

My Billionaire Husband Spoils Me Too Much Chapter 751

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Chapter 751

Since Patrick hadn't shown up for more than half a year, his office on the top floor of IP&G Group had been also closed. The daily routine of these beautiful secretaries on the same floor was to gossip about him. And they always felt a little disappointed every time they looked at that closed door.

His sudden return yesterday made all the ladies on that floor panic. Some of them rushed to the bathroom to fix their makeup, and others quickly begin to tidy up their messy tables.

"President has been tanned a lot this time."

"I think this wheaten skin makes him seem to be sunnier and more resolute. Good, it looks good!"

The group of golden-collar beauties in the secretary's office were all Patrick's faithful fans. His appearance in the company made them excited for a long time and they even worked more efficiently in such a wonderful mood.

"A handsome face will be suitable for any color of complexion. I think his muscles are much stronger. If he takes off his coat and suit, he will definitely look very sexy. Ah—"One of them screamed when she was imagining that scene,

"Do you have the guts to pretend to fall on him and touch his chest?" The Public Relations Director, who had just come out of the pantry, whispered.

"How dare you! How could you have such an impure thought on the president!?"

There was a righteous person who immediately jumped out to rebuke her.

"Stop pretending to be simple-minded. You've been envisioning more in the past six months, okay? And now you get timid to practice it. Shame on you."

"Who dares to do that? I'll pay a thousand dollars!"

"If there are any tough guys who are gussy throw yourself on him, I'll pay five hundred."

It could be said that the crowd had been whipped into a fever of excitement.

During lunchtime, all ladies on the top floor of the IP&G collectively ordered takeout to save their time to gather around for another round of gossip.

Perhaps they were so excited that did not notice that a person came out of the elevator at this time Staring at them and enduring for a long time, the man finally laughed out.

"Mr, Mr Shepherd!"

The general manager of the Public Relations Department was the first to find him. She shouted awkwardly, hoping that the rest of them would shut up quickly. People on the top floor were all sophisticated enough, and the speed at which they changed their expressions was amazing. They turned around with a standard smile of the stewardess, saying together in a sweet voice, "Hello, Mr. Shepherd." It was as if the ferocity they showed when they had been gossiping excitedly just now was only his illusion.

As always, there was a smile on his handsome face.

"Why don't you take action if you have the ideas? I'll pay 10 million." Charles would be more than glad to watch an interesting show.

Cool and efficient, these beauties were also quite interesting for they were even daredevil enough to throw themselves at Patrick.

With gentle smiles on their faces, they feigned that they didn't understand what he was talking about since they were good at playing the fool.

The secretary-general talked to him seriously. "Mr. Shepherd, I haven't seen you for so long. You look more handsome."

"But still can not be compared with your boss." He replied modestly with his smiling eyes full of cunning.

No matter in his company, in the socialite circle, or even on the campus where he had studied, Patrick had always been so popular among women. In addition to his outstanding appearance, his identity, way of doing things and temperament had also indeed made many people be obsessed with him.

"We are not intended to do anything. Please don't get us wrong."

"Yes, we're just joking. How can we have such great guts?"

They were really worried that Charles would say something to Patrick. If he said that they were always infatuated with him instead of working, they might be sent to the branch office. Then they would be in trouble.

Looking at these beautiful women, he said primly, "Actually, you are right. It will just be a piece of cake for you as long as you do it at the right time. And you will get Patrick around your fingers. Unfortunately..."

Deliberately prolonging his tone, Charles looked at them with a regretful face.

This made those top gold-collar beauties, who had always been smart and capable with top academic qualifications, stare at him with sparkling eyes, "Mr. Shepherd, please explain in detail this important matter!"

The minister of the Public Relations Department immediately pushed a comfortable chair for him and the secretarial staff quickly brought fruit and coffee to entertain him. Then these crafty women all smiled at him.

"You're quite welcome. Though you've been on the top floor for so long, you are still not clear about the most basic principle of him, alas."

Hearing his words, they looked at each other in dismay. What kind of important thing that even they hadn't known?

The atmosphere there had been tense for a while.

Charles sighed, "Patrick has always followed the rule of 'not preying farthest from his hole'."

Patrick always categorized the people around him strictly: sister, friend, subordinate, and wife.

"Formerly, there was a woman who has hit on Patrick and really succeed in such a way... If you want a chance, you might have to resign first and then find a way to seduce him."

Charles often flirted with those girls in the company like this.

When the beauties of IP&G heard this, they quit. It had taken them great efforts to get the status today. Wouldn't it be silly for them to leave now?

No, no, no, it was too risky to ball the jack.

Obviously, Mr. Shepherd was teasing them again.

Looking at these women who have exquisite makeup on their faces and brand clothes on hot figures, he couldn't help but laugh, "I'm telling the truth. Oh, why don't you believe me?"

Wasn't that what Christina had done before?

After "bullying" the girls, Charles directly turned right into the president's office, and behind him, that group of women looked awkward now. "Just forget it. It will be better to have some fantasies about the president in their hearts."

None of them had the guts.

"Patrick, the girls outside are very interesting." Charles walked in with a complacent smile.

Not even raising his head, Patrick was signing a document with a pen in his hand. He casually dropped a sentence, "Hasten to marry the one you like, lest you be grounded again by your mother."

At the mention of this, Charles immediately got distracted.

Having been locked up for a whole month, he ran home from that island and was eager to see his family. At the same time, his mother rushed out excitedly too. But she was filled with anger and beat him hard with two feather dusters in her hands respectively.

"It's been half a year, I thought you were dead, but you weren't, were you? I'll send you to Heaven now!!"

Being beaten violently, he started to scream.

Unfortunately, his father and brothers did not help him at all. On the contrary, they even tried to escalate the fight. And his youngest brother was the worst, who directly gave a baseball bat to his mother to make her use more conveniently. As a result, his thighs got black and blue.

At the thought of that scene, he still felt frightened.

"Patrick, your grandfather indeed loves you." Charles was jealous of him because he was only beaten once by Senior Mr. Hopkins with a crutch.

Thinking about his painful memories-he was not only has a cramp in his thighs but also be grounded by his mother.

As soon as he got free, he right away ran out to make merry with his friends. And the first people crossed his mind was Christina.

He begged Patrick for help. "My mother gave me a strict order of finding her a daughter-in-law this year. I want to take Christina back to ease the atmosphere and see if I can postpone it."

"My mother likes her very much. Lend me your wife and I'll treat her to a big meal. I prefer to be single for a few more years. I don't want to be the slave of marriage." Charles said with a grimace.

Patrick immediately looked up, saying in a mystifying tone, "She has gone back to the Dickens family in the C city."

"She actually went back to her parents' home to play?"

Feeling greatly disappointed, Charles asked, "Patrick, why don't you go there with her?"

These words exactly stabbed him in his heart.

Her return to the Dickens family was totally a sudden decision in which he had not been considered at all.

Not noticing his gloomy face, Charles continued to complain thoughtlessly, "I heard that Chandler is living a hard life either. When Mrs. Stephenson saw him coming back, she begin to cry hard. And then she would cry every time she met him, which has lasted for more than half a month... He should feel bad too."

Charles would rather be beaten up instead of experiencing that,

*Patrick, I'll go to the C city to help you bring Christina back and ask her to have a meal at my home." Charles asked him in a consultative tone, "Crystal seems to be looking for her for something too, I'll go there with her."

