

My Billionaire Husband Spoils Me Too Much Chapter 530

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Chapter 530

Along the long, carved corridor, Christina strode quickly from Eastern Garden to the end of Western Garden. When she saw the large violet flowers, she was even more confident. She walked to a door and slammed it. “Brianna, open the door!”

“Brianna, open the door immediately!”

Christina slammed the door again, eager to prove herself.

There were some people behind Christina, including Chandler and Charles. Patrick was watching her movements at this moment and could not help but frown.

When the servants of Western Garden saw such a scene, they did not dare to make a sound. Some of them sneaked away to send news secretly. “Oh, what’s the big day today? Why are there a large group of people coming to bully an idiot?”

Ms. Hopkins also lived in Western Garden. When she heard the servant say that Christina was coming, she immediately came out to join in the fun. Ms. Hopkins spoke without any scruples.

Christina ignored her and continued to shout at the door, “Brianna Hopkins!”

But no matter how Christina shouted, there was still no movement inside the door.

Christina’s face darkened and she almost lost the patience.

“... Do you want me to kick the door like last time?” Christina gritted her teeth.

Patrick clearly heard her muttering and frowned even tighter. It meant that it was not the first time Christina had come to Western Garden to trouble Brianna.

Patrick was about to say something when a hurried figure rushed over from the other side of the corridor. “Patrick, how can you let her bully

your sister!”

Judy didn't even comb her hair properly. A few strands of hair fell behind her neck, When Judy heard the news, she quickly put on a coat and rushed over.

Knowing that Judy was targeting her, Christina explained quickly, “... I just wanted to find her out and let her clarify something.”

“People will think you are a gangster from the old society leading a group of people here to extort a confession from Brianna by torture.”

Judy looked angry and scolded Christina in the air of a senior,

“Don't you know what Brianna has done? She made a mess in Eastern Garden. Now she even came to

our Western Garden to make a scene. What a disgrace!”

Christina suddenly said that she was coming to Western Garden to confront Brianna. She was so fierce that she would definitely scare Brianna, who was already introverted and autistic.

Charles knew Christina well. He quietly tugged at her sleeve and lowered his voice, “... Don't scare her.”

Christina kept a straight face and she did not say anything more.

Patrick turned to look at the corner. There stood a few servants in Western Garden who did not dare to approach them... “Go in and see if Brianna is inside.” He gave an order to Aunt Zamani.

Aunt Zamani was the housekeeper of Western Garden, which was usually very quiet and had no special business. It was far away from Eastern Garden, so she rarely saw Patrick and Christina.

“Yes... yes... Okay... okay...”

Aunt Zamani was a little flustered when she met Patrick's cold eyes and she immediately nodded.

Aunt Zamani walked forward with small steps. First, she knocked on Brianna's door gently, then took out the spare key to the room, slowly opened the lock, and gently opened the ancient wooden door.

The people in Western Garden were relatively experienced in taking care of Brianna. They could not disturb Brianna suddenly when they entered her room. Otherwise, Brianna would be nervous and even sick from the

shock.

Brianna was indeed in the room. When the door opened, people outside could clearly see Brianna huddled in the corner of the room, her thin body next to a large potted plant. She squatted on the ground with her hands on her head, trembling.

She looked quite pitiful.

Christina did scare Brianna when she suddenly knocked on the door like that.

Only Christina was disdainful and she scolded in a low voice, "... Pretending again."

Knowing that these people must sympathize with Brianna, Christina didn't want to let her go. Today, Christina must figure it out. She turned around and said domineeringly, "I have to make it clear to her face to face now!"

"... Let's talk about it at night."

Even Chandler couldn't help but sympathize Brianna, and he didn't believe that Brianna had anything to do with the saffron.

Christina knew that they would not believe it and she was furious. "The large area outside is full of saffron. I'm not lying!"

"She admitted it herself that day. She said that she had mixed saffron with all the tonics that I was going to give Crystal..."

Ordinary people really didn't know much about saffron. The large violet flowers outside were in full bloom. The core of the flower was red, and the slender stamen was the part used for medicine.

"What's going on?"

Patrick had his own judgements. Hearing Christina say this, he first glanced at the large violet flowers, frowned and thought for a while, then called the servants of Western Garden over.

"... There's no need to ask them. This is really saffron."

Judy looked very angry. She pointed to the blooming violet flowers in the yard and turned to look at Christina angrily. "These flowers have been planted since you married into the Hopkins family. It has been two

years.”

“... Just because of these flowers, you blamed Brianna? If something were to happen, it would have happened long ago. It’s nonsense.”

Why did Judy try so hard to help Brianna in front of everyone? Because they were in the same boat. Judy was the nominal madame of the Hopkins family. The only pawn Judy could use now was this “daughter.”

“... I’m sure Senior Mr. Hopkins won’t allow you to mess around like this. You guys are even here to bully Brianna together.”

Judy took Senior Mr. Hopkins as an excuse directly. Everyone knew that Senior Mr. Hopkins had always loved Brianna, his granddaughter.

After being scolded by Judy, Charles and the others suddenly felt a little guilty. Brianna was indeed a poor sister. They felt they shouldn’t have messed around with Christina.

Christina was anxious because no one believed her.

She grabbed Patrick’s hand beside her and lowered her voice, but she still emphasized, “I really didn’t lie. Last time, Brianna did admit it herself. If you don’t believe me, ask her.”

“... Christina, forget it.” Charles couldn’t bear it.

For so many years, the only person who could get close to Brianna without disturbing her was Patrick.

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Patrick looked at his wife beside him with a stubborn expression of “I’m wronged and I’m not lying.” He

stepped into Brianna’s boudoir, and the people outside couldn’t help but open their eyes wide.

Before Patrick could get close, Brianna seemed to sense it. She slowly raised her head and looked at him. A few seconds later, she said, “... Brother.”

Before Patrick said anything, Brianna called him in a low and timid voice. Patrick nodded as usual.

Brianna looked at him with clear and obedient eyes, waiting patiently for him to ask questions like a primary school student.

“Brianna, did you tell your sister-in-law that you mixed saffron with Crystal’s tonics?” Patrick’s tone was very calm, as if he was chatting with her.

Brianna answered him obediently, “I didn’t.”

She looked at Patrick, her eyes clear and bright, especially pure. “It’s not me.”

When Patrick heard what she said, he looked thoughtful with deep eyes. “She’s lying!”

Christina also heard Brianna’s answer at the door. She rushed in excitedly.

When Christina suddenly barged in, Brianna’s eyes shrank in shock and she was at a loss. “... I’m sorry...” It seemed that Brianna had done something wrong and was afraid of being blamed.

“Enough!”

Patrick turned around with a serious face and shouted at Christina.

Christina stopped and took a few deep breaths, her expression still very dissatisfied.

Patrick looked at Christina angrily, “Apologize to Brianna immediately.” He would not indulge Christina. As usual, his sister Brianna would answer all his questions. He could tell from Brianna’s eyes that she was not lying, and Brianna had never lied.

Then, Christina was wrong.

Ms. Hopkins, who had been watching the scene outside the door, was both excited and surprised. It was the first time she saw her nephew scold Christina.

There was a sudden silence outside the door, as if everyone was waiting for Christina to apologize.

Christina’s face was livid. She clenched her fist, slowly adjusted her breathing, and finally said a word, “No.”

