

Derek was dragged to the ward by them. Patrick and the others were very determined, with Christina chasing after them anxiously. Just at this time, Peter also woke up in the ward.

Peter was not in any serious condition, and he just needed to stay in bed and have enough rest. Once he woke up, it was convenient for them to enquire him about what had happened.

Christina ignored the logic and shouted at them, "What do you want to do?"

She ran to the ward in a hurry, spread out her hands to stop them, raising her head to lock gazes with Patrick. "Take Derek to the doctor first. He won't run away... He couldn't have hurt Shepherd, it's not him..."

Patrick looked at her and asked, "Do you believe him that much?"

Christina almost yelled, "Of course I believe him."

Patrick's serious expression froze as if he didn't know what to speak at this moment.

Her affirmative tone denoted that she was so certain.

A sense of annoyance pervaded in his heart. He met her gaze and pinched his lips without saying anything.

Seeing Christina's stubbornness, Chandler couldn't help but say, "We didn't beat Derek!"

"Originally, we intended to check on the new shareholders of your company and found an address to an apartment, but unexpectedly, we saw Derek there... His room was smashed into a mess, and he fell to the ground and was hurt like this..."

Christina's face changed slightly. They didn't beat Derek up...

Chandler's tone became even angrier. "Christina, you believe in Derek, but you should also believe in us." As he spoke, he glanced at Patrick.

She immediately believed that they had hurt Derek, and she trusted Derek, but she did not trust her husband at all.

Christina lapsed into silence as she perceived the reproach in Chandler's gaze.

"We brought Derek here only to find out what had happened between Peter and him. We don't have to do anything to Derek, be it personal or be it public reasons."

Christina listened to his explanation, but she still did not seem to believe it as her expression was irresolute, her eyes fixed on Derek's wounds scattering all over his body, and his clothes, chest, face, and long fingers were also stained with blood. She really did not understand who would hurt Derek so badly.

Chandler rarely behaved with such apathy. He hurled, "We don't know what had happened to him. But once he

enters the ward and we get what we want to know, we will arrange for a doctor to treat him. Is that okay?" There was an undisguised mockery in his words.

At this moment, Christina felt the detached gaze of Chandler and Charles. She moved to the left and did not stop them any longer, casting her eyes on Derek.

His breathing was feeble, his handsome face bruised and stained with blood, making him appear even more morbidly pale.

They dragged him in and the door of the ward closed quickly.

Christina stood stiffly outside the door. She looked at the gradually closed door and instinctively said, "Don't bully him..."

Patrick, who had stepped into the ward, heard it clearly.

Soon, Charles's angry voice came from the ward...

Christina was stopped by two tall bodyguards outside the door. She could not hear the conversation inside clearly, but could only vaguely hear Charles roar, "I don't believe it!"

"I don't believe it's such a coincidence. We finally found Derek, but my brother forgot everything."

An old doctor with a white beard said slowly, "Intermittent amnesia..."

"His brain was concussed before, plus the previous mental stimulation, also, the brain cells have not properly recovered. So it is normal that he fails to remember some things. Don't force the patient..."

Although Shepherd was very weak, he had been injected with nutrition solution in the hospital for a day, and after resting for a day and a night, he seemed to regain some energy, as he could recognize everyone in the ward.

"You, what are you doing..."

Peter's thin and pallid face was written with anger as he scolded his brother, "You... Derek's injury is more serious than mine. How could you arrest him and beat him up like this!"

Peter knew that his brother was very reckless.

"No!" Charles retorted immediately.

When everyone saw that they were dragging Derek, their first thought was that they had beaten Derek up.

Charles was always prioritizing his family, so he didn't care who had hurt Derek but kept asking, "Brother, think carefully. What did Derek tell you at that time? Why did you give him the shares of a company for no reason? You didn't have a close relationship with him. Did he do anything to you..."

Shepherd coughed in a fury at his fourth brother. "You, shut up!" Looking at Patrick, he got even angrier. His fourth brother, together with this man from the Hopkins family, was absolutely reckless and out of control beyond measure.

Peter was older than them, so anyway he was their senior. Now that he saw them messing around, he angrily grabbed a package of tissues from the bedside cabinet and threw it at his brother.

"Derek is an illegitimate child. He doesn't have a family to back him up. How can you guys hurt him like this without investigating the truth... Even if I give the shares of my branch company to him, it isn't a strange thing, since he's capable and he can prosper in the financial world on his own. How can you compare with him..."

Shepherd spoke too fast and coughed vehemently. "... You guys, take him to the doctor."

Charles was still unresigned with a gloomy face. "Brother, you didn't come home for the new year this year. You told me on the phone that you met a friend on a business trip abroad. You said that he needed your help in an urgent matter..."

As he spoke, he looked at Derek with rage burning in his eyes. "Derek, my brother has helped you. But you don't know how to repay a kindness... People like you will never have feelings. We ask you so many questions, but you won't say a word. All we want now is the truth. My brother has suffered so much, and we won't let it go. "

"... Tell me, Derek. You must know something. Tell me."

Derek was placed onto a chair, he breathed feebly and could hear the noise in his ear.

He struggled to open his eyes and looked around the ward, but failed to discover any sign of the person he wanted to see with his blue eyes. He closed his eyes helplessly, ignoring Charles's anxious question.

