

Chapter 121

At about seven o'clock in the evening.

It was supposed to be quiet, but the area was noisy, making people restless.

Under the dim sky, the people who were in a hurry, with their bright flashlights on, were holding printed color photos in their hands.

This was a photo of a woman wearing Chanel's latest summer outfit, a loose lavender floral dress with white standing collar and a pair of black snake-printed flats. She had a delicate face and had black, curly and supple hair that was long to her waist...

"Hello, have you seen this woman before..."

"If you have any impression, you can tell us and we will give you rewards..."

The evening was especially bustling for Clifton District. A group of tall and sturdy men, strangely looking around, asked about a woman.

The residents of the old district started to make a commotion, and everyone was thinking seriously. Because it was said that if they could find the woman, they would be offered a huge windfall of million dollars.

"Who is her?" People got curious.

At this moment, the woman in the loose lavender floral dress with a white standing collar was in an inconspicuous tiled house in the innermost part of the

old district. Christina was at a loss and was trying to communicate with the old woman.

"I just happened to meet your grandson in the park and bring him back... Don't cook for me. I'm leaving..."

"Do you have a phone here?"

Christina spoke in standard Mandarin and put her hand in her ear, meaning that she wanted to make a phone call, "I want to make a phone call home. I'm afraid my family will look for me..."

The old woman in front of her was about seventy years old. She was in simple and clean clothes, smiled kindly and spoke in tongues, "Please sit here for a while. We're about to have dinner."

Christina was about to go crazy. She couldn't communicate with the old woman.

Looking at the dark sky outside the door, she became more and more flustered. She kept emphasizing, hoping that the other party could understand her meaning, "I want to make a call. Is there a phone? A phone!"

"My grandson is naughty. I am so worried about him. Thank you for sending him back..."

But the old woman was still thanking Christina. As the old woman spoke, she seemed to have suddenly remembered something. She turned around excitedly and walked out the door,

mumbling as she walked, "...I'll go grab a rooster and let you bring it back."

What was she talking about?

Christina only heard the word "rooster".

"I don't want rooster. I'm going back." Christina sat on a wooden chair in the small living room with an anxious expression.

"Sister."

A childish voice came. A little boy about three years old raised an apple high in his hand and handed it to her. He smiled a little ingenuously and looked shy.

Christina looked down at the little boy

standing beside her feet and took his apple, "Thank you." But she really had no appetite.

In the afternoon, she was sulking in the small park. Suddenly, she heard the child crying. Out of curiosity, she walked toward the direction of the voice.

Then she found the child under an old slide on the right side of the park.

At first, she thought the child fell and hurt himself. She approached him carefully and felt lucky to find that the child was not hurt. Unfortunately, she seemed to be entangled.

"I want my mother..." The child kept crying and wanted his mother.

Christina didn't know how to comfort people. Even if the other party was a three-year-old child, she still looked a little helpless.

At first, she thought of calling the police and handing him over to the police, but the next second, she was so angry to find that her phone was in Patrick's car.

"Do you live near here? I'll take you home." She squatted down and looked at him horizontally.

The child seemed to understand her. Probably because he saw that there was no one around and he was tired from crying, he got up and held her tightly with his little fat hand.

Then, somehow, she came here

dazzledly, and Christina got lost in the end.

She wanted to go now, but she didn't know which way to go...

The night was getting darker outside the door, which made her even more uneasy. Soon, the old woman came in with a big rooster about ten kilograms in her right hand.

"You can carry this rooster home..."

A big rooster was handed directly to Christina. She was a little dumbfounded. Before she could pick up the living creature with her hands, suddenly there were cries of frightened cocks and dogs outside the door.

A dozen black sports cars rushed into the old district, disturbing the peace here.

Creak --

The screeching sound of brakes and the headlights of the high-intensity white lights lit up the dark and desolate place like day.

The people in the room looked at it in panic. The big rooster in front of them took off, seemed to be scared and chuckled uneasily.

The little boy cried out in shock, and the old woman looked frightened and bewildered as she watched a group of tall, strange men rush into her house. She was so frightened that she hugged the child tightly in her arms and

squatted down trembling.

"You, what are you doing!"

Christina looked nervous. She looked at a large group of men in front of her and immediately stood up from the bench.

