

My Billionaire Husband Spoils Me Too Much Chapter 561

[/ My Billionaire Husband Spoils Me Too Much](#)

Chapter 561

Ten hours after the operation, Christina was still unconscious.

"... Didn't you say that she would slowly come around from the anesthesia? It's been so long, why hasn't she woken up yet?"

Charles kept looking at his wristwatch, and his expression became more and more anxious. He caught a passing doctor and lost his temper at him.

"Do you know how to treat patients or not? If you don't have the ability, don't delay. If anything happens to her, I want your hospital to take responsibility!"

The poor doctor tried to comfort him, "...Our dean and directors already organized a meeting to analyze her illness. Please calm down."

"The patient's vital signs are stable. Please don't worry."

"Don't worry? How can you be so ruthless? You cold-blooded, callous..."

Charles was anxious for most of the day but had no chance to vent his anger till now. The poor intern unfortunately was caught and scolded rudely.

"Her heart was bleeding profusely, and her whole body's blood was changed. You even had the nerve to tell us that the operation went well? We don't know what you did in the operating room. Did you cut off her internal organs by mistake or connect them to the wrong place..."

Chandler sighed at the side. "Charles, when did you start to have delusions?"

Charles turned to him with a grim face. "I'm making a reasonable guess.

Otherwise, why isn't Christina awake yet?"

Chandler couldn't answer either.

Christina's wound was very deep, but the fragments of the mirror were not poisonous, nor did they hurt her internal organs. She was stabbed into the main artery and bled heavily. But the doctor had stitched the wound up to stop the bleeding. Now that the problem of bleeding had been solved, logically speaking, she should wake up soon.

But after ten hours since the operation, Christina remained unconscious.

Precisely because of this that the deans of this hospital were extremely nervous. Christina's identity was special. If they directly transferred her to another hospital, it would show that their hospital was incompetent and they would also offend the Hopkins family.

But if they kept delaying the treatment, her condition might get worse, and it would make the Hopkins family even more offended.

The intern held his head high and assured Charles, "Sir, I know you are worried about your wife's safety, but please rest assured that our hospital will do its best to treat the patient and there will never be any medical accident..."

"Shut up!" Charles was furious.

He hated to communicate with these newcomers the most, who didn't know how to act properly.

"Wife? If your glasses don't work well, go get a new pair... And what did you say that there would never be a medical accident? Can you guarantee it? Any operation can be risky. How can you guarantee on behalf of this hospital?"

Charles vented his anger on the unlucky intern.

He was so angry that anyone who got close would become his punching bag.

Chandler sighed helplessly again and waved to the intern who kept his head

down, telling him to get away quickly.

"... It's normal for him to think that you are Christina's husband when he sees you are so anxious."

Charles usually has a good temper. Not sure today his temper was because he stayed up late and worried for too long.

"Christina's twins recognized me as godfather. They and I can be counted as a family. Now that the twins are missing, Patrick can't be contacted, and grandpa is not in good health..."

Charles was so worried that he scratched his hair irritably. "What's wrong with Patrick? I haven't heard anything from him since he went abroad this time.

There's no signal on his phone when I call him."

"Lucy should know something," Chandler guessed.

"... Don't expect to be able to use the people who work for Patrick. Christina is unconscious now. That Lucy just left."

"I don't think Lucy is as heartless as she appears to be."

Charles snorted and was about to complain more, but then a few familiar figures rushed over from the hospital corridor. "How is Christina now?"

It was the Dickens family.

When Donald Dickens and Betty Eisenhower heard that Christina was admitted to the hospital, they immediately went to A City to visit her.

Facing Christina's families, Charles instantly restrained his expression and greeted them seriously with Chandler. Then he confessed, "She has not awakened yet."

Betty looked worried. "What did the doctor say? Is she stable now? When will she wake up?"

As she spoke, she sighed, "Why was she stabbed by a broken mirror?"

When the Hopkins family called the Dickens family, they did not explain the cause in detail. And the Dickens family subconsciously thought that Christina was playing and hurt herself by accident, but they did not expect it to be so serious.

"Where is she?" Donald couldn't be relieved unless he saw Christina with his own eyes.

Donald's hemiplegic sequelae from his previous stroke had gradually recovered. Now he could walk like a normal person without a cane, but his steps were a little slow.

As a strict father, he was used to scolding, "How old is she? She should get bleeding from the broken mirror and be sent to the hospital. Ridiculous!"

Betty had always been protective. "If Christina wakes up later, Donald, don't scold her as soon as you speak."

Donald choked and did not speak again.

The two of them walked into Christina's VIP ward side by side. Betty was frightened by the measuring instruments in front of her. "What's going on?" As she spoke, she immediately turned to look at Charles behind her in a panic. "Is Christina seriously injured?"

Donald looked at his daughter, who was lying on the bed with a weak and pale face, and the wires that connected to her, as well as the data on several monitors. Donald's face darkened. "Where's Patrick?"

He soon noticed that the son-in-law he was always dissatisfied with Patrick who was not in the ward and that his daughter was seriously injured.

Originally, Donald was angry all the way, saying that he would teach Christina a lesson. From a young age, she either put herself in the hospital or threw herself into the police station due to fighting. He had to scold her severely.

He should have scolded his daughter for small things, but when something big happened, it was because his son-in-law didn't take good care of her!

"Patrick is abroad. This accident happened so suddenly, now he's trying to get back."

Chandler was quick-witted and immediately answered, comforting Donald and Betty. "Christina's indicators are very stable. She is not in danger at the moment. Please don't worry too much. Sit down for a while.."

Charles stood in the corner. He shut his mouth tightly, afraid that he would tell them something inappropriate, especially that the children were missing and Patrick was out of contact. At this time, it was better not to make the two elders worry.

Donald and Betty waited in the ward for three hours, but Christina, who was still in a coma on the bed, showed no sign of waking up at all.

"... What the hell is going on?"

Betty caught Charles and asked. Although her niece had been playful since she was a child and often bruised herself, she was not as bleeding and unconscious as she was now.

Charles was in a dilemma and said hesitantly.... "Brianna Hopkins hurt her."

"Brianna Hopkins?"

"Patrick's young sister?" Betty was surprised to hear this unfamiliar name.

Chandler knew he couldn't hide it, and Betty and Donald, as family members, had the right to know. "Brianna has a mental illness. She hurt Christina when she had a seizure... Senior Mr. Hopkins has already handed Brianna over to the police."

Along with Ms. Hopkins's death. Probably out of revenge, Lucy was very active in providing the police with evidence of Brianna's crime, including the fact that she texted Ms. Hopkins, lured her to the hospital rooftop to negotiate, and took the opportunity to push her downstairs.

Brianna would face a number of serious charges.

As for the attitude of the Hopkins family, they didn't want to interfere anymore.

They waited for the jury's decision

"Christina, you're awake!"

As soon as Betty turned around, she found Christina slowly opening her eyes.

Charles ran over excitedly. "Thank god you're finally awake."

Christina's head hurt, her vision was blurred, and her voice was a little hoarse.

"Who, who are you?"

My Billionaire Husband Spoils Me Too Much Chapter 562

[/ My Billionaire Husband Spoils Me Too Much](#)

Chapter 562

Finally, Lucy got in contact with Patrick.

Patrick and his fellows quickly took the plane to go back. They arrived at the club first.

"... Damn it. I love my hometown!" As soon as they arrived at the club, Gary couldn't help but say.

It was a thrilling trip in the south Atlantic.

"... I almost die on the deserted island."

Gary hurriedly took out a bottle of iced beer and drank to calm down.

Alan, a thin and supple man, who was about 1.5 meters tall, was a member of the club. He scolded Gary directly.

"Bah, the deserted island? Do you see the inside of the island?"

As he spoke, he got a few bottles of alcohol from the cellar. After the trip, he thought that he should enjoy good alcohol when he was alive.

Gary yelled at him, "You don't know jack shit."

He snatched a bottle of tequila and poured it into his mouth. He drank a lot and

the mellow alcohol flowed down his neck.

Gary put the bottle heavily on the table and sneered, "I should take pictures when you were shivering in the storm."

There was a storm when they were on the plane, which was flying around the south Atlantic.

There were dark clouds. They could hear the thunder and the wind. The plane was shaking and it was as terrifying as the doomsday.

They were scared. What they were afraid of the most on the sea was the storm. Fortunately, they were safe and sound.

Alan lost his face and said angrily, "Gary, you were so scared that your face turned pale. And you talked nonsense to jump... If Mr. Hopkins didn't stop you, you would jump and die..."

The people in the club talked. The more excited they were, the more they liked to scold and shout.

Lucy was used to staying with them. She patted the table and said in a raised voice, "Did you encounter a storm on the sea?"

"Didn't you pay attention to the climate before you set out?"

"We are not nerds. We monitored the climate on time..." They were experienced.

"Mr. Hopkins was with us. We analyzed the climate there a month ago and we were on the newest plane... but we didn't expect it on the sea."

The climate of the sea was unpredictable and they were prepared.

But the weather was bad when they were on the sea. What's more, they could not see the panorama of the islands. They saw the pictures from the satellite and flew a plane to inspect, but they found nothing.

"The islands are not far apart. We vaguely saw many mountains. However, there was thick fog. Even on the day, there was still fog around the islands... We wanted to fly the plane more highly to see the islands clearly, and then we encountered a storm."

"All signals were interrupted immediately."

