but Christina, the granddaughter-in-law of the Hopkins family, provoked the Stephenson family.

Fortunately, Patrick and Christina didn't hold a luxurious wedding when they got married. Therefore, few people in the media knew her and even some people who knew about her had been informed before not to disclose any information. Besides, since Patrick was low-key and strong, no one dared to make rumors about Christina. But some people began gossiping about this thing.

The Stephenson family was greatly humiliated. At the same time, many people were gossiping about Christina who was arrogant and domineering.

Christina stepped into the main living room.

When Paul who followed her glanced at Christina, she became gloomy.

Patrick walking beside Christina, was still expressionless and solemn.

While Patrick always looked calm, others could easily judge Christina's mood from her expressions.

In this upper-class circle, the reason why Christina could live without any scruples was that Patrick supported her.

Paul sighed and wondered why Lassie, a more experienced woman, could not understand that Christina was supported by Patrick and could do what she wanted.

"Noisy!"

Senior Mr. Hopkins could not sleep in the middle of the night because his daughter was going to tell him something important in the living room.

When hearing these words, Senior Mr. Hopkins was furious and scolded her.

"Why don't you mind your own business instead of getting into trouble every day? I don't care what you say. Trouble comes from your mouth. Remember it well!"

Ms. Hopkins was calm a little.

"Dad, I'm just telling you the truth. Christina hit Chandler. It's all her fault, isn't it? Most importantly, it also affects our Hopkins family."

"So what?"

Senior Mr. Hopkins imperially raised his head and asked.

Ms. Hopkins was shocked and didn't know how to answer.

"Those people in the Stephenson family scolded Christina indiscriminately. What's wrong when Christina beat up their family now?"

Senior Mr. Hopkins snorted angrily and was highly disgruntled at the way his family members had been treated.

As walking with Christina walked into the house, Patrick suddenly rubbed her long hair and deliberately patted her on the head. When Christina turned around to glare at him with dissatisfaction, Patrick looked at her seriously and stroked her head to comfort her.

"Oh." Christina pushed him awkwardly.

Christina thought that they should behave well in front of the seniors and didn't expect that Senior Mr. Hopkins would help her.

At first, Chandler scolded Christina for no reason. Christina slapped him angrily when hearing that he wanted Crystal to have an abortion.

When they came back, Senior Mr. Hopkins glanced at them.

Senior Mr. Hopkins did not show much concern and knocked on the floor with his walking stick.

"It's not proper to take your wife out to a bar in the middle of the night. You have been married, hmph!" Senior Mr. Hopkins scolded Patrick.

In their circle, a few people would take their wives out to a bar. They would also go out to socialize with a secretary or public relations officers who specialized in dealing with social interaction.

Patrick never thought about social engagements and went to the bar because his wife wanted to drink.

"He took me out to the bar but I had to see them eating and drinking there. Patrick wouldn't let me drink."

Christina angrily complained about him because she could not drink any wine.

She glared at Patrick beside her.

Patrick was silent at this moment because he knew his wife and grandpa would complain and even scold him.

Patrick sat on the sofa and listened to them scold him. His grandfather was eighty years old and had a good memory and spirit. Christina was lively every day and liked to throw a tantrum occasionally.

"20 Years ago, your grandmother and I buried a few miles of osmanthus wine in the summer resort. There were osmanthus flowers all over the mountain."

When it came to wine, Senior Mr. Hopkins recalled the past.

Christina immediately asked, "When are we going to dig?"

"At that time, your grandmother loved to do these things herself"

"When are we going to dig?" Christina added.

"But with a hot temper, your grandmother lost her temper immediately and ignore everyone for the whole day if anything goes against her wishes."

Thought Senior Mr. Hopkins was complaining about his wife, his tone was filled with tenderness and love.

Christina continued to ask, "So when are we going to dig?"

When Senior Mr. Hopkins was ready to talk more about his wife, he immediately glared at her angrily after being interrupted by Christina several times.

"Don't drink so much or you will embarrass yourself."

Christina made an excuse. "I'm just worried that your osmanthus wine will be buried underground for too long. Then no one would know how skilled the grandma was."

"How is that possible? Its mellowness will grow as time goes by!"

Christina said to the old man seriously, "Grandpa, all the wine is the same. After a long time, it will turn into vinegar."

Hearing her words, Senior Mr. Hopkins felt a little nervous and left the wine for many years though he wanted to drink it. Now, he was worried that his wife would lose her temper if all of it turned into vinegar.

Senior Mr. Hopkins immediately ordered Paul, "Bring back one barrel wine tomorrow."

"Two barrels."

