

"How's your injury?"

Christina looked at him in his hospital gown and managed to say in a choking voice.

She did not approach and stood two meters behind the bed.

Patrick sat on the big bed. On the right side of the bed, there were a few bottles of injection hanging from an iron frame. There were still two bottles of injection. His eyes were deep and complicated. He stared at her standing two meters away.

"It's okay." He replied in a low voice.

"Oh."

Perhaps because he was too focused on her, Christina could not look straight into his face. She turned around and glanced around the room. Silence fell again.

Christina fixed her eyes on the golden pocket watch on the nightstand. Her face was very calm and she did not say anything, her brain teeming and seething with feelings.

She asked Charles to return the pocket watch to him.

It seemed that it had become a habit for him to take this pocket watch with him.

Her mind started drifted and she cast down her eyes to think about a lot of things until Patrick suddenly said, "Come home with me."

She was stunned and looked up at his handsome face.

Patrick's deep eyes were sharp, burning as if he was looking into her eyes. He repeated in a low voice, "Christina, come with me to the Hopkins family."

Go back to Hopkins family.

Christina did not expect him to spring it on her like that. She was stunned and did not know how to answer him, but at least she did not resist the idea in her heart.

The phone on the bedside table rang at the right time.

The sudden ringing of the phone made the atmosphere a little more natural for them to be alone. Christina turned her head away from him and strode towards the bedside table.

Patrick was still on the drip in his right hand. And Christina didn't feel embarrassed to help him pick up the phone and walked up to hand it to him.

She glanced at it quickly, it showed the word "Grandfather."

Patrick glanced at her first, who was standing in front of him less than half a meter away. He reached out to get the phone. His slender clod fingers touched her hand.

The phone kept ringing, and it sounded a little annoying. Patrick quickly clicked the answer button.

"What's going on?" said the hoarse and angry voice on the other end of the phone.

"You sent so many people to take the route... and you hurt yourself finally for something worthless!!" Old Master Hopkins scolded.

ven if Patrick didn't turn on the loudspeaker, Christina stood beside him and heard it clearly. Grandpa would never be polite to his grandson. He was obviously concerned about him, but he scolded him so hard.

Grandpa was furious and shouted at his phone, "What's going on with you and Christina? You both went abroad. You don't look after the twins at home, do you?"

Probably because he felt that there was no response from Patrick, Old Master Hopkins scolded him and shouted angrily... "Can you hear me? Get back immediately!"

Patrick looked at the phone and didn't say anything. Christina answered naturally, "I see."

He was stunned in the other end of the phone. Old Master Hopkins did not expect Christina to reply.

"We'll fly back today."

Patrick replied unhurriedly and hung up the phone.

"Would it be too urgent to fly back today?"

When Charles and the others heard the news that they were going back to China, they were all a little surprised and looked regretful. "I also plan to stay in Switzerland for another day or two after the wind and snow stop. There are several tourist areas near this town, and the hot springs are also famous."

Charles secretly elbowed Christina next to him and lowered his voice. "Tell Patrick that we'll play for another two days before we go back."

Christina ignored him.

In fact, she also felt a little rushed, and although Patrick's back was slightly injured, it would be better to rest for another day before leaving.

But since Patrick said so, maybe he had something urgent to deal with back home. After all, he was a busy man.

"Go to the lobby and eat something. We'll leave in an hour." She walked towards her room.

Charles looked at her back with resentment. "Hey, Christina, it's rare for us to come out together. Just stay with Patrick for another two days on your honeymoon."

Mr. Shepherd's philosophy of life was to eat, sleep, and have fun. Especially after such a tragic experience in the snow mountain, he had to treat himself well.

But when Christina heard the word "Honeymoon travel," she walked faster.

These sweet and good times had nothing to do with her marriage.

Patrick's men were very efficient. An hour later, they rushed to the airport.

When they got into the comfortable plane, it took off at a high speed. Although it was cold, it derived most appalling beauty from the blue sky overhead. As if the hardships happened yesterday were just a dream.

Christina also felt that life sometimes seemed like a dream when she recalled it.

Everything went smoothly. The plane flew back to A City from Switzerland. As soon as she got off the plane, someone came to pick her up. Before she could think too much, she was already urged to take the special car and go straight to the Hopkins family villa halfway up the mountain in A City.

Christina was a little confused. She had not set foot in Hopkins family for a long time, as she was familiar with the magnificent villa.

When she got off the plane, Patrick seemed to be in a hurry to urge her before she said that she wanted to transfer back to C city.

"Where's grandpa?" She looked a little prim.

Nanny Faang looked excited and greeted her warmly, "Junior Mrs. Hopkins, you're back. Old Master Hopkins had something to do at the moment, so he rushed out and said that he was going to stay with his friends for a few days. Are you tired? The master bedroom is ready. Let me run you a hot bath. And someone is preparing your favorite dishes..."

"Ok." Christina nodded, not knowing what to say addressing Nanny Faang's fervor.

As for Old Master Hopkins, the old man went out. Originally, she was still struggling to say something when she met him. After all, she was kicked out of Hopkins family for the last time. She knew it was her aunt's request, but it was still awkward to meet him.

She looked at the both familiar and new Hopkins family in front of her and felt a little uncomfortable.

"Junior Mrs. Hopkins, I'll take you to the nursery."

