

Chapter 198

At night, the streetlights on both sides of the busy street were already on.

A silver-gray Porsche was parked quietly by the sidewalk. The driver opened the back door and waited. A man and a woman sat in the car. Both of them looked outside the window at his/her side.

It was very quiet in the car.

"Young Master Hopkins, Butler Rovy said that Hopkins family had dinner in advance tonight. If you and young madam have other arrangements, you don't have to hurry back."

The driver, who was driving, was a little nervous. He reported it seriously and

looked carefully into the rearview mirror above. The young master seemed to be in a bad mood tonight.

"Go back to Hopkins family."

The man in the back seat said in a deep voice without changing his expression.

Christina, who was sitting next to him, looked out the window at the streetlights that were retreating rapidly. She had no objections, nor did she make any sound.

The people in Hopkins family knew that she and Patrick had not been getting along well recently. The butler probably wanted to create an opportunity for them, but she and Patrick were silent when being together.

It would take at least half an hour to get to Hopkins family this time. The strange atmosphere made everyone feel a little uncomfortable.

Christina leaned against the window with her right hand supporting her chin.

When she glanced over the driver's seat, she noticed that the driver was very reserved. The servants in Hopkins family seemed to be particularly afraid of Patrick.

"Grandpa and the others have dinner in advance tonight. Are they still busy with the baby's celebrating party?" She suddenly asked.

The man beside her thought for a

moment and looked sideways at her cheek for a long time.

The driver finally came to his sense. Knowing that Christina was talking to him, he immediately answered in surprise.

"Yes, yes... Old Master Hopkins and Butler Rovy have been preparing for the banquet for the past few days. I heard that Old Master Hopkins also wants to postpone his 80th birthday next month and choose to celebrate it at the same day."

"Is grandpa going to have a banquet in Hopkins family or to a restaurant outside?" She asked naturally and without any airs.

"It has been decided. At Hopkins

family's main residence. Old Master Hopkins said that we haven't had a happy banquet in the Hopkins family for many years and he wanted to do it grandly. Everyone is looking forward to it..."

With these questions and answers, the atmosphere in the car was much more relaxing.

Patrick did not speak and looked straight, but he inadvertently noticed the woman's subtle expression.

In fact, his wife was indeed considerate.

Patrick looked a little depressed when thinking that she should take care of a driver's emotions.

"How many tables are grandpa going to set up? Did he invite many guests?"

Christina chatted enthusiastically and asked the driver happily.

"I don't know the exact guest list..." The driver told her truthfully and the car had arrived at the Hopkins family mansion.

"After all, the Dickens family is in-laws. Send someone to inform them in advance personally..."

As soon as they returned to the main residence, they heard Old Master Hopkins's old and dignified voice before they entered the hall.

"Also, remember to invite Christina's aunt over."

"There's no need to invite Dickens family..." She approached, almost subconsciously feeling disgusted with the Dickens family.

Old Master Hopkins, who was excitedly writing the invitation on the sofa, looked up and glanced at her. Christina immediately shut up.

"I'll inform my aunt myself."

She did not dare to insist on it. Old Master Hopkins had been excitedly looking forward to the birth of his precious great-grandson. He even wanted to invite all people he could to have a look of his great-grandson.

But thinking of her aunt Betty, Christina was a little distressed.

She didn't bother to care about the feelings of those people in the Dickens family, but Betty was different. Because of her aunt's illness, Christina had never dared to talk about her remarriage and pregnancy.

"Junior Mrs. Hopkins, I heard that miss Eisenhower has been cured?"

The old butler came over with a stack of red invitations and placed them on the wide coffee table for Old Master Hopkins. He then stood straight and asked naturally.

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In the Eisenhower family, General Eisenhower had two daughters. The oldest daughter, Mary, married Donald from C City. The second daughter, Betty, was nearly 40 years old this year, but she had never been married, so it was more suitable to call her Second Miss Eisenhower."

"Yes, she was cured and the operation was very successful. There should be no sequelae."

Christina was glad to hear that her aunt had recovered from a serious illness.

"Great. Previously, we sent people to look for a suitable heart source for Second Miss Eisenhower, and all

experts said that she should plant a new heart to live. We didn't expect that she could survive well by having medicine and taking a heart stent surgery."

The butler went to find out about Betty's operation and was curious.

"Junior Mrs. Hopkins, who was the doctor who treated Second Miss Eisenhower at that time?"

Christina wanted to speak, but her expression changed, and didn't say the name out.

"Derek Fisher."

"Derek gave Betty the operation himself..."

The lights here were a little ambiguous and dim. Charles who was at the bar looked depressed. He grabbed a glass of whiskey, drank it to the bottom, and began to complain.

"It's so strange. Derek originally wants to learn the business but suddenly changed to learn medicine. It turns to be that siren, Christina..."

