

It suddenly became awkward.

Christina treated Patrick as a stranger. She turned around and left with a sullen face.

Mrs. Stephenson motioned for Crystal to change her clothes and follow Christina out to see what was going on.

Geoffrey wanted to follow her out, too, but Chandler grabbed his back collar. He turned around in confusion. "Dad, why is Mrs. Hopkins angry?"

Chandler smiled helplessly. It was more than angry.

After a long day, the night came, and the Fireworks Bar in the wee hours was bustling with loud music. Beaux and belles twisted their bodies and reveled on the dance floor, where they could discharge the mental pressure of the day.

"I thought you were on the top floor."

Chandler changed into casual clothes. The manager led him to the lively bar, where Patrick was sitting alone drinking.

Generally, Patrick did not like to play in the lobby of the bar. As the sole owner of Fireworks Bar, the spacious and quiet layout on the top floor was his preference.

"It's too quiet upstairs."

Patrick picked up half a glass of brandy and drank it in one gulp.

Seeing that he was restless, Chandler raised his eyes and hinted the manager to drive away some of the people nearby, lest anyone suddenly came to disturb Patrick.

Among all the friends they knew, Charles was the most noisy one, and was the best at warming up, but today Charles did not want to come over.

Charles had a problem with Patrick recently.

Chandler was the most rational of them, and he could only sigh helplessly, "Patrick, I also think you've gone too far to deceive her by the child."

"If you're worried, just send someone to protect secretly. There's no need to be like this..."

"No need?"

Patrick looked up at him and said in a low voice, "Donald and Betty have always been very resistant to us. Christina is very dependent on Betty, and she has been accompanied by Derek since she was a child..."

The bartender added half a glass of brandy. Patrick stared coldly at the liquor in his hand. "If she wants the children, she must go back to the Hopkins family."

The children became his trump card.

Chandler knew how Patrick handled things, but this time he somewhat felt that Patrick was a little too forceful and paranoid.

If Patrick threatened Christina with the children, she would definitely hate him.

And it might never be repaired.

What Patrick did this time was quite irrational.

In fact, Patrick would not tell anyone that he did this out of fear of losing.

Patrick finished the brandy. After a long time, he whispered to himself, "I won't change my mind."

Chandler looked at him for a while and felt that Patrick was actually in a conflicted mood.

The bartender served Chandler a glass of kiwi juice. He had no choice but to drink juice. Recently, Crystal had been keeping a tight rein on him because she was always afraid that he would die of stomach disease. Sometimes, however, he was quite happy to have someone to worry about him.

Chandler took a sip of the sour-sweet juice and watched Patrick beside him drinking one glass after another, looking very upset.

As his good buddy, maybe Chandler should say something to comfort him.

Comforting Patrick.

Chandler thought about it and found it very funny. He never thought that Patrick would need someone to comfort him.

Patrick turned around and saw Chandler laughing without reason, and asked in a bad mood, "Chandler, you came to the bar for juice?"

Chandler replied with a smile, "My wife said I had a stomach problem and only allowed me to drink juice."

Public display of affection.

Patrick's face darkened, "I see," he said meaningfully.

Chandler didn't want to provoke Patrick so that he wouldn't be punished for drinking. He smiled and comforted him, "You don't have to be so annoying. We are all well aware of Christina. She doesn't like to hold grudges, and she

will calm down after a while. She's a good-tempered girl."

Christina? A good-tempered girl?

He suddenly laughed.

Although no one was beside them, the women around them all looked at Patrick. Chandler also felt that Patrick was too difficult to get close to, for he usually treated people with the same strict and cold attitude. But when he chuckled, he was really charming.

There were a lot of debutantes who admired him, but in fact, the grandson of the Hopkins family did not have much contact with women.

Patrick had a quirk since he was a child. He hated women.

Most of the women who worked for him were usually treated by him as servants. When Patrick was angry, there was no distinction between men and women, both had to be scolded.

Drinking the kiwi juice, he had an illusion that Patrick was not confident when he face Christina.

"Patrick, you should have more confidence in Christina," Chandler rarely had the opportunity to educate him, "When the husband and the wife get along, trust is very important."

Patrick immediately frowned, as if he was seriously thinking about it.

Seeing him like this, Chandler immediately became excited and asked curiously, "Did Christina ever tell you that she loved you?"

When Patrick heard this, his expression became even more serious.

