

Chapter 136

"Who are you?"

In the bright white office of the director of gynecology.

A middle-aged woman in glasses and white uniform looked at the medical examination report in her hand and then turned to look at the man and woman sitting at the table.

To be precise, the doctor was glaring at Patrick and spoke in a rather harsh tone. "Why haven't I seen you come with Miss Dickens before? What's your relationship?"

Christina was stunned. Usually, she would be accompanied by a maid from the Hopkinses to the prenatal

examination. This was the first time Patrick came here, but why did she seem so angry and upset?

She was a little worried and glanced at the man next to her. Fortunately, he didn't lose his temper.

"Husband and wife. I'm her husband." Patrick spoke coldly.

"Husband? You're her husband. Why didn't you show up until today? Where were you before?"

The gynecological doctor slapped the report on the table and was very displeased with Patrick. "We would think that Miss Dickens is a single mother if we didn't know better. Men are so irresponsible and unreliable..."

She gritted her teeth at the last words.
It seemed that she had a bad day today.

"what does her report say?" Patrick
asked with a cold face.

The doctor gave him a disdainful look,
ignored him, and turned to Christina.
"Miss Dickens, have you been having
cramps in your legs in the middle of the
night lately?" Her tone was rather
affectionate.

Christina was a little surprised that her
attitude changed so fast. Why did she
give Patrick a hard time...

The man's face darkened slightly, but
he did not argue with the doctor.
Instead, he asked in a low voice,
"Cramps at night?"

"After taking calcium tablets, I feel much better now..." Christina felt a little awkward.

"Really? Didn't you sleep together at night? She woke up in the middle of the night with cramps last month all the time, but you didn't know this!"

The doctor looked angry and suddenly shouted, "How can you be her husband? Do you know how hard it is for a woman when she is pregnant? You men only take the fun of sex and no responsibility for anything after that!"

"Don't think that you can act like that just because you're handsome and rich. Women aren't as powerless as they used to be. We can be financially independent, we can support

ourselves, and we don't need to be wronged anymore. Besides, your wife is so beautiful that she can dump you at any time and find another one..."

Christina's eyes widened and she dragged Patrick out of the doctor's office and slammed the door shut.

She was still shocked, but fortunately, she left with him before he got mad...

She was worried that Patrick would lose his temper.

"I heard that this doctor recently divorced her husband. She's usually very friendly. She didn't mean to..." She turned around and looked nervously at the man beside her.

Unexpectedly, Patrick was not angry

after being scolded.

His face was calm as he looked down at her hand holding his tightly and pondered for a moment.

"Go home." He simply said two words.

Christina did not say no and did not know how to refuse him, so she followed him out of the hospital.

It was as if the quarrel never happened before. Both of them didn't mention it.

"Are you having a bad time being pregnant?"

Patrick drove over by himself today. When she sat in the front passenger seat, he leaned over to buckle her seat belt with his slender fingers.

Christina was a little nervous for some reason and did not answer immediately.

Looking at his profile, she found that his eyes were focused even though he was only trying to buckle her seat belt. Yes, no matter what this man did, he always did it with great focus.

Was he so serious about relationships too? It seemed so.

"Not feeling well?"

Patrick sat up straight, but when he saw that she did not speak, he asked again.

"No, no."

She turned her head to look at the car window, a little embarrassed. "Actually, it's not as seriously as that doctor said. Pregnancy only gives me occasional vomiting, cramps, bloated body, and unconscious feeling about myself..."

He stared at her and remained silent for a long time, but he did not say anything more. Finally, he started the car and drove home.

Patrick looked straight ahead. He was driving smoothly, but Christina still felt a little stiff. Maybe she just wasn't used to being with him after the cold war. Neither of them spoke along the way. She looked at the busy street and the buildings through the car windows...

Suddenly, they came up to a building. Christina immediately turned to the

man beside her and said, "If you want to go to work, drop me off at the front. I'll call the driver..."

"Today is Dragon Boat Festival." His voice was very flat.

Patrick kept driving and did not intend to stop at all. The car sped past the towering IP&G Group building.

"Is the company on holiday today?"

At a red light, he turned to look at her and casually said, "If you want your husband to work overtime, fine, but no one will pay me for it."

