

# My Billionaire Husband Spoils Me Too Much Chapter 761

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## Chapter 761

Patrick didn't sleep all night. He returned to the hotel and ate something. Later, he sat in the comfortable massage chair in his presidential suite, looking at the night view of city outside the french window.

Patrick had never thought that this city would give him such a strange feeling. He had been staring fiercely at the night sky with deep and penetrating eyes, but his mind was so confused that he could not figure out anything.

And that night, Patrick made a decision.

He would look for the girl who fascinated him.

He deeply understood that some things were too fantastic at a glance. He was going to see her in person. When he saw her, he would realize that she was just an ordinary girl.

[First Senior High School of C City.]

To Patrick, this public high school was too ordinary. The construction, management, and teachers were all average and were not comparable to those he had been in since he was a child.

It was Monday today. The school gate was open and many students were coming and going.

This was an open school, where most students did not need to live on campus, and the management was pretty loose. Patrick got access to the campus easily.

Patrick walked into the campus and quickly looked around the environment.

There were two student dormitories, two student canteens, one library, one experimental building, three teaching buildings, two teacher dormitories, an artificial lake, a botanical garden, a standard football field, and eight basketball courts.

This campus was not big at all.

Probably it was Monday, almost all the students were wearing standard blue and white uniforms. The youthful students looked plain. They were energetic with big smiles on their faces.

The private college where Patrick went ruled all the students had to wear a tie.

There were more than 20 different styles of school uniforms to change into each year. His school life at that time could be described as rigid.

It was different from this kind of campus. Patrick did not reject this kind of atmosphere, but more novel.

The students were all in uniforms. Patrick was wandering around the campus in a white shirt and black trousers. The boys and girls who passed by him would look at him and whisper, "Who is he?"

Patrick was too young to look like a teacher, but his appearance and temperament were not like students.

"Who's that handsome anv?" Several students were already whispering behind his ear.

Patrick ignored it and went straight to the bulletin board on the campus. He thought he could find the information about the girl he was looking for there.

"It's her,"

Patrick stood in front of the bulletin board. He looked at a photo with surprise in his eyes.

The most difficult to pursue, Christina.

Someone took a photo of her first day of school this year. She was wearing the

same simple and plain blue uniform, but it still made people feel that the uniform was brighter. She should be about 1.7 meters tall. Her face was very beautiful, not naive, nor garish.

The campus newspaper rated her as the cold belle.

In the photo, Christina looked restrained. Her eyes were dim and her eyelashes were slightly lowered. At that time, she was in a bad mood.

For some reason, Patrick could read her feelings from it.

At first, Patrick guessed that the girl he met would participate in some campus activities because of her outstanding appearance, and what surprised him was that she was so famous in this school.

The person who wrote this campus newspaper should not like Christina, because the words, Christina was cold, arrogant, difficult to get along with, just a good-looking vase.

It seemed that she had many enemies in school.

Patrick couldn't figure it out. Why didn't she fight back? She didn't want to? Or was she afraid of offending people? Why did those people hate her?

What kind of person was she?

Patrick was in a daze in front of the bulletin board for a long time. He had never thought that he would think about such a boring question, but he had to admit that thinking about her made him feel very excited.

A piercing bell rang, and everyone ran back to the classroom.

Patrick looked up thoughtfully. The classroom in the corner on the 5th floor of building 1 was her classroom. She was a senior

The sound of reading came from the campus, and Patrick was not in a hurry to look for her.

At the last class in the morning, Patrick walked to the door of her classroom.

Patrick did not intend to say anything to this strange girl. He just wanted to see her. Patrick always felt that as long as he saw her personally, he would not get rid of the troubles.

The bell was ringing after class.

The students were already ready to leave. Just as the teacher stepped out of the classroom, the group of "bad students" at the back door had already rushed out. Some rushed to the school canteen, while others simply hated the oppression of the classroom. On the contrary, "good students" scrambled to copy the blackboard in the classroom to solve problems and review their lessons.

The long corridor was soon filled with students. To Patrick's surprise, the girl came out of the classroom quickly. She walked quickly and neatly. The boys in front of her made way for her intentionally and looked at her one after another. A large group of boys in the next class also looked at her. Someone whistled deliberately to her.

Other girls would probably blush or get angry when they passed through the corridor of so many boys, being teased so blatantly, but she did not. She looked straight ahead and walked fast and steadily as if she treated these boys as air. No wonder she was the cold belle.

She was walking straight towards Patrick.

Watching her walk towards him, Patrick stopped. He looked at her, her face, her expression. She pressed lips and frowned slightly. She seemed unhappy.

Some girls had already noticed the handsome man in a white shirt and black trousers outside the classroom. Patrick had attracted a lot of attention, but his eyes were all on the girl in front of him.

"Get out of the way!" Christina walked up to him and said coldly.

Patrick was surprised and unhappy for a moment. Just as she passed him, Patrick quickly reached out and grabbed her wrist, pulling her back.

At first, Patrick felt that as long as he saw her again with his own eyes, his unnecessary troubles would disappear.

But now that she had clearly forgotten him, she had completely forgotten what happened on Saturday.

Patrick was enraged.

However, the girl was even angrier than him. She flung his hand away and shouted, "You wanna die?"

Patrick was astonished.

All the students in the corridor quieted down, and everyone knew about Christina's karate was good to knock down a strong man weighing more than 100 kilograms.

# My Billionaire Husband Spoils Me Too Much Chapter 762

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

## Chapter 762

She forgot about him.

She didn't remember anything about that Saturday afternoon.

Patrick was sitting on a bench in front of the artificial lake in this school, full of anger, thinking of her unruly words just now. "Do you want to lie in the hospital?" How dare she speak to him like that?

It was clear that she was the "perpetrator".

He had not dealt with her about the fact that she jumped down from the tree on Saturday and hurt him. She had forgotten all about him so quickly.

A few passing students looked at him, but no one dared to get close to him, because Patrick's face was as cold as frost.

What kind of feeling was this?

Patrick couldn't explain. He just felt very unhappy and angry.

At 1 pm, Charles called him. "Patrick, what are you doing in the country? Are you doing a new project with Derek? When will you be back?"

The funeral of Patrick's father had been over for a week, so Charles guessed that Patrick was about to return to school.

Patrick received a call from Charles and hesitated for a moment.

Patrick knew that he had too little experience in terms of feelings, and Charles might be able to help him.

"Patrick, can you hear me?" Charles didn't hear any sound and thought it was because of a bad signal, so he shouted a few times.

Patrick's face darkened, and his tone was slightly unhappy. He replied concisely, "I'm busy."

Then Patrick hung up the phone.

Patrick really didn't know how to tell Charles about that girl.

Should he look for her again and ask her to apologize for what happened on Saturday afternoon? It seemed to be very ridiculous. He didn't want her to apologize.

After a while, the Hopkins family also called Patrick. The old butler asked politely, "Young Master Hopkins, are you still at home?"

"When will you come back? I'll arrange for someone to pick you up."

The Hopkins family was probably afraid that Patrick would leave and go abroad directly without saying goodbye.

"I don't know."

Patrick replied with a slightly irritated tone as if he was not sure about his itinerary.

