

"I don't believe it."

Christina was quite angry. She grabbed the Ancient Coin on the floor into her bag and lowered her voice, "You told me that Derek was dead. That was nonsense... I won't believe you anymore."

The Ancient Coin in the bag made a faint sound, "Patrick and Charles are now in the VIP room on the ninth floor of this hotel."

"You can verify it, and think about whether to believe me later..."

Perhaps it experienced how stubborn Christina was last time, the Ancient Coin seemed to have learned to persuade her first.

Christina looked so thoughtful that she didn't go to the bathroom.

Her head was full of the thoughts that Derek hurt himself.

How could it be?

"... Christina, you'd better believe me. Don't waste time. You have to go to Italy." The Ancient Coin seemed impatient and gave her orders.

"I told you, I don't believe you!" Christina retorted angrily at her handbag.

The people sitting with her at the table looked at Christina in great surprise and confusion.

Christina restrained her furious expression and took a deep breath. Her eyes were filled with doubt.

At this moment, in the VIP room on the ninth floor of the hotel.

It's true that Patrick and Charles happened to eat in this hotel. They were mainly talking about Derek.

"When we found him, the furniture in his apartment was smashed into a mess. I don't know who had such a big grudge against him..."

Charles was describing what happened on that day, and then he sneered, "To be honest, Derek offended a lot of people who lost their money in the stock market a while ago because of his financial deals. They all wanted to kill him."

Therefore, it was not surprising that Derek had enemies, and someone was ambushing him in his apartment to beat him up to vent their anger.

Chandler ate with them, thought it over, and felt a little unreasonable, "We all know Derek well. If someone sneaks into his apartment, can't he know it? Derek had always been sensitive and cautious."

It's strange that Derek was badly scarred because he was so skilled that three professional bodyguards might not be able to defeat him. No wonder Christina and Peter immediately believed that the three of them had joined in the attack and beat Derek. After all, few people could make him injured so seriously.

"Patrick, what do you think?"

Chandler called Patrick when he saw Patrick was drinking alone silently.

Patrick was straightforward, "...I don't know."

All the speculations seemed unreasonable and he could not judge it.

Charles picked up a piece of fish and chewed it. He suggested, "Why don't we invite Derek out to make it clear face to face?"

Chandler sneered, "Do you think he'll come out? Derek paid strangers no mind."

Then he had a second thought, "By the way, Patrick, does Christina go back to work for that company?"

Patrick's tone was indifferent, "She's happy today and drove to the company again."

"You don't mind it?" Chandler asked him directly.

Christina and Crystal went out to work just for killing time. Patrick originally planned to set up a company for them, but they were employed by that unexpected company. They thought it was just a coincidence. However, it turned out that Derek hired them.

Patrick didn't say anything. At this moment, the waiter knocked on their door three times, and then a hotel manager in a dark blue uniform came in.

"... Miss Dickens and Miss Hopkins are eating in the lobby on the first floor." The hotel manager went upstairs to report.

Charles suddenly realized, "My brother said today that he would treat his employees to have dinner. So that is in this hotel."

Patrick picked up the tissue on the table and wiped the corner of his mouth. He got up from the chair and obviously wanted to go downstairs.

Charles stopped him, "Patrick, you'd better not go down."

Patrick frowned slightly and looked back at him.

It would be ridiculous if he needed someone else's permission to go downstairs to pick up Christina and Brianna!

Charles shrugged and explained, "...The world of women is a little complicated. Let them come up in case Christina makes a lot of enemies in the company. I figure she's even less popular than Brianna."

Charles knew what women thought best.

Patrick looked at the hotel manager, "Ask them to come up."

"No problem." The hotel manager immediately went downstairs to carry out Patrick's command.

When Christina heard that Patrick was eating in the VIP room on the ninth floor of this hotel, she had a strange expression.

They were really eating in this hotel. The Ancient Coin was indeed right.

Crystal rode up in the elevator with them, "What's wrong? You're a little strange."

"Nothing." Christina clutched the bag in her hand.

Veronica and Penny were having a good meal and didn't care much about their sudden departure. Christina ate with Patrick upstairs.

"Do you get along well with your colleagues?" Patrick suddenly asked.

Christina didn't reply immediately and continued cutting the steak.

Crystal had eaten with Patrick many times, but every time she was instinctively tense. When Patrick suddenly asked Christina, Crystal was a little scared although she was not involved.

Then she heard Christina say casually, "Not bad. They're quite nice."

The Ancient Coin in her bag whispered disdainfully, "...That's a lie."

"It's none of your business!" Christina stared down and scolded it with a low voice.

"Christina, you're strange lately." Charles also noticed she was acting strangely and joked about her with a smile. "Aren't you pushed around by your colleagues? What's wrong with you? Do you come to a conscience that you should do something good and help countless beings in the world?"

If Christina told Patrick anything nasty about someone, all the efforts in the first half of that person's life would in vain.

If she wanted, the revenge tactics were quick and efficient.

However, Christina would not tell Patrick.

"I am not as stingy as you," Christina retorted.

Charles immediately mocked her, "Right, right, right, you are the most decent person."

They ate together, and Crystal occasionally said a few words. Only Brianna was invisible. She kept her head down from beginning to the end, ate with a knife and fork, and did not even dare to dart around.

After meals, Patrick drove Christina and Brianna back home. Halfway, Christina remembered that she hadn't finished her documents and asked Patrick to change direction to the company.

