

Chapter 102

"Get out of here! It's all your fault!"

Christina's left cheek was red and swollen. She was shocked and looked at the unfamiliar middle-aged woman who had slapped her, feeling complicated.

Her cheeks were burning with pain. She lowered her head to hide her red eyes...

She was Patrick's mother.

"I... I just wanted to see him."

Christina straightened up and tried to speak in a calm tone.

"She's not allowed to come here! Kick

her out."

His mother did not want to listen to Christina at all. She shouted at the bodyguards with a gloomy face.

"Auntie, I brought her here."

Charles ran over from the stairs, panting and explaining in a hurry.

"Charles?"

Judy was angry to see Charles protecting her so-called daughter-in-law. "Ask this woman to get out immediately. I don't want to see her." Her tone was cold and her attitude was tough.

She was usually decent and elegant, but she was agitated because her only

son was seriously injured and unconscious.

"Auntie, the car accident has nothing to do with Christina. She just came here to see..." Charles comforted her with a soft voice.

In her forties, Judy was still charming. She was a half-French and the top pianist when she was younger. Besides her good figure and face, she had a graceful temperament. Patrick looked a little similar to her.

"Charles."

A girl came out of the ward after hearing the noise. She was wearing a university uniform, and her personality was a little restrained. She called out to Charles in a low voice.

"Hello, sister-in-law."

Brianna blushed slightly and hid behind Judy, looking at Christina shyly.

"Brianna, she's not your sister-in-law. Don't call her like that!"

Judy looked up and down at Christina with a cold face and sharp eyes. The corners of her lips curled up in disdain. "How shameless you're! You bitch divorced Cory and then seduced and married Patrick..."

"Patrick hasn't had many women before, so you successfully coaxed him into marrying you. But don't feel at ease. There are many women who're willing to give birth to him. After Patrick wakes up, I'll ask him to divorce

you. You make me disgusted -" Her words were sharp and humiliating.

This was the first time Charles had heard Judy's harsh words. "Auntie, it's Cory's fault! Christina is innocent..."

"Charles, why are you helping her? Patrick has never suffered such serious injuries. But he's now unconscious because of her! Who is she? Does she deserve Patrick's suffering?" Judy became angrier and angrier.

"The dirty divorced woman must get out of here!"

Christina lowered her head and did not refute.

Her eyes were fixed on the man lying on the bed unconsciously with a

respirator...

Charles was in a difficult situation. The bodyguards of the Hopkinses had walked to them, ready to throw Christina out of the building.

Charles turned to look at the woman beside him and whispered, "Christina, you can come here later..."

But instead of leaving, Christina raised her head and looked directly into Judy's eyes. "How is he now?" She asked in a persistent tone.

"It's none of your business!" Judy was not kind to her.

Charles knew that Christina was stubborn, but he worried that Judy would hurt her. So he reminded her

again, "Christina, let's go back to the hotel. Patrick will be fine here..."

"Patrick doesn't need you!" Judy glared at her and said that coldly.

[Patrick doesn't need you!]

Her face turned as pale as the light of the hospital and her body trembled slightly. She felt she was humble and even wanted to escape...

"Charles, come here."

The elevator door opened and several senior doctors accompanied a dignified old man out.

When Christina heard the familiar voice, she immediately turned around. She was surprised to see Old Master

Mr. Hopkins.

But...

She wondered if it was because of the dim lights that she felt Old Master Mr. Hopkins became a stranger to her.

Judy did not dare to say anything since Old Master Mr. Hopkins was here. Everyone remained silent.

Charles glanced at Christina with an awkward look, and then at Old Master Mr. Hopkins. He saw that Old Master Mr. Hopkins's expression was even more worried than when he heard Patrick had a car accident.

He immediately strode towards Old Master Mr. Hopkins. "Grandpa," he greeted him respectfully.



"Send Christina out of here." He didn't expect Old Master Mr. Hopkins to say that.

Christina could not hear him clearly because of the distance, but Charles heard him clearly. He was shocked. He knew that Old Master Mr. Hopkins usually called Christina's nickname instead of full name, and his tone was very cold.

