

## Chapter 47

"Christina, we are just concerned about your condition. You don't have to be so vigilant."

Charles found it strange. Christina was straightforward. Although she was not gentle and coquettish like those women, there was no need to be so vigilant.

"Yes, I am. I don't deserve your concern. Get out."

She suppressed her strong emotions in her clear eyes and stared at Patrick at the door with a cold and distant expression.

"Christina, enough!" Patrick looked at her.




"Enough?!"

Christina remembered what happened that night, her eyes red, and she tried to suppress her emotions. She bit her lip and laughed at herself. "Patrick, every time there's an accident, it's my fault."

"What are you trying to teach me? Are you going to say that I ate so much that my child almost miscarried and I was not qualified to be a mother? Or do you think that Cory and I had done some shady things because he was here with me for the whole night, thus blaming me for being a slut? Every time you would only blame me..."

She glared at him. "You don't like me, so everything I do is wrong!"

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'I called you. I begged you. It was still my fault..'

"Patrick, the worst thing I have done is to trust you," she thought of him immediately that night. It was ridiculous.

The pool of blood from last night came to her mind. She was not afraid of death but worried about her child. She couldn't let the child miscarry.

So she kept begging them on her phone...

"Patrick, do you come here today to see if I was dead or if this eyesore in my abdomen had miscarried? Then let me tell you, I'm sorry, this illegitimate child is still alive!"

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... I'm sorry. This illegitimate child is still alive.


Her words shocked everyone present.

"What are you talking about!" Patrick's cold voice nearly exploded from his teeth.

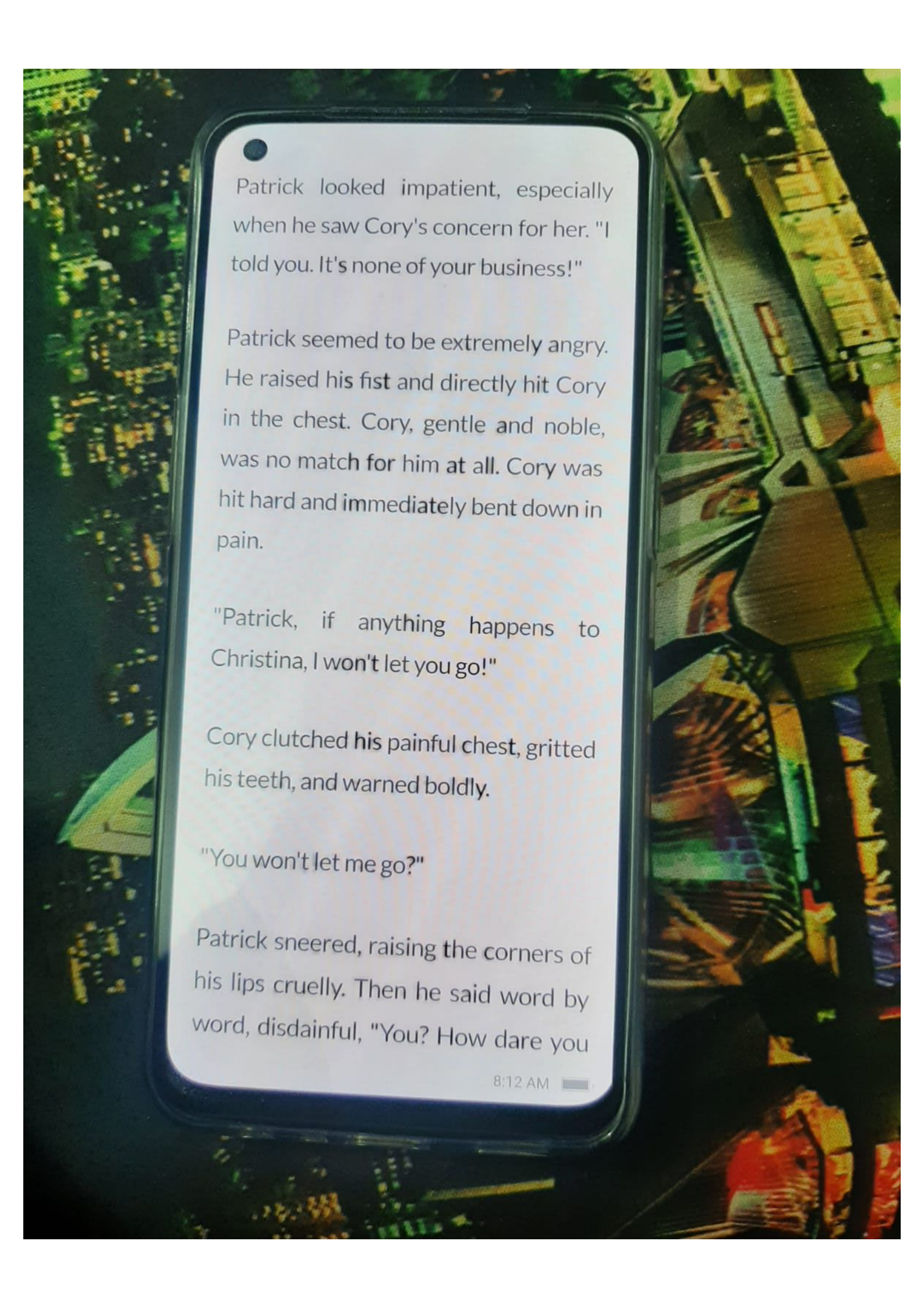
"Patrick, it's you who poisoned Christina!"

Cory misunderstood. He rushed to Patrick with a dark face and grabbed Patrick's shoulder excitedly with both hands. "What the f\*ck did you do? She won't threaten you to be with Cecilia, but you even want to kill her..."

"Let go..."

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Patrick looked impatient, especially when he saw Cory's concern for her. "I told you. It's none of your business!"


Patrick seemed to be extremely angry. He raised his fist and directly hit Cory in the chest. Cory, gentle and noble, was no match for him at all. Cory was hit hard and immediately bent down in pain.

"Patrick, if anything happens to Christina, I won't let you go!"

Cory clutched his painful chest, gritted his teeth, and warned boldly.

"You won't let me go?"

Patrick sneered, raising the corners of his lips cruelly. Then he said word by word, disdainful, "You? How dare you

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fight with me?"

Just as his voice fell, Patrick pushed him against the wall.


Patrick strode forward with a sullen expression and grabbed his throat with his right hand.

As Patrick tightened his grip, Cory's face turned pale, his breathing hard, and he struggled, but he couldn't resist Patrick.

Charles and the doctors were so scared that they rushed over to persuade them. "Patrick, Patrick, calm down..."

"Let him go."

There was a sudden panic on the other

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side of the bed. Christina nervously pulled the needle out of her hand and rushed forward to protect Cory.

"Let him go..."

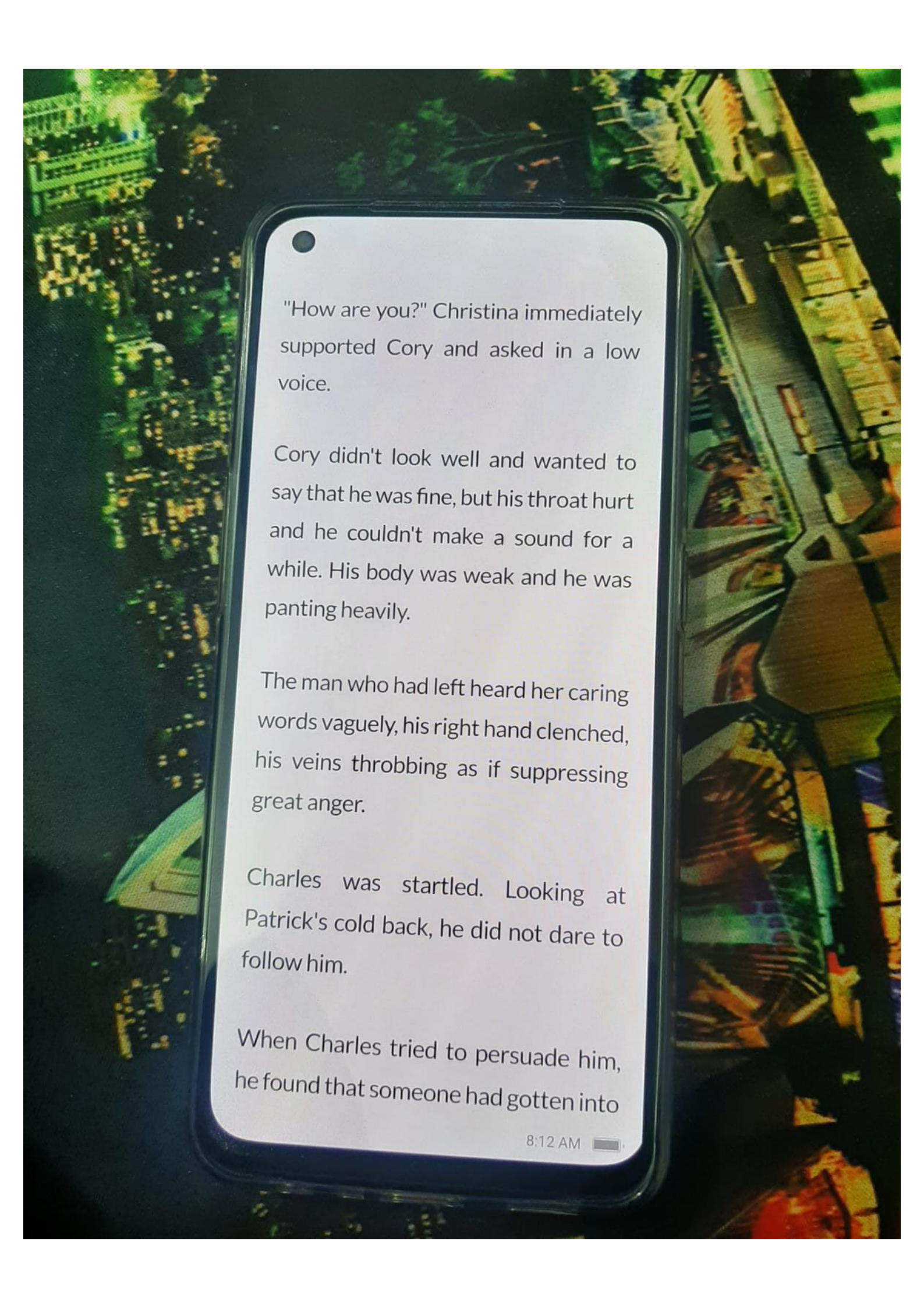
She repeated coldly, raising her head and looking at Patrick in front of her.

