

## Read Novel My Billionaire Husband Spoils Me Too Much Chapter 811

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“Christina, did you betray me?” Lucy sounded angry on the other end of the phone.

Christina, who was still lying in bed lazily with her phone in her hand, called Lucy for advice. Surprised by Lucy’s yelling just now, she could feel her mind get soberer.

“I didn’t.” “Wasn’t Patrick suspicious when you tried so hard to please him last night? Did he think you were possessed by a devil?”

Christina recalled what had happened last night. Patrick clung to her tightly, whispering in a magnetic, hoarse voice. “Why are you so sweet tonight? Did you discover something? What happened?” Christina could still feel his warm breath seducing her to tell him the truth.

“I didn’t betray you. I promise.” Fortunately, Christina was determined enough to resist Patrick’s charm.

Lucy told Christina about how Patrick had failed to win Christina’s heart in high school, which wasn’t a pleasant memory to him. If he knew Christina had been aware of this during sex, he would definitely torture her even harder.

“Patrick thought everything I did last night was because I wanted him to help me deal with the trouble I caused.” Lucy was convinced by this reasonable answer.

Christina’s muffled voice came through the phone. “Why does he always suspect I will cause trouble? Am I a troublemaker to him?”

“Well, ask your conscience about this. He has to clean up the mess for you every time you cause trouble.” Strictly speaking, it was Lucy and the others, employees of Patrick, who had to clean up the mess.

Patrick had been abusing them in the past!

Therefore, Lucy raised her voice and shouted at the phone. “Christina, what advantages do you think you have?” Then she snorted, whose arrogant tone got Christina thinking in silence nervously.

Patrick was better than her in all respects. In an instant, Christina’s heart was filled with shame, guilt, and anxiety, but she drove them away at once and retorted loudly. “I believe everyone was born with his or her own talent!”

“What? Do you realize the importance of treating Patrick nicely now?” “Well, you don’t want to cry in regrets when he chooses a vixen over you one day, do you?”

“Unfortunately, Christina, you’re useless. You can’t take good care of him in daily life, and you are just an idiot when it comes to business. What advantages do you have, Christina?”

Lucy spoke to her at a deliberately slow pace with sarcasm.

Irritated by her words, Christina sat up immediately with her teeth gritted. Although she felt an urge to argue with her, she had to admit the fact that what Lucy said was true.

In the end, she let out a sigh. “What should I do?”

A healthy marriage needed efforts from both sides. Christina felt insecure, considering Patrick was more powerful and wealthy and obviously in a higher position in the family than her. There was nothing she could do if Patrick fell in love with another woman one day.

Christina tried to change the situation but didn’t know what to do.

She said in frustration, “Just like there are new flowers every year, there will always be beautiful, young women outside. If I were a man, I would lose interest in my useless wife who gets older and older. Even though I didn’t actually sleep with others, I would definitely cheat on her mentally.”

Lucy was glad to see Christina frustrated.

Lucy would be jealous of her if Christina lived a happy life.

However, Lucy didn’t dare to actually make Christina depressed since Patrick would definitely give Lucy a hard time if he knew what had happened.

Christina wasn’t a capable woman but anything bad that happened to her would drive Patrick crazy.

“Let me give you some advice. Do a better job in bed.”

“With all due respect, this is the only thing you can do now. Work harder and give him a few more children. At least you’ll have children who support you when anything happens.”

Lucy offered her bad advice irresponsibly.

“Look at you, you’re still in bed this late. Your husband has been working in the company for a whole morning. Don’t leave any chance for others to ruin your marriage, especially those vixens in the company. They are praying for your divorce every day.”

“Get up, put on your makeup and the newest, the most expensive jewelry and clothes, and go to the company with Patrick’s lunch now. You have to remind those vixens that you are the woman Patrick loves and marries and warn them to stay away from him if they don’t want to lose their jobs.”

Only when Christina hung up the phone did she realize she would be a heinous queen that everyone hated if she did what Lucy had told her. But she still took Lucy’s madcap advice.

Apart from Lucy, she didn’t have any other friends to consult. She didn’t want to disturb Crystal since she was extremely careful about her pregnancy now due to the big shadow left by the miscarriage last time.

It was already three in the afternoon when Christina finished dressing. Patrick must have had his lunch now.

To show her sincerity, Christina decided to cook some snacks and bring them to him, which worried all the chefs in the Hopkins family very much. They picked the easiest snack for her: biscuits. The biscuits Christina made didn’t look delicious but were generally safe to eat after the burnt ones were thrown away.

Christina walked briskly into the IP&G building.

People working at IP&G were all smart. Christina had been here yesterday and sat in the waiting room of the lobby alone. When Charles took her to the elevator, the receptionists were guessing about her identity and betting that she was one of Charles’ girlfriends.

They knew the truth from one of the company’s group chats for gossip after work. One of the security guards took a picture of Patrick leaving with Christina. Their boss, who always looked cold and indifferent, wrapped his arm on Christina’s shoulder intimately. It turned out Christina was their boss’ wife!

The receptionists didn’t recognize her yesterday! Fortunately, they hadn’t been rude to her.

As soon as Christina arrived at the company today, the receptionists greeted her with a smile and led her to the VIP elevator. They also tried to help her carry the bag.

“Thanks, but I can do this by myself.”

Seeing that all of these receptionists were curry favor with her, Christina exclaimed to herself secretly how useful Lucy’s suggestion was, thinking that they must have been shocked by her expensive clothes and jewelry.

In fact, her identity as “Patrick’s wife” was more valuable than any jewelry.

Christina could enter Patrick’s office as freely as she entered his study. The secretary didn’t even bother to inform Patrick about Christina’s appearance. He just gestured for her to come in with a smile.

## **Read Novel My Billionaire Husband Spoils Me Too Much Chapter 812**

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In the office, Linda, who had just been promoted to be the chief secretary, was discussing with Patrick about a few documents.

“Put them all down. I’ll decide after I finish reading the previous projects,” said Patrick.

“Ah, haven’t you finished reading the projects yet?”

Linda was surprised. After working with Patrick for so long, she was sure that he should have finished reading them long ago according to his efficiency and working habits.

Patrick muttered to himself thoughtfully, “I was too busy last night.”

As he spoke, a faint smile appeared on his face. He remembered that he had indeed been a little presumptuous last night that he had a good time with Christina from the study to the bedroom.

At this moment, the door was suddenly pushed open.

Linda showed displeasure, as the secretary outside the door let someone in without noticing them. She frowned and looked up.

Patrick also looked at the door. Originally, he thought that it was Charles but then he was surprised with a smile. The woman he thought of just now came here.

Christina poked her head out through the gap of the door.

“Come here.”

As Patrick said, he waved at her.

Linda was dumbfounded for a moment. She knew this was Patrick’s wife.

However, she did not expect Patrick to call her over in such a gentle tone with a smile in his eyes as if he was calling a little pet here.

In the huge IP&G Group, especially the female employees who were closest to the president's office on the top floor, were most eager to talk about the private affairs of their big boss. Everyone assumed that Patrick's married life was definitely dull and simple.

Linda was a little shocked she looked at Christina, feeling more curious.

Christina also quickly glanced at the secretary who was standing next to Patrick, sorting out the documents. She was a smart and capable Sino-French hybrid with a beautiful face.

"I baked some cookies," Christina said directly.  
Patrick was surprised. "You know how to bake cookies?"

Christina knew her cooking skills very well. "I really baked them myself. Nanny Faang and the others asked me to let the chef teach me but I think it's very simple. Anyway, they are edible."

She then walked straight to him and took out two freshly baked cartoon cookies from the exquisite gift bag. "I'll eat in front of you if you don't believe me. It's really edible."

She stuffed one into her mouth and handed another one to Patrick.

Under her expectant gaze, Patrick finally opened his mouth hesitantly and gently bit a corner of the biscuit. Then he slowly swallowed it.

"Is it delicious?" Christina looked at him expectedly.

Patrick did not speak but ate the remaining half of the biscuit in her hand and then chewed it very carefully. His lips touched her fingers.

This meant that he liked it.  
Christina smiled.

"I know you don't like sweets so I didn't put any sugar in it. I only put some milk and egg paste in it." As she spoke, she grabbed another piece from the bag and stuffed it directly into his mouth. Patrick took it in and chewed it slowly.

"Well, am I also a bit of a chef? Maybe I might be very good at western food."

Patrick, who had been focusing on chewing, suddenly laughed out and nodded without refuting her.

"What are you talking about?"

"Are you in a hurry? If not, go over there and have some biscuits and some tea..."