Patrick suddenly got angry for some reason, "Won't I do that? Don't get her involved in your affairs!"

He felt that he considered her as a treasure, while she insisted on throwing herself into the mud pit and getting dirty.

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Chapter 752

"Patrick didn't urge you back?"

Christina lied without Nushing. She said, "I've not contributed much to the Hopkins family anyway. I can spend more time with you and go back when I have to."

Lucy's eyes twitched.

She clearly remembered how angry Patrick was on the phone last night.

Although Christina did lie, the lie especially worked for them. Betty smiled and praised, "Patrick is filial."

Allowing Christina to go back to accompany her parents showed his filial piety in Betty's eyes.

Donald snorted. "What Patrick meant was that you won't bother him when you come back. But you don't know what he indicated but keep staying here. Why can't you learn from other well-behaved ladies?"

Every time her father caught a chance, he would scold her.

Christina was used to it. So she had no feelings for his words and pretended to nod thoughtfully.

Mrs. Dickens didn't say anything, but she was very happy. She smiled and said, "That's great."

Larry didn't say a word. He didn't have to use his brain to know Christina was lying. But he was delighted to see Betty so happy. He thought Even if the Hopkins really came to bring Christina back in person, they couldn't do anything if she didn't want to.

But for the Dickens family, there was something imperfect. "Why didn't you bring the twins along?"

Their house was so quiet that they envied others for having children.

But even Christina, the mother of the twins, had no say on the twins.

"Dad, why don't I buy you two puppies?" Christina planned to go out for a walk.

Donald grinned and suddenly became angry. "Can dogs be like children? If you're really so free, just give birth to a few more children. Then we can have some say in front of the old man in the Hopkins family."

Donald had been in the business circle for so long. How could he not know that her daughter had no say in bringing out the two kids? But he inexplicably got angry thinking that Christina had been wronged in the Hopkins family.

"What's wrong with you? Why are you talking so loudly all of a sudden? Do you think I'm deaf?" Mrs. Dickens scolded,

Donald was always a filial son. So after being scolded by his mother, he suppressed his emotions and shut his mouth

However, Donald always thought that his daughter was trapped to get married to Patrick. So every time he thought about it, he was very unhappy.

They had just finished lunch and were drinking tea and eating fruit in the living room.

An hour after lunch, Mrs. Dickens, Donald, and Betty were used to taking naps. Even Larry pretended that he wanted to take a nap. At this time, the house seemed like a small nursing home.

Christina and Lucy had survived the harsh days on the island. So they were in high spirits and planned to go out for a walk.

Betty specifically warned them before they left, "Don't buy anything to eat. The food outside is not clean. Do you remember it?"

"Yes," Christina said perfunctorily.

Lucy came out this time for taking a break. She pondered for a while, "Christina, your father treats you well."

Although Lucy couldn't tell exactly how Donald treated Christina well, his words and tone just accorded with the image of a father in her mind.

What is a father like? Lucy didn't know it because she was fatherless since she was born, but now she guessed that a father was probably like Donald Dickens.

"Lucy, you look a little different."

They took a bus. The pace of life in C City was a little slower. Compared to the wonderful and busy life in A City, life here was actually more peaceful and stable, and there was more time to chat and think.

"It's natural to have some change after surviving the experiences on that island," Lucy said calmly.

Lucy had been wondering where her home was.

For so many years, she had numerous business trips to complete all kinds of tasks. The happiest moment for her was when she saw that number in her account after finishing her work and then afforded her favorite car, She didn't even have a fixed property, because she always felt that she was like rootless duckweed. After all, she could have the bill reimbursed after staying in the best hotel no matter where she went.

Lucy frowned and suddenly said, "Christina, I wanna buy a house."

So she could have a home,

Christina didn't understand Lucy's struggles in mind and told her seriously,

"Don't bother. Which city do you want

to buy a house in? Go ask Charles. He has a lot of connections in the city. He can help you save a lot of time and buy a cheaper house. Where do you want to buy a house? C City?"

Lucy didn't know either.

For the first time, Christina felt that Lucy was upset. "Hey, what are you thinking?"

Lucy suddenly became angry. "It's all your fault, you're the root of all evil."

Christina was speechless.

Why did she suddenly get irritated?

Since she couldn't beat Lucy, Christina didn't say anything and kept quiet so as not to provoke her.

Lucy felt that she became so restless that she looked like she was going through menopause. she used to be so carefree, but she changed within less than a year since she met Christina.

Gary, Crabbie, and Alan also had no family, no fixed property, and they were also busy. They also went all out to complete their tasks. When they were free, they enjoyed themselves at the club. Even if they were killed in an accident, they would not have something to care about in this world. This was their life.

That was what Lucy used to think. That was how life should be.

"Christina, I was born in a war-torn country. It was said that my father was a Chinese businessman, and my mother was probably his mistress."

It was the first time Lucy had mentioned her family to anyone.

Christina thought for a moment. No wonder Lucy looked like a mixed-blood.

"In a war-torn country, peace is a wish, and surviving is a luxury."

Lucy's clear and sharp eyes were fixed on the scenery outside the window. She said in a flat tone, "When I was young, I had already known what reality is like. And my face was always covered with dust and ashes. The first thing I thought about after opening my eyes every day was where I could find food."

"The air raid sirens resounded throughout the land. The air attack planes flew past, and the missiles were dropped one by one, and then exploded... This sounds terrible, but we were used to it. We felt that the whole world was like this. Miles came and everyone hid. And those who unfortunately died from the bomb could do nothing about it

Lucy lowered her voice. "I've been there."

She was 6 years old that year. That day, the enemy launched a sneak attack.

When the sirens sounded, the missiles had started to be smashed down one by one. Many civilians didn't have enough time to hide. The shabby houses were immediately ruined into ruins.

Lucy had never seen her father. Only her mother had struggled to raise her and

her brother. That day, when the air raid happened, her mother rushed out with her brother in her arms. But Lucy was short and ran slowly, and her legs were pressed down by the fallen wooden table. She was shouting, hoping that her mother would save her later.

But her mother didn't

Her mother looked flustered and hugged her 3-year-old brother tightly in her arms. Her mother only looked back at her once. Perhaps her mother thought that she had no ability to rescue both children, so she chose her son.

Lucy still remembered that day at this moment.

She was weak and helpless, crying and screaming for help.

She didn't know if her mother and brother survived in the end, or if they went back to look for her. That day, Lucy was accidentally saved by Patric. Ever since then, there was no weakness in her life.

When Senior Mr. Hopkins was young, he was a skilled arms dealer. He ran his business with his precious

grandson, Patrick. At that time, Patrick was 11 years old.

Although Patrick was still young at that time, he received a totally different education and contacted extraordinary people. He was taller than the average boy, and his eyes were deep.

"I just wanted to live. I knew I would die, but I didn't want to give in to my fate. I was buried in the collapsed house, but I still screamed and struggled. I wanted to live."

"The next day after the raid, Patric heard my voice. He asked someone to move the broken stones away and asked someone to treat me."

Lucy said it calmly as if those things didn't happen to her.

Christina was surprised. It was the first time she knew that Patrick once saved Lucy.

"I know Patric is the child of the rich, so I pestered him to take me away from that damn place."

When Lucy mentioned this, she couldn't help but feel that she was very smart and brave at that time.

To survive, she could shamelessly rely on a child of the rich.

Christina found it interesting and asked, "How did you pester him?"

