

and smiled slightly in anger.

In fact, it was much easier to serve Christina than he had expected during her pregnancy. She had no vomiting and was occasionally picky about food, but she was unlike some pregnant women who were depressed and irritable. And she would not act coquettishly. In a word, she was relatively obedient.

"Next month, I will hand over my work to Shawn, so I will have time to stay at home with you." He suddenly changed the subject in a plain tone.

When Christina heard what he said, she looked up at him in shock.

She stammered as if she felt extremely flattered, "I, I'm fine at home. Grandpa

and the others are very nice to me, so you don't..."

He looked at the nervousness on her face and frowned, wanting to say something.

But all of a sudden, he urged the driver anxiously, "Turn right!"

As soon as he finished speaking, the driver looked in the rearview mirror with astonishment.

Behind them was a white Bentley that seemed to have gone crazy. It was driven at an excessive speed and was charging right at them...

The driver seemed to be in a panic. He wanted to brake to avoid the car, and he turned the steering wheel with

trembling hands...

The car suddenly took a big turn, making Christina feel very dizzy, and her face turned pale with fright.

But they didn't avoid the white Bentley behind them. Christina widened her eyes as she looked at the bright light reflected from the rearview mirror. A familiar face flashed on that car. It was Cory...

He was drunk. His face was hideous, and his red eyes were bloodshot. He grabbed the steering wheel hard, accelerating and saying, "Patrick, go to hell."

She was so scared that her mind went blank. Looking at the moment of colliding, she was so shocked that she

didn't know what to do.

"Put your hands on your head."

She could not hear it clearly, only to see Patrick's anxious face. He pounced in front of her at an extremely fast speed and hugged her tightly...

Bang!

With a loud, piercing sound, the car was hit by the huge impact and flew down the guardrail on the left side of the round hill highway. Then it flipped over the hill. Everything was in a mess.

Finally, it stopped. The metal shell of the car was deformed, and the wheels were up.

Under the pitch-black mountain road,

a bloody liquid gushed out of the scrapped metal car...

"...Are you hurt?"

A long time later, a hoarse voice came from the narrow, suffocating space.

The car was badly deformed, and Christina was very dizzy, but she was not seriously injured because Patrick jumped in front of her and almost blocked all the impact for her.

This was the foot of the highway. It was very dark. She could not see Patrick's face, but she could hear his low, hoarse voice.

"I, I'm not hurt."

Her heart was filled with fear and

uneasiness, and she could feel that he was right in front of her. Her consciousness was a little blurry, but she kept telling herself to calm down. She responded to him weakly.

The driver in front did not move, not even breathing.

There was dead silence all around, and the thick smell of blood was unbearable. She could not help but tremble. She tried to struggle out of the car and shout, but her tears slid down from the corner of her eyes.

At this moment, she was panicked. She really didn't know what to do.

"Don't be afraid, someone will come soon..." His deep and familiar voice came into her ears.

He reached out his big hands with difficulty as if he was using his last bit of strength to touch the tears that were sliding down her cheek. He wanted to comfort and encourage her.

She raised her hands in fear and hugged him, but suddenly, she felt some salty liquid on the corner of her lips. She knew it wasn't her tears but was blood...

The blood dripped from his forehead to her face...

Her face was pale and her hands were stiff, but she grabbed his big palms anxiously and felt they were cold.

"Patrick."

"Patrick, what's wrong with you..."

Tears welled up in the corner of her eyes, and the panic made her breathless. He was always so strong, and he never had an accident...

But now he was so close to her, and she realized that his skin was so cold that he almost lost his body temperature...

"Patrick, Patrick, wake up. Don't scare me. Please answer me..."

"Patrick."

She kept calling out his name in a low voice, pleading and suppressing her fear, but he never answered her.

"No."

"Help, help."

She screamed and tried to climb out to get help, but she didn't have the strength to escape.


Help.

She didn't know how long had passed. The air of suffocating death was entwined in the narrow car. When she closed her eyes feebly, everything seemed to return to dead silence...

Suddenly, she heard some urgent footsteps...

She had a cerebral concussion, and she was so dizzy and unconscious, but she was sure that the footsteps were coming this way...

"Tina..."

7:55 AM 

Chapter 99 Patrick's life is in danger

"Why did this happen?"

