

"Connie, what are you doing?!"

Betty hurried over, glared at Connie, and said, "The Dickens family is in such a situation because of you. How dare you ask Christina to..."

If it weren't for Connie's crazy nonsense this afternoon, Donald wouldn't have been so angry that he suffered an attack. Thinking that Donald was in danger, Betty was more anxious.

"What I said is all true."

Connie raised her chin as if to hide her guilt. She deliberately raised her voice, "Betty, you know I'm not lying. Check Donald's medical record. His blood type is O. Your sister Mary has type B blood. But Christina, her blood type is Rh-Negative."

"And you, Betty, you're not married at such an old age because you like your brother-in-law..."

"Enough!"

Betty was ashamed and cried in a rage.

Connie was a little agitated. She turned her head, tried to slow her breathing, and stopped.

Christina looked at Connie, and she always thought Connie was hypocritical. Connie clapped in high heels. The echo of footsteps on the clean floor running down the quiet corridor.

"Christina, actually I..."

Betty saw Connie leave and reached out to grab Christina. Betty was a little flustered and wanted to explain, "It's not like what Connie said..."

Christina lowered her head and said with sarcasm, "I just checked my father's medical record. His blood type is indeed O. It turns out that he has been lying to me. I thought we had the same blood type."

"Christina, listen to me. Donald..."

Betty didn't know how she could comfort Christina, "Donald is a good person." Betty finally said he was good.

"My sister and I do not look alike. I am not ugly but no one said I'm beautiful. But my sister is different. She has beautiful appearance. A flawless complexion, slender figure.... She's like a perfect doll. Coupled with her piano skills and amazing temperament, there were many men pursuing her. But in the end, she chose to marry Donald, a poor boy with an ordinary family background..."

"Before my sister met Donald, she had already met a lot of very outstanding men. One of them was the eldest young master of the Hopkins family, Victor." Betty deliberately paused.

Christina looked at Betty in astonishment.

Victor was Patrick's father.

Betty noticed Christina's panic and shook her head. "Don't think too much. In fact, it's not a complicated story. Victor was in bad condition. I heard that Old Master Hopkins spent a lot of money to keep him alive. But after all, Victor was the only heir in the Hopkins family, so many women still wanted to marry him."

"Victor and my sister had been together. But at that time, Victor was married and had a child. My sister said that Victor was her true love so she would wait for him to divorce and then marry him. I was very opposed to her being a lover, but I didn't dare to mention it to my father... A year later, my sister said that they broke up. I was relieved since our Eisenhower family allowed no one to keep such an affair."

"I don't know if my sister and Victor really loved each other, but it was always been my sister who dumped other men. After that breakup, my sister was depressed for a long time. She spent half a year in the bar..."

"Until one day, my sister told me that she was pregnant."

Betty's face was a little gloomy. "I asked her who was the father, but she said she didn't know. She had sex with several unknown men when she idled the days away and got drunk in the bar..."

Christina froze for a moment. She lowered her head slightly and clenched her hands into fists.

"Your grandfather and I knew about this, so we immediately sent someone to investigate. But my sister had been fooling around in different bars for the past six months, and we really couldn't find out who the man was... We only confirmed that Victor was not the father. After the breakup, my sister didn't contact him. Besides, Victor was not in good condition, and even his son was born in the United States after he got the IVF fertility treatment."

Christina did not speak. She looked down at her reflection. It turned out that Patrick was a test tube baby.

Betty looked at Christina's beautiful side face. She looked like her sister Mary as she grew up.

"The reason why I object to your relationship with Patrick is because of these old grudges."

When Betty first heard about Christina's relationship with Patrick, she was furious. Why did they get involved in the Hopkins family's affairs again?

Betty admitted that she was selfish and prejudiced against the Hopkins family.

At that time, Victor got married and had a child, but he was still with her sister. Betty didn't know if they broke up because Victor knew that he was not in good condition and let go of her sister, or because Victor chose his wife and child. Anyway, the Eisenhower family hated the Hopkins family.

If it weren't for that embarrassing affair, her sister wouldn't have gotten pregnant by accident, and she wouldn't have had such a ridiculous ending.

"Donald was born poor, but he never felt inferior. Working for your grandfather, Donald was highly valued by him. Donald's character and ability to work were praised by your grandfather. Donald had met my sister a few times, and he probably didn't dare to say that he loved her. However, my sister was five months pregnant when she realised it. The doctor didn't recommend aborting the child. Your grandfather wouldn't allow her to do so. Donald said that he wanted to marry my sister. He would take care of the child as his own, and would love her for the rest of his life."