Charles was positively infuriated at being ignored like this. "Damn it, even you're autistic, I'll beat you until you tell us!" He was so angry that he was ready to grab him and punch him.

Derek limply slid down from the chair. Chandler stood beside him and subconsciously reached out to help him. At this moment, Chandler felt that Derek's pulse was really weak...

Chandler was shocked. "Why is there no pulse..."

Instantly, he shouted to the door, for none of them intended to cost anyone's life, "Find a doctor in..."

Doctors and nurses responding to the emergency aid rushed into the ward. The bearded doctor in the room was already performing CPR on Derek. Christina pushed the bodyguards away and rushed over. She stiffly watched the doctors and nurses in white robes bustling around with an anxious expression, placing Derek on the stretcher, and quickly putting an oxygen mask on him...

"Don't block the way." The doctor shouted at her anxiously.

Christina was pushed aside by the nurses, who spared none of their limbs, and hung up the glucose infusion for Derek as they wheeled him out.

"His heartbeat is weak. He can't breathe on his own..."

The iron stretcher rolled forward on its busy wheels, with Derek lying flat on it, carried to the casualty hastily by the doctors and nurses.

Christina looked, deadpan. The next moment, she rushed out and her tears trickled down as she couldn't smother it any longer.

The doctors, on the other hand, were anxiously shouting instructions at the nurses. One of them was wearing a stethoscope to check his heartbeats. "Send out a critical condition notice immediately and contact his family members to sign it. He needs an operation at any time..."

There was a panicking flurry, as the doctors and nurses were busy running up and down, each with an anxious yet solemn face to save a life.

Christina looked at all this, her body leaning against the cold wall and her heart in a mess.

She felt her lips dry, unable to utter anything.

She watched him suffer such a serious injury with her own eyes as he was about to die in front of her, but she could do nothing.

Standing straight five meters away, Patrick lit up a cigarette. The smoke enveloped him, only revealing his impatient profile.

As if there suddenly being a kind of telepathy between them, she turned her head and looked at him as he did the same at the same time, but both in helpless silence.

Then, Christina turned around and gazed out the window at the dark night sky as he did the same again.

"Tonight, the moon is full..." Christina suddenly muttered in a low voice.

The moon tonight was very strange. It was the full moon in the middle of a month. There was no starlight visible in the murky night sky, only a crimson full moon, scarlet as if tinged with blood.



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Last night, Derek's condition suddenly plummeted, which scared Christina, Charles and the others.

The sun was rising and shining as if everything had returned to normal.

Charles explained guiltily, "Derek's condition shouldn't be so bad. He just had an external injury. We have experience with external injuries... I don't know why it suddenly became so serious."

Fortunately, Derek quickly returned to normal after he was rolled to the emergency room last night. He did not need surgery. In three hours, his blood pressure and heart rate returned to normal, and all the indicators were normal. Even the doctor was amazed and could not believe it.

"I admit, we were too impulsive."

After a long night, Charles calmed down. He was more rational during the day. He saw with his own eyes that Derek was suddenly in critical condition and almost lost his life. Charles regretted and reflected on himself.

He only wanted to know the whole story. He didn't want Derek dead.

Christina looked at him expressionlessly and didn't say anything.

At this time, only the two of them were outside Derek's ward. Charles knew that she was very angry. Every time Derek was involved, Christina seemed to stand by his side without hesitation.

Charles saw that she was still ignoring him. He lost his patience. He said with self-mockery, "I see. Patrick and I are bullies. Derek is the innocent one."

The elevator door opened, and a figure ran over angrily. When Charles heard the hurried footsteps, he turned around and saw Larry coming to them furiously, "You self-righteous rich bastards. You motherfucker. Do you think you could get away with this if you don't have your family to protect you?"

Larry punched Charles in the nose angrily.

"Ah -" Charles cried out in pain. Seeing the person in front of him, he did not fight back.

He covered his nose and cursed in pain, "What is wrong with you." Larry was Derek's uncle. Charles knew him. But Larry beat him up without saying anything, Charles only thought that Larry was crazy.

"It was because of Derek's suspicious behavior that we suspected him..."

"You beat him up like this because you suspected him! Charles Shepherd! You have the guts. Don't give me the chance, or I will mess you up! You never know when you will be the less fortunate one!"

Larry regarded Charles as his enemy and scolded him.

"Stop." Christina didn't want to see them arguing outside the ward. She tugged at Larry, "Derek was injured when they found him."

Larry turned to look at her, his eyes were cold. He mocked her, "You actually believe them, rich men like them who have been spoiled since they were little..."

"I know the area where Derek lives well. I sent someone to ask. No one went in before they went into Derek's apartment." Larry was still angry. He glared at Charles, "You bullying bastards..."

Christina's expression froze. She quickly looked at Charles, "Did you lie?"

Charles yelled at them angrily, "Damn it, I swear to god that we really didn't beat Derek. Christina, how could you not believe us!"

Larry listened and sneered, "Then go in and ask Derek..."

"We didn't do it!" Charles was so angry that he gritted his teeth.

Then who was lying?

Christina's mind was blank and confused, probably because she hadn't rested for the whole night.

"Stop it." She called out in a low voice.

