

Chapter 192

"To get rid of the two gatekeepers." She said calmly.

As soon as the door was opened, a familiar tall figure appeared in front of them.

Christina was a little bit surprised.

The yellow light on the stairs of the apartment was dim, but the keen dark eyes of the man could be seen clearly. He was staring straight at her.

"Crystal, can I ask you to go out for a while?"

Christina's voice was deep. She gazed at the man in front of her stubbornly.

"Well, take your time."

Crystal walked out of the door timidly. She still felt a little worried about Cristina, and she forced herself to say, "Actually, it's not Cristina's fault to eat the bad food and be hospitalized. Don't, don't scold her..."

Of course, Crystal was worried. She could tell that Mr. Hopkins was in a hurry coming to her home in the middle of the night, as his hair was messy on his forehead.

"It was Barbara."

The door was closed.

Before he could ask, Cristina spoke with a cold tone.

"Someone delivered takeout this afternoon. It was Thai Emperor Fried Rice from Gordon Hotel, but with no egg..."

Facing Patrick, Cristina had a complicated feeling. After all, the last time they parted unhappily was because he kicked her out of the club, and she felt that he was protecting Barbara.

She didn't eat eggs, but usually, Thai Emperor Fried Rice had eggs in it. So it must be prepared by her acquaintances.

It must be the person who had been scheming against her.

It must be Barbara Parker.

However, Patrick just looked at her face, at her anger, without speaking anything.

"Do you think I'm lying?"

"Do you think I'm slandering Barbara?"

When she saw him staring at her, the pent-up emotions in her heart were about to explode. She gritted her teeth.

"Patrick, I'm sensitive, easy to be jealous, and I always mess things up. But have you ever believed me? Who do you think Barbara is? Your capable executive? Your best friend for years?"

She raised her right hand and threw the broken amethyst bracelet to him with fury.

"Barbara wants to kill me!"

Christina roared at him angrily, with her chest heaving.

The man took the crystal bracelet with a calm expression.

He was so indifferent.

Christina couldn't believe it. She stared at him with her eyes wide open. She found that Patrick was not worried about her at all.

"This is Barbara's bracelet..."

She felt hurt and turned her face aside. She did not want to see his indifferent face anymore.

"A woman came in my ward this

afternoon, turned off the lights, and drew the curtain. It was dark..."

Her voice became lower and lower, as she found that Patrick didn't care at all. Christina even forgot the reason to talk so much to him, as she was so scared that she didn't even dare to answer Crystal's questions before.

In her heart, however, inexplicably, she just wanted to tell him.

She didn't want people around to worry about her, so she seldom complained to others. But she wanted to tell him.

Sometimes, silence really hurts.

"She picked up the pillow and pressed it against my face. I couldn't breathe,

but I didn't have enough strength to push her away. I was sure that it was a woman. This bracelet fell off her hand..."

She remembered very clearly that it was the amethyst bracelet that Barbara usually wore on her left hand.

Christina was still talking, but her voice gradually faded.

Suddenly, she laughed at herself, raised her head, and looked at the man in front of her again.

"Patrick, if it weren't for Eric, I would have..." Died.

"Eric."

Eric.

Patrick suddenly spoke and whispered.

"... Your Eric, how could he let something bad happen to you?"

His words made Christina very uncomfortable.

She looked straight at him with anger in her eyes.

"Patrick, if you have anything to say, just say it. Don't talk in such a weird tone. I'm not smart enough. I don't understand you superior people's words!"

However, compared to her anger, he was still calm.

"Eric."

[Eric's grandfather and my grandfather were good comrades, so I knew him in my childhood.]

[Eric was an illegitimate child. His mother was deceived by a man. At first, she didn't know that the man had a wife... His mother died of dystocia when she gave birth to him. Later, he was taken back by his father, but he and his wife treated him badly.]

