

Chapter 18

"Don't run! Catch her!"

The footsteps behind her were approaching. After hearing that rough voice, Christina's face turned pale from fear. She ran away in panic in the direction of the elevator...

"Ah, let me go."

She kept pressing the elevator nervously. As soon as the door opened, she wanted to rush in. Unexpectedly, on the other side of the stairs, a tall and ferocious man rushed over and caught her.

The man roughly grabbed her by the neck and warned her, "You heard it just now. It was Patrick who said the child

should be aborted. You'd better cooperate, or else don't blame us for being rude!"

When Christina heard the man mention the name Patrick, her eyes reddened and she retorted, "No! It is my child. I won't abort it!"

"Mr. Hopkins said that you have no right to bear his child!"

A man in doctor's robe rushed over, he shouted impatiently at the other two men, "Hurry up and do it!"

"Don't." She was so scared that she almost burst into tears.

"Let me go, I don't want an abortion..."
She was so frightened that she trembled and kept struggling and

writhing. She cried out in shock, "Save me. Help me, I don't want that. Let me go."

"What's that sound?"

It was the hospital shift time, and the corridor of the inpatient department was relatively quiet. Two nurses happened to pass by and looked around in confusion.

"What are you doing?"

The nurses walked towards the source of the sound and saw three men sneaking around the stairs.

"We're cleaning up some special medical waste..." Then there was a loud bang, and two men in white doctor's robes heavily covered a large lid.

The nurse felt a little strange, but the three men opposite had already pushed the white bucket into the elevator.

"I don't think I've seen these doctors. Which department are they from?"

"Never mind, our hospital is big with many interns..." The other nurse watched the elevator doors slowly close and said casually.

The elevator doors closed and it quickly descended to the underground parking lot.

Christina was thrown into the big bucket of dirty bedsheets and the lid on her head was pressed tightly. She was suffocating, breathing stiffly,

losing oxygen and losing
consciousness...

Why was Patrick so cruel?

Why didn't he listen to my
explanation...

She was depressed and desperate, and
her mind was in a mess. Before she
fainted, she heard a sinister voice, "We
got the money, we should get rid of her
as soon as possible."

"Have you done?"

The door was impatiently pushed
open, and Patrick's cold voice came.

Charles had just hung up the phone
and looked up at him. Patrick looked
aggressive and furious. No wonder he

was so angry at the hospital. It was because of this video.

"All relevant videos on the Internet have been removed, and the major media have been notified to keep an eye on users from uploading and spreading..."

Charles said and casually asked, "By the way, how is Christina now?"

Patrick's face darkened when he heard the name.

Charles lowered his head to avoid provoking Patrick. He swiped his phone and opened a video he had saved.

He couldn't believe that Christina had the guts to jump into the river to save

Cory. When Charles saw Christina crawling up the river with a soaked body, he whispered, "I didn't know she was so hot. No wonder this video is so popular..."

When Patrick heard Charles muttering, his face immediately darkened and he gave Charles a warning look.

Charles shrank and quickly deleted the video fearfully.

Charles quickly changed the subject. "Patrick, it seems that every time something happens to Christina, you will receive an anonymous message. Did you find out the source..."

Charles asked a serious question, which was very rare for him, but

Patrick looked a little absent-minded. He was thinking about something else.

Charles secretly looked at him and was very curious about what Patrick was thinking.

All of a sudden, Patrick stood up. He said coldly with an irritable expression, "Send the anonymous information to the Ministry of Industry and Information Technology to check, we'll know the situation tomorrow."

With that, Patrick strode straight towards the door with mixed feelings.

Charles looked at his back and shouted at him, "Are you really going to ignore Christina and go back to A City on your own?"

Patrick had never been patient with women. He would leave Christina alone under such circumstances, but...

After spending a few days together with Christina, Charles somewhat took Christina as his friend. So he muttered, "Christina must be very weak after being soaked in the river during the winter..." Was he really going to leave her alone?

Patrick's footsteps suddenly stopped.

Inexplicably, the thought of Christina being scolded by him in the hospital upset him. The more he thought about it, the more agitated he became.

Just then, the front door was forced open. "Where is Christina now?"

Cory's eager voice came, and his sudden appearance surprised Charles and the others.

Charles remembered the video in which Cory was rescued and suddenly confessed to Christina for forgiveness. Was he concerned about his ex-wife?

Patrick looked at Cory and his face darkened.

There was no need for Patrick to speak. The bodyguards outside the door quickly ran in. Then two bodyguards grabbed Cory from both sides.

"Take him out!" Patrick ordered impatiently.

Normally, Cory was a little afraid of his

cousin. However, he didn't care now. He just struggled desperately and shouted at Patrick, "Where is Christina now?"

"Patrick, I admit that I betrayed her. But you slept with her, so she got pregnant by accident, and Christina herself was not willing to have this child. What about you? You forced her to get marriage certificates with you through the power of the Hopkins Family. You never respected her wishes. You're no better than me..."

Charles was shocked that Cory dared to scold him. He turned his head to look at Patrick. As expected, Patrick was holding back his anger and would explode at any moment.

He immediately urged the bodyguards,

"Get him out of here!"

Cory was pulled by two tall bodyguards, looking livid with anger and asking anxiously, "Patrick, where's Christina?"

"Patrick, she's so weak now. I can't believe that you've asked someone to abort her child. She's been nothing to you but a tool for you to have a child."

Patrick was on the verge of exploding. His face darkened.

Suddenly, he reached out his right hand and grabbed a fruit knife from the table. Without hesitation, he threw it at Cory.

The fruit knife narrowly brushed past Cory's head, cut off a strand of his hair,

flew straight over, and suddenly settled on the carved solid wood door. Its blade was gleaming with cold light.

Cory seemed to be frightened by the sudden move. He immediately shut up and a drop of cold sweat slid down his forehead.

"You have no right to judge what I did to her!"

Patrick's suppressed voice sounded cold and deep. The words were squeezed out of his teeth word by word, and his eyes were filled with intense jealousy.

Even Charles was a little shocked. He had known Patrick for so many years and had never seen him act that way.

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He had always been indifferent to anything, but now he seemed to be jealous. It seemed that something very important to him was being invaded, which agitated him.

Patrick would be jealous too?

Cory said that Patrick had Christina's baby aborted. Was that true?

Charles thought it was impossible. Patrick only said that because he was in anger.

Charles was the first to come back to his senses. He looked at Cory thoughtfully and asked, "Isn't Christina in the hospital?" Why did he keep asking where Christina was?

"Hospital?" Cory sneered with

sarcasm.

"Patrick, the nurse at the hospital said that you went to look for Christina at noon. When she woke up, you scolded her with sarcasm and even told her to have an abortion. She was so scared that she almost cried when you scolded her. You only did this to her because she jumped into the river to save me."

"You said that she was not qualified to have your child. Well, if you want to abort this child, I will make a thorough break with you. Now tell me, where exactly did you hide Christina?"

Patrick was so angry that he was stunned by the words.

He immediately grabbed his cell phone

and called the hospital. He looked gloomy and surprised. "She's not in the hospital!"

"Patrick, don't pretend to be innocent. I checked at the hospital an hour ago. Not long after you left, three strangers took Christina away by force. Besides you, no one else dares to do such a thing openly!" Cory yelled at Patrick angrily.

Patrick was ruthless. Within just over a month after he returned home, he had reformed the company. Even when the top management of the company was dissatisfied with him, they dared not say anything.

Patrick ignored him and looked at Charles behind him. The two immediately hurried out of the room.

As Patrick walked, he said to the bodyguards beside him. "Send someone to the cemetery to see if Young Madam is there. Update me..."

Charles became tense and anxious, and he went into the elevator side by side with Patrick. "Patrick, who dared to openly kidnap Christina? I think that the people who know us would not dare to hurt her..."

After all, Christina was the granddaughter-in-law of the Hopkins Family. Whoever intended to hurt her would be doomed.

Cory saw them in such a hurry and immediately rushed into the elevator. "Didn't you send anyone to take her away?" He glared at Patrick and

questioned.

If it wasn't Patrick, then who was it?

Patrick didn't even look at Cory. Instead, he continued to order coldly on his phone. "Send someone to contact the local head of the gangs and say I'm looking for someone..."

If it was not done by the people who were in their circle, then it was done by the gangs.

The bodyguards noticed their young master's impatient tone over the phone and did not dare to delay for a moment. They said yes a couple of times and immediately sent someone to do it.

The elevator arrived on the first floor,

and Patrick, Charles and Cory quickly walked out of the lobby. The car outside was already waiting. "To the Dickens Family!" He ordered in a cold voice.

