

Read Novel My Billionaire Husband Spoils Me Too Much Chapter 805

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Christina finally finished recording her statement. In the whole process, she lowered her head and sat curled up with her right arm in her left arm. She looked pale. From how she looked, everyone thought that she had hit someone and felt guilty.

“You little girl is really tough.”

It was not until a policewoman hurriedly passed by and bumped into Christina’s left arm that she made a pained voice. She gritted her teeth in pain and her forehead was drenched in sweat.

“It seems to be seriously hurt. Hurry up. Send this little girl to the hospital first.” Christina turned up her pale little face and interjected, “When can I leave?”

The policewoman looked into her clear eyes and couldn’t help but tease, “You’re stubborn.” As a policewoman in the police station, she felt that this little girl was as tough as them.

“You want to leave? It’s not that fast. Where’s your family? Fill out the form to inform your family to come over... According to the rules, you have to be detained for 5 days and pay a 500 dollars fine.”

“I... I don’t have a family.” Christina obviously hesitated for a while. She didn’t want to inform her aunt.

The police officers understood what she was thinking at a glance. Many teenagers were unwilling to inform their parents after making trouble.

“I’ll pay her bail. This little girl is really innocent.” Aunt Zamani, the owner of the milk tea shop, ran in in a panic.

“She’s injured. Now we’re taking her to the hospital to treat it. You just follow us.”

“It was late now and we’d better solve this problem quickly. This woman was obviously familiar with her. Why not just regard her as this little girl’s guardian and hurriedly handle this small fight easily?” The policewoman thought in her mind.

“Christina, does your arm hurt?”

Aunt Zamani was kind. She carefully helped her into the police car and accompanied her to the hospital.

“Even if I have to go to court, I will persevere. I will not let you be slandered. If you hadn’t stepped forward at that moment, the chair would have fallen on my head. I am sorry about that.” Before finishing the sentence, Aunt Zamani’s eyes turned red.

A few hooligans came to the store to cause her troubles tonight, which scared Aunt Zamani.

At first, the five hooligans said provocative words, asking for protection money. When Aunt Zamani said that she was going to call the police, the hooligans became anxious. One hooligan held a chair high and was ready to crash it on Aunt Zamani, threatening her to give the money quickly. However, he did not expect Christina to react so quickly. She rushed over and raised her left arm to block the chair, during which that hooligan was also hit to bleed.

At that moment, a patrolman passed by. These hooligans quickly acted as victims, shouting that they want to call the police and ask for compensation.

Christina held her injured left arm. She did not speak and just listened to Aunt Zamani’s explanation to the police. She seemed to be preoccupied. Later she followed them into the police car, which drove to the nearest hospital.

Chad, who had just arrived, happened to see her upset look. He was as anxious as a cat on a hot tin roof. It was not easy to find a car in the middle of the night. He had run all the way here, panting and chasing all the way. He was exhausted.

“It’s none of my business.”

The annoying Candice behind him also followed up, panting. She was perseverant. Afraid of being misunderstood, she rushed all the way to explain.

“Look, she’s doing well now. She was released in less than half an hour.”

“Her arm gets hurt!” Chad was so anxious that he turned around and scolded her angrily.

“She’ll be fine anyway. You don’t have to worry about her at all. Why are you nervous about her? She’s hypocritical.” Chad was furious. “What kind of person is she? She’s a thousand times better than you. Get out of here!” No matter how he insulted and scolded her, Candice was always so clingy to him, not only annoying but also irritable.

“She’s a thousand times better than me. She’s Donald Dickens’s daughter. She is so hypocritical and always deceives you. She just plays with you... Why don’t you believe what I say? I’ve always trusted you the most all the time. Why don’t you believe me once?”

Candice did not cry anymore. Instead, she stood straight on the main street and shouted at him, venting her anger. She threw a large stack of documents in her shoulder bag at him.

"If you don't believe me, you can see for yourself!"

"Look carefully. Here are all her information, her parents, her grandfather, the school she went to when she was a child, and all the international competitions she participated in."

"If you don't even believe this information, you can look at those old newspapers. I especially cut out a few photos from them.

When she was a child, she was led to attend parties by Donald Dickens, and her grandfather carried her in his arms to and from the airport... Her grandfather, you know, is the well-known General Eisenhower. She is his only granddaughter. What's more, her aunt also has a privileged background!"

"Why didn't she tell you that? She didn't say it because she despised you from the bottom of her heart!" Candice looked indignant.

Chad usually spoke a lot of harsh words to her, but at this moment, he didn't refute.

He had a well-printed copy of the information in his hand, as well as photos of the old newspaper. The little girl printed on the yellowed newspaper was Christina. He could recognize her at a glance.

