

Chapter 251

"Patrick, you, you don't know me?"

"Should I know you?"

His deep voice was sarcastic as he walked directly ashore from the bathtub. The waiter aside immediately handed over the bathrobe. He wrapped the white bathrobe around his waist without looking up or even looking at her.

"Patrick, she's Christina."

Charles frowned. He helped Christina up and said helplessly, "She's your wife."

"My wife?"

As if the word "wife" caught his attention, he tilted his head and took a step closer to her. He looked her up and down sharply with his short hair and chest dripping with water, and then asked, "Why did I marry you?" He asked directly and coldly.

Why...

Suddenly, Christina froze.

"Because Christina is pregnant with your child..."

Barbara took an extra clean towel and handed it to Christina with a smile. Christina didn't pick it, but the word "Child" made Patrick's eyes tremble uncontrollably.

"Isn't the child dead?" Patrick asked

naturally.

"Pouch-"

As soon as he finished asking, Christina gave him a hard slap, her face pale.

Everyone present never expected this to happen. Looking at the swollen red mark on Patrick's left cheek, everyone was shocked.

"How dare you..."

The man in front of her was annoyed and furious, his face became gloomy and he gripped her wrist with his right hand forcefully. Christina frowned in pain and her face turned pale.

"Patrick, let her go, let her go..." Charles was anxious and he stepped forward

to protect her.

"Patrick, don't take it seriously. She's just in a bad mood... Don't hurt her!"

But Patrick didn't let her go.

Christina looked up and held back the tears in her reddened eyes. She looked straight into his eyes, which were filled with anger and coldness. He made her feel very strange.

A burst of hurried footsteps came, it was Crystal. She cursed anxiously, "Patrick, let her go. You bastard, don't touch her!"

Finally, Christina saw him glance at the person far away impatiently, and he looked down at her, showing disgust and disdain, then he shook off her

hand.

Suddenly, the atmosphere here was a little strange. The guests around looked around curiously, but they did not dare to approach.

"Christina, how are you? Your clothes are wet. Are you hurt?" Crystal rushed over quickly.

Derek also came over. He stood on Christina's left side, grabbed her bruised wrist, and frowned slightly.

"It was just a misunderstanding..."

Barbara explained as if she was trying to smooth things over for fear that they would clash again.

Patrick's face was gloomy. He seemed

to be very unwilling to see Derek and the others at all, so he turned around and left.

Crystal subconsciously chased after him and wanted to scold him angrily.
"Hey, you..."

"Let's go back." Christina looked down and suddenly said.

"Christina, he..." Crystal hesitated and did not catch up. She didn't dare to provoke Patrick, but today she saw him too arrogant she had the thought of hitting him angrily.

"Christina, does he really not recognize you?"

"His brain must go wrong after the operation in Seattle! How could he say

that? Why don't you stop him and ask about it clearly? You've been waiting for him for so many days..."

They left the noisy fireworks bar. On their way back, Crystal had complained about it indignantly.

But Christina was extremely quiet.

She did not scold or cry. Her face was pale and she tilted her head to look out the window quietly.

It was already 10 o'clock in the evening. The orange street lights flashed her cheeks one after another. For some reason, Crystal felt especially upset looking at Christina like this.

Chapter 252

"Patrick, you really shouldn't have done that to her just now."

"Christina is really your wife."

It was late at night, but the Fireworks Bar was bustling with colorful lights, loud DJ music in the lobby, and handsome men and women twisting their waists. In the noise, Charles sat in a booth and spoke very seriously to the man beside him.

"Wife?"

The other man probably thought that Charles was too nagging. He picked up a glass of brandy and shook it in his hand a few times. He looked up and there was a hint of impatience in his

deep eyes.

"What do you think I should do to her?"

Charles didn't know how to answer the question and kept silent for a moment. Then he sneered and laughed at himself. "I don't know."

Looking at Patrick's cold and arrogant eyes, Charles suddenly turned his head and didn't want to see Patrick like this. Patrick was the only eldest grandson in the Hopkins family, and he was really noble and unapproachable.