Patrick parked the car outside the company. Christina opened the door and ran out.

Patrick looked at her running eagerly through the window, then he frowned and turned to look at Brianna in the back seat.

"How's Christina doing at the company?"

Now there were only the two of them in the car. Brianna looked up at her brother and said timidly as usual, "Christina, Christina is talented and nice." She was not an eloquent person.

Patrick had gotten along with his sister for many years. From her expression and voice, he could tell that Brianna liked Christina very much.

Patrick naturally said, "Sometimes Christina is careless. If she does something that makes you unhappy, don't mind."

"Okay," Brianna answered obediently.

When Patrick saw Christina get into the car with a bunch of documents, his face was a little grave, "Is your company this busy?"

"... I took a long time off from work before." Christina lowered her head to sort out the documents and explained casually.

"Patrick, take a shortcut and go back quickly. I'm going to finish them tonight..."

Christina sat in the passenger seat, pointed at the road ahead, and insisted on taking a shortcut. But the path was a little bumpy. Patrick looked at her sullenly, then he stared at the documents in her arms and was dissatisfied.

"Hurry up, hurry up, or I won't be able to sleep tonight." Christina urged.

Patrick had to listen to her and drive the car down the path.

Brianna sat in the back. Her eyes widened slightly as she heard the conversation between them and saw the change of expression on Patrick's face. She seemed to be a little surprised and amazed.

When Christina got home, she rushed into the bathroom to take a five-minute shower. After coming out in a bathrobe, she sat directly in the lady's chair behind the bed to go through the documents...

She kept reading until early in the morning.

"Christina, go to sleep."

The first time, after Patrick went back to the bedroom from the study, he saw that the lights were still on. Christina was reading the details of the project carefully.

"Christina, go to sleep."

The second time, when Patrick got out of the shower, Christina was still focusing on reading the documents.

"Christina... It's one o'clock in the morning. Go to bed!"

The third time, Patrick lost his patience. He grabbed the documents by her side, picked them up, threw them into the cloakroom, and pulled the door. He just didn't want to see them anymore.

"Why did you throw my documents away?"

Christina got up to protest, but she was dragged back to the bed. The fluffy quilt covered her body and she was threatened by Patrick with a low voice, "I'll call someone to burn them if you make a move."

Patrick did not give Christina any chance to refute him. He turned off the bedside lights.

Christina moved in the quilt a few times and felt depressed, "You all have such a bad temper." The Ancient Coin was impatient as well.

Patrick, on the bed, was seriously considering how to make her resign willingly.



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Christina's domestically-produced car was parked in the company's parking lot, so she had to ask the Hopkins family's driver to send her and Brianna to work this morning.

Christina sat vigilantly away from Brianna as usual. When she came back to the company to have a meeting with Penny and the others, she was excluded again. Anyway, she was not good at talking about discussing business, so she just left the meeting after listening to their heated discussion.

"Is Christina from the same family as that rich girl?"

"I saw them taking the same car back to the company today..." Coming out of the conference room, the two female anchors gathered together to gossip.

Walking behind them, Christina said coldly, "She picked me up halfway and brought me back to the company."

The two guilty female colleagues in front of her were startled. They turned to look at Christina and smiled awkwardly. "I see." Then they quickly left.

Christina stood there and looked at the small company which had about 20 people. She tutted, "Bad people gather in bad place."

It seemed that her words aroused the interest of the Ancient Coin in her pocket. "Then why are you wasting your time here?"

"I'm killing time." Christina thought for a moment and really couldn't find any reason.

"You should go to Italy!"

"No."

Miss Dickens had always been straightforward in rejecting others. The Ancient Coin roared as if it now understood that it was not easy to persuade this woman to help it.

When Christina was about to get off work in the afternoon, she got a phone from Patrick, "What? You want me to accompany you to a charity party?"

She thought for a moment and found it strange. "Didn't you dislike these occasions before? Why did you suddenly ask me to go with you this time?"

"You are my wife," Patrick explained.

It is only right and proper for a wife to be her husband's female companion.

"Is there a conspiracy?" Christina felt a little strange. He usually wouldn't let her attend such occasions.

Patrick was speechless for a moment and then he said in a more forceful tone. "I'll wait for you downstairs at 6:00," he said.

"I don't want it," Christina immediately refused, "Don't come over..."

"Can't I see your colleagues?" Patrick was a little annoyed.

"The person in the limelight bears the brunt of the attack."

Christina explained to him seriously, "Anyway, don't come over. I'll drive over to IP&G by myself... No, it's even more congested at the IP&G during the rush hour. Hey, why do you have to let me go to the damn charity party? I have nothing to talk about with those rich women."

In the end, Christina made an order.

"Patrick, you're the big boss. Skip your work early to pick me up downstairs. Remember to park at least 500 meters away from the entrance of my company. It would be better if you park in dark alleys."

Patrick held the phone that had been hung up, speechless. She had learned to order him to do things.

"How did Patrick Hopkins like you?"

The coin in Christina's pocket suddenly asked her seriously.

Christina put away the documents on her table, ignoring the Coin as usual. "It's none of your business."

The Ancient Coin sneered, "You two get along so strangely!"

"I really appreciate your concern for us." Christina sneered.

Having nothing to do in the afternoon, Christina killed the time in her office. She always felt that the Ancient Coin seemed to know her very well, and all her relatives.

Ancient Coin sneered, and then its misty voice disappeared.