"Miss Dickens, you... you can't get out of bed now..." The nurse didn't dare to get close, so she stood behind Christina and shivered.

For a moment, the atmosphere in the ward was suffocating. She confronted him, her eyes filled with hostility as if she would fight him if he did not let go.

Charles felt numb and wanted to say something, but Patrick suddenly let go of Cory, turned around, and left.






"How are you?" Christina immediately supported Cory and asked in a low voice.

Cory didn't look well and wanted to say that he was fine, but his throat hurt and he couldn't make a sound for a while. His body was weak and he was panting heavily.

The man who had left heard her caring words vaguely, his right hand clenched, his veins throbbing as if suppressing great anger.

Charles was startled. Looking at Patrick's cold back, he did not dare to follow him.

When Charles tried to persuade him, he found that someone had gotten into

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trouble.

And to his surprise, it was her.


"Patrick, you suddenly left last night. Where were you? Did something happen?"

Cecilia, dressed in a patient gown, got out of the elevator, walked to Patrick's side, and held his arm. Her soft voice was full of concern.

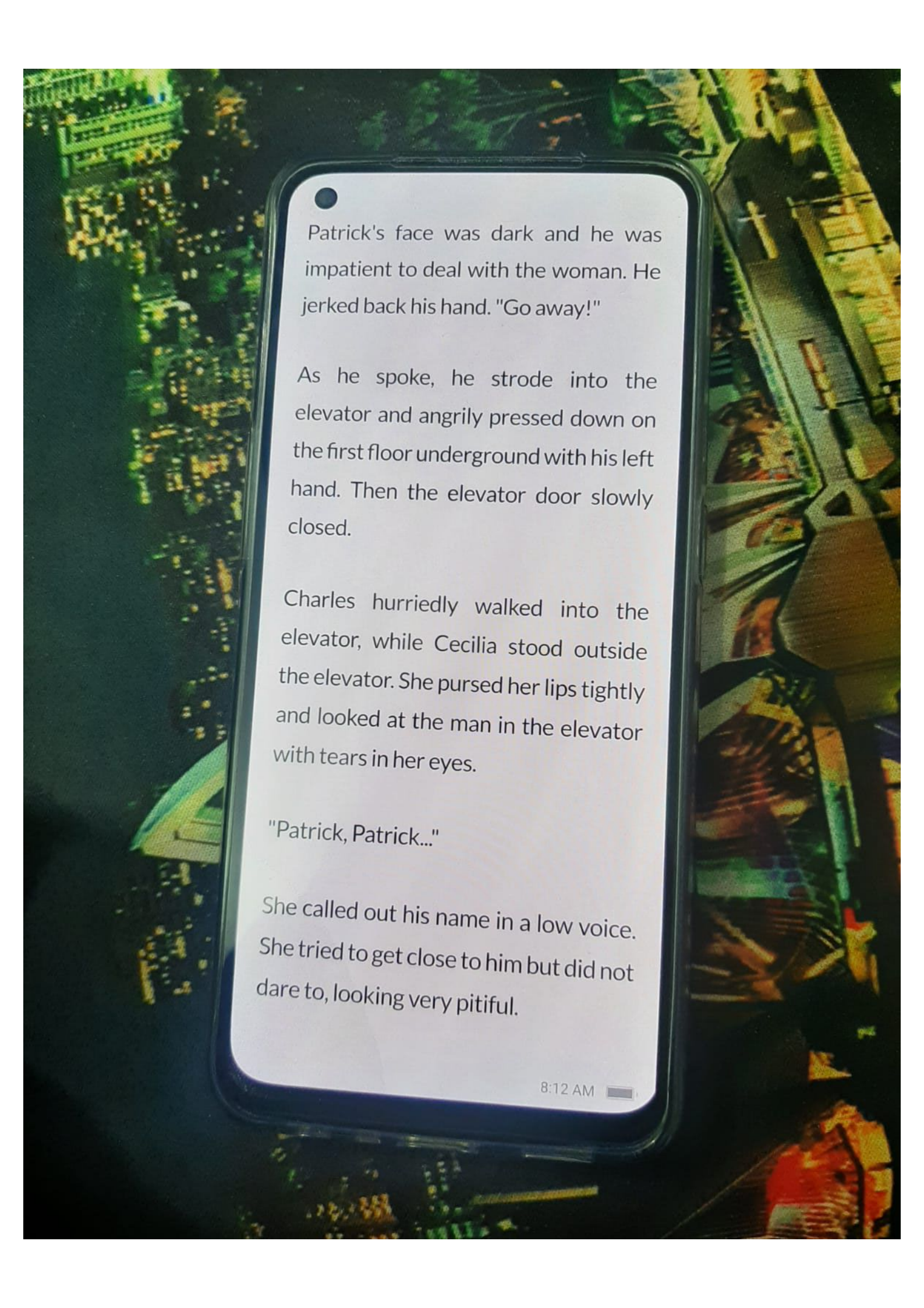
"You were with her last night?" Charles's voice sounded stiff.

Last night, Patrick was with her...

Looking at Cecilia in front of him, he felt a little complicated, especially when he saw her face...

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
Patrick's face was dark and he was impatient to deal with the woman. He jerked back his hand. "Go away!"

As he spoke, he strode into the elevator and angrily pressed down on the first floor underground with his left hand. Then the elevator door slowly closed.

Charles hurriedly walked into the elevator, while Cecilia stood outside the elevator. She pursed her lips tightly and looked at the man in the elevator with tears in her eyes.

"Patrick, Patrick..."

She called out his name in a low voice. She tried to get close to him but did not dare to, looking very pitiful.

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"Is Cecilia sick too?" Charles took pity on her somehow and asked.

The elevator door was already closed and was descending.

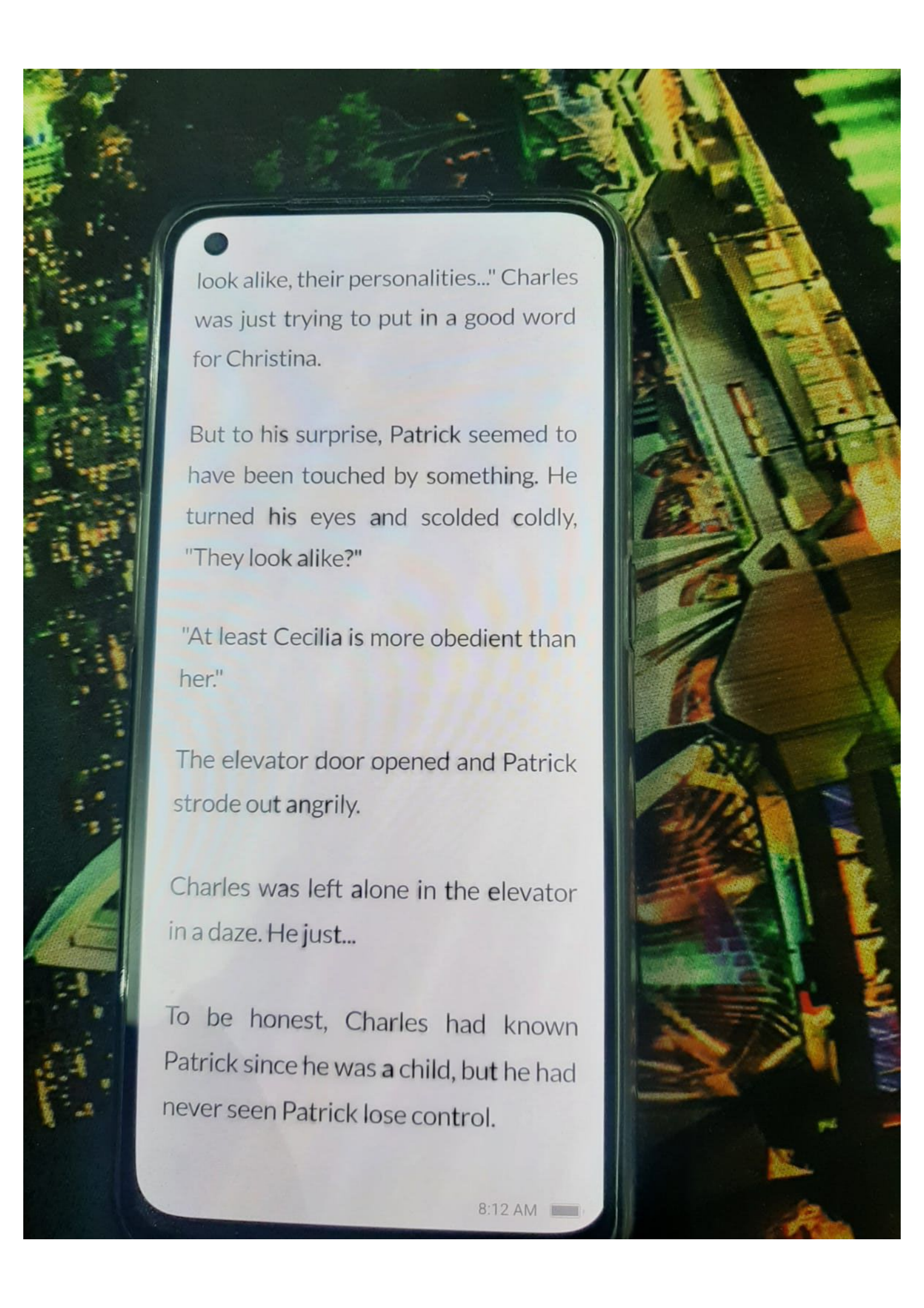
Patrick's face was cold and he did not answer him.

In this narrow elevator, the atmosphere was too heavy, and Charles was uncomfortable. He hesitated for a long time before he said, "I think Christina might have misunderstood something..."

Just now, she looked at Patrick with obvious hostility, and said something like "the illegitimate child was still alive"

"Patrick, although Christina and Cecilia





look alike, their personalities..." Charles was just trying to put in a good word for Christina.

But to his surprise, Patrick seemed to have been touched by something. He turned his eyes and scolded coldly, "They look alike?"

