

Chapter 219

"Christina, auntie is not making things difficult for you. I want you to face the reality clearly. You and I both know how harsh life could be. People will look down on you if you don't have money, but are you sure you are happy once you live a luxurious life?"

"The gap of social status between you and Patrick is enormous. No matter how well he treats you now, I know that you must be very humble in your heart even if you don't tell me. You have to be alarmed when there is a trivial disturbance in a rich family. You can't put all your hopes on a man. He will eventually change. Who can guarantee that he will still treat you like this in the future? Once he

changes, Christina, you can only beg him. Auntie knows that this kind of love is not what you want."

The fish soup in the kitchen was boiling and gurgling.

Christina was also astonished at this moment.

In fact, Betty really knew her. Christina had never expected to climb up to a family like the Hopkins family. At first, she knew very well that those were not what she wanted, but later...

She put down her chopsticks and her eyes darkened as she couldn't clarify what happened later.

Betty glanced at the boiling fish soup in the kitchen, straightened her body, and

suddenly reached out her right hand to hold Christina's hand. Her aunt's hand was very soft and gentle, holding Christina's hand in the palm. A happy feeling of being loved by the elder gushed out in Christina's heart.

"Christina, think it through yourself. I won't force you, but the Hopkins family is an abyss. Don't fall into it. That place really doesn't suit you."

Her aunt was as quiet and gentle as ever, and a piece of sincere advice fell into Christina's heart.

After taking out the fish soup, the two filled half a bowl of rice and began to eat dinner. Betty did not mention the Hopkins family anymore. Instead, she talked about the days she spent in the sanatorium and said that she had

recovered so that there was no need for Christina to worry about her health.

A simple dinner made her feel at home.

After dinner, Christina wanted to help wash the dishes but was stopped by Betty. "I've been sick for so many years, and now I'm finally getting better. I must do something more now. We old people like to prove that we're still useful by doing more things. I enjoy it very much."

"Auntie, you're only in your early 40s. You are not old people at all. The men in pursuit of you still make a long line."

The two of them teased each other and the atmosphere became much more light-hearted.

There were plenty of available fruits in autumn. Christina cut some pieces of durians and washed some grapes so that they could eat them while watching TV in the living room. She and Betty watched those soap operas about family ethics and spent time chatting and laughing. It had been a long time since she experienced the precious life of an ordinary family last time.

Christina found that her aunt still took good care of her despite her dislike for the baby of the Hopkins family. As soon as it turned 10 o'clock, her aunt asked her to go to bed. It would be desirable if her aunt liked Patrick too. Suddenly, such an idea flashed in her mind.

"Christina, when we leave here and start a new life, everything will be fine."

Betty helped her close the door of the guest room and said gently. Christina didn't know how to respond for a moment until the door was closed. She looked at the closed door, lost in her thoughts.

There was a small balcony to the east of the guest room. She turned and walked towards it. The autumn wind was cool, and the night sky was dark without any moonlight.

In the east, there was half a mountain faintly looming. That was the Hopkins family.

She stared blankly in that direction for a long time.

There was a feeling constrained in her heart, which was unforgettable, and difficult to unravel.

She was concerned about what he was doing now...

"Mr. Hopkins."

In the Eastern Garden of the Hopkins family, the door of the main bedroom on the second floor was knocked on a few times. Nanny Faang came in with a cup of ginseng soup. Just as she opened the door, she stopped with astonishment.

"Mr. Hopkins." She hesitated for a moment and called out again.

The man, who had been standing

quietly in front of the French Windows, suddenly came back to his senses. He turned around and glanced at the empty big bed, only to find she was not there. There was a complicated feeling in his darkened eyes.

Chapter 220

"What's the matter?"

Patrick asked coldly with a grim expression on his face. Obviously he didn't want anyone to approach him.

"Soup, Ginseng Soup." Nanny Faang immediately lowered her head, not daring to look him in the eye. She explained in a panic, "Mr. Hopkins, you haven't eaten anything today. I have made the Ginseng Soup for you. Drink it, please."

As she spoke, she quickly put the stew pot on the table beside her.

