

Read Novel **My Billionaire Husband Spoils Me Too Much** Chapter 851

My Billionaire Husband Spoils Me Too Much Chapter 851

May was very honored to travel to E Country with Patrick and Christina.

She originally had agreed not to go with them but they did not stop halfway for some reason and even drove directly towards the airport. Patrick and Christina seemed to have a quarrel and the atmosphere in the car was a little tense.

They finally came back after 8 days.

“Did you quarrel with Patrick?” May asked with concern.

It was obvious that Christina always showed an unpleasant look during the 8 days of travel while Patrick was very aggressive and he had no intention of coaxing her at all.

“I’m sorry, May.”

Christina stepped forward and gave her a big hug but she did not tell her the shame she sensed. “I’ll set you up with a few good men.”

May didn’t know what she was talking about and just smiled.

During this period of time, May finally understood that Patrick really cared about Christina and indulged her very much. That was the reason why Christina became more and more childish.

It was really happy for them to meet with each other, to fall in love and she finally became more and more childish.

May wished she could meet the right person. Unfortunately, it was too difficult.

“When I first came back here, you helped me out of your own accord and you’ve also given me the chance to see what I had never seen in my life... I should move out now.”

May smiled and offered to rent an apartment outside. After all, she couldn’t stay in the Hopkins family forever.

“Where do you want to live? I’ll help you find a place.”

Christina picked up her phone and prepared to order Charles.

“I’ve already found one. A few female colleagues in my company also live there. It’s convenient and safe to live there.”

Thinking that she was always making trouble for her, Christina did not insist this time. She drove May there and by the way, took a look at the environment there.

“There’s one bedroom and one living room. Although it’s not as big as the bathroom in the Hopkins family, the decoration is quite exquisite.” May was very satisfied with the environment here. Thinking of the tiring life she had in F Country, she was now very satisfied with

what she owned.

Christina did not say anything and acted as a real guest here. May was busy cleaning up and even made three dishes and a soup. The two of them had a meal together to celebrate May’s move.

“Can I come here often?” Christina suddenly said.

“Of course, I’ll give you a key.” May trusted her completely.

Christina had been asking Patrick to buy a mini apartment for her when she got home. “I would feel a sense of security in such a small house. It is very warm and comfortable to live in such a small space and cook for myself after working hard outside...”

“You would definitely blow up such a small kitchen.” Patrick began to squelch her the moment he opened his mouth.

Christina grabbed a pillow and threw it at him.

After getting married, Christina clearly felt that she was becoming more and more useless.

Therefore, she would go to May’s small apartment when she was bored. Recently, she found something strange.

Every morning, there was breakfast at the door of May’s apartment. “It’s been five days in a row.” All five breakfasts were eaten by Christina.

“It’s tastier than the food cooked by the chef in the Hopkins family.” Christina had some delicious fresh shrimp dumplings today. She then grabbed one and stuffed it into May’s mouth.

“Is there any thoughtful man in our company who wants to pursue you?” She mumbled.

May strongly opposed Christina to eating these foods at first since she was always worried that Miss Dickens would feel uncomfortable after eating this.

However, Christina said that she had been ignored by the people in the Hopkins family recently and her twins had been taken away by the elders. She said she could seek sympathy if she really got ill after eating this.

“May, I envy you so much. You have such a thoughtful suitor. Why didn’t anyone use this trick to pursue me?” Christina ate the whole box of shrimp dumplings and insisted on installing a surveillance camera in the corridor.

“No need.” May smiled helplessly.

“Do you know who it is? Is it Tony from the engineering department?” May smiled and didn’t say anything. She knew after taking a bite that these were made by Henry.

On Saturday morning, May was guarding the door. When she heard the sneaky footsteps outside the corridor, she smiled and quickly opened the door.

Henry, who was about to hang the breakfast box on the doorknob, was like a child being caught doing something bad, standing straight and staring at her in a daze. He wanted to say something but he didn’t seem to know how to express it.

“Henry, you don’t have to do this anymore,” May said calmly with a light smile.

Seeing her being so polite, Henry had a complicated mood at that moment. However, he was quite relieved since she was not angry with him now.

“Don’t you, don’t you like it?” He said hesitantly.

He was secretly delighted to see the empty breakfast box these days.

May sighed and said. “It was all eaten by Christina.”

Henry pinched his lips tightly and lowered his head slightly, still unable to hide the disappointment in his eyes.

“Henry, you’re so outstanding. You shouldn’t waste your time here. You still have a lot of things worth doing such as your work...”

Before she could finish her earnest persuasion, Henry, like a grumpy child, said quickly and stubbornly, “May, I’ve grown up. I know what I should do.”

After he finished speaking, he actually stuffed the breakfast box into her hand and then turned around to run away quickly as if he was afraid to hear her refusal.

May was in a daze at the door.

Every day after that, Henry got up early in the morning to make different kinds of breakfast and then put them at her door at seven o’clock regardless of wind or rain.

Christina became a professional freeloader and even despised all the chefs in the Hopkins family, which made all the chefs at home very worried.

“Christina, I officially became a regular worker today.” May excitedly sent a message to Christina a few days ago.

Two days later, she received a reply from Christina saying that she had gone to Hawaii with Patrick. She was not used to local food and Patrick took care of her for two days.

May immediately asked her to take good care of herself.

She suddenly realized that she might have disturbed Christina sometimes. After all, Christina had a husband and children and she would find no one to share the trivial matters of her life sometimes.

Henry brought breakfast again. May couldn't bear to throw it away. How could she bear to throw away the foods he had prepared so carefully?

Until yesterday, Christina, who had just returned from Hawaii, went to May's small apartment early to look for her.

She bumped into the sneaky Henry at the door at seven o'clock.

She thought he was a thief so she picked up an abandoned rubber tube and ran over angrily. She shouted out loud. “You want to pry the door and steal? You're looking for death!” Christina swore that she really didn't mean to do this.

Before she could hit him, Henry was so shocked by her that he dropped the crystal bowl on the ground and it broke.

“Henry?”

Seeing clearly the person in front of her, Christina immediately withdrew her hand. She looked at him in surprise and then at the lamb ramen spilled all over the floor.

Hearing the noise, May pushed the door open and came out.

She then heard Christina shouting loudly with a complicated expression, “Hey, don't, don't pick them up.”

Shen then found Henry's right finger was bleeding. He squatted on the ground and picked up the broken crystal bowl persistently. The sharp fragments cut his finger but he seemed as if he felt no pain at all.

“Henry!” May shouted at him.

He was very stubborn. After picking up all the fragments, he tried to restore the bowl. However, it was already broken so it would still become pieces the next second although he tried hard to restore it.

Henry stood up and left quickly without saying a word to them.

Christina watched as he disappeared at the end of the corridor with a shameful look while May focused on his bleeding fingers. There was still his blood at the door.

Read Novel My Billionaire Husband Spoils Me Too Much Chapter 852

My Billionaire Husband Spoils Me Too Much Chapter 852

“He suddenly appeared that I thought it was a thief, but I seemed to have scared him, so the crystal bowl broke,” Christina explained briefly.

“Is that crystal bowl meaningful to him?” No matter how numb Christina was, she could tell that Henry treasured that bowl.

May kept staring at the bloodstains left at the door and said, “At that time, we lived a poor life in F Country. That was the first gift I gave him.”

Christina suddenly felt so sorry about that.

“What brand and model is that bowl?” She asked gingerly, thinking of going to the supermarket to buy dozen of it as compensation.

May smiled at her helplessly, “That factory closed down.”

Perhaps it was destined. He wouldn't have to bring breakfast to her every day, and he would have time to do something that matters.

Christina nodded at May stiffly, and then she turned around and left. After walking downstairs step by step, she jumped into the car, ran red lights all the way, and rushed back to the Hopkins family.