Nanny Faang was so excited that she almost dragged her to the nursery.

Christina was slightly stunned when she heard the expression of the "Baby room." She did not refuse. Instead, she just followed Nanny Faang, as if in a dream.

Behind her, Patrick silently watched her reaction. Seeing her follow Nanny Faang upstairs, he inexplicably relaxed.

Forcing her to have no chance to refuse...

He looked at her with eyes complicated. It was the way he always treated her.

He knew that it was shameless to treat her in such way, but what else could he do?

Patrick did not go to the nursery. Instead, he went back to the master bedroom in Eastern Garden, took off his coat, took out the pocket watch from his pocket and held it in his palm. He fixed his eyes on the pocket watch. It has been so many years...

He had been secretly forcing her from the beginning when he met her. Suddenly, he felt tired both physically and mentally.

He closed his eyes and took a deep breath.

At least she was back.

Patrick sat in the master bedroom for 20 minutes. In fact, he rushed back to the country without any urgent business. Finally, he returned home and sat quietly looking around his bedroom. However, he began to feel a little impatient. He looked at the bedroom door from time to time. No one knocked on the door 50 minutes later.

He got up abruptly and strode towards the nursery in a hurry.

In the nursery, Christina did not leave. She was here.

He was not good at expressing his emotions. He didn't want her to feel oppressed as soon as she came back. Maybe she was uncomfortable now.

Patrick didn't want to go into the nursery. He didn't know what to talk to her about. Everything would be fine as long as she was still in Hopkins family. He turned around and slowed down to go to the study.

However, Christina acted in the strange way. He looked sideways for a moment.

Christina stood by the baby bed. She bent down and carefully reached out to touch the sleeping twins. Then she seemed to be shocked in profile. She quickly withdrew her hand, lifted her coat, stared at her flat belly, and was in a daze.

"You gave birth to them." Patrick whispered into the room in a low and helpless voice.

Christina turned around in a daze. She looked into his eyes and was stunned for a moment.

She quickly pulled off her coat to cover the belly and muttered awkwardly, "Am I dreaming... How did I give birth to two babies?" She raised her eyebrows in confusion.

The two babies were already half a year old. It was unbelievable to think about it.

Patrick looked at her and suddenly broke out laughing, sweeping away the depression that had accumulated in his heart.



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"During the days after giving birth, Derek helped me apply ointment every day..."

Christina said it as it should be. She stared at her flat and tight abdomen. There were no marks of pregnancy or the cut left by a c-section. It was as if she had never been pregnant.

It was just like a dream that she married into the Hopkins family, and there was not even a trace of it.

"I don't know what kind of ointment Derek applied to me. It worked really well." She muttered as she looked at the twins sleeping soundly on the small bed.

Patrick was standing right behind her. He looked at her side face. The reason why she married him in the first place was so absurd that she felt like a dream and unreal.

When she suffered from a c-section, confinement, and postpartum depression, he wasn't there.

He had always played the role of a bad person who forced her, and Derek was her guardian angel.

Patrick pursed his thin lips and his expression was complicated. Christina had been staring at the twins on the small bed in the quiet nursery. Neither of them spoke and they did not know what to say.

When Nanny Faang entered the nursery, she saw they were in silence and she sighed in her heart. They did not dare to talk anything about Young Master Hopkins' private affairs.

Standing outside the door, she knocked on the door. "Young Master Hopkins, Junior Mrs. Hopkins."

Christina turned first.

Nanny Faang held a cell phone in her hand and said, "Junior Mrs. Hopkins, it's your father..."

Christina's cell phone was broken on the snowy mountain. Her father, Donald, probably knew that she had come back, so he called the Hopkins family directly when he couldn't get through.

Christina knew her father's bad temper and did not dare to delay. She took the phone and said guiltily, "Dad."

"What are you doing in the Hopkins family?" Unexpectedly, Donald was furious.

"I just came back..."

She was telling the truth. She just flew back from Switzerland less than an hour ago.

Donald ignored her explanation and shouted angrily, "What did I tell you before... I told you not to wander around. Go back home now!"

Then, her father angrily hung up the phone.

There's her father's angry roar echoing in Christina Dickens' ears. It seemed obvious that her father did not want her going back to the Hopkins family. He thought that was just wandering around.

Even Nanny Faang clearly heard the scolding on the other end of the phone. She was hesitant for seconds. She looked at Christina and then at Patrick, who had been silent with his eyes full of mixed feelings.

"Young Master Hopkins, dinner is ready. Do you want to have it now?" Nanny Faang asked hesitantly.

This was the Hopkins family. If Patrick refused to let her go, Christina would not be able to leave.

"Yes." He ordered calmly.

It meant right away.

"I'm going back now."

Christina said firmly. She turned around and strode towards the door.

"Dinner first."

"I'm not hungry."

He looked at her back, and his tone was more forceful. "Then don't think about going back to the Dickens family."

Christina stopped, turned around, and looked at him angrily.

Nanny Faang tried to smooth things over and said, "Junior Mrs. Hopkins, you must be tired coming back from Switzerland. If you don't hungry, it's better to have a bowl of soup to refresh yourself..."

Christina's face darkened and she went to the dining room unhappily.