Christina was very happy when she was a child. She was held by Donald and went to the banquet. She dressed like a real little princess and was praised by the public. The reporters took a special shot of the little girl to please Donald.

Her respectable grandfather held the girl tightly like a treasure. General Eisenhower's dignified face and eyes were filled with love as he looked at her naughty granddaughter. It was obvious how much he cherished her.

Everything was different from what Chad had imagined.

He had always thought that Christina had a miserable childhood and lived in deep trouble. She and her aunt lived a hard life and were helpless.

"You've always wanted to protect her. In fact, she is out of your league!" Candice exactly spoke out what he thought in his mind.

Chad raised his head and became angry. His face was a little ferocious because of his anger. He gritted his teeth and wanted to scold her and refute her, but he couldn't utter a word.

He crumpled the large stack of documents in his hand.
Was Christina the daughter of the Dickens family?

He should be happy for her with such sudden news, but actually, he was terrified. He even hoped that she would always be a poor and suffering person.

They grew up together and Candice knew him very well. Chad had strong self-respect, and he could not stand any blow to his self-esteem.

If Christina was poor, he could protect her and be a strong man in front of her.

However, the fact was that she was out of his league. He suddenly felt his love for Christina was fake, and even he himself began to doubt it.

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"You care about her, but she never cares. You are so worried about her, but she just treats you as a joke!" "You know it clearly that Christina has never cared about you." They grew up together and knew each other's weaknesses clearly. Candice's words hurt his self-esteem as a young boy.

"Christina is not as modest and tolerant as other normal students. She is aloof and always feels superior. She is certainly in the position to think that no one here can date her."

"She meddled in those troubles. You guys think she's brave. But for me, she's just trying to get into trouble on purpose. Although she conflicts with the Dickens family, she wants her rich father, Donald, to notice her. She's two-faced and very scheming..."

A young man and a woman had an acrimonious quarrel on the street at night.

"Enough?"

Chad was not stupid and knew that Candice's words were full of slander.

But he still felt helpless. Whatever, it was true that Christina was the daughter of the Dickens family.

She was the daughter of the Dickens family. How was he going to get along with her?

Chad's plan about the future was all messed up. He planned to go to a famous university with Christina. He would work hard to earn money and provide her with a better life. Sooner or later, she would fall in love with him because of his efforts.

Seeing Chad was wavering, Candice raised her voice to continue speaking, "Last time you went to the zoo with her, Christina fought with a child trafficker and was caught in the police station. But she was released in less than half a day. You lied to her that someone from your family bailed her out..."

Chad's face immediately darkened.

He didn't mean to deceive Christina. He called his parents and thought that it was his parents who bailed her out. Christina thanked them at that time. But later he just found out that there was someone else helping her.

"Do you know who bailed her out last time?"

Candice's tone became strange immediately. She emphasized her words with a trace of jealousy, "It's the Hopkins family." The Hopkins family?

Chad looked startled.

Candice said it coldly as if she were reading the script, "There are many branches of the Hopkins family in A City, but there is only one grandson in the main Hopkins family. He is 22 years old and is the only heir to the Hopkins family. He should have been studying abroad, but he is now at home, just in our school. He is Mark, and we call him Patrick."

He realized it was Mark, the assistant! When Chad heard the name, he was completely shocked.

He had asked the headteacher, who was his uncle, about that teacher many times. His uncle was very vigilant so he guessed that the young teacher had a complicated background.

He didn't expect that he was actually from the Hopkins family, the famous heir.
"Our teacher, Mark, bailed her out."

"Can you tell me the relationship between Christina and the man from the Hopkins family? The grandson of the Hopkins family came to our school to be a teacher? Sounds so ridiculous! It's obvious that he comes here for Christina..."

"The elder generations of the Hopkins family and the Eisenhower family are close, so Christina and Patrick must have been grown up together like us. They probably love each other. They are just playing the game in this ordinary world. This is their game, and neither you nor I am qualified to participate in it."

"Chad, I tell you this for your own good. Don't care about Christina anymore. Don't be a clown. Christina only cares about the man from the Hopkins family. She will never care about you."

Chad's heart hurt and felt it hard to breathe. He was no one compared to Patrick.

The difference between them was huge.

Were Christina and Patrick Hopkins growing up together and in love with each other?

Candice said these words sincerely patiently, while Chad stood stiffly and his face was pale.

Candice felt happy secretly to see his expression of shock, anger, and even sadness.

She wanted him to know the truth and made him give up on Christina completely. "If you still don't believe me, you can wait.

Christina will be bailed out in half a day."

Meanwhile, Christina, who was taken to the hospital by the police, had her left wrist fractured. Her left arm was bruised with some scratches.

"Well, what should we do? This girl will take the college entrance examination soon."

