

She went to bed very late last night and was tortured by Patrick on bed all night.

In the morning, Christina felt vertiginous when getting up. She was very sleepy, but when she turned to look at the man who had just changed into a dark blue striped shirt in front of the mirror, she found him very handsome and in high spirit.

"Damn it!"

Christina walked out of the bedroom with him. She suddenly felt angry and stepped on him.

The two maids standing outside the bedroom looked at her in astonishment. Patrick was used to her temper, and he chuckled.

Christina was embarrassed to lose her temper in front of the maid. She waved her fist and lowered her voice. "Next time, when I say I want to sleep, don't touch me! Restrain yourself..."

Patrick did not agree. He looked at a hickey on her neck and reached out to pull her collar to cover it.

Patrick's used his slender and fair fingers to tidy her clothes, careful and gentle.

The servants at home usually did not dare to look straight at Patrick. Taking advantage of the warm and harmonious atmosphere, they secretly looked up to this oldest grandchildren. They had to admit that Patrick was very eye-catching, especially his rare and gentle expression.

However, Christina did not appreciate it. She turned her head and glared at him angrily.

"It's all your fault!" She gritted her teeth and whispered in a low voice.

Damn man!

A deep smile showed on Patrick's handsome face.

In the nursery, the nannies were a little surprised to see Patrick and Christina coming over early in the morning. After greeting them politely, Patrick signaled that they could leave and give the twins to him and Christina.

"Young Master, the children caught a cold and had a fever a while ago. They are still taking medicine..."

This nanny was specially assigned by Senior Mr. Hopkins to take care of the twins. Even if Patrick came personally, she was quite cautious.

"They haven't recovered from the cold and fever for so long?" Patrick's voice was always cold.

The nanny was wary and replied carefully, "They have recovered from the cold and their temperature is normal. Coughs occasionally happened..." She explained quickly, lest being blamed for not taking good care of the children.

"If not, don't let them take so many pills," Christina said.

The nanny had a disagreement with Christina before so she subconsciously wanted to talk back. "This is what Senior Mr. Hopkins ordered..." However, she was always smart. Feeling Patrick's sharp eyes beside her. She immediately changed her tone and pretended to be respectful. "The prescription prescribed by the old doctor helps the children improve their immunity."

Christina did not even look at her, who was an old employee relying on Senior Mr. Hopkins as a backer, and still took advantage of her seniority.

"Get out."

Patrick glanced coldly at Nanny Kim and threw out two words, simple and clear.

Nanny Kim did not dare to say anything. She smiled reluctantly and nodded, then retreated.

Patrick usually did not interfere in these small disputes in the family. She turned around and saw Christina still glaring at the old nanny outside the door with a dark face. He said calmly, "People who can take good care of the children are everywhere."

Patrick never cared about anyone who could be replaced at any time. He meant that the one who looked after their children could be replaced at any time.

"No." Christina refused. "If you fire this old nanny, it will cause trouble for me. Besides, she has worked in the Hopkins family for so many years, so she has really put in a lot of sweats if not efforts in everything she did."

Christina's bark was worse than her bite. She didn't want to be so wicked, especially when it would cause someone to lose her job.

Patrick looked at her without saying anything.

Christina had her own ideas. If she didn't want to, he wouldn't interfere.

Logically speaking, Christina was unlikely to be bullied in the Hopkins family. His wife was not a pushover. Thinking of this, Patrick was relieved to let her be.

"Patrick, pick up the older brother first and I'll feed him."

Christina went to get the bottle from the maid and told him casually.

The baby in the crib slept soundly. Because they were twins, they had been wearing the same clothes since they were young. It was difficult to tell which one was the old brother when they closed their eyes and fell asleep.

Patrick stood by the crib and looked at the two babies who were almost identical. The clothes were of the same style, but the colors were different. Was he in light blue or light green?

The considerate maid who was helping to make the milk noticed Patrick's confusion and walked over with a smile. "The one in blue is brother."

Patrick looked up at her. The young maid blushed when the man looked at her directly.

Christina shook the two bottles hard, walked over, and said lightly, "The fat one is younger, and the thin one is big brother."

It was so troublesome to tell them apart from the clothes. The little brother was obviously fatter.

"Ok." Patrick replied and looked at his two sons carefully. The younger son was fatter.

Christina was impatient. Seeing that Patrick had not picked up the child yet, she stuffed two bottles of milk into his hand and picked up her eldest son from the small bed.

The baby woke up in her arms and looked straight at his mother with his big clear eyes.

His face was white and tender. Suddenly, he smiled shyly. This child was young and handsome. The baby looked very cute and shy when he smiled.

Christina had recently become more and more fond of her eldest son. Big was obedient and sensible. He didn't cry or make a scene.

Christina motioned for Patrick to give the bottle to the baby. The baby held the bottle in one hand and sucked the milk carefully with his small mouth. The baby's big black eyes were shining brightly as he stared at Christina's face as if he was happy to see her.

Patrick came here less often. He was very happy as a father to see the child so obedient.

But this relief was only temporary. Patrick soon realized that his younger son was difficult to deal with.

When feeding the youngest baby, the baby was resistant. He pushed the bottle away hard with his fat hand, and the sound of crying resounded throughout the room.

The child cried sadly as if he was the most aggrieved person in the world. Big tears gushed out.

Patrick frowned and held a one-year-old baby in his arms, helpless.

Nanny Kim, who was outside the door, poked her head in time and reminded him in a low voice,... "Hold him with your both hands and walk with small steps while humming nursery rhymes. Keep your voice low, it will easily scare him. Calm him down then feed him."

When Patrick heard this, he looked at his little son who was still crying, and frowned even tighter.

Why did this little guy so hard to deal with?

Small might be born with a delicate temperament and was extremely difficult to serve. Moreover, his blue eyes looked like Old Madam Hopkins. Senior Mr. Hopkins had his motives, and he spoiled the younger one, making him more delicate.

All nannies were all afraid of Small, but he had a high status. Everyone could only change their ways to comfort him without complaining anything.

"Small, don't cry!"

Christina called out to the child in a dignified voice. The child seemed to be a little frightened when he heard the voice. He suddenly forgot to cry and looked at his mother in a daze, with tears in his eyes.

