

Patrick came back in such a hurry just to find a pocket watch.

Not quite understanding why, Christina told him the truth, "I didn't see it."

"Christina!"

Charles shouted cheerfully as soon as he saw her from afar, "I knew you wouldn't die so easily!"

Christina, who had just escaped with bare life, even felt a little touched when she saw the man that used to quarrel with her. "Of course!"

"Why did you come here? It's time to go down the mountain..."

"Yes, but Patrick said his pocket watch was missing."

Looking at her strangely, he added, "He has carried that watch with him for many years."

Christina had seen an exquisite gold pocket watch of Patrick, which seemed to have a small photo of a girl in it. She was not sure because she had only taken a glance at it.

"Maybe he lost it when fighting with Ray at the cliff."

Charles asked with a serious expression, "More precisely?"

"I'll send about 20 people to look for it now. If they don't find it tonight, we will circle the place with a security line and look for it again tomorrow. It's a metal watch, so magnets should be useful. It may take a few days but I think we will find it..."

It sounded troublesome for Christina. "Forget it. If it's gone, it's gone."

The fire at the entrance of the stone cave was about to burn out. As the flames were gradually dying out, their figures became dim and blurry.

Patrick turned to look at Christina with a complicated feeling.

It had become his habit to carry that pocket watch with him.

And it suddenly disappeared.

Christina and the others took the rescue SUV downhill and rested in the town at the foot of the mountain.

Influenced by the extremely cold weather, the traffic condition and medical treatment in the town were also not positive. The place where they were resting was actually a private villa of a local billionaire, which looked like a castle built in the last century with more than 30 guest rooms in it. It was now temporarily used as their

accommodation.

The owner of this villa should have been friends with Patrick because all the servants here respected him, some of whom did not even dare to look straight at him as if they would offend him by doing that.

As a result, Patrick and the others received the best and fastest treatment.

Patrick had a knife wound on his back, so he was immediately sent for surgery after he went down the mountain.

Christina had some ordinary abrasions. The nurse applied medicine to the wound on her forehead and suggested she do a general examination.

"Don't bother. Take care of the other patients first. I'm okay."

But the nurse looked reluctant, who explained in English, "This is what mister ordered."

Christina did not know whether she was talking about Patrick or the owner of the villa. Although the villa was large, there were more than 200 tourists who got hurt in the extreme weather. Among them, only a small number of people could rest in the rooms while most of the tourists had to queue up in the hall for treatment.

Christina walked into the temporary examination room under the gaze of other tourists and sat down for a blood test.

"How's your leg?"

Barbara was in this room too. The doctor had applied medicine to her legs and fixed them with special medical equipment.

The nurses had changed her clothes and washed her face, so she looked much better now. Staring at Christina, Barbara replied in a calm tone.

"They are broken and need a plaster cast. The doctor said I couldn't walk for three months."

They were never close friends, so Christina just nodded and turned around to continue to take her blood pressure.

Barbara had a complicated feeling when she saw Christina's indifferent expression. "Thank you... for saving me."

Although this villa was just a temporary place for treatment and rest, it had electricity, hot water, clean clothes, heating, and food here.

Barbara suddenly felt very grateful to be able to stay in such a place.

And the only reason she could be here was Christina.

"Christina, if it weren't for you, I might have died this time..."

Facing the fact the Christina was the one who saved her life, Barbara really didn't know how to describe her feeling right now.

"Christina, I..." Barbara said hesitantly.

"Enough. I'm not that great. You don't need to thank me."

Christina was a little embarrassed, so she deliberately replied in a stiff tone.

Her unnatural reaction made Barbara smile. "Now that you are my savior, why don't you ask me to stay away from Patrick or quit my job in the group? Why don't you ask me to repay you for your kindness?"

Christina replied quickly, "You don't have to."

"Are you sure?"

There was a gold pocket watch that Barbara had been clenching in her right hand for a long time. She said hesitantly. "Christina, let me tell you a secret..."

