

## Chapter 50 Tell You a Story

And... She looked at him with complicated expressions on her face. Patrick had a large lunch box in his right hand and a book in his left hand.

'What is he going to do?'

"Eat these..."

Patrick opened the lunch box he had brought and placed it directly in front of her. It sounded like he was ordering her.

"No."

Christina pulled a long face and she didn't know what she was sulking about. She carried the food made in the hospital, picked up the eggs and pig



liver that she hated, and stuffed them directly into her mouth.

At this time, they were in the small side-hall of the ward, where there was a set of simple wooden chairs and a glass tea table. Dinner brought by Patrick was placed on the tea table, emitting a strong fragrance.

"Miss Dickens, didn't you just say that you dislike the food in our hospital? This Chicken Soup is suitable for you. It's not greasy and it doesn't taste like Traditional Chinese Medicine, and it's made by the chef of a five-star hotel..." The nurse tried to persuade Christina.

Christina smelled the strong aroma and found that it was exactly the soup she liked.



She did not know what this man was thinking. But she knew he was never such a kind man.

What if it was poisonous?' She was a little childish and got in a rage with herself.

"No, I love these."

With a sullen face, she took a large piece of egg into her mouth, chewed it, and pretended that it was delicious.

Patrick remained silent. Instead, he sat in the chair opposite her and looked at her thoughtfully.

Christina disliked him in her heart even more. He looked at her and made her unable to go back on her word.



After dinner, she went back into bed and became an obedient patient.

She looked expressionless at the boring TV series. From time to time, she secretly glanced at the small side-hall. The man hadn't left yet!

The atmosphere in this ward was very weird...

He was in the same space as her, but they were not talking. She was watching TV absent-mindedly, and he...was reading.

Christina opened her eyes slightly. 'He's reading a fairy tale book!'

Just then, Patrick also looked up at her, and their eyes met.



She immediately lay back on the bed with her back to him.

While Patrick approached her with the Grimm's Fairy Tales...

He stood by the bedside. His beautiful brows on his handsome face slightly drew closer. It was as if he was struggling with something.

"Do you want to hear a story?" He said in a deep voice.

Christina thought she was hallucinating.

She didn't believe what she heard until the man sat on the chair beside the bed and read the story of Snow White word by word. This romantic love fairy tale was completely inconsistent with



the cold and stern temperament of Mr. Hopkins.

But Christina could tell that he was very attentive and, of course, awkward.

"Why are you reading this? I don't like this story." She still turned her back to him and muttered to herself, but it was undeniable that a strange feeling welled up in her heart.

When he read that Snow White had taken a bite of the poisoned apple, Patrick's deep eyes lit up slightly. He seemed to be surprised.

Such a surprising expression was clean and pure but it was unlikely to appear on his cold face.



But now, Patrick was a little stunned.

"So it really works." He murmured, his heart throbbing with excitement.

The woman in the hospital bed fell asleep. Patrick lowered her eyes and took a deep look at the Grimm Fairy Tale in his hand.

When he met a couple in the lobby of the hospital, the patient woman acted coquettishly and asked her boyfriend to tell her a story to coax her to sleep. At that time, he thought it was an extremely childish and unscientific method.

But somehow, he bought this Grimm Fairy Tale.

Suddenly, he heard a chuckle from the



door.

When Patrick looked up, he had already returned to that cold and indifferent man. The nurse at the door was immediately shocked. She quickly packed her things and walked out.

The doctors and nurses here all knew that this ward was occupied by the Young Master and Young Madam of the Hopkins Family, but this Mr. Hopkins did not seem to be as sinister and terrifying as the rumor had it.

His surprised look just now was inexplicably cute.

Unfortunately, Miss Dickens fell asleep and didn't see it.

Christina was sleeping soundly. She



dreamed of the scene that Patrick read in the story of Snow White. Connie, the old witch, took a poisonous apple and let her eat it.

She snatched the poisoned apple and crushed it into pieces with one hand. "F\*CK YOU!" She kicked Connie in anger.

Suddenly, the dream changed. She stood on a beautiful stone bridge, and a man slowly approached her on a white horse.

"Prince Charming?"

She fell in love with that man, and she looked forward to seeing the man who was approaching.

However, when she saw the man's cold



face, Christina panicked and screamed as if she saw a ghost, "I don't want ice!"

She screamed and opened her eyes, only to find that she was dreaming.

The morning light shone in, and the clock on the wall showed that it was 7:00 am. She was alone in the ward and it was quiet.

Christina lay on the bed and took a few deep breaths, her heart still beating a little erratically.

"Give me back my gentle Prince Charming!"

She was a little angry inexplicably. Why did she dream of Patrick? In her opinion, if Patrick was riding a horse, he should have a machete. This would



make his cold and sinister temperament more like that of the god of death.