"Brother is drinking milk. If you don't drink it, it will be all given to him."

Christina held Big in her arms. Big was very quiet and nestled in her arms. He held the bottle in his shorthand and drank it very quickly.

Small was held by his father. He might not understand what Christina said, but he still twisted his little body and looked over with his round eyes.

Small flattened his mouth and was about to cry, but when he met Christina's serious expression, his face froze again.

Finally, Christina walked over and saw her youngest son's awkward look. "Behave yourself." The bottle was then stuffed into his mouth. The little guy had a surprised expression on his face. His eyes were wide open and he looked innocent and startled. Patrick was a little surprised.

Small seemed to realize that his resistance was useless, so he stopped making a scene.

The baby raised his little head, looked at his older brother, then at his father. Finally, his blue eyes fixed on his mommy's face. His little mouth pouted and he began to drink milk consciously, and he stopped crying.

Outside the door, the nannies all thought it was magical. It turned out that the little demon was afraid of his own mother.

Christina also felt sorry for what she had done. She took a tissue to wipe the tears off the crying boy's face and emphasized, "Small is so fond of crying. He definitely didn't inherit me." As she spoke, she did not forget to look up at Patrick.

"Nor from me." Patrick retorted in a rare way.

The little guy was so fond of crying that even Patrick couldn't stand it. Small was a boy, so Patrick thought to himself and decided when these little guys grew up, he would train them hard.

"Patrick, our sons couldn't speak yet." At the mention of this, Christina was a little worried.



She put the child back on the small bed. He was almost a year old, and her hands were sore after holding him for a long time. She carefully looked at his baby, who was handsome and healthy, white and fat. Why hadn't he learned to speak yet?

Even his grandpa emphasized that children who spoke late must be promising, but in fact, he also looked for many doctors for examination and asked many times in detail, but nothing useful had been found.

"Other children start calling their parents when they are half a year old," Christina was still a little worried. She and grandpa had been secretly guessing who would be the babies to call first, but they didn't call them till now.

Patrick glanced at his son and said calmly, "They don't want to talk."

"How do you know?"

Patrick had a rare sense of humor. "They are not stupid because they inherited it from me."

"I'm also not stupid," Christina said proudly. "My IQ is 150."

Patrick chuckled. "It's just that your EQ is relatively low. Small is like you."

Christina was unhappy and deliberately mocked him. "Patrick, maybe you were a crybaby when you were young. I'll ask grandpa when having breakfast at the main house later..."

The two little guys were lying on the small bed, looking at the adults with big round eyes. They were a family of four. It was rare and pleasant.

A while ago, Christina was worried about Derek because of his abnormal health condition, so she often went to his apartment. Because of this, she and Patrick had a little conflict.

Now that the two of them were playing with their children, the harmonious atmosphere warmed Patrick's cold heart.

Christina turned around and glanced at him secretly. She felt that Patrick was not as serious and stern as usual as he was holding the child. He looked kind and steady.

Everyone would look forward to a sense of belonging, and Patrick was no exception.

Suddenly, Christina felt very satisfied about her small family.

After leaving the baby's room, the two of them went to the main house to have breakfast with grandpa as usual. Christina was in a good mood today. She also planned to find grandpa to ask more embarrassing things about Patrick's childhood.

As soon as Christina stepped into the main house, she heard 's shrill voice, who was excitedly announcing something.

"There are so many real estates, funds, stocks, bonds, and just cash..."

"I don't believe that there is no special relationship between them when such a large sum of property is given to her. Who would believe that?"

Patrick naturally heard some voices. He frowned slightly and strode into the living room. Christina was also wondering who Ms. Hopkins was talking about.

"What's your relationship with that illegitimate child of the Fisher family?" When Ms. Hopkins saw Christina, she questioned her harshly.



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"What's your relationship with that bastard of the Fisher family?" When Lassie saw her, she questioned her harshly.

Christina was a little confused.

Seeing that she said nothing for a minute, Lassie thought she was guilty and said in a more confident tone, "Stop keeping secrets. I know someone who already knows what happened between you and him."

"So what exactly happened between us?" A wave of anger came over Christina addressing her provocation.

"The lawyer appointed by Derek helped you set up a trust fund. He transferred all the assets personally in your name. If there was nothing nasty between you, how come he have given you so much money!"

Lassie asked fiercely. With so much property, why did such a good thing happen to her? There was a barely veiled envy in her tone.

Christina finally realized that it was the time when Derek entrusted a lawyer to handle the property grant.

There really was no such thing as a secret.

Especially in the upper class, it was easy to know through connections, even if it was a confidential sort of thing.

Christina responded very directly. She said angrily with face darkened, "It's none of your business!"

Lassie glared at her angrily.

She couldn't believe it when she first heard the news. She was angry and hateful that she got such a big fortune for no reason.

In the living room, Senior Mr. Hopkins, Judy, and Brianna were all there.

They were supposed to have breakfast at the table, but because Lassie had told them all about it early in the morning, they all had their own thoughts.

Senior Mr. Hopkins frowned and looked at Christina.

The older generation usually didn't interfere in the private affairs of young people. It was her personal decision whether Christina would accept Derek's gift or not, but the figures involved this time was extremely huge, and even Senior Mr. Hopkins felt a little uncomfortable.

As Hopkins family's granddaughter-in-law, it was not right to accept such a huge fortune from a man outside.

However, even the elders had no right to ask Christina to refuse the property.

"Dad, I know it's my fault that I went to investigate her privacy," Lassie suddenly softened her tone and looked at

Senior Mr. Hopkins with a righteous look. "But she should at least mention such a big thing to us. I don't know what she's thinking about. I was just trying to be considerate for her and Hopkins family. "

As Christina was about to refute, Lassie immediately increased the irritation, "People outside think that our Patrick can't afford a wife."

She dared to say that Patrick couldn't afford to raise his wife.

Christina looked at the people in front of her and suddenly felt funny.

Senior Mr. Hopkins was still silent and deep in thought. Christina saw Lassie's face light up and Judy, who was pretending to be calm and quiet, enjoy this show so much.

Finally, looking up at Patrick, Christina didn't want to say anything.

The warmth of the morning seemed to disappear in an instant.