Chandler couldn't help but laugh out loudly. "Hahaha..."

He bet that Christina had never said that.



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## Chapter 364

Patrick was in a bad mood that no one dared to get close to him. The managers of the bar were afraid and did not dare to approach.

Chandler noticed that Patrick drank a lot tonight who drove out alone, so he had to drive Patrick home as the driver.

"I heard from your grandfather that you've been living outside and don't want to go back to the Hopkins family."

Chandler drove and took a turn at an intersection. The car drove straight to the hillside of Mrning District, which was the direction of the Hopkins family villa group.

Patrick, who was sober in the back seat of the car, looked out the window and frowned. "Did he call you?"

Chandler smiled helplessly.

The managers didn't dare to serve Patrick tonight. Apart from that, Old Master Hopkins personally called Chandler and told him to send Patrick back.

"Are you still angry with your grandpa about Christina?" As Chandler spoke, he couldn't help but laugh again.

Old master Hopkins and Patrick were always at loggerheads when they disagreed with each other.

Both of them were not to be trifled with.

The reason why Patrick was angry with his grandpa was that a few months ago, Patrick was going to the United States for surgery due to bullet pieces in his head. That night, he had a headache. According to the original plan, Christina should accompany him to the United States.

However, his grandpa secretly teamed up with Betty to drive Christina out of the Hopkins family. When he woke up from the operation, his grandpa lied to him that it was Christina who had taken the initiative to leave.

Patrick harbored a grudge against this matter and was angry with his grandfather.

He probably didn't want to live in the Hopkins family anymore for the fact that they drove Christina away without his permission.

Chandler looked in the rearview mirror and saw that Patrick did not object to going to the Hopkins family, so he quickly sped up. "I just happened to drop by to see the twins." As Chandler spoke, he was also looking forward to it.

When they arrived in the Hopkins family, it was already past 3 in the morning.

Chandler and Patrick walked into the residence hall together. It was quiet in the morning, but the lights were bright as day.

"Young Master Hopkins."

"Mr. Stephenson."

The servants in the hall were all standing neatly waiting for them. Seeing this, Chandler laughed.

Sure enough, old master Hopkins was ready, who sat majestically in the middle of the sofa in the hall, holding his walking stick with both hands and looking straight at them with sharp eyes. He was still so energetic in the middle of the night.

"Grandpa." Chandler called out politely.

Old master Hopkins nodded at him.

As for Patrick, he didn't even look at his grandfather and just sat down. The maid made him a cup of hot tea, and Patrick picked it up and drank it.

Old master Hopkins's face darkened.

"Where is she?" The old man held back his anger and suddenly asked.

Chandler was a little confused about what he was asking. Patrick didn't seem to want to answer at all, then drinking another cup of hot tea.

Old master Hopkins was known for his strange temper. He was so angry at Patrick, this unworthy descendant, that he used his crutch to pound hard on the floor.

"I ask you, where is Christina now?"

Old master Hopkins shouted angrily, "Why haven't you brought her back yet?"

Patrick glanced at his grandfather, then leaned his head on the sofa and closed his eyes, seemingly a little tired and not wanting to talk to his grandpa.

"Bastard, I'm talking to you!" Old master Hopkins even wanted to hit him with the crutch.

Patrick hesitated for a moment. He looked a little strange and said a few words vaguely, "She ignored me."

"She ignored me."

Chandler almost spat out a mouthful of hot tea.

It was really weird Patrick said so.

Then old master Hopkins sneered, "If she ignores you, you can find a way! You manage such a big company, but you can't do anything to a woman. You are really useless."



Patrick frowned and asked in a strange tone, "Who drove her away from the Hopkins family?"

Old master Hopkins felt a little guilty, but he would not show his weakness. Then he immediately shouted at Patrick, "She is angry with you now. You know what you did."

Just then, a maid came over in a hurry. "Old master, the little young masters are crying again."

When old master Hopkins heard this, he was not in the mood to talk to his unfilial grandson. Now what he cared about most was his great-grandsons.

"Why are they crying again? Will you take care of the child or not?" He quickly got up and walked towards the nursery.

Chandler immediately became interested and wanted to follow him, but Patrick did not move who sat on the sofa with his eyes closed.

"Patrick, aren't you going to see your sons?"

Patrick replied lazily, "They want breast milk. Do you have that to feed them?"