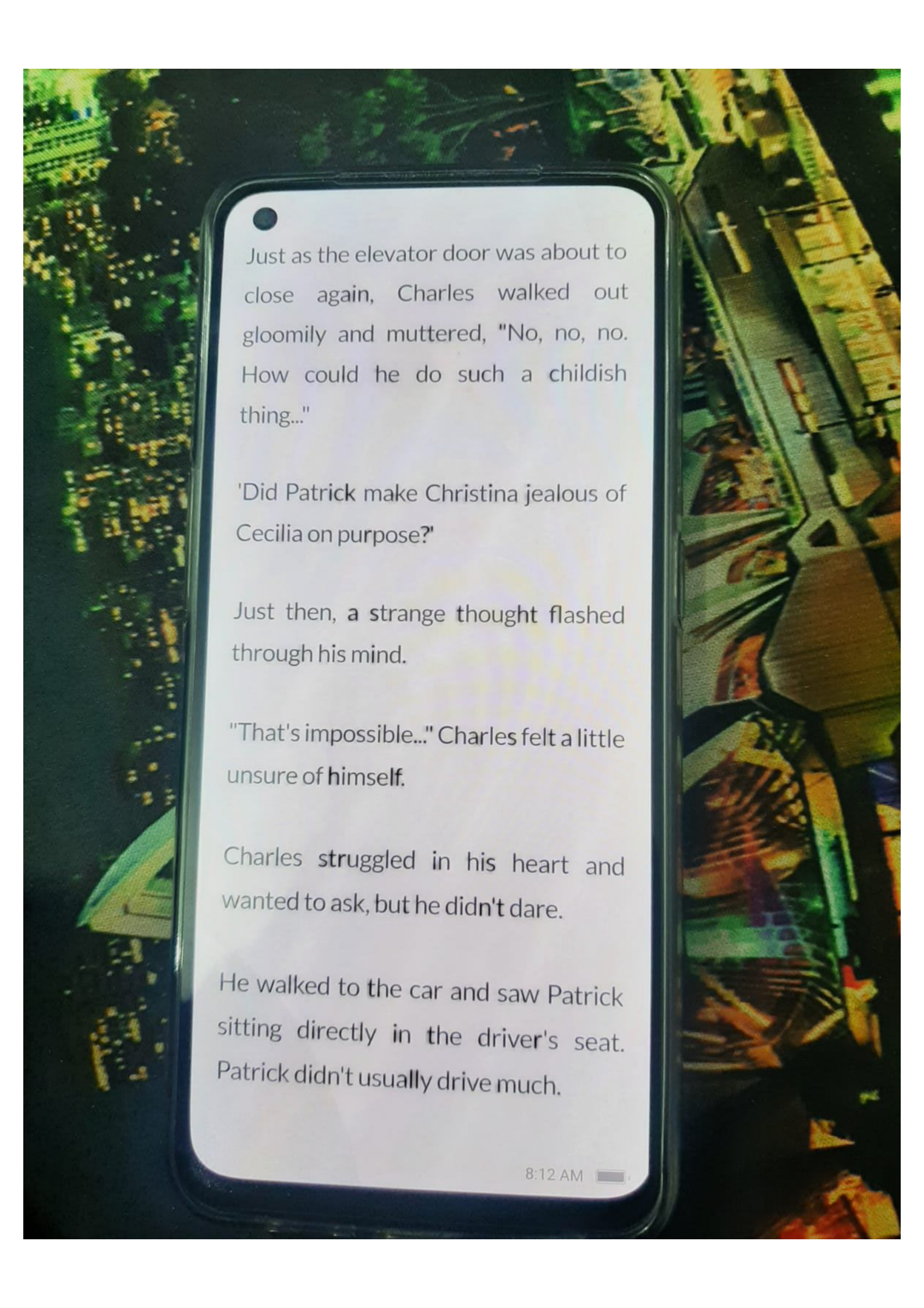
"At least Cecilia is more obedient than her."

The elevator door opened and Patrick strode out angrily.

Charles was left alone in the elevator in a daze. He just...

To be honest, Charles had known Patrick since he was a child, but he had never seen Patrick lose control.





Just as the elevator door was about to close again, Charles walked out gloomily and muttered, "No, no, no. How could he do such a childish thing..."

'Did Patrick make Christina jealous of Cecilia on purpose?'

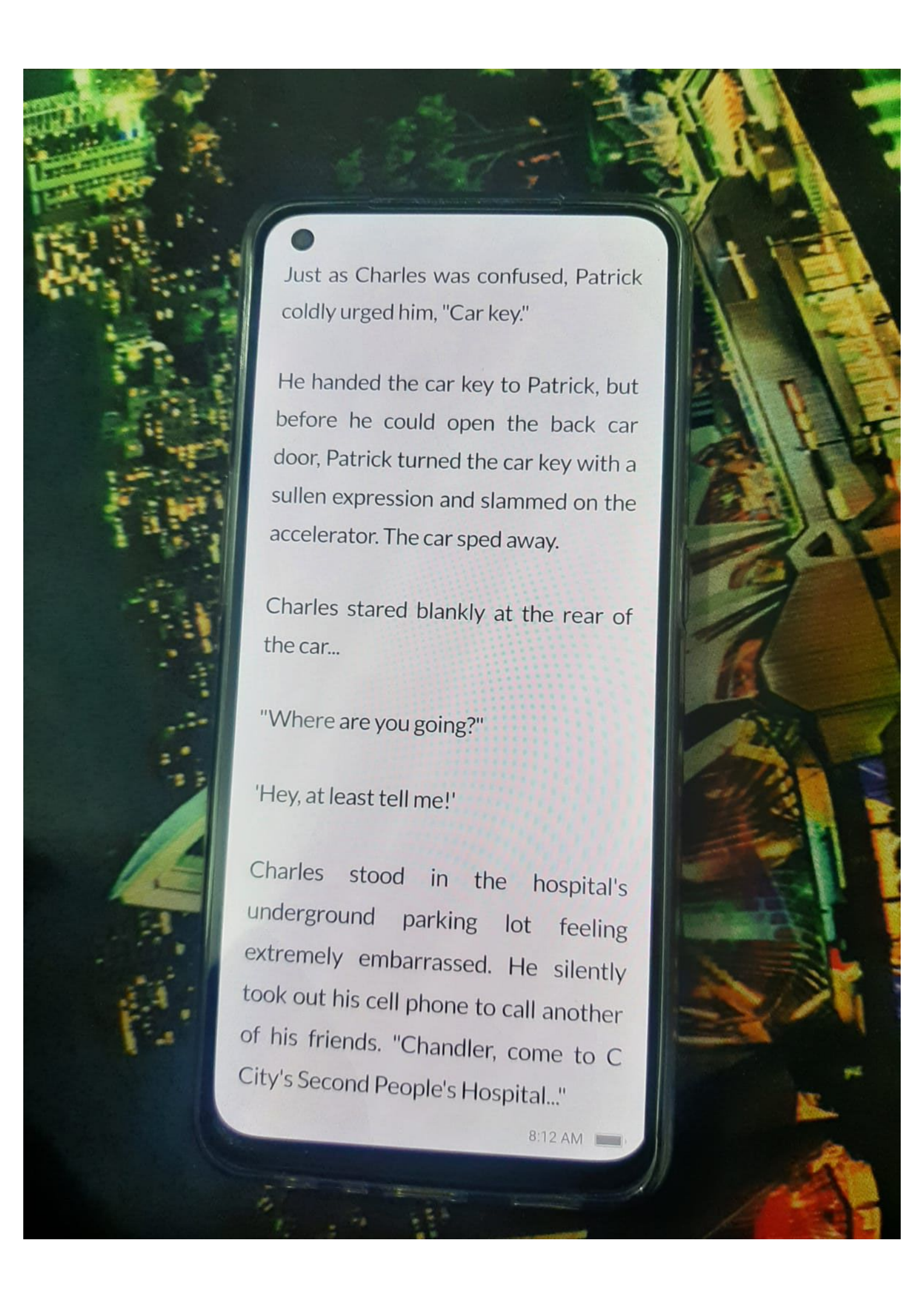
Just then, a strange thought flashed through his mind.

"That's impossible..." Charles felt a little unsure of himself.

Charles struggled in his heart and wanted to ask, but he didn't dare.

He walked to the car and saw Patrick sitting directly in the driver's seat. Patrick didn't usually drive much.





Just as Charles was confused, Patrick coldly urged him, "Car key."


He handed the car key to Patrick, but before he could open the back car door, Patrick turned the car key with a sullen expression and slammed on the accelerator. The car sped away.

Charles stared blankly at the rear of the car...

"Where are you going?"

'Hey, at least tell me!'

Charles stood in the hospital's underground parking lot feeling extremely embarrassed. He silently took out his cell phone to call another of his friends. "Chandler, come to C City's Second People's Hospital..."

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As he spoke, Charles did not forget to remind him, "If you meet Patrick, you'd better be careful."

Patrick's gloomy aura just now was really scary. 'Where is he going? Looking for someone?'