The owner of the milk tea shop, who was.

accompanying Christina in the hospital, had no idea and asked in a panic, "Christina, how about we call your family?"

An outsider can't decide such a big thing and take care of her.

"You must tell your parents to come over." The police officer also urged seriously,

"Where're your parents? What's their number? Give them a call!"

Christina looked sick and sat quietly in the corner. She lowered her head and did not answer them.

[Meanwhile, at the school.]

Lucy noticed that since Patrick became a "Teacher," he started to follow students' schedules to go to bed early and got up early.

If there was no emergency, he would turn off the light and rest at the same time with students. In the morning, he also got up at 5 or 6 o'clock. His schedules became much more regular than when he was studying abroad.

Patrick seemed to have been in a good mood recently. There was only one month before the college entrance examination kicked off. After that girl finished the examination, what would he do? He couldn't go to her university to be a teacher again, could he?

Things become more and more difficult since Patrick fell in love with that girl. Lucy really didn't know what he plan to do next.

Maybe he would express his love to her, or just marry her directly.

Lucy had just received a message about the girl. She was hesitating about how to tell Patrick, going to the teacher's dormitory or calling him?

Lucy decided to call. "There's a piece of news about Christina. She got into a fight and went to the police station..." she said to him over the phone.

Patrick had been bright and energetic since he came back from abroad. He had enough sleep and life was more regular than before, except for some occasional calls from abroad in the middle of the night. He had just hung up on Charles's boring phone call, then got Lucy's call. At first, he was in a bad mood. Lucy was smart enough to get straight to the point, which dissipated his anger.

"Did she fight?" He repeated calmly in a low voice.

Lucy replied in a clear and powerful voice, "Yes."

"Five hooligans were coming to her part-time job shop and wanted to cause trouble. She fought with them. The leader of those hooligans was beaten up by her and his face was bruised. He called the police and she got caught..."

Lucy said concisely. Before she finished, a titter came from the phone.

He was tittering.

Lucy felt a kind of weird, unable to believe that Patrick was laughing.

"She hurt her left hand, too. She's in the hospital for a checkup." Finally, Lucy told all the facts.

The smile on Patrick's face suddenly disappeared.

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"How's her injury?" His tone suddenly turned cold.

It was the first time Lucy had experienced how protective Patrick was.

It's okay for that girl to hit someone. But if she was hit by someone, no way!

If that girl saw how he showed his favoritism, she would get a big head.

Lucy sent the photos of Christina's injuries to Patrick. About ten minutes later, she received a message from him.

She raised her eyebrows and felt a little nervous.

The five hooligans who had fighting and harassment tonight were taking statements in the police station. Suddenly, they were released on bail. They walked out of the police station arrogantly and shouted at the police, "We have friends in high places!"

When they were still complacent, someone invited them to a stretch limousine. The driver was dressed in a suit and was driving with white gloves. He looked ahead with a cold face. They felt uneasy with his aura, which was like a professional assassin.

"Who are you? Which party do you belong to?" The hooligan leader shouted pretentiously.

The driver did not look sideways. The car was locked and drove steadily at high speed. The driver said, "My boss, Mr. Hopkins, wants to see you." He was disdainful to talk to these hooligans.

"Who?!"

In the darkness, the black limousine sped through the main road and turned several corners into an alley. Even these local hooligans panicked. Where were they going and who were they meeting?

They wanted to break through the door and escape halfway, but the car was locked, and the quality was too good to break out.

Then they wanted to attack the driver and grab the steering wheel, but the driver turned sideways and raised a gun on them.

These hooligans thought that it must be some bigwigs who wanted to ask them to do something. As long as they did what the bigwigs told them, they would stay safe.

They arrived at a place like an underground garage that was very spacious and dark. Strangely, a large ring was set up in the middle with dazzling lights around.

"Get on the stage" Under the ring, there was a long chair. There was no light over there. It could only vaguely recognize a man sitting on the chair.

After the hooligans got out of the car, "Put on your gloves and don't use protective equipment. Fight with each other on the ring. until you all break your hands."

He said in a flat but commanding voice.

These local hooligans were stunned when they heard it and immediately flew into a rage, "Fucking asshole, I..." Before he could finish his vulgar swearing, the man who was sitting there suddenly rushed out and knocked the arrogant man to the ground with a fist, spitting out blood.

Standing in the dark, Lucy was surprised to see that he couldn't resist beating these people himself.

"Throw them up." The glaring light made Patrick look frosty.

Some men in black came out from the dark immediately and threw them onto the stage. Patrick also jumped onto the stage with an indifferent expression. He knocked one of the hooligans to the ground. Then he hit the hooligan's arm hard with his fist. The waves of screams came out, even the sound of the bone fracture could be heard in this empty place.