Chandler immediately smiled bitterly.

Patrick was too cold.

It was rare for Chandler to come to the Hopkins family, so he must see the twins with his own eyes.

The soft light in the nursery was on, and a few baby-sitters and maids were busy taking care of the twins. Old master Hopkins stood by anxiously and watched. Only when the twins stopped crying did old master Hopkins feel relieved.

"Blue eyes?"

Chandler stepped forward lightly. The twins had just finished crying, and tears were still shining in their big eyes. The two children were less than half a year old, and their facial features were identical. They were very cute, and one had blue eyes.

"Yes, he is really Patrick and Christina's child. Patrick's grandmother also has blue eyes."

Old master Hopkins said with mixed feelings. Half a month ago, Patrick suddenly came back with two babies, which made his grandpa so angry who quickly carried the children for the paternity test.

However, it turned out that the two children were actually descendants of the Hopkins family. Old master Hopkins almost had a stroke in anger.

Patrick should dare to lie to old master Hopkins that the children was gone.

Old master Hopkins snorted angrily and scolded, "Christina ignored him. He deserved it!"

Patrick came over, leaning against the door of the baby room, where his grandfather was scolding him. While he just glanced at his twin sons.

When he walked in, his grandpa turned around and glared at him fiercely. "You drank so much brandy. Don't get so close to the children."

Well, now it seemed that he was ignored by the whole world.

Perhaps Patrick drank too much tonight and suddenly felt a little sentimental. He had always been able to control his emotions well.

Looking at the twins and thinking of Christina, he had a headache again.

She ignored him.

Patrick was very upset.

He suddenly took out his cell phone and took a picture of his twin sons. Then Patrick did something weirdly and sent the picture directly on his WhatsApp.



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## Chapter 365

Patrick had a sound sleep last night due to all the alcohol he had drunk. What's more, he really needed a good rest after going through so much trouble recently.

He didn't know that the photo he had posted on Instagram last night was making a stir.

Patrick didn't like social media. It was Christina that created the account for him and changed his ID to "Cold Pag".

He didn't have many followers. Charles even doubted that Patrick's account belonged to some ostentatious guy when he first saw the ID. He was so shocked when he checked the associated phone number of that account and realized immediately that it must have been Christina who had given Patrick such a strange ID.

After Charles laughed at Patrick's ID in all the group chats he was in, a lot of Patrick's old classmates and acquaintances in the business applied to follow him. They didn't expect Patrick to agree at first since he wasn't a fan of social intercourse. To their surprise, all the applications had been accepted quickly. It was Christina that took Patrick's phone and clicked on the "yes" button.

Patrick didn't stop her because he didn't really care about this account, which had more than 5000 followers soon.

his was the first photo he posted on Instagram.

A photo of a twin baby without any words attached to it. Half a minute later, countless comments were left below it...

Crystal had been living a sweet life recently. When the Stephenson family found out about her marriage with Chandler, they asked her to live together with them, so now she officially started her life as Chandler's wife.

Crystal was a competent housewife, who took the initiative to fire the previous servant and now got up early every day to prepare breakfast for the whole family.

Chandler returned home very late last night, so she tried hard not to make any sound in order not to wake him up when she got up early this morning.

However, Chandler's phone kept buzzing on the bedside table.

Crystal thought it was an alarm clock, so she picked it up quickly and tried to turn it off.

But what was on the screen caused her to lose her composure.

"Chandler! Chandler! What's going on?!" Crystal pounced on her husband and shook him with both hands.

Chandler couldn't sleep now.

He sighed and opened his eyes, looking at his excited new wife.



Before Crystal gave him any more detailed information, he made a statement first. "No matter what you see, I promise I didn't cheat on you. Trust me. Currently, I don't have the time or mood for that."

"No, that's not what I'm asking! It's this!"

Crystal showed him the phone. "Look at the photo Patrick posted. What's going on? What does it mean?"

Chandler frowned when he heard Patrick's name.

He sat up slowly and leaned his back against the headboard, muttering, "How could Patrick post a photo? He never uses that account."

"Isn't his ID 'Cold Pag'? I saw your mutual friends commenting below. They all called him Mr. Hopkins and were flattering him."

Chandler was confused.

He hadn't taken Crystal's words seriously at first since she often made misunderstood things. However, after taking a close look at the screen, he was also surprised.