"The plane shook uncontrollably and the control system kept alarming..."

When they talked, they still felt scared.

Lucy completed many missions and had encountered many anecdotes. But when she heard it, she was amazed. It was a narrow escape for them.

"... Continue to monitor the climate and report to me at the right time."

Patrick took a shower. He changed into new clothes and walked out.

When they heard Patrick, they immediately turned their heads, "Mr. Hopkins, you mean... Are we going to the place again?"

God! They didn't want to die there.

But they knew that it was Patrick who saved them this time. Otherwise, they would die in the sea after the crash.

They were obedient to Patrick. They never thought to disobey him. After Patrick said it, they started to make a plan for the next trip.

They had gone through fire and water with Patrick. They would not have a good life without him.

Patrick valued their talents and paid them high salaries and they were respected.

"... Mr. Hopkins, you do not need to go next time."

Alan felt that Patrick wanted to know about the islands. He insisted on exploring the islands, so they would risk their life to do it. But Patrick should not take the risk

"He is right. Mr. Hopkins, we will be well prepared next time. We'll set off after we choose a good day."

The others agreed.

Patrick's life was much more precious than theirs. They didn't study for a long time and didn't have a high degree, but they knew that they should be grateful and sincere.

Lucy felt that Patrick was looking for something on the islands. Did he want to look for treasure on the islands? No, he could get hot money from the financial market more easily. He was not keen on adventures. He must have other purposes.

Lucy didn't want to attract his attention, so she didn't ask Patrick why he was interested in the islands.

Lucy subconsciously lowered her head to keep a low profile.

The other people were talking in loud voices. Lucy didn't want to speak at the moment.

"... What happened?"

Patrick found that Lucy didn't look at him deliberately.

Lucy's face stiffened, "Something happened." Usually, she would smile and didn't say it. But she could not smile

now.

The other people shut up and looked at Lucy subconsciously.

"What happened?"

Patrick sat down casually and asked again patiently.

Lucy thought that they were tired after the flight and decided to report to him later... in case that he said that she did nothing.

Usually, Lucy was not so hesitant.

Gary knew her well. He raised his eyebrows and realized that there was something big.

"... There are three things." Lucy tried hard to say.

"After I lost contact with you, three things happened here."

"At 5: 36 p.m. the day before yesterday, Ms. Hopkins fell off from the rooftop of the hospital. After emergency treatment, the doctor diagnosed that she was a vegetable."

Lucy reported in brief as coldly as before.

Patrick didn't like or care about his ambitious aunts. Last week, they stirred up the shareholders of IP&G Group, but he ignored them

"Who did it?" Patrick asked casually

Lassie had become a vegetable. Patrick was neither happy nor sad. Lassie would never jump off the building herself. And he should tell the truth to his grandfather.

Lucy was a little angry and said, "Brianna!"

Patrick was stunned for a moment. He didn't react.

Did Brianna do it?

Before Patrick asked, Lucy said the other two things.

"At 11: 55 p.m. that night, a maid in the Hopkins family found that the twins in the nursery were missing. And they have not been found yet. Brianna said that she didn't take them away and they left with a black cat."

When the members of the club heard it, they were excited.

"... Black cat? Bullshit."

"It is a vital thing. Why don't you tell us earlier?"

They talked about it. It was noisy.

Patrick looked terrible. So many things happened after he left.

Earl, the black cat, took the children away. The Strozzi family sent someone to pick them up. Before Patrick found the islands, they took action.

Christina's biological father was definitely related to the Strozzi family, who would not leave their children outside. They took the twins away and they would not hurt them.

"... Go on," Patrick said calmly.

Patrick seemed to realize that the third thing was not simple. He stared at Lucy with his deep and sharp eyes. Lucy felt numb.

She was nervous. She tried to calm down and said, "At 4:52 a. m. that day, Brianna

stabbed Christina's heart with a piece of mirror. Christina bled a lot..."

Patrick was frozen with no expression.

Lucy's voice was lower, "Christina was rescued. Her vital signs are stable and she is awake in the hospital..."

"But she..."

Lucy was hesitant. She looked at Patrick and said, "She seemed to forget all of us due to the operation."

My Billionaire Husband Spoils Me Too Much Chapter 563

[/ My Billionaire Husband Spoils Me Too Much](#)

Chapter 565

"Christina, this is Patrick Hopkins."

Betty introduced him hastily, "He's your husband."

"Impossible!"

Almost without thinking, Christina denied it. She looked at the man in front of her warily, "Auntie, although I don't remember those things, he can't be my husband."

Her tone was very certain.

As soon as she said that, everyone present was stunned.

Patrick's cold face was emotionless. Squinting, he looked at her with a sharper and hotter gaze.

Being stared at, she felt uncomfortable. Hiding behind Betty, she sat on the bed and subconsciously curled up. She didn't dare to look steadily at him.

She felt that it was all a scam.

After waking up, she only remembered that she was preparing for the college entrance examination. These strangers, and her father, Donald, who became strange, made her uncomfortable.

She could accept them slowly. But it was impossible for her to recognize this man as her husband.

"Auntie, there must be something wrong."

Leaning closer to Betty's ear, she said anxiously with a low voice.

"Have you been deceived by these people... You know clearly that I like boys like Eric who are easy to bully, or fat people with good temper, or cooks who are good at cooking."

"How could I marry such a cold man?" Her voice was full of complaints.

"You won't agree with me marrying such a person, will you?"

Betty kept whispering in her ear all day before. She said that to be rich or not was not the most important thing for a man. The key was to be considerate and have a good temper. Look at Patrick. He couldn't have a good temper.

With a complicated expression, Betty didn't know how to explain it to her for a moment.

In retrospect, at first, she did not agree with Christina and Patrick's marriage.

Even though she knew that they were married and Christina was pregnant, she still insisted that they be separated because the Hopkins family

were

was unattainable.

But then, a lot of things changed her mind, and the Hopkins family had never treated Christina badly.

"Christina, Patrick treats you well all the time. You are really a couple." Betty looked embarrassed, "What I told you before will change."

Anyway, Christina didn't believe it.

She refused to admit their relationship.
The atmosphere became solemn and tense.
Everyone looked at Patrick. Definitely, he could hear the conversation between Christina and Betty in a low voice. And he knew that she denied their relationship. "What do you think our relationship should be?" Patrick still stared at her with burning eyes and asked her in a deep voice.
Looking up, she couldn't reply.
The expression in her eyes was familiar.
She was also familiar with his expression, movements, and appearance.
He seemed to think that she was the same as before. He said with a calm tone, "Brianna hurt you. I apologize to you for her. She will be punished accordingly... I will deal with other things that happened."
His voice was naturally arrogant, distant and cold, but it was reassuring.
She felt a sense of security inexplicably from his simple words.
It seemed that as long as he was there, no matter what happened, she didn't need to worry.
It was as if she had a firm trust in him in her heart.
She was just about to say something to him to communicate.
"Go through the discharge formalities and let her go home as soon as possible."
He suddenly turned around and stopped looking at her. His voice was cold and deep. Not asking her opinion, he ordered Nanny Faang who was in the room.
"Yes." Nanny Faang was happy to see Patrick and immediately led a maid out to handle.
Then he strode out of the room.
Christina stared blankly without the chance to speak.
He actually left!
"That's too much!"
"What? The doctor clearly said that I had to be under observation for a few more days. The wound on my left chest is still pained!" She was a patient now, but he didn't care about her injury at all.
She was angry. He did not communicate with her at all. He was a male chauvinist, "I can't love him before. How could I marry him?" She scolded angrily.
Betty, who was sitting beside the bed, sighed. She didn't know how to explain it. Patrick's temper was quite incomprehensible.
He just walked out of the room. When he heard her words full of resentment, he stopped for a moment.
"Patrick, her wound is deep. You should have communicated with her just now."
Charles muttered in a low voice. He felt that it was inappropriate for Patrick not to give Christina a chance to speak just now. After all, she was wounded.
Chandler patted Charles on the shoulder, indicating that it was better for him to say less. He reminded, "How do you want Patrick to communicate with her? Standing face to face in silence?"
He walked fast to avoid the strange feeling of alienation. No man was comfortable when his wife suddenly forgot him.
Perhaps the best way was to pretend that their relationship was the same as before.
"Tell the hospital I'm here."
After he walked out of the ward, his face became gloomy. He ordered the bodyguards who were following him with an angry tone, "Let them figure out why this accident happened as soon as possible!"
The bodyguard bent over, nodded, and immediately handled it.
"Patrick, do you think it is a medical accident?"
Chandler could tell that his tone was questioning. Christina suddenly forgot about them, as if someone had done it on purpose.
He didn't answer Chandler, because he wasn't sure.

That afternoon, the people in the hospital were very nervous and quickly booked a conference room. Patrick talked with several directors of the hospital and several doctors who participated in the operation.

The directors talked to him carefully, explaining every step of the operation. They expressed that the hospital had tried its best to save her. As for why she had some sequelae of amnesia, they were confused for a moment.

Chandler was also at the conference table. He carefully observed the expressions of the directors and doctors. They were not lying. He didn't want to make things difficult for them, so he asked.

"Is her memory loss temporary or permanent?"

This question was crucial.

Raising his eyes, Patrick looked fiercely at the old dean opposite him.

The old dean nervously flipped through the medical records on the table with a thin layer of sweat appearing on his forehead. After careful consideration, he said nervously, "According to similar medical records I have handled, permanent memory loss is more likely, but some people will slowly recover..."