Naturally, the servants of the Hopkins family did not dare to ask about the matters of their masters. Nanny Faang

should turn around to go out after putting down the Ginseng Soup, but she was a little confused. She knew that Christina had left the Hopkins family for only two days, but she felt that it had been a long time.

If Christina was at home, their young master would eat more. Sometimes it was unknown which one of them was the appetite booster.

"Mr. Hopkins, hum, well..."

Nanny Faang tidied up the empty plates and said nervously, "Mr. Hopkins, if you were worried about someone, you should tell it... Just tell her directly. If you don't tell she will never know it."

"If you don't tell, she will never know

you miss her."

Patrick was bemused and he squinted at the old servant. Nanny Faang shut her mouth and did not dare to say anything more.

It was said that their young master was the Chosen One. In fact, only the Hopkins family knew that their family's only grandson was very lonely. Mr. Hopkins's father was sickly and rarely communicated with him. Mr. Hopkins was also very distant from Judy. Old Master Hopkins's temper was stubborn, and it was impossible for Old Master Hopkins to teach him gently. He was lonely throughout his childhood, and even more so as he grew up.

They all knew that Patrick was not

plausible. Usually, he could scare others with a glance. It was unlikely that he would coax a woman. But these two days, they often found that Patrick was deep in thought looking at the distance. What he thought was naturally related to Christina.

Patrick did not scold Nanny Faang, nor did he immediately chase her out. Instead, he thought for a while in silence, and then his lips moved as if he wanted to ask Nanny Faang.

However, at this moment, there was a sound of hurried footsteps outside the corridor.

A tall, well-dressed bodyguard stood at the door. "Mr. Hopkins, there's news about the hospital incident."

Patrick's expression suddenly changed and he lowered his voice. "Go to the study."

Seeing that they were in a hurry, Nanny Faang naturally stepped aside to make way for them. Patrick and the bodyguard went to the study next door. Nanny Faang glanced at the abandoned Ginseng Soup in the bedroom and sighed.

"Junior Mrs. Hopkins didn't lie. There was a woman sneaking into her ward that afternoon in the hospital, trying to cover Junior Mrs. Hopkins's mouth and nose with a hospital pillow and suffocate her to death."

"Suffocate her to death."

It was as bright as day in the study with

all the lights on. Sitting in front of the desk, Patrick had a frightening expression as the bright light shone on his face.

It had been a month since the incident was brought up. He didn't mention the incident but it didn't mean that he didn't take it seriously.

Compared to Betty taking her away, he was even more annoyed by the series of conspiracy arrangements. Who dared to kill her...

The bodyguard did not dare to look at Patrick's gloomy expression. The bodyguard turned his head slightly and continued to report respectfully.

"The woman who sneaked into the Junior Mrs. Hopkins's ward at that

time used the regular nurse's pass. According to access records, she had specially cleaned up the infection ward the day before the Junior Mrs. Hopkins's accident, so she was suspected of delivering takeout that morning, which led to the Junior Mrs. Hopkins's enteritis. She designed to stagger the shift time of the medical staff and take the opportunity to take action."

"A Nurse?"

Patrick, who had been silent for a long time, gritted his teeth and muttered the words, "An ordinary nurse?"

"No," the bodyguard looked up and his voice became more serious. "A fake nurse."

Patrick's heart shrank as if he was about to burst into rage. "Good..." His drawl revealed the fierceness in his tone.

It was a fake nurse. As expected, it was not an ordinary person.

"She stole a nurse's pass and had access to hospital normally. Because there were many doctors and patients every day, and she wore a mask, and her figure was similar to the true nurse, no one found out that she was a fake at first. Until today, the F City police found a female corpse that had passed away for nearly a month in an old apartment..."

"The identity of the deceased woman had been verified. She was the nurse we suspected to be missing before, but

the medical examiner had confirmed that the deceased herself could not have murdered the Junior Mrs. Hopkins. She was killed three days before the Junior Mrs. Hopkins's accident. Her body was violently forced into the refrigerator."

As the bodyguard spoke, he handed over a brown paper document bag with a seal. "These are the photos taken at the scene of the crime, as well as a forensic examination."