"Excessive bleeding from the forehead, massive impact fracture to the right scapula, weak blood pressure and heart rhythm, and signs of cardiopulmonary failure..."

"He had a serious car accident six years ago... Contact the doctors in the United States immediately..."

There was a lot of noise around her ears.

Bang -

The door was kicked violently by someone, and the familiar voice shouted angrily.

"You trash, you're so inefficient, taking so long to send help after the car accident! Damn it, if he can't wake up, you're all going to be buried with him!"

With the loud sound, the woman on the bed opened her eyes in shock.

Christina was wearing a blue and white hospital gown, her face pale, her body trembling, looking at the white ceiling above her in confusion...

Her mind was in a mess...

"Christina!"

The man outside the door saw her wake up and rushed in. "Christina, what happened at that time?"

"Why did you get into a car accident?"

"Why were you sent to the hospital in advance and Patrick was still in the car? Why did you leave him behind? Do you know that he was more seriously injured than you, that his life was in danger at any time? Why are you so selfish?"

Charles ran to the hospital bed, glared at her confused face, gritting his teeth and questioning her one after another.

Her expression was dull and she raised her head to look at the angry Charles in front of her. Christina had never seen Charles so angry. Her mind was a little dazed and she looked at him blankly as if she could not think.

Charles's words echoed in her ears:

[His life is in danger at any time]

"Patrick..." She mumbled the name.

Christina as if could see the terrifying bloody scenes again. She remembered his cold skin, and even the corner of her lips seemed to still have the smell of his blood...

"How is he now? How is Patrick now?"
She opened her mouth trembling, her red eyes brimming with tears.

What happened to him?

"Christina, what do you think happened to him?"

Charles shouted angrily at her. "Patrick must have protected you from the impact of the car accident. How dare

you ask me what happened to him...
What do you think would happen to
him after such a serious car accident?"

She looked at him in a daze, her heart
beating wildly.

"Someone is spreading the news. I
can't stop it..."

"No matter who seizes the chance to
suppress IP & G Group. We must
immediately notify all shareholders to
hold an emergency meeting to block all
information. The news of Patrick's
serious injury and unconsciousness
must not be spread."

There was a loud noise coming from
the corridor of the hospital. It was
Chandler's voice. His tone was urgent
and contrary to his usual gentle

manner. He was obviously very anxious too.

"Where's my dad! Where's my dad?!"
Suddenly, on the other side of the elevator, Laurie hurried over.

The outside of the ward was already in a panic. When they saw Laurie coming, Chandler and the others looked even grimmer.

Charles didn't take another look at the woman in the hospital bed and strode out.

He looked at Laurie with a cold face and said rudely, "You're not welcome here. You'd better leave now."

Laurie looked at Charles in front of her and was furious. She gritted her teeth

and shouted, "Patrick's car accident has nothing to do with Cory! I want you to let him go immediately!"

"That's impossible."

Chandler stepped forward and said coldly.

Cory ran into the taxi that Patrick and Christina were in. It was a deliberate murder. They would never let him go!

Laurie looked at their tough attitude, her heart was a little panicked, all the evidence pointed to the fact that Cory had committed a crime, and now Patrick was seriously injured. If he was convicted, then...

She hurriedly turned her head and shouted at the old butler in Hopkins

Family on the other side, "Where's my father? Where is he?!"

"I have something to tell him. This car accident is definitely not that simple. Cory indeed did not get along with Patrick, but he wouldn't do such a stupid thing. It must be Christina. That woman provoked it. Cory was innocent..."

Old butler's face was grave, and his usual friendliness was gone. He said in a deep voice, "Old Master has flown to America."

Laurie was furious. "What about the group, what about Cory? Are you all waiting for Patrick to get better to solve the problem? If he dies..."

A tall and sturdy bodyguard behind her

looked grim and immediately raised his gun to the back of her head.

"Watch your mouth!" He gritted his teeth and threatened her.

No one could curse Mr. Hopkins in front of them.

Laurie's face turned pale, and she looked at the cold, black gun at the back of her head in horror. She swallowed and did not dare to speak again.

"Old Master accompanied Young Master to the United States. The rest, including Cory, all those associated with the car accident, are forbidden to leave City A." The old butler looked straight at Laurie in front of him and spoke word by word.

He added solemnly, "No more mistakes are allowed."

Laurie looked panicked and could only nod in agreement.