Hearing this, Christina sat down.

She was expressionless. From time to time, she glanced at the ICU. Donald was there, and was in danger.

Betty sat next to her. "Christina, you may think that Donald is not a good father. But I think he has tried his best. On the day you were born, he was very happy. He never retorted and always doted on my sister. Although your surname is Dickens rather than Eisenhower, but others always thought he got ahead because of the support of the Eisenhower family. He was under great pressure."

"In the years when my sister had just married Donald, she had maintained a warm relationship out of her feelings for everything Donald had done. But it was not love. The warmth between them had faded over time. My sister had filed for divorce several times in private, but Donald had refused it time and time again."

"Their conflicts had been worsening. However, one day, Donald took Connie back to the Eisenhower family and said he wanted a divorce. My sister might feel embarrassed and unwilling to get the divorce..."

Christina suddenly raised her head and looked straight at Betty's complicated expression with her clear eyes. "Since my mother initiated a divorce before, if they were not suitable, why didn't they get divorced..."

"Because your grandfather didn't allow his granddaughter to grow up in a broken family."

Betty told the truth that Mary didn't get divorced because of Christina.

Christina compressed her lips. Mixed feelings welled up.

She knew that her grandfather loved her very much and certainly did not want to make her sad because of her parents' divorce. So her grandfather even made up many lies to cover the truth.

"So it's all because of me..." Christina looked at the cold floor of the hospital and was in a daze. Her voice was hoarse and she muttered, "Why did you give birth to me?"



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"Donald cheated on your mother on purpose to infuriate her. For all these years, I've been living with them and watching. I know that Donald loves my sister very much, but he loves her too humbly. Sometimes he's strict with you, but he doesn't mean it to be harsh to you, rather, it may be because he loses control of his temper. Don't blame him."

"And... In the end, Donald didn't get anything."

Betty looked at her guiltily and drawled word by word, "Donald took Connie home, and the conflict between him and your mother got more intense. In the end, Connie miscarried and your mother was imprisoned... Your mother pressed him with her life, and Donald secretly let her go." Until now, no one knew where Mary had gone except Donald.

After that, Betty looked at her quietly and nervously. She had been tortured by her conscience for deceiving Christina about this matter.

"Your mother didn't actually commit suicide, Donald asked all of us to hide it... He didn't want you to know, and he didn't want you to have a bad impression of your mother." He chose to protect her until the end.

Christina managed to remain composure.

After a while, she spoke in a calm voice, "Connie said it... When my father first entered the operating room, she seemed to be too scared and said it like she had gone crazy."

Christina's voice grew lower and lower. "So, everything I know is fake, right?"

"Yes, it's fake," Betty said, feeling so guilty that she did not dare to lock gaze with her, but she told Christina with a pressed voice, "But your life is not fake, and the people around you..."

Suddenly, there was a flurry of footsteps at the elevator door.

Patrick.

When Christina identified the man walking slowly towards her from the elevator, she froze, her face deadpan.

It was not until Betty tugged at her sleeve and the man with an outstanding temperament stood half a metre away that Christina regained her senses.

Perhaps because the fluorescent light overhead was too white and dazzling, Christina felt like he was but an illusion.

Patrick Hopkins, the privileged descendent of the Hopkins family, appeared in front of her.

Christina suddenly felt a verge to cry, a surge of emotions rushing up from the bottom of her heart, and her weepy eyes went blurred with tears.

It was as if she had been suppressing a great grievance she had been suffering, but once she cast eyes on him, she suddenly didn't want to bear it anymore and just wanted to burst into wailing.

But Christina did not cry. Her stubborn eyes stared at the man who suddenly appeared in silence.

Her clear eyes were beautiful, glistening with tears. With crystal liquids swirling in her eyes, she seemed like a child stifling her impulse, wanting to sob but daring not to.

As if it was her body's instinctive reaction, she stood up straight from the chair and stepped forward, appearing to approach him.

But no. Christina rose up, turned around, and strode away with her back to him.

Betty did a double-take. She glanced at the indifferent man in front of her and then turned to look at her niece trotting along the cold corridor of the hospital to the end of the ward as if fleeing.

Why did Patrick suddenly appear?

Betty did not question but immediately ran after Christina.

"Patrick, don't you see Christina?"

When Charles arrived from the other elevator, he looked at the motionless man standing there bemused.