Christina had refused to accept Derek's transfer of property from the beginning, but the lawyer who was entrusted seemed to be particularly stubborn. He was in a hurry to get the deal done and kept calling her to sign it.

Christina was so angry that she wanted to beat him up when she called the lawyer. "I told you, I refuse to accept it. Don't transfer so much."

"I can't. Mr. Fisher has already authorized it."

The lawyer tried to persuade her, as if he was thinking for her. "Miss Dickens, all you have to do now is sign your name. In fact, even if you don't sign your name, I have already set up a trust fund for you."

"After these assets are officially under your name, you can transfer them back to anyone you want in the future," the lawyer did not forget to add fawningly, "If you have any property transfer matters in the future, you can always ask me to help you deal with them at any time."

Tootle... Christina hung up the phone.

These people were greedy and fully engaged for money, which made Christina so mad.

She was very angry and called her best friend Crystal.

"I behaved well lately. It's Lassie who always managed to mess with me..." Christina picked up her phone and complained.

Crystal said softly as usual. "Lassie is really a typical villain, but you don't have to worry about her for too long. After all, she can't live in Hopkins family for the rest of her life."

"At this point, I think she wants to live here for the rest of her life."



Christina was upset at the thought of Lassie. "Last month, Patrick gave me a house with a flat of more than 200 square meters. It's more comfortable to live there than in Hopkins family. I'm ready to take the children there..."

Crystal burst into laughter.

Christina was just talking about it. How could people in Hopkins family let her live outside with her children?

"How is Derek now?" Crystal did not forget to care about her favorite.

Christina sighed. "The last time he hurt himself, which scared me..."

"Now he has become indifferent to everyone, not even to me. The transfer of property is nothing to him. He is now like a buddha who sees through everything in the world and has nothing to do with it."

Others said that there must be a huge profit plot for Derek to transfer such a large amount of property to her. In fact, Derek did not take the money seriously at all, just like giving away the cabbage at home.

"On next full moon, I'll visit him." Christina muttered with a serious expression.

She asked casually, "By the way, Crystal, it's my father's birthday tomorrow, I'm going to take the twins back to the Dickens family for a few days. Do you want to come with me and take a walk in C City?"

Crystal was a little awkward. "It's inconvenient."

Christina suddenly understood. "Oh, I almost forgot that you can't run around in the early stages of pregnancy!" Crystal's pregnancy was a happy thing, and Christina was also happy for her. "Chandler probably won't let you go back to the Dickens family with me."

At the mention of Chandler, Crystal sighed.

Crystal forced a smile. "Yes."

"Crystal, you should have told him about your pregnancy, right?" Christina doubted her cowardly personality.

Crystal immediately replied, "Yes, yes."

Christina asked her, "Chandler should be happy too, right?"

Crystal continued to respond with a smile. "He's happy."

Christina asked again, "Are the people from the Stephenson family very excited and looking forward to it?"

"Yes, they're looking forward to it."

Crystal's laughter gradually subsided and she didn't want to talk about it anymore. She immediately found an excuse. "Christina, if there's nothing else, I'll hang up first. I'm cooking red bean porridge in the kitchen. It's going to

burn. Goodbye."

Christina wanted to ask more, but Crystal hung up.

She felt a little strange.

Crystal was definitely not the kind of person who hung up on others casually. She was usually polite. She would only press the end button when others hung up.

"Crystal doesn't seem to be so happy after getting married..."

Sitting by the bed, Christina was still angry with Lassie who was stirring up trouble this morning, and even with Patrick together. "They are all bad men. Why should women get married? It's better to be single for the rest of life."

Christina sulked all day long. Besides, she didn't sleep well last night. Before going to sleep, she kicked Patrick rudely on the bed. There was no way to prepare for it, Patrick was almost fell off the bed. She didn't even let him touch her all night.

The next day, before sunrise, Patrick shook Christina awake.

"Don't disturb me!"

Before she could sleep well, Christina rolled over, ignored him, wrapped herself in the quilt and continued to sleep.

Patrick reminded her, "We're going back to the Dickens family today."

Christina was gradually awake and she almost forgot it.

Immediately, half of his head popped out of the quilt and she mumbled, "You're busy with work. I'll take the baby home by myself..."

Patrick frowned and said in a heavy tone, "Get up!"

"Why are you yelling at me in the morning?"

Hearing that, Christina immediately got up angrily. "I don't need your company to go back to the Dickens family." Yesterday morning, Patrick didn't say a word when Lassie was criticizing her.

"You can't decide it." Today, Patrick was not silent, but rarely started to quarrel with her.

Christina glared at him with a sullen face. "I'm going back to my house and I don't need to talk to you! Besides, there is no room up there. You'd better not to go to my father's birthday."

As soon as she got up early in the morning, she spoke bluntly. After saying that, Christina regretted it a little. Maybe it was a bit hurtful.

Patrick was indeed not welcomed in the Dickens family. Her father had chased him out before. Although he did not mention it himself, it was insulting.

"I must be invited for his birthday." Patrick said it naturally, but it still sounded dictatorial.

Patrick himself didn't care about it whether the Dickens family welcomed him or not.

Then he said calmly, "If you want to take the baby, you have to take me with you."

Christina was stunned.

She was tidying up her clothes in front of the dressing mirror when her hand paused, suspecting that something was wrong with her ears. She turned her head and looked at Patrick's serious face.

She was instantly an internal storm of contrasting emotions.

If you wanted to take the baby, you had to take me with you.

She would never have thought that Patrick were strangely naive.

Speechless, she stroked her forehead. He became naive when he get older.

Christina found that she couldn't be angry anymore.

In fact, that was because after he got married, Patrick deeply understood that fighting with Christina would only hurt himself.

Seeing that it was getting late, Christina quickly packed up and asked, "Did you tell grandpa that we are taking the baby back to the Dickens family?"

"No."

Patrick was calm and added, "Charles was waiting for us in the garage with the children in his arms."

"Ah, why was Charles here?"

In the garage, she saw Charles trying to play with his twin son.

"I haven't seen my godson for a long time, so I want to go to C City with you." Charles invented an excuse facing her question.

In fact, Charles was temporarily notified and ordered by Patrick yesterday.

