

## Chapter 61 Only Care about the Mistress


'She is not here?'

Patrick anxiously reached out his hand and ripped a big hole in the rusty wire net in front of him. He jumped and dived into the abandoned factory.

The abandoned factory was located in the outskirts of North of the A City. There was a forest in the east and a big river in the west.

It was about 11 o'clock in the evening, and it was dark in the surroundings. There were no streetlights, but a few stars and a full moon overhead. Because the place was near a big river, the air was rather cold and humid.

The factory covered an area of over a

3:12 PM 

thousand square meters, with a large workshop set up with heavy, abandoned, and large machinery. The factory had three large warehouses, two quality control rooms, and an office. The surrounding walls, doors, and windows were crumbling and dirty.

Cecilia and the five gangsters were in the big workshop, but Patrick couldn't find Christina!

He strained his temper and walked lightly in the dark factory, searching every room...

Suddenly, there was a bloody smell coming to his nose. Patrick stopped in his tracks. He looked to a small room on the right in front of him.


Gripping the gun tightly in his hand, he pressed his body against the wall and approached at a brisk pace. The dilapidated mahogany door panel in front of him was unlocked, and he reached out with his left hand and gently pushed it open.

A faint moonlight fell through the window, he could see...

The next second, his eyes widened, and he immediately rushed in.

Inside this messy and dilapidated office, a pool of blood remained in the corner of the long wooden table, dark red blood running down the legs to the floor, the blood mixing with the dirt in a shocking way.

Patrick looked gloomy. He pursed his

3:13 PM 

REDMI NOTE 9S  
AI QUAD CAMERA



lips, raised his gun in his right hand, and called out impatiently, "Christina..."

However, he was startled as he noticed something unusual.


He couldn't shoot easily. He couldn't alert the gang to ensure her safety until he found Christina.

He wanted her to be safe and sound.

There were faint, painful, low breaths coming from the room.

Patrick walked vigilantly behind the desk. He was surprised as he saw Todd, who was unconscious and paralyzed...

'Todd is the mastermind of the kidnapping. Why is he unconscious?'

3:13 PM 



Patrick smelled the thick smell of blood. Unable to suppress his rage, he squatted down and dragged Todd up.


"Where is she?" Patrick wanted to shoot him.

Todd was violently pulled up by him. His mind was foggy, his face was pale and he kept panting roughly. Opening his eyes to look at Patrick in front of him, he was powerless to break free.

Patrick was extremely impatient. He pressed the wound on the back of Todd's head with his right hand and pressed his entire face on the table.

"Christina, where is she?"

The wound was pressed down by Patrick, and the pain made Todd gasp

3:13 PM 

and tremble. "I don't know..."

"Mr. Hopkins, Miss Jones is at the big workshop..." And at that moment, the bodyguard who had infiltrated with Patrick immediately rushed in, his voice urgent, when he spotted Patrick on this side.

"Mr. Hopkins, we have to get out of here now. We found a lot of..."

"Patrick, I've prepared a batch of explosives for you!"

Before the bodyguard could finish speaking, Todd hysterically burst out laughing.

His teeth were bloodied, and he yelled in hatred, "Patrick, that's a gift for you!"

3:13 PM


"... I can't deal with you, so I'm going to die with you today!"

When Patrick heard this, he was shocked.

With all his strength, Todd took out the remote control from his pocket. The red light flickered, and he pressed the button.

Patrick looked sullen and reached out his left hand to try to grab the remote control from Todd's hand. The bodyguards immediately rushed forward to help suppress him.

The remote controller fell between Todd's fingers. Todd lifted his foot and stomped on it.

3:13 PM 

There was a loud bang in a warehouse in the north!


... It was too late.

Then there was a series of explosions. The sound of shock reverberated through the sky, and even the house began to crumble.

In a short while, the thick smoke rose from the sky, and the golden fire dragon flew up. On this dark night, it looked especially dazzling.

"Mr. Hopkins, we have to get out of here immediately. The house will collapse..." The bodyguard shouted anxiously at Patrick.

There were also two bodyguards running up ahead. "Mr. Hopkins, the

3:13 PM 




bandits are under our control. Miss Jones has been taken out by us. Hurry up!"

Everyone looked at the wanton fire on the east side and panicked.

Charles and the others were ambushed outside. They had been waiting for the opportunity, but when they saw the sudden explosion and fire, they all looked at each other in horror.

Without thinking, Charles immediately sent people to shoot at the big iron lock in front of him. The lock broke, and the police behind him rushed in to rescue people.

This was originally an abandoned factory, and the waste materials were

3:13 PM 

instantly ignited...

The tins and the surrounding windows kept exploding, scaring people.


The fire spread rapidly and the old walls rustled.

Charles's eyes widened as he watched the main pillar of the boulder slowly tilt in front of him. "Patrick, go! The house is going to collapse..."

"You two raise the wooden table, block the flames, and rush out of the door..."

"No! The fire at the front door is too strong to withstand!"

Everyone was in a panic as they were terribly dangerous.

3:13 PM 

The flames quickly engulfed them and spread all around them. The hot waves burned their cheeks and bodies, and the burning light was blinding.

