Chapter 224

Charles Shepherd strode closer, treating Eastern Garden as his own home. He sat directly across the table and stared at her with wide eyes as if he was scanning her up and down to see if she was disabled.

He was disappointed that she was not injured or disabled.

"Just stay in the Hopkins family and wait for delivery. There are so many annoying relatives." Charles didn't think he was that magnanimous. He insisted on blaming her for her mistakes.

Probably because Christina was guilty, she didn't refute him.

11:41 AM

"Please prepare a breakfast for me. Anything is fine."

Chandler Stephenson also came over and spoke to Nanny Faang gently.

He turned to look at Christina. He knew that Charles was holding a grudge against being beaten up by Patrick. He chuckled and nodded at Christina in a friendly manner.

As for the matter that she left with Derek, they, including the servants in the Hopkins family, did not mention it very tacitly. They did not mention anything about Derek. Even if they mentioned it, it was useless.

"I want breakfast too." Charles raised his head and shouted at the kitchen. Only then did he remember that he

had rushed to the Hopkins family on an empty stomach.

"What a glutton!" Christina said these words.

"Who are you scolding?"

Charles was beaten up because of her. The more he thought about it, the more worthless he felt.

It wasn't known if it was usually too quiet in the Hopkins family. If the two noisy people at the dinner table were in the Main Residence, they would definitely have been driven out. Nanny Faang brought out two breakfasts and smiled. It was more lively.

Chandler ignored them and ate elegantly.

The reason why he and Charles came to the Hopkins family so early was that two hours ago, Patrick called them and said that there was something important.

They wondered what happened to Patrick and why he was so anxious.

"I'm their adopted father!"

"If you are their adopted father, I am their mother!"

For some reason, they quarreled again. Christina looked very serious, "Grandpa is still waiting to change their names, but I have the final say in their nicknames, which should be Big and Small."

Charles almost spat out the porridge and mocked her, "Big and Small? Hahaha... What kind of stupid names are those?"

"Let me name them. How about Bread and Chocolate, which are popular now. They sound cute."

"Who wants these? The elder brother is called Big and the younger brother is called Small. I think these two names are also very cute." Christina was very determined.

Charles immediately remembered the woman's skills to change names. Her WhatsApp ID was Invincible Tina, and Patrick was deeply implicated and changed his ID into Cold Pag...

This time, she would name the whole

family.

"What do you think of Big and Small?"

Christina was not an autocratic person either. She asked the children's father's opinion democratically.

"Patrick, they are twins, so their names should be related. They sound nice and easy to remember. Let's not make it so complicated..." She spoke to him in a soft voice.

But the man sitting next to him reacted strangely.

Patrick still lowered his head half as if he had not heard her at all. His expression was cold, and he had no reaction.

It was impossible that he didn't hear her. She and Charles were arguing so loudly...

Christina frowned, turned around, and looked at him intently, "Patrick." She called him again, nervous but suspicious at the same time.

Chandler, who had been eating quietly, put half a glass of water back on the table hard. The slightly cold crystal cup touched the back of Patrick's hand. Patrick, who was sitting opposite Chandler, suddenly looked up as if he had suddenly woken up. At that moment, his eyes were full of vigilance.

Christina could not ignore Patrick's strange behavior. She was a little shocked, "You just..."

Chandler suddenly stood up, then turned to Christina and joked, "Your children must be very strong..."

Christina fell silent and watched closely as Chandler and Patrick walked side by side towards the living room.

She knew that Chandler was deliberately not letting her ask.

And now she was even more suspicious. She wanted to ask, "Patrick, did you hear me just now?"

In the living room of Eastern Garden, a few maids were doing their work carefully. They didn't know why Mr. Shepherd and Mr. Stephenson came here so early for breakfast, but they two were guests, so the maids quickly boiled water and prepared tea after

dinner, and brought a few plates of fruit to serve them.

Chandler and the others were obviously not in the mood to have tea and refreshments. They stood in front of the large glass window on the east side of the living room.

"Patrick, your illness..."

"Someone is targeting me and is going to do something to Christina." He didn't answer the question.

"Don't care about Christina now. You should listen to grandpa now and go to Seattle immediately..." Chandler looked at Patrick's weak and pale face and immediately became nervous.