It was C City, and the Dickens Family was the most powerful in C City.

The car sped all the way to the Dickens Family. To their surprise, the door of the Dickens Family was already crowded with media reporters.

Donald was being questioned by reporters. He seemed to be annoyed and shouted, "Christina is not my daughter! Her shameful things have nothing to do with me..."

"She's my wife!"

Patrick strode out of the car with a darkened face. The reporters turn around surprisedly after hearing the cold and gloomy voice...

Chapter 19

Reporters swarmed outside the house of the Dickens Family, all of whom were agitated and stretched out to hand microphones to Donald to ask questions.

"Mr. Dickens, it is known that the heroine in the popular video online is Christina, your biological daughter."

"Miss Dickens jumped into the river to save her ex-husband, Cory. Is she doing this because she was abandoned and is now dying to win Cory's heart back?"

"Mr. Dickens! Mr. Dickens, I just got the latest news from the hospital that your daughter Christina disappeared for no reason. What is your opinion on this matter?..."

Donald was annoyed by these aggressive questions. His face clouded over and he coldly spoke into the microphone, "Christina is not my daughter!"

"She's my wife!"

Patrick strode out of the car. His low, cold voice made the reporters in front of him turn their heads abruptly...

Patrick stepped forward and stood in the spotlight, staring at the cameras and looking around coldly.

Charles then got out of the car, who was very surprised. Patrick kept a very low profile and had always been very dismissive of media interviews. However, when Patrick now stood in

front of the camera, he had a haughty manner.

The reporters looked at Patrick, who suddenly appeared, with a puzzled expression. They did not know him, but judging from his temperament, they thought that he must be born with a silver spoon.

One of the reporters handed Patrick the microphone and asked timidly, "Excuse me, sir, since you said you are Miss Dickens's current husband, what do you think of Miss Dickens jumping into the river at her own risk to save her ex-husband?"

Patrick's face clouded over. Instead of answering her, he stretched out his long arm to grab the microphone.

He stared at the camera with a sinister look. His eyes were fierce, and he was like an angry beast, full of rage and fury. The reporter in front of him was so frightened by his murderous look that she took a step back subconsciously.

He clenched the microphone in his hand. His lips were slightly parted, and he warned fiercely, "Whoever kidnapped her, bring her back intact within two hours! Or I'll have you all buried with her-!"

His words stunned everyone present.

Most of the interviews were live, so his menacing warning was spread everywhere almost at the same time...

"Did Miss Dickens really get kidnapped?!" Someone screamed

excitedly.

However, the reporters present were also very confused. It was common for rich people to be kidnapped, but no one dared to give a warning like this in front of the camera, for fear that kidnappers would be enraged and kill the hostage. Some people did not even dare to call the police.

Someone asked hesitantly, "Who are you, sir?"

Cory seemed very angry. He rushed forward and grabbed Patrick by the collar, "Are you crazy?"

"Before we find out who kidnapped her, we can't make it widely known. Those kidnappers will kill her!"

Patrick hated being approached and he pushed Cory away.

When Charles saw that Patrick was about to start a fight, he immediately ran over to stop them. Charles faced the camera with a relatively calm look.

"I would like to make a statement here about the kidnapping of Christina," said Charles, who was in constant contact with the media and had excellent social skills.

He said calmly, "No matter what your intentions are or whether you are being taken advantage of, you'd better not touch her. Christina is the granddaughter-in-law of Hopkins Family. If you send her back intact, we will consider not investigating and affixing the responsibility for the

incident. Otherwise..." He did not continue.

Everyone knew the consequences of going against Hopkins Family.

Shock and disbelief were on the faces of the reporters. Of course, they knew Charles, but the one beside him...

He was Patrick, the grandson of Hopkins Family, who had just returned home.

At this moment, a bodyguard rushed over to report to Patrick, "Young master, there is no news of Young Madam in the cemetery."

Patrick seemed impatient. He walked to the left. The reporters seemed afraid of him and immediately got out

of his way.

His gloomy face took on a ghastly expression, and all the reporters were quiet. No one dared to say anything. Looking straight at his cold face, they inexplicably became nervous.

Patrick approached Donald, the middle-aged man, and surveyed him.

Donald was stared at Patrick. Although Patrick was his junior, he was still a little afraid of Patrick.

Donald did not know how did his stubborn daughter hook up with him. Patrick disdained to marry her even when he knew that she was the daughter of Dickens Family and that she was pregnant.

"Send your men to look for her!"

Patrick looked at Donald with cold eyes. Patrick showed Donald no respect and spoke to Donald in an almost commanding tone.

"Send your men to look for her. If you can't find her, then we don't have to be in-laws!" Patrick's last words were clearly a warning.

If the Hopkins Family and the Dickens Family couldn't be in-laws, then they would become enemies. No one would be that stupid to annoy Hopkins Family.

In C City, the Dickens Family had more local connections and was more familiar with locations. When Patrick asked Donald for help, if he refused to

help Patrick, he would go against Patrick.

Donald's face clouded over. He could not refuse Patrick, who was as ruthless as the story had it, leaving no leeway for the other party.

"Mr. Hopkins, we're a family. Please come in first." Mrs. Dickens walked out the house and said to Patrick with a fawning smile on her face.

Patrick glanced at Mrs. Dickens. He didn't even bother to show respect to his own grandfather, let alone a strange old woman.

However, when Patrick glanced over the living room of the Dickens Family, he noticed that Carrie and Connie were both in the house. Carrie was

frightened. Her hand was shaking as she held the phone, as if she was afraid of something.

Patrick looked at the two women with a thoughtful expression and said to the bodyguard beside him, "Tell the Ministry of Industry and Information Technology that I want anonymous information today..."

As soon as he said these, there was a loud bang. Carrie looked startled and dropped her phone on the floor.

Patrick turned his head and looked at her with a fierce look. His sharp eyes made Carrie's legs weak...

"Mr. Hopkins, I have news!"

The two bodyguards ran over

Chapter 20

It was getting dark. Christina face was pale. She kept running and running as if she was frightened by something.

The mountain path was rough and rugged. She tripped and lost a shoe. She couldn't care less. She was running all the way west as if someone was chasing her and panting.

She remembered that there was a village here, and she had to ask someone for help...

The surrounding area was desolate, and the thick clouds in the sky were rolling violently. Soon it began to drizzle, and she was drenched in the rain.

Suddenly, her eyes lit up. There was a simple tiled house in front of her and she ran over excitedly.

"Is there anyone here?" She shouted and looked behind her warily.

When she reached out to knock on the door, she found that the door was not closed. She pushed the door open and looked inside. Because it was getting late and there were dark clouds in the sky, she could not see clearly what was going on in the house.

"Hello, I was captured here by bandits. Please help me..." She exclaimed in panic and walked cautiously in.

She was forcibly taken from the hospital by several men to this remote suburb.

Just now, she took the opportunity to break the thick rope in her hand against the rusty hoe in the corner of the wall, and immediately untied the rope on her feet, and ran out in panic.

There were many scratches on her wrists and blood was dripping down. She couldn't care less about the injuries but ran like mad, afraid that they would catch her back.

Her injuries were soaked in the rain, causing her face to crease up in pain.

But when she stepped into the quiet tiled house, Christina froze.

There was no one.

The house was quiet.

Christina's face was pale. She looked around and stared blankly at the shabby and dirty tiled house where the objects were scattered all over.

At this moment, a terrible bolt of lightning fell from the sky, and then thunder rumbled. So she trembled in fear.

It was raining cats and dogs outside as if the sky was about to collapse. Lightning flashed, and thunder rumbled.

She kept shrinking and looking around in fear.

She caressed her abdomen with her right hand and she felt a little uncomfortable. She lowered her head

and her face turned pale instantly.

She remembered what Patrick had scolded her before, his voice cold and heartless.

[There are so many women who want to give birth to my children, and you, Christina, you don't have the right... Abort the child!]

[You heard it, too. It was Mr. Hopkins who told us to abort your child. You'd better be obedient or we won't be so gentle!]

Her mind was in a mess, and she couldn't help thinking about those harsh words.

Her eyes were red, her right hand was tightly covering her flat abdomen, and

her heart was full of grievances and discomfort.

She had been forcibly taken to such a place, threatened and frightened by those ferocious bandits, and fled in panic. Now, in this dark night and torrential rain, she was alone and helpless. It was all because of Patrick!

That man was too cruel and too heartless!

The heavy rain caused a torrential flow and the yellow soil on the mountain slid down...

"Come out! Hurry up and come out! The house is going to collapse!!" A figure outside rushed over and someone screamed in shock.

Christina was standing in the middle of the house, and she turned around abruptly.