She was very grateful to Nanny Faang for preparing dinner for her and she knew that Hopkins family was not as difficult to get along with as rumored, but Patrick Hopkins always ordered her in a commanding tone. She was very upset.

"What are you doing!"

She was already in a bad mood. As soon as she put down the bowl, she saw that Patrick Hopkins was telling Nanny Faang to take care of the twins. He was going to C City.

Christina said hesitantly, "Are you going to my home?"

Patrick's handsome face was expressionless. He looked at her calmly and deeply. The look in his eyes was asking, why couldn't he?

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Christina turned her head and didn't want to look at him.

He would go if he wanted to. Anyway, her father would definitely not welcome him.

Probably when Patrick went to the Dickens family, her father would shut him out and embarrass him.

Nanny Faang prepared some gifts. "Although Junior Mrs. Hopkins is going back to your parents' house, you still have to bring gifts. I don't know what your father likes. These cordyceps and blood swallows are just a gesture."

Go back to your parents' house?

Christina was a little confused when she heard the sentence.

After they got married, they hadn't officially returned to the Dickens family as husband and wife. They had gone to C City together before, but she didn't have a good relationship with the Dickens family at that time, and Patrick had other things to do.

She suddenly felt a little weird when she brought her husband home with her like an ordinary couple. She couldn't imagine Patrick to be a good son-in-law like others. This was weird..

She didn't ask why Patrick wanted to go to the Dickens family. She couldn't stop him anyway. But why didn't they take a plane?

"It only takes half an hour to get there by plane!"

Christina was sitting in a luxury car. She stared impatiently at the scenery speeding back outside the window. The car was steady and fast, but it was still not as fast as the plane.

Usually, they flew from A City to C City by plane. The Hopkins family had a private plane, which was very convenient. But Patrick chose to take a car this time.

"It takes at least four hours by car." She glared angrily at the man sitting next to her.

Patrick looked normal. "I'm not in a hurry."

Christina tensed her face, turned around, and ignored him.

In any case, he was in charge of everything.

The driver of the Hopkins family, who was driving, was very nervous. He did not understand why they had to drive to C City. Their master always asked for efficiency when he traveled. Glancing at the rearview mirror, he sensed the atmosphere of the two masters in the back seat was a little depressing. He wanted to speed up, but Young Master Hopkins asked for a speed limit. Alas, the master of the Hopkins family was really unpredictable.

It was a long drive, and Christina was leaning against the luxurious and comfortable back of the car, and then she was little sleepy.

She had been in a hurry all these days. Yesterday, she had experienced an avalanche in Switzerland. She was frightened and exhausted after being rescued. She only rested for a few hours and rushed back home. As soon as she arrived at the Hopkins family in A City, she had to rush back to the Dickens family in C City.

Suddenly, she remembered that Patrick's back was still injured.

She turned her head and met a pair of deep eyes. Patrick seemed to have been staring at her. Christina did not know how to react. Her face looked a little awkward.

Although Patrick was dressed in an expensive suit, tall and slender, and had an extraordinary temperament, his cold face was obviously sleepy, and his eyes were bloodshot.

"Why are you coming to the Dickens family with me..." She lowered her eyes and complained in a low voice.

Patrick couldn't hear what she was muttering and suddenly said, "Christina." His voice was a little hoarse as if he was not feeling well.

Christina Dickens was a little concerned when she heard his low and soft voice.

"What?"

She tightened her face, remained expressionless, and squeezed out one word.

"Sit here." He ordered her directly.

Christina's eyes widened slightly. She wanted to refuse him directly, but perhaps because his tone sounded a little weak, she hesitated for three seconds and moved awkwardly to his side.

Patrick put his arms around her, and the unique cool masculinity wrapped around her. Christina was embarrassed and looked at the driver's seat awkwardly. "Hey." She pushed him.

She was never used to love affairs, especially when there was someone else present.

But Patrick's big head leaned against her left shoulder without any hesitation. He took a deep breath as if he was very tired. His warm breath gently brushed past her ear, and Christina Dickens stiffened.

He leaned on her like this.

The driver was shocked when he saw the rearview mirror from the corner of his eyes, but he remained calm and drove steadily.

Christina's right hand reached out to his back. She had thought that Patrick was trying to push her away, but he frowned. Then she remembered that his back was injured. He couldn't lean on the back of the car, that's why he had to hug her like this.

She was relieved to know this.

She was as straightforward as a boy. Since she was a child, she had more boyfriends than girls. It was normal for her to support and help each other with men. She and Charles were this close to each other.

Patrick tilted his head, and when he saw her relaxed, he felt a little depressed.

He deliberately pressed his heavy body over and Christina leaned back. She said righteously, "If you're tired, get some sleep. I'll support you."

Just like in the snow mountain, even if Barbara, who usually had troubles with her, was in trouble, she would try her best to help. In fact, what she wanted was very simple. She wanted Patrick to sleep. He didn't need to worry about the unnecessary hurt when turning. She would support him steadily.

How well her grandfather taught her.

However, Patrick's chest was even more blocked, his brows were furrowed, and he was so angry that he didn't know what he was angry about. He put his arms around her slender shoulders even tighter, raised his head slightly, and his wet thin lips slightly kissed her sensitive earlobe. He kissed passionately, bit her gently, and rolled and sucked...

Christina felt numb all over, and she couldn't be calm anymore.