[Eric had been so quiet since he was a child. He would not resist even he was picked on by someone. Those people laughed at him for being a fool, but in fact, he just didn't like to talk and always ignored others.]

[This wooden box was from a very important person, who had

disappeared...]

Patrick became silent. His cold face was devoid of emotion, but he looked straight at the woman...

Once she had mentioned to him a few times about the man named "Eric", but he didn't take it seriously. He only knew that "Eric" seemed to be very important to her.

So it was him.

It was him.

He suddenly reached out his right hand to her. Christina was a little confused, as she could not understand what it meant.

As he spread out his palm, a half-moon-

shaped blood-colored jade was shown. Under the cold incandescent lamp, it shone brightly, which was very eye-catching.

Her mind went blank.

She saw him expressionlessly put the cold jade back into her palm...

The jade as well as his hands were very cold.

"Christina, why is it you?"

Chapter 193

"Why is it you?"

She kept thinking of what Patrick said.

He said it slightly and sadly.

Christina looked at the blood-colored jade. She was in a daze.

"Junior Mrs. Hopkins, Mr. Shepherd is waiting for you."

Nanny Faang knocked on the door and told her gently.

Christina came back to her senses in shock and said, "Ok."

She answered and clenched the jade. She took a deep breath, tidied up her

clothes and went downstairs.

"Junior Mrs. Hopkins, you will deliver the baby next month. Be careful." Nanny Faang was worried. She went downstairs with her.

Since Crystal came back, Christina had been in a bad mood. The servants of the Hopkins family didn't know what happened, but they found that Christina was depressed.

"I'll give birth to my baby next month. Why can't I know it a month later..."

She looked straight ahead and walked carefully. She whispered. Maybe only she could hear it.

"When did you meet Derek?"

Charles stood alone in the center of the first floor of the Eastern Garden. He directly asked.

Christina approached him. He was cold. When he looked at her, he was suspicious. He looked strange.

"I've known him a long time ago."

She sat on the sofa and ignored his expression.

She thought she was Charles's friend, but it seemed that she could never be his friend.

"The jade is Derek's..."

Charles looked bad. He had a lot to question her, but he stopped when he was about to say.

"There are two semicircular bloodstone. They can be a ring. I have one, and the other is Derek's."

He wanted to ask her about it, but he didn't say. Christina directly told him, "I was engaged to Derek when I was young."

"You! How dare you?"

Charles suddenly changed his expression and scolded her angrily.

He could guess it. But how dare she say it clearly? He was angry about her attitude and her words.

"What's going on?"

"Christina, why do you make it

complicated? Don't you know the relationship between Derek and Patrick? The members of the Fisher family are cowards. If Patrick doesn't owe Derek, he has nothing to worry about."

"Patrick owes him a life. How could he..."

It was hard for Charles to say it. He strode forward and grabbed her shoulder. He gritted his teeth and asked her loudly.

"Patrick married you and you are pregnant with his baby. How could he face...?"

... How could he face Derek?

Charles knew that he shouldn't be

angry with her.

But he could do nothing else. He could not stop them.

"Christina, why is it you?"

Charles was depressed and upset. He let go of her and lowered his head to yell at her.

She was calm on the sofa with no expression. When Charles scolded her, she didn't refute him.

"Why is it you?"

He asked it too.

Patrick returned the jade calmly. He didn't lose his temper or break it. He was so calm. He was not like what he

used to be.

She was nervous in front of him. He didn't speak. Christina felt that his hands were cool.

She wanted to say something but she couldn't speak.

Patrick turned around. He opened the door and left.

He went away step by step.

Maybe it was dim in the corridor, so he looked lonely.

She clutched the jade, which was rare. No matter how hard she held it, it was cool. Suddenly, Christina looked outside in a daze.

After that night, she never saw him again.

Patrick didn't go back home. They didn't know where he was.

Did he want to escape from it?

Maybe he didn't know...

"What exactly do you want to do?"

