

Christina and Patrick looked at each other at the door in a daze.

At this moment, Larry came from behind and shouted breathlessly, "What happened?" He suddenly received a call and rushed over. Finding that Christina and Patrick were here, he got much more nervous.

Christina ignored Patrick's staring but looked at Larry. She said calmly, "Come in, Derek was feeling sick."

As she spoke, she couldn't wait to push Larry in.

Larry and Patrick passed each other at the door of the apartment. Although Larry felt that there was something strange, he was not in the mood to probe now. He immediately went into the house and found that it was in a mess, "Ah! What happened? Who made it?"

Christina turned around and shouted at him. "Forget it! Eric is in the bedroom."

Larry looked flustered. He immediately ran into the room.

Patrick had more doubts about that and wanted to walk in.

But Christina stopped him and gave him an unreliable reason. "Derek doesn't want others to enter his apartment."

Patrick stood face to face with her. His eyes were so deep and sharp that Christina did not dare to look into them. But she still remembered Derek's words "Never let others know." No matter what, this was a promise between her and Derek. She must keep her promise.

Patrick did not break in, but his eyes became much more mixed.

They stood still, while Christina was still trying to close the door. Even if Patrick did not walk in, he could see the mess in the room.

The night was quiet. The light breeze ruffled her long hair.

She looked at him speechlessly and had to lower her head.

Patrick raised his head thoughtfully. He looked at the full moon hanging high in the sky. Tonight was the fifteenth day. The moon was bright and its outline was oozing with a film of scarlet.

Ten minutes later, Larry ran out of the room and told Larry, "His condition is stable now."

"Really?" Obviously, Christina couldn't believe it.

She hesitated. "Shall..... Shall we call an ambulance?"

"No."

Larry immediately interrupted her. "Derek asked me to tell you, don't worry. He's fine. He'll recover soon..."

"I must check." Only checking it by herself could Christina believe in it.

Larry scolded her coldly. "Is it appropriate for a married woman to enter a single man's apartment at midnight?"

Christina was annoyed. "It's none of your business." She was about to go in.

Larry was stern. He blocked the door and gave her an earful, "Hurry back. Shall we talk about it tomorrow? Don't stand here. I'm going to lock the door."

As he spoke, Larry looked narrowly at Patrick who was always silent.

Larry was not unwilling to let Christina come in. It was because he was afraid that he couldn't stop Patrick from following her step. Thus, he had no choice but to eject both of them from the apartment.

But Christina would not compromise. "I'll stay here tonight." She had made her decision.

Larry raised his voice and sneered. "You must ask your husband for his agreement."

At this moment, Christina felt a little guilty. She didn't dare to face Patrick now. She knew it was her fault and said, "I, I keep my principle very well. Trust me..."

While Christina was speaking, Larry pushed her hard and slammed the door.

Larry knew how to deal with this tough girl. It didn't work to negotiate with her. The best way was to kick her away.

Christina was stunned by Larry's action.

She punched the door angrily. "You are despicable and shameless! Why did you lock me out? It was me who called you here! Open the door, open the door!"

"I must check Derek!"

All the threats and warnings were useless. Christina kicked the door angrily and warned him, "If anything happens to Derek, I'll tear you apart tomorrow!"

Larry snorted disdainfully inside the room.

Christina walked out of the apartment with Patrick silently in a mixed feeling.

Outside the neighborhood, two luxury sports cars were parked on the side of the road. The dazzling black Ferrari was driven by Christina, while the dark gray Porsche parked behind was driven by Patrick.

Christina wanted to drive back home by herself.

But when she looked up and saw Patrick standing at the door of the Porsche. The door of the passenger seat was opened by him. He stood there silently and seriously.

It meant that if Christina should take the same car with him.

Christina had known him for a long time. His expression indicated that he was in rage.

Christina hesitated for a moment. She didn't dare to drive back by herself. She got into his car and sat down in the passenger seat.

Patrick slammed the door. Without saying anything, he quickly sat down on the driver's seat. He did not look at her anymore, but looked straight and drove the car. The narrow space in the car was in silence again.

Patrick drove at a high speed, while he felt fretful. He had forgotten to ask her about the badge of the Strozzi family.

Soon, they arrived at the Hopkins family's Eastern Garden.

Nanny Fain and the maids called them cautiously, but were told "No supper." Then the servants left.

The atmosphere in the Eastern Garden was inexplicably tense. Christina supposed that it must be because Patrick was in a sulk, making the servants nervous.

She felt sympathized with them.

In fact, she was also very sure that Patrick would not throw his temper in front of her, even if she stopped him outside TY Apartment just now.

After Christina went back to bedroom, she took her nightgown and went into the bathroom to take a bath while she was thoughtful.

"Shall I tell him about Derek tonight?"

"Patrick must be in a bad mood now."

When she came out of the bathroom, the door of the other bathroom opened almost at the same time. Patrick walked out in his nightgown.

