

Chapter 107

Christina was staying in the ward.

Around 7 pm, the hospital sent over some side dishes.

Because Patrick had just woken up and couldn't eat immediately, he could just be injected nutrient fluids, while Christina ate quickly and simply aside.

She originally thought that she might have to go back to the hotel to get her clothes, but she didn't expect Charles to pack all her luggage and send it over. It seemed that he wanted her to stay with Patrick in the hospital.

Christina took the luggage from the nurse and looked hesitant.

The man in the hospital bed was much better, and he was looking at her with complicated eyes.

He seemed to be watching her leave or stay...

Christina didn't say anything. She took a new set of clothes and went straight into the bathroom.

The man on the hospital bed had wanted to say that she could leave if she wanted, but he held back and didn't say it might because he was too tired today.

This ward was very spacious, and there was a single bed opposite Patrick's bed.

Christina went to the nurse and asked

for a clean set of pillows and blankets. She cleaned up the bed and lay down there to rest.

"Patrick, remember to call me if you need anything."

She warned him dutifully before she fell asleep.

He looked at her on the opposite bed, raised his eyebrows slightly, and had some conflicting emotions in his eyes. Only when he finally saw her close her eyes and breathe evenly did he let out a faint sigh of disappointment.

This was his wife...

When would his wife be as considerate as anyone else's...



The lights in the ward were dimmed, and Patrick tilted his head to look at the familiar faces across from him. Suddenly, he remembered how angry his grandfather was today.

...He couldn't let them know that.

"No matter how inconsiderate she is, she's mine."

On the first quiet night after waking up, Patrick's wounds were still stinging. Did he have a masochistic tendency?

Did all men have this tendency to be abused? He could find someone who was very obedient, but he just liked her.

In the end, he gave an inexplicable chuckle.

Then he closed his eyes. This spacious and quiet ward was not so cold anymore.

The next day, Christina set her alarm and got up early.

Just in case Charles said that she did not contribute after she came here last time, Christina immediately began to serve Patrick after washing up.

"I told you not to move around. Can't you bear it? You've endured all these injuries..."

Christina's angry voice came from the ward. In the end, she seemed to have no choice but to compromise. "I know, I know, I'll help you undress..."

Around 8:00 in the morning, Charles and the others came to visit Patrick. Hearing this strange sound inside, they quickly opened the door and hurried in.

"Christina, you, what are you doing?"

Charles was a little dumbfounded, his eyes burning as he watched the two of them acting strangely and ambiguously on the bed.

When Christina heard the sound, she immediately turned her head to look at them. Her cheeks suddenly turned red, and her hands were still holding the man's pants...

This scene was a little embarrassing.

"You will hurt Patrick with your clumsy

hands!"

Judy, who came in quickly, glared at Christina with displeasure.

Christina was yelled at by her mother-in-law, and her expression was a little nervous. She quickly loosened her grip and stood by the bedside, not daring to do anything.

"Christina, what are you doing?"

Charles almost broke down. The old man said that he wanted her to take care of Patrick, but it seemed that he would bode ill rather than well.

"I, I just want to help him..."

"Does Patrick want to take a bath?"

Barbara also came over. Looking at this scene, she was a little embarrassed and turned her head.

"Yes, it's all because of Patrick. He's screaming for a bath."

Christina felt that Barbara was really observant. When she finished speaking, she looked down at the man in the hospital bed angrily.

Barbara was surprised to see her blaming Patrick so directly.

It was the first time she had ever seen someone so...close to him.

"Hurry up."

Patrick ignored Christina's infuriated face and urged her calmly.

Then he turned round and chased them away unhappily. "You guys go out."

"Patrick, you can ask the professional nurse to help you. She is unable to do anything..." Judy took a step forward and said that she rejected Christina.

Charles felt the same way. "Christina, stop being a troublemaker. He has a fracture of his right shoulder blade. Ask a professional nurse to help him..."

When he said halfway, Barbara noticed that the man on the hospital bed had a dark face and was about to lose his temper. So she immediately tugged Charles's arm to stop him from talking.

"Call a nurse? No, he'll be angry."

Christina retorted him.

"Patrick is very picky. He won't let anyone touch him. He's as delicate as a girl. And he's very difficult to serve..." She told them very seriously.

Charles and the others were stunned.

"Get out now."

The picky man in the hospital bed raised his voice and roared angrily. He didn't know who he was angry with.

"Christina, who are you talking about?"

Charles and the others were driven away with a strange look on their faces, and when they closed the door, they only heard Patrick ask angrily.

"If Patrick has high blood pressure, it's all his wife's fault." Charles stood outside the door, muttering gloomily.

Barbara smiled awkwardly. She had known Patrick for more than ten years, and it was the first time she had seen him scold a woman like this.

"I didn't expect Patrick to like this kind of woman..."

When they went to school together, they used to joke about what kind of woman the cool young master of the Hopkinses would like. Even though he never lacked beautiful ladies and socialites around him, no one could match him.

Charles's face was filled with despair.

"Patrick likes this..."

