

The bus stopped when it passed a high school. Several high school girl students in the back row quickly got out of the bus and looked at Patrick shyly at the last minute, feeling that their heartbeat quickened. This was the school where Christina used to study.

"Do you want to take a walk here?" She asked Patrick, who was sitting next to her.

Patrick didn't say anything. In fact, he was okay with that.

Christina, on the other hand, looked at the outside excitedly. She could still recognize the familiar gate, the serious guard, and the old locust tree opposite the school.

"Today is a weekday. The guards will not allow us to get in... Fine, forget it." she said to herself.

And even if they could sneak in to the school. It was likely that Patrick would be paid attention.

The bus closed the door and began to move slowly again.

Although her aunt asked her to take Patrick out for a walk, Christina had no destination herself. They sat on the bus and passed all the stops. They just watched the scenery outside the window along the way.

It's really boring to kill time by taking a bus.

Both of them were quiet, but they found it was valuable to get along with each other in such a simple way.

Finally, the bus arrived at its destination. They had no choice but to get off.

That place was quite secluded. They just rambled there to kill time..

After walking for about ten minutes, Christina saw an open community in front of her. This community was a famous old community. It was so vast that harbored more than 20000 residents.

"It's quite lively there. Usually, a lot of old people and children come here to hang out, and there are a lot of snack stalls..." As she spoke, she walked straight ahead.

Patrick just followed her without saying anything.

"Patrick, do you want to go anywhere?"

As she walked, she asked the man beside her.

In fact, Christina also knew that she wouldn't get any answer, because Patrick didn't have any idea. He just followed her steps and walked for a while.

There were small shops selling daily necessities and clothes on both sides. She stopped outside the window of a

clothing store. Patrick stood beside her and followed her sight.

He thought she wanted to get in. But Christina seemed to take no interest in the clothes inside and continued to walk forward.

Christina suddenly said, "Those clothes are not suitable for you."

The men's clothes sold by these small shops were a little outdated, and the quality wasn't that good.

Patrick froze for a few seconds. He didn't expect that she wanted to buy clothes for him.

Getting closer, there were many temporary snack stalls on the left side of the sidewalk. "Are you thirsty? Do you want any drink?" Christina strode towards a drinks stall with great interest.

"Lady, what milk tea would you like?" The waitress greeted her.

Milk tea was indeed girls' favorite drink. Christina replied subconsciously, "A cup of mango milk tea..." But then she paused and changed her words. "No, I want a cup of iced taro milk tea."

"Okay, please wait a moment."

Patrick had already stood beside Christina. The waitress looked at this handsome man in front of her and asked him shyly, "Sir, what do you want..."

"Do you have mineral water? A bottle of mineral water, please" Christina said quickly.

She knew that Patrick didn't like milk tea.

"We have no mineral water. We only sell milk tea." The girl looked a little embarrassed. She pointed at the distance enthusiastically and nervously. "If you want to buy mineral water, there's a convenience store."

"I want the same as hers." Patrick suddenly spoke in a faint voice.

Patrick looked really outstanding. Even if he spoke in a normal tone, he could make people feel his dignity.

When the waitress heard, she immediately said, "Okay."

Christina changed a flavour for him. "A cup of coffee milk tea with less sugar and less ice, please."

The waitress hesitated for a moment and felt that she had been in a dilemma.

"Listen to her." Finally, Patrick said in a flat tone.

"Okay."

The girl blushed and immediately went to make milk tea.

"You don't like sweet drinks. This coffee flavour may be more suitable for you." Christina pointed at Patrick's milk tea and said, then she took out her cell phone to pay.

Patrick stood quietly and watched her operation.

Feeling his curiosity, Christina took a step closer to him and taught him how to pay online. At the same time, she smiled cheerfully. "Charles sent a lot of red envelopes in Whatsapp. I snatched a lot... Do you have any money in your Whatsapp? I'll transfer some to you."

Patrick seldom use Whatsapp. Usually, he only take credit cards and cash when he went out. He certainly didn't know how to pay online.

Christina taught him how to transfer and take money. Then, she transferred 3,000 dollars to his account.

"If you think that's not enough, you can bind your own bank card and charge it directly." She pointed at the screen and told him.

Patrick looked at the screen and his sight stopped for her bright face which reflected on the screen. She was teaching him carefully. Her thin lips curved in an imperceptible angle.

"Thank you for coming."

The waitress said with a smile as she saw them off. She breathed a sigh of relief and felt that she had met two figures.

Christina felt tired as she had walked for a long time. She sat down on a chair under the tree. She looked around to see people coming and going in the park, while drinking her milk tea.

Patrick sat next to her naturally. He was not thirsty but took a sip of his milk tea. It was still very sweet. He didn't like sugar..

In fact, it couldn't said that she didn't know him at all. At least she would remember his words.

A refreshing breeze is blowing gently, making people feel sleepy. Although it was noon, the sky was covered with a thick clouds, so that the sunlight was cut. The weather was very comfortable.

"Patrick, why do you like me?" She asked suddenly.