Christina clocked out at about 6 o'clock on time. She went down to the first floor of the company and looked around, seeing a conspicuous silver-gray Rolls-Royce 800 meters away on her left.

Opening the door, she sat on the passenger seat directly.

Patrick leaned over to help fasten her seat belt. "Why are you so nice to me all of a sudden?" Christina was surprised. She thought that he would be grim-faced and unwilling to hide in this corner to pick her up.

Patrick drove immediately. "Am I usually bad to you?"

"It's not... It's just that you're usually too busy."

She felt that he had stayed at home longer after Derek came back.

Patrick didn't think about her thoughts. He looked straight ahead and told her, "I'll send you to the beauty salon to get your hair done and dressed up. The party doesn't start until 10 o'clock. What do you want to eat? I'll tell the hotel to pack the food up and send it over."

"Why do you rich guys like to hold a charity party in the middle of the night?" Christina kicked the expensive car in boredom.

"If you kick harder, I'll turn around and take you to the hospital."

Patrick didn't care much about the party. But he was really angry when he saw Christina kicking the carboard childishly.

Christina withdrew her feet and sat down obediently.

It was not far, but there was a traffic jam. Christina asked Patrick a question to avoid boredom, "Patrick, I want to keep a pet..."

"What kind of?"

"I don't know," Christina thought for a moment. "There are a few cute squirrels near Charles's house..."

A while had passed.

Patrick decided, "Then find someone to bring the squirrels home tomorrow."

Christina looked at him, surprised. It was stealing. Patrick was indeed a capitalist.

Some people had said that romance itself was a boring thing.

Romance could be two people sitting in a car in a traffic jam, talking about meaningless things.

The so-called charity party, in Christina's opinion, was a group of idle rich people gathering to drink, chat, and flatter each other.

In short, she did not like such a hypocritical and luxurious occasion.

"This is Hopkins family's granddaughter-in-law. Nice to meet you."

Patrick had no way to relax. A group of rich women surrounded her. "We long wanted to invite you to our party... We've sent people to ask Patrick. But he didn't seem like to let you go out for social engagements."

Christina looked at them with a fake smile.



Christina didn't have a chance to say a word at all. They rushed to speak as if they were asking for credit. "Old Master Smith of my family and Old Master Hopkins are old friends. Our company also has long-term cooperation with IP&G. Old Master Smith often praises that you are such a lady, and he also reminds me to learn from you."

"My mother-in-law also said that she hoped I could have more contact with you. I had a lot about etiquette to learn from you."

In the end, they should decide unanimously, "You are the best fit to be the charity chairman of the project."

Christina was shocked. "What?"

She had been in a trance, and damned Patrick had left her with these women. How did become the charity chairman? She didn't listen to what they were talking about at all.

Christina was annoyed by these women. She smiled awkwardly, pointed her fingers casually in a direction, and said, "I'm sorry, my husband came to me. I'll go over for a while..."

Christina hurried up to leave...

These women did not mind her cold reaction. Instead, they enthusiastically shouted at her figure, "Patrick must have called you for something important."

"Christina, slow down. Your dress is a little long..." One woman said with great concern.

Hearing that, Christina felt goosebumps were about to appear on her fair arms.

Why did the woman call her so intimately? She didn't know them at all.

"Your treatment in your company is a far cry from here." A familiar and misty voice came from Christina's dark green new handbag. The Ancient Coin also seemed to be very impatient with such a gathering in the rich circle. "Humans are so hypocritical and ugly, especially women."

Christina did not understand why the Ancient Coin suddenly became so cynical.

Ignoring it, Christina looked for Patrick, but the venue was too big, with small groups of people laughing and chatting around.

"Why did you bring me here and run away?"

She was wearing a crescent-white mermaid evening dress with delicate makeup and long black hair. She was indeed very beautiful in this elegant outfit, but now she could only walk with small ladylike steps and felt very restrained.

"Patrick wants you to leave your company." The Ancient Coin sneered.

"He wants me to quit my job?" Christina was thinking about it, and soon she became doubtful. "If Patrick wants me to leave, he will definitely be very domineering and stop me from going to the company directly. He won't make so

many detours. Don't try to sow discord."

"Because of Derek..." said the Ancient Coin.

It seemed that Patrick would always have some scruples about matters that were related to Derek.

After Christina stood there for five minutes, Patrick seemed to feel guilty and found her. After donating money in the name of her company, Patrick took Christina back.

"I think it's a little strange that you want me to attend such a party," Christina asked Patrick suggestively when she was in the bedroom.

"It's good for you to make more friends."

Patrick explained simply. Then he walked out of the bedroom. He usually would go to the study. Christina went to the bathroom to take off her evening dress. While taking a hot bath in the bathtub for 20 minutes, Christina thought that the Ancient Coin didn't have to cheat her. "

When Christina came out of the bathroom with her warm body in the bathrobe, she saw Patrick holding their twins. He was very generous to throw the babies on the big bed, with the babies crawling on the bed.

Last time Patrick had emphasized seriously that his children were not allowed to sleep in his bed.

When the twins saw Christina sitting by the bed, they immediately crawled over adorably. They babbled with their chubby hands touching her warm and smooth thighs. The twins looked at Christina. Her younger son narrowed his eyes, smiling with satisfaction.

Christina also laughed.

"They like you very much." Patrick stood by the bed and said calmly.

As if inadvertently, he asked, "Do you want to spend more time with them..."

