Chapter 104

"How is his condition now?"

It was sunny at midday outside, but it was gloomy in the hospital ward. The smell of disinfectant was prevalent, which made people lose their spirits.

An old man with a crutch gazed at the ward with his eyes clouded. He asked someone in a low and hoarse voice.

The principal beside looked stiff and replied carefully, "His temperature has returned to normal..."

"I mean his intracranial pressure!"

Old Master Mr. Hopkins's face suddenly darkened as he read the proper noun through gritted teeth.



Acute intracranial pressure, if too high, can lead to cerebral hemorrhage, coma, dilated pupils, and even threaten to life.

But there would usually be many clinical symptoms, such as severe headache, disordered breathing rhythm... Migraines. They knew about them which they just didn't think of.

...This brat, how dared he hide all of them.

The old man retracted his gaze, with his right hand holding his crutch trembling, and he asked slowly, "What is the success rate of the operation?"

"Dad, what operation are you talking about?" Suddenly the door was pushed



open, and Judy looked at them in confusion.

"Haven't Patrick's operation already been completed? Did something happen..."

The dean wanted to explain it, but Old Master Mr. Hopkins gave him a glimpse coldly, he was immediately too afraid to say anything.

This matter, indeed, cannot be mentioned causally.

"Dad, what's the matter? The attending doctor said that Patrick would be fine, and he is just unconscious for the time being..." Judy noticed something strange and became anxious.



"Get out."

The old man frowned, leaving a sentence without looking at her.

Judy looked a little reluctant and unhappy and glimpsed at Patrick, who was still in a coma in bed.

She whispered, "Dad, I know I've done something wrong in the past, but I'm his mother..."

"I've said it. Get out!" The old man glared at her impatiently.

Judy clenched her lips with her pale face, and hesitated for a moment. Her son was her greatest support for the rest of her life, so he must be safe.

However, she seemed to be very afraid



of Old Master Mr. Hopkins. In the end, she had to leave with her head lowered.

The white light above his head hit on Old Master Mr. Hopkins's old face, revealing his tireness and distress. "This matter cannot be brought up to another person." A stern warning was sent to the dean.

"I keep it in mind." The dean nodded with his solemn expression.

Old Master Mr. Hopkins just stayed for a while and trudged out with his crutch.

Dong -

"Be careful."



A bottle of injected medicine fell on the ground by accident.

Just in front of the ward, a nurse hurriedly squatted down to pick up the injection, while they just came out of the ward. They looked at her unsatifisedly and warned her to be careful.

The nurse seemed to be a newcomer. She looked a little timid and did not dare to face them. Without saying a word, she picked up the injection, and quickly packed the cart when remaining half-bent to show her respect.

"Push the stuff in and let the head nurse take care of the patient from now on." The dean ordered, fearing that something might go wrong with the patient inside.

The young nurse nodded humbly, not daring to look directly at him.

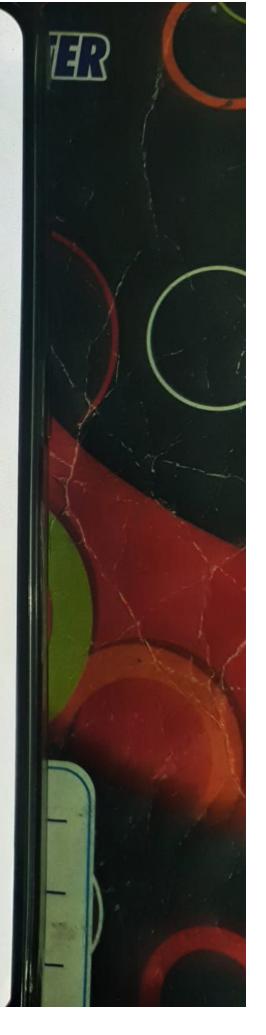
Old Master Mr. Hopkins walking ahead was so upset that he was in no mood to pay attention to the nurse and urged the dean, "Come up with the treatment plan as soon as possible..."

"Don't worry, we must do our best..."

"Enough. Go for your work!"

The old man scolded him irritably. He no longer wanted to listen to these flattering words.

The nurse pushing the trolley at the door of the ward paused for a moment. She looked sideways at them leaving



step by step with her beautiful brows furrowed and more uneasiness.

"... What the hell happened?" Christina didn't understand it. Grandpa behaved strangely.

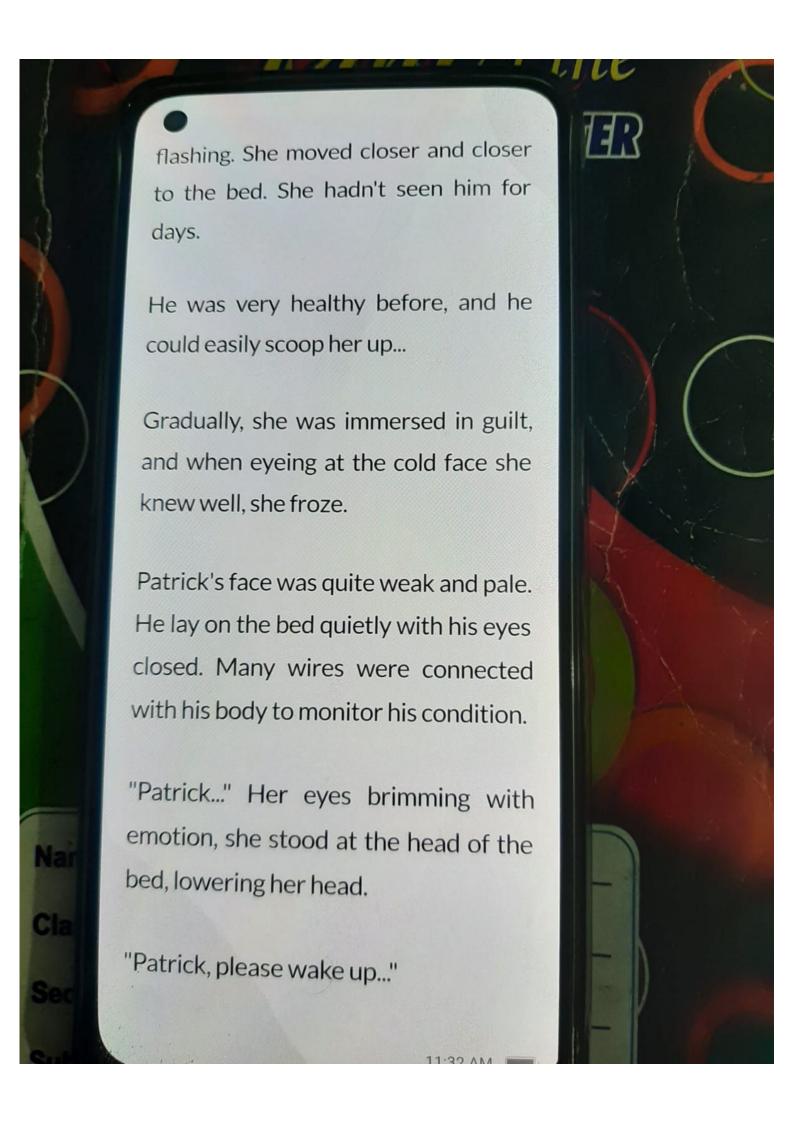
She wore the nurse's uniform as a disguise and pushed the utility cart. Looking at the door ahead, she took a deep breath and walked in slowly.

He was right here.

Not sure if she felt wrong that the smell of disinfectant inside was particularly strong, making the room feel like a sterile ward where air was quite depressing.

The instruments in the ward were ringing, and the data on them kept





She didn't dare to get too close to him with bodyguards outside. But she could not help secretly reaching out to touch his cold palms. "Patrick, I'm Christina."

Patrick, I'm worried about you...

Looking at his grim face, thinking of even Patrick, such a strong man was now so weak, she inexplicably wanted to cry, bit her lips heavily, and wanted to shout out.

"Patrick, be awake quickly. I miss you so much..." When she spoke out these words, her eyes were getting moist.

Bang-

"Patrick!"



