

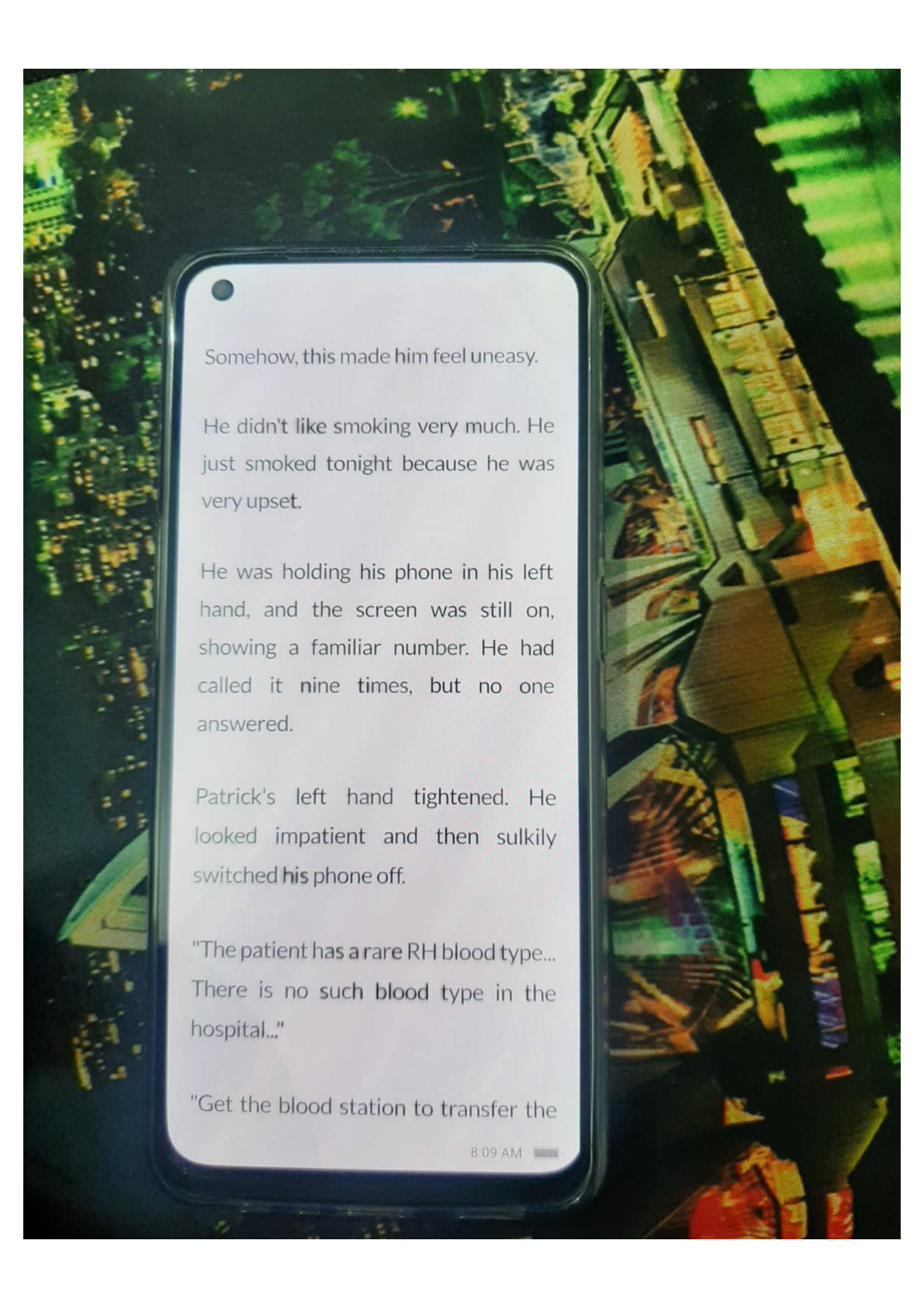
Chapter 45 She Has Been Waiting for You

The night seemed especially long and irritable...

Standing outside the balcony of the hospital emergency room, looking at the busy, stony faces of the paramedics outside and listening to the annoying sound of the emergency vehicles beeping, he lit his cigarette.

"Patrick, do you worried about something?" The woman on the side of the bed asked in a low voice.

Patrick didn't answer her. The cold night wind was blowing towards him. Perhaps because this was the emergency department of the hospital, he could feel the air have a faint smell of blood.



Somehow, this made him feel uneasy.


He didn't like smoking very much. He just smoked tonight because he was very upset.

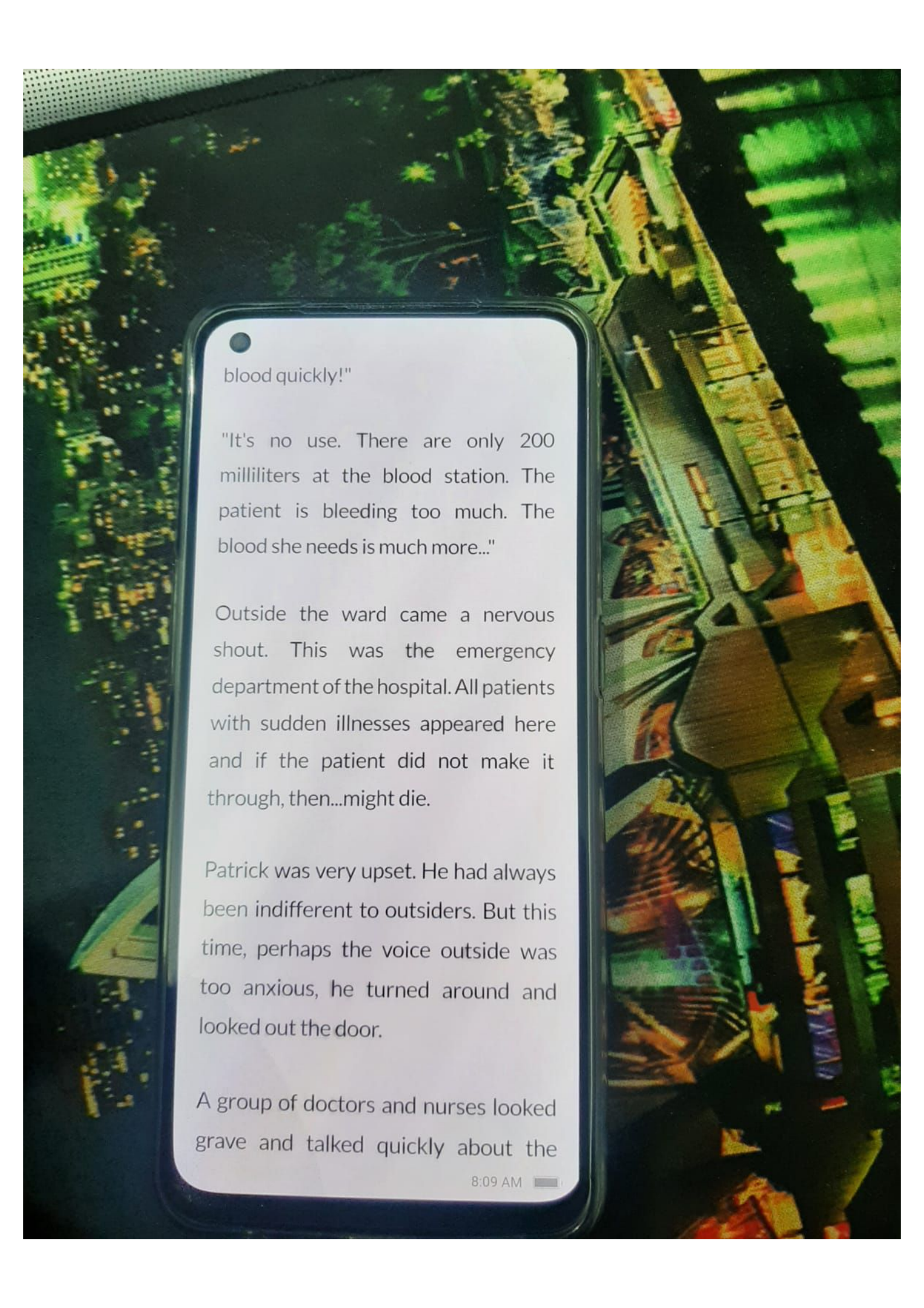
He was holding his phone in his left hand, and the screen was still on, showing a familiar number. He had called it nine times, but no one answered.

Patrick's left hand tightened. He looked impatient and then sulkily switched his phone off.

"The patient has a rare RH blood type... There is no such blood type in the hospital..."

"Get the blood station to transfer the

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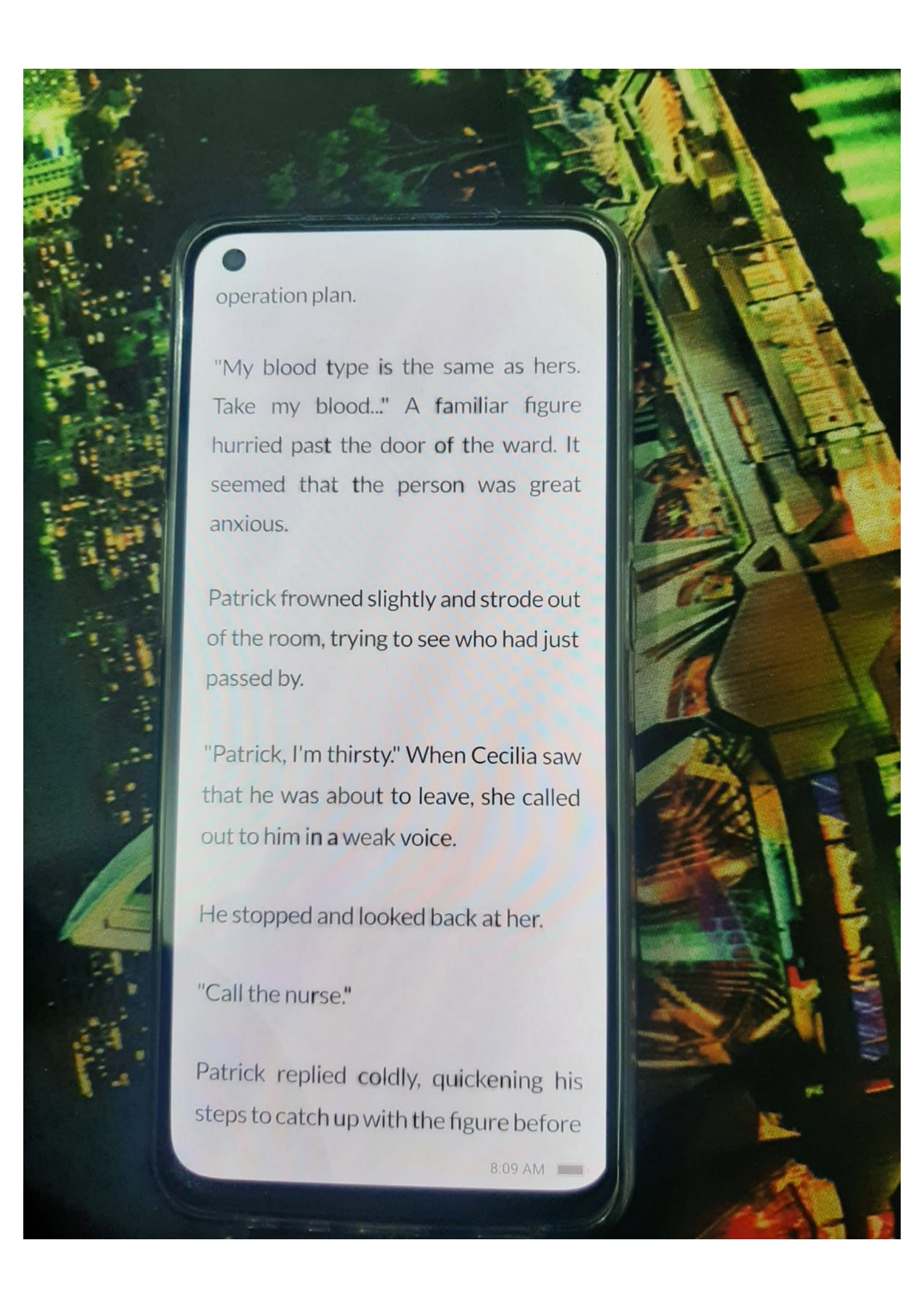
blood quickly!"

"It's no use. There are only 200 milliliters at the blood station. The patient is bleeding too much. The blood she needs is much more..."

Outside the ward came a nervous shout. This was the emergency department of the hospital. All patients with sudden illnesses appeared here and if the patient did not make it through, then...might die.

Patrick was very upset. He had always been indifferent to outsiders. But this time, perhaps the voice outside was too anxious, he turned around and looked out the door.

A group of doctors and nurses looked grave and talked quickly about the



operation plan.

"My blood type is the same as hers. Take my blood..." A familiar figure hurried past the door of the ward. It seemed that the person was great anxious.


Patrick frowned slightly and strode out of the room, trying to see who had just passed by.

"Patrick, I'm thirsty." When Cecilia saw that he was about to leave, she called out to him in a weak voice.

He stopped and looked back at her.

"Call the nurse."

Patrick replied coldly, quickening his steps to catch up with the figure before

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him.

Cecilia heard his cold voice and watched as he strode away. Her face suddenly became gloomy.

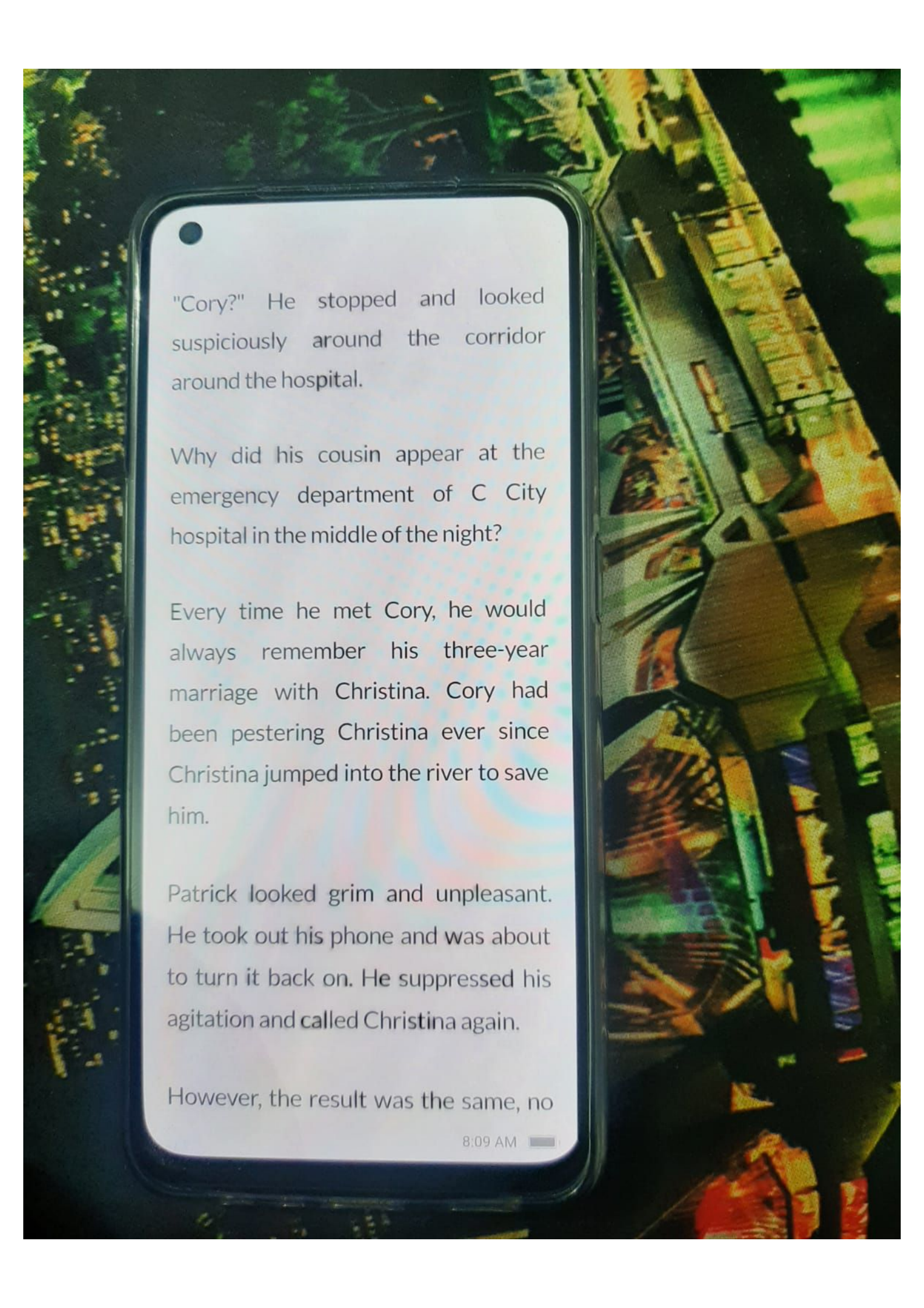
Cecilia clenched her right fist and hammered at the bedplate. "Patrick, where are you going? You promised to stay with me tonight." She yelled at him.