"Get out the back door. Quick."  
someone screamed in horror.


"Mr. Hopkins, hurry up!"

The two bodyguards in front of them saw Patrick frowning and were still hesitating in this room, dragging him out by the arm in a hurry.

"You guys go first..."

Patrick shook them off. The smoke made his voice hoarse.

'Where is Christina?'

3:13 PM 

'Where is she?'


The bodyguards were startled. Seeing that Patrick had actually rushed into the fire, the two of them could not care less about their respect and dragged Patrick by the arm...

But there was no need for them to stop them. The huge stone pillar in front of them collapsed.

The sand and dust raised prevented them from opening their eyes. Flames were roaring around them, and their skin was burning...

"What should we do now?" One of the bodyguards was so scared that he lost his mind on the spot.

In this fire, there was no way out.

3:13 PM 

People could only wait for death.

Time seemed to have stopped at this moment. There was the sound of blasting, cries of horror coming from all around, and...


A small metal knife fell to the ground, making a crisp sound, very subtle.

"Help me..."

In the small room, a woman's soft voice sounded, "I'm here. Help..."

In the fire, Patrick seemed to have sensed something. He turned around abruptly...

The huge abandoned factory collapsed.

3:14 PM 



The deafening noise spread out in the early hours of the quiet night, and a black cloud of dust rose from the sky, sweeping up for a dozen miles.


The strong impact of the airflow caused the people outside the abandoned factory to immediately lie down and lift their hearts.

Then there was a terrible silence.

"Patrick!"

Charles covered his nose with his left hand and hurriedly got up from the ground to look around. The abandoned factory in front of him was in ruins.

There were still a lot of scattered flames burning. But in the dark of the

3:14 PM 

night, they could not see the situation clearly.

"Turn on all the lights!"

As soon as Charles said this, he noticed some movement in the west river.


The police and the others rushed over.

"Where's Patrick?"

Some figures swam towards the bank in the dark river. Those who had escaped from death immediately grabbed the water grass by the river and gasped for air.

They really thought they were going to die just now.

"Mr. Hopkins is behind..." The bodyguard replied immediately as he

3:14 PM 



smoothed his breath.

They were surrounded by the fire, and there was no road in front and back. The glass windows were shattered by the explosion. Patrick led them into the fire and jumped out of the window on the west side. Outside was the river.

That was how they escape.

Patrick was ruthless and inhumane, but they were willing to follow him. Because he would not easily abandon his companions, and he had the ability to save them in panic.

"Patrick, are you okay?"

Charles saw that after Patrick finally swam back to the shore, he was still staring intently at the ruins in front of

3:14 PM



him.

Patrick did not answer him. He got up from the shore and was drenched.

"Have you seen Christina?" His voice was hoarse, not sure if he choked on the river or because he was suppressing some emotions.


Charles was stunned and did not know how to speak for a moment.

There were no casualties in the accident. Even the bandits and Todd were brought out by them, but...

'She...'

'Why not her?'

"Where is she?"

3:15 PM 

Patrick turned around abruptly, grabbed Todd's front collar, and lifted him up in a rage.

There were obvious signs of a fight in that small room. Todd was attacked. 'Where is Christina? Where is she?'

"Patrick..." Suddenly a woman's delicate voice trembled.

Cecilia seemed frightened. She ran forward and hugged him tightly around Patrick's waist. "I know. I know you will come to save me. I'm so scared..."

Her clothes were in a mess, and she cried out uncontrollably.

And at that moment, several cars came

rushing behind them.

"Young Master, how are you? Are you hurt?" The Hopkins Family butler got out of the car and ran over anxiously.

In another black Maybach, Cory rushed over.

"Patrick, where's Christina?"

When he saw Cecilia, Cory's tightly clenched lips were filled with mockery. "You only care about saving your mistress. Patrick, it is your fault! It's because you've been so ruthless and offended so many people that you've put her through this..."

Cory looked around, especially when he saw the guilty look on Charles's face. He was so angry that he raised his

fist and punched Patrick's left face fiercely. "Where is Christina? You abandoned her regardless of her life!"

'Where is she...!

Patrick's expression was complicated and confused. He didn't dodge Cory's fist.

In the fire just now, he seemed to see a man and a woman...

"So he came to save Cecilia..." In the distance, the woman floating in the river fixed her gaze on the shore.

"Tina, we can't stay in the river too long."

In the dark river, the man forced her to swim in another direction...

Chapter 62 Who Saved You?

"Tina"

The man's warm and clear voice rang in her ear, "Tina..." It was repeated over and over again. His tone was extremely gentle when he was calling out her name.

"Don't call me that name, it's disgusting!"

Christina frowned. She seemed a little confused and thought the voice was familiar.

She must have heard this gentle voice before.

'Who are you...'

3:27 PM



REDMI NOTE 9S  
AI QUAD CAMERA

She opened her mouth and wanted to shout, but her whole body trembled in fright. She opened her eyes immediately only to see the white ceiling above her head in confusion. She smelled the faint smell of disinfectant.


... Only then did she realize that it was a dream.

And she was in the hospital.

"Hospital?" She murmured. She was weak and her mind went blank.