These hooligans were beaten into dizziness. In less than 5 minutes, Patrick stood on the ring domineeringly. His fists were smeared with blood. His sweat oozed from his forehead to his cheeks. His eyes were filled with violence. He looked down at these hooligans who were like stray dogs.

Their arms were broken, and their faces were pale and panting in pain. Anger flashed in their eyes, but they could only curl up the body in subconscious fear.

"Find a doctor to cure them and let them continue fighting."

The hooligans widened their eyes and watched Patrick get off the ring. The men in black respectfully handed him the towel.

They all trembled after hearing his words.

At this moment, the pain in their bodies surpassed the fear in their hearts. They understood that this man was not joking. He wanted them to kill each other, or they would not be able to leave this place whatever they broke their hands and feet how many times.

If they were kept captive, they would be tortured to crazy by these people.

"Ah!"

Finally, one of the hooligans was so scared that he forgot to beg for mercy and screamed instinctively.

Patrick elegantly wiped the blood from his fists and sweat from his forehead with the towel. Then he got into the car and left as if everything just happened had nothing to do with him.

If someone else was injured, even seriously injured, it would not arouse any sympathy from Patrick. Even his best friend, Charles, broke his leg in a car accident last year. As long as he was still alive, Patrick felt that was not a big deal.

But it was different when she was injured.

Patrick looked at her bruised arm and broken wrist in the photo.

He unconsciously frowned, gritted his teeth, and felt that his bones were hurting as if the injury was on his body, even more painful than her.

Lucy drove the car and secretly looked into the rearview mirror. When she saw Patrick, who looked painful on his face, she groaned inwardly. What if he knew that Christina was actually the childhood sweetheart that Derek had engaged?

It had gone beyond expectation.

The car moved forward slowly. Lucy looked out the window, the same campus, the familiar sceneries... she was immersed in the memories of the past.

"Next stop, First Senior High School of C City. Please be ready for your get-off." The reminder rang mechanically, and several students in school uniforms got out of the bus.

Lucy suddenly woke up from that long memory.
Ah, what a nightmare.

What had happened next back then was almost what she had expected. When Patrick found out that his loved woman was Derek's fiancée, how could a proud man like him allow himself to do such a thing? Anyway, the girl had hardly known about his existence for the past six months. He could pretend that he had done nothing and nothing had happened.

Patrick did leave that year.

He went back to live abroad, but everything was not as it used to be. He became more difficult to get along with. His temper was more uncertain. After that, he found a girlfriend for the first time and dated her seriously.

Only Lucy knew that this girlfriend was a carbon copy of that girl. It turned out that he hadn't forgotten her in his heart.

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Christina's look suddenly turned serious, indicating that she had something urgent to do and she had to go back to the Hopkins family's house in A City immediately.

The Dickens family had wanted to keep her for a few more days, but Christina was extremely determined. "Didn't you agree to stay for a few more days? Why are you in such a hurry to go back with Lucy? Is there something wrong with the Hopkins family?"

Betty was a little disappointed. She had prepared the dishes for several days. Donald was upset and he thought unhappily that his daughter was married to someone else's family. There were always quiet in the Dickens family.

"Are the twins not feeling well?" Senior Mrs. Dickens thought of the babies immediately. "Actually, it's nothing." Christina lowered her head and looked very upset. Her voice was as soft as a mosquito. "It's Patrick..." "I didn't tell him before I came over this time. He might be angry."

The elders of her family were a little confused by her words. When did she worry that others would be angry? Seeing her so disappointed, they were all worried. They thought to themselves, had Patrick bullied her?

"Next time I'll bring the children back to visit you." She was very anxious. She quickly packed her things and rushed out.

Getting into a taxi and she went straight to the airport. However, when she arrived at the airport, she found out that Lucy had booked her a flight for tomorrow morning. Seeing the crowd at the airport, she suddenly felt lost and didn't know where to go.

With a deep sigh, she sat in the waiting hall all night.

Lucy must have played a trick on her.

She gradually calmed down when she saw the hurried pace of the people from all walks of life.

This afternoon, she took Lucy to visit the scenic spots in C City, passing by the former campus. She did not expect that Lucy was more familiar with the road than she was. She was extremely surprised at the things that Lucy told her.

She had been thinking over that all night.

Until the sky turned white, she stood up again and found that her legs were numb. She seemed to be in a mess after staying up all night, and she went to line up to board the plane dizzily.

When she arrived in A City, the driver asked her where she was going. She took out her phone and found it was out of battery.

She looked up to see the sun. The sunshine made her face pale and she felt dizzy since she didn't sleep last night.

She went to the IP&G group. She rarely came here. It was almost noon, and the office workers were ready to leave for lunch.