"I met Patrick in college in America. We were in different grades, but I knew him because he was very famous on campus. Girls in or not in the college as well as some women who have already graduated were all crazy about him at that time, asking all his friends about his hobbies and things he was good at. They tried every means to get close to him so that they could talk to him..."

Christina didn't expect her to mention Patrick and a secret.

Was the secret about Patrick?

Barbara paused for a few seconds as she saw Christina's indifferent face, and then continued in a lower voice.

"Patrick came back home on the year his father passed away. He should have gone back to the united states right after the ceremony, but somehow, he went to C City that day..."

"It was actually a strange place to him because he didn't grow up there and rarely went there for a trip. That day, he was going to meet a friend in C City. Patrick didn't have many true friends. At that time, his best friend was Derek. They were both outstanding and didn't like to talk."

Christina was a little surprised when she heard "Derek".

Seeing the change of expression on her face, Barbara raised her voice. "Patrick didn't find Derek that day, so he was wandering around a high school in C City..."

"As he was walking along a road with his headphones on, a girl happened to jump from an old locust tree at him. He was very surprised..."

Barbara had a complicated smile on her face. "Coincidentally, Patrick applied to be a teaching assistant in that high

school for half a year later..."

He applied for a special teaching position in her school for half a year, but unfortunately, she didn't recognize him.

Barbara handed the gold pocket watch to Christina. It was the one Patrick was looking for.

Christina held it in her hand while Barbara lifted its lid...

Taking one last look at the small photo in the pocket watch, Barbara said in a strange tone.

"Patrick has developed a habit over the years, which is carrying this pocket watch with him wherever he goes..."

The light in this room was not bright, but Christina could see the photo on the right side of the pocket watch clearly. It was a 17-year-old student resting her head on the desk. The photo recorded her beautiful side face and how soundly she was sleeping.

Christina's mind went blank for a moment as she stared at the girl in the small photo.

It was herself.

On the left side of the pocket watch, someone carved a short sentence in English with a pen...

The font was too small. Christina raised the watch so that the light could fully shine on it...

[...]

It was Patrick's handwriting. He carved this himself.

A very short sentence.

"I want to tell you that how much I love you."

I want to tell you how much I love you.



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Charles was busy sending someone to the snow mountain to look for the pocket watch.

When he passed the examination room, he saw Christina coming out of the room. Her expression was a little strange.

"What's wrong?"

"Did something happen to you during your checkup?"

He shouted at her. At that time, she was thinking about something. Hearing his sudden voice, she looked up slightly in a daze and reacted dully, "I'm fine."

He frowned, "You look distracted. What are you thinking?"

"Is there something wrong?"

Looking at her expression carefully, he felt that she was preoccupied by some troubles. She was normal when she came down from the snow mountain. What was she stimulated by?

"Are you unhappy to meet Patrick here?" He guessed.

After all, they had quarreled before and parted unhappily.

He also knew that it was an unforgivable thing for Patrick to hide the children. And it was normal for Christina to be angry and ignore him.

"Christina, the airport here was basically grounded two days ago. Patrick flew here using an airway. He..."

Noticing the change in her expression, he wanted to say something to let her know, "When we went abroad, we didn't inform him. Actually, I had already guessed that he would send someone to pay attention to us. So when we were trapped in the hotel, I was very relieved. Because I knew he would definitely come over."

Christina lowered her head all the time. In the end, he added, "Patrick cares about you very much."

Pursing her lips, she glanced at him and whispered, "I know."

He knew her temperament. Patrick had completely misused what he should do to her. She needed to tell her everything clearly. Instead, concealment made her angry.

As for the knife wound on Patrick's shoulder, they were smart enough not to ask too much afterwards. There was no doubt that it must have something to do with Christina. Otherwise, no one could hurt him so easily.

While Lucy was dealing with some aftermath work, a note-taker came to ask her about the knife wound. She replied very succinctly and accurately, "Self-harm."