He failed to make a quick reaction. A dull expression appeared on Patrick's calm face. At the same time, Christina looked straight at him with her clear and bright eyes.

"I don't know." His voice was a little hoarse.

Christina felt a little embarrassed and turned her head away slightly.

In fact, she just asked on impulse. The wind was so comfortable that it brought people countless thoughts. She remembered that, he used to be a teaching assistant for her, she also thought of the old locust tree outside the school, and he had a pocket watch.

"Patrick, do you want a puppy?"

She suddenly asked him again. Being too excited, she turned her head to get closer to him. Her breath was intertwined with his. They were so close that they could touch each other with the tip of the noses.

Patrick was not used to her sudden approach. He knew very well that this girl always had a lot of strange ideas and was always energetic.

"There are puppies selling there. Let's go over and take a look..."

Without waiting for his answer, Christina broke into a trot with him. In the center of the community park, a middle-aged man were selling three small pet dogs.

Christina walked closer and saw these fluffy white puppies clearly. She got excited, "Grandpa said that you had a Labrador when you were a child. After it died, you didn't have any animal..."

She turned to look at him. "Patrick, do you want? I can buy one for you." She said so naturally.

The man who sold the dog heard that, then laughed. He looked at Patrick and teased him, "This beautiful girl likes you so much. She wants to spend money for you. You must buy one home, or she will feel unhappy."

She would like to dote on him too.

Today, Patrick was always in a daze. He stared blankly at the girl beside him for a while.

His voice came from his chest. "No, thanks." He refused in a soft tone.

Christina didn't mean to do anything at the beginning. She just thought that she had enough money to buy a puppy for him. Now she felt a little embarrassed after listening to Patrick's gentle refusal.

Then, it rained suddenly.

The rain was not that heavy but was constant, which quickly wet people's clothes.

The uncle who sold the dog also quickly took his puppy to shelter from the rain. The pedestrians in the park also stayed under the roofs. Christina reacted quickly. Her expression became a little bit anxious, then she took Patrick's hand and ran together with him.

The umbrella in the convenience store sold out quickly. When it was her turn to pay, there was only a smallest umbrella left.

"We can't call a taxi without walking out of this community." As Christina spoke, she opened the umbrella. It seemed

that the rain would last for a long time. She thought they might go back now. Then they walked together step by step.

The drizzle blew, making her body feel a little cold as she walked in the rain.

Patrick was taller than her, so he wanted to take the umbrella. But she held it hard and didn't want to give it to him.

After walking for a while, Patrick found that her shoulders were wet. She tilted the umbrella on his side, while she herself was wet.

Just then, Christina raised her head, as the drizzle wet her clothes. She said, "You have an injury on the back. You can't get wet."

At that moment, Patrick stared at her with all his eyes.



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Christina went home drenched.

Her clothes and long hair were wet through, but she didn't care about it. Betty opened the door for them, and saw Christina in such a mess. "Auntie, I'm hungry," Christina said.

Betty felt helpless.

She glanced at Patrick, who was standing beside Christina, putting away a small umbrella. He stood straight as he always did, but now he didn't seem as cold as he used to be. Betty sensed that there was more tenderness on his handsome face. Strangely, Patrick was not drenched.

"Your father and grandmother went home early from the hospital. He'll definitely complain if he sees you in such a mess."

Betty grumbled at Christina.

Actually, getting wet was not a big deal, especially for her niece who always hurt herself before. Maybe Christina just wanted to bathe in the rain.

"Stay here." Betty then hurried to get a clean towel.

"Okay."

Christina stood at the door. Water was dripping down her body, and her long black hair was sticking to her fair face. She was like Sadako.

"Patrick, go in." She turned to look at the man beside her. There were beads of rain on her long eyelashes, and her clear eyes were pure and beautiful.

But Patrick did not move. He looked at her affectionately, and gently stroked her hair sticking to her cheeks with his big palm.

"Do I look like a ghost now?" She smiled.

Patrick, who had always been cold, chuckled. Without saying anything, he smoothed her hair back.

He looked at her quietly, his eyes focused and gentle.

Christina felt a little awkward. She turned her face slightly and subconsciously took a step back. However, Patrick pulled her back quickly, carried her tightly in his arms, lowered his head, and kissed her.

His lips were hot and he kissed hard.

Christina was drenched in the rain, and her cheeks was a little cold. Now, Patrick suddenly kissed her, and she could

clearly feel his burning body.

Her mind went blank for a moment and didn't wrench herself free until she saw Betty coming over with a big towel. Christina blushed and immediately pushed him away.

Oh, how embarrassing.

Betty was very surprised. She knew that they wouldn't break off all relations when she saw Patrick went back to the Dickens family with Christina, but he was a cold and rational man. It was unlikely that he couldn't control his surge of love and desire like normal young people.

Being stared by her aunt with meaningful eyes, Christina really wanted to escape from home. Her family had quite conservative views, but she and Patrick were so bold just now.

Christina reached for the big towel, wrapped it around her head, and rubbed her hair. "I'll go back to my room first." She gabbled and ran into the house.

Achoo.