Suddenly, a shout from behind startled Christina. She did not know why she immediately withdrew her hand. "Are you the nurse to change the injection?" The female's voice sounded clear, she walked quickly to her side and looked a little thoughtful. "You go out first. The bottle was finished yet. I'll call you later." Christina didn't know how to reply. She didn't want to leave so soon. "Patrick, you've been sleeping for a few days. The whole company is waiting for lai you. Be awake quickly. Charles and I can't stand it anymore." The woman walked directly to the

other side of the bed, picking up some wet cotton sticks from the counter and moistening his dry lips expertly and gently. She said it naturally and it seemed that they were familiar with each other.

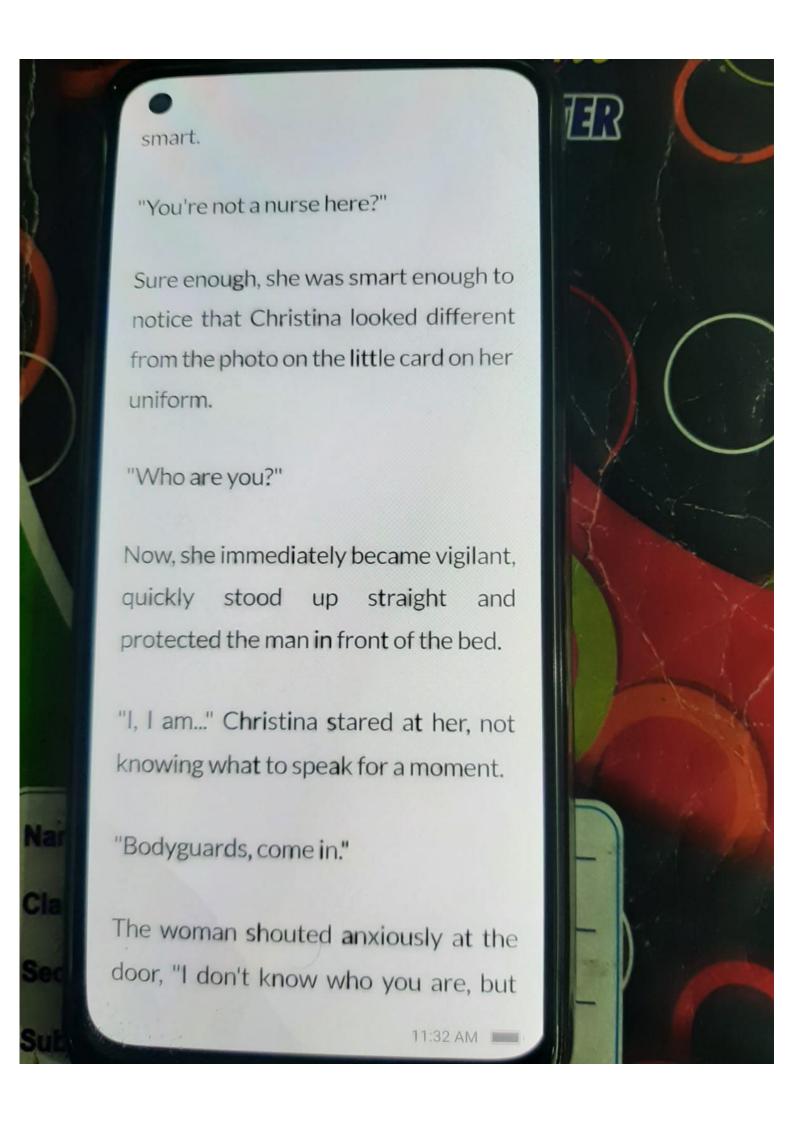
"Patrick, we all need you. You can't be lazy anymore." She continued saying with a chuckle, as if she was chatting to the man.

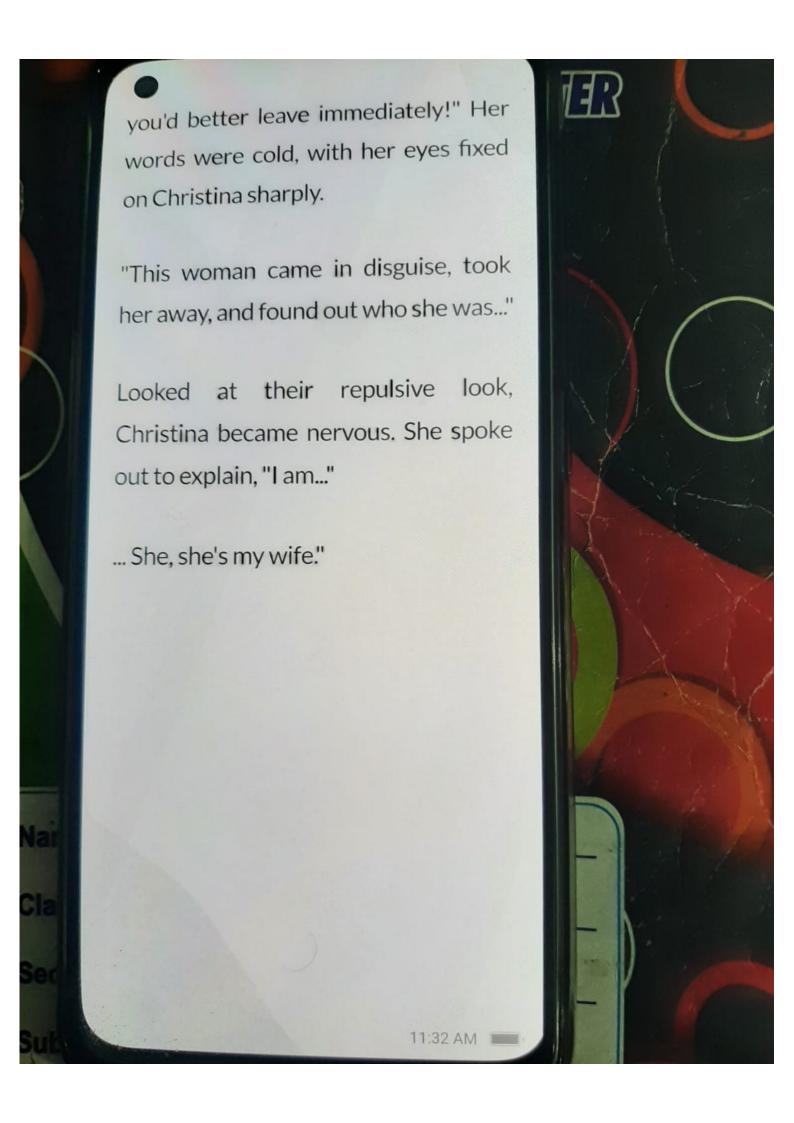
Her words made Christina stare at her.

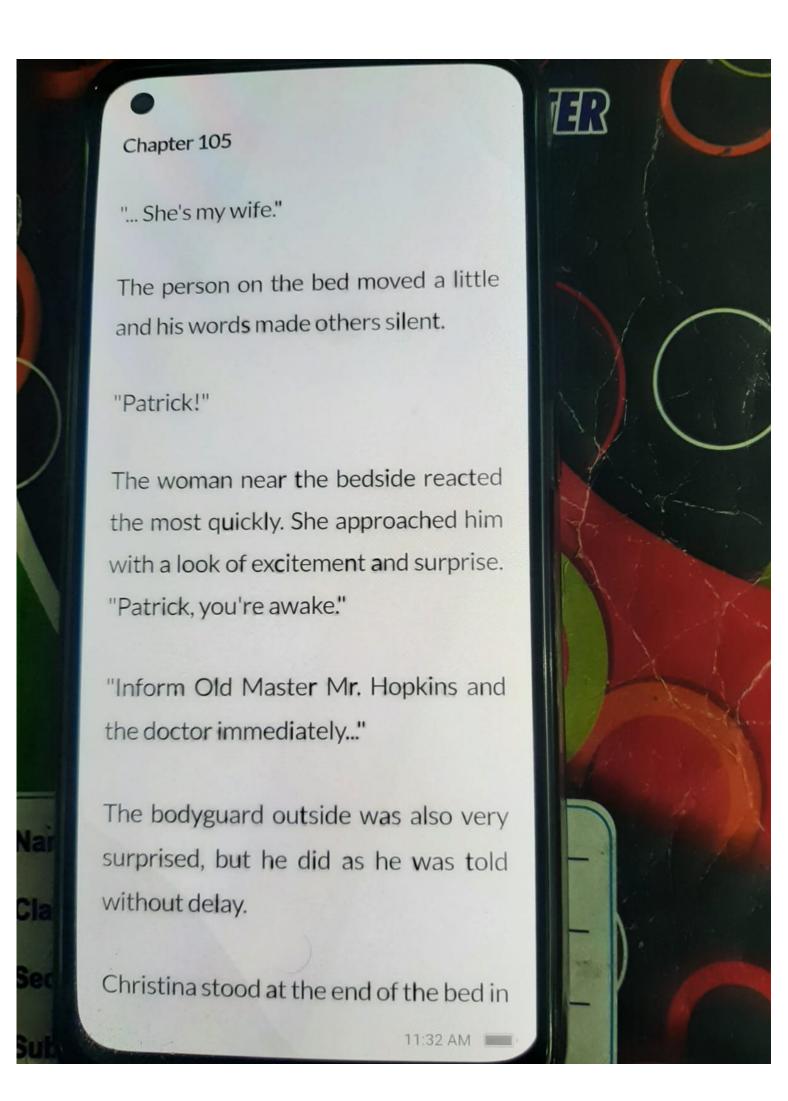
Who was she?