Unfortunately, no one saw her sickly and frail posture, and the man in front of her had disappeared.

"Where is he going? He seems to be in a hurry." Cecilia looked out of the ward and suddenly felt uneasy.

Patrick walked out quickly. He lost the man at the corner of the corridor.

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"Cory?" He stopped and looked suspiciously around the corridor around the hospital.

Why did his cousin appear at the emergency department of C City hospital in the middle of the night?

Every time he met Cory, he would always remember his three-year marriage with Christina. Cory had been pestering Christina ever since Christina jumped into the river to save him.

Patrick looked grim and unpleasant. He took out his phone and was about to turn it back on. He suppressed his agitation and called Christina again.

However, the result was the same, no

8:09 AM 

The image shows a smartphone screen with text. The background of the entire image is a collage of autumn leaves in shades of green, yellow, and orange, and a building with a grid-like facade. The smartphone screen is white with a black border. At the top left of the screen is a small black circle. The text is in a simple, black, sans-serif font. At the bottom right of the screen, the time '8:09 AM' and a battery icon are visible.

answer.


"She still doesn't answer my phone!"
Patrick's face darkened, and he pursed his lips and gave a cold scolding.

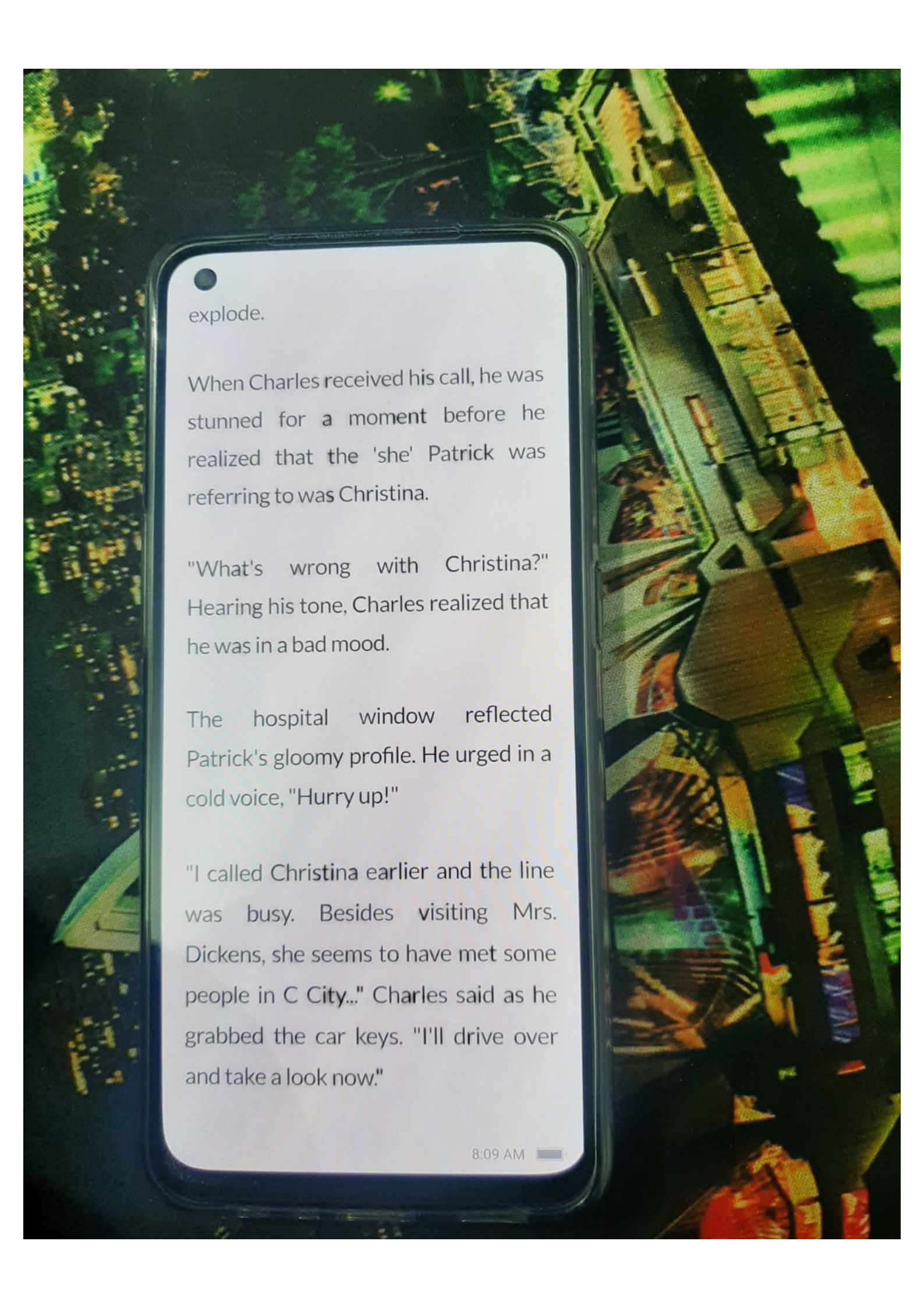
He suddenly remembered the last time he was at the club and suddenly got the news that Christina had lost contact with him over at the Fire Club. That time he was speeding and driving while calling her 12 times, but she didn't answer either.

Patrick looked out the window into the dark night and tightened his phone.

"Go to the W Hotel and find out what she's doing!"

In the end, he called Charles. His cold voice sounded like he was about to

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explode.

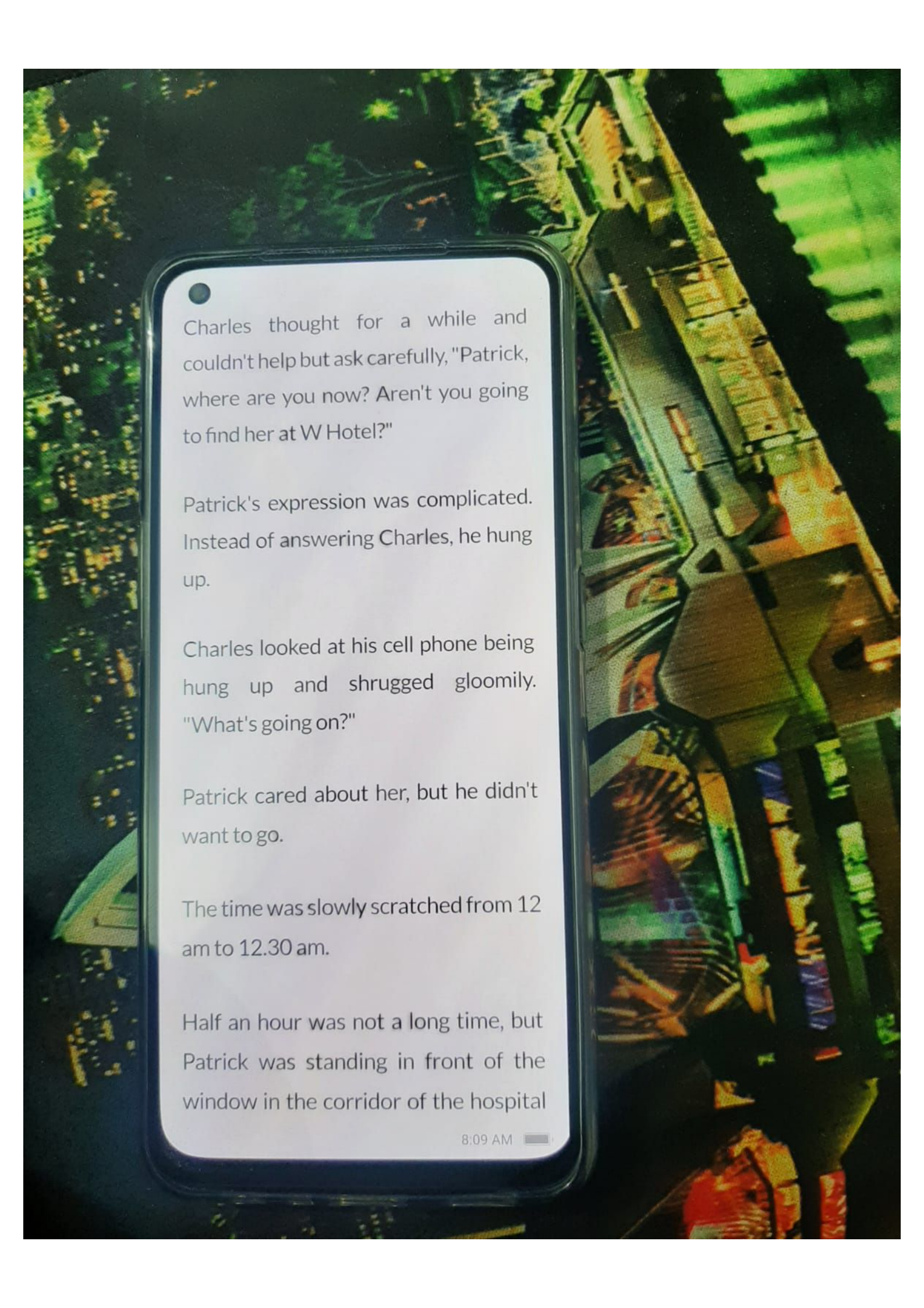
When Charles received his call, he was stunned for a moment before he realized that the 'she' Patrick was referring to was Christina.

"What's wrong with Christina?" Hearing his tone, Charles realized that he was in a bad mood.

The hospital window reflected Patrick's gloomy profile. He urged in a cold voice, "Hurry up!"

"I called Christina earlier and the line was busy. Besides visiting Mrs. Dickens, she seems to have met some people in C City..." Charles said as he grabbed the car keys. "I'll drive over and take a look now."

8:09 AM 

A smartphone screen is the central focus, displaying a text message. The background of the entire image is a vibrant, abstract pattern with shades of green, yellow, and orange, resembling a close-up of a plant or a textured surface. The text on the screen is as follows:

Charles thought for a while and couldn't help but ask carefully, "Patrick, where are you now? Aren't you going to find her at W Hotel?"


Patrick's expression was complicated. Instead of answering Charles, he hung up.

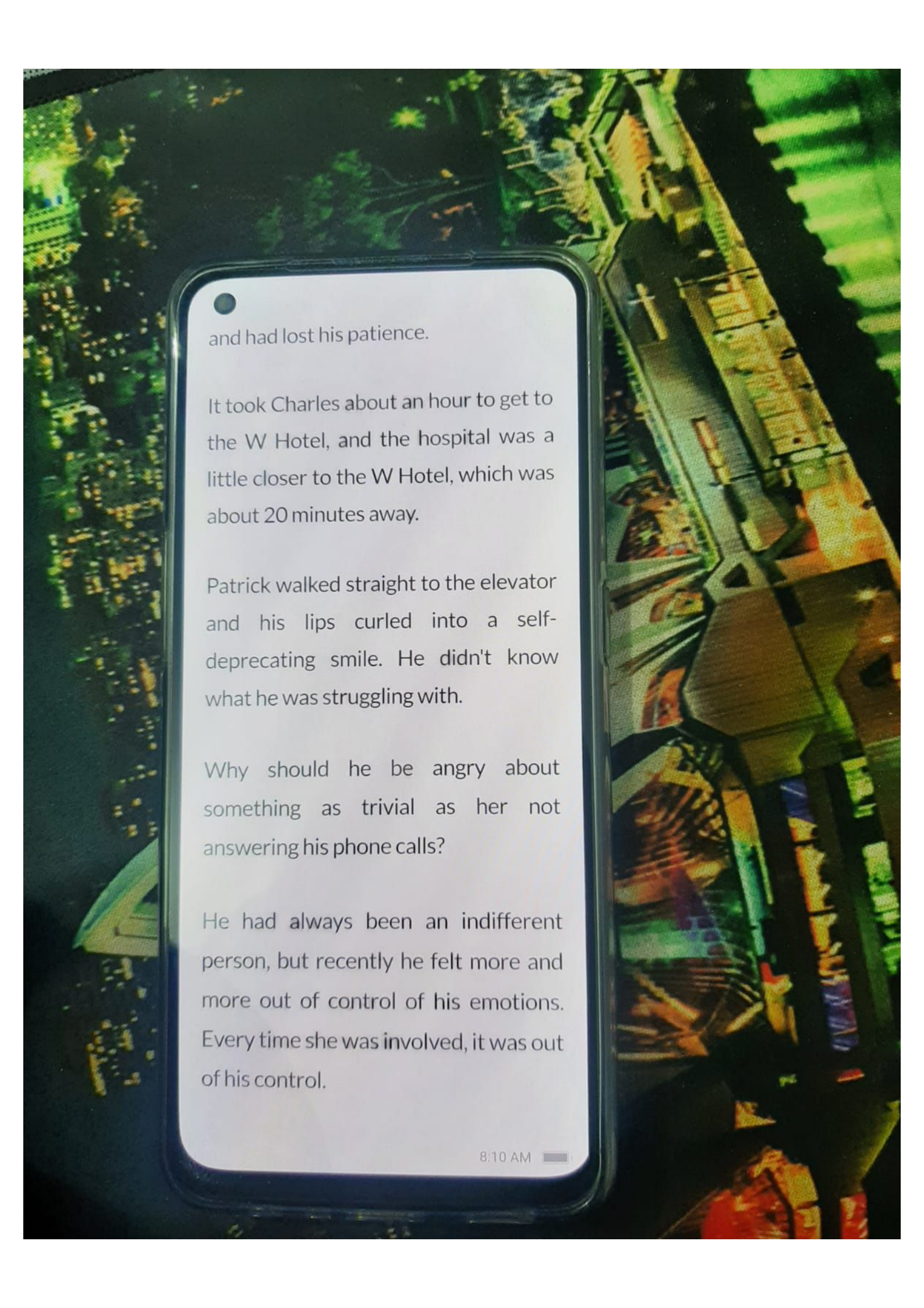
Charles looked at his cell phone being hung up and shrugged gloomily. "What's going on?"

Patrick cared about her, but he didn't want to go.

The time was slowly scratched from 12 am to 12.30 am.

Half an hour was not a long time, but Patrick was standing in front of the window in the corridor of the hospital

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and had lost his patience.

