

Chapter 159

It was almost midnight when they returned to the hotel suite.

"Wait a minute..."

Christina looked at the door panel in front of her and subconsciously stopped the staff member of the hotel as he brought the room card over to open the door for them.

"Wait for what?"

Patrick noticed that the woman beside him had a worried look on her face. She had not said much on the way back.

Christina wanted to make an excuse, but when she looked at Patrick's sharp eyes, she couldn't say anything.

"Go to bed early."

It was getting late, and Patrick couldn't understand her thoughts.

The door was opened, and the room attendant immediately turned on all the lights in the suite for them respectfully. The light in front of them was intensely bright.

Christina froze at the door. She was nervous.

"What are you thinking?"

Patrick frowned when he saw her standing still. She was very strange tonight.

She did not answer him, but she

seemed to look in the direction of the bed in the bedroom. Her mind was a mess and she was somewhat nervous.

"What are you looking at?"

He felt that she was distracted. She was not even focused on talking to him, and that made him somehow angry. Patrick turned around and took a big step. His tall and handsome figure suddenly blocked her view.

He spoke again coldly, "Christina."

"What?"

In astonishment, she regained her senses, but she could not conceal the guilty look in her eyes.

"You keep looking at the bed..." Patrick

narrowed his eyes slightly and looked straight at her.

Her eyes were clear, bright and beautiful, but she could be easily seen through when she lied if someone looked into them.

"You've been looking at the bed. Is there anyone there?"

As soon as he finished speaking, he was striding towards the suite bedroom. Christina reached out in panic and tried to grab him.

But Patrick's legs were long, and in three steps, he walked to the side of the big bed and looked back at the woman behind him.

He grabbed the corner of the blanket

with his right hand and lifted it violently.

Christina's face turned pale and she became restless.

She looked straight at the bed... There was nothing on the king-size bed.

Christina breathed a sigh of relief. He had left. She thought to herself.

"Ask someone to search in this place again. Search in the madam's room, the baby's room, the cloakroom carefully..." Patrick ordered coldly, almost at the moment she relaxed.

This presidential suite was more than 170 square meters big. If someone was hiding in it and he hadn't been able to find him before, then it meant... Finally,

his complicated eyes fell on the big bed in front of him.

He was hiding under the covers.

Was he sleeping with her?

Patrick's expression changed at the thought.

He turned around and saw the woman standing on the balcony...

Christina walked to the balcony. She looked at the dim stars in the night. She didn't dare to look back or to look directly at him, for fear that he would see through her mind.

She really wanted to ask why Patrick sent people to look for Derek.

But as far as she knew, most of the people that Patrick was looking for had offended him. She still remembered Patrick's basement and his ruthless means of dealing with his enemy.

She dared not ask...

The deep voice sounded behind her, interrupting her thoughts. "Christina, what are you hiding from me?"

The man behind her slowly approached her closer and closer. Christina did not turn back and she could feel his anger.

What could she do?

She couldn't hide it from him...

In her panic, she thought of something

and said intermittently, "Barbara made Crystal take the blame..." Her voice was a little anxious, and her guilt could be sensed through her deliberately raised voice.

"Crystal didn't do anything wrong. Why..."

Christina wanted to fool Patrick as she had done before by being unreasonable, but there was no way for her to continue. Her arm was pulled hard by Patrick, and her whole body fell against his strong chest.

"Christina... I don't like you being this way." Patrick lowered his head and looked sharply at the guilty expression on her face.

He didn't like the way she lied.

She understood the meaning of his words and the anger in his tone.

She pursed her lips, trying to say something, but she kept hesitating...

Patrick wore a cold expression and he lost his patience. He kissed her with his thin, cold lips.

He was uneasy.

He didn't know what it was for. It was just a strong intuition. He was worried about what would happen... It made him very restless.

In the dark starry sky in the early morning, the night wind outside the window blew in. The summer wind was cool, but it could not blow away the

romantic atmosphere in this room.

They indulged themselves.

When she woke up, it was already noon the next day.

The man next to her had already gotten up. Christina had a grim expression. She punched the pillow next to her with a little indignation as an outlet. "Jerk."

"Good morning, Young Madam."

When Christina finished washing up in the bathroom, she changed her clothes and came out. Suddenly, a female manager knocked on the door. She pushed the dining car with a smile and brought in some sea cucumber porridge and snacks. "Have you just

woken up? Do you want to rest a little longer..."

Good morning?

Christina was expressionless and she looked at the hot sun outside the window.

Sure enough, Crystal was right. If one worked for a capitalist, he must go against his conscience. It was not easy to earn some money.

However, Christina was a little curious about the hotel manager who had come in with porridge just in time. She raised her eyebrows slightly and looked around the corners of the suite.

Did he install a surveillance camera for me?

"Where's Patrick?" Her voice suddenly became cold.

The female manager who was sent to personally take care of Christina, who had worked for many years, was naturally very good at observing people's expressions. She gently placed the porridge and snacks on the table and explained, "Mr. Hopkins asked us to prepare breakfast for you this morning..."

These were breakfast. It was her who didn't get up early enough.

The female manager wore a standard smile. "We don't have any surveillance cameras in our suite. Please rest assured."

Christina suddenly fell silent when she heard that.