Larry and Charles didn't seem to be in the mood to quarrel either. They looked at each other angrily and hated each other.

"Aren't the Fisher family coming?" Christina looked at the door of the ward. She suddenly remembered what the doctor said last night, they would contact Derek's family with a critical condition notice.

This was a very absurd joke.

"The Fisher family. They received the call and all pretended not to know. It would be better for them if Derek died on the operating table. They can get more from the family property with one less person to share." Larry gritted his teeth and sneered. How cold was the family? They only had money in their eyes.

Christina had long known that Derek had always been alone in the world.

Since he was born, no one had protected him. He didn't understand love because he never got to be loved.

Christina lowered her head, feeling heavy.

"You should go back to the Hopkins family," Larry looked at her and said coldly, "I heard that you are doing well in the Hopkins family, and Old Master Hopkins treats you very well. These rich families are most afraid of gossips."

Larry gave her a push, his tone cold.

He hoped that Christina would not live well in the Hopkins family, so at least there would be some excuses for him to get closer to her. But she was Hopkins family's granddaughter-in-law. And he had always been at odds with the Hopkins family.

"Leave now. This is not the place you should be now. You shouldn't stay here."

Larry turned around and entered the ward. With a bang, he quickly shut and locked the door.

The empty corridor echoed Larry's aggressive words. She was one of the Hopkins family and shouldn't stay here.

"Christina, go back."

Even Charles urged her to leave. Christina had a pale and sickly face because she stayed up late. Charles glared at the locked door and muttered angrily, "I'll wait for this bastard Larry to come out and ask Derek... I don't want to be blamed all the time."

Christina did not insist. She was not a doctor. She could not help Derek by staying here. He had begun to recover. She did not have to worry about what the Ancient Coin said.

She walked out of the hospital building in a daze. She followed the others out of the elevator. The glaring sunshine that shone through the glass in the hospital lobby made her immediately raise her right hand to block the sunlight. She had stayed up for two nights. Coupled with her heavy mind, she looked weak.

"You look like you would faint at any time." A clear female voice sounded from her right.

Christina's expression didn't change. She turned around. Lucy handed her a cup of black coffee.

The strong smell of coffee got in her nose, "You need to refresh yourself. If you faint, I have to carry you. I don't want trouble."

Christina looked at the coffee cup that had been handed to her nose and took it directly, "What's the matter?" She was not in the mood to talk to Lucy now.

"I saw you arguing with an Ancient Coin," Lucy said bluntly.

Christina looked at Lucy in surprise. She didn't expect Lucy to mention the Ancient Coin. She thought that Lucy would think that she was mentally ill.

The Ancient Coin said that Derek died...

It also talked about the full moon.

Christina now believed that it was talking nonsense.

"You won't believe me."

Christina took a sip of coffee. The coffee had soothed her mind a little, but she was still not in the mood to talk about these things.

"I don't... But I'm curious."

Lucy's eyes were eager, she was asking for information that would be useful to her. "Christina, what did you hear from your hallucination?" She could infer Christina's psychological condition from what she heard.

"Hallucination." Christina laughed.

Her smile was pale. "Patrick sent you to follow me, and you only found out that I was hallucinating. He will not be satisfied with this result." As she spoke, she slammed the coffee cup in her hand into the trash can next to her.

It seemed that there had never been any trust between her and Patrick. He always liked to send people to investigate her and follow her.

Lucy shrugged. She did not deny that Patrick had asked her to follow Christina.

Christina turned around and left. Lucy raised her eyebrows and watched Christina walk towards the parking lot. She did not chase after because someone was already waiting there.

"Get in the car."

Patrick stood next to a silver-gray Rolls-Royce. But his eyes had been fixed on the gate. The moment he saw Christina, he stopped her.

Christina stopped and looked at him for a second. She walked straight towards him without hesitation since she did not have any reason to say no.

Patrick opened the door and quickly put out the cigarette at his fingertips. He immediately sat in the driver's seat. He drove here himself today.

Christina sat in the passenger seat next to him and glanced at the cigarette tray in his car. In the ashtray were seven or eight cigarette butts. Patrick didn't like smoking. Patrick would only smoke when he was upset. When she was pregnant, he almost quit smoking.

Patrick started the car slowly and drove out of the crowded hospital area.

Patrick asked casually, "Is he awake?" His voice was calm.

"Yes."

She knew that he was asking about Derek.

Then, there was silence in the car, as if there was nothing else to talk about.

Patrick was driving at an even speed. Suddenly, he said, "The situation is like what Larry said. The nearby surveillance showed that no one entered Derek's apartment before we went there... The fingerprints left in the room all belong to us..."

Therefore, given the fact that Derek was seriously injured, they couldn't defend themselves and prove themselves innocent.

However, Patrick did not ask her to believe him.

Patrick looked straight ahead as if he was focused on driving. His tone was flat, "Will you ask Derek what had happened tomorrow?"

Derek wouldn't talk to others except for Christina.

Only Christina could find out the truth.

"I will." She replied in a flat tone.

The car stopped outside the Hopkins family gate. Patrick asked her to get out.

Patrick was still sitting in the car. He seemed very tired. He leaned back, raised his head, and lit another cigarette...