Under the pressure, he didn't dare to say, "I don't know." He could only be more tactful.

"Bullshit, isn't that the same as not saying it?"

Charles was in a bad mood.

"From the time she entered your hospital, record all the doctors, nurses, and patients she had been in contact with. Save all the tools used in the operating room and the residue of the medicine. I will send someone to check. You must cooperate well."

They thought that Patrick would be furious on the spot, but he just stood up, said coldly, and then left the hospital.

"What does he mean? Just cooperate?"

After Patrick left, the hospital staff in the conference room huddled nervously.

"It's all Dean Faang's fault. You caused us all a false alarm."

"You've never been in contact with Patrick. You don't know his style. He always tries fair means before resorting to force. Once the evidence is conclusive, we won't have a chance to refute it. Now that he orders us to cooperate well, we must cooperate well. Don't try to play tricks..."

Dean Faang was more cautious, "Is there something wrong with our blood transfusion?"

"How could that be? At that moment, the patient was bleeding heavily. Chandler called in advance to ask us to prepare RH blood. Then the blood station sent someone to deliver it..."

"Don't think so much now. Patrick asked his wife to leave the hospital and go home immediately. We'd better sign the agreement and send her away."

Chapter 563

It was a special ward on the twelfth floor in the hospital.

There was only one ward open on the entire floor. The ward, more than 200 square meters, was fully equipped with a living room, a kitchen, bedrooms, and other facilities. It was simply misleading to think that it was a luxurious suite of the hotel.

Christina lay flat on the soft and comfortable white bed with an intravenous drip on her right hand. She struggled to sit up again.

"Christina, you need to rest. Don't move..."

Betty sat by the bed and reached out to hold her down again so that she wouldn't move the needle off her hand again.

While Christina looked vigilant and lowered her voice. "Auntie, it's strange here. Let's go."

Betty sighed, not knowing what to say.

At the door of the ward, a group of doctors and nurses rushed over. First, they nodded to the family members of the patients. The old director, who was more than fifty years old, walked to the bed and carefully observed Christina and the data on the medical record.

"How is it?"

Charles impatiently urged.

The old director turned around and whispered to several doctors behind him.

After a while, the old director said slowly, "We had a CT scan of her brain before the operation. There was no concussion. The operation was only aimed at suturing the major blood vessels. No other internal organs were injured..."

Charles's face darkened. "Are you trying to shirk your responsibility? Don't tell me that. Why the hell does she forget all of us?" He scolded the old director angrily.

Christina turned her head, her bright eyes glinting alertly, and looked suspiciously at Charles and the others.

She then quietly pulled Betty's clothes by the bed and whispered to her, "Auntie, these people are very strange."

Strictly speaking, Christina did not forget everyone. She just forgot about Charles and the others.

The hospital directors and doctors were under a lot of pressure, "A situation like this, it should be the psychological problem."

"... Excessive mental stress may cause temporary memory loss in the brain."

Charles was unhappy with the causal answer. "What are you talking about? Tell me directly when she will get better."

It mattered most when Christina would recover from her temporary amnesia. But the doctors couldn't answer this question.

"This is definitely medical malpractice!"

"I need the surveillance video of your operation to see what you did!" Charles was furious and lost his temper.

In fact, the old director had a good relationship with the Shepherd family. Usually, Charles would respectfully call the other party uncle. But now it was a little embarrassing.

"Charles, it's not what you think. It was an accident." The old director politely tried to reason with him.

Now, Charles didn't care about whether the other party was his uncle or not. He looked indifferent and didn't want to talk to these people anymore.

He just said coldly, "It did not matter what I thought, but you'd better figure out how to explain it to the Hopkins family first!"

The old director and the other doctors became nervous hearing that. After a while, they left. It was not good to stay in the ward to disturb the patient.

Moreover, they really needed to find out the cause of the amnesia as soon as possible before the Hopkins family sent someone to ask soon.

Christina quietly watched them quarreling as if it was none of her business.

"Christina."

Charles chased the doctors away and ran back to the bed. He called her torpidly like a deflated ball.

"You really don't recognize me?" Charles asked in a slow way.

Christina was obviously not interested in him. She glanced at him and said slowly... "I see you quite often in magazines."

Charles was the big shot of the entertainment news, and there were countless female stars who had been rumored to have an affair with him.

"I haven't found a girlfriend for almost a year!"

Christina could not tell who Charles was angry with. Ever since Charles met Christina, he had been scolded for being a playboy all day. Subconsciously, he didn't dare to look for women, almost ready to become a monk.

It, however, had nothing to do with Christina that he found no girlfriend for a year,

Christina turned around and ignored him.

Charles was so angry about that.

"... Christina." Betty called her with mixed feelings.

Christina immediately looked up at her aunt.

What Christina remembered was that she was just a high school student preparing for the college entrance exam and living with Betty.

"Christina, what Charles said just now is true." Betty explained earnestly and then became worried again, ".... You'll remember it slowly. Don't be nervous." Betty gently patted her on the shoulder to comfort her.

Christina was extremely reluctant and said stiffly, "Does that mean that I am really married, have children, and then the children were lost?"

That was what Charles said just now, and her husband was busy abroad. She was hospitalized, but her husband didn't come back to see her.

She lost those memories. To her, it was as if she had awoken and inexplicably aged for a few years.

Christina was very unwilling to accept it. "I don't have any scars on my stomach. I definitely haven't been pregnant!" She retorted vehemently. How did she become the mother of the child?

"... Because Derek put some ointment on you." Charles became impatient.

She looked thoughtful, "Eric?"

She quickly tugged at Betty's clothes again. "Where did Eric hide? The last time I scolded him and said I didn't want to see him again, he disappeared. He was so stupid that I scolded him. He then disappeared."

"... If he really hides and ignores me, I'll be angry." She spoke in a willful and childish manner, just like she used to be

It was obvious that she cared more about Derek than about the disappearance of her children.

"Christina, you..." Betty didn't know what to say for a moment, so she sighed again.

Christina saw her father from the corner of her eyes and her expression immediately changed. "Why did you call him over?" After she woke up, she didn't give Donald a kind look and glared at him angrily.

She was very innocent and cold. In her memory when she and Betty moved out of the Dickens family and had a

hard life, the Dickens family had become her enemy. Her father cheated on her mother and married Connie just after her mother died.

Donald felt upset in his heart. He had finally reconciled with Christina, but now their relationship turned to what it used to be. Seeing Christina keeping a distance from him, Donald felt ashamed of his previous dereliction of duty as a father with words sticking in his throat.

"Christina, you shouldn't behave like this." Chandler couldn't help but say.

"I don't know you."

Christina looked at Chandler carefully who was gentle and handsome giving the first impression that he was more reliable. So she asked, "Why did I get injured and be hospitalized?"

Chandler was stunned, feeling it was very hard to get close to Christina now. She was full of vigilance towards everyone as if she didn't care about anyone and everything. It was difficult to get close to her.

Unexpectedly, she took the initiative to ask him, which meant that she trusted him relatively.

Charles was very depressed was he, himself, so unreliable?

"Brianna, your husband's sister, she injured your artery with a mirror fragment and now the wound has been stitched up to stop the bleeding..."

Christina frowned emotionlessly. "Why?"

"My husband's sister, why did she do this to me?"

Chandler thought for a moment and decided to tell the truth, "She said she didn't want you to be her sister-in-law."

"Brianna has a mental illness. She's an orphan who was adopted by the Hopkins family..."

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"So she likes my husband." Christina suddenly spoke with a look of excitement, as if she were working on a reasoning problem. She was serious and expectant.

"Then does she want to chase me away? She doesn't want me to be her sister-in-law, nor does she want other women to marry into the family... That Patrick should just marry her!"

It was shocking what she spoke.

Charles and Betty were both shocked.

"... Mrs. Hopkins."

Nanny Faang led a few maids from the Hopkins family into the room and heard what she had just said.

In just two days, so many things had happened in the Hopkins family. The whereabouts of the two children were still unknown. Patrick was also missing, in addition, Senior Mr. Hopkins was not feeling well. Lassie became a vegetable while Brianna hurt so many people with her schizophrenia. More unluckily, Christina was hospitalized, and the Hopkins family was in a mess at present

"... Mrs. Hopkins, I brought some soup over. You should drink some first. If you have anything you want to eat, I'll go back to tell the chef and bring it over."

Christina was very alert to strangers. Instead of looking at nanny Faang, she turned around and tugged at Betty's hem again, speaking firmly. "Auntie, I won't go back with them."

My Billionaire Husband Spoils Me Too Much Chapter 564

[/ My Billionaire Husband Spoils Me Too Much](#)

Chapter 564

Charles drank the third cup of black coffee and threw it into the trash as if he was venting his anger.

"It's really hard to get along with Christina now." He sighed.

Chandler, who was also drinking coffee, smiled wryly and nodded.

In the past, they all thought that Christina relied on Patrick to be bossy. As the granddaughter-in-law of the Hopkins family, she was willful and overbearing.

Now it seemed that she already had been nice at that time.

Now Christina had forgotten the hardship that she had experienced. Her minds were very simple, pure but sharp.

Chandler patted Charles's shoulder. "Go back and take a rest." You've been busy for so long."

Charles was tired from staying up all night, but now he was worried and couldn't sleep when he went back.

He muttered to himself, "In the past, Christina would at least scold me as a playboy. Now she doesn't even look at me..." Charles sighed.

