

Chapter 229

Outside, black clouds were rolling over in the sky, and the wind blew so violently that the branches shook and pulled. The fallen leaves and dust were swept up by the wind, and it was dark outside. And the golden lightning suddenly lit up the dark sky, followed by a rumble. The thunder was deafening, and the night was very terrifying.

Christina looked out of the window, feeling uneasy.

"The weather is so bad. It looks like a typhoon..." It was not appropriate to go out tonight.

The wind had been blowing since the morning, and the clouds were heavy

and low. It was unexpected that it hadn't rained until evening. The thick clouds seemed to be brewing a fierce storm.

She then reached out and closed all the windows and curtains in the bedroom.

As soon as she turned around, she remembered something else and called out, "Patrick."

The bedroom was quiet. And it seemed even quieter because of the thunder outside. But Patrick didn't respond.

"Patrick!"

She then suddenly became anxious and hurried over. When she saw him still sitting by the bed, she breathed a sigh of relief and complained, "Patrick, I

am calling you, didn't you hear?"

Until she stood in front of him, he looked up and asked in a low voice, "What's the matter?"

"I've called you three times!"

Christina then leaned down and looked at him with a puzzled expression.

"I'm thinking about something." He seemed to say it casually, turning his head away, and he then added quickly in his usual calm voice, "Something about the company."

"About the company? But why do I feel that you are hiding something from me?" He must lie!

She didn't finish her words. And she just looked straight into his eyes and she became more nervous and panicked. She then raised her voice and shouted at him angrily, "I told you before, whenever I call you, you must answer me! Patrick, don't you dare to forget. You, you can't ignore me..."

He detected the upset in her voice. Christina was like this. Even if she was timid, she would only remind him that he could never ignore her.

Only she dared to speak to him like this, and he would subconsciously indulge her willfulness. He just wanted her to do whatever she wanted. And he did not want her to be wronged. Under his protection, she could be unscrupulous and carefree.

"When did I ignore you?"

He then reached out and pulled her to sit on his legs. He looked at her, seeing that her angry expression had become hesitant. Actually, she would express all her emotions and now she was really at a loss.

"Something went wrong in the company." He looked into her eyes and whispered, "I'm telling you the truth."

"Then when we had breakfast this morning, were you thinking about this too?"

"Yes."

This time, he turned his gaze away.

Hearing his words, she was skeptical.

But soon she tilted her body and put her hands around his neck. Looking at him, she couldn't help but feel sad for no reason.

Maybe he was really tired recently.

"My aunt cooked dinner for me last night. We sat together and enjoyed dinner. It was a very ordinary home-cooked meal."

Now she calmed down and then told him these things. She didn't know why she would say that. But she just wanted to tell him.

"My auntie told me a lot. She said that I was not worthy of people like you. I'll be wronged if I marry you..."

His body became a little tense. But she

didn't seem to be dispirited while speaking. She then added, "When I first married into the Hopkins family, I was indeed worried."

Right now, she buried her head on his left shoulder. His shoulders were broad and reassuring. And he was fine. she had taken his temperature with a thermometer just now.

"Look, even the famous Mr. Shepherd in A City has been bullied by me all day. Why should I be worried anymore?" At this point, there was a hint of mischief in her words.

Because she later understood that this family was really strange and restrained to her, but she knew that Patrick would always support her. No matter what she did or said wrong, he

would be there to help her.

With him, why should she be worried and timid?

He did not expect her to say this to him, nor did he understand what she meant by that. The love between men and women was too complicated for him, but when he heard this, he was quite surprised and happy.

She was not good at saying those sweet words. And at this time, her cheeks turned red and she raised her head to pretend to be serious. "Are you hungry? Should I ask Nanny Faang to bring dinner up now..."

"No need."

"But you just had some porridge for

breakfast." She didn't believe that he was not hungry.

"I don't want to eat now. Maybe later..."