At 1 a.m., Patrick was invited over for a drink, but he didn't say anything.

He was not interested in wine tonight. He was idly turning the crystal round cup on the bar, looked thoughtful.

He and Christina didn't want to mention that man, but it didn't mean that he could ignore the man completely.

"Patrick, what are you going to do?"

Charles was already half-drunk and he suddenly became a little anxious. He leaned over and shouted at Patrick, "Christina had secrets with Derek! Are you going to dump that witch when the child is born..."

Seeing that Charles was drunk, Chandler immediately called a few beautiful women to come over.

"Accompany him to the side for a drink."

Charles was in high spirits and shouted at his two friends, "Hey, you guys are really pretending not to know anything?! I'm narrow-minded and I can't endure it. I have to say it today."

"That damn Christina was really a siren! She caused trouble from time to time, such as text messages, the takeout, and the matter of muffling! She was really a troublemaker and she dared to retort me that Derek would not hurt her. I didn't mean that, but I really think Derek changed a lot when he was awake."

Charles choked on the wine and hiccuped. He narrowed his eyes and looked at Patrick and Chandler, whose faces were also dark, so he also sighed.

"Do you know that my current girlfriend told me that something evil happened to the Fisher family recently? Ralph, who had always been in good health, actually fell ill and almost died of a cerebral

hemorrhage..."

"Regardless of whether the events Christina said are true or not, at least she had a scare every time and always be safe, which is strange. We all know that Barbara is not that capable, only Derek could do the provocation secretly!"

She didn't wake up until dawn.

Having had not slept so soundly for a long time, Christina stretched her hands under the thin blanket. Then she was in a daze and turned to look at the pillow beside her.

It was empty. He wasn't here.

However, she could still feel the warmth. Did Patrick come back last

night?

She dragged herself out of bed because of her pregnancy, feeling heavy and sluggish. She stared at the empty bed for a long time, but she was not sure.

"I thought he didn't come back last night." She knew that Charles asked Patrick out in the middle of the night.

Recently, their relationship had been very awkward and they hadn't slept in the same bed for a long time.

When did he go back to their bedroom last night?

She raised her head and looked at the clock on the wall. It was 8 am.

The Hopkins people always got up very early, so it was too late now. Although Patrick didn't need to go to the company these days, she didn't expect that he got up at around 8 o'clock, judging from the warmth of the quilt.

He seemed to be very tired.

Christina was a little disturbed. After washing up, she took her cell phone and went straight downstairs.

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"Good morning, Christina. Do you want to have breakfast here or go to the Main Residence..."

As soon as she went downstairs, Christina saw Nanny Faang greeting her.

"Has grandpa had breakfast?"

"Mr. Hopkins gets up at five o'clock and had his breakfast at six as usual... Brianna and her mother have already had breakfast with him."

Christina looked a little awkward when she heard that.

Not long after she was pregnant, Patrick told grandpa that she didn't

have to get up so early and eat with them, so she could sleep as long as she wanted.

In fact, Patrick helped her a lot.

Because of his care, the servants here were especially respectful to her.

"Well, Patrick..." She asked with some hesitation.

"Patrick just got up. He went to Northern Garden to discuss things with his grandpa. He will probably be back here for breakfast in a while."

Seeing her hesitation, Nanny Faang smiled. "Christina, why don't you wait for Patrick to come back for breakfast?"

"Okay."

She agreed immediately.

Sitting on the sofa in the lobby on the first floor of Eastern Garden, she drank half a cup of light saltwater and looked at the door casually.

She didn't know why Patrick went to grandpa.

"Maybe it's about the baby." As she took out her phone, she was on her phone and muttered a few words.

Crystal sent her a message, "Christina, my godsons are going to be born next month. What gifts should I send? Come on, I'm so nervous now."

As soon as she logged in to WhatsApp,

she saw that Crystal had sent her a message at 6 a.m.

Christina was amused and replied, "Why are you nervous? I'm the one who is going to have a C-section."

Crystal replied, "How dare you to sleep so late in the Hopkins family. Didn't they blame you?"

The bad habit of modern people was that the first thing to do after getting up must be to check on their phones. Thus, Crystal was sure that Christina had just woken up.

Christina immediately said, "Patrick is my accomplice. I'm not afraid."

Speaking of this again, Christina recalled it carefully, Patrick looked a

little weak recently.

Crystal kept asking, "Christina, where will you celebrate your sons' first month? It can't be in the Hopkins family, right? If so, I'm a little afraid to go. A lot of people must be invited, right?"

Crystal sent her a few messages, which made her come back to her senses.

Crystal kept sending messages, "There's one more thing. You promised me to be your sons' godmother, but will the Hopkins family agree? And how about the Dickens family?"