There was a house in the remote suburb where F City marches with C City. There were weeds everywhere. It rained before, so the path was muddy. And the trees on the mountains were almost all cut down. Only a few trees could be seen.

There was a simple quadrangle here. The moss grew on the walls and the

roof was dilapidated.

Creak.

The old heavy wooden door was opened. Nobody came here for many years.

The furniture in the house was dusty.

Although they were decrepit, they were high-quality wooden goods from the exquisite carvings. The house was low-key and not noisy, and the owner's temperament could be told from it.

A man stood quietly in front of a wall on the left of the hall. The photo frames were hung on the wall in order.

The photos were blurred by the rain except for one phone in which two

brothers patted each other on the shoulder. They were dignified, but they looked intimate in their favorite military uniform. They were Damon and Pythias.

The man raised his hand to wipe the dust off the photo with his fair and slender fingers.

Patrick was at the gate, but he was not willing to step in the house.

Patrick looked complicated. He stared at the man. The man was as quiet as before. He was recalling his past from his blue eyes.

Patrick knew that the man was thinking of Christina.

They lived here when they were young.

It was General Eisenhower's residence and Derek's grandfather lived here. Derek knew Christina when he was a boy.

"Derek, I didn't know..."

Patrick's low and deep voice echoed in the deserted house, "I didn't know your relationship with Christina."

"I went back to A City at the year my father died. I knew that you went to C City..."

He went to C City to kill time, but he didn't know that Derek went there for a girl.

And he stayed there as a teaching assistant for half a year for her.

It seemed that Patrick was explaining or emphasizing something.

If he knew it, would he be with Christina...

He didn't know.

He didn't know it himself.

But Christina was his wife and was pregnant with his baby.

"Derek, what exactly do you want to do?"

Chapter 194

"Derek won't hurt me."

Charles asked in a rage, "Did Patrick hurt you?"

Christina was in a daze and remained silent.

There had been too many things happening recently. She was in a disturbed state of mind and wanted a break.

Christina got up from the sofa and walked past Charles. She didn't want to talk about it anymore.

Charles watched her leave and his face darkened. He shouted angrily.

"You also think that Patrick is a heartless person. You've been with him for nearly a year. Don't you know what kind of person he is? Others say that he is cruel and heartless, but you, Christina, you can never say that!"

Couldn't she say that?

[What kind of person was Patrick?]

[No one knew him. No one knew what Patrick was up to.]

Christina slowly walked out of the Eastern Garden and strolled along the corridor. The lotus pond and other vegetation failed to attract her attention. Along the way, she kept thinking about the rumours she had heard before.

She had heard a lot of rumours about Patrick.

However, she knew very little about him.

"He has deliberately hidden it. How could I know..." Muttering to herself, Christina looked at the huge backyard of the Hopkins family in a daze.

"Did something happen recently?"

Suddenly, Christina heard a voice behind her.

Christina originally thought it was Charles who ran after her. After she recognised the voice, she was a little confused.

"What's up?"

She didn't answer, but asked coolly.

It was Paul, the butler. He had worked in the Hopkins family for nearly 30 years, mainly serving Old Master Hopkins' daily life. Paul was very modest, but he had a say in not only the Hopkins family but also the company.

Actually, the members in the Hopkins family were not as difficult to get along with as outsiders said. Christina just thought she couldn't get used to their lives, because she felt there were some barriers between her and the Hopkins family.

Paul noticed that she was not in a good mood. Since she was unwilling to say it, Paul didn't inquire and went straight to

the point.

"The baby room has been furnished. Old Master Hopkins and his wife are in the Northern Garden. They want you to see if there is anything else that needs to be changed."

Christina was a little surprised that Paul came for her for the baby room.

Earlier, the Hopkins family had already found workers to knock down the walls between every two individual rooms on the third floor of the Eastern Garden. And now the third floor was a baby room like a children's play centre.