He really didn't know how to take good care of himself. But as he spoke, he felt a sharp pain in his head. His face soon turned pale. But he gritted his teeth to endure the pain.

"Do you have a headache?"

She noticed that he frowned and immediately stood up from his laps. And her voice became more serious.

Perhaps knowing that she was very worried about him, he was touched and nodded. This time, he did not hide his fragility.

"Lie on the bed. I'll get you medicinal ointment to massage your head."

She was not surprised that he would have a migraine. The doctor had said that he was too tired from staying up late and working overtime. But it usually didn't affect his daily life much. She was relieved. After all, migraine was not a serious illness. Later, she slowly learned to massage his head with medicinal ointment to ease his pain.

"Feeling better?"

She was not a gentle lady, but she worked hard to be a good wife for him.

Patrick felt a little better with her soft fingers gently pressing on his temples and the effects of the ointment.

Especially since his wife did not pinch him as she used to, it was really gratifying.

"If you're tired, you can sleep for a while. When you wake up, I'll ask Nanny Faang to bring dinner here."

"Okay."

It had been a long time since they had such a quiet and peaceful time last time. The wind was howling outside, and there were lightings, but at this time, a rare warmth loomed the bedroom.

"Patrick, you promised that you would take me to the boxing club, and also shooting and horseback riding club. Once I give birth, I want to go."

"You have to have a confinement first."
He refused instantly. This was the common sense.

"Then I'll go after the confinement. That club's annual membership dues are so expensive. As the boss's wife, I must experience these games myself."

While speaking, she unbuttoned his shirt, revealing his strong chest. Her soft hands were rubbing his skin. The man lying on the bed did not say anything, only looking straight at her flirtatiously. She then glared at him. It was to ease his pain. What was he thinking?

Then she continued to discuss with him in a good mood. "By the way, our sons can't be too sissy. I want them to learn more skills when they were little.

My grandfather has said that only when a person can protect himself can he have the ability to protect the people he cares."

Yet her words made him nervous. She felt his body tremble slightly and then asked quickly, "What's wrong? Is it pain?"

"Nothing." His voice was a little hoarse and he shook his head quickly.

And he had changed the subject. "Your grandfather General Eisenhower and my grandfather have similar temperaments."

"Yes, they both have bad tempers." She thought for a moment and then asked casually, "Logically speaking, my grandfather and your grandfather are

about the same age. They should know each other even if they are not close friends. But why does the Eisenhower family have no contact with the Hopkins family before?"

"Is it because our two families are in different fields and we don't have to establish a relationship? Or is it because your Hopkins family is too arrogant that my grandfather doesn't want to be related with your family?"

"Hey, Patrick, tell me..."

At this point, he was slowly falling asleep, and he could not hear clearly what she said. But he only felt good to hear her voice.

"Christina, I, it's good for us to live like this for the rest of our lives."

He was probably really tired. And he closed his eyes and said softly.

"Like this? What do you mean?" She couldn't keep up with him.

But he didn't explain. He was exhausted and wanted to rest. This thought flashed across his mind. He suddenly felt that it was good for him to spend the rest of his life with her.

"Patrick."

"Patrick?"

"Patrick Hopkins!"

Christina stood stiffly by the bed. Suddenly, her face turned pale. She shouted in horror. And she called him

three times.

Yet he didn't respond.

Chapter 230

A flash of golden lightning split the dark sky, the thunder rumbled, and the rain poured down.

In the room, Christina held the house phone with trembling hands. Her heartbeat was out of rhythm and she shouted repeatedly at the microphone, competing with the roaring thunder.

"Patrick's breath fastened with his temperature high. I can't wake him up."

She was half-kneeling on the bed with her face pale, keeping telling herself to calm down and that he would be fine, for he was usually in good health.

How, how could he suddenly fall ill?

But Christina's hands trembled uncontrollably. What's more, frightening, she nervously climbed into bed to give him CPR immediately. His body was so hot, and she anxiously pressed down on his heart, with tears welled up in her eyes.