Christina stretched out two fingers and immediately emphasized.

Ms. Hopkins was left to the side and became more furious when Senior Mr. Hopkins was talking to Christina.

Ms. Hopkins, who had been married after all angrily wondered why Christina was treated well after she got married to Patrick and why Judy served as Mrs. Hopkins and had been ostracized by them all these years.

Ms. Hopkins was in a dilemma because she could not please Christina due to the initial conflict with her and at the same time, she was unsatisfied with her own treatment when compared with Christina.

Ms. Hopkins had to be more meticulous because, without the support of her parents, her position in the husband's family was even more precarious.

Ms. Hopkins had to be more careful now regardless of her comfortable life in the past and was jealousy when Christina was asking for more wine from Senior Mr. Hopkins.

As it was getting late, everyone went back to their rooms to rest. Ms. Hopkins stopped making noise.

"I heard you just told something important to Senior Mr. Hopkins. How's it going? What happened?"

Judy didn't sleep all night and smartly chose to stay in her bedroom.

Judy sent the maid to keep an eye on them and walked with Brianna to ask Ms. Hopkins who came back.

Ms. Hopkins was angry and answered in a shrill voice. "There's nothing to say!"

Ms. Hopkins didn't want to mention the fact that Christina hit Chandler at noon today because nobody cared and her father even scolded her.

Judy smiled but was disappointed because she didn't it would end in this way after she knew this thing.

Judy thought that Ms. Hopkins would make Senior Mr. Hopkins be dissatisfied with Christina.

"You really got a good daughter-in-law. She has established a good relationship with my father after marrying Patrick for only a year."

Ms. Hopkins was experienced and clearly noticed that Judy was disappointed and more hated Christina than she did.

Ms. Hopkins thought that she had been used by Judy and was more furious when looking at Judy, a hypocritical woman, and Brianna behind.

"Senior Mr. Hopkins is concerned about someone who has lived in the Hopkins family for free for more than 20 years. She, as the nominal lady of the Hopkins family, is introverted and loved by all people." Ms. Hopkins said sarcastically.

Ms. Hopkins glared at Brianna anxiously and remembered that the last time Brianna ruined the blind date.

"But now, she pales insignificance when compared to Christina who is so righteous and quarreling in front of my father. She, an outsider, is no match for Christina, the granddaughter-in-law."

Judy was angry. "Ms. Hopkins, you were angry with Christina. You don't have to give vent to Brianna."

Ms. Hopkins was arrogant and disdainful. "So what!"

Ms. Hopkins looked up at Judy contemptuously. "And you, when my sickly brother was sick, you flirted with others outside. You thought my father really didn't know anything. If you hadn't given birth to a son, you have been gotten out of this family long ago."

"Both of you are worthless idiots. You two are really pitiful to each other and have to rely on the Hopkins family to live. You are nothing when compared with Christina."

Ms. Hopkins said angrily to walk into her bedroom and slammed the door.

Ms. Hopkins was angry because she failed to complain about Christina.

Though She couldn't compete with Christina, Ms. Hopkins didn't take Judy and Brianna seriously.

As the door was locked, Judy stood outside.

Judy instantly turned gloomy, while Brianna silently stood behind and lowered her head, as if she had not heard the sarcasm at all.

"It's all your fault. The last time she introduced you to a man, how could you spilled hot soup all over him?"

"Senior Mr. Hopkins would never treat you sincerely!"

Judy said full of anger and pinched Brianna's white and tender arm fiercely.

"You have to know that Christina, granddaughter-in-law, is more important than you. After I brought you home from the orphanage, I've been teaching you how to get close to Patrick and how to please him. Why haven't you grown close to him all these years?"

"I was blind when I chose to adopt you like trash. You are useless!"

Brianna still silently lowered her head and trembled with a bruise on her fair arm. She was used to such harsh scolding.

Christina came out of the bathroom after a bath. Her long black hair was curled up. There were some drops of water on the ends of her hair. A thin layer of water steam moistened her white and tender neck, making her look a little more charming and sexier than her appearance during the day.

Her skin was fine and milky, and she was wearing a long white bathrobe. Her figure was slender, and she stretched out her hands lazily. At the same time, she removed the clip gathering her long hair, and the long black hair scattered around her shawl.

"I didn't expect grandpa to be so open-minded. I was almost touched on the spot."

Christina was in a good mood, and her beautiful face showed a smile. Grandpa did not blame her after knowing that she caused trouble in the Stephenson family. He even scolded Ms. Hopkins. The most important thing was he gave her another bottle of osmanthus wine.