He had admired Patrick since he was a child. Patrick was a first-rate man in terms of ability, skill, and character, but why was his vision so low...It took Charles a long time to accept this unreliable sister-in-law, Christina.

"How could his grandfather have let him marry this useless woman!"

Judy, who was also waiting outside the door, darkened her face and cursed in anger.

Hearing Judy's scolding, Charles raised his eyebrows and looked at her. She had been living in the United States since Patrick's father passed away. She was still very charming though he hadn't seen her for a long time.

None of them liked Judy. Judy seemed to reject Christina very much, and it was a disgust from the bottom of her heart.

"She's not completely useless," Charles said casually. "Christina is very straightforward and very simple. Patrick has been under a lot of pressure since he was a child, and he's always hated those scheming women..."

Charles emphasized his last sentence and said it with an ambiguous meaning.

It was understandable that Patrick liked Christina.

Judy changed her expression, pursing her lips and stopping talking.

Chapter 108

"Where's the fairy tale book I asked you to buy?"

It was the third day since Patrick woke up, and he has regained his energy, but his injuries were so serious that he needed to stay in the hospital for observation. Charles and the others came to visit him every day at noon.

Christina rummaged through the fruit basket that Charles had brought, but there was no fairy tale book she wanted.

"You're a mother now, but you read such childish books." Charles glared at her angrily.

Christina looked at him angrily. "I told

you the day before yesterday. You forgot again!"

"I asked Barbara to stop by the bookstore and buy it for you. Christina, are you ashamed that you have to bother others when you are asked to stay and look after Patrick?"

Every time Charles came to visit him, this ward became very lively. Patrick sat leaning on the head of the bed, glancing towards them.

Christina and Charles glared at each other, then they turned their heads away and shut up.

Around 11:30 noon, the nurse brought some food.

Probably tired of the food here, Patrick

continued to read the financial papers in his hand. His face was cold and he didn't even look at the lunch.

"Patrick, you can't be picky about food in front of my son."

Christina's words were so astonishing, and Charles was about to say that she was the pickiest eater.

At this moment, Barbara walked in slowly. "Patrick's son?" With a slight smile, she looked at the people in the room jokingly.

"Hello." Christina looked at Barbara and immediately became more disciplined and greeted her seriously.

Charles mocked her. "You're pretending."

"I've heard from Charles that you're pregnant with twins. Congratulations." Xua Barbara walked up to her and smiled like a sister.

Christina was surprised to hear that.

Barbara looked at her face and said with a chuckle, "I've heard about you before. After all, you're so famous."

Charles sighed and shook his head. "Yes, she is a famous troublemaker."

"Charles, do you need a beating?" Christina turned around and glared at him, blaming him for ruining her image.

"Barbara, don't get too close to her. Christina has a violent tendency. If you don't agree with her, she will beat and

hurt you. Be careful."

"They say you're good at karate?"
Barbara was amused and asked curiously.

Was it a compliment to be judged as a great fighter?

Christina looked at Barbara in front of her. She was very decent and generous, and very capable. She could tell at a glance that Barbara was a career woman. She had always admired this kind of self-reliant woman.

Compared to Barbara, she felt ashamed.

Christina looked a little embarrassed and muttered, "My grandfather told

me to learn this since I was a child. He said I wouldn't be bullied in the future."

"Grandpa is right."

The man who had been reading the newspaper quietly suddenly said in a low voice.

Charles was expressionless. He just wanted to tease her that her grandfather hadn't thought that she would bully others?

Barbara glanced at Patrick on the other side of the bed. Suddenly, the smile on her face was a little stiff.

Lowering her head, she hid her emotions and quickly took out a book from the bag. "Charles asked me to buy it for you..."

Christina took the fairy tale book from her. "Thank you."

"Christina, do you like fairy tales?"

"I want to read stories to Patrick." Christina looked at her and took it for granted.

The man on the bed was surprised and put down his newspaper to look at her.

"You don't like it?"

Seeing that he was looking at her strangely, Christina asked back.

She remembered that the last time she was in the hospital, Patrick read her Grimm's Fairy Tales, but she wasn't sure if Patrick had this habit.

She even doubted if Patrick wanted to go back to his childhood, but she didn't have the guts to ask such a serious question.

Charles was so stunned that he forgot to tease her for a moment, but suddenly he heard Patrick's deep voice, "I like."

Charles felt speechless.

"Brianna will definitely like Christina. It's fun to be with her." Barbara raised the corner of her lips slightly and turned to smile at Patrick.

"Is Brianna coming today?"

Charles remembered that Patrick's sister had a school holiday today.

Seeing her taking the initiative to sit by his bed, Patrick couldn't help but laugh. "She's just shy. She'll like you."

"Actually, I'm pretty good with people with autism." Christina was confident.

"Christina, you are very unashamed."

Charles teased her. "Dealing with people with autism needs a lot of patience. I think Brianna would probably be scared to tears by your fiery temper."

"And only Barbara is so attentive to stay with her all year round to communicate with her."

Charles liked Patrick's sister very much, but Brianna was too introverted. Every time they saw her, they would

show their friendliness and wanted to get closer to her, but Brianna was only willing to chat with the Hopkinses members. Barbara took a long time to make Brianna accept her.