She kept trembling violently. She saw the huge rocks falling down from the mountain torrents outside the door, and the house began to crumble...

Christina seemed to be frightened. She was so nervous and wanted to step forward, but she couldn't control her body. Her feet seemed to weigh a thousand pounds. She was so scared that she lost all her strength. Her eyes were blank and desperate...

There was a loud crash, and the deafening sound resounded through the sky.

"What is this sound?"

Patrick suddenly stopped and looked around with a grim face.

At this time, thunder, lightning, and the sound of rain covered many voices. Some people said uncertainly, "Maybe the landslide knocked down the houses."

Charles frowned as he watched the heavy rain and thunder. He was anxious. "Don't go to the houses at the bottom of the mountain. Be careful, or you will be buried."

"Mr. Hopkins, we have sent all of our men to look for her separately. It's very dangerous here. You should leave. We will inform you as soon as we get any updates..."

A fat man standing next to Patrick held an umbrella for him and said respectfully.

"Patrick, this is a big place. We don't know where to find her for a while. We should leave now. It's really dangerous to stay here!" Charles also shouted at him.

Now the thunder was rumbling. The rain was pouring down, destroying Christina's footprints. Where should they go finding her?

Patrick had been pursing his lips and ignored them. He looked nervous and seemed to be holding back his other emotions. He looked around with sharp eyes, his heart beating wildly.

Suddenly, he looked startled, strode

out and ran to the left despite the rain.

The people behind him saw that Patrick was in the rain and immediately chased after him nervously. They saw that Patrick was drenched and he was squatting on the ground. There was a woman's shoe in the dirty soil.

Patrick glared at the shoe in the dirt. This was Christina's shoe...

His heart beat even fast. He raised his head, followed the direction of the tip of the shoe, ignored the person behind him, and ran forward.

Patrick didn't run far before he suddenly stopped.

He looked completely shocked as he

looked at the dilapidated house buried in mud before him, which was in ruins.

"This, this tiled house collapsed and caused the sound we just heard. I don't know if there's anyone inside..." No one knew if anyone was buried inside.

Charles and the others rushed over and looked at the ruins with astonishment. "Let's get out of here as soon as possible..." Someone immediately suggested.

"Christina!!"

Patrick, however, seemed to have been stimulated. Suddenly, he threw himself in front of the ruins, raised the broken door, and shouted.

His impatient voice, accompanied by

thunder, made people uneasy.

The people behind him immediately came to their senses and helped him dig.

Christina was in this house?

Charles was also surprised. He looked around at the desolation. Her shoe was found here. If she really came here, she would have run into the house to shelter from the heavy rain, which meant...

She was buried underneath...

Charles couldn't care less about his usual image as a noble, rich young master, and looked anxious. He immediately helped to move some big, heavy things. Everyone shouted

Christina's name in the heavy rain, and everyone was in a panic.

All of a sudden, Patrick knelt down and smashed his fists fiercely into the mud in the ruins, overwhelmed by too many emotions.

He kept smashing the ground. His eyes were filled with anxiety. They knew that in such heavy rain, the rescuers would not be able to arrive in time and that the person buried below would have been...

His heart was filled with regret and helplessness. He hated himself. He always got what he wanted and succeed in what he did. But he couldn't stop this. He couldn't...

Charles looked at Patrick like that and

was completely shocked.

He didn't know that Patrick, who had always been indifferent, would care so much about a woman.

The rain was still pouring down, and the thunder never stopped, but suddenly, Charles vaguely heard some voices behind him...

Patrick's panicked and impatient expression scared the servants who followed him. They didn't dare to hesitate and were digging desperately. Only Charles turned around and looked back.

All of a sudden, Charles looked like he had seen a ghost.

The next second, he rushed forward

and grabbed Patrick's shoulder, so excited that he stammered. "Patrick, look, look back..."

Patrick ignored him until Charles shouted anxiously. "Christina isn't dead. She's right behind us!"

Patrick's body shook, and he raised his head to look at Charles in shock. At that moment, Charles was more shocked because he saw Patrick's eyes turn red.

Before Charles could regain his senses, Patrick had got up and run behind him.

Patrick was covered in filthy yellow mud. Under the heavy rain and in the mud, he was staggering. His eyes were filled with astonishment. There were many emotions in his eyes, such as

surprise and happiness, and they kept changing, which confused others.

He was standing right in front of her, reached out his finger, and touched her face. Christina seemed to be frightened by his sudden action, and stood still, stunned.

Then when Christina wanted to say something, Patrick stepped forward and hugged her tightly.

Her body was warm, and he kept tightening his grip and hugged her more tightly.

Christina was very uncomfortable being held by him. Their bodies were pressed together in the heavy rain. Her first reaction was to push him, but...

She was surprised to find that Patrick was trembling, as if he was suppressing a violent emotion, or as if he was afraid.

Afraid? How could a man like Patrick be afraid?

Christina thought it was a ridiculous idea, especially when she remembered his cold and heartless words.

"Let go of me! Don't touch me!!" She looked disgusted and her eyes were filled with rejection of him.

Charles and the others followed with umbrellas. "It's great that you are fine. Christina, we all thought you were buried in this tiled house..."

Hearing Charles's voice, Patrick seemed to be shocked and came back

to his senses.

He immediately let go of the woman in front of him. A trace of awkwardness flashed across his usually stern face, and he realized his gaffe.

Christina took a step back from him and did not look at him again. Her face was cold.

It was still raining heavily, the thunder still rumbled, and the atmosphere in front of the desolate ruins was strange.

Someone held the umbrella for Christina. And someone was trying to ease the tension by saying with a smile, "Since we have found the Young Madam, we'd better get going now..."

"You can't leave here!" Suddenly, a

strange voice sounded.

Christina heard the voice and immediately turned to look. "Leo." She was indeed in this tiled house just now. Fortunately, Leo, saved her. She was very grateful.

Christina walked to the man and spoke in a gentle manner. She didn't look like the person who had been cold to Patrick.

Chapter 21

Dark clouds rumbled in the sky with thunder and lightning roared.

On a rainy night, several people walked along the rugged mountain road and came to a cave house finally.

"A few days ago, our village had been informed of the relocation because of the torrential rain. There is no one living down the mountain. The river has already surged up. The mountain road you are going back to is very dangerous with the torrential flood at any time. You can stay here for the night..."

With the help of this warmhearted villager, Leo, they followed him here and arrived at the simple but spacious

cave house.

"Is it safe here?" Charles looked at the howling storm outside and felt a little uneasy.

"This mountain is built of the hard granite, so the cave here is very strong."

After hearing what he said, they were slightly relieved. It was a bad day, and they encountered a terrible condition. They would be drowned by a torrential flood and mudflow if they were not alert.

"Light more fire, take off your clothes and dry them." Leo went into the kitchen and brought out a large pile of firewood.

Without any hesitation, Charles and the others quickly piled up the firewood and took off their sticky clothes. When Christina saw these men taking off their clothes together, she immediately turned around awkwardly.

"Don't take off your pants, understand?" Patrick, who had been silent all this time, suddenly spoke.

When Charles heard him, he remembered that Christina was here. It was really awkward.

He took off his coat and shirt, his chest naked, but he was still in his trousers. He moved close to the fire and sat cross-legged, letting the heat of the fire dry his pants. His whole body was sticky and uncomfortable.

"No signal. We can't get through with anyone else."

While they were lighting the fire, they discussed. "Cory and others should find a place to shelter from the rain..."

Christina was a little surprised when she heard the name Cory.

Patrick's eyes had been fixed on her, so the surprise on her was clearly seen, which made him have a special feeling. He pursed his lips tightly, and his expression was complicated.

"You can call me Anna. I have some clean clothes. Come in to change with me." In a short while, a plainly dressed woman came out of the inner room and smiled kindly at Christina.

Christina nodded at her. "Thank you."

Christina was 1.68 meters tall. Anna's dark blue cotton-padded jacket and her long-sleeved trousers were much shorter in her, but now she didn't care about it, so she thanked Anna and walked out.

Anna came out with her and saw the bruises on her fair wrists and ankles. She was shocked, "How did you get all these bruises? Oh, they had inflammation."

As soon as Anna said so, Patrick stepped forward subconsciously.

Christina looked up at him, as if she was afraid of him, and instinctively took a step back.

When Patrick saw her like this, his expression became complicated and he turned his gaze as if he had not been looking at her before.

"We have some iodophor disinfectant at home. Let me help you to apply..." Anna ran back to her room to get the disinfectant and apply it to Christina.

After that, Christina's hands and feet became blue. The disinfectant made her a little bit hurt, but she only frowned slightly and tried not to make too much expression.