Crystal became more and more excited. "It's over. I'm done. Christina, I suddenly realized that my godsons are a little far to reach. Maybe the twins

will despise me."

Christina was speechless and replied with a despised emoji, "Come back to earth, OK?"

This made Crystal think of something else and become serious.

Crystal continued, "Did you tell Patrick about those strange things you met before, and the bracelet you found under the bed..."

The smile on Christina's face froze. She held the phone and did not reply immediately.

Crystal kept saying, "Never mind. We'll figure it out until the babies are born."

Crystal knew that she was very upset

about these events, and the fact that she was about to give birth made her even more disturbed. She comforted her, "You're married, so you should have a talk and solve the problem together."

After a while, she replied, "It's him who doesn't want to talk."

Looking at Crystal's sweet words, Christina forced a bitter smile.

At this moment, footsteps behind her approached, and Nanny Faang suddenly called her name loudly.

"Christina, I think Patrick may be delayed there. Why don't you eat first and don't starve yourself and your babies?"

Thirty minutes had passed.

"Yes."

She subconsciously glanced at the door and nodded indifferently.

"Talk to you later." After sending Crystal a message, she was ready to put down her phone and go to the restaurant.

When she logged out of WhatsApp, she happened to see that she had a few unread messages.

One of them was a long voice message sent to her by Charles at three in the middle of the night.

She stood up from the sofa, following Nanny Faang as she listened to the

long voice message casually.

"You damn woman." Then a series of angry roars sounded.

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Perhaps it was because it was so loud that even Nanny Faang, who was walking in front of her, turned to look at her in shock. Christina felt embarrassed and angry at Charles. So was he drunk last night and out of his mind?

She frowned and wanted to hear what this guy was scolding.

"Tell me, has Patrick ever done something wrong in his previous life? He must have committed hideous crimes. Otherwise, how could he have married a wife like you?"

He spoke so fast that he choked for a moment, then stopped for a second and roared angrily.

"You're such a troublemaker! Look... Look at other women. Why can't you be gentle and considerate? Do you know what is virtue and kindness? You can't even satisfy Patrick in bed. Why does he have to marry you? What's the benefit of marrying you? You don't even care about him after he's ill..."

Finally, Chandler's sighing was faintly heard. "Charles, do you want to be thrown into the river?"

The voice message was over.

Christina froze and held the phone tightly.

Nanny Faang looked at her again. She heard the voice message clearly and her expression was a little complicated.

Among Patrick's friends, Charles was the most straightforward one, but this was the first time Nanny Faang had heard him scolding.

The servants did not dare to say anything about Patrick's personal affairs.

Nanny Faang coughed lightly to ease the atmosphere. "Go over and have some milk."

"Yes."

She replied, looking absent-minded.

Sitting in front of the dining table, she quietly had half a bowl of oatmeal, some eggs, and milk, feeling tasteless.

She glanced at the empty bowls that Nanny Faang had prepared for Patrick in the opposite seat, remembering that he was still with grandpa and didn't have breakfast.

As soon as she put down her fork, Christina felt some light footsteps coming from the direction of the door. There was a strange expression on her face and she quickly turned to look.

She thought it was Patrick coming back.

Then the next second, she was surprised. "Hello, Brianna."

"Brianna, Are you looking for Patrick? He's in the Northern Garden."

Christian was very surprised for this

was the first time that she had seen Brianna in the Eastern Garden.

However, Brianna didn't reply her.

Keeping ten meters away from the dining table, Brianna didn't come any closer, but just stood there quietly. She looked a little timid and hesitant as if she were waiting for something.

"Brianna, are you okay?"

Christina frowned and was a little confused.

She heard that Brianna was a little autistic and seldom communicated with others. And Brianna now looked very strange.

On second thought, she felt it was

unlikely that Brianna would come to the Eastern Garden for her brother because Patrick was cold and rarely take the initiative to be close to Brianna.

"Brianna, are you here for me?" she asked.

Christina didn't want to eat more. Being half full, she stood up and walked towards Brianna.

Brianna's clear eyes flashed with shock, "No disturbing others' meals. No interrupting. No speaking loudly ..."

Seeing Christina approach her, she muttered some rules with her lips trembling.

Then Christina stopped immediately

and didn't approach her.

"Are you waiting for me to finish breakfast?"

Christina tried her best to speak softly and gently to Brianna.

But Brianna remained silent.

She seemed to hate people looking straight into her eyes. So she lowered her head with her long black hair covering half of her face. And her side face blushed, revealing that she was a little timid and nervous.

"How about calling Nanny Faang?"

Christina was helpless.

She didn't want to scare Brianna and

thought that Brianna would be more familiar with maids in the Hopkins family.

"Patrick is unhappy."