"Grandpa doesn't agree." Christina immediately became upset.

Patrick also sat by the bed to play with the children. Watching his wife and lovely sons, who were right beside him, he softened his voice, "I'll talk to grandpa. You can stay at home with them."

"Really?"

Christina was very excited. Looking at her two cute sons, she made hasty decisions. "Then I don't go to work. I can't make much money anyway. You can support me."

Old Master Hopkins had always upheld his old-fashioned way of raising children, saying that sons could not be too close to their mother or they would become weak in character when they grew up. Therefore, Christina couldn't see her children freely.

Patrick looked at her. "Very good." There was satisfaction in his deep eyes.

After sending the twins back to the nursery, both Christina and Patrick were in a good mood so they had sex all night.

It was easy to confuse people at night and wake people up during day.

Christina was so tired last night. When she woke up naturally, it was almost 11 o'clock in the afternoon.

"I'm late!" This was her first reaction when she got up with her hair in a mess.

Patrick seemed to be free today. He sat by the bed and brought some porridge into the bedroom as Christina's breakfast. He smoothed her long hair with his big palm and told her calmly, "I've already called your company to resign for you."

"Why?"

"You promised me yesterday." Patrick reminded her calmly.

Confused, Christina looked at the handsome man in front of her. "Patrick, are you scheming against me?"

"You actually planned to let me leave my company from the beginning, didn't you?" She realized something.

The Ancient Coin didn't lie to her. Damn Patrick...

Thinking of this, Christina remembered something more important than quitting her job.

If the Ancient Coin was trustworthy, then what it had said...

"Patrick, what do you think..."

Wrapped in a quilt, Christina crawled onto his lap, looked up at him, asking him hesitantly, "Could it be that Eric harmed himself last time he was injured?"

When she asked this, Patrick's face immediately darkened. "Who told you that?"

Hearing his tone, Christina threw herself into his arms nervously and asked, "Do you think that's possible?"

Patrick was silent for a moment. "Maybe."



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## Chapter 456

Christina always asked for leave. Some of her colleagues complained about it and then ignored her, but Crystal was cautious. She sent Christina a message to ask her why.

Christina didn't get up until noon. She picked up her phone and looked through WhatsApp. When she saw Crystal's message, she was guilty.

She poetically replied, "Because the moonlight last night was so beautiful."

Crystal was working carefully in the company. When she glanced at the phone occasionally, she replied, "Christina, when did you become a poet?"

Christina had to tell her that it was because of her husband.

When Crystal knew it, she couldn't help laughing.

Crystal replied humorously with an emoji of a winking face, "You had such a lovely night and you didn't get up early today. Don't overdo it, girl!"

They were young husband and wife. It was normal.

Christina replied, "Patrick told Shepherd that I would resign."

Christina was depressed about it. She was willing to resign. At first, she went to work to kill time. But she was tricked into resigning. It was upset.

Crystal was surprised. She replied, "Really? Will you submit an application for resignation to Shepherd tomorrow?"

Suddenly, Christina hesitated. Old Master Hopkins would not let her stay with her sons all day. And she was not interested to be the chairperson of the charity party mentioned by the rich women last night. If she didn't go to work, she could only depend on Patrick for the rest of her life.

Crystal understood her and replied to comfort her, "It takes a month for transition. You still have time for consideration."

Christina could not help but sigh that Crystal was so considerate.

If Chandler bullied Crystal, Christina would definitely help Crystal to teach him a lesson.

If Christina stayed at home, she would see some annoying people, such as Lassie.

When Christina was feeding the fish in the pond, she heard Lassie's shrill voice far away from the bamboo of Northern Garden. It was really a killjoy.

Lassie was hot-tempered. The servants kept their heads down when they saw her. Christina thought that she

reached menopause and would scold everyone she saw.

"What are you muttering over there?" Lassie swaggered towards her aggressively.

"Why did you go to work. Don't shame our family."

Lassie was instructed by Old Master Hopkins in the Northern Garden. So she scolded Christina to vent her anger.

"We don't need your money. Don't gossip about our family with your humble colleagues... If you are capable, you should learn to organize charity activities like my daughter and daughter-in-law so as to make our family more prestigious."

"... You are idle every day. Trash! You live in our family for free, but you do nothing for the family."

Nancy, a young maid who reminded Christina to have dinner and medicine in time, was beside Christina.

"She is not so bad. Ms. Hopkins, you cannot say it!" She had been with Christina for a long time, so she defended her.

Lassie glared at Nancy and scolded, "Bitch, shut up."

Christina learned a lesson and pulled Nancy behind her. She said, "Ms. Hopkins, you just don't like me. You don't need to lose your temper at her."

"It's my freedom to disciple the maid. Christina, you pariah."

Lassie was fierce. It seemed that she was boring and deliberately quarreled with her and then scolded her for being unfilial.

Christina had to endure the crone.

She said, "I respect the elder. I won't argue with you."

"What? The elder?" Lassie was angrier. She hated to hear the word "elder".

Christina took a step back.

Looking at her ferocious face, Christina added, "I think you look ugly."

Lassie was furious and glared at her.

Ugly?

How dare she say it?

Christina ran away with Nancy quickly.

They ran and Lassie behind them gasped and cursed...

Nancy was worried, "Madam, should I apologize to her?" Lassie was old, but she was hot-tempered. Anyone who offended her would be bullied by her.

"Don't be silly. Last time, she dragged you and kicked you. If you go back, she will kick you..."