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Chapter 531

Christina was grounded.

The reason was that Senior Mr. Hopkins found out that she had gone to the Western Garden to make a scene and bullied his little granddaughter Brianna. He was so angry, “Copy the Tao Te Ching a hundred times and leave here after she finished. No one is allowed to help her!”

“The Tao that can be told of is not the Absolute Tao; The Names that can be given are not Absolute Names. The Nameless is the origin of Heaven and Earth...”

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Christina put her pen down angrily. “Why should I be punished?”

“How could grandpa, the old foggy ask me to copy this a hundred times? He didn’t even allow me to leave here.”

“Your precious granddaughter is the one to blame. Why didn’t you punish her? It was Brianna who lied!”

The old man originally wanted her to copy some ancient sages’ books to calm down but she became even angrier as she copied. No one believed her and even Patrick wanted her to apologize.

She just didn’t want to.

Nanny Faang knocked on the door and walked in with a plate in her hands.

“Miss, I just prepare some fruit and osmanthus cake...” There were three exquisite porcelain plates filled with cherries, sliced mangoes, and osmanthus cakes. Also, there was a small bowl of Edible bird’s nest which had just been made in the kitchen.

Though Christina was grounded and asked to move to a new guest room to reflect on herself, she still enjoyed the same good treatment. They prepared five meals a day for her very carefully.

“... You haven’t eaten much for lunch.”

Nanny Faang looked sad as she took the cold food away. She turned to look at Christina at the desk and asked slowly, “What do you want to eat? I’ll have someone bring the food up early in the afternoon.” In case she didn’t eat lunch and was starving later.

Christina held the pen in her right hand and was working so hard like a focused student, She did not

respond but continued to copy while opening another page...

Nanny Faang sighed and did not disturb her anymore, She walked out quietly and closed the door.

After thinking for a while, she still decided to plead with Senior Mr.

Hopkins to avoid Christina beginning a hunger strike.

Christina had thought of beginning a hunger strike but the food was so delicious that she couldn't resist the temptation and stole another piece of meat to eat.

"... You steal my osmanthus cake."

After Nanny Faang went out, Christina revealed her true nature. She threw the pen away and turned to look at the new food on the tea table but she saw the black cat.

She walked over. "No wonder I didn't drink the milk yesterday but half of it was gone."

"You thief." Christina scolded it angrily.

"Meow!"

The black cat was not afraid of people at all and was eating the osmanthus cake on the plate bit by bit with its head raised proudly. Its golden pupils were shining with a strange light. Its cry was sharp as if it was not satisfied with being called a "thief" by her.

"You stole my food without my permission. You're exactly a thief."

Christina quarreled with a cat in boredom.

However, she thought about it for a moment but still didn't know how it sneaked in. This was the guest room on the fifth floor of Eastern Garden with a set of furniture and usually, no one lived there. The glass door lock on the balcony was broken and couldn't be opened so only two small windows could be opened to ventilate the room.

How could the cat climb up high here to the fifth floor?

"You still eat?... Ungrateful little thing."

Christina then just sat down on the floor, throwing the cherries into her mouth, while complaining to a cat. "You are clear that Brianna admitted

it was her putting in the saffron crocus last time. Maybe she slipped out that day and did something else immoral. The whole world doesn't believe me. As a witness, shouldn't you make a statement..."

How would they believe a cat as they even didn't believe what she said? At this moment, in the study on the second floor on the other side, Charles looked at the computer screen and sighed, "Ah, she is ill. She is actually talking to a cat."

Christina had been locked up by Senior Mr. Hopkins for 7 days. Charles sneaked over to see if she had finished copying a hundred times so that he could take her out for a ride to vent her anger. However, Miss Dickens only copied it once in 7 days which was obviously a negative resistance. She thought Patrick really didn't care about her anymore. It turned out that he was staring at the camera in the study every day.

Nanny Faang had mentioned it earnestly before that she was worried that Christina would not dare to eat and would begin a hunger strike.

Completely not! She ate well and lived well. Maybe she could even gain a few pounds after a month of confinement.

".. Why is this cat in the Hopkins family?"

Patrick looked at the screen and focused on the familiar black cat.

Although each cat looked similar except for its fur color, he had a good memory and this cat was clearly the one they met last time in Crescent Garden.

Charles didn't think so much. "Maybe Christina is bored now so she brings it back." She always felt a little uncomfortable when looking at this black cat. A black cat always seemed to be ominous.

Patrick pressed the call button. "Call Nanny Faang in."

He had to be clear about his wife's friends outside even a cat.

Sometimes even Charles felt that Christina was so restricted. How could she be "mature" in such an environment?

"I just want to teach her a lesson this time but you all came to plead for her!"

In Senior Mr. Hopkins's room in Northern Garden, Nanny Faang ran over and said, "Senior Mr. Hopkins, Christina is still young. You can

take your time to teach her.”

“... After I die, I still have to count on her to be the mistress. I don't know what kind of chaos our family would be in then.”

Rovy was also there. As he was making tea, he said, “Senior Mr. Hopkins, Tao Te Ching, which you asked her to copy is mainly about ‘Wu Wei’...”

“Well, why are you all so anxious? I just asked her to copy some ancient books. I'm not abusing her. Hmph, if she wants to be the granddaughter-in-law in Hopkins family, she has to learn this!”

He picked up the small white jade cup and took a sip of black tea. He snorted and warned, “If she dares to mess around again, I'll let her kneel down to the ancestors.”

Rovy was thinking about something and said bluntly, “Senior Mr. Hopkins, it's possible that Christina went to miss Brianna's place yesterday to make a scene because...”

Rovy lowered his head and shut up in time.

“You go first.” Senior Mr. Hopkins suddenly asked Nanny Faang to leave.

Nanny Faang was also over fifty years old. She did not dare to stay any longer and quickly left hearing his words. Obviously, there were some things that he did not want her to know so she naturally would not ask any more questions.

In the bamboo forest of Northern Garden, the wind gently blew through a bamboo forest. In the afternoon, the sun gradually set. It was really enjoyable to sit on the stone stool in the bamboo forest, drinking the fragrant tea, enjoying the faint fragrance of leaves.

Senior Mr. Hopkins had always been very satisfied with his life now. His children had grown up and there was nothing he needed to worry about. Although his granddaughter-in-law Christina was not decent at all, he just wanted to let his unfilial grandson Patrick deal with her then.

Instead, it was Brianna, his adopted granddaughter, who worried him a little.

“Rovy, get someone to keep an eye on in Western Garden. If anything really happens to Brianna, inform me immediately.”

Rovy nodded and replied, “Yes.”

After a moment of hesitation, he asked, “Senior Mr. Hopkins, do I need to mention this to Young Master Hopkins?”

“No need for the time being.”

Senior Mr. Hopkins waved his hand and looked at the sunset in the west. As he grew old, he became peaceful and tolerant.

“... Brianna has lived in our Hopkins family for so many years. She has good nature so don't force her hard if she doesn't do the seriously wrong thing.”

Though Senior Mr. Hopkins was serious, he was soft-hearted.

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Being confined to a room, Christina felt stuffy and was full of resentment. She kept writing with a pen. She knew in ancient times, the feeling of the people in big families who were punished to transcribe books.

She stayed up all night for several days in a row and finished copying Tao Te Ching 100 times.