She knocked on the study door with her head and cried sadly, “Patrick, help me.” Patrick rubbed his temples. He didn't know why his wife was getting more and more troublesome.

Patrick thought that the idea of bringing breakfast every day was quite disgusting, but Christina was still crying miserably outside the study.

Patrick didn't want to interfere in their affair, but Christina successfully worn him down and he sent a surveillance video to May's phone.

May received a short video from an unknown number. She didn't click on it.

She had always been prudent. She would ignore these unknown messages directly because she was afraid that her phone would be hacked if she clicked on them.

However, not long after, she received another text message, "You must marry him within three days, or I'll let him go back to F Country."

(Who sent it? What did this person mean?)

Because Henry cut his finger and bled this morning, May had been a little absent-minded all day.

The sudden came text message was puzzling to her. The person who sent this seemed to be threatening her to do something.

May ignored the message. The next morning, she paid attention to the movement outside the door and waited for more than two hours, but Henry did not come.

Once you got used to something, it was hard to quit it.

Henry didn't come to bring her breakfast. She was in a trance all morning and made mistakes at work. She couldn't help but worry if something had happened to him.

"Be careful." The hot coffee she had just made almost poured on her. Tony reacted quickly and steadied the cup for her.

"Are you feeling unwell?" Tony was worried about her, "I've been observing you by the side all morning. You seem to be a little spaced out."

May smiled awkwardly at him, "Thank you."

Ever since Tony suddenly proposed to her that day, she had been avoiding him. Every time she saw him, she made a detour deliberately.

"Did what happened last time scare you?" Tony walked out of the pantry side by side with her. He said apologetically, "I didn't mean to. I hope you don't mind..."

Tony didn't dare to expose Christina and Charles, so he had to carry the can.

"It's okay." She smiled at him.

She didn't take what happened last time seriously because she didn't think it was a big deal.

"May I ask you out for dinner tomorrow?" He suddenly said.

May subconsciously wanted to refuse. "I just want to treat you to dinner as a friend, and I also want to apologize to you for the false alarm last time." Tony looked at her sincerely.

"You often come to our engineering department to look for the after-sales technician, so you can't keep avoiding me. Even if we have no fate to be a couple, we can still be friends."

May thought that she would be too stingy if she refused his invitation, so she said, "Okay."

"Are you going on a date with Tony?"

Christina could always make things complicated. "Tony has a good character. I've investigated him. His family background is clean, and he works hard on his job. I heard that there is a vacancy at the senior level of the engineering department. If he is capable enough, I'll try promoting him..."

"Stop! Stop!" May immediately interrupted her fantasy, "It's not what you think. It's not a date."

"I'm just invited to a dinner by him as a colleague. We meet each other almost every day, but what happened last time was so embarrassing, so we want to eat together openly and talk things out that we can get along well in the future..."

"Well." Christina stopped expressing her thoughts. After a while, she reminded May, "Do you want to buy a new dress before going on a date..." "It's not a date, for real!" May chuckled.

She wasn't supposed to dress too gorgeously, but taking the whole thing lightly was kind of rude. She chose a casual outfit in the wardrobe.

When they walked out of the apartment, Christina glanced at the door with guilty. She hesitantly asked, "Did he bring breakfast today?"

May said calmly, "No." In the past two days, Henry did not bring breakfast again. Maybe he did get over it.

Christina did not dare to say anything now. She was here to learn how to make apple pie. Now that May had an appointment, she couldn't waste May's time, so she drove May to the restaurant.

On the way, May's phone rang when it received a new text message. Christina was concerned about May's new relationship, so she took a look at May's phone.

"Why did Patrick text you?" Christina's words were full of surprise.

“What?”

May was shocked.

When did Patrick text her? Why did he text an ordinary employee like her?

“The second message was sent from Patrick’s number,” Christina said when she turned the steering wheel at a corner.

“What message did Patrick send you? Is it about work?”

Christina felt something was wrong, “Patrick usually asks others to convey messages to me. If it is something urgent, he will call me directly. I’ve never seen him type and text patiently...”

May had listened with growing fear.

Christina parked the car outside the restaurant. She looked up and saw Tony was already sitting upright in the restaurant.

“May, go in first. I’ll go home and ask Patrick why he texted you.”

There was no jealousy in Christina’s tone. Instead, she looked at May worriedly. Did her man do something sinister to scare her friend again?

Christina waved at May and drove away quickly.

May was still standing on the same spot and checking the text message received on her phone. Which one was from Patrick? She was dumbfounded.

“You must marry him within three days, or I’ll let him go back to F Country.”

“It was from Patrick...”

May thought that this message was sent to her by mistake, but if the message was from Patrick, it was obvious that he was warning her.

“May, why are you standing outside the door? Come in. It’s cold outside.” Tony came out and pulled her into the restaurant.

Looking at her frightened expression, he asked with concern, “What’s wrong?”

May didn’t have time to answer him. She sat down and immediately looked for the short video that she had received before, which was also sent by Patrick.

Inexplicably, she had a bad feeling about it.

Read Novel **My Billionaire Husband Spoils Me Too Much** Chapter 853

My Billionaire Husband Spoils Me Too Much Chapter 853

A familiar image appeared on the screen of the phone. It was a green path at the entrance of the Hopkins family.

"You guys, stop, please wait..."

It was Henry. He was chasing a car, shouting anxiously.

May panicked when she saw this.

The Lincoln limousine was driving faster and faster in the video...

Henry ran as fast as he could. May could see that he was clenching his teeth and his eyes were fixed on the direction of the car.

He was desperate for catching up with it.

"I'm sorry, I was too stupid."

"You're too beautiful to be true! I'm a coward, I'm afraid of losing you, so I never dare to tell you how much I love you. I don't dare to get married, I'm afraid, I'm afraid that you'll leave me one day, and the whole world will abandon me in the end..."

Henry screamed hysterically at the car. Unfortunately, the car did not stop for him and gradually disappeared at the corner. He staggered and fell heavily.

Henry tripped over the rough concrete floor, tears rolling down the corner of his eyes. He clenched his fists and angrily beat the floor. Soon, there was blood on his hand.

May looked at the video in shock. "How was..." She covered her mouth in disbelief and looked at Henry who was so sad and poor. She also felt heartbroken.

May remembered that day when she and Christina left for E Country, she was listening to music in the car with headphones on...

"I don't know..." May murmured and wanted to cry.

She didn't know that Henry was chasing the car like this. He just wanted to explain to her...

Tony handed May some tissues. He said slowly with a complicated expression, "I've seen this man before in our company..." May immediately looked up at Tony and asked with tears in her eyes, "When?"

Tony sighed in his heart and smiled bitterly. "On the day I proposed to you."

"That day, he came to the company with a ring. He was looking for you. In the end, he was thrown out by the company's security guard. He was in a bad state of mind. I thought he would give up, but I didn't expect..."

He didn't expect that this foreign guy would chase the car.

May was shocked and muttered, "So it was not my illusion. It was really Henry."

Henry must be very sad.

May lowered her head sadly and said, "I don't want to hurt him. I just feel that since we are not suitable, then breaking up is the best choice..."

"If he acted like a scoundrel, you would definitely hate him even more, but now," Tony smiled calmly and said, "Do you have a second thought?"

May didn't know what to say.

"Since you don't want to leave him, why do you let go?"

"We are as ordinary in this world. Good things barely happen to us. Maybe you just have one chance. If you miss it, it will be gone."

As soon as Tony finished speaking, May's phone vibrated and a new text message came.

"May, I'm being sent back to F Country in 24 hours. Can I see you again? I won't bother you anymore." It was from Henry.

"Henry is going to be sent back to F Country!" May's hands trembled as she held the phone.