A small round clock hung in the cave. It was only around 7 pm, but it was dark and thunderous outside.

They had to endure this rainy night.

There was no furniture in the cave, only a few wooden chairs and a round dining table in the main room. After a while, Anna treated a pot of sweet potato porridge to them.

"We're not hungry, thank you."

Charles knew that the family had not prepared dinner for them before. Now that they were sheltering from the rain in their house, they thought they couldn't eat their food for free.

After thinking about it, he looked at Christina. "Christina, you should eat some. You're pregnant."

As soon as Charles said this, everyone else looked at her. Anna was serving her a bowl, and Christina was looking

at the sweet potato porridge in front of her with a worried expression. Now that so many people were staring at her, she looked a little embarrassed.

She didn't like sweet potato porridge...

"Pregnant?"

Anna, on the other hand, got excited and looked at Christina with a bright look. "God. How can you give birth to a baby since you're so skinny? You need to get more nourishment."

With that, Anna ran into the kitchen and muttered, "I have two more eggs. I made them for you..."

Christina didn't know how to react when she saw how enthusiastic Anna was. She didn't like eggs, so she had not

eaten a single bite.

Christina really hated her bad habit of being picky about food. She had this bad habit in the Dickens Family when she was a child, so it was hard for her to correct her bad habits even if she wanted to.

She was embarrassed and ran into the kitchen. "Anna, I can have porridge or steamed buns. You don't have to make eggs for me..."

Just as Christina entered the kitchen, Patrick ordered a few people to ask Leo for a flashlight and some tools, and then opened the door and walked out.

"Although the storm is heavy, tomorrow morning will be fine. There's no need to go out now..."

"What's wrong?" When Anna and Christina came out again, they found a few people had gone out.

Leo sighed. "He said he would go out to get something to eat."

"How can he get food in this rainy day? Why don't you stop them? It's dangerous outside. If..." Anna scolded her husband.

Leo looked helpless. "I can't stop him." He was a little afraid of the man, Mr. Hopkins.

Christina's face darkened as she looked at the door, her expression becoming a little complicated.

"No one can stop him from doing what

he wants to do. Leave them alone." She said something with an ambiguous meaning and implied Anna not to blame her husband.

Anna was a little worried. Looking at Christina's complicated face, she asked curiously, "Girl, you should all be from the city. I heard they came to look for you. Why did you come to this remote village?"

"Come to find me?" She wondered.

Christina froze and retorted in a low voice, "No." How could he have come looking for her?

There was no electricity in the cave. In the middle of the shabby room was equipped with an oil and gas lamp. Under the dim yellow light, their

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There was no electricity in the cave. In the middle of the shabby room was equipped with an oil and gas lamp. Under the dim yellow light, their

shadows swayed. They ate sweet potato porridge in silence and looked at the door with worried eyes from time to time.

Why did he suddenly run out in this heavy rain...

"These young people are not familiar with the mountain roads. I'd better go out and take a look..." Leo couldn't stop worrying and was about to go out in his draft clothes and straw hat.

Anna looked anxious, grabbed him and whispered, "It's raining so hard. Thunder and lightning are roaring. You don't have a flashlight, and if you fall down the hill accidentally, what am I supposed to do..."

Christina looked at the simple couple

and hated Patrick more in her heart.

It was a stormy day, after causing this couple trouble, they actually made them worried. He thought he was a specially privileged person, so everyone would Geoffreyeld to him? How annoyed.

"Nonsense. I'm very familiar with this area. Nothing dangerous will happen." Leo patted his wife on the shoulder and pushed the door to get out.

But as soon as the door opened, Patrick and the others came back.

They were drenched and looked disheveled, but with a large net in their hands, there were more than twenty pounds of fish in the net.

"On this stormy day, you actually went to the river to fish?" Seeing that they had returned safely, Anna heaved a sigh of relief and rushed forward to help.

"No, we'll do it ourselves." Patrick looked up at Anna and said in a deep voice.

Anna looked at his stern face and was startled. She only felt that this man was very noble and handsome. No wonder her husband did not dare to talk to him.

Anna was really worried that those men would destroy her kitchen, but she didn't dare to stop them.

Christina saw Anna's helpless expression and was angry.

She started walking towards the kitchen. They were just guests. And they showed no respect for the host just because they were rich.

"Patrick, you are so good. You can kill the fish."

Charles yelled excitedly in the kitchen, holding a large iron pot in his hand and drooling. "This fried fish looked good. Make more..."

Christina froze outside the kitchen. She was very surprised.

Patrick actually knew how to cook. A man like him actually knew how to cook...

"Charles, come to help me!" Patrick seemed to have sensed something and

turned around to look at the kitchen door. Christina had already left.

With a cold face, he handed the long bamboo chopsticks for the fried fish into Charles's hand. "Do it yourself."

"I'm afraid of boiling oil. Patrick, your cook is better than me... What are you doing?" Mr. Shepherd seldom go to the kitchen. He didn't know how to cook oily fish.

Patrick ignored him, and in the kitchen, Charles howled because of the splashed boiling oil. Finally, he came out with a big pot of crispy fried fish, satisfied.

"Come on, guys. I made some fried fish. Come to have a taste." Charles was shameless and asked the others to

come over to eat.

Although Christina was dissatisfied with Charles and the others, the fried fish seemed to be tempting and she was really hungry.

"This is for you."

When Patrick came out, he held a rough porcelain bowl in his hand and placed it in front of her.

Charles craned his neck to see what it was. "Braised eel with black beans?" Nanny Mod took the lead and smiled at Christina. "Your husband is so considerate and capable. This is good for your body. You should eat more and your body will be stronger."

"Your husband" from Anna made

Christina's face immediately darkened.

"No." She did not even look at Patrick, but coldly refused.

She was not qualified to eat what this noble princess had cooked!

Patrick seemed to have guessed that she wasn't willing to eat. He stepped forward, with his clothes still wet, suppressing his emotions. "Be good."

"Be good?!!!" Christina was furious.

It was as if she was messing around, but he was the one who made her in this bad situation!

The atmosphere was a little awkward for a moment. Charles looked at Christina's unhappy face and explained

slowly, "Christina, we didn't send the person to take you away..."

"Shut up!" Patrick yelled before he could finish.

As soon as he finished speaking, the others noticed that Christina's eyes were red, probably because she had remembered what happened to her before.

"Is there any misunderstanding?" Anna looked at Christina with a curious look.

She shook her head and whispered, "I'm not hungry."

She walked into the inner room as if she didn't want to see him.

"Patrick, if you don't explain to her

clearly, Christina will hate you..."
Charles sighed gloomily.

Anyone would hate him if they suffered something like this, but Charles found it strange that Patrick knew Christina was picky about food. She was hard to serve.

Chapter 22

Christina sat alone on the plank of the small inner room of the cave dwelling, looking down at her flat abdomen with a sullen expression. Thinking of Patrick's words, she pulled a long face.

"Christina, don't be angry with your husband." Anna walked in slowly and kindly advised.

Christina immediately retorted, "He's not my husband!"

Husband! She was unable to stand hearing that Patrick was her husband.

Anna said with a smile, "It happens that couples have conflicts. Sometimes men are dull and not good at expressing themselves. Communication solves

misunderstandings."

Christina remained silent.

'Did Charles just say that the person who took her away was not sent by Patrick?

Is it true? But he was so mean to me in the hospital before...! She thought to herself.

"Drink while it's hot. Don't starve the baby in your belly." Anna handed her a large porcelain bowl of black bean stewed eel.

Christina looked up at the soup with hesitation.

"Your husband cooked this for you himself. Come on, drink it quickly."

Anna smiled kindly and urged. Thinking of Patrick, she couldn't help but exclaim, "Your husband is really handsome. He has such a good temperament, way better than my husband."

Anna, who was not well-educated, could only describe Patrick as handsome.

Christina's face immediately darkened and she said angrily, "When he's angry, he yells me." Anna was blinded by Patrick's appearance.

The more she thought about it, the angrier she became. She glared at the big bowl of black bean eel soup in front of her grumpily.

"Why should I starve myself?" I thought.

Christina took the bowl in Anna's hand with a straight face and stuffed it into her mouth with a spoon, cursing Patrick in her heart.

"Your wife is really... sassy," Charles could not help but sigh outside the drapery of the door.

Originally, he was worried that little Christina would refuse to eat, but he was surprised to see that she was wolfing down the soup, treating it as her enemy.

Patrick didn't say anything, and there was a faint smile in his eyes.

Christina quickly finished the big bowl of soup and was in a particularly happy

mood. She smiled brightly at Anna,
"Thank you."

She beamed a smile, with two shallow
dimples on her fair cheeks. Patrick
looked at her and lost his mind for a
moment.