She went to Northern Garden to hand over the large stack paper to Senior Mr. Hopkins.

She had been working so hard for half a month. However, the old man just glanced at them and said perfunctorily, “Okay, get out.”

Christina was unwilling to leave directly, “Grandpa, don't you count them?”

“You don't dare to copy one less, do you?” Senior Mr. Hopkins glared at her, looking dignified, “If you dare, I will punish you to copy it a hundred times more.”

“I've counted it three times. It is just right.” Christina immediately retorted. Her hands were sore.

The old man snorted.

“... Have you known that you’re wrong?”

Christina pulled a long face. She pursed her lips stubbornly, not saying a word.

It was obvious that she didn’t admit that she was wrong.

The old butler beside her looked a little anxious. He thought that Christina really had to learn to be tactful, lest she would be locked up for another half month.

“Grandpa, could you tell me something about Brianna when she was a child?” Christina asked recklessly.

“Did she do anything weird when she was a child? Was she particularly violent?”

Senior Mr. Hopkins did not expect her to ask so suddenly. There were some things that he did not want too many people to know. He was thinking about how to fool her when he saw a small shadow coming towards them.

“... This cat is good-looking.”

The old man purposely said it to divert her attention.

Christina followed the old man’s gaze and was surprised. Why did this black cat come to Northern Garden with her? Did it really thought that it could come and leave the Hopkins family casually?

- **Why did you come with me?”** Christina had been familiar with the cat for the half past month, It walked gracefully and slowly. It glanced at Senior Mr. Hopkins and the old butler who were sitting and turned to look at Christina. Then it swung its tail, looking obviously contempt.

Senior Mr. Hopkins and the old butler could tell at a glance that the cat was quite intelligent. They did not have any taboos against black cats, but liked this spiritual creature.

“Rovy, do you think this cat looks like Little Black we raised before?”

Senior Mr. Hopkins suddenly became happy, like an old naughty boy, “Christina, bring this cat over and let me take a closer look.”

Christina was unwilling to hug the cat and said in a disgusted tone, “Grandpa, it’s a wild cat. Besides, it’s not called Little Black. Its name is Earl.”

Earl.

A cat with a name must not be a wild cat.

"That's a good name... Where is it from?" The old man thought for a moment, "Is it from the Shepherd family?"

He was planning to let Charles send him the cat as a gift.

However, Christina cursed,... "I don't know which bastard raises it."

Earl, the black cat, immediately bent down and screamed at her, showing its sharp teeth and claws. Its tail was taut and it was ready to attack

Christina glared at it angrily.

Senior Mr. Hopkins looked at Christina and the cat. He was surprised and praised, "Well, it is very loyal."

Christina did not understand why the unknown black cat had been following her.

She had just regained her freedom, and Crystal called her that night... "I'm now studying western desserts in France. I'm in a small group. There are more than a dozen students..."

Christina had never thought that Crystal would go abroad to study and learn cooking,

"I don't want to work in the company all my life. It's good to learn to make western desserts."

Crystal, on the other end of the phone, sounded very calm, and she was even smiling.

Christina was in a complicated mood. There were a lot of things that she wanted to know, "Crystal, why do you suddenly want to study abroad?"

"Also, how could you... Did something happen before? Why did you miscarry?"

No matter how hard Crystal tried to arm herself when someone mentioned the miscarriage, she collapsed instantly. Her eyes were red and she choked with sobs. She hung up hurriedly, "My, my friend called me. I'll contact you again. Don't worry about me."

Christina knew that she shouldn't have asked that and she sighed.

She just didn't want Crystal to shoulder the burden alone. She wanted to share Crystal's worries.

But Crystal didn't seem to be able to get over it.

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Christina figured out that Crystal called her with a foreign public phone. It was quite popular to use public phones abroad. According to this number, she might be able to find Crystal's current location.

Thinking of this, Christina immediately took out a pen and paper and copied down the public phone.

"... Have Crystal called you recently?"

Although she was unwilling, she still informed Chandler.

"Did she contact you?"

Chandler's voice on the other end of the phone was a little hoarse, as if he had a cold and was not feeling well. He was very excited and asked, "What did she say? Did she say where she is now and when she will be back?"

"She should not be back for a short time." Christina was telling him the truth but not provoking him.

Chandler was holding his phone tightly. He had already guessed it, but when he heard this, he still felt a dull pain.

After a long silence, he asked in a low and hoarse voice, "... Did she, did she say why she suddenly aborted the child?"

This was what Chandler couldn't figure out the most.

Crystal was so eager for the birth of the child. How could such a gentle and kind woman suddenly decide to go abort? She had not discussed it with him at all!

"Maybe it was an accident, or maybe she was tired of dealing with you and Erica."

Christina was very rational and she emphasized, "No matter what, your Stephenson family is not

qualified to blame her. Don't forget that you didn't want that child from the beginning."

"Where is she now?" Chandler tried to calm down. He had to find her. He had to ask her personally.

"I don't know, but..."

Before Christina could finish her sentence, Chandler felt that she was deliberately making things difficult for him, "Crystal is not you. She lives abroad alone. She is not as strong as you!"

"Yes, Brianna and Crystal are both weak women. All the bad things were done by me."

Christina roared angrily and hung up.

She wanted to say that she didn't know where Crystal was now, but she copied the phone number of the public booth abroad. He could check the address.

"I shouldn't have sent the number to his WhatsApp." She was a little annoyed.

Chandler did receive a string of numbers from her a long time ago, but he didn't know what it was.

Christina had not returned to the master bedroom for half a month, and she still didn't know how to face Patrick. Last time he asked her to apologize to Brianna, but she refused.

Christina pushed the door open, and Patrick seemed to have been waiting for her in the room for a long time. His sharp eyes fell on her, "Is that black cat's name Earl?"

Christina did not expect him to ask about this. It was probably the servant who told him.

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"Are you sure that black cat's name is Earl?" Patrick stepped forward and asked repeatedly. He seemed to care it very much.

"Yes."

Christina didn't want to be treated as mentally ill by him. She could really hear what the cat said,

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"Do you know the Strozzi family?" Patrick was busy dealing with this thing a period of time ago. He was deep in thought and he told her in a low voice, "It is said that the leader of the Strozzi family also has a black cat called Earl."

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"Did you hiding anything from me?"

"I felt Brianna was weird..."

Patrick got a little impatient. He interrupted her, "Where's the Ancient Coin you picked up before?"

"Every time I talk about Brianna, you think I'm the one who's causing trouble..."

"Tell me! Where is the Ancient Coin?"

Christina did not expect him to suddenly mention that Ancient Coin. His eyes were so sharp that made she felt a little uncomfortable. She replied in a low voice, "It's not with me."

But Patrick didn't want to let her off, "So where is it?"

He stared at her with his sharp eyes. Christina slowly squeezed out a few words, "I gave it to Derek."

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For Patrick, this is an unexpected answer. But he tried to ask her as calmly as possible, "Do you know that this Ancient Coin is the badge of the Strozzi family?"

"When Derek saw it, he had told me about this."

Christina told him with hiding anything. At that time, she did not attach any importance to a so-called family badges. After she gave the coin to Derek, he had never pestered her.

"That black cat appeared in the area of Crescent Garden where Derek lived at first. If it was the black cat named Earl, it might also be the Strozzi family's..."