The old butler was worried. He knew Patrick very well. There were very few things that Patrick was not sure about, so the butler asked one more question,

“Young Master Hopkins, did you encounter any difficulties over there?”

It seemed that the butler had guessed Patrick’s mind. Patrick’s eyes darkened and he lost patience and hung up.

Patrick’s face was getting darker and darker. He was distracted by that girl, but the “perpetrator” still went her own way. She completely forgot about him!

Patrick could not tell whether it was because his self-esteem was hurt or he was furious. The more he thought about it, the angrier he became.

At this moment, his phone was vibrating and ringing. He checked one of the text messages. The content was very simple: I’m back.

If it had been in the past, he would ignore these unimportant contents. Perhaps because he hadn’t slept last night and was bewildered by the girl, he actually felt that these simple words indicated she loved him.

He checked that the sender was Barbara Parker.

Barbara was a rational and smart woman. She worked efficiently and knew how to keep a distance from men. She was Chandler’s junior in the same department, and she was also Patrick’s junior in the same school.

Patrick had no impression of Barbara. He just thought she was better than those fangirls who made trouble for him.

He did not ponder the meaning of the message Barbara sent him but thought of another thing. “They are both women. Why are they so different?”

Patrick didn’t have a good impression of the girl named Christina. She complained first, and she was unreasonable and rude. He thought she was simply a spoiled, willful, and stupid woman in the circle.

If that was the case, why didn’t he hate her?

Patrick was deep in thought.

He kept trying to explain it in various ways. For example, he thought it was because of the shadow of his father’s death, or because his grandfather kept nagging him to find a girlfriend, or because he needed a woman to vent his sexual desire.

It was not until the school was over in the afternoon that the lively campus gradually quieted down. It was sunset again before Patrick stood up and left. He didn’t sleep last night, didn’t eat anything today, and wasted two days in C City thinking about such a stupid question.

Patrick thought it was ridiculous, but also incredible.

He didn’t intend to waste any more time. If he wanted to meet his physiological needs, he could find a pure and smart woman. If he wanted to get married and have children, he must find a well-behaved lady.

“Auntie, we’re going to have a buffet today. You must eat more.”

“I haven’t eaten all day today. I’m going to eat a lot later.” The clear voice was cheerful.

Patrick was standing at the school gate. Suddenly, he stopped where he was. It was her

The students who stayed in the school were busy on the campus, and the students who stayed outside had already left the school and returned home.

There were not many people on the main road at the school gate, and the street lights were dim and yellow. She walked towards him with a middle-aged woman beside her.

The road was quiet, so he could hear her voice clearly.

She seemed very happy.

“Christina, how can you not eat all day? It’s not good for your stomach to overeat.” Although the middle-aged woman was dressed plainly, she revealed the elegance of a well-bred lady in her speech.

“Auntie, don’t worry. I have a strong digestive system. I mean, we seldom go to the buffet, so you must eat more.”

She seemed worried that she would lose, so she lengthened her voice to

emphasize.

"Christina, you can go by yourself next time. Don't buy two tickets." Betty Eisenhower felt sorry for spending too much money

"It's free. I picked them up." She said naturally.

Betty smiled, but there was a trace of shame and sadness on her face. She said in a low voice, "Christina, it's auntie who got you into trouble."

Betty was so angry that she fell out with the Dickens family. Knowing that her niece was close to her, Betty cut off ties with the Dickens family and left with her niece, which was her own way.

They had been renting a house outside all these years. Betty regretted it.

Christina was the daughter of the richest man in C City. How could she live like this?

"Auntie, there's a milk tea shop asking me to work. They don't mind recruiting a part-time employee." But Christina happily talked about another thing.

"You have to take the SAT this year. You can't go."

"Auntie, I'm smart. I won't fall out of the top ten in the grade."

Christina continued to talk excitedly about her part-time job, "The proprietress of the milk tea shop asked me why they had to hire me for a part-time job. I told her because I was beautiful. Ha ha ha."

The silvery laughter rang in the quiet street. She boasted herself but made people feel that she was extremely sincere.

The woman beside her was amused by her.

Patrick's heart skipped a beat, and she just turned around and looked at him.

Under the dim yellow streetlights, her smile was as bright as the sun, burning his heart.

She still seemed to have no impression of him. The corners of her eyes were full of smiles, and she was only looking at the woman beside her.

She passed him again.

When he saw her smile, he actually wanted to laugh with her.

It was only when she and the woman were far away that Patrick gradually came back to his senses. He did not understand why he had such a big emotional change.

It was as if he could not control his emotions. Instead, he was affected by a stranger.

Patrick hated the feeling of losing control.

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He was used to controlling everything with ease.

"Christina." He couldn't help muttering the name.

## My Billionaire Husband Spoils Me Too Much Chapter 763

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

### Chapter 763

A great thing happened at the Hopkins family.

"Young Master Hopkins has decided to stay and not go abroad." The old butler reported this to Senior Mr. Hopkins with excitement immediately.

Senior Mr. Hopkins was playing chess with Old Master Shepherd. The two respected old men looked up at the same time, getting a little overwhelmed when hearing the news.

Old Master Shepherd smiled and said. "That's really gratifying."

The old butler also stood aside with a smile. But Senior Mr. Hopkins didn't change his face at all. Wearing an unpredictable face, as usual, he continued to play chess. However, he didn't play well today and was beaten by Old Master Shepherd quickly.

Old Master Shepherd won Senior Mr. Hopkins for the first time in his life. He was very happy about it and wanted to show this off. So he went back quickly. Senior Mr. Hopkins cherished Patrick very much. Though he often scold Patrick at home, he was very fond of him

It was not until Mr. Shepherd left happily that Senior Mr. Hopkins returned to his normal face and told to the old butler. "Tell me what happened exactly!"

The old butler paused in confusion and then he realized that Mr. Hopkins lost the game deliberately. Otherwise, the Old Master Shepherd would not have left so quickly for his stubbornness to win. And his son, Charles as the same as his father, had such a stubborn temper too.

"Young Master Hopkins will stay in a university in C City as a teaching assistant for half a year."

Senior Mr. Hopkins looked confused. "Why did Patrick want to teach suddenly?" He was confused not because he was worried about Patrick's knowledge level but he was wondering if Patrick, being an arrogant person, have the patience to teach such a group of stupid students.

"I don't know." The old butler shook his head and he continued cheerfully. "Old Master, it's a good thing that Young Master is willing to stay at home. Maybe he thinks it's more convenient to visit you if he stays."

Senior Mr. Hopkins paused for a moment, and then he shouted out suddenly, "Nonsense!"

If Patrick stayed actually for the convenience of visiting him, then why did the son of a bitch go to C city instead of staying in A City? Why didn't he work at IP&G Group directly?

The more Senior Mr. Hopkins thought about it, the angrier he became. His damned grandson was rebellious when he was abroad. Now he wanted to be some kind of bullshit teaching assistant for no reason. What the hell was in his mind? Doing all these without any explanation, did he ever remember that he had a grandfather?

"Send someone to ask for the reason!" Senior Mr. Hopkins was extremely curious, and he send the order furiously

The old butler lowered his head awkwardly. He knew Patrick well. If Patrick was unwilling to tell, he couldn't get a single word out of his mouth.