When she was chatting with some socialites, she heard many of them complain that their elders favored someone more, and some of these elders simply went extremes. In contrast, her grandpa was very wise, at least he did not keep scolding her for hitting Chandler.

Patrick glanced at her, "Grandpa has not suffered senile dementia yet." His grandfather was quite wise and saw things as they were and knew right and wrong very well.

He walked over and habitually wanted to take a comb to comb her long hair. He didn't know when he had developed such a habit of fiddling with her hair.

"Go take a shower now." Christina did not fancy him like this and pushed him into the bathroom.

Patrick took her advice and let her push him away. Then he said calmly, "You said just now you were very grateful to grandpa... Christina, you should be thanking me."

As he spoke, he turned around and looked straight into her eyes, as if his passionate gaze could swallow her up.

Patrick stretched out his slender fingers and pointed to the side of the big bed. He spoke in a deep and low voice bluntly, "I'm going in to take a bath now. You, lie there now and wait on the bed. Wait to please your husband."

Christina stood outside the bathroom door, blushed.

She was wondering whether she had recently built up Patrick's appetite. As all he could think of in their bedroom at night was having sex with her.

Christina got into the soft quilt and rolled a few times childishly on the big bed.

She was wondering if they should restrain their desires.

At this moment, the phone at the bedside lit up and vibrated a few times. There was a new text message.

Christina was thinking about sexual pleasures only, and her mind was in turmoil. She then reached out to take the phone and glanced at it casually.

She was shocked to see the words at the beginning.

She quickly got up from the bed, took off her nightgown, changed into a casual blue outfit, and immediately ran downstairs.

"... You just publically sneaked in like this."

Christina went to the fish pond in the back garden downstairs, Eastern Garden. It was very late at night, and no one was guarding this side. The dim yellow lights on the garden path were on, and the lights were far away. Under the dim night, she could still recognize the tall Lucy at a glance.

Although the house of the Hopkins family was not a palace with many rooms and plenty of spaces, it was also heavily guarded and recently installed with cameras everywhere.

It was not the first time that Lucy had sneaked into the Hopkins family in the middle of the night.

Lucy raised her eyebrows and said without shame, "So what if I were caught sneaking in?" The prerequisite was that these people could catch her. Hmph, she was quite confident.

Thinking that this ruthless woman was Patrick's valuable help, there must be something extraordinary about her.

Thinking of this, Christina scolded unhappily, "Gossip girl, tattletale."

"What?"

Lucy's expression immediately changed and her tone became serious.

Of course, Christina was not afraid of her, "Patrick knew about my visit at the Stephenson family so soon. Didn't you report it to him?"

Lucy looked cold and warned her, "I am warning you, don't insult my professional ethics!"

Seeing she was so serious, Christina had originally thought that Lucy's sense of morality was zero.

"I'm sorry." It was probably some other bastard who went to inform Patrick the first time. Good news never went out, and bad news spread around quickly. Ms. Hopkins knew it all.

"Have you been scolded by the boss?" Lucy suddenly asked her excitedly.

Christina did not show any expression and was silent.

Lucy thus knew that Patrick didn't say anything to criticize Christina. Suddenly, she tutted, "Christina, you're such a

sinner."

"Look, all the women around you don't like you and want you to die in a way a Japanese warrior dies, to answer for your sins."

The night wind was cool and chilly. Lucy was never a weak woman. She stood upright in the night wind. Her bright eyes became more shining under the moonlight and she was very enthusiastic in scolding Christina.

"...Mr. Hopkins in the Hopkins family really goes to extremes. If you're willing to spend money, I can help you punish her slightly." Lucy had already heard that Ms. Hopkins liked making things difficult for Christina.

Christina felt a little cold. She folded her arms around her chest and shrank her neck.

Christina didn't care much about Ms. Hopkins. She joked in the cold wind, "Once little fish and shrimp are thrown into the hot water. They turn red so quickly."

Lucy raised her eyebrows and roamed over her.

Then Lucy smiled, "Well, let's talk about the big fish now." As she spoke, she handed Christina a kraft paper file from her back pocket near her waist.

Lucy said, "Brianna is hiding so deep... This shark in the deep sea."

Christina immediately untied the string on the file and took out two photos from it.

One was taken when Brianna was holding the phone, and the other was taken when Chandler was holding the phone.

After all, Christina did not know how to investigate those things. So she asked doubtfully, "What does this mean?"

Lucy glanced at her and explained slowly, "This morning, Brianna sent a picture of B-scan ultrasonography to Chandler's phone. Then your good friend Crystal was found out by the Stephenson family that she was pregnant, and they had a big fight. Then you hit Chandler, and Ms. Hopkins complained..."