"No, I used to... Eric is autistic too. He likes me." Christina said defiantly.

Charles didn't believe that. Men were bewitched by her beauty. "Come on, I already know how proud you were in your past love stories. Those men chased you, it's just..."

"Eric is different from those men!"

Christina argued with him, and the two of them quarreled at the sight of each other.

"Who's Eric?"

Patrick didn't bother to argue with them, but suddenly he felt annoyed by hearing Eric's name.

Chapter 109

Just as Patrick asked, the phone at the table suddenly rang.

... It was a call from the company.

Patrick answered the call and listened to the report coldly. The people in the ward immediately quieted down.

Christina sat next to him and heard some voice indistinctly, "You should come back..."

"I'll come back tomorrow." Finally, Patrick replied faintly.

"Did something happen?"

Christina looked at him and frowned. She was worried.

"Nothing."

Patrick seldom talked about the company with her.

"Is the group affected by the car accident..."

Christina was concerned and wanted to know more, but Patrick didn't let her ask. He said, "Go out and buy me lunch. I don't like the food in the hospital."

She froze and clenched her lips. She stood up from the bed.

"All right." She said reluctantly and walked out.

"Patrick, can Shawn deal with the news at home..."

Christina walked to the door and heard that Barbara was discussing the company with him seriously, "I've paid attention to it lately. I suspect that some media are manipulated in secret..."

"Chandler told me about the great public pressure. Some reports say that IP&G Group has been turbulent for changing the head. Some reports are more ridiculous and say that you are dead. It is a mess."

"You should appear in public..." Charles sounded a little angry.

Click!

The door was slammed by Christina angrily.

They were talking about business, and she was asked to go out indirectly. She was a little depressed.

Why couldn't she know?

Although she was unhappy, she went out of the hospital and bought takeout for him. Mercer Island was a famous rich area in Seattle. There were lush mountains and lucid waters. The environment was good.

Since Patrick asked her to go out, she sat in the chair of an open-air restaurant. She enjoyed the view and had the cake.

But she was in the strange city alone. Even the scenery was beautiful, she was still sad.

When was Patrick so aggrieved? He was seriously injured and unconscious now. Was she good enough to be protected by him...

Why did Cory hit Patrick in car? It was your fault...

She suddenly remembered Jiang Meil's words.

She put down the fork. She looked bad and was in a daze.

Suddenly, there was a thud. The ripples were made by a small rock in the clear lake on her left. She came to herself.

Christina stood up. It seemed that she figured it out. She wanted to hurry back. It didn't matter even if Patrick

asked her to go out and she had to wait outside the door.

However, when Christina came to the store to pay the bill, the waiter told her that the bill had been paid.

A man paid for her.

Christina was stunned for a second. Did someone pay for her again?

"How tall is he? Does he have fair skin and azure eyes..." She suddenly became nervous and grabbed the waiter by the arm to ask.

The waiter found that she was anxious, he quickly answered, "Yes, he is tall and has blue eyes..."

Christina ran out in a hurry. She looked

around at the passers-by and shouted in a hurry.

"Eric!"

"Eric, I know it's you. Come out..."

She shouted in Chinese. The passers-by stopped and looked at her curiously. The waiter thought something big had happened and rushed out, "Miss, do you need help?"

Christina ignored them. She narrowed her eyes and looked around nervously.

She didn't find him.

She carefully saw the passers-by and he was not there.

"... You are so stingy. I just said that I

wouldn't see you again. Why do you remember it for so long. You are so stubborn. You are a pig!"

Christina yelled at the lake in front of her angrily. She looked angry and guilty.

She had known him a long time ago. Even she herself couldn't remember. Her grandfather said that when she learned to crawl, she snatched his toy arrogantly.

They grew up together and went to the same kindergarten. They were classmates in primary school and middle school... But they quarreled and he left.

Since he left that day, she had never seen him.

She regretted it later. She wanted to find him, but she failed.

Grandpa scolded her and her aunt also scolded her. But she was young and arrogant. She was proud and didn't admit her mistakes. But she secretly kept the wooden box that he gave her. No matter where she moved to, she would take it with her.

"Eric hasn't been in contact with the Fishers these years. Will he be in trouble..." Suddenly she remembered something bad. He was autistic and didn't know how to get along with others.

She picked up the takeout and went back to the hospital. At last, she didn't see him.

"Christina, are you very aggrieved to buy lunch?"

The elevator was on the floor and she happened to meet Charles. Charles saw that she carried the takeout and looked sullen.

Christina was in a bad mood and glanced at him discontentedly, "Have you finished discussing the important matters?"

"What? You're sulking. You're worried that Patrick didn't let you know about the company." Charles grunted angrily and grumbled at her.

"Why do you like to cause trouble? He has his own way. You just need to do your own things. And you won't

understand even if he tells you."

"I see. I really can't help you." Christina was annoyed.

She replied in anger and passed him to go to the ward.

Seeing that she left angrily, he raised his eyebrows, "Is she really angry?"

