


## Chapter 66 Fight for Herself

Christina and the others left immediately after finishing the discharge procedures.

As soon as they got out of the elevator, they heard a loud noise coming from the hospital lobby.

A large group of reporters was blocking the entrance of the hospital. The cameras and flashlights were all on a woman. The security guards of the hospital were trying to keep order, but the reporters were in a hurry to interview her and ignored the guards. For a moment, the lobby was congested.

"Miss Jones, someone caught you in a photo that night. Your clothes were in

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a mess. What exactly happened? Did Todd and the others do something to you..."

The urgent questioning kept going.

The explosion at the abandoned factory in the north of the city last night was too late for the PR to deal with and had already been widely reported by the media.

Todd and the others were arrested, and the kidnap was uncovered. Moreover, the scene of Cecilia getting into the ambulance in an awkward state last night was taken.

After all, Cecilia was a public figure and a female star, so her disheveled image was easy to draw people's imagination, and some irresponsible media made



some exaggerated guesses.

"I wasn't raped!" Cecilia retorted excitedly in a shrill voice.

The world was so cruel that netizens nowadays just gossip without sympathizing with people's misfortune.

Many people poked their heads and looked curiously at the door, including Christina. She looked at Cecilia, who looked pale and anxious, helplessly shouting at a group of reporters.

Christina glanced sideways at the man next to her. Patrick's face was cold.

"The two brothers from the Preston Family kidnapped you and blew up the abandoned chemical plant to retaliate

against IP&G Group, and Miss Jones, were you kidnapped because of your relationship with Mr. Hopkins..."

"Did Mr. Hopkins, or people from IP&G Group send someone to visit you..."

Compared to a female star who was suspected of being violated, the media preferred to spread the news about the big corporation, especially related to the Hopkins Family and Patrick...

"Patrick!"

A reporter seemed to have discovered something and suddenly shouted excitedly.

When the others heard the name, they all looked in the direction in surprise.

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Even Cecilia and her manager were shocked. In an instant, the noisy hospital lobby fell silent.

"Did Patrick come to pick up Cecilia from the hospital himself?" A reporter asked his colleagues in a low voice.

"I don't know..."

Compared to the previous clamor, the group of reporters now appeared cautious.

Christina felt a little uncomfortable when she saw so many eyes looking this way.

For some unknown reason, the man next to her stepped forward and covered half of her face.

"Take her to leave first."

Cecilia said in a low voice to Charles.

Christina was not surprised to hear him say that, thinking that Patrick might see his Miss Jones too pitiful and helpless so he decided to help her.

Charles did not leave immediately but looked at Cecilia's side.

Charles was the boss of the company, and Cecilia was his employee. This time, a car had been arranged to pick Cecilia up, but he didn't expect this woman was discharged early.

"Cecilia will be picked up in ten minutes. Patrick, you don't have to..." Charles's voice was no longer joking, but a little more disgusted.

For stars, they must attract the attention of the public from now and then, whether it was a good thing or a bad thing. Only the frequent appearance in front of the camera could make people remember them in order to maintain their status.

"Take her out of here!"

Patrick's voice was clearly a little more imposing.

Christina reached out to tug at the corner of Charles's shirt, implying to him with her eyes that they should leave quickly.

"Christina, are you so fond of giving up your man to another woman? Can you be tough, or at least fight for yourself!"

How dare Charles say no? In the end, he had to follow Patrick's order and take Christina to the back door of the hospital.

Christina's face was numb as she silently listened to Charles scold her.

'Fight for myself?'

If it was for something else, she would never hesitate to go forward, doing her best to fight for, but...

It was Patrick, forget it.

"Is Patrick looking for Cecilia?"  
Christina turned her head and asked curiously.

Because just now, she saw Patrick walk



in another direction.

"Patrick didn't come to pick her up from the hospital..."

"It looks like Cecilia was really given up by Patrick... Maybe it was because someone else touched Cecilia the night she was kidnapped, and she lost her virginity..."

The reporters in the main lobby of the hospital were discussing in low voices.

Cecilia, who had already walked out of the hospital, held her LV's latest white handbag tightly, and her bright orange nails were deeply embedded with a few pinches.

The reporters no longer seemed to be interested in her. The manager led her

out, and at this moment, both of them looked very pathetic.

Originally, they wanted to use this incident to hype up.

A vague explanation would allow Cecilia and Patrick to be related, but...

Cecilia couldn't help but turn around and look at the hospital waiting room. At that moment, she saw clearly that Patrick was deliberately blocking Christina with his body. He didn't want her to be gossiped about by the media. He kept hiding her.

Who was the substitute?

Cecilia burst into laughter and laughed at herself.

So this was the case...

He was nice to her, just to make her wife jealous.

Then he said, it didn't work.

"It doesn't work..." She muttered in a low voice, but she was still thinking about that fascinatingly handsome face.

Because it didn't work, because Christina was completely indifferent to those rumors, so she was worthless for it.

So he stopped protecting her and didn't even look at her.

Working in this filthy industry, she knew what reality was. However, every

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woman had a princess's dream that they wanted a prince to protect them. She used to think she was the lucky dog.

But no, those indulgences belonged to another woman.

"Patrick, I really love you." She looked straight ahead, her vision gradually blurring.

He was extremely deep, ruthless, and could only measure everything by its value ruthlessly, never taking a woman to heart, but she loved him.

But from this man's point of view, her love was so cheap that he couldn't take it seriously.

'So many women adored you, and you

look down on them arrogantly, but...!