She went back to her room to take a hot bath and stayed there for two hours before she dawdled downstairs. She felt an itch in her nose and sneezed.

"You're already a mother but still can't take care of yourself." Downstairs, Donald sat in the living room, planning to teach Christina a lesson.

Other girls were obedient, quiet, and decent, but Christina was always so casual. Donald really regretted allowing her grandfather to indulge her when she was a child.

Christina sat on the sofa opposite her father and said seriously, "Dad, it's incredible that I have two kids."

"Why?"

Donald snorted angrily, looked at Patrick who had been silent, and raised his tone coldly. "Things would be easier if you were not the father." Donald said with sarcasm. Obviously, he was still angry with Patrick.

If Patrick was not the kids' father, Donald would chase him out immediately.

Christina was confused why her father was angry, so she explained, "I mean I feel a little uneasy to be a mother."

Women always had this kind of feeling. Christina felt she was a student yesterday, but suddenly, she had been a mother.

"Humph, you are always imagining." Donald glared at her.

"Dinner's ready."

Betty took out the last pot of soup from the kitchen and shouted towards the living room.

"Just grab a little to eat. We'll go out for dinner tonight." It was a typical home-cooking meal, with three dishes and a soup.

Originally, Betty wanted to go to the market to buy more ingredients, but she delayed because she took Patrick's shirt to the cleaner, and it was already raining heavily before she went to the market. Besides, she received a call and was informed that Donald and Mrs. Dickens came back earlier, so she also hurried home.

They sat at the round table, unlike the long one in the Hopkins family. Although it was smaller, it made the family atmosphere warmer.

"Forgive me for the plain cooking. Have more."

Mrs. Dickens sat in the middle and greeted Patrick politely.

Patrick nodded at her and then started eating as gracefully as usual.

Patrick was well trained about the table etiquette by the Hopkins family, but the woman next to him was different. Christina stared at her bowl and did not eat.

Donald glared at her. "What are you doing? Eat." In contrast, Patrick was much better-mannered than her.

"Didn't you just say you were hungry?" Betty urged.

She looked up. "After I took a hot bath, I don't feel hungry anymore."

Betty looked at her helplessly. "Do you want some noodles? There's some beef in the fridge."

Christina was about to say yes, but her father interpreted unhappily, "Don't spoil her."

"Can't your daughter have a good meal when she's home?" Mrs. Dickens said and motioned for Betty to cook beef noodles.

"Cook it yourself." Donald had always been strict with Christina.

Betty stood up. "Donald, do you want to destroy my kitchen? How could you let Christina cook?" She giggled.

Everyone knew very well that Christina was a bad cook. It took Betty a lot of time to clean up the kitchen after Christina cooked.

"If you didn't indulge her, how could she fail to cook noodles at such an age?"

Christina retorted recklessly, "Dad, I can cook noodles." But it tasted bad.

"Shut up." Donald was furious.



Hearing them criticising Christina, Patrick remained silent. He did not have much affection or disgust for the Dickens family, but their conversation at the dinner table was quite harmonious, at least Patrick felt more comfortable now.

In the end, Betty cooked a bowl of beef noodle. Though it looked good, smelled good, and tasted good, Christina had no appetite. She drank some soup and ate a little, leaving more than half of the bowl full even with beef, and she was inevitably taught another lesson by her father for this.

The drizzle outside had gradually stopped.

In the afternoon, Mrs. Dickens and Christina chatted in the living room, but Christina felt a little dizzy maybe because she had a cold. She answered every question her grandmother asked.

"Christina, how are you and Patrick now?" Mrs. Dickens asked her in a low, mysterious voice.

If Christina was with any other men, she would ask him directly if there were any questions, but now Christina was with Patrick Hopkins, who couldn't be treated casually, so Mrs. Dickens asked Christina.

Christina was in a daze. She didn't answer Mrs. Dickens' question, and her voice was a little weak. "How's Patrick... Patrick is not picky about food."

Mrs. Dickens looked at tired Christina. "Have a nap in your room. You didn't eat much in lunch, and your aunt said that we would go out for dinner tonight. We'll go to your favourite restaurant."

"Fine." She looked a little dull.

Christina slowly went back to her room. She lay down, covered herself with the quilt, and quickly fell into a deep sleep.

She let Patrick stay in her room, and now Patrick went in but saw her on the big bed.

He approached slowly towards the bed, staring at her. Half of her face was buried in the pillow, and her long hair was disheveled. She was wrapped tightly in the quilt and stretched her legs comfortably. She didn't look like a girl born in a rich family.

It was a single bed, and Christina occupied more than half of it. Patrick did not want to disturb her, so he sat quietly by the edge of the bed and looked at her. She looked very obedient when she fell asleep.

At 6 pm, when Betty went upstairs to wake Christina up, she surprisedly found Patrick sitting by Christina's bed. He did not do anything inappropriate, but looked at her quietly.

Betty coughed and walked in. "Christina, get up. We're going out for dinner."

"... I'm not hungry. I'm not going."

She clutched the soft bed and refused to move.

"I've already reserved a table. Hurry up." Betty knew well that Christina always stay in bed even she had waken up, and she had to make her get up masterfully.