"Miss, may I help you?"

The manager of the lobby passed by and saw her sitting alone on the sofa looking in the direction of the elevator, so he came over and asked.

"Wait for someone." She had no desire to talk to anyone and dropped a sentence faintly.

"Miss, who are you waiting for? Do you have an appointment?" The manager was very eager.

She opened her mouth and hesitated. For some reason, she felt depressed again, as if she was frustrated and looked a little annoyed. "leave me alone!"

The manager was shocked and then asked half-jokingly, "Miss, you shouldn't have come to our company for an interview, right?" "No." She hugged her backpack with both hands and lowered her head, not knowing what she was thinking.

When the manager saw that she was ignoring him, he raised his eyebrows and thought to himself that he would count her lucky.

If she came for an interview, he would brush her off with sarcasm. Looking at her clothes and depressed expression, she should be the abandoned mistress of a company executive.

Christina rarely came here. It was normal for the employees here not to know her. Even if she attended a banquet, very few people would associate her with Patrick. What was more, Patrick also hardly brought her to banquets.

At 11:30 a.m., at the elevator entrance, employees went downstairs with smiles on their faces. They were dressed brightly and went out to the restaurant to have lunch in groups. It was already 1 p.m. and she still didn't see Patrick.

Wasn't he at work today?

"Mr. Shepherd."

The receptionist at the company called out sweetly. Christina looked up. Charles, who was carrying a large bag of takeout lunch, thought he might have an illusion. He stared at her for a few minutes before saying hesitatingly, "Christina, why are you sitting here?"

"Didn't you stand Patrick up and run back to your own family alone? Why are you here?"

"Hey, hey, Were you being dull?"

Seeing that she did not respond, Charles waved his hand in front of her, feeling that she was a little too 'quiet' today.

He whispered in her ear, "Did your annoying brother, Raphael, do something wrong again? Ouch, he's not possessed by a god, is he?"

Christina glared at him angrily, even a block of wood would be irritated by his words and started to speak. "I really don't understand why Patrick made friends with you."

"It's his honor that your husband has such a loyal friend like me. You don't know how old-fashioned Patrick has been since he was a child."

Charles also raised his hand and showed a big bag of lunch. This time, he even sent food especially for him.

He thought that Christina would talk back but she looked at him and the lunch in his hand with a strange expression and actually being very quiet again. Charles suddenly felt something was wrong.

In Charles's experience, he had never won the quarrel with Christina. If he accidentally won once, it meant there would be something bad that happened to him.

"Hey, Charles, do you think it's strange for Patrick to find someone like us?" She was thinking about many things for a whole day and asked him suddenly.

"What do you mean?" Charles consciously took two steps back.

Christina, who had always been confident, suddenly stammered, "It's Patrick. Why did he do that?"

"He doesn't have to do that." "I don't know..."

It was rare for Christina to be so confusing. She was too embarrassed to tell him about what Lucy had told her about Patrick at school.

Charles did not understand what she was saying intermittently, but one thing was certain. She was not happy, which meant that if Patrick saw it, he might be in trouble.

"Christina!" Charles roared at her fiercely, interrupted her contemplation, and then said righteously.

"It's better to make things clear in person if there's any problem between you. You'd better go up to the top floor with me to find Patrick."

If she hadn't been preoccupied, she would have glared at him fiercely. But now, she followed him into the elevator with a silly look and looked absent-minded.

Charles led her into Patrick's office. A group of female employees from the president's office sneaked around and looked Christina up and down.

"That's the president's wife! The real one!"

They tried their best to suppress the excitement until Christina stepped into the office. As soon as the door closed, the female employees couldn't sit still. Usually, their president hid his wife carefully and they almost had no chance to see her. Today, she barged in on her own. They didn't know what had happened.

"Could it be an affair?" "Are they finally getting a divorce?" The female employees have been looking forward to this all day.

Patrick, who was sitting in his office chair signing, suddenly looked up and saw Christina. He was really surprised. "You... What's the matter?" He quickly regained his calm tone as usual.

To save his life, Charles put down his lunch and immediately rushed out of the office without looking back. He did not forget to close the door for the couple. He expected that Christina would suddenly make a scene. There must be something wrong with her.

"I... [had a dream." She looked at Patrick in front of her. Suddenly, she didn't know what to say. She just wanted to see him.

She squeezed out a few words awkwardly, "I dreamt that you didn't need me anymore."

Patrick, who was in front of the office, was so shocked that he dropped his pen.

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Patrick went downstairs for a meeting.

The secretary informed the managers of the North American and Asia Pacific region had arrived. There was an important group meeting this afternoon, and Patrick needed to attend and listen.

"I'll go back to Hopkins family later myself." Christina realized that she was disturbing his work and quickly got up.