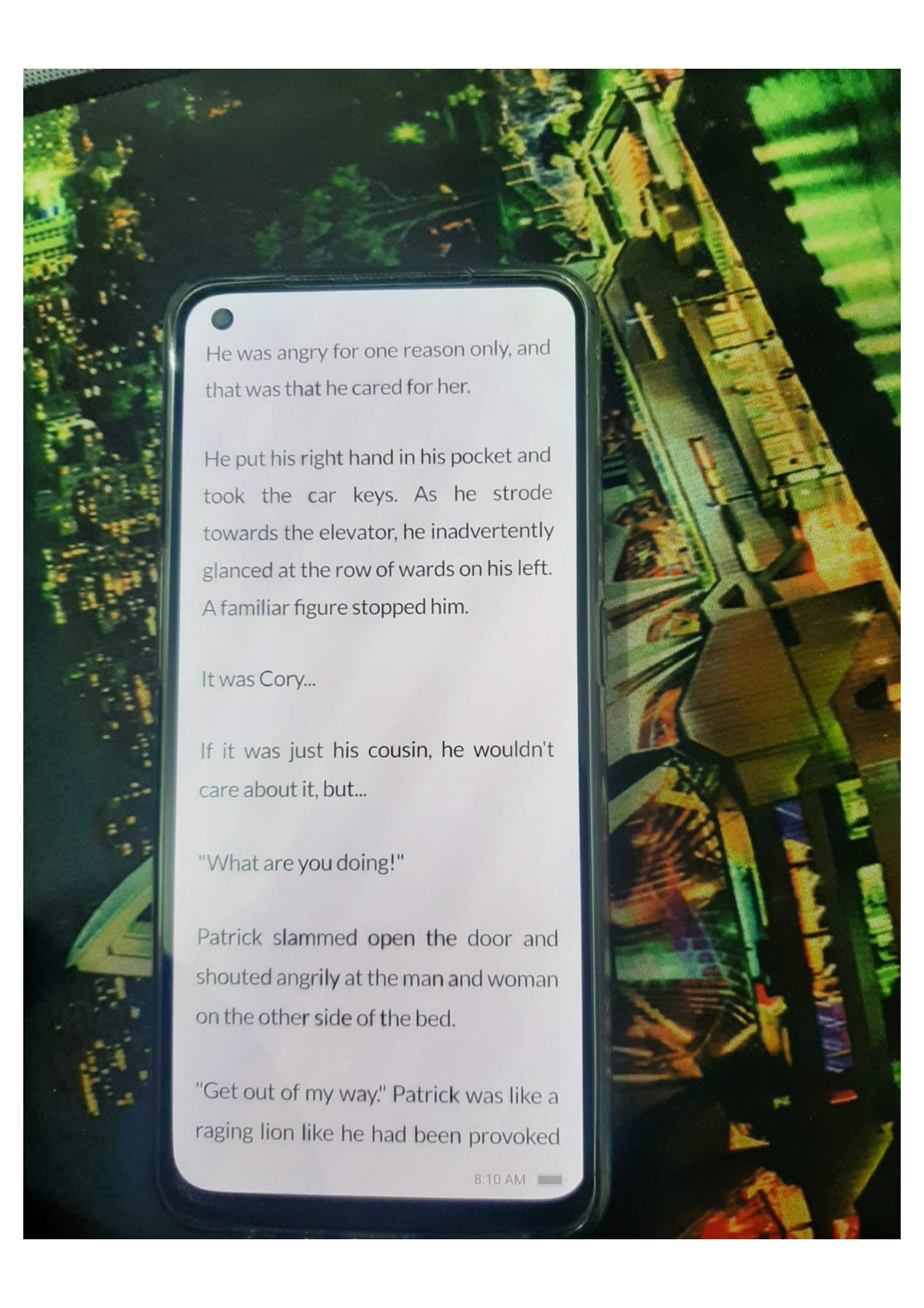
It took Charles about an hour to get to the W Hotel, and the hospital was a little closer to the W Hotel, which was about 20 minutes away.

Patrick walked straight to the elevator and his lips curled into a self-deprecating smile. He didn't know what he was struggling with.

Why should he be angry about something as trivial as her not answering his phone calls?

He had always been an indifferent person, but recently he felt more and more out of control of his emotions. Every time she was involved, it was out of his control.

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He was angry for one reason only, and that was that he cared for her.

He put his right hand in his pocket and took the car keys. As he strode towards the elevator, he inadvertently glanced at the row of wards on his left. A familiar figure stopped him.

It was Cory...

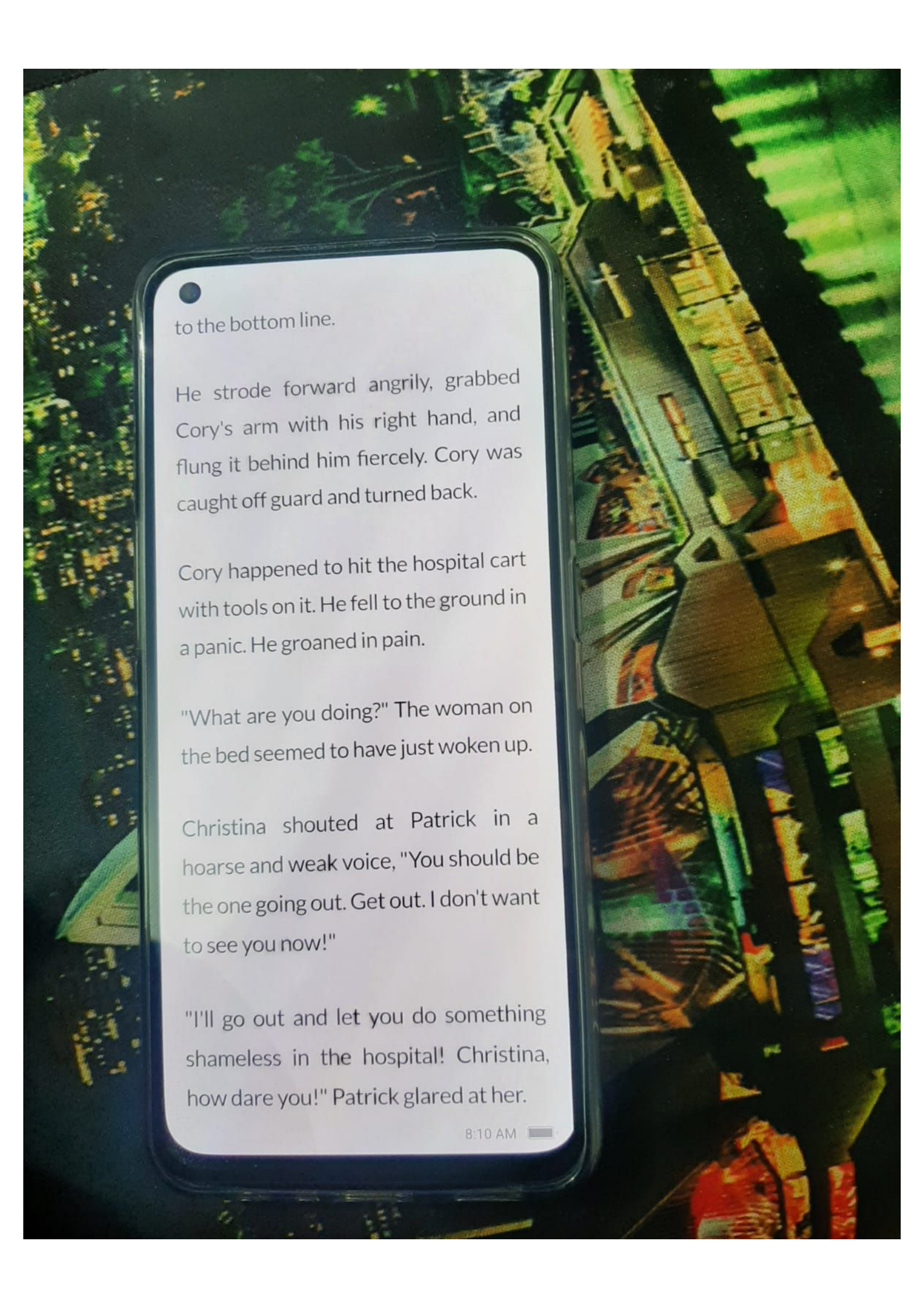
If it was just his cousin, he wouldn't care about it, but...

"What are you doing!"

Patrick slammed open the door and shouted angrily at the man and woman on the other side of the bed.

"Get out of my way." Patrick was like a raging lion like he had been provoked

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The image shows a smartphone screen with text from a book. The background of the entire image is a photograph of a hospital hallway. A gurney with a patient is being pushed down the hallway. The hallway has green walls and a tiled floor. The smartphone screen is in the foreground, showing a text message or a page of text. The text is in a simple, black font on a white background. The phone's status bar at the bottom shows the time as 8:10 AM and a battery icon.

to the bottom line.

He strode forward angrily, grabbed Cory's arm with his right hand, and flung it behind him fiercely. Cory was caught off guard and turned back.

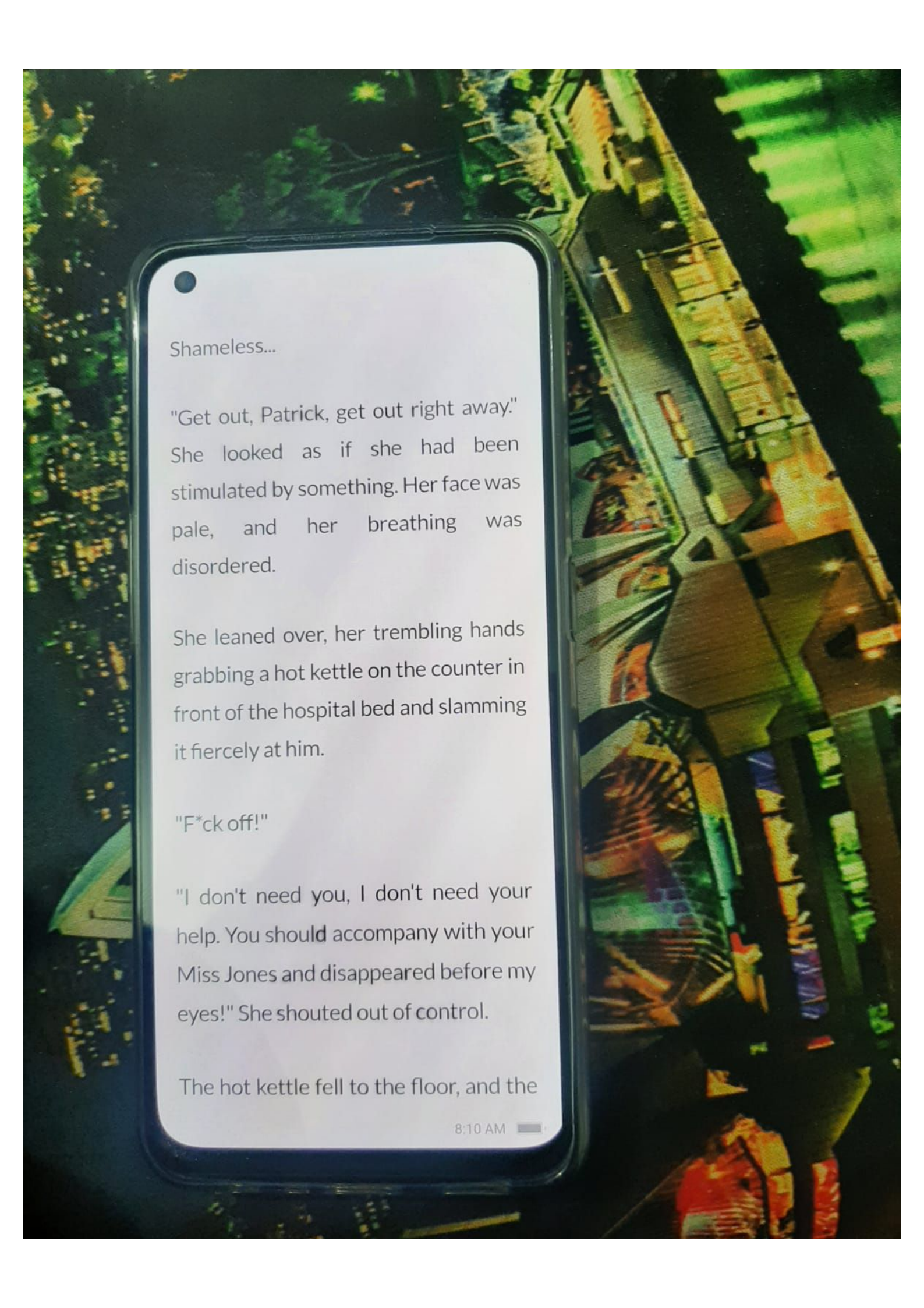
Cory happened to hit the hospital cart with tools on it. He fell to the ground in a panic. He groaned in pain.

"What are you doing?" The woman on the bed seemed to have just woken up.

Christina shouted at Patrick in a hoarse and weak voice, "You should be the one going out. Get out. I don't want to see you now!"

"I'll go out and let you do something shameless in the hospital! Christina, how dare you!" Patrick glared at her.

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Shameless...


"Get out, Patrick, get out right away."
She looked as if she had been stimulated by something. Her face was pale, and her breathing was disordered.

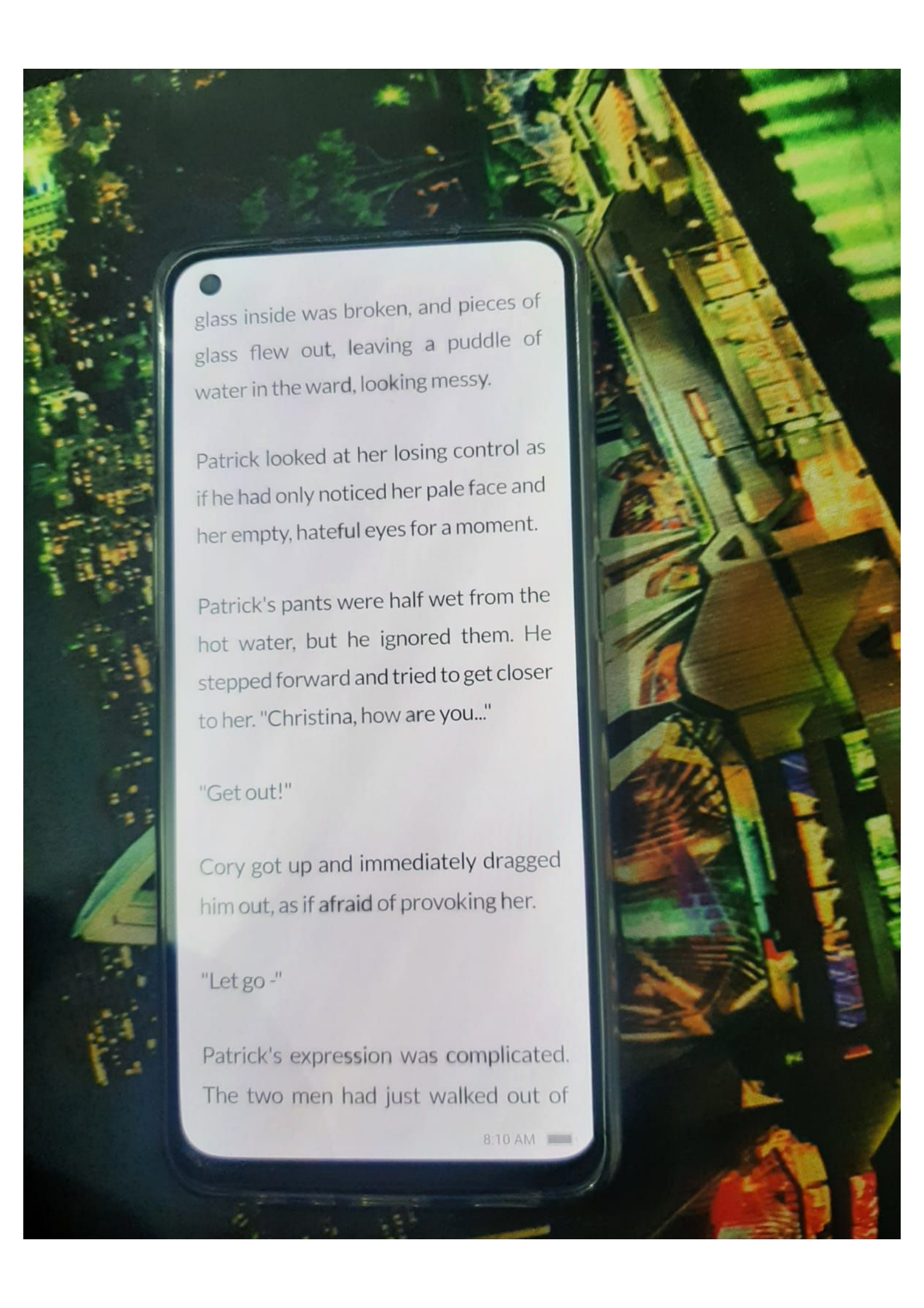
She leaned over, her trembling hands grabbing a hot kettle on the counter in front of the hospital bed and slamming it fiercely at him.