Was Patrick very soft-hearted and sympathetic when he was young?

Lucy said faintly, "I hid in his suitcase"

Christina almost burst out laughing. Lucy was indeed extraordinary.

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Chapter 753

"You actually hid in Patrick's suitcase to leave with him! Didn't he throw you out when he found you?"

Christina was curious about Lucy's past.

Lucy rolled her eyes at Christina. "You've never experienced wars so you don't understand how hard my life was. When I was 6, I was still as skinny as a malnourished monkey. My eyes looked terrifyingly big on my pale, shriveled face. I was pulled out of the suitcase when Patrick was boarding. Do you think I would give up? Of course not! I held his legs so tightly that he couldn't even move!"

Christina wouldn't understand how hard she had tried to survive in the chaos of wars when human lives were even cheaper than dogs.

"I didn't mean to offend you."

Christina softened her voice as she noticed Lucy's sudden anger.

"I'm curious just because Patrick doesn't look like someone that would easily agree to take you with him."

Unlike Derek, Patrick seemed hard to handle.

The bus drove slowly along the way and stopped at the next stop, where some passengers got off and some got on. Among them were some female students in uniforms.

Lucy looked at those young girls and then turned to Christina. Suddenly, some unpleasant memory occurred to her.

She glared at Christina. "Yes, Patrick is a hard nut to crack. I paid unimaginably great effort to make him accept me."

Christina was a little aggrieved at Lucy's sudden hostility towards her. She really had no idea why Lucy was angry with her.

Lucy couldn't vent her anger on Christina at her will, so she cursed with a snort.

"What an unfair world! Damn it."

Since Lucy had always been an unruly, independent woman who was determined to take charge of her own life, it was surprising to see her complaining about her destiny.

Christina was confused about her for a moment.

She wondered what made Lucy so emotional today.

Christina certainly wouldn't know about Lucy's efforts. Everything Lucy owned today was earned by herself. Without family and friends, she had fought through all kinds of men to her position today. Gary and Alan were more like her competitors than friends.

However, Lucy's difficult life before wasn't the reason why she was angry at Christina today. She was actually upset about how unfair the world was.

While she was trying her best to prove herself useful so that Patrick wouldn't drive her away, Patrick was trying his best to win Christina's heart, who was just a high school student at that time. Now that Lucy thought about it, she found this whole thing unacceptable.

Impressed by the unyieldingness and determination of Lucy, a six-year-old girl, Senior Mr. Hopkins agreed to adopt her. The Hopkins family could adopt a skinny girl who looked harmless.

However, Patrick didn't completely agree with his grandfather on this matter. He already had a younger sister, Brianna. There was no need to have another one.

Patrick, who was only 11 years old at that time, took Lucy to an old apartment in the old city of New York.

He bought the whole row of apartments in that neighborhood with the money given by his grandfather on every New Year's Day and raised a lot of children there, an extremely amazing and surprising thing for an 11-year-old child to do.

Lucy met Gary, Alan, and the others there. They were all orphans and ex-convicts. There was a time when Lucy naively thought of Patrick as a kind person.

She realized later that they were nothing but pets to Patrick. He was too rich, which enabled him to raise them, a bunch of miserable children, with his pocket money as if they were his dogs.

Under Patrick's rule, they had to prove themselves useful to him if they wanted more food, money, and better clothes.

Patrick offered them a chance to change their lives and he had never forbidden them from leaving since there would always be more people who came here and worked for him willingly.

In order not to be chased away, Lucy struggled every day. Gary and the others weren't kind people when they were young, so she had to fight with them for her food. Their friendship only began after they got to know each other well after a

long time.

Lucy couldn't tell how she felt about Patrick. When even her mother had given up on her, Patrick passed by and saved her life in the chaos of the war. He looked like a mighty god at that time.

Gary and the others always laughed at her strange affection for Patrick like a clinging nestling.

Lucy couldn't help that. When she met Patrick, who looked so powerful with all his bodyguards behind him, in a war when human lives seemed to be worthless, she couldn't help but look up at him as the strongest man in the world.

Since she was a child, it had been her dream to prove herself useful to Patrick and become someone as powerful as him.

In the years when she grew taller and stronger and became more skillful and powerful thanks to thousands of times of training, she discovered something unusual about Patrick: He seem to be hostile to women. She was told this hostility had something to do with Patrick's mother. All the girls who were older than 10 years old would be ignored by him.

Lucy thought she was the special one, the only girl whom Patrick treated differently. She was already 17 years old that year but Patrick still answered all her questions patiently, which made her surprised with joy.

She was also the only woman among the elites selected by Patrick. Gary had reminded her to keep her hair short.

She had recklessly confessed her feelings to Patrick once.

And she was refused by him without hesitation after a second of surprise.

Gary still laughed at her about this embarrassing incident.

Thinking of this, Lucy glared at Christina even more fiercely.

Christina was anxious, not knowing what she had done that could have provoked Lucy.

"Christina, you should be grateful that I'm tolerant. You would have been killed by me if I wasn't." Lucy snorted.

Lucy couldn't "love" Patrick. After all, she didn't know what was love.

Patrick saved her when she was helpless and desperate. While she was grateful for that, she couldn't help but imagine that she was special to him.

Disappointedly, this wasn't the truth.

For Patrick, saving her was nothing but a little favor, which was not even worth remembering.

Lucy was calm when she realized this. Patrick had saved her from the desperate pit of wars and brought her to this civilized world. He was the one who told her that she could depend on herself and make a better life.

Patrick assigned her missions with rewards and occasionally, she could get more money than she deserved when Patrick was in a good mood. Their deals were clear and efficient. Lucy was still grateful to him. However, she was upset at Christina's appearance.

She wasn't jealous of her.

Lucy felt like a child who couldn't afford a toy that she had been wanting for a long time. Just as she was staring at the toy in the window, another child bought it and threw it away in the dustbin with disdain.

Lucy wished she could beat Christina up if she had the chance!

"Lucy, can you stop looking at me this way? It's scaring." Christina felt a chill down her spine.

The bust arrived at the next stop. It was the high school Christina used to study in.

Lucy dragged Christina out of the bus.

"Do you know Patrick worked as a teaching assistant in your school?" Lucy asked fiercely.

Christina nodded after consideration. "Yes." But she didn't know him when she was still a student.

Lucy snorted. "You don't know! You don't know how many stupid things you've done!"

Christina felt so aggrieved. Those stupid things must have been done by Patrick!

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Chapter 754

Patrick was 22 years old.

At that time, he was studying at a world-renowned private university in Massachusetts, the United States.

Charles was his schoolmate and Chandler, who was above them by two grades, was a graduate student at the same school. Who graduated from this university was a true genius.

At that time, after Patrick finished his undergraduate course, he could study further or take over the IP&G Group.

Senior Mr. Hopkins had always hoped that his grandson returned home. If he stayed in a foreign country for a long time, his mind must have a problem.

Those who had stayed abroad for a long time even forgot the traditional culture of accompanying family and filial piety and kept saying human rights, freedom, and personal pursuit. Those didn't take their family seriously. They were ungrateful. It was a culture of selfishness.

Today, Patrick was unwilling to spend the Spring Festival in the Hopkins family, which pissed off Senior Mr. Hopkins who dropped the bowl on the first day of the New Year.

Senior Mr. Hopkins sent people to take him back, but Patrick grew up and hired a group of personal bodyguards. The people he sent failed to arrest Patrick.