The bodyguard behind her reluctantly withdrew his gun.

"There was no backbone in the shareholder meeting, and the IP&G Group was in a mess. No one would have expected an ordinary car accident would have such a wide impact when the market opened down this morning"

"Shawn, inform the higher-ups immediately. Remember to find someone you can trust. I can help control the media..."

Charles and the others were in a hurry to discuss their response, while the woman in the ward slowly leaned against the bed, and she wanted to know more, more about him...

"She's awake..."

"Did you ask her why she was sent to the hospital in advance?"

"What about Patrick? Why did she leave Patrick behind..."

"It's no use asking her. People like her only care about themselves..."

Charles slammed the door angrily.

Christina stared blankly at the closed door, which shut off the sound of the

outside. She was alone in the spacious ward.

In this ward, no one would talk to her, no one cared about her.

Without Patrick, she was nothing.

Like the sarcasm from the beginning, if it wasn't for the fact that she was accidentally pregnant with Hopkins Family's child, she, Christina, was nobody and no one would care about her.

This was not the time to feel sorry for herself. The tears in her eyes could not help but flow down, not because she felt wronged, but...

"I'm worried about him..."

'I'm worried about him too.'

'No, not because I want the title of the young madam of Hopkins Family, or because I want him to protect me. I'm just worried about him too.' She said to herself.

Chapter 100 Don't Fail Me

"I know you're angry. Don't hang up!"

"I don't know who saved me...I didn't leave Patrick at the scene of the car accident. I didn't ignore his life. I want to know how he is now. Charles, I beg you, tell me..."

Christina held the phone and said in an anxious tone.

She and Charles were close friends, but it was based on Patrick's approval of her. But now...

She knew that she shouldn't bother Charles, but she had no choice. She didn't know who else to ask about it.

Charles's voice on the other end of the

phone was very cold and distant.
"Christina, I'm not in the mood to guess who your protector is right now. The Hopkins Group is in a mess now. You'd better stay safely in the hospital. No one has time to talk to you!"

After he finished speaking, his face turned cold and he was about to hang up.

"I'm going to the United States to look for Patrick." She suddenly roared in anger.

Charles was stunned.

Then he said with a darkened face and gritted his teeth, "Christina, you have to be insensible. If it wasn't for Patrick, you wouldn't even have the right to talk to us. Don't waste my time!"

He said in a direct and cruel tone.

Christina pursed her lips tightly, looking inferior.

Indeed...If it wasn't for Patrick, how could those rich guys like Charles and Chandler make friends with her?

"I know he's at the private hospital in Seattle...I'll go myself."

Finally, she said it in a low serious stubborn tone.

She could do whatever she wanted to do without begging them.

"Christina, I asked you to stay in the country. Did you hear that? Are you trying to make things worse for us?"

Don't you think we're bothered enough right now?!" Charles was so angry that he yelled.

"I won't bring trouble to you. I just want to see him."

Christina was so emotional that her eyes reddened and she raised her voice to shout.

She had been depressed in the hospital for the past few days. She wanted to leave, but the bodyguards outside the door stopped her. She tried to ask them about Patrick, but they all ignored her.

She was very worried about him and was desperate to know how he was now...

She sat on the bed, with the hospital's white sheets smelling of disinfectant. In the ward of the white ceiling and the walls, and the locked front door, she was alone and aloof.

"Charles, I know I'm useless, and I can't help you. But I promise I won't make any trouble for you. Can you let me go to America?"

She held the phone tightly and lowered her head. Tears slid down from the corners of her eyes, and she begged him in a low voice.

She didn't like to cry, but she was terrified for some reason.

The more she didn't know anything, the more she panicked and was scared.

"Christina, he didn't even want his life in order to save you. You are really a stupid pig. We can not let anything happen to you!!" Charles was furious.

"...You said you were going to the United States yourself. If anything happens to you, you should be responsible for it. It's none of my business!"

Then Charles hung up.

Charles's face was dark and his expression was complicated. His voice was a little anxious just now, and he seemed to hear her crying...

Damn it!

It was Patrick who cultivated this evil woman!

"He didn't even want his life in order to save you...We can not let anything happen to you."

Christina was a little dizzy now. She looked at her phone, and the words that Charles had just yelled at her angrily echoed in her ears.

Some feelings could not be ignored no matter how much she warned herself.