"Does Christina know your tricks? Does she know your plans? If she knows..." Cecilia's heaving chest was full of thoughts, and she looked angry and unwilling.

"She will definitely run away. She won't stay for you. She won't love you as I do!" It was like venting. Her suppressed voice and growling were unable to conceal the jealousy in her eyes.

'Patrick, the woman you love would never love you.'

'Because she was forced!'

She was very dissatisfied and unwilling to give up, but at this moment, she just

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wanted to curse and let everyone be unfortunate together.

The manager next to her saw the unwillingness in her eyes and reminded her in a cold voice, "Cecilia, if you want to continue your career in the entertainment industry, you have to find another backer..."

Looking for another backer?

Cecilia thought of her future and quickly calmed down, feeling even angrier.

Because of her ambiguous relationship with Patrick before, even if it was no longer related now, those people were very cautious about her.

"Cecilia, let's go. Stop looking over

there..."

When the manager saw the company's vehicle approaching, she dragged her to the side of the road.

Cecilia was dragged along, and her eyes were still fixed on the two extraordinary men in the waiting room of the hospital. Suddenly, she thought of something.

She lowered her voice and said, "Anne, I think I've found a backer..."

When the manager heard her, she was a little surprised and followed her gaze.

In the waiting room of the hospital, it was Patrick and Cory.

"Cory?"

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It was obvious that Cory was here to pick up Christina from the hospital, but Patrick let Charles take her away first. Cory didn't even have a chance to see Christina and say a word.


"She's my wife."

Patrick looked straight at his cousin, his voice cold and deep, reminding him word by word.

"Cousin, there's no need for you to be overly concerned about my wife."

"I just..." Cory paused, his face grim and sore. He looked at the man in front of him and retorted with gritted teeth, "I just care about her as a friend."


"Just as a friend?" Patrick chuckled.

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Cory was angry, "What about you? You married Christina. Do you dare to say that you are innocent? Are you hiding something from her?"

"And you don't know her. Otherwise, the person who saved her that night, why haven't you found out all these days..."

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Chapter 67 She Is the One

"We got nothing."

"There's only one national highway near the factory, but we haven't found anyone suspicious in surveillance video of the past few days..."

The long, dark gray Bugatti was driving smoothly on the highway. Patrick picked up Christina from the hospital today, but the atmosphere crackled with tension.

The back seat of the car was spacious and well-equipped. The two rows of seats were opposite each other, like small sofas. Now the bodyguard opposite Patrick was solemnly reporting something to him.

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Patrick's face was grim and he was clearly in a bad mood.

"Since we got nothing, let's start with Gordon Hotel..." He ordered in a cold voice.

Patrick squinted casually at Christina beside him.

The bodyguard who had followed him for many years immediately understood and nodded. "Yes."

The mysterious man must have known Christina well since he could reach the abandoned factory ahead of them and save Christina.

In other words, this mysterious man had been following Christina and probably witnessed Todd forcibly

Raising her head, she suddenly wanted to say something. She wanted to tell Patrick not to scare the man with a straight face if they could find him.

But before Christina could speak, Patrick asked her in a gloomy voice, "What's your relationship with him?"

Christina's expression froze, and she became a little angry to hear his cold tone.

"I've told you, I don't know him."

But Patrick didn't believe her at all. He sneered, "You don't know him?"

"What do you mean?"

She could tell he was questioning her.

"Why are you so eager to find him? He didn't offend you. Why do you look like you're going to kill him?" Christina pouted in anger without hiding her dissatisfaction. She shouted back at him.

Christina thought that Patrick wanted to do something to that man. Patrick seemed to be very unhappy that the man had saved her.

Patrick's face darkened with anger as he looked into her stubborn eyes.

He gnashed his teeth and said in a cold voice, "I want to thank him for risking his life to save my wife!"

If he was just her acquaintance, how could he risk his life to save her in such a dangerous situation?

Christina felt even more aggrieved after hearing his words.

She was kidnapped because of him, but he wanted to get the man who had saved her into trouble.

"I don't know who he is. It was too dark that night. I didn't see his face clearly." She was too scared to notice that.

And that man...

Although she did not see his face, she remembered his voice was very low and gentle. It was her first time to see him, but she was not afraid of his approach.

And the man called her "Tina." This was her nickname. Only her mother would

call her nickname when she was still a young kid. No one else knew that unless...

Impossible.

Thinking of some bad memories, she became more and more irritable. Why should Patrick care about that man?

Christina looked straight into his deep eyes, and she pouted and yelled at Patrick, "...Even if I know who he is, I won't tell you. This is my privacy!"

How dare she!

Charles and the bodyguard opposite them were startled to hear that and they sighed in their hearts.

He stole a peek at Patrick. As expected,

his face was very sullen.

The car quieted down instantly, and the atmosphere was thick with tension.

Patrick suppressed his anger and glared at the woman beside him fiercely. And Christina's looked back into his eyes with a grim expression. She was angry too.

The car reached Hopkins Family, and Patrick walked out and slammed the door.

"Christina, you'd better not mess with other men outside!"

Standing upright outside the car, he turned to look straight at the stubborn woman in the car. He said that word



for word, his cold voice was full of warning.

Christina was stunned at his sudden warning and her face turned pale.

Patrick strode towards the east villa as if he were in a very agitated mood.

"A stranger suddenly approached you, so Patrick must be cautious..." Charles explained to comfort her, "He just..." Cared about you.

Christina ignored Charles. She quickly got out of the car, but she stomped angrily. She was clearly in a bad mood.