She sat down and sipped the small bowl of porridge with a spoon without any appetite. The female manager noticed that she was low-spirited and asked, "Young Madam, this porridge is not to your taste? Do you want to have something else?"

"No," Christina simply put down the spoon and muttered to herself, "I was just thinking about something..."

She wondered if she had been too suspicious recently, and she should have believed Patrick.

Should she tell him about meeting Derek last night?

Chapter 160

Today was the birthday party for the old witch of the Fisher Family. Christina was ready to leave at 2 pm. She thought it was Patrick who knocked on the door. But when she turned around, she saw an 'uninvited guest'.

Christina looked with a straight face at the woman in the front.

She must have come to find him...

"Patrick went out early in the morning." Christina was too lazy to greet the woman, and her voice was cold and obvious to drive the woman away.

"I know."

Barbara replied with a smile as if she didn't mind Christina's repulsion at all.

"Around 7 o'clock this morning, he came to see me and helped me go through discharge formalities. Patrick is very busy today, so you may have to go to Fisher Family alone later."

Her tone was very natural. When she said these words, her voice rose. Christina didn't like it at all.

"Miss Parker, Patrick has been an old friend with you for many years. He should care about you..." Christina did not hide her unhappiness.

"But you don't have to worry too much about us. Patrick will come back to pick me up no matter how busy he is." At

the end of the sentence, her tone went more serious.

Barbara got stunned by her firm tone but she didn't immediately refute.

It would be too arrogant for others to say so. Who dared be so sure of what Patrick would definitely do? But Christina was an exception.

Christina.

Barbara stood upright, suddenly looking at the Young Madam Patrick with complex eyes. Why was she so proud?

Irritated by the gaze, Christina stood up directly from the sofa.

Not wanting to see her sharp eyes,

Christina turned her head. Barbara had been in the business world for a long time, even her eyes were full of ruthlessness.

Christina also noticed that Barbara had changed into a printed light yellow sleeveless dress made of chiffon. It was rare for her to wear so fresh and beautiful. She also carried a beautiful gift bag in her right hand, as if she had just returned from a high-end shopping center.

"Miss Parker, if you have nothing else to do, please leave."

Christina was not willing to confront her head-on. After all, she was a friend of Patrick and Charles. She would not pretend even though she didn't like this woman.

"I'm actually here for you,"

Barbara was still there, not meaning to leave, with her face a little serious. "Christina, I know you may not be happy about Crystal's affair. I'm so sorry about your friend, but the company has its own rules. She irritated Mr. Morris by saying something in public without authorization last night. We can't, just for a single employee..."

The more Christina listened, the darker her face became.

It was obvious that she had used Crystal as a cat's paw. How dare she said such general principles. Bah!

"Christina, don't worry. I promise you

that Crystal's resignation will not affect her resume negatively, and I can help her with her next job..."

"You don't need to."

Seeing her cold face, Barbara stopped talking. She slowed down her voice and handed over the exquisite gift bag in her right hand. Then she still said in the same gentle tone, "Christina, take it."

Christina glanced at the gift bag. It looked like something very expensive.

But she didn't care.

"It was Patrick who asked me to buy it for you," Barbara had expected that she wouldn't accept it and explained like a considerate sister, "Patrick has only me as a female friend around him,

so he can only ask me to bring you a little gift. Christina, please take it. It's all his regard."

Christina ignored her, but a murderous look appeared on her face. She stared at the black gift bag printed with a string of golden Italian.

Very well, she was just a little annoyed at first, but now she was so angry that she wanted to swear.

Why should he find a woman to buy her a present? Let it alone, Why should it happen to be Barbara? Christina repulsed the gift more.

"Christina, actually, I was a little worried that you would blow a whisper with Patrick last night. Fortunately, you know how a company runs, otherwise,

I really don't know how to deal with it. Mr. Morris's bill involves a lot. If Patrick really encounters something because of you..."

Unable to bear to hear it anymore, Christina grabbed the inexplicable gift bag from her hand quickly and replied with gritted teeth, "It's really his blessing that Patrick has such an outstanding employee like you."

"Yes, it's indeed not easy for me to work hard with him for so many years..."

Seeing her empty hand, Barbara felt uncomfortable because Christina accepted the gift crisply. Even though the gift was prepared for her. Her tone turned cold, said, "I'm not like you. You can only give him a child and help him

with nothing."

In an instant, Christina's face tightened.

Barbara did not seem to see her dark face and continued, "IP&G group is indeed huge, but no one can guarantee it will always remain the king of profit. Today's IP&G Group is enough to pride the older generation without the foundation of Hopkins Family."

"We all see these achievements, but you will never know how much trouble Patrick has faced in this position. Even if you know, you can probably only prevent miscarriage at home. Christina, all you can do is not to disturb him."

"Patrick has been living tired. Little do

you know him."

Little did she know him.

Indeed.

Christina stood still, staring at her with a numb expression without speaking for a long time.

"Barbara's here, too?" The sudden noise outside the door broke the strange silence.

Christina turned around a little dully. They came.

"We're here to pick up Christina and heading Fisher Family now. Barbara, what about coming with us?" Charles said casually.

"Patrick will come back to pick me up no matter how busy he is." That's what she said just now.

Barbara's expression changed slightly with an embarrassment in her usually shrewd eyes.