"Old Master, maybe we can call Young Master Shepherd?" The old butler thought of Charles immediately

Senior Mr. Hopkins thought for a while and agreed. It was not in vain for him to play chess with Old master Shepherd for decades,

At this time, Charles was hooking up with a France girl at one of the world-famous universities in the united states. He was in a proud face because he had won the admiration of this girl for his patient tutorship

At the right time, his phone rang. He didn't want to answer it at first But he sat up straight immediately once he saw the name on the screen.

Walking to the corner of the balcony of the library. Charles answered the phone in a well-behaved way. "Grandpa Hopkins." His voice was bright and serious.

His family also had an old man, that is his grandfather, Old Master Shepherd, who had always been an amicable person. On the contrary, the Old Master of the Hopkins family was a real big boss. He was good at hiding his feelings and always wore a poker face. Charles had been afraid of Senior Mr. Hopkins since he was a child.

Senior Mr. Hopkins told him the thing briefly Charles thought that he had

misheard and asked in a low voice, "Grandpa Hopkins, are you saying that Patrick decided to work at home as a teacher?"

"You don't know this?" Senior Mr. Hopkins seemed very dissatisfied hearing his reaction

Charles was shocked when Mr. Hopkins asked back and he promised immediately. "I ask him about it and call you back immediately."

"What's going on?"

Chandler happened to look for Chandler. But he saw Chandler freeze, grabbing his phone with a pale face after finding him

Charles still didn't gather his wits together.

Even let someone beat him up, Charles would still don't believe that Patrick would become a teacher. How could that be true? He tutored beautiful girls for playing around with them, but what's the purpose of Patrick to actually teach in a school?

"Patrick will not come back," Charles told him in a stiff voice.

Chandler chuckled "Isrit that what you want exactly. You've got all the foreign girls in school then

Charles had a complicated feeling "How could Patrick be so filial? To go back and inherit the family property and even to be a teacher

"What? Even Chandler was shocked this time

What?

"It can't be true, right? Are they crazy? We are already under a lot of pressure in our third year of high school. How can they force us to learn the so-called psychology class?"

At this moment, a group of girls was complaining in a female dormitory of a high school in C city

To do well in the SAT, they stayed up late every day, faced tons of endless exams, and already began to lose hair. Even eating and sleeping became a luxury at this time. How could they have extra time to learn new courses? Moreover, they wouldn't get a score for this course!

"No, definitely not."

A short and round-faced girl jumped out and roared like a groundhog

"TH hang a banner in the principal's office tomorrow! We must protest against this unreasonable oppression."

Crystal rushed out and covered her mouth immediately. "Cindy, you have to calm down." She was afraid that Cindy would cause trouble again.

Cindy was so excited that she was acting like an irritable cat, struggling violently and mumbling, "If you yield to them today, you will have to yield to them for the rest of your life. We girls don't take this. We should stand up and resist it!" She said so with great enthusiasm.

Other girls of the dormitory jumped out immediately to pull her back and lock the door. Otherwise, Cindy would actually run out and do something silly. Their dormitory 502 was already famous enough.

Their school discipline was relatively flexible. Generally, in the first two years, only students who lived far away would be forced to live at school. And in the third year, all the students were forced to live in the school dormitory. The teaching environment was not very good, but at least it was a key school in the city

Was

It was mainly because the economic, educational, and medical standards in C City had been surpassed by A City in recent years. So people in C city had lost their motive power. Now, C City had become a unique city for the people in it all live a slow-pace and comfortable lifestyle.

Dormitory 502 was famous on campus.

First of all, they had Cindy, a dramatic girl. Last time, she ran to the entrance of

the canteen to hang a banner, protesting that the canteen raised the price by 2 cents suddenly. She also held a loudspeaker and asked the person in charge of the canteen to come out and explain it is for which dish they had increased the price on earth Besides, they had the most popular girl in the school ever, Christina. At every special festival, there will be a lot of boys hanging banners under their dormitory to express their love to her.

"Damn it! Did I kill or piss god off in my previous life? Why did I have such roommates?" Crystal was devastated.

"I just kicked away the boys who sent the flowers to Christina. Cindy, can you stop messing around?"

Cindy frowned. "That's none of my business. Christina caused most of the trouble in our dormitory."

Crystal didn't want to refute. Obviously, it was not the truth.

Just as they mentioned, Christina, came back at the door. She pushed the door and found it was locked. "Open the door." Her voice was brief and slightly low. Crystal opened her eyes slightly and said to another girl immediately. "Open the door."

Learning from history, if they didn't open the door, Christina would kick it open. Several locks of their dormitory had been broken by her.

From what Crystal know of Christina, Christina was in a bad mood. Sure enough, when the door opened, Christina walked in with a dark face. She was probably annoyed by someone who kept pestering her.

"Christina, the school forced us to take more classes. Tell me, isn't it already so difficult for us to be in our third year of senior high school. How could they add this to us? Let's go to the principal's office tomorrow to resist this decision."

Cindy ran to persuade Christina to join her immediately.

If Christina did this, then all the boys chasing her would follow without hesitation.

"What class?" Christina was very calm.

Cindy snorted angrily, "A useless psychology class."

Christina paused for a moment and said, "I won't go."

Crystal tugged her arm slightly and said, "Christina, this has been notified on the school website. It's compulsory." She doesn't want Christina to mess it up with Cindy.

When comparing the two together, Christina actually outpaced Cindy in causing chaos.

"No. I won't go."

Christina didn't change her decision She went straight back to bed after washing her face and fell asleep as soon as she lay down

There were 4 people in the dormitory. And all of them agreed that though Christina don't talk much, she wouldn't change her mind easily once she made it so if she said no, she would not attend any of the new teacher's classes

## My Billionaire Husband Spoils Me Too

### Much Chapter 764

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

#### Chapter 764

Every afternoon, the campus after school was always noisy and full of infinite vitality.

A large group of students was playing at the football court and basketball court, while diligent students ran into the library, and the foodies rushed into the



canteen to grab food.

The campus radio would also be broadcast at this time, which livened the afternoon.

It was the most anticipated song ordering and blessing program.

With small loudspeakers distributed in all corners of the campus, the sweet, low magnetic voice of the male and female broadcasters always made people feel more relaxed.

"Here comes a song from a classmate from class 25, grade 1. Today, he especially wants to order a song for his senior in class 1, grade 3. Yesterday, senior Christina smiled at him in the library, which made his original inferiority complex vanish, he now is full of fighting spirit and confidence in his future studies."

The female anchor of the campus broadcast department felt struck dumb by his stupid words and soon continued, "Now please enjoy this song I Miss You So Much."

Accompanied by moving music, it sounded in every corner of the campus.

The curious students looked up at the loudspeakers above their heads, gossiping, and whispering with each other.

It was for Christina again.

She was indeed a prominent figure in this school. In every broadcasted blessing program, there was at least one song for her.

Last week, there was a young boy who dared to express his love for her via this program. But these ways were really too old-fashioned.

She had been studying here for many years and seen lots of those tricks. Now she had felt numb as she heard the confession for her by broadcast.