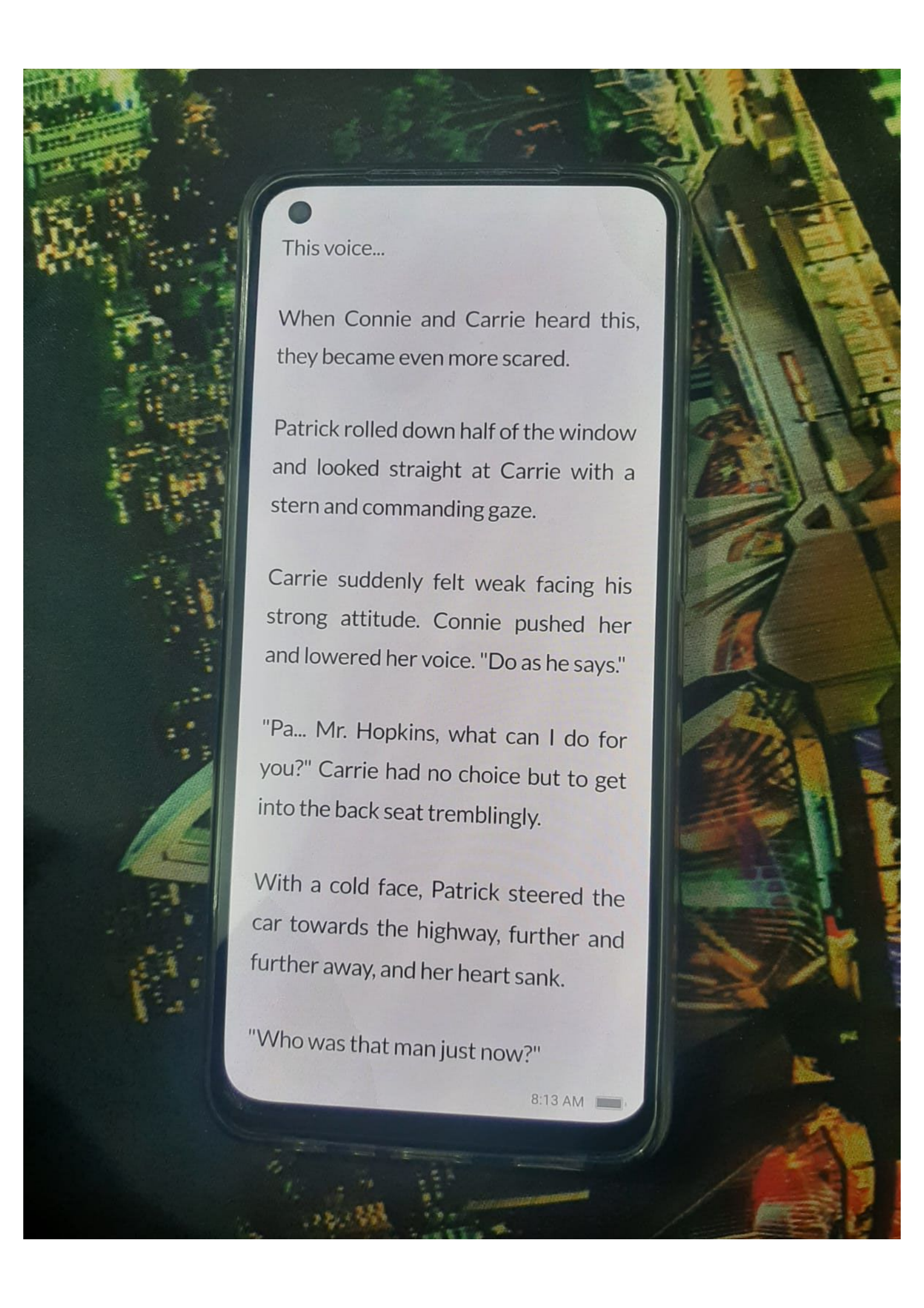
Creak -

The sound of the brakes was harsh. A sapphire-blue Maserati suddenly rushed across the sidewalk, scaring a group of women in front of the car.

"Get in the car!"

Before these socialites could scream in panic, a cold and impatient voice was heard in the car.





This voice...

When Connie and Carrie heard this, they became even more scared.

Patrick rolled down half of the window and looked straight at Carrie with a stern and commanding gaze.

Carrie suddenly felt weak facing his strong attitude. Connie pushed her and lowered her voice. "Do as he says."

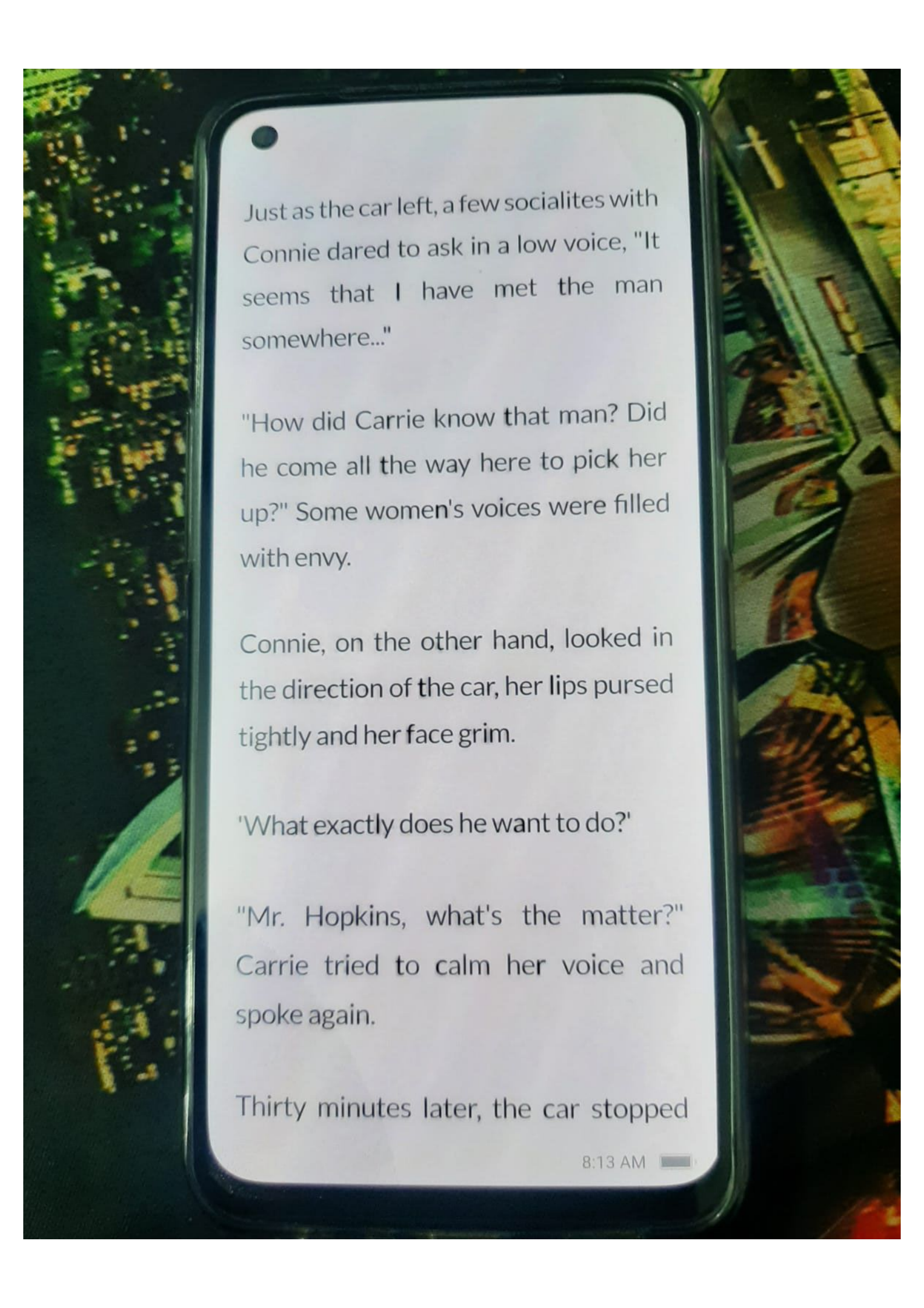
"Pa... Mr. Hopkins, what can I do for you?" Carrie had no choice but to get into the back seat tremblingly.

With a cold face, Patrick steered the car towards the highway, further and further away, and her heart sank.

"Who was that man just now?"

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Just as the car left, a few socialites with Connie dared to ask in a low voice, "It seems that I have met the man somewhere..."

"How did Carrie know that man? Did he come all the way here to pick her up?" Some women's voices were filled with envy.

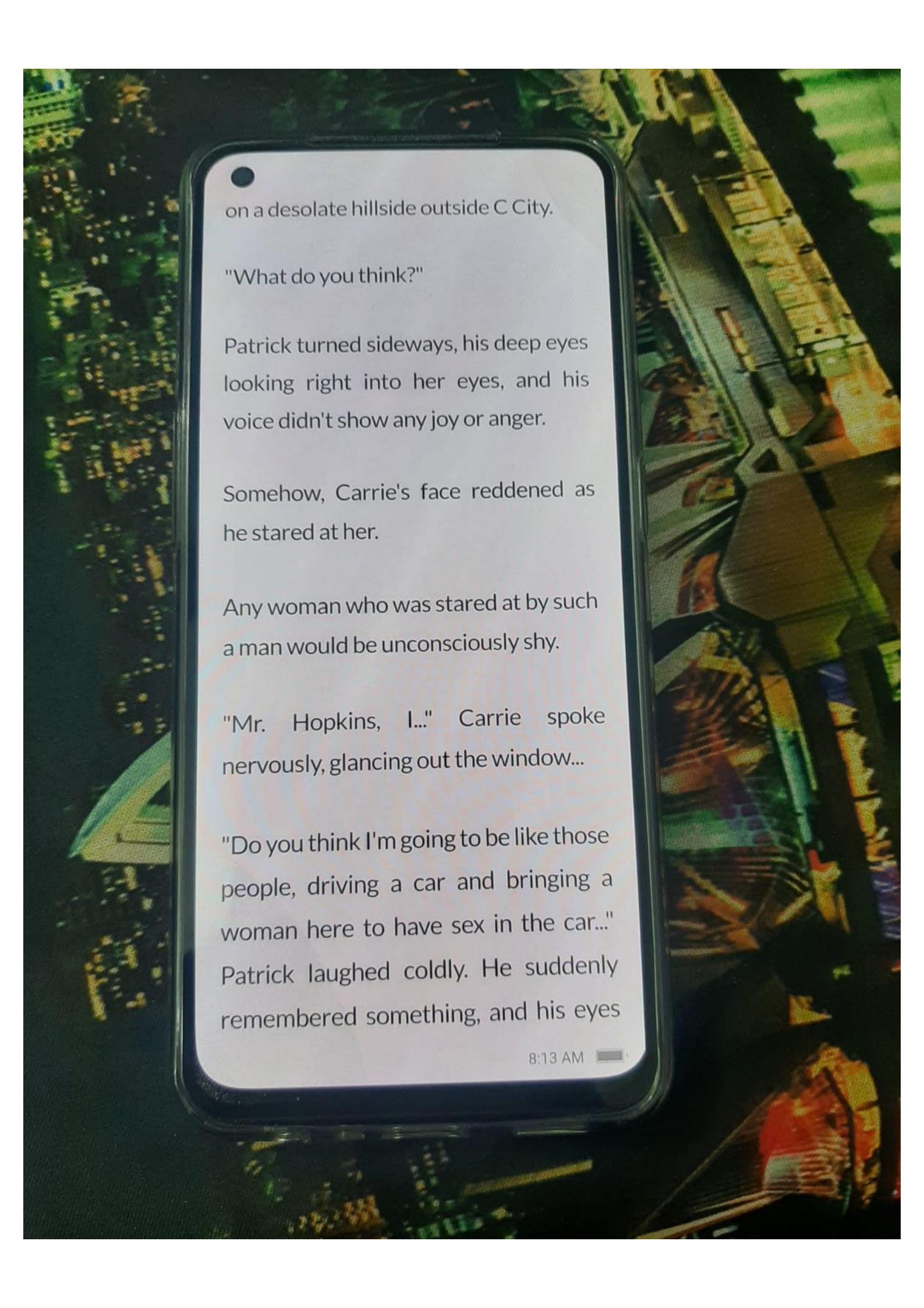
Connie, on the other hand, looked in the direction of the car, her lips pursed tightly and her face grim.

'What exactly does he want to do?'

"Mr. Hopkins, what's the matter?" Carrie tried to calm her voice and spoke again.