"... Patrick, you wouldn't have done this to her before." Charles said it in a low voice and he also didn't know what he was talking about.

He just felt that if Patrick remembered her, he would definitely regret it very much.

Barbara walked towards them. "Charles, the doctor said that the shrapnel had been hidden in the memory area of Patrick's brain for too long. It's already very good that he has recovered to this extent. Don't force him. He'll slowly remember it himself..."

Barbara naturally reached out to take Patrick's brandy and put a bottle of light brown pills she had brought in front of his table. "Don't drink. You haven't taken the medicine today."

Patrick first raised his head to look at her but did not refuse. He took the bottle and took out three pills from it. He simply threw them into his mouth,

and the pills tasted bitter.

"How much longer do I need to take it?" Patrick didn't seem to like taking medicine, and he was a little unhappy.

Barbara asked the bartender to fill most of the glass of warm water and handed it to him. Seeing his frown when he took the medicine, she couldn't help but smile. "What? Mr. Hopkins is still afraid of taking the medicine?"

Patrick took the glass and took a gulp. Listening to her teasing words, he looked up at her beside him with interest.

"Why are you so nice to me?" He asked directly.

Barbara paused for a moment, but she felt that he was scrutinizing her with a gaze. It was a man's erotic gaze on a woman, which bewitched her.

Barbara blushed and smiled shyly.
"Because I want to be nice to you."

She answered very cleverly and did not avoid his scrutiny. They had already known what it meant, so there was no need to say more.

Charles had been sitting there, listening to their conversation, and looking at their affectionate eyes disdainfully.

"Miss Parker, don't think too much."
Charles said coldly.

Probably because he and Christina

were good friends, his words now sounded a little bitter.

Charles was not sure how much memory Patrick had lost during this operation, but he was sure that Patrick would never care about women.

Patrick glanced at Charles, and suddenly he chuckled banteringly.

He took off a Patek Philippe watch on his wrist, and the diamonds embedded in it sparkled. He raised his right hand high, and he smiled playfully. "Who wants it?"

A crowd of men and women roared around.

In Fireworks Bar, everyone knew that the boss of this bar could not be

offended, and the boss did not show up easily. Most people did not know Patrick's identity, but this did not affect their enthusiasm and they shouted loudly.

"That's a new Patek Philippe watch worth 13 million..."

"You are so handsome, I love you!"

"I don't want the watch. I want you!"

Barbara looked at the crowd and became unhappy. She wanted to wave for the bar manager to come over, but at this moment, her right hand, which she had just raised, was quickly grabbed and pressed down by Patrick.

The expensive watch was thrown out by Patrick, and the atmosphere

became more and more lively and noisy.

Barbara froze in shock, and Patrick chuckled sarcastically. And he said to her in a low voice, "Those who are nice to me are mostly for this."

Therefore, it's even more impossible for Patrick to be nice to others.

... He couldn't remember.

Patrick stopped smiling and his grim face darkened in an instant. The lack of memory annoyed him.

One woman was very happy to receive the Patek Philippe watch tonight. She held the exquisite watch in her hand and looked at Patrick with a big smile. And she wanted to pounce on him.

However, she was stopped by the security guards in the bar and they asked her to keep a distance.

Charles's face darkened and looked at this happening. He grabbed half a glass of spirit from the table and poured it into his mouth.

Patrick was still the same.

If there was any difference, Patrick was now even more cold and ruthless than before.

Chapter 253

It was already early winter. The wind was cold late at night. Christina's clothes were almost wet in Fireworks Bar, so Crystal immediately pushed her into the bathroom to take a hot bath after returning back to the apartment.

Christina was especially quiet, which made Crystal very uneasy.

As soon as the bathroom door was closed, Crystal paced nervously outside, afraid that Christina would bathe too long and faint inside, or that she would do something stupid inside.

Fortunately, about fifteen minutes later, Christina went out.