At present, Christina only listened to Betty's words and saw them as outsiders.

The door of the ward was opened. Donald came out with a gloomy expression.

Charles glanced at him, felt a little sympathetic, "Did Christina kick you out?"
Now Christina looked at Donald like an enemy.

Donald waved his hand and said nothing.

His daughter was sitting on the bed. She did not say mocking words to kick him out, but she was wearing a long face and looked angry. The atmosphere was very depressing. She obviously did not want to see him.

Donald felt very upset and walked out of the room.

Chandler handed him a cup of coffee, and Donald took a big gulp of it. His mouth was bitter, and his heart was full of mixed feelings. There was no alcohol in the hospital, so these men could only drink coffee to relieve their depression
"... Please don't blame her," Donald spoke in a low voice to intercede for Christina.

Chandler forced a smile, "It's okay."

"She didn't forget us voluntarily," Charles said in a sullen tone, "I can only hope that her memory will also recover with her wound. Otherwise, I don't know how to get along with her."

But then he thought, "If Patrick comes back, will she remember us?"

"When will Patrick come back?" Donald was a little anxious.

"We don't know what he's doing abroad either. We can't get in touch with him..."

"I left him a message, and Patrick had also asked some people to report what happened at home to him. He should be back soon."

Charles and Donald were talking.

Chandler noticed that someone was stepping out of the elevator. His eyes lit up when he saw who was coming. He patted Charles on the shoulder excitedly.

"... He's back."

Patrick walked at the front, followed by Lucy and three rough-looking men, strode towards them.

Charles was immediately relieved when he saw Patrick.

Everything won't be a problem from now on. Just leave it to Patrick.

Charles walked towards him, unable to suppress his excitement, and quickly said, "I can't contact you in the past few days. A lot has happened. Ms. Hopkins fell into a vegetative state, and the twins were missing..."

"I know. Where is she?"

Patrick interrupted him.

Chandler knew he was asking where Christina was. He pointed to the ward on the left and said, "She is there."

Patrick nodded at Chandler and Donald. Without delay for half a second, he strode towards the door of the ward. A man behind him quickened his pace and pushed the door open for Patrick.

He tightened his right hand slightly, looked straight ahead, and walked in.

Lucy, Charles, and Chandler followed closely behind.

This special ward on the top floor was very big. Like an apartment, it had a living room and kitchen outside. There were a few rooms for rest and a master bedroom inside. This ward only served special patients.

"... Auntie, here doesn't look like a hospital at all. Were you fooled by them?"

Before Patrick and the others could reach the master bedroom, they heard Christina's voice coming from inside, which was full of vigilance and uneasiness.

"...And, the medical expenses. The one who hurt me should pay all the medical expenses." Christina was a little nervous when she mentioned money.

"Don't worry about that." Betty comforted her gently.

"Auntie, we don't have much savings. We must ask them to pay for the medical expenses. You have to take your medicine on time every day. Don't refuse to take it because it's expensive..."

Christina always remembered that Betty was not in good health. She lived in a sanatorium and needed to take medicine for a long time.

"Christina, you don't have to worry about money now."

Betty didn't know how to explain it to her. She said, "I've recovered from my illness. I don't need to spend money to take medicine anymore. Derek operated on my heart. Christina, don't you remember at all?"

"Eric cured you."

Christina looked surprised, but soon she believed it. She smiled, "Fortunately, Eric is a doctor. He is so smart that he can learn everything well. I remember our high school principal tried to persuade him to study finance..."

"Auntie, where does Eric live now? Let's go to take refuge in him."

When Betty was feeling embarrassed with these words, Christina's face darkened. She looked at the door unhappily.

She thought it was her father who came again. She felt very uncomfortable when she saw Donald. In her memory, her father was cold and heartless. How could Donald come and care about her? And he didn't scold her.

A man came in.

He was tall and handsome, with a calm and indifferent aura. It could see that he was a powerful man. No one could afford to offend him.

Then Charles and the others came in, and they dispersed and stood on both sides. The atmosphere in the room had suddenly become serious. No one spoke a words. Christina tensed up, and she was full of vigilance. The man in front of her looked at her with burning eyes and came up to her step by step. Her heart was beating more and more nervously.

There was a strange sense of familiarity.

She felt that she knew him.

"Hey, don't come over!"

Seeing him approaching step by step, she didn't know what he was going to do.

She was so nervous and shouted anxiously, "I don't remember you!"

This man had a strong aura, and his approach made her uneasy.

Maybe she knew him. No matter what kind of relationship they had been in, she didn't remember him now, so he was a stranger to her.

Patrick stopped.

Everyone was watching them. Lucy raised her eyebrows and glanced at Christina.

"... Christina, he is Patrick."

Betty introduced him awkwardly and lowered her voice, "Don't you remember him?"

"... He's your husband."

My Billionaire Husband Spoils Me Too Much Chapter 565

[/ My Billionaire Husband Spoils Me Too Much](#)

Chapter 565

"Christina, this is Patrick Hopkins."

Betty introduced him hastily, "He's your husband."

"Impossible!"

Almost without thinking, Christina denied it. She looked at the man in front of her warily, "Auntie, although I don't remember those things, he can't be my husband."

Her tone was very certain.

As soon as she said that, everyone present was stunned.

Patrick's cold face was emotionless. Squinting, he looked at her with a sharper and hotter gaze.

Being stared at, she felt uncomfortable. Hiding behind Betty, she sat on the bed and subconsciously curled up. She didn't dare to look steadily at him. She felt that it was all a scam.

After waking up, she only remembered that she was preparing for the college entrance examination. These strangers, and her father, Donald, who became strange, made her uncomfortable.

She could accept them slowly. But it was impossible for her to recognize this man as her husband.

"Auntie, there must be something wrong."

Leaning closer to Betty's ear, she said anxiously with a low voice.

"Have you been deceived by these people... You know clearly that I like boys like Eric who are easy to bully, or fat people with good temper, or cooks who are good at cooking."

"How could I marry such a cold man?" Her voice was full of complaints.

"You won't agree with me marrying such a person, will you?"

Betty kept whispering in her ear all day before. She said that to be rich or not was not the most important thing for a man. The key was to be considerate and have a good temper. Look at Patrick. He couldn't have a good temper.

With a complicated expression, Betty didn't know how to explain it to her for a moment.

In retrospect, at first, she did not agree with Christina and Patrick's marriage. Even though she knew that they were married and Christina was pregnant, she still insisted that they be separated because the Hopkins family were

was unattainable.

But then, a lot of things changed her mind, and the Hopkins family had never treated Christina badly.

"Christina, Patrick treats you well all the time. You are really a couple." Betty looked embarrassed, "What I told you before will change."

Anyway, Christina didn't believe it.

She refused to admit their relationship.

The atmosphere became solemn and tense.

Everyone looked at Patrick. Definitely, he could hear the conversation between Christina and Betty in a low voice. And he knew that she denied their relationship.

"What do you think our relationship should be?" Patrick still stared at her with burning eyes and asked her in a deep voice.

Looking up, she couldn't reply.

The expression in her eyes was familiar.

She was also familiar with his expression, movements, and appearance.

He seemed to think that she was the same as before. He said with a calm tone,

"Brianna hurt you. I apologize to you for her. She will be punished accordingly... I will deal with other things that happened."

His voice was naturally arrogant, distant and cold, but it was reassuring.

She felt a sense of security inexplicably from his simple words.

It seemed that as long as he was there, no matter what happened, she didn't need to worry.

It was as if she had a firm trust in him in her heart.

She was just about to say something to him to communicate.

"Go through the discharge formalities and let her go home as soon as possible."

He suddenly turned around and stopped looking at her. His voice was cold and deep. Not asking her opinion, he ordered Nanny Faang who was in the room.

"Yes." Nanny Faang was happy to see Patrick and immediately led a maid out to handle.

Then he strode out of the room.

Christina stared blankly without the chance to speak.

He actually left!

"That's too much!"

"What? The doctor clearly said that I had to be under observation for a few more days. The wound on my left chest is still pained!" She was a patient now, but he didn't care about her injury at all.

She was angry. He did not communicate with her at all. He was a male chauvinist, "I can't love him before. How could I marry him?" She scolded angrily.

Betty, who was sitting beside the bed, sighed. She didn't know how to explain it. Patrick's temper was quite incomprehensible.

He just walked out of the room. When he heard her words full of resentment, he stopped for a moment.

"Patrick, her wound is deep. You should have communicated with her just now."

Charles muttered in a low voice. He felt that it was inappropriate for Patrick not to give Christina a chance to speak just now. After all, she was wounded.

Chandler patted Charles on the shoulder, indicating that it was better for him to say less. He reminded, "How do you want Patrick to communicate with her?"

Standing face to face in silence?"

He walked fast to avoid the strange feeling of alienation. No man was comfortable when his wife suddenly forgot him.

Perhaps the best way was to pretend that their relationship was the same as before.

"Tell the hospital I'm here."

After he walked out of the ward, his face became gloomy. He ordered the bodyguards who were following him with an angry tone, "Let them figure out why this accident happened as soon as possible!"

The bodyguard bent over, nodded, and immediately handled it.

"Patrick, do you think it is a medical accident?"

Chandler could tell that his tone was questioning. Christina suddenly forgot about them, as if someone had done it on purpose

He didn't answer Chandler, because he wasn't sure.