And indeed, Christina didn't care about that at all. After school, she rushed to the library to return the books she borrowed yesterday

"Christina." When Crystal and Cindy, her roommates, saw her lining up at the front desk, Cindy ran to her with a teasing smile and then bumped into her with an elbow. "Oh, another innocent boy has fallen for you."

"But the one who almost pushed down the bookshelf yesterday is quite handsome. Do you want to give him a chance?" Cindy looked at her and joked. Right now, Christina was waiting to return the book. Usually, she rarely talked to people, but her roommates were close to her. After hearing these words, she remembered the unfortunate incident yesterday. Suddenly, her face dimmed. She then hesitated and said, "That fool?"

Cindy laughed out loud.

All the handsome boys were nothing to Christina. As her roommates, they all thought that she had a short memory and often did not recognize those boys, Handsome or ugly, all of them were called Idiots by her.

Yesterday, she was looking for some teaching materials and books in the library. Suddenly, a tall man with a red face rushed towards her inexplicably. When she dodged, that fool actually fell to the side. Fortunately, she reacted quickly and supported the bookshelf steadily with both hands. Otherwise, this would be culminated in a sort of domino effect and cause the fall of other bookshelves, which would be terrible.

Yet she rarely remembered these trivial things, not to mention their face. She was tired of these things, but contrary to her wish, these bad things continued. Therefore, she could only let go,

"He is really a good man. Dating a younger man is so loving. Besides, it's better to be pestered by one person than by a group of people, right?"

When Cindy said this, her eyes swept across the scheming eyes in the lobby of the library, and many males had their eyes lingering on Christina.

Crystal couldn't stand it any longer and sighed. "Cindy, did you take bribes again?"

"No! I'm thinking for Christina. It's not easy for her to hide from these stinky men. Think about it would you like to have a pile of dog poop at your door, or have several dogs come to poop every day? I really can't stand it."

Cindy cried out the words she had hidden in her heart for long. Several times, she wanted to move to another dormitory, but it was a pity that other dormitories were not willing to accept her.

Shocked by her "dogshit" description, Crystal did not dare to speak again.

Yet Christina, on the other hand, acted as if it was none of her business. She queued up and returned the three books in her hand. Then she turned around and walked out of the library

Cindy, who was short, tried hard to keep up with her.

"Christina, you really have to think about it. Show mercy for us! There was only have one semester left before the SAT. The pressure is overwhelming. Those "rutting" kids are really too noisy. What if my grades deteriorate?" She howled "I thought you don't care about your grade." Christina did not slow down at all. She looked sideways at Cindy, who was running out of breath and chatted with Cindy calmly.

She laid it out in a cool manner. And she rarely spoke with sarcasm, but it was harsh to Cindy.

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Cindy was in last place in the first grade joint examination this semester, mainly because the twins, who usually got the lowest grade, were hospitalized with a high fever and did not take the exam.

Since she had already taken the last place in the grade, how would she retrogress?

"Humph, you hateful woman!" She now lost her fighting spirit and became listless.

Christina had found a part-time job, so she was rushing to work at the milk tea shop. She then ignored her roommate, waved her hand, and strode out of the school without looking back

"Don't be upset. You have a lot of room for improvement." Crystal then patted her roommate with a warm smile on her face.

But Cindy cast her a glare.

"Don't be discouraged. Don't you always say that the world is fair?"

Cindy was an optimist and a super troublemaker. For some reason, as a poor student in class 25, she was kicked out of her original dorm and barely taken in by the best dormitory in the grade.

"Although my grades are poor, my father is rich! Although Crystal and May are from a mediocre family, your grades are good and you can earn a bright future when you attend a famous school. Christina's beautiful, but she was born poor. Thank god."

Cindy always brought joy to them, and even Christina, who had never paid much attention to others, was also very patient with her.

As soon as she finished yelling, she froze as she spotted a man in a shirt and trousers at the school gate. He was so good-looking and was looking at them.

Perhaps due to his outstanding temperament, Crystal seemed to sense something. She then looked up and became also shocked.

Cindy tugged at her excitedly with her hand, "Who is he?"

How could Crystal know such a handsome man? And judging from his clothes, she didn't think he was a student in her school, nor was he like a teacher. He was more like a gentleman from a noble family in the movie

"He's looking at us!" Cindy was completely free from the depression just now and grew excited.

Patrick was indeed looking at them.

Surprise flashed across his face. He had good hearing. Just now, he heard the two girls say, "Christina, poor"

She was short of money?

The three of them paused for a moment because their focus on the topic was different.

He then glanced at them a few times before he walked past them, and left. The two girls were like two primary school students who had made a mistake. They stood up straight and did not dare to look ahead. And they held their breath until he walked away

"Oh my, it scared me to death just now." Cindy immediately screamed at the top of her voice like a groundhog

Crystal seemed introverted, but she did have a feeling that her heart skipped a beat. It was unknown whether it was because of the fluster when they met such a super handsome man, or of his cold temperament that made them tremble.

That night, Cindy began to hype up the whole thing in the dormitory. The next second, she thought he might not be a real person. "It's probably my illusion.

How would a man like him appear in this humble school?"

Crystal then smiled helplessly, but although Cindy exaggerated, it was really like an illusion.

Another roommate, May, wearing a pair of glasses, was annoyed by Cindy and threatened her, "Shut up. The next room is going to complain. Christina will come back later. If you annoy her, she will throw you out."

Once, Christina really took Cindy's back collar and hang her on the iron pillar of the bunk bed.

Cindy was a little shocked, but she was not afraid. "Christina may not be coming back to sleep tonight. She has to work the night shift at the shop."

## My Billionaire Husband Spoils Me Too Much Chapter 765

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

### Chapter 765

Christina worked in the milk tea shop for the first day. The proprietress was a kind woman, and she was not harsh to the employees. Knowing that Christina was just a student, the proprietress let her go back before the school gate was closed.

This milk tea shop was located near the school and its main customers were students, so the price was relatively affordable. However, there were many restaurants around, so the competition was relatively intensive, and the milk tea shop really did not make money

The proprietress seemed to have divorced her husband and was living with her daughter alone. Christina did not ask about it in detail because she felt that it was the proprietress' family business. However, sometimes she could hear the voices of quarrels upstairs. The proprietress's daughter did not like to study, and the proprietress was trying her best to persuade her daughter to go to school.

"What are you looking at?"

The girl with dyed hair ran downstairs angrily. When she saw Christina looking at her, she immediately shouted at Christina arrogantly

It was probably because Christina was working at her house, so she was using a tone as if Christina was her servant.

Christina raised her eyebrows but did not counter back.

"Maria!"

The slightly plump proprietress chased after her daughter and shouted at her, but the girl was very rebellious and she ran away

"My daughter... Oh, I'm so sorry." The proprietress sighed and turned to look at

Christina with an apologetic tone.

Christina didn't say anything. She took off her apron and prepared to go back to school. On the first day, she mainly learned how to make milk tea.

The proprietress looked at Christina again. She was really beautiful and charming, and she didn't talk much and did things honestly. Every employer would like her. Her daughter was about the same age as the part-time girl in front of her. The girl was a top student studying in a top school. She could even come out to work part-time to earn money when she was in the third year of high school. However, it was hard for her daughter to study in an ordinary high school, and it was even harder to persuade her daughter to study

"Then go back to school first. Be careful alone on the way." The proprietress said nicely.