Christina blushed because she forgot that the Dragon Boat Festival seemed to be a legal holiday. "It seems that Crystal has to work overtime for the

meeting with clients... You're always busy. I'm afraid of getting in your way." She murmured at the last sentence.

The red light quickly turned green. Patrick looked away and drove on, expressionless.

Suddenly, he blurted out, "I own the company. I can take a day off if I want."

Christina was not sure of what he meant by that, but she smiled, and her mood was brighter for some reason.

She could go to him whenever she wanted...

Chapter 137

On the Dragon Boat Festival in the Hopkinses.

In fact, it was no different from ordinary people celebrating the festival. The family reunited to have a big meal together. And it meant just to have some rice dumpling symbolically...

But compared to previous years, it was indeed somewhat different.

"Christina, what kind of rice dumpling is this? Why is it round?"

Charles's parents had recently traveled abroad. Mr. Shepherd spent the holiday alone desolately, so he came to the Hopkinses to have fun.

Charles stared at a round rice dumpling in his hand and pondered for a long time.

He was quite shocked. "You made this. Is it edible?"

"I didn't force you to eat it!"

Christina blushed and yelled at him angrily.

She wouldn't tell them that she originally wanted to make the traditional triangular pyramid rice dumpling. But somehow, she pinched it so hard that it became flat.

Looking at the lump of glutinous rice in her hand, Christina finally decided to round it up so that it could at least be in a shape.

"This is the ugliest rice dumpling I've ever seen."

Charles couldn't help but burst into laughter.

"Charles, what are you laughing at? It's very meaningful." Christina glared at him.

"What? Its meaning? hahaha..."

Charles laughed even more arrogantly.

"These rice dumpling are made of red beans, pickled meat, salted eggs and sauce... They're traditional salty rice dumpling in southern China." Nanny Faang walked over with some fruits, chuckling.

"Young Madam Patrick has studied these for a long time, and she said that they were gifts for Young Master Patrick for the Dragon Boat Festival."

Glancing at her mischievously, Charles sighed, "Christina, you have such a bad taste. How dare you give this kind of thing to Patrick? Don't set your Wechat name Invincible Tina anymore. Just change it to Invincible Cheeky..."

Christina's face darkened.

"Charles, you bastard. How dare you say that!"

Immediately, she grabbed one of her own rice dumpling from the table and smashed it at him.

"What are you laughing at?"

At the door of the living room of the Hopkinses's Main Residence, several figures slowly walked in. From afar, people could vaguely hear their noise and laughter. However, a familiar low voice suddenly asked in a complicated tone.

Christina and Charles turned around simultaneously.

Seeing that Patrick strode towards them, Christina restrained herself a little and awkwardly put the rice dumpling back on the table. At the sight of the elders behind including Old Master Mr. Hopkins, Charles also behaved himself.

Patrick naturally sat next to Christina and inadvertently glanced at her face.

Patrick noticed that she was originally confronting with Charles angrily but suddenly became quiet and reserved now.

"Grandpa."

Christina politely greeted the old man in the front and sat more and more upright.

Turning her head, she looked with a hesitant expression at the three women on the other side: Judy, Brianna, and Barbara.

"Mom."

Looking at Judy, she politely greeted. Then she pursed her lips and decided to remain silent.

This day being the Dragon Boat Festival, Old Master Mr. Hopkins asked the maid to light some unknown incensed sticks. The whole Hopkins Family was filled with a faint smell of sandalwood, refreshing and relaxing.

The housekeeper made tea for them. It wasn't good for Christina to drink tea for pregnancy. Sitting there, she suddenly felt very embarrassed, because none of them talked and they just drank tea. It was so weird.

Christina wanted to go out for a walk in the pavilion, but before she could stand up and say anything, her hand was suddenly held by the man beside her.

She turned her head and looked at him

confusedly. "What?" She asked in a low voice.

Patrick didn't immediately reply. He slightly frowned and stared at her palm. "Does it still hurt?"

She didn't understand what he meant. But Barbara, sitting diagonally opposite to her, reacted very quickly with a smile on her face, "Christina, I really appreciate it that you ran over to help me last time which caused your palm injured. I'm really sorry."

Christina was a little stunned, and then she remembered that the previous injury wasn't a big deal. But today she was making rice dumpling in the kitchen and the wound got wet and a little inflamed.

But before she could say anything, Judy snorted discontentedly. "Someone ran even when she was pregnant. Who knows if she was deliberately trying to flatter? So scheming..." She said in a disdainful tone.