At this moment, May remembered the text message that Patrick sent her. "Three days, you get married to Henry, or I'll let him go back to F Country."

(Henry really has to go back...)

May stood up in a panic and raised her hand to wipe the tears on her face. Then, she held her phone tightly and ran out of the restaurant.

Tony didn't know why, so he chased after her. "I'm sorry, I can't have dinner with you today. I, I have something very important to do." As May ran, she turned around and shouted at him loudly.

Tony stopped and waved at May generously, "Good luck."

Although Tony felt disappointed to give up on May, he was touched by Henry's insistence. No matter what misunderstandings and mistakes Henry had made before, no one was perfect and he deserved a second chance.

May was running and panting. It was the night rush hour, so it was hard to call a taxi. She stood on the side of the road and looked around anxiously.

Finally, May saw a bus and ran over quickly.

At this moment, Henry called May. Before Henry could speak, May shouted anxiously, "You, you wait for me in the rented house..."

However, May couldn't say anything else. The bus was so crowded that her phone fell down on the ground and broke.

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean to bump into you. Your phone is broke. How much should I pay..."

A high school boy in his uniform looked at May nervously. However, the bus had to go, so the driver told them to get off to solve the problem.

May watched the bus leave angrily. The boy standing by was very anxious. He was a poor student and really had no money to pay for May's phone.

"It's okay."

May waved at him and held her broken tightly. She looked around anxiously to see if any passing cars could take her.

"May, it is dangerous to stand on the side of the road."

A sapphire blue Maserati slowly stopped in front of May. In the driver's seat, a man wearing an expensive white hooded casual suit and sunglasses leisurely held the car door with one hand and smiled at her.

"Mr. Shepherd." May looked at him in the expensive sports car in surprise.

Charles looked like a handsome rich man and there was a beautiful woman in the passenger seat.

"Mr. Shepherd, can you take me to Henry's rented house?" May asked nervously.

Normally, she wouldn't have the guts, but now she really wanted to see Henry.

"I was just talking to Henry on the phone, but my phone broke. He might be in a hurry too. I'm afraid he'll run out in a panic."

“Henry suddenly texted me that he would be sent back to F Country in 24 hours. I, I don’t know...” May spoke so anxiously that she was about to cry.

“Get in the car. I’ll take you there now.” Charles agreed immediately.

The woman in Charles’s passenger seat also looked at May. Seeing that May was bland in appearance, she felt safe and said kindly, “It’s dangerous to stand on the side of the road. Get in the car.”

She even got out of the car and opened the door for May to show her magnanimity. May said quickly, “Thank you.”

Charles drove fast and steadily. He was familiar with the way to Henry’s rented house. When he looked back, he saw May lowered her head and held her phone tightly with both hands.

Charles smiled very gentlemanly and said, “Don’t worry. Who wants to send him back? Tell me and I’ll help you.” “Patrick.”

May looked up and said the name.

Hearing this name, Charles almost stepped on the brake, and the woman next to him was also surprised.

The car soon arrived at Henry’s apartment. Charles opened the door for May and comforted her, “It’s okay. Patrick is just joking.” However, his forced smile betrayed him.

Patrick never joked.

Read Novel My Billionaire Husband Spoils Me Too Much Chapter 854

My Billionaire Husband Spoils Me Too Much Chapter 854

May and Charles ran upstairs anxiously.

There was no elevator in this old building. Their footsteps sounded urgent, and Charles’s new girlfriend followed them curiously. Before they reached Henry’s rented house, an old lady stopped them at a corner.

“You, you’re the girlfriend of that handsome foreign man, aren’t you? I haven’t seen you for a long time.”

She was an old woman, so May had to greet her patiently, nodded awkwardly, and said, “I’m busy recently.”

“It’s normal for couples to quarrel. I used to fight with my husband. I smashed the back of his head and made him stay in the hospital...” The old woman spoke very slowly.

May interrupted, “I, I’ll talk to you later. I have something urgent to do. I should go now...”

The old lady looked at May and Charles, who had completely run out of patience, and raised her head to advise, “Last time that foreigner, your boyfriend, was hospitalized with acute gastric hemorrhage, and he looked quite pitiful. Such a handsome young man did no big mistake. Just forgive him...”

The old people easily softened, especially facing such a handsome foreign man. May had climbed up the stairs, but she could still hear what the old lady said.

Her face suddenly turned pale. She really didn’t know what had happened to Henry. She thought that it would be better if she left him.

She walked even more frantically and knocked on the door hurriedly. “Henry!” She had never been so eager to want to see him.

The door was quickly opened, almost the second after she shouted.

When she saw the man in front of her, her panic and worry all disappeared. But she became a little flustered.

“Henry, are you, are you okay?” Her voice also calmed down.

Henry tidied up himself. He was not as unkempt as before, wearing a formal shirt and trousers, showing his straight and amazing figure in front of the small broken door.

He looked at her and said emotionlessly, “May, you told me to wait here on the phone just now. And then I wait here for you.” His English was still not very fluent, but his words were clear, word by word, very sincere, like a primary school student who handed in homework, not daring to make any mistakes.

(You told me to wait here on the phone just now. And then I wait here for you.) Those words echoed in May’s mind.

May sniffled. She didn’t know why she used to think he looked stupid. Now she knew—because he always looked like he hadn’t grown up.

Seeing May was on the verge of tears, Henry panicked. “Did I, did I do something wrong again?” He subconsciously wanted to step forward and hug her, but then he remembered that they were just ordinary friends and withdrew his hands.

Henry scratched his hair in distress. “I, I didn’t mean to disturb you again and again. I just...” He lowered his head, not knowing what to say.

"I'm sorry." This was probably the only thing he could say.

May stood on tiptoe and hugged him.

In this warm embrace, Henry was shocked and felt that it was unreal. He stood stiffly as May sobbed softly, her tears wetting his neck, which made his expression more gloomy.

"May, did I disappoint you?"

His stiff arms reached out to hug her, but then he shrank them back.

"I know I'm annoying. I, I just can't help bothering you again and again... I'm going back to F Country. I won't..." Henry said.

May's warm breath whispered in his ear, "Where's your ring?"

Henry paused and didn't understand why she talked about the ring. He lowered his head and saw her crying with tearful eyes.

"Don't, don't cry. Ill..."

Henry was always like this, looking like a fool at the critical moment.

May punched him angrily and shouted at him with all her might, "Henry, I'll ask you one last time. Do you want to marry me?"

"Henry, do you want to marry me?!" Henry completely froze.

Charles, who was standing at the door and didn't want to go in to ruin the atmosphere, couldn't help laughing, "You are indeed Christina's friend."

Henry paused for a few seconds and finally came to his senses. He looked at the tearful little woman in disbelief. "Wait, wait."

He let go of her and intended to look for the ring in the house, but he hesitated. "May, you won't run away, will you? You'll wait for me here?"

"Don't go. I'll go into the house and get it. Ill be soon! You must wait for me." Henry was anxious, like a child.

The atmosphere that had been so touching and romantic was swept away by her laughter.

To her, Henry was always a big fool who didn't want to grow up.

"I'll wait for you." A happy smile appeared on her face.

Henry was probably too anxious. The sound of rummaging in the room was amusing. He hadn't found it yet, but he came out to see if May was still there. And then he went in and continued to search.

"I, I found it." He ran out, his handsome face blushing shyly. "I put it under the pillow. I forgot."

May had wiped away the tears and put on a helpless look. She asked him, "Then tell me, what should you do now?"

"Ah?" The happiness came so fast that Henry couldn't keep up with it.

"I, I..." His big hand clutched the ring box, and he looked a little flustered.