She tried her best to speak naturally, "I'm not going to Fisher Family. I was drunk last night and I'm still dizzy now." As she spoke, she paused as if she had thought of something and turned to another man. Her voice went also heavy, "If you see him at the party today, please let me know."

"Yes."

Patrick answered, but he didn't look up at her.

As soon as he came in, he walked to Christina, as if he had noticed that the woman's collar was a little crooked. He fixed it naturally with his slender big fingers.

Barbara's sight also fell on Christina's neck. That faint kiss mark was really dazzling.

"Have fun today." Her expression was a little awkward as if she didn't want to see this scene, so she turned around and left directly.

Christina saw that Barbara was leaving so fast this time. It was strange. Christina couldn't even drive her away just now.

"Miss Parker, don't leave so fast. I have something to ask you..."

Christina shouted directly at her, "Miss Parker, are you really Derek's girlfriend?"

Hearing that, Barbara trembled slightly. She hesitated for half a step, but she did not turn back and stop but continued to walk out.

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"Christina, do you really know Derek?"

A stretch black Bugatti drove steadily towards the Fishers. The car was spacious and comfortable, but the atmosphere in it was strange.

Charles stared at the woman across from him with a complicated look. "Hey, Christina, last time you said..."

Last time, Christina said that she had known Derek a long time ago.

He thought that she was only joking then because it was impossible.

Even Patrick looked sideways at her, raised his eyebrows slightly, and wanted to say something.

"I don't like this gift."

Christina did not catch on to the topic. She shoved the expensive black paper bag in her hand directly to Patrick, and her words were obviously disdainful.

Patrick glanced at the gift bag in his hand. Of course, he knew that this woman's face had been darkened since she got into the car, so it was obvious that she was unhappy.

"About your friend, I'll let the HR department handle it..." Patrick guessed that she had lost her temper because of Crystal.

"I don't want your help."

Christina turned her head to the

window and refused ambitiously.

Charles was speechless. The naughty girl did not say anything useful. She could have gotten some benefits but she was actually dared to refuse.

He couldn't help but say, "Patrick, Christina doesn't have any experience in this field. Just do whatever you want. She doesn't understand..." The company could not be affected by this woman!

Patrick never thought about what Charles had said. He had no need to worry about the dismissal of an ordinary employee. If the solution could appease Christina, it would be worth it.

But Christina, who was looking at the

view through the car window, suddenly became furious.

As if she had been provoked by something, she immediately said, "Charles, I don't understand what you're saying. I don't understand you profiteers, but have I ever interfered with you? I won't and I don't care about your stupid things."

"Barbara's solution is not related to you. Christina, don't think about these meaningless affairs all day long..."

"Nonsense. Charles, what you mean is that I've done nothing but become a breeding tool. I am just a hindrance to you, right?"

The more Christina said, the angrier she became. "Barbara can do whatever

she wants to do. It's good for Crystal to leave. Otherwise, she will be trapped in some big troubles one day."

Charles felt it was a little unusual to see her so angry as if she had been annoyed by someone before. According to the past experience, he thought for a second and decided to shut up so as not to be cannon fodder.

Christina saw that Charles no longer provoked her, and did not say anything. She turned her head angrily to avoid seeing them.

"... Take it."

Patrick saw her face flushed with anger, and he glanced sideways at the bodyguard in the corner, motioning for a glass of water to be poured to her.

The luxurious car had drinking water and beverages. The beverages were all mango-flavored, which made Charles very speechless.

Patrick was born allergic to mangoes, but Christina loved mango flavors. How doomed the love was.

Christina took two sips of the water. She was really thirsty. Her beautiful big eyes glanced at Charles, and she felt more uncomfortable with him.

She warned, "Charles, don't give awful ideas all day long. Don't teach Patrick bad."

Charles felt inexplicable and subconsciously wanted to retort, but for safety's sake, he sneaked a peek at

Patrick.

The man was turned to be in a good mood when he saw his wife bullying his good brother.

It was because the words sounded like Christina was protecting Patrick.

"Charles, don't deny it. You must have asked Barbara to buy this scarf for me. Hmph."

There was still some distance to the Fishers. As long as Christina was bored on the way, she would complain with Charles. Her words were firm, and certainly including some resentment.

She was really angry that Barbara gave her such a scarf.

Patrick didn't know how to make a woman happy. After all, Charles must have had this bad idea. It was he who asked Barbara to choose a suitable gift for her.

But whatever Barbara gave her, she didn't think it was appropriate.

"I think Barbara has a good taste. This white scarf is of excellent quality. From a top brand. How could it offend you, Miss Dickens?" Charles admitted, opened the bag, took a look, and felt that there was nothing wrong with it.

This morning, he went to the hospital with Patrick to visit Barbara. She looked much better and said she was going to leave the hospital and go shopping.

Just a few days ago, Patrick did a big favor to the Shepherd Family. His father kept saying that they should thank Patrick, so he came up with an idea to give Christina some gifts in the name of Patrick. Anyway, if Christina was happy, Patrick must be happy, too.

He didn't expect this woman would dislike it. She was really so hard to serve.

Patrick took a look at the white scarf. It was actually light gray, but it was made of pure silk. It was printed with low-key purple floral patterns. It was exquisite and shined some flash of colors in it. It was made of very good material.

"You don't like it?"