Seeing that she didn't want to speak, Charles felt embarrassed and was silent for a while.

After all, things about emotions were complicated. Thus, he didn't mention Patrick anymore. He asked her to have a rest, "If there's nothing wrong with your checkup, then you should have a rest early. I left you a room with hot water and clean clothes. You can look for Crystal and Geoffrey..."

At this moment, a man walked over quickly and reported something to him. They were about to take a high-powered electromagnetic device to snow mountain to find the lost pocket watch.

"Christina, I still have something else to do..." He said hurriedly and was about to leave.

"Wait a minute."

She suddenly stopped him.

"Are you going back to snow mountain to look for that pocket watch?" She asked hesitantly.

"Yes, the snowstorm has stopped. Although it's night, we have to bring high-powered lighting equipment and some magnet equipment to find. The pocket watch is made of metal. It should be able to be found. The longer time passes, the thicker the snow becomes..."

Seeing that he was so serious, she couldn't help but interrupt him, "It's unnecessary. Have a rest."

"It's okay for us men to stay up for a few nights. We're not very tired," He said, looking a little tired. "If we don't ~~look~~ now, Patrick will still send a lot of men to find it... You don't know that, in order to find his pocket watch before, he searched for it in the Flame Bar which was a 30 story building. All the employees looked for it for three days. He cared about it very much."

Clenching something in her right hand, she tightened her grip slightly.

As if hesitating, she looked at him and suddenly asked an irrelevant question, "Do you know why did Patrick work as a teaching assistant in C City?"

Charles didn't understand why she suddenly asked it.

He smiled vaguely, "Don't you know?"

She knew something, but...

To be honest, she didn't particularly understand and felt insecure.

He told her what he knew, "I also think it's incredible. I recently found out from Old Master Hopkins that Patrick hated girls since he was a child. He didn't have the romantic talent. Actually, he went to your school to be a teaching assistant for half a year. But thinking about it, who's not stupid in their youth?"

"But it's not surprising that you don't know him. Even if he was famous in your school at that time, and he was the teaching assistant of your elective course, you must have skipped his class. You don't have him in your eyes. Even if you meet him in the school, you will miss him."

In fact, she had his class once.

At that time, she went to work and do the course at the same time. That day, she was so tired that she fell asleep on the desk.

She vaguely remembered that day when she was called out in public, the teaching assistant on the stage seemed very angry. She was took to the teaching office. And she did not look at the teaching assistant and thought that she would be scolded. However, he did not scold her. Her memory was too vague. She only remembered that in the end, he asked her to lie on his table. When she woke up, the office was empty and she was wearing a man's coat.

It never occurred to her that the teaching assistant was Patrick.

Seeing that her expression was confused, Charlie was curious about one thing, "Christina, Patrick has been a teaching assistant in your school for half a year. He has worked so hard to transfer. Did he... really not tell you anything?"

For example, did he tell her he loved her?

The line of English engraved on the pocket watch.

Did that count as what he wanted to say to her?

He wanted to say that he engraved the sentence word by word forcefully.

--I want to tell you that how much I love you.

[ I want to tell you how much I love you. ]

"No." She suppressed her emotions.

Suddenly, she handed out the pocket watch which was in her right hand, "I don't believe in the so-called love. I only believe in companionship."

Hearing this, Charles looked at the gold pocket watch in her palm with a surprised expression.

"Why are you holding the pocket watch?"

Without answering him, she stuffed the pocket watch into his hand, "Don't tell Patrick. Just say you found it."

When Crystal saw Christina again, she threw herself at Christina and burst into tears.

"Christina, thank God. You're all fine. You don't know how scared I was. What if something happened to you and Geoffrey? What if I couldn't find you..."

Crystal was lucky. She was the first batch of people to be rescued. At that time, she was unconscious. When she woke up, her mind went blank and she was so flustered that she uttered words that do not hang together.

