

Chapter 52 His Kiss

"... She can be discharged from the hospital."

Christina had been in People's Hospital of C City for a week, causing the medical staff here to be very careful. They finally made sure she was safe and sound to be discharged.

"Miss Dickens's inflammation of the cervical polyp was diagnosed in time. After taking the medicine these days, she has been better significantly. There is no need for surgery during pregnancy. If there is a recurrence or aggravation after delivery, then a minimally invasive surgery would be enough."

Christina was indeed a lot more

energetic now, but she was a little worried, "Does the medication these days affect my baby?"

"Not at all."

Although she had heard it many times, it was medicine after all.

She was still worried, "I don't know if it will affect my sons' IQ..."

The attending doctor was stunned and couldn't help chuckling.

Christina looked embarrassed, but after thinking about it, she muttered, "If my sons inherit their father, then there shouldn't be a problem."

When Patrick entered the doctor's office, he heard her say "their father".

He found it especially pleasing to his ear.

"Mr. Hopkins..." The attending doctors stood up nervously.

Ignoring them, he walked up to Christina and put his arm around her shoulder.

"Let's go back home." He lowered his head and whispered in her ear.

Christina's face reddened slightly and it was awkward to be held by him, but since there were so many people here, she didn't push him away.

With a soft "oh" sound, they walked out of the doctor's office together.

"Do we go back today?"

As soon as they reached the elevator door, Christina saw someone that she didn't want to see the most, people from the Dickens Family.

"Christina, when you go back, you must take care of yourself. The babies in your belly are our two families' grandsons. You must keep them safe." Mrs. Dickens taught her a lesson in an imposing manner as an elder.

Christina glanced at them and nodded.

She didn't know why the Dickens Family knew that she was discharged today. Maybe Patrick had informed them, but no matter what, their relationship was distant so that she didn't bother to pretend to be nice and just wanted to leave.

She tugged at Patrick's arm, trying to tell him that she wanted to leave.

Patrick was the first to say, "Excuse us."

"Wait a minute."

Mrs. Dickens glanced at Christina unhappily, then turned to look at Patrick and put on a fawning smile. "We are family. There are some things..."

When Christina heard this flattering tone, she felt so annoyed. She strode to get into the elevator.

But Patrick dragged her as if he was suddenly interested in listening to the Dickens Family.

"Tell me what you want." He looked at the Dickens Family people and said coldly.

Just like last time, Mrs. Dickens, Donald, and Connie all came over.

Suddenly, Christina remembered something. Ever since Cory was called back by Carrie that day, he had never come to the hospital again. She felt strange since she knew him well.

"Patrick, you know that our Dickens Family mainly are engaged in metal mines business, but recently we want to try to develop in the service industry. Hopkins Family has always been the giant of high-end hotels and media, so we think..." Mrs. Dickens said slowly.

"Mom, I'll take care of our company."

When Donald heard Mrs. Dickens talking about business, he immediately interrupted.

Mrs. Dickens immediately glared at him, signaling him not to interrupt.

Connie took Donald's arm and whispered, "Donald, mom is doing this for the good of the company. The metal mines business has been in a downturn in recent years, and we could make easy and fast money in the service industry..."

But Donald's face was gloomy as if he didn't like working with Hopkins Family.

"When we get back, I'll send someone

to follow up." Patrick looked at Donald suspiciously and agreed immediately.

When Mrs. Dickens heard him say this, she immediately smiled and her voice became more flattering. "Patrick, which flight are you going to take? We have a lot of connections here in C City. Do you want us to arrange..."

Instead of looking at them, Patrick turned sideways and reached out to comb the messy hair on the woman's forehead.

He lowered his head and his thin lips kissed her gently between her eyebrows.

The kiss was so natural.

"Say goodbye to your grandma. We

gotta go." He said in a low voice.

His low voice was cold as usual, but it was clearly deliberately toned down, adding a touch of gentleness.

Christina couldn't think at all, but her face turned red first.

Finally, Patrick took a look at these people, and with a cold face, he led Christina straight into the elevator and left.

The Dickens Family people felt really complicated.

"Patrick seems to be nice to Christina." Mrs. Dickens watched the elevator door slowly close, mumbling in an ambiguous manner.

Patrick's action was clearly a warning...

Christina followed him down to the hospital's underground parking lot, her cheeks still burning.

Why did this man kiss her for no reason? She felt embarrassed.

She got in the back seat and immediately turned to look out the window, not wanting to meet his eyes.

Patrick glanced at the woman beside him and found out that she seemed to be unhappy.