Charles, who was outside the door, couldn't stand it anymore. He reminded Henry in a low voice, "Henry, when you propose to a woman, you must kneel down on one knee seriously, present the ring to her, and put it on her finger. Otherwise, she will remember your mistake and settle it later. And it'll be your suffering after marriage."

Henry immediately understood. (Yes, propose, propose!)

Henry knelt down on one knee with a bang, and they gasped in shock. (What a fool.) May had a wry smile, almost amused.

"May, will...will you marry me?"

Henry had practiced it many times before, especially paying attention to the English pronunciation of this proposal, but he still stammered when it really happened.

Charles took out his phone and recorded the touching moment of the couple. He logged into his WhatsApp and sent a message, "Christina, look, look at their happy moments."

On the other end of the phone, Christina clicked on the video sent by Charles and was surprised. She replied, "How could they... Did he propose successfully?"

However, she was happy to see them hugging each other so affectionately. Fortunately, May didn't miss Henry.

Charles replied in a strange tone, "In fact, it's only a matter of time that they get together. After all, they have gone through so many hardships together."

"Unlike someone, she got pregnant and then got married in a flash." "Don't force someone to propose to you. It's all destined." Christina's face darkened, and she clutched her phone tightly. Her good mood was destroyed by his words in an instant.

Charles had a wicked smile. (Told you don't be bossy all day.)

Read Novel My Billionaire Husband Spoils Me Too Much Chapter 855

My Billionaire Husband Spoils Me Too Much Chapter 855

When Patrick returned home at night, he found that something was wrong with his wife. She was especially quiet today.

“Are you thinking you have too much hair?”

After dinner, he saw the woman in the bedroom sitting in front of the mirror, combing her long hair.

Christina's face was tense, and she scratched her hair with a big comb as if she had a grudge against her hair.

“Not feeling right?”

He walked over, took the comb from her hand, and then gently combed her hair. The servants in Hopkins family served her well, even her hair was dark and shiny.

Christina didn't say anything.

She frowned when she saw the man standing behind her in the mirror, combing her hair skillfully.

“Grandpa won't let you take care of the children?” Patrick seemed to be free today.

“No.”

She finally replied angrily.

She reached out and grabbed the comb. “I'll comb it by myself.” She obviously sulked.

Patrick raised his eyebrows, looked at her, and suddenly said, “Get up. It's my turn to sit down.”

“What?”

She turned around and looked at him discontentedly. “There are so many chairs. Why not lie down one of them?” “I like to sit here.”

Patrick put his hands around her, and Christina was lifted up. It was his style. This man would do anything he like without considering her feelings.

Christina was getting angrier.

Back then, their marriage was totally what he had designed. He forced her to marry him without asking her what she thought!

“Patrick, if you want to sit in this chair, now it’s yours. Why are you holding my hand? Let go. I’m going down to see my son.” She held back her anger, but her wrist was held by him tightly.

Patrick said naturally, “Do me a massage.”

“Not a chance. Go to find a masseuse.” Anyway, there were professionals in Hopkins family.

Patrick began to settle the score with her. “Christina, since last time you said you would like to buy a small apartment where the husband would go out to work and the wife would do the housework at home. When he come home after work, she would give him a hot water massage to relieve his fatigue, thank him for the day’s work, and then the whole family would eat together...” Christina immediately denied, “I didn’t say that!”

Patrick turned around and glared at her eyes seriously. “You did say that.”

“Christina, I remember everything you said.”

Perhaps because he was a little serious, Christina felt guilty.

“I’ve been busy all day. Shouldn’t you do me a relaxing massage now?”

He was already sitting upright, waiting for her to serve him.

Christina pinched his shoulder with both hands as if she was taking revenge. “Patrick, let me tell you, I’m in a bad mood today!” “So?”

He closed his eyes, completely ignoring her strength.

“Henry proposed to May today. They’re so happy...” She hesitated and said awkwardly.

“Yeah...”

He was still breathing strongly and had no sincerity in communicating with her at all.

Christina took a scraping board and fiercely scratched the back of his neck. Patrick opened his eyes. “What’s wrong?” She was reminding him to respond to her.

"I just said it!"

Patrick said with patience, "What did you say?"

However, Christina became more and more irritable after marriage. "You told me that you remember everything I said! I just said

Henry proposed to May!

Patrick didn't understand at all. "What does the two people you're talking about have to do with you?" "I don't want to talk to you anymore."

Christina threw the scraping board away and walked out of the room angrily.

Patrick watched her leave so angrily. If it had been in the past, he would still be a little nervous, but now the first thought in his mind was to reckon her period.

He came to a conclusion that all the men in the world agreed with. It turned out to be her period was coming. No wonder she was so irritable.

He asked Nanny Faang to made her a pot of flower tea.

Even Patrick knew that this thing was especially useful for women's menstrual period.

The servants of Hopkins family were relieved that their Young Master Hopkins had become more and more gentle after he got married.

They turned to look at Christina. Her face was even darker than tea. She gritted her teeth and said, "Don't talk nonsense to provoke me, or I'll take this pot and pour it on Patrick's head."

Nanny Faang and the others did not dare to say anything. It seemed that Christina were angry, and even the way she lost their temper became childish.

Christina had been depressed about the proposal. She lay in the living room on the first floor like a couch potato. At eleven o'clock pm, she was not willing to go to her bedroom. She held a pillow and watched the TV show absent-mindedly.

It was almost one o'clock am, When Patrick finished his work and came out of the study, he saw that there was no one on the bed in the bedroom.

His face darkened and he quickly walked downstairs. When Nanny Faang heard the footsteps, she immediately stepped forward nervously. "Young master Hopkins, what's the matter?"

“Where is she?” She was used to it this year. Every time he looked for someone with a gloomy face, he would exactly look for Christina.

“She stayed in the living room all night watching TV and fell asleep.”

Patrick’s footsteps seemed to have lightened a little. He walked over and saw that Christina was indeed sleeping soundly with a pillow in her arms.

Nanny Faang said softly on purpose, “Maybe she wanted to wait for you before going to bed.” Afraid that the couple would quarrel, she deliberately put in a good word for Christina.

Patrick laughed a little angrily. “When will she understand that? You might worry whether she cut grandpa’s potted plant to pieces.”

Nanny Faang was bemused.

She uncontrollably chuckled. She didn’t expect him to tell jokes.

Patrick bent down to carefully pick up Christina and went upstairs. He wanted to prank her and throw her on the bed to scare her.

Last night, she was like this. While he was asleep, she deliberately knocked a copper basin and smiled happily.

However, Patrick was not willing to throw her hard.

He put her on the bed and pulled the covers up around her.

“Patrick...” She was half asleep and half awake and put her hands around his waist. She hugged him tightly.

He knelt on the bed in a strange position and looked down at her sleeping face.

“Patrick, you forgot one thing...”

He simply lay on the bed and talked to her, “What was it?”

Like a furry animal, Christina buried her head in his chest and rubbed against it. Patrick was a little itchy and laughed. His chest heaved and fell.

“But, such a thing.”

“A man doesn’t always have to take the initiative. I’m very open-minded.” She mumbled and frowned, as if she was really thinking about something important.

Patrick listened to her and lost his mind.

It was not his fault. He was a vigorous man, lying in bed with his wife. In the middle of the night, she said such words that invited imagination...

He quickly turned over, pressed the half-asleep woman down, and kissed her lips without hesitation.

This annoyed Christina. She was about to make a long speech, so she hesitated to push him away. "Don't move... I want to talk, I want to talk..."

Patrick found it funny. "What do you want to say?" He buried his head in her neck and licked her on purpose, making her hot and itchy.

"I, I propose..." She was annoyed by his voice and kept turning over. "For what?"

Patrick deserved it. Knowing that she was on her period today, he could only watch her but couldn't do anything. He was also angry with her. None of them could feel better right now.

