

## Chapter 104

"How is his condition now?"

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

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

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

"I mean his intracranial pressure!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

open, and Judy looked at them in confusion.

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

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

This matter, indeed, cannot be mentioned causally.

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

"Get out."

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

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

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

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

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

However, she seemed to be very afraid

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

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

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

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

Dong —

"Be careful."

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

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

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

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

the patient inside.

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

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

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

"Enough. Go for your work!"

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

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

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

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

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

He was right here.

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

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



flashing. She moved closer and closer to the bed. She hadn't seen him for days.

He was very healthy before, and he could easily scoop her up...

Gradually, she was immersed in guilt, and when eyeing at the cold face she knew well, she froze.

Patrick's face was quite weak and pale. He lay on the bed quietly with his eyes closed. Many wires were connected with his body to monitor his condition.

"Patrick..." Her eyes brimming with emotion, she stood at the head of the bed, lowering her head.

"Patrick, please wake up..."

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

Patrick, I'm worried about you...

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

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

Bang -

"Patrick!"

Suddenly, a shout from behind startled Christina. She did not know why she immediately withdrew her hand.

"Are you the nurse to change the injection?"

The female's voice sounded clear, she walked quickly to her side and looked a little thoughtful. "You go out first. The bottle was finished yet. I'll call you later."

Christina didn't know how to reply. She didn't want to leave so soon.

"Patrick, you've been sleeping for a few days. The whole company is waiting for you. Be awake quickly. Charles and I can't stand it anymore."

The woman walked directly to the

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

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

Her words made Christina stare at her.

Who was she?

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

smart.

"You're not a nurse here?"

Sure enough, she was smart enough to notice that Christina looked different from the photo on the little card on her uniform.

"Who are you?"

Now, she immediately became vigilant, quickly stood up straight and protected the man in front of the bed.

"I, I am..." Christina stared at her, not knowing what to speak for a moment.

"Bodyguards, come in."

The woman shouted anxiously at the door, "I don't know who you are, but

you'd better leave immediately!" Her words were cold, with her eyes fixed on Christina sharply.

"This woman came in disguise, took her away, and found out who she was..."

Looked at their repulsive look, Christina became nervous. She spoke out to explain, "I am..."

... She, she's my wife."

Chapter 105

"... She's my wife."

The person on the bed moved a little and his words made others silent.

"Patrick!"

The woman near the bedside reacted the most quickly. She approached him with a look of excitement and surprise.

"Patrick, you're awake."

"Inform Old Master Mr. Hopkins and the doctor immediately..."

The bodyguard outside was also very surprised, but he did as he was told without delay.

Christina stood at the end of the bed in

a daze.

She looked at the man on the hospital bed. He had just woken up and his face was pale. He opened his eyes, which were misty, and raised his head slightly and fixed his eyes on her.

He did not speak again, but Christina's heart trembled. The look in his eyes... was not cold or aggressive, but showed confusion and weakness.

"You are... Christina?" The woman standing by the bed looked a little embarrassed.

She looked straight at Christina and asked in a weird voice, "Are you Patrick's wife?"

She had long heard that Patrick had



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

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

"... Come here."

The man on the bed suddenly called out softly.

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

"Are you hurt?"

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

answering.

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

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

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

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

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

familiar to her.

"Patrick, I'm worried about you."

She choked on her words and couldn't help but cry. "Hurry up and get better. I'm worried about you. I don't know what to do. I can't help you..."

A glistening tear fell, and his eyes gradually cleared up. He looked up at her who was sobbing, and he was slightly startled, somewhat surprised.

For a moment, even Patrick did not know what to say. He stared blankly at her tears falling on his bedsheets. She seldom cried.

The woman on the other side looked at them in shock. She then looked down and then subconsciously took a step

back.

She was extra here.

"Patrick, I'm going to find the doctor," she said softly before stepping away.

Patrick did not say anything to her, not a word. When she walked out of the room, she only heard him mutter helplessly.

"She cries more often now..."

The woman paused and turned to look at the hospital bed.

"He really seemed to care about her..."

Just as she turned her head, she bumped into another man at the door of the ward. The other man sounded a

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

"Christina!"

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

He was so angry that he strode in. "Christina, you're so bold. You kidnapped a nurse. I really want to..."

"What happened to her?"

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

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

TER

"Christina, did you come and wake up Patrick?"

Charles was very excited. He didn't want to blame anyone. He was just shocked.

Christina blushed and quickly turned around to wipe away the tears from the corners of her eyes.

She didn't know since when she had cried easily. 'Damn it, why did I become so sentimental?'

'Now Charles saw me crying, he will laugh at me.'

Patrick looked at her, who was embarrassed, and laughed out.

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

"The one with the watch." Charles snorted.

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

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

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

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

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

"Got it. Get out."

Patrick suddenly interrupted the doctor with a cold voice.



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

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

Barbara noticed something unusual carefully.

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

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

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

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

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

"I'm thirsty."

The low voice was a little hoarse.

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

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

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

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

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

"You want to feed me?"

The man on the bed leisurely dropped a sentence.

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

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

Christina didn't want to do that. The man had just woken up and was about to make things difficult for her. Now her ears were red. She put the cup on the counter and ran out.

"Christina, how dare you run away!"

Chapter 106

"Why are you still here? I've told you never come here again!"