She looked around in a daze and heard the sound of blood pressure and heart rate machines dripping...

"Why am I in the hospital?"

3:27 PM 



REDMI NOTE 9S  
AI QUAD CAMERA

She had a low fever so she was blunt now. She hadn't regained her senses.

"What did you say?"

At this time, in the quiet night of the morning, at the abandoned factory, the police, and rescue team were still working...

"You said Christina was in the hospital?!"

Charles held the phone in disbelief.

"What?" Patrick rushed forward and grabbed his phone. His voice was low and shocked.

"Christina is in the hospital!"

How could she be in the hospital!

"Why am I in the hospital?"

She remembered there might be a man...

Suddenly, Christina seemed to remember something. She appeared anxious and her heart was racing. She immediately threw back the white hospital sheet and put her hands on her belly...

She looked down at her fair and smooth belly.

She took a long breath then. 'Fortunately..'

She remembered that when she went to the company's wine party, she met a man who looked polite and wore a

3:27 PM



REDMI NOTE 9S  
AI QUAD CAMERA



black tuxedo. At first, Todd mistook her for Cecilia and took her to the party. Then she left.

However, Todd followed her. When she bumped into the gunfight between Patrick and Sean in the underground parking lot, Todd tightly covered her mouth and forcibly took her away.

Finally, Todd held a steel knife and was going to cut her belly open with the sharp blade...

Suddenly, Christina lost her mind. She looked at the door in confusion.

There was some noise outside the door. This sound...

"In the past, when we sisters were in charge of the group, this never

3:27 PM



REDMI NOTE 9S  
AI QUAD CAMERA

happened!"

"Today happens to be the 50th anniversary of the group. But such a big scandal has happened. The stock price will definitely fall tomorrow! Dad, I already said that Patrick is too young to have full control of the group..."

Laurie and her sisters came to the hospital with Mr. Hopkins. Though they seemed to be here to visit Christina, they all took advantage of the opportunity to hit Patrick when he was down.

It was past 1:00 in the morning and the night wind was chilly. The corridor of the inpatient department was noisy.

Mr. Hopkins held the walking stick by

his right hand and listened to the complaints of his daughters. He looked gloomy and irritable.

The 50th anniversary of the group was originally a great day. But such a thing had happened!

"Be quiet. Go in and see how Christina is doing!" The old man looked displeased and scolded his daughters.

"Where's Christina?"

At this moment, a tall figure rushed from the left elevator entrance of the hospital. Patrick's clothes were wet and he looked obviously impatient.

"Where's Christina!"

When Laurie saw him coming, she immediately stopped him with a dark

face in her senior posture.

She scolded him. "Patrick, you not only suppressed your close relatives but also offended so many people for your own selfish desires. This time Christina was injured. Next time, the rest of us will get into trouble too. You are really selfish!"

"Go away -"

Patrick was not in the mood to argue with her. He looked agitated and pushed her away regardless of her identity as his aunt.

"Is Christina here?"

He looked at Mr. Hopkins. His tone was full of disbelief.



Mr. Hopkins grunted angrily, "Bastard, you even didn't care about your wife. You've been fooling around with that slut. You still have the face to come here?"

Patrick was scolded by his grandfather. A trace of astonishment flashed across his stern face.

He wasn't angry. He just felt a little unbelievable.

Christina was really in the hospital.

But why was she here...

"Dad, criticize his company management!"

"I don't think he's fit to sit in this position. We'd better hold a

shareholders' meeting tomorrow..."  
Laurie and her sisters took advantage  
of the situation to blame him.

But Patrick was not in the mood to  
think about the company at all.

He frowned and strode to the ward,  
shaking the doorknob with his big hand  
and twisting it quickly.

When his eyes fell on the bed, he  
almost lost his breath. She was really  
here.

Christina was lying on the bed.  
Watching the man in front of her walk  
towards her, she was inexplicably  
nervous.

Patrick quickened his pace. When he  
came to the hospital bed, his

condescending gaze scrutinized her as if questioning something...

Christina trembled with fear because of his sharp and scorching gaze.

"Why are you here?" Suddenly, he spoke in a deep voice.

Christina pursed her lips tightly and did not answer him. She lowered her eyes and thought of something. As if she did not want to see him, she leaned over and turned her back to him.

But Patrick was a little upset.

He bent down and pressed his hands on her shoulders, forcing her to look at him directly.

"Who saved you?"

When he sneaked into the abandoned factory, he found Todd being attacked. He also remembered that at the last moment in the fire, he vaguely saw a man and a woman hugging each other intimately...

"Answer me. Who saved you in the abandoned factory?"

Patrick was getting more and more agitated. His voice was cold and he kept repeating his question.

Christina's shoulder hurt a little from his pressure. Her small face wrinkled and she glared at the man on top of her head. "Let go!"

He went over there to save Cecilia and didn't care about her life. Now he came





over and questioned her. What's right did he have to ask her?

"It's none of your business who saved me!" She looked at him and retorted stubbornly.

Patrick's face darkened when he heard her reply.

Looking at her weak face at this moment, he felt pain. He withdrew his gaze and stopped looking at her. Then he released her and stood up straight.