Christina was angry, but now she didn't know what she was angry about.

The door was open and Barbara was still in the room, "Be careful when you return tomorrow..."

Patrick seemed to feel it and suddenly raised his head to look at the door.

Barbara did not look back and she was

awkward. She knew that she should leave. She remembered something important and asked quickly.

"... Is there any news about Derek?"

Christina stood outside the door. It seemed that they were discussing business. She did not dare to go in and could not hear what they were talking about.

She held the takeout bag and waited outside.

"I'll leave..."

To Christina's surprise, Barbara strode out in less than two minutes and greeted her with a smile.

"Are you done talking? Do I disturb

you..." Christina asked out of courtesy.

"As long as Patrick was awake, it is fine in the company. There's one more thing... I'll ask him later."

She did not elaborate. She looked at Christina and paused. She said with a smile, "Patrick knows you are waiting outside. Hurry up and go in." She smiled reluctantly.

Chapter 110

"What are you thinking about?"

Patrick watched her putting the takeaway on the shelf in front of the bed and then sitting down staring blankly. She looked confused and unhappy.

It was true that Christina had something in mind. Hearing his voice, she looked up.

Patrick stopped her before she could speak, frowning. "You don't need to know much about the company."

He thought that she was sulking because he had told her to leave a moment ago.

"All right."

She answered stiffly; lowered her head down. Complicated emotions filled her eyes.

Staring at her side face, he could tell that she was preoccupied. He tried to comfort her. His voice was deep. "There are enough professional assistants around me. I don't need you to be one of them. You're my..." My wife.

There were some things that he wanted to explain but didn't know how to.

Something tinkled.

Christina didn't catch his last few words. It was her phone in her coat

pocket.

A new message on WhatsApp:
"Christina, are you ok? I saw the news.
Did you get into a car accident? Please
answer me when you are free. I'm
worried about you."

It was from Crystal.

"We're returning home tomorrow,
right?" Christina looked up and asked
him.

Patrick raised his eyebrows slightly,
wondering if she had met someone
recently.

He glanced suspiciously at the screen
of her cell phone but managed to hide
that emotion from her. "Yes," he
answered softly.

Christina didn't have any other thoughts. She replied quickly on the phone. "We're fine. We'll be back tomorrow. Don't worry."

"Crystal saw the news and sent me a message. She seemed to have come across her brother again when she left the villa. She was so drunk, but the scum would just not let her go..."

Christina chatted with him and was obviously a little enraged. "If Simon bullies her again, I must teach him a lesson!"

"She's settled. There's no need to keep worrying." The man on the bed, whose lunch was nearly untouched, replied in a bad mood.

"How do you know that?"

Patrick did not answer. He was never interested in other people's business.

Unlike him, Christina was vivacious. She was playing with her phone at first, but soon remembered some other trifles and handed her phone to him immediately.

"Patrick, can you check this for me? Is this Barbara's account? She added me yesterday"

He replied with three words, "I don't know."

Christina didn't believe it. "You must know it. You two are close..."

She changed her mind after a second.

Christina raised an eyebrow. "I got it. You don't have a WhatsApp account, do you?"

"That's fine, Patrick, I'll apply for a new account for you. We chat in the group all the time. You can also see what others are doing on this platform, which will be a great help to develop a better friendship with your clients."

Develop a friendship with clients? Patrick was a little bit wordless. He would in no way develop a friendship with those old men.

But he didn't refuse either.

Christina took the black phone and got him a new account in minutes.

She hesitated while choosing the name

of the new account.

"How about Ice?" She asked him cautiously.

"What?"

Christina found his question difficult to answer, so she decided to fool him over. "Well, you need a new name for your new account and I'm thinking about something like South Pole Ice, you know, it sounds closer to the people..."

Ice, and it's from the South Pole.

Sometimes it was really hard for Patrick to understand what was going on in his wife's head. She had so many strange idea all the time.

It didn't matter for him to be called Ice on WhatsApp, because this kind of social software didn't mean much to him. But he was delighted to see the sweet smile on his wife's face as if she finally succeeded in getting things on her own way.

"You should set a six-digit payment password here and remember to give a red envelope as a gift to others. I'm sure you will have more luck by doing this often..." Christina kept talking about what she knew about WhatsApp.

She suddenly got interested, coming closer to him and enthusiastically teaching him how to use it.

"This Slutty Brother Charlie is Charles, and this Piggy Get Luckier is Crystal."

she showed him the contact list carefully. "This Aimee is new. It should be Barbara..."

"And this is me," she pointed him the account using a picture of the face of a fat cat as a profile photo.

It was so funny. Patrick couldn't help to laugh out.

"Stop laughing at it! It's so cute! Haven't you realized that in some ways you're already out of date?" Christina rolled her eyes a bit at him and continued to mutter, "When my baby is born, I'll use his picture as my profile photo."

"Isn't the baby you?" He knew her nickname.

"Don't call me that. It's embarrassing."

Hearing him mentioned the nickname reminded Christina of another WhatsApp friend. She turned a little confused and searched the contact list quickly.

"Who is this Sleeping Beauty?"