Christina grimaced and stuffed the cup

back into Patrick's hand. She was a little willful. "I just don't like it."

Charles was so depressed. Fine, Miss Dickens said she didn't like it, and the value of this thing immediately dropped.

Patrick didn't say anything. He threw the scarf under the car and thought for a while. "Red suits you."

Christina was not suitable for white, she was not gentle, and she was not suitable for keeping a low profile. She was born with a flamboyant temperament, her figure and facial features were always eye-catching. Some people did not dare to wear stunning red, but her white and tender skin just made her more enchanting and attractive in it.

Patrick loved her so much when she wore a red silk nightgown. Every time she wore that color, she would be treated by him in bed vehemently.

"I don't like red." Christina had a grudge.

It didn't matter what color it was. "No woman would like a gift picked by her rival..."

A woman was so happy to receive a gift from a man, but the gift was chosen by another woman. That was ok. There was nothing wrong with choosing a gift from a different perspective, but just thought about it made Christina feel bad.

"Gift means your heart. If you have no

idea what gift I will accept, then don't give it to me. If I say I like it this time, then you will consider that whatever Barbara likes in the future, I'll like it, too, right?"

Christina looked unhappy and glared at the two men.

These men who were struggling in the workplace really had the low EQ to treat women.

Charles had an epiphany on his face and sighed in a little indifference. "No wonder Marie wasn't very happy the other day." That Marie was already his ex-girlfriend.

How could a woman be so direct when she was dissatisfied? It was she, Christina, who was just so bold.

Christina gave him a word straight away. "Stupid!"

Charles's face darkened. Patrick looked at the woman beside him and laughed in a good mood.

Christina was a little tired, and her head naturally rested on Patrick's shoulder. Looking at Charles, she felt a little smug. She glanced at the window from the corner of her eyes and showed a slight nervousness. the Fishers was almost here...

Patrick supported her with his right hand and then simply hugged her to make her feel more comfortable.

Charles looked out expressionlessly. He didn't want to see the annoying

couple anymore. "How could he leave me alone like this? What a sin!" Charles thought.

Chapter 162

She hadn't been there for so many years. This 5000 square meters European-style luxurious detached villa, belonged to Fisher Family.

The Fisher Family was the same as she remembered. She still hated it as ever.

Christina was standing in the middle of the Fisher Family's lobby. The sparkling crystal lights shone on her delicate face, but she frowned and seriously looked at the people coming and going. The guests were dressed in gorgeous clothes, talking and laughing. People from the business and political worlds came to wish Mrs. Fisher a happy birthday.

"Hopkins? from Hopkins Family..."

Hello, Mr. Hopkins..."

Christina walked arm in arm with Patrick towards the banquet hall. Along the way, she could always hear some stuttering and fawning voices such like, "I'm glad to see you here. It's really my honor to..."

Patrick didn't pay much attention to these people. He looked expressionless and just nodded slightly.

"How is Old Master Mr. Hopkins doing? I have visited your family in person but it's a pity that I didn't see you. I haven't seen you for so many years, maybe you don't remember me."

Charles smiled as usual and said casually, "Uncle, how can the younger

generation forget you? You are in your prime now. When I was watching TV at home, I could always see you talking. I will never forget you."

"Charles, you can really amuse people. You have a similar personality to your grandfather. Hahaha."

Charles was chatting with a man of about sixty years old. It was inevitable for him to socialize at such a party.

Christina was very surprised. She had just seen this old man on the news yesterday, who was making his latest speech with a solemn face. She secretly tugged at Patrick's arm and asked in a low voice, "Isn't this old man..."

"This is..." This sneaky little action was

really not elegant. Surprisingly, the other party was the first to ask.

"My wife, Christina."

Patrick then looked up and looked at him and replied directly.

Christina was a little nervous because it was the first time she faced such a big shot on TV. She immediately straightened up and obediently said, "Hello, Uncle Li."

When the other party heard her call out "Uncle Li," he froze for a second, and suddenly he was happy as if he was glorious. He smiled and his eyes narrowed. "You are the bride of Patrick? You are so beautiful, gentle, and lovely."

Charles stood aside and had just taken a sip of a cocktail. When he heard the words 'gentle and lovely', he almost choked on the drink.

Bah -

If Christina could be described as gentle and lovely, then there were no women in this world!

Everyone in the business circle knew about Patrick's precious wife. Christina's hot temper had long been spread. This woman was dangerous, no one dared to get close to her.

"Christina, I heard that you are the only daughter of the Dickens Family. Are you bored with your pregnancy now? A few girls in Li Family are about your age. Women are born to love

beauty. If they see you, they will definitely pester you to ask those skincare questions. You can go ahead and talk to them if you have any troubles..."

The old man in formal and dignified clothes suddenly started to chatter, calling "Christina" with an amiable tone.

Christina was a little surprised. Her previous impression of him was completely ruined. He thought he had been a totally different person.

Not knowing how to respond, the man next to her naturally smoothed a few strands of messy hair on her chest and replied for her, "Uncle Li, she's tired. Maybe she needs to rest for a while."

The old man was embarrassed by Patrick's cold and aloof words. So he immediately changed her words. "That... That's good. Pay attention to your health. Pregnancy is really tiring. You really have to pay more attention"

Christina's expression was frozen and she nodded slightly at the other party. "I'll go to the side to rest. You guys can continue talking."