However, Old Master Hopkins felt that the two hundred square meters was not enough for his grandson. So he found a construction team to change a

guest room in Northern Garden into a baby room, so that his grandson could often rest at there."

"Everyone is expecting your first baby."

Paul smiled kindly. "It's been a long time since Old Master Hopkins was so happy. He personally supervised the construction of the baby room. And he talked to the designers about the environmental protection materials, colour matching, and the baby's safety for a long time. The baby room is perfect but Old Master Hopkins seems unsatisfied. He said it could be better..."

"They are still discussing some details. Old Master Hopkins worries too much and those designers are helpless. By the way, Senior Mrs. Hopkins and Miss Hopkins bought baby clothes and toys

yesterday and they are decorating the room there. What about taking a look..."

Christina listened quietly. In fact, she could feel the enthusiasm of the whole Hopkins family for the birth of the heir even if she did not go there.

As far as Christina knew, Old Master Hopkins didn't like Judy, but they chatted more now because of Christina's baby.

Suddenly, she thought of Patrick. Patrick's attitude towards their baby seemed to be much colder than others'.

He might not like children.

Christina didn't want to go to the Northern Garden. She was in a

disturbed state of mind and wanted to stroll in the back garden.

"They can make the decision. I want to stay here."

Paul was a little surprised, "You don't want to go? But the designers want to refer to your ideas."

"They can make the decision. I don't know much about this."

Paul did not force her. Old Master Hopkins had ordered that Christina's happiness was the Hopkins family's priority because she was going to give birth in a month. No matter what Christina asked for, the Hopkins family could satisfy her.

But Christina asked for nothing.

Recently, Christina had become much more silent than before. They guessed that she might have quarrelled with Patrick.

"Mrs. Hopkins, though you and Young Master Hopkins have some conflicts, you are going to give birth. It's not good for the child if you two don't get along..."

Paul watched Christina stroll aimlessly along the corridor and suddenly shouted.

"Have you ever been to Young Master Hopkins' study?"

Christina had heard a lot of those. Nanny Faang reminded her almost every day, asking her to avoid negative

emotions. Otherwise, the baby might be affected.

As for Patrick's study, Christina had been there once but she sneaked in. When he found out, he flew into a rage and scolded her.

Charles was probably left in a rage, and no one else disturbed her. So she took a quiet walk.

However, she unintentionally walked to the Eastern Garden. Patrick's study was on its second floor.

The door of the study was unlocked.

Christina pressed the doorknob with a surprised expression.

She remembered that his study was

locked when she tried to sneak into his study again.

Unlike the last time she searched his study, this time she was more curious.

She pushed the door open, but found there was no one inside.

Christina looked around. The documents and computer on the big wooden desk in front were neatly arranged. On the right, there were five large bookcases filled with all kinds of books. On the left, there was a sofa and coffee table. Beside them, there were two shade-loving plants. Behind them, there were bright French window and a wide balcony.

The study was simple and solemn.

The Hopkins family's servants cleaned up the study every week. But only Nanny Faang and a few maids Patrick trusted could come in, because there were a lot of confidential documents in the study.

Christina slowly walked in, looking around curiously.

Last time, she sneaked in. She was so guilty and didn't notice that there was a door beside the bookshelf. Through it, Patrick could enter a guest room. Patrick usually rested here if he didn't go back to his bedroom.

Christina almost knew nothing about Patrick.

He said too little to her.

And she didn't ask much either.

Was their relationship affectionate, normal or indifferent?

Christina herself didn't know the answer.

She turned around and wanted to leave, lest Patrick sensed that she had come.

However, when she turned around, she glanced at the wooden office table in front of her and stopped.

"What a Father Needs to Know?"

Christina's eyes lit up. She walked forward, grabbed the book on the table, and flipped through it several times. "A parenting book?"

She looked down at the stack of books next to the computer. He even read books about postnatal care.