The eldest grandchildren grew up and didn't listen to his instruction. Every time Senior Mr. Hopkins got angry at home, scolding Patrick as the unfilial descendant. At the same time, he deeply felt that the Hopkins family could not trap him.

Senior Mr. Hopkins worked hard for most of his life, traveling all over the world, even the most dangerous place where war raged. There were enemies and friends all over the world. He was not afraid.

Unexpectedly, when he was old, his only son, Victor, was born with poor health and would die soon. Patrick, the only grandson, did not go home in New Year. The Hopkins family was always cold and quiet. It was big but there were a few people. Although they kept hiring servants, Senior Mr. Hopkins still felt empty.

Senior Mr. Hopkins sometimes thought that he might become a monk. It may be alive there.

Senior Mr. Hopkins was a proud and stubborn man, and Patrick was like him most in this respect. Therefore, when they met, they always fought and then parted unhappily.

Patrick rarely took the initiative to contact them.

Not long after the Spring Festival, the Lantern Festival was coming. Patrick received a call from an old butler of the Hopkins family

"Young Master Hopkins, the doctor said that your father might not hold on..."

Patrick's father was born sick and he had been kept alive by the nutrient solution. No one was surprised to hear this news

Patrick looked calm and replied, "I'll go back as soon as possible." Then he hung up the phone.

Paul was relieved to hear that he was coming back.

Young Master Hopkins was not so cold when he was a child. It was probably after

he was kidnapped when he was a child that he became indifferent to the Hopkins family. Senior Mr. Hopkins wanted to tear those kidnappers to pieces, but the kidnappers were all dead. The doctor said that the kidnapping caused a psychological shadow on him. His coldness was out of self-defense.

The Hopkins family had especially found several excellent psychologists, but it didn't work.

Patrick seemed to hate women, especially the mature and dignified woman with long hair, looking womanly.

Senior Mr. Hopkins wanted to correct him, but he grew up quickly and precocious. The Hopkins family could not control him.

Now that he was abroad. Obviously, he didn't rely on the Hopkins family and he could do well on himself.

Senior Mr. Hopkins would get angry when he heard his friends praise Patrick as capable and powerful. The more he heard, the angrier he became. Instead, he wished his grandson was a good-for-nothing.

Now it depended on his grandson coming home or not.

"Patrick."

Charles saw a familiar figure in the school corridor and ran over. "Are you going home?"

Charles liked to dye his hair in all colors, wearing flashy clothes and several shiny earrings. At first glance, he was more like a hooligan from the lower class.

On the tolerant campus, everyone could wantonly pursue his personality. Charles was a know-it-all, a rich young man who liked hanging around.

The Shepherd family had some personal connections with the Hopkins family, and Charles heard that Victor was dying,

"Yes," Patrick replied concisely.

He did not stop and strode towards the principal's office.

Charles was used to this, kept up with him, and asked, "Are you going to stay at school, start your own company, or are you going home?"

They had more choices than the students who were busy looking for a job or taking postgraduate exams. They could go to the principal's office, saying that they planned to take a break from school and continued their studies when they had time.

Patrick did not answer this question because he was not sure.

Charles carefully observed his expression. In fact, his grandfather asked him to ask because Senior Mr. Hopkins was looking forward to Patrick's return.

Charles, one of the few friends who could talk to Patrick, was often entrusted with important tasks by his elders. It was hard.

Charles was walking behind worriedly. Patrick, who was walking ahead, was suddenly pounced on by a female student dressed in formal attire at the door of a classroom on the left.

"Ouch!" The fair and beautiful foreign girl let out a sound.

Patrick reacted quickly and took a step back. As a result, the foreign girl was unable to stop, so she hit the fire hydrant box on the wall.

The scream attracted people around to see. Charles widened his eyes in shock.

However, this was not a strange thing. Patrick was coveted by women on campus.

These audacious foreign girls even openly bid on the campus network to secretly take photos and videos of Patrick when he was sleeping, eating, and even bathing.

Compared to Charles, who had slept with many girls. Patrick thought that it was more annoying to get popular.

To avoid these, Patrick didn't go to class on valentine's day a while ago.

Unexpectedly, His school email was filled with chocolates and love letters.

The foreign girl displayed her unyielding spirit. She was confident in her beauty and said loudly, "Mark, I love you so much."

Mark was Patrick's English name, and these women even gave him all kinds of nicknames.

It was not rare for women to confess to men abroad.

Patrick glanced at her and said, "That's your problem."

People didn't react and then realized that this answer was arrogant, mocking that she was an anthomaniac.

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Chapter 755

Patrick did not stay still any longer and continued to walk towards the principal's office at the end of the corridor.

He left this foreign girl humiliated and she glared at his back angrily. Maybe Patrick's words were too hurtful. The foreign girl suddenly burst into tears as if she had a breakdown.

Charles sighed in private.

As a result, there was a righteous man in the classroom who couldn't stand it. He suddenly got up, ran over angrily, and grabbed Patrick by his back collar.

This righteous student had great muscles and a huge body like other Africans. When he caught Patrick, he wanted to teach Patrick a lesson. In fact, there were many small groups on the campus. Some groups despised the rich students the most since they believed the rich students were enrolled only because they were rich.

The two of them soon got into a fight, and the students around them became lively. They were shouting and making it messier.

The black boy fought violently. He picked up the big trash can beside him and threw it at Patrick.

However, Patrick dodged it. It seemed that the black student used all his strength, but it was brute.

Patrick took a few steps and came behind the black student. His right arm immediately grabbed the black student's neck, pulling the black student to the ground. This sudden move immediately made the irritable student feel breathless, and his cervical vertebra might also be broken.

The black student shook his hand in pain to beg for mercy. To others, Patrick didn't exert much strength, but only the black student knew how uncomfortable it was.

Although Patrick looked tall and thin, he was actually very good at fighting. He had strong muscles and was not a pushover.

Everyone seemed to be waiting for the black boy to retaliate, but after waiting for a while, the man knelt down and seemed to be unconscious.

The students in the classroom exclaimed and someone called the doctor.

Patrick then let go of him. The black student suddenly fell to the ground. He felt dizzy and he could not say a word at all. He breathed weakly and almost died for that.

Seeing this, no one dared to step forward until a director walked over quickly. He asked a few students and understood the whole story roughly. Then he called the bold foreign girl and the black student to write a report.

"The headmaster is waiting for you." The director did not punish Patrick. Instead, he smiled and reminded Patrick that the principal was waiting for him.

As the saying goes, "The one who offends others first is guilty," Patrick would never let anyone get away easily if they dared to offend him.

The director even walked side by side with Patrick and chatted with him for a while, complaining that education was troublesome. The director thought that Patrick liked men, so he just said that there were all men in a new research project and asked Patrick if he was interested in joining.

Charles heard that and almost laughed out loud.

As a result, Patrick's face gradually darkened, and in the end, he did not even give the director a nice look.

The door of the principal's office was open and the principal seemed to have been waiting. After Patrick went in, the two of them communicated for a while. Then the principal quickly handed him a letter, inviting him to continue his studies here on behalf of the school.

Patrick always did things simple and fast, he didn't say anything more to the principal. And the principal warmly shook hands with him and gave him some blessings. Eventually, Patrick nodded and walked out directly.

Charles called him, "Do you want to go to the bar tonight?"

Patrick was busy returning home and was not in the mood to go out, but he had something to ask Charles for help, "My place, help me clean up the garbage. I don't want to see those things when I come back."