She knew that Patrick was very good to her...But she couldn't afford to fall in love with him. She didn't dare to think about it...

Taking a deep breath, she quickly got up from the bed and changed her clothes, packed her things, and prepared to go to America.

It was because she was too timid and lowly. She shouldn't have been deliberately ignoring his good intentions. She was really ashamed and guilty now.

"Patrick, you must get better."

She mumbled with a dull expression as she packed her bag.

What if something really happened to him...

"Patrick's operation was successful, and his condition has stabilized."

Christina waited anxiously in the hospital for most of the day. Around 10 pm, Charles finished his work and finally had time to come and look for

her.

However, when he walked into the ward and saw Christina's sad and listless appearance, Charles was a little anxious inexplicably and snorted angrily.

"Christina, don't look like a ghost. Patrick will think I'm bullying you when he sees you!"

"Patrick's awake?" Christina suddenly became agitated.

Charles looked at her with a dark face.
"No."

"Patrick is very badly injured! Thank your protector very much for not saving him. He lost a lot of blood when he was rescued. And he has broken

bones and many wounds. He is still unconscious now." Charles said with anger.

Although he didn't know who secretly saved Christina, that person was really immoral. He knew there were other injured people in the car accident, but he only sent Christina to the hospital and didn't save the others.

"Charles, if I had a choice, I would have hoped that Patrick was the one saved by others..." Christina's voice became lower and sadder.

Then she walked out of the ward with her small bag with no expression on her face.

Charles stood there, looking at her slender figure with astonishment.

He frowned slightly, pursed his lips, and walked out of the hospital with her without saying anything more. Although it was late at night, they both wanted to reach the United States as soon as possible.

It seemed that she was really worried about Patrick.

They drove all the way to A City's international airport. The bright night lights on both sides of the road sped back. Christina tilted her head and looked out the window thoughtfully.

Charles raised his eyebrows slightly and looked at her beautiful, frowning, dignified profile.

"Patrick's car accident wasn't that

serious. It is mainly because of his old injury..." He suddenly spoke.

Christina heard his voice and immediately turned to look at him.

Charles looked hesitant and didn't want to elaborate. "Six years ago, Patrick and another friend had a serious car accident, and they were both seriously injured...Although Patrick was discharged from the hospital later, his wounds were still not healed, so you often see him suffer from migraines after staying up all night or getting wet in the rain. He's in great pain, but he doesn't like to take painkillers. He always endures it himself..."

Christina rarely heard of Patrick's past. She looked dazed and asked

subconsciously, "Why did he get into a car accident six years ago..."

"Don't ask about it," Charles remembered the past and looked a little annoyed.

There were so many puzzles to work on.

'Patrick, you should be fine, no, you must be fine. Our two sons can't live without his father. And I can't live without you. Please, don't fail me!'

Chapter 101

Christina arrived in Seattle and did not immediately go to the hospital because Charles did not agree.

"It's a shame to take you out to see someone like this. All the family members of Patrick are here. Clean up yourself. I'll pick you up at the hotel later."

Christina watched him get into the car and drive away. Seattle was very strange to her. Especially standing at the crowded airport exit, she felt a little lonely.

"Miss Dickens." The driver beside her called her name in English.

Coming back to her sense, she

followed the driver to the hotel.

The flight from A City to Seattle was about 10 hours and she was tired. Moreover, she had not slept well for the past few days. When she arrived at the hotel suite and looked at herself in the mirror, she looked really haggard.

"He'll be fine..."

She picked up a wet towel and put it on her face. The cold made her sober up, but deep down, she was worried.

Patrick had Old Master Mr. Hopkins, Charles and Chandler by his side, and also had a lot of powerful family and friends to help him. No matter what happened, he would definitely not be in trouble.

The worry, guilt, and even a little lowliness were nagging her.

Taking a long breath, she suddenly felt that it was unnecessary for her to come to this strange place.

She had a simple meal at the hotel and lay in bed to take a nap. She planned that when Charles came over, she would immediately set off to see Patrick with him at the private hospital.

However, she slept for a long time. It was physically exhausting to be pregnant with twins and often felt sleepy.

"Christina, you can really sleep."

When Charles came over, he grumbled

at her. "You were eager to come here. But you're not a doctor. There's no need for you to be here. If you want to sleep, it's better to stay in Hopkins Family."