She sat in his chair and flipped through them one by one.

Patrick had prepared so many types of books, including the books about diet precautions during pregnancy, about the delivery, and about how to take care of a novice mother's emotion. Christina was amused by those books.

She never thought that Patrick would read these books in his study.

He was also very nervous to be a father.

Chapter 195

Putting down a book on postnatal care in her hand and wanting to walk out of the study, Christina was surprised to find a figure standing by the door.

When did he come back?

She didn't expect to see Patrick.

Christina looked a little embarrassed.

"I, I just passed by..."

She explained automatically. After all, Patrick didn't like others to enter his study at will.

"Your appointment with the ob-gyn is at 3 o'clock this afternoon."

Patrick at the door mentioned another

thing in a flat tone.

Christina pursed her lips, not knowing what to say for a moment.

"Okay," She answered casually. Christina glanced at the clock on the wall. It was already 2 o'clock. She calculated the time and distance, and they should get going.

If he didn't bring it up, she almost forgot about the doctor's appointment.

Doctors and nutritionists went to Patrick's place to examine her, but she still had to go to the hospital from time to time. Nanny Faang probably had arranged for a maid to accompany her to the hospital.

"You..."

When Patrick saw her coming out, he closed the door.

"Aren't you going into the study?" Why did he close the door?

Christina stopped and looked at Patrick walking beside her. "Are you going to the hospital too?" She asked with uncertainty.

"Yes."

He didn't say much but slowed down and walked side by side with her.

They went down the stairs. There was only the sound of their footsteps, and neither of them spoke.

They saw Paul waiting on the steps by

the time they walked out of the Eastern Garden.

"Young Master Hopkins, your car is ready."

"There's one more thing. Old Master Hopkins went to the company for a meeting early in the morning and ordered the board of directors to arrange for five vice presidents to take over your businesses for now. Junior Mrs. Hopkins is about to give birth. Old Master Hopkins hopes that you can be there for her for a year after childbirth."

"Be there for me for a year?"

Christina looked incredulous to hear that.

"Junior Mrs. Hopkins, if Young Master Hopkins is not feeling well, please..."

"Get in the car."

Paul was interrupted before he could finish. Patrick opened the door and urged Christina.

The car drove out of the mansion, but they still didn't talk much.

Christina wanted to ask where Patrick had been these days.

Why did his grandpa keep telling him to rest more?

And she wanted to know more about Derek and the jade pendant.

There were a lot of questions in her

heart. Christina wanted to ask, but she still didn't.

The checkup went smoothly, and doctors had arranged everything for Christina. But they were surprised that Patrick came as well, so it was more intense than usual in the doctor's office.

"The babies are good. All indicators are normal. Junior Mrs. Hopkins is pregnant with twins, so we're going to perform the Caesarean for her. We'll arrange for her to stay at the hospital in the middle of next month. If she is in good health, we can choose a day for the Caesarean."

A doctor told Patrick a few things by the book.

Christina had heard those words many times herself. She was already mentally prepared for the painful process of giving birth, so she didn't feel anything.

"Is the spare blood ready?" However, Patrick was concerned.

"She has a rare blood type. Prepare five times more blood for the operation..."

"Yes, of course."

Probably because Patrick was born with a strong aura, the doctors opposite him echoed and promised, "We have the best doctors for the operation. Please don't worry, Mr. Hopkins."

"We promise that there will never be any major bleeding or any special

circumstances. Everything will be smooth, and we'll ensure the safety of your wife and children."

Christina didn't remember how many times these doctors had promised them. In the end, Patrick held her, and she stood up to leave with him.

"Are you really going into the delivery room when I give birth?"

Christina had been nervous when facing Patrick. But when she saw Patrick seriously discussing the children with the doctors, it seemed that she had forgotten everything that had happened before and started to act naturally.

"Patrick, don't go into the delivery room. It's strange," She muttered.

"What's so strange?"