Patrick would wake up soon. He is always strong and healthy. Nothing serious would happen. Nothing.

When Nanny Faang and the others rushed in, the doctors and the old housekeeper in Hopkins family immediately motioned for them to move aside. Christina stood by the side, afraid that she would disturb them. Now, she was shocked with her mind blank.

"Yes, his heart is beating. But the

temperature is too high. We have to lower it immediately. Get the injection now!"

"Put the medicine under his tongue."

The thunder rumbled outside the window, and lightning flashed from time to time. With the voice of Nanny Faang, other servants, and doctors, it was a mess. Everyone was so flustered that they were almost out of breath and spoke intermittently.

"He can't be moved now. Hurry up to take all the medicine here."

The doctor shouted anxiously, then quickly bent down to open Patrick's eyes and check his pupils with a small torch. Soon, a group of people came with a metal frame on which were four

or five shaking liquid injection bottles. Besides, some entered with large medical utensils containing syringes, disinfectants, and many complicated medical supplies.

Christina was staying quietly in the corner all the time. Her body was stiff. She was so nervous that she did not dare to breathe. She fixed her eyes on the bed without the intent to blink, for she was afraid that just after a blink, Patrick would...

She really couldn't believe it. At that time, she had been talking to Patrick who had looked fine and healthy.

He had just been tired from work and had migraines occasionally. Such a strong man who could easily pick her up with one arm wouldn't be seriously

ill.

Her eyes were slightly red, but she held back her tears and spoke to herself over and over again that he would be fine.

Patrick must be fine.

"Mannitol."

Suddenly, she stared at a small bottle of liquid injection whose mark was mannitol on the metal stand at the bedside. She was shocked. She quickly took a step forward and clenched Anut Fannng's arm.

"The medicine, why did Patrick need the mannitol? Didn't he have a migraine?"

Mannitol was a common medicine for brain treatment. Christina majored in clinical medicine at university, so she was clear that mannitol was mainly used to reduce intracranial pressure and avoid brain swelling.

"We must wake him up. He must wake up."

Christina turned and saw the doctor quickly insert a needle into Patrick's arm, making the cold liquid drip into his blood vessels.

"Mrs. Hopkins, you can go out first. Doctors are here now. Mr. Hopkins will be fine." Nanny Faang pushed her out of the room. Christina paused, looking serious and unwilling to leave.

"You're pregnant. You should take care

of yourself..."

Nanny Faang gently advised Christina again, while the doctor over there bent down and whispered in Patrick's ear.

"Mr. Hopkins..."

"Mr. Hopkins, can you hear me?"

Patrick's right hand pricked with a needle moved slightly, but Patrick was crowded by many people, which blocked Christina's sight. She was then half-pushed and half-dragged out by Nanny Faang.

"Old Master Hopkins."

Just as Christina walked out, Old Master Hopkins rushed upstairs with a cane. The two buttons on his tang suit

were not fastened properly, and his hair was wet because of the rain outside. Seeing the dignified senior, the crowd seemed to calm down.

"Old Master Hopkins, Doctor Morris is giving an injection to Young Master Hopkins. He said that if Young Master Hopkins could wake up, he would be fine..." Nanny Faang reported quickly to Old Master Hopkins, sounding worried.

However, Old Master Hopkins did not immediately enter the room to see Patrick. Instead, he turned to Christina with his sharp old eyes.

"Take her away."

The man with a hoarse and old voice suddenly gave an order.

Nanny Faang could not understand. Christina did not come back to her senses, either, but her arms had been lifted by two tall male servants. "Grandpa..." She looked frightened and began to struggle.

The two male servants were so strong that they lifted her and carried her down the stairs.

Christina turned to look up, with reluctance to leave, begging Old Master Hopkins, "Grandpa, I won't disturb you. I'll just stand by and wait until Patrick wakes up. I won't make any noise. I'm worried about him as well. I won't leave... Where do you want me to go!"