Patrick did not speak immediately.

Instead, he looked out the window with a deep gaze, and Derek's indifferent voice had been lingering in his ear.

"You can't protect her."

Chapter 225

Christina sat on a chair at the dining table with a sumptuous breakfast in front of her. However, she had no appetite and didn't eat much.

She looked sullen and was very upset.

She wanted to get up from her chair immediately and go to the living room to question him. However, she suddenly felt a sense of timidity and was afraid to know something bad.

"What are you thinking?"

"You're not thinking about your auntie, are you?"

Charles, who was sitting on the other side of the table, was full now. He

wiped his lips with a napkin and looked up at her. He felt that the woman looked a little strange and asked her in an unkind tone.

Christina was stunned for a moment.

She immediately remembered that she had sneaked back to the Hopkins Family. It was almost 7 a.m. and her aunt had already gotten up.

She would definitely be scolded and become even more depressed. Forget it, it might be better for her to take the initiative to plead guilty.

"Charles, lend me your phone."

"Christina, did you come back on your own initiative, or..."

"Hand me your phone." She didn't want to dawdle with him and urged him.

Charles did not hand his phone over but looked at her suspiciously. "I'm asking you very seriously now. Did you come back voluntarily? It's very important."

"I sneaked back myself and was waiting to be scolded. You're being so womanishly fussy. Give me the phone."

She didn't think too far ahead. She just thought that this guy wanted to gloat at her misfortune.

Charles raised his eyebrows and smiled as if he was satisfied with her answer. He generously took out his phone from his pocket and handed it to her. However, a maid hurried towards

Christina at this moment, accompanied by a familiar ringtone.

"Mrs. Hopkins, there's a new call."

The maid brought her own phone over so she naturally didn't need to use Charles's. She took the vibrating phone and glanced at the screen. Then she immediately showed a guilty look on her face.

It was her aunt.

"Tell her that you're eloping with Patrick and tell her not to mess around. The second daughter of the Eisenhower Family is really..." Charles couldn't help complaining.

Betty Eisenhower was really hard to understand.

Christina glared at him and warned him to shut up.

She nervously touched the phone's answer key and called out obediently. "Auntie."

Betty didn't get angry when she heard her voice. She just said two words calmly.

"Come back!"

Christina held the phone and tensed up for a moment.

After hesitating for two seconds, she whispered, "Auntie, I want to stay in the Hopkins family." Her voice was very low as if she was guilty of making a mistake like this.

Charles was furious at her cowardice!

What was she doing? She had been bossing around all day but now was so obedient. He was very dissatisfied with her now. Fortunately, Patrick and Chandler were in the living room so they didn't see her look now.

"Christina, are you a little baby? Can't you make your own decision? Would you divorce Patrick if Betty asks you to do so?" Charles yelled at her with a gloomy look, not caring that anyone on the other end of the phone could hear him.

He just wanted Betty to hear it clearly. If it weren't for the fact that she was Christina's aunt, they wouldn't have tolerated her so much. Did she really

think that anyone would dare to bully them?

"Christina, come back now." Betty's voice on the other end of the phone was clearly tinged with anger.

"I..." She looked awkward and tried to explain, "Patrick is actually not that difficult to get along with. He is only quite cold to strangers. Auntie, you will accept him if you stay with him for a long time. He is different from my father Donald."

"He's worse than Donald."

The one on the other end of the phone seemed to be stimulated. She retorted anxiously.

"What kind of good person can Victor

and Judy's son be? Maybe you believe him but I won't!

Christina didn't know how to answer for a moment. She could feel that Betty's anger was on the verge of exploding. Betty would lose control of her emotions so easily every time she mentioned something about the Hopkins family. She really didn't understand.

Betty took a few deep breaths and softened her voice as she found Christina didn't say anything. "Christina, I'm doing this for your own good. Patrick is really not the right man for you."

"I know whether if he is the right man for me."

She didn't mean to contradict Betty and almost blurted out the words.

Betty immediately hung up the phone just as she said this. Christina looked at the screen of the phone and subconsciously wanted to call back. Finally, she put the phone on the table and leaned back in her chair. She looked a little struggling and a little lost.

Charles shouted impatiently seeing her disappointed expression, "What hatred does Betty have with the Hopkins family?"