They looked at each other tacitly.

Christina quickly withdrew her sight and walked quickly to the bed. She slipped into the quilt.

Patrick turned to be unusually calm. He walked steadily to the other side of the bed and lay down.

Christina felt a little nervous and thought that Patrick would question her. But Patrick did not speak as if nothing had happened.

Then, Patrick turned down the light of the lamp and was about to sleep. Christina also breathed a sigh of relief. It seemed that he would force her.

Nevertheless, just in a sudden, he pulled the quilt vigorously.

Christina could not be sure if Patrick did it on purpose. But she had been dragged over already. They leaned against each other with the company of warmth and fragrance after bathing.

They lay their backs to back.

Christina was a little sulky. She didn't want to speak first, but Patrick was snatching the quilt from her. He was so powerful that Christina was about to be defeated, although she also seized the quilt tightly.

"Patrick Hopkins, what are you doing?" Christina lost her composure and turned to scold him.

Patrick fixed his eyes on her with a gloomy expression at the moment she turned around. It seemed that he had achieved his intention, then he let go of the quilt.

"Are you crazy?!" Her heartbeat was ruffled, but she still pretended that she was in the right.

At least, she couldn't enter the competition of the quilt for no reason.

Patrick pursed his lips and said nothing.

Christina felt more perplexed under his steady gaze. She immediately turned her back to him.

For a long time, a murmur came from the side of the bed. "Childish." Christina wrapped herself with the quilt and closed her eyes.

The bedside lamp was dimly lit, because Christina was used to sleeping with the lamp lighted. Patrick slowly turned around and stared at Christina, who was breathing evenly. She had fallen asleep.

"It's really childish." Patrick suddenly murmured.

He reached out and pulled the quilt to prevent her head from being covered by it.

Sometimes, he didn't know what he wanted. Maybe he just wanted her to talk to him, or wait for her sight.

Patrick cast his eyes at the glass window on his right. It was a chilly night outside. The full moon was gradually covered by thick clouds. He couldn't fall asleep tonight.

Last night, Christina left a Ferrari sports car on the side of the road and forgot to take the car keys. She probably got a lot of tickets for parking the car on the side of the road.

Early in the morning, the driver of the Hopkins family went to drive it back.

The open-top luxury sports car's chairs and steering wheel were covered by trash maliciously thrown by some people. Fortunately, although the car keys were in the car, the system was locked. And those hooligans could not drive it away.

"How much is that car worth? It's a real spendthrift. Millions of dollars worth of a car left on the side of the road and even with the car key on. Money is a small matter. People would assume the Hopkins family is vulgar nouveau riche..."

Ms. Hopkins heard the gossip from the servants and seized the opportunity. She passed by the Eastern Garden path on purpose. She happened to bump into Christina, who was coming from the opposite direction. She immediately became excited.

Christina had gotten up and was on her way to accompany the Senior Mr. Hopkins to breakfast at the main house. She had to go to Derek's apartment to check on him.

Christina didn't want to talk to Ms. Hopkins at all. She was still thinking about Derek's illness last night. And she left the sports car on the side of the road because Patrick forbade her to drive back alone. She was not worried about being accused at all.

Seeing that she ignored her, Ms. Hopkins's expression became even uglier. She spoke coldly and raised her voice to question, "You drove out in a sports car in the middle of the night last night. Where did you go?"

"You dare not say it because you are guilty!"

The two of them walked all the way to the main house. The servants who were busy early in the morning quietly looked at Ms. Hopkins's aggressiveness, while Christina's face remained expressionless.

The servants in the Hopkins family knew well that Ms. Hopkins was not the one to mess with. She had always been Senior Mr. Hopkins's favorite daughter and had always been arrogant and spoiled.

To put it bluntly, it was because of the interest. Christina married into the Hopkins family and challenged Ms. Hopkins, so Ms. Hopkins targeted her.

Now the servants of the Hopkins family were choosing sides in private. The servants of Eastern Garden seemed easy to bully, but Nanny Faang and Nancy were confident.

Although their Junior Mrs. Hopkins seemed distant all day, she was not a pushover.

They walked all the way into the dining room of the main house, and the servants around them all had some plans in

their hearts.

"I'm talking to you. Your Dickens family daughter is so rude!" Ms. Hopkins yelled at her angrily.

Christina was annoyed. She stopped, turned around, and said, "I went out to meet a man last night. Are you satisfied?"

Ms. Hopkins looked surprised, not expecting her to admit it so directly.

At that moment, she added fuel to the fire. While Senior Mr. Hopkins and Patrick were present at the breakfast table, she immediately shouted excitedly, "You heard her. She, she admitted that she drove out to meet a man last night."

"You're yelling early in the morning!" Senior Mr. Hopkins shouted with a sullen face.

Ms. Hopkins looked at her father's serious expression and shrewdly restrained herself.