Christina was an actionist. She took a look at the chief secretary Linda. Then when she looked back at Patrick, she had already pulled him out of his chair and headed towards the coffee table.

Linda was a little stiff now and she despised this so-called "Mr. Hopkins" in her heart. Instead of being a good wife of Patrick, she disturbed her husband's work.

Patrick said only a few words, "Leave the documents here and get them after work."

As he spoke, he was already dragged by Christina to the coffee table. Now they were wondering about making black tea or green tea.

"Yes." Linda walked out seriously and closed the door. The serious atmosphere of working was suddenly disturbed.

The moment the door closed, she saw Patrick patted on Christina's hand lightly and warned, "It's hot." Then Patrick took the small purple clay pot away and poured her a cup of tea.

The women in this company could not imagine Patrick and his wife's peaceful, warm, and sweet married life. Also, they would never know that he liked biscuits.

However, did Patrick really like biscuits very much?

Linda's mind started wandering. Very few people know that the precious son of the Hopkins family was not picky at all.

"Then eat more." Christina smiled brightly. She was very happy that Patrick had eaten up all the biscuits she had baked for the first time.

Patrick chewed silently and drank two cups of black tea.

He didn't praise her, lest she was so happy that she would send cookies here every day. However, he couldn't say anything to discourage her either.

Biscuits were not on Patrick's menu at all and were not his favorite. The internal line on the desk kept ringing when they enjoy the afternoon tea. Patrick still had a meeting later so the secretary knocked on the door with the documents.

Linda happened to see Christina being very proud so she was very disdainful. How could she be so happy since she only baked some biscuits?

Christina saw the mockery in the secretary's eyes when she looked sideways. However, she didn't care because nothing would affect her good mood now since she made a big break through in cooking.

Patrick suddenly asked seriously, "Why on earth are you coming to me at the company?"

Ever since she came back from the Dickens family, she became very strange. He was surprised at first and then shocked. He gradually realized that his wife was fawning on him for no reason.

Christina must need his help.

Patrick originally wanted to satisfy her if she didn't ask too much.

However, she stammered for a long time and then said a bullshit excuse, ... "Grandpa asked me to be nice to you."

Patrick would not believe even one word.

Christina refused to go home and insisted on staying in the company until he got off work.

However, Patrick had to fly to France temporarily after his meeting.

"I'm going too." Christina almost blurted out.

"No way."

Patrick immediately rejected her request.

"I should."

Patrick then turned to a subordinate and shouted, "Send Mrs. Hopkins back..."

"I'm not going home," Christina said unhappily. "Is it that hard for me to follow you? I won't disturb your work. I'll be very quiet."

Behind them, a wave of executives secretly pricked up their ears to hear the couple flirting. It was really rare for them to experience such a scene.

"Patrick, let me go with you, okay?"

She softened her voice and tried to act like a spoiled child.

Finally, in front of everyone, she threw herself at Patrick and wrapped her arms around him. "I'm going anyway!" Patrick seemed to be at a loss at this moment.

Everyone waited in silence.

They really didn't expect that Mr. Hopkins could do nothing at all to his wife.

Patrick finally said to the assistant in a complicated tone, "Go arrange everything for her."

Since it was a temporary business trip, they booked seven business class tickets for seven people from the airline. They would buy a few more empty seats around Patrick since he didn't like to talk to others on the plane and could have a good rest then. Christina really got a good chance this time.

With Christina by their boss' side, Patrick couldn't rest then.

"Patrick, do you think that cloud looks like a drumstick?"

Christina looked outside the window, thinking about these unimportant questions. Patrick followed her gaze and could only reply her, "No."

She scolded, "You have no imagination."

Patrick was speechless.

At the same time, the staff who were also in business class eavesdropped on their big boss' conversations with a serious but excited look.

## **Read Novel My Billionaire Husband Spoils Me Too Much Chapter 813**

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They used to accompany Patrick on business travels all the time. Although Patrick was naturally indifferent, they were used to it and dared to converse and jest in low voices in the cabin. But, all of a sudden, the so-called Mrs. Hopkins appeared. On this excursion, everyone seemed wary and didn't dare act freely.

"Mrs. Hopkins is actually such a woman." Her demeanor was a little different than they had anticipated.

After a long and tedious flight, the group of business leaders couldn't help but chat.

"Why are you in such a foul mood with a gloomy expression, Linda?"

A product director quipped that Linda should be secretly pleased because she was the only female colleague on this trip, and being on a work trip with Patrick was a rare opportunity.



"I simply think that the world is unjust. It's just that some people's morals don't align with their actions." Linda's statements had an implication. She cast a sidelong glance in Christina's way.

"Linda, you just got promoted. You're still young."

The man's eyes gleamed with mockery.

"You shouldn't talk about this thing. Otherwise, keeping your job will be challenging. Do you know how Barbara ended up at that branch? Ha ha ha."

Linda was taken aback. This was the first time she'd heard of it. As expected, the company's top executives were astute and kept their mouths shut about the thing.

"Did Christina compel her to leave?" Linda had a negative opinion of Christina.

"I don't dare ask that question too clearly. Barbara was an alumna of Mr. Hopkins. I heard she visited the Hopkins household frequently and went shopping with Mr. Hopkins' mother. She was likewise capable at work, but what did she stand to gain in the end? The corporation handed her an order that she could only go to the branch. No one would pity her for losing years of youth."

"Linda had been defeated. So, what are your thoughts on Christina, the Hopkins family's young lady? How can we talk about this?"

As a show of support, the senior product director clapped her on the shoulder.

"As a friend, I advise you not to be stupid. All of your years of hard work can be reduced in vain by a single word from someone. We simply cannot afford it."

Linda originally was the sole woman on this business trip at the time, but now that Christina had arrived. Therefore, Linda was in charge of all the food, clothing, lodging, and transportation for them on this trip.

Linda morphed from a businesswoman to a butler who accompanied her. She was furious, but she didn't dare to express her displeasure.

"I don't want your secretary to assist me in making purchases. I can purchase them on my own." Christina, too, was dissatisfied.

Patrick smiled and picked up a red lace bra as they got to the motel where they were scheduled to rest. Christina's style wasn't like this.

He turned to face his enraged wife, who was seated near the bed and said. "You're going to look great in it." "No way! This vivid red color bothers me." "Didn't you dress up in various red dresses when you were a kid?"

"How did you know that?" She was taken aback, then enraged. "My father and grandfather always made me dressed as a red envelope."

With a smile on his face, Patrick's tedious work trip turned into a lot of fun because of her. He mentioned something unexpected after looking at a lot of images and videos from her youth. "In fact, you look great without any clothing on."

Christina was speechless with him.  
She wanted to giggle while pressing her anger at the man's obscene statements.

"You are not permitted to dally with me during your business travel. Don't take off my clothes, I'm telling you. I don't want to put on that red one!" The two adults chased each other in the enormous suite, and Christina was ultimately pressed to bed.

"This one is definitely not for you. The size is insufficient." Patrick took a close look at his wife.

"Do you think I'm fat?"

She flung a pillow at him.

"Growing some flesh is good for you."

"What?"

Patrick was serious when he told her. "Holding you feels better."

Christina couldn't stand that he was always a serious flirt as if he were a gentleman, and she was overthinking everything. She reacted right away, "Patrick, don't get up from the bed. Let me check your feeling, let me touch you..."

The two of them rolled into a ball with a blast of laughing.  
Patrick realized for the first time that taking his wife on a working trip was not a horrible idea.

He got up at 6:00 a.m. the next day, while Christina was expected to sleep until 11:00 a.m. He got up silently and changed his clothing. He handed the doorman a large gratuity and urged him not to wake her up.

"Is that your first love inside, Sir?" Patrick was in a bad mood when he suddenly heard that.

Many people bring mistresses on business trips, and these doormen are deliberately trying to please them.

The French doorman continued, full of lyrical romance. "When you talked just now, your eyes were full of tenderness and happiness. You must be madly in love with her."

"She's my wife." Patrick's voice sounded solemn and halted. "She's also my first love."

The young doorman was taken aback as if he had been caught off guard. Patrick walked away when he wanted to speak more.

Patrick had the impression that the French had an original point of view about love.

Christina awoke at 11 a.m., when it was already past noon.

The hotel personnel was courteous to her. In her suite, she enjoyed a complete breakfast, lunch, desserts, fruits, and flowers.

They said a few things in French to express her longing for her love, but she didn't understand much of what they said.

This was really a holy and romantic country.

However, it looked a little far-fetched to her. She took a look at the flower bill, which was really costly. Fortunately, Patrick was rich.

"Why are you standing here?"

She discovered Linda standing outside the hotel's entrance as if she were crouching on guard, after she had sent the hotel personnel.

