

My Billionaire Husband Spoils Me Too Much Chapter 541

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Chapter 541

Crystal dragged her tired body back to the shared apartment. She was starved. It was her first day at work today. Since she was poor in French, this job was difficult for her. However, in order to make a living, she had to adapt to it. In fact, with her diploma and her previous work experience at the IP&G Group, she could easily find a well-paid job in a big company at home.

Crystal smiled bitterly. She was nearly 30 years old and chose to leave her hometown to find a new way of life. It was really not a wise choice.

"... Hold on. Hold on." After walking through many alleys, her feet were sore.

Crystal took a deep breath and muttered to cheer herself up.

The shared apartment was remote and it was located in the old city of Paris. She heard that this city used to be the most prosperous area in the Napoleonic period, but it was a hundred years ago. The emerging city was prosperous, but this area did not keep up with the pace of the times and was gradually forgotten.

Time can make people forget everything, including happiness and pain.

Crystal suddenly thought of something and she was a little sad. She lowered her eyes and continued to go up the stairs silently.

The shared apartment was on the top floor, with four people sharing 120 square meters and three rooms. She and Camille were in the main bedroom. Emma mocked herself for being too fat and had to occupy one room by herself, while Andrea had to have some private space for herself because she often brought men back.

Although it was late autumn, the top floor was still sultry after sunset, and it even was a little hot to touch the wall. In order to ventilate, they had to open the window. But if they opened the window, the mosquitoes, flies, rats, and ants in the dark alley could take the opportunity to get into their house. Besides, they also heard that there was an extremely bad smell in the dark alley in summer.

However, the rent here was cheap.

Crystal was used to living a hard life since she was a child, and she had never complained about the environment.

She was at a loss and walked with heavy steps. When she stepped on the old wooden stairs, the stairs creaked.

"Miss Zhu, a man came to find you today."

When the landlady heard the familiar sound of the stairs, she immediately poked her head out of the

window on the first floor and shouted at Crystal,

The landlady was 83 years old. She lived alone, and she had no husband or children. She owned this live-story old building and rented it out in separate rooms. Her income was very good, and she did not have much contact with the tenants, but the old lady liked Crystal, a modest little girl.

People around here felt that Crystal was very young, and she was very hardworking and helpful. They had seen many women who were flamboyant on the streets of Paris, but they thought that a modest and low-key woman like Crystal was more charming.

Crystal paused. "Who is it?" She only thought that the man had something to tell her.

"The man only spoke English and he just said he wanted to find a woman surnamed Zhu who rented a house on the top floor. So I guessed that he was here

to find you." The landlady said.

"Did he tell you his purpose?" Crystal was a little worried that it had something to do with her work.

Some time ago, Crystal joked with Emma and the others that she wanted to open a restaurant with them. Camille also said excitedly that they would make a fortune and move out of here together, and then live in a high-end house. Of course, that was just their dream. It was not easy to open a restaurant in Paris. First of all, they didn't have enough start-up funds, otherwise, they wouldn't have rented together in such a shabby place. But they still had dreams, so Emma suggested that they could work in a restaurant first so that they could earn money and learn some experience in opening restaurants.

restauran

The job Crystal got today was to work in the kitchen of a restaurant.

The landlady looked at Crystal with a strange look. "... The man is tall and thin. He wears glasses and looks gentle. He looks like a rich man."

In an instant, Crystal froze, and a familiar handsome face appeared in her mind. The landlady was experienced and knew that the man must have a deep relationship with Crystal.

After thinking for a while, the landlady added, "... The man looked very anxious." Crystal did not ask any more questions. After thanking the landlady in a low voice, she quickly walked to the top floor of the shared apartment.

"Crystal, why are you back so late?" As soon as Emma saw Crystal coming back, she enthusiastically handed Crystal a big apple.

"It's the first day of work. I want to work late and familiarize myself with the environment as soon as possible."

"Is there trouble at work?"

Crystal smiled. "No, the job went well. Thank you for introducing me to this job. The boss is very humorous. I like this job very much."

"That's good." Emma patted Crystal's shoulder happily

Camille walked out with pizza in her mouth and mumbled, "Crystal's personality is very popular with the bosses."

Crystal was hardworking and honest. Of course, the boss liked such employees, unlike people here who never worked overtime.

Crystal stopped talking with them. She was a little tired today and wanted to take a bath.

But Andrea rushed out of her room and stopped Crystal. "Crystal, who is the man who came to find you today?"

"What?"

Emma and Camille immediately turned to look at them.

Andrea raised her thick eyebrows and smiled flirtatiously. "This afternoon, a gentleman came to find Crystal. I saw his back from the window. He was very thin and looked sick, but his dark blue Armani suit was the latest one. He is obviously a rich man."

"Tell us the truth!"

Emma and Camille immediately became excited and surrounded Crystal. They didn't allow Crystal to take a bath and asked her repeatedly. "Who is that man?"

Crystal smiled helplessly. She really didn't want to mention it.

Andrea said. "He definitely wants to date Crystal."

"Could it be Henry?"

Emma wondered. "That guy told me he was going to confess to Crystal and asked me to help."

"How could Henry afford an Armani, not to mention that Henry is French. And he is tall and hairy..."

"I know it," Camille shouted. "When I went to work today, two guests asked which chef made today's dishes and said they wanted to know the chef."

Camille now worked in the same restaurant as Crystal, Crystal worked in the kitchen, and Camille worked as a waiter.

It was stuffy on the top floor in the afternoon, and they were talking excitedly about who the man in Armani was.

"He didn't leave his name. I didn't see him, and I didn't know who he was." Crystal answered honestly. This was not a lie and she just didn't want to make wild guesses.

Besides, it might not be Chandler.

Chandler was at home, and Crystal had never told her address to her relatives and friends, including Christina. So the man should not be someone she had known before.

Moreover, Chandler had received the divorce agreement Crystal had sent over, and he had signed it. So Chandler couldn't have come all the way to look for her. That night, Crystal was preoccupied and ate a plate of tomato pasta. She lay back in bed and couldn't sleep.

The next morning, they found that Crystal was in a poor spirit and had dark circles under her eyes. And they asked her if she had encountered any difficulties in her life.

Crystal sighed, but she didn't want to mention it.

After thinking for a while, she felt that she was quite stupid. She couldn't sleep because of a guess. She had convinced herself to let go of the past, but it was not easy.

She could be upset, but she had to work as usual and went to work in a hurry.

Crystal stepped on the creaking staircase and hurried downstairs.

"... Crystal, I love you!"

Henry was standing at the entrance of their rented building with a guitar in his left hand and a large bouquet of red roses in his right hand. He confessed to her boldly, "Ever since I first met you, my heart doesn't belong to me anymore. God told me that you are the one I have to wait for. I fell in love with you at first sight and couldn't get over you. Please accept my love..."

Crystal was shocked.

Pedestrians and the neighbors of the building applauded enthusiastically.

This was French 'romance.

Bullshit romance!

At this moment, Chandler, who was standing at the corner of the old building, glared at the bouquet of roses, thinking that it was an eyesore. He had just divorced for less than a month, but there was actually a brat who confessed to his ex-wife in public.

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Crystal walked through the narrow alley and turned to the main road. After walking for about ten minutes, she turned left.

She turned round again and again.

She was a little confused and felt that someone was following her.

Perhaps it was just an illusion. It would be impossible that Paris was chaotic in the daytime. And she had to rush to the restaurant where she worked.

Crystal now worked as a help in the kitchen. She just came to the restaurant yesterday, so she could only do some odd jobs first. It was Emma who

recommended this job to her, so the old staff in the restaurant treated her well. They always advised her not to be too nervous and to adapt slowly.

"Crystal, why don't you use the new lipstick I gave you?"

The owner of the restaurant was a Dutch. Her restaurant was a century-old restaurant nearby, which was founded by her grandfather. Her father inherited it and now passed it to her.

She also said that her great-grandfather used to be a pirate and that this restaurant was stolen from others. Crystal didn't care whether it was true or not. She just thought that it was very interesting.

The restaurant was not big, and there were two chefs. One was Andrew and the other was his wife. The French seafood and cheese soup made by them was very famous around here, and many local customers always came to eat it.

Andrew and his wife often quarreled in the kitchen. They even spoke ill of each other with knives in their hands for matters like using what side dishes.

However, Crystal heard that Andrew and his wife loved each other very much.

Because Andrew's wife was infertile, their life was too boring. So they quarreled to pass the time. They also often competed with each other on cooking skills.

In addition, there was another old couple over 60 in the restaurant. They had been working here for more than 40 years. They were mainly responsible for the food purchase and inventory, the monthly bill and business statement of the restaurant, as well as the calculation and tax return of the employees' salaries.