Christina nodded at her and said, "Okay."

At that moment, for some reason, the proprietress felt that this girl did not come to work, but more like to show respect as she sent her out.

The school gate would be closed at 10 pm. Christina didn't want to climb over the wall. Therefore, she ran almost all the way back and walked into the campus under the gaze of the school guard.

When she rushed back, the third-year students just finished their evening self-study and went back to the dormitory to rest.

Following the crowd back to the dormitory building, someone suddenly approached her and said hesitantly, "Christina, why didn't you come to the evening self-study?"

Christina had just run for a while. The night in early March was still relatively cold. Her snow-white skin and cheeks were slightly flushed. She turned her head as she heard the words, finding that it was the male class monitor of her class.

"Yes." She replied briefly.

The male monitor looked a little anxious, but he didn't want to be too obvious. He asked as calmly as possible, "Is something wrong? Is there something wrong with your family? Do you need help?"

Christina hated someone keeping pestering her, so only her friends could maintain a long-term relationship with her.

"No." She said in a cold voice.

Christina went into the girls' dormitory building. The male class monitor stood behind her and could only look at her back.

"The headteacher was obviously angry tonight. She did not come to class for no reason. Why didn't you mention it to her?"

The art counselor of the class had just walked behind them and listened to their conversation. At this moment, she was a little annoyed.

The class monitor acted very carefully in front of Christina. However, when it came to the art counselor, he said loudly

"Miss Capener talked to her personally. Christina promised that her grades would not fall. Miss Capener would not make things difficult for her as Christina has difficulties at home. Everyone should understand each other."

Not only did the class monitor maintain the top three grades for a long time, but he also exercised well and did a lot of things for the class. He could be called the male god of the school. All the girls secretly liked him.

Although the class monitor didn't have a girlfriend, the literature and art counselor of the same class had already realized that he always helped Christina.

The art counselor was suddenly angry and said harshly, "Why was she so arrogant? She's poor." It was obvious that Christina was from a poor family.

"Pay attention to what you say." The monitor's face immediately darkened.

The girl was even angrier. "She's from such a poor family. Maybe she goes out to do bad things."

There was a time when someone deliberately spread rumors at school that Christina was a prostitute. Although the headteacher denounced these rumors, some girls believed in the rumor.

Christina was so beautiful and she was poor, and she did not refute a word when she was rumored. Everyone felt that she was guilty and acquiesced.

The class monitor seemed to think that it was unnecessary to say another word to this girl, so he turned around and left angrily

The girl who stayed behind felt even angrier. The more she thought about the attitude of the boy she liked, the angrier she became. She shouted and scolded, "Frank, Christina is not a good girl. Don't you think it's shameful when speaking for her?"

## My Billionaire Husband Spoils Me Too Much Chapter 766

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

### Chapter 766

Christina didn't know why she was inexplicably ostracized by the girls and sneezed when she reached the door of her dormitory

At the same time, Cindy was excitedly describing this excellent man.

"I've decided that I'll patrol around the school in the next few weeks to see if I can run into him again."

"Who do you think that man is? Is he a relative of the principal? He looks very noble." Christina added.

Christina was not interested in that man and rushed into the bathroom with her clothes to take a shower. In the evening, she had to take a cold shower since the school turned off the hot water.

"Christina, I'll go down and get you some hot water." Crystal stood outside the door and asked.

"No need," Christina answered in a muffled voice.

Soon Christina took a shower.

Crystal found it chilling to take a cold shower and admired Christina's perseverance. Though the girls didn't like Christina in the class, her roommates had a good impression of Christina.

"Christina, you didn't have evening self-study tonight. The headteacher asked where you went. After class, I ran to the office and explained to the headteacher that you went to the milk tea shop to work part-time."

Crystal considerably explained to the teacher, instead of talking about it in front of other classmates.

Christina was drying her long wet hair. "Oh, thank you."

She didn't want to explain anything herself and promised the class teacher last year that her performance wouldn't decline and leave her alone.

Crystal looked at her and had mixed feelings.

They all knew that Christina was from a poor family and lived a frugal life.

Sometimes they even suspected that she studied hard for the scholarship because if she didn't have the money, she probably wouldn't be so active.

But they thought Christina really didn't look like a poor person.

"Christina, are you free tomorrow afternoon? Students of the student union are looking for you." May put on her high myopia glasses and looked up at her.

"I have to earn money after school." Christina refused very simply.

Like a mature elder sister, May put down the book in her hand and handed the hairdryer to her. "You can do your

part-time job. You can skip the last class in the afternoon and go straight to the

student union conference room.”

There were a total of 25 classes in one grade in their school, with more than 1,000 students. Their class was the most outstanding. And three students in their dormitory were firmly ranked in the top ten in grades.

May, an excellent student, had good academic performance and worked in the student union in the school. After entering the third year of senior high school, she mainly focused on study but could get first-hand information from the student union,

May, the last president of the student union, was trying to persuade Christina to help.

“Our school cooperated with other businesses to hold Goddess Day, the activity. The student union wants you to go there.”

“No.”

Christina dried her long hair and refused.

It was not easy to ask Christina for help, but May patted her on the shoulder earnestly. “Just do me a favor.”

Christina turned off the hairdryer and said. “Okay, I’ll go and hear what they’re doing first.”

May smiled gratefully. “Thank you, then.”

Others thought that Christina was cold-hearted. In fact, Christina was kind and helpful.

As long as someone was in trouble and needed help, Christina would basically offer help.

Cindy who was thinking about how to find the mysterious man over there ran over when hearing their talking.

“What Goddess Day? It is just women’s day.”

“Aren’t you studying all day long? Why are you plotting to do something?” Cindy asked.

Though Cindy was very enthusiastic about such activities, unfortunately, she would not be invited.

May had to say, “Our college cooperates with other colleges and botanical gardens to organize activities. There will be guessing games and making wishes.”

“Will people from other schools come too?” Cindy asked.

“Yes.”

Cindy excitingly thought of the man she met in the afternoon and shouted, “Crystal, the man we saw today might be from other schools.”

Crystal thought seriously. “That man doesn’t look like a student at all.”

May originally thought that Cindy was exaggerating and now interested asked when hearing Crystal’s words, “Is that man as handsome as Sonny?”

Cindy immediately shook her head and said almost admiringly, “That man is much more handsome.”

“They’re like pandas and tigers at the zoo. Pandas are of course more precious than tigers.”

Cindy spoke with a straight back and bright eyes and wanted to see that man again.

“Really so handsome?” May, the former president of the student union, immediately planned to invite the so called handsome man.

Christina, who had been silent for a long time, suddenly said seriously, “Then we can collect tickets at the entrance of First Senior High School of C City and make a fortune.”

This made May and the others laugh.

“Christina, you are really cute when collecting money.”

Cindy touched Christina’s long hair and May seized the opportunity to pinch her delicate and fair face.

Christina did not lose her temper and waited expressionlessly for them to stop.