Chandler was so anxious that his eyes reddened. He asked her where Geoffrey was. If he was the only one alive, what should he do? Being a sole survivor was painful.

It was horrible to see the scene of life and death in which so many people were buried alive by the avalanche as they rushed down the mountain, with the screams and chaotic footsteps of many people.

"Christina, you asked me to run first. I really... I felt that I was a coward. I was too selfish. I'm sorry. How could I run away alone and leave you and Geoffrey behind?"

Crystal was crying sadly. Christina could tell that Crystal might be blaming herself.

When Geoffrey, who was standing aside, saw that Aunt Zhu was crying so sadly, he was a little awkward. He said in a low voice, "We're fine."

"Mrs. Hopkins is so awesome. She's been holding me. We're fine now."

Geoffrey held the tissue and touched her awkwardly with his little hand. His voice sounded like a little adult. "Don't cry."

Christina sighed. "Crystal, you cried so hard that my clothes were wet."

Crystal stopped crying and looked up at the woman and the kid in front of her with teary eyes.

Christina and Geoffrey were both quite energetic now. They were the ones who had suffered but now they were still comforting her. She felt extremely ashamed at once.

"If you hadn't run first, the three of us might have died in this avalanche together," Christina patted her on the head. "Crystal, good job."

Crystal sniffled. She was amused by her friendly teasing.

"I knew that you would do what you said." Crystal took the tissue from Geoffrey and said almost subconsciously.

At that time, Christina said that she would protect Geoffrey and let Crystal run away.

When Christina heard that she took it for granted, she was touched. Crystal had always trusted her.



## Chapter 401

It was 5 am at dawn, the quietest time of the night.

Most of the rescued tourists were settled in the lobby, with many stretchers temporarily installed. More than 30 guest rooms were given priority to the elderly and children. Water, electricity, and heating were sufficient. They had hot soup, bread, desserts, and hot coffee. Some people cried and called their families to tell them that they were safe.

They finally became hopeful at night. They were tired both physically and mentally so they closed their eyes and rested. Those making a phone call gradually lowered their voice.

The whole villa quieted down.

Christina and Crystal were in the same room. After taking a hot bath and having something to eat, Christina felt much better, but she lay on the bed, tossing and turning, unable to sleep.

Crystal, who was sleeping soundly beside her, must be tired.

Christina got out of bed and walked out of the room gently.

She stood on the long corridor with thick carpets under her feet. The villa was furnished with exquisite furniture, but it was so big that it made people feel lonely and even a little gloomy.

It was as magnificent and cold as the Hopkins family.

Christina walked down the corridor. There were several uniformed bodyguards standing outside the big room at the end. She knew that Patrick was inside.

She hesitated whether to go in, but the bodyguard in front of the big room recognized her at a glance and walked over to talk to her.

"Mr. Hopkins is inside."

She didn't expect that they would let her in so easily.

They opened the first heavy wooden door for her. Christina did not hesitate and walked straight in. This room should be the main bedroom of the villa. There were many doors ahead, seeming solemn.

It was so quiet at night that as if any sound would be echoed. She subconsciously lowered her pace and quieted down. When she reached the third door, a sudden shout came from inside.

"Kneel down!"

It seemed that it was an old man with a hoarse and solemn voice. "...Hurt with a steel knife... You humiliated our family..."

Christina couldn't understand their language clearly. She guessed that an elder of the family was lecturing the younger one.

Since they were negotiating inside, it was not appropriate for her to eavesdrop outside the door.

Patrick always had so much privacy and she was not interested in his business affairs. But thinking that he had been deliberately hiding it from her and guarding against her, she was suddenly in a bad mood.

Her face darkened and she turned to leave.

At this moment, there were some sounds of fighting inside the room...

Then someone shouted for mercy, "I didn't mean to. Those lowlifes attacked me first. I didn't know..."

"I was wrong. Please forgive me."

"My mind was in a mess. I really didn't know that I was attacking you..."