Patrick still had his usual look of grimness. He gazed in the direction of the end of the corridor, a hidden nervousness in his deep and unfathomable eyes.

Charles thought he didn't know which ward to go to, so he pointed to the end of the corridor and told him, "Mrs. Dickens is in the VIP ward at the end of this floor, Donald is in the ICU on the seventh floor... Christina might be in the ward at the end of this floor because the doctor won't let them in after Donald's operation."

Charles gushed and walked quickly forward.

"Patrick, don't you want to see her?" Charles sensed something only when he turned around to find Patrick not following his pace.

Charles perceived something weird in his reactions. Once they received the news that Donald got sick and was admitted to the hospital, he got up and drove over instantly. But why didn't he go to see Christina now that he was already here?

Patrick looked at the ward at the end of the corridor and wobbled.

At this moment, a burly bodyguard walked over quickly behind him, his voice a little anxious, "Mr. Hopkins, the Dickens family's surveillance was taken out. We've found a major accident in the past..."

Charles looked astonished. He didn't even know that Patrick had sent someone to install surveillance cameras in the Dickens family.

Just as he was about to enquire what it was, Patrick suddenly spoke, "Go over and take a look at her!"

"What?"

Charles hesitated for a second.

"Go over and look at Christina now," Patrick repeated in an impatient tone, appearing extremely agitated and uneasy.

"Patrick, why don't you look for her..."

Charles swore that he didn't mean to provoke him, but the words just slipped out.

However, Patrick squinted, his eyes cold and gloomy, causing a chill crawling down Charles's spine.

"I'll go now."

Charles immediately responded and strode away.

The bodyguard behind him continued to report something to Patrick solemnly, which Charles couldn't hear clearly but seemed to be quite serious. The bodyguard said vaguely, "...Connie sent someone to do it."



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Chapter 345

Mrs. Dickens was just worried too much and fainted from hypertension. When Christina pushed the door open and entered the ward, Mrs. Dickens had already woken up.

"Christina, how's your father now?" Mrs. Dickens asked Christina anxiously.

Christina stood at the head of Mrs. Dickens's bed and looked down at her aged and muddy eyes. She felt a lump in her throat and did not know how to speak.

Mrs. Dickens grabbed her anxiously. "Christina, your father will be fine. He will be fine."

Mrs. Dickens muttered repeatedly in a hoarse voice as if she was begging, and then she held Christina's left hand tightly. Now Christina was the only support of her.

However, she was not the daughter of the Dickens family.

Christina lowered her head, and whispered, "Grandma, my father will be fine. Don't worry too much."

Mrs. Dickens, reasonably, knew that she should not cause trouble for them at this juncture. She also knew Christina very well, who did not have the slightest bit of effeminacy and could not coax or comfort people, but every word she said was true.

Mrs. Dickens looked at her beautiful face and nodded in relief. "Donald will get through it," She muttered to herself sadly.

The doctor came in to examine the old lady, and Christina took a step back.

Just then, Betty rushed over and felt relieved seeing Mrs. Dickens had woken up.

Christina motioned to Betty and they walked to the small balcony in the ward.

"Doesn't grandma know anything?" Christina asked calmly.

Betty was bemused.

Christina turned her gaze at the sickbed and took a deep breath. "She doesn't know I'm not Donald Dickens's biological daughter, right?."

"Right," Betty replied stiffly.

"Then don't let her know."

Christina said firmly, "Never."

Betty, who was thinking that Christina had a cold relationship with the Dickens family, looked at her in shock.

Suddenly, Betty's eyes were red. Her niece was different from her sister. Though she was spoiled and willful, she was always kind-hearted.

The Dickens family was in such a mess that if she told Mrs. Dickens that her granddaughter was not her granddaughter, she would be helpless.

Christina lowered her head and kept silent.

"What are you talking about?" A tall figure walked towards them.

Hearing a familiar voice, Christina immediately turned to look. It was Charles.

Betty was not surprised to see Charles. She looked around as if she was still looking for another man.

But there was only Charles.

Charles noticed Betty's searching eyes and said, "Patrick is outside..."

"Charles, why did you interfere in Carrie's case?"

Christina interrupted him in a hurry as if she didn't want to hear the name, and her tone was angry. "I told you, the traffic accident concerning Carrie should be handed over to the judiciary according to formal procedures. Why did you interfere?"

Charles felt guilty in face of her questioning. With eyes widening, he tried to refute but failed.