The most mobile employees were waiters, most of whom were college students who worked part-time.

Their landlady, on the other hand, didn't care about anything. She just came to take a look every day when she was bored and she trusted the employees very much as if they were her family members.

Yesterday, she gave Crystal a bright red lipstick. "I work in the kitchen, so I don't need that lipstick now.

I'll try it some other day," Crystal replied shyly with a smile.

"God! Though you work in the kitchen, you must always be elegant and beautiful."

The landlady waved her fingernails, which had just been painted with bright red nail polish, and educated Crystal seriously, akimbo.

Crystal smiled without saying anything.

"The work in the kitchen is too tiring. I think Crystal should serve customers outside like me."

Camille also worked in this restaurant and had just changed her work clothes.

With only ten tables and two seats for each table, the restaurant was already full of guests. Because the landlady did not want to make progress and she had always stressed targeted services for every customer, she would never expand the restaurant, also in the hope of more rest for her employees.

But it went contrary to her wishes. Because there were only a few tables in their restaurant, the curious diners, especially some young people, were very patient even if they had to make an appointment ten days or half a month earlier. They had made the decision to have a meal here. In this way, the employees were very busy every day.

The expectations of the diners were very high, so the kitchen was under particularly huge pressure and the chefs should be extremely energetic.

"I think it's good to work in the kitchen. I can learn a lot," Crystal smiled gently.

Yesterday, Andrew praised the soup she cooked and said that if it was written on the menu, it would be very popular among the guests. Andrew's wife was actually best at baking cakes and desserts and Crystal wanted to learn how to make western cakes, so she could learn it when she worked in the kitchen.

"My restaurant will depend on you from now on."

The landlady laughed heartily and waved her hand. Then she left without even

taking a look at the bill.

The business of the restaurant was so good that it was usually filled with customers. The landlady didn't limit her employees much, so Camille, as a loyal employee, boldly applied for an online ordering service for the future of the restaurant.

"Oh my god! Camille, you know we're too busy. Why do you apply for the takeout services? Where's Camille? Cancel it quickly. How can I cancel it?"

The old employee at the checkout counter rushed into the kitchen and snapped a smartphone on the table. "Who knows how to cancel it? It's so annoying. Damn it! Camille has already left. You should help me contact the customers who ordered online. We don't want to make money. We want to get off work on time."

The employees in the restaurant didn't want to make much money.

Applying for the online ordering service was just causing trouble for themselves. Although Paris was an international metropolis, the online ordering service here was not very developed. The delivery time would usually exceed an hour, which would definitely affect the taste of the food and cause some misunderstandings and bad comments.

Seeing the old lady in charge of the restaurant's accounts getting mad at a smartphone, Crystal couldn't help but laugh. She walked over and said, "Let me see"

It turned out that Camille applied for an online ordering service for the restaurant this morning, and someone really ordered, but it was very far away from here. It was 20 kilometers away, and the delivery fee was even more expensive than the food.

"The customer has ordered online. We can't cancel the order or it will negatively affect our restaurant," Crystal said.

"What should we do?"

The lady couldn't understand how to use these new technologies. The old employees here were all very conservative and completely rejected these new things. How could they order food on the internet? They must sit down and eat in a comfortable environment.

"Damn Camille! I will scold her tomorrow. No, this debt must be paid with her next month's salary."

"I'll go to deliver the food."

Crystal volunteered to deliver the food. After all, Camille had helped her so much that she couldn't watch her be deducted wages.

"YOU?" The lady looked at Crystal as if she felt that Crystal was too delicate to do that, "You're not familiar with here. You're going to deliver food to a stranger 20 kilometers away, Aren't you afraid of any danger?"

"How could that be?"

Crystal felt that the people here should learn some new things. It was just delivering food, which was very common.

However, Crystal had a hard time delivering the food.

She tried very hard to find the customer's address with her non-fluent French and the GPS.

She knocked on the door. The door opened, and a very sloppy and filthy fat man came out. He looked at her, and his eyes focused on her chest for two seconds.

Crystal thought that this man was too rude.

At this moment, the fat man grabbed the food bag in her hand with his big, strong hands. Then he closed the door with a bang.

He had not paid it!

She sent it herself, and she hadn't calculated the delivery fee yet!

Crystal knocked hard on the door angrily and said, "You haven't paid yet!"

"Open the door immediately, or I'll call the police!"

The man opened the door and said fiercely, "What did you say?"

Another two men in dirty clothes came out and looked at her with malicious eyes, "Come in to play with US."

As they spoke, they looked around and saw that no one was passing by at this time. They immediately whispered to each other, and one of them grabbed Crystal's tiny wrist with his greasy palms and wanted to drag her into the house. Crystal was shocked. The moment she was dragged by the man, she regained her senses and screamed with fear.

A man suddenly rushed out from the left.

"Who are you? Mind your own business."

Chandler flared, "Let her go immediately!" He was clutching a black pistol in his right hand, and he really wanted to shoot the men in front of him.

The three men were frightened by the gun in Chandler's hand. They usually made unbridled attacks towards others on the internet, but when they met a powerful person in reality, they immediately became cowardly.

Crystal seemed to be frightened and had no reaction. Chandler dragged her to the street, shaking off her hand angrily and glaring at her fiercely.

Chandler couldn't control himself anymore.

He had followed her from the moment she got up in the morning and left the old and shabby building. He saw a yellow-haired idiot dramatically confess to her downstairs, and that she was working as a lowly waiter in that old restaurant just for a little money!

Now she was harassed by these sleazy men when she sent the takeout.

"You came to France and insisted on divorcing me just to spoil yourself?"

Chandler gritted his teeth and asked with an angry face.

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"What happened?"

It was 7 pm, time for their restaurant to close. Generally, business was the best at night for restaurants, but their landlady said that she could not let her employees work overtime, so the staff's work time was almost the same as the white collar workers in offices.

The front door of the restaurant had a closed sign on it. Only a few people were busy in the kitchen, and they were preparing to close the door and go back to rest as usual.

But just then, the new employee of their restaurant, Crystal from China, was back, and she was dragged back by an angry man.

"Your boss should ask your employees to deliver food 20 kilometers away just for 20 euros! Is she crazy?"

Chandler rushed in. After he pushed the door which had a sign of "Close" on it, he barged in. When he saw the bookkeeper who was busy inside, he became furious and cursed in fluent English.

The elder female bookkeeper was confused for a moment, wanting to ask what was going on.

"Sir..."

But Chandler was so angry that he lost his mind. He gritted his teeth and warned, "Your employee went out to deliver food, but she was almost dragged into a house by a few men... Your behavior violated the employment rules. Let your boss come out to see me immediately, or..."

The bookkeeper's eyes widened. And when she was about to say something, Crystal also became angry. Crystal fumed, "Chandler, you don't have the right or obligation to mind my business."

Of course, Chandler knew that she deride him for minding others' business. During the period of time, he had been extremely anxious, and now her anger was burning in his heart. "Right or obligation!? Leaving and coming abroad, are you a good wife! Do you know how I've been living these days?"

"I don't want to know about your business." Crystal forced herself to be ruthless, retorting loudly.

Chandler was shocked and didn't know what to say for a moment.

She had never been so cruel to him before.

They were speaking Chinese, and the rest of the staff in the restaurant came over when they heard the noise. They couldn't understand Chinese, but just now, this handsome Asian man threatened them in English that he was going to sue their restaurant.

"Crystal, what's going on?"

The employees of the restaurant glanced at angry Chandler. Although they did not know this Asian man, from his clothes, they felt that he looked like a rich man from the upper class. The staff quickly gathered around Crystal to ask what had happened.

"It's just a misunderstanding," Crystal said lightly.

"I just went out to deliver the food. The guest wanted to renege on his debt, so I had a dispute with this him. This gentleman passed by and saw it. He was just helping me out. I don't know him."

Crystal looked calm and she emphasized her last sentence, "I don't know him."

Chandler wasn't angry anymore. He became expressionless.

"Thank you."

"Sir, thank you for helping our friend. Crystal has just arrived in Paris. She isn't familiar with this place."

The staff in the restaurant did not doubt Crystal's explanation and immediately expressed their gratitude to Chandler. In their country, there would always be many such "righteous" people who liked to threaten others with litigation, especially the idle rich.

"As I said, this kind of online orde ring is unreliable."

"Yes, it's all Camille's fault. It's her bad idea."

The old employees of the restaurant quickly dispersed. After cleaning up, they were ready to close the door. "Crystal, we have to talk to our boss about this tomorrow."