"That was her real trick."

Charles was frank. He pointed at a plate of ugly rice dumpling on the table and smiled at Judy ambiguously, "For the time being, Christina isn't that scheming. So if you speak like that, auntie, I'm afraid that your daughter-in-law won't be able to keep up with you..."

Judy's face darkened.

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"You made it yourself?"

Patrick suddenly asked and looked at the woman beside him. A slight smile appeared on his face as if he didn't believe it.

Christina suddenly regretted making these things. She thought they wouldn't like them anyway.

She replied hesitantly, "Yes."

"Such an ugly one. It's definitely limited. A unique one."

Charles muttered in a low voice, but there was not much disdain in his words. Christina turned to look at him sideways, and the two of them stared

at each other childishly.

Patrick sat quietly, looking thoughtfully at the rich expressions on their faces, frowning slightly and thinking about something.

Old Master Mr. Hopkins did not say a word. He put down his teacup and looked at Christina for a long time. Then he turned around and told the housekeeper to cut up the Chinese rice-pudding and bring over the bowls and chopsticks for everyone to taste.

Actually, when Christina heard the Old Master speak, she was a little surprised.

Ever since Patrick's car accident, the Old Master had been a little against her, and his attitude towards her was

obviously cold and distant.

"What do you think?"

"Patrick, this... Originally, it was a triangular shape, and then it wasn't wrapped properly. It wasn't fully cooked the first time, and when I saw rice leaking out, I simply rounded it up..." Christina was embarrassed.

The unique round-shaped Chinese rice-pudding on the table was cut into small pieces by the maid. Patrick put a small piece into his mouth with his chopsticks and did not speak for a long time.

"How does it taste?"

Christina moved closer to him, her voice a little nervous.

"Very well." Patrick put down his chopsticks and touched her head with some comfort.

Christina was very excited. This was her first time making it. It meant that she probably had the potential to be a good wife.

Charles rolled his eyes at her excitement. For safety's sake, he picked the smallest piece and tasted it.

"Patrick, you can't mislead her."

Charles showed a bitter face, and he drank as much water as he could. It was indeed cooked, but Christina put so much salt in it, so it was so salty.

"No one asked you to eat." Christina

habitually retorted him.

Charles didn't want to be polite to her. He just wanted to mock her poor cooking, but Patrick said, "Go to the kitchen and get me a glass of juice."

Christina raised her eyebrows. She knew that Patrick was trying to let her leave so she went to the kitchen indifferently.

However, Christina did not expect Barbara to follow her into the kitchen, as if she had something to tell her.

"What do you want to say?"

Christina turned to look at the capable woman in front of her who was still wearing a custom-made expensive suit and asked directly.

Barbara looked at her bright eyes and was a little stunned.

Then she chuckled. "I probably know why Patrick likes you..." She paused, but the smile on her face was weird.

"A simple-minded woman will make him feel relaxed, but it will also make him feel tired... You will drag him down because you can't help anything..."

Christina was a little angry and interrupted her in a heavy voice. "Miss Parker, don't talk so much to me. I'm not smart and I don't understand what you say."

Christina stressed the words "not smart". She hated this woman's arrogant attitude.

"I'm sorry. I guess I just got transferred back to China recently, so I'm used to teaching new people."

Barbara's apologetic tone sounded sincere, and her smiling face was very amiable. "I almost forgot that even Patrick usually didn't scold you. You must hate it. I really didn't mean to."

Christina pursed her lips and did not speak.

Was this woman pretending to be like this? She really couldn't tell.

"By the way, Christina, I actually need you to do me a favor." She took a step forward and held Christina's arm very naturally, like a close friend. "It was the last time in the hotel lobby... Erica has

been in a bad mood recently, so she said some nasty things on impulse. I hope you don't take it seriously."

"Oh, that woman, Chandler's wife." Christina thought. She was furious at the thought and gritted her teeth. "She said that I wanted to get the order so I slept with the client and then, unfortunately, I was pregnant."

As she spoke, Christina withdrew her hand and took half a step back. She didn't bother to act.

Her tone was cold. "Miss Parker, finish your sentence. I'm not as smart as you guys. Is something wrong with your best friend Erica? Seriously, don't ask me to help. I will just mock at it."