He stammered, "It was Carrie who hit you intentionally. She's culpable. If the Hampton family intervened, wouldn't it be too easy for her?"

"Did the Hampton family get involved in this?" Christina glared at him.

Charles looked more diffident. "Cory did make it clear that he would not interfere, but... After all, Carrie is still the daughter-in-law of the Hampton family, what if they... Anyway, we can't lose. He who strikes first gains the advantage." The more he spoke, the more diffident he became.

Christina, in a mixed feeling, was enduring something.

Suddenly, she took a step forward, grabbed Charles by the shoulder with both hands, and roared, "Why do you care so much? I didn't ask you to help me. I don't need your help. I don't need Patrick to care so much about me!"

"It made my father sick..." Christina was flustered.

Charles was stunned and did not move, nor did he say a word.

Christina let go of him and turned to look at the dark starry sky outside the balcony, looking anxious and panicked.

"I'm sorry, I don't know..."

Seeing her expression, Charles said weakly. He really regretted it.

"What are you talking about?"

Betty listened, but she couldn't understand what they were talking about. "Christina, didn't you say that Carrie hit your friend with her car? Why is it your business?"

Christina did not turn around, her eyes glaring fiercely at the cold winter night.

After a long time, she muttered to herself, "It's all because of me."

'Then why did you give birth to me?'

Knowing that Christina was suffering and conflicted, Betty fell into silence.

Charles broke the silence. "Carrie was induced by Cecilia to take a new type of drug. If Carrie stops eating it on time, she would be easily agitated, violent, mentally out of control, and seriously endanger social security when she flares up. Patrick ordered her to be locked up in the mental hospital for safety reasons. We didn't know..."

Charles only knew that Connie had been trying very hard to get Carrie out. But no one expected that Connie would go back to the Dickens family to make trouble, and Donald was so agitated that he had a cerebral hemorrhage.

"I don't know what Connie said, but about Carrie, if you want Carrie to get a lighter sentence, I'll find a way..." Charles said in a weak voice.

Perhaps because Charles suddenly lowered his profile, Christina looked at him with an indescribable and violent emotion.

She knew better than anyone that Charles helped her because of Patrick.

Her father was ill not because of the Carrie case, but because Connie brought up her mother. Christina was so depressed that she couldn't help but vent her anger on the people around her.

"It's none of your business."

Christina regained her composure and turned to walk towards the sickbed.

Charles, in depression, felt that he had indirectly harmed the Dickens family. He followed Christina and did not dare to make any noise.

The doctor briefly told Christina about Mrs. Dickens's health and then went out. Mrs. Dickens was fine, but only had some old problems and should pay attention to her own emotions and blood pressure.

When Mrs. Dickens saw Charles, she immediately perked up.

She grabbed his hand as if she had seen a savior. "Mr. Shepherd, I know you have a lot of connections. Christina's father's illness..."

"We've got the best doctor here. If necessary, we can send him abroad for treatment. Medical care is very advanced now."

Charles was very good at coaxing people and said it in a serious manner. After hearing, Mrs. Dickens seemed to have half settled down.

"We Dickens family only have Christina's father as the backbone. I am really panicking this time. Mr. Shepherd, you are our great benefactor."

Charles could be said as a friend of all ages, for almost all the children and elders he had met liked him. Mrs. Dickens held his hand in tears and thanked him repeatedly.

"It's okay. It is what I should do."

Charles was used to dealing with such situations and acted naturally.

"It's indeed true that time reveals a man's heart. Mr. Shepherd, you are so kind. Every time something happens to Christina's father, you will help us immediately. I really appreciate you."

Mrs. Dickens's old face was filled with sadness. "I used to be a fool who did a lot of wrong things. Now I really understand. As long as Christina and her father are healthy by my side and our family is reunited, I don't ask for anything. I don't want those reputations or fame."

Compared to Charles, who had nothing to do with their family, the Hopkins family showed no sign of offering help.

Charles wanted to say something, but after glancing at Christina, he was lost for words.



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Chapter 346

Christina sat on a metal chair in the hospital, closed her eyes, and went to sleep.

In fact, she couldn't sleep.

She was now on the seventh floor of the inpatient department, which was the cardiology department, and the ward in front of her was an isolated intensive care unit. Her father, Donald, was lying inside.

She blinked her eyes and moved a little. It was a long night and she just sat there pretending to be asleep.

She herself did not understand whether it was because she was too nervous about her father's illness, or because she knew that Patrick was also in this hospital.