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Chapter 451

Derek and Shepherd had been hospitalized for further observation. After two days, the doctor said that all the index had returned to normal and they could be discharged.

"Will there be any sequelae?"

The Shepherd family were still worried. "He still can't remember what happened a while ago. Will it have any negative effects on his brain?"

The doctor smiled to reassure them. "Come over every week for a checkup. The CT shows that everything is normal. Don't worry. It might be intermittent amnesia. Take more time and he will recover eventually."

However, the bearded doctor thought for a moment. "The other patient's condition maybe a little more complicated." The doctor meant Derek

"He was not seriously injured... But that night, his inner organs were failing rapidly, but they gradually returned to normal in three hours. We have never seen that situation before."

The doctors found it weird.

"But there is no need to worry. You can both be discharged today."

At the mention of Derek, Shepherd's face darkened and he glared at his little brother, Charles. "Do apologize to Derek immediately!"

"Are you going to be the bully of the city to beat him hard like that?" Shepherd changed the hospital gown and looked very well. However, he was mad at Charles and scolded him harshly.

Charles immediately retorted, "It was not us."

Mr. Shepherd also heard about Charles and Patrick dragging Derek to the hospital and frowned. "Anyway, you used to be friends. He's going to be discharged today. You should pay him a visit." He also felt sorry for Derek.

Reluctantly, Charles went upstairs to visit Derek

Unsurprisingly, he met Christina outside the ward.

She would definitely come today since Derek was supposed to be discharged.

She glanced at Charles with a lukewarm attitude and said, "The attending doctor is still giving him a final examination. We shall wait for a while."

Seeing her attitude, Charles was very unhappy. "Do you really think Patrick and I were lying?"

Holding back all his grievances, he roared at her. "Although the damn security camera showed that no one had ever

entered that apartment except us, there's no need for us to lie. Even if you don't believe me, you should believe Patrick. You know his character, and he disdains to lie."

They were wronged but they couldn't prove that.

"Didn't you come to see him yesterday? Didn't you ask him? Did he say it was us?" Charles even suspected that it might be Derek who had set them up.

"He didn't say it was you," She added calmly. "He said he didn't know."

Charles was really angry. "Damn it, why didn't he know?"

He was waiting for Derek to help them get off the hook. He should say he didn't know. What on earth does that mean!?

The door of Derek's ward opened and the doctors came out.

Christina asked the doctor about his injuries. The middle-aged doctor, who was the leader, looked a little confused. He shook his head and said vaguely, they were also not very clear.

Charles, on the other hand, didn't care about this. He rushed into the ward angrily to settle the score with Derek.

"Derek, your apartment is in a mess. You're lying on the floor. What's going on? When Patrick and I barged in, you were already unconscious. What actually happened that night? You shall make it clear."

Charles roared so loudly in the ward that Christina immediately ran in. "Charles, be quiet!" She stood in front of the bed like a nurse.

Charles was furious. "Why do you protect him like this?"

"You're making a scene in the ward. Please go out." Christina was not asking but commanding.

"Haha, Christian, you want to be Derek's guardian angel. I hope you should be aware of your identity, which family you belong to. Besides, he has never been as simple as you think. We know better than you who he is!"

Charles quarrelled with her directly in the ward. "I have reason to suspect that he did it on purpose. You have never seen Derek's dirty tricks."

Christina was also furious, "Then your big brother also said he didn't remember. Does he have a conspiracy too?"

Charles's face suddenly turned red. "My big brother is the victim."

"Go out. You're not welcome here."

Christian didn't want to play nice. It was not the first time they had quarrelled. But this time she was so mad that she pushed him out eventually.

Mrs. Shepherd knew her son's bad temper very well, therefore, she followed him. Seeing that Charles and Christina were in a quarrel, she quickly quickened her pace and added "It is the ward. Both of you keep your voices down."

"Didn't your father and brother tell you to apologize? What's going on?" Mrs. Shepherd first scolded her son.

Charles' face darkened. He was in his thirties. But somehow he was still childish. He stood in front of the door and refused to go in. "Christina said that I was not welcome."

"Just go in and apologize!"

However, Mrs. Shepherd's serious words suddenly made Charles obedient.

When Christina saw Mrs. Shepherd coming personally, she did not dare to argue with Charles again. They lowered their heads at the moment. Charles said reluctantly to Derek, "I'm sorry. I forced you to come to the hospital to confront my brother last time. I hope you can forgive me."

Derek sat on the bed without even looking at him.

Charles was upset.

People like Derek was not reasonable at all. Charles hated his attitude very much.

"... I can't remember." After a while, Derek suddenly spoke.

Hearing this sentence, Mrs. Shepherd stepped forward and asked him kindly, "Derek, you mean, you can't remember who hit you so badly that day?"

Derek looked up at her, then he looked down at the broken nails on his fingers.

He was brooding.

For the first time, Mrs. Shepherd looked at him so closely. She was simply amazed. The boy was really beautiful. His skin was very fair, as he seldom went out. His facial features were very delicate, and his eyebrows and eyes looked like they were painted, but they all show some charming features of masculinity. His eyes were especially pretty, blue and clear just like sapphires.

"My son is too impulsive. I'm really sorry about that." Mrs. Shepherd came back to her senses and also tried to apologise to him for her son.

But Derek still ignored her.