She was dragged down the stairs and

then out of the house. The heavy and chilly rain swept across her face in the strong wind, drenching half of her body in an instant and washing her face and clothes.

"Old Master Hopkins, where, where are you taking her?"

Nanny Faang was staying beside Christina anxiously, but she did not dare to violate Old Master Hopkins's order. In desperation, she looked up and shouted to Old Master Hopkins upstairs.

"Old Master Hopkins, the weather is bad. It is raining heavily, and it's thundering. Christina's still pregnant, so it's not suitable for her to stay outside now."

Old Master Hopkins didn't respond, only staring with his sharp eyes in the direction of the door.

"Mrs. Hopkins, please get on." The old butler was already standing at the gate of Eastern Garden, with the back door of the champagne golden Rolls-Royce opened.

The luxury car, at this time, looked more like a terrible abyss to Christina. "I won't."

"What do you want to do? Where are you taking me?"

"I'm going nowhere. Let me go, let me go!"

She clenched the door with both hands and struggled not to get on. The cold

rain had drenched her body and dripped down to the ends of her long hair. Her face was already cold. Then she complained angrily, "I'm not leaving."

"Christina." In the corridor on the left, Brianna and Judy also came over. Seeing Christina dragged into the rain, drenched and disheveled, Brianna shouted in shock.

Judy was also stunned after seeing what had happened.

"Take her away immediately!"

Old Master Hopkins on the second floor repeated the order impatiently after hearing the noise.

Christina looked up and shouted in the

direction of the second floor, "Why, why!" Her heart was colder than the freezing rain.

"I'm not leaving. I said I'm not going anywhere. I promised Patrick that I wouldn't leave."

"It's not up to you."

She looked at the old butler with her face stiffened. For the first time, Christina realized that Paul had never been amicable. His voice was as ruthless as a machine. To loosen her hands on the door, the male servants almost broke her fingers. In pain, she, much weaker, was finally forced into the car.

"Let me out, let me out -" her eyes were red with anxiety. She lowered her head

and turned the door handle desperately, then hit the window.

However, it was in vain.

Brianna and Nanny Faang stood still, watching with mixed emotions and horror as the door was slammed closed and the luxurious car disappeared in the thunder, lightning, and rainy night in an instant.

"Christina left herself. Do you hear me?" The stern order came, and no one dared to disobey it.

Chapter 231

"Where's Christina?"

Patrick woke up much earlier than they had expected. They were so worried about him when he fainted two hours ago. Fortunately, he came to himself now.

However, the first word he uttered was that name. Nanny Faang and the others stood by the bed, looking at each other and not knowing how to reply.

"... Where's Christina?"

Lying on the bed, his face was still pale. His eyes closed and his hands were still intertwined with the dripping tube.

Although his headache was alleviated, his limbs were still in numbness.

He heard some noise around him, but he knew she wasn't there.

Nanny Faang took a step forward, a sense of nervousness was clearly detected on her face. Usually, they were very afraid of Patrick, but tonight, she was very restrained and whispered, "Her aunt called..."

"Where is she?!"

Knowing that something was going wrong, Patrick's pale face suddenly darkened, and then he immediately opened his eyes. His throat was dry and hoarse, and his voice sounded very creepy.

Looking at his countenance, Nanny Faang was frozen in horror.

Struggling, she lowered her head and did not dare to look straight at him. She tried to calm down and replied, "She has just left. She said she was going to her aunt's place."

"Impossible." He denied firmly with his cold voice.

"Of course it is possible, It's not the first time she has betrayed you."

Old Master Hopkins stepped in calmly with his cane in hand, the servants at the door gave way to him. He scolded him in anger.

"Where is she!" He was very

persistent.

"Get her back to me... She's dangerous out there."

The old man's face darkened and he felt a surge of anger, especially when this pair of bleary old eyes saw his sick appearance. His chest was burdened with anger and heartache, and he gnashed his teeth and roared.