It was January in winter, and it was 1 o'clock in the morning.

There was no heating in the corridor of the hospital. She tugged at her light pink coat. Her fair fingers were so cold that they turned red.

Her aunt Betty was with her grandmother in the ward on the fifth floor. At 9 p.m., Charles asked someone to buy some takeout. Her grandmother and aunt ate some while she was not hungry.

They all knew that her father was in danger that he suffered the rupture of the blood vessels in the brain, and they were anxious, but they also understood that the only thing they could do now was to wait.

The glass windows around the hospital walls had been closed, but she still felt a rush of cold wind blowing from time to time along the white corridor, with the smell of disinfectant and blood.

She really hated or was afraid of the hospital.

The more she thought about it, the more nervous she became, and her face looked a little pale.

Suddenly, she heard a shoes-stepping sound.

It was the sound of a man's leather shoes stepping on the floor, only one sound, and then it seemed to have disappeared.

She immediately turned her head and looked in the direction of her left hand, but she stared for a long time and did not see anyone passing by. She might have misheard, but that direction made her very uncomfortable as if there was a burning line of sight over there.

The nurse station was not far from her. Occasionally, the voices of the nurses talking came. She looked back and did not think much.

She folded her arms around her chest, lowered her head, and closed her eyes as a rest.

Unconsciously, she suddenly fell asleep.

However, she was still very sensitive. When a figure approached her, she immediately tensed up and opened her eyes. "What are you doing?"

A white sheet was handed to her. "Miss, you would catch a cold sitting here." A nurse said.

"We take shifts to watch your father. It's useless for you to sit here and wait. Why don't you take advantage of the time you have now to sleep for a while and rest? You have to be busy during the day. There are some beds on our floor. You can sleep temporarily for the night..."

Christina held the white sheet in her hand and looked at the nurse slowly.

Was it because there were too many beds in this hospital for sleep, or because the nurse was too considerate, or because of something else?

"No, thank you."

Finally, Christina said simply that she was going to sit in this chair for the night.

The nurse smiled at her and did not force her, then went back to work.

It was cold for this long night, Christina was wrapped in a white sheet, half asleep. She always felt that there was someone sitting next to her who had been accompanying her.

At six o'clock in the morning, people began to get busy one after another in the hospital. Around eight o'clock, there were doctors making rounds of wards.

Christina used to have the habit of getting up early in the morning in the Hopkins family. When she woke up, she was in a good state of mind. She folded the white sheet and returned it to the nurse. She also looked around, finding no one sitting beside her, so she felt she might be under the delusion.

Just as a few doctors entered Donald's ward to examine him, Betty and Christina's grandmother also appeared. They waited nervously outside the door.

The door of the ward was pushed open again, and the bald doctor in white came out who seemed to be relieved.

"The patient has regained consciousness, and the cerebral hemorrhage has been controlled. It becomes normal concerning his temperature, blood pressure, and heartbeat that had been monitored last night. In the afternoon, you can go in batches to see the patient. Be careful not to make too much noise..."

Hearing this, everyone was relieved.

Mrs. Dickens kept thanking the doctors. "Thank you so much." Tears welled up in the corner of Betty's eyes and she thanked him with joy.

While Christina did not say thanks to the doctors. Instead, she craned her neck and looked into the ward.

The bald doctor turned to Christina and said, "Miss Dickens, it will take a long time for your father to receive rehabilitation after he wakes up. I hope you are mentally prepared..."

Donald had too much cerebral hemorrhage on his right side, which would definitely affect his left body. It was uncertain whether he would have trouble thinking and speaking, but it was luckiest he survived.

"It is the best that he can live." Mrs. Dickens wiped the tears from the corner of her eyes and muttered incessantly.

Betty also knew that it was lucky for Donald to live this time. They were not most concerned about whether he would recover well in the future. They were most concerned about whether he could live.

Christina was unusually silent.

In the afternoon, Betty helped Mrs. Dickens into the ward first to visit Donald who was unconscious. Because the doctor told them not to go in more than two people at a time, Christina just continued to stand outside quietly.

In fact, she was a little afraid to go in.

Mrs. Dickens and the others were afraid that staying in the ward for a long time would disturb Donald. Soon they came out. When Mrs. Dickens walked out, she looked excited. "When I spoke to Donald just now, his fingers moved."

Christina saw that her grandmother was finally a little energetic and gave a faint smile.

"Grandma, why don't you go to the hospital restaurant with auntie and have something to eat? I'll be there later..."