Patrick took it expressionlessly and quickly opened the document bag. He had seen all kinds of violent scenes, but when these photos appeared in front of him, he couldn't help pinching them.

"The deceased was forced into the refrigerator, which was half the size of

her, so the body had multiple fractures. However, except for her eyes, which widened with fear before she died, there were no bleeding wounds on her body. Her death resulted from that the spine of her neck was broken in an instant. The murderer's strength was amazing."

When Christina was in the ward that day, she was facing such a cruel and violent murderer.

Patrick was more solemn, and the photos in his hand were pounded on the table. The nervous bodyguards were also shocked. They could not believe that a woman had such great strength that she could kill someone with her bare hands.

F City police immediately identified it

as a male murderer, but after they had been tracking it down, it could be sure that it was a woman.

How could such a dangerous murderer appear in the circle of ordinary people?

It was dark outside. Patrick looked at the dark sky with a fierce expression on his face, and the uneasiness in his heart was growing.

"Where's Derek?"

Chapter 221

After a while, he asked in the quiet study.

"Derek has always had the Junior Mrs. Hopkins followed. After the Junior Mrs. Hopkins was sick in hospital after eating takeout that day, he rushed from F City to A City hospital. He didn't know that someone had murdered the Junior Mrs. Hopkins in advance. Besides, we checked the ward that day. Derek should have a battle with the murderer."

The bodyguard paused and concluded in a low voice, "Barbara did not intend to murder the Junior Mrs. Hopkins that day, nor did Derek."

This result was the worst.

Who the hell was the murderer?

The thick clouds in the dark sky gradually moved away, and the hazy moonlight cast on the ground. Under the moonlight, Patrick's expression was extremely solemn.

After reporting, the bodyguard nodded respectfully to Patrick and left.

This night, he definitely couldn't fall asleep.

Nanny Faang was in charge of the affairs of the Eastern Garden of the Hopkins family. At midnight, she walked around the second floor. The Ginseng Soup in the bedroom was already cold, But from the bottom seam of the door panel of the study, it

could be seen that the light was on until dawn.

Nanny Faang specifically asked all the maids to be more careful not to make any mistakes and irritate Young Master Hopkins because he always had a bad temper after staying up late in the study.

Her warning scared the new maids who were on shift today, who became much more careful in their work at once. All of them couldn't help but pray in their heart with a bitter smile on their faces, "If only Junior Mrs. Hopkins was at home..."

Young Master Hopkins probably didn't know himself that he was much more easy-going when Junior Mrs. Hopkins was around.

It was known to everyone in the Hopkins family that Old Master Hopkins always got up at five in the morning, so the breakfast must have been prepared earlier. Nanny Faang, who was not in charge of the Main Residence, slept late this morning as she hadn't gone to bed until midnight yesterday.

"Nanny Faang..."

A young maid broke into the dorm, shouting in panic.

"What's the matter?"

Nanny Faang got up quickly, frowning. "What happened? Did someone irritate Young Master Hopkins again? I told you last night..."

Patrick would definitely vent his anger on the one who had really annoyed him, even Old Master Hopkins was no exception.

"No, no... Young master Hopkins is still in the study. We saw a car driving towards Eastern Garden..."

Nanny Faang had been listening to the new maid stuttering patiently while she was slowly tidying up her clothes. However, her expression changed suddenly when the maid mentioned the car and ran towards Eastern Garden immediately, leaving the messy sheet behind.

Servants in the Eastern Garden, most of whom had been trained by Nanny Faang personally, were all staring at

the back of Nanny Faang in shock as she rushed up the stairs and slammed the door of the study.

All of them were worried.

Didn't Nanny Faang tell them that the noise of running in the house would disturb Young Master Hopkins? What if he got angry now?

Sure enough, Patrick was angry. "What?"

He pulled the door open in an extremely bad mood since he had been awake for the whole night. There were many cigarette butts in the ashtray in the study. Patrick stood at the door, staring at Nanny Faang coldly as if he was about to scold her.

Nanny Faang, who was frightened by his aura, blamed herself secretly for being too rash. So she took a step back, lowering her head.

"Young Master Hopkins..."