"Your hair is wet. I'll get you a

hairdryer." Crystal immediately went to take the hairdryer and she also brought the medical box.

Crystal's apartment was only about 70 square meters. The master bedroom was a suite, and the other bathroom was outside the small balcony. Because Crystal lived in the master room and Christina seemed to value other people's privacy, or perhaps she was not so close to people from the inside, so she chose the bathroom off the balcony every time.

"Does your wrist still hurt?"

Crystal finally waited for her to dry her long hair. She dragged Christina to the guest room, quickly opened the medicine box, and rubbed the bruises on her wrist.

Christina sat by the bed and remained silent, but she did not refuse Crystal to wipe the medicinal wine for her. Crystal cursed angrily as she wiped the bruise.

"How dare the mother fucking Patrick scratched you so hard. He's crazy..."

Crystal looked up at Christina carefully when she mentioned Patrick. She lowered her voice and called her, "Christina..."

She was so quiet that Crystal was really worried about her.

"Christina, if you feel uncomfortable, just say it. Don't hold it back. I will try my best to help you." Crystal began to cry as soon as she said that.

Christina's body trembled slightly when she saw Crystal cry hard. Her hoarse voice said a few words with difficulty, "I'm fine."

As soon as Christina said, Crystal cried even harder.

"Christina, don't worry. You still have friends like us. Nowadays women are very self-reliant, we don't need to please anyone and can earn a living on our own. We spend money when we have it, we are frugal when we don't, and we can live a good life on our own."

She simply threw the bottle away and hugged Christina tightly. Crystal said in a strangled voice and tried her best to comfort Christina.

"Since you marry into Hopkins family, you have been careful all day long and have no appetite for anything. They don't want you, but you still have us. Don't do anything stupid..."

Crystal held Christina's skinny body tightly. In just over a month, Christina had lost more than 20 kilograms. The more Crystal thought about it, the sadder she felt.

Christina let her hold her like this and did not say anything. When Crystal mentioned the words "Hopkins family" and "Patrick", Christina's body unconsciously stiffened.

It wasn't until Derek knocked on the door a few times that Crystal realized. Seeing Christina's shoulders were wet with her tears, Crystal felt extremely

embarrassed.

Crystal cried so hard while Christina was indifferent at all. Was Crystal really too weak, or was Christina pretending to be too strong? If Crystal could choose, she would rather choose the former.

"You must be hungry. Eat some porridge before going to bed."

Crystal stood up and dragged Christina out.

Christina did not resist Crystal's dragging. When Christina reached the door, she suddenly said in a hoarse voice, "Thank you."

Crystal's eyes turned red again.

Derek made some white porridge. He was really good at cooking and could make ordinary white porridge so delicious. It was moderately soft and melted in the mouth immediately. It was very comfortable to drink it.

Crystal served Christina a bowl of porridge. Derek sat with them but he seemed to have no appetite.

"Derek, you didn't eat all day, have some porridge." Crystal was becoming more and more like a nanny.

However, Derek showed no interest in the porridge. He just sat quietly, as if waiting for something.

It was not until Crystal and Christina finished their meal and were ready to leave the table that Derek looked up at

Christina.

"Patrick forgot about everyone."

Derek's voice was still clear and pleasant.

But Crystal was in a daze at the table. She looked at him in confusion and didn't know what he meant.

Crystal wanted to ask more, but Derek had already walked towards the living room. He sat on the sofa in the small living room, frowning slightly, as if he was thinking about something.

Crystal had been with him for a while and knew that he didn't like to talk. They had been out all day today and everyone was tired. Besides, Derek had fought with Patrick before, and the

bruises on his back and nose bridge hadn't healed yet.

In the end, she didn't disturb him. It was getting late. Crystal took Christina into the guest room to rest.

"Do you think Derek has something else to say? Why did he say it for no reason?" Crystal was just mumbling. Christina opened her mouth slightly as if she want to say something, but chose to remain silent in the end.