She said in a heavy and muffled voice, "Because I'm poor."  
Crystal came over to play with Christina, the school belle.  
"Christina, what do you usually eat? Why is your skin so fair and tender? You didn't get tanned during military training, and you have big breasts."  
Cindy touched Christina's chest directly.  
Christina knocked off her hand and said seriously, "I'm telling you and I will charge for touching it again."  
"Cindy, we can release the news that we slept with Christina and make those men envious." They burst into laughter  
Christina had a conscience. "Just 2 dollars."  
It took them half an hour to turn off the lights and rest.  
At this moment, Patrick, who had been staying in the teacher's dormitory building for one day, stood on the balcony and looked at the girl's dormitory building in the distance until the light of 502 was turned off.

## My Billionaire Husband Spoils Me Too Much Chapter 767

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

### Chapter 767

Christina skipped the last lesson and didn't even try to hide it.  
It was common for her to skip classes because her school was grades-oriented. As long as her grades were good, and she didn't take things too far, she would be fine. So this time, Christina left the classroom without being diffident  
Yesterday, she accidentally promised May that she would go to the student union. She never liked such an organization as the student union. She always felt that the people here were scheming.  
When she left the classroom, the class monitor Sonny's eyes had been following her figure, and there was affection for her in his eyes.  
"Is Christina skipping class to work?"  
Although it was the top class of the whole grade, everyone was still gossipy. "I heard that her family is poor."  
Many sympathized with Christina for this. But mostly, they took malicious pleasure in Christina's misfortune because she had been the school belle for three years in a row, and she had won the scholarship every year. It was enviable that she had a pretty face and a smart brain. Naturally, they were happy to find that she was not perfect  
"Although her family is poor, she can't skip class like that, can she? The school has rules. She is so uncouth." One of the students who had been unhappy with her said.  
Most of the boys were excited. "I know. She works in the bubble-tea shop around the corner of our school. After school, we can go to support her."  
May and Crystal, who were in the same class, couldn't stand them talking about Christina so rudely. "Christina is going to the student union meeting." May's voice was not loud, but she said every word clearly.  
May was the last president of the student union. Her words still carried some weight.  
Everyone suddenly quieted down.  
"What's she doing at the student union?" Class monitor Sonny immediately turned around and asked in a low voice  
May looked at the eagerness in Sonny's eyes and felt uncomfortable and jealous. Sonny was a genius in their grade, and he was known for all kinds of

mathematical olympiad competitions he participated in. Last year, there were rumors that she and he were a couple. Although neither of them meant that, May still took him as someone special in her heart.

If May didn't happen to live with Christina, she might have disliked her. After all, her affection for Sonny would

lead to nowhere for he was in love with Christina. And she knew that.

She finally realized that men all liked pretty faces.

Even a nerdy genius like Sonny, who seemed not to understand love, liked Christina.

May didn't answer his question. She said with a chuckle, "Sonny, you are doing it wrong this time. If you don't tell her, she will never know."

Sonny liked Christina. But he didn't want to tell her. Maybe it was because of his pride, or maybe it was because he didn't want to be rejected. But May knew that his moves wouldn't work. There was no way Christina would like him back if he continued doing this.

"When she can't even see you, everything you do means nothing to her," May said to him meaningfully.

Sonny was a smart boy. He knew what she was talking about. His expression was a little awkward. And he immediately turned around. A boy who had been in love for the first time would always try to hide his feelings like he was keeping a secret.

Christina went to the conference room of the student union.

The door of the conference room was locked. She stood in front of the door for a minute. She never wanted to come in the first place. Now that the door was locked, there was a solid reason not to participate in this boring meeting.

So she turned around and wanted to leave.

"You..." Behind her, the door opened, and a voice suddenly sounded, then it stopped abruptly.

When Christina heard the voice, she sighed and knew that she couldn't leave now.

"Hello, I'm Christina from class one, grade three." She turned around and looked at him with bright eyes.

But somehow, the boy in front of her tripped and fell onto the smooth marble floor.

He fell to the ground in a sorry state, causing a loud noise.

Christina stood where she was and looked down at the clumsy boy. Only then did she realize that the boy's school uniform was not theirs.

The people inside quickly ran out, "Are you OK?" Then they helped him up.

"I'm OK. It's nothing."

The boy, who had fallen to the ground, tried to get up quickly, but as soon as he looked up, and met Christina's questioning eyes that were fixed on him. His face turned red, and his limbs were stiff. His knees softened. He threw himself down and fell to the ground again.

Now, not only did his face blush, even his ears were burning hot.

It was so embarrassing.

This boy was so clumsy. Christina couldn't understand how this boy was chosen to be the student representative.

The student union planned to hold a joint event with the other three schools nearby to celebrate women's day. Christina listened carefully. But it sounded to her that this was more of a plan to socialize with other students from the three schools.

"You guys have fun. I can't help much here."

Christina couldn't understand why a large group of students would go through so much trouble to make such a plan and get her, a senior, involved. She had to work part-time to earn money. That was the most urgent thing for her.

"Christina, our event is sponsored by a company, so..."



The current president of the student union seemed to know Christina's temper very well and smiled gently. "We will all get paid, and there will be other bonuses."

## My Billionaire Husband Spoils Me Too Much Chapter 768

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

### Chapter 768

Christina couldn't resist the money and agreed pleasantly.

"They pay you to work for the students' union?"

After Christina returned to the dorm in the evening and told the story to her roommates, Crystal was surprised. She'd never heard such a thing before.

Even May, the former president of the students' union, frowned and asked, "Who told you that? Where does the money come from?"

The school funded most of the activities, and even if it had sponsors, students were not usually paid.

"Do you mean they fooled me?"

Christina's face darkened and her voice was dripping with anger.

May wasn't sure about it so she called the current president of the students' union who was a friend of hers to find things out.

May sounded serious so the person over the line explained the situation to her in minute detail.

"The president and other teacher leaders have given their consents. Apart from us, two other schools are receiving the same financial aid. I was confused too but the president said a company sponsors the activity and offers salary for every student who helps organize it."

May asked suspiciously, "What company?"

"I don't know, but it must be a super-rich one. In addition to the activity, it also donated an indoor swimming pool and a new experimental building to our school, as well as supporting multimedia equipment. I also heard that it donated more than ten million dollars to the students' fund." The guy told May everything he knew.

May was shocked.

That was an absurdly rich sponsor.

"This company insists on paying the students helping organize the activity, so the president agreed happily."

He didn't understand why, but it's a principle that who got money took control.

May hung up with a complicated expression.

Christina stomped to her and asked, "How's it? Was I fooled?"

May answered after a moment of daze, "It's strange."

"Anyway, I won't go if they don't pay me," Christina said in a snobbish tone, "I'm going to work at the milk tea shop."

Cindy sighed. As a study slacker, she didn't have the chance to work for the students' union. "It's our final year, Christina. I think it's good to do something for the school."

If she was invited, she would go through thick and thin for the school.

But nobody invited a lesser mortal like her.

In contrast, Christina was selfish.

"Well, I beat the check in a restaurant on the Eastern Road last month," Christina started her embarrassing story expressionlessly, "My aunt is sick and needs to take her medicine every day. Her medicine costs more than six grand per month." She paused and continued, "I got her pills from the hospital every time so she still

thinks they only cost two grand per month.”