Barbara's face darkened. Christina had

been so straight that she did not know how to continue for a moment.

"You know, Erica is Chandler's wife, and they have a five-year-old son between them. It's not easy to form a family, so I think it would be immoral if they were divorced just because of Erica's words that day."

"Erica scolded me. Why do you think I'm immoral?"

Christina felt a little ridiculous and looked at her directly. "What does it have to do with me whether they get divorced or not..."

"Patrick put pressure on Chandler. The Stephenson Family offered to sever ties with Erica... I want you to tell Patrick not to..." Barbara's voice was

filled with complicated feelings.

Christina was a little surprised, but Patrick did hear Erica's bad word that day. She could suffer Erica's criticizing, but she couldn't let others scold her son.

"Why me, Miss Parker? You've always known him very well, right?"

All of a sudden, Christina wanted to vent some of her recent resentment.

"Why don't you go talk to him? I don't really have anything to do with Patrick."

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Christina made a glass of kiwi juice and went back to the living room. She found that Patrick and the others were not there. Charles was the only one sitting there.

"What happened?"

Christina put the juice on the table and looked at him for a while. She felt that he suddenly became serious.

Charles just looked up and ignored her words.

"Hey, what's wrong with you?"

Christina thought he was very strange but he acted normally just now. She sat right beside him and asked, "What did

Patrick say to you just now?"

"Don't get so close to me."

Charles showed a little complicated expression. Instinctively, he moved an arm away from her.

"Why you act that way!"

Christina yelled at him angrily, stretching out her right foot and kicking his new leather shoes a few times. "You said some harsh words about my rice dumpling just now, and there's no need to pretend to be so sad now..."

Ow!

"My foot hurts..." Charles's handsome face was tightly wrinkled. He

immediately retracted his foot and shouted at her angrily. "I'm not familiar with you. Get away from me. Don't get so close to me."

Christina raised her eyebrows and stopped, but she stared at him.

"Charles, are you going insane?"

He pretended to avoid her all of a sudden. He could never act like that before.

Charles glared at her with a dark face and gritted his teeth. "Christina, I hope you understand that I have no interest in a woman as violent as you. Don't love me..."

"Who wants to love a playboy like you?" Christina thought it was

hilarious.

Charles continued to glare at her.

"Patrick..."

"What did Patrick say to you just now?"

He was so serious." She was curious.

Charles gritted his teeth angrily, pursed his lips and kept silent.

Patrick just asked him why Christina behaved so naturally when they two were together...

Charles thought to himself that it was probably because Christina argued with Patrick a while ago.

"Why did he marry you? You are a troublemaker." Charles's resentment was so deep that he gritted his teeth

and muttered, "If he married Barbara, everyone would be happy..."

"What did you say? You just mentioned Barbara!"

Christina's tone immediately cooled down. With a stretch of her right hand, she grabbed his tie and gave it a strong tug. Charles was almost smothered.

"You, you..." Charles was so angry and he quickly tried to protect his neck.

Her face drew closer, and her expression was a little grim. "Charles, what did you just say? Barbara? You'd better confess, or else, if there's no one around, don't blame me for being rude..."

"What's wrong with you and Barbara?"

Charles gave her a cold glance.

"There's a conflict between us,"
Christina admitted it directly.

Charles looked at the door with a complex expression. Patrick was called to the lotus pond by his grandfather. Barbara should be with them to discuss the affairs of the Fishers...

He turned his head and looked at the woman with an angry face in front of him. She seemed really mad.

Charles raised his eyebrows and teased, "Christina, are you jealous?"

She didn't look well. She glanced sideways and changed the subject. "Just now, Barbara went into the kitchen to talk to me and mentioned

that Chandler and Erica were going to divorce..."

"That's all?"

Charles saw that Patrick and the others were not back yet, so he asked her mysteriously, "Christina, Patrick must have told you not to worry about so many things. What does it have to do with you that they will divorce? Can you live without interfering in others' affairs..."

"Barbara is not a naive person."

Christina shouted. Her face was dark and she didn't want to say more.

"Barbara is not from a rich family like you. She acquires all of these by herself. Do you think it's easy for a girl

to be the general manager of the IP&G Group of the Asian division..."

Charles picked up another piece of rice dumpling with chopsticks and threw it into his mouth. He chewed it and continued to say. "Christina, you really have a mean heart. Don't be jealous. Barbara get what she deserves. She has no bad intentions."