The woman had white skin, was dressed in a black, neat, and expensive suit skirt with her long curled hair. The charm as a mature woman was shown on her face, and no extra jewelry was with her. She looked energetic and

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a daze. She looked at the man on the hospital bed. He had just woken up and his face was pale. He opened his eyes, which were misty, and raised his head slightly and fixed his eyes on her. He did not speak again, but Christina's heart trembled. The look in his eyes... was not cold or aggressive, but showed confusion and weakness. "You are... Christina?" The woman standing by the bed looked a little embarrassed. She looked straight at Christina and asked in a weird voice, "Are you Patrick's wife?" She had long heard that Patrick had 11:32 AM

gotten his marriage license with a woman in the country, but there was no wedding.

The woman, who was staring at Christina, somehow made her feel ill at ease.

"... Come here."

The man on the bed suddenly called out softly.

Christina looked at his pale face and frowned. She quickly walked over to the other side of the bed and said, "Patrick, do you have a headache?"

"Are you hurt?"

Almost subconsciously, he followed her to the left and asked without answering.

"Patrick, you cannot move your body."
The woman on the right was anxious to reach out and hold him down.

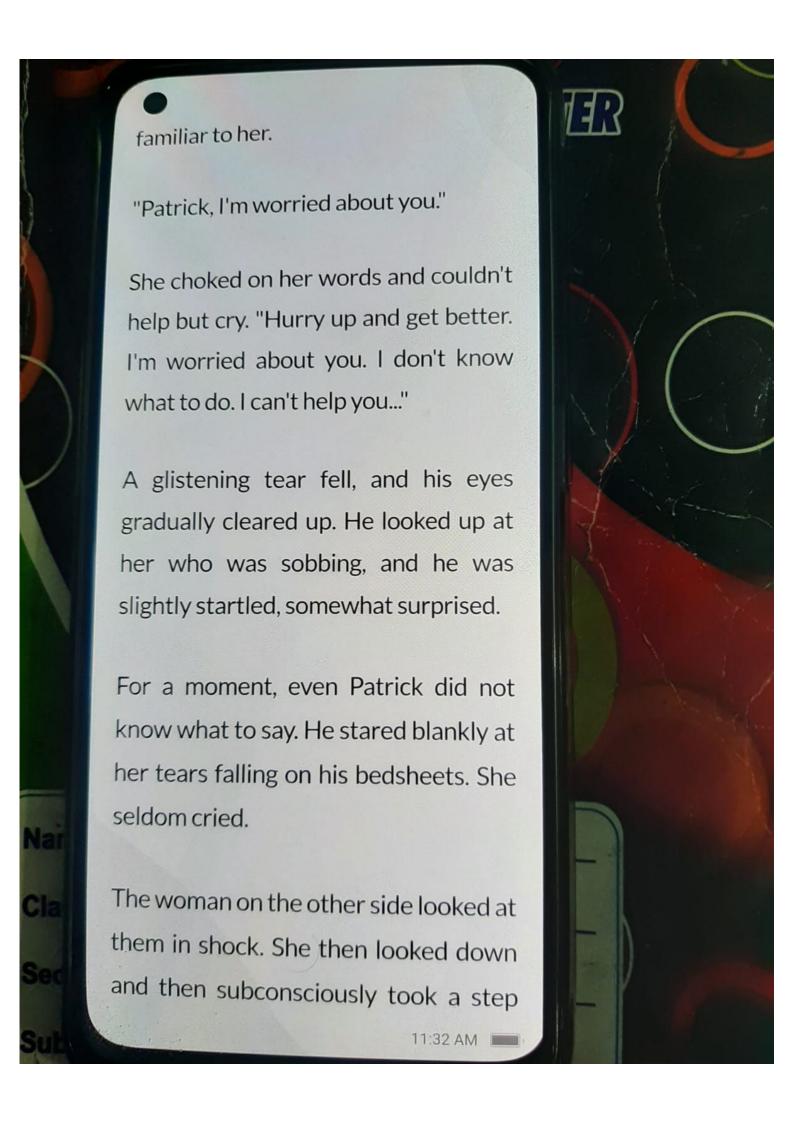
Christina moved faster and immediately bent down to hold his shoulder. "Patrick, don't move," she said awkwardly.

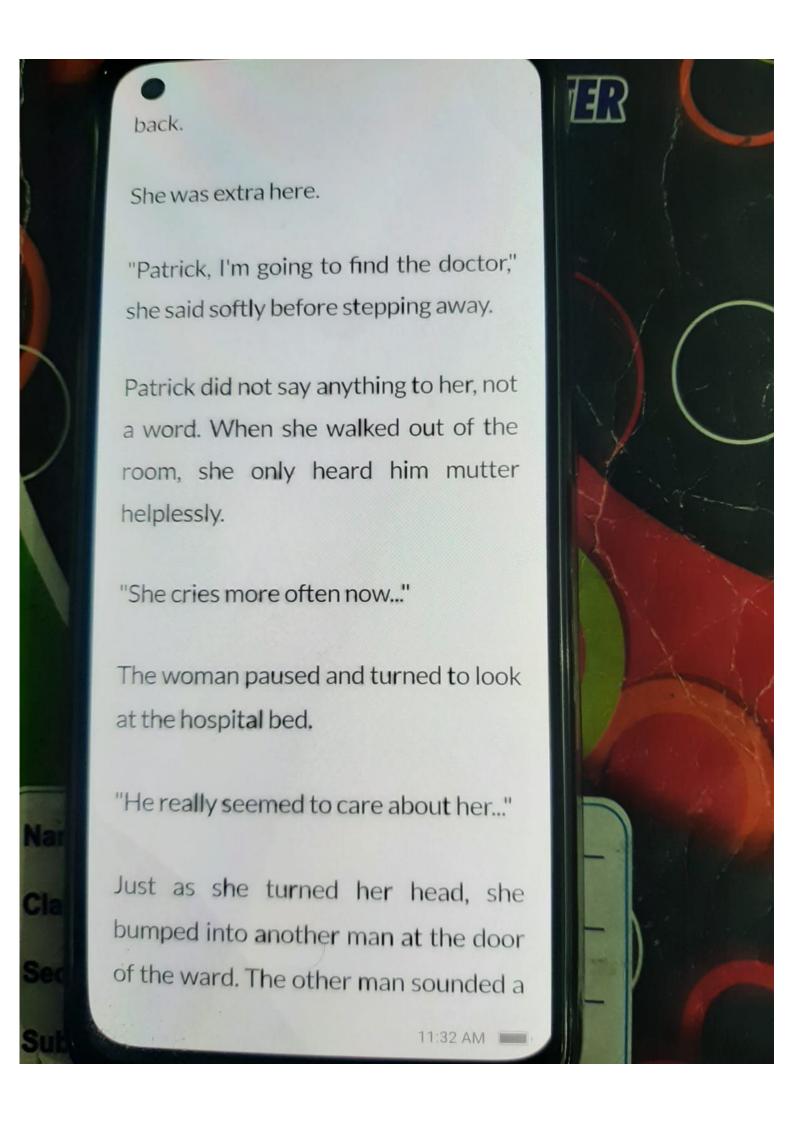
"Are you hurt?" he asked in a stubborn tone. He was already on his side, but he still stared at her.