"Why did you appear at the party?" He tried his best to suppress the impatience in his heart and continued to ask in a cold voice.

The woman in the hospital bed, with a serious face, did not want to answer

him.

"Christina!"

Patrick seemed agitated that he turned around and glared at her stubborn face again. He yelled her name, a name that was so familiar to him from the bottom of his heart!

His anger seemed to have shaken her heart. She also felt his impatience.

Christina had a complicated expression on her face and an indescribable emotion in her heart.

He seemed... worried.

"I don't know," Christina suddenly whispered.

"I don't know who he is."

She didn't lie. She really didn't see the man's face. All she knew was that he showed up in time and grabbed the knife from Todd's hand. That man saved her...

Christina half-closed her eyes. She looked pale and painful. She hadn't recovered from the shock.

Patrick looked at her. His anger seemed to dissipate.

"Why did you go to the party? Who told you to go there? What did you see in the parking lot?" He spoke slowly. After thinking about it, he added, "Christina, don't hide it from me..."

"What about you? What are you hiding



from me?" She interrupted him.

Patrick narrowed his eyes as if he did not expect her to retort.

Christina's left hand, which was hidden in the sheet, tightened slightly as if she had summoned up courage. She looked straight at him and asked, "Patrick, your study..."

"Have you been to my study?" Patrick's voice immediately sounded cold.

Christina's face turned pale. She had expected him to be angry, but she didn't expect such a big reaction. "I, I just..." She answered vaguely and was eager to find an explanation.

Patrick seemed to have remembered something. His face was filled with a

3:29 PM

warning. "Who allowed you into my study?"

"Christina, you have no right to step into my life!" His deep eyes scrutinized her closely. "Who have you been in contact with lately, you..."

"My business has nothing to do with you!" She suddenly felt really disappointed.

"I'm not feeling well now. Please go out!" Christina pursed her lips, showing her decision.

"Christina, you..." Patrick looked angry.

"Your Miss Jones is safe now. I don't need you to worry about my business. Mr. Hopkins, please go out now. I don't want to see you!" Christina yelled at

3:29 PM

him.

Bang -

The door of the ward was slammed close.

Patrick, tall and upright, leaned his back against the hospital wall. He glanced at the door of the ward on his left with complicated eyes. Then he suppressed a sense of annoyance and closed his eyes tiredly.

He wanted to say that all he wanted was her safety.

He wanted to say that he was worried about her.

But he didn't. He wasn't fit to say that.

He didn't know how to say it...

"Patrick, where's Christina?"

Charles rushed over to the hospital. But he bumped into Patrick standing outside the ward. A flash of loneliness flashed across his cold face.

"... keep an eye on her."

After this sentence, Patrick stepped away and headed straight for the elevator.

Charles was in a daze. He clearly wanted to stay here for a while longer but left so soon.

Christina, did you quarrel with Patrick?" He opened the door and asked tentatively.

Christina breathed a sigh of relief and felt relaxed when seeing Charles.

"You are so heartless. Patrick almost lost his life in order to find you. He was worried about you..."

... He was worried about you.



## Chapter 63 Hold Her Tightly

"Christina, why did you suddenly turn up in the hospital? Who saved you?"

'Who was he?'

"I don't know."

She shrank back and buried her head in the quilt, ignoring him.

"You can't be jealous, can you? Patrick found that you weren't in the Hopkins House, so he was worried about you. We found Cecilia in the abandoned factory..."

Charles opened his mouth to explain, but when Christina heard "Cecelia", she went upset.

3:30 PM

"You were not the one almost being stabbed in the stomach. You don't know how scary it was! You all think I'm strong. I'm not as weak and lovable as Cecilia and the others, that's true, but I'll be scared too." she roared angrily through the quilt.

Back then, she was trembling, wishing someone could come to help...

Charles didn't say anything more. He knew that after the kidnapping, the victim was bound to have some psychological shock.

So he turned around and walked out, closing the door for her.

Looking in the direction of the corridor elevator, he sighed, "Where is Patrick..."

3:30 PM

"Patrick!"

Patrick had just stepped out of the elevator when he got entangled by a woman.

Cecilia was dressed in hospital clothes. After being rescued from the abandoned factory, she was sent to this hospital for observation. Although she was not seriously injured, she...

She ran towards him in anxiety and held his arm nervously. "Patrick, don't believe those doctors' guesses. Although my clothes are taken off, I'm not... not violated by those bandits. Really not..." She emphasized in an agitated voice.

Patrick looked at her coldly and

3:30 PM

withdrew his hand without a word.

"I'm not interested in that." His voice was cold.

Cecilia's face froze and he continued to explain with difficulty, "Patrick, I have only slept with you. Believe me, I wasn't..."

"As I said, I'm not interested in these things. I don't care about the truth."

He looked straight at her, his tone cold and ruthless.

"No. No..." She seemed to panic all of a sudden. She strode forward, wrapped her arms around him again, and said anxiously, "Patrick, we used to love each other so much. You are angry, aren't you? You are angry that I left



three years ago. You didn't want me to get hurt, so you rushed over to save me tonight..."

"Let go!"