Patrick looked at the screen and asked first.

He would never forget that this Sleeping Beauty sent her two messages that day in the bedroom. He called her in a very intimate way.

Christina didn't answer. She just fixed her eyes on the words "Sleeping Beauty."

She guessed that it was him.

No wonder... Besides her mother, he was the only one who called her by her nickname.

"Christina, are you going to cheat on your husband?" The man beside spoke in a deep voice, gnashing his teeth in anger, "...You are already my son's mother."

Christina put down her phone and smiled.

It was obvious that Patrick had changed. He wasn't like a piece of ice anymore. No longer that quiet, and no longer indifferent either.

She gave him a sweet hug with two hands around his neck. Leaning her

head on his shoulder, she showed a tricky smile.

"Patrick, I just added Charles as your new WhatsApp friend. The guy was so shocked that he sent an emoji immediately that shows he was struck by lightning upon seeing your new name. Hahaha... I did give you a fantastic name."

She didn't have to pretend to be modest in front of him. She leaned over his shoulder and rubbed her face against his neck, smiling more and more proudly.

Christina rarely got this close to him on her initiative. That was why Patrick was startled a bit. In fact, he was nervous all over. Taking a deep breath, he raised his left hand and gently

rubbed her head.

Her long hair was soft. Her smile didn't disappear. He was glad that she didn't refuse him this time.

This had been his dream since a long time ago...

"Patrick, there's something I want to tell you," suddenly she said, looking straight into his eyes with a serious tone.

This made him a little nervous. "What is it?"

She gazed at him for a while before slowly saying, "Thank you for protecting my son..."

She was referring to the car accident. If

he hadn't reacted quick enough and jumped in front of her...

"It's our son!" Patrick replied angrily.

"Christina, if it's an ordinary day, isn't it a case that you should commit yourself to me in return of my kindness?"

Christina blushed as the man stared at her.

She shouldn't have brought it up.

"Well, I need to get used to it..."

Chapter 111

"... Patrick's wounds haven't healed yet. Please, take care of him."

Patrick and the others had to rush back to the country. Barbara and some of the executives from the Seattle branch came to see them off. She smiled at Christina in front of her and said naturally with a gentle and clear voice.

However, others found what she had said somewhat weird.

Barbara had asked Christina to take care of Patrick.

"Okay, I see." Christina didn't have much expression on her face. She just nodded slightly.

"Barbara, you shouldn't have said things like that."

Charles was going to leave with them. The smile on Barbara's face froze as soon as he spoke.

"Our sister-in-law has a very sinister character. She was born to bring bad luck. She is a disaster to the human world. I think we can not count on her to take care of Patrick. Last time, she tied up the nurse."

"Damn you, Charles. What are you talking about?"

Christina glared at him with an angry face. If it weren't for the fact that Patrick was here, she would have rushed over and kicked Charles for saying things like that.

The executives, who came to the airport to see them off, chuckled. Hearing the chuckles, Barbara relaxed her stiff face.

Charles was a man who had great social skills. He referred to Christina as his sister-in-law. Besides, instead of saying "we ask for her help", he said "we can't count on her".

How could a person who had been associated with businessmen for a long time not be scheming?

They had smiles on their faces, and they suddenly realized something. Such a woman was accepted by a man who was close to Patrick, which meant that they all had to accept her.

"Let's board the plane."

Patrick said, tightening his left arm around her waist.

The rest of them said respectfully, "Have a good journey. Take care." They did not dare to waste his time either. They stood where they were and watched them leave.

"In fact, no matter how many achievements a woman makes in her career, she'd better..." A man in his fifties, who was standing by Barbara's side, looked at the couple in front of him thoughtfully and wore a meaningful smile. "She'd better find a man who loves her and then live a simple life. Then she won't be as tired as we are."

Barbara was dressed in an exquisite light gray suit and skirt, paired with a bright red shirt. She stood at a draughty place in the airport. The wind was a little strong, which made her delicate makeup and hair a little messy.

With a professional smile on her face, she said, "Dick, don't get me wrong. I shouldn't have said something like that. You know my relationship with Patrick. It's not what you think... And Miss Dickens is a good match for Patrick." Her voice trailed off.

Christina had just entered the plane and wanted to ask Patrick about Barbara, but he seemed to be very busy. He ordered the flight attendant to take care of her and then he went to the upper room with Charles to discuss business.

She didn't know much about the company's business, and Patrick didn't let her know much about it. She felt a little depressed for no reason. She sat by the cabin window and looked at the white clouds outside.

"Why didn't I see Patrick's mother and Brianna just now..."

With her right hand under her chin, she was thinking randomly. Patrick did not communicate much with his mother. It seemed that they were not on good terms.

Christina was a little tired because she was pregnant with twins. After a short while, she closed her eyes and quickly fell asleep.

"Miss Dickens, wake up. The plane has arrived."

Not knowing how long had passed, Christina was woken up by a gentle voice in her ear. Only then did she come to her senses. It turned out that she had slept during the entire flight.

"Where are Patrick and Charles?"