However, as soon as she spoke, the familiar figure appeared outside the door.

She was stunned for a moment. Instead, Patrick was expressionless and very calm. The bodyguards on both sides made way for him, and he approached her step by step.

Christina wanted to say something, but... Maybe it was because the lights outside the house were too dazzling, or

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maybe it was their sudden appearance that surprised her too. He seemed very...

Very angry.

"What are you doing!"

He grabbed her wrist and dragged her out. His strength was so big that her wrist hurt like it was about to break. Her face turned pale and subconsciously struggled to get rid of him.

"Patrick, let me go."

"It hurts --"

Out of the tiled house, there were scattered starlight overhead. The dirt road here was uneven, surrounded by

weeds and fine stones, and there was a large field behind it. There were no streetlights in this place, and it looked a little desolate at night.

"Let go, where are you taking me..."

Christina's voice became more and more frightened. He dragged her along and kept walking... In front of them was the dark and gloomy field stalks, and the tall straws were swayed by the wind and looked like ghosts.

But the tall man in front of her pursed his lips and said nothing. Under the cold moonlight, his face was cold, and his deep eyes looked into a far and dark place...

He held her tightly, without any pity. Instead, he was even angrier because

of her voice, holding her wrist tightly and forcefully dragging her along.

"Patrick, what are you going to do? Let me go. Let me go. I don't want to go there..."

She tried to control her sobbing voice. She was afraid of the dark, "What are you doing? Let me go. I don't want to go there--" She even had to turn on the bedside lamp to sleep, or she would have nightmares.

It was a paddy field, and when her feet were in the muddy stalks of the field with water, perhaps because it was at night, the paddy field looked extremely eerie to her. With every step she took, the cold and gloomy touch made her shiver uncontrollably.

She immediately remembered the time when she almost died in a field like this, in the same dark night, in the same gloomy place...

"No --"

"Let me go, I don't want --"

Her face was pale, and she screamed in shock. She tried to break his hand, to break free, to escape, to escape...

"What don't you want? And where do you want to go!"

The man in front of her suddenly stopped. He turned around and looked straight at her with his eyes as cold as if they didn't have any warmth, "Christina, are you scared? Well, what are you feeling now..."

He looked her straight in the eye and
gritted his teeth, "I've been looking for
you all afternoon, and that's how I
feel!"

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She didn't know how she left... She just felt like she was in a daze.

When they returned to the Hopkins Family, the servants saw them covered in mud and were so shocked that they did not know what to say. The butler stood aside and tried to say in a calm tone, "Dinner is ready."

The dinner was already cold.

The grim-faced man did not say a word, as if he did not want to see her again. As soon as she came back, he turned around and went back to Eastern Garden.

"Young Madam, why don't you have some hot soup first?"

Nanny Faang noticed that Christina was in a trance and was frightened, so Nanny Faang did not ask her to wash and clean up, but immediately let her drink some hot soup to calm down.

Christina followed Nanny Faang to the dining room, sat down, and drank half a bowl of hot soup expressionless.

The food was tasteless.

Finally, Nanny Faang accompanied her back to the bedroom. As they walked, Nanny Faang couldn't help but whisper to her, "Young Madam, Young Master Patrick has been haughty since he was a child. There are some things that he doesn't want to say, so don't provoke him. You should only mind your own business in the Hopkins Family. Just

ignore him."

Even if she wanted to, she couldn't meddle in Patrick's business.

Christina did not speak, her face still a little pale. She trudged up the familiar stairs towards the bedroom.

When she opened the door, there was a faint smell of tobacco.

Christina froze at the door, not daring to step forward. The man inside the room also looked shocked. He still held a lighted cigarette in his left hand, which he put out at once.

Their eyes met and they all had mixed feelings.

"Young Madam, remember not to

provoke him anymore." Nanny Faang was standing right outside the door, and she repeated the warning in a low voice, afraid that Christina would do something to provoke Mr. Hopkins into a rage.

As she spoke, Christina was nudged into the bedroom by Nanny Faang.

The door was quickly shut.

There was only him and her in the spacious room, which seemed strange, chilly and awkward.

After about five minutes of silence, she stood by the door and did not take another step forward. She stood with her head half lowered.

The man on the balcony gazed at her

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with a complicated look, clearly seeing her anxious profile...