May, Crystal, and Cindy all gaped at her.

“What about the four grand?”

“I have my upkeep, scholarship, and salaries from teaching students during vacations. I also sold a watch.”

Christina sounded serene instead of sad. She just regretted only taking a watch with her when she left the Dickens family. She should’ve taken more valuable things with her.

“Then how do you feed yourself?”

They knew that Christina was poor, but how poor she was surprised them.

“I eat bread and water,” Christina said, “The canteen is raising the price again. Damn it.”

Last month, she’d hung around the Eastern Road to find a part-time job. Most stores refused her after knowing that she was a high school student. She had been eating bread and water since the beginning of school and skipped meals sometimes. She’d been ravenous and passed a restaurant where people ordered sumptuous dishes but left without even finishing half of them. She’d decided to have a feast right on the spot.

“I was starving. I wanted to find a job in restaurants, but none of them wanted me. I was pissed off and decided to dine and dash. I’d have the strength to run after I got full.”

Christina got a point there. May and the others felt sorry for her but also found her story hilarious.

“All the dishes I ordered were expensive, and the staff of the restaurant noticed me once I took to my heels. They chased after me for a long time. I climbed up a tree and was scared.”

Christina said the word scared in an unfazed way.

It was more a humiliating experience than a scary one for her.

How had she wound up beating the check? Those in the family used to wheedle her into eating when she’d been a little girl.

Even Cindy quieted down and looked at her sympathetically.

Christina continued, “I hid on that tree all afternoon. After the guys from the restaurant left, I jumped down from the tree but hit a rich man. He knocked his head on the ground. I don’t know if he got injured.”

“He was dressed in expensive clothes. The shirt he wore that day was worth more than thirty thousand dollars. I stayed in school those days for fear that he came to settle the score with me.”

Crystal gasped, “Thirty thousand dollars? Was that shirt made of gold?”

Christina wasn’t surprised. She had seen a lot of luxuries since she was a child. That man simply had impressed her as very wealthy.

Wealthy people were fussy, so she had run away immediately without even looking at that guy.

May had intended to soothe Christina but her upbeat voice made her laugh at last.

It seemed that Christina would never be bothered by anything.

Cindy climbed up to her bunk and took out her allowance. She handed it to Christina and said, “Take it.”

“No, thanks.”

Christina pushed her hand back, averting her head from Franklin’s head on the dollar bill.

“You’re so poor, Christina. I have to give you some money or my conscience will gnaw at me.”

Cindy was straightforward. Although she was a bit crazy sometimes, she was warm-hearted. “You can’t only eat bread. I can buy you meals but how are you going to afford your aunt’s medicine?”

Christina did not feel miserable at all. She waved her hand and said, "I will work it out myself. Maybe I can sell my grandfather's old house." The only problem was that the deed of the house was in the Dickens family, and the last thing she wanted to do was to go back there."

Actually, she was not broke. Her father Donald transferred money to her account every month. She'd never checked it but it must be a staggering amount of money.

Her aunt had fallen out with her father so Christina thought taking the money her father gave her was betraying her aunt. Therefore, she would ignore that card unless it was an emergency.

She'd been so busy recently that she desperately hoped she could split herself into two persons.

She was invited to host the joint event of the three schools so fittings and rehearsals followed. She thought about asking for leave from the milk tea shop, but eventually, she didn't, since she didn't want to give up the salary.

She had classes during the day and rehearsals in the evening, so her work time in the milk tea shop was scheduled to three in the morning.

People gossiped about her in school but the rumors never stayed on her mind.

She was hellbent on making money now. People also talked about the sponsor who made a sensation by donating a few buildings and more than ten million dollars to their school.

Christina was not very interested in that. She just thought it would be terrific if she could be that wealthy.

What a pipe dream!

She was not a daydreamer and believed in doing her job well. When she was making milk tea, she wondered from time to time why such a small bubble milk tea shop could attract so many customers.

## My Billionaire Husband Spoils Me Too Much Chapter 769

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

### Chapter 769

The owner of the milk tea shop had been smiling all day recently. Her shop suddenly became popular. Every night when she checked the accounts, she always thought of the girl who she hired a few days before.

At that time, Christina came to apply for a job in the milk tea shop. Thinking that this senior high school student definitely had no time to work, the owner of the shop asked casually, "What is the benefit of hiring you?"

Christina said with a serious expression, "I'm beautiful."

This girl was really good-looking and had a better temperament than the TV stars. But she didn't expect that hiring a beauty could bring such a big profit to their business. It was cost-effective.

The milk tea in their shop was not the best or cheapest, but many students who came from the universities around came to buy milk tea every day, especially boys. The small shop was so crowded that the seats were not enough, but they were still willing to stand outside to drink.

"I think the owner of the milk tea shop should give Christina a raise."

May and Crystal wanted to come over and support Christina's part-time job, but there were so many people here that they couldn't squeeze in.

"It looks like those internet-famous shops that hired someone to line up." Crystal smiled.

Those passers-by saw that there were so many customers in the shop. Some of

them would buy a cup of milk tea here out of curiosity, which really brought profits.

May glanced around the boys from the schools nearby, "I didn't expect that these guys could do a good thing today."

Usually, these thick-skinned guys pester Christina and come downstairs of their dormitory and yell at them. The girls are so angry but they can't get rid of these guys even they splash them with water.

At that time, Christina only told the owner that she was beautiful, which was too modest. Not only was she outstanding in appearance, but she was also quite famous among the schools nearby

Christina was a good-looking girl who vied for scholarships every year. Most importantly, she once dropped three bully guys who teased her into the hospital. All of the top students, the ordinary students, and the bad students looked at her differently. And waves of courting from these guys annoyed Christina. No one won her heart.

Everyone seemed to have a feeling that the one harder to get was the better. "... That's why the agency doesn't allow entertainers to get into a relationship and make it public during their contract. Entertainers are consumer goods belonging to the public. Once they belong to a certain person, they won't have that much economic value."

May looked at Christina from a business perspective. She nodded, feeling that Christina was a good candidate for the entertainment industry.

However, Christina had no talent for singing, and she would definitely fail if she acted. Her moods were always all on her face.

"I never thought that Christina's family was worse than mine." Crystal sighed.

May also felt a little strange, "Look at her face and her temper. She doesn't look like a poor girl."

Children from poor families always have a sense of inferiority, so they are more sensitive and cautious when getting along with people. Overweight people were most afraid of others to call them "Fatso," and poor people naturally hated others mentioning the word "Poor." But Christina seemed to have no psychological barrier at all.

At this moment, in a private room on the second floor of a hotpot restaurant opposite the milk tea shop, Patrick kept his eye on the situation across the road. He was also figuring on the same question.

If Patrick wanted to investigate something, he just needed to call someone. Then the results would be sent to him as a large bag of documents.

But this time, he didn't ask Lucy to do it. He was hesitating.

It was an indefinable fidget.

He wanted to know more about her. Her family, her friends, her emotions.

His phone rang.

It was the principal who asked him when he was going to start the class. As a big sponsor of the school, Patrick proposed to have psychological courses this term. He wanted to help the senior students relieve their pressure.