She opened her eyes and found that she was still on the plane, but the door was already open, and there was only a beautiful stewardess in front of her.

"I think there was something urgent. They left in a hurry."

Christina looked a little disappointed when hearing that.

What? They just left me here without saying a word? She thought to herself.

"Mr. Hopkins told us not to disturb you. The air in the cabin is a little stuffy. Someone has come to pick you up..." The stewardess smiled awkwardly. In fact, the plane had already arrived for half an hour.

Christina got off the plane and recognized Paul immediately.

"Young Master Patrick asked me to pick you up." The housekeeper explained and opened the door for her.

Christina felt the housekeeper had become distant to her ever since Patrick was injured in the car accident. Her movements were a little restrained because of this.


"Thank you." She thanked him softly and sat quietly in the back seat.

The driver drove steadily to the mansion of the Hopkinses. The old housekeeper was in the passenger seat. Christina could see him frowning through the rearview mirror. It seemed that he was thinking about something.

She hesitated and suddenly whispered, "Before we went back here, Patrick had a checkup. There were no major problems except that the fracture of his right scapula did not heal properly."

Christina thought that the housekeeper was worried about Patrick's injury.

In fact, the old housekeeper wasn't

f7  nce • nur

thinking about what she said. He turned his head slightly to look at her and said in a heavy tone, "The fracture will heal in a while, but inside his brain..."

Christina looked at him in surprise. The housekeeper didn't say anything else, because the Old Master didn't allow anyone to mention it.

"I know I can't help him, but can you please don't hide anything from me? What's wrong with Patrick..." Thinking about it, Christina began to panic.

"He left with Charles just now. Did something happen to him..."

The housekeeper looked at the worry in her eyes. She was indeed worried.

"Young Master Patrick just had something to do all of a sudden..."

In fact, ever since the car accident, she felt especially guilty. Cory was drunk and caused a car accident, but she always felt that Patrick was injured because of her. She could not forget what had happened that day. His breath was weak and the blood gushed out of his forehead uncontrollably.

At that moment, she was suddenly afraid of losing him.

She clutched her phone and nervously dialed the same number over and over again.

She remembered that he had called her more than a dozen times before, and in retrospect, perhaps he had been

in the same mood as she was now. He had been cautious and worried about losing her.

When she arrived at the Hopkinses, the fifth call was connected, and a familiar deep voice came from the other end of the phone. "Are you home?" He asked naturally.

"Patrick, where are you?" She got out of the car and asked anxiously.

Patrick held the phone in his hand, wondering why her tone had become so irritable. Thinking about this, he did not say a word.

She was really anxious. "Patrick, what are you doing? Don't lie to me."

Vaguely, he actually heard that she was

about to cry on the other side of the phone. Patrick was a little stunned and then said faintly, "Charles and I are looking for a friend. I'll go back at 8 at night..."

"But what about your fracture? Why aren't you staying at home..."

Patrick finally hung up and held the phone with a complicated expression.

"What's wrong?"

Sitting in front of the computer, Charles, who was watching the surveillance video, looked up at him curiously.

Patrick suddenly said, "... She coquettishly asked me to go back."

Chapter 112

When Christina arrived at the villa of the Hopkins Family, she realized that the Old Master Mr. Hopkins wasn't home.

"The Old Master is still at a hospital in Seattle..." The housekeeper explained to her briefly while telling the servants to prepare some porridge for her.

"Is Grandpa feeling uncomfortable?"

The housekeeper did not say much, "Miss, why not have some hot porridge and get rest in your bedroom? You must be a little jet-lagged." He left as soon as he finished his sentences. It was like he had something else to do.

Christina stood at the table. The

housekeeper had already left before she could say her question.

She had no appetite and went to her bedroom, leaving the food almost untouched.

"She remembered that the day before yesterday, Charles told her about how angry Grandpa was for the trouble the company was in this time. He was afraid that the rage would hurt him too so he had decided to leave Patrick to deal with all the problems on his own.

After sleeping on the plane, she wasn't sleepy now.

Seattle had a pleasing temper and environment, but somehow she felt more comfortable at home. That's right. She didn't even notice since

when had she started to think of this villa of the Hopkins Family as her own home.

Curled up on the sofa in the bedroom, she turned on the TV with the remote control.

To her surprise, a press conference was broadcast live on the news channel. The man on TV was Patrick, who held this conference to remove all the rumors about the previous car accident.

"For the first time, you met the press publicly on TV and you look like a sick cat though."

Christina stared at the man on TV and muttered. Patrick had his right shoulder broken so he had to fix it with

a special brace.

But he seemed noble and haughty even with his brace. He looked like exactly those guys that you would never want to interfere with and get yourself in trouble.

"It seems that Grandpa is indeed angry."

She felt confused. The old man loved Patrick the best, even though he didn't always show his caring directly on the face. Why did he leave his injured grandson on his own to all of these troubles?

"How's Grandpa doing in Seattle?" "He was strong and healthy."

Her phone rang suddenly and she took

the call.

"Christina, are you back already?" It was Crystal.

She turned the tv down and said, "Yes, just been home for a while."