"F*ck off!"

"I don't need you, I don't need your help. You should accompany with your Miss Jones and disappeared before my eyes!" She shouted out of control.

The hot kettle fell to the floor, and the

8:10 AM 



glass inside was broken, and pieces of glass flew out, leaving a puddle of water in the ward, looking messy.

Patrick looked at her losing control as if he had only noticed her pale face and her empty, hateful eyes for a moment.

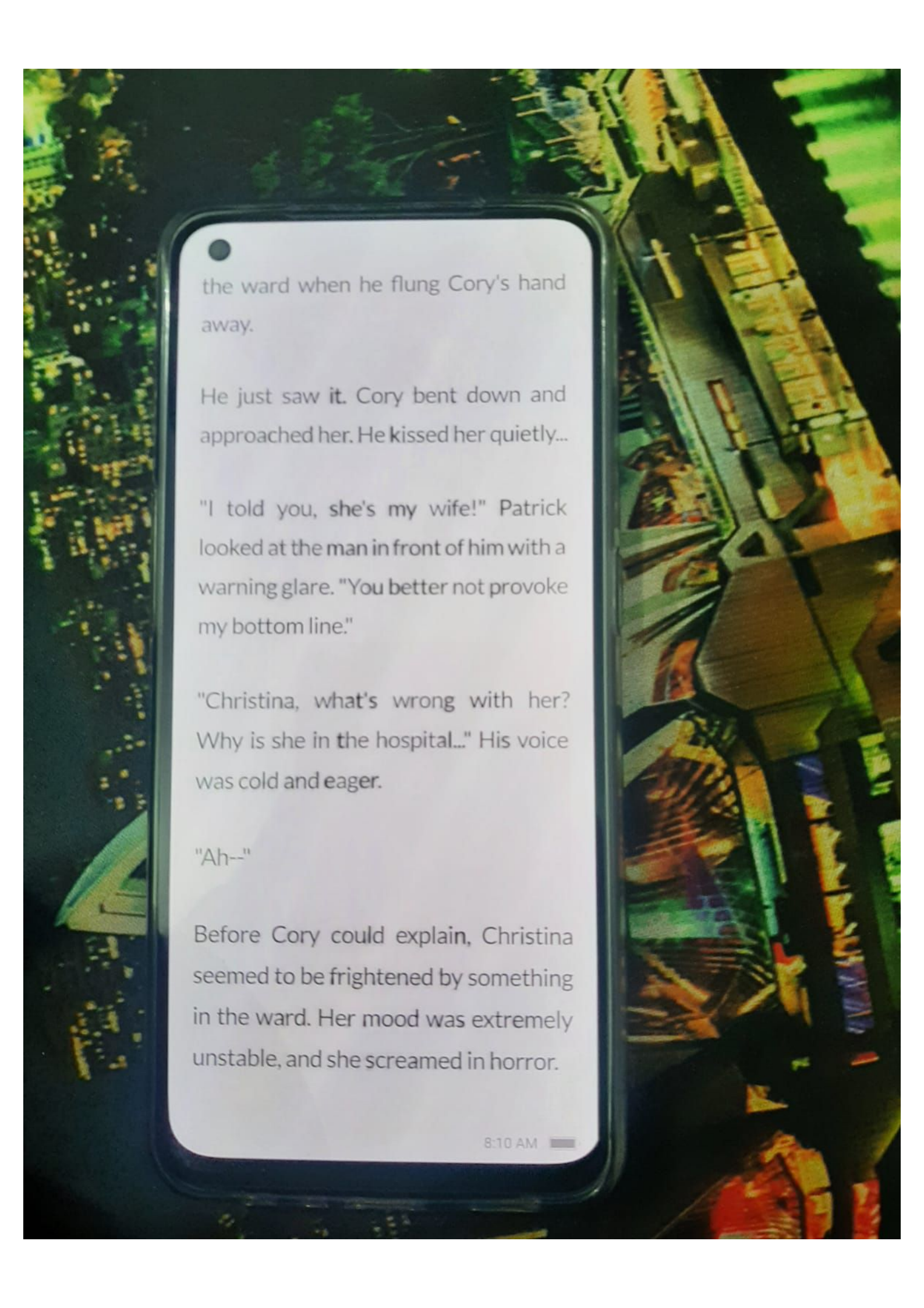
Patrick's pants were half wet from the hot water, but he ignored them. He stepped forward and tried to get closer to her. "Christina, how are you..."

"Get out!"

Cory got up and immediately dragged him out, as if afraid of provoking her.

"Let go -"

Patrick's expression was complicated. The two men had just walked out of



the ward when he flung Cory's hand away.

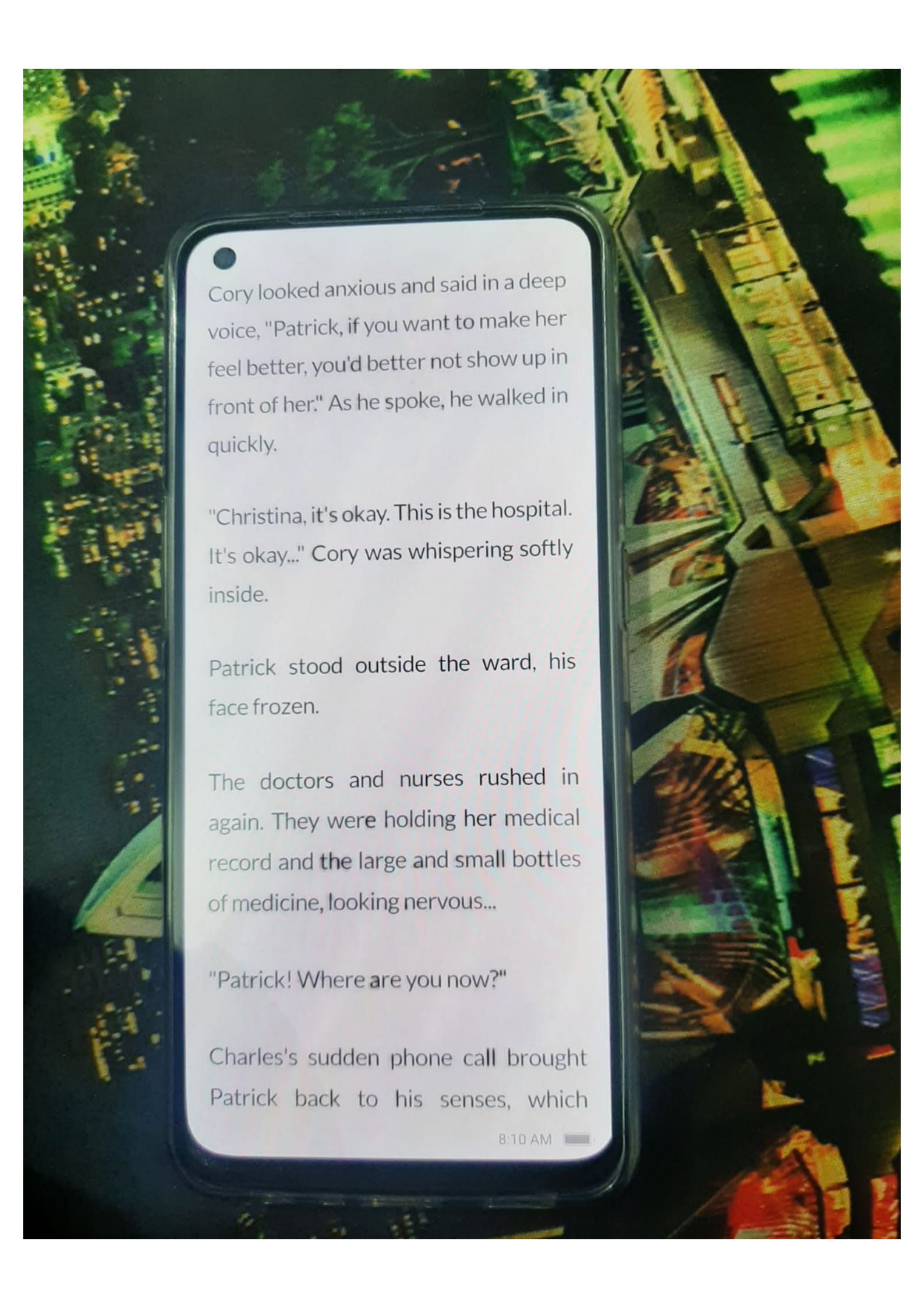
He just saw it. Cory bent down and approached her. He kissed her quietly...

"I told you, she's my wife!" Patrick looked at the man in front of him with a warning glare. "You better not provoke my bottom line."

"Christina, what's wrong with her? Why is she in the hospital..." His voice was cold and eager.

"Ah--"

Before Cory could explain, Christina seemed to be frightened by something in the ward. Her mood was extremely unstable, and she screamed in horror.

A smartphone screen is centered in the image, displaying several paragraphs of text. The background behind the phone is a vibrant, abstract pattern with green, yellow, and blue tones, resembling a close-up of a plant or a colorful fabric. The phone's screen is white with a black border, and the text is in a simple, black, sans-serif font. At the top left of the screen, there is a small black circle. At the bottom right, the time '8:10 AM' and a battery icon are visible.

Cory looked anxious and said in a deep voice, "Patrick, if you want to make her feel better, you'd better not show up in front of her." As he spoke, he walked in quickly.


"Christina, it's okay. This is the hospital. It's okay..." Cory was whispering softly inside.

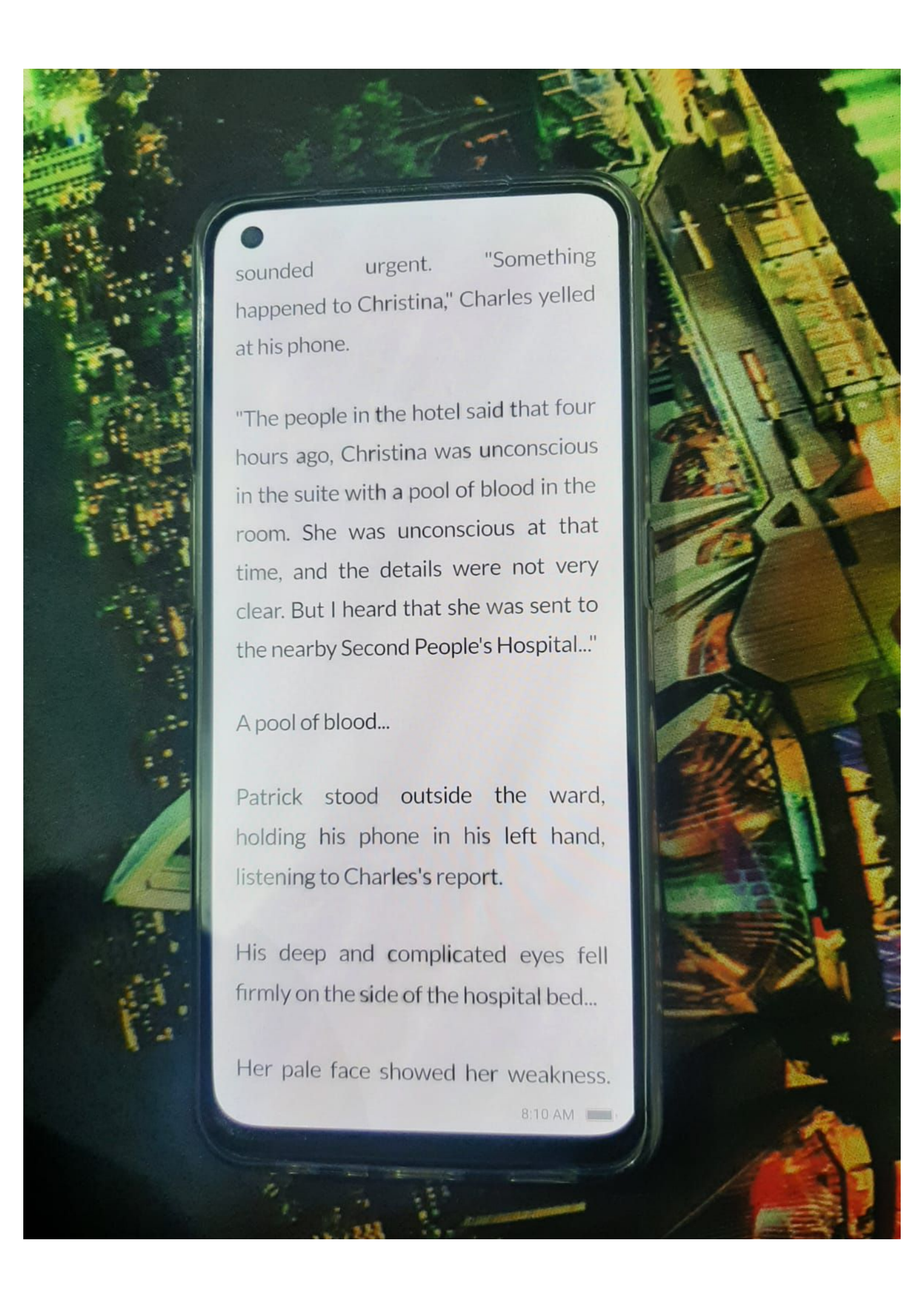
Patrick stood outside the ward, his face frozen.

The doctors and nurses rushed in again. They were holding her medical record and the large and small bottles of medicine, looking nervous...

"Patrick! Where are you now?"

Charles's sudden phone call brought Patrick back to his senses, which

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sounded urgent. "Something happened to Christina," Charles yelled at his phone.

"The people in the hotel said that four hours ago, Christina was unconscious in the suite with a pool of blood in the room. She was unconscious at that time, and the details were not very clear. But I heard that she was sent to the nearby Second People's Hospital..."