Crystal closed the windows of the guest room for Christina and felt that there was no need to turn on the heater. The temperature was moderate, and then she walked back to her room with ease.

Soon the cozy little apartment quieted

down.

About an hour later, the door of the guest room was gently opened and Christina came out.

She walked to the small living room and glanced at the sofa. Derek was sitting next to the sofa. He seemed very tired and had already fallen asleep.

Christina stood by and looked at him for a long time. In the end, she didn't say anything. She turned off the big light in the living room, leaving only a night light.

[Patrick forgot about everyone.]

He said that Patrick had forgotten about everyone... But not just forget

you.

Derek comforted others in such a special way since childhood.

Chapter 254

Since Christina saw Patrick at Fireworks Bar, she had never mentioned seeing him.

Crystal tried not to mention Patrick or the Hopkins family, nor the child, pretending that nothing had happened and life was always peaceful

Christina seemed to be getting better all of a sudden, no longer depressed. Sometimes, she would take the initiative to accompany Crystal to go to the grocery store.

Crystal was trying to nourish her. Christina accepted her concern, so Crystal felt relieved.

Maybe Christina's condition was

getting better, so Derek went out frequently, seeming to investigate something. He came home late and he left early, and sometimes he was too busy to come back.

"Now I'm going to the Stephenson family. If anything happens, call me immediately. We bought many ingredients yesterday, so it's not necessary to go shopping today. There's pickled beef in the fridge for our dinner."

Crystal nagged again before she left, "Christina, will you be fine at home alone?"

"It's okay." She looked normal.

"Crystal, do what you have to do. Don't treat me like a useless."

Sitting at the table, she was eating breakfast seriously. She seemed to be annoyed to hear her nagging.

"Hey. You bad girl!"

Crystal complained morosely, closed the door, and went out.

Everything seemed to have gone back to normal. It had been half a month since Christina saw Patrick. Seeing her begin to refresh and put on fat, Crystal was happy.

Crystal was a nanny at the Stephenson family. In fact, as soon as Patrick came back, she told Chandler to resign.

However, Geoffrey reclined, even threatening her with the labor

contract, which said that she could not quit within three months. So she was detained by the black-hearted father and son and had to continue working there.

After all, she graduated with a master's degree from a famous university abroad. And they really had her work as a nanny. The naughty boy Geoffrey was hard to serve. Like father, like son.

"Haven't grandparents, as visiting professors abroad, come back yet?"

Wearing a pinkish apron, rubber gloves, and a white square work cap, Crystal looked like a housekeeper and she was trying to clean the tiles.

"Even if my grandparents come back, you can continue babysitting here.

Don't worry."

Geoffrey, looking like a young master, had gotten a stool, sitting beside. He seemed to like watching her work, with his big eyes on her for a long time.

Crystal turned to glare at him. What a naughty boy! Did he really think she wanted to be a coolie in his house?

"Geoffrey, didn't your teacher give you some new exercise books? Go back to your room." It was annoyed to see him. Though he was young, he always pissed her off.

"I'm waiting for you to cook for me."

"Didn't you eat a loaf of bread and drink a bottle of milk?"

Crystal threw the dirty rag into the bucket imposingly. To go back early, she had to speed up. How dare the kid trouble her?

Geoffrey didn't seem to mind her imposing manner at all, looking at her seriously. "The teacher said it was a critical time to grow. Aunt Zhu, do you want to starve me?"

Aunt Zhu? Since when had he become so polite? Probably his father was in the study. If Chandler wasn't at home, he would call her "stupid Crystal".

According to her own experience, Crystal preferred not to continue the conversation, because she was usually exhausted in the end. She cursed him in her heart, then took off her gloves and hat, and ran to the kitchen to

prepare food for him.

"It's terrible."

Geoffrey may be full. Sitting at the table, he ate two small mouthfuls of noodles, and then put down tableware, declining to eat.

"Then what do you want to eat?"
Crystal was kind of angry.