It was most likely that Patrick and Christina were still fighting. Charles felt that he had completely become a tool to adjust the atmosphere.

When Christina saw that Charles usually talked a lot, she immediately scolded him, "Hey, I really don't understand why grandpa asked you to be my children's godfather." Charles was so unreliable.

"It's rude of me to be your son's godfather!"

Charles was immediately annoyed. "You are not competent at all. They are almost a year old. They haven't learned to speak yet." As godfather, Charles began to worry.

"A child who speaks late must be promising." Christina brought out Senior Mr. Hopkins's tale.

Charles said rudely, "Bullshit! Hurry up and take the baby for a checkup. Why aren't you paying attention at all for your babies?"

"Who said I wasn't paying attention? Grandpa had already examined them from head to toe, but they were all fine. They didn't like to talk."

Christina always argues with Charles. Things were starting to hum with activity.

The car drove smoothly.

In the extended Bugatti, Christina and Charles sat in the back. Patrick looked like a competent father sitting in the middle with babies today. The driver in front of him drove carefully.

Patrick had already had two baby seats installed in the car. Listening to the familiar noise of the quarrel in the car, he calmly lowered his head and looked at his two sons.

The baby seemed to be very excited to go out today. They waved hands as if they could communicate with their father.

Patrick rubbed the children's head and was pleased to say, "Your godfather helps me a lot..."



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It was past 7 in the morning and the sun was shining. The car finally arrived at the Dickens family.

The driver of the Hopkins family felt tense all the way. When he stopped the car, he was relieved. He usually picked up Patrick, but this time it was different. Right now, he helped Christina drive her and the babies here without the Hopkins family's permission.

Fortunately, the road was empty in the morning and there was no traffic jam. Their car drove steadily and evenly, without any bumps along the way.

"The babies are here!"

As soon as the car stopped, the door of the Dickens family was opened.

Mrs. Dickens and Betty ran over first and shouted excitedly, "Have you brought the children?" As they spoke, they both looked at person in the car at the same time.

When Christina had just opened the car door, Mrs. Dickens saw the babies with her sharp eyes and she then shook Betty's arm, looking quite delighted. "Betty, hurry up and give the babies a red envelope. It's the first time they come to our house. The envelopes can bring them good luck."

"It's so stuffy in the car. Hurry up and carry them into the house." The old lady couldn't wait to see the children.

And Betty also smiled. "Just come inside."

"Where's my dad?"

Once Christina got out of the car, she remembered that her father was the protagonist today and asked.

Casting her a glance, Mrs. Dickens answered perfunctorily, "Your father has gone out for a walk and exercise. He would come back later. Just ignore him."

Then she pulled her granddaughter a little with eagerness and asked carefully, "Christina, let me hold the babies. I miss them so much..."

Looking at them, Betty had a gentle smile on her face. She then carried out another baby from the car and walked into the house first.

Their true purpose was not to hold a birthday party for Donald, but wanted Christina to bring her babies home.

Standing aside, Patrick and Charles were completely ignored.

"Patrick, you don't seem to be very popular in the Dickens family!" Charles whispered his inmost words out.

Yet Patrick got out of the car and replied calmly, "Yesterday, Donald and Mrs. Dickens called me personally to invite



me over."

Of course, it was all to bring the babies back to the Dickens family. But they had to get his permission first.

Therefore, no matter how much the Dickens family disliked him, they had to treat him as Christina's husband.

Charles was astonished by his words. Sure enough, Patrick was used to get everything under his control.

Although his attitude towards the Dickens family was too strong, he still cared about them for the sake of his wife. For example, the reason why Donald could receive quick and professional rehabilitation treatment after his stroke was that Patrick gave off his support. And he indirectly helped the Dickens family's company affairs.

In the room, Christina was chatting with Betty and the others.

"Early this morning, we sneaked over the house and set off here. We originally wanted to take a short flight, but we were afraid that the sound of the plane taking off would affect the babies' ears..."

At this time, Betty held a baby very gently. The elder one of the babies was very obedient and quiet. He twisted his little body and kept looking around the strange environment of the Dickens family. His big eyes were like grapes, clear and lively, as if he was curious about everything.

Her heart softened in an instant as she held the soft little boy in her hand.

"The Hopkins family takes good care of the children. How cute they are!"

She then lowered her head to amuse Big, and her smile became gentler.

Meanwhile, Small in Mrs. Dickens's arms was different from his brother. He waved his chubby hands and kept kicking with his short legs, especially irrepressible. The old lady wanted to hold him steady, but the little guy was too lively and active.

Seeing that, Christina could only sigh. "Grandma, let me hold him. He has a lot of strength and always likes to kick people." As she spoke, she carried Small into her arms and hugged him tightly.

Right now, she looked like a strict mother. With a warning look in her eyes, the noisy baby in her arms was immediately quieted down.

The child's blue eyes were clear and bright. He looked at his mother for a while, then turned over and buried his face in her abdomen. His hands clutched her sleeve tightly, as if he liked to lean on her like this.

For the elders, every action of the child was very adorable.

Mrs. Dickens looked very glad and asked softly, "Have you fed them since they got up so early?"

Upon hearing that, Betty quickly became nervous. "Christina, don't forget to feed them."

Christina had always been careless. She would be worried if Christina took care of the babies alone.

"She'd fed them once in the car." Charles then walked in with a smile.

Only then did Mrs. Dickens and Betty notice the two men. They had forgotten Patrick and Charles were here, which was really rude of them. They then quickly poured tea for Charles and asked him to have a seat with a smile on their faces.

"Where's Patrick?"

Betty looked at the door. Did she have to go over and invite him into the house in person?

Knowing what she was thinking, Charles then joked, "If Patrick wants to come, you can't chase him away. Haha... He just received a phone call and needed to tell the staff something outside the yard."

Mrs. Dickens quickly said, "He's very busy. Let's not disturb him."

Because Patrick was so capable that even if they were all elders, they still looked very reserved in front of him.

Charles knew the attitude of the Dickens family to Patrick very well. He then sat next to them and deliberately changed the subject. "Christina, didn't you just say you were going to feed the babies medicine?"

With all their attention on the babies, they instantly felt relaxed and delighted.