"I cannot believe we have such a useless in our family. You are so damn sick, and you are just talking about a woman over and over again!"

The man on the bed did not reply, as if his head was still a little dull. He closed his eyes and took a deep breath. Suddenly, his left hand quickly pulled

off the needle on the back of his right hand, and he propped his hands on the bed to get up.

When Paul saw his movements, he immediately signaled the servant to come forward and help him.

"Get out of here!"

Patrick's head was still dizzy, and his body was weak and trembling. He could hardly prop up his body. His voice was hoarse and cold. He was sick and weak, but now he was in such a bad mood that everyone was afraid of him.

Seeing his perseverance, the old man became angrier and began to shout at him.

"Leave him alone! He asked for it!"

The servants in the room were hesitant and did not dare to touch Patrick. They looked at the needle dripping with liquid and saw that their young master was haggard and weak, and did not even wear shoes. He strode out of the door in a hurry.

Seeing these two fighting against each other, old Paul was extremely anxious. He quickly ran out with him. "Patrick, your body is not stable yet. The injury has led to a series of complications..."

"We cannot wait any longer. We have to arrange an operation immediately."

As soon as Paul stopped talking,

Patrick, who had already reached the stairs, suddenly saw nothing but darkness. Instinctive fear rose in his heart and he was in a total mess.

Losing his balance, he fell down the staircases, and this unusual noise drew everyone's attention and scared them.

"Patrick—"

Paul was the first to realize what was happening, he shouted in fear and ran over there in hurry.

The others were too stunned to react, they looked at this motionless body lying below the stairs. His head was bleeding with blood and his face was sick and miserable. Everyone was put in this creepy dead silence.

Old Hopkins, on the other hand, glared at the bottom of the stairs with his wide eyes. This old man's face was full of terror. His heart was beating wildly and his lips were trembling. He wanted to give orders immediately, but his speech was out of control and he could not utter a single word at the moment.

He had experienced this heartbreaking feeling before, it was so painful that he could not breathe or speak.

Patrick was more paranoid than his father and more easily made him angry and worried... How could he bear the pain of losing another young man in this family!

"Doctor Morris, we need your help—"

Paul had already walked down the stairs and looked at the body getting cold gradually. His eyes were red with anxiety and he shouted, "Simple bandaging, take all the medicine, contact the plane immediately, we're going to Seattle tonight..."

The heavy rain was pouring and the whole sky was filled with dark clouds. The weather was very bad. Golden lightning suddenly fell and stroked everyone's soul, and thunder resounded through the sky.

Christina was sitting in the car, and outside the window, a bright light flashed across her face. Her face turned pale, her heart beat faster, and she somehow felt an uneasiness.

She did not yell. She knew it was futile. She just kept looking back and looking in the direction of the Hopkins family behind her...

Patrick.

Don't know what is going on with you, hope you are all well...

Soon the car slowed down and stopped, the driver unlocked the car with a light click. Almost at this moment, she pulled the door open and rushed out of the car, trying to get out of this cage.

However, as soon as she opened the door, she saw a familiar face.

Betty was standing by the door,

holding an umbrella as if she had been waiting for a long time.

"Why?"

Christina got out of the car and she has already been drenched by the roaring rain. Her long hair and shirt were dripping, her face was cold and pale, and her eyes were filled with complicated emotions, staring straight at the woman in front of her.

"Why, auntie, tell me, why did grandpa send me back?" She held back her restrained emotions. She knew that all of this must have something to do with Betty.

Betty stepped forward and covered her with the umbrella. Looking at

Christina who is now looking at herself with a resentful appearance, she said to her calmly, "Christina, you disappointed me."

"I can't believe that you came back to that Hopkins family. Like these women obsessed with power and wealth, you can not leave that family, you are just like these women."

"Auntie, please talk sense!" She roared.

The umbrella could not stop the storm rain, the thunder, the lightning, and the wind. The uneasiness in her heart continued to rise, and the tears in her eyes fell down her cheeks mingled with the rain...