Charles looked at the handsome figure on the east side and then at Christina, who was walking towards the Main Residence, muttering to himself,

"Patrick is already very moody. Ever since he married Christina, he was like insane..."

Charles thought that he should not intervene in their affairs and was about to go back immediately.

However, Mr. Hopkins said he had something to do with him, so Charles had to brace himself and follow the servants to the living room of the Main Residence.

As soon as he stepped into the living room of the Main Residence, Charles was surprised to see a piano.

The piano was on the left-center of the luxurious living room. This custom-made black Steinway grand piano was very expensive and dazzling...

Especially when it showed up in Hopkins Family.

Who dared to put a piano in here?

Everyone knew that Patrick hated the piano.

He thought of something and he tilted to glance at Christina on the other side.

Charles was curious and he would like to ask about the piano. "Charles, come here." But Mr. Hopkins came in with a walking stick and said to him.

"Although higher management pleaded for the Todd and his brother, Patrick would not spare them."

Mr. Hopkins asked about how Patrick dealt with that matter, and Charles had

no choice but, to tell the truth.

"What do you think about it?"

Charles looked at the old man and said with hesitation. "Todd kidnapped Christina and Patrick was very angry. I don't think it's worth destroying your relationship with Patrick for those outsiders."

"He doesn't take me seriously at all ..."

Mr. Hopkins grunted with a hoarse voice.

Mr. Hopkins poured the tea through the purple clay teapot. A fragrance could be smelt from the white jade teacup.

After passing the teacup to Charles, Mr. Hopkins looked up and asked, "Did

anyone of the Preston Family go to the hospital to visit Christina today?"

Charles was surprised, not understanding why he suddenly asked this question.

Then he understood."It's you who ask them to visit Christina?!"

Mr. Hopkins took a sip from his teacup and muttered, "Christina is implicated. They should apologize to her in person."

Charles knew that Mr. Hopkins was affectionate although he was dignified and cold. Robert, who committed suicide, used to be his subordinate, but...

"Todd and his brother went too far.

They almost killed Christina. Although others said that Patrick was ruthless, he did that was just in case Christina would get into trouble again..."

"Patrick has many methods to prevent that happening again."

Mr. Hopkins put down his teacup and said in a deep voice.

"They're indeed wrong. We should teach them a lesson, but there is no need to be ruthless..." The old man's eyes darkened and his tone became solemn... "Well, I won't intervene."

Charles understood what he was worried about.

Patrick's father died young and his mother lived abroad all year round. As

the only heir of the Hopkins Family, he was talented and tough and absolutely God's favored one. However, he was cruel and unapproachable.

He ignored everything.

Patrick was not heartless, but he didn't care about most of the people around him.

Such as, the one who was seriously ill and unconscious in the United States...

Mr. Hopkins poured himself another cup of tea, which was very fragrant, but he didn't take a sip but just lost in his thoughts.

It was not until the tea was cool that Mr. Hopkins put down his teacup as if he had suddenly lost interest in tasting

tea and was concerned about something else.

"Is there anything new in the United States?" He suddenly asked in a deep voice.

Charles was thinking about it too. He looked up and shook his head with a solemn expression. "No."

"It's the same as six years ago. The person is lying in the hospital bed and relying on machines to survive..."

When Mr. Hopkins heard that, his eyes were filled with helplessness. "It's our debt... we should do our best..."

"Patrick has already arranged everything," Charles said in a low voice.



Patrick felt more guilty than anyone.  
And he was concerned about that very  
much.

And because of that he lived in  
America for a long time and came back  
so late to take over IP&G Group.

Both of them felt a little sad.

No one wanted to talk about the  
disaster six years ago, especially in  
front of Patrick.

Mr. Hopkins poured Charles more tea  
and said something meaningful, "The  
one who is lying down can't speak and  
is suffering from the illness, but the  
one who survives may not feel better..."

They were all in pain.

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Charles looked at him in a daze.


Patrick had been feeling guilty all these years. He wished he was the one lying on the bed, but he never said anything. He never mentioned the disaster at all.

Even Charles forget about it, but whenever he saw his men send him the weekly medical report from America, he knew that Patrick never forgot it.

Patrick was used to being alone. Maybe he didn't know who to tell or how to express the pain.

"Tell me if there's any update."

Mr. Hopkins looked at Charles with a more amiable look. As a grandfather, he wanted to care more about his only grandchild, but his grandchild didn't

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want to talk to him.

Charles felt sorry for this respectable old man. He nodded and agreed, "Okay, I'll secretly tell you."

Then he was turned his head and caught a glimpse of the long wooden table on the other side of the living room. Christina was in a bad mood and was gulping down juice.

Charles's eyes widened. He was not surprised that Christina was in a bad mood and that she was not ladylike at all. But he was surprised to see her drinking mango juice.

"Patrick has been allergic to mangoes since he was a child. How can there be mangoes here?" Charles asked surprisedly.

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When Mr. Hopkins heard what he said, he also looked towards Christina.

"Christina likes mangoes..."

Christina was now pregnant with a child, so of course, she could eat whatever she liked. But he was surprised that Patrick could tolerate her.

Charles was now certain that this dazzling Steinway grand piano must have been bought in the name of Christina.

Mr. Hopkins raised his eyebrows slightly and he suddenly laughed when thinking about something.

He was no longer in a bad mood. He

drank the cold tea in one go...

A reckless and ruthless man like Patrick could be decisive in dealing with business, but he may feel empty and lonely.