Finally, Christina went back. The structure of the house was clear, and she had the final say in the Eastern Garden.

She was afraid that she would be instructed by Old Master Hopkins if she kept quarreling with her. Otherwise, she would not run away.

"Ask Nanny Faang to send several strong men at the gate. Don't let Lassie come in. I'll buy several fierce dogs to guard the door..."

"Madam, stop joking." Nancy had served Christina for over a year. She was impressed by Christina's temper.

"Old Master Hopkins was dissatisfied with you last time. He loves Lassie. If Lassie tells him, he will have a bad impression of you."

Old Master Hopkins was the head of the family. Anyone who was favored by him could be easy in the family. Lassie was his daughter and he preferred her.

Christina hated it. There were too many family members here, causing many troubles for her.

She didn't want to meddle in these things. She said, "You should not be afraid. I told the truth. She is ugly."

Nancy, who was behind her, smiled secretly.

However, Christina didn't expect Lassie to be unreasonable.

Patrick was on a business trip. So he was absent at dinner.

As usual, a few members of the Hopkins family sat around and waited for the dishes.

Lassie was a little late. She limped to the dining room of the main house. When Old Master Hopkins saw her, he scolded, "Courtesy!"

She was such a good actress. She cried on the ground for minutes as if she had suffered a great grievance.

Christina was stunned.

The servants immediately rushed up to help her. Judy comforted her quickly. Old Master Hopkins was astonished as well.

"What's going on?"

"Dad, I think I'll pack up and go back tonight. If I don't leave, I might die before you..."

"What nonsense are you talking about?" Old Master Hopkins was angry, "Stand up and talk to me!"

"My foot is sprained and crippled. I cannot stand up." Lassie burst into tears again.

Christina thought that Lassie was indeed injured. The butler called the doctor. The doctor diagnosed her and found that it was a traumatic fracture in her left ankle.

The private doctor frowned and said, "It was caused by heavy objects or violence. She must be sent to the hospital for an x-ray to see the specific injury and the bone. Considering her age, she should be taken good care of for the next few years and could not be in cold water. And she must walk slowly..."

"I don't want to live." Lassie cried on the sofa.

Old Master Hopkins knew well his daughter, but he didn't expect it. He said to the butler seriously, "Arrange a car to send her to the hospital now."

"I'm not going to the hospital."

"I'll die here." Lassie cried and thumped on the sofa, "Anyway, someone hopes me to die. I won't go to the hospital. I am old and ugly. I don't want to live..."

Christina, who was aside, was alert. Lassie was talking about her.

"Ms. Hopkins, I just argued with you in the afternoon. You don't need to mind it. It's your foot. If you don't go to the hospital, the injury will be more serious and you might need an amputation..."

Christina didn't think too much and said it. She just wanted to scare her and asked her to go to the hospital quickly.

But she sounded terrible.

Lassie cried with tears all over her face and screamed, "Dad, she is such a bad woman... Christina, you broke my foot and you hope me to have an amputation. Oh, I don't want to live..."

Christina retorted seriously, "When did I break your foot?"

"Christina, I was in a bad mood in the afternoon. It was my fault that I instructed you..." Lassie propped up her upper body and accused Christina on the sofa.

"I think you are my family. If I did anything wrong, you can just say it out. You hid with a maid. You hated me attacked me behind my back. I was pushed to the ground. And you threw a big stone on my foot. It was hurting. You wanted to kill me. You are so cruel..."

Lassie looked excited. She gritted her teeth in tears and accused Christina.

"I didn't do it."

Christina looked at her and tried to refute calmly.

The extended car was here and the stretcher was prepared. Several maids tried to persuade Lassie to go to the hospital first.

But she refused, "I just want justice today!"

"Dad, I'm your daughter. You know that I have a bad temper, but I dare not lie about it. She must take the responsibility!" She sounded forceful.

Old Master Hopkins, the butler and Nanny Faang looked at Christina suspiciously.

"I didn't do it." Christina turned her face slightly and repeated.



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"How dare you say you didn't!" Lassie roared angrily.

"Just because Patrick loves you doesn't mean you can do whatever you want! I know my tone was a bit harsh in the afternoon. But why are you so cruel to me? If anyone offends you again, will you kill him?"

"I said, I didn't do it!"

Christina's face darkened. "Ms. Hopkins, if you have evidence, show it. Don't try to make things up!"

"Do you mean I broke my own wrist to frame you?"

Ms. Hopkins looked ferocious as she bellowed, "You think no one will find it out since there are no witness or cameras at the fish pond, right? You are so scheming. I am impressed."

One of the servants couldn't help but say, "In the afternoon, Mrs. Christina Hopkins and Ms. Hopkins had a bitter quarrel..."

"Someone from the Eastern Garden said that Mrs. Christina Hopkins planned to buy a few ferocious dogs..."

Christina didn't defend herself.

In the end, Ms. Hopkins was carried to the stretcher by several people, put in the limo, and taken to the hospital for an X-ray.

Christina stood there with a complicated expression on her face. Under Old Master Hopkins's thoughtful gaze, she lowered her head and didn't say a word.

The dishes on the table were removed. No one had an appetite.

"Do you want to call Mr. Patrick Hopkins?"

Nancy, a maid standing behind Christina, looked uneasy. "Ms. Hopkins is framing us. We didn't hurt her. Why would she..."

Christina's expression was dark. She hadn't expected that Ms. Hopkins, valuing her life and health very much, would hurt herself just to frame her.