Patrick looked back at her and wanted to say something, but he failed to express himself. He was shocked by her high-level "Love words." Christina suddenly ran over and said to him, "I dreamed that you didn't want to stay with me anymore." He was a little overwhelmed.

It couldn't be discovered from his expression. He looked around and wanted to let Charles accompany her. That guy escaped so fast. Probably he had found that Christina was a little strange today. Patrick frowned but didn't know what was wrong with her today.

"President."

Seeing Patrick was standing still, the two assistants called him hesitantly.

Patrick came back to his senses and ordered, "Ask the company's driver to take you back." "I know." Christina nodded at him.

Patrick took the documents from the secretary, with his usual cold expression in a business-like manner, and strode into the elevator.

Christina was very tired. In fact, if you look carefully, you would find she was harassed. She had been sitting in the airport all night and didn't eat for almost the whole day. She rushed over in a hurry. Compared to the female secretaries outside who were radiant, she was really haggard.

She was the only one in the spacious office, and she looked even more decadent as she nestled on the sofa.

The lunch brought by Charles smelled delicious. Her stomach was growling. She was so hungry.

The heavy door of the office was knocked on twice.

The capable secretary in a gray suit brought some hot coffee to Christina and gestured to her to enjoy it. Then she smiled and said, "Madam, there's a lounge. If you feel tired, you can rest inside. There's also a bathroom inside."

Christina was stunned for a while. "Thank you."

Must admit that secretaries who worked here were very smart. She could tell at a glance that Christina was tired. In little words, the secretary smiled and nodded at her; then turned around to leave, and gently closed the door.

Anyone who can work with Patrick is smart and capable.

Without hesitation, Christina drank the coffee in one gulp, which was a little hot. The coffee was too bitter, but now that she was hungry, her stomach finally felt better.

She turned around and walked into the lounge in Patrick's office cubicle. It was like a small suite with a big bed in which the white sheets and pillows were neatly arranged. There were very few furnishings, only a small balcony, a bathroom, a bathroom, and a cloakroom.

Christina had stayed up all night. She went into the bathroom to wash up and took a long breath with a hot towel putting on her face.

"I'm hungry." Christina looked at the lunch on the small table in the office.

Hungry as she was, she would wait for Patrick to eat together. It was his lunch, and he was busy with his work, so he definitely hadn't eaten lunch.

Putting her phone aside and charging, she lay on the big bed to rest for a while. If she could fall asleep, she wouldn't be so hungry. When Patrick was done with his work, she would go home with him.

Christina slept soundly. It was already 7 pm when she was woken up by the alarm clock on her phone.

She was forgotten in this spacious office lonely.

"Does God think that I've done too many outrageous things in the past and I owe him too much?" Christina found that Patrick had left. She muttered to herself sadly and felt very melancholy.

Ever since Lucy told her about those stupid things Patrick had done at school, Christina felt uneasy and owed him so much, but what should she do? He had done so much for her in the past, and she had nothing to repay.

Christina did not feel upset for long. Finding her phone was fully charged, she turned it on. Only then did she realize that there were many missed calls, most of which were from her aunt. She asked her why she had not returned to Hopkins family and was worried that she had taken the wrong flight or had an accident.

"Where are you now?!" The voice was a little anxious.

A call came in so sudden that Christina was a little caught off guard. Patrick asked angrily.

"I, I'm still at the company."

Christina felt very silly to say this.

It seemed that Patrick didn't expect her to still be at the company. He was stunned for a moment but didn't ask for details. He said directly, "Stay where you are now. Don't go anywhere. I'll go over now."

Christina tried to say something else, but her phone was hung up.

She sighed and felt as if she had done something wrong again. He was always angry easily.

Patrick should have rushed over in a hurry. Only 10 minutes later, he came back to the company. Several employees working overtime on the top floor immediately stood up when they saw him. He ignored them and strode towards his office. He pushed the door open, quickly turned on the light in the room, and took a quick look to find the person he was looking for.

“What’s going on?”

Seeing her standing in front of the french window and enjoying the scenery downstairs, he suddenly relaxed. He walked over and asked in a strong tone.

Patrick frowned and wondered what happened when she went back to the Dickens house. Why was she so strange today? Christina didn’t feel shy and told him directly, “I fell asleep in the lounge. I wanted to wait for you.”

Wait for me.

Patrick didn’t expect her to say that and said casually, “Go back if you’re tired. You don’t have to wait for me.”

Christina lowered her head. “Oh.”

She was really strange today. Patrick had a strong feeling that he should figure out whether something had happened when she went back to the Dickens family. She was avoiding his eyes, obviously a little disappointed and unhappy.