Patrick's voice was firm and cold as if he were dealing with business.

Christina didn't take it seriously. "So what?"

"It's just a cat. Besides, the... what family? It is none of my business. I don't know at all..."

Then, Christina changed the topic with a gloomy expression, "Besides, I don't think a cat is important. The most important thing now is about Brianna. I suspect that Crystal's miscarriage is related to her..."

Patrick suddenly took a big step towards her with a cold face.

Frightened by his action, Christina took a step back and sat down on the bed.

She looked up at Patrick and felt a little nervous.

She didn't dare to look into his eyes, "What are you doing?"

She felt that Patrick was strangely serious tonight.

He didn't talk so much about "Business" with her before.

"You might know that you're not Donald's biological daughter," Patrick said directly and sharply. "Your mother, Mary, dated a lot of men when she was young. She accidentally conceived you after she dated with a strange man in the bar. You don't know who your biological father is."

It made Christina extremely embarrassed when her privacy was revealed in this way.

Christina yelled at him, "So what! There's nothing to do with you!"

She was a daughter of the decaying Dickens family. She was illegitimate. She didn't know who her father is. But, no matter what, she had to protect the reputation of her family. No matter how poor the Dickens family was, it was still her home.

Compared to this grandson of the Hopkins family, she felt a sense of inferiority..

"... I, I mean your mother and that man."

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Patrick also seemed to realize that his tone was too serious. Noticing her upset, he regretted being too anxious.

"He might be from the Strozzi family," he said in a low and soft voice.

"So what?"

Christina still replied in an aggressive way, because she was in a rage.

Patrick squinted at Christina. He tried to communicate with her with patience.

His hands was put on her shoulders and his cold face came closer. He looked into her eyes and told her word by word.

"If your biological father is a member of the Strozzi family, they will probably take you back." His tone was oozing with a sense of solemnity. Christina was so nervous that she couldn't think about anything, "Back where?" Patrick pursed his lips and continued to stare at her without a word. He was sure that Christina knew nothing about the Strozzi family. "... Where is that Strozzi family from?" Now, she became a little curious. Patrick put down his hands. He looked a little strange, as if a host of thoughts were pressing in on him, "You can't go back anyway." His voice was cold and firm. After leaving these words, he turned around and walked out of the room.

Christina looked at his back in a daze. She was interrogated by him as she came into the main bedroom. Now he left without a explanation.

Thinking of the slander of Brianna and punishment from grandpa, she felt a stirring of anger. She grabbed the pillow of Patrick, threw it on the ground, and kicked it to vent her anger.

"... Ice man, nasty. I haven't been in my bedroom for half a month. As soon as I came in, you didn't care about me at all. You even scolded me."

"... Madman. Don't you know I will go abroad like Crystal? Humph."

Patrick's pillow was trampled and kicked to the trash can.

She took a hot bath to calm herself down and went to bed. As for the "Strozzi family" Patrick just mentioned, she was not interested at all, let alone go back to live with her biological father.

"Meown" the black cat squatted outside the balcony. Its dark hair blended into the night and its action was silent, which enabled it to avoid any sight of human, including Patrick's.

Ever since Crystal went abroad, Christina always felt that there was something lost in her life.

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After all, she had rare friends. Her only friend suddenly went abroad. So she was not used to it.

Moreover, even the black cat, that had frequently appeared in front of her before, had disappeared.

"... Did Patrick caught it?" She suspected.

But she always felt that it was not easy to catch that black cat.

After breakfast, she wandered around the house. Her first destination was her twin son's nursery.

If it weren't because of grandpa's strict rules, she would have been able to walk around with the babies, so that she would not be so boring.

"Meow -"

As she stepped into the nursery, she heard a sound of cat.

It was not as arrogant as the usual sound. It seemed to be very helpless.

"Meow..." It was also oozing with a sense of helplessness.

Christina fixed her eyes and froze in surprise.

It was really the black cat named Earl.

And it was playing with her son in the nursery...

"Mrs. Hopkins" The maid in the room greeted her as she saw her.

"What's going on!" Christina felt panic, pointing at the dangerous black cat. "How can it play with the babies..." Her tone became shrill because of anxiety.

The black cat's claws were poisonous!

"Mrs. Hopkins, this cat..." The maid looked embarrassed and was about to explain.

Christina had run to the bed and held the black cat with her arms, separating it from the babies.

To her surprise, the black cat did not struggle or resist. It was obedient when being held by Christina. It lowered its tail and seemed to be relieved.

Her younger son, Small, immediately burst into tears.

"Whoa, whoa, whoa -" the little guy had already learned how to crawl. The tears rolled down from his pink face. He waved his hands, wanting this cat. The black cat was startled. It shrank into Christina's arms, while its four feet were grasping her clothes and refused to get down.

"Mrs. Hopkins, Small likes to hug this cat very much." The maid explained in a low voice.

Christina looked at the black cat and asked, "Are you afraid of my son?"

As soon as she asked, Christina saw her son crying much more loudly. He pulled the cat's tail rudely with his chubby hands. The black cat got frightened. Then it fell back onto the small bed. Small hugged his furry new pet contentedly, and rubbed the cat's head with her little face. "Meow, meow~"

Christina got frozen for a while.

She had no comment about the fact that the black cat was played by her son. Instead, she turned to ask the maids expressionlessly. "Did you tell grandpa that the baby can speak?"

Her son was almost a year old and finally learned to how to speak. But he didn't call his parents or his grandfather first, but imitating the sound of a cat..

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The two precious young masters of the llopkins family recently had a new pet to accompany them.

Whenever Christina was free, she would go to the nursery to see her children. And she often saw her youngest son, Small, dragging a cat's tail, I le had just learned to walk. Occasionally, he would fall on the cat and almost squash it.

"Meow

She felt sorry for the cat.

Yet Small was smiling innocently and brightly, looking so happy. Every time he saw her coming, he would babble loudly and wave his small hands excitedly. And so Carl's fur was pulled away a little.

Leaned over to her son, yet she didn't go to save the cat. Instead, she pointed at herself and spoke to him very softly and slowly. "Baby, call me mommy."

"Mommy, mommy."

Patiently, she repeated dozens of times,

However, wearing the diaper pants, revealing his two white and plump legs, he just sat on the solid wood floor and looked at her with big bright eyes. He then smiled shyly and continued to look at her, refusing to learn to speak. And his right hand was still holding Earl's tail tightly.

The cat was squatting was very mysterious and noble. But now it was dragged by the tail, its ears were a little drooping, looking dejected.

"Meow~" It softly let out a cry for help.

But she glared at it with jealousy. "You have to take a bath every day when you play with my son."

"Meow—"

Earl then turned its head and glared back at her with the same ferocious gaze.

"What did you say? You don't want to play with my son?"

"You're a bad influence to my sons. I haven't punished you for it yet." She flared at a cat. "Now my son is learning to meow from you. Sometimes I think he puts you before me!"

Every time the maids in the nursery saw this scene, they felt shocked as if

Christina could really talk to the cat.

"Madam..." A maid came over in a hurry and wanted to inform her. without looking back, Christina said, "Ignore it. It can swim. Just throw it into the water."

She wondered who the previous owner of this black cat was, who actually taught the cat to swim.

"Meow, meow!"