"Patrick Hopkins, behave yourself!" She blushed with anger and almost wanted to punch him in his head.



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Gretchen Manabat

So interesting to read. Always get excited for the next chapter

1 day ago

It was already 12 o'clock at midnight when Christina returned to the Dickens family.

"Why are you back so late?"

Betty heard the doorbell ringing and immediately went to open the door. However, she saw not only Christina but another uninvited guest, which surprised her.

"Auntie," Christina called out to her.

Betty came back to her senses and noticed that Christina looked a little angry, while the handsome Patrick looked indifferent, standing there with two large bags of expensive gifts in his hands.

Christina's face turned sullen.

They could have easily come back by plane, but Patrick had to take the car at midnight. This bastard Patrick had leaned on her for a few hours, which made her shoulders so sore.

Ignoring the annoying man behind her, she strode straight into her house.

Patrick, who was standing outside the door, watched the cold woman in front stride in. He turned to look at Betty in front of him again. His voice was neither warm nor cold, "Hello."

Betty nodded at him cautiously.

Betty had known early that Christina was going back to the Dickens family, so she was very happy to wait for her return in the living room. But she never thought that Patrick would come too.

"These are for you." Patrick handed over two large bags of gifts.

The Dickens family had no servant at home, and no one came forward to take what he was holding. Patrick was not used to it and had to mention it. Betty paused for a second and immediately reached out to take the gifts. Just as she was going to say something courteous to thank him, a shout came out of the room.

"I told you to go back to the Dickens family immediately and don't wander around, but you don't listen to me. Must you make your aunt and grandma worry about you all day? How old are you... At 7 o'clock I have asked you to come back. What are you dawdling about? Why do you stay out until midnight so that we have to wait..."

Donald had a bad temper and scolded Christina angrily.

Christina was silent being scolded by her father like this and did not dare to say a word.

Patrick frowned and strode into the room regardless of etiquette, "I asked her to come back to the Hopkins family with me first." His voice was naturally low and deep, which was intimidating.

What he meant was that he wanted her to go back to the Hopkins family with him first. So did anyone have an issue with that?

Donald was originally lecturing his unfilial daughter. When he heard this voice, he raised his head and glared, feeling even more unhappy.

He was lecturing his daughter, and did it have anything to do with this Patrick?

Donald's face darkened, and he deliberately ignored Patrick.

He glared at Christina angrily with a colder voice, "Who allows you to bring him back?"

Christina had originally lowered her head to receive the lecturing. Seeing that her father was furious, she immediately glanced at the man behind her and explained hurriedly, "Dad, it's none of my business. He insisted on coming himself."

Christina was so honest and wouldn't talk back after being scolded, and she was even in a hurry to get rid of him.

Patrick looked a little displeased and controlled his anger and frustration.

Donald suddenly felt at ease and was now in a much better mood.

Betty closed the door and hurried in, trying to smooth things over, "Christina, have you had dinner yet? We have supper snacks at home..."

"I'm not hungry. I had some soup in the Hopkins family," Christina replied truthfully.

"It's good that you've eaten. Your grandmother and I are still worried that you'll come back with an empty stomach," Betty looked at Donald with some resentment, "So is your father. He knows that you must be hungry and tired when you came back from Switzerland, and he still insisted telling you on the phone you return to the Dickens family immediately..."

Betty felt that Christina could come back tomorrow and didn't have to rush.

"You said you experienced an avalanche in Switzerland. What happened? Did you and Crystal suffer or get hurt?" Betty pulled her over and roamed over her seriously.

Hearing the avalanche, Donald turned to look at her, and his eyes became serious.

Christina looked calm and said, "We stayed in the hotel for a few days. There was an avalanche in the back of the mountain. We were not involved." She was obviously lying, but she said it so naturally.

Betty had watched her grow up and was not easily fooled. She then asked, "The news said that there are many tourists buried in the avalanche."

"Oh, those people ran outside and unfortunately were buried in an avalanche..."

Donald widened his eyes and snorted, "You didn't run out with them?!" His tone was full of disbelief.

Christina got nervous and did not blush at all. She promised, "No, Crystal and I have been staying in the hotel quietly waiting for help."

Patrick looked not so calm and turned to her sideways.

Probably feeling guilty, Christina quickly added, "Crystal and I are fine, but Patrick's back was injured by knives."

These words diverted the attention of Donald and Betty. They looked at Patrick in front of them. Patrick looked normal but was a little tired.

"It's a minor injury," Patrick then said in a low voice.

"It's good that everything is fine." Betty sighed and looked at the clock on the wall. It was getting late in the early morning. She urged, "Christina, your room has been tidied up with clean sheets. Go and have a good sleep first..."

Halfway through while speaking, Betty was a little embarrassed. She didn't tidy up the guest room. Since the Dickens family didn't hire servants, she bought fewer spare things. There were no more new sheets at home. Where would Patrick sleep tonight?

"There are no guest rooms at home," Donald said in a cold voice, obviously driving Patrick away.

He really wanted to send Patrick away.

Christina looked at her father with bright eyes, and a wave of worship rose in her mind.

Patrick looked at her expression and his handsome face darkened again. He was very determined when facing Donald, "She and I are husband and wife."

This meant that the couple didn't need any guest room because they slept on the same bed.