He vaguely remembered the car accident, and she seemed to have cried in terror.

He was still staring at Christina. Somehow, there was tears in her eyes as she heared his low voice which was







little anxious. "Barbara, did you see a woman..."

"Christina!"

Charles glanced into the ward, found the familiar figure, and roared angrily.

He was so angry that he strode in.

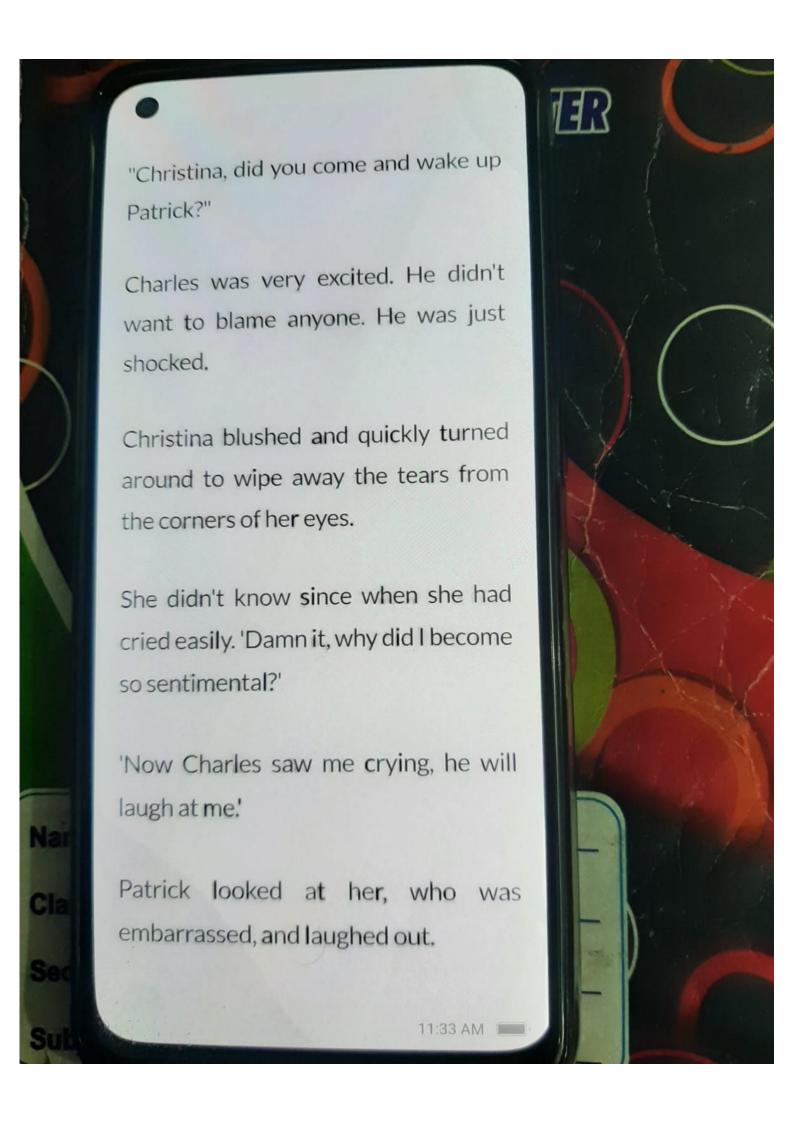
"Christina, you're so bold. You kidnapped a nurse. I really want to..."

"What happened to her?"

The man on the bed frowned. He had just woken up and his voice was a little hoarse.

Charles froze and stared at the man in the hospital bed for a second. He suddenly became agitated. "Patrick, you're awake!"

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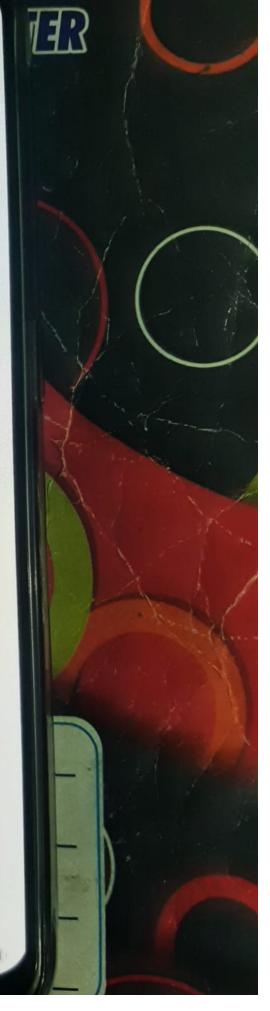
Charles raised his eyebrows and looked at them. He could still smile. The woman standing beside him had complicated emotions in her eyes. Patrick touched Charles casually with his elbow. "She is..."

"The one with the watch." Charles snorted.

Barbara was silent, and a bitter smile appeared on her lips. "It's really her."

Charles could not help but complain, "I really don't know why Patrick would like her. She is just a troublemaker!"

Soon the doctor and nurse rushed in and saw that the man on the bed had woken up. They asked with happy smiles, "Mr. Hopkins, how are you feeling?"



Patrick cooperated with the doctor, and his head was still a little dizzy, but there was no sharp pain. The wound on his body was bandaged, and his consciousness had recovered.

The attending doctor thought he was really getting better, and he said, "Mr. Hopkins, the wound on your forehead has been bandaged. For the next week, you must not get it with water. There's also a fracture in your right shoulder blade, so you can't lift weights for the next three months. It's about your brain..."

"Got it. Get out."

Patrick suddenly interrupted the doctor with a cold voice.



The attending doctor did not dare to continue when seeing at his warning eyes.

"What's wrong? Is there a problem?"

Barbara noticed something unusual carefully.

"Mr. Hopkins just woke up. Please be careful about him. It's not good for him to get out of bed for the time being."

The doctor only said some normal things, then he turned to look at the other medical staff, and quickly left the ward.

Barbara was very capable. She frowned slightly and was about to catch up with the doctor when Charles reached out and grabbed her.



Charles didn't say anything, but his meaning was clear. He didn't want her to ask more.

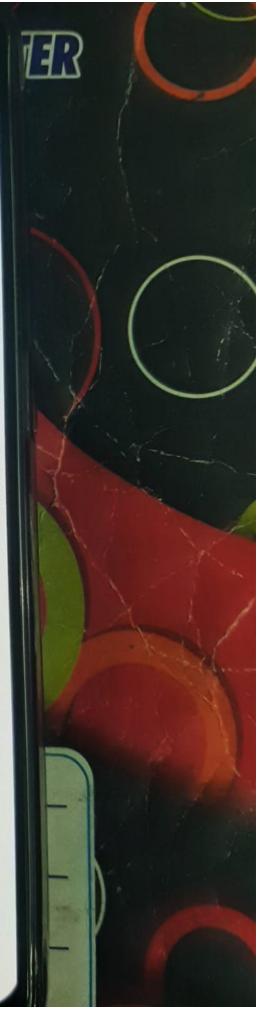
There was a strange silence in the ward, and Christina's eyes were fixed on the door. The doctor just said about Patrick's brain...

"I'm thirsty."

The low voice was a little hoarse.

Barbara stepped forward almost reflexively, and Charles looked at her. Soon, she realized something wrong and there was some embarrassment on her face.

"The doctor said you can't sit up."
Christina was standing by Patrick's bed, holding half a cup of warm water.



When she saw that he was about to get up, she immediately stopped him.

"Patrick, don't move. I'll think about it..."

She was afraid that this man would ignore the doctor's advice. She looked down at the cup in her hand and was worried about how to give it to him.

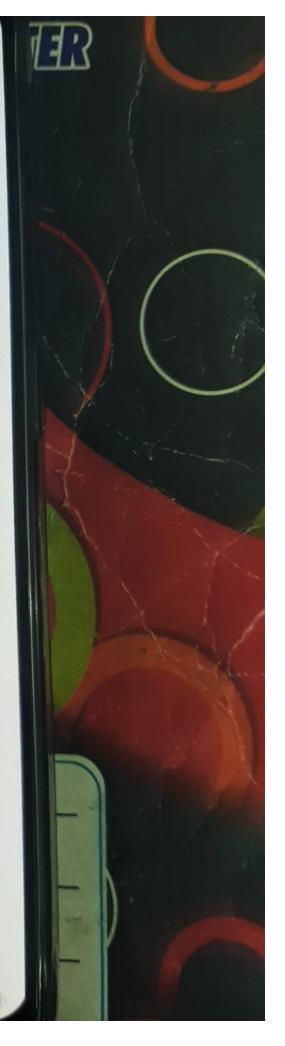
"You want to feed me?"