All of a sudden, it was as if he could not stand the atmosphere and was angry at something that his brows tightened. He held back his mixed feelings and strode towards her.

She could feel his anger and she looked up sharply, not to know what to do.

It was as if she was afraid of something. She was afraid that what had just happened might happen again...

Patrick did approach her, but he did not look at her anymore. Instead, he walked past her, reached out to turn the doorknob, and walked out with heavy steps...

She got nervous when she was with him.

"Patrick..."

The corner of his shirt was suddenly pulled by her, and the man who was half a step away from her had a look of astonishment on his cold face.

"Patrick, I didn't mean to make you angry. I was just afraid..." She still lowered her head and whispered.

"Christina, you... shut up."

His voice was low and he sounded angry.

But when Patrick casted a sideway look at her cheek, he saw that the corners of her eyes were a little moist,

so he bit back his words.

"That car accident..." Christina said in a low voice. She seemed to be reminiscing, hesitant and choking.

"You protected me in front of me. Your body was cold, and then I smelled a heavy smell of blood... It was dark. I couldn't see anything. I kept calling your name, but you didn't answer me. I've been calling you for a long time..."

Her eyes were red, and some hot tears rolled down her face.

"Patrick, I was scared..."

"You didn't tell me anything. I just wanted to know... I don't want you to protect me. I don't want anything to happen to you."

At this point, she could not help but cry out. She leaned over and hugged the tall man in front of her with both hands, hugging his strong waist tightly.

She bent her head over his heart and she sobbed out,... "I was afraid, I was afraid that something would happen to you. I didn't know anything. I couldn't help you with anything. I thought I was useless..."

Patrick's whole body was tense, and he looked completely stunned.

He didn't know what to say. He didn't expect her to say that, nor did he expect the woman to cry in his arms.

She mumbled something else, her tone guilty and humble...

"... Christina, you're really a crybaby."

He really didn't know what to say. He looked down at her sobbing. It looked like she had suffered a great grievance. He felt helpless and strangely warm in his heart.

"It's not that I like crying. It's because... I'm pregnant. It's my son who's affecting me."

She was crying and argued back.

This made Patrick a little speechless for a moment.

"Then my son must be a crybaby after he was born."

He bent his head and leaned against

her tear-stained face, whispering softly in her ear. "If my son is a crybaby, he can't get a wife, so don't cry..." He worked hard to come up with a humorous sentence.

Christina wasn't sure if he was trying to coax her. Anyway, such a cold man wouldn't say anything sweet. She would just treat it as his rare tenderness.

She remembered that once he had seen her crying, he said directly, "You look ugly when you cry."

After thinking about it, Christina let go of him and immediately went into the bathroom, probably ashamed and shy.

After rinsing herself with the flowers, she walked to the bathroom mirror

and made sure that her eyes were not that red and swollen. Then she came out wearing a bathrobe.

"I thought you were going to hide in there all night."

Patrick had taken a shower in the study and stood outside the bathroom. He hesitated for almost half an hour and did not enter as she opened the door.

Christina's face was a little red. She turned her head sideways and didn't look at him. She climbed into bed and pulled the quilt to sleep.

She was in the bathroom reflecting on herself, thinking that it was too embarrassing for her to cry in his arms.

She never wanted to talk to him about these things. She just...

She just didn't want to argue with him.

"What are you going to do..." Suddenly, one side of the quilt was forcefully lifted, and the woman, who was letting her imagination go wild, immediately turned around vigilantly.

"What do you think I'm going to do? This is my bed and you are my wife. What am I going to do?" Patrick glanced at her angrily and lay down naturally.

She looked at him and felt a little awkward. She edged to the bedside.

But he suddenly reached out and grabbed her wrist. Christina was

nervous and she didn't know what he was going to do.

Patrick did not say a word. His palms were very big, much bigger than hers anyway. Unlike those rich men whose hands were delicate, his palms were slightly calloused from exercise.

His long, slender fingers caressed her wrists, which were red from his grip just now. "Will it hurt?" Suddenly, he asked in a low, ambiguous voice.

"Only when it hurts can you remember!"

He didn't coax her. This man was really not gentle at all.

Christina compressed her lips, feeling very resentful. However, when he held

her wrist like this, she felt her skin a little numb and even her heart beat a little faster.