Christina slept drowsily with her eyes closed. She rolled over and covered her head with the quilt, "I don't want to..."

"Sleep after we have dinner. Or your father will be angry." Betty complained and went to pull Christina's quilt.

Patrick stood up and said, "Stay quiet."

Betty was shocked and turned to look at him.

Patrick still looked indifferent. He glanced at her, as if he was saying, "Let Christina sleep if she wants to."

Betty sighed, "She's always like this, sleeping late... She almost didn't eat at noon, and should eat more in supper. She's ten pounds thinner than before."

Although Betty was only Christina's aunt, she loved Christina very much, especially when Betty saw her suffer from postpartum depression partly because of Betty's fault. Since that, Christina had lost a lot of weight, so Betty had always wanted her to have more.

The solution was easy. "We can pack for her," Patrick said.

Seeing that Patrick was firm, Betty gave up waking Christina up, but felt helpless because Donald would definitely say that they were spoiling Christina again.

"Christina, what do you want to eat? We'll pack it for you."

Betty asked softly, but Christina didn't answer as if she slept deeply, and even her breathing had become very low.

Helplessly, Betty bent over and approached Christina. "We'll go to your favourite restaurant. Do you want pies, pasta, or pizzas?"

"Christina? Wake up."

Betty sensed something wrong, but Patrick moved even faster. He took a big step forward to touch Christina's forehead in a hurry. He frowned.

Christina had a fever.



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## Chapter 410

Christina was burning. She rolled over and over uncomfortably, gave a faint moan, and mumbled, "I'm not hungry..." Her cheeks were ruddy.

"You must have been all tired out in Switzerland. What's more, you got soaked in the rain at noon..."

Betty took out a thermometer and measured Christina's temperature, nagging.

"You are too skinny. You might easily get sick."

Finally, she sighed. Christina used to be in good health before she married into the Hopkins family.

Betty went downstairs and told Donald about Christina's illness. The fever of 102 degrees Fahrenheit was not particularly serious for adults. But Mrs. Dickens was still worried and said, "Why did she suddenly fall sick?"

Donald's face was gloomy, and a wave of inexplicable anger took hold of him.

"What did she get from marrying into the Hopkins family? Look how she is afflicted by illness!"

He had objected to the marriage from the beginning. He did not care about the high position and great wealth of the Hopkins family. All Patrick had given her was sufferings in their one-year marriage.

Betty also felt a little complicated.

"Christina has been in excellent health since she was a child. She rarely gets sick... Should we take her to the hospital for an injection of antipyretic?" Mrs. Dickens suggested.

Betty took some alcohol and antipyretics and went upstairs, busy tending to Christina. She poked her head and said, "She doesn't want to go to the hospital."

"I think she'll be fine. Patrick gave her alcohol rubs and put a fever patch on her forehead. Now her body temperature is 100 degrees. Let her sleep for a while. Her fever should be gone soon."

Christina's grandfather was General Eisenhower. She was his only granddaughter. Ever since she was born, she had been favored, so she became willful and courageous. But she was also raised by high standards in dealing with people and physical exercise, so she rarely got sick growing up. It was strange that she suddenly had a fever.

This provoked some resentment of the Dickens family against the Hopkins family. Thinking of this, Betty could not help but sigh.

They didn't go out to eat. Betty cooked something casual as dinner.

"When she wakes up later, ask her to eat some porridge and take some antipyretics."

Betty was cooking porridge when she saw Patrick coming down the stairs. "Patrick, let's have dinner first..."

Patrick ignored her and strode out of the door.

Betty looked at his back in surprise. She didn't know where he was going, nor did she dare to stop him. Although he was nominally the son-in-law of the Dickens family, he was also the Young Master Hopkins. She could not utter a word of complaint.

After all, Christina counted as marrying above herself into the Hopkins family. They were not well-matched in social and economic status.

Mrs. Dickens bit her tongue. She sat at the table and looked at the simple dishes. Inevitably, she felt a little inferior.

The Hopkins family lived an extravagant life, so it seemed unbecoming to serve Patrick with these home-cooked dishes. Especially now that the Dickens family had suffered a decline in family fortunes, she felt that Patrick would look down on them.

The old lady sighed too.

Donald slammed his chopsticks on the table and said angrily, "Betty, go and lock the door. Don't let any outsider in."

Betty was in a dilemma. She knew that Donald was clearly venting his anger on the Hopkins family and didn't want Patrick to come into the house.

She had just stood up when the door was suddenly opened.

A strange man came in, wearing a restaurant uniform and holding a large cardboard box carefully with both hands. He asked, "Sir, where do you should I put the takeout?"

"Who are you? Who let you in?"

Donald's face darkened as he saw the stranger enter his house without knocking. He immediately took his crutch and walked over quickly, snarling.

Seeing that he was walking so fast with his crutch, Betty was afraid that he would fall down in a fit of anger. She quickly ran over, supported him, and frowned at the delivery man.

"We didn't order takeout..."

Before Betty could finish speaking, there were footsteps on the other side of this door. Turning around, she saw another delivery man come in with a large cardboard box in his hands. "These are soups. Where do you want them?"