She said in a low voice, "Young Master Hopkins, Junior Mrs. Hopkins is back."

Patrick Hopkins stood still surprisedly for a moment. There was some stubble on his chin. He was obviously both physically and mentally exhausted after staying up all night. Something must have been worrying him.

He came to his senses after a few seconds. Christina was back?

Immediately, he walked past Fanny Faang and headed towards the stairs

quickly.

However, he stopped as he was about to step on the stairs.

Christina was looking up at him in surprise downstairs, wondering why he happened to appear upstairs at the very moment with such a fierce look.

Patrick was having a complicated feeling right now as he stared at Christina with eager and sharp eyes. It was indeed a "fierce" look since he didn't even blink once.

Christina stood still. The nervousness in her heart was turned into helplessness by Patrick's gaze.

Was he still angry that she left with her aunt?

While Christina was struggling in her heart, Patrick walked towards her calmly step by step in silence.

Seeing him approach, Christina felt more and more scared and uncomfortable. There was a moment when she even regretted coming back here.

Chapter 222

"I, I..." She thought she should make an explanation.

However, she couldn't say it out loud. Maybe Patrick's strong aura just disturbed all her thoughts and made her panic.

"I, I'm back."

In the end, she said this in a low voice as if she was admitting her mistake.

Patrick carried her into his strong arms. Christina's body was soft and comfortable to hold. Leaning his head which hadn't got any rest in the whole night directly on her shoulder, Patrick pressed his lips against her delicate neck, enjoying the special fragrance of

her long hair. He would hold her more and more tightly so that she couldn't leave him anymore.

His heart that had been restless all night finally calmed down.

Christina was a little uncomfortable when being hugged so tightly by him. As she turned her head and tried to push him away, she saw that the stubble on his chin. He must have been very tired now because he had always been a neat person.

There was no need for her to feel embarrassed since she was already used to Patrick's domineering personality.

Nanny Faang walked past them downstairs with a relieved expression.

She knew that she should inform Patrick immediately. He must have been very delighted when he heard Christina was back.

"Christina hasn't had breakfast yet."

A crisp, magnetic, and pleasant voice came from the gate.

It was Derek.

Everyone in the room turned to look at the gate. Even Nanny Faang was vacant for a second when she saw how handsome the man was.

Christina blushed and pushed Patrick away immediately. She almost forgot that Derek was here with her. Patrick let go of her easily and then stood up

straight, looking at Derek coldly.

"I'll have something to eat first..."

She answered awkwardly, following Nanny Faang towards the dining room.

In fact, she had been thinking about coming back here for some time. Last night, she had been restless and couldn't fall asleep at all. After walking back and forth in the guest room worriedly for a while, she finally picked up Betty's phone in the living room secretly. Her first thought in mind was to call Patrick but she controlled herself. After a moment of consideration, she decided to call Derek.

She was a little worried that Patrick would scold her over the phone, so

calling Derek was a better choice. After all, Derek had been extremely tolerant of her ever since they were kids. Without making any detailed explanations, Christina asked Derek to sneak over before Betty got up early tomorrow morning.

At five in the morning the next day, Christina sneaked out with dark circles around her eyes to meet Derek. She said to him as soon as they met, "I want to go back to the Hopkins family."

Then he sent her back.

"Junior Mrs. Hopkins, should I also prepare breakfast for that gentleman over there?" Nanny Faang asked as she scooped her a bowl of porridge quickly.

"Don't bother. Eric doesn't eat at other

people's houses. And he's leaving soon."

The porridge was a little too hot, so Christina blew it anxiously, trying to fill herself up quickly.

It was obvious that Derek stayed because he wanted to make sure she wouldn't skip her breakfast.

He agreed to drive her back to the Hopkins family and the first thing he had said to her when they arrived was that she should have her breakfast first. Derek was a little paranoid who looked at things differently from normal people. His way of thinking was always direct and simple, so according to his logic, she should compromise to have breakfast since he had compromised to send her back to the

Hopkins family.

Derek was still waiting at the gate of Eastern Garden. Sure enough, he was not in a hurry to leave.

"You are the one who sent her back?"