Patrick had already known a little bit about how to deal with women. The more he asked her about what was wrong, the more agitated Christina became, so he let her go and ignored

her.

Leaning against the back, Patrick remembered something else.

The car drove smoothly towards the airport. There was some traffic jam in downtown C City. Christina would occasionally look at the man beside him, out of the corner of her eye. He seemed to be thinking about something serious.

'What is it?'

But she didn't care much. After all, a man like Patrick had too many things to think about.

And just now, he actually agreed to help the Dickens Family, which surprised her. Patrick was not the kind

of capitalist who would help the family for no reason unless he had another purpose.

Just as she was imagining things, the car had stopped steadily.

As soon as they got out of the car, Christina saw Charles and Chandler walking towards them.

"The plane has arrived..."

Charles motioned to Patrick. They checked in quickly and boarded a private jet.

"Christina, your babies are indeed priceless. This plane is especially sent over by Mr. Hopkins..." Charles smiled a little wily.

Christina ignored him, but the high-end configuration of the plane really fed her sight, exquisite machinery, a huge LED display, a sofa made in Italy, and equipped with satellite signal mode, which meant that they could use the Internet on the plane.

"Most airlines consider the cost performance, the installation and maintenance costs, and the pressure that if the price of tickets is high, so the satellite Internet model is not universal. Here you can..." The stewardess smiled and introduced, and then handed her the controller.

The plane gradually rose and flew steadily at a certain height.

Patrick and the other men went to the first floor of the cabin as if they were

talking about business, while Christina was on the second floor, idly playing the remote control.

On the huge LED screen, there was hot news.

"Cecilia."

Christina's face darkened slightly. She wanted to switch the channel, but she hesitated.

"Miss Jones, I heard you were injured, and the fans are worried about you, and whether the progress of this year's hit show will be affected..."

The woman on the screen was beautiful and attractive. Cecilia was still wearing the costumes of female students from the Republic of China

(1912-1949). Her face was young and beautiful.

She looked like she was not feeling well, her face a little pale, and a habitual smile was on her face when she faced the camera.

"I hurt my wrist in a car accident last week, and I accidentally triggered the old wound in this shoot. Thank you for your concern. I will recover soon. I will do my best to get this film done. I hope I won't disappoint him."

Cecilia's soft voice was firm, and there was obvious persistent affection in her eyes.

Christina's eyes turned pale and immediately switched the channel with the remote control.

"I know how to use this. You can go to do your work." The stewardess was standing right beside her, which made her really awkward.

"I'm working now," the stewardess maintained her standard smile. "Mr. Hopkins just ordered me to stay with you in case you will be afraid when encountering turbulence."

Christina was stunned for a moment, her cheeks reddened and she muttered, "How could I be afraid?"

Chapter 53 Misunderstanding

Perhaps because she was too tired recently, Christina who had planned to take a nap on the plane fell into a deep sleep. She was even carried off the plane to the Hopkins House without waking up.

When she woke up, it was eight o'clock the next morning.

Christina was used to looking at the man beside her every morning she opened her eyes.

She looked a little awkward and surprised that he hadn't gotten up yet.

She was lying on the same bed as him, covered with the same quilt and holding the same marriage license, but

she was not happy at all when she looked at his face that was handsome enough to captivate any woman.

'Am I his wife?'

Christina wasn't sure either, but she thought through something since the last time she bled in the hotel.

She didn't deserve such a powerful, handsome man.

Carefully removing Patrick's arm from her waist, she moved away from him and wanted to get out of bed quickly.

"Morning."

The man next to her suddenly opened his eyes, put his arm around her waist,

and pulled her back.

"Morning..." Christina was pulled back into his arms, the tip of her nose hitting his chest as she nervously pushed him away.

Patrick looked down at her reddish profile.

he was rejecting him.

Ever since the massive hemorrhage at the hotel in C City, she had become much more obedient but she had become increasingly distant.

"I'm hungry. I need to get up." Christina explained herself casually.

She was hungry, which meant the child in her belly was hungry, and the

Hopkins Family always prioritized everything concerned with the child.

Patrick didn't stop her, so Christina immediately got out of bed and went straight into the bathroom, slamming the bathroom door shut.

Patrick didn't like to sleep late. He woke up a long time ago, but since he had just come back, he didn't want to go to work for the time being. He thought it would be good to just lie in bed with her.

He sat up and frowned as he looked at the closed bathroom door.

After washing up, the two of them had a simple breakfast and went to the Main Residence of the Hopkins Family.