It was Ray. He was explaining and shouting in a hurry excitedly.

"You attacked my wife."

The one who had been silent all this time suddenly spoke very coldly.

Christina stopped outside the door.

It was still tense in the room. "Who's your wife? I really didn't..."

"Miss Parker? I knew that Miss Parker's from the IP&G Group. I especially cared for her. I didn't..."

Ray denied eagerly. People inside the room seemed to have lost their patience so Ray was punched and kicked. He hugged himself in pain and could not speak, begging for mercy and panting.

Just then, the door was suddenly pushed open from inside.

Christina was standing outside the door in a daze.

When people inside saw her, they frowned and became a little angry. For a moment, she didn't know what to say. She looked at Patrick in the room, and he seemed surprised, too.

People inside had been in the business for decades. Seeing that Patrick did not speak, they understood that she could be trusted so they just ignored her.

An elder in his 70's nodded at Patrick and said in a deep and hoarse voice, "We are all shocked by this accident... My son, Ray, was not good at running a hotel leading to the tourists' injury. Combined with his other crimes, I will deal

with him strictly according to the law and will never tolerate..."

"Our family is deeply sorry for your injury..."

Then they left in an orderly manner.

Christina took a few steps back to make way for them and stood by the door. At the same time, she clearly saw Ray, who was weak, being dragged out. His clothes were drenched in cold water and he was stabbed several times in retaliation on his back, his blood was dripping...

Ray's miserable state of being nearly dead was a little shocking to her.

Inside, Patrick had obviously just undergone a paralysis operation and removed the steel knife from his back. He was still wearing a hospital gown and sitting on the bed. His handsome face seemed tired and haggard, but his eyes were fixed on her.

Christina looked at the bloodstains on the floor in a daze and did not look at him.

"Christina, why aren't you resting in your room so late?"

Charles was also in the room. He trotted to her and dragged her away. He whispered in her ear, "Stop looking."

She subconsciously looked back. Patrick kept staring at her with mixed feelings. Then the door was closed, a few cleaners hurried over to deal with the bloodstains on the floor.

"Why did you suddenly come to Patrick?" Charles dragged her away then let her go.

They were dealing with some private affairs inside. It was better for women not to watch such a violent and bloody scene. Patrick certainly didn't want her to see these.

She knew why he was so anxious, so she said calmly, "I've seen it before."

Not long after they got married, Patrick once took her to a very remote basement for some reason. He dealt with those disobedient men in front of her because he wanted her to know that it's best to obey, or else she would end up miserable like them.

After that, she was really afraid of him.

"Do you want a cup of hot coffee?"

Charles walked side by side with her. He went to get two cups of hot coffee from the coffee machine in the hall.

She took a sip. The hot coffee was bitter without sugar, but it was refreshing.

"Why did you ask for Patrick just now?" Charles drank the hot and bitter coffee in one gulp, feeling refreshed. He thought that it was really tiring to run errands.

"Nothing. I just couldn't sleep, so I wanted to check his injury... Ray came for me at first. Even if a stranger helped me, I had to care for him..."

She explained casually.

Charles turned to look at her and sneered. "You make it sound like you and Patrick are just strangers."

"I didn't ask him to save me." She tensed up, sounding stubborn.

"I told him to let go, but he didn't... He didn't listen to others' opinions whatever happened, and he didn't want to discuss anything with me... He deserved it."

She felt that the coffee was so bitter that she couldn't help but curse.

Seeing that she was suddenly angry, Charles immediately nodded. "Sometimes I think he's too much, too."

It was said that Christina was willful and had a bad temper, but she did not scold anyone when she was provoked by Barbara. At most, she would sulk up and did not talk to others.

Charles found her angry look a little funny.

"Christina, you don't really hate Patrick, do you?"

There were many conflicts between the Dickens family and the Hopkins family, and Patrick hid her child. Charles was a little worried that she would break up with Patrick directly.