Charles understood that Patrick was talking about his classroom, the lounge, and all the corners of the dormitory. The chocolate, love letters, and other hand-made gifts that women and men gave him were going into the trash can.

"Okay, no problem." Charles agreed and he also did not want to disturb Patrick.

In the evening, Charles was having fun in the bar and he happened to meet Chandler.

"I heard that Patrick fought with a junior at school today."

Charles took a sip of the cocktail and laughed without concealment. "It was that stupid student who was beaten up."

"Patrick is going back to his mother country, isn't he?" Chandler also got some news from his family about the Hopkins family

Charles nodded, "Yes."

As soon as he said this, a tall woman with short hair strode towards them and asked, "Isn't boss with you?"

This woman's name was Lucy and Charles had a strong impression of her.

This woman always had short hair, and her eyes were sharper and more sinister than men. Once, Charles looked at her back and he thought that Patrick's friend would also be his friend, so he patted her on the shoulder enthusiastically.

Before he could react, he was beaten up by her immediately. The damn boyish girl.

Lucy was a ruthless character, one of Patrick's loyal subordinates, and the only woman who was often around Patrick.

After making sure that her boss, Patrick, was not in the bar, she turned around and left since she disdained to chat with these rich kids.

"She was indeed Patrick's people. This temper, tsk tsk..." Chandler looked at Lucy's back and teased.

Charles raised his eyebrows and concluded, "In my experience, this Lucy can not be considered as a woman."

A person like Lucy was like a wolf who was ruthless and fearless. If someone provoked her, she would never let them get away with it.

"Then will Patrick have a special taste and fall in love with Lucy?"

Charles waved his hand. "That's impossible."

Charles assumed that Patrick did not regard Lucy as a woman at all.

In fact, not only were Patrick's fans in school crazy about everything related to Patrick, but the two of them who knew Patrick so well also liked to talk about him from time to time.

"Do you think Patrick likes men or women?"

Chandler joked deliberately. "Charles, you're doomed. Patrick might have taken a fancy to you. You see, he's very close to you."

Charles rolled his eyes.

"According to your logic, aren't Patrick and Derek a better couple?"

The illegitimate child from the Fisher family was a silly boy. He used to be very "popular" in their circle. At first, the elders were laughing at him all the time, but later, Charles and the others found that Derek was a weirdo, and he was talented and extremely smart.

Patrick and Derek had a good personal relationship. Although they hadn't talked to each other much, they respected each other very much. However, most of the time, it was Patrick who always went to Derek, because Derek was dull with his social skills.

"I remember Patrick once invited Derek to go abroad and study at our school."

"I heard that Derek has something very important to do at home."

Charles and Chandler didn't know much about Derek, so they didn't talk about him anymore.

However, this time Patrick might go to visit Derek.

Chandler smiled again, "Maybe Patrick likes men. Otherwise, how could he resist many beautiful women?"

My Billionaire Husband Spoils Me Too Much Chapter 756

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Chapter 756

(At the funeral]

Patrick was hurrying home. As soon as he got off the plane, he received news that his father, Victor, had passed away. Patrick was standing at the crowded airport emotionlessly, holding his cell phone without a word.

"Young Master Hopkins, I'm sorry for your loss. Don't be sad." Paul comforted him on the other end of the phone.

Patrick came back to his senses and answered him.

He couldn't tell whether he felt sad or not.

Victor was born a sickly child and had endured the pain for so many years after countless operations. If it weren't for his grandfather's unwillingness, his father would have been more willing to leave this world.

The driver of the Hopkins family waited at the airport and was relieved after picking up Patrick.

Over the years, as Victor's condition worsened, the atmosphere in the Hopkins family was depressed, which made people a little breathless.

The Morning Hillside Villa of the Hopkins family covered an area of more than tens of thousands of square meters. Senior Mr. Hopkins was ambitious back then.

Unfortunately, his only son, Victor, could not bear such a great blessing. Now, Senior Mr. Hopkins would part in his son's funeral.

As soon as Patrick got out of the car, Nanny Faang greeted him. "Young Master Hopkins, you're back." Nanny Faang's eyes were red as if she had just cried.

The servants in the Hopkins family were also very sad about Victor's death.

Although they worked for them, the Hopkins family gave them good treatment and benefits. Victor had been suffering from the pain of the illness, but he had a gentle temper and rarely lost his temper with his servants, making everyone grieved for his death.

Nanny Faang whispered in a hoarse voice, "Young Master Hopkins, please spend more time with Senior Mr. Hopkins."

Senior Mr. Hopkins was the saddest for Victor's death.

"Yes" Patrick did not say much. He nodded at her expressionlessly, then he turned around and followed another male servant to his father's room, Victor had been declared dead by the doctor for hours, but his body was still lying on the bed, and no one dared to move him

Senior Mr. Hopkins was haggard as if he had aged a lot overnight. Although he had expected that his sick son would not last long and knew that he suffered from pain, he still could not bear to part with his only son, so he tried his best to extend his son's life,

Victor had no complaints about all his decisions. It was inconceivable that such an arrogant and hot-tempered man like Senior Mr. Hopkins gave birth to Victor, gentle and considerate.

It was too ruthless for Senior Mr. Hopkins to see his son die. Could it be that he did too much evil when he was young, and the retribution was on his son?

Senior Mr. Hopkins's eyes were dull, and there were no tears in them. He was sitting in front of the bed and gazing blankly at his son, who could no longer wake up.

Patrick walked behind him and put his big hand on his thin shoulder.

Senior Mr. Hopkins trembled slightly.

He did not turn his head but recognized that it was his grandson's hand. At this moment, neither of them spoke, but Senior Mr. Hopkins could feel a sense of security. His eyes gradually moistened, and he sobbed in a shallow voice.

Patrick looked at his father on the bed, who had suffered from illness for a long time. He finally closed his eyes and did not need to endure the pain anymore.

Patrick did not cry because he was a very rational person. If it weren't for his grandfather's spiritual sustenance, he would instead help his father get rid of the disease as soon as possible.

Even so, Patrick felt uncomfortable.

Finally, Senior Mr. Hopkins asked the servants to prepare for the funeral.

Patrick's aunts hurried back home as soon as they got the news. They were also a little disappointed by their sick brother's death, but they aimed to fight for future resources.

Victor's funeral was solemn.

Everyone dressed appropriately, bringing endless condolences, but they owned axes to grind for their separate interests

Many people took the opportunity to communicate with Patrick. After Victor died, Patrick became the official heir to the Hopkins family

Patrick had gotten used to these flatteries and hypocrisies. He could not lose his temper on such a solemn occasion. He had to treat these people politely in place of his grandfather.

What surprised Patrick the most was his mother.

As Mrs Hopkins, Judy was always known for her beauty and elegance. Today, she was wearing a long black dress, and her makeup was still exquisite and dignified, but she did not maintain her generosity and propriety today.

In the cemetery, just as his father's coffin was about to be buried, Judy rushed over as if she had suddenly gone mad, pushed the person who carried the coffin away, and hugged the coffin tightly. She burst into tears, and the makeup was messed up.

"Victor, how can you still miss her? I'm your wife! You can't leave me alone.

Please take a look at me. I'm your wife!"

Judy burst into tears like a crazy woman.

She hugged the coffin and wailed as if she was venting her anger. No one could understand what she said, but everyone could feel her sadness and grievance.