That afternoon, the people in the hospital were very nervous and quickly booked a conference room. Patrick

talked with several directors of the hospital and several doctors who participated in the operation.

The directors talked to him carefully, explaining every step of the operation.

They expressed that the hospital had tried its best to save her. As for why she had some sequelae of amnesia, they were confused for a moment.

Chandler was also at the conference table. He carefully observed the expressions of the directors and doctors. They were not lying. He didn't want to make things difficult for them, so he asked.

"Is her memory loss temporary or permanent?"

This question was crucial.

Raising his eyes, Patrick looked fiercely at the old dean opposite him.

The old dean nervously flipped through the medical records on the table with a thin layer of sweat appearing on his forehead. After careful consideration, he said nervously, "According to similar medical records I have handled, permanent memory loss is more likely, but some people will slowly recover..."

Under the pressure, he didn't dare to say, "I don't know." He could only be more tactful.

"Bullshit, isn't that the same as not saying it?"

Charles was in a bad mood.

"From the time she entered your hospital, record all the doctors, nurses, and patients she had been in contact with. Save all the tools used in the operating room and the residue of the medicine. I will send someone to check. You must cooperate well."

They thought that Patrick would be furious on the spot, but he just stood up, said coldly, and then left the hospital.

"What does he mean? Just cooperate?"

After Patrick left, the hospital staff in the conference room huddled nervously.

"It's all Dean Faang's fault. You caused us all a false alarm."

"You've never been in contact with Patrick. You don't know his style. He always tries fair means before resorting to force. Once the evidence is conclusive, we won't have a chance to refute it. Now that he orders us to cooperate well, we must cooperate well. Don't try to play tricks..."

Dean Faang was more cautious, "Is there something wrong with our blood transfusion?"

"How could that be? At that moment, the patient was bleeding heavily. Chandler called in advance to ask us to prepare RH blood. Then the blood station sent someone to deliver it..."

"Don't think so much now. Patrick asked his wife to leave the hospital and go home immediately. We'd better sign the agreement and send her away."

My Billionaire Husband Spoils Me Too Much Chapter 566

[/ My Billionaire Husband Spoils Me Too Much](#)

Chapter 566

Christina hadn't recovered, but they forced her to leave the hospital.

"Don't touch me. I can change myself."

She was annoyed and berated two nurses who were about to help her change clothes. They treated her as a god of plague and urged her to change clothes and leave quickly.

"Nurses, thank you. I'll help her change."

Seeing that Christina was pissed off, Betty, who was afraid that the stitches on her chest would be dehiscent, quickly stepped forward and said gently to nurses. The two head nurses were also under great pressure. The director personally asked them to take good care of Christina...

"Well, be careful not to hurt her." They were more professional, but the patient refused to cooperate with them.

Betty nodded quickly, secretly signaling them to step back, and then kindly advised, "Christina, I'll help you change your clothes."

Christina stopped hitting the ceiling and let Betty take off her hospital gown. But she was wearing a long face the whole time.

"I don't want to go."

Christina changed into a white cotton floral casual suit. It was a high-end big brand. She knew that this suit would be enough to cover a year's tuition fees. The suit fitted her very well. The sternal line and waistline were perfect. It seemed custom-made. Though Christina looked attractive in it, she felt very uncomfortable.

She didn't buy such expensive clothes.

She didn't remember Patrick and his family very well. So she felt uncomfortable using other people's money.

"I don't want to go back with them."

She looked sulky and refused to leave.

The head nurse overheard her mutters and quickly whispered to warn her, "Miss Dickens, though you are discharged now, we doctors and nurses will follow you. You don't have to worry. We will change your dressing and wash your wounds regularly, I heard that your family also has a doctor."

The director asked them to persuade Miss Dickens to go back home as soon as possible!

Although the wound on her chest was very deep and hurting, Christina didn't care about it too much.

"Auntie, let's go home."

Christina looked annoyed, but her tone sounded a little aggrieved.

She felt at a loss as if waking up homeless and not knowing where her home was. The memories flashed in her mind. She remembered that Betty took her out of the Dickens family and led a thrifty life in a rented house. Betty hated Donald, so even her stubborn niece, Christina, was full of resentment towards the Dickens family.

Every time thinking about it, Betty felt ashamed and regretful.

She had thought about renting a comfortable house outside with her niece temporarily so that she could get used to it and gradually regain her memory. By the time she went back to the Hopkins family or the Dickens family, she would better adapt to it.

However, Patrick disagreed.

He had to take her back to the Hopkins family.

Betty thought of Patrick's tough attitude and immediately felt helpless. She gently advised Christina, "Your father and I will accompany you to live in the Hopkins family. You may slowly remember something. Before you recover your memory, I will live with you."

Christina felt a little relieved at her words.

Though she was repelled by the strange environment, she at least had her aunt accompany her.

Nanny Faang came to pick her up from the hospital. "Junior Mrs. Hopkins, are you still feeling unwell?"

Christina was still not used to this title. But Nanny Faang looked very friendly, she liked her and then shook her head.

Nanny Faang smiled in relief when she saw her shaking her head.

"Then let's go home now. Senior Mr. Hopkins is waiting for you." They took the lift downstairs together and the Hopkins family's driver was waiting for them. Since the stitches on her chest hadn't been taken out, Christina walked slowly and had enough time to observe these strangers

When she got into the car, she was surprised to see such a luxurious car, In the past, the Dickens family was a great family in C City. But it was not so rich. She couldn't figure out how she knew this powerful man surnamed Hopkins.

The car drove steadily, and the speed was not fast. It steadily headed towards Hopkins family, the Morning Hillside Villa.

Nanny Faang saw Christina looking around and whispered to her, "Young Master Hopkins and the others are at home."

Nanny Faang thought that Christina looked around because she was unhappy that Patrick had not personally come to pick her up from the hospital.

In fact, Patrick deliberately did that. She had suddenly forgotten all about them. With his understanding of her, they shouldn't be too enthusiastic and proactive. Originally, Charles insisted on picking her up from the hospital, but Patrick gave him a look. Charles dared not to say it again. He could only say that he would go to the Hopkins family to see her again tomorrow. In the end, Patrick only asked Nanny Faang and the driver to pick her up.

"Oh."

Christina replied flatly. She had no feeling at the fact that her husband had not taken her out of the hospital.

She knew at a glance that he was difficult to get along with.

"Auntie, how did I marry him?" Christina asked directly.

Her words immediately embarrassed the people in the car. Nanny Faang and the driver certainly didn't dare to say anything. Betty looked vexed and said, "You love each other, so you got married."

Betty told a lie.

Christina did not doubt Betty's words, but she frowned and looked a little confused. "Then how did I get to know him?"

Betty was in a dilemma. She was not good at lying.

"I don't know about your story very well." She had to meddle through it.

"Do I know him at work? Is he my boss?" Christina made an assumption

Betty didn't know how to make it up

Christina said to herself, 'A man like him should have a lot of chasers. I don't like to compete with others. Besides, he is not my type. He's cold and macho. Rich men usually don't care about their families. It is very troublesome to marry such a guy.'

No matter how many assumptions Christina made, she felt it unreasonable to marry a poker face.

There was no possibility except that she was forced to get married.

"Even gave birth to twins with him." The more Christina thought about it, the more incredible she felt. She was already a mother.

Moreover, she heard that he was not nervous when hearing that the two babies were missing. He was too unreliable.

Hearing that Christina didn't like Patrick, Nanny Faang, who was sitting on one side, was filled with complicated feelings. She was protective of her young master. Young Master Hopkins was so outstanding. Why was he despised by her? Alas, she wished the original Christina could come back. After a few years of working experience, she was at least more mature. Moreover, they had forged a good relationship after so many years.

Now that Christina had forgotten about them. In her eyes, they were really strangers.

"Junior Mrs. Hopkins, did the doctor say when you will recover?"

The car went straight ahead. Seeing that it almost arrived at the Hopkins family, Nanny Faang could not help but ask her worriedly.

Christina rested her right elbow on her chin and replied indifferently, "I don't know. The doctor said that there is a high probability of permanent amnesia."

Nanny Faang immediately panicked.

"Then how could that happen?"

"What should we do?" Nanny Faang was worried.

"I don't know why this happened," Christina complained in a strange tone, annoyed. "Also, why did Miss Brianna stab me with a mirror fragment? Your family is so strange."

Anyway, she thought her marriage strange

It was hard for her to blend in with the Hopkins family,

My Billionaire Husband Spoils Me Too

Much Chapter 567

[/ My Billionaire Husband Spoils Me Too Much](#)

Chapter 567

Christina felt like she was dreaming.

From the moment the car drove into the grand gate of the Hopkins family, along the way, there were spacious roads, flower beds, fountains, rockeries, winding paths, majestic villas, and corridors with ancient tiles and red paint connecting

the buildings.

She felt as if she was visiting a scenic spot.

Nanny Faang led them to the central building, and they got out of the car.

There were many young maids standing on both sides of the stone stairs in light blue suits. They bowed down and greeted her in unison. "Junior Mrs. Hopkins." Their sweet and clear voice made Christina shiver and goosebumps appeared all over her body.

The main living room was more like an exhibition hall. Apart from the valuable antiques on display and all kinds of famous paintings on the walls, the ceiling was nearly eight meters high. The bright crystal chandelier flickered under the light, and everything was so magnificent.