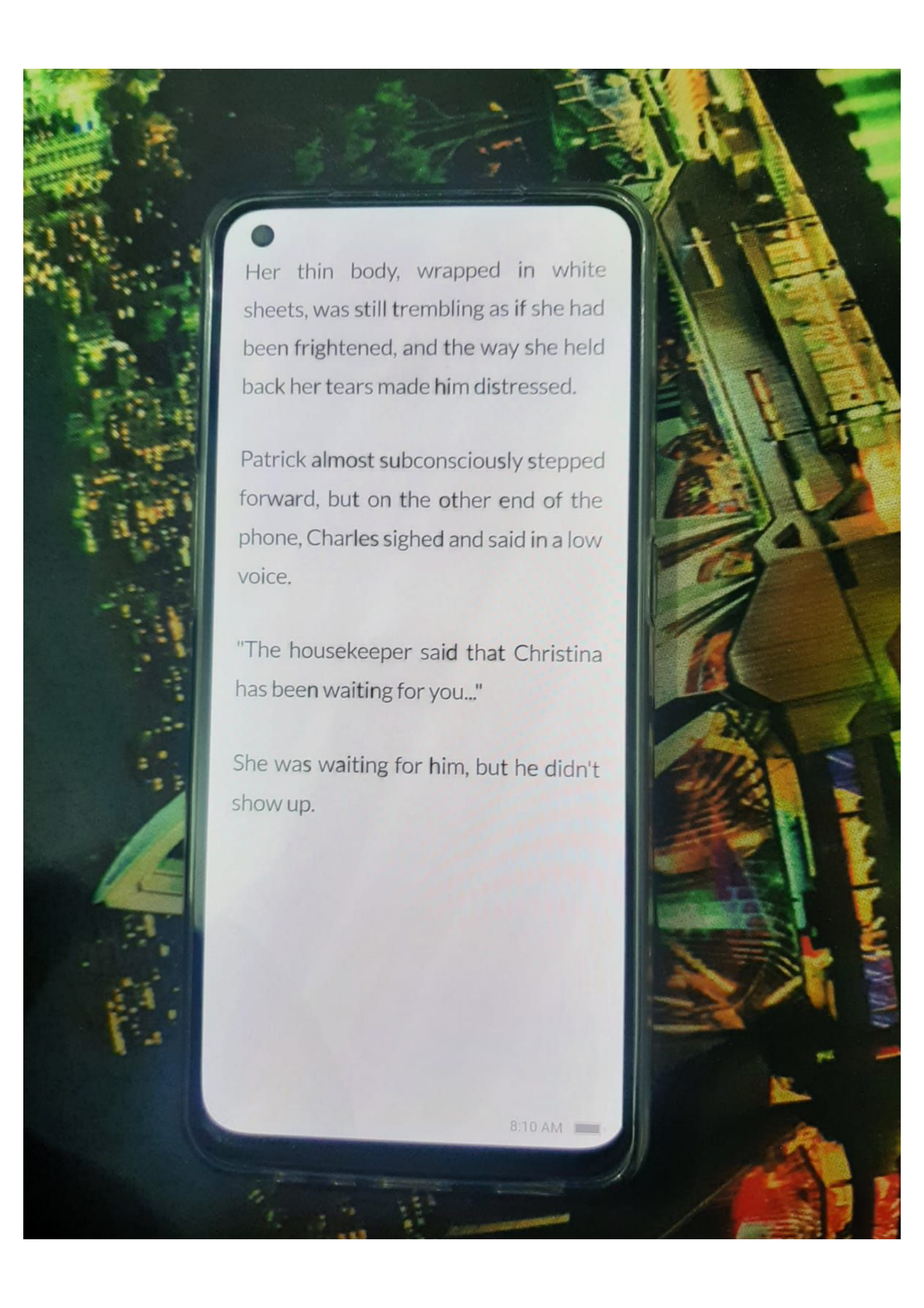
A pool of blood...

Patrick stood outside the ward, holding his phone in his left hand, listening to Charles's report.

His deep and complicated eyes fell firmly on the side of the hospital bed...

Her pale face showed her weakness.

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A smartphone screen is the central focus, displaying a text-based scene. The screen is white with black text. The background of the entire image is a vibrant, abstract pattern with green, yellow, and red tones, resembling a stylized forest or a colorful map. The phone's status bar at the bottom shows the time as 8:10 AM and a battery icon.

Her thin body, wrapped in white sheets, was still trembling as if she had been frightened, and the way she held back her tears made him distressed.

Patrick almost subconsciously stepped forward, but on the other end of the phone, Charles sighed and said in a low voice.

"The housekeeper said that Christina has been waiting for you..."

She was waiting for him, but he didn't show up.

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Chapter 46 Shut Out


"Luckily, she was sent to the hospital in time..."

"The patient is very unstable and cannot be emotionally stimulated. We recommend that she stay in the hospital for at least a week. In terms of the bleeding..."

"Get out. Get out -"

In the middle of the doctor's words, the woman on the bed suddenly got up nervously, her face pale and her lips trembling as she shouted at the door.

The doctors and nurses in the ward immediately turned their heads, while Cory rushed to the door and lowered his voice. "Don't come over to upset

8:10 AM 



her!"

Patrick stood at the door of the ward, his cold face as complicated as ever.


"Patrick, Christina may be really uncomfortable. Let's ask later..." Charles behind him advised.

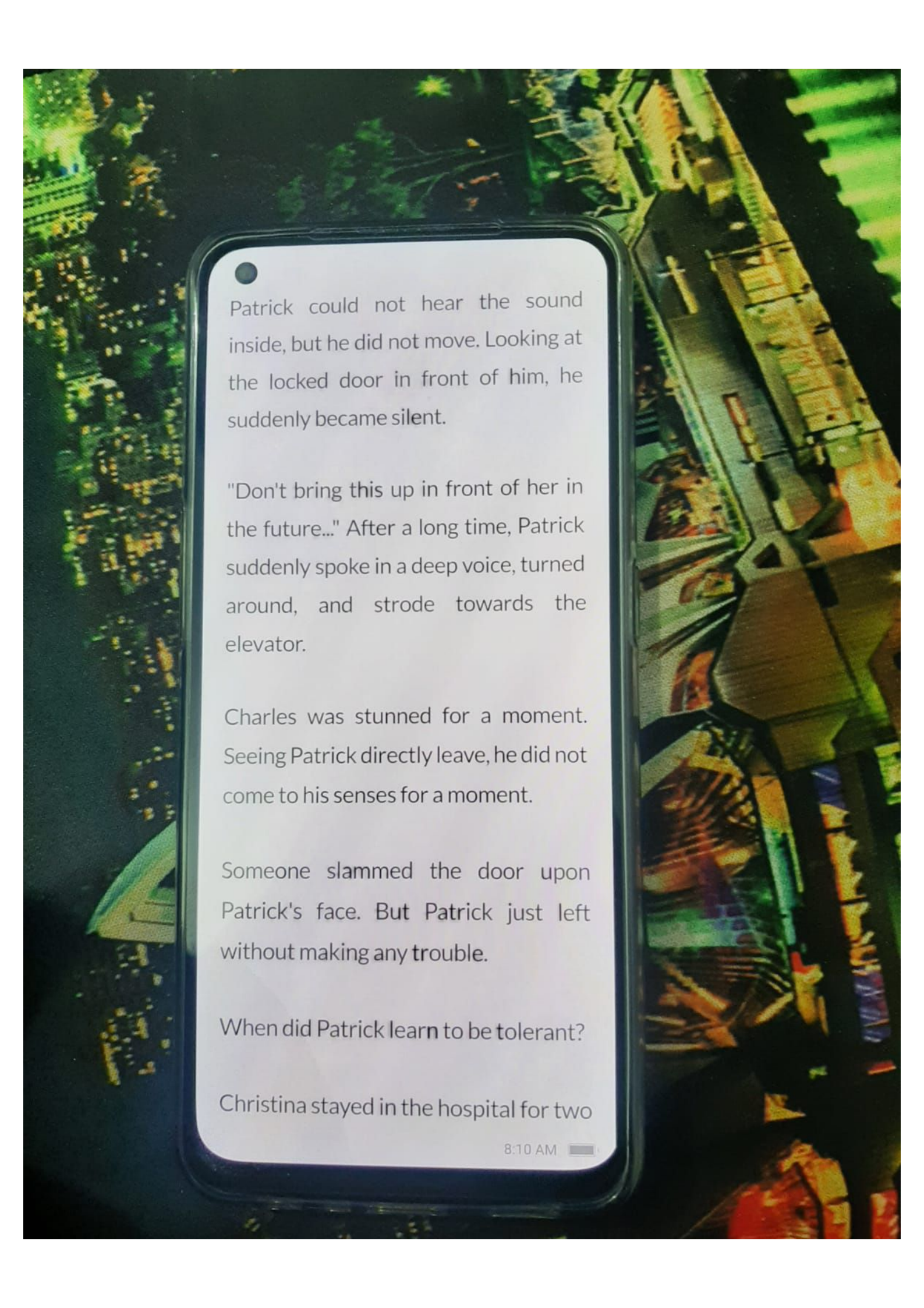
He was most afraid that Patrick would lose his temper on the spot. Who would dare to shout at him so loudly to let him out?

Bang.

The door of the ward was flung up quickly. Just like that, Patrick was shut out.

But Patrick did not stop Cory.

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Patrick could not hear the sound inside, but he did not move. Looking at the locked door in front of him, he suddenly became silent.

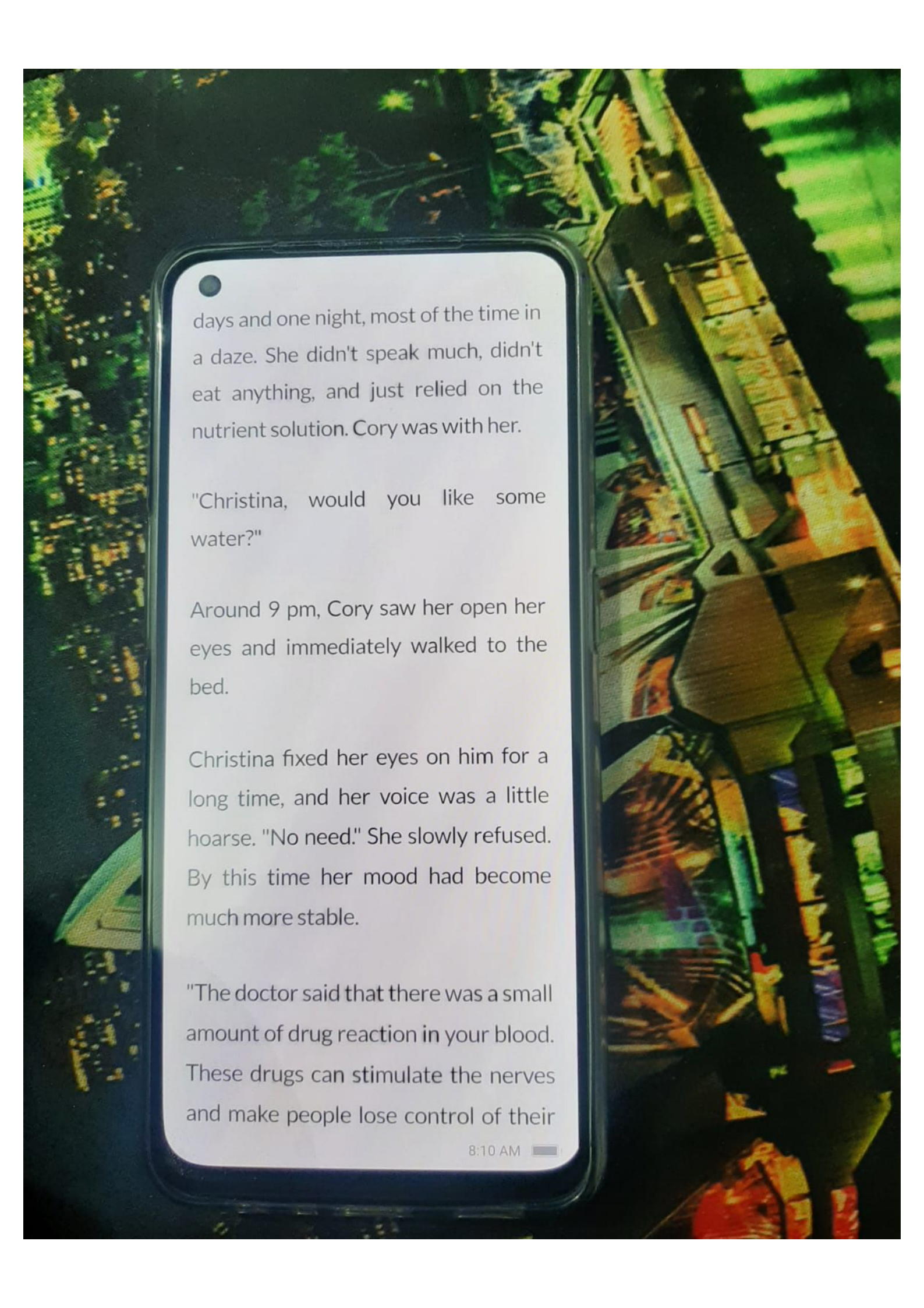
"Don't bring this up in front of her in the future..." After a long time, Patrick suddenly spoke in a deep voice, turned around, and strode towards the elevator.

Charles was stunned for a moment. Seeing Patrick directly leave, he did not come to his senses for a moment.

Someone slammed the door upon Patrick's face. But Patrick just left without making any trouble.

When did Patrick learn to be tolerant?

Christina stayed in the hospital for two




days and one night, most of the time in a daze. She didn't speak much, didn't eat anything, and just relied on the nutrient solution. Cory was with her.

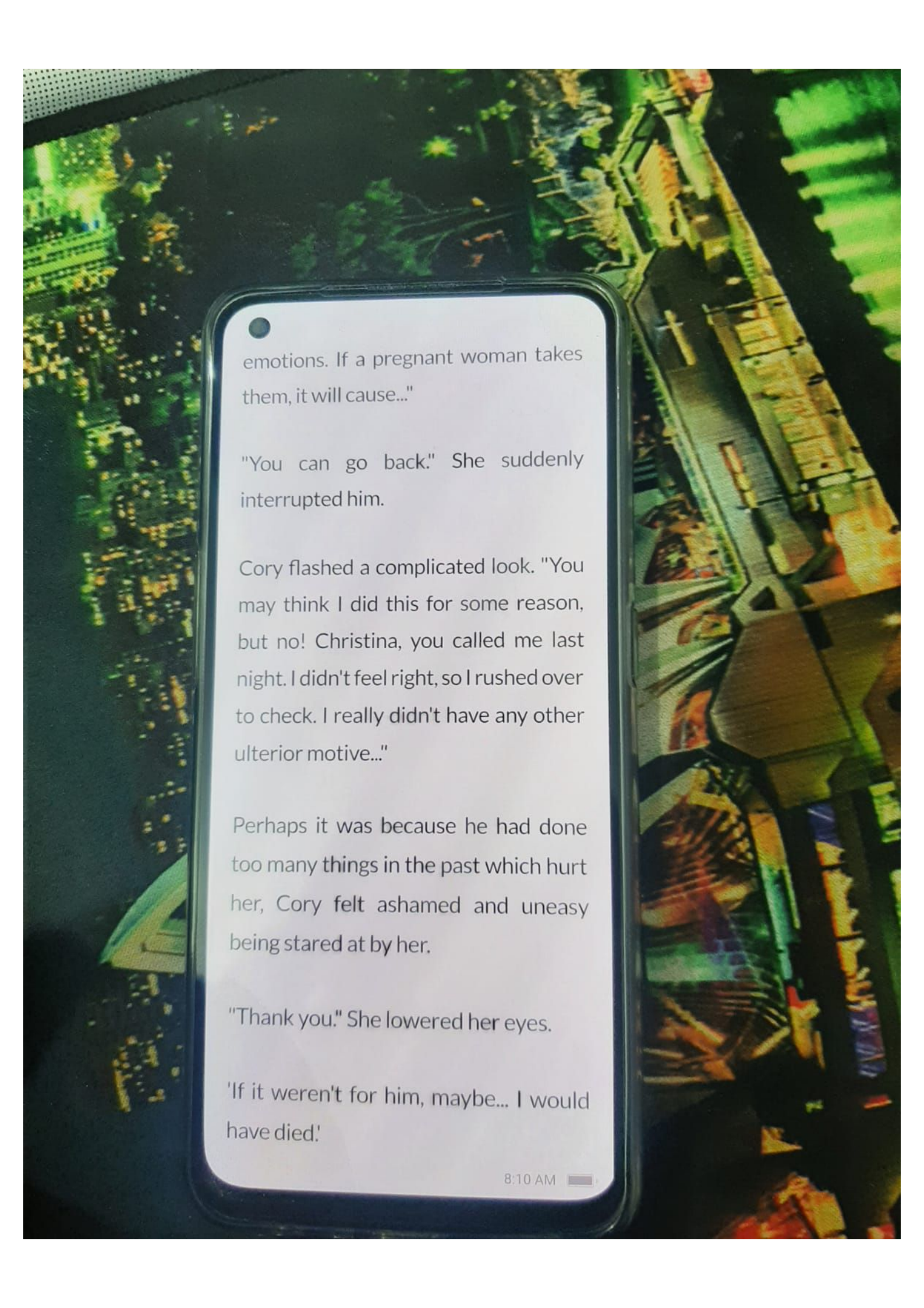
"Christina, would you like some water?"