He recalled what had happened last night and muttered to himself, "Patrick took a picture last night and posted it on Instagram."

Crystal crawled back onto the bed and leaned closer to him. "Tell me quickly. Why did Patrick post this photo suddenly?"

The mysterious and indifferent Patrick posted a photo on Instagram. Everyone's curiosity was aroused.

Chandler's finger clicked on the screen.

There was a hint of evil in his smile while he was reading all the comments below the photo.

Several channel partners liked the photo. "Mr. Hopkins, your photo was taken from a good angle!"

"Mr. Hopkins likes children very much. The IP&G Group donated 5 billion dollars to the children's fund last time. How nice!"

One of the college alumni that was close to Patrick asked directly, "Patrick, who are the two babies?"

Crystal got closer and looked at the photo curiously.

"Someone stole his account, right?" Crystal thought this was the most reasonable answer.

Chandler kissed his wife on the face in a good mood and then left a comment below the photo calmly.

"This is Patrick's twin son. His own babies."

Chandler emphasized "own" deliberately.

Crystal stared at these words in shock with wide eyes for a few seconds and then turned around to stare at her husband.

"They're Patrick's sons?" Crystal's voice trembled.

Chandler replied with a sincere smile. "Yes, they are children of Patrick and Christina. I saw them with my own eyes last night at the house of the Hopkins family. They are healthy and energetic, who can cry very loud."

Crystal felt like she was about to explode!!

"Why! Why!"

"Chandler, you explain everything to me now! What happened? What's going on?!"

"Don't be in cahoots with Patrick. If you don't make it clear, I'll divorce you right away!"

Crystal was so shocked that she threatened him with incoherent sentences. "Explain it to me now! Otherwise, you won't be able to get out of this bed! And you can't have breakfast today!!"

Chandler's comment turned followers of Patrick's Instagram crazy.

"Calm down."

Chandler comforted his wife, "Don't be so excited. Calm down!"

"I can't! Damn it!"

Crystal even cursed in shock. She grabbed Chandler's shoulder and roared at him, "You jerks! How could you guys lie about a child's life!"

Chandler was wronged. He hadn't done anything! It was Patrick's fault!

Crystal rolled her eyes at him and got out of bed quickly to make a phone call. "I'll call Christina. I'm so worried about her."

But no one answered the call.

Christina, who had been in a bad mood recently, was packing up in her apartment. Her grandmother had called her several times, urging her to go back to C City. If Christina decided to leave, she could buy a plane ticket immediately.

Her phone was muted and charging. Christina got up at half past six in the morning and was brushing her teeth in a daze. The flickering screen of her phone caught her attention, so she decided to check it.

Just then, someone started to knock on her door.

Who came here to disturb her in the morning?

Christina frowned and looked through the door. It was Charles.

When she opened the door and was about to complain about his rude behaviors, Charles shouted at her excitedly, "Christina! I saw my godsons!"

Christina didn't know what was going on with him and had to guess according to his craziness. "Are you taking drugs?"

"Where's your phone? Didn't you look at Instagram?"

Charles pushed her into the room and then observed her expression nervously. "Did you see them?"

"They are cute and handsome with extraordinary temperament. Oh, my godsons!"

Charles was so proud of them that he couldn't stop praising the two kids.

He handed the phone to Christina as if he was showing her some treasure and asked her with a smile, "Christina, do you think they look like you or Patrick? Look at their big bright eyes! How smart and cute! The twins look exactly the same, one with black eyes and one with blue eyes..."

Staring at the picture of twins, Christina's mind went blank.

"Christina."

Seeing that she had not responded, Charles called her in a low voice.

Christina's expression was a little strange. It took her a few seconds to regain her composure and say to herself, "I... don't know."

After a moment of hesitation, Charles finally asked while he suppressed the excitement in his heart. "Christina, do you want to go to the Hopkins family to see them now?"



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When Patrick woke up, Paul told him that he had a lot of missed calls and unread text messages.

After the maid helped him take off his coat last night, his phone was put into his coat and kept ringing.

"Young Master Hopkins, please go to the dining room to eat something."

Paul had instructed the cook to prepare a lot of dishes in advance. Patrick had not returned to the Hopkins family for a long time.

"I'll eat later."

Patrick was not hungry. He walked out of the Eastern Garden and towards the Main Residence while browsing a large number of missed calls and text messages on his cell phone. They were all friends he didn't contact very often. Why did they send messages to congratulate him today?