Patrick looked down at her face.

"Don't go anyway. It's awkward."

What could he do when she was giving birth? He was not a doctor! Christina's ears turned red when she thought about it.

"I don't think so." Patrick was okay with it.

Christina glared at him.

She would be so embarrassed!

"Do you want to walk around?"

Patrick looked at her angry face,

thought for a while, and asked in a stilted manner.

He was a man of action. Since the hospital was over, he should send Christina straight back home.

But it suddenly occurred to Patrick that he had never gone shopping with her.

He also remembered that Charles said the happiest time for a woman was not when she received jewelry, but when someone was accompanying her.

"There are a lot of luxury brands in the business street ahead."

Chapter 196

Patrick looked away from Christina's face. He looked at the busy business street on the right and said something strange.

Shopping?

Patrick went shopping with her!

Christina even pinched her thigh to make sure she wasn't dreaming.

"Grandpa and the others have already bought a lot of clothes and toys for the babies. Our babies have countless new clothes now."

Christina mumbled when she saw a chain shop for baby products.

But, having said that, as a would-be parent, Christina couldn't help but walk towards the baby products.

She was thrilled to see the cute light blue sailor suits and pink princess dresses of the girls over there.

"Patrick, do you think it would be cute if I bought some dresses for our sons?"

"Girl's dresses?"

"I want to have fun with them when they're still young." Parents had limited time to spend with their children. Christina had a lot of funny things that she wanted to do with her children.

"When they grow up, they won't care about me that much."

Patrick looked at her smiling face and was distracted for a while.

"Okay." He answered casually and let her do whatever she wanted.

The salesgirl could tell from Christina's clothing that Christina was a big client. She recommended Christina the products and told Christina interesting things about newborn babies.

"You mean that if I change the brand of baby formula, the babies may have diarrhea? How about breast milk? I heard that the babies will be healthier if feeding them with breast milk."

Christina and the salesgirl were chatting happily.

She looked up at Patrick and asked,

"Patrick, do you think I should feed our sons myself or bottle-feed?"

Patrick had no idea.

Christina was also confused. She grabbed a bottle and stuffed it into the hand of the would-be father beside her.

"Patrick, you have to learn how to bottle-feed and change diapers. We'll have twins. When we get divorced and raise them separately, it'll still be difficult."

Her words were unintentional, but Patrick, who was holding the bottle, suddenly replied coldly.

"We won't divorce."

In the end, Christina did not buy the princess baby dress. She looked a little upset and turned to walk out of the baby store.

She did not want to mention some topics that he was not willing to talk.

Once they talked about them, they would be very irritable.

They were walking side by side on the bustling commercial street, but they both turned their heads to look at the shops on both sides without saying anything.

However, when Christina lowered her head, she noticed that his right hand was wrapped around her waist gently. It was almost the time to get off work, so there were more and more people

on the street. He protected her like this, and no one passing by could collide her.

"Her husband is so handsome..."

Both Christina and Patrick were very good-looking. Christina was wearing loose maternity clothes and walking carefully. Patrick beside her was as cold and unapproachable as usual. Patrick rarely appeared in such a public place. His unique cold temperament was very impressive at a glance.

"Let's go back."

Christina suddenly didn't want to continue to walk.

She had never expected Patrick to accompany her shopping and watching

movies like other women's husbands.

She didn't know what was going on with him today. Patrick didn't like the bustling and crowded streets.

Patrick stopped and looked down at her, but he did not say anything.

"The Hopkins family doesn't lack anything. There's nothing to buy."

Christina had felt his look without looking up at him. She felt a little uncomfortable.

In fact, both of them knew that the child would be born in about a month, and they didn't mention everything happened before.

They kept silent and pretend to be at

peace.

This was the best way to deal with it, but they were both so upset.

"Walk with me for a while longer..."

His words made Christina a little confused. She raised her head and looked straight at his cold side face. But Patrick's eyes were fixed on the road ahead.