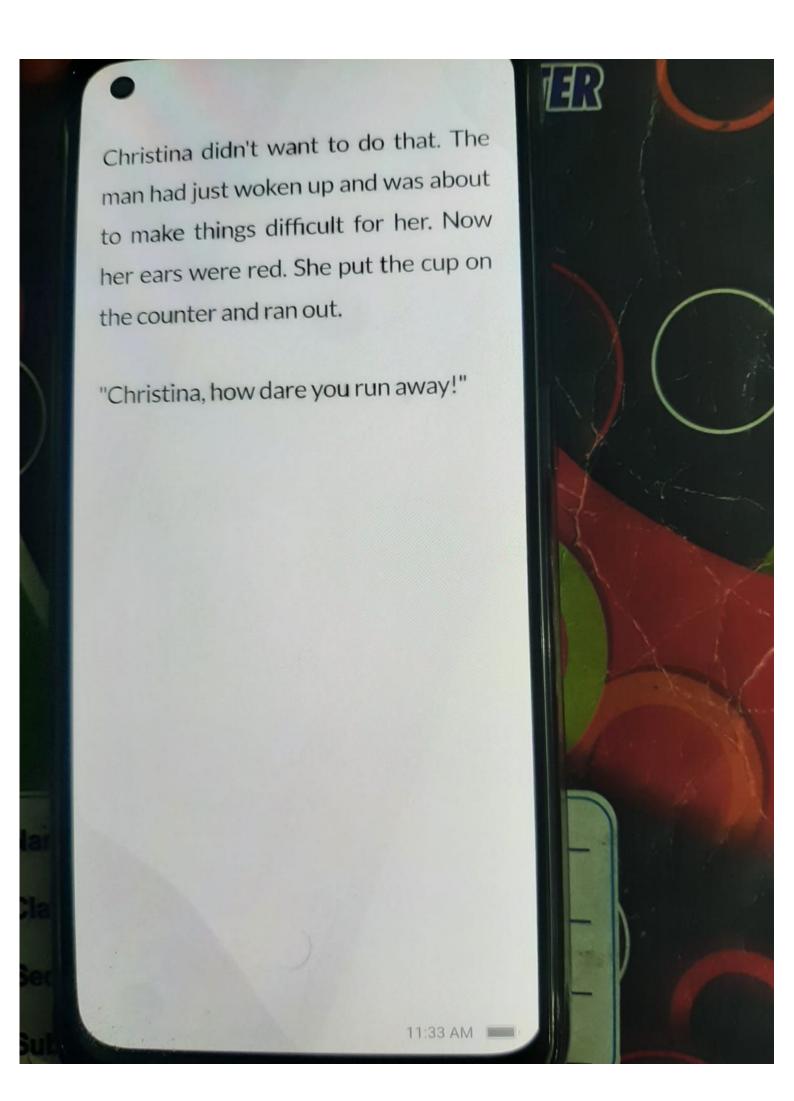
The man on the bed leisurely dropped a sentence.

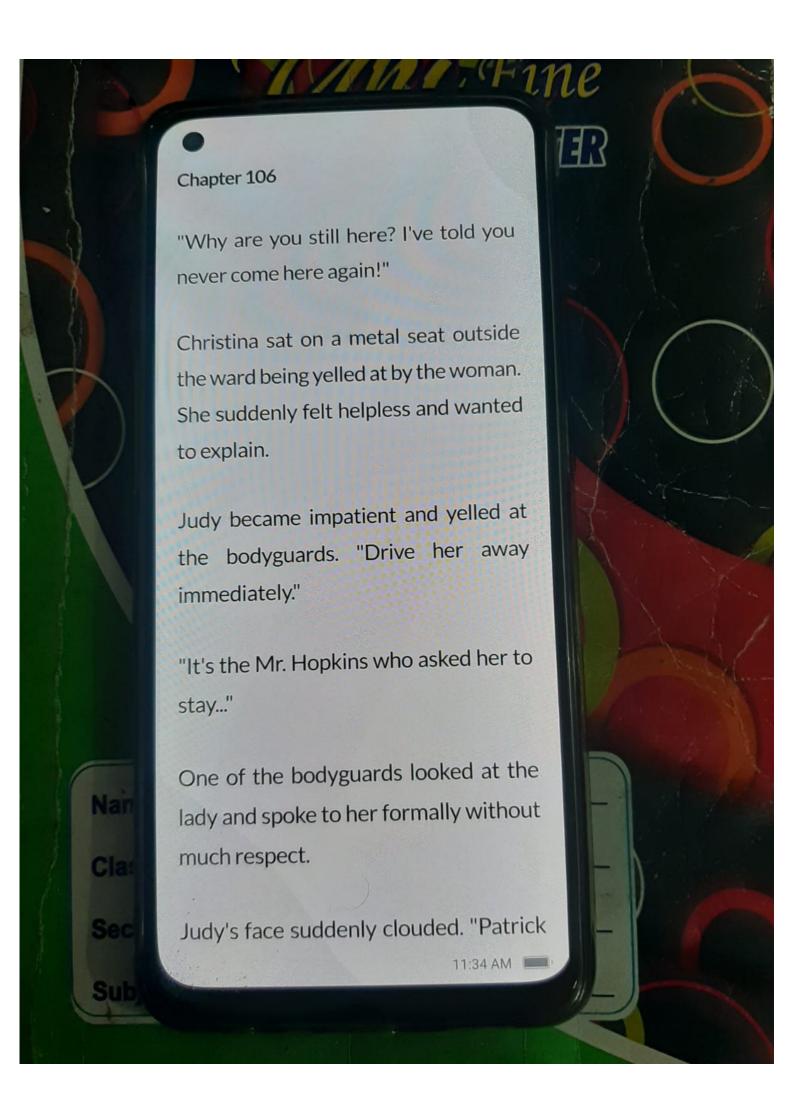
At that moment, several people were staring at Christina, as if they were surprised but also looking forward to it...