"Mr. Hopkins, my dear nephew, you have helped to improve the education quality of our school this time. On behalf of the whole school, I thank you for your generosity." The principal tried to curry favor with him.

Nephew? The eldership of the Hopkins family had no relationship with this principal at all.

"I have something to do this week."

Patrick didn't pay much attention to what the principal said. His eyes were fixed on the busy figure standing in front of the milk tea shop's cabinet.

"Then I'll ask another teacher for a lesson this week. We can arrange it when you come back later, okay?"

"Okay. Sorry to trouble you."

"You're welcome."

The busy girl lowered her head and carefully made a cup after a cup of sweet milk tea. Her eyes were clear and firm. Patrick's mind kept drifting away when he looked at her. He didn't care what the principal said in the end.

"Christina." He pronounced the name silently.

He looked at her personal archives left in the school. Her father was Donald Dickens.

Donald could not be said to be fabulously rich, but he was still a figure in C City. How could the only daughter from a rich family live such a hard life?

Patrick's face darkened. He felt that there must be someone from the Dickens family who had kicked her out and bullied her.

Patrick decided to visit the Dickens family in person.

## My Billionaire Husband Spoils Me Too Much Chapter 770

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

### Chapter 770

It was rarely seen that Cindy signed up for the new psychology class for senior students on Friday afternoon. However, she was very disappointed with the teacher's appearance.

She was one of the first batches of students who resolutely resisted the school's policy of asking them to take psychological classes without adding any points to their SAT results. But she heard that the new teacher was attractive. Even the female teachers in the school became eager to get close to him.

"I thought it was the person we met that day," Cindy said disappointedly.

Crystal chuckled and said, "Oh, please. How come he be a teacher in our school? That's axiomatic."

An old-fashioned man stood on the podium and talked about the professional psychological terms that made all students drowsy.

Cindy decided not to come again. Also, the school set up this psychological course only for A-class students. They didn't care about others.

"Does Christina skip class a lot?" Cindy asked. At this moment, Christina was still in bed.

For Cindy, it was hard to come by staying in the same classroom with these intelligent students. She was curious about those who were good at taking the exam. "Although my performance is terrible, if my father knew that I dared to skip classes, he would be pissed off and not give me pocket money anymore," Cindy said.

"None of the teachers will say anything to Christina," somebody said. "It is a wasting of time to manage her, the school won't expel her. Besides, it won't be any problem for her to go to other schools with good grades," that person continued to say.

It seemed that the course was dull. After a class, many students claimed they would not attend again.

The teacher touched his sparse white hair and sighed, feeling that these students did not appreciate the mysteries of psychology.

Even May said there was no point in taking this psychological course after backing to the dormitory.

Christina heard it and thought she had made a wise decision.

"Cancel the class! I hope the teacher has self-awareness. Also, the school leaders should make the correct decision and not waste our time. Wait until we can't stand for it and are absent together. Let's see what they can do" Cindy pouted

and clamored.

However, a week later, things suddenly changed.

"Oh, my god. I can't squeeze in. Look, people are sharing a table!"

This psychological course became too popular. The host had to change the room to a larger one that could fit in more than 200 students. However, there were more than 1000 senior students and other sophomores, and the freshmen would like to join the class. The classroom was packed.

When Patrick stood on the stage, those students went crazy.

"Christina, look, this is our new teacher."

Cindy was obsessed with this new teacher and showed off her photos.

"I can't believe it's true. He's our new teacher." The excitement in her tone was indescribable.

Cindy felt that it was a blessing for her that her father went to church to pray for her last month.

"Assistant Mark doesn't look like a teacher at all" May mentioned and thought that the teacher was as charming as a superstar and had the noble elegance.

May went to class and was also shocked when she saw the teacher.

As the former president of the student union, she wanted to inquire more details about the new teacher but found nothing. She only knew that he was not a full-time teacher and would be Mr. Langwell's assistant. The other teachers were also gossiping and called him "Mark" in private.

Crystal's face blushed, and she nodded repeatedly.

With such a handsome man joining the school, people freaked out. Those green and inexperienced students' hearts would skip a beat if they took one more look at the new teacher.

Christina worked until 3:00 am. The school had a curfew, so she had to climb the school garden wall in the middle of the night. She was in a daze and was about to catch up on her sleep. However, Crystal and the other girls were so noisy. She vaguely heard that they were talking about men.

Man? What bullshit? She was not interested.

Cindy was over-excited. She climbed onto her bed enthusiastically, showed the photo on the screen to Christina, and talked excitedly, "Christina, look at it. He is drop-dead gorgeous."

Christina glanced at him impatiently and forgot straight away.

In her mind, no one was as handsome as Derek, and she was already immune to attractive men.

"Don't disturb my sleep!" She raised her fist and warned them.

Cindy and Crystal shrewdly stopped talking. They were quite reserved and behavior themselves. Their next-door girls were as high as taking drugs.

Giving a glance at Christina, May couldn't help but laugh. "Our Christina had been hurt deeply. I'm afraid she prefers women now."

The new psychology class was too famous. Some senior students posted on the school internet forum and proposed that the school should not favor the A class's students, and the others needed to have the chance to take the course.

They strongly urged the teacher has classes every day.

In addition, the freshmen and the sophomore were not at ease. They also posted an article related to a leader's speech, saying they needed psychological counseling. Because they were overwhelmed with numerical strength, the post was on the top of the forum.

Students showed zeal for knowledge, and it was unprecedented.

Without considering the students' requests, the school leaders were calm. They insisted that there would be only one new course every week. Only the senior A-class students had to take it as a compulsory course, and the other students would compete for seats.

Because this course was popular and had limited seats, some students with

cunning business minds started being a scalper.

Christina was busy also the courses in the A-classes were stressful. Besides, she had to work part-time and rehearse for the student union's show. She missed the opportunity to be a scalper.

The new class lasted for 45 minutes, and the new teacher spent at least 15 minutes to roll call. Each student was excited to hear their name called by the teacher and wished he could repeat it.

"Christina Dickens." His thin lips moved slightly, and his voice was deep and magnetic.

"Here."

Cindy spoke loudly with energy.

Christina was unwilling to attend the class; therefore, Cindy was delighted to take place, saving her the money to buy seats from the scalper.

"Mark" looked at her face for a few seconds.

Even Cindy was thick-skinned, now her face gradually became blushing.

"Mark" was looking at her.

According to her observations, this was the first time the teacher looked at someone glowingly Cindy was over the moon

Everyone thought that this new handsome teacher must know nothing about the school. The attending students were different every week, and 200 of them each time. He would not be able to remember everyone.

"Mark" has a cold temperament. He was back on the students and wrote and drew on the blackboard. He used a small microphone to speak, and his lecture was not funny and lively, but the knowledge was practical.

He had a charming voice, handsome. Even if he didn't teach and just stood on the podium for the whole class, it was a feast for the eyes.

However, this week, he seemed to be in a bad mood and was as cold as ice.

Patrick was indeed in a bad mood.

He had taught three classes, but she never attended the class and even asked someone to pretend to her.

At the end of the class, he did not turn around and leave straight away. His sharp eyes glanced meaningfully at all of the students.

"In the future, no one is allowed to substitute for others! Every student must come here in person!"