She remembered that this 'big shot' went to Hopkins Family to look for Old Master Mr. Hopkins on new year's day. He seemed to need Old Master Mr. Hopkins to help but didn't make it. It seemed that he flattered because of his objectives.

Patrick would never allow her to be involved in these complicated events.

He habitually reminded her, "Sit aside
WhatsApp +27 63 857 114... | Reply in floa...
and don't run around."

"I know." She was obedient today.

The Fisher Family was also doing business, but couldn't compete with the Hopkins Family with its arms dealer background. Christina casually finds a corner to sit down, gazes around the magnificent hall with a complicated expression. She used to feel that the house was very luxurious and bright. She had lived in the Hopkins Family for half a year. She was no longer shocked as it was in those years.

The Fisher Family was still the former Fisher Family, but, "Where is he?"

Christina craned her neck and looked

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around for the figure she was looking for.

Derek, wasn't he there today?

It was not proper for her to run around with a big belly. The party had not yet officially started, and Christina sat patiently. She thought that she would be able to see him on the rostrum in a while.

At least, Derek was the only grandson of the Fisher Family. Even if he was a bastard.

The waiter who was walking around the ballroom enthusiastically brought her a glass of juice and a cake. Christina sat alone at a small round table and poked the small piece of mousse cake with a fork.

In the distance, Patrick and Charles were drinking with some elders, and occasionally Patrick would look at her.

Christina watched her men being surrounded and flattered by others. He frowned slightly, which meant that he was not in a good mood. Unfortunately, those people were unable to see the fitness of things. Perhaps they were too excited to meet Patrick here.

Christina picked up the juice and took a sip, bored. She was thinking, "He is really poker-faced. Just smile." It seemed that Patrick didn't like to entertain these people very much.

"Is Patrick very close to the Fisher Family?"

Christina suddenly asked this question, but it was the first time that she had seen Patrick take such initiative to attend a banquet, and it was only a woman's birthday party.

"I heard that Mr. Fisher and Mrs. Fisher will be announcing their retirement today, so their Fisher Family will be in charge by..."

"I can't guarantee who it is, but it won't be that fool."

Not far to Christina's right side, she heard a few noblewomen gossiping. Christina could not hear what they were talking about, so she look over at them with curiosity.

Who did they say?

The dignified ladies noticed Christina as well.

"No, not that fool's girlfriend. That's Hopkins Family's granddaughter-in-law."

The group of women quickly dispersed and Christina only vaguely heard the words "granddaughter-in-law of Hopkins Family". Christina was not interested in these women and just thought of Crystal. She was more willing to play with Crystal than these women.

"Crystal, are you still in the hospital? How are you feeling now?"

"I'm out of the hospital, very lively. Christina, don't worry about me."

Christina listened to her voice and thought she was more capable of drinking.

"Where are you now? Are you back in A City?"

"It's hard for me to come to F City. I plan to go around." Crystal seemed to have gotten over her being fired and said excitedly about going to visit some old towns.

"Crystal, don't go to the old district. It's not fun and you might be blackmailed."

Crystal held her phone and listened to Christina talking about the itinerary in F City. She was stunned for a moment.

"Christina, you seem to know F City very well?"

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"What's wrong?"

Christina excitedly told Crystal that where was worth visiting in F City, but suddenly she heard some strange noises from the other end of the phone and asked anxiously, "Crystal, did you meet someone?"

"Nothing..." Crystal said awkwardly.

She looked up at the little boy who had suddenly appeared. The five-year-old boy was dressed in a blue and white sailor uniform, with a delicate face and a particularly handsome face. His little fat hands were still holding a small backpack tightly.

Crystal was having afternoon tea at

this restaurant, and the child rushed towards her inexplicably, scaring her.

"Step aside, I want to sit inside." The little boy seemed to dislike her for being slow to react and urged her in a childish voice.

Crystal opened her eyes wide and glared at him. She knew that he was a child of a rich family, but he was too arrogant. How dare a child order her like this!

"Where are your parents, boy?"

Seeing that this boy was clean and cute, Crystal asked him patiently.

The little boy squeezed hard into the seat, climbed up to the seat, and sat down with his little backpack in his

arms, as if he was bothered by something, shaking his short legs. His face was tense. Obviously, he didn't want to talk to her.

Crystal was so depressed. Kids nowadays were so daring to run around strangers.

However, they were not total strangers. Last time, she was unlucky enough to take care of the kid all night.

"W...Where's your father?" Crystal thought for a moment. Well, he was just a five-year-old boy. She asked him gently.

"He's not here."

The little boy seemed a little awkward to be stared at by her burning eyes,

pretending to be a little adult, and was reluctant to squeeze out the answer.

"Of course I know he's not in this restaurant. I asked you where your father was and asked him to come and pick you up..."

Crystal was furious at once. The kid despised her a lot last time. He was so arrogant when he saw her again. He was too impolite!

But after scolding him, Crystal noticed that the little boy had been looking in the right front direction.

He was small and thin, his short black hair was a little messy, and his collar was a little crooked. He quietly looked in the same direction. His bright big eyes were filled with tears as if he was

about to cry.

Crystal was panicked. She didn't bully him!