"They caught a cold a few days ago and have to take medicine."

"They're better now. No more fever and only cough occasionally."

As Christina spoke, she took out the medicine and tried to force them to drink it, but the Dickens family disagreed.

"Christina, why does this medicine smell so bad? Which doctor prescribed it? They are about to cry before they take it."

As soon as the medicine was taken out, the babies' eyes immediately wet, looking especially aggrieved, as if they were ready to cry at any time.

Yet their mother ignored their aggrieved looks and was going to hold them tight and forced them to take it.

She even said, "They won't cry when they get tired."

Then she stuffed a spoonful of liquid medicine into their little mouths. The two babies were "trampled" by their mother and started to squirm. Yet they were too little to resist.

Small, who was the first to take it, cried so miserably that the elders present were heartbroken.

Mrs. Dickens and Betty looked at them anxiously.

Just then, Donald had just come back from a walk. When he saw his grandsons being bullied, he grew angry. "Is this how you treat your children?"

After Christina heard his words, she looked up at her father and said, "Happy birthday."

Yet he was furious and rushed over. "Happy birthday? I just want to see them on my birthday. Why did you make them cry?"

She said, "Dad, you're recovering very well now. You don't need a crutch anymore. It's hard to see you had a stroke before."

While speaking, she quickly put the crying baby in her arms on the sofa, reached out, and carried her eldest son into her arms, using the same method to force him to drink the medicine.

Seeing that, he became furious at her "cruel" treatment of the babies." It's my birthday. You want to make me suffer another stroke? Put the baby down immediately. Stop putting the spoon into his mouth. You're hurting him!"

Quickly, she finished feeding her son the last spoonful of medicine and said calmly, "It's okay. He doesn't cry even taking the medicine."

At this time, smacking his lips, Big ate up the medicinal juice at the corner of his mouth very cooperatively, looking at his mother obediently.

Betty couldn't help but praise him. "Good boy."

And Charles leaned closer and muttered, "Highly cooperative. This is definitely inherited from his father."

Christina turned her head and looked at her youngest son with a frown. "Small is very delicate. Every time he drinks liquid medicine, he cries as if he wants to tear the sky apart." This little guy'd made a big fuss in the Hopkins family.

Small seemed to understand that his mother was complaining about him.

With tears in his blue eyes, he then slowly stopped his crying and kept looking at his brother. He sobbed a few times, burped, and stopped crying.

Donald then reached out and gently touched his little head. "You're also a good boy."

Looking at her father's kind face, Christina continued to complain about her little son, "He is almost a year old, yet can't even speak."

As soon as Donald heard that, he glared at his daughter angrily. "It means he's accumulating momentum."

And Mrs. Dickens immediately echoed, "Right, I heard that many extraordinary intelligent people grow up relatively slowly when they are young. He will definitely have a bright future."

Yet Christina was rather speechless at their words.

Sure enough, the elders all over the world would think their children were the best.

Outside the courtyard, Patrick heard his son crying loudly. He then hung up the phone and walked in.

He nodded at Donald as greet and said, "Small always cries so much." He then walked to his wife.

His reaction made the Dickens family people shocked. He seemed not to care much about the child's crying. Yet they thought that the Hopkins family would be very careful about the babies. They were worried that if the babies cried, they would be blamed for not taking good care of the babies.

"Since the babies are here, don't eat out for dinner. We'll just cook some home-cooked food at home. What do you think?"

Mrs. Dickens asked in her kindest tone.

"Patrick and I aren't picky about food," Charles then smiled friendly. In order to ease the atmosphere, he teased, "Christina is the most picky eater."

Mrs. Dickens then laughed awkwardly at his words.

Meanwhile, she reminded Christina, "Go rest in the room with the babies for a while. You must be tired after the long journey."

After that, she smiled and said, "Patrick, take a seat. Make yourself comfortable here."

Although Patrick was her grandson-in-law and a junior, she was afraid that she would say something wrong. So she quickly led Christina and the babies into the room and left the others to Donald to entertain.

After they entered the room, Donald said, "I'm recovering very well. I don't have to go..." Just as he was about to say, he didn't need to go to the rehabilitation center anymore.

Yet Patrick interrupted him, "There will be a professional to evaluate your condition."

He turned Donald down.

When Donald heard his words, his face darkened. In front of Patrick, he had no say on this even if he was Patrick's father-in-law, which made him angry.

"Didn't you see? I can walk and run now! I'm very healthy. And I don't have to go to the rehabilitation center anymore."

With a stubborn temper, since he could walk without using a crutch and was greatly recovered, he didn't want to be treated as a patient anymore.



In particular, the medical staff in the rehabilitation center were like lackeys, making him especially embarrassed. Other patients all felt that he was using special privileges and became envious.

Patrick must have asked the rehabilitation center to give him special treatment.

"Did the doctor agree to your request?" Patrick lowered his eyes and glanced at Donald's paralyzed left leg, and asked coolly.

Seeing that he was so calm, Donald became even angrier. "Call the doctors there and tell them that I don't have to go back for treatment again. Ask them not to bother me all day long!"

Just then, Charles quickly eased the tension. "Uncle, calm down." In case Donald's blood pressure rose again.

But Donald only snorted angrily. If his son-in-law was Charles, he wouldn't be so angry right now. He had seen the dirty and complicated side of the business world. Who would have thought that he would be embarrassed by his son-in-law now?

If it weren't for the etiquette, Donald would have screamed that if Patrick didn't give order to those doctors, how would they let him stop the treatment so easily?

On the other hand, Patrick, who was sitting opposite him, picked up a small cup of black tea in his right hand. He sniffed it and then took a sip, looking completely calm.

But right now, Donald was so angry that he wanted to smash the tea table.

Feeling very relaxed, Patrick poured himself another cup of tea and continued to drink tea. He especially glad to see his father-in-law angry at this time, for Christina had made him angry all the time.

Charles silently looked at the strange scene and felt that Patrick was taking this opportunity to retaliate.



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On the left side of the TV cabinet in the Dickens family's living room were several photo frames. Except for a family photo of the Dickens family, the rest were photos of children.

"Is this little chubby girl Christina?"

Charles picked up one of the frames curiously and looked at it in amazement. "She was so young and won a prize in a piano competition abroad."