Sitting on the edge, he kept staring at his fair and slender hands, bending his injured fingers and broken nails from time to time, and did not respond to Mrs. Shepherd.

Christina smiled at her awkwardly. "Mrs. Shepherd, Derek just glanced at you. What he meant was that he didn't

mind what Charles did."

Mrs. Shepherd was surprised.

It seemed that only Christina could understand what Derek wanted to say with merely a look. They grew up together and they were connected in a way.

It is said that many years ago, General Eisenhower intended to betroth his most cherishable granddaughter to the silly son of the Fisher family. In his opinion, Derek was definitely a good kid. These two were indeed a good match.

Unfortunately, it was unlucky.

"You and my brother both have forgotten what happened before," Charles was quite upset and frustrated. He said to Derek awkwardly, "If you remember anything, please tell us..."

Charles didn't know how to talk to him. He did apologize. Therefore, he just left without caring about any etiquettes.

Mrs. Shepherd smiled awkwardly again for her son's rudeness, "Sorry."

Larry also came over at the moment. He finished the discharge procedures downstairs and intended to take Derek away.

Christina naturally followed them in the same car. Larry was driving, while Christina and Derek were sitting side by side in the back seat.

There were only three of them in the car. Larry glanced at Derek in the rearview mirror. He was looking well now and was not as pale as before. The physical wounds on him were nothing. And the thing happened last night was so weird that even the doctors didn't have any clues.

In fact, Larry suspected Derek as Charles did. Maybe Derek felt that they had offended him by breaking into his apartment, so he set them up on purpose.

After all, Larry knew Derek. He was a guy who would achieve his goals in any possible ways.

Derek sat upright in the car. He looked normal. As usual, His features were pretty and his eyes were cold. He just lowered his head and stared at the broken nails.

There were some very vague memories flashing through his mind and that memory brought a sense of pain.

"Eric, Do you really forget everything?" Christina looked at him intently and asked.

Derek turned to her.

Then, Derek whispered her name "Christina..."

His tone showed that he could not help with that. He really didn't know.

Christina looked into his blue eyes and emphasized, "Then if there is anything you could remember, do tell me."

"Okay." Derek nodded like a behaved student.

Larry, who was driving, was now expressionless. Looking at them through the rearview mirror, he had mixed feelings. After so many years, they were still the same as before. The girl interrogated him like a bully, while the other responded obediently.

However, except being with Christina, how could Derek be so gentle and soft? Who beat him so badly exactly?

Larry frowned. He really suspected Derek. Did he really forget all the things?

Christina's cell phone suddenly rang. "Chris, are you going to Derek's apartment now? How could a married woman go to a bachelor's apartment?"

It was Charles and he shouted loud deliberately. It was quiet in the car, and Larry heard it clearly.

Of course, Charles was on Patrick's side.

He did that on purpose. He thought Derek framed him and he felt uncomfortable with that. Therefore, he made this call.

Larry's face darkened and he roared immediately, "Don't worry, we're driving to the Hopkins family now."

Christina scolded Charles in her heart. However, she also felt a little embarrassed. All of a sudden, she hung up the phone. She didn't want to be alienated with Derek.

Although Derek had been staring at his injured fingers and did not look up, he said suddenly, "Christina, I will take care of myself."

The car stopped at the gate of the Hopkins family. Once Christina got off, Larry re-started the car immediately as if he was mad. Christina looked at the leaving car and stood here daydreaming.

For some reason, she felt sorry for Larry and Derek all of a sudden.

It was as if she had betrayed them.

No matter how hard they want to remain the same, people would still change eventually as they grew up.



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When Christina returned to the Eastern Garden, Nanny Faang warmly pushed her to the kitchen to have some tonics. She said that Christina had stayed up too much recently and that it would be good for her health.

"How does it taste? Do you like it?" Nanny Faang had been doing a great job tending to Christina's necessities.

Christina was very grateful. Nanny Faang was considerate and treated her like her own child. She knew that like everyone else in the Hopkins family, Nanny Faang was doing this for the sake of Patrick.

"Patrick hasn't eaten much during the past few days. He's not in a good mood." Nanny Faang gingerly mentioned this while Christina was having the tonics.

Christina knew Nanny Faang was asking for her help, judging from her tone. She put down the bowl and spoon and asked, "Did Patrick lose his temper at the servants?"

The servants in the Hopkins family were especially afraid of him. Maids in some rich families might seduce their masters, but this would never happen here because they were afraid of Patrick. Sometimes, some new maids would beg Christina to ask Patrick to let them go after making mistakes.

"He rarely lashes out at them," Nanny Faang said softly. "He flew into a rage when those servants didn't take good care of you and let you run away."

The servants of the Hopkins family were afraid of Patrick not mainly because he was hot-tempered, but because he was very cold. He was born with a noble aura of indifference that scared the servants to the guts.

Christina muttered to herself, "I thought he scolded someone."

Nanny Faang was amused and chuckled. "Patrick rarely shows his emotions in front of outsiders."

Her words sent Christina into thinking. She also knew no one could make Patrick angry. It was probably only after they two got married that he often got angry.

"Today, I brought a few maids into the study to do cleaning and found a lot of cigarette butts." Nanny Faang looked at Christina and said sincerely, "He seems to be in a bad mood in the past few days. If you have time, talk to him and ask him not to bottle things up."