Chapter 123

She couldn't sleep.

The woman tossed and turned in bed, as if she had something on her mind, unable to fall asleep.

"Christina."

The man on the other side of the bed could not help but call out her name in a low voice.

The woman at the side immediately stopped moving.

But within half a minute, she turned her body again.

"Patrick, are you still awake?" Her voice was not at all ambiguous, but she

sounded very sober. It was obvious that she was not sleepy at all.

The faint light at the head of the bed was still shining, reflecting on her side face... She was really afraid of the dark.

"Patrick, can I ask you something?"

She seemed to be struggling in her heart. Then she leaned closer to him and asked again.

He did not say a word but stared at her with his eyes open, which made her hesitate.

"That year, in our high school graduation trip... You happened to be our teaching assistant, so you... Were you in that trip?"

She asked cautiously, as if she did not dare to mention something.

"No," he replied quickly.

But Christina's face suddenly darkened and she didn't understand. "How was that possible, Cory said..."

"What did he say?"

She looked at him with a complicated expression, as if she was confirming something. "It really wasn't you..." Her tone was skeptical.

The man beside her closed his eyes slightly and did not reply her.

"Did you hear that something happened on the school trip that year..."

Christina recalled something and spoke in a heavy voice, not noticing his abnormality.

"It's normal that you haven't heard of it. The only time my father, Donald, helped me was probably in this scandal... But he did it because of the Christina family."

She pressed her lips slightly and was reluctant to continue. After a long silence, she tried to relax and forced a smile.

"If you hadn't seen it with your own eyes, you wouldn't have believed it. At sunset that day, I was unlucky to be separated from my classmates on the mountainside when I was suddenly attacked by five or six bandits. They

dragged me down the hill and tore my clothes. I was so scared that I struggled desperately to escape..."

The man next to her froze for a moment.

While Christina was sleeping on her side, lost in thought. She suddenly hugged his arm, and her body leaned against him.

"... I heard gunshots."

"Patrick, did you save me that day?"

She paused, her face pressed close to his arm, and then she added with determination, "I know you saved me."

He looked down at the woman beside him, filled with thoughts, but he did not

speak.

"Why didn't you tell me?"

She raised her head and looked straight at him. "Patrick, why didn't you tell me what you did?"

Eleven o'clock at night was not late. Usually, he would still be in the study. He was just a little tired tonight.

He was so tired that his brain ached a little and he didn't want to recall anything.

At the silent night, the time seemed to have paused for a long time...

But she was very persistent.

"Because I was angry." Patrick said a

sentence in a deep voice.

As soon as he remembered that year's incident, those images will appear. "Christina, I was angry. I was angry that you accepted Cory's love for no reason. I was angry that you married him..."

He was angry, but in fact, she knew only the first half of the emotion... The second half, more directly, was the hatred towards her.

Hatred. How long could hatred last?

He couldn't let go of his hatred.

In the end, he blamed all the mistakes on her and told himself that she owed him and that he wanted her to pay him back for the rest of her life at any cost.

"Christina, I've been waiting for you to admit your mistake and beg for forgiveness..." For six years.

Nothing was waiting, and as a result, he realized that everything was just an illusion.

From the beginning, she didn't even know who he was.

Christina looked at him with a complicated expression. She couldn't quite understand what he meant by "Admitting his mistake" and "asking for forgiveness," but it was only natural for him to be angry.

"Patrick, did you get hurt that day? Those gangsters had guns. What did you do..."

She couldn't remember. She was really scared. The sounds of gunfire and screams of pain were all around her ears. All she knew was that the sky was already dark and her vision was blurry.

It was getting darker and darker, and the strong smell of blood... She knew that the man who came to save her was injured.

She wanted to do something for him, but she was too frightened to move.

She was scared and worried that the man might die and that she got him into the trouble.

She hugged his arm with both hands, tightened her grip slightly, and murmured, "I've been inquiring about

the person, wanting to know about who he was..."

"Why did you want to find me, to repay me?"

The man beside her spoke in a calm voice with a self-deprecating smile.

"Oh... I, I am looking for you to repay you." She suddenly felt a little embarrassed.

"Patrick, in fact, Cory was impersonating you. He lied to me that it was him who had saved me, so I agreed..."