Donald was very unhappy with Patrick. When he heard Charles speaking about his daughter's cute childhood photos over there, he couldn't help but say, "What she liked was just playing every day, she was not good at playing the piano at all. It was her mother who forced her to learn it."

Although he said so, Donald still showed a sense of fatherly pride by his expression.

Christina had been a beauty since she was a child. She was praised by adults everywhere, especially when she was cute because of her chubby face back then. However, the more she grew up, the more disobedient she became. She often made Donald angry all day long.

Patrick put down the teacup in his hand and looked at the photo frames on the TV cabinet.

All the photos recorded what happened during Christina's childhood. She was only five years old, wearing a British red plaid dress and holding the prize letter for the piano competition. She looked at the camera, smiling so naturally.

"She hated playing the piano when she was a child," Patrick said.

Then Patrick pressed his lips and chuckled.

He remembered that there was a video when she was a child that she was forced to practice playing the piano. She shouted to her strict piano teacher "I don't want to learn" while wiping her tears and crying. Still, her short fingers were playing honestly, which was really funny.

Perhaps Donald also immediately remembered it and laughed at the same time.

Charles felt strange finding the two men laughed for no reason.

Charles looked at the photo and said to the point, "Christina was really likable when she was a child. She was fair and beautiful, and her big eyes were bright. Who wouldn't want such a beautiful little girl?"

Then he turned to look at Patrick and said with a smile, "Patrick, you and Christina should have a daughter. A daughter is much better than a son. A daughter always cares about her mother. Look, she will be very cute like Christina."

Charles excitedly held the photo and gestured, trying to encourage them to have a daughter.

The Shepherd family was all men. According to his mother, it was more difficult for the Shepherd family to have a daughter, so the daughter was the treasure. The sons of the Shepherd family were often belittled.

Generally, it was good to have a daughter. Girls were so welcomed now.

Even Donald turned to look at Patrick, his eyes flashing with anticipation.

When Donald was young and full of energy, he was focused on his enterprise, and at that time, he often quarreled with Christina's biological mother. All these years, he had some regrets that he did not take good care of his daughter. If he had a little granddaughter who had a personality like Christina, it would be fun.

Betty, who was preparing lunch in the kitchen, heard their conversation and ran over excitedly.

"Patrick, you and Christina are still young. Donald must want you to have a few more children."

On the contrary, Patrick looked a little serious and said in a serious tone, "No."

"Why, don't put too much emphasis on men over women. In fact, daughters are cuter."

Charles was the first to shout.

He was now the godfather of the twins. If Christina had a daughter, he could have another daughter.

"It's enough to have two sons." It wasn't a problem about sons or daughters. Patrick just didn't want to have another child.

Patrick replied in a little cold way, and it was obvious that he didn't want to talk about it anymore.

Donald's face immediately darkened. Charles sighed as if he had suffered a heavy loss.

Betty knew Patrick. Since he had said so, and it was useless to persuade him.

She smiled and tried to smooth things over. "It's enough to have two sons... In fact, giving birth to a child is very harmful to a woman's body. If she gives birth to another child, her body will be hurt a little more. Some women give birth to more children, and their stomachs will become thinner. When a woman grows old, her body will not be able to recover..."

Halfway through her sentence, Betty seemed to have realized something. She immediately looked at Patrick.

Patrick had always been meticulous, who had thought through some things that Christina had not thought about.

The last time he heard Christina call and complain about something that Crystal bought some pregnancy test sticks. Crystal made the test in the Hopkins family and it turned out to be positive, so when Patrick came back and saw it, he thought that Christina was pregnant. He was furious in an instant and dragged Christina to the hospital for a pregnancy test to confirm.

Logically speaking, Patrick should be very happy Christina was pregnant.

Betty asked tentatively, "Patrick, you've decided that having two sons is enough? You don't want any more children?"

Patrick looked at her sharply and did not speak.

Betty understood at a glance that Christina did not say not to have another child. It was Patrick's decision.

So he went to the hospital to have a ligation?

Thinking of this, Betty looked at Patrick in shock. Patrick seemed to understand what she was thinking from her expression. He frowned slightly and left an ambiguous sentence.

"This is our business. Don't interfere."

Realizing he was so determined, Betty smiled. "You young people have your own idea. It is indeed the most important thing to stay with each other until you get old."

After this, Betty showed no prejudice against Patrick anymore in an instant.

"Patrick is indeed a man worth being with for the rest of life." Betty went back to the kitchen to continue preparing lunch who was very glad that Christina found a good man to accompany her.

In the past, Betty always thought that Derek was the most suitable person for Christina. They grew up together and had a very tacit understanding. Besides, Derek was very obedient to Christina, but it was also a fate that they were not right for each other.

At lunch, Christina noticed something unusual.

Betty should pick up food for Patrick non-stop.

At first, she strongly opposed the marriage. Why was she so kind to Patrick all of a sudden?

"Patrick, I wonder if these dishes suit your taste. Eat more." This time Betty really wanted to be nice to Patrick. Obviously, she wasn't doing so out of table manners.

After lunch, Christina dragged Patrick to a corner and asked him, "Tell me, did you give my family money?"

Patrick raised his eyebrows and looked at her without saying anything.

She was anxious. "Hey, who told you to give money to my family? It's not that they don't have money to eat..."

Compared with the Hopkins family, the Dickens family was poor, but if Patrick gave money, Donald would not accept it because he had his own dignity. Donald would be furious soon if Patrick really did so.

It was rare to see her look worried.

If money could solve any problem, Patrick wouldn't have to be so annoyed. Looking at Christina being upset now, he felt a little comfortable.

"Christina, call Patrick to my study!" Donald in the living room suddenly shouted at them.

Christina turned around in a daze, then became even more worried. She grabbed Patrick's sleeve and said, "Look, my father is going to be angry."

"I'd better go to the study with you. If he gets angry, he will not embarrass you with me there."

"Hey, Patrick, why are you so stupid? You know my father who has a bad temper, but you actually gave money to him on his birthday."

She was worried, while Patrick couldn't help but laugh.

"I didn't give your father any money. And if you were there back then, he would only be angrier even more." After that, Patrick went straight to Donald's study because he happened to have something to ask Donald himself.