Suddenly, he remembered that he had posted a picture on Instagram early in the morning.

There were a lot of comments. For the first time, Patrick had realized that he had so many unfamiliar contacts.

He glanced through it quickly. It turned out that the flashpoint was Chandler's tricky message. "They are Patrick's biological twin sons."

Patrick posted his sons' photo on Instagram for nothing special. At that time, he just thought that if Christina saw it, she might come straight back to the Hopkins family.

However, in fact, Christina didn't leave any comments.

Because she didn't follow his Instagram.

Thinking of this, Patrick felt a little embarrassed.

Paul followed him and saw his weird expression. Paul said with concern, "Young Master Hopkins, you drank so much last night. I'll get someone to bring Prairie oyster over. You'll feel better if you drink some."

Seeing him walk into the hall of the Main Residence, Old Master Hopkins was in a good mood and snorted majestically. "Leave that bastard alone. He deserves all this as he drank so much!"

Paul forced a fake smile. He still brought Prairie oyster over. During this period of time, their Young Master Hopkins was also very tired that his health condition deteriorated. Paul cared about him but he could do nothing to change his mood and persuade him to drink it.

Old Master Hopkins glared at his grandson, feeling grumpy. He turned his head and immediately changed his kind voice to coax the twins who were learning to crawl in a low voice. "My little great-grandsons are the most lovable."

But the twins were crying loudly.

Patrick sat on the sofa beside him and said, "They're still crying. They're not likable."

The nannies anxiously comforted them, but it was useless. The twins cried desperately with their big watery eyes, sounding noisy and heartbroken.

"How could they cry so loud?"

Patrick observed his sons carefully for a long time. He really wondered if they were his biological sons. Why did they cry so hard?

"Only children who can cry are energetic," Old Master Hopkins said angrily with a sullen face. "Stay away from them in the future. Don't let them learn your bad temper. Don't take pictures of children. It will hurt their eyes."

Patrick was expressionless. Old Master Hopkins chased him away later.

At 12 noon, Chandler called him and laughed. "Patrick, everyone is very curious. They are so excited that they want to go to Hopkins family to see the twins."

"Really?" Patrick's tone was ambiguous.

Chandler knew what he was thinking and said deliberately, "They secretly forwarded it to many people. Crystal contacted Christina immediately. Christina will definitely see the photo."

Chandler remembered that last night Patrick Hopkins actually complained about being ignored by her. Moreover, he sounded very sad and frustrated. Thinking of this, Chandler was amused.

Chandler asked again, "Patrick, what are you going to do?"

Patrick suddenly fell silent. After a while, he muttered to himself, "Take my sons out secretly."

"What?"

Chandler was surprised. Before he could ask in detail, Patrick had hung up the phone.

At this time, the babies usually slept in the nursery. Patrick walked in and asked the maid and nanny to leave.

He found an empty cardboard box in the toy room. Then Patrick put his twin sons into the cardboard box and carried them with both hands. He walked out as usual.

However, the twins were very sensitive that they woke up immediately. They looked at their father with clear and bright eyes in confusion.

Patrick whispered, "Don't cry."



The two babies had just woken up, so they were very cooperative.

"Young Master Hopkins, lunch is ready."

Paul who happened to pass called out to him. He looked at Patrick holding a cardboard box strangely, puzzled, and asked, "Young Master Hopkins, what are you holding? Do you need help..."

"No need."

Patrick did not turn back while saying these two words.

He went to the garage, put the cardboard box in the passenger seat, and immediately started the car. Then he drove smoothly and quickly away from the Hopkins family towards the city center.

The door of Christina's apartment was unlocked. She was about to go out when Patrick suddenly barged in.

She was surprised to see him.

Christina looked at him with a serious face. Patrick did not say anything, held a strange cardboard box tightly in his hands, and placed it firmly on the table.

He turned to look at her with a meaningful look. Then Patrick opened the cardboard box. In an instant, Christina's blood froze.

Patrick told her coldly, "I stole them out."

Sure enough, grandpa called him the next second. Patrick immediately hung up.

The next second, Christina's phone rang. It was Old Master Hopkins who called in a hurry and roared, "Tell that bastard Patrick to send the children back safely immediately!"

Grandpa's loud voice brought Christina back to her senses. She looked down at babies in the cardboard box.