"Patrick is sick. I promised to be there

for him!"

Christina turned around and was about to leave.

Betty threw away the umbrella, walked forward quickly and grabbed her arm. "You cannot go back." Her attitude was also very firm, like the thunder in the sky, sonorous and powerful.

Christina tried to break off her fingers. Her face became pale and blue because of the rain, but her eyes were red. The warm tears were different from the cold rain. Hit by the hot tears, Betty didn't show any sympathy. She still held them tightly and refused to let her go.

Christina was really anxious. She cried and begged her, "Let me go back. I'm really worried about him..."

She did not realize that Patrick could be so weak. She was really too incompetent in the past. She cared too little about him and now she was in deep remorse. She now was very worried about him.

Betty didn't expect that she would cry, but she still hardened her heart. "You could not help him even if I let you go..."

"I love him!"

She screamed, "I love him!!" It echoed against the rumbling thunder.

Chapter 232

"I love him."

Betty was dumbfounded. Unexpectedly, she heard Christina screaming helplessly.

Betty knew that her niece had never been a weak woman. Christina was stubborn, and always tried to stay strong. She seldom told anyone if she had been wronged. Now that seeing her crying so hard, Betty also struggled and felt uncomfortable.

Because of the heavy rain, the highway in front of them was congested. Many people looked at them curiously through the window. They could hear the sound of the rain, thunder, and the noise of the crowd.

Betty felt very uncomfortable being looked at like this. She noticed that Christina, who was in front of her was also drenched. Christina looked pale; a pregnant woman shouldn't stand in the rain like this.

"I'm doing it for your own good. Let's go home now..." Betty softened her voice and said.

However, the woman in front of her remained silent, who stood still and did not want to move. Betty knew her, she grabbed Christina's wrist so hard that she even hurt her slightly; she dragged Christina towards the gate of the community.

"I want to go back to Patrick's place." Christina didn't want to move, and

Betty failed to pull her away.

No matter how Betty tried to persuade her, she refused to give in. Betty could only scold her angrily. "You said you loved him. Is love as simple as you think? Christina, I know you so well. I've watched you grow up, and I know you don't understand your feelings at all. In the past, Cory listened to his mother's words to pursue you, and you said you owed him, so you agreed to date him at once. You gave everything to him and waited for his love, but what did you get in the end? Carrie got involved in your marriage, and you, the loser, were abandoned."

You lost everything.

Christina looked serious. She had to admit that Betty was right, she lost

completely.

Her asexual marriage with Cory, and the three years she spent waiting for him, certainly affected her greatly. At least she became more conservative and timid in getting into a relationship.

Betty knew how to convince her, "I told you long ago that repaying kindness is not love, but you didn't understand. You just thought you owe him... You agreed so readily because of the shadow of the Dickens family's shatter. You just wanted a home for yourself."

"Can't I?"

It was as if her secret had been exposed, so she raised her voice to find an excuse for herself. Everyone would make mistakes, and everyone had

something they would like to pursue.

Betty's voice was even harsher, "But you do not belong to that family. How did your grandfather teach you? 'It's okay if you didn't get it because you didn't ask for it. But if you have asked for it and you still didn't get it, that means it does not belong to you!' People of Eisenhower family won't covet things that don't belong to us, but you're begging for having a family to shelter yourself. You're not only a coward but also a fool!"

Christina did not know how to refute; she was not as tactful and sharp as Barbara. She just wanted to tell Betty, "Patrick is different. He is different from the other men in the world!" She firmly believed with that.

"What's the difference!"

Betty looked straight into her eyes and mocked her mercilessly.

"Cory told you that he saved you on your high school graduation trip, so you agreed to his proposal. Patrick told you that he was the one who actually saved you, and then you said you fell in love with him. You've been taken good cared by both the Dickens and the Eisenhower families since you were a kid, but suddenly your grandfather died, your father cheated on your mother, and your mother committed suicide. I know, you don't want to accept these misfortunes. You pretend to be strong, and you've been looking for a happy ending that you've imagined."