"Don't follow me. I'll go shopping myself."

Patrick had to have given her the command to follow her.

Linda was furious and didn't want to be treated like a maid, but she had no choice but to follow Patrick's commands.

Now she was despised.

"Please cooperate with me." Linda tried to retain her friendly demeanor.

Christina had few friends and had a difficult time getting along with others. In fact, she had the uneasy impression that Linda did not like her. She wanted to chase her away, but because it would interfere with her work, she gave up and ignored her.

Linda was irritated because she had been utterly disregarded.

Christina desired to visit Champs-Elysees Avenue, which was a women's shopping paradise. She wanted to buy more gifts and help Patrick cost some money.

In France, calling a taxi was not very convenient. When she tiredly stood on the side of the road, she hadn't yet seen one. When several private automobiles passed by, the men would pull over, roll down the window, and speak with her.

As she stood, her feet were numb, and she reasoned that even if she got in the car, they wouldn't dare to hurt her.

Linda, on the other hand, scowled at her as if accusing her of being a bad lady.

"Don't worry, for the time being, I don't have any plans to cheat your boss. When I come up with this notion, I'll be the first to notify you that you may ask him for some benefits."

Christina teased her.

Linda's demeanor became increasingly strained as she felt as if she had been laughed at.

## **Read Novel My Billionaire Husband Spoils Me Too Much Chapter 814**

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The Champs Elysees Avenue was a place where the world's designer jewelries were concentrated and was women's favorite place. Even though the two women weren't in a good relationship, they were in a good mood when seeing so many beautiful goods, including expensive bags and sparkling jewelry.

Because of Patrick, Christina had developed a bad habit that she didn't look at the price when she bought things. She wanted everything.

Linda stood aside silently. She was shocked when seeing Christina squander money.

At the same time, she despised Christina for being materialistic.

They went to several stores and all staff regarded Christina as a rich woman, revolving around her.

Perhaps out of jealousy, when Christina chose 12 designer bags and was about to pay the bill, Linda told her that there was a limit on the credit card every day.

Linda walked behind Christina, swiping the credit card and filling the delivery address.

"What do you mean?"

Christina had married into the Hopkins family for a long time and she had never thought that she would be short of money.

Linda said in a didactic tone, "You can choose one from the three bags of the same style."

"But it is hard for me to make a choice."

Christina suddenly understood that Linda implicated that she had spent too much money. Because Patrick's card wouldn't have a limit.

Christina didn't expose her but took out a savings card and threw it on the table, "I can pay for them myself. Do you think I have no money?"

She just wanted to show off, but she overdid it.

The salesclerk told her that the card didn't have enough balance.

"How is that possible!"

"Can I use Visa? Don't look down on us. There are billions of dollars in my card."

Christina really didn't pretend, because this card was not hers, but Derek's.

"Miss, I'm very sorry. How about you use another card?"

Linda did not expect Christina to ask for an insult. She gloated and waited to see Christina have an egg on her face.

Unexpectedly, Christina suddenly lost her temper.

She grabbed her phone and rushed out of the store. She called her brother irritably, "Rafael, you bastard. Where is the money?"

"What! You invested it into the stocks... You had lost it all?"

"You're such a spendthrift. You spent all of Derek's money! Go to hell. I won't let you go after I go back!"

Linda thought to herself that the man on the phone was like Christina. Both of them were spendthrifts. The pot called the kettle black.

"Miss, do you want to buy the 12 bags?" The salesclerks asked gently.

Christina was in a fit of anger, "No."

She was annoyed to have difficulty choosing but she was more annoyed to think of her bastard brother.

Linda was eager to see Christina make a spectacle of herself when she had no money to pay.

However, Christina didn't feel embarrassed at all. Instead, she was arrogant, "How about we go to have dinner now? How about we eat street food? Does Patrick's money have anything to do with you? Why do you care about his money so much? Since he has made so much money, it should be spent. Otherwise, there won't be circulation of money in the market, hmph!"

They went to an open-air coffee shop. They had intended to eat street food, but the prices here were not low.

"Why am I so poor?"

Christina rummaged through her bag. There were only lipstick, perfume and 500 euros in cash. She had planned to use the 500 euros as tips.

The watches and jewelries that she had just bought on Champs Elysees Avenue were all sent to the hotel. If she had one at hand, she would not hesitate to use it to pay for the meal.

"Miss, may I take your order?"

Christina was very sad. She forgot that she was abroad and spoke in her native language directly, "It depends on you. I only have 500 euros and your tip is included in it. I have no money."

"Actually, you can have a good meal in France with 500 euros." The waitress was amused by Christina and replied in the same language.

Christina raised her head and was about to say something when she suddenly felt that the waitress looked a little familiar.

"... Miss, this is our menu. You can order whatever you want. You can eat first and pay later. You don't have to worry about the cost."

The waitress was very professional. Looking at Christina's outfit, she knew that Christina was rich and didn't worry that she couldn't afford the meal.

However, Christina looked at her carefully and asked, "Have I seen you before?"

The waitress replied politely, "Maybe it's because we are from the same country so you feel me familiar. Foreigners always say that it's hard to tell the people of our country."

"All right. It is impossible for May to come all the way to France."

Christina muttered to herself and then said, "I'm not hungry. Please help me order some special French food. This 500 euros is your tip. I'll call someone to pay for the meal later."

Linda, who had been walking slowly, was frightened when she heard Christina's words. She quickly stepped forward and stopped the waiter, "Serve whatever she wants. I'll pay for them."

The waitress ignored Linda. Instead, she looked at Christina with a complicated expression and asked hesitantly, "Excuse me, did you mention May just now?"

This was her real name. But she had been in France for too long and had not heard anyone call her that name for a long time.

Christina suddenly stood up and said excitedly, "You're May, aren't you? Why are you pretending not to know me?" She was a little angry.

May was surprised and thought for a while before she said a name hesitantly, "Christina?" Christina narrowed her eyes and asked fiercely, "Don't I look like Christina?"

"You still have the same personality." May was overjoyed because she met an old friend in a foreign country. She laughed, "Christina, but you look really different. You have a full figure and look rich."

Christina was so depressed.  
May also said she was fat.

"May, you've dyed your hair and you are wearing false eyelashes, but I can recognize you. Why can't you recognize me? What's different about me other than being a little fatter?"

May smiled faintly as before, "You have a different temperament. Now, you have become mature and more feminine."

"I applied to study in France after I graduated from high school and have been living here since then. What about you, Christina? It seems that you come to France to have a trip."

Christina replied immediately, "I'm accompanying my man on a business trip." May was surprised.

She looked embarrassed and didn't know how to continue the conversation. After all, they hadn't seen each other for a long time and she only had their simple and happy memories at the campus.

Looking at Christina's clothes, May thought the man Christina mentioned must be rich.

In fact, many old men wanted to keep May as a mistress during these years she stayed in France, especially when she just came here. These old men were rich and powerful and were attracted by her youth and beauty. It was too hard to work alone abroad, so some people would choose to take shortcuts. But she would not look down on them, because they had no choice.

May felt that Christina had some secret sorrow. She remembered that Christina did part-time and lived a difficult life in high school, so she didn't want to talk about Christina's embarrassing experiences.

Christina didn't know what May was thinking, but she said, "Actually, you've seen my husband before."

"Your husband?" May looked shocked, "Are you married?" "Is it strange that I'm married?"

Christina showed May the big diamond ring in her hand, but she didn't mean to show it off. She probably meant that she was already married.

"Christina, you're just in your twenties. How can you get married so early? I remember you have countless suitors. I thought you would even advocate singleness."

It might be because May had been in France for a long time. The people here liked romance but didn't like responsibility, so they didn't like to get married.

Christina added, "I have two sons."

May grinned from ear to ear in shock. "Oh my god, you have been a mother. It's not what we predicted. I can't believe it." "What about you?"

May felt a little bitter, "I'm still single. I have a boyfriend, but he doesn't care about me. I'm just dispensable to him."

May didn't want to talk too much about the bitterness of her life, so she immediately changed the subject, "By the way, Christina, do you remember Cindy, the cutest and most amusing girl in our dormitory?"

Christina nodded.

"Cindy had got married a long time ago, and she married our junior in primary school."  
"Which one?"

"Chad."



Christina looked puzzled. She couldn't remember him.

May had no choice but to give up. Christina did not like to think about others. It was good that she could remember her roommates.

The two old friends met again and they chatted happily. May asked for half a day's leave from her boss and chatted with Christina. They recalled their carefree campus life.

The waiter served a few side dishes. Christina especially loved the mushrooms, so she ate two plates.