"Crystal, what's going on over there?"
Seeing that she hadn't responded for so long, Christina began to worry. "Was it because you were drunk yesterday and you felt something wrong with your stomach?"

Christina's voice brought Crystal back to her senses, and she followed the boy's gaze with a look of astonishment.

So it was her...

The little boy came to spy on his own mother...

Crystal smiled helplessly at the phone.

"I'm fine. I just run into an annoying person."

"Who is it?"

Christina became even more nervous at the moment, worried that Crystal would lose out in a fight with someone else.

"Who else could it be? The ones who forced me to leave the company, Sabrina, Erica, and Barbara."

"Barbara..."

Christina held the phone and whispered the name.

She didn't come to the Fishers because she went with her best friend. They were really in such a good relationship.

Christina wanted to ask a few more questions but Crystal had hung up the phone, and a man walked to her side, saying to her in a gentle voice, "Patrick is willing to let you sit here alone?"

"Hello."

Christina looked up and stunned for a moment. She did not expect Chandler to come over to greet her.

Chandler was still as gentle and handsome as he used to be. But today, he looked a little tired under his silver-rimmed glasses.

"Patrick and Charles are over there..."
Christina had nothing to say to this man. She pointed in the direction. Chandler must have come to look for

them.

Chandler chuckled. "Don't bother. I'll stand here and they'll come."

Christina's eyes lit up. She didn't know much about the man, but she remembered that he wasn't as easy to engage with people as Charles. He was gentle and friendly, but he was also very distant. She always felt that he was a little enigmatic.

"Chandler, you're finally here. I was afraid you'd be in a bad mood after the divorce." He teased and snickered. As expected, Charles walked over very quickly.

Divorce?

Chandler divorced his wife who had a

good figure.

Christina was curious about the gossip and looked at Charles, wanting to dig up some information, but a hand suddenly patted her head. "Don't have too many drinks." As he spoke, the remaining half of the glass of juice on the small round table was removed by another slim, white hand.

"We'll leave after 20 minutes."

Patrick whispered to her, as if to comfort her to be patient, and then looked at Charles. Then the three stunning men walked towards the wine tasting area.

"I'm sorry, I had a loose tongue just now." Charles shrugged his shoulders to show his sorry.

He knew that Christina had a little conflict with Erica and Barbara. Patrick wanted his wife not to worry about anything.

Chandler's face darkened slightly. He took a blue cocktail from the waiter's tray and drank it up in one gulp. He was hiding some irritation, but he still had the usual gentle expression when the glass was empty as if he didn't care anymore.

"I just got divorced. This has nothing to do with Christina, and it's not because of Patrick. I just figured it out myself."

Charles was immediately excited when he said that. "Chandler, you're really out of your misery. Your brain is finally back to normal!" That was good.

Patrick looked at Charles coldly, grabbed half a glass of red wine, and stuffed it into his hand. "Drink it." Charles Chandler held the glass in his hand and immediately restrained himself. He was too excited just now.

After all, divorce was a sad thing for the parties involved, especially the one who used to love deeply.

Charles really didn't understand what was good about Erica. She was flirting with men everywhere. Why did Chandler still like her?

"I'm sorry I made Christina angry last time." Chandler took another cocktail and raised his glass to Patrick. His voice was deep and solemn.

Last time, Erica mistook Christina for an ordinary worker and scolded her for carrying their customer's bastard son for a business deal. Christina was angry, so Patrick directly revenged against Guan family.

Raising his glass, Chandler drank up the cocktail again. He couldn't hold his drink, and the wine went down his throat and made him cough hard...

Charles immediately patted him on the back. "Are you okay? Don't drink too much. The doctor said that wine is not good for your health."

Patrick didn't say anything comforting. He was never good at comforting people. He looked at Chandler, frowned and said, "Are you not feeling well?" He asked indifferently.

True friends would talk the truth. Chandler raised his head and smiled bitterly. "Yeah, I'm not feeling well."

"If one day, Christina do something that you can't forgive, will you choose to divorce her?"

Patrick's hand, which was holding the wine glass, paused, his cold face expressionless.

... He refused to think about it.

Chapter 164

Christina sat quietly in the corner, looking around in boredom, while someone was casting a complicated and earnest look at her.

Their eyes met and she was stunned, "What's wrong?"

Patrick glanced at her with a strange look in his eyes.

Subconsciously, she stood up and wanted to walk towards them. But as soon as Christina straightened up, she saw Charles laughing wildly over there. She vaguely felt that Charles was teasing her.

As usual, Patrick didn't say much, but only raised half a glass of wine, clinked

it with Chandler across from him, and drank up.

Christina slowly sat back in her seat, feeling that she might think too much, "They were drinking together. And Charles had a sinister smile. He must be making fun of me."

Charles was indeed speaking ill of her, "Now Christina is spoiled by you, vicious and willful. No man would dare to marry her except for Patrick. If Patrick really divorces her one day, she probably won't be able to remarry for the rest of her life. But if that really happens, remember to tell me then, and I going to see that with my eyes."

Charles laughed off his head. He hated that woman deeply.

Although it was not possible, he felt inexplicably good at the thought of it. Christina would not be arrogant anymore without Patrick.

Chandler was a little upset after the divorce. But when he came to this party and saw his friend's heartless smile, he chuckled with his lips raised slightly.