The sound of the news came vaguely through the phone. Crystal asked hesitantly, "Are you watching Mark's press conference?"

"Yes."

Crystal was also watching this channel at home. She sounded worried.

"Christina, thanks to your husband, I'm going to be bored to death."

"I was invited to a group chat for the class reunion party last time. The other

girls took some pictures of your husband and exchanged them on WhatsApp. They said they'd never seen a man as handsome as him so they decided to treat him as their sex god...Now that the god turned out to be the eldest grandson of the Hopkins Family, they are getting overexcited."

"They're so crazy, sending me messages for more information about him."

These crazy women are also the reason why Crystal got to know about the press conference at the first place.

"On the night when we were at the villa, the old class monitor even showed off to your husband. Hahaha, now he's very nervous and asked me about your preferences just now. It

seems that he's going to give you a gift..."

Crystal chatted with her about some old classmates, but Christina was absent-minded. She kept staring at the TV...

"... ok, I'll tell him to keep a low profile next time," she replied casually.

"Are you ok?"

Crystal noticed that her voice didn't sound right. "The car accident... Mark was injured in his right arm, but he looked fine on TV. How about you? Did you get hurt somewhere?"

"No, I'm fine."

Christina didn't lie. She was just

wondering why did Patrick announced on TV that all of this was an accident and he didn't intend to hold Cory accountable.



She knew Patrick was not such a tolerant person.

Cory was already in criminal custody for drunk driving. It was no big deal for the Geoffrey Family. The only thing that kept Laurie worried was that Patrick might hold Cory accountable.

Christina thought about it. "Because they are family?"

But it really wasn't his style.

"That night, a suspicious person was found in the parking lot of the Red Villa. It was confirmed that someone

f7   ce
did something deliberately to Cory's car..."

Patrick gave a brief speech at the press conference and left.

They went straight to the office. After the secretary closed the door for them, Chandler began to show him some of the videos he had found.

"Also, when you were in Seattle, domestic media was clearly manipulated by someone. This newspaper confessed to us that they received a lot of money to maliciously spreading rumors about you being seriously injured in this car accident. As the we-media rapidly developed these days, it's difficult to keep things under control. Those rumors directly affect the confidence of the

f7  shareholders."

At first it was considered as an accident led by Christina and Cory's romantic relationship.

But now it was clear that this accident was carefully and deliberately arranged. Its target was Patrick.

"It doesn't look like it came from a business competitor."

Shawn put a stack of project documents back on the table. Ever since Patrick's accident, they had stayed up for nearly two weeks, trying to figure out who planned this. There was plenty of people in the commercial circle who envied Patrick so much, but they didn't find anyone suspicious.

f7  shareholders."

At first it was considered as an accident led by Christina and Cory's romantic relationship.

But now it was clear that this accident was carefully and deliberately arranged. Its target was Patrick.

"It doesn't look like it came from a business competitor."

Shawn put a stack of project documents back on the table. Ever since Patrick's accident, they had stayed up for nearly two weeks, trying to figure out who planned this. There was plenty of people in the commercial circle who envied Patrick so much, but they didn't find anyone suspicious.

The one who planned this didn't just want to attack the company. He wanted Patrick dead.

"Could it be that the other relatives of the Stephenson brothers?" Charles asked casually. He was also a little tired, leaning back on the sofa.

Chandler looked tired too, "I have the Stephensons checked. The brothers served the prison terms well. And there was nothing strange about their mother and sister either." The Preston Family couldn't plan such a car accident and spread the rumor now.

"... In addition, there weren't any impulsive fools in the Preston Family who dared to challenge Patrick now after that incident."

f7

Charles and the others were discussing. Patrick listened to them quietly.

"Patrick, do you have a clue?"

Chandler saw the expression on his face as if something important had just occurred to him.

"Who would be so eager to see my cry..." Patrick turned up the corner of his mouth and mocked himself. "Quite a long list."

He stood up suddenly and left a short command, "Tell them to start with the people they know best."

"I'll leave now."

He walked towards the door as he was

f7 [40] saying this.

"Tired out."

Charles lay down on the sofa and complained loudly as soon as Patrick left. *

"We'll do as Patrick said, starting with the people they know best. It seems that the planner is quite familiar with the personal grudge between Cory and Patrick. Maybe it's someone we all know."

"Patrick doesn't seem to care much, so it's probably someone unimportant. I'll go home and lie down too."

Chandler rolled his eyes at him. What Patrick cared about was at home.

Chapter 113

Patrick had been very busy since they came back from Seattle.


As for what he was busy with, she wanted to ask, but he was not willing to tell her.

Old Master Mr. Hopkins was still in Seattle. And Christina was living a comfortable life, but a little worried about Patrick.

"How's his injury?"

On the weekend, the doctor came home to reexamine for Patrick.

Mr. Hopkins's wound with the stitches on his forehead has healed, and there won't be any inflammation even if he

f7  re

washed it. The wound on his right shoulder blade has recovered well, but be careful not to pick up heavy things in two months. And he can eat more calcium-rich food, bone collagen. Try not to eat too much seafood."