The last time she was injured in her leg, she thought it must have been Christina, but Christina refused to admit it. And she had no solid evidence.

If she made any more trouble, her father would definitely throw her back to her husband's home.

Little did they know that this time she was actually back to the Hopkins family for the money. The second reason was that she didn't want her husband to get her back so easily.

Ms. Hopkins glared at Christina and sat down for breakfast.

As a daughter-in-law, Christina looked at Senior Mr. Hopkins and Judy. She greeted them and then sat down beside Patrick to eat.

Everyone at the table in the Hopkins family ate their own meals. They wouldn't talk to each other and had their own thoughts.

Senior Mr. Hopkins had five steamed buns for breakfast this morning. He put down his chopsticks and looked at Christina across the table with his blurry eyes. He knew that Christina had driven out in the middle of the night.

It was inappropriate for a married woman to drive out in the middle of the night.

But he was not a pedantic man. In modern society, it was acceptable for women to have male friends outside.

"Grandpa, I have something to do. I have to go now."

Christina ate a bowl of porridge, drank half a cup of orange juice, then put down the cup, and stood up quickly.

Ms. Hopkins wanted to make things difficult for her. She looked up and said in a shrill voice, "You are running out early in the morning. Where are you going?"

Christina was annoyed. She glanced at the people at the table. Her eyes stayed on Patrick for a little longer.

Her tone was as calm as possible. "I'm going to a friend's house. He's not feeling well."

It was obvious that she was going to Derek's apartment.

Patrick didn't seem to care. He didn't look up and still ate pasta and steak gracefully with a knife and fork.

But Ms. Hopkins seemed to have caught her. She took advantage of the situation to ask, "Which friend? What's his name? A man or a woman?"

Senior Mr. Hopkins suddenly interrupted in a low voice, "Let the driver take you there."

Christina was slightly surprised. He rarely interfered in her private affairs. But she had nothing to hide. Even if he knew that she was going to a man's apartment, it didn't matter. She didn't refuse. The driver followed her out of the main house.

Ms. Hopkins looked sideways at Christina's back with a reluctant expression, waiting for her to make a mistake outside so she could attack her.

"Keep an eye on your wife."

Senior Mr. Hopkins snorted for some reason, picked up his walking stick, and prepared to leave the table.

Patrick looked up at his grandfather and said calmly, "She's going to see Derek."

Senior Mr. Hopkins's face was solemn, and he glared at Patrick. Patrick had finally told him the truth.

Christina and Derek were childhood playmates. It was said that the old master of the Eisenhower family had them engaged. "Derek is a very outstanding young man." The old man muttered in a strange tone, glancing coldly at his own grandson.

All-day long, Christina was hanging out with her childhood sweetheart. No matter what, he felt uncomfortable.

Senior Mr. Hopkins left the table with a serious face and steady footsteps. He did not want to get involved in these young people's affairs. He decided to go to see his precious grandchildren.

Seeing that Senior Mr. Hopkins had left, Judy said, "Patrick, you have to talk to your wife. How can a married woman be so close to another man all day? She should have known better."

"I know what to do."

Patrick's attitude towards his mother was always like this, distant and cold.

Ms. Hopkins, who was still at the table, knew very well that Judy had married into the Hopkins family, but this

woman had no real power. She was not even close to her own son. Ms. Hopkins secretly gloated.

But now that Christina was their common enemy, she scolded him, "Patrick, how can you talk to your mother in such an attitude?"

"We're all doing this for your own good. What if that wild woman, Christina, does something that would ruin your reputation..."

Patrick looked at Ms. Hopkins with a cold face. Ms. Hopkins's attitude was much weaker. This nephew of hers was not easy to manipulate. She shut up angrily.

Judy had long known her son's cold temper and knew that he could scare others even without saying a word.

The breakfast was tasteless, and Patrick stood up and left. Brianna, who had been sitting at the corner of the table, silently stared at his back. She could tell that he was angry.

Brianna knew that his brother disliked women arguing in his ear.

One should always be good and quiet by her brother's side.

Patrick walked alone to the lotus pond and along the corridor to the central pavilion. The breeze lifted the green lotus leaves, and the lotus flowers had withered. After living in the Hopkins family for so many years, he never appreciated the blooming and falling of these flowers.

He had not cared about things that had nothing to do with him, no matter how gorgeous it was.

After Christina married into the Hopkins family, she often said that the lotus pond in the Hopkins family was a little gloomy. That was when he paid attention to it.

"Why did Derek suddenly transfer all his assets?" He picked up his phone and called to ask what he cared about.

When he went back to his bedroom and saw the stacks of contracts in French that Christina had brought back last night, he felt that something was wrong.

"Mr. Hopkins, I don't know what the specific reason is... Derek has always been an irrational person. In recent years, people in the financial world have always been careful with him. Is it a business or personal act for him to suddenly transfer assets? I can't be sure for the time being..."