"Who ordered this?"

"The gentleman outside..."



Finally, Patrick came in, also with a large carton of takeout in his hands.

The food in these three large boxes filled the dining table, the coffee table, and even the tv cabinet. There was no space left in the living room.

The two delivery men put down the food and said warmly, "Have a good dinner." Then they left quickly.

Betty was a little befuddled. There were so many different kinds of food, soup, porridge, fried food, steamed food, rice noodles, steamed buns, red beans in syrup, and even ice cream.

Donald was also confused, but he recognized the logo of the restaurant. It's the favorite restaurant of his picky daughter.

Patrick didn't say anything. He strode up to the second floor.

Donald's face was still gloomy. He urged, "Betty, go up and take a look. She just has a fever. What is he fiddling about?"

Betty sighed. Patrick had become heinous to Donald. She followed Patrick. It went without saying that Patrick had bought these for Christina.

"No."

As soon as Betty entered the room, she heard a murmur coming from inside, "No." Christina's eyes remained closed as if she was too lazy to open them. She refused to eat.

"Eat some porridge before taking the antipyretic..."

"No."

"Whatever you want, it's downstairs..."

Patrick was sitting on the edge of the bed, staring at the sick woman on the bed. His voice was very soft as if it was the first time he tried to please a woman.

Betty was shocked to see this.

She had never seen Patrick so gentle. He was asking about what she wanted in a low and patient voice.

"Rice noodles, soup noodles?" He was still bargaining.

"No."

Patrick frowned. He seemed a little angry to be rejected so many times. Betty saw this and hurried in. She didn't expect Young Master Hopkins to have much patience with women.



"Christina rarely gets sick. When she's sick, she'd be a little bad-tempered. Just leave her alone. She'll get better..."

Betty said gently. She was telling the truth, but Patrick looked up at her sourly.

His cold and sharp eyes suggested that to her, ignoring Christina now was equivalent to abusing her.

Betty sighed again, not knowing what to say.

On the other side of the room, Patrick continued to persuade Christina patiently, "Drink some soup. There's your favorite sea cucumber soup."

The woman on the bed heard that faintly, and she hesitated.

"Eat something. You don't have to go to the hospital if you take antipyretics..."

"I don't want to go to the hospital!"

She suddenly cried out, then muffled herself in the quilt.

Patrick held back his anger and reached out to grab the quilt, lest she was suffocated. "Christina, listen to me!" For a moment, he released a flash of anger.

Hearing that, the woman on the bed opened her eyes slightly and looked at him. Her expression was a little dull and her eyes were confused. Patrick looked at her sickly appearance and felt sorry. He immediately regretted his forceful tone.

He lowered his voice and discussed with her, "Christina, what do you want to eat? Eat something before taking the medicine, okay? If you take the medicine, I'll do anything you want. I promise."

Betty looked at him in disbelief and suddenly had a strange idea in her heart.

Patrick was now unusually gentle and patient. Although he was very worried, he seemed happy to see Christina so delicate because of illness and enjoyed taking care of her like this.

When Christina was sick, she would be very obedient and quiet. Betty guessed that Patrick had a false expectation that Christina would play the woman in front of him. But the truth was, even when she was a child and got sick, she had never cried or made a scene, and certainly not acted like a spoiled child.

On the bed, Christina was tightly wrapped in a duvet, and only her head stuck out of it. Her skin was hot. She had a peaches-and-cream complexion on her face and her neck. Her long black hair on her pillow was disheveled. Patrick subconsciously reached out and adjusted her hair.

But the woman in bed seemed to find him too annoying.

"Don't disturb me."

Christina was so sick that she waved her hand and ignored him in a daze. Then she turned over and buried her face in the pillow as if she wanted to keep quiet and not be disturbed.

Patrick's handsome face stiffened.

He remembered that those sick women were very fragile, and they would act coquettishly and rely on others...

Why was this different from what he had thought?

Betty wanted to laugh, but of course, she didn't dare to.

She coughed and repeated the previous proposal. "I took her temperature. The fever's started to go down. Let her sleep. Don't bother her. When she wakes up later, she will feel hungry and look for food on her own."

"Go downstairs and eat something first..."

There was so much food downstairs. Betty reckoned that Patrick had thought that if he ordered every kind, there would definitely be one that Christina would like to eat a few mouthfuls. He must have not expected Christina to completely ignore him.

Betty thought that the man would be unwilling to leave. But after a while, he nodded coolly at her and then went straight downstairs.

Betty bent down and tucked Christina in. Then she leaned sideways and looked at Patrick's back.

She was surprised to see him so patient.

Previously, she didn't want her niece to be with Patrick. Apart from her sister's ridiculous affairs with Victor before, she was also afraid that people from a rich family like the Hopkins would bully Christina.

However, now things did not seem like how she had imagined.

Patrick went downstairs. He was planning to take a sea cucumber soup upstairs and use both coercion and cajolery to make Christina eat something. She should be thirsty because of her fever. Plus, when he mentioned the sea cucumber soup just now, she hesitated, which meant that she might resist it.