"I will."

With mixed feelings, Christina nodded.

She knew that Patrick had been upset about the Derek situation. She had seen him smoking silently, depressed.

After finishing her tonics, she got up and walked upstairs to the study.

Christina was a little depressed now. She felt guilty for not caring about him as much as Nanny Faang did.

Thinking that he was angry, she walked into the study, only to find him watching someone on his computer alone. He seemed to be in a good mood.

Patrick was sitting at his big desk, watching attentively at the screen. It was as if he saw something. Surprise flashed through his usually cold eyes, and then he put on a faint smile.

"What are you watching?"

Only then did Patrick notice that she had been in. She was the only one who was allowed to enter his study.

Before Patrick could answer, Christina heard the familiar voice coming from the screen. She immediately approached him and shouted angrily, "No! Don't look at it!!" She immediately blocked the screen.

"... This is humiliating!" Five-year-old Christina was on the screen. At that time, she had been forced to learn the piano by her family. She had been too lively, so it was torture for her to sit in front of the piano and practice repeatedly.

Her piano teacher had been strict, so she had always played the piano while crying. In her childish voice, she sobbed, "I don't want to learn this. I don't want to learn..."

Dressed in a beautiful dress with her hair braided, the pretty, lovely girl was sitting in front of the elegant grand piano, crying bitterly while playing the piano with her chubby little hands.

This scene was very interesting.

Patrick's face lit up.

Seeing him smile, Christina moved away and let him watch the video although she was still embarrassed. She muttered, "Why are you watching this?"

Patrick looked at her and did not answer.

"Where are the videos taken when you were a child..." Christina felt that there must be a lot of videos of him while he grew up.

"They are boring," he said flatly.

His life seemed to be boring.

Christina noticed that the anxious and unconfident look in his eyes. He had indeed been busy in the past few days. He looked haggard now.

She wanted to say something, but Patrick was very sensitive. He stood up and said, "I have something to do. I am going out..."

He seemed to be avoiding her.

"Where are you going? Go downstairs and eat." Christina walked over and hugged him from behind.

Patrick stopped.

He seemed to be surprised and stood still for a while before he said in a low voice, "I'm not hungry."

"Then sleep for a while with me," said Christina.

Patrick turned around and looked at her with mixed emotions in his eyes.

Christina was stunned by her own words. She quickly explained, "I, I mean, we have been busy recently and didn't sleep well. So why not take a nap with me..."

Seeing that he didn't respond, she was guilty and decided to act a bit more shamelessly. "I haven't been sleeping well at home alone recently. Don't stay up every day or always go on business. I can only see you a few times every day..."

Patrick looked into her eyes, stroked her long hair, and said in a low voice, "Let's go then."

Patrick hugged her tightly and quickly fell asleep.

Christina was not sleepy. She opened her eyes and stared at him.

She looked carefully at his eyebrows, his eyes, and his lips...

He was obviously very tired, but he refused to tell her.

She remembered his irritated side face as he smoked. In fact, she pitied him and loved him. She put her face on his chest, listening to his heartbeat.

"... I believe you didn't do anything to Eric."

Just now, she saw in his eyes that he was a little uneasy.

Patrick slept soundly.

When he woke up, it was dark outside the window. Christina beside him also opened her eyes the moment he woke up.

In a daze, she blurted out, "You're finally awake."

"I slept for a long time?"

Patrick's voice was a little hoarse. He turned to look at the clock on the wall and was surprised to see it was five o'clock in the morning. It was dawn. No wonder it was so dark outside the window.

He had slept from five in the afternoon to five in the morning.

Patrick himself found it a little incredible. He had never slept so long.

"I've woken up several times." Christina stretched her arms. "Your temperature is a little high. Maybe you have a cold."

As she spoke, she took the thermometer on the bedside table, then turned over, and leaned over Patrick. "Don't move." She took his temperature. It was 99.5 degrees F. and slightly higher.

"It's more accurate to take it once more..." She pressed his head.

Patrick readily let her do anything to him. Looking at her side face as she studied the thermometer seriously, he suddenly smiled and put his hands around her waist. "Didn't you have dinner?" His voice was hoarse.

She said she had woken up a few times and just stretched. Therefore, he knew that she hadn't gotten up.

"I'm not hungry, but I really need to go to the bathroom," Christina complained.

She had two bowls of tonics when she came back. If he hadn't slept so soundly, she would have pushed him away and rushed to the bathroom. She had been holding it in for a long time.

He suddenly laughed and was aroused.

"Christina..." He called her name in a low, hoarse voice, and his emotions and desires were revealed clearly.

She was his wife. No one could change it.



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Chapter 453

Christina asked for a month's leave from the company. On Monday, she returned to the company and was given the cold shoulder.

"Does she think it's her own company so she can ask for leave whenever she wants?"

"If she is rich, then she could choose not to come to work. Asking for such a long leave casually made a lot of troubles for the company... She will only cause trouble."

Crystal immediately rushed over and dragged her to the pantry when seeing Christina. "You didn't reply to my message. Chandler said that you were busy these days..."

"I found Derek," Christina told her truthfully. "He's also the boss of this company."

"Ah?"