Around 9 pm, Cory saw her open her eyes and immediately walked to the bed.

Christina fixed her eyes on him for a long time, and her voice was a little hoarse. "No need." She slowly refused. By this time her mood had become much more stable.

"The doctor said that there was a small amount of drug reaction in your blood. These drugs can stimulate the nerves and make people lose control of their

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emotions. If a pregnant woman takes them, it will cause..."

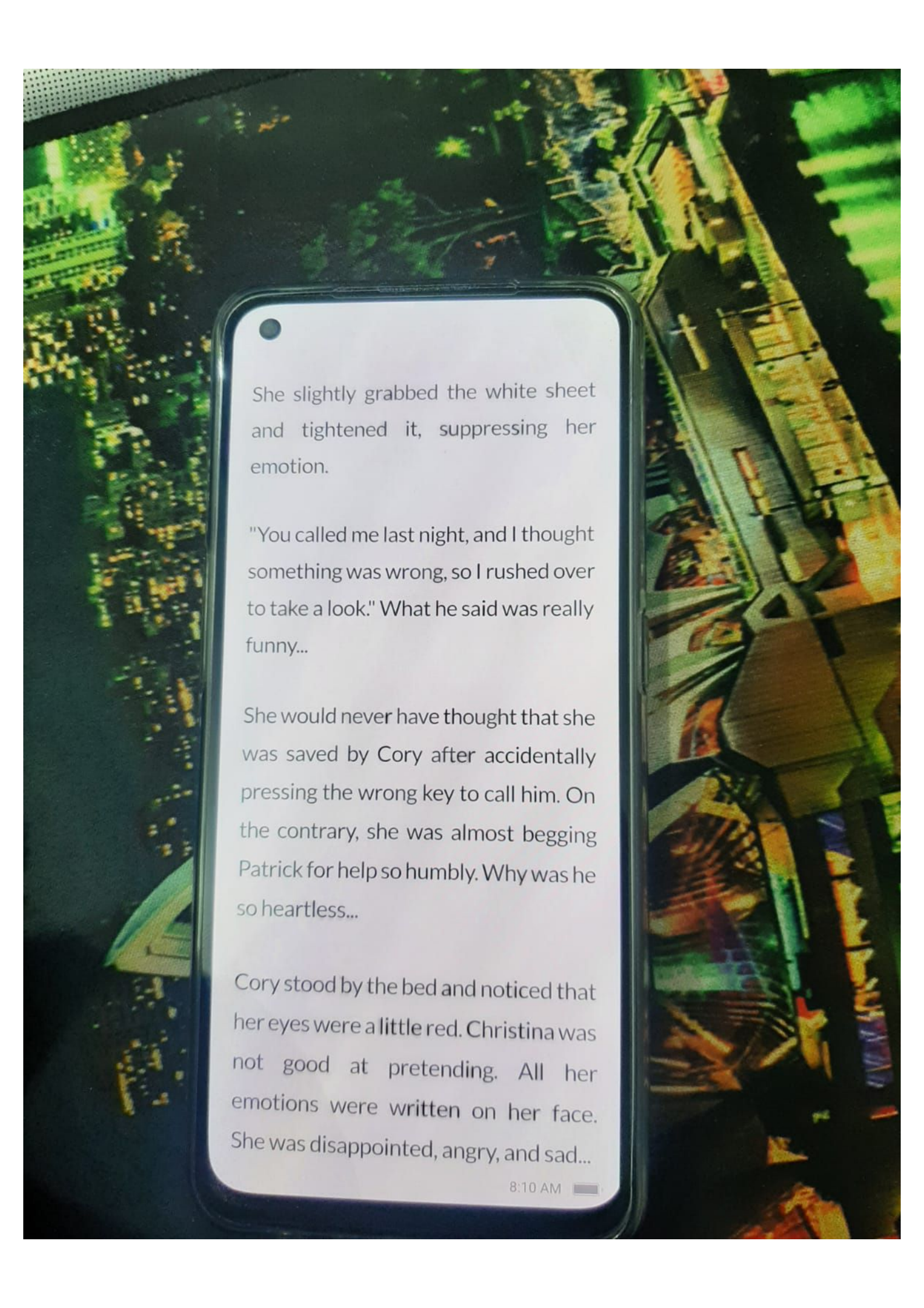
"You can go back." She suddenly interrupted him.

Cory flashed a complicated look. "You may think I did this for some reason, but no! Christina, you called me last night. I didn't feel right, so I rushed over to check. I really didn't have any other ulterior motive..."

Perhaps it was because he had done too many things in the past which hurt her, Cory felt ashamed and uneasy being stared at by her.

"Thank you." She lowered her eyes.

'If it weren't for him, maybe... I would have died.'




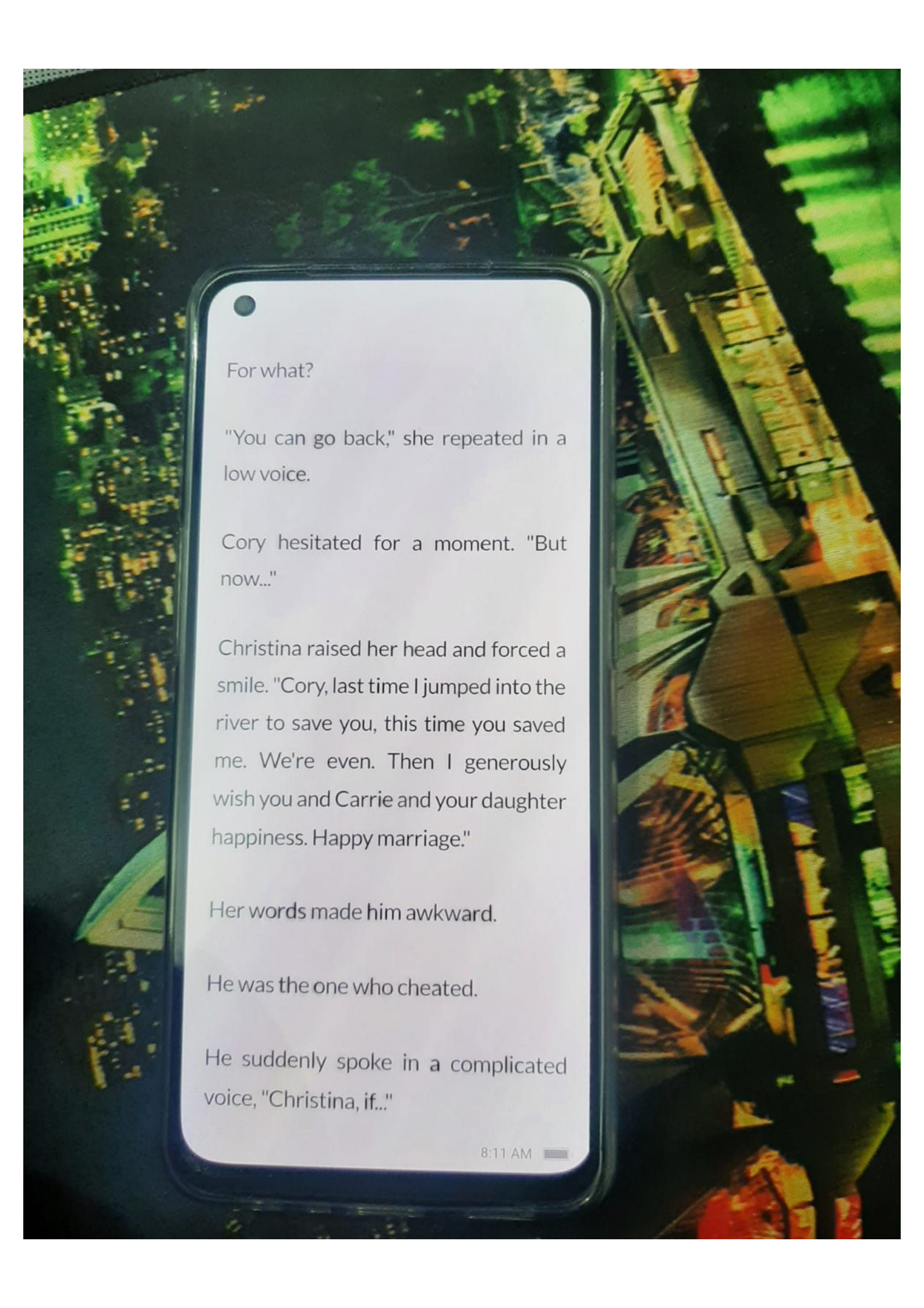
She slightly grabbed the white sheet and tightened it, suppressing her emotion.

"You called me last night, and I thought something was wrong, so I rushed over to take a look." What he said was really funny...

She would never have thought that she was saved by Cory after accidentally pressing the wrong key to call him. On the contrary, she was almost begging Patrick for help so humbly. Why was he so heartless...

Cory stood by the bed and noticed that her eyes were a little red. Christina was not good at pretending. All her emotions were written on her face. She was disappointed, angry, and sad...

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For what?

"You can go back," she repeated in a low voice.


Cory hesitated for a moment. "But now..."

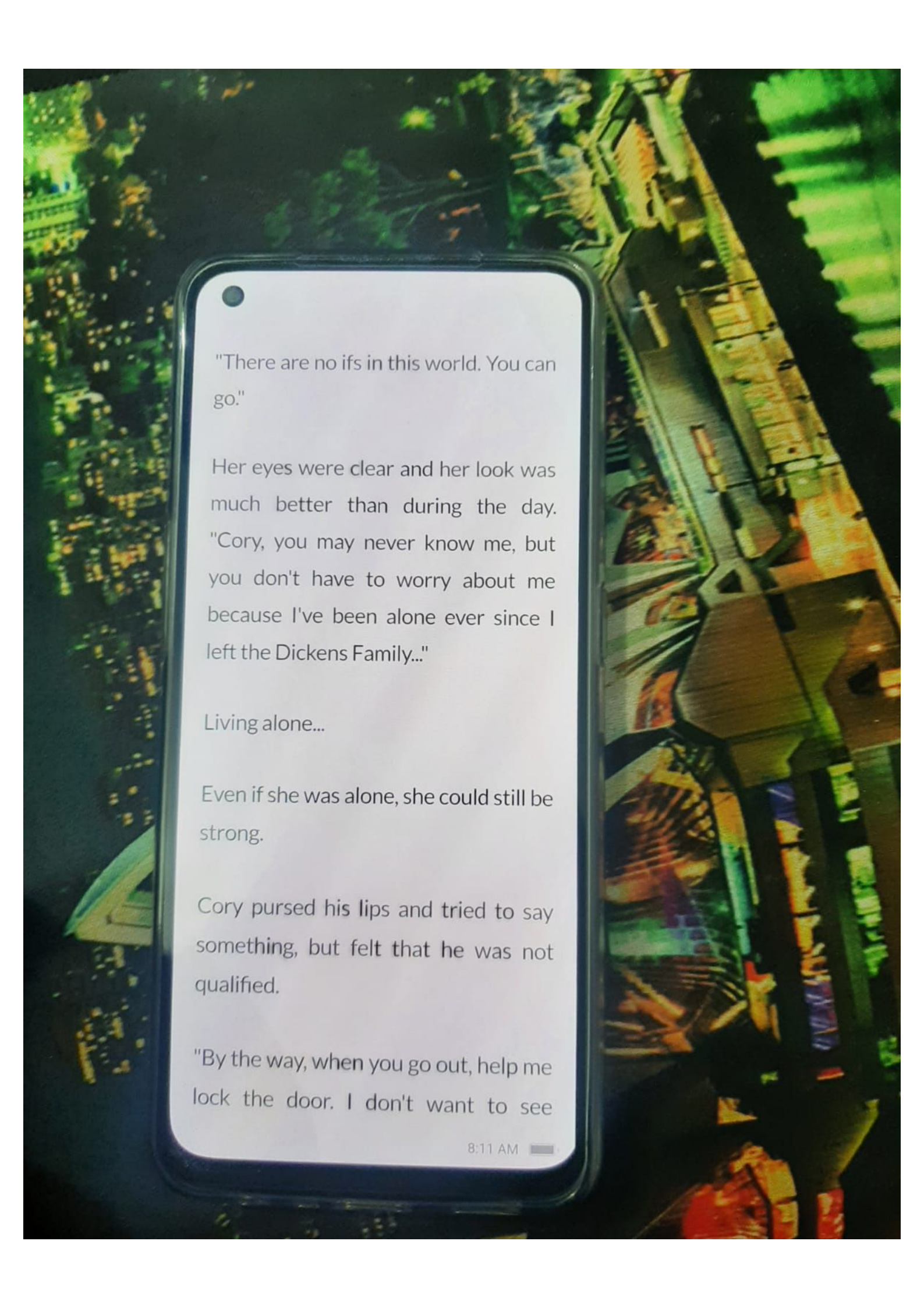
Christina raised her head and forced a smile. "Cory, last time I jumped into the river to save you, this time you saved me. We're even. Then I generously wish you and Carrie and your daughter happiness. Happy marriage."

Her words made him awkward.

He was the one who cheated.

He suddenly spoke in a complicated voice, "Christina, if..."

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"There are no ifs in this world. You can go."


Her eyes were clear and her look was much better than during the day. "Cory, you may never know me, but you don't have to worry about me because I've been alone ever since I left the Dickens Family..."