"Who's outside?" Anna heard
something and called out.

Charles, who was caught red-handed,
pursed his lips awkwardly. "Well,
Patrick was worried..." As soon as he
spoke, he turned around and saw
Patrick was out of sight, only to realize
that he had left.

Christina snorted at Charles outside
the door, "Standing outside
eavesdropping on women, Charles,
you bastard."

Charles looked depressed and wanted to teach her a lesson!

But... Christina, the witch, domineered over them relying on Patrick.

There was only a wooden bed in the cave, which was originally where Mr. and Anna slept. They gave up the bed to Christina to rest, but she refused.

"Christina, aren't you thick-skinned? Why do you want to sleep on hay with us tonight?" Charles teased her coldly.

Christina shot an angry glance at him, ignored him, and went to the corner to sit on a haystack and take a nap.

It was already 12 o'clock. Patrick and the others had burned three fires in

the empty hall of the cave. They sat cross-legged near the fire and their wet clothes had been dried.

But the wind was howling outside the door, accompanied by heavy rain. This horrible and strange voice had been ranging all night, making them sleepless.

Huddled, Christina leaned back against the wall, holding her knees.

She was very sleepy. She bent over and buried her head between her knees. She soon fell asleep with her mind in a fog.

Unable to fall asleep, Charles and others were talking.

All of a sudden, Patrick gave them a

look, then they noticed that Christina was asleep and immediately shut up.

One of them elbowed Charles in shock and asked incoherently, "Did Mr. Hopkins get struck by lightning?"

Charles looked at Patrick with a twisted expression.

Mr. Shepherd reminded them seriously, "Don't offend that witch..."

Patrick stood up and approached Christina. He sat beside her by the hay and gazed down at her.

Christina leaned against the wall with her head rested on her knees. She tilted her head, her face pale and haggard, and a few loose strands of hair hanging from her forehead.

Patrick reached out and smoothed a few strands of her messy hair on her forehead, and he did not notice that he was extremely gentle.

He touched her face with his big hand. Feeling it was cold, he put his coat on her and looked at her in a daze.

She looked very sweet and quiet when she fell asleep.

But she was a tough women when she woke up.

Suddenly, there was a loud bang.

The shabby and thick wooden door in front of them was opened by the strong wind because it was not locked.

The three small fires were instantly extinguished by the strong wind and rain, and the gas and oil lamp above the hall was blown down and smashed.

In an instant, the cave was pitch black.

Christina shuddered at the sudden loud noise.

"Don't move." A deep voice sounded in her ear.

The warm masculine scent brushed her cheeks, making her skin itchy.

Christina was even more flustered. "Why is he sitting next to me?" she wondered.

She pushed him away instinctively, but Patrick held her even tighter. "Don't

move. The oil lamp is broken, and debris is scattered all over the floor." He added in a deep voice, and his tone somewhat helpless.

Soon, Charles and the others locked the door and found a lighter to light the previous fire. Only then did the cave get light again.

"Hehe..." Charles smirked.

The flames danced in the fire and reflected on the man and woman in the corner.

Christina looked at these men with a curious look, her cheeks flushed, and she struggled, gritting her teeth and whispering, "Let go of me!" She was embarrassed.

"Just ignore them."

Inexplicably, Patrick hugged her and suddenly felt reluctant to let go. He looked down at her stubborn and clear eyes, and coaxed, "Close your eye and sleep. Don't make a fuss."

Christina was angry.

"Let go of me," she resisted in a low voice, not daring to speak too loudly.

Bewildered, Patrick didn't know what to do for a moment. He really didn't know much about women.

After a moment of silence, he suddenly reached out and stroked her head, trying to calm her down.

Christina's face darkened.

Charles and the others turned around sensibly, thinking that they would turn a deaf ear if Patrick did something rash tonight.

It was a long night, and gradually everyone closed their eyes and fell asleep listening to the roaring wind and rain outside the door.

But Christina couldn't sleep at all!

"Go away." She still insisted on pushing away the man beside her.

But she could not break free from Patrick at all.

The helplessness and grievance came in Christina's heart in waves. She did not like to be affected. But on the rainy

night, her eyes were wet with tears.

She was too embarrassed to wake anyone up and said angrily in a low voice, "Patrick, you come of a very good family and everyone obeys you, but what did I do wrong? Somehow I slept with you and got pregnant, and I was taken to the civil affairs bureau like a prisoner to get your license. What do you think I am..."

She choked, "Then you said you didn't want this child. I know I'm out of your league, but why did you do this to me!"

She tried her best to suppress her voice, but Patrick could hear it clearly, and he trembled.

He looked down at her, and the weak flame reflected on Christina's face,

which was holding back tears.

She wasn't affected. She tried her best to resist whenever she was unhappy.

Patrick's eyes flashed with mixed emotions. He loosened his grip on her slightly...

Suddenly, something occurred on Christina and she nervously pulled him back. "I, I don't want to abort this child!" Her voice trembled.

"Patrick, I don't want to abort this child. If you don't want the child, I can raise him myself. I can't provide the best environment, but I will do my best..."

She clasped his arm tightly and pleaded humbly, "I want to keep this

child. I beg you..." Tears welled up in her eyes.

With deep eyes, Patrick bent down his head and impatiently kissed her trembling lips. In an instant, she bit back the words she would like to have said and froze.

Not because he suddenly kissed her, but because...

"I'm sorry..." he said.

Patrick's voice was low and hoarse, as if it he made much effort to say these words.

Christina's heart trembled in disbelief.

He tightened his grip and held her in his arms. They snuggled together, and

their breath intertwined. He lowered his head and whispered in her ear, "Christina, I'm sorry."

Patrick was not used to saying sorry to others. Since he grew up, no one could make him say that, but the last time he was in the hospital...

He was unable explain why he cared so much. He was furious.

Christina seemed to be frightened by him and her mind was in turmoil.

She couldn't believe that he apologized to her.

After that, no one spoke again. He held her tightly and did not let go. She could not get away from him. Each of them were in deep thought.

Chapter 23

The rain had stopped.

Christina ate the steamed buns that Mrs. Morris and Mr. Morris had prepared for her. After thanking the enthusiastic couple, they wanted to rush back.

Because today is the New Year's eve, everyone wants to go home and reunite.

Christina took a peek at Patrick. They had planned to go back to A City the day before yesterday to spend the New Year with Mr. Hopkins. They didn't expect this to happen. It seemed that they had to hurry back. The Old Man had a bad temper.

But just as Christina was about to leave with them, Mr. Morris stopped her and said, "I think you had better stay here with us."

"The torrential rain last night caused a mudslide that buried many farmlands and houses nearby. The surrounding residences were destroyed, making it harder to get through the mountain roads..."

Charles said with a rare seriousness, "Christina should stay. Now the hillsides will collapse at any time. The flood hasn't completely subsided. We'll send someone to pick her up when we get back..." After all, Christina was pregnant, she couldn't exert herself too much since she was still weak.

The few of them looked at each other

for a moment in silence, and then they all looked at Patrick.

Patrick took a look at Christina and suddenly strode to her. Without saying anything, he held her hand and led her straight out the door.

"She's with me." Patrick only left a faint sentence.

Charles and the others looked at each other, from Patrick's cold profile, knowing that his decision would not change.

"Then we are leaving now. Thank you so much for taking us in last night."

Charles and the others finally exchanged a few words with Mr. and Anna and followed them.

"Patrick, I think it would be better for Christina to stay for another night."

Charles and the others plodded upward, winding their way back and forth across the face of mountain with great difficulty. They also had to pay careful attention to the surrounding mountains.

Patrick tightened his grip on her wrist as if he didn't care about Charles's words. He looked around vigilantly and led her forward step by step.

"She's with me." He repeated again.

Patrick's deep eyes fell on the woman's face beside him... Only by keeping her by his side would he be relieved.

Christina didn't know what he was thinking. He held her too tight as her wrist hurt. She looked up at him and said, "I, I can actually..."

"Christina, don't even think about it!" Patrick said in a calm voice and immediately refuted.

Christina was depressed. Why was he so cold? She didn't even finish her words.

After walking for about half an hour, a shallow river three meters wide appeared in front of them. Originally, this river did not exist. It should form from the large influx of the heavy rain last night when the rainfall blew the mud from the hillsides.

"It was not too deep, about 30

centimeters. You can come over..."
Someone had already stepped across
the water.

Christina watched them cross the
shallow river in an orderly fashion,
ready to follow.

However, she was suddenly carried by
Patrick who turned around. Surprised
at his movement, she screamed in
shock, "Ah, what are you doing?"