Donald's face darkened, "Here is the Dickens family."

This meant that Donald had the final say here.

"Christina, come here!" Donald was unhappy that his daughter was standing too close to Patrick.

Ever since Donald was so irritated that he suffered a stroke, Christina had really become a filial daughter. She basically did not dare to disobey her father anymore. She then walked up to Donald. While passing by Patrick quickly, she did not forget to remind him in a low voice, "Don't irritate my father."

Patrick glared at her and was furious.

Seeing their confrontation, Betty came up with a compromise, "Patrick, you can sleep in Christina's room tonight."

As soon as she said that, Donald looked at her with dissatisfaction. She quickly added, "Christina will sleep in the same room with me tonight. Will this be enough?"

"Why did you let him sleep in my room?"

Christina was half-dragged away by her aunt. She turned around and saw her father's dark face. She muttered, "Just let Patrick go out and stay in a hotel by himself."

"You still want to watch Patrick being driven away by your father and you are gloating, right?" Betty dragged her into her room and closed the door.

"Last time Patrick came to the Dickens family to look for you, your father was cold and drove him away. He now still comes here again, and we can't drive him away anymore. Look at Patrick's status, can we just randomly drive him away?"

Christina was surprised. If her father really kicked Patrick out of the door, it was hard to imagine his expression at that time.

Perhaps it would be the first time Patrick was kicked out by someone.

Thinking about it, Christina looked a little awkward and said in a strange tone, "He himself insists on coming. He's looking for trouble. He deserves it."

Betty laughed out of anger, "At that time, your grandmother and I were worried that he would retaliate against us once he returned to the Hopkins family, but he didn't do anything."

In the past, she did have a prejudice against the Hopkins family and did not want Christina to have any contact with the people from the Hopkins family. But after so many things, she slowly came up with some other ideas.

Betty suddenly asked her, "Christina, how is your relationship with Patrick now?"

Christina looked a little complicated. She seemed to be thinking about something and did not answer.

Betty stopped asking and found a new pillow and a new set of pajamas for her. She urged, "You must be very tired. Go to bed early. Don't think your father and I don't know that you must have suffered a lot in Switzerland this time. Every time you caused trouble outside and come back home, you always lie cleverly."

Christina looked guilty. She changed into her pajamas, went into bed, and fell asleep.

It turned out that Christina was also a liar, and she could lie calmly. She obviously lied a lot.

At this moment, Patrick walked into Christina's boudoir and remembered how she had lied without making a preparation. He pursed his lips and chuckled angrily. In the past, he had always thought that Christina was not good at lying, so he really underestimated her.

The style of Christina's boudoir was very simple. The main color for decoration was light blue, and there were a desk, a wardrobe, and a bed. Very simple. Although it was not as big as the master bedroom of the Hopkins family, it was generally very spacious and comfortable. She did not even put on a table for women's makeup. Only a few skincare products were put in front of a mirror in the small bathroom of the suite.

Patrick was in a good mood and looked around the room with some curiosity. At his age, he had always been calm and lost such curiosity. He also found a photo album in the drawer at the bottom of the desk.

He sat on Christina's bed and checked the photo album that recorded her childhood. Each photo was about her. There were photos of her as a newborn baby of 30 days, as a toddler who had just learned how to walk, and as a kindergarten student who went to the kindergarten for the first time, wearing a floral dress and two pigtails and smiling brightly...

Christina looked like her mother and had been a beauty since she was a child. She was a little fat when she was a child. Her big black eyes were bright and looked quite lovely. Besides, she was always very lively and energetic. These were also photos when she was angry when she was happy...

Patrick's eyes were fixed on the photos, and the corners of his lips unconsciously rose. Looking at the room she had lived in since she was a child, he suddenly felt that his heart was consumed with something. He could not tell how he felt like. Happiness was so simple.

Putting the photo album by the bed, Patrick was really tired.

Back then he had received news that she was trapped in Switzerland. So he had been busy for a few days without resting to handle this. He then brought her back.

"How did she dare say that she was still waiting for help in the hotel..." He lay on his side on her bed, took a deep breath, and muttered angrily.

Patrick soon fell asleep. This bed in this strange woman's room, which was probably the place he most longed to come when he was young...



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Patrick had a sound sleep last night. He didn't wake up until morning. Patrick was a light sleeper. He was very vigilant. It was strange that all his tiredness had disappeared when he lay on this bed. When he woke up, he was much more refreshed and energetic.

"Patrick, get up."

Outside the door, Christina knocked on the door and shouted in a strange tone.

It was her room. Why did she have to knock on the door? Besides, Patrick was used to getting up at 5 o'clock. Today, he didn't make a sound until 10 o'clock. So Christina's aunt asked her to come over and take a look at Patrick.

There was still no sound in the door. Christina frowned, took the key to open the door, and barged in.

Then, she stared blankly at Patrick for a second. He was standing by the bed, taking off his clothes.

"Why didn't you answer me?"

Christina looked embarrassed and immediately turned around with her back to him.

"Christina, come here." He suddenly called out to her.

"No."

Without thinking about it, she immediately refused. Her face blushed, and she subconsciously thought of something dirty.

"Christina, is Patrick awake? Wake him up for breakfast." In the corridor, Betty was worried about Patrick and came over. After all, he was from the Hopkins family, so she had to be more careful.