"I don't know..."

She was annoyed and frowned. She kept thinking about whether her aunt had had any problems with the

Hopkins family but she really didn't recall anything.

"Auntie seems to hate Patrick's father very much."

Victor.

This was Patrick's late father's name which was so unfamiliar to her.

"Victor..." She repeated the name but still couldn't recall anything.

"Victor!"

On the other end of the phone, Betty showed an extremely horrible look. She gritted her teeth and said this name. She was filled with anger and could not vent it. She clenched the phone tightly and kept tightening it.

"The Hopkins family is completely out of our league and we're not gonna be hurt by them again..."

"I must get Christina out of his way." She was a little confused and tense. She stomped her feet back and forth in the living room and mumbled something anxiously.

"I must make sure that she and the Hopkins family make a thorough break."

Paul was originally busy in the Main Residence but he was now heading to the Eastern Garden when he heard that Christina was back and Charles and Chandler had come early in the morning. Just halfway there, a male worker from the Hopkins family

rushed over to him and said that a woman had called the old master.

"Old Master Hopkins's phone number hasn't been used for many years."

Paul didn't believe it at first but his workers wouldn't dare to lie. After thinking for a while, he asked in a deep voice, "Who is it? Did she mention her name?"

"Yes, she said her name was Betty Eisenhower."

"Betty Eisenhower?"

Paul looked quite surprised all of a sudden. That was Christina Dickens's aunt.

What made him even more curious

was that the second daughter of the Eisenhower family would know Old Master Hopkins'sphone number.

Ever since Old Master Hopkins officially announced that Patrick would take over the group, his phone number had been less frequently used in the past ten years. Gradually, he started to deal with his official businesses and his old friends' connections using the landline number in the Main Residence.

Old Master Hopkins was a nostalgic person and it was not difficult for them to keep a cell phone number. He could keep the number as a memorial as long as he sent someone to charge the phone and pay the phone bill frequently.

Paul thought for a while and sent the servant away. "Give me the phone. You can go back to work now."

He then hurriedly turned around and went back to the Main Residence.

In the grand living room of the Hopkins family, the energetic old man in a black gold Tang suit was sitting in the middle of the sofa. He leaned sideways fiddling with the festive invitations to be used for the full-moon-birth banquet of his child's birth.

"Old master, the second daughter of the Eisenhower family called you and said she had something to talk to you about," Paul said in a calm voice while stepping forward and handing over a black phone which was in call.

Old Master Hopkins suddenly stopped tidying up the invitation cards and raised his head. He showed a surprised look on his old and dignified face.

"Christina's aunt?"

"Yes," Paul showed a sophisticated expression. "Betty said she had something important to talk to you about."

Chapter 226

"What's up?"

Sitting in the middle of the living room in the Hopkins family, Old Master Hopkins asked Betty coldly. And his face darkened. After all, Betty made a scene in the Hopkins family a few days ago. How dare she?

But Betty didn't mind, and she wasn't scared at all by Old Master Hopkins' stern voice.

Betty was very calm and her voice was very clear. "Old Master Hopkins, I want to talk about your deceased son, Victor..."

Betty's voice was gentle but indifferent. She said slowly.

11:43 AM

She was not as angry or resistant as she had been a few days ago. She was calm.

However, in the Main Residence of the Hopkins family, the expression on Old Master Hopkins' face, who had experienced ups and downs in his life, suddenly changed. His wrinkled hand was holding the phone tightly, and his body trembled as if he lost control of his emotions.

"It's you?"

After a long silence, Old Master Hopkins asked in a low and hoarse voice, suppressing emotions that welled up.

"I also know that Patrick is also short-

lived..." Betty's tone was flat but aggressive, "I know my place. Our ordinary people don't deserve your attention. And I've already seen your abilities. Now I just want you to promise me one condition."

Betty's voice was not loud, but the living room of the Main Residence in the Hopkins family was too spacious and empty, so Paul, who stood nervously at the side, could vaguely hear their conversation.

Paul immediately approached anxiously. "Old Master Hopkins, we can't do this. Young Master Hopkins will be angry."

Old Master Hopkins' face was stiff, and he froze.

Paul was really anxious and kept persuading, "Old Master Hopkins, Christina is pregnant. The baby is your grandson."