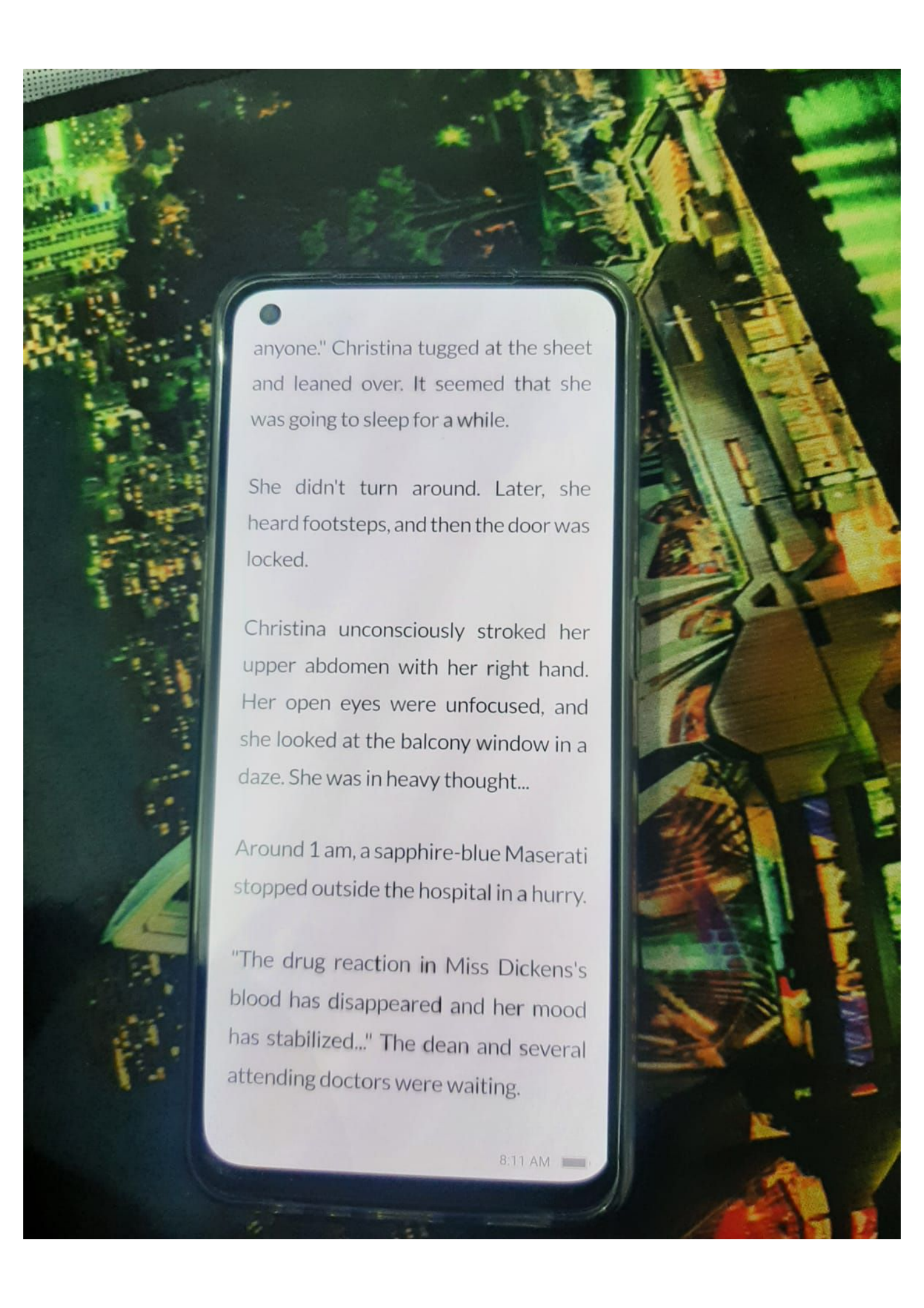
Living alone...

Even if she was alone, she could still be strong.

Cory pursed his lips and tried to say something, but felt that he was not qualified.

"By the way, when you go out, help me lock the door. I don't want to see

8:11 AM 

A smartphone screen is shown, displaying text. The background of the phone's display is a vibrant, high-angle photograph of a city at night, featuring a prominent, brightly lit building with a complex facade. The text on the screen is presented in a clean, sans-serif font. The phone's status bar at the bottom shows the time as 8:11 AM and a battery level indicator.

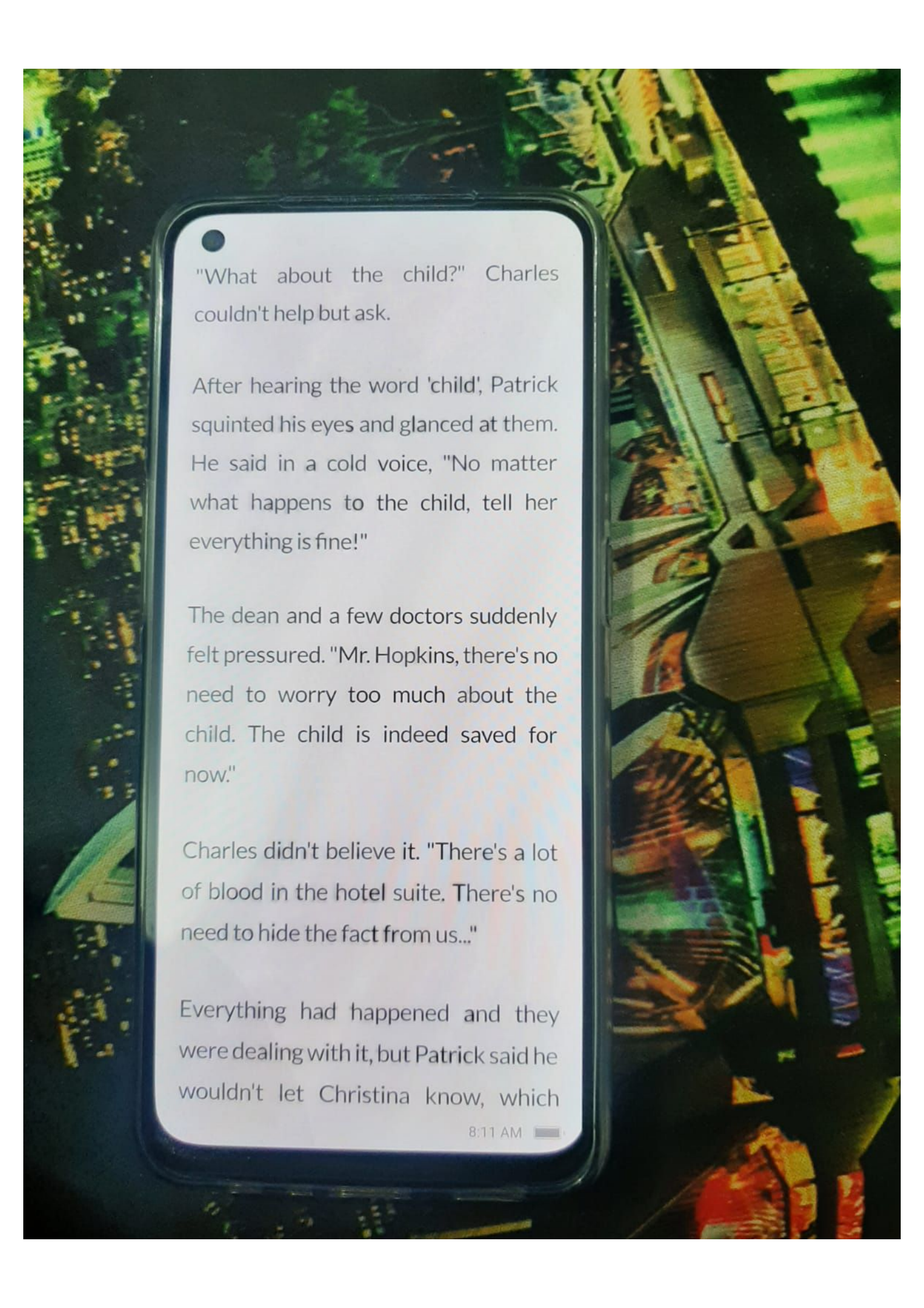
anyone." Christina tugged at the sheet and leaned over. It seemed that she was going to sleep for a while.

She didn't turn around. Later, she heard footsteps, and then the door was locked.

Christina unconsciously stroked her upper abdomen with her right hand. Her open eyes were unfocused, and she looked at the balcony window in a daze. She was in heavy thought...

Around 1 am, a sapphire-blue Maserati stopped outside the hospital in a hurry.

"The drug reaction in Miss Dickens's blood has disappeared and her mood has stabilized..." The dean and several attending doctors were waiting.




"What about the child?" Charles couldn't help but ask.

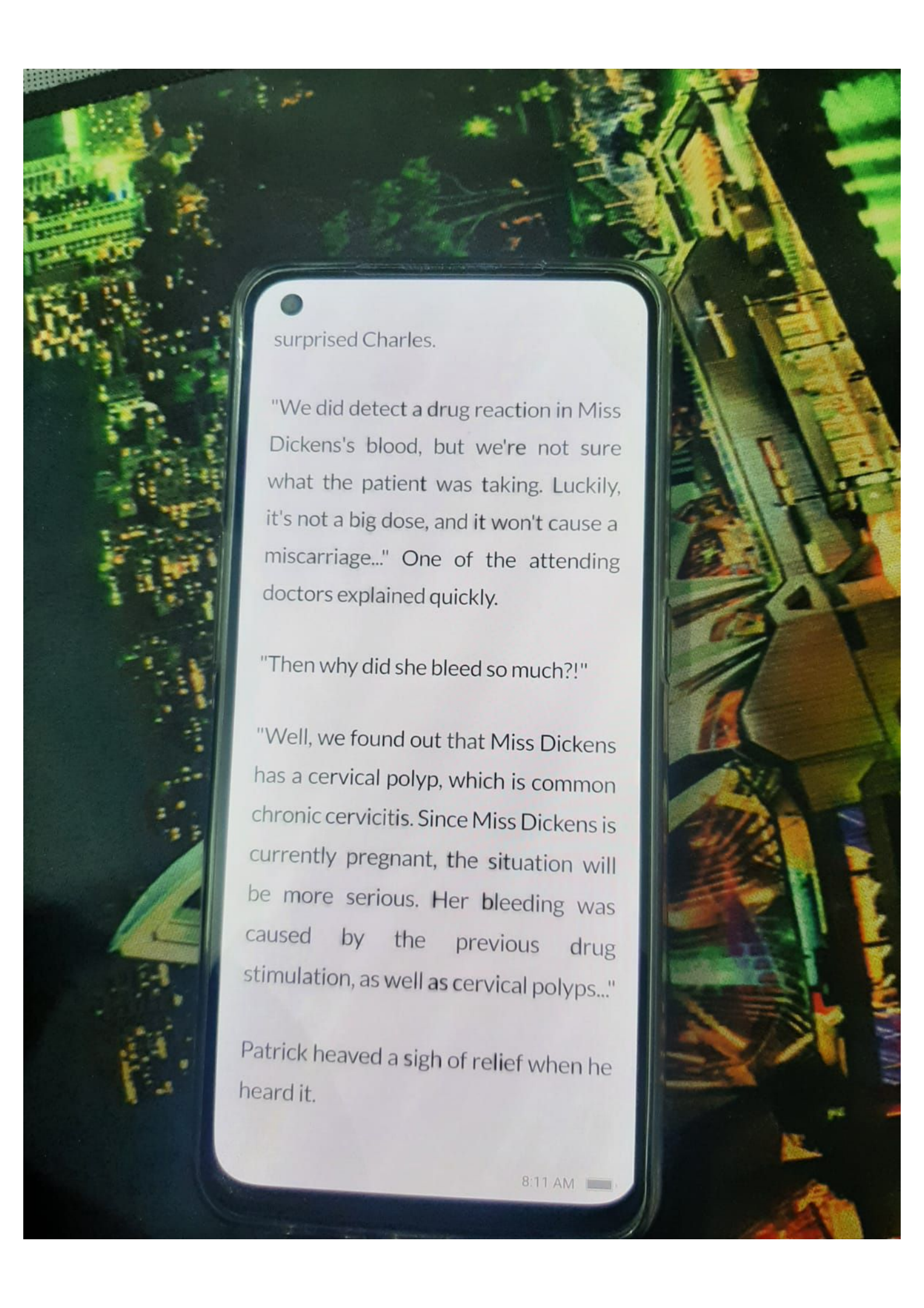
After hearing the word 'child', Patrick squinted his eyes and glanced at them. He said in a cold voice, "No matter what happens to the child, tell her everything is fine!"

The dean and a few doctors suddenly felt pressured. "Mr. Hopkins, there's no need to worry too much about the child. The child is indeed saved for now."

Charles didn't believe it. "There's a lot of blood in the hotel suite. There's no need to hide the fact from us..."

Everything had happened and they were dealing with it, but Patrick said he wouldn't let Christina know, which

8:11 AM 



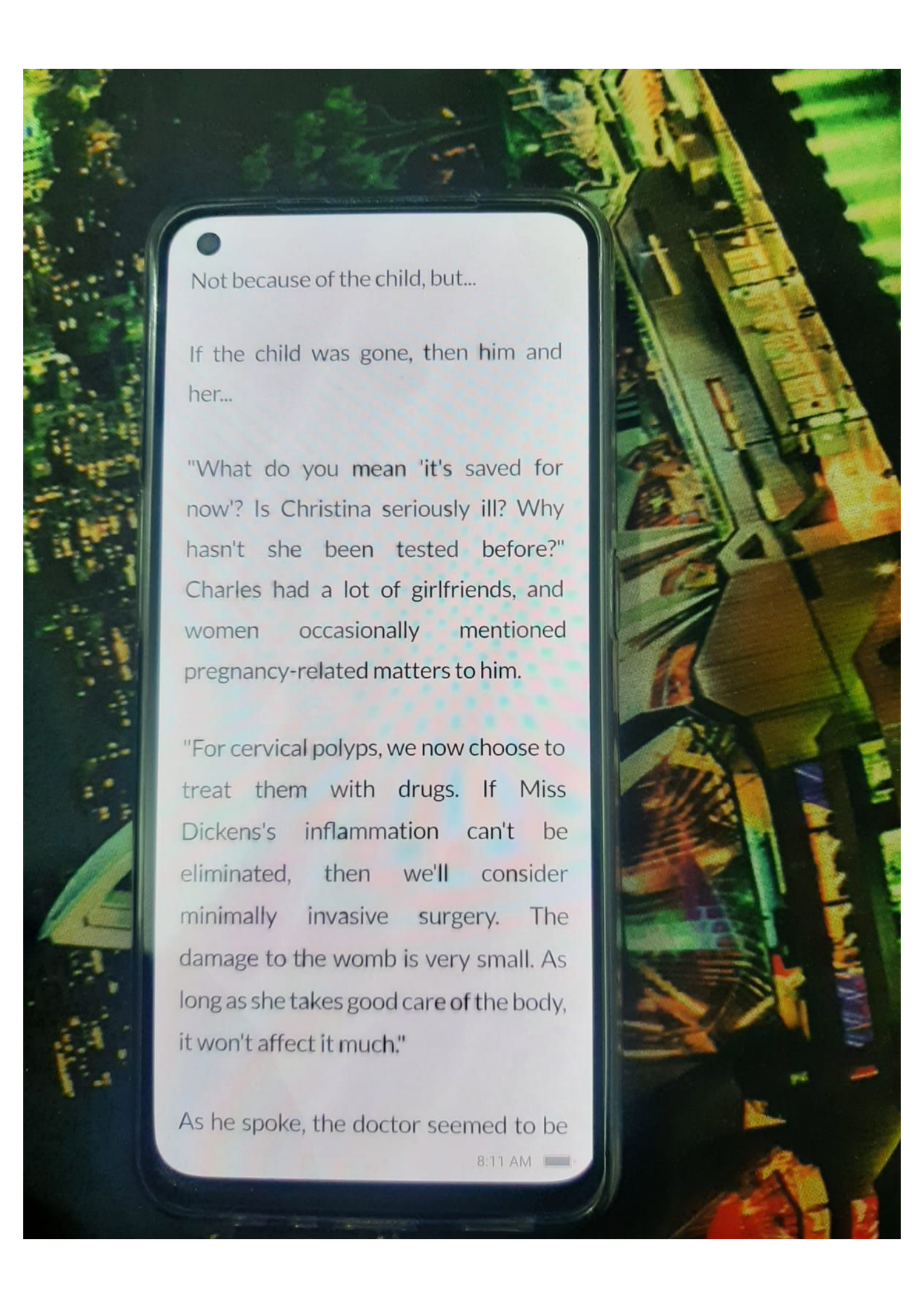
surprised Charles.

"We did detect a drug reaction in Miss Dickens's blood, but we're not sure what the patient was taking. Luckily, it's not a big dose, and it won't cause a miscarriage..." One of the attending doctors explained quickly.