Right now, Small was smiling, happily shouting to encourage his mother. And he also went to scratch Larl's car, while it dodged him from side to side. Yet it was caught anyway. She felt surprised that it seemed to be very obedient to her sons. "Madam, the guard said that someone was looking for you..."

Just as she was about to turn her head to ask who was looking for her, Big, who was sleeping soundly on the other bed, had woken up. He climbed onto the bed and stood up with difficulty while staring at her with his big beautiful eyes. Yet he didn't seem to be interested in cats and didn't even look at the black cat in his brother's arms.

He then mumbled, "Mommy, mommy."

For a moment, she thought that she had misheard.

The one-year-old baby didn't have enough strength to stand on his feet, then he fell back onto the bed and rolled over. But he didn't cry, and then he waved and struggled to get up again.

At this time, she finally came back to her sense and rushed over. Then, with very gentle and maternal action, she picked up her eldest son with both hands.

The child nestled comfortably in her soft arms, while soft little face pressed against her shoulder, his small mouth pouted, and his pronunciation was unclear. "Mom, mommy." Right now, he sounded like he was acting coquettishly.,

After she heard that, she felt overjoyed.

With a bright smile, she said when touching his little head in praise, "Good boy."

At this time, Smal, who was playing with the black cat on the ground, suddenly stopped scratching the cat. He looked at his brother with big clear blue eyes and was a little dazed.

Looking at the black cat Earl, she felt that she kind of like this cat right now. It did bring her luck.

After it came, both her sons began to speak.

She then immediately turned around and looked at the maid in the room with a serious expression, "GO to Northern Garden and tell grandpa about this." She really wanted to show off now.

The maids and nannies in the nursery smiled bitterly at each other.

Therefore, in that morning, Senior Mr. Hopkins, who was in a good mood, became shocked and depressed

Paul could only comfort him, "It is said that when children grow up with animals, they will be more straightforward, responsible, and healthy."

"It's just a wild cat coming from nowhere."

With a gloomy face, Senior Mr. Hopkins refused to admit that he was jealous.

"Also, Christina must sneak into the nursery every day and teach the children to call her mommy, right? Hmph, I've told them to keep her away the nursery room!"

He hoped that the first word the babies said could be "great-grandfather." Even if they could vaguely call him grandpa, he would also feel very glad.

Christina was cheating! But the children didn't buy it at all.

"The elder child inherited Patrick's weakness and liked to stick to Christina. Wait, my precious great grandsons will definitely achieve extraordinary things in the future."

Senior Mr. Hopkins frowned and muttered to himself.

Paul could only stand aside quietly and chuckled. "I heard from the nanny that the little young master likes to play with that black cat very much. It has not been

in the Hopkins family for a month. The two children have begun to learn to talk. They'll learn to call you grandpa pretty soon."

"Remember to take that cat to get vaccinated and examined. It can play with the babies in the future."

It was rare for Senior Mr. Hopkins to agree with Christina. The black cat was not necessarily the symbol of strangeness, and sometimes it could bring some unexpected blessings.

The old butler suddenly remembered something and looked a little embarrassed. "Young Master Hopkins ordered the servants a few days ago to catch it as soon as they saw it."

In fact, they did as they were told, but it was really not easy to catch it. Several servants worked together to catch it, but it ran away in the end.

"Why did he say that?"

Paul then shook his head. "He didn't explain the reason. He just ordered us to catch it when we saw it."

At that time, Patrick also seemed to have guessed that the black cat was not easy to catch, so this wasn't an importuned order.

"Who raised this cat before?"

Senior Mr. Hopkins was very knowledgeable. He could tell at a glance that the origin of this black cat named Earl was not simple. Looking at its hair and posture, it seemed that its original owner was very noble.

Now even his grandson, who had always been cold, had paid attention to it.

Paul then hesitated for a moment. Usually, they wouldn't talk about Patrick. The servants in various service areas were very sensible and did not dare to talk nonsense, but he was the oldest here and knew many gossips.

"Young Master Hopkins seems to care about the original owner of this cat."

"The servant at Eastern Garden reported that he had called Derek to ask about the black cat."

He was loyal to Senior Mr. Hopkins and told him everything he knew.

Senior Mr. Hopkins raised his eyebrows curiously. "Is it Derek's cat?"

The old butler shook his head and smiled. "It is said that Derek directly denied it."

Chapter 534

The two precious young masters of the Hopkins family recently had a new pet to accompany them.

Whenever Christina was free, she would go to the nursery to see her children.

And she often saw her youngest son, Small, dragging a cat's tail, like he had just learned to walk. Occasionally, he would fall on the cat and almost squash it.

"Meow

She felt sorry for the cat.

Yet Small was smiling innocently and brightly, looking so happy. Every time he saw her coming, he would babble loudly and wave his small hands excitedly. And so Carl's fur was pulled away a little.

Leaned over to her son, yet she didn't go to save the cat. Instead, she pointed at herself and spoke to him very softly and slowly. "Baby, call me mommy."

"Mommy, mommy."

Patience, she repeated dozens of times,

However, wearing the diaper pants, revealing his two white and plump legs, he just sat on the solid wood floor and looked at her with big bright eyes. He then smiled shyly and continued to look at her, refusing to learn to speak. And his right hand was still holding Earl's tail tightly.

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My Billionaire Husband Spoils Me Too Much Chapter 535

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Chapter 535

It wasn't until near noon when the kids were tired and the twins needed a nap that Christina left the babys' room.

"Did you say Geoffrey came to me?"

As soon as Christina walked out of the room, the maid reminded her again, "Geoffrey has been waiting for you in the living room of the Main Residence since three hours ago."

"The little guy?"

Although she had some conflicts with the Stephenson family before, Geoffrey

was just a child, so Christina went easy on him.

"Did Geoffrey sneak to the Hopkins family himself and look for me?"

Christina was surprised at the news from the servants.

As she quickened her pace, she complained, "Why didn't you make it clear just now?"

She felt a little embarrassed to keep a child waiting.

The maid behind Christina lowered her head more, not daring to explain. Just now, when Christina heard Small call her mommy, she was so happy that she couldn't hear anything.

The Hopkins family was very large. It could be regarded as a scenic spot if visitors strolled in a good mood. But visitors who were mentally restrained would feel antsy. The decorations and buildings here were extremely magnificent and the layout was so spacious that even a speech echoed.

Geoffrey, a six-year-old child, had waited for a few hours in the living room of the Hopkins family's Main Residence.

Geoffrey sat on the sofa quietly with his little schoolbag in his arms. He straightened his back and did not even dare to look around. There was a glass of juice on the table. Besides, there was no servant to chat with him.

Because servants in the Hopkins family bit their lips as the rules.

When Christina strode in, two servants standing at the door of the Main Residence greeted, "Junior Mrs. Hopkins..."

Hearing it, Geoffrey immediately turned to look at her excitedly.

"Aunt Hopkins."

Geoffrey finally saw an acquaintance. He quickly jumped off the sofa and ran towards Christina with his little schoolbag in his arms,

knowing that Geoffrey had been waiting for her innocently for a few hours,

Christina felt very guilty. She squatted down to stay on a level with him and asked apologetically, "Geoffrey, did you come here alone?"

Although Geoffrey was only six years old this year, he was very smart. He had run away several times, and Chandler seemed to be used to his wandering around.

Geoffrey stood about half a meter in front of Christina. As if answering the teacher's question, he spoke with great honesty.