It was almost 5 pm when Patrick called to ask her to go back to the hotel, "Eat by yourself. I don't want to go back." Christina attempted to brush him off.

However, May was afraid that Christina would be scolded by her rich husband so she kept persuading Christina to leave.

They exchanged their contact information and May would guide Christina to travel France tomorrow.

But there was an accident that night.

Christina might have eaten something bad and was sent to the emergency room to pump her intestines in the middle of the night. Patrick lost his temper and scolded Linda. Linda felt innocent and told him the restaurant where they had gone that day.

Christina was still lying on the hospital bed with a pale face. But when she woke up, the first thing she thought about was her date with May.

However, she saw a message from May when she turned on her phone, "I'm sorry, Christina. Something happened in the restaurant where I work. I will be busy recently, so I can't hang out with you."

Christina was still in a daze. She rubbed her temples and felt the thing happening to May had something to do with her.

## **Read Novel My Billionaire Husband Spoils Me Too Much Chapter 815**

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It was a sleepless night. Many people were descending into chaos.

Patrick had never been so angry before. The group of think tanks who accompanied him here was in a panic.

"Linda, didn't you stay with Christina all the time? Why is she having upset stomachs,

yet you're fine?" "Linda, you've been acting dissatisfied with her before. Did you do it on purpose?"

These elites who made millions per year huddled in the corner of the corridor, not daring to sleep in the middle of the night. They uttered their speculations, and some even blamed Linda for it.

Her eyes were red from crying. She raised her head and retorted angrily, "I didn't hurt her. Don't frame me on this!"

"I've been working in IP&G Group for so many years, and I've accompanied Mr. Hopkins on countless business trips. But I've never seen him so furious... Linda, I've taught you before not to stay a lofty tone and be flamboyant. Otherwise, you're the one who loses in the end. When you get back, suggest a demotion yourself."

The rest seconded, "Right!"

"Mr. Hopkins was so scary just now. He had never lost his composure and flew into a rage at us like today." Linda was at a loss and explained in a hurry, "I really didn't hurt her!"

Someone sighed and tried to smooth things over. "I think Linda is innocent. She won't do such a thing." Another European regional president rationally analyzed, "Linda is not so stupid."

"Could it be the 'little game' tempted by the jealousy of you women?"

Women always fought for a man's favor. Since Christina could become Patrick's wife, she must not be easy to deal with. "Linda, did you offend her?" Just then, a man asked.

After hearing that, everyone immediately felt that Christina was pretending to be sick. Linda's red eyes widened and she stopped crying. Right now, she was in a huff.

The next second, she turned around angrily and walked towards Christina's ward. Just then, Patrick opened the door and walked out.

"Mr. Hopkins, I need to clarify one thing to you."

The staff in the company had a sense of respect for him, and they were also very clear about his character. He had a clear distinction between public and private affairs, so she raised her head fearlessly and said righteously.

"I went out with Junior Mrs. Hopkins and we ate the same thing. There was nothing wrong with my body. She shouldn't have fallen ill."

She was implying that Christina was pretending to be sick.

He stood still right there. The hospital's incandescent lights in the middle of the night shone on his tall straight figure, washing over his features. His cold eyes made him look even more unapproachable.

The other managers immediately trotted over, admiring her courage.

After Patrick heard that, without saying anything, he motioned for her to continue.

At this time, she didn't dare to look straight at him. She tilted her head slightly. "Mr. Hopkins, I admit that I deliberately made things difficult for Junior Mrs. Hopkins. She wanted to buy 12 bags from Louis Vuitton. I lied to her about the credit card limit and embarrassed her. It was my fault."

She then bowed deeply to apologize.

"Actually, before that, I accompanied her to the Champs Elysees. She had already bought a lot of products at Hermes, Versace, Patek Philippe, Cartier, including 5 bags, 8 watches, scarves, ties, diamonds... At that time, she had already spent more than 2000 million euros, so I felt that she really didn't have to buy the 12 bags of the same style. I took the liberty of stopping her squandering. It was my fault."

After that, she bowed again and apologized, lowering her head. Despite her humble attitude, she was very careful and logical and implicated that Christina was a parasite.

That meant that Christina might pretend to be sick to punish her. Linda didn't want to be blamed.

"Mr. Hopkins, if she feels that it's me that makes her embarrassed and angry, please let me go in and apologize to her personally..."

She looked sincere as she said that. Yet after hearing this, Patrick felt that his fury compounded.

The HR director at the side immediately noticed something was off with the atmosphere between them. He then took a step forward, pulled her behind him, and said quickly.

"Mr. Hopkins, Linda is not qualified to be your chief secretary. It was my fault for giving her a promotion that was beyond her ability. I volunteered to reduce my salary and downgrade my post. Now Junior Mrs. Hopkins's health is the most important thing, you should also pay attention to your health."

The normally arrogant director was sweating nervously.

But Linda didn't understand. If Patrick found out that Christina was pretending to be sick, he would definitely not blame her. She wanted to explain again, but the people behind her tightly grabbed her wrist, signaling that she must not provoke Patrick further.

Patrick stood with his back straightened. With a cold face, he said in an acerbic tone. "Why would my wife be sick or if she's pretending to be sick? I'll find out myself. As for what you said about shopping, she has never mentioned it to me."

Everyone lowered their heads and listened quietly, jittery.

Christina didn't complain to him?

Shocked, Linda looked at him in disbelief.

Patrick then turned around and left the hospital in anger. No one was allowed to enter Christina's ward.

It was almost conceivable that after this business trip, the rest would definitely be punished because of this matter.

The project manager was furious. "Linda, you're really stupid. Do you think Mr. Hopkins will feel pity about the money that his wife spent?"

"Yes, Linda. I really don't understand how you got to be the chief secretary."

Some gloated.

"Even if Junior Mrs. Hopkins tattled on you to him and deliberately framed you, don't you know how to solve this kind of things after working so long here? When the boss let you take the blame, you just take it. If you're obedient, you might even be promoted later. After all, Mr. Hopkins knows everything. But... you thought you could deface Christina like that, yet Christina didn't mention it to him at all. You have to pay for your stupidity now.."

Linda's eyes turned red in tear again, and she sobbed aggrievedly. "Then... what should I do now..." She also realized that she was being silly.

The HR director, who had been supporting her, scolded angrily, "Go back to the hotel immediately. Don't show up for the last few days. Don't let Mr. Hopkins you. Once he's in a bad mood, we all will have a hard time!"

In work, things had always been so realistic and cruel.

Linda did not dare to refute, lowering her head. Now she fully understood the difference in treatment between her and Christina.

Ever since she had just been promoted to the chief secretary, she thought she could be superior to others, but compared to the people in the upper class, she was nothing. All the time, she was being stupid and naive.

At the same time, Christina in the ward also felt the hostile atmosphere outside. Fortunately, she was a patient now. Patrick would hold back his anger for the time being.

In fact, she was not seriously ill. The doctor said that she was suffering from food poisoning, because she had eaten some poisonous mushrooms that could create hallucinations. But this kind of poisonous mushrooms wouldn't cause much harm to her body. However, he requested her to have the gastric lavage to ensure that there was no residual poison inside her.

Having always been very physically strong, apart from her pale face, she didn't feel uncomfortable.

"Madam, the people in the restaurant called and said they wanted to apologize to you personally. Do you want to answer the phone?" A nurse asked her carefully with a cell phone in her hand.

Just as she was about to answer the phone, he came back. He looked at the newly hired nurse with rage. He thought that hiring a nurse from the same country as them would be better and more convenient. Yet he had underestimated the greed in human nature.

"Get out now! Get out!" Her behavior had picked up on his irritation.

The nurse was bought off by the restaurant and deliberately acted as a middleman to make Christina accept an apology. Unexpectedly, she was caught on the spot.

That local restaurant had been developing well for many years. But due to the internal strife between the employees, they had completely ruined their reputation and even led to the poisonous mushroom incident. In the end, they poisoned the wrong person, who had a strong background. Right now, the restaurant was in a mess, trying to get Christina's forgiveness.

Such a famous chain restaurant could be delisted from the market by Patrick swiftly, not to mention her, an ordinary people, who came to France to work.

Seeing his imposing aura, the nurse was so scared that she immediately scrambled out of the ward.

Christina was also startled.

"Why are you so angry?"

Then she muttered to him fearlessly, "Patrick, you can't be too unreasonable. And you just yelled at your staff." Glaring at her with a gloomy face, he fumed, "Do you

remember what you did last night?" He gritted his teeth.  
She tucked herself in the quilt nervously and wrapped herself tightly with it.