The man who spoke to Patrick was an outstanding figure in the industry. Every time he dealt with Derek, he would have a headache.

"However, I found out that Derek entrusting a law firm to transfer his property. He was serious about it. He specifically ordered the lawyer to set up a trust fund for Junior Mrs. Hopkins. The stock and bond fund under his name was deposited, including some real estate and a lot of cash."

With such a huge amount of property transferred over, Christina would undoubtedly become one of the richest

women in A City as long as she signed the contract.

Patrick held the phone, his expression a little complicated.

Derek suddenly gave all his property to Christina. What did that mean?

He knew that they were close.

"Derek is really ill this time." Patrick remained rational.

Based on Derek's temper, he knew that he was not attached to many people in the world and he had no feelings for the world. If something happened to him, he would not struggle. He had dealt with the assets in his hands. He probably wouldn't even write a will.

After Patrick hung up the phone, he fell silent. He had always known that Christina and Derek would not have an affair. He was still unhappy because he did not like her to keep thinking about others.



Chapter 481

Christina hurried to Derek's apartment.

Clutching the second key to the apartment and pondering the night's events, she nervously but gently opened the door, afraid that she would disturb Derek's rest.

As she walked towards Derek's bedroom, she heard Larry complaining, "You don't know how wild and overbearing she is. When she gets here and sees you in this miserable state, she's gonna blame me. I really don't understand how her grandfather made her practice judo since she was a child. She's always fierce."

Christina walked in expressionless and listened to Larry accusing herself of being inhumane.

Turning around, Larry found her. He felt guilty and blushed.

Christina was about to refute, but she soon noticed that Larry was just mumbling, and Derek, who was sitting by the bed, lowered his head and didn't listen at all.

Larry tugged at her sleeve and whispered worriedly, "Derek has been silent and ignoring me since he woke up this morning."

Therefore, Larry had no choice but to keep mentioning Christina in front of Derek. After all, she was probably the only one who could make Derek care.

But after scolding Christina for nearly an hour, Derek still did not respond.

Christina was also a little worried when she saw that he was still with his head down.

"Eric." She slowly sat next to Derek and called out to him.

Unlike usual, Derek did not look up and respond to her, nor did he call her "Bae."

Derek's sickly gaunt side face had some bruises on the cheeks and his blue eyes were hollow, seemingly absorbed in his own world, deep in thought about something.

"You stay here and watch. I'll go out for a while." Larry talked to Christina in a low voice, then turned around and walked out of the bedroom.

The messy furniture in the living room of the apartment had not been tidied up yet. Derek was not fond of outsiders entering his house. Larry had been busy last night, worrying about Derek's health. She was exhausted from cleaning the house as Derek's part-time nanny.

Despite the Hopkins family's rules, Christina's presence with Derek today would help Larry get some rest.

Christina also knew that Larry put up with a lot, as Derek was a dissocial man.

Christina sat ten centimeters away from Derek. She still remembered when they were little, she suddenly came close to him, and he was shocked. Derek was a super sensitive person since childhood, now she had to just sit quietly.

They sat quietly by the bed, each in a daze.

Although Christina was usually irritable, she was very patient with Derek as that was how she grew up with Derek.

"Eric, drink water."

After sitting there for two hours, Christina's body stiffened. She stretched out her arms, got up, and walked out gently, bringing in a cup of warm water.

Derek's reaction was very slow. He first looked up at the glass in front of him and examined it for about ten minutes before reaching out to take it and taking a sip very slowly.

Christina sighed.

If it was someone else, she would have forced that person to drink the water.

But she couldn't be angry at Derek, either because of his handsome face or his temperament.

"Eric, tell me. What happened last night?" Christina asked him calmly. It was her limit to endure her angry and impatience until now.

"I forgot."

Derek responded slowly, but his answer drove her crazy.

Christina was so worried that she almost wanted to shake him. She raised her voice and asked, "You smashed the house into a mess and put a tie around your neck."

Only then did Derek raise her head and look straight at her. His voice was hoarse. "I don't remember."

It didn't look like he was lying.

Derek was not a liar, and Christina knew that.

She sighed helplessly again. "You really don't remember?" She pulled up a chair and sat across from him. She carefully examined his expression and said, "Last night, you said you were in pain."

Derek lowered his head again and his eyes fell on the five slender fingers. His nails were broken and bleeding.

He was a little dazed and muttered, "I forgot."

Christina felt worried when she heard him muttering it. The first time he had an attack it seemed to coincide with

Patrick. Charles and others broke into the house, at that time she decided that they teamed up to beat Derek, afterward she asked Derek, but Derek said he forgot.

The wound on Derek's body was caused by himself.

He slammed his body against the furniture wall, fell down, and scratched the door with his nails. He must have been in tremendous physical pain.

Last night, Derek gasped and said, "I'm in pain."