Her face was filled with anger. She threw the coffee cup into the trash can with her right hand then looked up and scolded, "What can I do? He hid my son. I told him that I just wanted to live a simple life. He's always bothering me!"

Charles wondered, "Patrick's always bothering her?"

It was the first time he heard that Patrick was despised. He wondered if Patrick would really bother anyone.

When Charles heard this, he couldn't help but laugh.



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She felt so sleepy.

"I want to go back to my room to rest."

After half a cup of coffee, Christina suddenly felt sleepy. Perhaps it was because that she finally said what she always wanted to say. She cursed it out and finally felt relieved.

Charles didn't dare to provoke Christina at this time. "You should sleep until the afternoon. Get some more rest." He listened while she was cursing Patrick and knew that she should feel relieved now.

The clock in the hall stroke 6 in the morning. The wind and snow that had been going for days finally stopped. The clouds in the sky revealed the sun, and a ray of morning light appeared in the dark sky outside.

The tourists in their rooms woke up and looked out of the window at the morning light. It seemed to lighten their mood. People in the hall began to discuss in a low voice.

Bad weather had been gone, and they couldn't wait to go home.

"The airport has opened, but there are no tickets left."

"The airport was closed two days ago, and there were passengers stranded there. Even if we can buy tickets now, we have to wait in line for at least two or three days..."

Christina and Charles walked through the crowd and listened to their anxious discussion.

Suddenly, they saw an "acquaintance." The family was pestering a waiter and cursing. The bearded man stood in the front. "we are VIP guests. I know the hotel manager very well. You must arrange for us to go home immediately."

"Sir, I'm very sorry. We'll arrange your trip home as soon as possible, but we may have to wait another three days..."

"Three days?!"

Bearded immediately bristled and roared in a hoarse voice, "That's your problem. I want to go home now! You have to get me a ticket!"

"I'm really sorry. I can't help you today."

Christina frowned at the noise. It felt terrible to be stranded during a trip abroad.

Seeing that Christina was worried about being stranded, Charles casually told her, "We can take a private plane to leave now. Don't worry."

"You can leave now?"



When the bearded man heard them, he immediately turned around and strode forward. He grabbed Charles with his strong arm and shouted.

"I'm a VIP of this hotel. I should be the one to leave first. Where is the plane? Where's the ticket? Don't think about leaving by yourself first."

Charles shook him off impatiently. "If you want to leave, go find the hotel staff!"

"What do you mean by that?!" the bearded man looked fierce.

Christina walked up to the bearded man with a cold face. "I mean, whether you live or die is none of our business." Then she suddenly kicked him hard in the foot.

The bearded man's right foot hurt from the kick. He pulled back his foot, his face turning livid. "You, you..."

Christina had long wanted to teach him a lesson. Such a selfish person shouldn't be treated with kindness.

Charles dusted his clothes and watched the bearded man hold his foot in pain. He was now sure that he should never provoke Christina when she was angry. She was looking for someone to vent her anger.

The bearded man's wife lowered her voice. "You can give us a ride on your way home. We live in Germany..."

"It's none of my business where you live."

Just then, a tall figure walked over quickly. Lucy looked around with her cold eyes. Her expression was gloomy, and she was in a bad mood. "No place for you. Get lost."

Probably it was because Lucy was too gloomy and scary. The bearded man and his family immediately shut up and did not dare to speak again. Even the waiter beside them took a few steps back.

After a while, the bearded man and his family turned around and left, not daring to say anything, complaining in a low voice.

"Damn it. I let such a weak one get away." Lucy was upset, and she cursed.

Christina didn't know what she was curing about and looked at her. Charles suddenly became alerted. He leaned closer to Christina's ear and reminded her, "This woman is not easy to deal with. Don't get too close to her..."

"What are you talking about?" Lucy looked back and glared at Charles coldly.

Charles was stunned by her roar. Before he could react, Lucy looked at Christina and said to her.

"What's the name of that weak man trapped in the stone house with you? Did he say anything to you? Tell me everything you know about him."