Thirty minutes later, the car stopped



The image shows a smartphone screen with text from a story. The background of the entire image is a vibrant, abstract painting with various colors and textures, including green, yellow, and red. The smartphone screen is the central focus, displaying the text in a clean, black font on a white background. The text is arranged in several paragraphs, with a status bar at the bottom showing the time as 8:13 AM and a battery icon.

on a desolate hillside outside C City.

"What do you think?"

Patrick turned sideways, his deep eyes looking right into her eyes, and his voice didn't show any joy or anger.

Somehow, Carrie's face reddened as he stared at her.

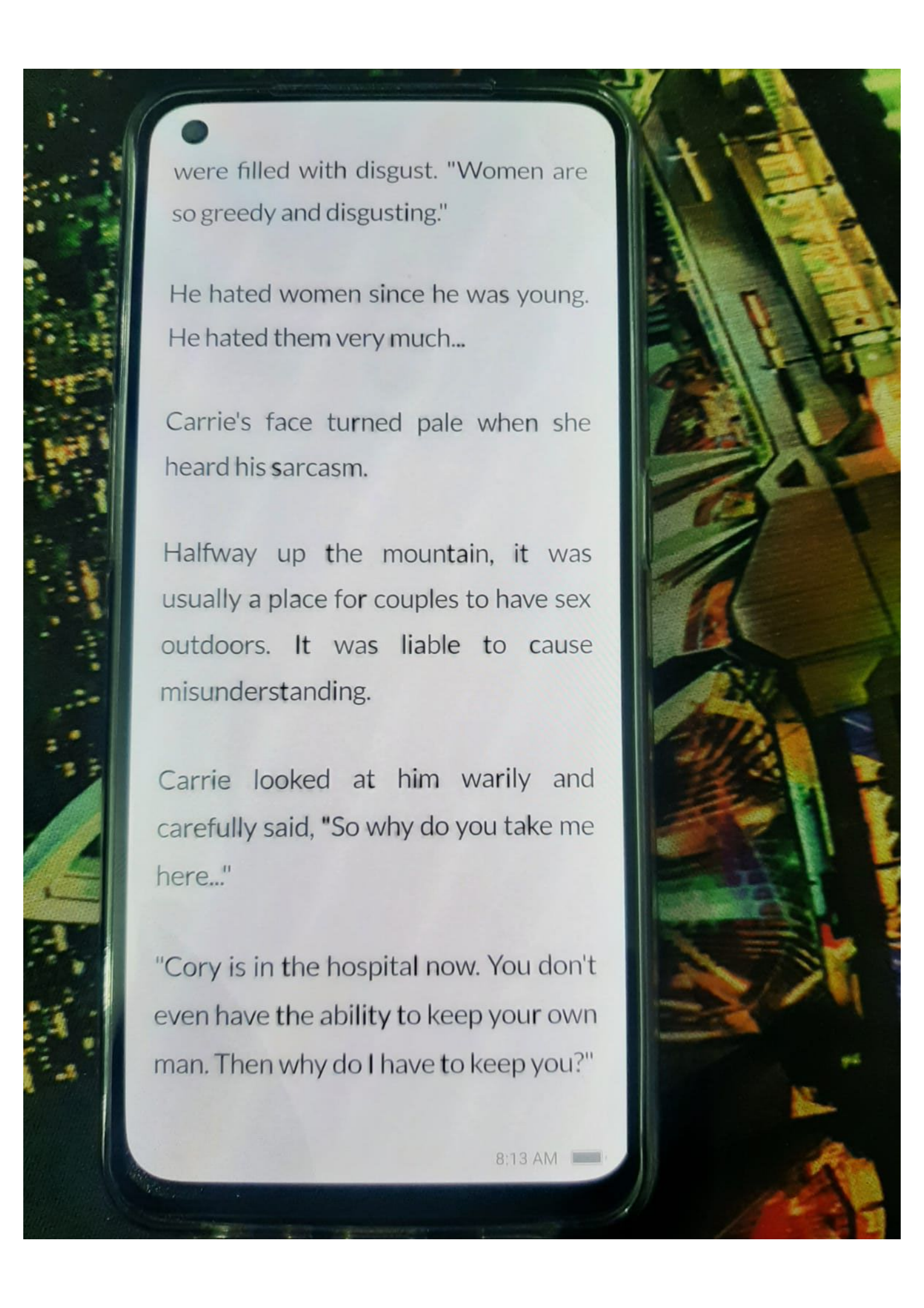
Any woman who was stared at by such a man would be unconsciously shy.

"Mr. Hopkins, I..." Carrie spoke nervously, glancing out the window...

"Do you think I'm going to be like those people, driving a car and bringing a woman here to have sex in the car..." Patrick laughed coldly. He suddenly remembered something, and his eyes

8:13 AM 



A photograph of a smartphone screen displaying a text message. The screen is the central focus, with a white background and black text. The phone is held in a hand, and the background is a blurred image of autumn leaves in shades of green, yellow, and orange. The text on the screen is a conversation between two people, with the sender's name 'Cory' partially visible at the top left. The text is as follows:

were filled with disgust. "Women are so greedy and disgusting."

He hated women since he was young. He hated them very much...

Carrie's face turned pale when she heard his sarcasm.

Halfway up the mountain, it was usually a place for couples to have sex outdoors. It was liable to cause misunderstanding.

Carrie looked at him warily and carefully said, "So why do you take me here..."

"Cory is in the hospital now. You don't even have the ability to keep your own man. Then why do I have to keep you?"

8:13 AM

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## Chapter 48 Wrong Love

Patrick looked straight at her, his cold voice trying to suppress his anger.

Patrick leaned against the back of his seat with his eyes half-closed. His right hand slightly bent, tapping on the window as if he was bored.

"Not only did you lie to my cousin, but you also framed him... He would have never thought of that."

Carrie's face turned pale at the sound of his cold, low voice as if he had told some secret that she could not bring up.

"No, no." Her lips were white and trembling as she denied it.



"No, don't talk nonsense!"

Carrie became more and more agitated and uneasy. Staying in the car with this man-made her chest tighten. She shook the door in a panic and tried to escape.

But the door was locked.

Patrick seemed to hate it when people were restless in front of him. He opened his eyes and looked straight into the rearview mirror.

"This hospital report shows that you are infertile. May I ask where your daughter comes from..."

He grabbed a stack of documents and threw them at her face, his eyes looking straight at her with disgust and



impatience. "Your daughter is indeed a Hampton, but her DNA doesn't match yours..."

"Initially, you planned to get Cory involved in a lawsuit, and then ask your brother-in-law to save him and make him grateful to you, so you could marry into a rich family, but Laurie insisted upon him marrying someone else, so you went abroad and waited patiently, waiting for an opportunity to bring his daughter back..."

"No! No -"

When Carrie heard him say these words, her heart clenched and she looked terrified.

"No..." He couldn't have known.



She was momentarily distracted.

Even her sister Connie did not know this old case that happened a few years ago. Why was he so clear about it...

Did he...

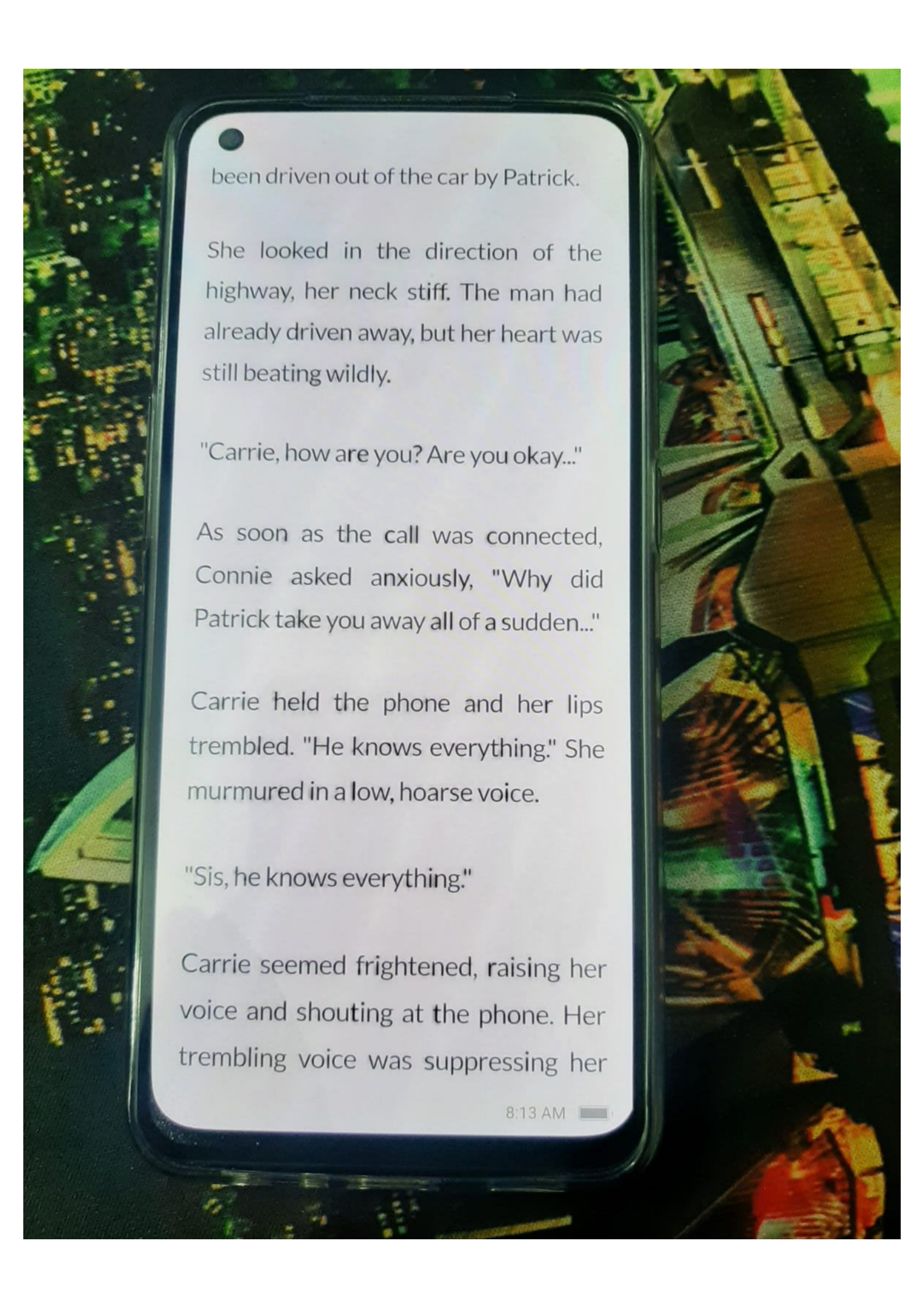
Carrie raised her head in panic, and Patrick's long, dark eyes were reflected in the rearview mirror, unfathomable and sinister.