"Maybe we can get off work an hour earlier." They laughed.

Chandler looked at Crystal smiling and talking to these people. They seemed to be very harmonious with each other. Crystal looked ordinary, but she could quickly integrate into a group.

She always made the people around her feel at ease and comfortable.

That evening, they parted without saying goodbye to each other, as if they were really strangers.

Returning to the hotel suite, Chandler took a quick shower. Having no appetite, he lay on the bed, staring blankly at the exquisitely decorated ceiling.

"What's Crystal doing now?" He thought.

He really couldn't figure out why she insisted on divorcing him.

He knew that she had been wronged in the Stephenson family and that she would definitely live a

better life after she divorced him. But in fact, she was now renting with three women of unknown origin and living in a dilapidated dangerous building, the alley of which was stinky. She even found a hard and thankless job as a dogsbody. She really would rather suffer alone here than go back to live with him?

"Did I give her too little money in the past?"

Chandler frowned, trying to think about the small details in the past.

"Because she had a miscarriage." This must be the main reason. He was also very heartbroken to hear this news, but since it already happened, he accepted it rationally and tried to find a way to deal with it properly. "We are young and healthy. We can have one later..."

"Is it because of Erica or Geoffrey?"

suddenly broke out in cold sweat. He pressed against his stomach tightly with his right hand. His stomach ached again.

"I can tell her that the two of us are moving out." His face was taut as he was overcoming the hurt. Then Chandler came up with a way to reconcile with her and he felt that the pain in his stomach had immediately been alleviated.

Crystal would be very happy and would definitely agree to that.

He wanted to tell her that after a while, he had figured it all out. Although he should be responsible for the Stephenson family, he really hoped that she would give him another chance. He would change his behavior because he really wanted her to be with him for the rest of his life.

He needed her more than he had imagined. Even though she was not very outstanding, she made him feel comfortable and relaxed when she kept him company.

Chandler really regretted when he recalled that a week ago, because of illness, depression, and the pressure from the Stephenson family, he impulsively signed the divorce agreement to give her freedom.

Chandler looked at the clock on the wall and then at the dark sky outside the window. He looked forward to it that the day would arrive early. He would then go to her place again and explain it to her.

At 5:00 in the morning, Chandler had breakfast because he didn't want to pass out in front of Crystal again. Then he put on a new casual striped light blue suit. When the sun rose, Chandler reached the building where Crystal lived.

Chandler wanted to meet Crystal on the first floor, but he was especially impatient today. After he looked impatiently at his swiss watches several times, he decided to go upstairs to find Crystal.

The old building was not strictly managed so anyone could enter and leave at any time. When Chandler stepped on the creaking wooden stairs, his brows furrowed even more.

11:34 AM

"She should live in such a place?!" The environment here was really terrible.

Chandler was a smart man. As he walked the stairs, he came up with a lot of ideas. For example, he could tell Crystal that his company gave him a month off, so he could take her to France and Europe for vacations. He could take her to visit famous attractions, stay at the best hotels, eat the best food, and buy her diamond jewelry...

All women like these things, so she may be happy about that.

However, in fact, these were just Chandler's wishful thinking.

He knocked on the door. A dark-skinned French woman, who was about 1.7 meters tall and weighed at least 220 pounds, opened the door. The person in the room called the woman Emma. "Hello, I'm looking for Crystal," Chandler said as politely as he could.

The woman looked at Chandler with burning eyes. Before Chandler could answer her question, two other tall and thin women in the room quickly walked to the door and stopped him. "Who are you?"

"Where are you from? What's your name?" One of the prettier women was especially enthusiastic. "Hello, my name is Andrea."

Chandler

"You're looking for Crystal?"

"Ah, I see. He must be the Armani who came last time!" Camille tugged at Emma besides her, saying excitedly
Andrea's eyes became more eager. She wore the bright smile, and her voice softened. "Sir, please come in and have a seat. What do you want to drink? Is Blue Mountain Coffee ok?"
"No, I'm looking for Crystal..."
Seeing that he didn't pay much attention to her, Andrea looked a little disappointed and asked him nervously, "What's your relationship?"
"We are just friends."
Crystal came out of the room, afraid that Chandler would say something like "Ex-husband and ex-wife," so she took the initiative, eager to get rid of him.
Crystal strode over and asked in Ch
He didn't expect that Crystal would show a disgusted expression and tone to him, so he didn't know how to answer her.
Compared to Chandler's silence, when Andrea heard the words "just friends," she immediately burst into a bright smile. She held Crystal's hand affectionately and asked her in a shy and excited voice.
"Crystal, can you ask him if he has a girlfriend... Introduce him to me! He is my type."
Not only Crystal but also Chandler outside the house could hear these words clearly.
He remained silent and raised his eyebrows to watch closely Crystal's expression. He thought she would be jealous.
"Mr. Stephenson might be single for the time being. He has a cute boy and a good family background, He comes from a scholarly family with his parents being university professors ..."
Crystal told Andrea everything about Chandler in a very calm tone. Andrea listened carefully. It seemed that she wanted to memorize his background.
"Enough!"
Her calmness broke all Chandler's fantasies. He glared fiercely at Chandler in front of him, who was both familiar and strange to him.
"Crystal, I don't need you to try so hard to find me a girlfriend... I've divorced twice because I was abandoned by you women!"

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Chandler experienced unprecedented frustration. "She said she wasn't interested in my business... And she even tried to match me up with other women."
He returned from France dejectedly and asked Charles and the others out. "Enough." Charles reached out to grab the glass from him and sighed. "If you drink any more, you'll be sent to the hospital again."
Chandler seemed to have been particularly careless about his own health. For a while, he exhausted himself with work in order to make himself feel better because he couldn't let go of his brother's death.
Chandler said sullenly. "Tell me. If she were in front of me now, would she remind me not to drink?"
"She used to nag at me every day," Chandler said to himself with a blank expression, reminiscing, "Now, even if she knew I was sent to the hospital for stomach bleeding because I had no appetite, she probably wouldn't care."

"... She just treats me like a stranger."

Chandler seemed a little tired. His face was sickly pale, which made him look haggard. At this moment, he was a little decadent. He supported himself with his elbows on the table, lowered his head, and scratched his hair irritably with his hands. It was fair to say that he actually "escaped" from France.

What a mess!

He had thought of many possibilities, but he had never thought that Crystal would be so cruel. She was usually very soft-hearted to anyone.

"Women, like the changeable weather, can change drastically. How cruel."

Charles patted him on the shoulder and replied, "... Being unreasonable is a feature of women."

Patrick was there too. He didn't talk much. Listening to their conversation, he raised his eyebrows and thought of his woman at once.

Christina didn't seem to be like that. She was usually stubborn, but she was especially soft-hearted at critical moments.

The thought of this made him delighted. He gave a faint smile.

"Crysta was nice to get along with actually. As long as you treat her well, she will remember it. She will keep thinking about how to repay you. So you should take the advantage of this weakness of hers."

Charles, who often gave poor advice, thought of this idea for his depressed brother at this moment.

"... I was invisible to her now."

"Hey, Chandler, you are a grown man in your thirties. Why don't you understand women's mentality? They just pretend not to care. They don't mean what they seem to act like. In fact, they struggle with insomnia in bed at night."

Hearing this, Chandler suddenly felt that he still had hope. He sat up straight and asked Charles seriously, "Really?"

Would Crystal lose sleep at night like him?

Did she still care about him?

Charles, who had many years of experience in dating women, came up with a trick.

"In short, Chandler, you need to keep treating her well. The better you treat her, the greater the psychological pressure you will impose on her. Soon, you will be the one who occupies her mind."

To put it simply, he should stick to her.

If a man wanted to be forgiven by a woman, he had three key rules to follow.

First was to be shameless; the second was to be shameless, and third was also to be shameless!

"If you care about her, you must let her know, and let everyone around her know. In this way, not only can you drive away your unwanted competitors, but also can satisfy her. We always want to be envied by others. Spoil her like a noble princess and make everyone envious."

Chandler listened carefully. For the first time, he really felt that what Charles said made sense.

Patrick, who had been silent all this time, had a weird expression. He frowned and thought, "If you care about someone, let them know. Let everyone know."

According to this logic, wouldn't his way to pursue Christina in the past way too stupid?

Charles reminded him at the right time, "Secret love is the most useless way for a man to show his love."

Patrick's face darkened completely.

Charles did not realize that there was a hint of innuendo in his words and continued to speak, having no idea what danger he was facing. "In my experience, it is not the worst case for a woman to quarrel with you. Men also need to learn to how to quarrel with women from time to time."