He hesitated because he cared about her.

Sometimes, even he himself did not know that his hesitation actually represented his concern.

The one he was concerned about the most was the one he loved the most.

## Chapter 68 I'll Leave

"Hopkins Family seems to have changed a lot this year..." The butler chuckled as he took a plate of fruit and approached them.

Mr. Hopkins looked at the piano on his left and then turned to look at Christina, who was drinking juice in a huff.

Old Master seemed to be in a good mood. He laughed heartily. "When Christina gives birth to the child, the Hopkins Family will be more different. Hahaha..."

"When the baby is born, I will leave!"

Christina did not know why the old man was smiling so happily. Anyway,

she was very unhappy now.

"Ma'am, please don't drink too much juice now. Dinner is coming." The butler said as he turned to walk towards the east villa.

Mr. Hopkins suddenly shouted, "Christina, go and get that bastard over for dinner."

Christina was stunned and looked very reluctant.

Why?

The last thing she wanted to see right now was the cold-faced man!

As soon as Patrick came back, he went to the study on the second floor. The lock on the door here was custom-

made. There were many documents and materials stored here, which he did not want others to know about.


Looking thoughtfully at the fifth row of bookshelves, he remembered that Christina said she had entered his study. Did she see those documents?

How dare she sneak in!

He really underestimated her.

Patrick was a little angry, but he wasn't so furious... What could he do with her? As long as he started to scold her, she would keep a straight face and retort him!

Suddenly, Patrick felt that Charles was right. Women shouldn't be spoiled, or they would become more

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unscrupulous!

He didn't want her to be afraid of him, but he wanted her to be more obedient.

What a contradiction!

Patrick sat on his desk chair, his brows suddenly furrowed, his elbows resting on the glass table, and his right hand clutching his head. It hurt.

He lowered his head and smiled bitterly for no reason. He was not sure which caused him to be uncomfortable, Christina or the fever.

Patrick seemed to be in great pain. He pulled a few strands of his short black hair off and suppressed the pain.

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"Mr. Hopkins, do you want to call a doctor?" The bodyguard on the side hesitated for a long time before he dared to speak.

Patrick never liked to be interfered with, including when he was unwell.

"Continue to send more people to investigate the identity of that man. Report any news immediately..."

Patrick did not raise his head and ordered in a cold, deep voice, "Get out!"

He often had migraines, but he could handle them.

After he left the hospital today, he met Cory, who said, "You don't really know Christina. You can't even find out who

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saved her..."

Patrick admitted that he was inexplicably agitated because Cory said, "don't know her". So he was eager to find out the identity of the man.

The two bodyguards in the study respectfully walked out. He adjusted his breathing slightly, lowered his eyes, and continued to review the documents on the table.

Even his breath was hot, but he still had a lot of work to do.

There were more than a dozen expedited group final judgment documents, as well as the Preston Family case proposal, and...

His eyes suddenly darkened and he

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
fixed his gaze on the medical record report with the conspicuous blue logo at the bottom, which was sent by the famous American medical institution.

This was last week's report, and he had been reading it carefully every week since six years ago.

He picked up the medical record report, which was only six pages long. He felt it heavy.

Her eyes were fixed on the documents and he read them word by word...

All of a sudden, he slapped the documents back onto the table, frowning and leaning back weakly against the chair, his head half raised, his face pale. It seemed that he was trying to endure a sharp pain.

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He was panting with his eyes closed and his chest heaved, trying to ease the discomfort.

Although there was no one else in the room, he still didn't allow himself to act like an incompetent weakling. There were still many things to do, and some people needed him...

"Ma'am, sir is working inside..."

"Grandpa asked me to come over!"  
Christina didn't want to be here at all.

Just then, a small sound came from outside the door, so Patrick suddenly opened his eyes. He looked at the monitor screen on the left wall immediately.

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It was her outside the study.


The migraine was torturing him. No matter how much he tried, he could not hide the pallor on his face.

"Ma'am, sir told me that no one could enter." The bodyguard repeated seriously.

The bodyguards were trained by Patrick in the United States and had little to do with the Hopkins Family. Therefore, they would only show proper respect to Patrick and Christina, but would not listen to them.

Christina's face was darkened. She knew that Patrick's men had the same bad temper as their master.

When she got back in the car, what

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Patrick said had already upset her. Her grandfather forced her to come over and call him for dinner, but she was given a cold shoulder.


Christina was petty and decided to turn around and leave.

"Why does she come here?"

Suddenly, the bodyguard's tiny headphones made some noise.

The two bodyguards outside the door subconsciously held their headphones in their right hands. Just now, they heard Patrick's words clearly and looked suspiciously at a surveillance camera overhead. They thought that Patrick should have seen her coming.

Christina noticed that they were

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holding the tiny earphones by their ears with their right hands. She hesitated and stared at them.


The two bodyguards looked at each other, and when they looked at her again, they asked carefully. "Ma'am, what are you doing here?"

Christina did not answer immediately. She frowned at them, raised her head, and looked around the ceiling.

Sure enough, she found a monitor.

Her eyes were fixed on the monitor above her head, and her face was grim. She let out a loud roar without suppressing her discontentment.

"Grandpa asks you to have dinner together!"

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She knew that he could see her.


But Christina became even angrier for no reason. She just came to look for him. But he asked the bodyguards to pass on the message. He was so superior.

The man in the study was stunned as he didn't expect her to yell directly at the monitor, while the woman on the screen looked straight at the camera with her clear eyes.