"She is so good at acting!" Christina gritted her teeth angrily.

Ms. Hopkins's tone and expression were so real. Even Christina couldn't help doubting whether Ms. Hopkins had really been beaten. It was a pity that she did not become an actress.

"Mrs. Hopkins!" a maid in charge of the Northern Garden rushed over. "Old Master Hopkins said that your son had a cold tonight and wouldn't come here. He also asked you to take the medicine on time and not to go out of the

Eastern Garden if there was no emergency."

After that, the maid ran away.

Those maids worked for different people in this family, and their interests were deeply touched with them. Their interests were important to them. Although Old Master Hopkins was just warning Christina, they had decided to say less about Christina in case they would be in trouble.

Nanny was anxious. "Old Master Hopkins is forbidding your son to come here?"

Nanny Faang came from the stairs and scolded Nancy angrily, "Mind your words!"

"I was being anxious. Ms. Hopkins made such a scene. No one is willing to hear our explanation now, but I promise you, Mrs. Hopkins didn't..." Nancy explained in a panic. Being in the Eastern Garden, she had the guts to tell the truth.

With a straight face, Nanny Faang said, "There is no result yet. You have no right to say anything. Don't make trouble for Mrs. Hopkins!"

Nancy lowered her head and said obediently, "Okay."

Nanny Faang knew that Nancy who she had trained wasn't up to anything. She was too young and thus too impulsive. However, Christina looked calm.

"Mrs. Hopkins, we'd better not trouble Patrick with this. He has a lot of work to do and must be upset about it."

Nanny Faang looked at Christina and persuaded in a gentle, "There's no need to make a big deal out of such a trifle. Old Master Hopkins also hopes you and Ms. Hopkins can just bury the hatchet..."

Nanny Faang had rushed to the Eastern Garden because she was afraid that Christina, in a fit of anger, would let Patrick know this. Patrick and his grandfather were both hot-tempered, so if they confronted each other, this would be harder to deal with.

"You think I broke her ankle too?" Christina asked in a cold tone.

Christina only treated Nanny Faang as one of her own, but Nanny Faang just asked not to make a big deal out of a small matter. Was she suspecting her too?

Seeing Christina's stubborn expression, Nanny Faang sighed and said, "That's not what we meant. I just feel that it's better to calm things down..."

There was always more trouble when many people were stuck in one house. Christina and Lassie were both bad-tempered. In contrast, the servants who worked for Judy and Brianna had much less trouble.

"Old Master Hopkins wants you to calm down. Ms. Hopkins's ankle might be fine... The few nannies were watching over your sons. You can get him over a few days later. These are trivial matters. There's no need to bother Patrick..."

"I won't complain to Patrick. Don't worry."

Christina did not want to hear these hypocritical excuses anymore. She slammed the bedroom door shut.

Grandpa obviously didn't believe her and was blaming her for Ms. Hopkins's injury. Now he didn't even let her see her son!

Nanny Faang even asked her not to complain to Patrick, which they thought would cause trouble for the whole family. After spending so much time together, they still didn't know her. When did she even complain to Patrick? Every time something happened to her, she bottled it up and got angry without letting him know... She was so disappointed.

"Even if you complain to Patrick, he may not believe you," said the ancient coin on her bedside table. It was so inconsiderate. Its voice was deep.

"I'm upset enough now. Don't make trouble for me!" Christina bellowed.

"That old woman didn't seem to be lying," it said again.

"So you mean, I was the one who broke her ankle!"

"Someone in this family hates her more than you do."

Christina was too shocked to realize its words. "Who?" She shouted into the air, "Hey, tell me..."

However, it didn't seem to care about this drama. "Don't let Patrick know too much about what happened to Derek... Men hate to be pitied by their opponents."

Christina sat by the bed dejectedly and muttered Patrick's name subconsciously.

She looked up and let out a long sigh of relief. "He is always on a business trip and busy. It's not easy to see him. He blamed me for not telling the truth... He has never had a good talk with me..."

They didn't even go to the movies together.

"He asked me to quit my job! What can I do at home?" Christina was getting more upset. She went to the wine cabinet, got a bottle of wine, and drank alone.

Burping, she vented her anger. "I am not allowed to see my own son. Lassie is so annoying. I am trapped in this room, idling my days away, waiting for you to sleep with me from your business trips. Why has my life become like this?"

She suddenly wanted to go back to her own family in C City and complain to her aunt to vent her anger. However, it was a little far away. It was not so good to marry someone so far away. Her grandfather might scold her for going back for no reason and say she was making trouble.

Crystal was married, so it was not suitable to come to her every time she was upset.

Christina's eyes suddenly turned red, and she felt more confused about why she had to live such a miserable life. "Marrying... Who wants to live in this place?"

When she woke up, her head hurt.

As she sobered up, she remembered that she had drunk a lot last night. Her hair was messy. In the mirror, her face was pale, and there were dark circles under her eyes. She looked haggard.

She still felt a little nauseous and her stomach ached.

"Shit..."

No one had found that she was drunk, which she didn't know whether it was lucky or not.

"You are useless!" The ancient coin in the room mocked her.

In a daze, Christina glared at the silver and blackish ancient coin on the bedside table and growled, "I don't care what kind of monster you are, get away from me. Leave me alone!"

She was in a bad mood but it had been going against her every day! It had never said anything pleasant!