"Then why did she bleed so much?!"

"Well, we found out that Miss Dickens has a cervical polyp, which is common chronic cervicitis. Since Miss Dickens is currently pregnant, the situation will be more serious. Her bleeding was caused by the previous drug stimulation, as well as cervical polyps..."

Patrick heaved a sigh of relief when he heard it.




Not because of the child, but...

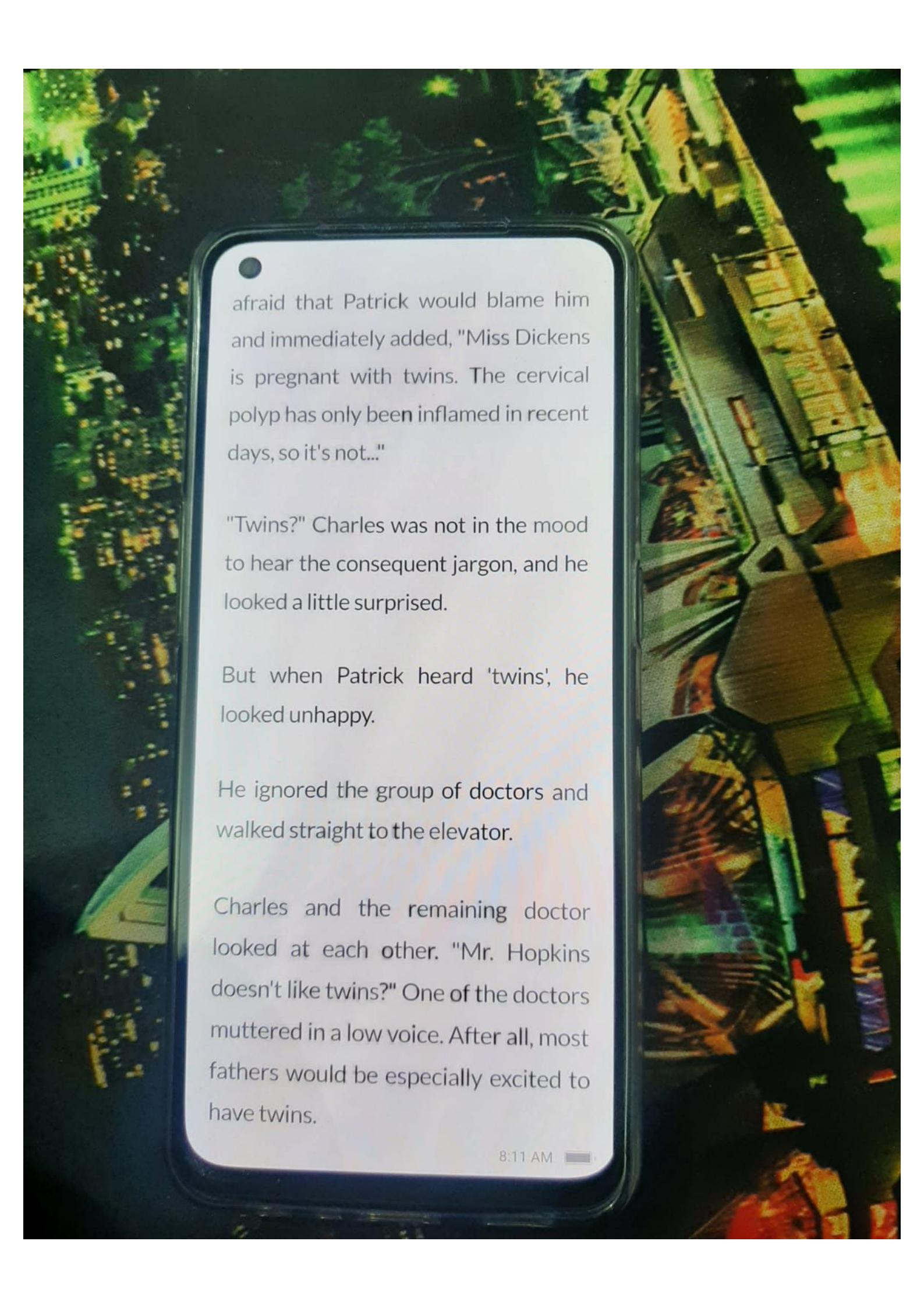
If the child was gone, then him and her...

"What do you mean 'it's saved for now'? Is Christina seriously ill? Why hasn't she been tested before?" Charles had a lot of girlfriends, and women occasionally mentioned pregnancy-related matters to him.

"For cervical polyps, we now choose to treat them with drugs. If Miss Dickens's inflammation can't be eliminated, then we'll consider minimally invasive surgery. The damage to the womb is very small. As long as she takes good care of the body, it won't affect it much."

As he spoke, the doctor seemed to be

8:11 AM 



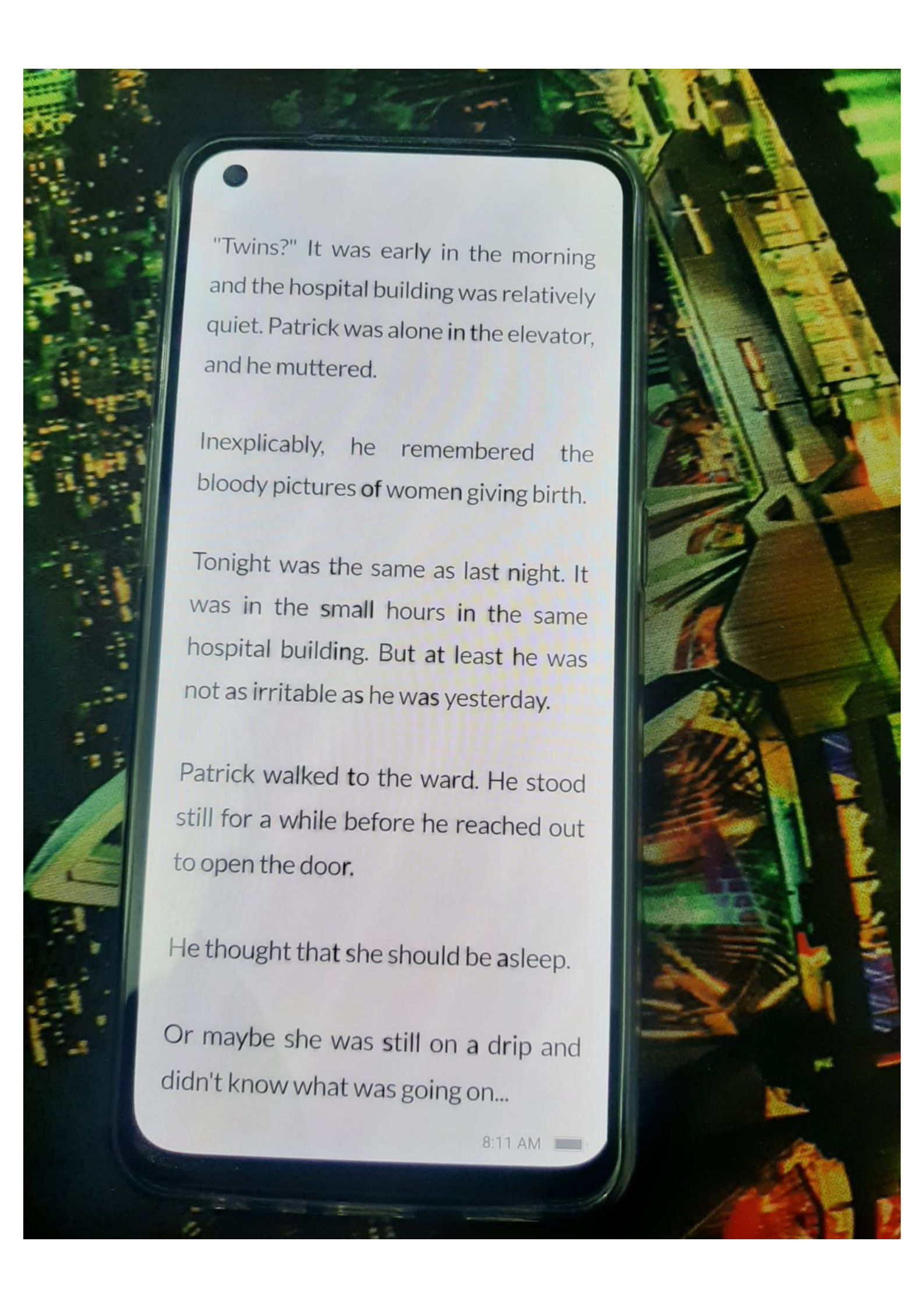
afraid that Patrick would blame him and immediately added, "Miss Dickens is pregnant with twins. The cervical polyp has only been inflamed in recent days, so it's not..."

"Twins?" Charles was not in the mood to hear the consequent jargon, and he looked a little surprised.

But when Patrick heard 'twins', he looked unhappy.

He ignored the group of doctors and walked straight to the elevator.

Charles and the remaining doctor looked at each other. "Mr. Hopkins doesn't like twins?" One of the doctors muttered in a low voice. After all, most fathers would be especially excited to have twins.

A smartphone screen is shown at an angle, displaying text. The background of the phone's display is a vibrant image of autumn leaves in shades of green, yellow, and orange. The text on the screen is arranged in several paragraphs. At the bottom right of the screen, the time '8:11 AM' and a battery icon are visible.

"Twins?" It was early in the morning and the hospital building was relatively quiet. Patrick was alone in the elevator, and he muttered.


Inexplicably, he remembered the bloody pictures of women giving birth.

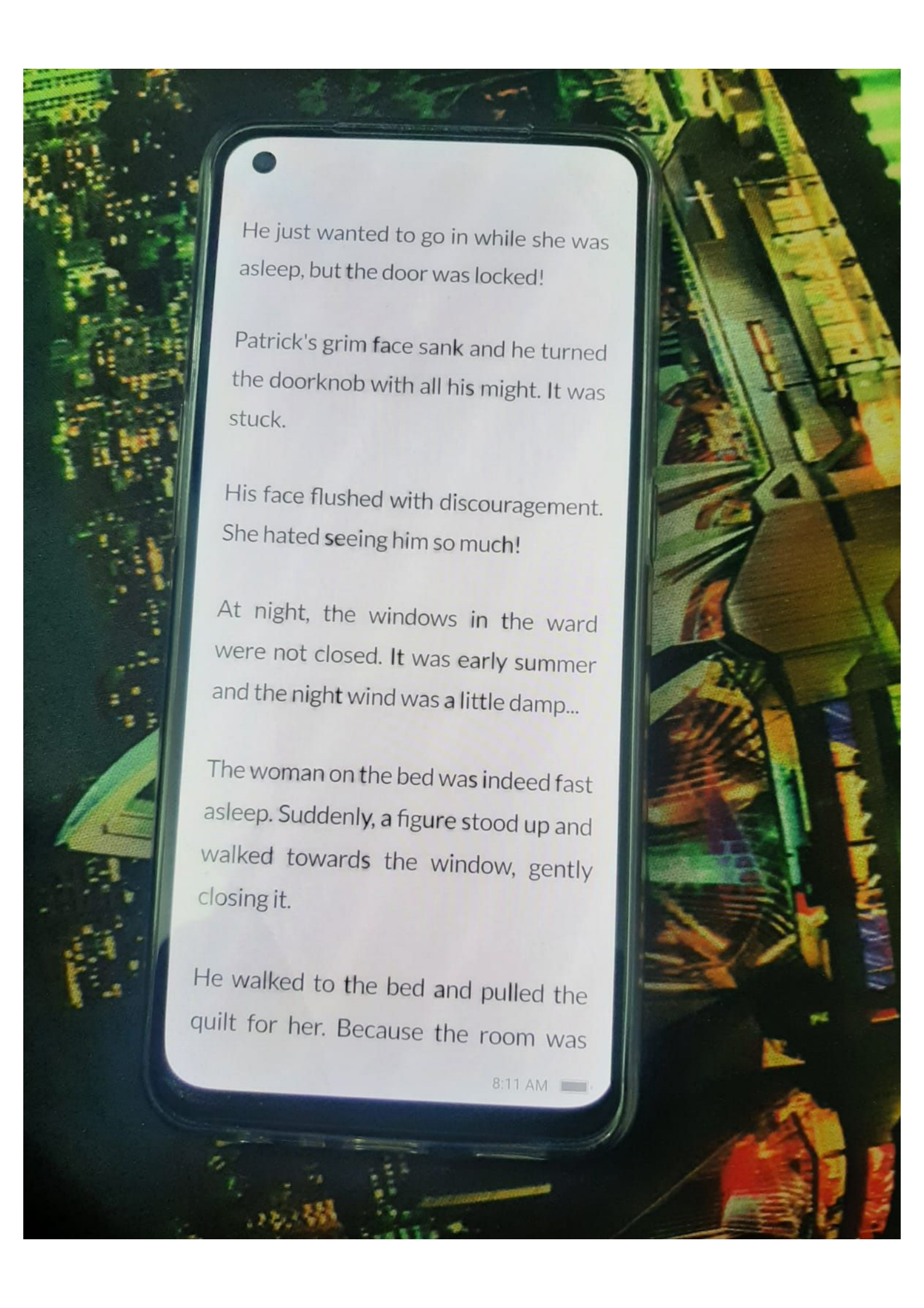
Tonight was the same as last night. It was in the small hours in the same hospital building. But at least he was not as irritable as he was yesterday.

Patrick walked to the ward. He stood still for a while before he reached out to open the door.

He thought that she should be asleep.

Or maybe she was still on a drip and didn't know what was going on...

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A smartphone screen is shown at an angle, displaying a story snippet. The background of the phone's display is a vibrant, abstract pattern with shades of green, yellow, and red. The text on the screen is white and arranged in several paragraphs. At the bottom right of the screen, the time '8:11 AM' and a battery icon are visible.

He just wanted to go in while she was asleep, but the door was locked!


Patrick's grim face sank and he turned the doorknob with all his might. It was stuck.

His face flushed with discouragement. She hated seeing him so much!

At night, the windows in the ward were not closed. It was early summer and the night wind was a little damp...

The woman on the bed was indeed fast asleep. Suddenly, a figure stood up and walked towards the window, gently closing it.

He walked to the bed and pulled the quilt for her. Because the room was

8:11 AM 

locked, he had told the doctors and nurses not to come in and disturb her. So at this time, there was only him and her in the room.

He stood by the bed and stared at her with a complicated gaze. Suddenly, he bent down and caressed her lips with his outstretched fingertips.

All of a sudden, he wanted to get close to her.

He bent his head and kissed her gently...

She seemed to be very sensitive. Suddenly, she turned her head, and the man next to her seemed to be frightened and guilty. He immediately stood up straight.

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"Patrick!"

The next morning, at seven o'clock, Charles rushed to the hospital. He thought that Christina's drug reaction had passed, and she was no longer so irritable, so he came to see her.

Unexpectedly, he saw Patrick sitting in a chair outside the door. 'He sat here all night?!'

'Didn't he go in?!'

Patrick didn't look very good. When he looked up, the doctor in the hospital began to work early. The nurse nodded at them and went forward and knocked on the door.

"Good morning, we're going in now..."
The nurse said politely inside.

8:11 AM

When Charles heard this, he immediately knew that Patrick was locked out by Christina...

He felt that Patrick was much more patient than before.

However, when the door was opened, Patrick slightly opened his eyes, pushed open the doctor and nurse in front of him, and strode in.

"You!" He glared angrily at Cory. They were together all night!

In this locked room!

Christina had already woken up. She was much better than before, but she still looked at him with a stiffened face.

8:11 AM

● "What do you want to say?" She looked at Patrick and sneered. "You want to say that I'm fickle and flirt with men everywhere?"

8:11 AM