"Patrick, can I propose to you?"

Christina was experienced, grabbing his thing skillfully, and her tone was a little threatening.

Patrick's expression was funny. "Let go..." It was extremely uncomfortable.

"I'm asking you. I'll propose to you. Just say yes!" Christina tightened her grip, and Patrick looked unwell.

"Well, yes, I do." He gritted his teeth and agreed.

This was probably the first time in Patrick's life that he had been threatened and could only obey.

"Well, that's good."

Christina didn't know what she had done. She rubbed her face against his chest again, and then put her hands around Patrick's waist and continued to sleep contentedly.

Patrick's face darkened. For a moment, he wanted to kick this woman out of bed.

In the end, Christina only let out a long sigh...

Read Novel My Billionaire Husband Spoils Me Too Much Chapter 856

My Billionaire Husband Spoils Me Too Much Chapter 856

They were preparing an engagement party themselves.

The venue was a nightclub owned by the Hopkins family. All the employees had a week off with pay. Originally, several managers wanted to stay and help, but Christina refused.

“Patrick is going to marry someone like you. Tsk tsk... What a spendthrift.” Charles specially postponed his work for a week to join in the fun.

“Do you know the weekly turn of this nightclub?” Christina threw a box of balloons at him, “Help blow the balloons, you wicked businessman.”

Everyone knew that Henry’s original agency was very snobbish afterwards. Seeing that Henry had recently perked up and seemed to be very familiar with a few big shots in the industry, they wanted to be his agent again.

However, Charles directly intercepted them. This guy had been secretly helping Henry and asked Henry to sign the deed of sale.

“I can’t do anything about it. My family is not as rich as Patrick’s. We accumulate wealth steadily and are content with a little wealth.”

“Are you still not wealthy enough, you profiteer?”

Charles smiled brightly and did not hide his pride at all. He signed Henry directly, and in the future, his media company would have another cash cow to exploit.

“Henry is willing. He was so down and out before. I was the only one who reached out my warm hand to give him help in the snow and teach him how to pursue his wife.”

Charles felt that he had done a lot of good deeds and made money by the way.

Seeing that he was so smug, Christina held a paintbrush and wanted to put it on his face, “Is it your credit? It’s Patrick’s credit!” Patrick was going to ask someone to send Henry back, which pushed the miserable couple too far.

Charles rubbed his chin and thought, “That’s right, Patrick’s move... No wonder he can even win your heart.”

“Am I that difficult?” Christina contradicted him angrily.

The people who were helping blow up the balloons suddenly got silent. Henry and the others couldn’t help but burst into laughter.

Patrick spared an empty space and said it was for Henry’s engagement. Everyone saw

Christina arrange for the party busily and stayed where they were tacitly. It was obvious that they were looking for something to do for Christina.

There were 32 floors in this entertainment center. Since Christina's energy was limited, she only chose the top floor. She hired a wedding design company, asked for a large number of balloons, painted the walls, and did a lot of decoration works.

She was not tired. Instead, she climbed up and down happily, put on a newspaper hat, climbed up the ladder, and painted like a decorator.

"I find that I'm quite talented as a laborer. I can go to the construction site to work as a laborer." Christina was in a good mood.

She was quite patient on the ladder, painted the wall bit by bit, not sparing any gaps.

She had been loafing in the Hopkins family for so long that it was rare for her to have some work to do. Christina worked very hard. She found that when she had worked all day, she would sleep soundly at night.

"I told Patrick that I wanted to get a job, but he refused." She stood on the ladder and chatted with the people below.

However, no one responded to her.

Christina ignored them and continued to work. At about noon, Charles and the others went out to buy food.

There was a small gap in the ceiling above her head that was not painted with pink paint. She held a small paint bucket with left hand and a brush with her right hand. She stood on tiptoe and stretched out to the gap...

"Be careful!"

The people below were so shocked that they couldn't help but shout.

Christina quickly brushed through the wall, and the empty space was also covered with pink paint perfectly.

She lowered her head in annoyance, "Don't yell. You scared me."

Only then did she see that the person who was holding the ladder for her Patrick.

Charles and Henry, who were standing far away, were all laughing playfully.

No wonder no one responded to her when was talking. It turned out that Patrick was here.

"Come down."

Patrick, who was holding the ladder, urged her in a cold and deep voice. "I'm not finished." Christina held the ladder with both hands as if she would go down if she hadn't finished.

She was a little obsessive-compulsive. A white wall had been painted to dreamy pink except the gap in the middle. She had to finish it no matter what.

"Are you coming down or not?" Patrick had become much more patient recently. "No." Christina replied straightforwardly.

The people watching the show in the corner were so excited. Henry muttered in a low voice, "I suddenly admire Miss Dickens." No one would have her courage. Charles tutted, "It's a small matter for her."

In the eyes of friends like Charles, Christina's greatest contribution was to make Patrick's temper much better. During the years they had been married, Patrick had obviously become much gentler.

May and Crystal, the pregnant woman, were also there. They saw Patrick's face and thought that he would forcefully pull her down, but to their surprise, Patrick said, "Come down, I'll do it for you."

No one else dared to breathe heavily. Christina hesitated on the ladder for a while before reluctantly climbing down and letting him do it for her. "Patrick, do you know how to paint the wall?" She gave him the paint bucket and brush and teased.

Patrick raised his eyebrows and looked at her, "Even you can do it. How can I not know how to do it?"

Christina immediately shut up.

Her husband had strong self-esteem and had to do better than anyone else.

Patrick, dressed in a suit worth more than a hundred thousand dollars, rolled up his sleeves, and did the wall painting well. May and Crystal even felt that the man who did the donkey work had a sacred halo. He was so handsome.

Unfortunately, Christina didn't notice it at all.

She looked up to supervise him and shouted unhappily, "Patrick, the paint is too thick. You have to put on a thin layer first and wait until it's dry."

It was quiet all around, and no one dared to say anything.

Patrick personally painted the wall less than a square meter, which made the people below very nervous.

It was done. Standing beside him, Christina smiled and elbowed Patrick's arm like a good buddy, "How was it? Was it fun?" Patrick looked at the plain pink wall and suddenly felt that it was very pleasing.

"Patrick, you've got paint on your hair."

"Help me get rid of it."

Patrick pulled her in the bathroom to clean up.

Charles and the others had an evil thoughts and immediately informed in a low voice that no one was allowed to enter the bathroom.

"I saw the obvious red mark on the back of Patrick's neck just now. What is it?"

"Could it be a hickey? Can a hickey be so obvious?"

Charles looked at Henry with a smile and said in a teasing tone, "Watch and learn. You see how colorful their marriage life is." Chandler and Crystal were ashamed to hear that.

May said, "I don't think Patrick and Christina have such special tastes."

Everyone burst into laughter. Charles said, "I heard that Christina even proposed to Patrick. That process was too violent and tasteless. Ha-ha..." Everyone thought a lot about it.

Read Novel My Billionaire Husband Spoils Me Too Much Chapter 857

My Billionaire Husband Spoils Me Too Much Chapter 857

"That's caused by the scraping board. What are you thinking?"

Seeing their flirtatious eyesight, Christina told the truth annoyingly.

Hickey on the back of her neck? They were so imaginative.

"So it's caused by scraping board." Charles and the others looked disappointed.

"I told you, this is not something like Patrick and Christina will do." May smiled and joked.

Christina glanced around threateningly and said, "You guys really should go to the pool and wash yourselves. Your mind is full of dirty things."

On the top floor, there was a 20-square-meter round massage bathtub. With the blue light, smoke, and light music, the atmosphere was very good, and it was comfortable to take a bath.

Hearing Christina's words, they were all afraid that Miss Dickens would really be angry and throw them into the pool one by one, so they all shut up obediently.