This time, Patrick was really angry. He turned his eyes and glared at the woman fiercely. "Christina, you really repaid the one who saved you with

your body!"

"Then what do you want me to do?"

Christina didn't understand what the man was thinking. She thought he would be happier if she made it clear.

"If you beg me to forgive you, I'll think about it again."

Why was this dead man so arrogant? She looked at him for a while, then suddenly stood up and kissed him directly with her lips, soft and warm... This caught Patrick off guard.

"Well... What do you think of this?" She blushed.

She liked him, and there was no need to be arrogant. The man was too proud

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to coax her, so she had to take the initiative.

Those forum posts said that men like women to take the initiative, but her kissing skills are not experienced enough. She was really not confident enough to take this man down with her kiss.

"Patrick, for how long are you going to be angry with me? I've made a mistake. Please forgive me..."

"Ah, it's itchy..."

"That's it, that's the repay?"

"Don't thank me in this way... Patrick, don't press me. If you hurt my son, I won't let you get away with it..."

"What are you going to do to punish me?"

"Hahaha, it's really itchy. I don't dare. Really, I promise..."

He suddenly fell silent.

As he looked down at the woman's natural and relaxed smile, he thought that she was no longer as restrained as she had been for the first time.

And he thought that she... she seemed to like him too.

Patrick stared at her intently and seriously...

"... Christina, don't refuse me."

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Chapter 124

Last night... How did it happen?

Everything seemed to happen naturally...

Christina couldn't figure it out herself, but her heart was still beating fast and wildly.

The morning light outside the window shone in. It was nine o'clock, and the man beside her got up early.

Before he came back, she quickly went into the bathroom and locked the door.

"How long will you be hiding inside?"

Suddenly, someone knocked on the bathroom door. "Didn't you say I can't

have sex while you are pregnant? Come out. Have some breakfast to replenish your energy." She heard the familiar low voice. Patrick was in a good mood and chuckled.

Christina's cheeks turned red again. Last night, he felt a surge of desire for her and she couldn't stand him, so she said they couldn't have sex while she was pregnant.

After she finished washing up, she opened the bathroom door angrily and saw a refreshing man outside the door. Patrick was tired all night. Why was he still so energetic? She felt it was unfair.

"Are you sleepy?"

She had just woken up, looking drowsy and a little angry. "My son is hungry."

Patrick stepped forward. "Are you really that tired?" He asked in a serious tone.

Reaching out, he naturally fixed the messy strands of hair on her forehead and lowered his head, staring at her slightly flushed face and lips.

"Christina, you have to get used to me as soon as possible," he said ambiguously.

"What?"

She opened her mouth slightly and did not ask.

He did not explain, but put his left hand around her waist and leaned forward to kiss her on her lips.

"Let's go downstairs for breakfast."

His voice was hoarse and he was a little short of breath, but he suddenly stopped. He remembered her discomfort last night.

"Okay."

Christina's cheeks were burning and she didn't look at him. She turned around and ran to the cloakroom to change her clothes.

Patrick was good at controlling himself. If he had really lost control of his desires, she would have had to compromise.

Thinking about it this way made her a little confused.

"Patrick, ugh, why did you use to..." She blushed and asked vaguely.

While having the breakfast, she suddenly raised her head and stared at him with a complicated look. "Why did you..." She didn't have the nerve to ask, but thought, "Why didn't you make me have sex with you before?"

Patrick knew what she meant and glanced at her angrily.

Christina played dumb and continued to eat.

However, she thought it was probably because Patrick was of high self-esteem, so he disdained to force a woman.

If he forced her to have sex with him,
she couldn't say no.

Thinking about it, she felt happy and
giggled. She found today's breakfast
delicious.

Patrick looked unhappily at Christina,
who was smiling complacently.

He could throw away his dignity when
he was with her.

He just wanted her to be willing.

"By the way, Patrick, I forgot to show
you something." Christina suddenly
became agitated. She moved her chair
away, walked quickly to the living
room, and rummaged through the
drawer.

They had almost finished their breakfast. Patrick saw her rummaging through the drawer anxiously and strode towards her. "What are you looking for?"

Christina did not look at him and continued searching.

After thinking for a while, she turned to the maid who was preparing to clean up the dining-table. "Did you see the bag I brought back from the hospital a few days ago? I put it here..."