When he was a kid, he got hurt, and he just put up with it. When she heard him cry of pain last night, she ~~panic~~ it might have been unbearable pain.

Time passed slowly as the sun set and dusk fell.

Christina came out of the room. Larry quickly stepped forward and asked, "How is it? What did he say?"

"I have no idea." Christina was a little depressed.

Larry was anxious. "How could you not know what Derek was talking about after you spent most of the day in his room? What exactly was wrong with him? I'm his uncle. I have the right to know."

Christina shook her head.

Derek spoke to her only a few words and never spoke again.

For a whole day, Derek sat quietly and did not speak.

At six o'clock in the afternoon, the driver of the Hopkins family came to pick her up on time which was an order from Senior Mr. Hopkins.

Christina returned to the Hopkins family and have a meal with elders.

She had always felt that this kind of life was very boring. Ms. Hopkins had been set herself against Christina. Now Christina was dissatisfied with the Hopkins family because they were on guard against her as if she were a thief.

Derek's illness was very strange, and she and Larry were at a loss what to do. Coupled with Ms. Hopkins's aggressiveness, she became even angrier.

"Just send a private detective to follow me for 24 hours."

At the dinner table that night, Christina lashed out at Ms. Hopkins, slamming the cutlery on the table and yelling, "Get off my back. I'm tired of you."

She stood up abruptly, pushed her chair, and stormed out of the table.

The few people who left the table looked completely startled.

Ms. Hopkins didn't expect her to lose her temper and forgot to react. After being startled for half a minute, she turned to her father and said, "Look at her."

"How dare she be so presumptuous to us elders." Speaking of the back, as no one at the table made a sound, Ms. Hopkins stopped talking.

Judy was originally thinking of watching things get out of hand, but when she looked at Senior Mr. Hopkins's face, he just glanced at Christina's furiously leaving figure, as nothing had happened.

Senior Mr. Hopkins looked as usual and continued to eat quietly as if he forgave it.

At dinner, Patrick did not come back. Although Christina didn't make a big deal out of the table shot at dinner tonight, Nanny Faang was still worried. Patrick came back from outside at 11 o'clock in the evening. Nanny Faang went to the study to report the matter immediately.

After hearing the report, Patrick was surprised. No matter how much she usually fooled around, she would maintain basic manners.

But tonight she lost her temper at the dinner table and did something out of line.



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Christina had actually thumped the table during the meal and challenged her seniors!

Nanny Faang waited for any instructions with a laden heart, but Patrick only said casually, "She's been in a bad mood recently."

Nanny Faang was bemused and at a loss, as she recalled the pregnancy test issue last time when Young Master Hopkins and Christina had a quarrel.

Uncertain about the whole situation, Nanny Faang felt that if Christina was in a bad mood, it should be due to her misunderstanding with Patrick. She hoped that the Hopkins family would be in harmony, so she forced herself to say, "Young Master Hopkins, the Old Master has actually been very tolerant of Junior Mrs. Hopkins, but the last time..."

It could be deduced that Senior Mr. Hopkins did have his own favoritism through the stark contrast in his treatment of Judy and that of Christina.

Patrick looked at her troubled expression. "What's the matter? Come to the point."

"It's about the pregnancy test last time..." Nanny Faang had been troubled by these thoughts for a long time, but eventually she decided to put it bluntly. "The Hopkins family is such a prominent family, but there are too few members here. You and Junior Mrs. Hopkins are still young, and the family will be merrier if you're to have a few more children..."

The last time Patrick found out that there was a positive pregnancy test kit in the room, he flew into a rage and dragged Christina to the hospital for a pregnancy test. At first, she didn't understand why, since Christina's pregnancy should actually be a happy event, but later, Nanny Faang had a guess in her heart.

Young Master Hopkins had probably had a secret ligation operation, which accounted for his fury when he found the pregnancy test kit.

At this topic, Patrick darkened his face and he said in a cold voice, "This matter should not be mentioned to anyone." He looked straight at Nanny Faang and warned her in a solemn voice.

Nanny Faang lowered her head and whispered in suggestion, "Young Master Hopkins, there is a pair of twins at home now, but you and Junior Mrs. Hopkins are both young and healthy. It's a great blessing to have another baby..."

"Get out."

Patrick maintained the last bit of respect for Nanny Faang, as he did not proceed but only asked her to go out.

Seeing his attitude, Nanny Faang knew that she could not persuade him, so she turned around and went out to close the door of the study.

She sighed at the door. "Could it be that Christina is not willing to give birth to a third child... She actually asked her

husband to have a ligation operation, which is really..." In the traditional way of thinking, even if a couple didn't want to have a child, it was usually the woman to have the ligation, and it was too presumptuous of a woman to make her husband have a ligation.