"Grandpa, it was Cory who got drunk and hit Patrick, but we found out that something was strange with Cory's car. And recently, IP&G Group has been under constant pressure. So I don't think the accident is due to personal affairs..."

Charles had thought that Old Master

Mr. Hopkins was a reasonable person, and he would not blame Christina for everything like others.

"I told you to send Christina out of here right away, did you hear me?" Old Master Mr. Hopkins's face darkened and he repeated in a stern tone.

The loud and hoarse voice echoed in the cold corridor of the hospital.

Christina's body shook slightly and her face turned pale.

She saw the resentment in his eyes when he turned back...

Grandpa hated her. Did he hate her for getting Patrick involved?

It was her ex-husband, Cory, who

caused the accident.

It was her fault.

Patrick was seriously injured because he had protected her.

She understood why they hated her...

But she just wanted to... "Grandpa, I just want to know if he's okay..." She mustered up her courage and said to Old Master Mr. Hopkins.

Old Master Mr. Hopkins had treated her well. She didn't ask for more, but she just wanted to see him.

"Without you, he would be fine!"

But Old Master Mr. Hopkins's words made her and everyone else shocked.

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Clenching his crutch tightly, he was gnashing his teeth and trying to hold back his complicated emotions.

Old Master Mr. Hopkins's resentment made Christina stunned.

She was suddenly at a loss.

She felt like she was abandoned by a trusted family in a strange place, and she was in a panic.

Without hesitation, the two bodyguards walked to her and forced her to leave.

Christina had to go, but she looked back at the ward with reluctant eyes, her vision blurry because of the tears. But she stared in that direction...

When she walked to the elevator and walked past them, Charles's expression changed dramatically and he looked at her with a surprised look.

She did not know what Old Master Mr. Hopkins had said to Charles...

Then, the door of the elevator closed.

"I want you to investigate if the car accident six years ago had something to do with Christina..."

Old Master Mr. Hopkins stared at the closed elevator door and squeezed the words from his gritted teeth.

## Chapter 103

After returning to the hotel, Christina was on tenterhooks.

She felt something was wrong.

Why did grandpa suddenly become unconcerned? And Charles's expression was also strange...

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Someone knocked on the door, so she rushed forward to open the door. Looking at the man in front of her, who had a complicated expression, she said, "Charles, what did grandpa tell you?"

"Pack up and fly back to A City in an hour."

He did not answer her, but ordered in a deep voice.

"Fly back to A City in an hour?"

Raising her head, she looked at him at the door. She lowered her eyes and thought for a while. Then she bit her lips and asked, "Why?"

"Grandpa asked you to arrange for me to leave Seattle?"

His expression changed slightly and he turned his head away, not wanting to meet her gaze.

He reminded her in a cold voice, "In short, you should prepare as soon as possible. If you are hungry, you could eat on the plane. Time is up. Hurry up..."

"Did something happen to Patrick?"  
She stepped forward immediately and interrupted him.

"Charles, what exactly did grandpa tell you? It must have something to do with Patrick, right?" She kept asking with clear eyes.

"Nothing," he didn't want to tell him.

"Charles, I know I got him into trouble. He protected me, so he was seriously injured..."

"It has nothing to do with this accident!"

Looking at her guilty expression, for some reason, he retorted irritably.

Hearing this, she was even more



confused, "What exactly is that..."

"We're not sure yet..." He paused and then muttered in a deep tone, "Patrick has been hiding from us all these years." He said softly.

How to deal with this...

"Patrick is not in danger at the moment. You are not needed here. You pack up and leave immediately." Charles didn't give her a chance to speak, turned around, and left.

"You're not needed here."

Standing at the door, she watched him stride away.

Perhaps Charles and Judy thought that she was not a doctor and she could do

nothing to help, so she was not needed here.

But when Christina heard it, she felt pained.

Because she couldn't do anything... She lowered her head, and her eyes filled with inferiority and guilt, "I can't help him."