Patrick saw that she was not at all at
ease as she kept struggling, and he
angrily reminded her, "Do you forget
the injury on your foot?"

She stopped struggling, blushed his
stare. She almost forgot that her hand
and foot were injured, and she might
have inflammation at the touch of

water.

Patrick was 1.85 meters tall, had been practicing Muay Thai since he was young. He was very so strong that it was easy to carry her across this shallow river.

But Christina noticed, however, that Patrick took a firm grip on her legs, and he walked every step steadily, even as if he was treading on eggshells.

This man seemed to take everything seriously. She looked at him with her eyes sideways. To be honest, he looked very handsome when he was focused.

"What are you looking at?"

Patrick lowered his eyes and noticed that she was a little absent-minded, so

he asked casually.

While Christina immediately turned her head away as if she had done something wrong. She replied, "Nothing."

However, as soon as she turned her head, her eyes widened as if she were extremely nervous, and her hand directly inched toward his crotch...

"Christina, what are you doing..."

The next second, Patrick's cold face froze, and he even stopped his way forward. He couldn't believe that the woman in his arms could not wait to untie his belt.

When Charles and the others heard Patrick's surprised inhalation, they

turned around and were all dumbfounded.

"Christina, don't be so insatiable..."

Charles moaned at her angrily. In public, she untied the man's belt, and the witch became rasher.

Patrick seemed to be startled by her sudden initiative and did not stop her.

Clap!

Christina ignored their strange expressions and pulled out the belt around Patrick's waist. Without a word, she quickly whipped down a fruit tree on the right.

When Patrick and the others saw clearly, they noticed that there were

many green bamboo venomous snakes on the trees in the orchard they were shuttling through.

Just a meter or so, Christina hit its tender spot and it remained motionless.

"Put me down!"

They had already crossed the shallow river. Christina broke free from his arms and ran all the way to the snake. She picked up a big rock and threw it directly at the snake.

Seeing that the snake was completely dead, she put her arms around her waist and said proudly, "You don't even have a chance!"

At this moment, the men behind

Christina were all dumbfounded, and even Patrick's eyebrows raised slightly in surprise.

Most women are afraid of snakes, especially poisonous ones, but she just...

Charles was the first to laugh out loud. "Christina, you can't wait to untie Patrick's belt and protect him bravely. You deserve to be a heroine."

"You didn't see the snake coming at us, who was about to attack us."

Seeing that they were all laughing at her, Christina became a little angry and shouted at them angrily, "Charles, if you dare to say another word, I'll hit you!"

"Come on, we were worried about her just now. She's stronger than us. Hahaha... Patrick, it's said that a man should marry a compliant and gentle wife. Women that are cute and coquette are most lovable. Christina, don't be too violent. Be careful that Patrick might be squeamish."

Christina looked embarrassed as they teased her.

She was just used to protecting herself. It was useless to pretend to be weak. She was always alone. She could rely on nobody, so she had to be strong.

Patrick's rubbed her head with his hand when she came back to her senses.

Christina raised her head and looked

into his joyful eyes. For the first time, she saw that he was actually smiling.

"Christina, I need you to protect me from now on." Patrick seemed to be in a good mood and actually made fun of her.

Christina's face turned red as he held her hand and continued walking.

Although the village was desolate and in disarray due to the heavy rain, the few of them were talking and laughing, and the atmosphere was very cheerful.

"Patrick, can I ask you something?" Seeing that he was in a good mood, Christina dared to approach him.

"Can I name our baby in the future?" She tugged his arm and looked at him

nervously.

Patrick, on the other hand, was a little distracted when he heard the words "our baby." He looked down at her bright eyes as she was really looking forward, which made him want to laugh.

His eyes were alight with joy and answered her. "Yes."

When Christina heard his promise, she became more and more excited and grabbed his arm tightly. "Then if the baby were a little boy, I think..."

"Our cell phone finally can get through!"

The person in front of her suddenly shouted and interrupted her. Everyone

was very excited, because they didn't need to wind around the mountain if they can make a call to ask for help.

"Chandler?" Charles answered his phone very quickly. "Chandler, let me tell you, Patrick and us are now..."

Charles was about to give him their location, but Chandler seemed to have known about their being trapped in a deserted village and said eagerly, "I know. I'm rushing over to pick you up..."

"Charles, give Patrick your phone. I have something urgent to tell him." Chandler sounded very strange.

"What is it?"

Charles was delighted to hear that Chandler had sent someone to rescue

them. He turned to look at Patrick and Christina.

Giggling, he guessed, "Have you found out who kidnapped Christina from the hospital? I assume his days are numbered. Patrick will never let them go..."

"It's not that. There's another thing... Charles, it's very important. Give the phone to Patrick immediately!" Chandler urged and he seemed really anxious.

Charles could not help but frown at his tone. What could be more important than Christina's?

But Charles didn't dare to delay, so he ran back and stuffed his phone into Patrick's hand.

"It's Chandler, he said he has something important to tell you..."

Patrick and the others knew that Chandler had sent someone to pick them up and stopped to rest.

Taking Charles's phone, Patrick's expression was cold. "What's the matter?"

He didn't care much about the so-called important things.

When Chandler heard Patrick's voice, he was really anxious.

He replied in a hurry, "Patrick, I was so stunned when I saw her. I don't know much about... She went there herself. I can't persuade her..."

Chandler seemed to have been shaken up, and even his words sounded a little uzzzy.

Patrick was trying to calm him down and make himself clear, but just then, a helicopter hovered above them, and the raspy sound made it even harder for him to hear Chandler.

The helicopter soon landed safely not far from them.

Patrick and the others knew that it should be sent by Chandler to pick them up, but the next second, they were all very surprised. As soon as the helicopter landed, a woman inside hurriedly got off and ran over here anxiously...

When Patrick saw the familiar face, he was not only surprised, but his eyes strained to her, and he even doubted whether he was hallucinating.

"Patrick!"

The clear and sweet voice shouted excitedly.

The slender woman threw herself to Patrick's arms and hugged him tightly. "Do you know how worried I am about you? Chandler told me to wait for you at the hospital, but I can't stay any longer. I..." She choked with sob, being so excited, her tears oozing from the corners of her eyes.

She nestled her face against his chest, unable to suppress her emotions, she repeated his name, "Patrick, Patrick! I

miss you very much. I miss you so much..."

Patrick's cold face froze, only feeling her tears to drip his chest, permeating his clothes...

His hands trembled slightly as he raised his fingers caressing her familiar and beautiful face. His hoarse voice was filled with disbelief. "How could you..."

"Cecilia."

Charles screamed out like he saw a ghost, "You, aren't you dead?!" How come she was back from the dead!

Christina was standing next to Patrick. She could see her very clearly. This woman...

She was Patrick's "dead" ex-girlfriend.

Christina was shocked with mixed feelings, and she felt somehow uncomfortable. She had held Patrick's hand tightly and but she unconsciously released it...

Chapter 24

"They really take after each other..."

The people behind were surprised as they looked at Christina and Cecilia, who suddenly appeared.

"Christina, do you have a twin sister?"
Even Charles approached her and asked curiously.

Christina ignored him but just glanced at Patrick. She heard others' exclamations. Suddenly, she felt a loss. She was just like a poor imitation.

Because the man and woman who had finally reunited were hugging each other affectionately. She never knew that a man as cold as Patrick could stare at the woman in his arms so

gently.

The thin woman in Patrick's arms seemed to notice Christina's gaze, and she looked up at her with moist eyes.

Cecilia was shocked at how similar they look with just a glance.

Christina's face was still stiff, and she didn't know what expression should she put on.

All of a sudden, the woman opposite her suddenly became weak and closed her eyes.

"Cecilia..." Patrick shook her, looking anxious.

"Cecilia is very weak," Chandler ran over after another helicopter landed.

He urged Patrick, "Send Cecilia back to the hospital immediately. The doctor didn't allow her to leave, but she insisted on coming to you as soon as possible."

After hearing what Chandler said, Patrick quickly carried her towards the helicopter.

The attendants immediately opened the door. Patrick carefully placed the pale and weak woman in his arms in the seat.

Christina stood behind him and stared at him steadily.

The helicopter immediately flew towards the hospital. Christina watched the helicopter take off, her right hand slightly clenched...

She lowered her head and felt at a loss.
She thought, "He forgot me..."

"He carried the woman he loved the most and left in a hurry.

"And left me behind."

"He just said that he was going to take me out of here with him. But he had forgotten it so quickly..." She looked at her left palm in a daze. She still remembered his grip.

"No wonder he treated me so well. It turns out that the so-called concern does not belong to me from the beginning." She thought.

She seemed to have suddenly figured something out. She smiled bitterly.