But the kid looked at her with his pure eyes and said, "Why are you so impatient? You can't do this."

"Why not?"

"My dad doesn't like irritable women. You have to practice more." Geoffrey took it for granted.

Crystal's face darkened. She decided to ignore the kid. She vividly remembered that the kids were adorable and easy to coax. What was happening to this world?

Suddenly, Crystal thought that if Christina's twins weren't gone, what would they be? Whether they were like Patrick or Christina, they would be especially cute and fun.

"What are you thinking?"

Although Geoffrey liked to trouble her, he was smart. Seeing her was thoughtful, he did not dare to fool around. Instead, he asked her seriously, with some concerns in his childish voice.

"She's been quiet lately, looking

normal, but abnormal. She wants simple happiness. Why is it so difficult?"

Crystal was talking to herself. The kid was sitting on the chair, dangling his short legs in boredom. Such a complicated thing was beyond his reach.

Today Friday, the leading teachers in Geoffrey's kindergarten had a meeting, so he didn't go to school today. Usually, she had to pick him up before she could go home. Today, Crystal quickly prepared lunch and dinner for them so she could go home early.

"I've prepared it. You can warm it in the microwave for dinner."

Geoffrey seemed to like pestering her and wanted to ask her to stay longer in a shameless way, but Chandler came out of the study.

The kid immediately jumped off the chair excitedly and came to Chandler.

"Dad, there's a parent-child activity in kindergarten on Saturday. I know you're busy. So I think Aunt Zhu could go with me."

Crystal turned around and saw Chandler's sick face. She frowned and asked subconsciously.

"Did you have a stomachache?"

She hadn't been to the Stephenson family for a while, as she had been concerned about Christina. When she

came today, she found that Chandler was sick.

"Have some noodles first. I'll get you some stomach medicine."

Crystal was quick. She knew well to look for the medicine in the cabinet.

"Stomach problems need more care. You're old enough to care about the diet. Besides, you should take stomach medicine on time not when it hurts." She almost became a housekeeper.

Chandler had a stomachache. He and Charles had been busy recently. How could he take medicine on time?

Geoffrey was tactful and immediately said loudly, "Dad, Aunt Zhu is very good at taking care of people. Please

let her go with me. She can do it well."

Chandler looked at his son expressionlessly. It was rare to see him enthusiastic. He rubbed his little head with his big hand.

He warned his son meaningfully, "Don't overdo it. Or she'll run away."

"She won't." Geoffrey smiled innocently.

Crystal handed the medicine over and looked at them. The more she looked at them, the eviler they looked. She said, "I'm not free tomorrow." She planned to take Christina for a walk in the suburbs so that she could enjoy the blue sky and white clouds more, and she would cheer up.

"How's Christina?"

Chandler seemed to know what was on her mind and asked calmly.

Crystal narrowed her eyes and sized up Chandler with some vigilance and cautions. Because Chandler and Patrick were good friends, she was getting to hate him more and more.

"She's fine. Thank you for your concern!" Crystal said sarcastically.

Chandler knew why she kept a straight face. He was amused by Crystal's angry words.

"Patrick has remembered something. He should recall everything soon."

Hearing the word "Patrick", Crystal

immediately became angry. She raised her voice and shouted, "As I said, Christina is fine, healthy, and normal. Everything is fine!"

Christina did behave normally and calmly. She even bickered with her, but...

She didn't seem to trust anyone anymore.

Chapter 255

Christina was alone at home today.

She was drinking a glass of soy milk calmly. The moment Crystal closed the door and left, she put down her breakfast. In fact, she had no appetite.

Emotionless, she quickly stood up and walked straight to the small balcony to carry a retractable aluminum ladder into the apartment.

First, she leaned the ladder against the wall on the east side of the small living room, then climbed up and reached out nimbly to dig out a black thumb-sized instrument from a hidden corner of the ceiling.

Then she found three identical

electronic devices in the other three corners, which were wireless surveillance cameras.