"Why are there bloodstains on your clothes?"

Betty suddenly screamed. She stood at the door and saw the red bloodstain on the back of Patrick's white shirt.

Hearing this, Christina immediately turned around and looked at him. Patrick had already taken off his shirt and revealed his back. His knife wound that had been sewn earlier was bleeding.

"Did you get hurt in Switzerland?"

Betty looked worried and walked into the room directly. As an elder, she was not shy, but more nervous. If Patrick's wound got serious in the Dickens family, she would be in big trouble.

"Well, this wound. Do you want to go to the hospital now?"

Patrick didn't care about the small injury on his back at all. He glanced at the blood-stained shirt on his hand and

looked up. "I'm fine." His tone was very flat.

"You had a good sleep last night, so you didn't notice your wound."

Betty looked at his wound again with concern, then turned around and walked out, saying, "I'll go downstairs to get the medicine kit."

"Thank you, but no need."

Patrick blurted out and turned his head, meeting Christina's gaze. She frowned and glared at him with obvious displeasure. For some reason, he did not continue.

Betty quickly brought up the medicine kit and found some iodine hydrogen peroxide and cotton swabs. "Christina, help Patrick disinfect the wound."

Patrick couldn't handle the back injury on his own. So Christina should help him.

Patrick glanced at Christina, then sat down by the bed and waited to be served.

When Betty saw this, she even wanted to laugh. Patrick did not say a word and sat down directly, making her feel that he was very obedient.

The iodine was less irritating. Betty handed the iodine to Christina. But she picked up the hydrogen peroxide expressionlessly. Christina applied the highly irritating hydrogen peroxide to the knife wound on his back. Patrick suddenly felt pain and his body trembled.

Betty was flustered and said. "Christina, be gentle." She was too rude.

"Don't worry. He is strong and not afraid of pain."

Christina replied in a serious tone.

She continued to apply hydrogen peroxide to his wound several times. Patrick didn't say anything. But as the wound on his back was stimulated by hydrogen peroxide, he could only endure the pain and tense up.

Christina was retaliating against him by applying the ointment. She didn't know what she was angry about. "You pressed your wound on purpose." Her voice was filled with anger.

In her opinion, this man would not sleep so soundly. He had always been very vigilant. The doctor warned him not to sleep on his side because of the injury on his back. If he did, his wound would easily bleed.

Patrick had always been favored by God. He was tall and strong with fair skin. The scar on his back was unpleasant to the eye. Christina stared at it and felt very upset.

He got hurt because of her. She thought he did this on purpose to make her feel guilty.

A sense of guilt, coupled with many complicated feelings, turned into anger. "I didn't ask you to save me." She cursed angrily in a low voice.

Patrick turned his back to her. He wanted to say something but didn't.

Betty did not understand why her niece was suddenly angry and why the master of the Hopkins family did not say a word and was scolded obediently.

She had never seen Patrick have such a good temper. It was weird.

Finally, she applied red medicine to the knife wound on his back. The wound stopped bleeding quickly, but Patrick didn't have a shirt to wear.

Betty picked up his blood-stained shirt and said, "We're a little far from the city center." It was inconvenient to buy a new shirt. Besides, his shirts might only be bought in the high-end counters along the business street.

"I'll wash this shirt now and dry it. But it will take at least three hours."

Christina suddenly interrupted her and said, "We have shirts at home."

Betty thought of Donald's shirt and said, "Your father's size doesn't fit his."

"Derek's shirt."

As soon as Christina said this, Patrick, who was sitting quietly by the bed thinking about something, immediately turned to look at her with a meaningful look.

Christina remained calm as he looked at her. She pointed to the wardrobe and said, "Derek used to stay at our house for the night. I washed and cleaned his clothes." Her voice was gradually volumed down. "Patrick can wear it."

Derek and Patrick were about the same height. Derek was thinner but they were wearing the same size of shirts. Even their favorite shirt brand style was similar.

In her wardrobe, there was Derek's shirt, coats, trousers, and even underwear. Some were brand new, and some were clothes that Derek had worn before.

Betty was not surprised. Derek had been very close to Christina since they were children. In the past, she had always regarded Derek as her own family. Alas, the god of destiny made fools of the people. They didn't become a couple.

It didn't seem polite to say this to Patrick. Christina thought that he wouldn't wear it. Unexpectedly, Patrick generously picked up the neatly washed shirt in the wardrobe and put it on.

Christina was embarrassed. He didn't mind it. Instead, she undervalued him. She glanced at the men's underwear in the wardrobe and suddenly added, "Those underwear are brand new."

She didn't know why she had to explain but she just said it inexplicably.

Patrick didn't mind it at all. He looked normal and nodded.

"Okay, go down and have breakfast. Or, it will be too cold to eat."

Betty eased the atmosphere and urged them to go downstairs for breakfast.

It was 10:30 a.m. Mrs. Dickens and Donald had breakfast at 7:00 a.m. The whole family was worried that Christina when she was in Switzerland. So they postponed the physical reexamination at the hospital. After breakfast, they went to the hospital this morning. Now there were only the three of them at home.

"Christina, don't go outside later. Your grandmother went to bed early last night. You didn't get up early this morning. She said she wanted to see you as soon as she came back. Don't disappear again."