Christina said nothing more.

Her sudden silence made Charles feel a little guilty as he chewed the rice dumpling in his mouth. Although it was very salty, he knew that she was very diligent preparing them in the kitchen.

"Patrick talked to me probably because he thought we were too close," Charles took a sip of half a glass

of water from the table and glared at her angrily. "Besides, no matter how good and likable Barbara is, Patrick won't like her..."

"Patrick will never seduce his friend's girlfriend."

"Which friend?"

When Christina returned to her senses and wanted to ask more, several servants from the Hopkinses ran past the living room anxiously in urgent footsteps.

They looked at each other with darkened faces and immediately realized something was wrong.

At the same time, they stood up from the sofa. "What happened?"

"Get a doctor right away!"

As soon as Christina and Charles walked out of the door, they heard the Old Master shouting. They saw the servants at the end of the corridor running frantically in the lotus pond, all panicked.

Christina's heart was racing. It was the first time she saw the Old Master in such a panic.

"I'll go over and take a look..."

Charles said quickly and ran towards the pavilion.

Christina was five months pregnant and the twins in her belly were heavy so she didn't dare to run. She looked

straight ahead and hurried over with messy steps.

All of a sudden, what happened?

"Patrick, how are you?"

"You're sweating all over, and your face is pale. Sit down and rest for a while. The doctor will be here soon" ...

It was Barbara's voice. She looked anxious and tried to persuade the man beside her.

Patrick faced the lotus pond, frowning. He did not make a sound, while his hands clenched the carved wooden railing as if he was enduring some kind of pain.

"I told you to go to Seattle immediately.

What are you doing here?!"

In the lotus pond, there were few people. Also, there was Old Master Mr. Hopkins's roar.

He was very angry and hit the floor with his walking stick. His irritating tone was full of helplessness.

Christina stood stiffly. In front of her, Charles was asking Patrick, Old Master Mr. Hopkins was angry and helpless, and Barbara was persuading Patrick...

'Why are they so nervous?'

She did not understand nor know.

She clearly remembered that Patrick had a high fever a few days ago. At that time, she hurried to take him to the

hospital, but his grandfather was quite calm and told Patrick to take care of himself.

But now...

"Patrick, what's wrong with you..."

She looked at the familiar figure in front of her, and then her vision gradually blurred.

She did not go any closer, just standing five meters away from them. There seemed to be an unfamiliar aura with Patrick, making her afraid to take a step.

Chapter 140

"Let me help you back to your bedroom, so you can take a rest..."

It was a gentle female voice asking around his ear, Patrick then turned to his side and was about to say no.

But when he turned his eyes, he got very surprised.

All of a sudden, his eyes met her eyes. Christina was also startled. Feeling panicked, instinctively she wanted to withdraw and escape.

They were in a circle, but she was never one of them.

Old Master Mr. Hopkins and others were not surprised by Christina's

appearance, but at this moment, everyone looked at each other in silence with their own thoughts.

It was now a time when the summer lotus was in full bloom, and the garden was filled with fragrance.

The fragrance of the lotus was soothing, but it could not hide the panic in Christina's eyes.

"Patrick, do you want me to help you or not.."

She hesitated for a long time, then asked in a low voice.

She was somehow nervous and pursed her lips, which seemed she was ready to immediately pretend she was fine when he refused.

Pretending, the one she was least good at.

Patrick looked at her and did not say anything. Instead, he walked straight towards her, step by step, steadily and firmly.

Barbara and Charles looked at his back and stepped out of habit to follow him, but they then stopped.

When he approached her, Christina admitted that her heart was beating a little fast.

Perhaps it was because she felt a little surprised at his approach, or perhaps it was because of the intense gazing from Old Master Mr. Hopkins and the others.

Christina looked up directly at his slightly pale face.

"What's wrong with you?" She asked with a choked tone. She still wanted to ask him whether he said it or not.

"I have a headache."

Patrick's voice was hoarse and replied directly.

Without more communication, he naturally grabbed her by her shoulder, and half of his body's weight was pressed on her. She was snuggling up to him, they then walked at the same pace, which was so matching as if it was an illusion. But it was the fact.

"Grandfather, Patrick will handle his

own matters..."

Looking at the two figures walking away, Charles turned to the old man and said in a low voice.