Carrie's mind was in a mess, and her eyes were filled with fear and uneasiness.

The ringing of her cell phone in her pocket made her slowly recover from the confusion.

Carrie suddenly realized that she had





been driven out of the car by Patrick.

She looked in the direction of the highway, her neck stiff. The man had already driven away, but her heart was still beating wildly.

"Carrie, how are you? Are you okay..."

As soon as the call was connected, Connie asked anxiously, "Why did Patrick take you away all of a sudden..."

Carrie held the phone and her lips trembled. "He knows everything." She murmured in a low, hoarse voice.

"Sis, he knows everything."

Carrie seemed frightened, raising her voice and shouting at the phone. Her trembling voice was suppressing her

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panic.

"What?"

Connie on the other end of the line quickly stood up from her chair. "Did Patrick really know that we did Christina's kidnapping? Did he really find out?"

"If you dare to touch her again, I will send you to prison to enjoy..." Patrick's cold and clear voice echoed in Carrie's ear, which made her shiver.

"That's impossible. If he does find out, then..." Connie's voice indicated her mixed feelings. She was somehow a little relieved.

If he really found out, with his power, how could they be safe and sound all



this time...

"Sis, he really knows..."

Carrie shouted excitedly, so afraid that her voice was shaky, which broke Connie's fantasy.

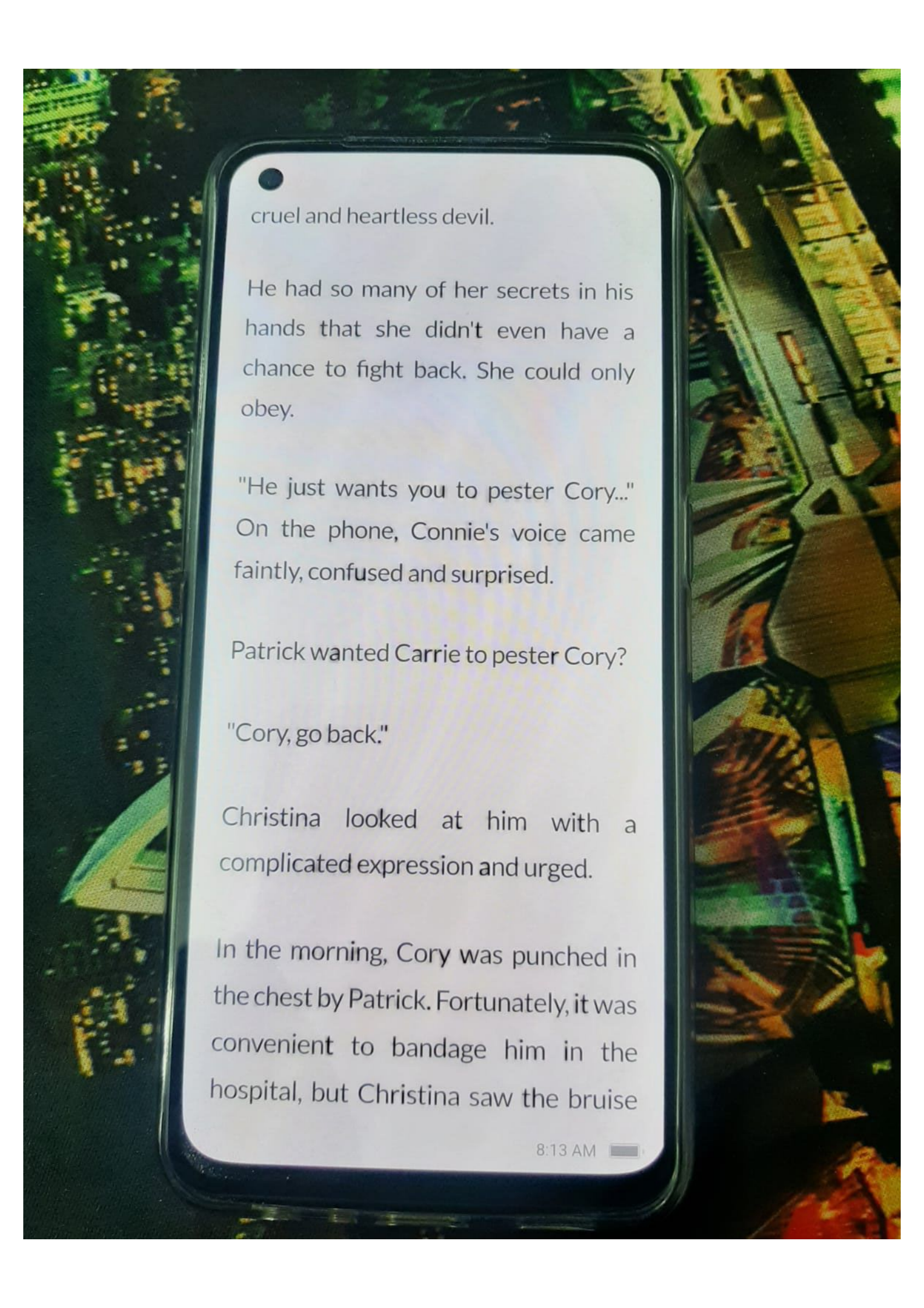
Connie, who was on the other end of the line, turned pale and gripped the phone tightly. "Then what does he want?"

[ What exactly do you want to do? ]  
Carrie asked him the same question.

[ ... I won't keep anything of no value. ]  
He told her word by word.

Carrie looked at the desolate hillside in a daze, and her heart was filled with fear. She felt as if she had provoked a



A smartphone screen is shown at an angle, displaying text from a story. The background of the phone's display is a photograph of autumn leaves in shades of green, yellow, and orange. The text on the screen is as follows:

cruel and heartless devil.

He had so many of her secrets in his hands that she didn't even have a chance to fight back. She could only obey.


"He just wants you to pester Cory..."  
On the phone, Connie's voice came faintly, confused and surprised.

Patrick wanted Carrie to pester Cory?

"Cory, go back."

Christina looked at him with a complicated expression and urged.

In the morning, Cory was punched in the chest by Patrick. Fortunately, it was convenient to bandage him in the hospital, but Christina saw the bruise

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on his chest.

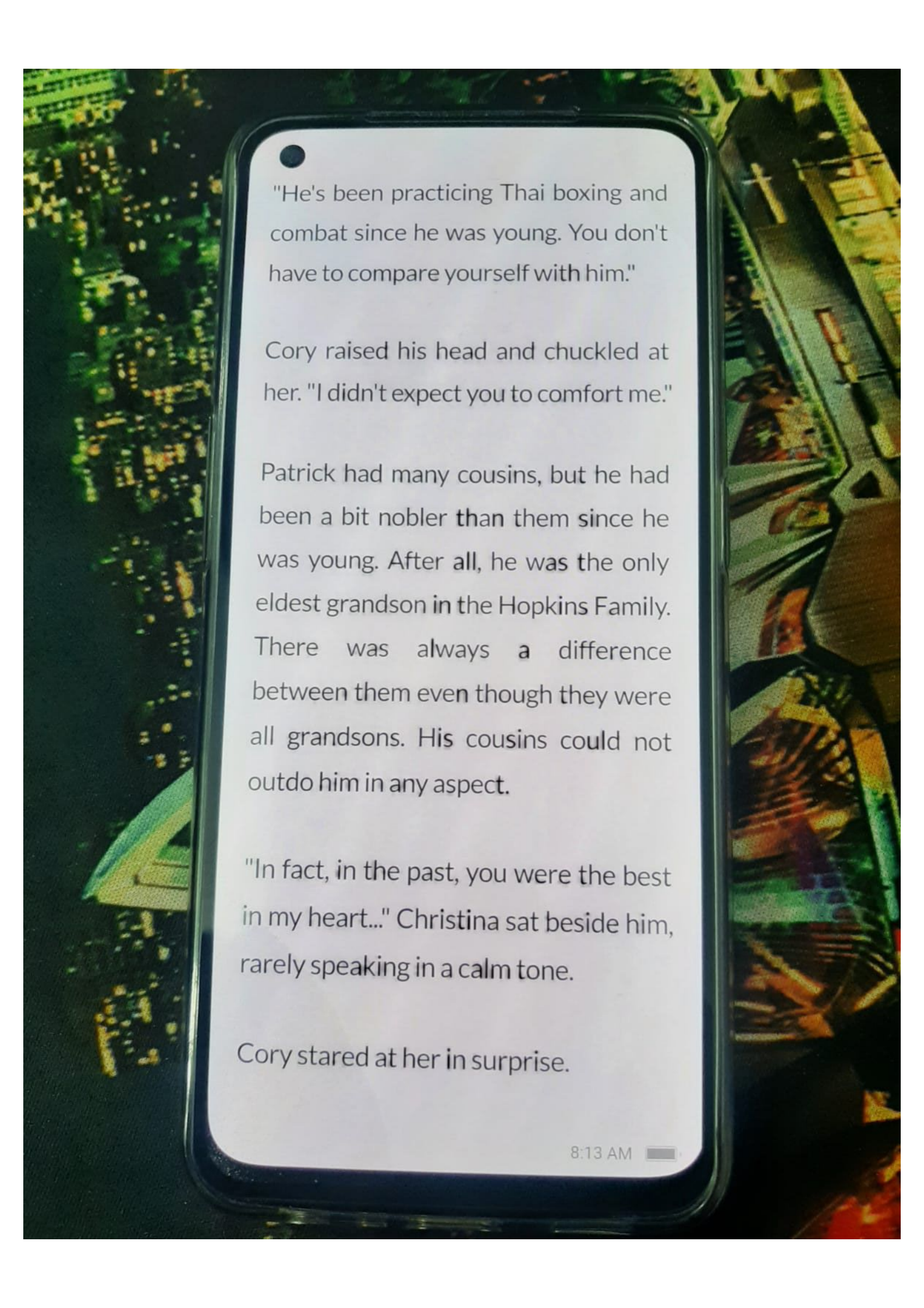
Cory was a handsome, fair, and decent gentleman. It seemed that the bruise would not heal until half a month later, and it was because of her that Cory had an argument with Patrick. Christina was in a bit of a dilemma.

"Don't provoke him. He has a bad temper." Christina was furious at the thought of Patrick.

"I'm fine."

Cory lowered his head and glanced at the wound on his body. He suddenly felt that Patrick was better than him in many aspects, including family background, career status, and this combat skill.





"He's been practicing Thai boxing and combat since he was young. You don't have to compare yourself with him."