Betty served them two pieces of bacon and couldn't help but nag.

"When will they come back from the hospital?"

"They missed the appointment. They might have to line up this time. They won't be back until about 5 p.m."

"Grandma and dad didn't have a nanny to accompany them. Would it be inconvenient for them?" The nanny and servants at home were fired.

"It doesn't matter. Your father doesn't need a wheelchair anymore. He can walk slowly with his walking stick. The doctor said that his recovery was very good. Although your grandmother is old, she has always been in good health. You can't walk as fast as she can. Don't worry, they will take care of themselves."

Christina and her aunt were eating and chatting.

Patrick sat opposite. He kept quiet and lowered his head to eat. While listening to their conversation, he occasionally glanced at Christina.

"It's not because of the money. Your father said that he didn't have much work in the company and was about to retire. He wants to mow the lawn and do some housework at home. And he wants to do it himself as exercise. Otherwise, he will rust."

Christina tidied up their plates and went to the kitchen. She was a little surprised to hear that. "My father can do housework?"

Betty glanced at Patrick, who was sitting in the living room after breakfast, and asked, "Do you want to go out with him?"

Christina was expressionless and said, "No."

Betty chuckled and didn't say much. After all, they were family members. Betty continued, "Your father now helps

wash the dishes every day."

Christina, who was washing the dishes, felt surprised. In her memory, her father had never been in the kitchen since she was a child. She did not expect that he would do housework when he got old.

"There are a lot of things that are always unexpected. People always change." Betty was cleaning up some cutlery in the kitchen and couldn't help but sigh.

She used her elbow to touch Christina, looked at the man sitting quietly in the living room again, and whispered, "Patrick has changed a lot too."

Christina looked at him and pouted. She was still sullen, saying, "He's always been like this."

"What was he like before?" Betty asked.

Christina was speechless for a moment and did not know how to answer.

"By the way, when will he leave? Will he eat at our house tonight? What's Patrick's favorite dish? I'll go to the market to buy it."

"I don't know."

"You don't know?" Betty felt strange. Christina had been with him for a long time, and they even had children.

"He eats everything. Don't pay special attention to him."

Christina felt a little guilty. She really didn't know his diet preference.

In fact, she really didn't know him at all.

They were supposed to be two strangers, but they became each other's closest mates.



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Chapter 407

Betty planned to go to the market to buy some fresh food. She suggested Christina take Patrick to walk around here, and go back home before 4 pm.

"Patrick probably doesn't know much about the C city, so you can take him around... If you pass by a clothing store, you can buy him some clothes. It's inappropriate for him to wear Derek's clothes..."

Betty was a thoughtful person. Even though Patrick didn't say anything about wearing another man's clothes, he would feel uncomfortable.

"I'll take his blooded shirt to the cleaners, and I've cleaned up your room just now..."

Hearing this, Christina suddenly looked up at her from absent-mindedness. "Don't touch his pocket watch when clean up the room."

"What pocket watch?"

Betty was curious when Christina said this.

Christina said in a low voice with an odd expression, "It's the one he put at the bedside table."

Betty also came to think of it, "Oh, when I was cleaning up the room, Patrick suddenly came in and took it away." Then she guessed, "This kind of custom-made pocket watch usually have family photos embedded in it... Maybe it's an important token of their Hopkins family."

Christina did not reply and had mixed feelings.

"Christina said she doesn't know what you like to eat, so I'll make some home-cooked dishes tonight..."

Betty said to Patrick. After Betty locked the door, they went out together. When they reached a fork in the road, she walked towards the market.

"What do you like to eat?"

Christina suddenly asked as they walked side by side aimlessly after Betty left.

Patrick didn't seem to have thought that she would ask about this. He gazed at her face for a while and said in a deep and calm voice, "No preference."

Such an answer was a little perfunctory.

Christina felt that it was reasonable for her not to know him. He liked to keep secrets and didn't tell her anything about it. Then she suddenly became annoyed. Why did she ask him? It was useless work.

"I'm allergic to mangoes."

Suddenly, Patrick said.

Christina did not expect him to talk to her about these boring things. At the same time, she was surprised. "Mangoes?"

As she spoke, she muttered to herself, "How could anyone be allergic to mangoes?" She had heard of allergies to alcohol and seafood. "It's weird to be allergic to mangoes."

Patrick listened to her murmurs and sighed, his dark eyes filled with helplessness.

"Will your mango allergy be as serious as those alcohol allergies?" Christina seemed to be very interested in his odd illness.

He looked into her eyes and hesitated for a second. "It's not serious."

Christina nodded to show that she knew. If it wasn't serious, it wouldn't matter if he ate some mangoes. She remembered that she liked to eat mangoes when she was pregnant, which made Hopkins family smell like mangoes.

But she didn't know that if Patrick get allergic, he had to go to the hospital to have an intravenous drip.

Christina was not a talkative person and Patrick was a man of few words. It's really boring when they were together.

They wandered along the street, none of them talked about any topics along the way. Those lovers usually loved each other with vigor and sweetness. But they were not like that. Christina felt that they were just a boring couple without any passion for love.

As they walked, they passed a bus stop.

The C City was not as busy as the A City, especially in the suburbs where there are few people at the bus stops. It is convenient to take this kind of public transportation.