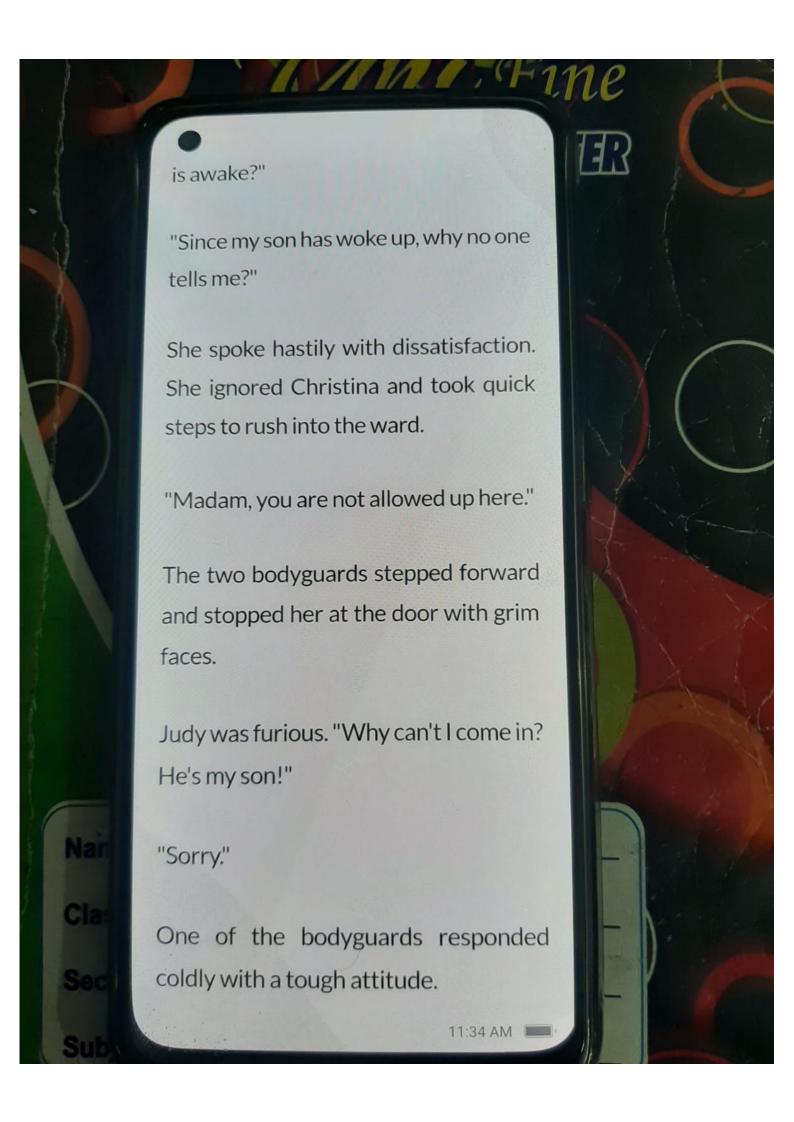
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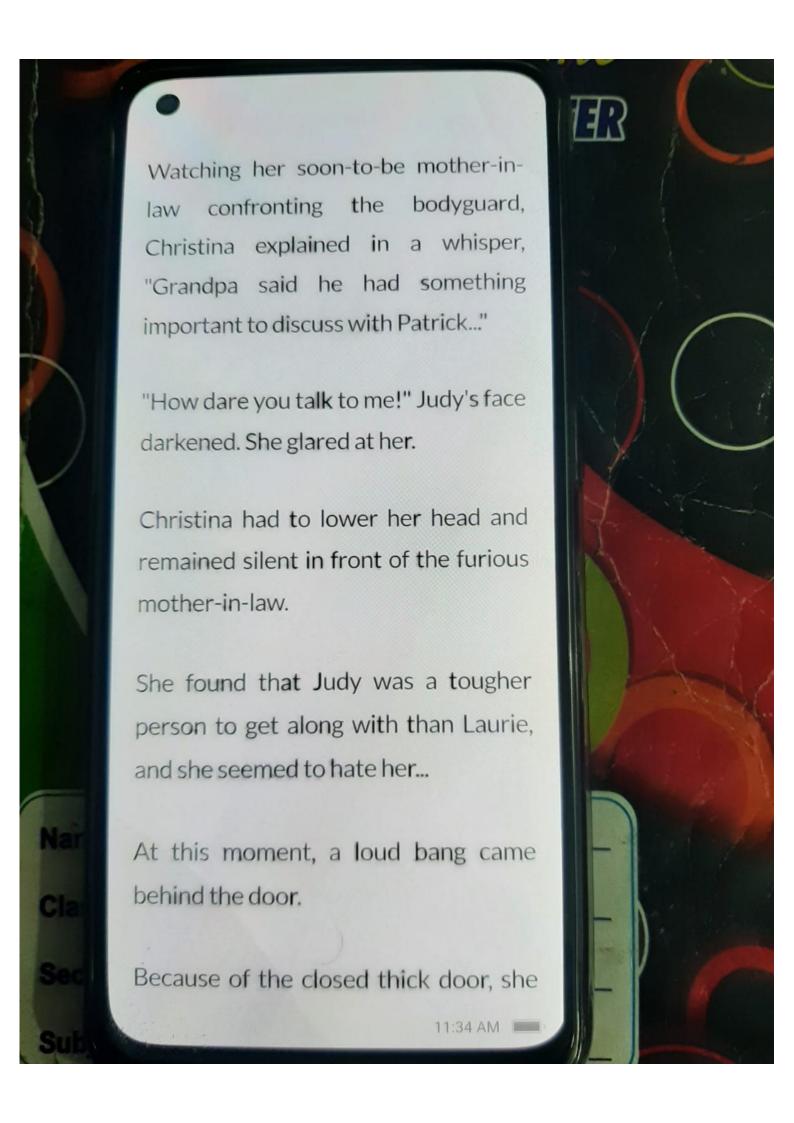
"I, I'll go find a straw."