Old Master Hopkins hesitated. But Betty's voice rose. It was even sharp. She shouted.

"When the children are born, I will immediately give them to you. And then, we have nothing to do with each other."

"Don't forget those promises. Don't forget that Victor owes us all this!"

With a beep, the phone was hung up by Betty.

There was a deafening silence.

The living room was decorated magnificently with high-class furniture and sparkling crystal chandeliers. But now, everything froze.

"Old Master Hopkins."

Paul looked at Old Master Hopkins for a long time before he called out to him cautiously. Old Master Hopkins came back to his senses, but his wrinkled face was still full of confusion.

"Get Christina out of my family."

Paul's mind went blank after he heard it and he muttered dully, "This... This is not appropriate..."

Old Master Hopkins had regained his usual cold and stern authority. He snapped his phone on the table.

"Do as I say. Christina leaves voluntarily!"

The sky went dark. Thick clouds brought a depressive atmosphere.

The dark clouds surged like waves. The thunder seemed to blank out other thoughts.

Christina suddenly had a bad feeling.

She was sitting in the dining room in the Eastern Garden, and stood up almost subconsciously. She immediately walked out to the living room to find Patrick. However, Patrick and Chandler seemed to have gone to the study on the second floor.

"Christina, you have a big belly now.

Please don't be rash. Could you be gentle?"

Charles was not in a hurry to meet Patrick and Chandler, so he didn't go upstairs but boil water and enjoy a cup of tea in the living room. Seeing that Christina was in a daze, Charles teased her.

Christina ignored him and asked, "Why are you and Chandler here so early today? Has something happened?“

"You can't help me."

Charles gave no reaction. He poured a cup of black tea, took a sip, and smelled the tea aroma. He turned to look out the window at the dark clouds and muttered, "The weather forecast says there will be a heavy rain today. It

seems that we have to stay in the Hopkins family all day..." So took your time. Anyway, there were too many things to finish.

Christina sat next to him and glared at him.

"Charles, you are really good at enjoying your life," Christina gritted her teeth and mocked him angrily.

She was thinking that if Patrick could be like Charles, Patrick would not have migraines.

Charles answered proudly, "Of course."

"That's because you don't understand the environment we have grown up in. How stressful it is. I always work so hard, so I must treat myself better

when I'm free."

Suddenly, Charles changed the subject, as if he had thought of something. "By the way, Christina, who do you think is better between Patrick and Derek?"

She felt a little strange and did not answer.

Perhaps it was because it was too dark and thunder crashed in the sky. Charles's mood became gloomy, and he had an urge to speak out.

He continued, "Patrick is Old Master Hopkins' only grandchild, even Brianna are unrelated. The Hopkins family has adopted her so that she can accompany Patrick. Cory and the others can't be heirs. Patrick is destined to be the heir of the Hopkins

11:43 AM

family. He was born with these."

"Chandler and I, as well as a large group of rich children, have been taught by our elders since we were young to please and flatter Patrick. The adults try their best to get close to Patrick with a false smile. We can be Patrick's friend because of their deliberate arrangement. Since Patrick was a child, his life has been like this. He has always been praised, but he knows very well that no one treats him sincerely. In this hypocritical, dark and filthy world, even his biological mother's concern for him is fake."

"Judy?"

Christina didn't know why Charles mentioned Patrick's mother, but she really didn't like this dignified lady at

all. Christina even hated Judy who was selfish.

"Judy is a hypocritical and selfish woman."

Charles didn't like Judy either. If Judy hadn't restrained herself a lot over the years, Charles wouldn't have shown any mercy to such a woman.

Charles continued and what he said shocked Christina. "Judy once kidnapped Patrick with her lover. Patrick was about 5 years old that year. Judy wanted more money so that she could run away with her lover."

"You know it?!"

Christina looked straight at him in shock.

Christina knew it because of Brianna, but how could Charles know?

Brianna told Christina that Patrick was kidnapped when he was a child, and Brianna also mentioned some details that Charles and the others didn't know. Christina knew about autistic patients, and was sure that Brianna wouldn't lie.

Charles originally thought Christina would be surprised or confused, but Christina's expression was strange now.

Charles raised his eyebrows suspiciously and asked, "Christina, you also know about it?"