"Young Madam, we have all the hospital materials you need in the middle drawer under the coffee table."

"This is an ultrasound image of my son."

She finally found it and proudly

showed it to him. "Look, these two..."

Christina sat sideways on his lap, her hands around his neck naturally, leaned very close to his ear and whispered, "Those doctors were good at flattering me and kept saying that our son is very cute... In my opinion, it's just two little meatballs."

"You say our child is a meatball, huh?"
Patrick chuckled.

Christina looked a little stunned. Her forehead was against his forehead. They were so close that she saw that there was a rare smile in his normally cold eyes. His chest was slightly heaving and his laughter was sonorous and pure.

He seemed really happy.

Not only she, but even the servants behind them could sense that Patrick was in a good mood.

They had not seen him smile so heartily for a long time.

The servants looked at them, but they stopped, not daring to disturb them.

"Old Master is back."

The butler coughed softly and hesitated to remind the two people in the living room.

Christina wrapped her arms around his neck. She looked startled, and she looked towards the door.

"G-Grandpa."

Dazed for a moment, she quickly caught on. She immediately stood up from Patrick's legs and respectfully greeted the Old Master.

She had heard that the Old Master was going back to the Hopkins Family for the Dragon Boat Festival, but she didn't expect him to come back early, and they all came back...

"Mom."

Christina hesitated, looked at Judy, who was unhappy, and finally called out in a low voice.

"Today is Friday. What are you doing? Why do you interfere with Patrick's work?!" For no reason, Judy was in a bad mood when she saw Christina.

"You act intimately while there are so many people around. You're so ill-bred..."

"I-I just..." Judy looked at Christina with sharp eyes, making her feel guilty.

Christina lowered her head and found that Patrick, who was sitting on the sofa, looked sullen and had a strange expression on his face.

"Mom, Patrick is very tired today. He won't go to the company." Christina summoned her courage and said to Judy.

Judy looked sulky and she shouted, "It's none of your business!"

"... She's my woman, and she's none of

your business."

Chapter 125

"Things about her are businesses of my family, and it is none of your business."

The man sitting quietly on the sofa suddenly stood up and looked around at the group of people in front of him. His voice was cold and clear.

Standing beside him, Christina felt a little surprised. Judy, who was originally so domineering, looked a little frightened now. She seemed to be very afraid of her son.

It was awkward. All of a sudden, everyone quieted down and thought deeply.

"... Come here."

Old Master Mr. Hopkins suddenly spoke in a deep voice. After saying that, he turned around and directly walked towards the corridor.

Christina winked at Patrick slightly. She knew Old Master Mr. Hopkins was telling Patrick, who, however, had no intention of moving.

"Patrick..." She secretly tugged at his sleeve.

"Young Master Patrick, Old Master Mr. Hopkins has something important to talk to you about..."

The old butler standing opposite could not help whispering a warning.

His cold face was filled with impatience as if their return had disturbed his

peace.

This time, not only did Judy return, but Brianna and Barbara also returned.

Barbara had always been on good terms with him. Seeing the awkward situation, Barbara then walked up to him and smiled, "We haven't seen you for more than a month. Grandpa also wants to talk to you about something on his mind. Patrick, just follow him..."

He glanced at Barbara in front of him, pursed his lips, and frowned. He then turned around and walked towards the corridor.

Christina stood there, looking at his back, inexplicably feeling a little lost.

"Barbara, make yourself at home.

Brianna and I will go into the room and arrange it." Judy spoke gently to others, but she didn't even bother to look at Christina with respect.

The maid led the Madam who had just returned, and the young lady Brianna went back to her room, leaving only Christina and Barbara in the living room.

"Christina, I haven't seen you for more than a month. Your belly seems to have grown a lot." Barbara greeted her with a smile. She naturally held her hand and calmly said, "Don't stand there. Sit down."

Christina was a little dull and she just nodded at Barbara.

Suddenly, Christina felt like she was

the guest.

"Well... Barbara, is it ok for you to tell me what grandpa was busy doing in Seattle for more than a month?" Christina hesitated for a while and asked her in a low voice.

Barbara was startled by her question, then smiled casually. "Didn't Patrick tell you?" She asked back so naturally.

But when she said that, Christina suddenly felt so awful.

Christina stopped asking.