However, as he was about to enter the living room, Donald scolded him with a cold face.

"My daughter doesn't need your charity. Take all these things away. She won't eat the things you buy and she doesn't like you to take care of her. You're not welcome here!"

Donald was full of rage and wanted to throw Patrick out.

Patrick's face instantly darkened. He looked straight at the middle-aged man who was blocking his way.

"That is between me and my wife. Leave us alone." He said coldly, suppressing his emotions.

Donald was furious. "There is nothing between you and her! You've been forcing her from the beginning. She shouldn't have had anything to do with someone like you. You have been operating..."

"Hopkins, I don't care what you're thinking. She should not get involved in your complicated situation. Besides, your children are not a tool. Don't despicably try to use them to practice moral blackmail on her!"

"She's the daughter. I raised her myself. I know her. She's very independent and strong. She doesn't need to rely on men. She doesn't need someone like you to take care of her!" Donald's angry voice echoed in the house.

Betty heard the noise, so she quickly went downstairs to check. Mrs. Dickens was on the other side of the living room, and she also walked over anxiously, trying to lighten the atmosphere.

Patrick's face was tense as he listened to the reproach but he did not refute it.

Christina's words came to his mind. "I didn't ask you to save me. I don't need you."

Betty felt nervous to see how quiet Patrick was.

After a while, Patrick looked at them coldly and said in a calm voice. "You have two choices..."

"You either choose to be my family or my enemies."

His voice was cold and deep.

Betty was stunned. As for Donald, he didn't expect Patrick's threat. He glared at Patrick ferociously.

Patrick acted as if nothing had happened. He went straight past Donald, found a warm sea cucumber soup on the dining table, and strode straight up to the second floor.

Thinking of something, he paused and added coldly, "She's my wife. We won't divorce."



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"What's wrong? Who made Dad angry?"

Christina who was hungry woke up in the middle of the night after her high fever subsided. She got up and went to the kitchen to look for food. She was surprised that no one in the family was asleep. It seemed that something was wrong.

The most important thing was that when Christina was eating stir-fried rice noodles with beef, Donald suddenly glared at her. She thought that her father didn't want her to eat the rice noodles which were too hot, so she started to eat pork buns. However, her father still stared at her angrily, as if she had done something outrageous.

According to her previous experience, Christina leaned closer to Betty. "Did my father annoy me when I wanted to sleep just now? He was scolded away by me?"

Christina rarely got sick. Once she was not feeling well, her family would be very nervous. Although Donald was usually fierce, he would care about her when she was sick. However, Christina, ungrateful, thought he was annoying, so every time she recovered from her illness, Donald would make a stink face.

Betty warmed up a bowl of scallop porridge for Christina. "Eat more," she said with a helpless smile on her face, shaking her head. She did not explain why Donald was so angry tonight.

"Betty, why did you order so much takeout..." Christina, a little confused, had a good appetite, seeing that there was sugar water and ice cream in the fridge.

Donald felt even unhappier when he saw how happy Christina was.

He didn't want to see his daughter anymore, giving a loud snort and going back to his room to rest.

"Christina, don't eat too much. I'm going to bed." Mrs. Dickens glanced at the clock. It was past one in the morning.

"Okay."

Christina nodded, noticing that her grandmother's expression was a little strange.

Christina was in good health. Although she had a high fever, she did not need to take any medicine. After sleeping for half a day, she regained her vitality. After Christina finished eating, Betty cleaned up and asked her where she was going to sleep the rest of the night.

Christina didn't understand for a moment. "If I occupy the bed in my room, where will Patrick sleep?" She had to sleep with her aunt.

Betty's expression was a little confused. It was easier to understand if she made it clear. Christina and Patrick were married, and they should sleep together.

"Betty, did my father quarrel with Patrick when I was asleep?"



Christina suddenly asked, looking at Patrick, who was sitting in the living room and quietly watching the international channel.

Betty sighed.

Christina guessed half right, and it wasn't a fight. Patrick made it clear that his private affairs were not to be questioned by the Dickens family, and that no one was allowed to sow discord. He didn't agree to divorce.

"My father and grandmother looked at Patrick with a strange expression just now," Christina muttered to herself.

After midnight, Christina consciously ran to Betty's room to sleep and let Patrick sleep in her bedroom. The next morning, everyone was fine. They got up at seven o'clock and then sat around the table for breakfast.

It seemed that after a night, everyone became polite to each other again, but Christina felt it was very strange.

Christina felt that there was something wrong with Patrick.

"Grandma, Dad, Betty, we have to go back first. There are some urgent issues to be handled at the company. We'll come to see you next week." After lunch, Patrick suddenly spoke to Christina's family like this.

Christina stared at him in shock.

Patrick maintained his usual indifferent expression. He called Christina's family so straightforwardly and didn't feel embarrassed at all.

Mrs. Dickens and Betty, who were sitting at the same table, were also shocked.

Even Donald, a sophisticated man, who had been making a living in the business world for so many years, was surprised when Patrick suddenly called him Dad.