"What am I thinking about? I've been hurt by Cory. I won't be stupid anymore."

At this time, at the window of the helicopter, Patrick suddenly poked his head out and looked at her with a deep gaze, but Christina did not know because she had lowered her head.

"Let's go."

Charles felt she was feeling a little down and deliberately patted her on the shoulder hard. "What are you staring at? Hurry up. I don't want to stay in this bleak place anymore."

Charles grabbed her arm and took Christina to another helicopter.

"Hey, Charles, that woman..."

After boarding the helicopter, they head straight to A City. Christina asked curiously in a low voice, "She seems to have a good relationship with Patrick." Her tone was calm as if she were talking about the gossip of a stranger.

Charles sat in the passenger seat and turned back to glance at her. "Don't you mind?"

Christina was embarrassed at his gaze. She shouted, "Why should I mind that? I just wonder how can a woman love him so deeply since he has such a bad temper."

"You don't like Patrick?"

Charles was surprised by her disdainful tone. It was too easy for a

woman to fall in love with a man like Patrick. At least he knew that there were many socialites who were enchanted by him.

"Why should I like an unreasonable ice cube like Patrick? I like sweet guys." Christina retorted somehow excitedly.

Seeing that she really didn't care, Charles shrugged and suggested, "Christina, after you give birth to the child, you should make way. You are not a match for Cecilia. You can't compete with her."

"I didn't say I wanted to compete with her." She whispered, "I'm just curious..." That a cold man like Patrick also knew to love someone.

"But to be honest, I'm curious too,"

Charles suddenly became excited too.
"Cecilia is dead, how can she come back to life? I almost thought I had met a ghost."

"Christina, I'm telling you, Cecilia is Patrick's girlfriend when he was in the United States. They loved each other very much. Three years ago, they were about to get married and they went to Paris to take wedding photos. But something happened. Cecilia fell into the Seine. Patrick was very anxious. We got the French government to help us, but we never found her..."

When Christina heard Charles's words, she felt complicated.

It turned out that they were about to get married. No wonder they were so intimate.

Seeing that she was in a daze, Charles nudged her and reminded her, "Christina, although you got the marriage certificates with Patrick,... Anyway, you should know what to do. Don't flatter yourself. Otherwise, you will be hurt."

Charles's advice made her lost in thought.

"Don't flatter yourself."

"I don't like an ice cube either," she retorted in a low voice.

The helicopter sent her back to Hopkins Family. The butler saw that she was a little pale and immediately called the private doctor to examine Christina.

She knew that she was just a tool to give birth to a child for the Hopkins Family.

"Where has Patrick gone on the first day of the spring festival?"

The next day, she accompanied Mr. Hopkins to have breakfast at 5 o'clock. Seeing the shiny new furniture and red festive decorations in Hopkins Family, Christina realized that today was the first day of the new year.

"I asked you to go back to the Dickens Family. Why did it take you so long?" Mr. Hopkins stared at Christina with deep eyes and immediately asked, "Did something happen?!"

Christina was stuttered by the old

man's sharp gaze. "Well, I, we..."

She didn't know what should she say. If she told him that she ignored his precious great-grandson and jumped into the river to save another man, she would be scolded.

"Grandpa, I'm sorry. I know I was wrong. I promise I won't do that in the future."

Patrick had scolded her at the hospital angrily, and she realized she had ignored her child's safety, and she solemnly said to Mr. Hopkins.

Mr. Hopkins did not understand what she was saying, but with a straight face, he said to her. "You have no ambition at all!"

"On the first day of the new year, another woman stole your man, but you're still indifferent! Won't you fight for your marriage? You're useless..." Old Master snorted at her.

Christina was confused to hear that.

Grandpa didn't seem to know that she broadly jumped into the river, and all the videos on the Internet suddenly disappeared. Although she didn't know who gave the order, Christina felt relieved.

"Old Master, are you going to start eating now, or are you waiting for Young Master?" The butler asked.

This question made Old Master's face even more sullen. He cursed, "Isn't Cecilia already dead? How can she

come back to her life? Send someone to investigate carefully and find out what tricks she is playing!"

"Sir, Young Master has always been reluctant for us to interfere in affairs about Cecilia." The butler was in a dilemma.

"Is that actress good-looking? She's a fox!" Mr. Hopkins disliked Cecilia and said in a disdainful tone. Then he turned to stare at Christina with a meaningful expression.

Christina was a little nervous under Old Master's gaze. He said that Cecilia looked like a fox. But she looked similar to Cecilia. Did that mean Mr. Hopkins dislike her either?

"We'll have breakfast now," he urged

the servants beside him to serve the food. He ordered in an indifferent voice, "You go to the hospital..."

"What?" Christina was eating the scallop porridge with a spoon and looked at him in a daze.

Why should she go to the hospital?

Seeing that she was confused, Mr. Hopkins lectured her with a serious expression, "Your husband is in the hospital with that fox. Shouldn't you teach her a lesson?"

Christina was completely dumbfounded.

What!! She was asked to go to the hospital and teach Cecilia a lesson?

She had no chance to refute. After having half a bowl of porridge, she was stuffed in the car and sent to the hospital...

Christina looked out the window at the speeding scenery, feeling uneasy.

"Grandpa doesn't seem to like that Cecilia..." She muttered to herself, looking dejected.

"Old man, if don't like that Cecilia, you should teach her a lesson yourself. Why did you ask me to do that? How dare I yell at her..."

Christina didn't dare to challenge Patrick's lover, and she had no right to do that.

She kept thinking about how to explain

to Patrick when she got to the hospital, but her mind was in a mess and she couldn't figure anything out.

All she knew was that after Patrick sent Cecilia to the hospital, he stayed with her all the time.

The car stopped smoothly, and Christina forced herself to take the elevator.

When she arrived at the door of a spacious VIP ward, some voices came from inside.

"Patrick, you'd better go back first. I'm fine. It's the first day of the new year. Your grandfather must want you to accompany him." It was Cecilia's voice, which was as sweet as her appearance.

The man stared at the woman on the bed silently and slowly stood up...

Seeing that he was indeed about to go back, Cecilia suddenly grabbed his arm and pretended to be anxious. "Patrick..." She called out his name affectionately.

Christina was standing still outside the ward. She thought she shouldn't overhear them.

There must be a lot of love words to exchange since they finally met again, so she turned around and stayed in the corner of the corridor waiting for Patrick to come out.

But the next second, Cecilia's slightly excited question stopped Christina.

"Patrick, I, I heard from Chandler that you have married..." Her voice was unabashedly sad and depressed, but her grip on Patrick tightened.

Patrick was startled when he heard her question. "Yes," he replied lightly.

When Cecilia heard him say yes, she trembled slightly, as if she could not accept the fact.

"Then, then your wedding must be very grand..."

Cecilia forced a smile at him, but her voice was choked with suppressed pain. She thought about the beautiful memories of taking wedding photos with him, her tears slid down.

Patrick looked at her haggard and sad

face and thought for a while.

"I'll cancel the wedding!"

Christina was stunned.

Suddenly, Patrick's face darkened as if he had sensed something. He turned his head and shouted coldly, "Who's outside!"

Chapter 25

"What are you doing here!"

When Christina pushed open the door of the ward, the man asked coldly from inside.

Christina subconsciously looked at the woman in the sickbed. She paused for a second before saying, "I, I just..."

"Miss Dickens, I'm not feeling well. Patrick has been with me all this time. We didn't do anything else! Don't be angry!"

However, Cecilia, who was on the sickbed, looked timid. It was as if she was frightened by the sudden appearance of Christina. She hurriedly explained in a weak and nervous voice.

"Christina, go back now!" Patrick's voice grew colder.

Patrick turned to look at Cecilia's haggard and frightened face. It was as if she were the delicate beauty in the sickbed that Christina had come to bully.

Christina felt a little aggrieved and angry when he yelled at her.

"Grandpa asked me to come over! On the first day of the lunar year, Patrick, if you don't go home, you can go anywhere you want. I don't bother to talk to you!"

Patrick's face darkened.

Christina pulled a long face, turned

around, and immediately strode away, not wanting to see him at all.

He almost subconsciously chased after her, but his right hand was held by the woman on the sickbed.

"Patrick, don't make things difficult for her." Cecilia said in a soft voice.

"Chandler told me before that you followed your grandfather's thoughts to marry her because she was pregnant. At least she is pregnant with your child. Don't be so mean to her....."

And the VIP floor was really quiet. It was so quiet that even Christina, who had already walked out of the ward, could hear what Cecilia said in the end.

"Don't make things difficult for her!"

"You followed your grandfather's thought to marry her because she was pregnant....."