"... This family is really wealthy." Christina could not help but mutter to herself. According to her current memory, she was still a high school student, so it was normal for her to be surprised. The Hopkins family was really beyond her imagination.

Moreover, she had married Patrick Hopkins and she was going to live here!

Christina felt a little confused and suspected if she was dreaming again.

"... Senior Mr. Hopkins, Junior Mrs. Hopkins is coming." Nanny Faang's voice brought her back to reality.

Christina looked in the direction of the voice. In the middle of the sofa in the living room sat an old man in a navy blue suit. He looked stern, and in his right hand was a yellow rosewood carved walking stick.

Who was this old man?

Christina looked at him, and Senior Mr. Hopkins frowned. He looked at the confusion in her eyes. It's easy to understand her expression, which meant that she didn't know him.

He remembered the butler's report that Christina suddenly forgot them after got injured.

Senior M. Hopkins's expression became more serious.

... This old man must be difficult to get along with Christina lowered her voice and whispered in her aunt's ear.

Betty Eisenhower was surprised to hear what she said,

"Don't talk nonsense." Betty was worried that Christina would offend others as soon as she came back, so Betty reminded Christina in a low voice.

"What are you talking about?"

Senior Mr. Hopkins asked in a deep and hoarse voice.

"I have no obligation to report to you." Christina looked straight at the old man and spoke frankly.

Betty immediately looked at Senior Mr. Hopkins apologetically, nodded at the old man and greeted him, "Senior Mr. Hopkins, Christina hasn't recovered yet..." Betty said in a roundabout way, which meant that Christina had forgotten all of them. Betty hoped that Senior Mr. Hopkins would not take it to heart.

"... Oh, her temper is still the same as before." Senior Mr. Hopkins did not blame Christina.

In the past, Christina was also like this. She had no manners.

Then Senior Mr. Hopkins raised his hand and ordered, "Prepare to serve."

It was 5 pm. Usually, the Hopkins family didn't have dinner so early, and the dishes on the table were mainly light. It seemed to be because Christina was injured.

Christina saw a woman in a bright purple luxurious cheongsam. Looking at her dignified walking posture, Christina knew that she was from a famous family. The lady combed her hair and pinned it with a ruby hairpin, looking very noble and elegant.

"... Christina, this is Patrick's mother." Betty whispered to her.

Christina raised her eyebrows and replied, "Oh."

Christina didn't intend to greet Judy at all. Anyway, Christina didn't remember anyone now. It was really awkward for her to call a strange woman "Mom."

Moreover, for no reason, Christina didn't like this woman very much.

Before Judy sat down at the table, she greeted Senior Mr. Hopkins as usual, then politely nodded to Betty and greeted her. When Judy sat down, she glanced at Christina,

Judy seemed very curious if her daughter-in-law had really forgotten all about them,

As usual, Patrick came to the table at the latest. He was still sitting in his usual seat, right next to Christina.

However, Christina reacted so much that she immediately stood up.

Patrick turned around and stared at her with deep eyes.

"... I'll sit next to my aunt." Christina felt a little uncomfortable being looked at by everyone, but she still insisted on not sitting next to Patrick.

Patrick was expressionless. He hesitated for a second, sat down and did not deal with her.

Christina was obviously relieved.

Senior Mr. Hopkins and Judy saw this scene and had different thoughts in their hearts.

It was different from what Christina had imagined. She thought that such a big family would have a large group of people gathering around and eating in a mannered way.

There were not many people in the Hopkins family. In the past, Ms. Hopkins and Brianna Hopkins were there, but now there were only a few of them at the wide long table.

Everyone was quiet and reserved eating the meal.

After dinner, Judy said good-bye to Senior Mr. Hopkins and went back to her room.

Patrick and Betty were talking about something. They walked out of the living room of the main house side by side...

"Sit down. Have a cup of tea." Christina felt very insecure here. She wanted to go out with her aunt, but Senior Mr. Hopkins stopped her.

Christina's grandfather also liked to make tea, so she did not refuse Senior Mr. Hopkins. She looked at Patrick's grandfather, nodded, and sat next to the old man.

Senior Mr. Hopkins was very patient with the tea set and made a pot of top-grade tea.

The golden tea was poured in the small white jade cup, and the fragrance of the tea was everywhere.

"Is it good?"

The old man took a sip himself and asked casually.

Christina took a sip and nodded.

It tasted better than all the tea she had drunk. If her grandfather were still alive, Christina would definitely steal some back

... When you were pregnant, I didn't let you drink it, and you stole it twice."

Senior Mr. Hopkins snorted and brought up the past.

Christina was surprised. "Did I really steal it?"

"The butler and Nanny Faang can testify."

As the two of them tasted tea and talked about the past, the atmosphere gradually became less distant.

"... Grandpa, I think the way you look at me is strange."

When Christina called him "grandfather," Senior Mr. Hopkins was immediately excited. He knew that Christina had a bad temper. Even if he forced her, she

might not be willing to call him "Grandfather".

"What's so strange? I won't eat you."

Senior Mr. Hopkins suppressed the excitement in his heart and still put on a serious face.

"I think the way you look at me is as if you've done something wrong to me and you're ashamed."

Christina was fearless and straightforward.

"What did you say!" Senior Mr. Hopkins almost choked on a mouthful of tea.

"... And don't you think the lotus pond you built there is horrible at night?"

Senior Mr. Hopkins's face darkened. He really didn't know how to communicate with her.

The old butler who was standing next to her coughed desperately, trying to remind Christina of her way of speaking

Christina misunderstood and thought that the old butler was hinting that she could leave.

So Christina got up quickly, "Then I'll go." She didn't have any intention of staying and chatting with Senior Mr. Hopkins.

Senior Mr. Hopkins glared at her back angrily, "Look, she's even better at irritating me now!" The old butler smiled helplessly.

Now Christina gave people a more youthful, sharp, and simple feeling,

She expressed herself directly and didn't know how to hide her thoughts.

There was indeed a deep sense of guilt in Senior Mr. Hopkins's eyes, because he knew Brianna's mental illness long ago. Senior Mr. Hopkins should be partly responsible for Christina's injury.

Christina walked out of the living room of the main house and walked around curiously,

It was about 6 o'clock in the afternoon. The sun had just begun to set, and the afterglow shone. Christina appreciated the beautiful garden scenery in front of her. It was really pleasing to the eyes.

The Hopkins family made their house like a palace. They really knew how to enjoy life.

Soon, Christina found that her aunt and Patrick were standing at the artificial fish pond talking about something. Her aunt looked a little embarrassed.

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Christina put on a straight face, thinking that her aunt had been bullied.

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She walked over quickly.

Facing the breeze, she could hear their conversation. "She just got out of the hospital today. It's better to let her sleep in the guest room with me tonight."

"Let her sleep in the master bedroom."

"But Patrick, you can't be so anxious. Christina doesn't remember you at all. If you let her sleep with you tonight, it... it's like she's going to sleep with a strange man."

When Christina heard this, she became nervous. She accidentally stepped on a stick with her left foot and made

a sound,

Patrick was very sharp and immediately turned around.

That moment, the two of them looked at each other in astonishment.

My Billionaire Husband Spoils Me Too Much Chapter 568

[/ My Billionaire Husband Spoils Me Too Much](#)

Chapter 568

"No."

"I don't agree!"

As she had already exposed, Christina walked over there directly and blustered, "I don't want to share a bed with you!"

As she spoke, her cheeks turned red unconsciously.

Feeling a sense of shyness or nervousness, Christina subconsciously walked to Betty and held her arm tightly.

Patrick had mixed feelings when he saw that Christina was so close to Betty.

"Then whom do you want to share with?" He deliberately asked her in a low voice.

Christina blushed and immediately replied, "With my aunt."

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"But we are couple."

Patrick's voice was cold and deep as usual, sounding very intimidating.

"But I don't know who you are." Christina suddenly lost her courage in front of him.

"From now on, you must sleep together with me in the main bedroom."

Patrick, as always, did not give her a chance to argue.

Faced with such an aggressive man, Christina panicked for a moment. It was like participating in a negotiation. She had no experience at all, so that she could only be suppressed by her opponent.

Patrick didn't want to be stared as if they were strangers. He turned his head and wanted to leave.

"How could you do this!"

Christina glared at the back of him who was about to leave. She was so annoyed that she was getting her words muddled up, "You, you are not considerate at all. You are rude!"

Patrick stopped as his face was covered by a film of surprise.

Patrick listened to her accusations silently,

"... You've always been like this."

"You are really, really insolent!"

Christina was really not good at swearing, especially because she had lost her memory. In her mind, she was a middle school student now.

This man did not give her a chance to speak, did not listen to her thoughts, and was aggressive and tyrannical. She hated to get along with such a person.

Why would she marry him?

Was it because he was handsome, then she fell in love with him at first sight?

Was it because she was too short of money, then she sold herself?

Various kinds of thoughts were crammed into her mind.

Patrick knew nothing about her thoughts now. He saw her staring at him with all her concentration.

"Mr. Hopkins....."

Nanny Faang came over in a hurry.

"Junior Mrs. Hopkins, may I take you for a walk after dinner? You can also get familiar with here in this way."

Patrick had ordered them to help Christina get familiar with the Hopkins family before Christina left the hospital.

"No, thanks."

Christina refused with a sullen face.

Now she felt that Patrick was tyrannical and she had no interest in visiting this grand and magnificent building.

But Patrick ignored her rejection.