Christina was stunned and looked carefully at the two ordinary photos.

Could such a simple start trigger so many reactions following?

"How did Brianna know that Crystal was pregnant?"

Christina did not understand it. Crystal's pregnancy was a secret and very few people should know.

Crystal kept telling Christina that she wanted to find a chance to talk to Chandler in person, but Chandler was affected by a picture of B-scan ultrasonography, which was presented to him so suddenly.

"Not only did she know that Crystal was pregnant, but she also got a formal picture of B-scan ultrasonography from

the hospital. She quietly planted the seed of disharmony among them. This was indeed a smart trick," Lucy said slowly. It seemed that she did not dare to underestimate the enemy either. She then said, "By comparison, that Ms. Hopkins is really a small fish or shrimp."

Judging by Christina's expression, she was not so convinced, "Are you sure that it was Brianna who sent the picture of B-scan ultrasonography to Chandler?"

How could Brianna, the daughter of a rich family, cause so much trouble?

This was a provocation to Lucy's professionalism. She glared at Christina and pointed at the photo of Brianna holding the phone with her finger.

"I took this from the internal cameras of the Hopkins family. Thanks to Patrick also, as early on he had asked people to install a large number of cameras in the Hopkins family.

"Brianna has never used this phone before. You can look at the time in the lower right corner. When Brianna used this new phone, Chandler just happened to receive a new message on the other side."

"Although the picture on the screen can't be seen clearly, I'm not entirely sure Brianna sent a picture of B-scan ultrasonography by phone, but the time is exactly the same. Chandler immediately quarreled with Crystal after receiving the picture of B-scan ultrasonography from a stranger."

Lucy looked at Christina with deep eyes. Then a slight smile appeared on Lucy's lips. She said slowly, "Christina, there are not so many coincidences in this world!"

Christina was a little shocked, which was resulted not only from what Brianna had done but also from what Lucy had said. "There were not so many coincidences in this world." Patrick once said so too.

Lucy worked with Patrick and they two experienced many things. Her experiences with Patrick could not compare to what they had experienced. It was no wonder that Lucy and the others looked down on her and didn't feel comfortable with her being Patrick's wife. Indeed, there was a dramatic difference between her and Patrick.

[Only when you were with outstanding people did you know how insignificant you were.]

Christina suddenly felt a sense of inferiority. She said in a sullen tone, "Then do you think why Brianna did this?"

Lucy shrugged, "How would I know, but she seems to like to hurt people around you."

"What do you think of it if I tell Patrick about this directly?"

Faced with Lucy, Christina felt guilty. Now she really felt that she was not as good as others. She felt that she was not as smart as others.

Lucy frowned and raised a question, "But it seems strange. Brianna has been in the Hopkins family for so many years. She has never made trouble, and she has never hurt members of the Hopkins family."

"My suggestion is not to alarm the enemy for the time being."

"These two photos are just indirect evidence. With the boss's temper, he will definitely send someone to investigate them thoroughly. He will send us to do it. It's inconvenient to do things with too many people. Brianna can hide so deep in the Hopkins family. If she finds out, our effort will be in vain. So far, she doesn't seem to have done anything outrageous."

Christina interrupted immediately, "Who said she didn't do anything outrageous? Once in Japan, Brianna held the discarded syringe from the Infectious Disease Division and stabbed me with it. I almost got killed by that."

Lucy looked at her in surprise, "Really?" Judging by Christina's ability to react, it was not easy for ordinary people to hurt her.

"If that's the case, why didn't you tell the boss?"

Christina said in a frigid tone, "There's no evidence. Besides, others in the world are like you. The first reaction they have is that it's impossible."

In retrospect, even Christina herself felt incredible. Logically speaking, she and Brianna should not have any big grudges or serious conflicts. Brianna should have no reason to harm her.

Lucy also found this strange. Brianna had acted under Patrick Hopkins's nose for so many years, but he didn't even find out her actions?

It was late at night. Lucy calculated the time and it was almost time for her to leave.

Before she left, he said to Christina, "By the way, your good friend Crystal is now homeless. She is in the Central Square of Crescent Garden, sits pitifully by the pool with her suitcase. She sits all night."

Christina was standing by the fish pond. All the fish in the quiet night sank to the bottom of the pond. It was quiet all around. In the distance, Lucy quickly climbed over the wall of the Hopkins family.

Christina was still standing there. Under the dim night, she looked nervous and concerned.

At this moment, Patrick came out of the bathroom. He was wearing a blue nightgown, and his short hair was dripping with water. The water dripped down his muscular chest. He frowned and looked at the empty bed.

As soon as he came out, he couldn't find Christina.



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