Chandler's eyes almost lit up.

"It's better to get to know each other by quarreling than a cold war, in which both sides were not willing to talk and communicate."

Chandler thought it made sense and nodded.

Patrick looked up at Charles, who was smiling brightly and proudly. Sure enough, Christina was right. Charles deserved a kick in the ass.

Patrick had only one thought about the quarrel between the husband and wife. It was very torturing.

When he quarreled with Christina, she could stay angry for a month and say that she was waiting for him to apologize.

He felt that they could understand each other better in bed.

Patrick listened to their lively conversation and did not express any opinions.

After all, Christina and Crystal were two different types. The mentality of his woman was different from other women's.

At that night, after Chandler learned the trick from Charles, he was immediately full of confidence in saving his relations with his ex-wife.

Crystal was not as difficult as Christina. He was confident that he could pursue her again.

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He discussed with Charles what gifts to buy for women, and the custom-made gifts could make him look more sincere. While he was busy with the business of the domestic companies, he was planning to get Crystal back as soon as possible. He was really tired of eating those takeout.

"Only a fool will buy diamonds, but women like them." Charles knew a lot of jewelers and help Chandler specially customize a set of refreshing, low-key and elegant diamond jewelry for Chandler.

"Different jewelry design for different women." That would show his sincerity. Charles smiled brightly and handed the victory jewelry to Chandler. "Don't be too persistent about the Stephenson family. You only live once. Live a good life with Crystal."

Chandler also smiled and did not say anything to express his gratitude.

The two of them were on the same page. They smiled at each other and waved goodbye. Chandler went to France again.

Chandler had already thought about it on the plane. He wanted to propose to Crystal formally. The necessary sense of ceremony was an important memory in one's life. He wanted her to be happy.

But things didn't seem to go as smoothly as he and Charles thought. As soon as he got off the plane, Chandler calculated the time. He went to the restaurant where Crystal worked to find her first.

On Monday, at 12:00 a.m., Crystal must be working in the kitchen of the restaurant.

"... If she really likes it, I can open a restaurant for her after she comes back."

Chandler thought, with an exquisite custom-made jewelry bag in his right hand.

Inside was a necklace, earrings, bracelet, and a ring he had specially prepared.

This restaurant was very small, with only ten tables, which were all occupied.

"Sir, if you want to eat in our restaurant, you can only book a table first..." The

staff of the restaurant greeted him according to the procedure, but the handsome Asian man looked a little familiar to him.

"I'm here to find someone." Chandler looked around subconsciously and asked politely, "Is Crystal there? I have something to talk to her about. Please call her out..."

"Crystal asked for leave today. She went on a date with Henry." Camille was straightforward and told him the truth. Soon she came to her senses and pointed excitedly at Chandler. "Ah, I see. You're the friend who came to our shared room to find Crystal that day."

Chandler's expression was inexplicable and he immediately corrected, "I'm not her friend. I'm Crystal's husband."

My Billionaire Husband Spoils Me Too Much Chapter 545

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Chapter 545

It was a fancy French restaurant.

The tablecloth was Champagne silk. On the table, two candles were romantically lit beside the two delicious French roes. The crystal chandelier above them sparkled, which made the smile on the faces of the man and woman sitting at the table even more charming and brilliant.

The environment here was quiet and elegant, with the melodious sounds of violins, which made the entire atmosphere warm and sweet.

However, Chandler, sitting at the table next to them, had a fire in his eyes. He put up a menu in front of the table to cover his face and secretly glared at the man and woman, who were enjoying the meal.

He gritted his teeth, saying, "What's the point in lighting candles in the daytime?" Chandler looked so jealous that he wished he could rush over to scold regardless of everything.

"Sir, is there anything wrong with our dishes?"

The restaurant manager walked around and found that the guests at this table had not eaten at all, so he immediately went over to ask.

Chandler continued to glare at the "Adulterous couple" at the table in front of him and didn't feel like talking to the restaurant manager. Without looking up, he said perfunctorily, "No, it's alright."

"Sir, did our roast lamb chop not meet your expectations?" the restaurant manager was very dutiful.

Chandler only felt annoyed and looked up impatiently, "Your lamb chop is fine."

"Is it because our sauce doesn't suit your taste? Sir, if there is any problem, please feel free to tell me. We will try our best to meet our customers' expectations." The restaurant manager in the suit had a good attitude.

"There is nothing to do with your dishes. I just don't feel like eating. Please leave me alone, thanks."

Chandler was so upset that he was not in the mood to eat lobster.

Hearing his tone, the restaurant manager knew that it was not appropriate for him to say anything more. He politely bowed and said, "Have a good meal. Just feel free to call us whenever you need any help." Then he left and continued to check other tables.

When Chandler saw the manager leave, he looked up and continued to watch with a gloomy face.

Then he was in a daze.

Where were they?

The table that Crystal had sat at was empty. Where did she go with the yellow-haired man, Henry?

He quickly stood up and looked around.

Seeing the familiar figure walking out of the restaurant glass door, Chandler hurriedly called the waiter to pay the bill. He didn't even bother to look at the price and threw a thousand euros directly onto the table. His gentle and handsome face looked a little anxious. He immediately ran after them and was afraid that he would lose sight of them.

"Sir, sir, you paid too much. You don't need to pay a thousand euros..." The

waitress who came over shouted anxiously at his back.

The lamb chop he ordered only cost 299 euros.

The service in this fancy restaurant was rather good. The waitress immediately ran over and stopped him. "Sir, here is your money..."

"Keep it as your tips!"

Chandler looked a little fierce and shouted at the pretty waitress in front of him. She seemed to be frightened. However, Chandler was not in the mood to care about the others and immediately strode out.

Where did Crystal go with that Henry?

He rushed out and looked at the people walking on the street, looking anxious. Chandler was not familiar with the roads in Paris. He turned to look around but found no sign of Crystal

The passers-by were fashionably dressed, laughing and talking happily. The couples held hands intimately, wrapped their arms around their partners' waists, and walked past him. He was on Avenue DES Champs-Elysees in Paris. It was a famous shopping area and tourist attraction and was full of tourists.

Chandler felt a little vexed.

You could run this time but would have to come back.

As he was about to go back to the old residential building and wait for her, the loud noises arose on his right. Chandler subconsciously turned to look over. Suddenly, his eyes lit up as Crystal was in the crowd.

He quickened his pace to approach her. Then, Chandler's face darkened as he found Henry leaning

against Crystal carelessly, and his right arm was even around her waist.

Chandler felt furious inside. It was like he saw a man trifled with his wife. He couldn't help but rush over and want to beat him up.

However, Crystal, who wore a fashionable light purple floral skirt, walked towards a hotel hurriedly in her exquisite black high heels.

Chandler followed behind and could not believe his eyes.

They went to the hotel.

A couple had just finished their meal in a classy restaurant. They smiled at each other and walked down the street with their arms around each other's waists. Then they went to the hotel.

In this romantic Paris, they went to a hotel and checked in.

"The two guests did book one room just now."

Chandler stepped into the hotel with a complicated expression and asked the receptionist with great patience. He had guessed that a conservative woman like Crystal would not accept a strange man so quickly. Even if she went to the hotel with him, they would stay in different rooms. However, the fact made his heart sink.

"What a romantic Paris." Chandler's face was ferocious, and he said with sarcasm.

A woman's heart was a deep ocean of secrets.

She had changed a lot. Because she was in Paris, she learned the concept of love from the local people. She kept dating someone new. In Chandler's opinion, the so-called "love was Paramount" or "love at first sight", was only taking liberties with women.

The yellow-haired man, Henry, looked very young, at most in his early 20's.

So Crystal was dating someone younger than her?

Nowadays, this kind of relationship was really popular in Europe. Young people had good physical strength and also had a lot of tricks. They could express love on the street, which greatly satisfied women's vanity

Chandler stood in the lobby of the hotel sullenly. His mind was filled with hideous thoughts. The thought of her being alone with a man in the hotel almost drove him crazy.

He knocked on the door of the hotel madly.

"Creak!" the door opened. Chandler had lost his mind in anger. He grabbed Henry's tie and punched him hard on his nose. Immediately, his nose was bruised and bleeding. Henry frowned and cried out in pain.

"What's wrong with you?"

When Crystal heard the noises, she immediately looked over. When she saw Chandler fighting with Henry, she quickly stepped forward and kept Henry behind her. She was so angry and snapped, "Chandler, what's wrong with you?" was so

"Chandler, do you think you are rich, so you can beat others up at will? This is Paris. We will call the police!"

Chandler was furious to see that she was still protective of this "Adulterer."