There was a rumor that Victor had no intention of getting married initially. He

married Judy because he wanted a child. Due to Victor's serious illness, he could not have sex with women, and Judy tried many times to get pregnant by artificial insemination. Therefore, everyone thought that Victor and Judy had no feelings for each other.

At this moment, Patrick couldn't understand his mother. Was she hypocritical to save her face as Mrs. Hopkins?

Or did she love his father?

Patrick found it ridiculous. He was not good at these love games and was not interested in understanding them.

When Patrick was a child, he was kidnapped and witnessed his mother's infidelity with his own eyes. She and her lover even conspired to kidnap him, asking for a large sum of money from the Hopkins family for them to elope.

In the end, Patrick escaped, and they did not get anything. The kidnappers involved were all dead, and his mother was still Mrs. Hopkins.

Patrick did not tell anyone, even including his grandfather, about the dirty things his mother had done.

My Billionaire Husband Spoils Me Too Much Chapter 757

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Chapter 757

In the days after the funeral, Patrick didn't leave hurriedly. Instead, he stayed with his grandfather in the Hopkins family, which was the most filial thing he had done in all these years.

Paul and Nanny Faang were very pleased. Although Senior Mr. Hopkins didn't say anything, he was also very comforted in his heart. After all, he was a person who had suffered through thick and thin. It grieved him to see his son die of illness. But after these days with his grandson, he gradually felt better.

"My father finally doesn't have to suffer from illness and live for others." His grandson Patrick only said this to him that day.

Senior Mr. Hopkins suddenly realized that it was his selfishness to keep his son alive all these years.

His son, Victor, was too gentle to express his inner feelings. Instead, the temper of his grandson was more reassuring.

However, there was one thing that the old man always worried about. "You don't like women? Don't learn some unhealthy tendencies from the outside!"

In Senior Mr. Hopkins's conservative views, two men were not acceptable to be a couple. Patrick was the only grandson of the Hopkins family. He was hoping that his grandson could give birth to more children for the family.

Patrick was a little surprised. He didn't understand why his grandfather suddenly asked him such a boring question.

"I'm asking you the question. Make it clear to me!"

Senior Mr. Hopkins snapped, afraid that this bastard was really gay.

Patrick refused to answer these stupid questions and looked back at his grandfather with a serious expression. He pinched his lips and said nothing.

It irritated Senior Mr. Hopkins. He hit Patrick with his walking stick, and the old butler behind immediately stopped him, "Old Master, calm down."

If Young Master Hopkins was injured, the old man would regret himself.

It would also hurt their relationship. What if Young Master Hopkins went abroad

and wouldn't come back?

"Young master is young, and he hasn't considered these problems." The old butler was appeasing.

Senior Mr. Hopkins scolded angrily, "Is he still young? Hmph, the grandson of the Capener family already had a child at 16. He is also keeping several women at home. Patrick is 22 this year. He should have gotten married and had a child now!"

Patrick raised his eyebrows and remained silent.

The old butler didn't know whether to laugh or cry. The young master of the Capener family was a dissolute man who had played with so many women at the age of 16. He was not a good example.

"Old master, take things slow. Young master is still young. Marriage depends on fate," the old butler advised gently.

Senior Mr. Hopkins snorted. He had no choice but to give up. How could he force his grandson to give birth to a great-grandchild for him? It would even be difficult to ask him to return to the Hopkins family.

Neither Senior Mr. Hopkins nor the old butler expected that Patrick would marry until he was in his late twenties.

Patrick listened to his grandfather's scolding for five days which finally reached his limit. "Tell grandpa I'm going to C City today."

Patrick lived in Eastern Garden, and Nanny Faang was looking after his daily life.

"Young master, are you leaving now?" Nanny Faang wasn't surprised, but she was a little disappointed.

Everyone in the Hopkins family was looking forward to Patrick could return home from abroad.

"I'm going to C City today... I'll come back before I go abroad." It was rare for Patrick to say a few more words to Nanny Faang.

"Okay. Do you need a driver?"

"No."

Patrick had no special purpose on this trip to C City. He just wanted to go out for a walk and find Derek, his friend.

In Patrick's view, Derek was alone and carefree. In contrast, he was busy every day, but his inner world was very similar to Derek's. Both of them felt empty and they didn't know what was missing. Anyways, Patrick liked to spend time with smart people.

He probably wouldn't stay at home, but there were some projects that he could cooperate with Derek.

Nanny Faang told the Senior Mr. Hopkins about Patrick's leave. The old man frowned, and the old butler beside was also anxious, "If only the young master was willing to stay at home." It was their wish, but everyone understood that it was impossible.

"The young master Hopkins said he would come back before he went abroad."

Nanny Faang repeated, afraid that Senior Mr. Hopkins would miss out. At least Patrick did not leave without saying goodbye.

Senior Mr. Hopkins snorted angrily and said nothing.

"It happened to be young master's birthday when Victor died," Nanny Faang reminded him in a low voice and sighed.

It was an easy memorable day because it happened to be the lantern festival.

There were days that they really wanted to forget, but it was hard to pretend not to remember.

"He doesn't care about his birthday. And he doesn't celebrate at home anyway."

Old Master Hopkin looked grim. He was worried that his grandson would be even more unwilling to go home in the future. No one could control him.

In C City, Patrick was in a taxi and soon arrived at a high school.

My Billionaire Husband Spoils Me Too Much Chapter 758

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Chapter 758

Patrick looked at this strange city where people lived more leisurely when compared to the people of the crowded and prosperous A City

At 5 p.m., the sun gradually set in the west. Patrick got out of the taxi in a quiet and green place and walked alone on the slightly deserted street.

A few students stayed at school on Saturday. Patrick glanced at the school gate of the standard public high school, with a football field and a few teaching buildings. The guard at the door was not wearing a uniform, probably an aged man hired nearby

Occasionally, a few students who stayed in school could be seen playing in it. In Patrick's opinion, such an ordinary and even shabby campus was not worth much attention.

Patrick called Derek who said he was near the school.

Patrick felt that he and Derek were friends, but he knew very little about Derek's private life. Derek had a unique way of thinking and excelled in many fields.

Patrick was very happy to talk to Derek since talented people like Derek were rare.

Patrick only knew that although Derek would also go to different cities, he seemed to have special feelings for C City and often stayed in this place for some reason.

Patrick, tall and straight, was only wearing a thin white shirt and black trousers. He looked outstanding and strolled along the street. From time to time, men and women passed by and looked at him curiously.

Patrick had long been used to these stares. He put on his headphones and looked at the slowly setting sun at the end of the road. Walking in such a strange city, he felt inexplicably relaxed when listening to the music of a violin.

Although Patrick looked straight ahead of the road, he did not know what he was thinking at this moment. On such a quiet street, tall trees on both sides sprouted buds.

As he walked, he listened to the melodious sound of the violin in his headphones and thought.

It was quiet and relaxing at sunset. Suddenly, a figure jumped down from the big tree right next to Patrick.

Patrick was listening to music when a woman bumped into him in the dim light of dusk. He was confused.

Patrick leaned back and fell, hurting his back and the back of his head.

"Hey, don't you watch where you're going?"

The woman on top of Patrick was almost unharmed and quickly got up. It was clearly her fault, but now she complained first.

She ran away without waiting for him to speak.

This was the first time Patrick had encountered such a thing. He didn't want to admit that he was scared at that time.