"... My grandmother took me to school. After my grandmother left, I sneaked out of school. I had pocket money and took a taxi here."

Christina could see that he was a little nervous. Standing upright, he spoke in a very sincere tone.

For a moment, Christina didn't know what to say.

"What if your family is worried about you when you sneak out?" The school was probably busy looking for him.

As Christina spoke, she took out her phone from the pocket and was about to call Chandler.

"Aunt Hopkins, don't tell my grandma and the others that I'm here." Geoffrey looked at her eagerly with an awkward expression. Lowering his voice, he pleaded, "Aunt Hopkins, I'll go back to school by myself."

Geoffrey timidly tugged at the hem of Christina's clothes.

Christina looked at him. She heard that Geoffrey had an operation for appendicitis a few days ago. Now he was a little pale and obviously thin. Seeing his look, Christina felt distressed.

"Then why did you come here to see me?" Christina asked him in compromise.

Geoffrey looked down at the tip of his foot, hesitating and not knowing what to say. He wrapped his blue schoolbag tightly with his small hands.

"... Can you help me call Aunt Zhu home?" His voice was timid, as if he had made a mistake and did not dare to speak loudly.

Christina was a little surprised.

Christina told him in an adult tone, "It's their adult business. You don't have to..."

When Geoffrey heard her say so, he immediately became anxious and looked up. "I, I know... Aunt Zhu ran away because of me... I don't live at home. I have lived with my mother."

"Aunt Hopkins, can you help me call her home?" Geoffrey's bright eyes held back the tears.

Christina didn't know what to do for a moment.

"Crystal Zhu has her own ideas..." She felt that it was complicated to talk to a six-year-old child about adult relationships.

"Your father will discuss it with her. Don't worry." Christina wanted to reach out and pat him on the shoulder.

However, Geoffrey turned around and stubbornly lowered his head, obviously not listening to her persuasion.

Geoffrey muttered in a choked voice, "I'm not my father's biological child. My biological father's name is Mark."

"Dad and mom have a bad relationship. They used to quarrel all day long. My dad always gave in to my mom but she was always dissatisfied. I know my dad is very unhappy. He doesn't like the Stephenson family, doesn't like my mom, and probably doesn't like me anymore..."

At this point, Geoffrey cried out.

"... My dad likes Aunt Zhu, and I like Aunt Zhu, too."

Geoffrey raised his little face covered in tears, and he pleaded in a choked voice, "Aunt Hopkins, can you help me call Aunt Zhu back? My father is so sad every day. I don't want him to be so sad."

Geoffrey sobbed, with tears shedding uncontrollably.

He seemed really helpless, anxious and flustered, trembling and crying.

Christina also panicked. She didn't know how to comfort the child.

"... Actually, your father found out that Crystal was on a flight to France" ...

Christina was so nervous that she told everything she knew.

"Crystal didn't tell me much about it. She only said that she was going to France to learn to cook. It seemed that there were more than a dozen peers studying with her. Her living and lodging should be safe."

"Although Aunt Zhu is usually timid and careful, she is considerate. You don't have to worry too much. She also went abroad to study in college. She can take good care of herself."

Christina really didn't know how to comfort a child. In the end, she had to pick Geoffrey up and put him on the sofa. Then she found some tissues and put them in front of him, "Don't cry."

It seemed that Geoffrey couldn't stop crying. He cried with his head down and held the tissue in his small hands without saying anything.

"... I really can't get in touch with your Aunt Zhu, but don't worry. I've already ordered to look for her, There'll be news soon."

Christina had already sent a message to Lucy, warning her sternly to give a quick hand.

"Actually, I also think your father cares about her..."

"Her pregnancy was an accident, as well as her miscarriage. There's a lot of confusion... Your Aunt Zhu is like an ostrich. Faced with unsolvable problems, she will find a place to hide. You can't force her now. When she is relieved and has a strong mind, she will take the initiative to speak out. The more you force her, the more uncomfortable she will be."

Christina squatted anxiously in front of Geoffrey and kept talking. In the end, she began talking nonsense.

That afternoon, Chandler and Charles came to the Hopkins family together. They seemed to have known that Geoffrey was here. Considering the dignity of the child, they did not question why Geoffrey was so willful to run out of school secretly. Chandler held Geoffrey's little hand, and then they got into the car and

left.

Charles stayed and went to Patrick's study.

"... Geoffrey suddenly ran to Christina. The child was crying so sadly that he might have scared Christina. When I went in, I saw Christina trying her best to comfort him."

Patrick was interested to hear it. He asked in a low voice, "What did Christina say?"

Charles made a sarcastic expression. "She was talking nonsense crazily."

Patrick smiled when he heard it.

"... Geoffrey hasn't cried much since he was born. It's strange that the little guy has cried in front of Christina several times as far as I know. Christina has a special affinity with children and animals."

Patrick was in a good mood and thought of his youngest son "Small doesn't like to cry when seeing her."

Charles also smiled. "What a little horror Small is!" Only his own mother could get him to believe.

My Billionaire Husband Spoils Me Too Much Chapter 536

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Chapter 536

"You left the school without permission and the teachers freaked out and have looked for you everywhere."

"What did you say to Christina?"

After Chandler brought Geoffrey back from the Hopkins family, he held his little hand back to his room with a livid face asked him several questions.

He started to feel that he had been too easy on Geoffrey, so he had dared to run away today.

Geoffrey held his blue schoolbag tightly and stood in front of him with a straight back. His head was lowered, and he remained silent.

Seeing him like this, Chandler became even angrier. "Do you think you did nothing wrong?"

At this moment, an anxious cry sounded outside the door. "Chandler, he is just a little boy. There are a lot of things you have to teach him. Why did you keep him there? You'll scare him." The person began to hammer the door.

The door of the room was locked by Chandler.

Chandler's parents outside the door were anxious. "Why did you lock the door? Chandler, don't scold him!"

"Geoffrey just went to the Hopkins family. It's not like he ran somewhere else. You're in a bad mood. Don't take it out on him!"

"He just had an operation for appendicitis and hasn't fully recovered yet. Look at his small face. It's so thin now..."

Recently, Chandler had been in a bad mood. At this time, the sound of the door being pounded and his parents' anxious cries showed that they were worrying that he would abuse his son.

He sprang to his feet with a dark face, strode to the door, and tugged the door open.

"... When you decided to let him be my son, you had to respect my ways of raising my child!" Chandler rarely spoke to his parents in such a rude tone.

His parents went quiet when they saw his angry expression.

"You're not my father!" Geoffrey in the room suddenly shouted at his back with red eyes.

"If I were your child, you would have scolded me."

"If I were your child, you would have been very strict with me since I was a child." Still holding his schoolbag tightly, Geoffrey held back his tears and shouted hysterically.

"You're not my father. I don't want you to raise me. I'm moving out to live with my mother. I don't want to be your son."

Chandler's parents were stunned and subconsciously wanted to rush into the room to protect and comfort Geoffrey.

Chandler turned his head and gritted his teeth as if he had gone mad with anger.

"Do you know that your mother doesn't want to give birth to you?"

Geoffrey was only a six-year-old child and burst into tears when he heard it.

"... No one wants me. My parents don't want me, and Dad doesn't want me either." He sobbed and felt devastated.

No matter how much his grandparents doted on him, Geoffrey loved and respected his father the most.