What? What did that mean?

Christina was confused.

"Christina, come here, your sons are crying again!" Charles in the room urgently asked for her help.

She had no choice but to rush to the room to coax her little sons, the devils. Just as she ran past the living room, her aunt Betty asked her anxiously, "Christina, what kind of cake do you like to eat?"

"We haven't ordered a birthday cake for your father's birthday yet. We can order whatever you like. Just ignore him."

Mrs. Dickens rushed out of the room and was very anxious. "Christina, are the children not feeling well? Why are they crying all the time? Do we need to take them to the hospital now?"

Christina felt so upset that on her first day back at the Dickens family, she was annoyed.

Donald's office study was originally on the second floor, but after he suffered a stroke and he could not walk well, he redecorated a storeroom outside the courtyard into his new study.

The room was relatively small, with a desk in the middle and two low stools. There were two rows of bookshelves at the back displaying many classic books and even Grimm's Fairy Tales.

Ever since his stroke, he had seen through the business world and had not paid much attention to his work. The current study was more like a small library to him. He often read some books to kill time, and even bought a few children's fairy tale books, intending to tell his little grandson stories in the future.



Patrick walked into the study but could only sit on a small stool as if he was playing with a child at home. It felt really strange.

"When the children grow up, I'll hold them and tell them stories here."

Donald explained that his study had a completely different style from Patrick's. Donald was no longer interested in pursuing fame and wealth, who just wanted to be a retired old man at ease.

Patrick didn't mean to laugh at the study. Instead, he suggested, "Then you have to paint this room pink and blue and put a few cans of candy on the table."

Donald relaxed after hearing what he said.

"I heard that Derek gave all his property to Christina." Donald asked Patrick to come over to talk about it. He paused and looked up at Patrick. "What do you think about this?"

Patrick did not answer immediately.

Donald thought for a while and continued, "Your family must find it strange why Derek did this. Are you Hopkins family speculating about what Christina did?"

"You know Christina. Don't mention it to her, because she never told us anything from the beginning. If she was really angered in Hopkins family or something, she only complains to her aunt when she couldn't bear it. My daughter never cares about those gossips."

Patrick frowned and looked at him.

"No matter what your people in the Hopkins family think, I just want to tell you directly I don't know why Derek suddenly did such a thing, but Christina never has any further relationship with Derek."

Donald was serious. Of course, he didn't want his daughter to be slandered in the Hopkins family. "If Christina and Derek could be together, plus they grew up together, you won't have a chance to marry her."

"I know."

Patrick replied to him unhurriedly.

Donald was a little surprised by his calmness. He thought that Patrick would take it seriously, especially when another man suddenly gave Christina such a large sum of money, it was impossible that Patrick didn't care at all.

Patrick suddenly changed his tone. "There's something I can't figure out about him. I need to ask you for some details..."

Donald raised his eyebrows wondering what else Patrick could not figure out?



Patrick was a little thoughtful and said slowly, "Derek has been ill recently. His illness is very strange. I suspect that his illness is related to the Ancient Coin that Christina picked up before."

"What Ancient Coin?" Donald looked puzzled.

"The Strozzi family's badge."

Patrick gave a sharp look and he spoke seriously. Looking at Donald, he became more vigilant. "Has Derek ever been to an island in Italy? Has he met someone special?"



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"Derek has always been concerned about Christina. He must have sensed something before and then went to an island in Italy to meet someone. Later, he contracted such a disease."

A severe look passed over Patrick's face. "Did Derek come into contact with the Strozzi family?"

"The ancient coin that Christina picked up a while ago is the badge of the Strozzi family."

"Badge of the Strozzi family? I don't know what you're talking about."

Donald waved at him. "Now that you're so capable, you can find out what you want by yourself. I'm just an ordinary retired man now. I don't care about many things anymore."

Patrick frowned when he saw that Donald looked indifferent. He asked directly, "Who is Christina's biological father?"

Who was Christina's biological father?

This question caused a massive shock to Donald Dickens's calm heart. His expression changed considerably. "I don't know!" He tried to calm down, but he failed.

Every time he thought of such a man, he was outraged and could not calm down.

At that time, Mary had sex with an unknown man and was pregnant. Mary was famous in her social circle, and many men were pursuing her. She didn't even notice that she was pregnant until the fetus was five months old. Still, General Eisenhower didn't allow her to have an abortion but was afraid that the premarital pregnancy would attract gossip. In the end, Donald offered to help hide the matter, and Mary married him.

Donald volunteered because he was not worthy of Mary, but he admired her brilliance and did not care who the child's biological father was. As long as Mary married him, they would live a happy life as his original pursuit.

However, no matter how hard he tried and was obedient to Mary, she still missed the unknown man she had only met once.

Who was Christina's biological father?

Donald wanted to know the answer more than anyone else that he had gone crazy to investigate. Every night, he was mad with jealousy because his wife didn't love him.

During that time, he lived a tragic and depressing life.

In the end, he decided to realize Mary's dream and secretly send her away to find that man. He let go of her, but he could never set himself free for so many years.

He was always a little humble in the privacy of his mind. Why was he no match for that man? Why was he always

inferior to that man in Mary's eyes?

"Christina's surname is Dickens. She will be my daughter for the rest of her life."

Donald suddenly became excited and said forcefully, "Even if that man comes back and suddenly appears, Christina is still my daughter. No one can change this fact."

Donald had raised Christina for so many years. Although he felt guilty that he had treated her too harshly, from the moment Donald saw her born, he had concluded that this girl was his child.

"If there's nothing else, go out!"

Donald didn't want to talk about the topic that made him heartbroken.

It was the second time Patrick had been kicked out of the door by Donald in such a cold tone, but Patrick did not leave this time. He stood up and looked straight at him with deep eyes.

"Derek must have investigated the badge of the Strozzi family. He's sick now."

Patrick's tone was quite serious. "I don't care who Christina's father is, but I hope you can provide useful information. I believe you don't want to see some unpredictable danger lurking around Christina."

After hearing what he said, Donald calmed down. Did Derek have a strange illness recently? He didn't inquire about it. However, he didn't want to see Christina in danger.