"Christina, listen up. You don't owe anyone anything. You were taken away by bandits on your high school graduation trip. Cory was just passing by, and the shrapnel in Patrick's head had nothing to do with you. Even if he didn't save you, Derek had come to you at that time..."

... The shrapnel.

She could not clearly remember her narrow escape, but she knew that the bandits had fired.

She didn't hear the scolding as if her mind stuck all of a sudden. Some people got out of their cars and walk towards them. "What are you arguing about? Hurry home, it's raining."

"Hey, she's pregnant. Don't make her

stand in the rain. Be kind!"

Gossip surrounding Christina made her mind even messy.

All her thoughts got stuck by the strange and terrible word, and her whole body stiffened. "What's wrong with Patrick?"

"Patrick won't live long. He has a piece of shrapnel in his head!"

Betty scolded her sharply and fiercely, "Christina, you don't dare to accept reality, but here it is. Take your experiences of your high school graduation trip as an example, you are afraid of it, so you always can't remember it clearly. Reality, however, prevents you to mess around and fantasize. Patrick is not the one."

"He will only hamper you and make you feel guilty. He will drag you into the abyss. You have to face the reality. The reality is that Patrick himself made a wrong judgment. There was no love imbroglio between you and him before. You did not ask him to save you, but he made the decision himself."

"Derek drove him to the hospital that day, but they met a car accident. Patrick was quickly rescued, but Derek stayed in coma in Seattle for six years. They're even. Patrick would have died long ago without him. The shrapnel in Patrick's head is just his own burden, he just wants to drag you to hell with him for the rest of your life."

Christina did not speak. The heavy rain was still so cold.

He asked her to stay with him for the rest of her life, even if it was in hell...

That was possible, Patrick was indeed a dictator.

Suddenly, she calmed down. She didn't know why, perhaps because Betty was right. She was a coward. She resisted the reality and didn't dare to recall.

She had been pretending to be strong, and because of Cory, she was even more number for her second marriage. Patrick had done a lot for her but she ignored them. She was an incompetent wife, but Patrick could always see through her at a glance, and told her, "Don't overexert yourself."

At that moment, she was moved,

because there was no one for her to rely on in reality, so she had to stay strong even if she couldn't hold on.

And he even indulged her to mess around.

A man like Patrick was so scary that women who met him would not have any chance to escape. Since she could not flee away, she would just perish with him.

"I've promised to accompany with him..." and I would spend the rest of my life with him.

"I'm going back."

Christina replied calmly. Betty's expression was complicated and she loosened her grabbing hand a little.

She watched Christina turn around and walk away in the rain.

"A lot of sequelae are disturbing him. He has too many problems to deal with, and he would not be able to handle them alone..."

Betty shouted angrily at Christina's back. She was unwilling to let her niece, who was the closest relative to her, leave. But she did not run to stop her; she knew that she could not.

Christina did not look back, she could hear the words behind her clearly.

Standing on the side of the road with a blank expression, she looked at the slowly moving cars. Was there a car that could take her back? She just wanted to go back now...

"Miss, where are you going?" A taxi driver attracted by their quarrel previously stopped the car, rolled down the window, and asked.

"To the Morning Hillside Villa..." Her lips were pale as she had been drenched in the rain for too long.

The driver opened the back door and she was about to get in anxiously when her phone rang. It was an urgent call from Charles.

"Christina, don't go back to the house of the Hopkins family..." Charles shouted, fearing that she would miss the words.

"The Old Master Hopkins is planning to send Patrick to Seattle. He won't let

us get involved. You have half an hour to go to the airport. I bribed a servant from the Hopkins family to get the information. Just come here as quickly as you can..."

"Christina, they said you left on your own. If there is even the slightest conscience left in your mind, come to the airport immediately, or you will definitely regret!"