*... Take her for a walk. Start the Eastern Garden. Go to the Southern Garden tomorrow if you don't arrive at it before sunset."

Patrick's voice and order were as cold as usual.

"Yes." Nanny Faang nodded.

* Said NO Why do you always force me?

Christina was in a rage. She felt uncomfortable the moment she stepped into the Hopkins family.

She now wondered if she was forced to marry him.

Betty, who had witnessed their conversation, felt very anxious, "Patrick, Christina hasn't recovered. It's too late now. Let Nanny Faang take us for a walk after Christina remove the Stitches..."

Patrick did not give a response, but urged Nanny Faang to take Christina around quickly.

"... Junior Mrs. Hopkins, there are lots of lamps in the whole garden. They are very bright. You don't need to be afraid of the darkness after the sunset." Nanny Faang said kindly, trying to ease the atmosphere.

She suggested Christina to obey the order, so that she and other servants would not be in a dilemma.

Christina still kept the sullen expression. Betty sighed when she saw this.

No matter what they said, Patrick always insisted on his own ideas. It was impossible to convince him.

Christina turned around and walked towards a path. Betty immediately chased after her and reminded, "Don't walk too fast. You'll hurt your chest."

Christina felt aggrieved at Patrick's order, but she had to obey. So, she kicked a stone on the path, which was only as big as an egg but heavy and hard.

The kick hurt her foot.

The pain made her wrinkle her face with a trembling foot

"... Oh, how are you?"

Betty got more worried.

"Why are you kicking that stone? Take off your shoe and see if there are any bruises."

Christina continued to scold, "This stone is also bullying me. Am I born to be bullied?"

She was so childish that she picked up the stone and throw it into the fish pond in front of her. With a thud, the stone fell into the pond, making the water splashing around.

Patrick stood behind and watched her actions. But he did not stop her or comfort her,

Nanny Faang sighed constantly, "She, she is a teenager now. It was inevitable that.. It was inevitable that she was puerile, "She's always been like this."

Patrick was expressionless. He turned around and reminded, "Take care of her in the future. Don't pamper her."

Then, Patrick turned around and walked towards the garage. He had to go out, Nanny Faang saw Patrick off. Then, she chuckled, "Why will we spoil her?"

It was all because Patrick had doted on Christina since they got married. Then, all the servants, even Master Hopkins, followed his steps.

Christina's right toe really got bruised.

She sat down on a stone chair and took off her shoe. The sun casted a light on her bruised and swollen toes. Nanny Faang asked someone to get her an ointment

and kneaded her toe to reduce the swelling with professional skills.
“... Oh, be gentle, be gentle.” Christina burst into squeal because of the pain. Nanny Faang felt that this scene was familiar. Christina had hurt her toes many times here. She always shouted in this way.
Thinking about that, Nanny Faang felt funny.
Christina thought it was all Patrick’s fault. Without him, she would not get bruised. She had been discharged from the hospital. Why should she walk around this bullshit garden. The wound on her chest ached dully, and now her toes hurt even more.
“Mrs. Hopkins, do you feel better now?” Nanny Faang put away the ointment, stood up and asked her.
Christina shook her foot. Indeed, it was not so pained anymore.
“Call me Miss Dickens.” She emphasized with a sullen face.
Nanny Faang knew that she still kept the conflict with Patrick, “Okay, I’ll call you Miss Dickens now.”
Christina did not expect that she would obey her request. She observed carefully.
“He is so tyrannical. Aren’t you afraid of him?”
“Of course I am. Everyone in the Hopkins family is afraid of him. We had this feeling when he was very young.” Nanny Faang smiled unconsciously when recalling this memory.
Christina nodded to show her agreement.
Yes, he was tyrannical and overbearing. It was natural for everyone to be afraid of him.
“Mr. Hopkins has always been very strict with himself and others. You might think that he is very strict with you. However, he has always been very nice to his family. He must have his reason for this arrangement.”
Christina did not speak. She could feel that the people in the Hopkins family were afraid of Patrick, but they in awe of him at the same time.
She wondered what kind of man he was.
It was hard to read his mind.

My Billionaire Husband Spoils Me Too Much Chapter 569

[/ My Billionaire Husband Spoils Me Too Much](#)

Chapter 569

“You said that he got along well with his family, but I feel that he has a bad relationship with his mother.”
Christina sat on a stone stool and shook the injured toe of her right foot. The sunshine was warm, and there was a pleasant view of the flowerbed and fish pond around her. She was chatting happily with Nanny Faang.
“Young Master Hopkins is indeed not very close to Mrs. Hopkins.” Seeing that Christina was interested in Patrick, Nanny Faang was happy to talk more.
“He doesn’t seem to be very close to his grandfather either.”
Nanny Faang smiled and said, “Senior Mr. Hopkins just said that.”
“Both of them are weirdos,” Christina made a direct conclusion.
Betty couldn’t help but remind Christina, “Christina, you can’t talk like this in the Hopkins family.”
“I’ve been married into the Hopkins family for a long time. I must have complained before.”
Christina waved her hand in disapproval.
“My foot is crippled now, so I can refuse to go to Eastern Garden, Western Garden, and Northern Garden now, can’t I?” Christina looked around and

exaggerated, "If you have to obey his order, you can bring me a wheelchair. I have no human rights anyway."

Nanny Faang smiled helplessly. She was about to say something when a petite girl in the distance rushed over excitedly.

* Junior Mrs. Hopkins!" Nancy shouted in a sweet voice.

"Junior Mrs. Hopkins, you're finally back. I heard you were injured and hospitalized. I'm extremely worried about you."

Nancy ran fast and flushed slightly. She was holding her knees with both hands and panted with excitement.

Christina looked at Nancy calmly. She really didn't remember who the woman in front of her was.

*Call me Miss Dickens," Christina didn't like to hear someone call her Junior Mrs. Hopkins.

Nancy said with a bright smile, * Junior Mrs. Hopkins, it's great to see you so energetic now."

Christina emphasized with a gloomy face, "Call me Miss Dickens."

Junior Mrs. Hopkins, I heard that Big and small were missing." Nancy said worriedly, but then she comforted Christina, "However, you don't have to worry. Young Master Hopkins is back, and he will definitely find Big and Small soon."

"Nancy, don't mention this outside," Nanny Faang warned Nancy sternly.

Nancy was frightened and remembered that the butler had told them not to talk about the disappearance of Big and Small. She quickly begged, "I forgot it. I won't say anything next time. I just think that I can tell it to Junior Mrs. Hopkins. Nanny Faang, I really won't dare to say it next time."

"Okay."

Nanny Faang was very strict in disciplining servants. She knew Nancy didn't say it on purpose, so she forgave Nancy in front of Christina.

Nancy heaved a long sigh of relief and immediately bowed to Nanny Faang,

"Thank you, Nanny Faang and Junior Mrs. Hopkins. Thank you, Miss Betty."

Christina felt that Nancy was really a hard nut.

"Junior Mrs. Hopkins, when you married into the Hopkins family, it was mainly Nancy who accompanied you." Nanny Faang gave Christina a brief introduction, lest Christina would think that all the maids in the Hopkins family were so silly. Nanny Faang actually sent a silly maid to accompany Christina.

However, Christina liked Nancy's temper very much because she could bully Nancy at any time.

Nanny Faang was about to ask Nancy to leave, but Christina spoke first, "Nancy, bring me a wheelchair and take me to walk around."

As she spoke, she turned round and said, "Auntie, you're tired from staying with me for so long. You can go to the guest room to rest first."

Of course, Betty was still very worried about Christina.

So many things had happened to the Hopkins family these days. The twins were missing, and Christina hadn't recovered. What if something happened again while Christina was wandering around alone with a maid?

"Christina, I sent your father back, and I promised him that I would take good care of you. Where do you want to go? I will accompany you."

Christina thought of her father. She was really not used to her father suddenly becoming so concerned about her. In her memory, they always quarreled as soon as they met.

She lost all her memories of the past few years.

She lowered her eyes with bleakness in them.

Relatively speaking, she was lucky enough. She didn't feel too sad because she forgot many things, but the people who were forgotten by her might feel even

sadder.

She suddenly thought of her indifferent husband.

"Nanny Faang, it should be very safe here, right? Please take my aunt to rest first. She has been very tired taking care of me for so many days."

Nanny Faang thought for a moment. The Hopkins family was indeed very safe now, and there were many people guarding it secretly.

Nanny Faang whispered gently to Betty with a smile, "There's someone following them. Don't worry."

Betty turned around suspiciously and did not see anyone. She thought that it was probably Patrick who arranged those people to guard the house. He had always been very meticulous. When things had happened in the Hopkins family, he was not at home. Now he was here, so he would not let those mistakes happen again.
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Betty was getting old, and her body was not as strong as before, so she followed Nanny Faang to the guest room to rest.

Nancy pushed a wheelchair over and said, "Junior Mrs. Hopkins, are we going to Eastern Garden first?"

"Take me to the room where the children used to live."

"You want to go to the baby's room first," Nancy said. "But Young Master Hopkins seemed to say that we should start from Eastern Garden. Junior Mrs. Hopkins, let's..."

"Call me Miss Dickens."

Christina was sitting in the wheelchair. Although she was disabled now, she still had an imposing manner, just like the evil landlord in ancient times.

She threatened Nancy, "If you call me Junior Mrs. Hopkins again, I'll deduct a hundred dollars from your salary until all of your salary this month is deducted."