Christina had a pair of beautiful and clear eyes.

Her personality was also straightforward and simple.

He could tell at a glance that she was in

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a bad mood.

"I don't want to eat."

Patrick said five simple words to the communicator.

The bodyguard didn't find it strange, because apart from having to eat with the old man for breakfast, Patrick spent more time eating by himself.

Christina's face turned livid and then darkened when she heard what he said.

She stopped repressing her unhappiness and yelled at the monitor, "Patrick, grandpa is waiting for you!"

"You always concentrate on your own work. Have you ever thought that

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grandpa is always waiting for you to have a meal together as he looks at a table of cold dishes? You have people waiting for you now. But how about tomorrow, the day after tomorrow. He's already 80 years old, so how many years can he have..."

"Forget it. People like you will never understand the feelings of others waiting for you!" Christina was so angry that she turned around and strode off.

The two bodyguards outside the door were stunned.

How dare she curse Mr. Hopkins...

Looking at Christina's angry back, no one came forward, only to hear her stomp heavily on the floor...

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The man in the study had a rather dull face and slightly widened eyes. He was somewhat shocked.

Christina had been so bold in front of him a few times before, but it was not the same as the previous complaints. This time, she seemed especially angry.

He looked up at the clock on the wall. It was exactly 7:15 pm, the time for dinner at the Hopkins Family.

He looked down at the medical record report from the United States and couldn't concentrate.

"People like you will never understand the feelings of others waiting for you!!"  
Her words echoed in his ears.

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Patrick closed his eyes and was very upset. He suddenly got up from his chair and went straight to the door.


When he held the doorknob, he remembered something.

He pursed his lips and murmured, "I've been waiting for you for six years..." He lowered his eyes thoughtfully.

"Where's Patrick?"

Christina returned to the main house in a huff. When the old man in the hall saw that her face was darkened, he knew what had happened.

"Let's eat," the old man said to the housekeeper beside him in a deep voice.

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In fact, Mr. Hopkins was not as miserable as Christina thought. The old man already knew Patrick's temperament. Unless it was a special day, his unfilial grandson was too lazy to pay attention to him.

She was very angry because she recalled that after she married into the Hampton Family, every day, she waited for Cory to come home to eat like an empty widow.

'Why was I so stupid before?'

However, during her three years of marriage with Cory, she mistook Cory for her savior. She didn't know if it was love or not. She only knew to treat him well and be obedient to him.

Then she thought about the cold-

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blooded Patrick.

"What a horrible man!"

All men were hateful.

Christina's face was darkened and she angrily cursed.

As she sat down at the table, the maid served her the tasteless nutritious meal she hated the most. She stared at the bowl of so-called nutritious porridge. She knew that the old man was going to "torture" her in order to make her have a healthy and chubby grandchild.

However, for the sake of the child's health, she did not dare to resist. Christina became more and more indignant. She grabbed the spoon and

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stuffed it into her mouth.

"Eat slowly."

Mr. Hopkins, who was sitting opposite her, wanted to speak, but he raised his head in surprise. Some emotions flashed in his eyes.

When Christina heard this low voice, she subconsciously raised her head. When she saw Patrick, she choked and coughed in surprise.

"Focus!"

He looked at her disheveled face and complained. As he spoke, he handed her a clean handkerchief to her lips.

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### Chapter 69 Lie on the Bed

Christina had dinner in Hopkins Family. Although she was not as restrained as she used to be, she watched her manners carefully, not daring to be rude.

Patrick and Mr. Hopkins paid great attention to table etiquette. They ate elegantly with chopsticks and rarely talked.

She stuffed a spoonful of nutritious porridge into her mouth and secretly looked at the man beside her from the corner of her eyes.

Patrick didn't seem to have any appetite. He only chewed on a few vegetables and then put down his chopsticks.

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Christina's eyes suddenly lit up. She seemed to notice that Patrick's brows were slightly knit as if he was holding back something. Even there was a little sweat on his forehead...

Christina peered into his eyes and unconsciously leaned closer to him.

"Christina, what are you looking at?"

Mr. Hopkins sitting opposite her asked in a calm voice, feeling that she was not decent with her body leaned when having dinner.

Patrick turned his head and happened to have eye contact with Christina. Suddenly, his eyes met hers. They were surprised at first, then Christina blushed and turned away quickly and

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guiltily as if she had done something wrong.

"... Nothing."

She glanced around awkwardly and then her eyes fell at the pot of delicious sea cucumber stew on the table. She made an excuse. "I want some soup..."

The maid, who was at the side, heard her and immediately went forward to fill her a bowl.

Although she should avoid certain food during pregnancy, she could have this chicken stewed with sea cucumber. But the soup was very hot.

To cover up her behavior, Christina lowered her head and leaned closer to the bowl of soup, blowing it

continuously, looking like she was greedy and really wanted to drink it.

"Take your time."

Patrick stood up from his chair and his voice was a little hoarse.

He left the table and placed his not-so-hot bowl of soup in front of Christina.

Christina slightly widened her eyes and raised her face, but her face happened to touch Patrick's retracted hand.

"Your hand is so hot." She said subconsciously.

She frowned slightly and looked straight at him.

Patrick seemed to be hiding something that he didn't want people to know. He looked cold-faced and unhappy.

Not wanting to look at her, he quickly turned around and left without saying a word.

"Hey, did you catch a cold because of soaking in the river before..." Christina remembered that when she was discharged from the hospital, Charles said that Patrick had a bit of cold. She moved very quickly, as if it was her instinctive reaction, and reached out to grab Patrick's wrist.