Lucy sounded rough and commanding.

Christina didn't mind. She was thinking that Lucy should be asking about the photographer man who was trapped with her.

"What do you want with him?"

Lucy couldn't stand her slow manner, and her expression showed her impatience. "I'm asking you. Don't waste my time. Damn it, he's already gone. Tell me what you know right now..."

"She has no obligation to tell you anything."

Seeing that Lucy was aggressive, Charles was angry and said, "I don't think Patrick would want her involved in this. She needs to rest now."

Lucy's face was obviously much colder. She looked at Charles for a moment, then turned to look at Christina. "I had eight people to keep an eye on him, and he still got away. Miss Dickens, he is not as simple as you think."

After saying that, Lucy did not ask any more questions. Her face darkened as if she had suffered a major setback tonight. She was in a bad mood, so she turned around and strode away.

Christina looked at Lucy leaving angrily.

Seeing that she was staring at Lucy's back, Charles nudged her with his elbow. "Just ignore her. I guess things aren't going well with her, and she is in a bad mood. You should go back to your room and rest."

And they could discuss everything after she had a good rest.

Christina and Charles both went back to their rooms to rest.

Christina was exhausted. She stretched out her arms. There were so many things going on. She also felt strange about the photographer man.

She fell asleep with questions in her mind.

When Christina woke up naturally, it was already 12 o'clock in the afternoon.

She found that Crystal had already gotten up and left the room, and she was the only one left in the room. Crystal probably didn't want to disturb her. After sleeping for so long, she felt refreshed and quickly went into the bathroom to wash up.

"Miss Dickens, you're up. We'll bring you lunch now."

Christina had just opened the door, but to her surprise, a woman was waiting for her outside.

"No, I'm not hungry."

"Is there anything I can help you with?"

She thought for a moment and asked, "Do you know where the woman in my room went?" Where did Crystal go?

The woman looked at her respectfully. "She's with Mr. Hopkins."

Last night, Patrick had a simple operation to remove the steel knife from his back. As a patient, Chandler probably took Crystal and Geoffrey to visit him.

Christina's expression didn't change. She walked towards the big room at the end of the corridor.

At this time, there were no guards outside the room. She pushed open the door and walked in. The room was big and still quiet. After walking for more than ten steps, she heard some voices coming from inside.

"I did. I did."

There was a childish and excited voice. "I slept with Mrs. Hopkins."

"Mrs. Hopkins said she would watch movies if she couldn't sleep at night... We watched animal world. Mrs. Hopkins said she didn't like male lions because they were lazy and bad to female lions. They were scumbags." Geoffrey imitated the tone of an adult and said.

Laughter came from the room.

Christina pushed the door open. They all turned to look at her.

Patrick sat on the bed, wearing a hospital gown. He looked much better now after resting all night. He looked at her at the door, his eyes full of affection.

Christina could not help but feel a little awkward and shy. She walked towards them.

Chandler and his family were in the room. They saw her walking in and immediately stood up to leave. Geoffrey was led out.

Geoffrey turned around and reminded him worriedly like a little butler, "Uncle Hopkins, you have to rest more. Don't forget. You can't touch the water when you have a wound on your back. You have to sleep on your side. Don't press the wound. It's so hard. But you have to bear it."

Chandler laughed and teased his son. "You are like a middle-aged man all of a sudden."

Geoffrey raised his head and said seriously, "Of course. Mrs. Hopkins said that Aunt Parker is afraid, so we can't be afraid. We have to help."

Chandler held his little hand and looked into Christina's eyes. He smiled and said, "Thank you. It seems that you have taught him well."

He remembered how Geoffrey was around Christina. He would listen to whatever Christina said.

Christina looked at the little boy's bright eyes and patted him on the head. Crystal stood beside him and whispered to her that she would be waiting for her outside. Then the family of three went out.

She and Patrick were left alone in the spacious room. She suddenly felt a little awkward.



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