Patrick thought for a moment and realized he had left her in the company. “I’m sorry.” He suddenly said.

He meant that he had left her in the company, so he apologized to her.

Christina thought she was hallucinating. She raised her head and found Patrick Hopkins’s dark eyes were looking at her and shining brightly.

“Oh, it’s okay.”

She suddenly felt a little embarrassed to look him in the eye.

Patrick felt that she was weird today, especially when she said she dreamed that he didn’t want to stay with her, so he promised her in a low and serious tone, “There won’t be another time.”

“Nothing.” Christina would not take such a small matter to heart, and even if he forgot her, she would go to him.

Patrick frowned again. Did someone of the Dickens family say something unpleasant to her? Just as he was about to ask, Christina's phone rang. It was Betty who called worriedly to ask where she was and why she hadn't answered the phone.

"I called Hopkins family and they said you hadn't arrived. Didn't you board the plane yesterday? Why aren't you home yet?" "I made a mistake. The plane was this morning. I'm at the company now."

Christina told Betty the truth and said that she had been sitting at the airport all night.

"Haven't eaten all day?" Just as the phone was hung up, Patrick asked sarcastically.

"Hungry, hungry."

Hearing his word, she suddenly felt so hungry. Christina was not afraid and ignored Patrick's gloomy expression. She rushed to the small table to take the lunch that Charles had brought. It was sushi, which could not be eaten if it was left too long.

She felt pity and threw the Otoro sushi into the trash can. There were only 6 vegetable sushi rolls that could still be eaten.

"It's cold. Don't eat it." Patrick strode forward and brushed her hand away.

"It's okay. It's okay. It can be eaten."

Christina ate the sushi roll in one bite. She was not persnickety and it tasted good. She looked up and asked him seriously, "I'll give you half." She still remembered he hadn't had lunch yet.

Patrick was furious.

"You don't have to wait for me. If you're hungry, you can eat first. If you're tired, you can rest first. As long as you take care of yourself, I'll..."

Patrick scolded her angrily. Before he finished his words, Christina stuffed a sushi roll into his mouth. Patrick glared at her, but only to chew and swallow it slowly in the end.

Christina chuckled at him and said, "I want to wait for you."

Patrick stood straight in front of her. Suddenly, he got mixed feelings and couldn't answer.

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Patrick took her back to the Hopkins family.

Nanny Faang was very happy to see her back and quickly asked if everything was okay. During the past few days when Christina was back to Dickens' family, the atmosphere in Eastern Garden was cold and solemn. When she came back, everyone was immediately busy preparing dinner.

"Senior Mr. Hopkins took the two young masters to the Shepherd family, and the old master Shepherd asked them to stay over...
Old Madam Hopkins went to Paris with her friends the day before yesterday and hasn't come back yet."

Nanny Faang said to her briefly.

She hurriedly ordered the servants at home. "Bring some ginseng and conch soup, and serve some pastries and fruits later...
And tell the kitchen that if the bird's nest is foamy, it can be stewed now. Young madam wants to drink it tonight."

As she ordered, Nanny Faang turned around to Christina with a smile. She asked her to get back to the bedroom and change her clothes.

The Hopkins family had always taken good care of her. It would probably take all her luck to get married a Hopkins. Christina looked at Nanny Faang gratefully.

"Didn't you say you were hungry?" Patrick tilted his head and saw tears at the corner of her eyes, which made his face serious.

Just as Patrick was about to say something, Christina pushed him on the back with both hands and urged, "Don't go back to the study. Let's change and come down for soup first. You haven't had lunch yet."

Patrick let her push him upstairs and looked back at her. He frowned strangely. It was just the two of them for dinner.

Patrick never spoke much during dinner. Christina picked up chopsticks and started eating. Although she thought that she should treat Patrick better, she really couldn't think of a good way. Instead, Patrick picked up many dishes for her as usual.

Christina immediately realized something and clumsily learned from him to put fish in his bowl. Patrick looked up at her in surprise, thinking that she was too abnormal tonight.

Christina was a little embarrassed and buried herself in eating. The table for the two of them seemed very quiet, and Patrick looked at her from time to time.

Christina was not good at getting along with others. She had always been alone. She looked awkward when she wanted to care about others.

“Patrick, do you want me to walk with you after dinner?” Christina, who had just put down her chopsticks and racked her brains, suddenly looked up and asked him.

She was going to take a walk with him.

Patrick didn’t even realize it and asked hesitantly, “Where?”

It seemed it was her who needed the accompany.

“Go to the lotus pond. It’s quiet over there. It’s comfortable in the wind.” She knew that Patrick was going back to his study to work later, so he couldn’t go far.

Patrick picked up a handkerchief and wiped his mouth, then smiled. “Don’t you think it’s gloomy over there?”