In the middle of what Christina said, his face suddenly changed and he suddenly stood up from his chair.

"You have a high fever!"

Patrick heard her exclamation, and his face was a little unhappy. With a wave of his right hand, he tried to get rid of her.

"Let go." His deep voice was hoarse.

But she held on tight, or perhaps Patrick didn't use too much force.

Christina only felt his skin hot, and anxiety and nervousness welled up in her heart. "Patrick, have you taken any antipyretic?"

Patrick didn't answer her. He looked annoyed. "Let go. Did you hear me?"

He seemed to have lost his patience. This time, he used his other hand to remove her fingers. Soon, Christina

was pushed away by him.


"You have no right to ask about me!"  
He seemed to be disgusted by her concern.

Christina felt so aggrieved.

Patrick didn't seem to want to see her expression. He turned around quickly, stepped away, and walked towards the door in a hurry.

Christina watched him with an angry expression on her face as he strode away.

All of a sudden, she seemed to want to have a contest with something. She lunged forward again and wrapped her arms around his waist, hugging him tightly.

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Patrick froze in place this time.

Even the other servants of Hopkins Family standing aside were stunned.

Everyone watched in shock as Christina rushed over, all eyes fixed on Christina, wondering if their usually grumpy young master would slap her away.

Christina hugged him tightly in this way.

She turned around and shouted nervously at Mr. Hopkins, "Grandpa, he has a high fever!"

The old man at the table was stunned for a moment, then frowned.

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Christina had thought the old man would yell at Patrick, but he didn't. As if Old Master was used to it, he put down his chopsticks and said, "Take care of your body."

"Christina ----"

Patrick turned his head sideways, his face darkening. He gritted his teeth and shouted her name in a low voice, looking clearly dissatisfied with her pestering.

He hated the women who pestered him the most.

"Do whatever you want. I'm just so annoying!"

Her face was full of anger. She shouted, with her clear eyes looking straight at

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him. "Patrick, did you know that a high fever can kill people too?"

She seemed to have remembered something, and she felt a little excited. "When I was a kid, I had a playmate. He had a high fever at home all day, but no one took him to see a doctor. A week later, I found him in the kindergarten. He had been silly and autistic, being not able to speak."

"Everyone said his brain had been burnt out and he had become a fool..." She almost screamed out as if she was angry at the memory.

Patrick had mixed feelings. He looked sideways at the hands she was holding on to his waist. He could feel her strength, tremors, and nervousness.

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"Is she so nervous because of me?"


"Patrick, you have to have an intravenous drip today." She sounded serious.

Patrick didn't know if it was because of his high fever or some other reason, but he let Christina drag him along...

At the dining table, Mr. Hopkins looked at the two people leaving, then looked up at the housekeeper beside him. Both of them were a little surprised.

Mr. Hopkins was quite pleased and his appetite improved a little. He picked up his chopsticks and picked up a piece of beef to chew on.

Sure enough. After marrying his wife, Patrick was more patient.

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REDMI NOTE 9S  
AI QUAD CAMERA

Patrick was dragged back to the bedroom by her. Soon the doctor came over and took Patrick's temperature. But it was not a serious illness, so the doctor just prescribed some medicine for Patrick.

Christina stood by, looking at the thermometer showing 39 degree. She was very worried and urged Patrick to have an intravenous drip.

Seeing the strange atmosphere, the doctor and the servant quickly left.

Patrick didn't look very happy, especially when his eyes fell on the infusion set in his left hand. Damn it, he couldn't work with this. He was used to signing with his left hand!

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REDMI NOTE 9S  
AI QUAD CAMERA

Christina knew that he was in a bad mood and she asked softly like a good wife, which was rarely happened in usual, "Do you want to lie down on the bed?"

He ignored her.

Looking at the two bottles of potions on the iron frame, he calculated the time. He still had a lot to do.

"Patrick, it will be more comfortable to lie on the bed..." She approached him and continued to ask him gently and insistently.

Patrick raised his eyebrows and stared at the face in front of him.

She was really worried about him.

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He felt somewhat touched. For some unknown reason, Patrick lay on the bed subconsciously.


"Patrick, are you feeling any discomfort?"

"Your forehead is still very hot. How about I put a fever pad on it... Or do you prefer cold water or alcohol to cool it down physically?"

She was very noisy.

Patrick lay on a wide bed. He had a high fever and had no strength. He closed his eyes and only heard the woman beside him nagging and bustling around him.

"Patrick..."

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Christina lay down by the bed and saw that he had closed his eyes and had not spoken, so she called out his name in a low voice.

"Anything else?"

The man on the bed had a high fever so his voice was a little hoarse, but it was easy to detect the anger and impatience in his tone.

"Oh, nothing. I had thought you were asleep, so I called you," Christina began to reflect on herself. "Then I won't disturb you. I'm going out. You can rest here."

"Wait a minute."

Patrick suddenly opened his eyes when she said she was leaving.





"Are you feeling unwell?" Christina stood by the bed and stared at him.

Patrick's face flashed with awkwardness and he said a word with a strange tone, "Headache."

"Massage me..."

Christina regarded him as a serious patient. She took off her shoes and climbed to the bed directly.

She looked down at the man lying on the bed and told him very honestly, "Rub your temples? I don't have much experience."

"It doesn't matter..."

It turned out that Christina could not

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lie. She was really inexperienced.

Dead woman. She rubbed them so hard.