Christina didn't answer him, and her

voice was a little deep. "Charles, who told you about this?"

Charles' suspicious gaze roamed over her for a long time. Charles first thought that it was Patrick who told Christina about it since Patrick always treated her specially. But Charles was still a little surprised that Christina knew about this.

Putting down the teacup, Charles shrugged casually and said a name, "Derek."

"We went to the Hopkins family's dinner party together. Derek found it."

Chapter 227

"Derek is the illegitimate son of the Fisher family. He is not favored by the family and is often ridiculed as a fool by the outside. When I first met him, I didn't pay much attention to him. I just thought that the illegitimate child of the Fisher family was beautiful. He didn't initiate a conversation with others or please others, and of course, we ignored him."

Charles recalled and suddenly laughed at himself, "It turned out that we were all wrong. Being the best friend of the young master of the Hopkins family, how could he be an ordinary guy?"

Christina did not interrupt him. It was the first time she had heard of the

relationship between Patrick and Derek. It turned out that they were good friends with totally different personalities, which was really surprising.

However, judging by Charles's tone, he did not seem to reject Derek but was a little alienated.

"Christina, what's that look in your eyes? Do you think I look down on him because he is an illegitimate child? I alienated him because he is not a simple person."

Charles looked at her with slight anger. "Christina, in your heart, Derek was your childhood sweetheart. After his mother passed away, he was taken back to the Fisher family to be abused by his stepmother. He used to be a

silent illegitimate child, so you always thought he is weak. Tell you what, you really underestimated him."

"Derek is a... weirdo."

In the end, Charles even didn't know how to describe Derek and snorted at Christina angrily.

"It should have been impossible for Chandler and I to know that Patrick was kidnapped by his mother, but we finally knew it because Derek came across as he passed by that day..."

"The first time we met was at a grand dinner party in Hopkins family. On that day, Old Master Hopkins, who was then in power of the Hopkins family, officially announced to the public that he would hand over the IP&G Group to

his only grandson, the God-favored Patrick, who was only 13 years old that year. There were a lot of distinguished guests that day, and the party was lively. Chandler and I were forced to attend with our parents, and Derek was no exception even if he was just an illegitimate child. That was our job. How could our they let go of such a good opportunity to expand our social networking?"

Charles shrugged and continued more teasingly.

"But that night, Patrick didn't care about his grandpa's feelings, for he didn't show up at all. He was standing alone by the guardrail of the lotus pond. The feast was held for him, though, he didn't look happy."

"Chandler was one year older than him, and him and me were the same age. We have to be more mature than our peers, but you can't expect a calm mind from a 13-year-old child. Anyway, I was tired of such social events at that time. The party was held at night, and since I had a good relationship with Chandler at that time, I dragged him to explore the back garden of the Hopkins. That was when we found the young master of Hopkins standing in the cold wind. His face was flushed and abnormal as if he had a high fever..."

Charles paused and his eyes became thoughtful. What he talked about was happened a long time ago. Patrick still didn't want others to know him since he was a child.

"Patrick was different from ordinary

11:45 AM

people when he was sick. It felt like he deliberately didn't ask for help and abused himself."

Hearing this, Christina's heart tightened and she almost blurted out to refute, "Patrick has no mental disease. He doesn't have a tendency to abuse himself."

"He does, but he has suffered too much on his own. Since he can't unleash his emotions, he can only punish himself in extreme ways. He thinks he's doing not well enough."

Charles's voice gradually lowered, and he only dared to mutter to himself in the heart, "Just as he deals with Derek. He can't let go of his guilt, so he punishes himself..."

Patrick was not a god. Everyone can be vulnerable at times, especially when they are bearing so much like him.

After all, the past was the past. Charles suddenly swept his gloom and stretched out his arms. He lifted his playful face and raised his voice,

"Anyway, Patrick fell in a faint in front of us because of high fever. He huddled himself up and mumbled something as if it were a nightmare. We were both terrified at that time and hurried to find someone for help. At that moment, we noticed that there was another person sitting in the pavilion beside. Derek came over with a heavy psychological book written in Spanish. He squatted beside Patrick, opened his eyelids to check his pupils, and read something we didn't understand. Soon,

Patrick seemed to have been hypnotized. Patrick seemed painful, and, in hypnosis, he even told us all the details of his kidnapping by his mother, Judy..."