If Senior Mr. Hopkins learned about this, it would certainly turn into a terribly big deal. The old man would be unlikely to compromise when it came to the family's lineage, as he definitely hoped for more grandchildren, which denoted more blessings for his descendants. Besides, the Hopkins family was well-off and prominent, and even if there would be illegitimate children in the future, they would still be cherished to enjoy the family's privilege as long as they were the flesh and blood of the Hopkins family.

Christina in the bedroom was completely oblivious of their conversation.

Her aunt was calling to remind her to go back to C City for her father Donald's birthday the day after tomorrow.

"It's late and I had intended to call you tomorrow, but I was worried that you would forget about it."

Betty looked at the clock striking eleven, but since they were a family, there was no need for ceremony. "Your father and your grandmother are looking forward to your return with the twins back every day. Don't forget."

Donald's birthday was not a big deal. The main reason was that the Dickens family was looking forward to meeting the baby twins, whom Senior Mr. Hopkins had been always overly protective of, so it was not easy for them to meet the kids.

"Can you contact Derek recently? If he's free, ask him to come back for dinner together..." Betty had long regarded Derek as a member of their family.

At the reference to Derek, Christina looked fraught and sighed, "He hasn't been doing well lately."

"What's wrong?"

Betty was a little astonished, but not excessively worried. Although Derek was autistic, he could always handle things neatly and therefore seldom needed others to worry about him.

"Eric... he's not feeling comfortable." Christina was at a loss of picking her words, so she just perfunctorily evaded the serious truth.

Betty heard that and supposed he was just feeling unwell. "Young people have good immunity and he should be recovering soon."

"I went to his apartment today and sat with him for most of the day. He didn't talk to me anymore." Christina was worried as she spoke.

"Derek is never a chatterbox. He doesn't like to talk."

Christina sighed again. "No, I was talking to him, but he ignored me."

Derek had been indulgent with her since their childhood, but at present, he suddenly started to ignore her.

"You can't always take it for granted that Derek should favor you. He has his own privacy," Betty's tone became serious. "You're already married. There are some taboos in your words and actions."

Christina blurted out, "What's the taboo? My relationship with Derek... I've been worried about him since I was a child, fearing that he would be bullied. But he's ignoring me now. Uncle Larry and I don't know what to do."

Betty couldn't help but feel amused at her righteous tone.

"When does Derek need you to worry about him? It's already a blessing if you don't make trouble for him."

"Auntie, you don't understand. Derek is sometimes very thick-headed. He doesn't know how to deal with his scald and bleeding, and he would forget to run even when he is beaten up." Sometimes, Christina felt so worried and troubled.

It was hard for others to understand Christina and Derek's childhood in the past.

Hearing this, Betty changed the topic and emphasized again, "Christina, you're married. You have to think more about your husband. You can't get too close to Derek like you used to be."

Christina had been married for almost two years and she had already delivered a pair of twins, but she still didn't act like a mature married woman at all. Betty didn't know if people in the Hopkins family would have any complaints, which the Dickens family was also very distressed about.

"You've been married into the Hopkins family, but thanks to Patrick's lack of rules for you, you're still able to live as carefree as an unmarried girl..."

Hearing that her aunt was flattering Patrick again, Christina was very upset with the people in the Hopkins family.

"Last time, Patrick scolded me for no reason because of a pregnancy test kit Crystal had used. He has a weird temper and is difficult to get along with. He is so unpredictable that I don't know what he is thinking."

"Do you think I'm enjoying myself in blissful happiness in the Hopkins family? Ms. Hopkins is making things difficult for me all day long. I can't bear it anymore so I finally thumped the table and showed them my cards tonight!"

The more Christina said, the angrier she became.

Betty sighed and stroked her forehead. Her niece was indeed not suitable to marry into an eminent family.

"The rights and wrongs of those relatives in the Hopkins family aside, Patrick's restraining himself from flirting with women outside with his current status shows his respect for you, so you must always remember that he is your husband, okay?"

After her aunt hung up the phone, Christina was silent for a while.

Looking up, she glanced at the clock on the wall, finding that it was 11:45. She might have heard some moves downstairs just now, which signified Patrick's return, and he should be in the study by now.

There were two large velvet quilts on the bed, which Christina had specially arranged there because Patrick often snatched the quilt from her.

So she simply brought two quilts, one for each.

Christina stood up and looked at the two quilts on the huge bed. It was as if a couple was sharing the same bed, but they had already been estranged from each other. Christina mulled over carefully for a while, then she picked up one of them and stuffed it back into the closet.

In fact, she was indeed seldom considerate of Patrick.



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After hanging up the phone with his aunt, Christina sat on the bed uneasily and looked at the door from time to time.

The spacious bedroom was brightly lit.

It was 1:00 in the morning, Patrick had not returned to the bedroom to rest.

Usually, when it was time to go to bed, she would go to bed early and not wait for him.

Tonight, Christina stared at the clock on the wall and wondered, "It's so late. What is he doing in the study?"