"Don't cry. Don't cry."

Mrs. Stephenson panicked when she saw her grandson crying.

Geoffrey had been independent since he was little. He didn't act like a real child or like to cry, because his father often asked him to be a man. He was very smart and soon mastered the tone and habits of adults.

When he was pushed into the operating room for appendicitis surgery, his eyes were red but he did not cry.

The doctors and nurses were amazed, praising that he was very tough as a little boy.

... However, his father didn't want him now.

Geoffrey had never cried so hard. Tears fell from his eyes.

Chandler's expression was complicated. He was upset when he heard the crying.

He had watched Geoffrey be born and grow up.

He didn't know how to be a father. In his opinion, it was enough if he satisfied Geoffrey's material needs, and everything he did was to fulfill his obligations.

Geoffrey was very smart. Although 'he was young, Chandler could tell from his words and actions that Geoffrey worshipped him.

Geoffrey loved him like he did his real father.

Chandler felt that he had never been a devoted father, nor was he a good son. All he did for the Stephenson family was out of responsibility.

He was very upset and wanted to get out of this place as soon as possible.

"Chandler Stephenson, where are you going?!" Erica hurried over, only to see him stride away.

Behind him, Mrs. Stephenson was shouting anxiously, "Chandler, stay and comfort Geoffrey. Why are you leaving?"

Chandler felt even more annoyed and found it hard to breathe.

At five o'clock in the afternoon, when it was time to get off work, he went back to his office, locked the door, and shut everyone out.

He was going to numb his feelings with work.

In the early morning, the 32nd floor was brightly lit.

Sitting upright at his desk, Chandler looked attentively at the flashing data on the computer screen. He typed quickly on the keyboard as time passed by.

He forgot to eat dinner and drink water. Even if his wrists were sore and his legs were numb, he stood there without moving.

It was not until dawn the next day when his secretaries came to work were they surprised to find that their boss had stayed up in the company all night.

Someone knocked on the door of Chandler's office but there was no response.

The door was locked from the inside, and a secretary called out gently, "Mr. Stephenson, are you inside?"

Her voice was full of concern. "Do you need breakfast?"

There was still no response.

Chandler rarely treated his subordinates so coldly.

According to the rumors in the company, their boss seemed to be divorcing his second wife recently, so he had been in a bad mood.

However, an outstanding man like 'Chandler, even after countless divorces, would still be attracted to women.

Chandler was working behind closed doors, and his subordinates did not dare to disturb him. Around 2 pm, he came out of his office and attended an important meeting.

He had always been careful with his work and he looked normal except for his pale face.

"... Mr. Stephenson, there's a new Korean restaurant near our company. I heard it's quite famous. Do you want to try it together?"

Chandler replied by courtesy, "No, you guys go. I still have work to do."

The company's administrative director was on good terms with him. He joked, "Mr. Stephenson, tomorrow is Saturday. Don't work so hard. You are making us feel bad."

"... Is there something wrong with your phone? Several clients said they couldn't contact you today."

Chandler didn't seem in the mood to chat with them. Suddenly, his stomach ached and a cold sweat broke out on his forehead. He subconsciously pressed against his stomach with his right hand, looking unwell.

He hurriedly said, "Ask Marie to make me a cup of coffee." He was panting and tried to say it in a level tone.

The administrative director seemed to notice that Chandler was not feeling well and asked, "Is your stomach hurting again?"

However, the door of Chandler's office was slammed shut with a bang.

Chandler spent the weekend in the company.

When he was tired, he lay on the table and took a nap. When he woke up, he was in a daze, like a lost

child. Then he turned on the computer and repeated his work.

Occasionally, when his legs were numb, he would stand up. He made himself bitter coffee. He didn't feel hungry at all, and even felt a little nauseous.

On Monday morning, all the employees returned to work.

That morning, the secretaries found out that their boss still locked himself in the office. They called out to him a few times but he didn't respond, so they had to give up.

However, Chandler didn't come out at 3 pm when there was a very important meeting in the company.

The administrative director felt something was wrong. He plucked up enough courage and opened the office door with the spare key. Only then did he see that Chandler was extremely weak and lying on the desk unconsciously, his face pale. The director shouted, but there was no response.

My Billionaire Husband Spoils Me Too Much Chapter 537

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Chapter 537

There was a chilly atmosphere in the spacious and comfortable VIP ward.

Because he didn't eat anything while working overtime for days, Chandler had a stomach bleeding, managing to get himself into the hospital.

He lay on the bed, breathing evenly, as if he was extremely tired. He looked haggard and pale, asleep as if he did not want to wake up.

The door was opened.

"... You've been asleep for three days. It's time to get up." Walking in with a large bouquet of lilies in her arms, Erica turned around and muttered to herself, as she changed the fresh flowers on the bedside, looking at Chandler whose eyes were closed on the bed.

No one responded in the ward.

There was a trace of anxiety between Erica's brows, although she thought she was stronger than Crystal.

"Chandler, are you unwilling to wake up yourself?"

The doctor said that he was malnourished and overworked. He suddenly fainted in his office because of staying up all night for a long time without eating. If he hadn't been rescued in time, he would have almost died.

She knew that he was actually giving up on himself.

He worked so hard like this when his brother had just passed away.

Chandler was not as deep as Patrick, nor as free and easy as Charles.

The two elders of the Stephenson family always said how filial their late eldest son was when he accompanied them. Chandler was at least restless and liked to socialize. However, the old couple did not know that their youngest son was more responsible.

Chandler had been blaming himself for his brother's death.

That was why he had endured her wanton behavior for so many years and actually married her for his brother's child, which was ridiculous even in Erica's opinion. So in that marriage, Erica had mixed feelings, constantly trying to provoke and anger him.

She wanted to know if he married her just for the sake of the responsibility of the Stephenson family, or if he had affection for her.

"... I've really changed a lot."

Erica sat by the bed and reached out to hold his hand. She was usually domineering, but now she was more gentle and said in a low voice. "I love you so much and have done so much for you."

Erica reached out her fingers to caress his cold face. Because he had been unconscious and haggard for days, even his chin was covered with some beard. Brushing across his dry lips, she looked at him with a hint of affection.

She muttered to herself, "I don't like children, but I gave birth to Geoffrey for you. I tried my best to be the daughter-in-law of the Stephenson family. But everything you did to me in the past was just for responsibility. You even slept with me in separate beds at night."

The more she spoke, the more agitated she became. She tightened his wrist with her right hand, which caused a circle of red marks in his wrist, looking at the man who was right next to her.

"Chandler, are you selfish, or am I. You married me just to make yourself feel at ease about your brother's death. I love you so much, but you never see it!"

In the cold and quiet ward, only Erica's voice echoed with unwillingness, love and hatred.

The door of the ward was opened again, and along came an anxious voice. "Mark is no longer here. If something happens to Chandler, what should we do? Besides, Geoffrey is so young..."

Mrs. Stephenson walked in, her eyes red and swollen.

Senior Mr. Stephenson comforted her, "Don't think so much. It's just a stomach bleeding. The doctor said it's okay... He just didn't have enough nutrition, so slept for so long."

"... Chandler has been disobedient since he was a child. He always likes to run out and makes us worry every time. If it was Mark, he wouldn't be so willful." Mrs.