Christina sat on a metal seat outside the ward being yelled at by the woman. She suddenly felt helpless and wanted to explain.

Judy became impatient and yelled at the bodyguards. "Drive her away immediately."

"It's the Mr. Hopkins who asked her to stay..."

One of the bodyguards looked at the lady and spoke to her formally without much respect.

Judy's face suddenly clouded. "Patrick

is awake?"

"Since my son has woke up, why no one tells me?"

She spoke hastily with dissatisfaction. She ignored Christina and took quick steps to rush into the ward.

"Madam, you are not allowed up here."

The two bodyguards stepped forward and stopped her at the door with grim faces.

Judy was furious. "Why can't I come in? He's my son!"

"Sorry."

One of the bodyguards responded coldly with a tough attitude.

Watching her soon-to-be mother-in-law confronting the bodyguard, Christina explained in a whisper, "Grandpa said he had something important to discuss with Patrick..."

"How dare you talk to me!" Judy's face darkened. She glared at her.

Christina had to lower her head and remained silent in front of the furious mother-in-law.

She found that Judy was a tougher person to get along with than Laurie, and she seemed to hate her...

At this moment, a loud bang came behind the door.

Because of the closed thick door, she

could not hear clearly the conversations inside, but she guessed that the Old Master Mr. Hopkins was angry.

"If it wasn't for this accident, how long were you going to keep it from me?"

"Patrick, you must make this clear to me!"

The old man had a sullen face. His right hand clenched tightly around his crutch, and his body trembled in anger.

"Grandpa, calm down, please. Patrick just woke up. He's still very weak. We could ask him later..."

Charles was standing beside the old man. He carefully persuaded the old man when he saw the old man and his



grandson quarreling furiously.

But the man lying on the sickbed feared nothing. He replied, "So what if you have known."

This infuriated the old man. If he hadn't see Patrick lying weakly on the sickbed, he would definitely hit this rebellious grandson with his walking stick.

"Patrick, do you really think you are able to solve everything? You are not respecting me at all, bastard!"

Patrick was still lying on the bed. His face was pale. He glanced at the angry old man sitting at the end of the bed, thinking carefully.

He seemed a little bit tired, so he

slowly closed his eyes. "You can't help me though you know it." He replied tonelessly in a low voice.

Even if he had told them, they wouldn't be able to help.

There was a complicated look on the old man's face. He glared at him for a long time.

Suddenly, Old Master Mr. Hopkins stood up, turned around, and stumped out of the room.

Charles worried that the old man would be affected by bad emotions, so he followed him out immediately. When he left, he couldn't help glancing at the hospital bed in a mood.

Patrick was right. Even if they knew it

at first, they couldn't help him...

"Grandpa, Patrick just doesn't want you to worry about him."

Charles comforted him in a low voice when he was about to open the door.

The Old Master Mr. Hopkins frowned with a grim face, opened the door and walked out. Judy and Christina looked up at them at the same time.

They were full of doubts but dared not to ask.

"Dad, what's wrong with Patrick? What are you talking about..." Being unable to restrain herself, Judy stood up and asked nervously.

However, the old man ignored her and

ook complicatedly at Christina.

Christina felt nervous as he looked at her. She did not know whether to stand up or sit still, and whether to speak or wait for him to ask her.

"...Take good care of him."

Old Master Mr. Hopkins informed Christina in a hoarse and choked voice. Without saying anything else, he headed straight for the elevator.

Christina widened her eyes as she watched the old man leaves.

She didn't quite understand what the old man meant by "take good care of him."

While the Old Master Mr. Hopkins,

who had always been physically strong with a majestic figure, seemed to have aged a lot.

"Aunt Jiang, Patrick has just woke up. He needs to rest..." Charles looked at Judy and said.

Judy was angry. It was obvious that they didn't allow her in the ward.

She kept trying, "Patrick needs my care..."

"As what grandpa has just said, Christina will take care of him. Patrick has married her, so you don't have to worry about him." Charles replied calmly.

Christina looked at Charles, feeling strange. Although Charles was a lady-

killer, he has always respected the elders. But now, he spoke to Judy in a cold tone.

"Hurry up. Get in."

Charles reminded Christina in a low voice when he was passing by.

Christina finally realized and then walked into the ward hesitantly. While Judy, who was standing beside her, looked at her with anger and unwillingness.

The man on the bed closed his eyes and was resting.

She stood by the sickbed and looked at the remaining liquid in the infusion bottle hanging above. She did not dare to wake him up. She pulled up a chair

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

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

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

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

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

seemed that grandpa was really angry just now. It may be caused by the crutch.

"Have... have I disturbed you?"

When she saw that the injection was almost finished, she stood up and changed a new infusion bottle. As soon as she finished it, she saw him staring at her.

Patrick did not reply.

His eyes were deep and clear. He had not slept just now. He closed his eyes just wanted to be alone.

"Are you feeling well? Do you want to see the doctor?"

Christina was a little restrained by his



gaze. After thinking for a while, she asked, "Do you want to drink water or eat something?"

Christina felt that she was stupid for asking these questions. But she really didn't know what she could do for him.

He remained silent, which made Christina increasingly awkward. "If I'm annoying you, I can wait outside."

Patrick gasped for air because of the pain. Then he said in a low voice, "You won't be here if I want you to leave..."