"Chandler and I stood on the side in a daze and watched. Finally, Derek cast down his blue eyes slightly, shut the heavy book with a snap, and said, 'It really worked.' Then he left!"

Charles's expression changed.

Derek had no intention of helping others at all. He was just passing by, and was curious to prove a theory. He was indifferent to lives. Sometimes Charles didn't dare to look straight into his blue eyes. They were too clean and clear to look like human eyes and seemed to have no feelings at all.

Christina's mind was in a mess after hearing this. She knew that Derek didn't care about others or himself, just like he didn't know why he was alive. He ignored everything.

But she couldn't figure out about Patrick's experience. "Charles, since you and Chandler both knew about the kidnapping at that time, why didn't you tell grandpa that Judy was not worthy to be a mother for doing such a wicked thing?"

"If we went to talk about this, Judy couldn't be Mrs. Hopkins today. She would have been tortured by grandpa. Well, that we decided not to say at that time didn't mean we sympathized with her."

Charles paused and his tone became sarcastic. "We didn't say it because Patrick chose to keep it a secret. At that time, he probably just wanted to protect his mother and the so-called maternal love that he imagined." How ridiculous.

Christina did not answer and fell silent.

The clouds in the sky outside the window were getting thicker and darker. It seemed that there would be a fierce rainstorm today. It was 7 o'clock in the morning, the sky should have been bright with the rising sun, while it was now as dark as evening.

Charles stood up from the sofa. He had had enough tea, and it was time for business.

It was time to go to the study upstairs to meet Patrick and others. Just as he went away, he suddenly thought of something. After hesitating for a while, he turned around and called out to the woman in a daze on the sofa.

"Christina, people like us have long been used to hypocrisy and cold commercial marriages, so it's not easy for us to believe a person, especially for someone like Patrick. No matter what the relationship between you and Derek used to be, now... Now even for the sake of the child, don't disappoint Patrick, and don't betray him. Patrick won't marry you just because of the child. You're not stupid, Christina. You know he loves you very much."

You know, he loves you very much.

Chapter 228

Christina didn't know what Patrick and the others were talking about in the study, but it seemed to be something urgent. They were busy from 8 to 12 in the morning and they declined lunch to continue working. The door of the study remained closed.

She spent a drowsy afternoon in the bedroom next door until 6 at night when Nanny Faang knocked on her door and asked her what she wanted for dinner. Christina got up and was about to open the door. When she reached the door, she sensitively heard the sound of the doorknob turning in the study.

She went out and walked towards the

study. Charles and the others did come out of the study.

Nanny Faang also walked over and asked, "Mr. Shepherd, do you want to stay for dinner?"

"No, I'm leaving now."

Charles replied succinctly. He took a few documents in his right hand and walked in a hurry. When he passed Christina, he only glanced at her and didn't say a word.

Christina frowned as she watched him go downstairs and leave. She felt that Charles had something urgent to do. He seemed to be nervous about something.

"Rest well..."

Chandler's voice came from the study, this should have been said to Patrick. She was in a daze for a moment. She pushed the door of the study wide open with her right hand and walked in quickly.

Just as she entered, she almost bumped into Chandler, who was going out.

Chandler saw that she looked a little anxious and smiled gently at her. "Please keep an eye on Patrick for us. Let us know if anything happens."

Christina heard his words but didn't understand.

Chandler didn't explain to her. He walked past her calmly as usual but

added in a low voice, "Stay with him."

Stayed with Patrick?

Did he need it?

She felt a little unusual, turned around, and saw that Chandler had already strode away.

Feeling a little heavy for some reason, she turned around and walked towards the study. She looked at the man at the desk, who was still reading papers.

"Chandler just said..." Christina paused, struggled for a while, and asked him directly, "Are you feeling unwell?"

"I'm fine," Patrick said.

He knew that she had come in and replied without even looking up.

Christina felt that he was very perfunctory and immediately became a little angry. "You're not a child. If you feel unwell, go to see a doctor. Can you stop making me worry about you all the time?"

Perhaps the word "worry" touched him, Patrick pushed the documents in front of him aside and looked up at her deeply for a while.

"Christina, I want you to promise me one thing." His voice sounded a little hoarse and serious.