Gazing at Patrick's serious expression, Donald felt a little uncomfortable again. It was as if he, a father, did not care about his daughter and let Patrick worry about it alone.

Donald deliberately changed the subject and snorted angrily. "The biggest danger around Christina is that Ms. Hopkins, who is always making trouble for her."

Patrick paused. He was about to urge him to get down to business because Donald must know something about Christina's biological father.

However, Donald had been sulking at him before and waved his hand. "Get out, get out."

Patrick looked terrible but did not force him anymore. As a wily old bird, Donald would have his ideas.

Donald stayed alone in the study all afternoon. He suddenly forgot the joy of seeing his grandsons on his birthday.

"Mary, are you coming back?"

Donald looked through the window at the setting sun on the hillside.

In the afterglow of the setting sun, a light golden light fell into the room. Donald took a deep breath, then stood up and walked out of the study.

Just then, Betty prepared dinner and came to him. "It's rare for Christina to bring the two children here. Why are you alone in the study? Come out quickly."

Betty had once admired Donald in her heart because Donald was young, charming, and responsible, and he was extremely good to her sister. She felt a little sorry for Donald's original choice.

Now, Donald, his brother-in-law, was her relative.

For Donald, Betty had always been his sister and someone he could trust.

"Betty, do you still have those things that your sister used to have when she was young..." Donald suddenly asked her.

Betty was a little shocked by the question. "What are you looking for all of a sudden?"

In the Dickens family, it had been a long time since he mentioned her sister, Mary.

Donald looked severely, and he said slowly, "Go back and look carefully to see if your sister leaves any diary in the past."

Betty didn't understand why he suddenly wanted to look for his sister's diary, but she agreed, "Okay, when Christina and the others go back, I'll go to the warehouse and look for it carefully."

They walked into the house side by side. Donald said, "Later, tell Christina and the others to rest at home for the night. Call them back to the Hopkins Residence early tomorrow morning."

Betty was unhappy. "Why are you in such a hurry to chase them away?"

It was rare to stay with the children. Besides, Mrs. Dickens would not bear it.

"A married woman is another family's daughter-in-law. My grandsons are still young. They are not used to spending the night outside. The Hopkins family doesn't want the children to stay out for too long. Christina is so careless, but as her aunt, you must think of this for her."

Betty joked at him. "Donald, ever since you stopped making money, you've been thinking about whether Christina gets wronged in Hopkins family, haven't you?"

Donald looked a little embarrassed. He turned around and stopped talking about it.

"By the way, has Derek been sick recently?"

"What's wrong with him? Is it serious?" Donald remembered what Patrick had just mentioned. Even Patrick said it was a strange disease. What was going on?

Betty became nervous. "Derek has been sick recently. Christina mentioned it on the phone. Have you heard



anything? Is Derek seriously ill?"

Donald was silent. It seemed that Christian didn't know the details.

Betty frowned and said to herself, "I'll ask Christina. I asked her to invite Derek to celebrate your birthday, but I forgot after seeing two children."

"You can forget anything, but don't forget to look for your sister's diary."

As they stepped into the room, Donald emphasized again.

Betty was an intelligent woman. Donald kept emphasizing her sister's diary, which made her curious about the talk between Donald and Patrick in the study.

Her sister, Mary, had a habit of keeping a diary since she was a child. In the past, for privacy reasons, she respected her sister and never read her diary. However, her sister had ruthlessly left her husband and daughter behind for so many years to pursue that unknown man. She had some resentment towards this sister in her heart.

When her sister was here, she always set the cat among the pigeons. Betty thought she would rather believe that her sister had passed away than come back and disturb the peace now.

The dinner was vibrant. Christina personally cooked a bowl of noodles for his father. However, the taste was terrible.

Donald took a bite and whispered that the noodles were undercooked.

Patrick glanced over him, suggesting that he should be satisfied. The bowl of noodles Christina cooked for her was burnt.

Charles was not polite at all and burst into laughter.

They cut the birthday cake, chatted together with the children in the small living room. They joked at Christina for the embarrassing things she did. The atmosphere was so happy.

The twins spent the night at the Dickens's home. Adults were worried that their children would not sleep well at night. Surprisingly, the children slept in a big bed with Christina, and both of them were very obedient and slept soundly.

Even the most intractable younger son, Small, threw away his favorite bottle and held tightly to Christina's arm, with his little face rubbing against her contently all night.

At half-past four the following day, the twins opened their eyes wide and played on the bed by themselves.

Seeing that they were awake, Christina quickly woke Patrick and Charles up and asked them to feed them.

Charles sighed at the difficulty of being a parent and fed the baby with a bottle. Parick was called aside by Betty,

who also got up early. She stuffed him with a few bags of gifts and asked him to bring them back to the Hopkins family.

Christina ran out quickly. "Auntie, we didn't say we would go back so soon. Grandpa is very old-fashioned, but he also agreed with us to bring the baby over for a few days."

"The children were still young, and there will be more opportunities in the future. Take advantage of the fact that they are awake and have been full, and you can drive back. Have a good trip."

Christina was almost kicked out of the house, which was different from her original idea.

She thought that her aunt, grandmother, and father would all urge the children to stay in there for a few more days. She always felt that she was inexplicably driven away by her family.

"Do your dad and the others have anything else to do? Why are they so anxious to let us go back?"

Even Charles felt that they were a little anxious.

"They don't have anything else to do except to stay with the twins every day."

Christina didn't understand either. Betty had stuffed bags into the car, Patrick put the twins in the baby seat, and the driver started the engine.

Christina waved to her father and grandmother outside the car window. "Then when the children have their first birthday party, you can go to Hopkins family and see them."

"Be careful on the road. The twins were in the car. You can't drive too fast."

Mrs. Dickens still couldn't bear to part with the children. After the car drove away, she turned to Donald and Betty unhappily. "Christina said that Hopkins family agreed to let the children stay for a few more days. Why are you so determined to drive them back?" The old lady was a little angry.

Donald just patted his old mother on the shoulder, turned to Betty, and reminded her again, "Go to the storeroom to look for your sister's diary. If it's not in the storeroom, then go back to the Eisenhower's old residence today and find it carefully."

Seeing that he was in such a hurry, Betty agreed, "Okay."



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