Although it was normal for a son-in-law to call his father-in-law "Father," it was very strange for Patrick to call him Dad.

Christina thought that her father would definitely scold Patrick, but the whole family fell silent.

After lunch, Betty packed Christina's things and actually asked her to leave with Patrick.

"Ah? Am I really leaving?"

Christina thought the whole family wouldn't agree. Why could Patrick take her away with him after he said that? Besides, her family had a grudge against Patrick, so it was impossible for her family to let her go so easily.

"You've spent so much time in Switzerland before. Patrick must have to deal with something urgent in his company. We won't blame you. You can go back to A City..."



Betty prepared several bags of C City's famous specialties for Christina. "Old Master Hopkins should like this tea. Take it back..."

"Auntie Betty, do you really agree to let me go with him?" Christina was a little incredulous.

"Or what do you think will happen..." Betty couldn't help laughing.

"Do you think your father will strongly discourage you from being together, angrily ask Patrick to leave, and then ask you to get a divorce? We might really have such extreme thoughts in the past, but now... No matter what, you two have two children. Can you bear to leave your twin sons?"

Christina was silent for a moment at the mention of her twin sons.

"You're already married. You should leave with Patrick and not stay at home."

With a smile, Betty looked at Christina gently, took a comb in front of the dresser, and gently combed Christina's long hair. "Christina, you should study hard how to be a qualified wife and a qualified mother."

"I see." Christina nodded.

Betty originally wanted to tell Christina that she should pay attention to the rules in the Hopkins family and come back to tell her family when she was wronged. But looking at Christina's calm expression, Betty didn't feel the need to say that. Christina should not be wronged in the Hopkins family.

"Then we'll go back to A City first. We'll come back to see you when we have time." Christina was sent away by the Dickens family.

"Grandma, Dad, Auntie Betty, we're leaving."

Patrick said goodbye to Christina's family in his deep voice, carrying some of the gifts that Betty had prepared for them. Christina and he got into the taxi and waved at the Dickens family.

"My family was scared by you."

After a long drive, Christina couldn't help but say, "Why did you call them for no reason? My father and grandmother must have been scared, so they quickly let me go with you."

"Oh."

Patrick didn't care at all. He looked at her sideways and added, "That's good."

After Patrick considered them to be his family, Donald could only let Christina go with him.

Patrick leaned back against the back seat of the car and closed his eyes. His cold face relaxed as if he had just completed an important negotiation.

Christina felt that something had been hidden and asked him warily, "Patrick, to be honest, did you say anything to my dad and the others when I fell asleep with a fever last night..."

Patrick reacted quickly, opening his eyes. "Christina, speaking of your fever last night..." His tone was a little angry.

It was good not to mention it. He was sulking at the mention of it.

When Christina was sick, she didn't cry or make a fuss. Besides, she didn't act coquettishly or talk to anyone.

Patrick had no special preference in his life. He could get whatever he wanted, but suddenly, he felt a little disappointed. He had been looking forward to the day when Christina would become very obedient and dependent on him... But It seemed that it would never come true in this life.

"What?" Christina asked him seriously.

Patrick's expression was unfathomable and he said in a strange tone, "Christina, you were quite calm when you were sick." Christina didn't cry out for pain or make a scene, let alone act coquettishly and beg him.

Thinking about it, Christina told him proudly, "I only want to sleep when I'm drunk. I'm not as noisy as other women. I'm very quiet. Just don't disturb me when I'm drunk."

She felt that as a wife, these were all her strengths.

The car drove all the way to the international airport, and at this time, Patrick's unhappy face was reflected in the window.

He didn't like her good qualities.



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**Michael Sadia**  
Gooood

2022/01/24

## Chapter 412

They went back to the residence of the Hopkins family.

Christina felt mixed feelings when she walked through the gate of the Main Residence. She'd lived here for a year but she'd been in a different state of mind. At that time, she'd been hellbent on leaving this place after giving birth as if it was a job that she couldn't wait to quit.

Being brought home by Patrick now, she really felt she belonged to this family and got nervous as if she were a newlywed.

"What are you thinking?"

Patrick's velvet voice sounded when he noticed her frown.

"Nothing," Christina answered unnaturally as the driver opened the door for her and she got out.

"Welcome back, Young Master Hopkins, Junior Mrs. Hopkins."

Nanny Faang, the housekeeper, walked to them and took over the gift bags in their hands with a beaming face. "How is Mrs. Dickens? How was your trip?"

She'd been worried that Patrick would have a hard time in the Dickens family. Seeing them come back so soon was a great relief to her.

Christina looked around and asked, "Are the butler and grandpa not back yet?"

They'd come back the other day and Old Master Hopkins had happened to go to visit a friend. He should've come back after so many days.

Nanny Faang smiled a little awkwardly. "Old Master Hopkins called last night and asked about you. He'll be back in a few days."

Christina thought it weird but actually felt more comfortable without Old Master Hopkins at home.

She pointed at a tea box and said, "This is some tea for grandpa. I hope he likes it..."

"He'll definitely like it," Nanny Faang blurted out excitedly.

"I hope so," Christina said without much emotion in her voice.