"Patrick, I heard from Old Master of the Shepherd Family that you agreed to let Charles be the godfather of your twins?" Chandler said with a hint of ridicule.

Thinking of this, Charles sighed, "I will become a godfather."

Patrick looked at his two friends, expressionless. Chandler's lips were

spread in a gloating smile, while Charles looked so excited.

Patrick ignored them. The only "normal" person among his friends was Derek. But Derek...

"What happened?"

Suddenly, a nanny in a housekeeping uniform rushed towards them. She looked nervous and worried, "Young Master Geoffrey is missing."

Charles's grinning face froze immediately, and he was the first to ask, "Who is missing? Geoffrey?"

"Young Master Geoffrey was sent by his school to F City for a speech competition. He won first place, but I didn't see him receive the award." The

nanny sounded nervous for fear of being blamed.

"Mr. Stephenson, I'd been watching him. But I don't know why the child is missing. I was wondering if he would come to you because he knew you were here today..."

Charles responded quickly, "I'll ask the Fishers to look around here." As he spoke, he strode towards the gate.

Chandler's son was very smart, and it seemed that he ran away on his own. But after all, he was still a child, so they must find him in case of some accident.

Patrick frowned and said, "I'll send someone..."

"Geoffrey has done this many times.

Don't worry."

Chandler, as Geoffrey's father, was very calm. He took out his cell phone and touched the screen a few times. Soon a map appeared on which a red dot indicating the location flashed.

Chandler showed the address to the nanny and said calmly, "Geoffrey is in this coffee shop. You come to pick him up now. If you need anything, call me directly."

"Yes, sir."

The nanny was nervous. The little master really liked to run around. This was the third time this month. It would be good news if he was fine. But if he met a bad person, she couldn't afford the consequence even with her life.

The nanny hurried to the coffee shop without delay to pick him up.

Patrick glanced at the location on Chandler's phone and raised his eyebrows, "This is useful." His woman needed one.

Chandler knew what he was thinking and couldn't help but laugh, "I bet Christina won't like it."

In fact, his son, Geoffrey, was unwilling to use this. The little boy had always thought that the child's positioning wristwatch was very stupid and refused to wear it. Finally, he agreed to put the wristwatch in his small backpack which he had to carry all the time.

"What's this?"

Crystal in the coffee shop suddenly became excited, "I remember this wristwatch for children has a call function. Boy, call your dad to pick you up."

"No," the little boy coldly refused.

Crystal was angry and she wanted to grab his little backpack directly. She kept telling herself that the kid was only five years old and that she shouldn't get angry with him or scare him.

Crystal smiled again and tried to coax the little boy sitting next to her gently, but before she could say anything, he stretched out his little hand to drink a cup of milk tea without feeling

embarrassed. It seemed that he was thirsty.

Crystal was angry and even wanted to scold him. How dare the little kid drink her milk tea!

Perhaps he noticed Crystal's furious gaze. He paused and looked at her with his innocent big eyes. Then he zipped the backpack calmly and took two 100-dollar bills out of it.

He handed the two 100-dollar bills over and said, "Here you go. Don't bother me anymore."

Crystal had a good temper, but now she looked serious. "Kid, who taught you that?"

She felt that he was not as innocent as

a five-year-old child would usually be. He pretended to be mature like a young adult.

"My dad told me that any problem that could be solved with money was not a problem at all. Don't worry about unimportant things, because they are not worth it," Geoffrey told her seriously.

Crystal frowned, "How could Chandler teach his son this stuff?"

"Your father is busy. Don't listen to his nonsense," Crystal complained.

"My father is right."

Crystal raised her eyebrows and, seeing his belief in his father, teased him, "Since you're so obedient, why did

you sneak out without letting your father know?"

"I will never see her again." The little guy suddenly shouted excitedly as if he were venting all his feelings that he had tried to suppress.

With that, he lowered his head and didn't say anything.

Crystal was stunned and looked at several women in front of her subconsciously. She knew that "she" was his biological mother, Erica.

She heard Christina say that Chandler and Erica were divorcing.

Divorce would affect the child the most. Even this precocious stubborn kid would feel sad.

"Do you want me to go with you to say hello to her?" Crystal hesitated for a moment and asked carefully.

The child was still silent. He seemed nervous, holding the backpack tighter in his arms, and said in a low and aggrieved voice, "My mother doesn't like me."

Crystal suddenly felt sympathy for the stubborn young master when she heard what he said.

Holding his small hand with some strength, she said, "Since we are all here, let's go to say hello to her."

In fact, the little guy was a little reluctant. He seemed afraid and hesitant, but he followed her. Crystal

boldly walked towards Erica.

To be honest, Crystal and the three women were almost enemies. She must have gone mad to decide to greet them.

Chapter 165

"Crystal?"

Barbara was the first to notice her before Crystal reached their table.

"Hello..." Crystal looked at them and called with mixed feelings.

"You came to me for work?"

"No, I just..."

Crystal was looking straight at Barbara, a little timid. Just as Crystal tried to say something, the little boy beside her suddenly called a woman, "Mom."

Barbara was also shocked by this childish voice. She looked down and

saw that Crystal was holding a little boy. It was Chandler's son, Geoffrey.

The fact that the boy called Erica "mom" made her angry and embarrassed. With a sullen look, Erica pounded the table hard and scolded the child aggressively.