Cory raised his head and chuckled at her. "I didn't expect you to comfort me."

Patrick had many cousins, but he had been a bit nobler than them since he was young. After all, he was the only eldest grandson in the Hopkins Family. There was always a difference between them even though they were all grandsons. His cousins could not outdo him in any aspect.

"In fact, in the past, you were the best in my heart..." Christina sat beside him, rarely speaking in a calm tone.

Cory stared at her in surprise.



Christina shrugged at him casually. "Haven't you heard of it? Beauty is in the eye of the beholder." At that time, that was probably the case.

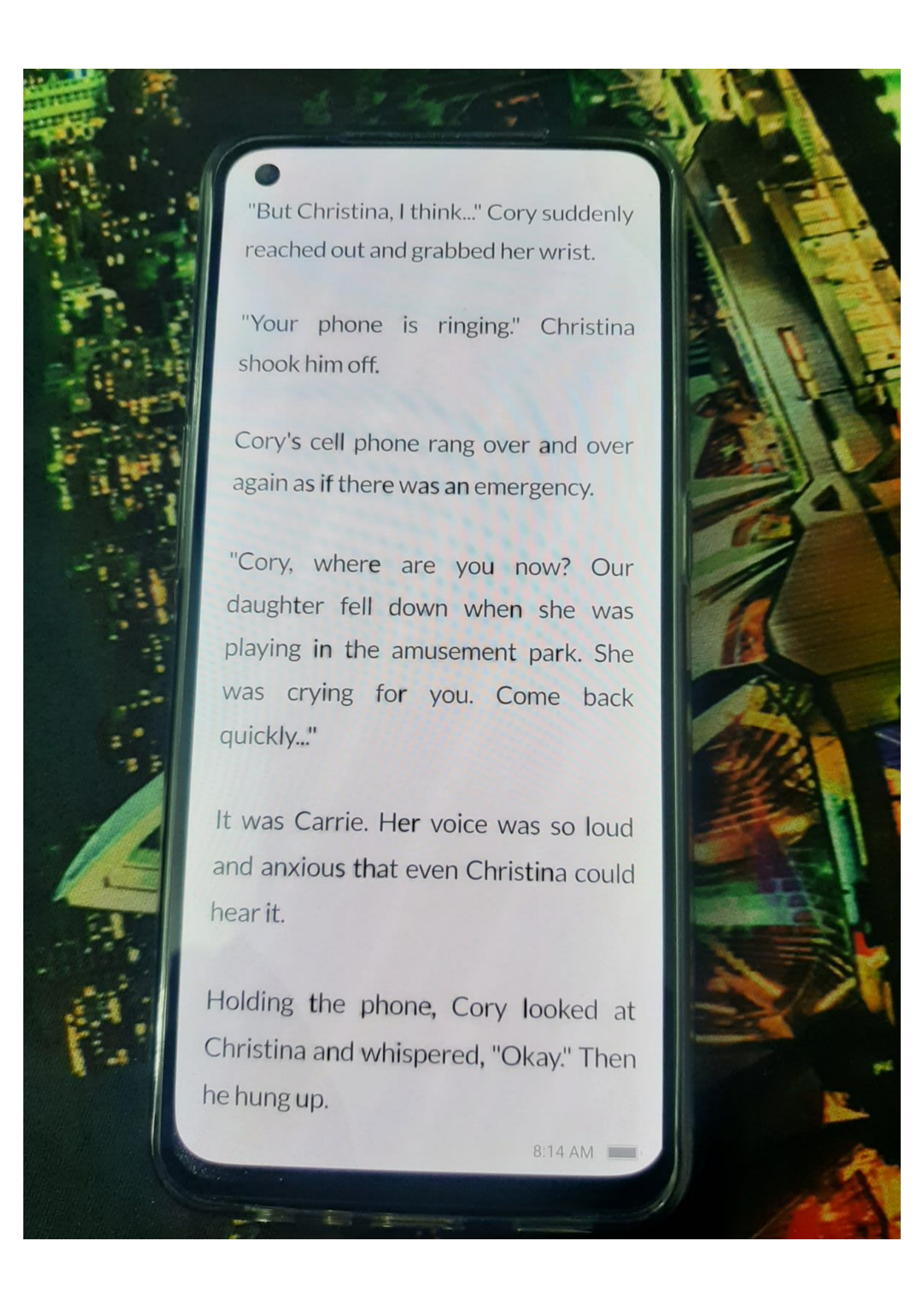
"Now..." He looked at her with piercing eyes and spoke nervously.

"Cory, go back. Your wife and child are waiting for you," she urged again, emphasizing, "We're both married. We can't go back to the past."

She and he had missed the chance to be together.

However, Cory looked confused and uneasy. Every time he heard others mention Carrie and his daughter, he was always frustrated, feeling that they were scheming against him.





"But Christina, I think..." Cory suddenly reached out and grabbed her wrist.


"Your phone is ringing." Christina shook him off.

Cory's cell phone rang over and over again as if there was an emergency.

"Cory, where are you now? Our daughter fell down when she was playing in the amusement park. She was crying for you. Come back quickly..."

It was Carrie. Her voice was so loud and anxious that even Christina could hear it.

Holding the phone, Cory looked at Christina and whispered, "Okay." Then he hung up.

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"Your child is hurt. You should go back quickly." Christina's tone was flat, nearly emotionless.

Cory looked at her intently. There was no sign of embarrassment or anger on Christina's face.

His ex-wife was able to speak in such a calm tone about his daughter. At that moment, Cory was a little nervous.

It was as if she really didn't care about him at all.

"Christina, I really only knew about my daughter when Carrie came back..." Cory hesitated and tried to explain, but it was already the fact.

"No matter what, you and the child did



a DNA test. She is indeed your daughter. Treat them well."

"You really don't care?"

Cory stood up and wore a self-mocking smile. "Christina, you can actually talk about your ex-husband's child in such a calm tone after just around a month. You are really generous."

This also surprised Christina herself. She had thought that she would hate him and his daughter...

When Cory saw her confused face, he felt an inexplicable bitterness in his heart.

That she didn't hate him might mean that she hadn't loved him that much, or that her love for him was replaced by



some other feelings.

He suddenly turned around. "I'm leaving."

"Cory!" Christina suddenly shouted at him.

He stopped in his tracks, his heart bubbled with joy. He was just about to turn around when Christina said in a serious voice, "Cory, there's something I have to tell you. Whether you believe it or not..."

"That day, Carrie and I were at a cocktail party held by the Hopkins Family. Everyone said that I pushed your daughter down and caused the glass shards to pierce her hands." She paused and her tone became more serious. "It was not me!"



"Cory, it was Carrie who beat your daughter that day..."

Cory heard this and retorted subconsciously, "Carrie is the child's mother, that's..." Impossible.

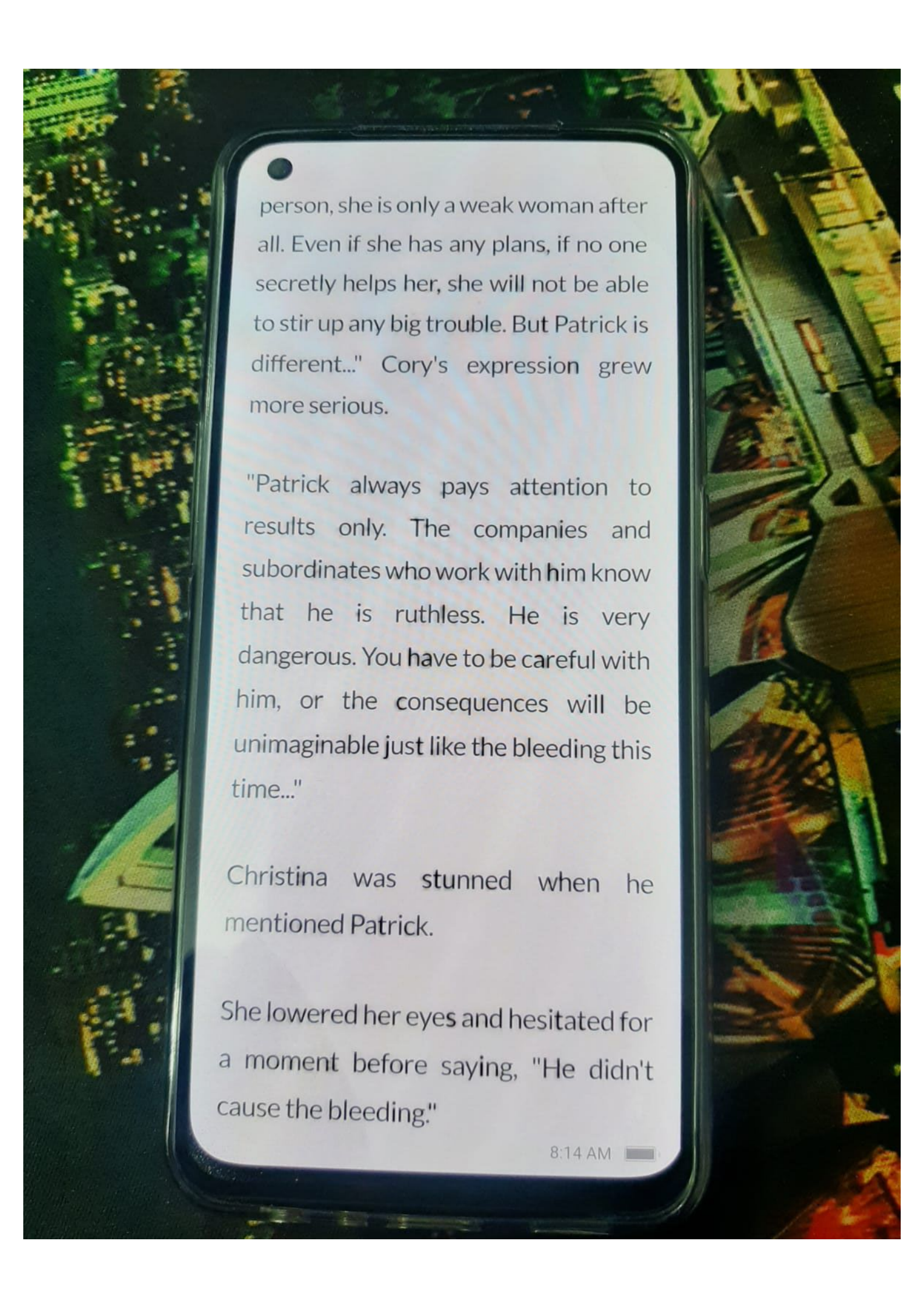
But Christina's face was solemn, and there was no need for her to lie. Besides, she never liked to sow discord.