The nightclub was very big, and just the top floor covered more than 500 square meters. They planned to hold an engagement party here tomorrow.

"Henry, why is it so troublesome to have an engagement? Just hold a wedding party."

"Engagement is a tradition in my hometown. We will hold our wedding party six months later." Henry smiled brightly and told everyone happily, "Actually, May and I have already registered at the Civil Affairs Bureau."

So legally, they were already husband and wife.

"Congratulations."

Another handsome guy got married.

Patrick walked towards them with a small gift box in his hand.

Patrick had smeared some paint on his hair before, but Christina didn't know how to deal with it. She just took a pair of scissors and cut his hair directly. Patrick had no objections and planned to ask his stylist to fix it later.

Charles was in a complicated mood when he saw Patrick's "miserable situation" after marriage, and he even felt some sympathy for Patrick for some reason.

"Congratulations."

Patrick said politely to Henry and handed him a simple gift box.

Henry was flattered and said, "Thank you." He quickly took the gift with both hands. He had heard a lot of Patrick. Unlike Charles, Patrick's temperament and aura really made people feel the power of the superior.

Chandler and Charles were so curious. It was rare that Patrick gave a gift in person. What was it? It was not an expensive gift, just a bowl.

However, Henry's eyes widened. He took the crystal bowl and looked at it carefully. Then, he asked in disbelief, "I thought the factory has closed. How can you find a same bowl?"

May saw it from afar and ran over in surprise. She picked up the crystal bowl and also took a close look at it under the light. "It's really the same as the one I gave you."

Previously, Christina accidentally broke Henry's crystal bowl. She heard that it was the first gift that May gave Henry when they were living a poor life in F Country. It meant a lot.

Patrick answered casually, "I gave all fragments to the manufacturer and asked them to rebuild one."

As long as Patrick wanted to, the broken mirror could be reunited. There was nothing he couldn't do.

"Thank you," Henry was really moved and thanked Patrick repeatedly, "Thank you. This bowl is really important to me." "You're welcome."

Patrick knew very well how troublesome his wife was. It must be Christina's fault to break the bowl.

On the day of the engagement party, many people were invited to have some fun.

Chandler took his wife. Charles brought a new girlfriend and Rafael also came over. However, the most eye-catching were Samba and White Tiger.

They were even more popular than May and Henry.

Some friends and May's relatives were extremely afraid that Samba and White Tiger would suddenly go crazy. What the Hopkins family raised were indeed extraordinary. The engagement party began in such a strange and tense atmosphere...

"Today, we are all very happy and honored to be able to attend this engagement party. According to custom, I still have to ask if there are any objections and if anyone wants to come out and take our bride away."

The atmosphere was cheerful.

Everyone shouted excitedly, "There must be some accidents, or this love will not be strong enough. Which warrior dares to stand out now?"

Roar...

A majestic tiger roared.

Everyone's hair stood on end. Under the colorful lights, they saw Christina stroke the white tiger mildly behind the stage.

Christina was wearing a blue fishtail dress with broken diamonds. The long hemline of the dress was dragging along the ground and looked gorgeous. Coupled with her pretty face, Christina looked very amazing.

However, Christina raised the corner of her lips slightly and stroked the big white tiger beside her, which was obviously a threat and warning. (Whoever dares to cause trouble, I will let the white tiger go.)

The emcee on the stage immediately stammered and announced, "It seems that there is no objection. You may now exchange the rings. I wish you a long life together and be united forever."

Charles and others clapped unwillingly.

Before they had enough, they were all stopped by Christina.

Patrick sat beside the stage with his right elbow on the bar. He looked at Christina the whole time and smiled slightly.

"All right, you can go and look for food with Samba now." Christina rubbed the white tiger's soft ears with satisfaction and patted its big head, indicating that it could start eating.

With melodious music on, everyone leisurely spun onto the dance floor with their partners.

The couples whispered and waltzed happily.

Christina sat beside Patrick and watched them dance. "Do you want to join them?" Patrick asked. He barely asked this kind of question.

"No." Christina said honestly, "I'm afraid that someone would step on the hem of my dress. I'll definitely fall down." Patrick smiled even more when he heard this.

The waltz music was happy and soft. The light above their head was warm. Patrick hugged Christina, feeling so satisfied.

"Where do you want to hold our wedding party?"

Perhaps because of the atmosphere, Patrick's voice was much gentler today. He leaned his head directly against Christina's shoulder and asked her.

“We’ve been married for years. Our son is almost two years old. Do we still need a wedding party?” Christina ruined the atmosphere and asked Patrick. She was really not a romantic girl.

“Aren’t you envious of their proposal and engagement party?” Patrick thought that every woman cared about this. He had always wanted to hold a wedding party for her, but he was too busy.

Later, he didn’t want to let so many people see her in a wedding dress. He hoped that he could just lock her in the room that no one else could see her.

Christina thought about it. There was no need for her to be envious and jealous of others. Patrick had also proposed to her last time. She had always been easy to be satisfied.

“Patrick, when are you free? Let’s go back to the island again. It’s hard for Samba to find a partner here. I’m a little worried about

him...

“No.” Patrick rejected Christina directly. Every time he asked her to bring up ideas, she would come up with difficult problems.

They tried hard to escape from death on that island last time. It seemed that Christina had forgotten the pain.

“I haven’t finished yet. Isn’t it cool to have a wedding on an island?”

“No.”

Read Novel My Billionaire Husband Spoils Me Too Much Chapter 858

My Billionaire Husband Spoils Me Too Much Chapter 858

Generally speaking, the guests would bring gifts to the wedding banquet. Lucy unabashedly walked straight past the reception counter to eat.

She couldn’t give them a gift!

(Don’t try to get anything from me.)

Recently, she was tired of a mission in Northern Europe. She had just earned millions of euros but she found her target didn’t die completely. She barely survived after falling into an ice cave and losing all the money.

"I'm so poor. Where is Christina? I need to borrow some money from her..." Lucy looked around after she entered.

Her boss was so generous to close the 30-story downtown nightclub for a week to hold an engagement party for his wife's friend, whom Lucy didn't know.

The top floor had 500 square meters and there were hundreds of guests here. The lights were dim and the music was soft. Men and women were dancing, drinking and chatting. Lucy couldn't find Christina so she ate first.

The engagement party was a buffet, with plenty of delicious food.

Lucy narrowed her eyes and was in a good mood in an instant. She quickly picked up three large plates of seafood and meat, held the large plate with one hand, and found a quiet corner to eat.

It was probably because Lucy enjoyed her meal so much that she quickly attracted the attention of other accomplices.

"Honey, I heard that you almost died in the ice sculpture. I didn't expect you to escape again..."

Two skinny but strong men sat directly opposite her. "Lucy, I thought you were really going to die. I was sad for a few minutes." As he spoke, he chuckled and threw a bottle of beer at her.

With a lamb chop in her mouth, Lucy looked up at them expressionlessly and mumbled. "Get out."

Gary and Alan were used to her rudeness, and they laughed obscenely.

Lucy continued to eat with her head down, ignoring them.

As killers, they wouldn't have a tomb after they died and even their corpses may be eaten by wild animals. They earned money in an extremely dangerous way. They could save a lot of money, but they were used to splurge.

"I suspect that boss deliberately contributes to our profligacy so that he can continue to get us to work for him."

Lucy thought she was right as she chewed on the mutton.

"Lucy, what are you muttering?" Gary looked at her teasingly.

They realized that Lucy was a little different from before. In the past, she got angry easily and was cold-blooded and vengeful.

Although LUCY was a woman, her performance was excellent. They didn't dare to provoke her.

"Lucy, are you getting more and more feminine?" Alan sighed with emotion.