Crystal was in a daze for a moment. "Derek?"

Crystal wondered why Christina mentioned Derek and he was also the boss of this company?

Crystal came to her senses thinking no wonder the company gave priority to the two of them. It turned out that they got their jobs because of Derek.

"I haven't been sleeping well lately. People in the Hopkins family thought I was mentally weak and asked me to take medicine and see a psychiatrist every day..." Christina complained to her friend Crystal.

"Why didn't you tell me? Why did you see a psychiatrist? What's wrong?"

Crystal was really surprised who thought Christina was just idle at home, not expecting so many things to happen.

"I'm fine." Christina muttered angrily.

Anyway, after Christina threw the ancient coin out of the bedroom, she never touched it again. That coin talked nonsense, making people think that Christina was mentally ill.

As for why only she could hear the voice, Christina no longer wanted to figure it out.

The manager of the company did not blame Christina for not working at all. He even told her with a fawning smile that it was not busy at all, besides, it was understandable that she had to deal with something in the family because the company leaders had always been very concerned about employees.

Others looked at Christina with hatred, which made her very awkward.

Penny was also a little angry at her for asking for a month's leave for no reason and the manager should let her be. So Penny put a large stack of documents on Christina's desk and said with anger, "These are the proposal files you

need to finish. Our team will have a meeting tomorrow..."

"All of them?"

"The team leader said that you must finish all. The company doesn't welcome useless people like you. Don't drag us down." Penny told her that expressionlessly and after that, she turned around and left.

Christina frowned, "Did they deliberately make things difficult for me?"

"You can just read the latest two files... The team leader arranged some projects for you before, because you didn't come to work for a month, so they were delayed..." Crystal leaned closer to her ear and said, "If your team leader complains to you, just ignore it. Don't refute. Or, you will be hated."

If one wanted to work in a company to make money, one had to obey the rules, otherwise, one would get fired.

"Then again, does Patrick really agree that you continue to work in this company?" Crystal couldn't help but gossip.

Christina sat on her chair, ready to flip through the pile of documents. She raised her head to look at Crystal and asked, "Why would he not agree with me to work?"

"Well, just now you said that Derek is the boss of this company..." Crystal felt that it was not good to make it too clear as the relationship between men and women was complicated.

Christina didn't care, continued to work, and said, "Peter is also the boss of this company."

Crystal was depressed wondering that Christina did not understand what she meant at all.

"I mean... Chandler mentioned that Patrick doesn't seem to be in a good mood." Crystal had made it very clear. Wasn't Patrick jealous?

"Patrick, he's fine."

Christina put it bluntly and told Crystal instead, "Chandler and I did not get along well with each other recently... Because I suspected that he and others had hit Derek before, but Chandler and Charles said they did not and blamed me for doubting them. Anyway, I won't go to the Stephenson family to look for you for the time being before they find out who hurt Derek so badly lest we meet awkwardly..."

Crystal gave her a confused expression.

"Did they really hit Derek?"

Christina was about to say, "Maybe not" when a tall figure came out of the reception room. Charles was in front of them with a serious look and gritted his teeth, "I told you, we didn't beat him!"

Christina deliberately ignored him, snorted, and then continued to work to read the project documents.

"Christina, no wonder you are so unpopular." Charles saw the pile of documents on her desk and knew that she was ostracized by her colleagues... "People are more willing to be with Brianna. Reflect on yourself, you are bad-tempered."

Brianna worked in the company for a month and was assigned some clerical work to check if there were any omissions in the contract. It was a very easy job. Her colleagues often talked or smiled at her when handing over the documents. Although Brianna did not speak anything, she would nod at them as a response.

Christina looked at Brianna who quietly lowered her head and typed on the keyboard. Brianna looked like a little girl, innocent and obedient...

Christina didn't expect Brianna to really get along well with others in the company.

"... Christina, you really work in my company."

A voice interrupted her. Peter changed into a black suit and leather shoes, looking elite and handsome, and he also said in a naturally gentle tone.

Peter teased her with a smile. "The company actually hired you, Maneki Neko."

"Peter."

Christina and Peter were not familiar with each other, but he greeted her warmly, so she accordingly replied in her way.

Christina was a straightforward woman and asked, "Peter, do you remember what happened before?"

"Not yet." Peter told her sincerely.

He patted her on the shoulder. "However, I have a feeling that Derek helped me a while ago, as if I could survive because he tried his best to save me."

She didn't expect Peter to say that. "Really?"

"Peter, don't coax her. It was Derek who asked for your help. Why did he help you in turn?" Charles couldn't stand it any longer and retorted immediately.

Peter turned around and glared at Charles coldly. "You, shut up."

As the oldest one, Peter had a more intimidating than his younger brothers, besides, Charles was often punished.

Charles didn't say much and only complained in a low voice. "I really don't understand why you've always been partial to Derek. He's not a good person."

Peter instructed the company manager to invite the whole staff to dinner tonight as a celebration of his return. After all, he had been off work for so long.

As a result, everyone was so happy when hearing the boss would invite them to dinner.

They also seemed to have less prejudice against Christina that everyone in the office was busy talking and laughing.

"Derek takes good care of the company." Peter walked around the company and found that the tables and chairs had been changed, and even so did the coffee machine in the pantry.