She was wearing a long aqua blue pajama silk dress. With her long, loose, black hair, she walked out her bedroom. As she passed down the wooden corridor, her footsteps seemed a little abrupt in the stillness of the night, and the maids on duty in front of her looked up at her when they heard the sound.

"Junior Mrs. Hopkins."

"Hush."

Christina immediately motioned them not to speak and asked in a low voice, "Is Patrick in the study?"

The maid standing in front of the study nodded at her.

Christina hesitated for a while, looked at the door of the study, but did not speak.

The maid didn't know what Christina was thinking and asked carefully, "Junior Mrs. Hopkins, what can I do for you?"

Christina felt embarrassed as she couldn't figure out why she didn't sleep in the middle of the night and ran to the study to look for him.

She couldn't tell him that she missed him.

"I'll go in myself." Christina raised her voice slightly to hide her embarrassment.

"Yes."

The maid immediately stepped back.

Christina opened the door uncomfortably. As she saw the nervous look on the maid's face, she wondered, "Is it possible that I've spent so much time with Patrick that I'm prone to behave in a way that scares the underlings as much as he does?"

"What's the matter?"

Patrick spoke up the moment she opened the door.

Christina, the uninvited guest, was startled as she never expected Patrick to react so quickly. But how did he know it was her?

Patrick first looked at her slightly pale cheeks and saw her clear eyes, and it was obvious that she did not suddenly wake up. Then, as he looked down, he saw her collarbone, and the pajama top was open with two twisted buttons to reveal her breasts.

"Not asleep yet?"

Patrick looked away from her chest and asked her in a low voice.

Christina did not notice his burning look just now. She was very restrained by the question. Instead of answering his question directly, she asked him, "What are you doing in the study so late?"

She wanted to let him rest early.

It was not unusual for a wife to be concerned about her husband working late. But Christina thought it would be strange and awkward for her to express her concerns about him.

At this moment, Patrick was thinking about her wandering around in pajamas in the middle of the night. All the maids were on duty in the corridor just now, therefore there should be no men.

He did not notice Christina's concern just now.

Christina looked at his sudden silence and frowned, and she felt that he deliberately avoided and hid something.

"What did you just say?"

A moment later, Patrick realized that he had been distracted.

Christina's initial awkwardness and restraint transformed into anger. She made up a random excuse, "My aunt called to tell me that my dad's birthday is the day after tomorrow. I want to take the twins back to the Dickens family."

He sensed from the stiff tone of her voice that she was angry.

Patrick listened and raised his eyebrows. He really didn't understand why women's emotions could change so quickly.

"You want to take the children back to the Dickens family." He repeated her words.

Before he could have done his speaking, Christina said firmly and interjected, "I don't care if grandpa agrees or not. Anyway, I have to take the babies back to the Dickens family. I have promised them."

Senior Mr. Hopkins loved his grandchildren so much that he didn't usually take them out. Christina could hardly see her children, let alone take them out of the house.

Patrick naturally knew his grandfather's temper.

"Find a cardboard box and smuggle the children out." Patrick calmly replied to her.

Smuggle the children out?

What kind of stupid idea was this?

Christina didn't expect him to answer that way. Did he agree?

"We are the babies' biological parents. But we have to take them out secretly."

Christina complained, then muttered to herself, "Tomorrow I'm going to talk to grandpa."

Hearing her complaints, Patrick chuckled. He stood up from his office chair, turned off his laptop, closed a few documents, and prepared to leave the study.

He said to her, "Don't mention it to grandpa for the time being."

Patrick knew his grandfather's temper best.

He tidied up the pen on his desk and covered it, looked up, into her eyes, and said calmly, "Act first and report afterwards." It was the best way to deal with his grandfather.

Christina said to herself, "This is Patrick's style."

Therefore, Senior Mr. Hopkins couldn't deal with Patrick.

Patrick turned off the lights in the study. Realizing that he was going back to his bedroom to rest, Christina followed him out of the study. They walked slowly along the corridor.

Christina felt that Patrick was old-fashioned and straightforward. But lately, Patrick had picked up the sense of humor from Charles, and she usually took a long time to react to his jokes.

"Patrick, do you have any hobbies?" She asked directly.

Patrick, who was walking in front of her, suddenly stopped, turned around, and looked at her face strangely.

He wondered why she suddenly asked that.

Patrick was not interested in many things and replied coldly, "No."

"Why not? Don't you like to go to the boxing club?"

Christina became excited and held his arm warmly. "Last time, you said you wanted to take me to the stable and teach me how to ride."

Patrick did not speak. They continued to walk slowly back to the bedroom.

"Charles told me he was beaten up by you since you were children. He also said you were good at swimming and playing basketball. Do you enjoy collecting watches like other men?"

Christina continued to mutter to herself, "I used to have a desk mate who was very strange and liked collecting stones. During the weekend holidays, that person even dragged me to the suburbs and mountains to pick up stones."