Hearing the sound outside the door, she jumped up in shock.

"I'm sorry, I'm going to clean up now!"

This was the first time she had spoken to him in an anxious and apologetic tone.

Charles stood near the door, looking at her anxious expression and frantically straightening up.

He felt that she was very nervous, which was different from her usual self. Usually, she would not hesitate to refute him.

"Patrick's mother and his sister are at the hospital too. You can go over and meet them. Don't be too nervous. They are easy to get along with."

"Oh, okay." She nodded at him without further asking.

About his mother and sister, Patrick had never mentioned them to her. She didn't know why, but maybe he thought it unnecessary.

Along the way, she was very quiet as Charles drove to the hospital.

She just pretended that she was not nervous. There was always an intricate feeling in her heart when she had to see his family.

"What kind of person is Patrick's mother?" She looked out of the window and kept guessing in her mind.

The hospital in Seattle seemed to have a special zone for the Hopkins Family.

The surroundings didn't look as hectic as the domestic hospitals. In front of them was a five-story white villa, spacious and bright. The medical staff delivered medical supplies in an orderly manner. The greenery here was good, and the sunlight was abundant. It looked like a place for leisure and vacation.

"Patrick is on the fifth floor."

Charles told her, and he then walked to the leftmost office on the first floor in a hurry. "I'm going to find a doctor to ask

something. You go up first."

"Okay." She stepped forward and hurried towards the elevator.

He was a little uneasy and turned to her and shouted, "Christina, don't run around. Remember that you promised me not to make trouble for me!"

He remembered the time when he took her to the Fire Club and she was lost. For that, Patrick gave him a dress-down.

"I know."

She stopped at the elevator entrance and gave him a positive answer.

Seeing she suddenly became so obedient, he was not used to it. Patrick

had an accident and they were all in a mess and worried, so he did talk to her in the rude manner lately.

All of a sudden, he thought of something. And he wanted to tell her.

But the elevator was already closed.

"Oh shit!"

Charles looked at the closed elevator and immediately turned to run towards the stairs.

"Excuse me, where is Patrick's ward?"
She quickly reached the fifth floor, but there were many empty rooms with only instruments in them, and there were not many patients staying on this floor.

After meeting a nurse, she confirmed that Christina had entered the area legally, she then led her to the right side of the corridor.

"How is he doing now?"

Before they reached the ward, Christina could not wait to ask the nurse in front of her.

"Mr. Hopkins is still in a coma. This morning, his brain pressure was abnormally high, and now he has a high fever."

Christina's English was so good that she could understand the medical terms. Patrick's condition was worse than what Charles had told her. She lowered her head and her face turned a little pale.

"Miss Dickens, you have to show your identification or you won't be able to get in." Finally, the nurse pointed to a ward in front of her, and there were four bodyguards standing outside the door.

"Thank you."

The door made of the exquisite metal was ajar. It seemed that it was specially processed and very heavy. Of course, the equipment inside was not ordinary.

It was not easy to go in and see the people inside.

She slowly approached, and her heart was a little speeding.

Her eyes were fixed on the crack in the

open door in front of her. She could not make out what was inside, but she could vaguely see a female figure. The woman was tall and slender, wearing an elegant white suit and a large pearl necklace.

"Who are you?" The bodyguard outside the door spoke coldly and stopped her.

Christina was standing about a meter away from the door. She looked at the ward with gleaming eyes. She could vaguely see the various instruments displayed inside and the changes in the data on the screen.

"Please leave immediately!" The bodyguards here didn't know her and started to chase her away.

"I, I am..."

For a moment, she stammered nervously.

After a pause, she said firmly, "I am his wife."

Several bodyguards at the door heard the word 'wife' and exchanged suspicious glances. One of them walked into the ward and asked in a low voice, "Madam, there is a woman out there who claims to be the wife of a young master."

Since this was Patrick's ward, everyone had to speak in a cautious and low voice.

But when a middle-aged woman inside heard the words 'Patrick's wife', her

face was distorted by rage and she stepped out in her high heels.

Christina heard some hurried footsteps, which were very clear in the quiet corridor, and when she looked up, she saw a figure hurrying towards her.

She was still worried about what was going on in the ward.

But before she could react, her face was suddenly slapped fiercely.

Slap—

The force was very strong and it made a loud and clear sound.