"Well, I don't mind you putting me in jail. So, go away. I won't let him off today no matter what."

Chandler was so furious that he punched Henry's belly again.

In the end, they really went to the Paris police station.

Because the hotel staff could not mediate, Chandler seemed to have lost his mind, and his eyes were only filled with anger. He kept throwing punches at Henry. Naturally, Henry would fight back, so they ended up grabbing with each other. Their clothes were messy, and their faces were bruised. Crystal shouted anxiously at them. The hotel staff had no choice but to call the police.

Chandler regretted it.

He admitted that he had been too impulsive just now. However, at that moment, he couldn't control himself anymore. Even if he made big trouble, he would beat Henry up because he dared to go to a hotel with Crystal. He really couldn't stand it.

He would never let this happen, especially as he watched them.

"We're not as filthy as you think."

Crystal's expression was indifferent, and she looked at him as if he was a stranger." We passed by the street. My skirt got stained, and it smelled sour.

Then, we went to the hotel and took a shower! Henry is just being considerate and helping me. For a person like you, as long as there is a little doubt, you will think of something dirty. Did I say anything about you and Erica in the past?"

Crystal's angry tone involved disappointment and coldness.

"Mr Stephenson, I have no relations with you anymore. Don't make everything your business." She gradually calmed down and looked at him coldly.

Chandler was speechless because of her words.

He wanted to argue and explain.

He was just too impulsive and nervous, and he didn't really doubt her personality. He couldn't accept her having an intimate relationship with another man.

"... I'm sorry."

Chandler lowered his head and tightly held the gift bag he had brought from home. Inside, there was the necklace he had custom-made for her and the proposal ring.

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Chapter 546

It was already 11 pm when Crystal came out of the police station and returned to

the shared apartment.

She was exhausted.

At this time of the day, all her roommates were dreaming on their beds.

But the lights were still on.

She trudged to the door and took out the key stiffly to open it. She stopped in midair because the door was eagerly opened by Andrea from inside.

"Was that man your husband?" She raised her voice and suddenly asked.

Andrea looked sullen, as if she would not sleep at night until she got the answer. Crystal's mind was in a mess. Having been suddenly scolded, she was stunned for a moment and became even more stupefied.

Andrea was somehow angrier after seeing that she did not answer immediately, "Why are you playing with me like this? You easterners were so good at hiding, it turned out that you are the most hypocritical!"

Camille was also in the room. She sat in the living room chair and roamed over Crystal awkwardly.

After a moment of hesitation, she couldn't help but say, "The Armani man came to our restaurant today and said he wanted to see you. He said he was your husband."

"Crystal, why did you lie to us that you and he are just ordinary friends?"

For Camille, who had always been straightforward, what Crystal did was incomprehensible. Since the man was her husband, how could she lie to her friends that he was just an ordinary friend?

What's more, Andrea fancied the man so much that she had been talking about him for the past few days and even wanted to learn to cook Asian food.

"We are divorced."

Facing their threatening questions, she replied in a low voice without any emotion.

"Are you divorced?" Andrea surveyed her with a raised eyebrow.

"He is so handsome and rich. Why were you willing to divorce him?"

In Andrea's opinion, Crystal was not good enough to match the elegant man who was obviously from the upper class.

Camille muttered, "Even if you got divorced, he's still your ex-husband. Why did you lie to us?"

It was hard for Camille to accept the fact that her friend lied to her.

"Why did your ex-husband come to you over and over again?"

"Was it because of the distribution of your property?"

Andrea kept probing into it.

"I don't think that man was her ex-husband at all," Camille talked to herself.

"Divorced couples are very cold when it comes to property distribution."

Crystal stopped speaking, but Andrea and Camille didn't quit their pressing and muttering.

It was late at night, and the incandescent lights in the shared room were bright and dazzling.

Crystal looked around bewilderingly. The foreign shared apartment, simple furnishings, old and yellowed walls, and the unhappy roommates in front of her. All of a sudden, Crystal felt like she was dreaming.

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Why did she give up the connections, friends and all the resources at home, and came to this unfamiliar city unexpectedly? When she woke up from her dream, she would feel frightened, confused and fearful.

She used to comfort herself that going abroad was giving her a new life. As long as she got through it, life would be better.

She thought that this shabby apartment would be her support and warm harbor, but at this moment, she had a feeling that she had nowhere to rest. The world

was so big, but there was no harbor for her.

Andrea seemed furious and slammed her door hard.

Camille glanced disappointedly at Crystal at the door, and turned around to go back her bedroom.

The living room's headlights were turned off, leaving only a yellowed old light bulb, making everything in front of her look even more hazy and dreamy.

Crystal stood at the door for a long time until her feet were killing her. Then she recovered and stepped into the room, closing the door very gently.

She had been living with caution all the time, probably because she had been living under her stepfather and stepbrother since she was a child. Where she grew up was not her home. Just like now, this shared apartment was not her home, so she had to be very gentle and careful, for fear of disturbing

"Baby, I couldn't protect you..." She couldn't stop crying.

She buried her head in her knees and cried with her body trembling.

Emma worked the night shift at the bar and came back at 4 a. m. She gently opened the door and was surprised to see Crystal hugging herself and curling up on the sofa. She was crying.

"Are you sad because of the man?"

Emma was very considerate and spoke in a low voice, sitting quietly beside her.

"Did you go abroad suddenly to avoid him?"

Crystal was still keeping her head down. She tried to hide her choked voice, not wanting Emma to see her crying so miserably.

Emma did not force her to speak. Instead, she poured herself a glass of cold water, took a big sip, and recounted her story. "Actually, the reason why I left my hometown and came to Paris is not that I fell in love with a Parisian man."

"When I was in my hometown, I had a ten-year boyfriend. We knew each other since we were kids, and we've planned a lot for our future, including so many beautiful things, but,"

Emma slowed down her voice, with a rare sadness in her eyes. "When I happily told him that I was pregnant and we were going to be parents, he asked me to have an abortion..."

Hearing such a similar experience, Crystal was shocked for a moment. Then she raised her head and watched Emma with her red and swollen eyes.

Emma glanced at her and saw her crying eyes. She chuckled and said in a low voice, "At that time, I was like you now, sitting on the bed and crying alone every night."

"Actually, I really regret it now."

"I'm sorry for my child."

"How could I..." Emma forced a smile on her face, for she wanted to face the memories calmly with a smile. "My boyfriend said that we didn't have enough money to give the child a good life at that time. We couldn't afford it, so I agreed to have an abortion."

"If I had followed my heart, my child would be as tall as here now."

Emma reached out and showed her with her hand around her waist.

"Men couldn't understand this pain. He felt that my depression after the abortion was unreasonable. In the end, I broke up with him and came to Paris."

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Chapter 547

Chandler received a call from Crystal. He thought he was hearing imaginary

voices.

Her voice was calm. "Come to the outdoor café at 10:00 tomorrow morning, if you can find the time. There are some things I want to sort out."

After she hung up, Chandler stood in front of the glass window, staring at the scenery downstairs, holding his phone. He didn't come back to his senses.

He had just got a new pair of silver-rimmed glasses, and his right cheek was bruised. Yesterday afternoon, because he misunderstood her going to the hotel with Henry, he fought with Henry in a fit of anger.

Crystal was furious. He clearly remembered the anger and disappointment in her eyes when she looked at him.

Chandler knew that he had been a jerk and shouldn't have suspected her of improper behavior with another man and that he had been too impulsive. He wanted to apologize to her. She used to be especially soft-hearted and he was used to being forgiven by her. Now, she would not tolerate him. No matter how many apologies he made, she wouldn't forgive him.

He was staying at a six-star hotel in downtown Paris. After coming out of the police station because of fighting, he was downhearted. Although he often ran around the world with Charles and the others when he was young, he had never fought with anyone before. The severe pain of his injuries annoyed him even more. To him, there were only nightmares in Paris.

He had booked a plane ticket and even thought that he might return home. Everyone had the right to make their own choices. He didn't want to force Crystal to go back with him, thus making her suffer again.

He had never been a qualified husband, nor a good father, not even a good son. He had found it a long time ago that he had been born to serve the Stephenson family. The so-called happiness was too much to hope for. He did not want to think about it. He had been used to his current life now.

"She is willing to see me?!"

Chandler was startled.

She had spoken to him in such a cold tone in the police station last night that he thought she would never contact him again.

"Does this mean she has forgiven me?"

A trace of shock flashed across Chandler's eyes. In an instant, he got thrilled as if he had come back to life again. After being dejected for such a long time, he finally smiled.