Patrick's head was under her claws, and she rubbed it at will. He felt more painful than before.

Christina knew what she was doing, so she tried to rub it more gently. "Patrick, can you turn over?"

"Hmm?"

He was choked on the forehead by her. He had a high fever and was tortured, so he didn't want to talk anymore.

Patrick was lying on the bed like a salted fish, and his face was still pressed on the pillow by Christina. His

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breathing was a little uncomfortable. He suspected that Christina was taking advantage of his illness to seek revenge.

Christina, on the other hand, felt that he was more approachable when he was sick. Now Patrick was facing her from behind, so she wasn't so embarrassed.

Her massage technique was still not very skillful, but it was obvious that she had known how much force should she exert. Patrick was a little relieved and felt that it was worth it to lie down like this.

"After Eric's high fever, he didn't speak for two years..." It was so quiet in the bedroom that Christina recalled the past and told to him directly in the

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back of his head.

'Eric?'

Patrick didn't stop her from talking, and the only thing he cared about right now was who the hell that Eric is.

"Eric's grandfather and my grandfather are very good comrades in the army. I knew Eric when I was very young." Christina thought of her childhood playmate and sounded a little sad.

"He was an illegitimate child, and his mother was deceived by a man. At first, she didn't know that the man had a wife, but then she went back to her mother's house when she was pregnant. There was nothing serious to be a single-parent family, but Eric's mother died in childbirth when she

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gave birth to him..."

"Not long after, he was picked up by his father, but his father and his stepmother treated him badly. His stepmother often locked him up on the dirty and narrow top floor, throwing food at him like raising animals at regular intervals. Once, she even locked him in the trunk of the car to scare him on purpose..."

As Christina spoke, she became agitated. "Eric was really stupid. He had been quiet since he was a child. He didn't like to talk. He wouldn't resist when he was bullied. Those people hit him with a pole, but he didn't know how to escape..."

At that time, she didn't like this boy very much. She thought he was too

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stupid. She mocked him for being like a pillar. He was so stupid that he even didn't know how to escape.

But later...

"What happened to him later?" Patrick, who was on the bed, suddenly spoke in a persistent voice.

However, just as he turned his head, he saw that Christina's eyes were red and it looked like she was about to cry.

"Christina!"

He suddenly raised his voice and called her name with anger.

Christina was yelled at and immediately came back to her senses.

"What, what?!"

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Patrick didn't know what happened to Eric later on. Maybe something unfortunate happened, but Patrick wasn't interested in these.

"Christina. Shoulder! Rub my shoulder." his voice was a little stifled, and he said impolitely.

After thinking for a moment, he lowered his voice and emphasized, "Don't talk!"



## Chapter 70 Stole Your Wife

'Where is he?'


Christina pushed the door open and went into the bedroom. She put down the bowl of hot congee in her hand, turned but found he wasn't on the bed.

There was still half of the infusion hanging in the iron rack. The syringe was forcefully removed, and the liquid was dripping...

'He asked me to go downstairs and bring congee for him...'

'The man must take the opportunity to slip away!'

Christina was a little angry. Without thinking, she knew where he was. She

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immediately turned and walked towards the study.

"Are you that eager to know what's hidden in my study?"

However, when Christina held the doorknob of the study, a deep voice tinged with anger came from behind her.

Christina turned around and looked at him, confused.

The next second, she came to her senses and took a step forward. She gritted her teeth and said angrily, "Yes, I just wanted to sneak into your study while you were sick tonight and see what cruel things you have done in there!"

"You!" Patrick looked angry too.

There were fewer servants on the east side of the villa, and the corridor on the second floor was quiet. And they just stared at each other.

He did not speak again, but suddenly turned around and went back to his bedroom.

Christina stood still. Watching him striding away, she was even pissed off and a little aggrieved.

"... I just wanted to come and ask you to go to your bedroom for a rest."

She didn't want to explain this to him.

Because when he saw her standing outside the study, her first thought was

that she was up to something.

Christina always felt that she and he were from different worlds.

There was such a gap in their status. Besides, he was too vigilant and suspicious, but she liked to keep everything simple.

The maid came in and took away the iron rack and the syringe by the bed, while Patrick sat in the small living room in the bedroom, hesitating over the bowl of congee on the coffee table.

Christina went straight into the bathroom to wash up quickly, then got into bed and fell asleep, completely ignoring him.

She had been running around for



Patrick. He was the one who was having a high fever, but she was the one that had been busy. The bastard even removed the syringe before the infusion ran out...

She was very upset. She held the quilt and moved several times. After all, she was sleepy and fell asleep quickly.

The night was quiet. And it was 11 now, not very late. Patrick walked to the door and was about to return to the study. However, he stopped and looked back at the woman on the bed.

Patrick frowned. His fever was gone, but the medicine made him a little dizzy.

With some thoughts in his eyes, he turned off all the lights in the bedroom,



walked to the bed, lifted the quilt, and lay down.

Christina was sleeping on the edge of the bed with her back to him. Patrick reached out and held her in his arms naturally.

She struggled once against his chest. Patrick hugged her tightly, and she gradually gave in, as if she was used to him being so domineering.

Christina was in a bad mood tonight, and even when she fell asleep, she kept a straight face.

The bedside lamp was very dim, and Patrick looked down at her quietly but wanted to laugh for some reason.

He knew that she had just been to the

study to look for him, but he was... too nervous.

He didn't want her to know about those things.

He caressed her brows gently with his slender fingers. Perhaps because she felt itchy, she turned her head and rubbed her face against his chest, as if to stop him. Then she didn't frown now and was sleeping soundly.