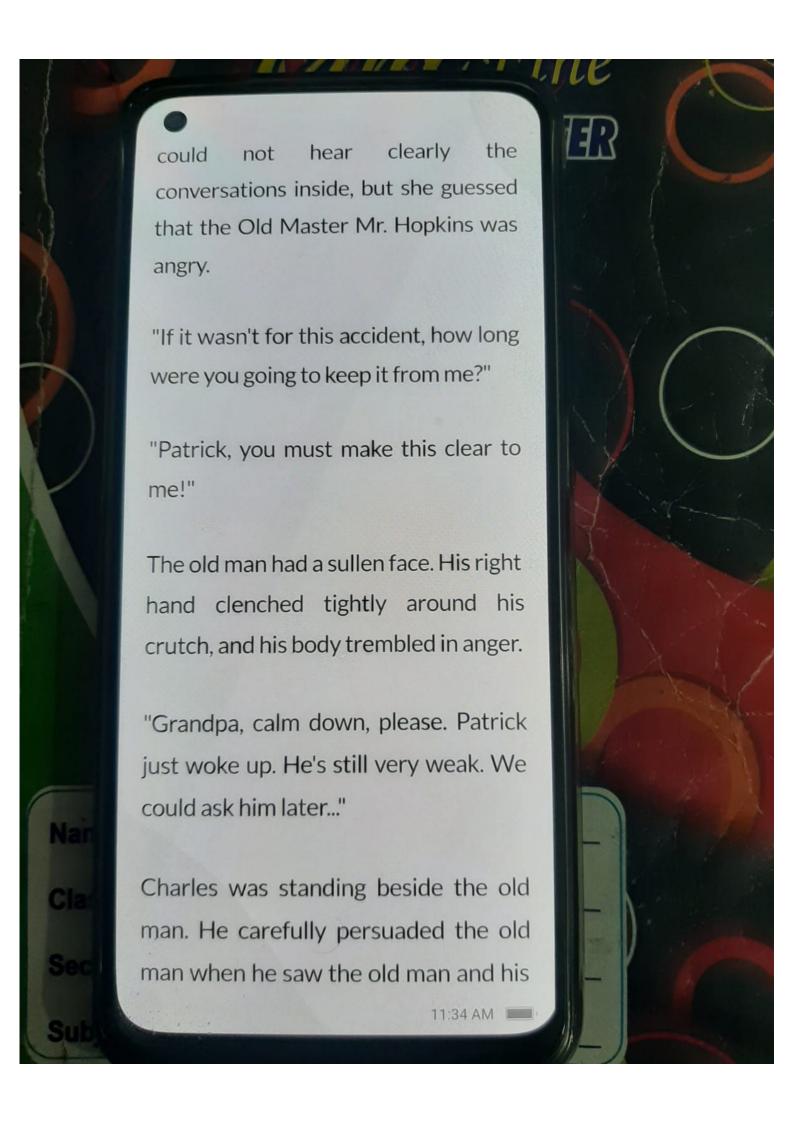


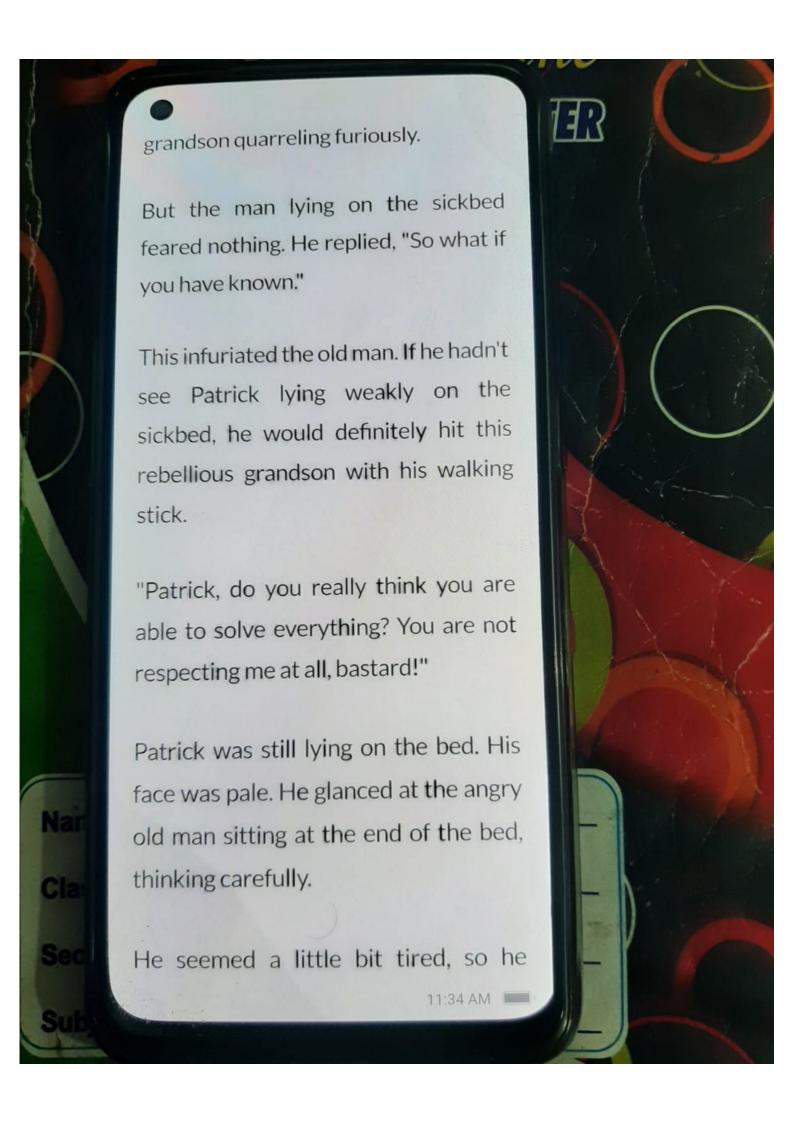


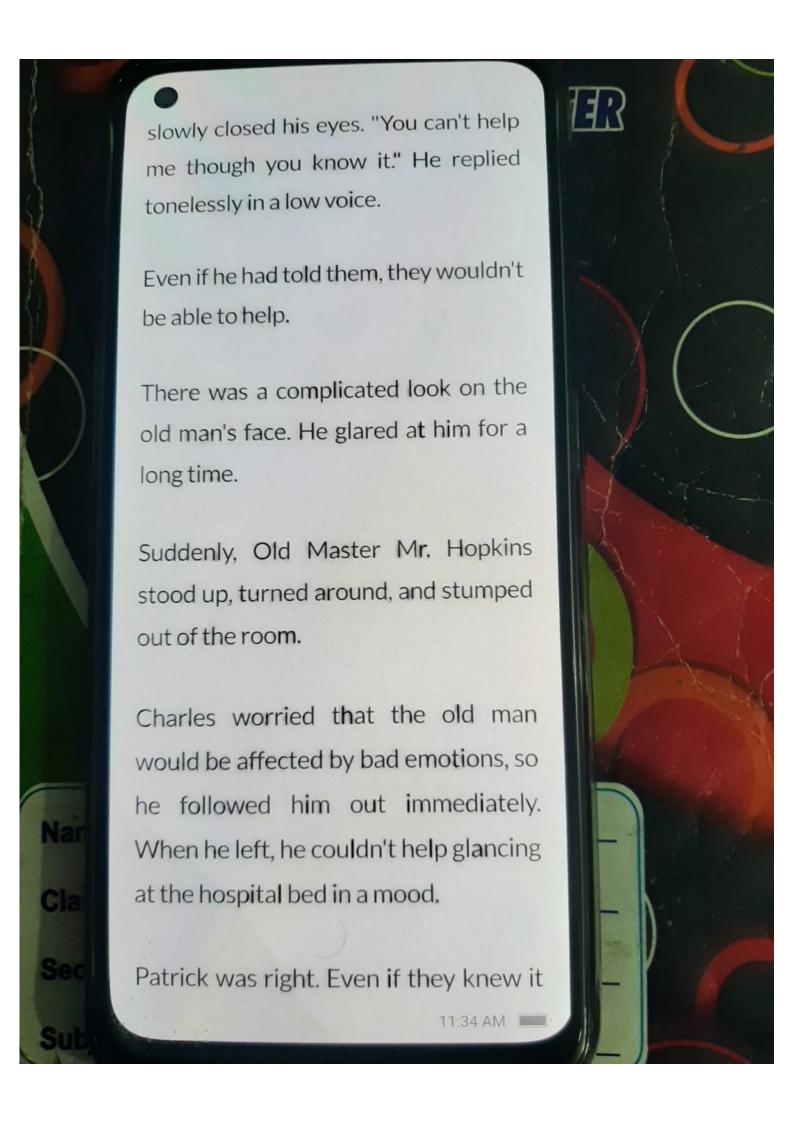


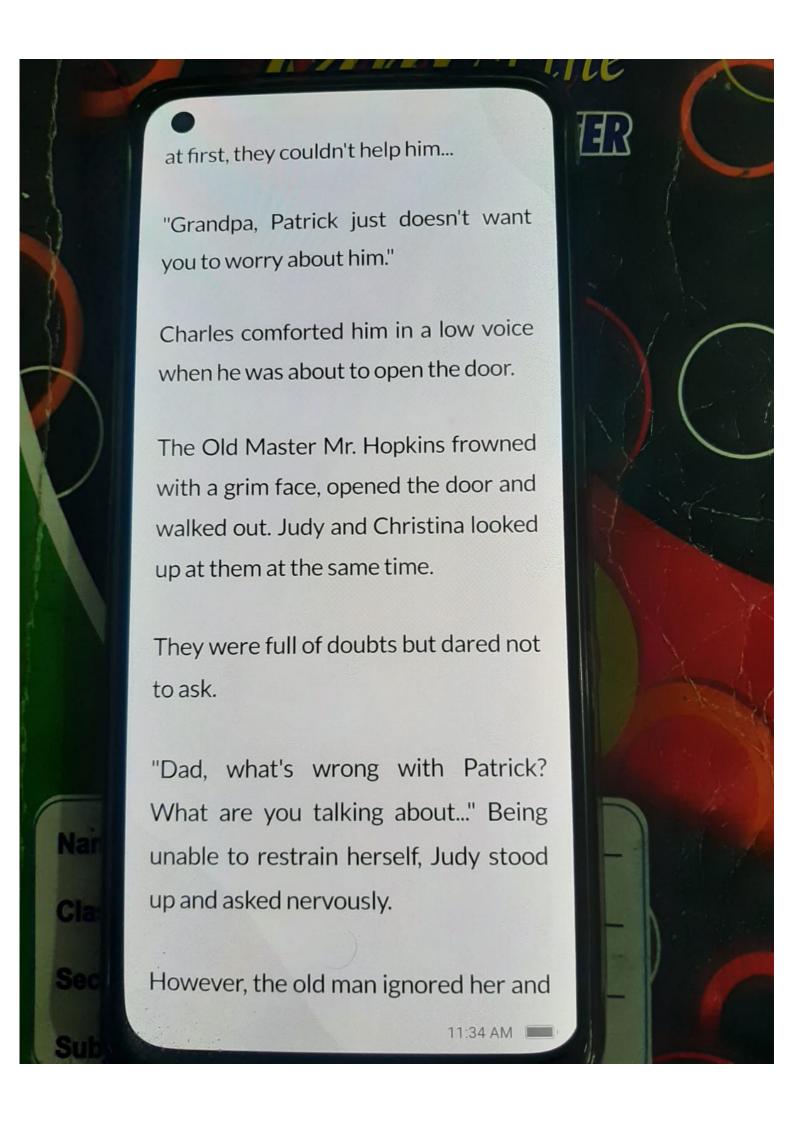


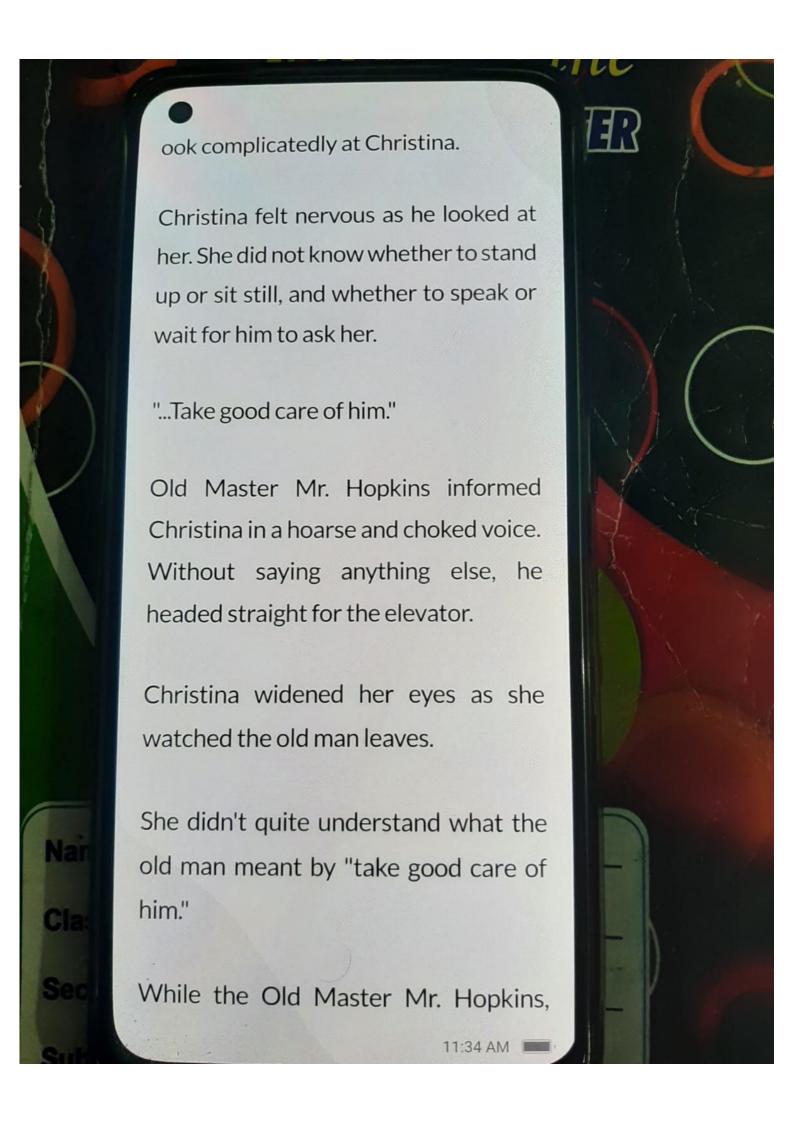


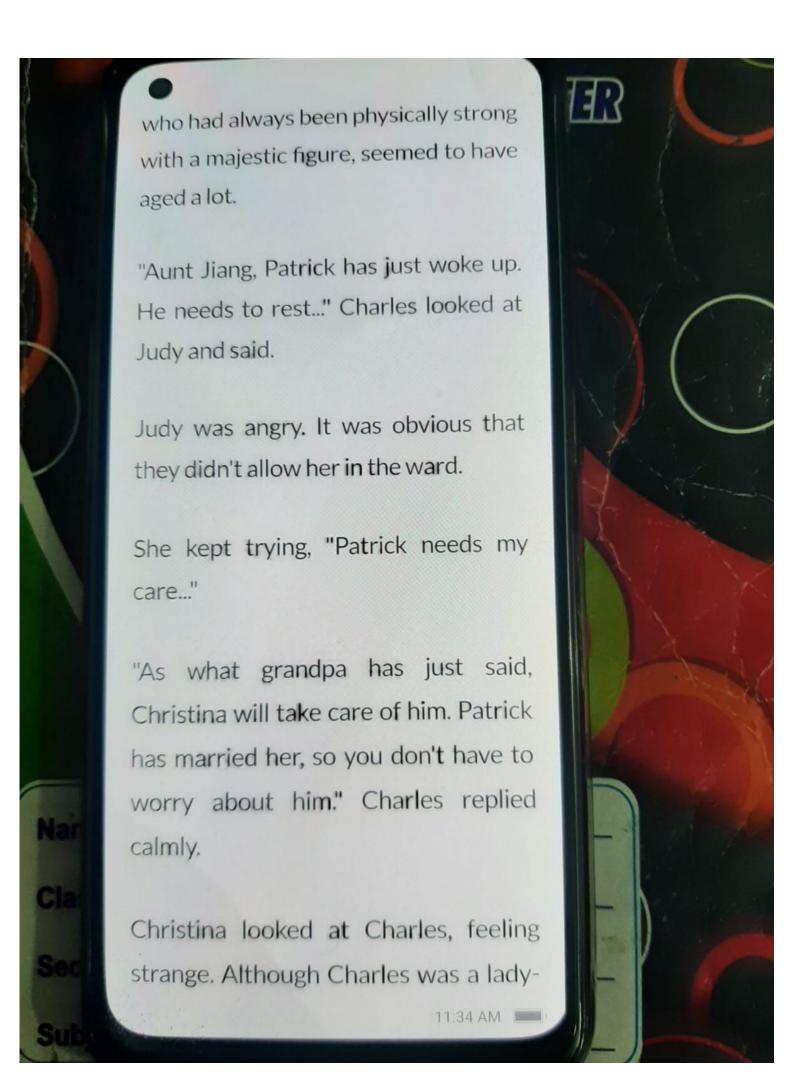


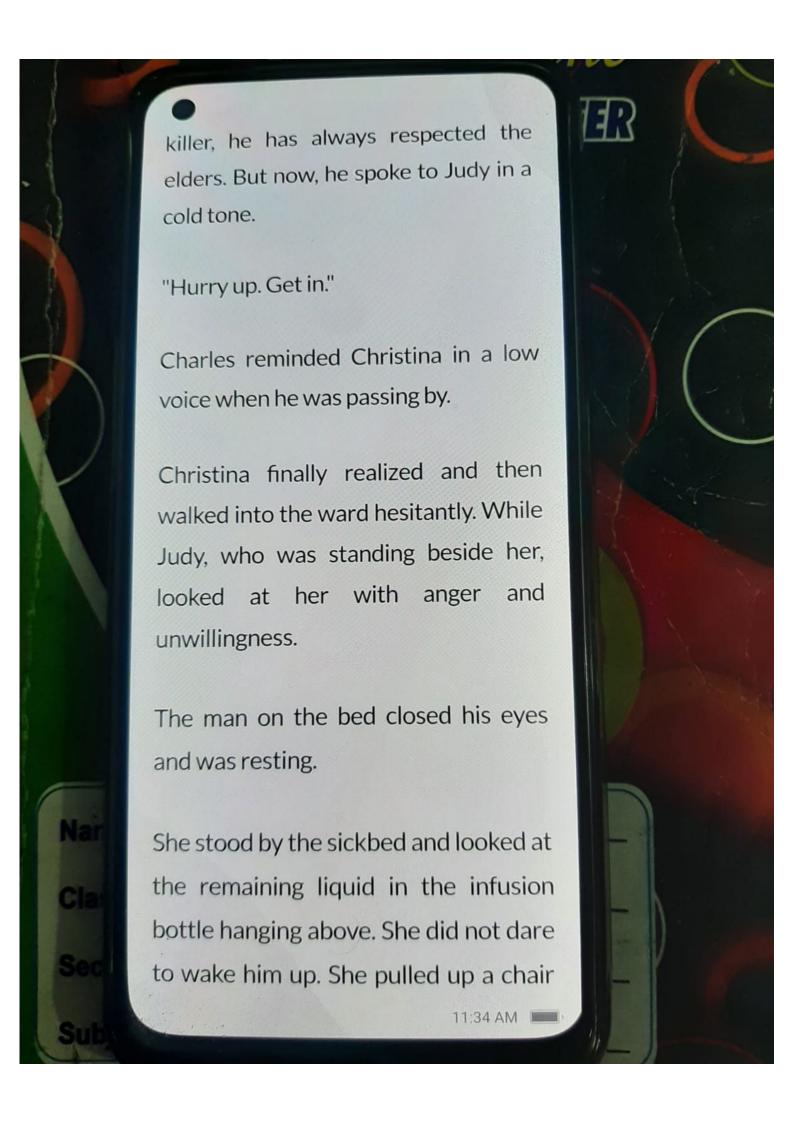












carefully and sat by the bed, staring at the injection silently.

It was very quiet in the ward. The thick door had been closed, and there was only her and him in the ward.

Christina looked at the man in bed. She knew that he was not asleep. His face was pale and his brows were slightly furrowed as if he was thinking about something. She wanted to ask him something, but hesitated and fell silent again.

What were they talking about just now? If she asked him, he might not want to reply. But she felt that there must be something wrong.

She noticed that there was a small dent in the metal back of the sickbed. It