The company generated profits again, and it earned much recently. In fact, Peter knew it was these newly arrived women who helped his company show a turn from loss to profit. He owed it to the presence of Chandler's wife, the granddaughter-in-law of the Hopkins family, and the daughter of the Hopkins family. It was really amazing.

At noon, all the staff went downstairs to eat, talking about which restaurant they were going to eat at night, and which bar to choose after dinner. They were in a good mood.

In the spacious office, only Christina remained in her chair. She grabbed a biscuit with her left hand and stuffed it into her mouth. She continued to flip through the documents with her right hand.

"Christina." Brianna came over to call her.

Christina raised her head instinctively. "What's the matter?" With a push of her foot, the chair immediately slid back and kept a distance from Brianna.

She was so obviously on guard that even Brianna who was introverted could tell. Brianna lowered her head timidly and took a long time to take out a packed lunch box and put it on Christina's table.

Christina recognized that this was a lunchbox specially prepared for them by the Hopkins family. It was probably delivered to Brianna by the Hopkins family.

Was Brianna giving Christina her own lunch?

"I don't need it. Take it away." Christina refused directly.

Brianna didn't seem to know what she had done wrong. She looked up, her clear eyes flashing with nervousness. "Christina, Christina..." She stammered.

"I don't want it." Christina refused outright. "I just like biscuits." She grabbed a piece of digestive biscuit and stuffed it into her mouth, indicating that she was not interested in the food Brianna sent.

After a while, Brianna took back her lunch box and went back to her desk. She just lowered her head and ate quietly.

"... Why are you bullying her?" Crystal saw what happened when coming back after rushing down to the canteen to bring food for herself and Christina.

Brianna was so shy and quiet that people could not bear to bully her. So the colleagues spoke to her in a soft voice subconsciously.

"... I'm afraid I'll die in the office after eating it." Christina lowered her voice and complained. She grabbed the fast food that Crystal had brought and immediately ate it. She was hungry, but she really didn't have the courage to eat the lunch that Brianna sent her.

Crystal only took it as a joke.

But Crystal found it strange, "I don't remember when you were so vigilant towards her. You used to get along well with her."

Christina shook her head and didn't want to say anything more.

Although there was no real evidence, Brianna was too weird that Christina didn't want to get in touch with her anyway.

When it was time for the dinner party at the company, Christina called in case her families were worried.

"I am not going home for dinner tonight, and Brianna, I didn't know her..." While talking to nanny Faang on the phone, Christina turned to look at Brianna. Two female colleagues were standing there as if they were talking about dinner tonight.

"How is Miss Brianna doing at the company?" Nanny Faang was worried.

"She's doing better than me."

Christina replied stiffly. "Maybe she will go to dinner with us, too. Grandpa said he wanted her to get in touch with more people. If she wants to go home halfway, I'll call you again."

"Then please take care of Miss Brianna, thank you." Nanny Faang warned politely, and she could vaguely feel that Christina didn't like Brianna very much.

There were 24 delicious dishes on the table. Everyone sat around and tasted them, feeling very happy.

Penny sat on Christina's right and was violently holding the long legs of the king crab, chewing on the meat of the fresh and tender crab legs. She looked so happy, "Christina, this is really delicious. Try it."

"I ate too much for lunch. I'm not hungry now."

Penny was not particularly angry with Christina before. After a good meal, she immediately treated Christina kindly. "Hey, why are you so stupid? Everyone knows that there is a dinner party tonight. So you should eat a little at noon. What a pity if you don't try it!"

The team leader, Veronica, was also a little more amiable towards Christina. She craned her neck and asked Christina in a low voice, "Do you know our boss very well?"

"Peter is single now." Christina knew what she was thinking.

It was all women eating at the table and when they heard that, they immediately became excited.

"Then can you tell us where he lives? What kind of woman does he like? What's his favorite food?"

Peter was handsome, calm, and had a much better reputation than Charles. There were almost no scandals about Peter. If any woman could be with this rich man...

After all, it was such a good chance for women present to ask that so that they could strive for their own happiness. Anyway, they were working in his company and can often see him.

"I don't know him very well. I can't tell you his address." Christina was straightforward and there was no need to lie.

She really didn't know Peter well. As for the address of the Shepherd family, it was privacy.

Veronica and the others suddenly looked unhappy.

One of them said sourly, "Christina, you're married. Don't forget that you're a married woman... Do you still want to compete with us for a man?"

Christina didn't want to talk to them anymore. She got up and was about to go to the bathroom with her rose-red handbag. But Veronica wanted to ask more questions and pulled her. "Don't go. Sit down and continue talking..."

"Hey, don't pull me..." Christina's small handbag was open and unzipped. When she was suddenly pulled, everything in her handbag fell out...

At a glance, a few women saw that the cosmetics dropped out of her bag were all expensive. They were still trying to know something out of her mouth, so they all picked up things for her eagerly.

Christina squatted down with a darkened face to pick up, but when she picked up a familiar silver and black ancient coin on the ground, her expression instantly changed...

"Why are you following me all the time?" The coin really haunted her.

The coin said, "I know how Derek got hurt..."

Christina gritted her teeth. "I'm not interested..."

"He hurt himself." The voice of the coin wafted through the air, and it said very firmly.



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