He looked at her impatiently and fiercely pushed her away with his right hand. Cecilia leaned back and almost fell against the wall.

Patrick didn't explain much. "Miss Jones, please stop bothering me." He warned coldly word by word.

"Why!"

She didn't want to give up!

"Patrick, you used to indulge and pamper me so much. I know you love me. The person you love is me!" She

3:30 PM



REDMI NOTE 9S  
AI QUAD CAMERA

raised her voice and shouted at him with a guilty and frightened look.

He took a step closer to her. "Because it doesn't work..." He said inexplicably.

Cecilia looked at his cold face that was handsome enough to make a woman obsessed. She didn't understand what he was saying.

What did he mean by saying 'doesn't work'?

"Cecilia, I don't care about you. I don't care if you hide it from me. I don't care..."

Patrick suddenly extended his right hand to her. The slender fingertips touched her familiar face. "I don't care if you have plastic surgery or not."

3:30 PM



REDMI NOTE 9S  
AI QUAD CAMERA

When she heard the word "plastic surgery," she turned nervous.

He knew.

He already knew.

Patrick looked at her face and smiled. He seemed to be laughing at himself.

"I'm not going to pursue whether you hid your plastic surgery and background from me or even more... Not because I indulged you, but because I didn't care."

His low, light, and heartless words rang in her ears.

Cecilia's face turned pale.

3:30 PM



REDMI NOTE 9S  
AI QUAD CAMERA

Standing right beside her, he was enough to make her feel a sense of alienation and oppression.

Once, he would smile at her gently and indulgently. However, every time he looked at her, his eyes drifted away.

Cecilia was a smart woman. She knew that Patrick had ulterior motives for treating her well, but she fell in love with him and wanted more from him, like his love.

Every time he gazed at that high school in C City, there was a sense of loneliness in his eyes. She wanted to go up and hug him.

But he didn't want her to get close.

Patrick looked at her face and thought





of the woman upstairs.

He became increasingly agitated. Then he turned to look in the direction of the elevator, hesitated for only a second. Afterward, he stepped back...

Cecilia watched him leave with resentment and jealousy in her eyes.

"Patrick, I can... I can do better than her!" She shouted at his back as if begging.

He didn't respond at all. The elevator door closed.

Patrick was as heartless to her as to any strangers. He didn't even hesitate for a moment before leaving her.

What should she do?



REDMI NOTE 9S  
AI QUAD CAMERA

3:30 PM

Without Patrick as a backup... Cecilia glared at the closed elevator door in a panic. "Christina!" She muttered the name in a low voice, wishing that the woman would disappear forever.

"Christina, she seems to be asleep inside."

When Charles saw that Patrick returned, Charles quickly approached him. "Christina seemed to have been frightened by Todd's knife. I think she was really scared..."

She was scared, not because she was unsafe, but because the safety of her unborn child was threatened.

When Patrick heard what he said, he looked thoughtful. After a moment of



silence, he opened the door and walked straight in.

The woman on the bed was not asleep. When she heard the door open, she subconsciously looked up.

Thinking it was Charles, she yelled at him angrily. "You're really annoying. I told you to go out. My kids need to rest."

As soon as she spoke, she met those deep eyes. For a moment, Christina was stunned.

'Why is he here again!'

Patrick looked at her, turned his head away, and walked straight to the bathroom.

It seemed that he had come here not to look for her, but to take a bath.

After a while, the sound of water sounded from the bathroom...

She was a little nervous for no reason.

She saw that he was soaked, his short hair was in a mess and his clothes were unclean. It was rare to see this Young Master be in such a mess.

... But why didn't he go back to take a bath?

He came out wearing a hospital gown.

There was a hairdryer in the VIP ward, and the hospital clothes were specially prepared. She was surprised to see that Patrick was dressed in the same



hospital clothes as her. He stood in front of her bed. She felt complicated and uncomfortable.

"What do you want to do..."

As soon as she asked, he lifted the white sheet and said, "Move!"

What? She could barely react.

He just lay beside her, as if this was their bedroom.

"Sleep." He just said one word in a low voice.

He didn't know how to express it. Since he didn't know, he simply didn't say it.

He naturally wrapped around her waist, wanting to hold her tightly in his



arms...

It was past two in the morning and the night was cold. She was really shocked tonight, and he was really... tired.



REDMI NOTE 9S  
AI QUAD CAMERA

## Chapter 64 He Likes You!

He slept soundly.

Faint sunlight was out the hospital window. When Christina woke up, it was around 6:00 am. For most people, it was still early, but...

She looked at the man lying next to her with a complicated expression. Patrick was used to getting up early, and he rarely slept so deeply.

He seemed very tired.

Yesterday was the anniversary party of the group. And the kidnapping must have exhausted him.

Christina looked at his face and had a strange feeling.

3:31 PM

He was so close to her and she could feel his unique cool breath...

He slept soundly with his right arm wrapping around her waist. This cold and dangerous man was sleeping so relaxed beside her.

'It is as if he belongs to me at this moment.'

'What am I thinking about!' Her cheeks were slightly red. Christina lowered her head not to look at him.

She turned down the guard bar of the bed on her side. She complained secretly. She really didn't understand why he didn't go back to rest but insisted on sleeping with her in the hospital bed.