As soon as he finished speaking, Lucy's eyes turned cold. She quickly grabbed the beer on the table and threw it at Alan. Alan blocked it with his thin arm. "Ouch, my arm bone hurts. It's broken!" He immediately screamed in pain.

Gary looked at them gloatingly. They were used to playing like that. Lucy used to have a bad temper and she would rather beat someone than quarrel if she was in a bad mood.

She wouldn't stop until she crippled someone.

"Alan, I told you that you will be ruined by your words sooner or later. Look, Lucy is teaching you a lesson. Hahaha..."

There was a steel knife on the plate for cutting the leg of a lamb. Lucy throw it at Gary so fast that they could hardly see her movements. Although the light of the engagement party was dim and soft, the cold light on the knife was frightening.

"Thump." The knife brushed past Gary's face and poked straight into the bench behind him. He was so scared that he sat up straight and did not dare to move.

Gary and Alan looked at each other in fear.

Damn, Lucy lost her temper.

It seemed that her mission in Northern Europe was really unpleasant.

"Bang!" Lucy pounded the table and stood up.

She finished the food on her plate, glanced at them, and warned, "I'm in a bad mood. Get out of here!"

Gary and Alan knew her bad temper very well and immediately went away in half a second.

"How annoying." Lucy frowned and said in their direction.

In fact, Alan was right. She also felt a change in her mood.

"Maybe it's because of Christina."

In the past, she had never considered the future. She felt that it didn't matter where she died, and it wasn't home anywhere anyway.

After having a connection with Christina for some time, she was probably jealous of her. She suddenly had an inexplicable idea after seeing Christina's stable and normal life.

"I'll retire after one more mission." She even thought about it. (No, one mission is not enough. I need five more.)

Lucy walked towards the vegetable and fruit section with disgust. She had just eaten so much meat and needed to eat some grass, but she herself hated vegetarian food so much that even delicious food could not comfort her.

Seeing Lucy's face darkened, Gary, Alan and a few of the club's members immediately moved away from her. They were afraid of provoking her because Lucy was even more ruthless than them when she was in a bad mood.

"Let go of me."

But just then, a reckless person appeared.

The light above the food section was dim and orange, and her face darkened. She passed the row of seats with a plate of fruit salad in her right hand, but suddenly someone grabbed her left wrist.

"Let go of me."

Lucy stood still and her eyes were still fixed on the man. She counted through clenched teeth, "1, 2, 3..." She gripped the large plate of fruit salad with her other hand and her blood pressure was rising.

Gary and Alan immediately became excited and reached out to see more carefully. "Who dares to flirt with Lucy..." "It's probably because the light is too dark. There are so many beautiful women here. Why does he flirt with Lucy..." "Tsk tsk, do you think the boss will be angry if Lucy causes a bloody incident at this engagement party?"

Lucy gritted her teeth and said, "I'll kill you if you want to die!" She held the large plate of fruit salad in her right hand and tipped it over the head of the man on the seat. She used all of her strength to make the man's head explode tonight.

Clang...

Nobody expected that the man in the chair could avoid her hit.

The fruit salad and crystal plate fell to the ground in a mess.

Gary and Alan were amazed. "Master!" They looked like they were watching a play.

The man still refused to let go of Lucy's left wrist and held it tightly. (He's really a master and is not afraid of death.) They immediately sneaked over to watch the battle.

Lucy suddenly wanted to pull her hand back, but the man was so strong that he squeezed her left wrist tightly as if he was going to break her hand bone.

Lucy was really angry now. She had only wanted to injure him, but now she wanted to kill him.

“I’m going to kill you.”

As Lucy angrily raised her left fist and was about to hit the man’s side face, he said in a slow, pure and lazy tone, “I have a headache.”

The man’s voice shocked Gary, Alan and the crowd.

Lucy withdrew her fist in time!

In the distance, the colourful light flashed past. “Derek!” Only then did Gary and Alan see clearly that the man was Derek.

Read Novel My Billionaire Husband Spoils Me Too Much Chapter 859

My Billionaire Husband Spoils Me Too Much Chapter 859

Derek dared to hold her wrist!

Lucy was about to hit his side face in anger. “I have a headache.” He said in a lazy tone. It was Derek!

“Let go.”

Hearing his voice, Lucy withdrew her fist in time after recognizing that it was Derek, but she still urged him unhappily, “Let go of my hand, or I’ll beat you!”

Although with a ferocious tone, she was much gentler than before.

Gary and Alan couldn’t believe what they were hearing.

Lucy didn’t hit him, instead, she kindly reminded him.

“Is it because Derek and Christina are familiar?”

They couldn’t figure it out after racing their minds.

“But when Patrick pissed Lucy off in the past, Lucy would get awful mad at him.” Although she couldn’t beat Patrick, Lucy still couldn’t control herself.

“My head ached.”

Derek sat in a dining chair with his head lowered. Under the dim light, his fair and handsome face with a painful expression could be seen.

He held Lucy's wrist tightly instinctively, which could seemingly alleviate his pain.

Lucy tried hard to pull her hand back.

She had fought with Derek a few times before. Although he was lean, he was actually not easy to be caught.

"I'll help you, I'll help you!"

Lucy roared, in a despairing and helpless voice. "I'll help you. Let go..."

It seemed that her voice had brought Derek, who had a splitting headache, back to his senses. Then he turned to look at her slowly.

Derek had a good look, and his blue eyes were even more alluring.

Originally, he had been born with evil charm, but at this moment, he looked a little dazed, as if he had just woken up, even spoke very slowly.

"OK." He answered lazily.

Lucy, who was easy to be furious, could only hold back all her anger.

The moment Derek let go of her hand, Lucy immediately pulled it back. With a bitter face, she shook her swollen wrist.
She cursed inside.

Keeping her word had never been her creed, so when she withdrew her hand, her first thought was to go back on her word.
However, Derek was not easy to be fooled.

He kept looking at Lucy with his blue eyes. Without saying anything, he was waiting.

He was waiting for her to solve the problem.

Lucy was trying to escape while meeting Derek's innocent gaze.

She felt a little guilty.

Shit!

She cursed inside again.

Lucy had become more and more kindhearted in the past year. Moreover, he was so handsome with ignorant eyes.

If it were any other man, she would definitely sweep her hand over his face. But it was Derek, who was always like this.

Lucy pulled a long face and said reluctantly, "Straighten up, and look straight ahead."

"Is it the same as before? First, press your temples..." Derek immediately adjusted his posture and sat obediently with his back against the chair, looking straight ahead.

Lucy stood behind him and massaged his temples and other points skillfully. She might be a little angry, so she pressed hard. But Derek felt pretty good.

About a minute later, he saw Derek frowning. The painful expression gradually eased, and he seemed to enjoy it.

Alan and Gary, who were two seats away, were totally shocked.

How could it be...

"Am I blurred?" Alan had this strange idea.

Gary also looked confused. He asked, "Do you think he is Derek or Rafael now?"

It recurred to Gary that they had been deceived by Rafael on the island, who was extremely sinister and always played tricks with them.

As a result, all of them were very afraid of Rafael.

However, Rafael was Christina's brother.

It was complicated anyway.

"Actually, Derek is not easy to deal with," someone whispered.

They had already known that Derek was Patrick's rival in love. They were quite familiar with him. He looked weak but was actually very good at fighting. They had suffered a lot from Derek before.

"He's very good at making quick money." Alan suddenly felt angry.

Their impression of Derek was that he was very good at making fast money. They were so jealous.

When investigating Derek, they saw with their own eyes that Derek had destroyed a listed financial company in a week and got hundreds of millions of dollars from it.

He was the real god of wealth.

However, they worked long hours, earning less than him.

Shit!

They cursed at the same time.