"You think I want to be with a stupid woman like you all the time?!" It also seemed very dissatisfied.

Christina could not stand it and scolded, "If you dare to anger me again, I will hire a witch to get rid of you, letting you rot in hell!"

"Nonsense! I'm not dead yet!" it shouted.

Its voice was filled with anger. "I want you to meet me in Italy, but you, such a stupid woman, has been wasting my time... Get all this done. My patience is limited."

Its angry voice lingered in the room. Christina was dumbfounded.

She composed herself and asked, "You... You are not dead?"

She was furious. "Why do you call me a stupid woman?"

The door was knocked a few times, and through the door, someone asked, "Mrs. Hopkins, do you need us to go in?"

"No."

Christina quickly cleaned up the wine bottle, opened the windows, and let in some fresh air.

She splashed some cold water on her face in the bathroom, sobering up now, and touched up her makeup. Then she

opened the door and walked out.



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Although she was late, Christina still went to the company.

When she arrived, the colleagues in the company naturally gave her an attitude, as she had been running late and asking for leave all the time. However, the manager still smiled flatteringly at her. Coincidentally, Peter was also in the company and asked her to go to his office.

As soon as Christina entered the office, Peter talked to her about work-related matters straight away.

"Christina, some organizations have approached us for cooperation recently. It's about agricultural projects to support farmers in rural areas. Those companies wanted to help the farmers sell products like oranges and pears online directly, which would bring those rural families more income, so I am wondering if you could be the host of the live broadcast."

Christina was a little surprised and interrupted him, "Peter, I might not be suitable for this job."

"These projects are mainly for public welfare. We don't take any commission from them, and it is only a good deed. Of course, this can improve our reputation in the industry, so in fact, it is a win-win."

Peter was indeed a workaholic. He kept talking and tried to convince her, "Didn't you accompany Patrick to the charity party a few days ago? I saw that those socialites recommended you as the chairman of the charity. Although the nature of the work is different, this job is also for the public interest."

"Also, as for the IP&G Group's following project, the diamond exhibition in South African, I am thinking of asking you to take charge of it. I'm sure it will broaden your horizons, and you can also experience something different in the new environment."

Christina felt a little awkward, "Peter, I might need to quit this job."

Obviously, Peter didn't know that Patrick had called and submitted the resignation for her.

Peter frowned and said, "The Hopkins family don't want you to work anymore?"

Of course, Peter knew the rules of these rich families. It was just that the Shepherd family had always been open-minded and disdained the practice of confining women to their homes to only give birth to and take care of their children as nannies. He had just thought of giving more new projects to Christina so that she could learn more.

Christina smiled awkwardly and shrugged, "I don't think I'm suitable for working office hours either. I'm not a competent employee."

eter stood up, patted her shoulder, and explained, "There's no need to be so rigid. You don't have to stay in the company and work every day. No matter which company and industry, the most important thing is that you can bring about good results."

Since he had finished talking about the work, Peter slowed down the speed of speaking. He went to the cabinet and

took out some black tea among his collections.

"I heard from Charles that you like black tea very much."

Peter made the tea himself and washed the cups professionally.

"My grandfather likes black tea." Christina had this habit because of her grandfather.

Peter poured her a small cup of clear golden tea and said casually about his family. "I was forced to drink black tea at first. When I was a child, my brothers and I liked drinking Coke very much. My father thought of a way to play games with us. If we lose, we can only drink tea. I haven't won since then." Christina smiles, and the smell of tea permeates the office.

Christina looked at the gentle smile on Peter's face and instantly felt that if only she had a brother.

"I thought you were like Charles, who is like a wild monkey that can't sit still. If you quit and stay at home all day, won't you be bored?" What Peter had talked about was Christina's concern indeed.

Christina did not say anything, and Peter did not persuade her anymore. After all, it was a family matter and it was not appropriate for him to interfere.

"Although we are friends, you still need to comply with the company policy. Even if you want to resign, you have to stay until we find the right person to replace you. It will take about a month before you can officially resign. And you don't have to come to work if it is not necessary."

Christina nodded sullenly, "Okay, thanks."

Seeing that she was unhappy, Peter said with a smile, "Patrick should be very busy. If you feel bored, just go to hang out with Charles. He has nothing to do all day."

Christina did not go to see Charles, and there was nothing to do in the company since she had to wait until they found a new host and handed her work over. Christina gloomily went back to the Hopkins family.

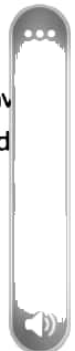
Christina had been so obedient these days that she didn't even step out of the gate of the Eastern Garden.

During this period, the maid at home secretly reported to her that Ms. Hopkins's foot injury was confirmed to be a fracture.

The condition of the injury wasn't that serious. Her foot was in a cast, and she probably wouldn't be able to walk for three months. However, she still wailed in the VIP ward of the hospital, complaining about how miserable she was.

Now, whenever Ms. Hopkins met someone, she would say it was Christina who caused her injury, and she also said that she did not dare to go back to the Hopkins family, as she was afraid she would lose her life.

Christina was not in the mood to visit her at all, "It's just a good time to have a rest." She thought.



At the moment, each of them stuck to their own versions. Christina insisted that she didn't hurt Ms. Hopkins, but Ms. Hopkins persisted that it was Christina's fault.

Although there was no conclusion yet, others still faintly held prejudice against Christina.

Patrick had been abroad over the week, and his work schedule was tight. Christina rarely called him. First, she didn't like to disturb others, and second, she didn't know what to say.