Patrick's eyes lit up and a smile appeared on his grim face as he watched her like this.

He withdrew his hand and stopped caressing her face, but his eyes fell on her bright red lips...

He then leaned over to her, their



breaths intertwined, very low and soft. He couldn't help holding his breath as he approached her.

Christina's long eyelashes trembled, but he didn't notice that she was pretending to be asleep.

Her heart was beating a little fast, but she was nervous even with her eyes closed.

She also felt a little strange. She didn't know why she didn't want to reject his kiss...

But just as Patrick was about to kiss her soft lips, he seemed to have remembered something and stopped.

Christina felt it was such a hard night.

She felt a little disappointed and a little sad.

But she was very angry. He teased her first!

She really wanted to punch him in the chest and kick him, but if she did these, he would know she was not asleep.

Christina didn't sleep well and kept tossing and turning in his arms.

And Patrick did not sleep well tonight. He reached out to touch her forehead several times to see whether she was infected by him.

Christina didn't sleep well in the first half of the night because she was angry. Early in the morning, her phone rang. What bastard was calling her?





"Who is it?!"

After grabbing the phone by the bed, Christina asked with resentment.

The man on the other end of the phone was stunned for a moment, then he said with some embarrassment, "Christina, it's me."

Christina didn't get enough sleep and was dizzy. She only felt that the voice was familiar. She pressed her phone on her ear casually and asked, "What's the matter?"

"Who is it?"

The man next to her suddenly asked.

When Christina opened her eyes, she

realized that she was so close to Patrick, and his hand was naturally resting on her chest.

He was a pervert!

"Hey, take your hand away from me."  
Now, her mind was completely clear.

"Christina, what's going on over there?"

Hearing Christina's scream, the person on the other end of the phone asked anxiously, "Where are you now? Do you want me to go..."

Patrick could hear the nervousness and worry in the person's voice through the cell phone. He knew it was his cousin.

Patrick suddenly rolled over and pinned Christina down.

"What, what are you doing..." Christina was so scared that her mind was in turmoil.

"I want to do you," Patrick whispered in a husky voice in her ear to mislead his cousin.

The man on the phone heard their conversation and his face turned livid.

The next second, the phone was impatiently hung up by Patrick.

"Cory!"

Outside the gate of a prestigious private kindergarten in A City, a man clutched his cell phone and looked

gloomy. He had just sent his daughter to kindergarten when he suddenly remembered something and called her...

"Cory."

A person hurried towards him, and she called him twice before the man regained his senses and looked up.

When he saw the woman in front of him, Cory was a little stunned. His gaze fell on her face for three seconds, and he laughed at himself.

This woman looked very much like her.

"Miss Jones, we don't seem to know each other very well," Cory spoke in a cold and distant voice.

When Cecilia heard his tone, she looked a little unhappy. Since she started her career as an actress, everyone had been kind to her, but recently because of Patrick...

She held back her anger and forced a perfect smile. "Mr. Hampton, there might be some misunderstandings between us. Today I came here to see you..."

Cory was sneering. He didn't believe her at all.

He then interrupted her. "Cecilia, I'm not Patrick. I won't buy anything you say. I'm not interested in a fake who got this face thanks to plastic surgery."

Cecilia's face froze at the words plastic surgery.



Cory narrowed his eyes and glared at her face. For the past three years, he could see it every day when he came home...

He felt he could still hear the conversation between Patrick and Christina. His face was gloomy and he felt irritable.

He turned around, ignoring the woman in front of him, and walked straight to the shiny black Ferrari parked on the right side of the road.

Seeing this, Cecilia felt anxious, ran over, and grabbed his arm regardless of her image.

"Cory, I really have something important to talk to you about today."

"Let go of me!"

Cory looked gloomy and felt worse when he saw her similar face.

"Cory, you know how I am doing now. I just want to find someone to support me..."

Cory lost his patience and pushed her away. "Miss Jones, I am not cut out to be anyone's sugar daddy. Don't forget. I'm kind of related to the Hopkins Family!" He said through gritted teeth.

Christina was his cousin's wife now, a fact he didn't want to accept at all!

"Then have you ever thought about why your cousin Patrick slept with no one but Christina after he came back

from abroad for the first time in six years? You really think it's just a coincidence?!" Cecilia seemed to be cornered and shouted at him.

This sentence stunned Cory.

"What do you mean?"

He looked intensely at her.

Suddenly, Cory looked excited. "Cecilia, do you know something?"

When Cecilia saw his nervous look, she felt relieved. She put on air and changed the subject.

"I heard that your daughter is not very close to your current wife, Carrie..."

Cory didn't understand why she



suddenly mentioned Carrie, but in fact, his daughter was afraid of Carrie.

"Cecilia, you'd better not play tricks," he warned in a deep voice.

Cecilia straightened her back and looked straight at him. "Cory, I told you before, I just want someone to support me."

"You still care about Christina, don't you..."

"If Carrie hadn't returned with her child, you would still be married to Christina. You were still her husband, but things are different now."

Cory's face darkened even more at her words.

While Cecilia was smiling. She reached out and tugged at his tie. She tiptoed, leaned closer, and leaned her lips against his ear. It looked like they were flirting with each other.

Cory was unhappy and tried to push her away, but her words froze him.

"Cory, I can tell you the truth about everything..."

Cecilia lowered her voice and said word for word, "For example, Patrick started plotting against you so as to steal your wife a few years ago..."