She turned back to the suite and gently closed the door.

She was the only one in the spacious and luxurious suite.

Grandpa and the others thought she was a hindrance, so they wanted her to leave.

"... But I don't want to leave. I want to

see him."

She packed her luggage on the bed with unwillingness. When a gust of wind blew through the window, the light blue silk curtains were flickered. Inexplicably, she thought of the bedroom in Hopkins Family.

She liked to sleep with the window open. But in the middle of the night, the night dew was heavy and the night wind was chilly, but she didn't want to get up to close the window, so she hugged the quilt and shrank back.

But every time she woke up, the window was closed.

Even if Patrick didn't tell her, she knew that he would always go to her bedroom at night, do a simple thing.

That was closing the window for her.

She didn't know why he did this, maybe for the health of the baby in her belly...

However, nobody could ignore such a simple thing, which had been persevering.

"Patrick."

Standing by the bed, she muttered the name with her right hand clutching the luggage. She felt hesitant and upset.

The next second, she seemed to have figured something out. Then she grabbed her phone, dropped her bag, and strode out the door.

If she left Seattle like this, she would hate herself. She wanted to see him

now!

Because she was afraid of meeting Charles and the others in the lobby, she took the elevator down to basement 2 and went out to take a taxi.

"Miss, your phone is ringing."

She hailed a taxi to the hospital. The driver was a warm-hearted foreigner. He turned to remind her that her cell phone was ringing in her pocket with a daze expression.

Her expression was calm, and she lied, "My boyfriend made me angry. I don't want to talk to him now."

"I see."

Widening his eyes, the driver believed

her. He told her seriously, "Be careful when you have a boyfriend. Some bad people would hurt you. You must learn to protect yourself."

The driver said that was probably because of Christina's eastern face and slim frame, which looked weak. She just smiled back and didn't say much.

Lowering her eyes, she hung up the call from Charles.

"Damn it, where did she go?"

Charles, who was on the other side of the phone, was so angry that his face turned dark.

"Mr. Shepherd, do you need to send someone to look around?"

TER

"She should have gone to the hospital," Charles guessed. He already knew that Christina was not obedient. Even Patrick could not suppress her. How could she listen to them?

"Inform the hospital to catch Christina if they meet her."

Charles ordered angrily, but after thinking about it, he added, "Don't disturb Old Master Mr. Hopkins. If they arrest her, inform me directly."

"Yes."

His men immediately informed the hospital.

Charles clenched the phone with a gloomy expression.

ER

If Christina went to the hospital, she would have to suffer. Judy and even Old Master Mr. Hopkins would not give her a good look... She was so stupid. He had already told her to come back to A City, but she asked for trouble.

Patrick didn't wake up. If something happened, no one could protect her.

Suddenly, Charles frowned, "If she really went to the hospital, she wouldn't have entered through the front door..."

Christina didn't have the guts to enter through the front door.

She got out of the taxi and made a detour to the back door. She had been here before and knew that there were



special logistics staff to deliver medical supplies.

She deliberately ruffled her long hair, curled herself up against the wall, and half-squatted, not forgetting to rub her hands against the dirty dirt on her clothes and face.

"Miss, are you feeling unwell?"

Soon a nurse who was preparing to push the medical supplies found her half-squatting and walked towards her.

Christina looked flustered. Her clothes and face were dusted. She raised her head with a timid expression, "I, I came on a trip with a friend. I was robbed. I sprained my foot.."

"Robbery!" The nurse in front of her

immediately became nervous.

"Did you call the police? How's your foot?"

The nurse also squatted down and tried to help her up, but Christina suddenly threw her to the ground as she approached her.

The nurse was stunned and did not react for a moment, "I'm sorry." Christina mumbled, deftly pulling off a long scarf around her neck and covering her mouth.

She struggled in fear, but it was useless. She could only watch Christina take off her uniform and tie her hands and feet.

In the end, Christina had no choice but to hide the nurse in the corner of the

grass. She stood up straight and strode in through the back door of the hospital.

"I just want to see him!"