He even called his secretary in the middle of the night and said in a brisk tone, "Telen, my wife asked me to stay in Paris for a few more days. Refund my ticket. I'll contact you when I decide to return."

Then he looked out the window again and found the scenery of Paris quite pleasant, feeling cheerful.

"She is willing to forgive me!" he thought happily.

Patrick had been angered by Christina many times and had offered to make peace with her. However, Crystal had been pampering him and tolerant of him, and even Patrick was jealous of him.

Chandler was proud of his marriage. As long as Crystal was willing to go back with him, he swore that he would change and make her happy.

The sky outside the window began to turn gray from dark and gradually became bright.

The morning sun shone on the city. The air was fresh and the streets were crowded with people and vehicles. The city seemed to come back to life.

Ever since Chandler answered Crystal's phone call, he was so excited that he couldn't fall asleep. He sat up many times in bed and went to the bathroom to look at the mirror more than once nervously at his face and clothes.

When he arrived at the open-air cafe an hour earlier, he looked around anxiously and looked down at his phone from time to time, "She will be here," he muttered

to himself.

However, Crystal used to arrive earlier for their date. She was used to waiting for others, afraid that being late would cause trouble.

However, time passed. They had agreed to be here at 10:00 in the morning, and now it was 9:50. Why wasn't she here?

Chandler wanted to call her, but he hesitated.

He sighed. He knew he shouldn't ask for more now. If she changed her mind and didn't want to see him, he would understand.

However, could it be that she met some bad guys on the way here?

Chandler began to worry. Paris was not as safe as home. What if those who harbored evil intentions saw that she was a weak girl and tried to do something to her, just like the last time she went to deliver food?

Chandler frowned and stared at the wristwatch. Ilme drugged terribly.

At 9:59, Crystal's taxi pulled up. She got out of the car and walked straight to him.

When it was almost 10 o'clock, she sat down opposite him.

The moment she appeared, Chandler pushed those thoughts out of his mind and was even in a daze.

"... You, you're here." He didn't know what to say and was a little nervous.

Crystal looked calm and just nodded at him.

She looked more like she was meeting a client.

"Your arrival has caused a lot of trouble in my life."

She got straight to the point. There was no reproach in her tone.

"The child is gone. There's no need to continue our marriage where both of us were suffering. I hope you can leave me alone."

Chandler was dumbfounded. This sentence extinguished all his previous hopes.

She didn't ask him out to forgive him but to sever ties with him. Moreover, she had said that his arrival had disturbed her life.

In the past, Crystal would never say such things. Even if she was wronged and suffered a small loss, she had said that harmony was more important.

At present, she made him feel very strange.

"I can apologize to Henry in person." Chandler was a smart man. He had been doing business for a long time and soon knew what to say.

"I know you're sad about the child. So am I. I'll try my best to make it up to you..."

"What have you done for the child?!"

Crystal held back her emotions and asked him in a heavy tone.

Chandler was surprised again and looked at her.

Crystal then added slowly, without any harsh words, as if she was telling someone else's story, "When I first knew I was pregnant, you advised me to have an abortion because you were afraid that Geoffrey wouldn't be able to accept it. After I ran away for a protest, you allowed me to give birth to the baby outside. Tell me, why should I come back with you to live such a subservient life in your family?"

She had done it just because she loved him. However, now, she didn't.

Chandler's mind was in a mess. He knew he had wronged her, but she had never complained. When he heard her talk about the past so calmly, every word hit his heart, making him ashamed.

"Do you know how I miscarried?"

Crystal lowered her eyelids and tried to maintain a steady tone.

"I was touched when you came to the hospital to see me that day, even if you were just coming to buy me lunch. Halfway through the meal, you answered Erica's call. You left in a hurry without telling me anything."

"I know Erica, Geoffrey, and the Stephenson family are more important to you.

I've been used to being neglected since I was a child. I've always been

dispensable to you. That's why you feel relaxed to be with me. I was like a toy to you. When you think about it, you play with it. Who's to blame? I did it of my free

will.”

Chandler had never heard what she had been thinking before, and he said anxiously, “Crystal, I can explain...”

“I heard you talking to Erica on the phone. You mentioned pediatrics. I was worried that something had happened to Geoffrey, so I went downstairs to find you...” Crystal didn’t give him a chance to speak. She continued calmly and coldly.

“I was standing at the door of the ward when someone suddenly covered my mouth and nose from behind and dragged my hair. I cried out of fear and struggled desperately. How I wish you could turn around and see me...”

“You are only two meters away, in the ward. You’re hugging Erica.”

“You ignored me and my child like you had done countless times before. I was dragged to the stairway and pushed down the stairs.”

“Chandler, do you know how painful I was at that time?”

She felt the sharp pain, and her lower body was bleeding profusely. She had hated him for not looking back at her and hated herself even more for going downstairs to care about those people who had been hurting her. She didn’t want to put herself in this place anymore.

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Chapter 548

“Chandler, do you know how pained I was at that time?”

She did not blame or hold any resentment. She asked him calmly like an outsider. Chandler could not respond. His heart ached, and his whole body seemed to be numb. He had never thought that it would be such a reason. He did not even dare to look her in the eye.

For the two of them, there seemed to be no topics to talk about.

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Chandler originally had thought of a lot of things to ask for peace and forgiveness. But now all of them were stuck in his throat. Crystal was right. He shouldn’t disturb her new life in Paris, because he was not qualified.

Her words kept repeating in his mind, over and over again. Guilt, shame, anger, hatred, all of these intertwined in his heart.

“It’s only two meters away. You’re in the ward, hugging Erica.”

“I was outside the ward. I was so scared that tears flowed out of my eyes. I struggled desperately to resist and wanted to call for help. How I wished you could turn around and see me...”

“Suddenly, I was covered by someone. He grabbed my hair, dragged me to the hospital stairs, and pushed me down.”

After a long time, Crystal pushed the chair away and stood up.

It was all over. She was a stranger to him and would never meet him again. She didn’t want to be hurt again. She didn’t want to be the cowardly and submissive as she used to be. She would definitely begin a new life in Paris.

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“Who is it?”

Just as she stood up silently and wanted to leave, Chandler squeezed out two words with hoarse and heavy.

Crystal stood up straight without looking back or stopping for him.

As if she could not hear his question, she continued to turn around and calmly looked at the beautiful street view of Paris, looking for a taxi.

She just wanted to leave, away from this man.

"I won't pester you anymore."

Chandler also stood up anxiously and subconsciously dragged her. He suddenly realized that he was not qualified. So his hand stopped in the air.

His tone softened as if he were talking to an ordinary friend, pleading earnestly, "Crystal, tell me, who pushed you downstairs?"

"Tell me, who did this to our child?" Chandler resisted his emotional and hated feelings.

He knew that she would not forgive him, and he did not dare to get close to hurting her. He was a failed father. All these years, he pretended to be a father for his brother, tried his best to educate Geoffrey and let Geoffrey call him father, but his own child ended up like this...

Even if this marriage ended, he must know who killed his child.

In front of her, when Crystal, who was walking away towards the main street, heard his words, she stopped for a moment but still did not look back. Chandler chased after her but did not dare to urge her, nor did he dare to look at her face. "I don't know."

She only gave him this reply.

A taxi drove over. Crystal didn't seem to want to talk to him anymore. Her footsteps were a little light but firm. She opened the door and sat in.

"Why?"

"I also have the right to know, why don't you tell me... Who did this to our child!" Chandler saw her get into the car and leave. He was so anxious that he ran after her and patted the window.

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But the car was already moving forward, and the speed was getting faster and faster. Finally, he couldn't catch up with it, breathlessly watching the car gradually disappear.

Chandler didn't know that Crystal in the car was already sobbing. She didn't wipe the tears off her cheeks, letting them flow.

Today, she used all her strength to tell herself that she had come to a new place, she was no longer weak and she could face it.

However, at the mention of her dead baby, all her stubbornness collapsed.

Who killed her baby?

Who was that person? Who hated her so much?

During that time, she only indulged in the pain of losing her child. No matter what the process was, the result was the same. Her child was gone.

She really didn't have the strength or courage to stay there and look for an answer.

Tears fell one by one.

The morning in Paris happened to be the afternoon in A City, and it was almost evening.

"Why are you back so early today?"

Christina, who was playing with the baby in the baby's room, did not look up. She was busy and seemed to dislike Patrick coming home so early this morning.

"What are you doing?"

Patrick's tone was much gentler than usual. He liked to stand by quietly and look at his wife and children together. Christina would always tell them many interesting stories or play with them.

Christina was really playing with her sons, fiddling with their little clothes.

She bought them two sets of sheep clothes. Two one-year-old babies lined up in front of her, blinking their big bright eyes and staggering their small fair bodies.