3:31 PM



She could never know what Patrick was thinking. He hid too many secrets in his heart.

She moved to the side of the bed and gently removed his large hand from her waist.

He had the habit of sleeping with her in his arms, and she didn't notice when he got the habit.

However, just as Christina carefully raised his right hand, she paused.

"He's hurt," she murmured, a little surprised.

There was a deep cut on his right palm. It seemed that he was hurt by a wire, and the cut had already solidified into

blood, but it was obtrusive in his slender and fair hand.

She stared at the scar on his palm, feeling a little uncomfortable.


Christina reached out her other hand and gently touch the wound even though she didn't know why she did that.

... It should be very painful.

Her eyes were focused as if she was thinking about something.

"What are you thinking about?" The husky voice suddenly came.

Christina looked guilty. "When-when did you wake up?" Embarrassment flashed across her face and she let go

3:32 PM 



of his hand as if nothing had happened.


"I just woke up." She wondered if he caught a cold because Patrick's voice was a little hoarse.

He did not notice her movements. He looked up at the clock on the wall and frowned as if he felt that it was a little late to wake up at 6 o'clock.

He quickly lifted the quilt and got up with his right hand pressed against the bed...

"Pay attention to the wound on your hand..." She looked at him and spoke subconsciously.

Patrick sat up straight from the bed, turned to look at her curiously. His dark eyes lit up because he noticed

3:32 PM 

that she was worried.


He raised his eyebrows and stared at her with a burning gaze. "What's the matter?" His hoarse voice sounded blurred.

Christina blushed slightly and pursed her lips. "Your palm is bleeding."

Only then did Patrick check the wound on his right palm, which was oozing blood again, but he didn't pay much attention.

"Last night..." He stood up directly and changed the subject.

"What happened last night won't happen again." He stood up straight and narrowed his eyes, looking into hers.

3:32 PM 

He spoke in a low voice, but it seemed like he was promising something.

Christina looked at the man with a confused expression.


She did not reply but was flustered.

He was promising her.

She knew that this man would not say sweet love words, but what he said was more reassuring than that because he would do what he said.

Christina sat quietly by the bed while Patrick went into the bathroom to wash up.

"Are you awake?"

3:32 PM 



Not long after, the door of the ward was knocked on. It was Charles's voice.

Charles brought some clothes to them. Patrick got dressed directly in the bathroom. He didn't have cleanliness fetishes like that pampered rich kids, and he was even tougher than special forces.

Patrick changed into an expensive and close-fitting suit of ink-blue. He was outstanding. As he wearing a tie, he came out and asked, "What's the situation?"

"Because of last night's incident and the media's reports, IP&G Group is impacted, and the early morning trading will definitely be affected..."

Charles told him the truth, and as he

3:32 PM


spoke, he chuckled. "Your aunts have been in high spirits since last night. They've invited all the major shareholders with great enthusiasm. I think the morning meeting will be amazing. Be careful, Patrick..."

His aunts were already very dissatisfied with that he suddenly returned and took the position of president of the group. They would make things worse after what happened yesterday and try to kick him out.

Patrick was indifferent as if he did not take his aunts seriously.

He tidied up his clothes and walked straight to the door.

Christina looked at his back with some

3:32 PM 

emotions in her eyes.

It turned out that Laurie and the others were making things difficult for him at the company. It seemed not easy for him to make the original executives obey him.


"Christina, why are you showing that expression? Don't worry too much."

Charles teased her, "Patrick can handle that, and even if he's not the president of IP&G Group, he won't let you and your sons suffer..."

She looked embarrassed.

The man outside the door paused and looked back at Christina on the bed.

"Watch her. She's not allowed to leave

3:32 PM 



the hospital until I get back."

Patrick said to the bodyguard at the door and left without stopping.

The woman in the ward clearly heard his cold command and frowned. He stopped her from going out again.

"Christina, Patrick does that for your own good."

Seeing Patrick leave, Charles sat down on the chair beside the hospital bed with his legs crossed casually, peeling an orange while teasing her. "Christina, I've seen so many women, and you're the most troublesome."

Lord Christina didn't bother to quarrel with him but wanted to ask him something. "Last night..."

3:32 PM

"Don't ask me, Patrick won't allow you to know. I won't tell you," Charles refused to tell her.

And he added coldly, "But I don't think that Preston brothers can still enjoy their good life..."

"What do you want to do..." Christina's expression was a little complicated.

"What do you think we're going to do?" Charles put down the orange in his hand and looked at her thoughtfully. "Christina, do you think that we are insidious and shameless and will bully the weak..."

Christina did not speak, feeling embarrassed.

3:32 PM

Indeed, she had thought that Patrick could deal with anyone with the power of his family.

"Let's not talk about Sean's sudden gun attack in the underground parking lot last night. Todd had kidnapped you and Cecilia, which was a crime. Todd also blew up the abandoned factory and almost killed Patrick and the others..." Charles's voice suddenly turned cold.

"Christina, you don't know him. You think he's dangerous, but no matter how dangerous he is, he's always been patient with you..."

'Otherwise, I'd would not bother to chat with a woman.'