And then she looked at him carefully and kept thinking, "I was very delighted to meet my friend again. You insisted on calling me back to have dinner with you. But I wasn't hungry and only drank half a glass of red wine... As for what happened later, I don't remember. I didn't do anything wrong." Her voice became lower, under his frightening gaze.

Why was he so angry?

Her words just added fuel to his anger. "You can't remember? Very well!" Gritting his teeth, he shouted, "Then you can stay here forever. Don't come back until you remember!"

"Ah? Wait, I don't want to stay in the hospital..." She quickly pleaded.  
With darkened face, he slammed the door.

"Except for the medical staff, no one else is allowed to enter this ward, nor phone call, especially from the people in the restaurant! Do you hear me?" This was his last warning.

"Yes, copy that." His staff outside the door answered in a trembling voice.

In the next few days, Christina was grounded in the hospital ward, which made her disgruntled. She came to France to travel.  
Why was she trapped in the ward? She was not sick.

The most important thing was that Patrick was still mad at her, but she didn't know what he was angry about.

"Is him menopausal?"

She cursed him in her heart.

During this period of time, she tried to contact May a few times, but there was no reply. It seemed that May was really busy.

In fact, Christina didn't many female friends. She was not diplomatic enough. Perhaps May, who used to be her high school roommate, did not treat her as a friend. Thinking of this, she felt a little depressed.

However, she didn't know that May was now in hot water.

## Read Novel **My Billionaire Husband Spoils Me Too Much** Chapter 816

### My Billionaire Husband Spoils Me Too Much Chapter 816

“Mr. Jadwin, it’s not my fault. It was Sonia who used the poisonous wild mushrooms as today’s ingredient. You’ve found it out, haven’t you? Sonia should take the main responsibility! All I did was serve dishes. How could you fire me?”

“As the shop manager of this branch, you have joint responsibility!” Mr. Jadwin, the general manager, replied toughly.

May was aggrieved. “Are you blaming me for not discovering the problem in time? But the shop manager of the main store was there too, and he didn’t discover it either. Besides, among the ten tables I served that day, only one guest claimed he had food poisoning after eating those mushrooms. Please give me the contact information of that guest, I can personally apologize to him and ask for his forgiveness.”

“Mr. Jadwin, I really need this job! I have been working here for years. Please give me a chance. I am willing to pay all the medical expenses of that guest.”

May bowed low to Mr. Jadwin, begging for a chance.

“I’m sorry, May.” Mr. Jadwin appreciated May’s performance at work, but he had to fire her as the guest had requested.

“I’m not interested in the grudge between you and Sonia. Both of you are fired. Later, we will sue Sonia for using poisonous mushrooms in the restaurant.”

Mr. Jadwin patted May’s shoulder, sighing.

“I’m willing to give you a chance, but that guest won’t allow it. Even I can’t get his personal number and apologize, let alone you.

Roxanne, you’re smart and hard-working. I’m sure you’ll find another job soon.”

Roxanne was May’s name in this country. Knowing that she was bound to be fired, May sat on the chair with her head lowered down, tears of grievance filling her eyes.

After working in this restaurant for four years, she finally settled down with a stable salary and familiar colleagues and friends.

This calm and happy life ended today. Now she had to look everywhere for jobs like before. May couldn’t help but feel exhausted at this thought.

“Roxanne, it’s not your fault.” “You poor girl!” After Mr. Jadwin left, all May’s colleagues came over to comfort her.

“Sonia really went too far this time! She must be mad after failing to seduce your boyfriend and doing such a horrible thing as a result. Everyone knows she’s jealous of you!”

May looked up with a forced smile, pretending to be calm. “I’m fine. Thanks.”

She had long been exhausted from struggling alone for a living in this foreign country. At this second, she really wished to have a home.

It had always been her dream to get married and live an ordinary yet happy life as a housewife with her lovely children. In fact, it had never occurred to her that she would be working alone abroad.

Even Christina was married and became a mother.

May perked up when she thought about her life after getting married. Even if her career was ruined, she still had a boyfriend who loved her.

May called her busy boyfriend Henry that day, but the phone was still picked up by his agent, Shirley Johanning.

“Miss Fain, I told you before that Henry is a busy celebrity. Flying around every day to shoot advertisements is hard work. As his girlfriend, you should support him with care and love, not disturb him by calling so frequently.”

Shirley scolded May in a voice dripping with sarcasm.

May, who was in a bad mood today, had no patience to be tactful with Shirley, yelling with anger, “Give the phone to Henry now! I have something urgent to ask him!”

Irritated, Shirley took a few deep breaths to suppress the urge to scold this cheap woman who wasn’t good enough for Henry since Shirley knew how much Henry cared about his girlfriend.

“Okay, I’ll give the phone to him,” Shirley replied in a perfunctory tone.

“Honey, you called just when I’m missing you!” Henry joked in a good mood. “We do have a connection, don’t we?”

It was Henry’s hobby to make such jokes. May, who used to find them interesting, didn’t laugh at all. She had something serious to say.

“Henry, are you willing to marry me?” May suddenly asked.

They started dating seven years ago, and May had been imagining her happy married life for five years. To her disappointment, Henry never proposed. Therefore, May decided to be thick-skinned and ask him to marry her today.



Henry was obviously shocked.

“Henry, answer me, are you willing to marry me or not?” May asked again nervously.

Henry stammered, “Honey, you know I love you.”

“You don’t want to marry me, do you?”

May clutched her phone tightly. In fact, she had long realized that Henry had no interest in marriage. That was why she kept waiting for him to propose, not daring to take the initiative to bring up this topic.

“No, no! Honey, listen to me.”

Henry was a little upset, not expecting May, who he had been dating for years, to ask him to marry her all of a sudden.

“Honey, we’re still young, and my career is currently on the rise. We will live a better life together if I make more money now. You don’t want to be as humble as before, right?”

“Can you wait for me for a few more years?” Henry coaxed gently.

May hung up the phone directly. Tears streamed down her face as she muttered, “I don’t want to wait any longer.”

She suddenly realized how foolish she had been when she decided to study abroad for a better life. Not even a single rock in this beautiful and prosperous foreign city could be hers. She could never find her home here, not even by the side of the man who she had been dating for seven years.

Henry sensed something wrong and called her back immediately, but May had turned off her phone.

He was worried but couldn’t remember the phone number of any of May’s colleagues no matter how hard he tried. Henry gritted his teeth in frustration. He really should have cared about her life more!

Shirley walked over. “Did you two have a quarrel?”

Henry nodded irritably.

“She suddenly asked me to marry her.”

Surprised, Shirley asked nervously, “Did you say yes?”

Henry shook his head. “No.”

It was still too early for him to think about marriage. In fact, he never found a marriage certificate necessary at all. An ideal couple didn't need marriage to prove their love for each other.

Heaving a sigh of relief, Shirley hugged Henry and comforted him, "Henry, you're a good boyfriend. We send her expensive gifts every holiday even when you're busy, right? She should be considerate."

"I think May needs some time to calm down. Perhaps it's her colleagues that egged her to call you. Leave her alone for a few days, and everything will be fine. We should get back to work now. All the staff of the show is waiting for you."

Henry glanced at the crew behind him. "Okay."

Henry contacted the restaurant May worked in three days later, thinking that she should be calm now, and was surprised to be told that May had been fired.

"She's been working here for so years. You have to compensate her for this, or you're just bullying this foreign girl!" Henry was furious.

He realized the reason why May had asked him to marry her this abruptly. It must be the day when she lost her job.

"Henry, we have no choice. Look, we can't even open now." The restaurant was severely punished after that accident.

The restaurant manager explained with a sigh, "We appreciate everything she did for the restaurant, but it was the guest's request to fire her. Do you know who had food poisoning that day? The wife of the CEO of IP&G Group!"

Henry was shocked. He knew about the IP&G Group. How could the wife of the CEO of such a big company have dinner at this open-air restaurant?

"Our restaurant is now under investigation. It's said that we can't open for the next six months. Our general manager is still negotiating with the bureau. Fortunately, the CEO of IP&G Group is returning to the headquarters today, leaving a director in charge of all the business here. It should be easier to solve this problem now. Alas, I really hope we can get over this sooner."

Henry then rushed to the apartment May rented, but the landlady told him May had moved out.

Henry called May over and over again. All he heard was the automatic reply that told him the subscriber he dialed was power off.

Not knowing what to do, Henry stared blankly at the empty rented apartment where he and May had been living for 7 years.

He got scared all of a sudden.  
Was she breaking up with him? How could she do that?

“May is kind and gentle. She couldn’t be so cruel to me. No, she must be just angry...”  
Henry held his phone at a loss, thinking nervously.