They had been on tenterhooks all day, undoubtedly, they were tired and hungry now.

Christina watched as her aunt and grandmother slowly entered the elevator until the door closed. But she was a little annoyed then.

She felt upset as she held the doorknob of the ward.

Her father was lying flat in the ward with syringes attached to both his left and right hands. Besides, he was haggard and weak, still unconscious.

She walked lightly to the bed and quietly looked at her father's face, which showed her father had grown old over the years.

She had mixed feelings, feeling a lump in her throat, as if she did not dare to breathe hard. There were some tears in the corner of her eyes, and she could not help but cry with tears sliding down her face.

Her fair and slender fingers gently touched his rough palm.

She held back from sobbing and lowered her eyes. Tears fell on the white sheet.

"I should be obedient, I should listen to you... I won't dare to argue with Connie and Carrie anymore. I won't argue with them anymore. I'll be obedient in the future..."

"Dad, I'm sorry."



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Chapter 347

Christina hated being seen crying.

She wiped the tears off, slowing down her breathing, and calmed down before she opened the door and walked out.

But as soon as she did that, she bumped into someone.

Christina instinctively pushed the guy away. Then she took a step back and looked up. When she stared at the man with surprise and shock, Her eyes were red due to the crying.

Patrick seemed to be a little surprised to see her crying eyes.

"Christina, why are your eyes so red?" Charles walked up with the question naturally.

The voice broke the strange silence.

Christina tilted her head and did not look at Patrick. She avoided his eyes while closing the door. She leaned sideways and passed him quickly.

Patrick reached out to grab her wrist subconsciously, but Christina was obviously dissatisfied and shook her hand to get rid of him.

Patrick saw that she hated him so much, and her attitude made him a little uneasy. Therefore, he pulled her into his arms with force.

Christina's cheek bumped into his robust chest again, and a unique and cold breath that belonged to him came rushing into her nose.

She was familiar with his strength and his control over her body.

But now every fiber of her flesh were rejecting such intimacy. She didn't want to get close to him, and she didn't want to get close to this young master of Hopkins family. It was uncomfortable.

Christina had never been an obedient woman. Her face was tense and she did not shout. Instead, she pursed her lips tightly and did not want to communicate with him at all. She struggled to push him away with both hands.

Patrick looked down at her and saw every subtle expression clearly. He locked her in his arms more and more stubbornly, as if fighting against fate. He was very strong and a little nervous.

In this way, neither of them spoke. They stood in front of the ward with Christina struggling.

Charles looked at such scene with regrets. He guessed he shouldn't have rushed over.

It seemed that Patrick was obviously restraining his emotions. In Charles's opinion, Patrick was very patient with Christina. If it was someone else, he would never allow her to struggle and resist.

Just as Charles was muttering in his heart, he was suddenly shocked when he saw Patrick directly lift the unhappy woman with both arms.

Christina seemed unable to suppress her emotions and finally shout angrily, "Let go of me!"

She clenched her fists and punched him on the shoulder to push him away.

"Let me go!"

"Leave me alone. Don't touch me!"

"Patrick!" No matter how she punched him, he did not react at all. It was not until Christina was angry and shouted his name that he stopped.

The corridor of the hospital echoed Christina's angry shouts. Many patients, doctors, and nurses around them looked at them curiously. Christina looked embarrassed, struggling to push him away furiously.

This time, Christina broke free easily and stood on the floor.

Patrick had intended to let her down, otherwise, she would not have been able to break free so easily. His expression was very cold, while she was close to him. Christina did not say another word to him, but turned around and strode away.

Patrick stood there.

Charles walked carefully to his side. He guessed that Christina was angry because she knew that Patrick pretended to have amnesia and lied to her.

Just as he was about to say something, Patrick said in an ambiguous tone beside him, "Go and see the wound on her neck."

Charles hesitated for a second before she realized that there was indeed a scar on the left side of Christina's neck. Yesterday, he noticed it and teased her about who hurt her. Christina didn't say anything and also she ignored Charles when he asked her to get medical treatment.

Maybe Patrick just wanted to take her to treat the wound with force.

The wound on Christina's neck was not serious either. It was already scarred and would heal soon. Charles turned to look at the man beside and reminded him hesitantly, "Patrick, if you explain to her with patience, she will understand..."

"Really?"

Patrick's face was aloof as ice, and he walked towards the elevator. While he looked straight ahead, his dark eyes displayed such a confusing and uneasy expression ever seen before.