Brianna seemed very anxious and suddenly raised her head and shouted at Christina.

What?

"Brianna, your brother is not here. Or are you here for me?"

Christina was still puzzled. But obviously, Brianna didn't want her to call Nanny Faang.

Brianna felt she shouldn't have shouted so loudly. She was very confused, feeling like speaking several

times but falling silent again.

"What do you want to say to me?"

"I promise not to tell others."

Christina coaxed the timid and helpless girl in the way she had dealt with Derek.

It seemed to work. Brianna was swayed when she heard Christina say "promise not to tell others".

"Christina."

She said in a low voice.

Christina felt strange. Brianna was really here for her.

But she seldom talked to Brianna, she

and Barbara were more intimate. When Christina met Brianna at the main residence for meals, Brianna just greeted her. But today she was weird.

"Brianna, if you have anything to say, just say it. If I can help you, I will try my best ..."

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"Patrick is unhappy."

Brianna interrupted her and said the unintelligible nervously.

Christina looked a little awkward, "Patrick is unhappy?"

He was unhappy?

It sounded very childish because Patrick was an adult man, does happy or not that matters? But maybe Brianna meant that Patrick was in a bad mood recently.

He must have been annoyed by these things recently.

"Brianna, don't worry. He can take

good care of himself."

Christina explained to Brianna patiently. And Brianna was so restrained and nervous that Christina felt sorry about her.

"Brianna, what fruit do you like to eat?
Take a seat ..."

She wanted to get along with Brianna. But just as she stepped forward, Brianna squatted down in fear with her hands covering her head and her body trembling.

"I, I mean no harm."

Christina was dazed. She had never encountered such a situation. It seemed that Brianna looked very terrified.

Was she afraid of Christina?

Christina didn't understand why Brianna was afraid of her.

At this time, she did not dare to talk to Brianna in case of provoking her. So Christina walked past her to ask someone else for help.

But just as she passed Brianna, her dress was suddenly grabbed.

"Christina, Patrick is very unhappy," Brianna who squatted looked up and was very anxious.

Christina looked stunned.

Even though she did not understand what Brianna said, she knew that it had

something to do with Patrick, and it seemed a little unusual.

Christina wanted to squat down and look at her horizontally. But with a pregnant belly, she could hardly do it.

"Brianna, I know you must have something to tell me, right?"

"Can you stand up and let's have a good talk? I promise I won't get angry, and I won't scold you. So you don't have to be afraid of me."

Christina knew how to communicate with autistic sufferers. They were very fragile mentally, so they couldn't be yelled at. Christina wondered if she was too bad-tempered, so Brianna was afraid of her.

"I'm not afraid of you."

She was willing to stand up and felt a little relaxed after confirming no one else was here by looking around timidly.

Having seen this, Christina talked to her with the utmost patience.

"Then why were you afraid just now?"

"Patrick will be angry."

She said unintelligible words again.

Christina tried to maintain her smile, "Your brother is not here. Don't be afraid of him."

This was the first time that Christina had found that this autistic girl had

always cared so much about her brother.

"Brianna, I know you care about your brother. You think he's been in a bad mood recently, so you're worried about him, aren't you? Patrick can handle it himself, and the whole Hopkins family will help him ..."

"He doesn't like the Hopkins family."

Brianna shocked her so much that she stopped speaking immediately and felt puzzled.

"You mean, Patrick doesn't like the Hopkins family?"

Brianna didn't like people looking straight at her and lowered her head again. Obviously, she had mixed

feelings.

"He doesn't like the Hopkins family, he doesn't like the piano, he doesn't like girls..." her voice was very low as if she was whispering secrets to someone.

Suddenly, she paused, "He likes you."

Christina was a little dazed and didn't interrupt her.

"He is very unhappy. He was tied up by bad people. Those people beat him with chains. It hurt very much. It was snowing and cold. The clothes grandpa bought him had gone. He ran as fast as he could. He hid in the trash can. He was bleeding. But mom found him and tied him up again..."

Judy tied Patrick up.

Was his mother the one who kidnapped him when he was five years old?

Christina's mind went blank.

"He doesn't like the Hopkins family, he doesn't like the piano, he doesn't like girls ..."

As if she had done something wrong, her cheeks turned red, and repeated these words incoherently, trying to organize the language.

Christina was reminded of some messages. "Ever since Young Master Hopkins was kidnapped at the age of five, he had become distant."

"Patrick hates women. Don't get close

to him. He doesn't like being too close."

"I can't tell grandpa, I can't tell Paul, I can't tell Barbara," Brianna lowered her head and said to herself while counting, "I can't tell Charlie..."

He always had so many secrets to himself.

After a pause, Brianna raised her head and said, "Christina, Patrick is as unhappy as he was."

Christina was dazed and looked at her without saying anything.