The landlady glanced at him and dampened his hope.  
“I heard May had returned to her homeland. She said there was nothing that could keep her staying here.”

Henry’s face turned pale at these words.

## **Read Novel My Billionaire Husband Spoils Me Too Much Chapter 817**

My Billionaire Husband Spoils Me Too Much Chapter 817

The plane flew across the blue sky and white clouds. “Dear motherland, I’m finally back!” May was so jubilant that she almost cried when she saw the familiar homeland.

According to Cindy’s words, “The grass is always greener on the other side”, which was bullshit in my opinion. My country was gorgeous. I couldn’t bear to part it.

Cindy had been waiting for her at the airport for a long time. She threw herself into May’s arms and gave her a big bear hug.

“May, naughty, you’re finally willing to come back.”

“Yes, I’m back.” May wept tears of joy.

“When you called me before, you were crying and didn’t tell me what happened exactly. I was so worried.”

“You said you were wronged in work and fired without compensation. Your bullshit boyfriend also refused to marry you, which wasted your 7 years. Why didn’t you ask him for compensation?”

Cindy was filled with righteous indignation about what happened to her friend.

May looked at her tearfully. Cindy was no longer the naive fat girl she used to be. After she married Chad, she became the decent wife of a rich man.

“Cindy, you’re rich now. I’m back and everything will start over again. Remember to support me.”

May reached out and wanted to pinch her little round face like before. However, Cindy was wearing heavy makeup and had plastic surgery. Her round face was shaved into a star's oval face.

Cindy hugged her, let May get into her red Bentley, and blew a kiss at her. "Don't worry. I'm with you." May was amused by her.

Cindy had an abnormal marriage over the years. There was only cooperation but no love in her marriage with Chad. May heard that they even had to contract to make love. It was a wonder for Cindy to keep naive.

"By the way, I met Christina in France." May thought of another roommate.

"Christina?"

Cindy paused for a moment. "Is she doing well now?"

Back then, Chad was so desperate to pursue Christina that everyone in their dormitory knew it. Sometimes Cindy even felt that she was the other woman. Chad didn't love her, but he loved the most beautiful girl in their school.

May was worried about Christina.

"She married a rich man, and he seemed to be very dictatorial. I don't know if her husband treated her well... That day, she suddenly appeared in my restaurant. We chatted and she ate a lot of poisonous mushrooms. Oh, I forgot to express greetings!"

Cindy listened uneasily as she drove quickly out of the airport. At the same time, Charles was on a VIP exit on the other side of the airport.

Charles knew that Patrick and his wife were on a business trip together. Today, he came to pick them up and asked for gossip. Unexpectedly, he had a bad luck.

Charles ran to greet them happily but saw Patrick coming out of the passage in a bad mood. So he asked in confusion.

"Patrick, your expression... Uh, why do you look ungratified?"

Patrick glanced at him in an even worse mood.

Charles froze and immediately shut up.

Could it be that he guessed right?

Christina hinted desperately at Charles. Patrick suddenly tightened his grip on her shoulder. Getting the warning, Christina dared't go on.

Charles drove them to their home in fear.

“What the hell did you do?”

Patrick entered the room unhappily. Even Faang felt that he was in a bad mood. Seeing that Patrick walked into the study, Charles caught the opportunity and immediately asked Christina to make sure that he wouldn't make him angry in the future.

“I don't know.” Christina was also listless.

Charles was furious.

“Why did you accompany Patrick on a business trip for no reason and make him angry? Do you know that my company still has a cooperation case with him in the negotiation? You! Are you trying to trick me?”

Christina was truly innocent this time.

“At first, he was in a good mood, and then... I ate some poisonous mushrooms and was sent to the emergency room. It didn't harm my body but had a side effect. I heard it could make people hallucinate.”

Charles glanced at her and thought she was sincere. So he asked unhappily, “What hallucinations do you have?”

“Did you do something to Patrick?” “I don't remember.”

Christina was also very depressed. “If I remember, do I have to be stared at all the way back by him? He has been in a bad mood, as if I have done something to him. And the employees of the company have been scolded by him.”

“Christina, you witch!” “You're causing many innocent people trouble again!”

When Charles remembered that he still had to ask Patrick for an autograph for his later project, he was extremely distressed and grabbed his short hair. He angrily glanced at the pile of luxury goods that had been packed back. “You're really spendthrift. How much did you spend?”

“He didn't say anything about my spending money.”

The two of them quarreled childishly downstairs. Suddenly, there was a small sound of footsteps coming from the stairs. They tacitly shut up and looked up at the same time. Patrick walked down expressionless.

“What are you talking about?” Patrick said coldly.

Both of them fawned on him with a fake smile.

Charles was quick-witted and knew that he couldn't mention anything that shouldn't be mentioned. He made up an excuse, "My company is going to sign a foreign Internet celebrity chef. We are discussing let Christina learn a few more dishes."

Christina nodded immediately and echoed, "Yes, yes. Learn to cook." "Patrick, I'll study hard. And I'll bring you lunch in the future." Patrick glanced at her and said unhappily, "Internet celebrity chef?"

"His name is Henry. In recent years, he has been very famous in Europe. I heard that he is very good at both Chinese and western food. The man is good-looking and has excellent cooking skills. The European girls are very happy to pursue him..."

Charles didn't know what he had said made Patrick angry. Patrick's expression changed and he strode away angrily.

Charles also glared at her and left.

Leaving Christina standing there, she felt innocent and thought about it seriously. Did she seduce Patrick after eating poisonous mushrooms that day, but he didn't succeed?

This guy was really hard to get along with.

"Junior Mrs. Hopkins, the old master took the two young masters to the Langwell family for two days."

Faang came over to tell her and casually said, "The Internet celebrity chef named Henry abroad made simple and delicious nutritious dishes. If he was free, you could let Mr. Shepherd introduce him and learn simple dishes."

As soon as Mr. Hopkins was in a bad mood, the whole people of the Hopkins family was frightened. Perhaps Christina should learn more dishes to coax him so that everyone would have a easy life in the future.

"Faang, you like Internet celebrities too?"

Faang blushed and took out her cell phone to show her a short video. "It's this gourmet. The young man is very lively. We chefs all have a video of him. I'm also curious."

Christina glanced at the screen of her phone and saw that the foreign man was wearing a chef's uniform and a tall white hat. He had a bright smile and was very lively and handsome.

When she was a child, she got used to seeing a handsome boy like Derek and felt other boys were inferior. Now that she was facing Patrick every day, Christina had already got used to handsome man.

“Nothing special. Foreigners all have blue eyes and a high nose. Is he really good at cooking? He looks more like a beefcake when he’s so muscular. Does he really know how to cook?”

Christina wasn’t good at cooking and always denied others’ cooking skills.

Faang laughed. “Of course, he’s not as good looking as our young master Hopkins, but this foreigner has a very interesting Chinese pronunciation. I heard that he has a chinese girlfriend who has been dating for seven years, and he is very loyal.”

The maids in the Hopkins family may have been frightened by Patrick. They thought that their young master was pretty, but they only dared to look at him from far away.

Unexpectedly, Christina suddenly said, “He has been dating his girlfriend for seven years but still not married. Such a scumbag.” “Maybe it’s not popular for foreigners to get married.”

Faang, as a fan of this handsome Henry, watched so many videos of him and felt that he was not a scumbag.

Christina didn’t continue discussing with Faang anymore. She received a call from May.

May said she was back and cared about Christina’s health.

“Christina, something happened in my restaurant that day. Our chef used poisonous mushrooms. I saw you eat two plates that day. Are you feeling well? Do you need to go to the hospital?”

Christina held the phone and thought about something. She was awkward and didn’t know how to say.

After hesitating for a minute, she suddenly said, “I’m sorry!”

Christina knew that Patrick wouldn’t let that restaurant go.

## **Read Novel My Billionaire Husband Spoils Me Too Much Chapter 818**

My Billionaire Husband Spoils Me Too Much Chapter 818

The next morning, Christina was wakened up before she could have enough sleep. She suspected that Patrick was trying to retaliate her by not letting her sleep late.

Patrick had already gotten up and was wearing a tie. He stood by the bed and said in a voice dripping with sarcasm. “Who said yesterday that she was going to learn cooking and deliver me food every day from then on?”

“I haven’t given it up. It’s just that there’s no need to be in such a hurry.”

Christina had no courage to tell May on the cell phone last night that her husband was the one who caused May to lose her job.  
It would be better to apologize to May in person.

“After breakfast, you go to learn cooking immediately. Charles will come to pick you up.”  
There was no room for negotiation at all.