His tone was so solemn that Christina suddenly became nervous and stammered, "What, what do you want

me to do?"

"Promise me to stay here, don't leave the house at all."

"Why?"

Patrick had asked her to do so before, and now he emphasized it again. Christina looked at him suspiciously.

"It's dangerous outside."

Hearing his simple and insincere explanation, Christina raised her voice to refute him, "How dangerous could it be? Besides, I'm not like those weak and delicate women. I can protect myself."

It seemed that her answer dissatisfied him, Patrick stood up suddenly with a

sullen face. His figure was much taller and stronger than hers, making him look oppressive and domineering.

His attitude was extremely firm, and he shouted at her coldly, "Christina, you'd better not mess with me, or I'll ground you and you won't be able to get out of even the bedroom!"

Christina immediately became furious, bastard! He had such a bad temper and wanted everyone to listen to him!

She took a big step forward, slapped her hands on the desk, and told him angrily, "If I'm going to run away, do you think the person you send to watch me can stop me?"

The two of them confronted each other with a table in between.

Patrick was angry looking at her unruly face, and suddenly his head ached even more. Christina looked tense, she felt that she didn't want to talk to Patrick anymore. She turned around and left without looking at him.

"... Please don't go."

As soon as she turned around, she heard him squeeze out two words. His voice was deep and hoarse, and it sounded awkward.

Christina had always felt for him because of his heavy workload. Perhaps too many things had happened recently, so he was in a bad mood. Thinking of that, her heart softened.

"Okay, I won't leave the house."

She answered sullenly, reluctantly promising that in order to not make him happy.

She could not help but complain in a low voice, "You are really unreasonable."

"Remember what you promised."

Patrick's cold face softened a little when he saw her approaching him, but he was still reminded her.

"Patrick, do you know that you have a bad temper which makes you really hard to get along with? You're very dictatorial, you know?"

Christina was extremely angry.

Looking at his tired face, her face darkened even more. She grabbed his arm and dragged him out of the study while accusing him.

Patrick glanced at her as she dragged him, hearing her complaints, he suddenly felt a little happier.

"You must remember that then I am more at ease." Perhaps he was really tired, so Patrick held her in his arms with his head pressed against her shoulder, and he reminded her again.

The stubble on Patrick's chin rubbed against her neck, tickling her whole body. Christina turned her head and glanced at him gloomily.

Finally, Patrick was dragged into the bedroom next door by her and she

pressed the smelly man onto the big bed, "Patrick, when did you become so nagging? And look at your beard. You look so sloppy."

Patrick felt the stubble on his chin with his big palm and frowned. That was really uncomfortable. There were too many things to worry about these days, so he forgot about it.

He sat on the bed, but Christina stood in front of him and put her hands on his shoulders. Probably the difference in heights gave her confidence, Christina got much angrier as she looked at the man. She noticed that Patrick's did not look well. It was obvious that he was too tired from staying up late, coupled with these beards, he looked very haggard.

She snorted angrily, "Patrick, you've become a sloppy middle-aged man in just a few days."

"You dislike me?"

Patrick's mood suddenly became a little subtle when he saw her staring at him.

When Christina heard him, she glared at him, "Who dares to dislike you!"

"Christina, who do you think would dare to do that?"

He looked back at her directly and said this to provoke her, but he wanted to laugh.

Christina felt guilty and blushed a little. Seeing the corners of his mouth

slightly raised, she was speechless. This man was so tired but he still had the mood to tease her. Really?!

She sat by the bed and reached out to touch his forehead, "Patrick, be frank. Do you have a fever?"

"Forget it, I'll get the thermometer... Sit there and don't move, or you can lie in the bed. Anyway, you're not allowed to move now!"

Without waiting for him to respond, Christina walked to the cabinet next to the bed and opened the second drawer at the bottom. She skillfully took out the commonly used medical kit and rummaged through it for the thermometer.

Patrick looked at the woman who was

rummaging over there, his head still ached a little. He closed his eyes and sighed secretly. Luckily, this was tolerable.

Suddenly, he thought of something that confused him, Christina was more termagancy than before. He remembered when she married him, she was pretty timid. What had changed her?

Patrick frowned and thought about it very seriously. Unfortunately, he didn't figure it out.