Christina sat by the side, listening carefully to the doctor's advice and remembering silently.

"Satisfied?"

Patrick glanced at the woman beside him.

As he spoke, he glanced at the large clock in the living room and stood up from the sofa, as if he was in a hurry to do something.

"Patrick, the doctor told you not to

11:01 AM 

f7 [40] stay up late!"

She did not dare to stop him, but felt a little annoyed and called out to his back in a hurry.

She really didn't know what he was doing. There were times when he had been up all night. The day before yesterday, she couldn't help but call Charles directly to check on him, but Charles just said, "Don't make things worse."

He despised her for not being smart in all aspects.

"Nanny Faang, I want to learn how to cook. Can you teach me?"

Hopkins Family's residence was very large, with a garden in the courtyard

and corridors, and a lot of empty rooms. Normally, Christina rested at home, and had the chat with Old Master Mr. Hopkins. Now that he was not at home, the place looked deserted.

Nanny Faang had refused, but Christina refused to leave the kitchen and. The maids looked at each other helplessly, so they had to let her wash the vegetables, but forbade her to use the kitchen knife.

Christina was very self-aware. "I'll learn how to make soup."

"By the way, how do I make that sea cucumber soup? Just throw all the ingredients in the stewpot and boil it? I want to make this soup today."

Nanny Faang looked a little embarrassed, but didn't wreck her enthusiasm. She said gently, "Young Madam, that's a bit difficult. Let's start with soaking the sea cucumbers."

"Okay."

She had plenty of time, and she had other things to learn...

"Patrick, do you want to wear this suit today?"

In the early morning of midsummer, the sun rose early. It was about five o'clock and the day was breaking. Patrick got used to get up early.

But to his surprise, when he came out of the bathroom, he saw Christina get up too. She came out of the cloakroom

with a new suit.

"What do you think of this navy blue? Yesterday, the store manager said it was the latest style. By the way, you don't have to worry about the size. This is bought in your favourite store."

She lifted her toes, looked at the new suit, and began to smile. "What do you think? Do you want to wear it today?"

Patrick didn't pay much attention on the suit. Instead, he noticed that she seemed very lively and happy today.

"You went out to buy this for me?"

He asked casually.

Christina was about to tell him she went shopping with Nanny Faang

yesterday, but the phone on the nightstand suddenly rang. It was a little noisy on this quiet morning.

The smile on her face gradually faded and she pursed her lips as she watched him quickly walk to the bed and pick up the call.

She couldn't understand what he was talking about, something like projects and bids.

"I'll wear this."

Finally, he hung up the phone and turned to look at her.

Because his right arm was hurt, he woke up early in the morning, and he didn't wake her up. Recently, he had to spend a longer time on dressing. "I'll

help you!" Christina seemed very glad to help.


"You look great in this color." She raised a smile and looked at him happily.

"I'm having dinner with Charles and the others tonight. Don't wait for me."

However, in contrast to her excitement, he seemed a little indifferent. After finishing his words, he walked out quickly.

She wanted to have more chat with him, but she didn't dare to stop him when he was in a hurry. When he went back to the bedroom recently, she was already asleep, and they barely talked.

However, she was not pretentious. Anyway, he didn't like being pestered.

f7  nce

She just wanted to do something for him to keep herself busy.

After nearly two weeks of practice in the kitchen, she realized she was really not good at cooking.

For she made no improvement in cooking.

Patrick didn't come back for dinner, but he would try to be back before 11 pm and then stay in the study.

"Are you hungry?"

After a few knocks on the door of the study, Christina opened the door without permission and looked inside.

Lights were blazing in the study. At this moment, Patrick was sitting in front of

the desk, typing on the keyboard with both hands. When he heard the sound, he paused and looked at her with confusion.

"Patrick, do you want some soup?"

She came in with a cup of soup and placed it directly on the table.

"Let the servants do these things."

Patrick probably didn't have dinner. Seeing her come in with the soup, he stood up and walked towards her.

"You should drink more of this. It will help your scapula heal." She poured him half a bowl and stood beside him, her voice expectant.

He glanced at the authentic, fragrant

soup on the table and looked at the woman beside him. He felt that she had been quite busy recently.

"Did you make—"

Perhaps guilty, before he could ask, she immediately raised her voice and urged, "Drink while it's hot. Nanny Faang's stewed for a long time."

As she spoke, she subconsciously put her hands behind her back, not wanting him to see the scratch on her finger.

She had thought of making a pot of soup and showing it off in front of him. Unfortunately, the taste of the soup she stewed was hard to swallow.

Fortunately, Nanny Faang made

another soup for her.

She was a little discouraged. "Looks like I really didn't contribute."

"What?"

Patrick, who was drinking soup with a spoon, was thinking about something. He did not hear her words clearly, but felt that she was unhappy.

"Leave the cutlery here. Someone will clean it up tomorrow. Go back to your bedroom."

He didn't want to continue to the conversation, so he asked her to go straight to her room.

"Fine."

"Everyone is so busy, I'm the only one who's free..." She was having trouble sleeping.

"I wanted to do something for him, but I really didn't seem to be helpful."