They were cooperative with their mother who was changing clothes for them.

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"Hey, why does this sheep seem to have crooked ears?"

Christina looked at the sons who had become similar to two little lambs. They

were white and fluffy, only showing their little fair faces. They were very cute with the big eyes were clear and bright, little pink lips curved into a smile. Patrick looked at it and unconsciously smiled.

"Nanny Faang, the quality of the dress is not good." Christina turned around and shouted dissatisfiedly.

"Junior Mrs. Hopkins, this is what little sheep's ears look like. The dress was designed according to the size before. Little young master has been eating more and growing faster than expected during this period of time. So the clothes are half a size smaller, and the sheep's ears look a little off."

It meant that her son had eaten too much and suddenly became too fat, surpassing the designers estimated size.

Nanny Faang explained to her patiently. These chats were of no value. But they were important in the Hopkins family.

"Big Chubby, Little Chubby."

Christina picked up a "sheep" and gave them other nicknames with a smile.

The young master's nickname in their Hopkins family was so varied for Christina called them whatever she thought. Of course, the baby had no right to resist. As long as they heard Christina's voice, no matter what it was, they would raise their innocent little face with bright eyes, and smile shyly.

Patrick had no objections to his wife's unkind behaviour. His grandfather insisted on giving the children a proper name. He would delay it to the time they were in primary school. In these several few years, Christina could call them whatever she liked.

"Babies, come here, come here to eat grass."

Christina asked the maid to bring her broccoli. She deliberately walked to the door, shook the green broccoli and coaxed the two "sheep" in the room to climb over.

Small was forced by his mother to wear this one-piece sheep suit, which made him uncomfortable because he was fat.

His little butt twitched, and the sheep's short tail also twitched. He looked at his mommy and wanted to climb over. But he was reserved. After two steps, he flattened his mouth.

"Ah...ah...ah" Small couldn't climb up. His sapphire blue eyes were watery, which made him look very aggrieved.

"Big, come on, come on..."

Seeing that her eldest son was very determined and crawled towards her step by step, Christina was very glad.

Big seemed to be able to understand his mother's words for him. He was very excited and happy. His two small hands worked hard to move forward, and his two small feet kicked hard. The more he climbed, the more energetic he became. Poor Small, who was holding tears in his eyes, looked his brother's sheep butt past him. Christina picked up Big and praised him.

Small stopped trying. He lay on the clean and solid wood floor, refusing to move and bursting into tears.

Christina was holding her eldest son and kicked Patrick. "Go and hug Small."

Patrick raised his eyebrows. He recently found that Christina seemed to like Big more.

Sure she was. For Big had learned to call her mommy, Christina was so excited every time she heard it. But Small would only stare at her blankly and knew to meow so far.

When Chandler stood at the entrance of the Hopkins family nursery and saw the scene in front of him, he was complicated with envy, jealousy, and anger.

"...Excuse me, I have something important to ask you."

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Chapter 549

Chandler suddenly came to the Hopkins family and said that there was something important, Originally, Christina had planned to lean over to listen without taking care of her cute baby, but Patrick didn't want Christina to hear the conversation. Patrick always kept her from knowing too much. "The more you know, the more upset you will have." Nanny Faang explained to her in a low voice.

Christina didn't insist after thinking about it for a while.

Anyway, Christina would be confused even if she listened to them.

The last time, Christina had had lunch with a few socialites, and the women spoke with heavy irony that Christina knew too little and warned her to maintain her position. Christina didn't care about it. Knowing too much would only increase her annoyance. As a result, she just needed to live a happy life.

It was not until nearly 11 o'clock in the evening that Chandler left the Hopkins family.

The two men had been talking in the study without having dinner, while Christina fell asleep at 9:30. Recently, she lived a tranquil life, going to bed and getting up early.

The bedside lamp was on. Patrick walked inside very gently and took the shower first. Then, he came out in a navy blue bathrobe and sat by the bed.

The woman was having a sound sleep, stretching her hands and leaving no space for Patrick. She also kicked his pillow onto the blanket under the bed.

Watching the woman sleeping well for a while, Patrick pinched her nose.

"What are you doing!"

Christina was woken up and she grunted.

It wasn't the first time that Patrick had annoyed Christina when she fell asleep. Seeing the man, Christina turned over, hugged his thighs with both hands, and got closer. "You, don't bother me." She mumbled in a daze.

Patrick looked at his wife with amusement.

He smoothed her long black hair with his large hand. At first, he just wanted to tease Christina. "Stop. I'm having my period. Stop, don't do it..."

Christina misunderstood the man and even slapped him twice.

Looking at her fair and beautiful side face, the man became hungry for her with his body hot and heart

pounding. Asleep, Christina was really fascinating and lovely.

Thinking of it, the man had to take a cold shower.

However, the woman was immersed in the sound sleep.

"... What story did you tell our son today?" He didn't want to let her off.

"I want to sleep."

She pushed his chest, asking the man not to bother her.

With his hand into her pajamas, Patrick stroked her smooth skin and said. "I can't fall asleep now. It has been provided that you are obliged to tell me a story."

Patrick's hand tickled Christina who was not afraid of being beaten but tickled.

Losing her temper, she bit his thigh and said, "I've told you that I'm having a period."

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Patrick was used to her sharp teeth.

Once, when he went swimming with his friends, Charles asked in surprise if he was infected with a certain skin disease or bruised after noticing the red mark on

Patrick's thigh. Patrick was timid to tell them that it was his wife's routine work. Gazing at the back of her head on his lap, the man said softly, "Will you tell a story, or shall I do something else?"

Frowning, Christina lay motionless,
What a despicable and shameless man!

Patrick always gave her two choices, just like the way Christina coaxed her child, threatening and enticing.

Since the man was her biggest support, Christina had to be obedient, especially at night.

"... Come on, lie down."

"Patrick, you're great that you work so hard every day to support us."

"You have to support me and the baby," Christina said. Indeed, it was Patrick who provided them with such a happy life.

Christina got up, served Patrick well, even considerately covering him with a quilt. After a while, she added, "No, everyone in the Hopkins family depends on you.

You must work hard, or
we'll have no food."

Cooperative, the man lay flat. Served well, he turned over and said, "My shoulders are sore."

Christina glared at the back of his head. The man woke her up from her sound sleep. Now, the man put forward a large number of requests.

"If your husband is sick, how can he make enough money to support you?"

Knowing that she was reluctant, the man spoke slowly.

"Patrick, you really work too hard." Christina was aware that she'd better be obedient.

Therefore, she worked hard to massage his shoulder.

After thinking for a while, she asked, "Patrick, what do you think about me having a job to make some money?"

Patrick, who was lying on the bed, pretended not to hear.

Christina pushed the man again.

However, the man remained silent.

"Chandler talked with me about Crystal." After a short time, Patrick changed the subject. At first, the man hadn't intended to tell her, but he was unwilling that Christina would go out to work.

As expected, hearing about Crystal, she forgot to talk about her work. "What did Chandler say? How is Crystal now? What cooking school is she at in France?"

Christina massaged his shoulders hard.

Christina would never make progress in doing the housework or massage service.

"Crystal didn't initiatively do the abortion." Patrick was reluctant to say more.

Christina was in a daze. After coming to her senses, she got really excited. "So what? Did someone hurt her?" Lying flat, Patrick was like a fish on a brick, more pained because of the pinch.

"Not yet."

The man's response was always formulaic.

Irritated, she grabbed his nightgown, pushed him over, and stared at him. "Make it clear!"

Patrick was lying flat, while Christina was sitting. At this time, she looked down at him from above, a little imposing

Familiar with her character, Patrick was clear that she would never give up asking him tonight without getting his explanation.

"Crystal didn't sign up for cooking in France. Instead, she lives in the old district of Paris with three other women. Currently, she works as a cook in a traditional French restaurant."

"She rents with someone else? Who?" Christina was surprised. She had thought that Crystal was to learn to cook and had prepared everything well.

Crystal didn't seem to have any friends in France. Besides, it was a little dangerous to rent with strangers.

"Someone she met online."

"Are those people good-tempered?"

"I don't know."

"Hey, you know nothing at all!" Christina hit him on the head.

Patrick was calm. Perhaps it was because he had been used to being abused.

"Crystal is kind, if she shares a room with those selfish and powerful people, she will definitely be bullied."

Christina was so worried that she began to blame Chandler. "It was Chandler's fault. Didn't he give Crystal alimony after divorcing. Why did Crystal rent with others?"

Hearing it, Patrick frowned slightly.

His wife always worried about those outsiders, including Crystal and Derek.