Holding his crutch with both hands, Old Master Mr. Hopkins silently stared at the corridor with his brows furrowed. At this moment, the old housekeeper behind him rushed over with a few doctors, "Where is Young Master Patrick..."

Mixed feelings occurred to Barbara, and she tried to speak calmly, "Patrick went back to his bedroom for a rest. You guys go..."

"There's no need to go!"

The old, deep voice sounded very

angry.

Barbara was surprised and looked at the old man. She pursed her lips and did not dare to say anything.

Charles and Barbara glanced at each other, smartly said goodbye to the old man, and left side by side.

"Charles, is there something wrong with Patrick's body?"

In the parking lot of Hopkins Family, when Barbara opened the car door, she suddenly became a little persistent and asked Charles, who was in the opposite parking space.

"Nothing."

Charles was a little upset and sat in his

new favorite sports car. He slammed the door hard and obviously didn't want to say anything more.

"Charles, why is grandpa so nervous? Patrick definitely not suffers from a simple migraine," Barbara said. Barbara had a high social position and was shrewd and efficient, gritting her teeth, she then said, "Even if you don't say it, I just need to check Seattle..."

"Barbara, don't forget who you are." Charles suddenly interrupted her.

He looked directly into her eyes, and said in a much cold voice, "Patrick has always rejected women, and the only reason why you can stand by his side so naturally and we also accept it, is because of Derek. His special treatment to you these years, in

particular, is because of his guilt. Barbara, you'd better not wish for something that does not belong to you."

Barbara was upset by this, and she spoke in a hurry, "I've known Patrick for nearly ten years. No other woman knows him better than I do. I just want to care about him..." The meaning of what she said next was unclear.

Charles stopped looking at her and directly started the car.

As he turned around and drove out of the garage, he chuckled and said, "Barbara, you also want to learn from Christina, who used bugs to eavesdrop on his personal affairs..."

"Patrick will get angry and scold

Christina for what she did. But if you do it, he will fire you directly."

Barbara was shocked by this and froze at her place.

She looked angry and resentful and stared at the disappearing car. Charles's teasing words were so casual, but they were all true.

There were certain things that only she could do and you could not.

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"Patrick."

"Patrick..."

She called his name, but the man sitting by the big bed ignored her, as if he didn't hear her at all.

Christina came in with the family medicine box. She frowned and looked at Patrick on the other side of the bed, feeling he looked strange.

When Patrick returned to the bedroom, he sat there in silence, with his head half-lowered, staring at his hands in a daze. He slightly bended and unfolded his hands, deep in thought, as if he was testing something.

Christina approached him and called him again, "Patrick..."

Her calling awakened Patrick who was in a daze. He raised his head vigorously, and a look of incomprehensible panic flashed in his eyes.

"What's wrong with you?"

Christina sat beside him anxiously, looking at him with incredulity. "Patrick, didn't you hear my voice just now?" asked Christina.

He looked visibly shocked just now.

He seemed to be surprised by her, or perhaps it was something else...

"Nothing." His face turned cold as usual. He slightly tilted his head and

looked away. He then said in a hoarse voice, "I don't need to take the medicine. I'm fine."

His words were low and cold, as if nothing had happened.

Christina sat beside him, pursed her lips, wordless.

He obviously didn't want to tell her...

They had just had lunch, and the summer sun outside was scorching hot. The sky was clear and blue, but a chill was sent into the spacious bedroom perhaps because temperatures were set so low.

Somehow, Christina's heart sank. She rummaged through the medicine cabinet for an electronic thermostat,

pinched it on her right hand, and tilted her head with hesitation.

He said he was fine and didn't need to take medicine, which meant he didn't need her...

She clenched the thermometer and accidentally pressed the electronic key, making a beep.

Christina, who was in a fit of pique, was frightened by the noise. She quickly put away the thermostat.

"Help me check my temperature?"

Patrick beside her gave an order, but his tone was somewhat helpless.

She looked at him for a while with a slightly startled expression, trying to

make sure she didn't misheard.

Christina immediately perked up and leaned closer to him. "Patrick, why are you so delicate..."

Delicate.

It didn't seem to be a right word to describe him.

He did not say a word. He looked sideways at her with a half-smile.

"It's 38.5 degrees. You're not fine as you said."

Christina stared at the thermometer and complained worriedly. She was about to turn around and call the maid outside for a doctor...