There were two babies sitting obediently in this toy box. The cute twins were muttering and looking at her with their curious and big eyes.

Christina felt warm. But she could not tell her feelings. She was so shocked that she did not know how to react.

Patrick looked at her. He seemed a little nervous and said hesitantly, "They are our children."

He thought she would cry or scold him excitedly with children in her arms.

However, Christina remained silent, which drove him crazy.

"Send them back." Her voice was a little distant.

Patrick couldn't believe what she said.

He stared at her eyes in silence. After a long time, he asked her in a low and soft voice, "Christina, don't you want them?"

Patrick never knew that he would be nervous too. He said in a trembling voice.

She was really so angry about him that she could leave her sons and leave him.

Christina suddenly smiled. "Even if they are really my babies, so what? I'm not the daughter of the Dickens family. The blood relationship doesn't mean anything to me. These two children are no different from orphans on the roadside to me now."

She told him calmly, "Patrick, you forced me to drive them out of my mind. I was in pain and despair during that time. Finally, I learned to accept the truth."

"I don't want to get involved with you anymore. I just want a simple life."

With that, she turned around and walked out.

Patrick stood quietly, holding the twins in the cardboard box with both hands. He did not move, feeling heartbroken. At this moment, he felt abandoned by the whole world.



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## Chapter 367

The Hopkins family had been very peaceful recently.

Patrick went back to stay in the Hopkins family. Although the twins often cried, fortunately, they were very strong and healthy. As the spring festival approached, the Hopkins family was full of harmony and happiness.

However, Old Master Hopkins felt a little bit annoyed.

"Rovy, do you think the Hopkins family is so annoying?"

Early in the morning, the old man was sulking with a pot of hot tea in his hand.

Butler Rovy stood aside and he to laugh but felt helpless.

In the past, many relatives and friends would visit the Hopkins family each year when it came to the spring festival. Especially this year, when they heard about the child, they were even more eager to make an appointment in advance to visit. Old Master Hopkins refused all visitors this year on the grounds that he was not feeling well and did not like the noise.

Then, Old Master Hopkins gave a call to the Dickens family in person with great sincerity and invited them over for dinner. But the Dickens family rejected him.

Then the old man felt a little bit embarrassed.

With a gloomy face, he grabbed a delicate white jade teacup to drink a mouthful of hot tea.

But he choked a few times because he couldn't get over his anger.

He coughed.

"Even a mouthful of tea goes against me." The old man was even angrier and directly vented his anger on his grandson. "It's all Patrick's fault! That bastard."

Then the butler gave a bitter smile, because Patrick had been depressed recently.

It was rare for Patrick to give himself an early annual leave this year. He neither went back to the company nor was on a business trip. Instead, he just stayed at the Hopkins family all day. And he didn't even review the documents piled up in his study.

Maybe it was so stuffy that he would occasionally go to the nursery.

However, because of what he had done, the Old Master strictly declared that Patrick was not allowed to get close to the child within a meter, as if he were a thief.

If anyone misbehaved and allowed Patrick Hopkins to get the child out, they would all be punished.

Patrick stood at the door of the nursery, with all the servants in the room looking at him with fear.

Fortunately, Patrick was used to other people's keen eyes so that he was not angry. He stopped at the door expressionlessly and looked at the two little guys in the crib lying on the soft little bed. Just after drinking the milk, the babies were playing with their own feet.

"Didn't they cry today?"

Patrick suddenly said the words. The maid in the room didn't understand for a moment. But the smart nanny quickly replied, "Yes, both young masters are very good today..."

Without an expression, Patrick looked at his twin sons with a small pacifier. They had pink and fair cheeks, big bright eyes and long eyelashes. The children looked very cute.

"Being so cute is useless."

Patrick muttered in a low and frustrated tone.

An upset feeling surged up in his mind, and his face became more serious. He turned around and decided to go back to the study.

At this moment, the baby with blue eyes was holding an empty bottle in his chubby hand. He seemed to like holding his bottle very much. The maid wanted to take it away, but the baby was very persistent and refused to let go. But he was so weak that he had to roll on the small bed.

Then, the baby cried.

As he burst out crying, the other baby on the small bed next to him also began to cry.

The children's noisy crying sounded very aggrieved.

As Patrick looked back, the maids and nanny were so scared that they quickly comforted the babies. They lowered their heads, afraid that Patrick would blame them.