Just because Patrick asked him to accompany her.

3:33 PM

She had never tried to understand him but just avoided him.

"Christina, there's a kind of silent love."

Christina's expression was stunned, and she was a little confused when she heard his reproachful words.

Charles somehow felt ignorant for his bro. "Do you know that Patrick cares about you very much?"

Although he didn't know what Patrick was thinking, they all saw how anxious he was last night. There was no doubt that he really cared about her.

The woman sitting on the hospital bed tensed up, and her astonished expression showed that she had heard

3:33 PM

something very shocking.

"Christina, you fool! Cecilia is more attentive than you are. Patrick likes you..." Charles yelled at her.

"He likes you! Can't you feel that at all?"

## Chapter 65 Comfort Your Husband

"After the previous general manager of IP&G Group, Robert, jumped off a building to demonstrate in Venice branch, his two sons threatened the Group with gunfire, kidnapping, and other criminal offenses. Now they have been arrested and are likely to be sentenced to more than 30 years..."

The big TV screen in the VIP room was reporting a live press conference.

Christina sat beside the bed, watching TV with a complicated expression.

The reporters asked anxiously, "I heard that Hopkins Family's eldest grandson was appointed as the CEO of IP&G Group three months ago, which caused a lot of dissatisfaction among the

senior management. The incident has directly affected the group's stock price. Will the board take it into consideration.."

"This incident did have some impact on the group, but we will never compromise because of the vicious threat!"

In front of the camera, the current vice president of IP&G Group replied solemnly and slowly, showing the forceful attitude of the current management.

That was Patrick's style.

"Robert has been working for the Group for more than 30 years with outstanding results. There are many doubts about his sudden departure

and suicide..."

"Both of his sons are elites of famous international schools. This time, due to the impulsive act of losing their father, they did such things. Do you consider bringing a reduction of sentence to the court on account of Robert's previous contributions..."

A female reporter was agitated and asked loudly, "The current president is only seeking personal gain and ruthlessly oppressing the old employees. Is this the culture that an international company should have?"

Christina was inexplicably annoyed by the noise on the television.

Most people favored the Preston Family, thinking that they were

3:33 PM



disadvantaged groups, and Patrick was obviously the vicious wolf who mercilessly put them into a desperate situation.

Picking up the remote control, she turned off the TV.

"Patrick..."

She sat on the bed in sorrow and murmured the familiar name.

What kind of person was Patrick?

Christina looked at the spacious ward with complicated eyes. There was no one else but her inside and four tall and sturdy bodyguards were guarding the door outside because she was grounded.

3:33 PM

'He is a very strong, and very... dangerous person!

"I'm going in. Let me in!"

All of a sudden, there was a loud argument outside the door.

"I beg you. Please let me in for a while... I would never dare hurt her. I just want to talk to her..."

It was the voice of a middle-aged woman. She trembled and pleaded repeatedly.

"Please leave immediately!"

Not long after, the bodyguard's cold and serious voice came with a warning.

"Young madam, I beg you to come out.

3:33 PM

We just came here to apologize to you..." The woman raised her voice nervously and shouted.

Christina walked to the window of the ward and saw a well-maintained middle-aged woman sitting on the floor, hugging one of the bodyguards' calves regardless of her image.

Her face was covered in tears. She seemed too decisive and kept pleading, "Please let me in to talk to her, just five minutes. Please." she said in an extremely humble tone.

"Get out of here now!"

The stern bodyguards pointed the gun at her head to warn her.

"No, don't kill my mother..."

3:33 PM

On seeing the gun, another young woman was trembling with fear. She immediately jumped in front of the woman and shielded her.

"F\*ck off..." The bodyguard lost his patience.

"Let them in."

Christina wrenched the door open and ordered the bodyguards.

The two women, who fell to the ground, heard the sound and immediately raised their heads. When they saw that it was Christina, they crawled to her feet.

"Mrs. Hopkins, I know that you were scared last night. My two sons were

3:33 PM

ignorant and muddle-headed. I can't believe that they had done such an ungrateful thing. I apologize to you on their behalf. I can do anything for you..."

The middle-aged woman tugged at her feet and spoke in a trembling voice, unable to control her emotions.

Her forehead was really pounding against the floor, making a thud sound...

The middle-aged woman seemed to be anxious, with a helpless look.

Christina's eyes widened slightly as she looked down at the dignified woman at her feet, who was kowtowing to her, and she was stunned.

"Mrs. Hopkins, my brothers have never

3:34 PM

been like this before. They have also participated in international volunteer work, but my father's sudden departure affected them deeply... Please forgive them. They will change. I promise..."

The young girl was anxious as well, holding back tears in her eyes and tugging on her other leg. This was Sean's sister, looking like a college student.

"Drive them away!"

The bodyguards behind them lost their patience. They immediately went forward and dragged them, afraid that Patrick would come back and blame them.

"Let them go," Christina said hesitantly.

3:34 PM

The bodyguard did not listen to her at all, but replied in a formal manner, "Young madam, please don't make things difficult for us."

Yes, they were Patrick's men, so of course, they only listened to his orders.

Christina pursed her lips tightly without speaking.