The woman muttered to herself, "But I met some friends on the Internet as well. They're fine."

"... A netizen was named Octopus with Seven Legs. She said that she lived alone in a big city and she was so poor, so she ate one of her legs."

Inspired, Christina started to talk about a few netizens met online.

"... Another netizen had two smart dogs at home, a big golden retriever and a corgi. She asked the corgi to lie on the floor and pretend to be dead."

Patrick raised his eyebrows, wondering how Christina met these strange people online.

Christina continued introducing excitedly, "The big golden retriever squatted behind the corgi and had white sheets on the corgi's head, added with a card on his neck..."

"The card was written 'Sell Myself to Bury My Father'," then Christina burst into laughter.

Seeing Christina's happy look, Patrick moved up the corners of his mouth. No wonder she wanted to give birth to the twins, and it seemed that her son was regarded as a dog.

"... Who are they?" Patrick asked her seriously.

Like Patrick, Christina pretended not to hear him.

Checking the clock, Christina found it was 1 a.m. She really wanted to sleep.

"You must make it clear to me about Crystal tomorrow night."

Then, she lay on the bed as well. Before falling asleep, she told him to ask his men for help so that what had happened could be figured out tomorrow night.

After that, she fell asleep calmly, breathing evenly.

Patrick leaned over and gazed at her comfortable sleeping face. "Christina, you haven't told me a story yet." The man really wanted to wake her up.

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Chapter 550

"According to the monitoring of the hospital's elevators and corridors, Crystal did leave the ward after you received the call. Then she asked a nurse which floor the pediatrics department was on and went down to the fifth floor..."

Chandler and Charles were staring at the video with grim faces.

Crystal did once tell them that when Chandler received the call and left without saying anything, she turned worried and went downstairs. Just outside

Geoferrey's ward, someone clapped a hand over her mouth, dragged her to the

stairs, and pushed her down.

She didn't lie. Everything she had told them actually happened. How could they ignore that and keep blaming her for having an abortion?

Chandler sat on the chair, whose mind was in a mess.

Crystal had always been a kind and easy-going person. Who could be so heartless to push her down the stairs when she was pregnant?

"We can't see the person's face clearly."

"However, judging from the height and figure, it must be a woman."

They thought it would be easy to establish the woman's identity with so many cameras in the hospital, but that woman somehow managed to hide from those cameras. She must have been very familiar with this hospital.

"Search more alleys and streets in the neighbourhood carefully! She couldn't just come from and go into nowhere."

Charles, who was also angry about what had happened to Chandler, patted him on the shoulder and then asked his men to search more carefully.

No matter who she was, she had to pay for what she had done.

Who could she be?

They compared the figure of every woman recorded by the surveillance cameras in the shops and streets near the hospital to that of the woman they were looking for. This was the only thing they could do for the time being.

Every crime had a motive.

Charles was confused. Who would hate Crystal so much?

Chandler said firmly, even though his expression looked complicated.

Charles raised his eyebrows. "Are you sure?" Since when did Chandler trust Erica so much?

In Charles' opinion, Erica was absolutely a lunatic when she was jealous. He wouldn't be surprised at all if it turned out that she had sent someone to push Crystal down the stairs.

"It wasn't her."

Without explaining anything, Chandler just repeated his words. Erica had nothing to do with this since she was there with him in the hospital when that accident happened. Besides, after so many years, he had known her well. She wouldn't do something like that.

Seeing that Chandler didn't suspect Erica at all, Charles couldn't help but feel a little sorry for Crystal. After years of marriage, even though it was a fake one, the connection between Chandler and Erica seemed to have been strong enough to prevent the third man from getting involved.

"No wonder she had to run to France..." Charles grumbled in a low voice.

Chandler's face turned pale immediately. He compressed his lips together tightly as he heard this.

While their investigation was getting nowhere, Christina, who had been sponging off the Hopkins family, suddenly got a surprising message from Lucy.

"Treat me at the Gordon Hotel for dinner. Book the whole 12th floor. I prefer quieter places."

Lucy sent this to Christina early in the morning.

Christina had just finished breakfast with Senior Mr. Hopkins when she received this and read it expressionlessly.

Only Lucy would talk to her so shamelessly.

How much would it cost to book an entire floor at the best hotel in town?

Lucy arrived on time at their appointment. In her opinion, she had nothing to be ashamed of since she was upholding justice by spending Christina's money. If Robin Hood could be praised for robbing the rich to feed the poor, so could she. Otherwise, diligent but poor workers like her would all be hopeless in this unfair world.

"What is it?"

Christina didn't care about the money, but she was a little upset about what Lucy did last time. Christina had sent her tons of messages, asking her to find out how was Crystal doing in France, and Lucy replied none of them.

"No hurry! You'll definitely be satisfied with what I'm going to tell you, I promise."

Lucy didn't say a word until she finished 12 delicious and expensive dishes. Then she wiped her mouth with a napkin and finally started to report to Christina at an extremely slow pace.

Seeing her attitude, Christina had an urge to press Lucy's head into the plate.

"Your dear friend Crystal wasn't studying cooking in France as she told you.

Instead, she's working at the kitchen in an old, shabby French restaurant..."

"I already know it!" Christina rolled her eyes.

Lucy raised her eyebrows, surprised that Christina, someone who seldom left her home, would already know about that.

She must have heard it from Patrick.

"Well, then do you know the reason for Crystal's miscarriage is that someone pushed her down the stairs? Easily and directly. Just like this."

Lucy flicked a tall glass off the table quickly. Bang!

She did that without any hesitation or mercy.

According to Lucy's technical description, the person who pushed Crystal down the stairs was calm and ruthless, who showed absolutely no mercy when doing that.

Christina's expression changed. She asked with anger burning in her eyes, "Who did that?"

Who could have done such a cruel and crazy thing?

"No idea."

Lucy shrugged, replying casually.

Christina frowned angrily, who was apparently going to scold her. Lucy defended herself immediately, "Calm down. You're still so impatient! Didn't I tell you hundreds of times that this was your biggest weakness?"

"Cut the crap!" Christina interrupted her.

"Technically. I do have no idea who's that person because I don't have any direct evidence," Lucy wasn't afraid of Christina at all.

"Actually, I didn't plan to investigate what happened to Crystal."

"But yesterday when I logged in the internal system, I found that Mr. Hopkins has been investigating her miscarriage."

In short, Lucy hacked into the internal system for useful information because she was sort of a slacker.

With almost all her patience, Christina tried to understand what Lucy was talking about, while Lucy kept dragging irrelevant matters into their conversation.

Lucy was as sensitive as a cat. Knowing that Christina must be having a hard time putting up with her, she couldn't help but feel satisfied.

Lucy was deliberately irritating Christina since the thought of Christina living a comfortable life at the Hopkins family made her a little jealous.

She didn't dare to contradict Patrick at work, so she bullied his wife to make herself feel better.

As a petty person, she had to do this to maintain her mental balance.

"The woman who hurt Crystal is familiar with the hospital. She knows where the surveillance cameras and medical supplies are and when will doctors and nurses change shifts."

Lucy smiled. "Miss Dickens, when you were pregnant, you also went to the hospital due to food poison after eating an unknown takeout and then almost killed by someone broke into your ward with a pillow."

Lucy was smiling gloatingly while Christina still felt a little scared when she recalled all of that.

She had a quarrel with Patrick and was living in Crystal's apartment at that time. Someone sent her a takeout when she was alone. Thinking that it must have been ordered by Crystal, she ate it and then had to go to the hospital due to food poison. When she was sleeping in the ward, some stranger broke into her ward and tried to kill her by covering a pillow over her nose and mouth. Now that she thought of it, that person was also calm and ruthless and didn't show any mercy at all.

"Actually, you have been attacked quite frequently ever since you married Mr. Hopkins."

"The most recent time was when you were on a business trip to Japan on behalf of the company of the Shepherd family. Someone tried to hurt you with a used needle from the infectious diseases department at the hospital." "

Christina's eyes widened in shock when she heard this.

It was her first time on a business trip abroad on behalf of the company. Patrick arranged himself a business trip to Japan too so that they could spend some time together. Unfortunately, he had to spend a night at the hospital because he ate some bad food when they were shopping. On that very night, a crazy woman almost killed Christina by trying to stab a used needle from the infectious diseases department into her chest.

"What are you implying?"

"Well, I just want to remind you that Brianna happened to be a graduate of nursing." Lucy decided not to keep Christina guessing. She paused for seconds and then added, "What's more, every accident seems to have something to do with Mr. Hopkins."

Every accident Christina had started with her making Patrick angry or ill.