"I don't mean anything else. I just want to say that you'd better watch your child yourself..." Christina's face was calm.

At that moment, Cory seemed to have thought of something and immediately stepped forward.

"Although Carrie is not an upright



A photograph of a smartphone screen displaying text. The phone is held in a hand, and the background is a blurred image of autumn leaves in shades of green, yellow, and orange. The screen shows a text message with three paragraphs. The first paragraph describes a person as weak but Patrick as different. The second paragraph describes Patrick as ruthless and dangerous. The third paragraph describes Christina's reaction to hearing about Patrick.

person, she is only a weak woman after all. Even if she has any plans, if no one secretly helps her, she will not be able to stir up any big trouble. But Patrick is different..." Cory's expression grew more serious.

"Patrick always pays attention to results only. The companies and subordinates who work with him know that he is ruthless. He is very dangerous. You have to be careful with him, or the consequences will be unimaginable just like the bleeding this time..."

Christina was stunned when he mentioned Patrick.

She lowered her eyes and hesitated for a moment before saying, "He didn't cause the bleeding."



"You still believe him!"

Cory got excited, and jealousy was building up in his eyes. "Don't forget, you almost..." Died that night.

Although the doctor said it was caused by cervical polyps and a small amount of drug stimulation, if no one found her bleeding and unconscious that night, she might never wake up.

"I won't believe him anymore, but this time it really has nothing to do with him."

Christina said softly and suddenly fell silent.

"Christina, you must be wary of him..."  
Cory strode towards her.



"Cousin, you're really free."

At this moment, Patrick suddenly appeared at the door. "Carrie wants to see you for an emergency. Why aren't you leaving?" There was a sense of cold warning at the end of his words.



## Chapter 49 Cold War

The phone rang over and over again, which seemed to be noisy in this quiet ward.

Cory looked at his phone with a complicated expression. He knew that Carrie had called to ask him back...

But at this moment, he didn't want to leave.

"Cousin, didn't you come to C City just for your wedding? Remember to send me the invitation. My wife and I will be there on time..." Patrick looked at him and said in a cold voice.

Cory's face darkened at his words.

"Cory, you should go back."



Christina was afraid that they would fight again like this morning. In terms of fighting, Patrick could definitely cripple Cory if he got serious.

"What about you?" Cory asked with concern.

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

Patrick was displeased at the way they cared about each other.

Then he sneered contemptuously, "People from the Dickens Family are in the parking lot. They'll come up later and I wonder if you want them to see you two here..."

Cory's face turned worried when he heard the Dickens Family people



would come.


He looked at Christina and said quickly, "Christina, take care of yourself. Call me if you need anything."

He didn't stay here anymore. Their relationship was very complicated. If there was any misunderstanding, it would directly affect their reputation.

When Christina saw him leave, she did not care. With a gloomy face, she turned to walk straight to the hospital bed in a bad mood.

While Patrick stared at Cory's back with deep eyes, his right hand slightly clenched as if he was angry at something.

"Call me if you need anything..." It

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echoed in Patrick's mind.

What he said was especially unpleasant to hear!

'Why didn't she call me if she needed anything? Why she had to look for Cory...' He thought.

People from the Dickens Family came to see Christina, but they found that Patrick's face was gloomy, as if someone had pissed him off.

"Christina, you should take care of yourself. You mustn't eat something you can't next time. Fortunately, the baby is safe." Mrs. Dickens had recovered from high blood pressure, and now she was lecturing Christina loudly.



The old woman turned her head, her wrinkled old face with a fawning smile. "Mr. Hopkins, Christina has been pampered by us since she was young. She is a little bit childish and not sensible sometimes. Please forgive her. She will definitely change..."

Christina was judged as a worthless person. She lay on her side in the hospital bed, facing them with her back, not even bothering to look at them.

Donald was forced to come over by Mrs. Dickens. He just glanced at Christina on the bed. It seemed that he was indifferent to whether she was seriously ill or not.

On the contrary, Donald's eyes occasionally fell on Patrick with deep



thought.

"Christina, you must take care of yourself. I made you a boiled donkey-hide gelatin medicinal soup. I heard it's especially effective for stopping bleeding. You should eat some now."

As the daughter-in-law of the Dickens Family, Connie came with Donald. With a concerned smile on her face, she put a ceramic pot on the table.

When Mrs. Dickens saw Christina lying on the bed, ignoring them, she was immediately displeased. "How could you forget the most basic manners!"

If it weren't for Patrick's presence, she would have scolded her, suppressing her anger. "Get up quickly and eat the soup that your mother cooked. It's



important to care for the baby!"

Christina's face was dark and she was lying on her side on the bed, as if she didn't hear her grandma, refusing to move.

She would never eat the food that Connie made!

"She needs rest."

Patrick, who had been silent for a long time, looked at them and suddenly spoke coldly.

Obviously, it was an order to leave.

When the Dickens Family heard him, they didn't linger much. After fake care, they left.



Family to come over to disgust me?"

Christina looked at him with a cold face. "How's your Miss Jones doing? Don't you need to be with her? What do you want to do here? Just shoot it!" Her tone was cold and distant.

Patrick was standing by the bed, but she was lying flat.

His gaze was condescending, and Christina could clearly see the corner of his lips slightly pursed in an attempt to speak, but she waited for a few minutes, but the man remained silent.

"Cory and I were locked in the ward last night, but we didn't do anything."

She thought that he had come here only to warn her and teach her a



lesson. It seemed reasonable for men to cheat on their wives and keep mistresses, and for women, it was dissolute to get close to other men. How ridiculous.

At this moment, she did not hide her anger and looked at him with an angry face.

Patrick looked at her but did not speak.

Christina felt that he didn't believe her, and she grew angrier.

'Why should I explain! What he did with Cecilia...!' She shouted in her heart. The more she thought about it, the angrier she became. She covered her head with the white sheet in the end.

Thinking of Cecilia, she tightened her



grip on the sheet.

"Name your price and abort the child."

"If Patrick wants a child. I'll have one with him."

"Even if you give birth to this bastard, I will abuse him."

That day in the dining room, Cecilia shouted arrogantly. She wanted to refute, but those words were stuck in her throat.

There was a faint sadness in Christina's eyes as her right hand subconsciously stroked her abdomen.

'After giving birth to the child, I must leave,' she said to herself in her heart.



'Mr. Hopkins should not let his great-grandson be bullied...'


Thinking of the old man, Christina felt relieved as if she had found her hope.

She lifted the quilt over her head and was anxious to find her cell phone. Now she wanted to call him.

But as soon as Christina lifted the sheet, "Don't move." There was a muffled voice above her head.

She was all tensed up and looked sideways at the man beside the bed. He hadn't left yet!

"The doctor said you have to stay in the hospital for a week," Patrick's voice sounded a little strange as if he had deliberately calmed down his voice.

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"You can't get out of bed."

Christina withdrew her hand and stopped looking for her phone. She lay back on her bed obediently.

Patrick looked at her for a long time and struggled.

She was not that obedient before!

Inexplicably, he remembered what Charles had said. Woman was such a creature. If you didn't explain it to her clearly, she would imagine things.

All of a sudden, Patrick's expression was a little complicated. In the end, he said a few words with difficulty and awkwardness, "I'm not the one who drugged you to make you bleed..."



"I know." The woman on the bed replied coldly as if she didn't want to hear his voice.

Patrick was surprised and a little happy to hear her saying that.

"I didn't go to the hotel to see you that night because..."

Christina thought of the phone call and her face turned pale. "I'm not interested in you two. Please shut up!"

She interrupted him with a cold face, grabbed the sheet, and wrapped herself up.

Patrick then fell silent.

Not long after, she heard the sound of his footsteps, and his clear and cold



voice telling the nurse, "Take care of her."

The door of the ward was shut.

Christina heaved a long sigh as if his existence would bring a sense of oppression.

After this time, she became more and more aware of the gap between her and him.

And the thought that she had hidden in her heart that she should not have, were all cut off by her.

The disease of cervical polyps was not too serious, but pregnant women with this inflammation must be carefully treated. Christina was very cooperative to take medicine. After



two days of treatment, she has obviously been better. The doctor said that there was no need for surgery.

"I know. I'll go back after the hospital allows me in a few days..."

At around seven o'clock in the evening, Mr. Hopkins called her. Christina was a little nervous at first, thinking that the old man would scold her. Fortunately, he didn't.

Mr. Hopkins seemed to have known that her physical condition had stabilized, but he was in a good mood and asked if she was really pregnant with twins.

Christina rarely smiled at the mention of twins. "Before, the embryo was too tiny to notice, but now it's confirmed to



be twins. And the hospital confirmed that they are boys through the sex test of fetal amniotic fluid..."

It was not that Christina valued boys over girls, but that she grew up in the Dickens Family and knew that in the rich families, daughters were used as tools through marriage, and sons were the heirs that they focused on and cherished.

If they were boys, then at least the people of Hopkins Family would value her children, even if she couldn't be with them in the future...

Her eyes darkened at the thought.

On the other side of the phone, Mr. Hopkins was very excited. Christina could hear him shouting at the butler



through the phone. "Christina is pregnant with twins. We can have two grandchildren in Hopkins Family by the end of the year. Hahaha..."

Christina was infected by Mr. Hopkins's joyful voice and a smile appeared on her lips.

"Miss Dickens, what makes you smile so happily?" The nurse came in with the dinner. "It's time for dinner."

"Eat more. Don't starve my grandchildren."

Mr. Hopkins vaguely heard that she was about to eat dinner. After thinking for a while, he added, "Where's Patrick? What do you want to eat? Let that bastard buy for you..."



Christina was in a good mood. When she heard the name Patrick, her face turned gloomy.

"I see," she replied sullenly and hung up.

Christina grabbed her chopsticks and was about to eat, but when she opened the lunch box, she saw eggs fried shrimp, fried pork liver, and spinach. They were all good for her body, but all on her blacklist.

!.. For my children. I must do my best to get rid of the habit of being picky about food.'

She picked up a piece of pork liver and stuffed it into her mouth angrily. She chewed it expressionless and really



wanted to spit it out.

The nurse was surprised to see that Christina was in pain as she was taking poison, and she only ate prawns of the fried prawns with eggs, purposely picking the eggs off with chopsticks.

"Miss Dickens, is there a problem with these dishes?" The nurse asked.

Christina blushed. "I..." She was embarrassed.

"She's picky and doesn't eat eggs."

Outside the room, a deep and clear voice came.

Christina's face darkened as she looked at the door.



'Why is he here again?'

8:15 AM 