"No need."

Patrick grabbed her right wrist and closed his eyes tiredly. "Christina, lie down with me for a while..."

"Don't move."

"No, I want to get you a anti-fever medicine first..." She tossed and turned restlessly on the bed, pulling at the quilt, pressing the air conditioner, and checking his temperature every ten minutes.

"Patrick, your son sleeps a lot. He's not sleepy."

She used her son as an excuse again, trying to get up and use some alcohol to cool him down.

"I'm very sleepy." Patrick dragged her back unhappily.

Hugging her from behind, Patrick whispered to her, his lips moving closer to her neck. Her body was very soft with a faint baby milk fragrance probably because she was pregnant.

"Christina, if it's above 39 degrees in an hour, I'll get an infusion, okay?"

After half a minute of hesitation, she agreed, "Okay."

In fact, Patrick only thought of her as a pillow which was a habit he developed some time. Christina peeked at him with narrowed eyes.

"What are you looking at?"

The tiredness didn't sent him asleep.

She was a little embarrassed, so she immediately turned her head and pretended to be serious. "Are you going to faint from high fever?"

"No." His tone was flat.

He sounded normal, and Christina rolled over again to face him.

Their two faces were so close. She looked at him with a frown. "Patrick..."

"What is it?"

This time, his response was little anxious, as if he was hiding something.

Christina didn't notice and continued to ask him, "You had a headache..." She

paused for a while and said, "Patrick, can you promise me something?" She suddenly raised her voice and changed the subject.

He was slightly startled, and some emotions were suppressed in his eyes.

Her eyes were clear and persistent.

"What is it?" he asked in a low voice.

She said, looking straight at him.

"Respond me whenever I call you."

He was unconscious in car accident last time. She called him over and over again, but he didn't answer her. The smell of blood was drifting in the air. She was still haunted by the accident although it had been a while.

She pursed her lips and told him word for word, "Patrick, from now on, no matter what happens, if I call your name, you must answer me." She didn't want to be left behind.

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"You have so many requests."

He stared at her quietly for a while and ended with a chuckle .

Patrick naturally wrapped his right hand around her neck, pulling her closer to his chest. He rubbed her slick hair with his jaw and said,"I promise you."

Christina blushed, and she could clearly hear his solemn words ringing above her head. His chest rised up and down as he smiled gently, as if he was teasing her childish behavior.

Calling his name was just a way to ask for his response .

It was just a simple thing.

However, what if one day when he no longer replied to her call.

Then what would she do?

She didn't know his social circuit, nor his secret.

The more Christina thought about it, the angrier she got. She hit him on the chest with her forehead. "It's all because of your..." Because his social status was too high for her to reach.

"Christina, your husband is now having a fever. Are you still going to abuse me?"

He couldn't help smiling and watched her emotional outburst.

Christina realized that he was ill currently, so she stopped acting childishly.

She struggled in his arms, lifted her upper body and reached for thermostat on the bedside table to take his temperature. Fortunately, it went down to 37 degrees celsius. Therefore, it should be okay.

"Patrick, what about I get some porridge for you..."

Christina saw that he had recovered much. But when she realized that the man had only eaten half a dumpling for lunch, she immediately felt a little ashamed.

"I'm not hungry!"

"But you didn't eat much for lunch, other than half a bowl of soup..."

Patrick was surprised about her words. He raised his eyebrows and looked at her serious expression. "Christina, you realize I only drank soup. Well, that's quite some improvement." He said in an emotional tone, as if teasing her on purpose.

Christina glared at him and wanted to hit him with a pillow.

"Your wife will definitely care about you. Even if I'm not good at cooking, I'll work hard, and I'm no worse than Barbara. What's so great about her being one of the top managers? I started taking all kinds of courses forced by the Dickens Family since the

age of 3 and finished my last three years of medical studies with a doctor degree in clinical medicine. Keeping silent does not mean that I'm unaware of everything."

How dare Barbara commented me as simple-minded. Christina's kept a straight face and was a little angry.

"What did Barbara tell you?"

Patrick's voice immediately became serious and asked quickly.

"Barbara, what an intimate saying ."
Hmph!

Christina's still kept a straight face. After she glanced at him and became increasingly displeased.

Patrick stared at her for a while and asked tentatively, "Are you jealous?" He really couldn't understand the complicated thoughts of women.