The fragile mother and daughter could not resist the pull of the bodyguards. They were carried by the back collar and ruthlessly dragged to the elevator.

Mrs. Preston's face was covered in tears. She turned to Christina and shouted, "I know that my husband, Robert, got what he deserved. He was greedy. He was in a high position and

3:34 PM

REDMI NOTE 9S  
AI QUAD CAMERA



used the group to smuggle, making billions of dollars..."

"Given that he has worked for the group for more than 30 years, Mr. Hopkins agreed to preserve his last reputation and promised not to publicize these things. I have selfish intentions. I don't want my sons to look down on my husband, so I didn't tell them..."

Mrs. Preston couldn't help but cry bitterly. "Both my sons are in their early 30s. If they are in jail for 30 years, their lives will be over..."

They had been dragged to the elevator by the bodyguards, and Christina was still standing in front of the door, clearly hearing their voices echoing in the corridor of the hospital...



As for the daughter who was dragged behind, she looked at Christina who had an indifferent expression. Hatred rose in her eyes.

"You are pregnant. You will be a mother. If you do those things to my brothers, the children you give birth to will be punished!"

Bang...

The door to the ward was closed.

Christina could no longer hear their voice, but her eyes darkened and she sat back on the edge of the hospital bed, the girl's cursing echoing in her ears.

In fact, she was not a good person, but

the Preston Family's sons kidnapped her last night, and even held a steel knife in her abdomen, trying to kill her child.

Patrick didn't do anything wrong, but...

She caressed her abdomen, thinking that there was human sympathy beyond the law.

She wanted to reduce the sentence for them in the name of the Group, taking it as a blessing for her unborn twin sons.

But she was not sure if Patrick would listen to her.

Christina sat by the bed and suddenly blushed a little. She remembered Charles's strange words this morning.

3:36 PM




[ Patrick personally went to the abandoned factory to find you! ]

[ Christina, what's wrong with you! Cecilia is more attentive than you are. Patrick likes you, he likes you! Can't you feel it at all! ]

'He likes me?'

She pursed her lips and looked up awkwardly at the clock on the wall. It was five in the afternoon.

The bodyguard had previously reported to her that Patrick was rather busy today and asked her to have dinner in the hospital by herself. At eight o'clock in the evening, he would pick her up and go back to Hopkins House. Before that, she was not

3:36 PM 



allowed to go anywhere.

Frankly speaking, he treated her fairly well. After she married Patrick, she had a good life, and he didn't put her in a difficult position.

Moreover, Patrick would send someone to inform her when he couldn't be able to come home for working overtime. He seemed to like to tell her his schedule. At first, she felt that it was because of Hopkins Family's good upbringing. Now in retrospect, it seemed that he cared about her...

It was not that she couldn't feel it, but that she didn't dare to think about it.

No.

3:36 PM

Because there was a huge gap between him and her.

"How could he like me?"

She blushed a little and retorted to herself in a soft voice, suppressing an expectation.

'I'm not good at pleasing him, and I'm always against him...! The thought of that made her even more upset.

But there was a thought in her heart weighing her down, and she wanted to figure it out, but she was a little scared...

"You're really afraid of what's going to happen if you leave her alone at the hospital. There are still a few bodyguards outside." It was Charles's

3:36 PM

Christina had already changed her clothes, leaving her luggage to the servants. She went to the bathroom and straightened herself in the mirror before leaving with him.

Charles walked up to her and whispered, "Christina, go and comfort your husband..."

"What?"

Christina looked up at the balcony.

It was sunset, and Patrick seemed to be in deep thought. He frowned and held his phone in his right hand. The dim light hit the man's silhouette, revealing a sense of loneliness.

'What is he thinking?' Inexplicably, she

3:36 PM

Christina had already changed her clothes, leaving her luggage to the servants. She went to the bathroom and straightened herself in the mirror before leaving with him.

Charles walked up to her and whispered, "Christina, go and comfort your husband..."

"What?"

Christina looked up at the balcony.

It was sunset, and Patrick seemed to be in deep thought. He frowned and held his phone in his right hand. The dim light hit the man's silhouette, revealing a sense of loneliness.

'What is he thinking?' Inexplicably, she

3:36 PM

wanted to know.

"Patrick, you soaked in the river last night. Is the fever gone?" Charles glared at her with hatred, then raised his voice and shouted.

Christina was startled and realized that he had a fever.

When he woke up next to her in the morning, his body was indeed hotter than usual.

"Hurry up and do your duty as a wife..." Charles was so angry that he secretly pushed Christina on the balcony.

Christina took a few steps forward and hit Patrick's back with her nose.

"Watch out." Patrick turned around



and helped her up.

She was ashamed to hear that and took a step back, whispering, "Got it."

She said after a moment of hesitation, "Patrick, do you have a fever?"

"It's all right." He was still in his cool demeanor.

Christina looked a little awkward. "Well... Were you looking for me last night, too?"

Patrick looked at her who swallowed back the words on the tip of her tongue. He thought of something and said in a cold voice, "Leave the mother and daughter of Preston Family alone."

Christina looked at his resolute face



and bit back the words she wanted to ask.