Barbara did not say anything more, so she made herself a cup of tea. Her slender fingers gently twirled the precious and exquisite white-jade teacup in her hand. She then raised her

hand and drank it.

"I don't need you to meddle in my things..."

At the east end of the corridor, the summer wind was fresh and the light fragrance was pleasant. The water lilies planted in the lotus pond were in full bloom. The varieties were rare, with noble purple petals and golden stamens.

Old Master Mr. Hopkins stood at the edge of the pavilion with his crutch. He looked at the beautiful lotus flowers in front of him and fell into his thought.

The man standing behind him was not interested in watching the lotus and repeated impatiently, "I will deal with my things, I don't need you..."

"In a few months, I'll be 81."

The old man suddenly turned around, and he still looked stern and cold. However, experiences through the vicissitudes of life left marks on his face.

Old Master Mr. Hopkins's cloudy eyes looked straight at him, who was the only grandchild of his Hopkins Family.

Patrick was slightly startled. At that moment, the old man was looking straight at him. He felt a little heavy, and pressed his lips tightly, suppressing his irritation.

"Your mother... I agreed to her return."

Perhaps as he grew old, he always had

a kind of mentality of wanting to return to his roots and gradually put down his obsession. He could abandon all the resentments he once had.

The past was over, and now...

"I know you feel guilty about what happened to Derek, but he's recovered now... About you, I've already contacted the doctor in Seattle..."

"I don't need you to worry about me."
He still refused coldly.

"Don't worry!"

The old man hit the floor angrily with his crutch, "Patrick, there's a bullet in your head. How can I not worry about it?"

Patrick's face darkened slightly and his eyes were filled with mixed feelings.

Without another word, he took big strides and just left...

"Were Old Master Mr. Hopkins and others all back?"

Christina went back to her bedroom. For some reason, she had no idea why she felt a little uneasy. She then chose to talk to Charles on WhatsApp.

Christina texted in the WhatsApp under the WhatsApp name Invincible Tina. "Grandpa is talking with Patrick. I don't know what they're talking about. Charles, do you know what grandpa is doing in Seattle?"

Charles replied, "Just leave it alone."

Christina held the phone tightly, frowning and slightly angry.

"Why can even Barbara know while I can't know." Christina quickly sent a text on WhatsApp.

Charles was curious when she mentioned Barbara. He then texted on WhatsApp, "Is Barbara in Hopkins Family now?"

Christina suddenly did not want to return to him. She stood by the window and looked absent-mindedly at the beautiful lotus pond on the east side of the corridor. Her mood was somewhat heavy.

"Christina, can you stop messing around? We were already badly

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implicated by you yesterday. Don't tell me you're jealous now."

Charles was very resentful of Christina, who was a woman whose emotions could easily be guessed. Charles was afraid that something would happen to her again.

She replied, "No."

Christina had seen Barbara five times in total and was not jealous of her. But every time Christina faced that Barbara, she always felt a bit uncomfortable.

She texted, "Charles, tell me frankly, did Patrick have anything to do with grandpa's staying in Seattle for so long? Was there anything wrong with Patrick...".

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A rattle--

Just as her message was sent, the door was suddenly opened.

Christina looked at Patrick in front of her, then licked her phone screen as if she was guilty.

"Ah, what's wrong?"

She was surprised. He walked up to her and didn't say a word. However, suddenly he hugged her in his arms.

He was a tall man who was hugging her with both arms, which made her look somehow petite. He then said, "Christina..." He lowered his head and put his face on her shoulder wearily.

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Her body was very soft, and he gently stroked her hair with his big palm, "Christina..."

He said her name. But it seemed that he was hesitating to say something else.

"Are you tired? Why don't you lie in bed and rest for a while?" She tilted her head and stared at him, the weariness was on his forehead.

She was very quiet and obedient, at least she didn't argue with him, and didn't push him away. In Patrick's eyes, she was already very obedient today.

"... I'm a little tired."

He actually lay on the bed and closed his eyes to rest. But Christina was

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pestered by him to sleep beside him.

Christina lay on his side, watching his brows shrinking tightly. She then quietly reached out and stroked between his brows, trying to soothe his indescribable worrying.

Actually, just now she wanted to ask him what did grandpa say to him?

But she held back.

He looked really tired. She didn't want to worry him.