Maybe it was because Christina was so disciplined that Nanny Faang felt sorry for her, so Nanny Faang asked her if she wanted to go out for a walk. It was not good for her to stay home all day.

"If you don't mind, I've always wanted to go to a place," Christina said with self-deprecating.

She received a text message from Larry, and it was about Derek.

"If you still think I am your friend, please visit me at Derek's apartment." Obviously, Larry was mad at Christina, so he sent her a message in a huff.

Of course, Nanny Faang didn't say anything and just watched Christina drive out alone, wondering if she should report Christina's itinerary to Old Master Hopkins or Patrick.

"Just tell them I'm going to a bachelor's apartment!" Christina had been too depressed recently. She was so angry and shouted at Nanny Faang to sort of vent her anger.

She really hated the feeling of being watched 24/7.

Larry gave her the address, and Christina rushed over there.

"Derek has been very slow in reaction recently, and I suspect that he is gradually losing his sense of taste. The food I gave to him today was too salty, but he didn't sense that all at."

Outside the apartment, Larry lowered his voice to tell her some facts. Although his voice sounded energetic enough, she could still feel the worry in his tone.

"Losing the sense of taste?" Christina was surprised to hear this, and at the same time, she also felt worried.

"I don't know what's wrong with him. You know, he refused to say anything." Larry said resignedly. As he spoke, he gave Christina a push, "Go in and take a look at him. Now, he even doesn't allow me to get into his apartment."

"Eric."

Christina was not sure if it was because Derek was familiar with her steps and her aura. Almost the moment she stepped into the door, Derek, who was sitting alone on the sofa, looked up at her and called out to her in a hoarse voice, "Bae."

When Christina heard his voice, she immediately frowned, "Are you having a fever again?"



Derek was prone to having a fever because he was bullied by his stepmother when he was a child.

He lowered his head and did not speak.

Christina sat beside him. Even if she didn't get close to him, she could feel the heat emitting from his body. Christina sighed.

"How many times have I told you that if you have a fever, you should take antipyretics?" She had been accompanying him whenever he suffered a high fever in the past.

She had tried to persuade him and she even scolded him before, but in the end, she would still stay by his side.

Christina stood up and was about to go outside to ask Larry to buy some medicine. However, as soon as she stood up, Derek grabbed her hand. His pale palm was cold, and he grabbed her wrist firmly.

"Bae, I really seem to be sick." His voice was still hoarse and powerless.

Christina stood still in a daze, looking at his blue eyes which had mixed feelings, and she was a little puzzled.

He said that he was sick, and it was not just a fever but a serious disease.

Christina knew what he was trying to say, but she could not understand why his eyes were filled with sadness as if he was soon to be dead.

Christina suddenly felt she was about to cry. She sat next to him again, gritted her teeth, and asked him, "Eric, tell me. Did you just hurt yourself last time?"

She didn't want to use the word "self-harm".

"I am asking you, tell me!"

Christina shook his shoulders, and she was the most impatient with him, "Eric, I want you to tell me what's going on. Tell me!"

It was just like everyone has the worst temper towards the person closest to them because no matter how fierce they acted, they knew that that person wouldn't be angry or stay away.

"Bae, I, I feel a bit hot..." He said slowly.

Christina yelled at his sickly but handsome face, "You're stupid. You have a fever now. Of course, you will feel very hot. How many times have I told you that if you are sick, you have to find yourself medicine to take?"

Christina's nose ached. She put her arms around his thin body and rested her head on his shoulder. This guy had always been like this and he didn't know how to take care of himself at all.

"For so many years, you've never shown up in front of me..."

"If you don't tell me the truth, I'll ignore you for the rest of my life... Don't think I'll be soft-hearted. I'll do what I say." Some reason, she scolded fiercely and cried.

She had been too depressed recently. She felt that she was living a terrible life and was very confused. Why were the people around her also so miserable? She had always thought that Derek could live a good life alone.

Derek's blue eyes were dumbfounded, and his thin body was stiff. He felt some tears wet his shirt.

He panicked for a moment, "I, I don't know what exactly happened. On the day of the full moon... I felt pained. It was like my body had been torn apart. It really hurt."

Christina raised her head in shock and looked at him.

Derek didn't seem to want to be seen by her like this. He lowered his head and hid half of his true emotions.

That heartbreaking pain even made him want to use the method of self-harm to relieve the pain, or just die.

But he didn't say that.

"... Bae, I need to go to Italy." His hoarse voice told her firmly and softly.

Italy?

"Why are you suddenly going to Italy?" Christina suddenly remembered something.

Derek was very honest with her, "I don't know." But he felt that he should go to Italy.

"Wait, wait... I'll show you something..." Christina excitedly rummaged through her bag, "You're going to Italy, and it keeps asking me to go to Italy too..."

[Oh, it's really affectionate.] Christina took out the Ancient Coin in her bag.

"Eric, look, is this..."

Derek glanced at the Ancient Coin in her palm and then looked at her with confusion in his eyes.

He picked up the silver-black Ancient Coin and carefully examined its intricate pattern, "It's a badge of the Strozzi family..."

"Did it make you hurt like that?" Christina was filled with indignation.

[You stupid woman.] It was very angry.

"Can't you hear it?" Christina was surprised.

Derek thought, looked at her, and shook his head.

"Why is that so?" Christina muttered to herself.

[Only people with blood ties can hear me.]



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