There were many plants in the Hopkins family, and the people living in were not many. Christina used to complain that Hopkins family was too big, especially at night when the lotus pond was gloomy. Nanny Faang had been trying to imply Christina should give birth to a few more children to liven up the family. However, Christina did not get it, and Patrick did not seem to want her to get pregnant.

To make the lotus pond less gloomy, Patrick wanted to fill it up directly, but the Senior Mr. Hopkins did not agree. In the end, the compromise method was to hire more than a dozen servants to take turns on duty.

“I’m different now.”

Christina knew that he was laughing at her and muttered a retort.

Patrick found it funny to see her like this. “What’s the difference?”

She knew to be nice to him now.

Christina held her neck and looked fierce. “I’m different.” She didn’t have the nerve to explain in detail.

It was the first time for the two of them to take a walk after dinner. Patrick thought it was really nice to take a walk side by side.

In the night, looking sideways, Patrick found that her side face seemed to be slightly red, like when she was young and shy back to school, her eyes turned and she looked a little restrained.

Patrick looked at her childish and restrained expression and felt happy but uneasy.

So when Patrick went back to the study, he picked up his phone and said in a serious tone, "What did the Dickens family do to her?"

Christina had sneaked back to her family without informing him. He was a little annoyed at first. He planned to go over and pick her up after finishing urgent work. Now she came back, but she became so weird. Did Donald bully her again?

Patrick had been holding a grudge against the Dickens family for abandoning her. If Christina hadn't been nice and willing to reconcile with the Dickens family, he would never let go of them.

On the other end of the phone, Donald received a call and was questioned for no reason. Before he could think about how to speak, he heard his daughter, Christina's voice. "Patrick, let me give you a massage."

Patrick hung up the phone.

Donald was very angry. His daughter had served him well and he talked to his father-in-law in such a disrespectful tone. Hmph.
Donald got grudging and talked to Betty.

"Betty, tell Christina don't be too nice to men. Men are all bastards."

"Especially tell her don't serve her husband and sons all day long. It's like our family is so humble. If her grandfather were still alive, he wouldn't let her be a perfect wife. Hmph."

Betty was confused.
It was still not qualified for her niece, Christina, to be a good wife.

On the other side of the Hopkins family, Christina smiled and stuck her head through a half-closed door. She shouted eagerly, "Patrick, can I give you a massage?" She seemed to be about to do something big, and her clear eyes could not suppress her excitement.

Patrick's study was a confidential place. Two bodyguards were standing outside the study, but Christina was free to enter.
Patrick was also used to being disturbed by her. He quickly hung up the phone with his right hand. He regained his composure

and waved at her. "Come in."

Before he could ask why she was so attentive tonight, she excitedly went into the bathroom on the side of the study and filled a large basin of hot water with two towels

and a bottle of massage essential oil. She pulled him seriously to sit on the small sofa in the study.

“Let me massage your shoulder. Does your shoulder hurt?”

Christina asked him expectantly, holding a hot towel and essential oil in her hand.

Patrick could only answer, “Yes.”

“I knew it,” she was happy. “You’ve been sitting at work all day. Your shoulders must be stiff...”

“Patrick, take off your clothes first.” As she spoke, she put her hand on him and quickly took off his shirt, unbuttoning all the buttons. Patrick sat upright. He should have enjoyed the service, but all he felt was weirdness.

She had never been so attentive since they got married. If the Dickens family hadn’t bullied her, it would have been that she had caused trouble and wanted him not to be angry.

“What do you think? Is the water hot?”

“It will have a good effect to apply a hot towel first before massaging it with essential oil. Is it the right position? Will you feel numb and swollen...”

Christina was not good at serving people, but she was very serious and sincere. Even if he was the subject of an experiment, Patrick felt very happy.

“Do you feel uncomfortable here?” She lowered her head and fiddled with her fingers. He grunted. “Then I’ll press here harder.” Christina tried her best to concentrate.

Patrick looked at her slightly drooping eyelashes. Her eyelashes were long and thick, slightly curled. Charles said that the woman with long eyelashes was bad-tempered. Thinking of this, he wanted to laugh. She was not gentle in fact. He liked her eyes the most. They were always watering and clear, with a bit of stubbornness and resolution.

“Patrick, do you want a massage on your leg?” “Let me take off your pants too.” She was concentrated and simple-minded.

But Patrick, who had been taken off his pants, was a man after all. He carried her forward, turned around, and pressed her down. His voice was a little hoarse. “Stop.”

“Christina, it’s my turn to serve you, okay?” The deep and seductive voice blew in her ear, making her blush immediately.

Before she said “yes”, Patrick kissed her. No matter how slow he was, he could feel her flattery. Of course, he had to give her feedback.