But Patrick did not scold the maids.

He looked at the child with a serious expression. "What are you grieving about?" He scolded them in a low voice, as if he was angry at something. Then he turned around and left.

The babies on the small bed seemed to be frightened by their father and forgot to cry immediately. The children's big bright eyes were glistening with tears and looked at their father leaving in a daze.

When the maids saw Patrick leave, they immediately breathed a sigh of relief.

Recently, his temper has become more and more strange.

"How dare he vent his anger on the children!" At dinner, the old man was furious.

In particular, Patrick did not accompany the old man for dinner. The more he thought about it, the angrier he became.

Judy had always been afraid of the Old Master. When she heard his angry rebuke, she did not interrupt. And she continued to eat quietly, as if she was listening to gossip from outsiders. She did not care at all.

Brianna Hopkins glanced at her grandfather timidly, as if she had mustered up her courage and asked in a low voice, "Grandpa, isn't Patrick gonna eat?"

The old man snorted coldly. "He has no family values. What business can he develop?"

The Hopkins family's family rules are strict. Men who couldn't handle their family and marriage well would never make a big career. That was the most basic family rule in the Hopkins family.

Nanny Faang, who was in charge of basic needs in Landy, came over and carried the last main dish onto the stage with a smile.

"Patrick definitely won't vent his anger on the child. He's been sulking with himself these days."

Nanny Faang watched Patrick growing up. Although Patrick was not a benevolent father, he absolutely loved his child. Perhaps he loved them in a more silent way.

Old Master Hopkins restrained his expression and picked up his chopsticks to eat. But he did not forget to scold. "With that bad temper, which woman would like him? He's so bored. Well, no wonder Christina despises him."

Patrick has been really bored in recent days.

He was not an extrovert. Compared to Christina, he looked very dull. He owned the most rustling bar in A City, but he didn't like the noise himself. Sometimes he was alone in the noise, which made it easy for him to calm down.

But these days, Patrick found that his previous pastimes could not solve his restlessness.

On new year's eve, as usual in the Hopkins family, the whole family stayed up late for the new year.

Because the twins slept too much during the day, they were very energetic at night. Old Master Hopkins was happy and his majestic expression was full of love. He was carefully holding the blue-eyed baby and playing with him.

Perhaps it was because this baby with blue eyes was special. Old master Hopkins's late wife also had blue eyes. The old man was used to looking at the child with blue eyes first, and he was unconsciously biased.

The whole family of the Hopkins family, including all the servants who stayed for the new year, were in the hall of the main residence in harmony.



"The blue-eyed baby looks like the sister-in-law."

Brianna Hopkins was very introverted and didn't like to make eye contact with people. But she was very curious about the twins so that she always looked at them in secret. Suddenly she said so.

Old Master Hopkins was holding the baby in his arms. His old face was stunned when he looked down at the child's big clear eyes on the little white face. He didn't know if it was because he was young or because of his special characteristics, the baby always seemed to be sleepy.

His face was delicate and beautiful, but he looked very dull and cute.

Old Master Hopkins was in a good mood and suddenly laughed.

The rest of the people in the living room were not so reserved that they began to chuckle.

Patrick was very upset tonight on new year's eve. He even wanted to go out to the bar to deal with this very upset mood with a large group of strangers. He knew what was missing in such a reunion festival as the new year. The more festive it was, the emptier he felt.

He didn't really like these little guys. Probably because of kinship, he recently found that he could calm down when he stayed with the two babies.

Especially the baby with blue eyes really looked as cute as Christina.

However, Patrick also noticed that the other baby with black eyes didn't seem to care about being ignored by adults at all. He liked to be quiet, but every time when his brother cried, he would cry with him.

As if crying for fun, he acquiesced to support his willful brother.

"Pretending to cry?"

Was the child so young and intelligent?

Patrick sat in a corner to think seriously about some strange questions.

Nanny Faang brought a pot of red bean soup dumplings. As she found Patrick's serious expression, she handed him a bowl of red bean soup dumplings and whispered, "She is just angry for a while. No mother in the world would give up her children."

Patrick looked up at her. Nanny Faang had taken care of him since he was a child and treated him much more sincerely than her noble biological mother. That was a consolation.

"I know." He muttered to himself.

He knew that what Christina said that day was just because of temporary anger. She would not give up the children. Instead, she just wanted to give up on him.