The woman inside actually pleaded Patrick for Christina gently. Christina's heart was filled with bitterness when she heard these words.

Without hesitation, Christina walked quickly towards the elevator. Her footsteps were hasty as if she was afraid of staying here.

Suddenly, she felt like that she was the other woman between them.

Christina forced out a smile humbly.

She knew she had no right to interfere in Patrick's private affairs, but...

Why was he so cold when he spoke just now? It seemed that if she really hurt Cecilia, he would not let her go.

Christina was in a bad mood and returned to Hopkins Family.

"Where is he? Didn't Patrick come back with you?" Sitting upright in the hall of the Main Residence, Mr. Hopkins asked in a deep voice when he saw Christina return.

"I don't know."

"Is he still with that actress?!" Mr. Hopkins's face darkened and he cursed.

Then he looked at Christina with disdain. "Why are you so useless!

Didn't I ask you to bring him back? It's the first day of the lunar new year today. Keep an eye on your man!"

Christina had just been reprimanded by Patrick in the hospital and was taught a lesson again by the old man when she came back. The grandfather and grandson of Hopkins Family were really unreasonable...

She couldn't stand it any longer and retorted angrily, "If you want Patrick to come back, just call him yourself. I won't go to him!"

With that said, Christina could not care about her usual reverence for the old man. She was so angry that she turned around and went straight back to the bedroom.

"Stop! I still have something to ask you. How were things going on when you and that bastard went to the Dickens Family ..." Mr. Hopkins shouted at her back.

Christina walked faster when she heard the words "Dickens Family".

Mr. Hopkins couldn't believe what he saw as Christina left in a rage and ignored him!

"Old Master, I think Christina....." The butler wanted to say something to ease the tension.

"All right. All right. Now the whole world is not afraid of me, is it? Everyone thinks I'm dead, and they dare to ignore me!" Mr. Hopkins looked very gloomy.

The butler smiled bitterly. "Old Master, Mr. Dickens called. He said that Patrick personally informed them that the wedding was canceled..."

Mr. Hopkins was angry that Christina was disobedient. He was startled and raised his head as he heard what the butler said. He was really angry now. Fires were burning in his eyes. "What did you just say?"

"Patrick said he would cancel the wedding because of that damn actress! He dares!!" The old man gnashed his teeth in anger.

The butler sighed and muttered, "It was indeed the Young Master who canceled the wedding..."

He guessed that Christina was unhappy because the wedding was canceled.

Mr. Hopkins's chest heaved with anger and he shouted, "Cecilia. This woman has been missing for so many years, but she just pops up at this time. What's her intention? Patrick's mind is in a mess. He can't tell the good from the bad. He shouldn't care about Cecilia, a bitch."

"Actually, Christina..." The butler thought of something.

Mr. Hopkins was furious and snorted, "Don't mention this Christina. She's so stupid! I've agreed to let her marry into Hopkins Family, but she won't take the opportunity to curry favor with this Patrick. Now, Cecilia is back, but it still

looks like that she doesn't care. She is so incompetent!"

The butler couldn't help but laugh when he heard this. The butler said, "Old Master, Christina's pregnancy was just an accident. She has no feelings for Patrick....." The butler left the last sentence to his heart, "So it's normal that Christina doesn't care much about the returning of Patrick's ex."

"What do you mean!" Mr. Hopkins frowned. "You mean that Christina turns her nose up at Patrick!"

After all, Patrick was brought up by him but now, Patrick was despised by a woman. No matter what, the Old Master still cared more about his grandson.

The butler smiled helplessly.

In his heart, the butler sighed. Sure enough, every man of Hopkins Family had a strange temper. It was really not easy for Christina to deal with both Mr. Hopkins and Patrick.

"It's the first day of the lunar year. Are you sure you don't want to go back to the Hopkins Family for dinner?"

Charles received a call from Patrick and drove over to pick Patrick up. Charles was waiting for the traffic light. After thinking about it, Charles couldn't help but ask, "Patrick, I heard that you canceled the wedding, right?"

Patrick leaned against the back of the car, refreshing his spirits with eyes

half-closed. He didn't want to be bothered by his grandfather, so he asked Charles to drive over.

Now hearing Charles mention the wedding cancellation, he thought of Christina again and some thoughts flashed in his eyes.

Charles turned the steering wheel and glanced at Patrick from the corner of his eye when he saw that Patrick didn't pay much attention to him.

"Patrick, you don't really cancel the wedding because Cecilia is back and you're afraid that Cecilia will be sad, do you? Anyway, Christina is legally married to you. It's very..." Charles continued to say in his heart, "It's very unfair for Christina as the wedding was suddenly canceled."

Charles didn't say what he thought in his heart out because Patrick suddenly snapped, "Stop the car!"

Charles didn't know why, but his hands were moving fast and the car stopped steadily.

"What's wrong?"

Charles noticed that Patrick was staring gloomily at the left side of the car window. He followed Patrick's gaze and he was stunned.

That woman was Christina?

How could she wander around the city alone in the middle of the night?

"Christina," a familiar excited shout

was heard.

Christina was very depressed today because Patrick didn't come back tonight and Mr. Hopkins pulled a long face and inexplicably taught her a lesson. She felt that she was wronged, so she had to go out and take a walk to relax.

Suddenly, she heard someone calling her. She looked over, and she became more depressed.

"How are you? Are you feeling any discomfort? You were kidnapped that day. I was worried about you. I followed Patrick and the others to the village to find you..."

Cory happened to drive past her and he got out of the car excitedly. He ran

over and spoke quickly.

"Thank you for your concern."

Christina's voice was cold. She took a step back consciously to keep the distance clear between her and him.

Cory always felt uncomfortable when he saw that she was clearly alienating herself from him.

They used to be husband and wife. Although he had snubbed her in the past, Christina had been accommodating him for the past three years.

"Last time," Cory looked at her with burning eyes. He paused and asked nervously, "I want to ask you, Christina. Did you jump into the river to save me

because you loved me, or...or because you thought that I was the one who saved you on the high school graduation trip?"

Christina felt that all kinds of feelings welled up in her heart when she heard Cory mention the past.

She had always avoided mentioning the nightmare of her high school graduation trip. She clenched her right hand slightly and she took a deep breath.

"It doesn't matter anymore," she replied lightly.

As she spoke, she turned around and wanted to leave.

"This is very important to me!" Cory

suddenly took a big step forward, grabbed her arm agitatedly, and urged, "Christina, tell me if you still love me!"

She paused and looked at the persistence on the man's face, only to find it laughable.

In fact, Christina didn't know whether it was because she misunderstood him as the man who saved her on the graduation trip that she jumped into the river in disregard of everything to save him

She just inexplicably wanted to find the man who saved her that day. She wanted to find him very much. It was as if she owed him a very important promise.

Christina was annoyed and didn't want

to talk to him. "Cory, it's the first day of the lunar year. Please go back to accompany your beautiful lover and daughter.."

He felt guilty when he heard her say that.

He quickly explained, "Christina, if you still love me, why don't you admit it? I promise I'll make it up to you. I'm with Carrie only because of my daughter. Give me some time to deal with it. And I also heard that Patrick's ex-girlfriend came back, and he even canceled your wedding with him.."

Though Christina never cared about the wedding, when she heard that Cory and others said that the wedding was canceled, she still found their words annoying as she became the one

who was abandoned in their words.

"It's none of your business!"

Christina was in a worse mood after being pestered by Cory, so she immediately took out her phone and called the driver of Hopkins Family to pick her up.

Cory watched her get into the car of Hopkins Family and he couldn't pester her. He could only stare at the car which went away unwillingly...

And just as Christina left, Patrick said in a deep voice, "Go back to the mansion."

"Uh. Patrick, didn't you want to go to a bar?" Charles's heart trembled as he felt the ferocity all over Patrick's body.

"Back to the Hopkins Family!" Patrick repeated impatiently.

Charles was shocked. Patrick wouldn't have rushed back to trouble Christina, would he?

"The last time, Christina jumped into the river to save Cory. She probably had no other thoughts other than saving one's life. There was nothing else..." Charles was kind enough to help Christina. "And..."

"Patrick, given that now, Cecilia is back, the wedding has been canceled and Christina said that she would respect your decision after giving birth to the baby, don't make things difficult for Christina..."

Along the way, Charles was a little scared. He raised his eyebrows and looked back. He was surprised to find that Patrick's expression became gloomier.

"Don't make things difficult for Christina."

This was the second time he had heard such a thing today.

Patrick's expression was cold, and his eyes were filled with complicated emotions. His right hand was clenched into a fist. He made things difficult for her?!

"When did I make things difficult for her?" Patrick shouted in his heart.