"Yes, I'm jealous. What's wrong?"

Christina puffed up her face and admitted it.

Patrick was stunned and wanted to laugh. His lips were slightly raised. "No need for jealousy."

"Barbara has a boyfriend..."

Christina was still unsatisfied. "Do you think a woman can't have feelings for other men if she has a boyfriend? Look at Erica who's a wife herself but still messing with other men. And Barbara's also strange."

"Why do you consider her strange?"

"There's something wrong with the way she looks at you, and..." Halfway through the conversation, Christina suddenly stopped. She didn't like to talk about others behind their back.

Patrick's were deep in thought, and it took a while before he said, "Barbara is a little special to me... Her boyfriend became a vegetable because of me. I have to take care of her, because ..."

"Forget it, don't tell me about your things."

Chapter 143

You would get yourself into trouble by provoking a man irresponsibly.

Especially when you did it in bed, provoking your own husband...

On the excuse of marriage, Patrick ended the farce with furious sex. He lay beside Christina and stared at her, who pretended to be sleeping. "This is interesting." He thought to himself.

He found out that the only way to handle his wife was to treat her the way she treated him. He had to stop things from going in the way she wanted before they finally went out of his control.

"Stop that insidious smile on your

face..."

He had just taken advantage of her.

Christina rolled her eyes at him with a blushing face. She was a little angry but had no strength to raise her arm and punch him.

Why was he always still energetic after sex while she got tired sore every time? It was so unfair! Christina bit him in the thigh as revenge.

Then she complained, "Patrick, how dare you bullying me in front of my son. You wait and see. I'll definitely pay you back for it as soon as the baby is born..."

It hurt because she had sharp teeth.

But Patrick was too delighted at this

moment to feel the pain. He rubbed her head with his big palm and threatened her. "Christina, stop, or I'll punish you again."

His threat worked. Christina trembled, "Those sperms are tired. They need some rest."

Wrapped in a blanket, she moved immediately to the other side of the bed.

She hid like a cowardly ostrich. Patrick couldn't help but laugh out.

He patted her a little and gave her a gentle kiss between her brows. Then he got out of bed, changed his clothes, and walked out of the bedroom quietly.

Christina was still blushing. She

couldn't really relax until she was convinced that Patrick was no longer in this room.

"Why am I so nervous..."

Sometimes she couldn't understand this messy heartbeat herself either.

She felt sweet though, and also a little dizzy, a strange but wonderful feeling.

Suddenly it occurred to her that she was willing to spend the rest of her life with him.

"Patrick, are you willing to spend the rest of your life with me?"

Hiding in the blanket, she whispered to herself in an uncertain tone...

Not only was it because of her self-abasement. What's more important is, she really didn't know much about him...

"Why won't you let me know?"

"Don't let her know!"

Patrick was answering a call in his study. He looked pale and clasped the phone tightly in his hand. "Don't tell her about this..."

Charles disagreed on the other end of the line. "Patrick, you know what kind of person she is. She won't be happy if she finds out you deliberately hide this from her. Why don't you just tell her about your illness..."

"I told you not to mention it to her."

Patrick emphasized in a colder tone,
"And the thing grandpa is investigating.
Don't let him get to it either..."

Charles was startled by his scolding.

He replied seriously, no longer in his
daily casual tone. "Grandpa did all
those things for you. He was worried
about the bullet in your brain. Do you
know that it would kill you once it
deviated..."

"I know you keep the bullet thing as a
secret because you're guilty of how
Derek became a vegetable after the
car accident while you recovered. You
refused the surgery too. For what? Are
you punishing yourself or being
overcritical of yourself? Now that
Derek is fine, when are you going to let

this go..." Charles sounded a little anxious in the end.

Grandpa was worried. He and Chandler were worried. But Patrick just wouldn't take their advice.

Christina's words might work, but somehow Patrick just wouldn't let her know about this.

"Derek won't blame you, Patrick. You don't have to wait for him to literally say it..."

Unlike Charles, Patrick wasn't a little worried. Walking to the French window of the study peacefully, he mocked himself. "Six years..."

"For six years had he been in hospital. He missed too much..."

Six years could completely change a person.

"If he had known that driving over to save me would have cost him six years, he wouldn't have been willing to... My life was a gift from him."

"I owed him." He thought.