Patrick stared at him. Both of them were standing still at a distance of about 3 meters between them.

Derek did not answer him again this time, whose deep blue eyes were, however, closely focused on Patrick. The two men had been close friends before, but now they just looked at each other like two strangers.

Derek wouldn't tell anyone that the only reason he had sent Christina back was that she told him to. Deep inside

his heart, he didn't want her to leave at all.

But she said, "I want to go back to the Hopkins family."

She said, "Eric, I promised Patrick that I would go back."

Lowering her head, she was begging him in a whisper with reddish eyes as if she was about to cry.

Derek had changed a lot over the years, but he still couldn't bear the pain of seeing her cry. He was always at a loss in front of her tears.

Derek's blue eyes were beautiful, clean, and clear. But they didn't understand any feelings, not even hatred.

"Patrick Hopkins, you failed to protect her," Derek stated the fact in an indifferent voice.

Chapter 223

"Did Eric leave?"

Christina could clearly tell without raising her head that he was approaching her. She quickly grabbed a few bites of the remaining half bowl of porridge on the table and asked vaguely.

The man had already stood next to her and did not make a sound. He lowered his head and significantly looked at her eating the porridge hurriedly.

Couldn't she bear to part with him?

"Why are you standing there? Come and have some porridge."

Christian reached out and grabbed his

big palm. As soon as she raised her head and wanted to speak, she was surprised to see the shock in Patrick's eyes. At this moment, he really looked a little dull.

Christina frowned and did not look at him anymore. She glanced down the door.

She thought that Derek should have left. He wouldn't be so stubborn.

"Nanny Faang said you didn't eat anything yesterday." she grabbed the tall man's arm and pulled him to the seat next to her.

"Why did you stay up in the study all night? Patrick, if you have a migraine because of staying up, you deserve it!"

Christina scolded him without consideration. She put a bowl of porridge on the table in front of him. She was not gentle at all but did not forget to continue complaining.

"I don't understand. You don't need to go to work in the company, but why are you so busy all day? How many times have grandpa told you not to stay up late? Is there something that can't be put aside? Even committing suicide takes time..."

Patrick was taught a lesson but he actually did not refute it. He felt complicated. At this moment, he glared fiercely at her, paying attention to every subtle expression on her face.

He seemed to want to see through her heart.

Probably because Patrick's eyes were too hot, Christina didn't dare to look at his eyes. Moreover, she felt guilty about running away with Betty Eisenhower. Thinking about it, she couldn't help but be frightened.

She turned around and stopped looking at him but continued to eat the porridge in her bowl carefully.

"Nanny Faang made you the porridge especially. She said that you haven't eaten anything all day. The porridge is digestible..." Although she was scared, she couldn't help but complain.

"Hmm."

He actually replied. Christina immediately sat up and glanced at him.

He really took the silver spoon and drank the porridge seriously.

When Patrick finished the third bowl of porridge, Nanny Faang, who was serving at the side, immediately felt relieved and looked at Christina with a slightly strange look.

She felt that all the servants in Eastern Garden looked at her as if they had been abused before.

Christina knew that Patrick was really hard to serve.

"Patrick."

Seeing him put down the silver spoon, she craned her neck and lowered her voice. It was rare for her to call him so gently.

Patrick turned to her expressionlessly, looking deep in thought and waiting for her to continue.

"Patrick, about my aunt..."

Christina continued to say carefully as she paid attention to his expression, "Actually, my aunt has a good character. She is very soft-hearted. You don't have to worry too much. As long as you behave well in the future, my aunt will like you..."

He should have known that if this woman didn't want to ask him for help, she would never have spoken softly.

Patrick's eyes were cold, and he remembered what happened a few days ago. His face was sullen, and he

almost gritted his teeth, "Do you think I need to worry that she doesn't like me?"

He glared at her unhappily. Originally, Christina was angry and wanted to say something, but when she saw the tiredness in his eyes and the stubble on his chin, her heart suddenly softened.

She had rarely seen Patrick so haggard.

It seemed that he was really exhausted.

What was he worrying about?

"Christina, when did you come back?"

A cry of surprise came from far and near, disturbing her thoughts.