Christina obediently went to Charles’s company, which was mainly in the field of media, with entertainment films accounting for a large proportion of its businesses. It cultivated a lot of Internet celebrities, and signed contracts with many influencers in various fields.

Christina met that foreigner named Henry, who was much better than she had imagined. His tall and strong figure indicated that he frequented the gym. His smile was sunny.

Nanny Faang was right. Henry’s accent was quite funny. “Nice to meet you, the charming wife of my boss.” His pronunciation was rather amusing.

Christina laughed. “You speak English quite well.” But Charles suddenly flew into a rage. “She’s not my wife! Don’t call her by the wrong title. You can’t joke about this!”

Henry’s agent, Shirley, immediately stepped forward and explained, “Henry was just being polite. He thought this lady was your wife, so he made a joke. Mr. Shepherd, don’t take it seriously.”

Charles’s expression was still serious. “Tell him about some of our traditional cultures. Don’t use the foreigners’ style of intimate greeting. Otherwise, I won’t be able to help you if you’re caught in trouble.”

Seeing that he was so serious, Shirley did not dare to neglect his advice and nodded repeatedly.

Charles began to regret coming up with such a stupid idea. He shouldn’t have asked Christina to learn cooking, which caused trouble for himself.

Christina had a good impression of Henry, the chef.

“My girlfriend is from here. This is her motherland. I love here very much. She wants to come back for development, so I’m here too.”

He smiled and talked about his past with his girlfriend. It seemed that he really cherished her.

While chatting with each other for a while, Henry expressed his heartfelt willingness to teach Christina cooking.



Shirley, who was at the side, saw that Charles treated Christina like a sister-in-law, so she naturally tried to please Christina.

“Miss Dickens, what about trying Henry’s superb cooking tonight?”

“No.” Henry was the first to refuse.

Shirley looked very embarrassed. It was obvious that Charles was very protective toward Miss Dickens. Naturally, Shirley needed to foster a good relationship with Christina. After all, Henry had already planned to develop here in the next year or two.

“I’m very sorry. I’m going to meet my girlfriend tonight. She’s a little angry with me.” Henry explained apologetically in his poor English.

In fact, Christina had been no stranger to delicious food. She was not interested in having a meal, and she planned to go to May tonight to apologize in person.

“It’s okay. We can try it next time.” Charles waved his hand to resolve the embarrassment.

After leaving Charles’s office building, Christina said she was going to meet a friend, but when she dialed the phone number of yesterday’s call, May didn’t answer.

Christina decided to go back to the Hopkins family.

At this moment, May was caught in a dilemma.

Her parents had thought that May was making great fortunes abroad, so they got used to spending money lavishly. They also liked to show off in front of relatives and friends. Now they even sold the house in C City and bought a bigger one in A city.

“How can I get so much money to afford your new house all of a sudden? Besides, the housing prices in A City are frighteningly high.”

As soon as May returned to the motherland, her family prepared such a big surprise for her.

“Don’t you have a foreign boyfriend? You’ve been dating for 7 years. Isn’t he very rich?”

“The house has been sold. At that time, the buyer paid the full amount in one go, while your mother and I wanted to buy a house in A City as soon as possible to dodge the rise in the housing price occurring in a few months. Since your brother and your future sister-in-law work in A City, it would be more convenient to live there...”

May lowered her head and said nothing more.

“I don’t expect you to come back all of a sudden.”

“You work well abroad. Why do you suddenly resign?”

May didn't explain anything, but asked in a low voice, “Where do you live now?”

“For the time being, your mother and I are staying at your grandmother's house, and your brother is living in the house of his future mother-in-law.”

She had never expected to return home and find that the house had been sold.

Suddenly, she was at a loss for where to go.

Not wanting to worry her family, May forced a smile. “I'll then stay at my friend's house for the time being. I'll contact you after I find a job in a few days.”

Her parents were very reassured about their daughter. After all, their daughter had been very capable and good at taking care of herself since she was a child. They reminded her again before her departure.

“May, your brother is not young. Since he favors that house in A City, help him think of a way out. Your brother won't be able to afford the down payment alone. The monthly payment will also be very high later. You only have one brother. You must help him.”

May stood straight on the side of the road and watched her parents leave in a taxi. The smile on her face gradually disappeared and turned into a bitter look when the car drove out of her sight.

Where could she get so much money?

Most of the money she earned abroad over the years was sent home. Cindy once criticized May of being simple-minded and reminded her to think more about herself. But May paid no heed to it, since she was reassured about her family. However, now she was really in a difficult situation because she really didn't have the money.

May did not go to live in a friend's house. The only friend she kept in contact with in the country was Cindy. But the Sandfort family was too complicated and May did not want to cause her trouble, so May temporarily lived in a hotel for the first few days, and finally rented and stayed in a cheap and convenient small single room in the suburbs of A City.

It was already 7 days later.

When she settled down, she wanted to call her parents to tell the truth that she really couldn't help her brother buy the house now. The high rent in A City made her realize the cruel reality of life.

Unexpectedly, the voice on the other end of the phone was filled with joy. “May, you really have a good boyfriend.” “He's really generous. He has paid our down payment without hesitation.”

“You have to treat him well in the future. He is handsome and rich. When are you going to get married? You’d better hurry up and get a marriage licence with him as soon as possible!”

The parents on the other end of the phone were still chattering, leaving May completely astonished.

Without hanging up, she opened the door of the rented house. Taken by surprise, she was hugged tightly by Henry, who immediately rushed over.

May recognized the familiar warm embrace of Henry, who hugged her tightly for fear that she would run away. “Where have you been? I can’t find you even at your parents’ house.”

Henry’s accent made him sound like a spoiled child.

For inexplicable reason, May was touched by this hug, by the sentences uttered in an eccentric tone, two lines of tears gushing out of her eyes after so many days of tiredness.

## **Read Novel My Billionaire Husband Spoils Me Too Much Chapter 819**

My Billionaire Husband Spoils Me Too Much Chapter 819

“You look tired.”

Henry cupped May’s face and looked carefully at it before taking her hand and bringing her into the room. “Come on in and have a seat. Let me give you a massage.”

Being amused and moved at the same time, May let him drag her into the room and hold her down onto the small sofa. The old sofa had begun to peel off, but it was clean. Truly, the rented house was simply furnished, but the furniture, the floor, and the walls were all kept tidy by her.

“Why do you have the key to my house?”

May had always missed Henry since she had come back home, but she still threw away the SIM card she had used in France to cut off all means of retreat. There was a moment when she really wanted to end everything relating to France, come back and start over. She was trying hard to forget Henry.

Henry heard her, with a satisfied expression on his face, saying, “Actually, I knew you were looking for a house three days ago.” “So I rented this place first before I rented it

out to you at a lower price. Aren't I smart?" Henry beamed a smile at her, just like a child waiting to be praised.

Hearing that, May looked back in surprise, but Henry pinned her to the sofa. "Sit still and don't move. You've been bustling about these days and must be exhausted."

Henry massaged her shoulder and head expertly. He also used the massage techniques he had learned himself.

The massage gradually relaxed the tense muscles on her shoulders and reduced her fatigue. Henry was patient with everything he did. Just like when he was cooking, he followed the steps meticulously.

"How much is the original rent?"

May was touched that Henry rented the house first before renting it out to her at a lower price. She knew his kindness for her, but she had always been financially independent.

"And why did you pay the down payment for my parents?" It distressed May to think of her parents and brother. "Their down payment should be at least two hundred thousand dollars." "Over four hundred thousand dollars."

Henry told her straight as he massaged her neck carefully without stopping. Then he added slowly, "You don't have to worry about these things. Let me handle them."

"You're my girlfriend, and I have an obligation to take care of your family." Henry considered helping her as a matter of course.

However, May only felt a twinge of bitterness. "You're under no obligation to take care of them."

May was always financially independent. In fact, she had hardly spent Henry's money during all these years they had been together. He had given her gifts on holidays, but that was all.

"Even if we get married someday, you have no obligation to spend so much money for my family."

May wanted to change his mind, but the moment she said "get married", she stopped at once.

Henry knew what she was thinking. Last time, they had quarreled over marriage.

"I didn't know you had such a big trouble with your job last time. I'm sorry."

Henry came round her and squatted down in front of her, staring up at her eyes affectionately.

Suddenly, a scene flashed through May's mind. It would have been great if he was squatting down in front of her and proposing to her with a ring at this moment, but unfortunately, that wasn't the case.

She heaved a sigh in her mind.

"Are you still angry with me?" "May, don't be angry with me, okay?"

Dressed in a fine suit like a gentleman, Henry, the tall and big man with a handsome face, was staring lovingly at her, giving her the puppy eyes as before.