Christina looked at a few high school girls who jumped into the car with a smile. Their youthful smiles reminded her of her school life.

"Have you ever taken a bus?" Christina asked him.

Patrick looked at her. But before he could speak, she suddenly grabbed his arm and ran towards the bus which was about to leave. "Wait a second!" She shouted at the bus in front of her.

Patrick allowed her to drag him along with her. That was how she was. If she suddenly was drawn into something interesting, she would be very energetic to deal with it.

Half of the seats were empty on the bus. After they got into the bus, the driver started the bus slowly, seemed was

not in a hurry at all. The C City was indeed the most suitable place for retirement. On the bus, except for the few high school girls in the last row, there were old ladies and old gentlemen. They all looked at Christina and Patrick with curiosity.

"What a good-looking couple." An old lady by the window looked at them with a smile.

Christina nodded at her with a smile. As for Patrick beside her, was arrogant as usual. He would not care how these outsiders looked at him.

However, since Patrick may not have taken a bus before. Christina was rare to be considerate, "Sit here." She naturally pressed his strong body down to the seat.

"These seats are specially designed for the elderly and the disabled. We can't sit there." Christina explained to him.

Patrick didn't say anything, just sat down with her hands. Seeing that she was taking care of him like this, he suddenly found it a little funny.

The corners of his mouth curved up in a faint smile.

It was rare for Patrick to smile leisurely, even at people who were familiar with him. It was not as cold as usual. It was warmer and more attractive, which could make women's hearts flutter at a glance.

A man like Patrick, even if they didn't know his background, just his appearance and temperament would make a woman fall in love with him at the first sight.

The girls in the back of the bus stared at him with red faces, all excited.

Even when Christina couldn't find the change, a high school girl in the back row came over with a red face and said she wanted to pay for them. She stole a close look at Patrick and became excited immediately.

"The girls in our dorm used to talk about you all day long. They liked you very much and said they were going to take pictures of you..."

Christina sat next to him and told him the interesting things about her school life.

The bus was slow, stop-and-go.

After a few stops along the way, there were not many people getting in the car, and it was not crowded. He sat close to her, so they could chat anything with each other.

Patrick had an indescribable feeling in his heart. Perhaps even he himself had never thought that they would get along like ordinary people. It was nothing special, but he felt good.

"Did all the girls in your dormitory know me?"

He said in a low and deep voice, looking at her with intense eyes.

"Yes, even Crystal often whispered in my ear that assistant MARK was elegant, handsome, and tasteful..." She said with a smile.

"I remember the girl on the bed opposite me had sworn excitedly on her birthday that she would get you before graduating and sleep with you."

At that time, they were pure and simple. They liked who they liked, all their hidden loves were pure, did not mix any interests in it.

"... A lot of girls have a crush on you." She told him that he was really famous back then.

"What about you?"

He looked at her happy smile gently. Then asked in a low voice, "What do you think of me?"

"I don't know."

Being gazed by him, Christina was not as shy as an ordinary woman. Instead, she looked straight into his dark eyes and said frankly, "... I didn't know that you were the assistant MARK they were talking about all day."

"Oh, really?"

He sounded depressed with his voice lower.

He had known for a long time that she did not know him at all during that six months, but every time he thought of that, Patrick could not help but feel a sense of frustration.

"I'm not interested in handsome boys, and your class is an elective, so I often skip it."

Christina did not feel guilty at all. After thinking about it, she became more serious. "If Crystal had told me earlier that taking your photos would earn money, then I would have followed you every day..."

"Really?"

Hearing her boastful words, Patrick was really angry and wanted to laugh at the same time.

Christina thought he was laughing at her for being greedy. She was a little embarrassed. "I couldn't help it. I was very poor at that time, and short of money." At that time, she had a lot of part-time jobs.

"There's a job for you to play the piano in the restaurant. But you didn't go, and insisted on working at the milk tea shop."

Patrick suddenly said, looking at the moving scenery outside the window with deep eyes, as if he had returned to the past either. In the six months, he had done a lot of stupid things.

"You have no idea that western restaurant was very famous. Who knows why the manager is so kind to ask me to play the piano there with such a high salary for no reason? He must have some bad intentions. I'm not that stupid to go. I'd rather work the night shift at the milk tea shop..."

Christina answered naturally. Halfway through, she stared at him oddly.

"How did you know that someone asked me to play the piano and my work at the milk tea shop?"

Did he investigate her?

The more she thought about it, the weirder she felt. In the past, she worked night shifts at the milk tea shop, and some people often came to buy hundreds of cups of milk tea at a time, saying that was for company parties. They also said that it was okay for her to do it slowly, they were in no hurry. She would have a good commission from these, and she used to think it was just good luck.

Luck? Was there so much good luck in this world?

"Patrick, I'm asking you." She felt a sudden urge to ask him, then she pulled his arm.

Patrick was stunned for a moment. He brought his attention back and turned to look at her face again. She was so close to him now...

In the past, he had done so many things just to get close to her like now.

"I'm asking you, why did you know things about my work at that time?" She repeated with persistence in her clear eyes.

"There were lots of things you don't know yet."

Patrick looked deeply into her eyes. His voice sounded deep and surprisingly gentle.

He was not answering the question at all.

But for some reason, her cheeks flushed inexplicably when hearing his gentle and almost doting voice.



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