She got up and went to the bathroom to brush her teeth and wash her face. Since the doctor had to make the rounds of the wards at 8:00, she stayed in bed obediently after washing up.

As soon as she sat back on the bed, the door to the ward was opened.

Christina subconsciously looked up at the clock on the wall. It was only 7:30. The doctor should not be at work yet.

The door was open with a click, and Christina froze. 'It is him. What is he doing here again?'

When Patrick was looking at her, his



face suddenly darkened.

Then, with a cold face, he walked quickly towards her.

Christina was a little frightened by his imposing manner. "Hey, what are you doing..."

As soon as he came over, he bent over and leaned closer to her. His hands were still moving around her chest. Christina nervously pushed him away. 'Is sex the only thing he thought in the morning?'

Patrick saw that she was on guard and repelled him, he was a little angry. "Button up, Charles and Chandler are coming over later..."

When Christina heard him say this, she



lowered her head and noticed that the collar of her gown was wide open. His long fingers were indeed just buttoning her clothes. He didn't do anything else.

"I'm a woman. It shouldn't matter if I see it." The nurse brought in some injection bottles and chuckled.

Christina and the nurse looked at each other and Christina's face turned red.

She pushed the man in front of her away, feeling both embarrassed and angry, "Okay, the top button doesn't need to be buttoned!"

Patrick insisted, "Don't move!"

Seeing that Christina was embarrassed, the nurse quickly helped



her to have an intravenous drip and walked out.

"If only I had a boyfriend like that."

"Keep your voice down. Stop dreaming. That's Patrick Hopkins..."

The nurses in the hospital had been very excited these days. Christina could vaguely hear them talking about Patrick.

"He didn't seem to have eaten all day yesterday. He had brought dinner for two, but the woman refused to eat..."

'It is none of my business!'

'However, Patrick did bring dinner for two last night. Was he planning to have dinner with me here?'



Christina looked over to the balcony of the ward. Patrick was making a phone call. It seemed that the company had something urgent that he shall deal with. As a busy bee, he really shouldn't stay here and waste his time.

"Christina, why are you staring at Patrick covetously?"

As soon as Charles came in, he laughed and teased her.

Christina was speechless and she didn't show any respect to him. "What are you doing here? I don't want to see you."

"I'm here to look in on you. Why are you still so irritable?" Charles was shameless and sat down on the chair



beside the bed, clearly trying to anger her.

"Miss Dickens, we are here to ask you something."

Chandler was dressed in a black suit with silver-rimmed glasses. He spoke politely.

"Chandler, you don't have to be so polite with her. Christina likes simpleness and roughness. She prefers to get straight to the point."

Charles had light brown hair, and a shiny blue diamond stud appeared on his left ear. These fit him very much as he was such a swanking man.

Christina looked at them and suddenly remembered the difference between



her and them.

Her long eyelashes were hanging down, covering the humbleness in her eyes. "What's the matter?"

Charles noticed that she didn't seem to be happy. He turned around and grabbed a book by the bed in surprise. He immediately teased, "Christina, look at the Grimm Fairy Tale. I didn't expect you to be so childlike as you are already so old."

Christina immediately glared at him. "It was bought by Patrick!"

"Put the book down." Patrick hung up and walked over from the balcony.

When Charles saw Patrick, he immediately behaved himself and put



the book back honestly.

Chandler stood by and looked at them.  
He couldn't help but laugh.

They all knew that no matter how arrogant Charles was, he could only admit defeat in front of Patrick.

"Miss Dickens, who did you talk to on the phone the night of your accident?"  
Chandler asked questions seriously.

"No one special," she said casually.

"No one?" Charles immediately disagreed.

"Christina, I happened to call you that night. Your phone was always busy. Besides visiting your grandmother in C City, did you see anyone else?"



Christina looked at their scrutinizing eyes and felt that they were interrogating her. She lowered her eyes and felt a little uncomfortable in her heart.

"We just want to tell you that you may have been used by some people." Chandler was thoughtful and could tell at a glance how overcautious she was.

Christina raised her head and found Patrick standing beside her. His eyes were deep and burning. It was as if he was waiting for her to continue speaking.

But... Christina was hesitant and she had her own scruples. "I didn't meet anyone." She finally said this in a low voice.



Patrick's eyes narrowed, while Charles and Chandler looked at each other in speechless despair. They knew that Christina was hiding something.

In fact, before they came over, they had already investigated and found that Christina received a call from a stranger at 6:00 that night. Not long after, she went out of the hotel, called a taxi, and went out.

Christina was indeed a beauty, and she had an outstanding appearance. The driver quickly recalled her and told them where he had sent her.

And even if she didn't say anything, they could easily find out who she saw that night by checking the newsletter, but it was a little strange that she didn't