He didn't expect to meet a woman in this way in the quiet street and thought she didn't do it on purpose because he felt the woman was also in a panic when she leaned over him.

Patrick felt embarrassed and humiliated. He should have been angry, but he was

not as angry as he thought. He got up from the street. In the distance, the woman was gradually running away with hurried steps.

It was obvious that she was just bluffing.

Patrick looked at the figure more carefully and seriously until it disappeared at the corner in front of him.

The atmosphere at sunset around Patrick was so quiet and peaceful. The woman suddenly appeared and disappeared, which made him feel it was a dream.

Patrick stood there for a long time. His earphones, which had fallen to the ground, were still playing soft music.

"She's a student of this school." He recognized her school uniform.

Patrick could not explain why he looked at her so carefully, including her face, her eyes, her lips, and her body.

At 10:45 pm, Lucy found Patrick in an ordinary bar in C City.

"Gary broke his leg. He has asked Alan to take over the investigation. I have also encountered some things here." When Lucy saw him, she cut to the chase.

Patrick liked subordinates to report to him quickly and succinctly, so Lucy had developed the habit of not talking nonsense over the years.

"Boss!" Lucy felt that Patrick was a little absent-minded today. She patted the table hard and stared at him with her eyes wide open. "What happened?"

Lucy felt that something big might have happened and couldn't help but get nervous.

Patrick paused and then looked at her.

"You guys arrange those things." Patrick was as cold as ever.

But after knowing him for so many years, Lucy felt that Patrick was too weird today and suspected that he hadn't heard her words.

Patrick asked the bartender to make a dozen cocktails that took up an entire table. The colors of the cocktails looked exquisite, but it was not Patrick's style.

He usually did not like to drink these wines that tasted sweet and

Sour

Patrick just looked at the cocktails and didn't drink.

Lucy felt more and more strange.

She knew that Patrick's father had passed away a few days ago, but she did not think that this would make Patrick so abnormal. According to her analysis, Victor had suffered from the pain of illness for a long time, so it was a good thing that he was able to die. How could Patrick be sad? His heart was as cold as a machine.

as as

"Boss, you came to C City to find Derek of the Fisher family?"

Lucy carefully sat in the chair opposite Patrick. Seeing that he did not deny it, she tried to fish for more information.

Lucy had learned that Patrick wanted to cooperate with Derek, the illegitimate son of the Fisher family on highly profitable projects. Derek was said to be very smart and was appreciated by Patrick.

Patrick paused for a moment when he heard Lucy's words and had forgotten to look for Derek.

Ever since he had met that woman in the afternoon, he had been thinking about her.

It wasn't because the woman was so beautiful. Many women were more beautiful and sexier than her.

Patrick couldn't figure out why he kept thinking about her. He didn't like this feeling. The woman's sudden appearance from the big tree caught him off guard.

This kind of uncontrollable thing made him very uncomfortable

The more he thought about the thing, the clearer the woman's expression became in his mind. Patrick was very

upset.

Lucy observed Patrick's expression very carefully and thought something bad happened!

My Billionaire Husband Spoils Me Too Much Chapter 759

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Chapter 759

Patrick frowned and didn't say anything. Lucy was anxious and wondered what the hell had happened.

"Handsome, is this your first time here?" At this moment, a woman wearing sexy black straps with heavy makeup walked over in a coquettish voice.

Lucy was not surprised by this. Patrick was the one who would attract women. Patrick himself was annoyed. Usually, he would ask his subordinates to chase away these women.

What the hell was going on today? Patrick didn't ask her to do so. Lucy raised her eyebrows and looked at this woman with anticipation and excitement.

"Handsome, why don't you drink the cocktails that you ordered?" The pungent smell of perfume pounced on him.

The sexy woman looked at him with her deep eyes. She deliberately reached out to pick up a glass of red wine. She slowly kissed the glass and left her lipstick on it. She sucked the wine with obvious seduction and flirtation until there was only half of the wine left. Her soft body naturally leaned over to his legs, and her left hand hooked around his neck. "Take a sip." She handed the remaining wine in her right hand to him.

Lucy was dumbfounded because her boss didn't push that woman away!

Patrick looked indifferently at the coquettish woman on his lap and the glass with red lipstick on it. He remained silent.

"Come and take a sip." Such a playgirl's voice was coquettish and she deliberately rubbed her thighs against his sensitive part.

Patrick felt that it was the limit he could endure.

"Get up!" His voice was cold, but anyone with a clear mind could tell how disgusted he was.

The woman seemed to have been poured a basin of cold water. She was shocked and did not know what she should do.

"Fuck off!"

Patrick was extremely disgusted with the body which was snuggling up to him.

His words were so cold and frightening that they made others tremble. The woman was also smart and she quickly got up in a panic.

After spending so much time in nightclubs, it was easy for her to know who couldn't be provoked, and the one in front of her was an example.

The woman did not dare to say anything more and left in embarrassment.

Patrick still had the perfume and the woman's scent on him, which made him extremely uncomfortable. This kind of discomfort was different from that in the afternoon.

He could not tell what was wrong, but he vaguely understood that he did not hate what happened in the afternoon.

Patrick casually picked up a cocktail on the table and drank it in one gulp. The beautiful cocktails were like beautiful women. He usually didn't like to drink them at all. After drinking one, he still felt that the taste was not suitable for him.

Today, he was just curious..

Was it because of that female student in the afternoon that he suddenly became curious?

For some reason, Patrick seemed to be in a state of restlessness again. He drank cocktails like water as if he was eager to get an answer, but he couldn't find it. Lucy looked at his gloomy face, which meant that he was in a bad mood. Now she didn't dare to say anything.

After Patrick finished a dozen glasses of wine on the table, he seemed to be a little drunk. When he thought of what happened this afternoon, he still felt that it was a dream.

"Boss," Lucy called him tentatively.

Patrick's mind seemed to be still on the quiet street at dusk. He muttered vaguely, "I seem to have met an angel."

Angel.

Angel was such a romantic word. How could it come from Patrick's mouth?

Lucy was in a state of shock.

Did she hear it wrong?

An angel? That was not an angel. That couldn't be an angel.

Patrick tried his best to recall the afternoon scene. It was sunset, there were lush trees on the quiet streets, and she fell from the sky.

How could an angel be so unreasonable?

For the first time, he forgot how he got back to the hotel because he had drunk too much, probably also because his mind was repeating the same scene and kept recalling the same person.

When he woke up the next day, Patrick smashed the crystal lamp in front of his bed into pieces with a loud and clear sound. He looked at the broken pieces scattered on the ground, still unable to calm down. His face looked gloomy and complicated.

His chest seemed to be burning with anger, which could not be easily subsided.

He glared at the debris on the ground and clenched his hands into fists. The shame, embarrassment, and

indignation in his heart were mixed into emotions he could not understand.

Patrick's face was livid and his body stiffened. He turned around, walked to the bathroom, and slammed the door again.

Then cold water showered him. He endured the strange shame in his heart and quickly took off his pants. There was white and sticky mucus on it.

Patrick knew what it was and it was normal for men.

He was just very angry. Why did he seem to be in such a mess at this moment?

He had a feeling of losing control.

He hated the feeling of losing control because of that girl, who he had been thinking about last night and who was the reason why his body was out of control. But he didn't even know who she was. How could that be?

How could he think about her all night and have that kind of desire about her?

Cold water was splashed on Patrick's burning body, but nothing could make him understand the feeling, the feeling of losing control.