She knew that not only the small living room, but also her guest room and even the balcony were equipped with such cameras. Except for the bathroom, there were almost no dead corners in this apartment.

She didn't look for any cameras elsewhere, as if there's no need.

She threw the four small electronic devices directly into the trash can, placed the ladder back on the balcony, and found a 90*60-centimetre white board, a marker, and an eraser from the sundry cabinet beside the balcony.

Then she sat on the sofa, put the white

board which was held by her left hand on her legs, and drew with a marker in her right hand.

Occasionally, she frowned and angrily wiped off all the previous drawings with the eraser, then did it again.

"No, it's not like that." Christina muttered.

With a marker in her right hand, she closed her eyes as if she was forcing herself to recall. She was quickly drawing a mind map from her memory, as if she was combing through the messy memory fragments in her mind.

But every time she stopped, she looked very depressed and solemn, as if something was not right.

It seemed very quiet in the whole apartment, except for the occasional sound of her rubbing hard against the white board.

Suddenly, there came a crisp ringtone.

She was in a daze for a moment, and the marker in her hand fell to the ground. Then she turned to look at the flashing phone on the TV cabinet.

With great vigilance, she immediately picked up the eraser and rubbed against all the words and illustrations on the white board.

She didn't seem to care about the call. She put the whiteboard on the sofa beside her and bent down to pick up the marker which fell somewhere on the floor just now.

She kept bending down to look for it. Soon, on the left side of the TV cabinet, she found it under the bottom of the pot of the money tree. Then she reached out to get it. But she hesitated for a moment, with her eyes fixed on a red Chinese knot on the trunk.

She picked up the marker and pulled the Chinese knot off.

When she touched it, her expression instantly turned cold.

She expressionlessly flipped the delicate palm-sized Chinese knot over, and a mirror appeared. It was another camera.

"How many cameras are there in this apartment?" thought Christina.

This camera was obviously different from the type she had found earlier. Was it from another group of people?

The phone on the TV cabinet kept ringing.

Glancing at the strange caller id, she tightly gripped the red camera she had just found in her palm, as if suppressing some emotion. She tried her best to pinch it without any expression.

"Who's that?"

She pressed the answer button and asked in a low, hoarse voice.

On the other end came a slightly unfamiliar male voice. "Hello, this is your attending doctor, Steven."

"You probably couldn't remember me anymore. After your car accident, I was in charge of..." He felt there's no response, so he wanted to remind her of it by telling her in detail.

As if she had been provoked by something, Christina gritted her teeth and replied, "I know you're Director Ann."

It was him who performed a C-section on her when she had been sent to the operating room.

How could she forget him0.?

Steven had recognized her unusual tone and asked very patiently, "Miss Dickens, I called you this time just to make a return call. How are you feeling

now?"

"Who exactly are you working for?"

Christina said coldly, suddenly interrupting his so-called caring return call.

Either because Steven was shocked by her words or because he didn't recover from his surprise, he paused for two seconds before he said, "Miss Dickens, did you misunderstand something? I was just worried that you would suffer from a mental disorder."

"Mental disorder?"

"Do you want to tell me that the conversation I heard in the operating room was just my imagination? Don't you think I know it?"

She clenched her phone and her face got darker and darker by the memories. On the verge of breaking out, she roared uncontrollably, "Don't you really think I know it, do you?"

"It's not a car accident. I was clearly not injured from the car accident. I was attacked and knocked out. I heard your conversation in the cold and enclosed operating room. Someone told you to take a video of the operation. I felt you cut my belly with a cold scalpel, and I heard the crying of the baby's birth. I know it all, indeed!" Finally, her agitated voice became shrill.

"You're all lying to me. All of you!"

Alone in this apartment, she felt countless pairs of eyes staring at her.

And she really hated it.

"I'm not a puppet. I'm telling you, no one has the right to control my life."

She was so angry that the camouflaged red camera, which she kept clutching in her left hand, was thrown onto the marble board. In an instant, the tiny camera broke apart and splashed out all over the floor.