Christina was the type that could fake easy familiarity.

"You two go to the Eastern Garden to have a rest first. I'll go get the dinner prepared."

Nanny Faang was elevated. She rushed into the Main Residence with the gift bags in her hands and grabbed her

phone to make a call as if she was in a hurry to make a report to someone.

Seeing Christina's thoughtful expression, Patrick said, "Grandpa thinks you may feel this place more comfortable without him." He actually thought the old man had left because he wasn't ready to face Christina.

Christina was perplexed. "Why?"

"He did something wrong and feels contrite."

Patrick's voice was flat as he sold his grandpa down the river without hesitation. Before Christina replied, he held her hand and walked towards the Eastern Garden.

Being half dragged, Christina didn't protest but her mind was racing.

They hadn't had a pleasant time the last time she'd met Old Master Hopkins. Technically, she'd been kicked out of the house of the Hopkins family.

"Are you angry?"

Unsettled by her obedience, Patrick spun his head and cast his deep eyes over her face.

"What?" She looked up at him in a daze.

Patrick was amused by the silly look on her face and smiled. "What's on your mind?"

"Don't look at me like that." Christina flushed.

She paused and added awkwardly, "Tell grandpa I'm not angry with him." She didn't have the nerve to do that.

Patrick looked at her intently. He knew she wasn't angry with his grandpa. She was always so soft-hearted, thanks to which he could still be with her after all the harm he'd brought her.

Patrick felt very touched and suddenly threw his arm around her shoulders to bring her closer.

Christina was startled by the sudden intimacy. Unlike Charles and others toffs, Patrick was aloof to everyone. He was a block of ice and never flirted with women. Christina thought holding hands was all she could expect from him.

Christina suddenly came to a realization.

Patrick had barely dated any woman so he was quite reticent about his feelings.

She would never ask him directly for fear that she might arouse him right on the spot.

After returning to their room, Christina made a call to tell her family she'd arrived safe and sound.

"I have reached the residence of the Dickens family."

She called her aunt.

"Grandpa is not at home... The boys? Patrick asked me to go to the babies' room after I take a bath. He said the boys need to sleep enough or they'll cry..."

Betty huffed a laugh. "I didn't know you were so amenable in front of your husband."

Christina blushed and retorted in a low voice, "I'm not."

Betty was reassured and said earnestly, "I'm glad that you get along well with Patrick. Keep in mind that respect and inclusion make a lasting marriage."

Donald's anxious voice instantly rang out. "Save that respect and inclusion bullshit. Ask her to be fussy!"

"Come on, Donald, both of us wish them to have a happy life..."

The man's voice rose sharply over the line. "She's your niece. You know her can't do that good wife thing. She's a blockhead."

Pardon? Did her father just call her a blockhead?

"She's a foolish girl. Patrick will get tired of her sooner or later. Don't tell me you believe he'll love her forever."

"Not all big families are sophisticated. Patrick doesn't look like an unfaithful man. He's quite good to Christina."

Christina listened to the squabble on the phone with an expressionless face.

She turned her head and saw Patrick tugging at his tie in the cloakroom. The man happened to look her way and asked with his eyes what was going on.

Christina didn't tend to tell him that her father still had an issue with him and mouthed, "Call grandpa and ask him to come back."

Patrick raised his eyebrows and pulled off his tie, picking his phone up cooperatively.

"We just came back after visiting the Dickens family."

He rarely called his grandpa and sounded like he was having a business meeting.

The old man seemed to be in a good mood. Nanny Faang had informed him of their return. He cleared his throat and managed a serious voice, "I heard Christina brought me tea?"

"Betty forced her to bring it back to you," Patrick said frankly.

Old Master Hopkins's wrinkled face darkened.



So Christina didn't care about him at all. It was all in his head.

Patrick continued, "You chased her out of Hopkins family and she's still angry with you for that." He paused and added solemnly, "Stay outside for a few days, grandpa. Come back after she's not angry."

Beep. He hung up the phone.

Old Master Hopkins clutched the phone with a frigid face.

"Sir, shall we rush back for dinner?"

The butler had been staying in a resort with Old Master Hopkins recently and was euphoric to receive the call from Nanny Faang, thinking that they could finally go back.

Old Master Hopkins sat on an antique chair made of Phoebe Zhennan and slapped his phone on the table. "We'll stay here for another few days," he thundered.

The old butler looked confused. "Nanny Faang said Junior Mrs. Hopkins brought you some good tea. I think that means she's not angry anymore..."

He'd spent a year with Christina and knew that she was a willful girl but would not hold a grudge.

Old Master Hopkins demanded, "Maybe I should spend the rest of my life here. Children don't want you anymore after they grow up. I can't believe I was refused to go back to my own home."

The old butler soothed, "Don't you think Christina's disposition resembles that of Old Madam Hopkins? You shouldn't take seriously what she said in a fit of pique. You know her bark is worse than her bite."

"I'm not talking about Christina," Old Master Hopkins said through gritted teeth, "I'll rough that punk up after I go back."

The old butler was relieved. It turned out that the old man was angry with Patrick.



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