“Are you feeling well?” Lucy was no more patient.

She was sure that if she didn't say anything, Derek would keep it. About a year and a half ago, she fought with Derek once. He was not in a good mental state at that time. Lucy thought she had succeeded.

In the end, she didn't know how he grabbed her wrist. Derek didn't threaten her at all, but Lucy understood that if she didn't help him deal with the headache, he won't let her go.

Derek fell asleep.

Lucy massaged his acupuncture points, and her fingers were numb. She turned her head and glared at him angrily, only to find Derek fell asleep, leaning against the back of the long chair.

She was about to lose her temper when she saw his beautiful sleeping face. He looked elegant with good features when he fell asleep, breathing lightly.

Lucy was furious. But she couldn't do anything to him.

She let go of his hand and Derek's head drooped sideways. He slept very soundly. With a thud, he hit his forehead on the dining table without any response, as if he had not slept for a long time.

Lucy was not in the mood to feel sorry for that. Her wrist was bruised! She had to ask for money from Christina.

Gary and Alan behind her looked at her sneakily. Lucy turned her head and glanced around coldly. They immediately paused and did not dare to say anything more.

Luck poked her head and found Christina, who was at the booth. Lucy went to ask her for money without hesitation.

As soon as she lifted her foot, she hesitated for half a step and looked back sideways.

Derek seemed to get defensive. He lay on the table, his head resting on his arms, and slept peacefully.

Read Novel **My Billionaire Husband Spoils Me Too Much** Chapter 860

My Billionaire Husband Spoils Me Too Much Chapter 860

[At the Engagement Party] Amid the soft light and the concerto of the violin and the piano, men and women snuggled up to each other to waltz. Suddenly, everyone split into two sides to make room in the middle.

Patrick took his wife in his arms and spun into the dance floor. As they were both professional dancers, their moves were beautiful and gentle, echoing the melody with the music. Christina's long blue fishtail dress swayed and moved as she danced, giving expression to incomparable elegance.

The others stopped dancing and started to watch them.

In fact, even if Patrick didn't do anything, his upstanding figure, inherent dignity, handsome face, and dotting eyes were enough to make all the women crazy.

Patrick had rarely attended cocktail parties over the years because he no longer needed to appear in person.

It was a surprise to see him dancing at such a small engagement party today.

"Everyone's looking at you and stops dancing," Christina whispered to Patrick with her face leaning against his ears.

Just as everyone was amazed at the perfect couple, Christina said something to kill the buzz at this time, "That's great. They won't step on my skirt. Patrick, you're gonna lose!"

Christina made a bet. If anyone stepped on her long skirt, she would lose; on the contrary, Patrick had to go to the island as she told.

Ever since he was a child, Patrick had always been the center of attention wherever he was. Besides, he had voluntarily stepped on the dance floor this time, so naturally, everyone gave the way to them.

Everyone was staring at Patrick.

Christina also looked stunning today – she wore a low-key blue diamond fishtail dress with a long hem, which was as fairy as a goddess. However, there were too many beauties in this world. Compared to Patrick, the only grandson of the Hopkins family, even if Christina was the young madam of the Hopkins family, many people actually didn't fall for her.

As a matter of fact, many people looked forward to their divorce every day.

The women present all wished that they could stand next to Patrick instead of Christina.

“Patrick, you can’t be so despicable. Don’t step on my skirt!”

Only the two of them understood each other’s true thoughts at this moment. Christina flung her skirt’s long hemline to stop it from being stepped on by Patrick.

The long blue silk dress fluttered in the air, unfolding a very beautiful scene. At this moment, Patrick was giving a faint smile and focusing his eyes on Christina the whole time.

Christina, on the other hand, was giving a slight frown and in a sulk.

“They don’t seem to be just dancing.” After watching them for a while, Henry felt a little strange.

Patrick and Christina both had very beautiful dancing moves, but their dances were a little weird.

Christina was obviously retreating step by step. Patrick, who was clearly in a good mood, was trying to step on her skirt on every move.

“Patrick is playing the game of cat and mouse with her.” Charles said, and then also led his girlfriend that was chosen by his mother onto the dance floor.

“What is Mr. Hopkins playing?” The woman who was wrapping her arms around Charles’ waist asked curiously.

Charles had always been very gentlemanly to women. He said with a handsome smile, “Maybe he is playing some kind of game with his wife. Who knows.”

(Patrick is playing games with his wife? That was astonishing news.) The woman froze for a moment and then turned to look at Christina with mixed feelings.

(She is beautiful, but there are so many beauties in this world, why is she the one married to Patrick?)

At this moment, the unpopular granddaughter-in-law of the Hopkins family in the middle of the dance floor did something very out of line.

She jumped up and wrapped her arms around Patrick’s neck, her long legs wide open and grabbing his waist... This posture was really ungraceful.

Christina was opening her legs in front of more than a hundred people.

Everyone immediately became dumbfounded.

“Patrick, do you think you can step on the hem of my skirt like that?” Christina asked as she held him with both hands and feet like a koala.

Her clear and bright eyes sparkled with smugness and joy. When Patrick met her eyes, he immediately let out a chuckle. These two are really unscrupulous!

“Ouch!”

From the other side of the room came a sudden scream. Everyone turned around and saw that the woman dancing with Charles suddenly danced like Christina in a very intimate and ambiguous way. She hugged Charles’s head and put her long legs around his waist.

Charles was startled by her moves. The next second, he pushed her to the ground in fear.

The girl, who was a daughter of the Preston family, fell to the ground and cried out in pain.

Perhaps it was too sudden, everyone paused for a moment. After a while, a friend of hers trotted over to help her up.

Charles also realized that his behavior just now was too rude. For the first time in his life, he said to the woman awkwardly, “I’m Sorry.”

The daughter of the Preston family was embarrassed as hell right now.

She just wanted to make things faster with Charles. Besides, Patrick and his wife also danced this way. She didn’t expect to be pushed away by Charles all of a sudden...

Who would think that Charles, who had dated countless women, would be so reserved?

Not only did Charles apologize to her in front of everyone, but he also held her to the side to take a rest, and chatted with her gently and carefully.

So she was feeling less embarrassed now. Soon, everyone got over this incident and continued to dance.

Only Charles was feeling annoyed.

(It is all Christina’s fault. Why did she do such a crazy thing out of nowhere? Now how can I explain to my mother that I’m gonna change a girlfriend when I go home later. I am definitely gonna be punished by her!)

Christina was focused on playing games with Patrick now and didn’t notice anything wrong with her act. She often fooled around with Patrick at home, and he never said anything about it.

Seeing Charles instinctively push away the woman holding her with disgust, Christina immediately understood what had happened and jumped to the ground.

“Christina, you guys should go to the hotel!” Lucy walked over and teased.

“What are you thinking about?” Christina said stiffly.

“Patrick and I have been married for too long. We are just... having fun.”

Patrick would not take people’s guesses, thoughts, or the expectations of those women for intrigue to heart.

However, when he heard Christina say they were “married for too long”, his cold face flickered a faint smile. He took her arms and strode out of the dance floor to sit in the booth.

Lucy immediately followed them. (Boss is such a badass who never cares about what other people say about him.) “Christina, you should take me to see a doctor.”

Lucy swung her left wrist, which was bruised and swollen.

Patrick glanced at her. Christina immediately said in displeasure, “I didn’t do it. How can I beat you?”

“Your brother did it,” Lucy said expressionlessly.

She pointed to the dining area on the south side. “I’m not sure if it’s your brother or Derek. You have to take me to see a doctor anyway.” Lucy now caught a chance to blackmail her.

When Christina heard the word “your brother,” she was even more agitated than Lucy.

She pushed Patrick’s hands away and rushed towards the dining area almost murderously.