"Junior Mrs. Hopkins, don't do this."

Nancy begged. She felt that amnesiac Christina was no different from before. "I'll deduct a hundred dollars from your salary," Christina reminded Nancy indifferently.

Nancy looked very nervous. She covered her mouth with her left hand and pushed treacherous Christina to the baby's room with her right hand.

Because the children were missing, the door of the baby's room was locked and closely guarded.

But it was not difficult for Christina to go into the baby's room. She was shown around the colorful room and looked at the two small beds, babies' clothes, and a pile of cute stuffed toys in the corner.

She forgot them all.

Christina frowned with a heart-shaped photo frame in her right hand. The twins were six months old and had just learned to crawl around in bed. They were wearing cute navy blue sailor suits. And they were snuggling up to each other and looking at the camera curiously.

The twins were very good-looking.

Christina felt that the two children were more like their father. They looked exactly the same, and they were both fair and chubby. There was only a slight difference in the color of their eyes. One's eyes were blue, while the other's were black. The two little guys looked very cute when they looked at the camera curiously.

"How did I give birth to them?"

Christina felt very satisfied with her beautiful sons, but she found this very incredible. She lifted her clothes, looking at her smooth belly and muttering in a low voice.

"Junior Mrs. Hopkins, this question...I really can't explain it to you." Nancy blushed and stuttered awkwardly, thinking of how a woman got pregnant.

Christina felt that the maid that the Hopkins family had chosen for her was very

interesting, and that she might have a good time here in the past
"Two hundred dollars," Christina reminded Nancy mercilessly.
Nancy became listless and dejected, wondering why she was so stupid.
Christina pushed the wheelchair around herself. She pushed a large red tumbler
in front of her, and the tumbler began to sway. "I seem to remember this
tumbler," Christina was not sure.

"Junior...Miss Dickens, you brought this tumbler back from Japan." Nancy
narrowly saved her salary this time.

Christina looked at the swaying tumbler in a daze, and some familiar scenes
flashed through her mind.

"Is there a cat often squatting on this tumbler's head?" Christina guessed,
"Yes."

Nancy was so honest that she immediately said everything she knew, "Earl
especially liked to run to the baby's room to play with the two babies. It was used
to squatting on the head of the tumbler, Big and Small also liked Earl very much.
They often dragged Earl's tail with their little hands to stop it from running
away."

"Earl."

Christina muttered, "It seems to be someone's pet." Suddenly, a black cat with
shiny hair and strange light in its eyes appeared in Christina's mind.

My Billionaire Husband Spoils Me Too Much Chapter 570

[/ My Billionaire Husband Spoils Me Too Much](#)

Chapter 570

Christina nervously pushed open the door of the master bedroom.

The lights inside were on, but there was no one.

Christina breathed a sigh of relief. She actually had slept with a man and they had
even given birth to a child. They must have had sex before, but she forgot it now.

"... I really hate it. Why can't I sleep in the guest room first?"

Christina was unhappy, but at the same time, she was nervous.

When Christina woke up, she didn't remember anything and married an
unreasonable man.

It was a strange feeling.

She sat by the bed and thought about it.

The clock on the wall showed that it's 8:45 pm, but Patrick had not come back yet.
He should be very busy usually

Christina didn't know how she got along with him before.

Would Patrick have affairs with other women, such as his secretary?

Christina thought a lot until the door was knocked. She was surprised and
immediately looked up nervously at the door

Nanny Faang pushed the door open and walked in, holding a plate in both hands
and there was a delicate ceramic pot on it. "Junior Mrs. Hopkins, have some
soup."

Christina had dinner at 5 o'clock today. Nanny Faang thought that Christina was
probably hungry and prepared supper early

"I heard the soup helps to heal the wound. I know that you hate greasy food, so
I've removed all the oil. Have the soup while it's hot"

Nanny Faang was very considerate. She put the plate on the small round table
and pulled out a chair. Then she poured out the soup from the pot and asked
Christina to come over and drink it

By the way, Nanny Faang also told Christina, "Miss Eisenhower is already resting

She may have been too tired recently. After taking a bath, she had a massage and soon fell asleep”

The Hopkins family had always treated its guests with courtesy

Christina took a few glances at Nanny Faang. She walked from the bedside to the chair in the living room and sat down. Then she slowly took the exquisite ceramic spoon and sipped the soup. It tasted good.

“You’re so nice to me,” Christina said suddenly.

Although Christina had no impression of the people in the Hopkins family, it was true that they took good care of her, including her family.

Nanny Faang stood aside with a smile on her face. Seeing that Christina had finished half the bowl, Nanny Faang immediately filled another half bowl of soup for Christina.

“... This is not what I thought before.” Christina was happy to chat with Nanny Faang.

“... I was going to take the examination, and then work hard to make money. So I could treat my aunt, save money to buy a house, and then find a suitable man to marry.”

. Christina gestured with her fingers. It was a luxurious and spacious master bedroom. “This is different from

what I thought.” She said. “I didn’t expect to marry into such a rich family.”

Christina’s grandfather, General Eisenhower, was very respected and influential at that time. At that time, the Dickens family was considered a local rich family.

Christina had lived a carefree life since she was born.

However, Christina had never expected to marry into such a rich family like the Hopkins family.

There were a lot of rules in big families, and Christina didn’t like to be constrained.

Nanny Faang joked when she saw that Christina was open to her. “... No wonder when you first married into the Hopkins family, you were always very vigilant.

Senior Mr. Hopkins said in private that you seemed to be ready to run away and told Young Master Hopkins to keep an eye on you.”

Christina was shocked, while Nanny Faang smiled happily.

Christina always felt that it was strange to get married at that time. How could there be a bride who always wanted to run away?

Christina asked curiously, “Then what should I do at home?”

“Do I need to go shopping, buy bags, and drink tea with those rich ladies?”

Nanny Faang saw that Christina had drunk a bowl and a half of hot soup, and she did not allow Christina to drink more. She tidied up the dishes and replied to Christina, “No.”

“Senior Mr. Hopkins didn’t ask you to socialize with those ladies.”

“Then did I pass time idly at home all day long?”

Nanny Faang didn’t dare to say it directly. That was because Patrick didn’t want Christina to go out to work

“Junior Mrs. Hopkins, you still have injuries on your body and you can’t take a bath. Your wounds and body had been cleaned in the hospital today. I’ll ask Nancy to help you clean your body tomorrow. You should rest early.”

Nanny Faang walked out with the cutlery in her hand. She turned around and reminded Christina with a smile. “When I went upstairs, I saw Young Master Hopkins coming back. He’s in the study now. If you can’t sleep after drinking the soup, you can go to him.”

When Christina heard that Patrick was back, her expression was very complicated, and Christina did not dare to go to him.

Nanny Faang saw through her thoughts and smiled. “You can also wait for him in the bedroom tonight.” Nanny Faang guessed that Christina had forgotten some memories and was probably shy.

"I won't wait for him."

Christina retorted and her cheeks flushed.

Nanny Faang laughed and closed the door.

After Nanny Faang went out, Christina received an unexpected call.

"Christina."

Crystal was very excited. "Christina, I heard that you were stabbed by Brianna.

How are you now? What did the doctor say? Is the wound still bleeding?"

Christina held the phone in a daze. She felt that the voice was a little familiar, but she couldn't remember who it was for a moment.

After a while, "Christina, you really forget about us." Crystal's voice was full of worry.

Christina came back to her senses. "... You were my roommate in high school who was very afraid of death."

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Crystal was speechless. "Yes." Christina only remembered that Crystal was afraid of death.

"Crystal, where are you now? How do you know I'm hurt?"

"I'm still in France. Chandler sent me a message. So I call you right away..."

"Chandler? The gentleman with glasses?" Christina recalled the people she had met recently. "You know Chandler very well?"

Crystal was embarrassed. "Yes, I do." She certainly knew her ex-husband well.

Since Christina didn't have much memory of her, Crystal didn't say much about herself, she reminded Christina, "How are you now? I heard that you have been discharged from the hospital and returned to the Hopkins family. What about Brianna? Brianna has done so many bad things. Has the Hopkins family covered up for her?"

Crystal was excited and continued, "This Brianna is really scheming. She has lived in the Hopkins family for so many years, but Patrick doesn't know that she has schizophrenia."

"... Even if Patrick never cared about it, Senior Mr. Hopkins should have noticed it."

"Although I've always hated Ms. Hopkins for being overbearing, hearing that she was pushed down the rooftop by Brianna Hopkins and fell into a vegetative state, I think it's too cruel. And Brianna stabbed you with shards..."

And her miscarriage was caused by Brianna last time!

The more Crystal said, the more excited she became. Thinking of the child who had passed away, she couldn't let go of it.

Christina was surprised. She had never thought that Brianna would be so cruel, and the people in the Hopkins family had not explained everything to her.

Crystal was very honest with her, and Christina was more inclined to believe her.

"... My twin sons are missing." Christina said to the phone.

"It must be Brianna!"

"I heard that it had nothing to do with Brianna, and it seemed that they were taken away by a cat..."

"The people of the Hopkins family are still protecting her. What cat? They're talking nonsense. Brianna has harmed many people, and she even plants saffron in the yard!"

After Christina hung up, she was uneasy.

She didn't know who to trust,

The door was pushed open and Patrick came in. "... What are you thinking?" His voice was low and steady.

Christina looked up in shock and saw that Patrick slightly frowned and he was gazing at her.