There was nothing she could do about it every time he made the sad puppy eyes.

"I'm not angry," May told him helplessly.

"That's great!"

"I was afraid that you didn't want me anymore."

Hearing that, Henry jumped up immediately like a child and then gave her a big hug in ecstasy.

May found it difficult to breathe in his arms, but holding each other tight could make her feel his strong heartbeat and excitement.

Henry was relieved to hear that he was forgiven.

"I'm so tired."

"I've been looking for you for so long. Three days ago, I heard the news about you, but I didn't dare to see you at once. I was afraid that you were still angry with me."

Henry took off his suit jacket as he spoke.

May thought he was going to do something crazy and stopped him at once. "No, don't..."

Henry took off his black suit jacket and threw his white shirt on the sofa, looking back at her with a wicked smile. "What are you thinking?"

May blushed instantly under his gaze.

"You're not in France now. You can't do whatever you want like before..." Back then, Henry always took her in his arms suddenly and kissed her in the street.

It was a normal thing to do between lovers in France, and the passers-by thought nothing of it, but if they did in back home, people would stop and watch, especially when Henry had such an attractive appearance.

“Actually, I just want to take a hot shower.”

Henry stared at her with a bright smile.

“But now I think it’s better for us to shower together.”

Henry scooped May up with his big hands and went straight into the small bathroom before May could react.

“The bathroom is very small. Let me go…”

“No way. When we were in college, we used to live in a house smaller than this.”

Sometimes, Henry would play a trick. He turned on the showerhead and thus May got drenched. Now she had no choice but to shower with him.

With water all over her face, May looked up at the smug Henry and got amused instantly.

She punched him in the chest.

Henry felt no pain. Instead, it tickled him and he burst into laughter. The next moment, he stripped the woman in front of him naked.

They had been together for seven years, and he was much more familiar with her body than his own.

The two of them had fun in the bathroom. After they came out, Henry blew dry her hair and stared at her, looking unsatisfied.

“No, I need to go to bed…” She was blushing furiously.

“But I haven’t seen you for days. You were angry at me, while I was worried all the time.”

Henry used his baby voice skillfully again. He buried his head in May’s shoulder, which tickled her and made her laugh again.

The two of them horsed around in bed.

“If you’d like to stay, let’s start our new life here. I’ve already got a job.”

“I’ll stay by your side from now on. I promise you I’ll settle down.”

He promised in a whisper, while May was deeply moved.

May put it all behind for the moment that he wouldn’t make a commitment to marriage.

“You have to promise me that you won’t turn off your phone suddenly. I need you to be available to me all the time.”

Henry insisted. Even though he was exhausted, he badgered her into promising him.

May didn't wake up until noon because she had a restless night and that she had hustled about to look for a house recently.

She reached out to touch the other side of the bed in a daze, only to find it was cold.

May woke up all of a sudden. She looked around the shabby room and found that Henry was nowhere to be seen. But there was a note he left on the nightstand, on which was his neat handwriting.

"I'm sorry I can't stay overnight because I have something urgent to deal with. I have to go back to France and stay for three days to go through the handover procedure."

As her mind cleared, May sat up and wrapped the night robe tightly around herself. Then she looked down at the note Henry left again.

He lied again.

He stood her up again.

But he had no choice because he was too busy.

In the end, May blamed herself for not being considerate enough.

A bitter smile spread across her face.

When she was in France, May had run into difficulty with her work, so she asked Henry to marry her on the phone on impulse. In a fit of anger, she even thought of breaking up with him and marrying some random guy back home. She didn't want to marry for money. All she wanted was a stable life.

However, how could she leave him? "Alas!" May breathed a sigh.

They had been dating for seven years. Truly, Henry was always the one showing weakness and pleasing her, but May felt that she was the one who got wrapped around his little finger. "He is such a hard case. I wouldn't have helped him if I knew better."

## **Read Novel My Billionaire Husband Spoils Me Too Much Chapter 820**

My Billionaire Husband Spoils Me Too Much Chapter 820

It was a coincidence that May met Henry. Henry was an orphan from France. Originally, he was adopted by a rich family, but the couple was psychopathic, They liked to scare Henry, and saw him scream in fear.

After Henry went to college, he didn't like to return to that home. Like a vagrant, he wandered around all day.

May went to France to study. Henry was her classmate. At first, she didn't pay special attention to him. At that time, she worked part-time while studying. She could only rent a small room, leading a poor and busy life.

It was a rainy night, and it rained heavily.

When May returned to her small rented room from work, she was drenched. The cold rain made her tremble. And then, she was shocked to find a man squatting at the door of her rented room. In the dim light, afraid that he was a bad person, she didn't dare to approach. She even hesitated whether to call the police.

"Don't call the police. I'm just sheltering from the rain." He looked down at the ground as if he felt her tense.

He seemed to want to avoid any trouble, so he moved to allow her to open the door.

When May was still worried, he asked for food.

"May, I'm hungry. Could you give me some food?"

She was surprised, "You know me?"

When Henry raised his head, she realized that he was her classmate.

"I'm really hungry. I haven't eaten for days." He raised his head, smiled shyly, and looked at her eagerly with blue eyes.

He was dressed in a mess, but his eyes were bright, and his smile was shy and innocent.

May softened immediately. She let him into the house, served him hot coffee, and gave him dry bread to eat. However, Henry despised her food, cooked in the kitchen himself, and even made a fried egg for her.

Henry's cooking was indeed much better than hers.

They sat face-to-face round a small wooden table, eating the most ordinary fried eggs. Henry's clothes were unkempt, but he always wore a bright smile, as if he was carefree. His smile was quite impressive.

After that, Henry became part of her life.

"The poor and slovenly youth has become a superstar."



May looked at a promotion for a new program in the mobile news. It turned out that Henry had decided to work in China and had signed with a famous media company in A City.

She hoped that their long-term relationship could have a perfect ending and they could get married and have a baby. In that way, Henry didn't have to fly around all day for work.

For their future, May thought that she should find a job. After all, women in the 21st century couldn't only rely on men and should be financially independent.

Previously, she had worked in a local French restaurant for many years, and she was relatively experienced in management. She wanted to find a job among some famous restaurants near A City, but they only wanted her to serve the dishes.

"You don't have connections, and you're not a fresh graduate. It's hard to find a job in these big companies."

Cindy called to ask about her work. May was anxious and was rejected by all the companies. Some of them even didn't give her a chance to interview.

"...I get a deep understanding that it's not easy to find a job even for people who have studied abroad."

"Returnees are less worth at home now."

Cindy thought for a moment and said, "I can recommend you to be the room manager of a hotel. I have some connections with one hotel. The hotel and restaurant services seem to be similar..."

"The hotel's room manager is completely different from my previous job as a restaurant manager."

May sighed, "Cindy, you never work in your life. I envy you."

When Cindy graduated from college, she married Chad. She didn't need to work and enjoyed a rich life.

"Fuck you. You said I never worked in my life. You mocked me."

She was still as straightforward as before.

"However, the job as the room manager seems to be difficult, especially when it comes to serving the rich. Once, I saw a middle-aged man's wife rushing over angrily. Saying

nothing, she slapped the room manager and called her a whore, because her husband had a few words with the room manager. ”

After thinking for a while, she said, “May, why don’t you change your profession? You’ve been in France for so long. You can be a translator. Then you don’t have to serve the dishes.”

“Working in the service industry is the most troublesome, especially serving the rich. You can’t fight back when you’re taken advantage of and scolded.”

Hearing this, May was at a loss, “What can I do if I change my profession?”

“I can ask Chad to introduce you to a clerical job.”

Cindy, as Mrs. Wellens, only knew how to spend money and didn’t know what kind of job was easy and well-paid, but her husband was doing well in every workplace.

Hearing this, May immediately refused, “No, don’t bother him.” “Okay. We can think of another way.” Cindy replied.

In another early morning, May got up and tensely checked the emails on the computer. She had submitted more than ten resumes, but there was no reply after several days.

“It’s so hard for people who have no connections. I’ll really serve the dishes?” She sat on the small sofa and sighed.

In the past, she was too busy to feel sad when studying in France alone. However, when she suddenly returned home, she lived a far quiet life and felt empty and lonely. She wanted to settle on someplace.

“The rest of the money is only enough to pay the rent for three months.” She checked the balance on the card.

At this moment, she heard someone was gently turning the key in the door lock, and she felt surprised. She knew it was Henry because he always opened the door gently.

“Surprise!” “Honey, I’m back!”

Henry opened the door and deliberately jumped into the room like Santa Claus, making a funny face and holding a big pink gift in his hands.