Was there something wrong with his body?

My Billionaire Husband Spoils Me Too Much Chapter 760

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

Chapter 760

Lucy checked in the same hotel as Patrick did. She stayed in the suite next to him. Last night, she left the bar and watched him return to his room. Patrick closed the door, and it seemed that everything was normal.

Lucy knew that Patrick was a good drinker, so he couldn't have gotten drunk after a dozen cups of cocktails. She felt that something was wrong. If it weren't for the fact that the presidential suite of this hotel was too large and soundproof, she planned to eavesdrop through the wall.

Patrick was the kind of person who always had a reason for everything he did, so Lucy felt that it was unnecessary to worry about him.

The reason why he drank so many cocktails that he didn't like was probably that he was planning to set up a large nightclub. Nobody could figure out his real intentions, but all they knew was that Mr. Hopkins was super rich

Lucy fell asleep in peace. However, what happened the next morning perplexed her.

She opened the door and was about to go downstairs to the lobby of the hotel to have a delicious breakfast, then she saw that the door of the suite next door opened.

The hotel's room service manager respectfully walked in with two bags of new clothes of brand men's wear.

Lucy paid no attention to it and she thought that Patrick probably took a shower after getting up and he just needed to get changed.

When Lucy passed by, she glanced quickly into the room out of her professional habit and she saw that there was faint white smoke from the room, and the smell of burning filled the air. She quickly turned left and rushed in with anxiety

Lucy knew that she would never get away with it if Gary and the others got to know that Patrick had an accident when he went out with her. Lucy was only 17 years old at that time, so she was too naive and always worried too much about it "Mr. Hopkins!" Lucy shouted while she was running.

The suite was very large, and she had to look for him from room to room.

Finally, Lucy found Patrick in the bathroom of the main bedroom. He was wearing his new clothes and he was handsome and cool. He stood straight in the corner of the bathroom, burning the clothes that he wore yesterday

The old clothes were ablaze since he had poured a lot of alcohol on them.

At that moment, the thought that popped up in Lucy's mind was that Patrick was destroying "the evidence of his crime"

The manager of the hotel did not dare to say anything when he saw what Patrick was doing. He stood at the door of the bathroom and there was a worried expression on his face. His concern was that it might start a fire, but he did not dare to stop it.

Patrick glared fiercely at the raging flame with a deep hatred.

Normally, Patrick always had a reason for his-action.

However, Lucy did not understand why he would burn his clothes.

Lucy was so confused this time and she couldn't think of a reasonable explanation for Patrick's behaviors. Patrick definitely wouldn't do something against his conscience, for example, he killed someone and now he destroyed the evidence by burning his clothes.

"Mr. Hopkins," Lucy called him uncertainly.

The clothes turned to ashes in the fire, but Patrick still had a lot of pent-up anger to release. He turned on the tap to the maximum. He wanted to tip the dirty water with ashes down the drain without any trace or sign.

The manager looked at his operation and it made his hair stand on end.

Lucy was sure that there must be some secrets about the clothes.

Patrick stepped out of the bathroom with a cold face, Lucy quickly followed him, "What should I do?" She was very conscious of her duty.

There were definitely some reasons for burning his clothes.

Patrick would never mention to anyone for the rest of his life that he actually had a hard-on because of thinking about a woman and he woke up to find the white

seminal stain on his pants.

It was a great humiliation for him.

Although his pants were burned to ashes and flushed down the drain, the feelings of humiliation were not released.

There was something indefinable in Patrick's eyes. He looked at Lucy narrowly for the first time, "I don't want to see you." He said in a low and serious voice.

Lucy was totally at a loss.

Different from the sensational expressions in romantic films such as "I don't want to see you anymore", what Patrick spoke to Lucy at that moment was serious without any emotions.

What he meant was that Lucy would get in trouble if she stayed with him.

Patrick did not talk to her anymore. He turned around and left with a scowl. Lucy noticed that his tread was heavier than usual, which indicated that Mr. Hopkins was in a bad mood at that moment

No wonder he would directly ask Lucy to leave.

Lucy stood there for a while. The manager said timidly, "Is this gentleman your friend? My lady."

Lucy glared at him fiercely. "You'd better not stickybeak." She behaved as if she was in a gang.

The innocent manager felt that these two guests were not simple, so he had to report to his superiors.

Lucy didn't even have the appetite to have breakfast. She quickly picked up the phone and gave an international call to Gary to discuss it. She shouted, "It seems that something happened to Mr. Hopkins!"

Patrick also felt that there was something wrong with his body.

This woman, whose name was unknown to him, had always been on his mind, and the sudden sexual attraction interfered with him at night because of missing her. The unprecedented embarrassment, humiliation, and mixed feelings made him extremely unpleasant.

Patrick didn't understand why he was so edgy.

He ordered black coffee, which was bitter, in the lobby of the hotel. Patrick drank three cups of coffee but he still could not think of any possible explanation.

The women passing by gazed at him, Patrick looked up at them as usual and realized that they were a little bit

gauche and shy.

There were very few questions that Patrick could not figure out. He thought that it was not because of the female student he met yesterday afternoon. She was not special. It was true that she was cute, she was not a great beauty though.

Patrick had an undefinable feeling about her.

Patrick found a reasonable explanation for himself,

He was suddenly shocked at that time. The beautiful scenery of the sunset and dusk as well as the quiet streets and gentle music left a deep impression on him, so the memory of that day was indelibly printed on his brain.

Today was Sunday. Patrick planned to take a break and hung around in this strange city.

It was ironic that, currently, Patrick was eager to let the woman in the scenery get out of his mind.

Patrick left the hotel. He didn't take a taxi. He dressed in thin clothes like yesterday, wearing headphones and listening to gentle music. He was strolling aimlessly in this strange city.

The sun had just come up in the morning, Patrick walked through some small parks and saw some citizens playing with their children, but he had no feelings for such warm scenes,

At noon, the sun was high in the sky and his feet were sore after the walk, so he randomly found a chair under a big tree and then sat down. He was not hungry

and did not want to find something to eat. He had never been interested in delicious food.

Patrick walked along a road beside a river. The wind by the river was strong, and it was freezing cold after Christmas. There were only a few people by the river. Patrick could bear with the low temperature, so he deliberately walked in the cold wind and wanted to let it blow off all his troubles.

It was not until 5 p.m. that the sun began to go down

The wind by the river was freezing cold at that time. Patrick felt much better. His hands, arms, and face were as cold as ice in the wind, and he also calmed down. "That's good." He thought.

He didn't have to bother with the female student yesterday. It was not a big deal. Patrick's mind was at ease, and he felt a little bit hungry now. He walked to the main road in front of him and wanted to take a taxi to the hotel. Suddenly, a woman passed by quickly on a bicycle,

Patrick froze at that moment. There was a sound in his brain as if a big stone dropped in a pool and it rippled. He was left staring after her and watched her receding figure. He somehow felt that he was quite familiar with her.

His body somehow reacted faster than his brain. Patrick immediately lengthened his stride to keep up with the woman on the bicycle.

"What's the matter?" The woman asked.

The frame of the woman's bicycle was pulled by Patrick at the back. She looked back with fear and nervousness, but she unexpectedly saw a handsome man with a strange expression on his face.

Patrick had mixed feelings at that moment.

He mistook her for someone else.

He did not understand why he was so excited just because they had similar figures.

Patrick's face darkened. Anger and restlessness clutched at his heart again.