"Your father and I had divorced. Don't follow me. I'm not your mother!"

The handsome child was shocked. He seemed to stand erect with fear, not daring to move.

Crystal was also frightened by her aggressive attitude. She didn't expect Erica to be so fierce to her son.

"Erica, don't do this..." Barbara couldn't bear to see it, so she advised.

However, Erica was in a bad mood today. Instead of listening to Barbara's advice, she glared at the child at the table. "I didn't want to give birth to him in the first place. Chandler forced me to give birth to him. Now that we're divorced, I don't want to see him."

Erica got more agitated as she spoke. It was as if she was going to throw all her anger at the child. She scolded him, "Barbara, do you know how hard it is to have a baby?"

"When I was pregnant, I was so fat, and I vomited everything I ate. I had cramps in my feet in the middle of the night. The scars from my c-section are ugly. I really don't know why I gave birth to him to suffer..."

"Shut up!"

"Have you said enough?!"

This was the first time Crystal had scolded someone so angrily. She couldn't help it. She even felt Geoffrey's little hands tremble with fear.

"Who do you think you are? Aren't you just relying on Christina to bluff? Do you think I'm afraid of her?"

Erica's face was grim. She suddenly pushed away Barbara and rushed straight at Crystal, raising her hand and slapping her hard.

The slap stunned Crystal. She backed off and her right cheek was red and swollen.

"Erica, calm down."

Barbara saw that they were locked in a fierce struggle, and she immediately rushed forward to mediate.

She turned to look at the palm print on Crystal's red and swollen face. Her brows frowned, and she was still a little worried. She said to Crystal coldly, "Crystal, Erica is in a bad mood today. Don't bother yourself arguing with the likes of her..."

"Barbara, you're really afraid of these bitches. That shameless Christina seduced and married the two brothers one after another. Everyone knows what Christina's reputation in the circle is. She thinks she is no longer a Cinderella after having sex with

Patrick. Bah!"

Erica was still cursing in a rage, and the people in the restaurant looked over when they heard the noise.

Sabrina and Barbara convinced agitated Erica. "Crystal didn't offend you. Calm down. A lot of people are watching."

Barbara and others knew that Barbara's divorce was largely due to Christina, and she was also cursing her, the Young Madam of the Hopkinses.

"Crystal, take Geoffrey away."

Barbara looked sulky. She was embarrassed by the discussion around her and ordered in a low voice.

Crystal only felt her mind went blank. Everyone was looking at her and gossiping. Even the restaurant manager and the waiters rushed over here.

She was not like Christina. She had been well-behaved since she was young and had never done anything out of line. This sudden uproar made her not know what to do...

"S-Shall we go?"

She lowered her head to look at the little boy at her feet. She was nervous, but she had to pretend to ask him calmly.

The child kept his head down and ignored her. Suddenly, he flung her hand away and ran out towards the

door with short legs.

Crystal's eyes fell on the back of her right hand, wet with warm tears. She knew the little boy cried.

As if she suddenly caught on, Crystal immediately chased after him worriedly.

Crystal was soft-hearted. It didn't matter that Erica slapped her and scolded her best friend. What was important was that she was afraid that bad things would happen to the kid when he ran away...

However, what was ridiculous was that when Crystal turned around and left, he heard Barbara shouting behind her, "Don't mention this to Christina. Erica didn't mean to hit you. Crystal, don't

take it to heart."

These women were afraid of Christina and the Hopkinsons.

"Erica, you were really impulsive just now."

Barbara and others went to the private room on the second floor of the coffee shop to avoid being gossiped about.

Erica was still angry, but when she calmed down, she knew that she had gone too far. "This morning Chandler forced me to go to the civil affairs bureau for a divorce. How can I not be angry?"

She had been married to Chandler for more than five years, and she had mentioned several divorces

unilaterally over the years, but Chandler had never agreed to it. After Christina's incident, he had a tough attitude. Even if they were divorced, Erica felt unhappy.

"Don't you regret your divorce?" Barbara looked at her best friend and couldn't help but ask.

Erica looked impatient and took out a cigarette from her bag and lit it. "Barbara, you know I've always wanted to divorce Chandler. No matter how hard he works, the Stephenson Family was not so rich as the Hopkineses."

"I want to marry a man who loves me while I'm young. I don't think I'm wrong pursuing happiness. What else can he give me but 100 thousand dollars

pocket money every month?"

"Stop smoking." Barbara frowned and grabbed her cigarette.

"Erica, your son has grown up, and it's a blessing for you to marry Chandler. At least the Stephenson Family isn't that complicated... Erica, whether you divorce him or not, you have to change your personality. You married Chandler after graduation, so you have no idea how difficult it is to make money in this society. In fact, Chandler is really good to you..."

"Barbara, how can you say that?!"

Erica got angry at once.

"Look at Christina. She's so proud of herself now, and Patrick dotes on her

so much. You mean that I'm no match for Christina. If Chandler had been nicer to me, I wouldn't have divorced him... Chandler couldn't keep up with Patrick in his career, and he couldn't take care of his wife. He is a good-for-nothing!" She gnashed her teeth with jealousy and anger.

Barbara lowered her head with mixed feelings in her eyes...

"Patrick is really good to his wife..."