"What do you want to buy?" She had no choice but to follow his footsteps forward.

"I don't know."

"Where are we going?"

They just kept walking along the street

and passing by the shops on both sides.
He didn't look at the shops at all.

"I don't know."

Christina thought what he said was perfunctory, so she was a little annoyed.

She stopped walking.

"Patrick, what do you want to do?" She asked angrily.

Chapter 197

"I don't know."

He looked down at her and reflected her expression in his eyes.

It was as if there was a heavy silence between them.

"Miss, we have some new pregnant women's underwear. Would you like to come in and take a look?"

On the right was an international lingerie store. The young saleswoman suddenly shouted at Christina with a sweet smile on her face.

Christina turned to look at her when she heard her voice.

Seeing the young girl trying to sell her products with a bright smile, Christina didn't know how to refuse. But the man beside her continued to remain silent.

"Women's underwear is very important. A good underwear will directly influence the overall shape, especially during your pregnancy. It is better to try on the suitable underwear in the store personally..."

The young saleswoman held Christina's hand and pulled her into the shop.

"I've had a lot of underwear at home."

"Miss, try this light pink one. No matter how old we are, we must keep our young girlish hearts."

"Yes, we have to be good to ourselves. We should be willing to spend money for ourselves. Investing in ourselves is the smartest thing. Men are all visual animals. Only when we live well do they know how to love..."

A few employees in the store surrounded Christina and said a lot.

Christina looked at them and didn't know what to do. She was usually very strong, but she really didn't know how to refuse others.

"I'll buy one." After a long time, Christina compromised in a helpless voice.

The salespersons of the brand clothing stores mainly relied on the

commission. Seeing that she agreed, they became even more enthusiastic. "Miss, our fitting room is here..."

"I'll go and get a few more sizes. After all, the chest circumference will change a lot during pregnancy...Miss, don't close the door. I have to go in and help you try it on."

"No, don't come in."

Christina immediately regretted it. She had a thick skin, but she didn't like to be naked in front of others.

"Miss, you don't have to be shy. We're both women. I'll go in and guide you to know if that bra really suits you..." The staff in this store were too professional.

"I know if it's appropriate. I don't need you..."

"I told you not to come in." Christina was a little annoyed. She had already taken off her dress. Hearing the door open, she quickly covered her chest.

"You!"

Christina widened her eyes and said, "Why did you come in?" She looked at the man in front of her in shock.

"Patrick, get out of here." She pushed Patrick anxiously.

She was really shy about some things.

But Patrick looked straight at her with a faint smile. "There are still a few sizes here. Try them all."

Christina glared at him. He held several bright red and purple underwear in his hands with a serious expression. It was really awkward.

"Who let you in? Give them to me. You go out..." Christina's ears even turned red.

"Your chest circumference has changed a lot during your pregnancy. Don't strangle yourself."

Patrick was very clear about Christina's chest circumference.

"I can wear it myself..."

Christina had been wearing corset underwear for more than ten years, but she never wore it as slowly as now.

She blushed and reminded Patrick, "I'm used to buttoning the outermost row of buttons."

"Okay."

Patrick said indifferently above her head. His long fingers were a little clumsy at the moment. He usually signed a lot of documents, but he didn't know how to do this.

Probably because of pregnancy, Christina's skin became very delicate and fair, and her chest was more plump than before. Patrick touched her with his cool fingers, and his eyes were burning on her body.

The fitting room was a little narrow, and Christina felt extremely awkward and embarrassed.

'Why was he staring at me like that?'

"Is it suitable?"

"Yes."

She looked down at her toes and answered casually. Then Patrick zipped the dress for her.

They remained silent again.

Christina couldn't help but say, "Nanny Faang has prepared a lot of things for me. The people in the Hopkins family are all very good to me. I don't lack anything. It's just enough. I don't want too much..." Christina was implying something.