Patrick listened quietly, and he rarely interrupted her.

"Is the desk mate a guy?"

Patrick only asked that.

Christian came to the bedroom door, opened the door, and answered him casually, "Yes."

"Oh." Patrick said meaningfully.

Sometimes Christina felt that Patrick liked to hear her complain. She didn't know if it was an illusion. If it weren't for the occasional question, she thought he didn't listen at all, but he did.

Thinking of this, Christina turned around and looked at him seriously.

It was amazing that Patrick was interested in listening to her complaints.

Christina looked at him seriously and directly. Patrick was standing at the door of the bedroom, and he was unaccustomed to her look. He did not understand why this woman suddenly looked at him like this.

She looked at him wholeheartedly, as if he was her whole world.

Patrick felt his ears burn and heat.

He turned his head slightly, trying to pass her sight, but Christina leaned over in surprise. She reached out and grabbed his ear, exclaiming, "Patrick, you seem to have a fever."

His ears were red and warm.

"Don't touch it." Patrick felt uncomfortable and ordered her when she rubbed his ear.

"Don't be so tough!"

Christina was dissatisfied and let go of her hand.

It was not that Patrick deliberately provoked her. It was that no one had ever rubbed his ear. He was instinctively defensive towards her behaviors.

She had deliberately waited for him tonight, but Patrick did not appreciate it. When she was concerned if he had a cold, he was even mean to her.

With a straight face, she felt angry.

Suddenly, Christina reached out and patted Patrick on the head. With a snort, she immediately ran into the bathroom.

Patrick was startled and completely unresponsive.

He watched Christina slip into the bathroom, subconsciously reached out to touch his head, and then sighed.

When Christian touched him, he would just say something and never get angry.

When Christina washed her face and applied some skincare products in the bathroom, she heard Nanny Faang being scolded by Patrick.

"Now, take them out." Hearing Patrick's words, Christina secretly popped a head out of the bathroom out of curiosity. She looked around and saw Nanny Faang's back as if Nanny Faang was carrying a large quilt out of the room.

While Patrick went into the cloakroom to get his pajamas, Christina quickly ran over and stopped Nanny Faang. "Why are you in such a hurry to move all the quilts out of the bedroom?"

Nanny Faang looked at her, and answered, "One quilt is enough. I just take the rest."

Patrick was a meticulous man. When he pulled open the wardrobe and saw two large quilts, he guessed that Christina decided to prevent him from robbing her quilt at night.

What a travesty it was to have two quilts between husband and wife!

Therefore, he called for the rest to be taken away.

But Christina didn't think too much. Thinking that Nanny Faang had been scolded, she patted Nanny Faang on the shoulder and said soothingly, "Patrick is in a bad mood."

Nanny Faang smiled without saying a word.

"By the way, what time does the twins drink milk in the morning?" Christina asked Nanny Faang. She had to prepare to take her children out secretly.

Nanny Faang answered truthfully, "Usually, the young master sleeps until he wakes up naturally. He drinks milk at 6 am, but he caught a cold last week and is still taking medicine."

Was the baby sick?

Christina looked at her seriously, "The day before yesterday, I saw that they were ruddy and didn't look sick."

"The children have a dry cough. Senior Mr. Hopkins is worry about it and asks the servants to continue giving the children some mild medication to boost their immune system."

Grandpa was very concerned about his grandsons and thought that a sneeze was a big deal.

"The child has a cold. Wouldn't that make it harder for me to sneak them out?" Christina slipped back into her room and was preoccupied with the child.

Patrick came out of the other bathroom and saw that she was sleeping on her side, focusing on her thoughts. He lay down on the other side of the bed. He switched off the main light in the bedroom, leaving only the small yellowish light.

At 2 am, it was dark and quiet.

The yellowish light in the bedroom reflected Christina's fair cheeks. She suddenly pressed against his back and a soft and warm voice blew in his ear. "Patrick, the baby is sick. Isn't it inappropriate for us not to help feed the medicine ourselves?"

Patrick was in no mood to think about her words. He felt a little hot. She leaned closer to his ear and whispered softly, her delicate body next to him.

There were some strong feelings in his body. He turned over and pressed her under him.

She looked at him with clear, big eyes in surprise. "What do you want to do?"

Before she could finish his sentence, Patrick kissed her directly. When she saw his burning eyes, did she need to ask him what he wanted to do?

"Are you in a bad mood?"

As she asked, she was tossed over, and her nightgown was pulled off.

Patrick's voice was low and hoarse. "Who said I was in a bad mood?"

Christina had previously thought that they were in a bad mood because they had had a fight about something, but in fact they were very cooperative about sex. Patrick knew exactly how to make her feel high.

Christina had heard it said that a couple's relationship could be shown through their sex life, and she was relieved

that she had a good experience with Patrick.



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