Stephenson mumbled in a choked voice with her hands covering her face. Senior Mr. Stephenson looked worried, patting his wife on the shoulder. Erica put away her agitation, stood up, and called out, "Dad, mom." Senior Mr. Stephenson asked, "How's Chandler today?" As he walked towards the window, he pulled open the heavy curtains. With a whoosh, the bright sunlight came in in an instant, and the whole ward came alive. Erica answered casually, "He's not awake as the same."

"... Who are you?"

Just then, Chandler, who was on the bed, opened his eyes and looked vaguely at the woman above him.

Seeming to feel stiff and uncomfortable all over, he frowned and turned to look at the white decorations around him, mumbling, "Where am I?"

Erica stared at him with wide eyes in excitement.

"Chandler, you're finally awake." Bending over to lean closer to his face, she said nervously in a sharp and urgent voice. "Don't you recognize me?"

"Erica!"

He quickly called out her name in a wary tone, and then warned her forcefully in a hoarse voice, "Erica, I forbid you to hurt my brother!"

He grabbed her with his left hand which was with an iv drip. "Tell him not to climb the snow-capped mountain in Switzerland. It's dangerous for him to be inexperienced."

"Chandler, wake up!"

Erica yanked her hand back which was hurt by his grip and shouted, "Your brother is dead."

In an instant, the entire ward quieted down.

There was only a vague sound of Mrs. Stephenson's sobbing left.

Chandler looked blankly at the white ceiling above him as if he had suddenly realized something.

It turned out that he had had a nightmare again.

As long as he was nervous or stressed at work, he would dream back to the bad memories of the past and couldn't walk out.

Someone came in, clearing his throat softly. "Chandler, you're awake." Charles bumped into the scene when Chandler was half asleep.

They had known for a long time that Chandler couldn't get over his brother's matter, taking all the blame on himself and taking responsibility.

They just didn't expect him to put so much psychological pressure on himself.

When Senior Mr. Stephenson and Mrs. Stephenson saw an outsider come in, they immediately adjusted their emotions. Mrs. Stephenson went into the bathroom and washed her face, wiping the tears off her face.

"Help me get discharged."

Without standing on ceremony with Charles, Chandler looked at him and reminded him.

Erica was agitated. "How can this be? The doctor said that you are very weak and may have gastric bleeding again. You cannot get discharged."

Looking at Chandler's pale face coupled with his firm expression, Charles shrugged, turned around, and went out to help him get discharged.

"Chandler, are you crazy? Do you know how worried I was when you suddenly fainted in the office? You're not allowed to leave the hospital now!" Erica was very anxious.

He sat up and slowly removed the needle on his left hand. Then he got out of bed and muttered in a self deprecating manner, "There are many things I can't control, but at least I can control my own body."

Seeming to be a little annoyed, Senior Mr. Stephenson said in a low voice,

"Chandler, you can't be so selfish and let everyone worry about you so much."

"I am selfish. I even abandoned my own wife and children."

Wearing a hospital gown, Chandler, who was still weak, held the bed hard with his hands and asked through gritted teeth, "What else do you want from me?" [...]

(At the master bedroom of the Eastern Garden, in the Hopkins family)

At this moment, Christina was on the phone with Crystal. "There's one thing I need to tell you."

"Chandler has been hospitalized with stomach bleeding recently."

"He signed the divorce agreement you sent him before and sent it to the law firm." Chandler didn't want to drag Crystal down and gave her peace of mind to rebuild her life in France.

My Billionaire Husband Spoils Me Too Much Chapter 538

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Chapter 538

After hanging up the phone, she was still sitting there with her phone in right hand.

"Chandler got gastric hemorrhage recently."

"He signed the divorce agreement and sent it to the lawyer's office..."

The conversation with Christina just now still echoed in her mind.

"Crystal, we're going out for dinner. Do you want to come?" A young woman with blonde wavy hair rushed into her room enthusiastically, looked inside, and asked her loudly.

Crystal got back her senses, turned around, and smiled shyly. "Okay."

She lived in the old community in Paris. She came to this place alone and was unfamiliar with the environment. The renting expense was too high, so she was now renting with a few young girls introduced by a friend.

She lied to Christina about learning cooking and living in the dormitory. She didn't want Christina to worry about her.

When she came to a foreign country, she was not used to jet lag and diet differences at first.

Fast food like fried chicken here was very cheap, but the food made of fresh ingredients was very expensive. In order to save some money, she bought cheap and convenient fast food. The packaged pasta and fried chicken with chips was her dinner.

"Emma said it's her payday today and she was inviting us to Chinese food." Her roommate told her excitedly.

This tall girl with naturally tanned skin and prominent facial features had thick, wavy blonde hair. She had a tall figure and a sunny personality. Her name was Camille.

Camille was a mixed-blood French girl. She said that she was like her black mother, so she was very lively and liked to laugh.

It was a luxury for Crystal to have a Chinese meal here.

The rice and fresh vegetables here were several times more expensive than fast food.

Camille couldn't wait to pull her up. "Let's go. Andrea said she was going to introduce her boyfriend to us today."

Crystal's small figure was already considered exquisite in her mother country. She smiled bitterly. Now that she was with her new roommates, she felt like a dwarf.

She had to let Camille drag her along. "Slow down. My legs are short."

"Crystal, you look so cute."

Camille dragged her downstairs. Crystal was only as tall as her chest, and she had a baby face as if she had never grown up.

"Come on." Crystal sighed.

When she first moved to this dormitory, Camille and Emma thought she was an underage girl. She was very moved to be taken care of by them, but they were so enthusiastic that they even checked her ID and passport to confirm her real age. When she took off her clothes and took a bath, they barged in to 'examine' her themselves.

Crystal was shy and angry.

Her new roommates were too open and said they could let her have an examination too. Her face turned red immediately.

Indeed, the European woman had a bigger and a proud figure. No wonder Camille and the others had always regarded her as a teenage girl.

"Hahaha... Little Crystal, your character is cute too."

Camille laughed and rubbed Crystal's straight black hair into a bird's nest.

She treated Crystal as a little girl.

But Crystal was the most frugal one among them. That meant Crystal was good at saving money.

"Emma works part-time in a bar so hard. How can we let her treat us?"

Crystal deeply felt that these foreign girls really didn't know how to save money. They often spent money in advance.

"The meaning of earning money is to spend."

Camille, on the other hand, did not understand Crystal.

Crystal was very easy-going, introverted, and did not like to show off. She kept low key in dealing with things. So she had always been popular. Even if she suffered losses, she would consider it a blessing.

The other three roommates liked her very much.

She walked three streets with Camille, turned into a dark alley, and walked to an old man's bar forward.

Their roommate, Emma, worked part-time in this bar. The bar was very quiet because the customers were reured people. Unlike those old people who helped take care of their grandchildren at home, the old people here lived a younger and more comfortable life. So the bar was relatively safe.

In fact, an international metropolis like Paris was not as crowded as it had imagined. Especially after 12 p.m., there were not many people on the streets. Considering safety, she tried not to go out at night to avoid causing any trouble. When people are abroad, it is better to be careful.

They went to Emma's workplace first, then they went to dinner together.

At 6 p.m., there were not many guests in the bar. Emma was the niece of the owner of the old bar, so she often took free drinks to greet her friends.

When Emma saw Crystal coming, she rushed over enthusiastically and gave her a big hug.

Crystal's whole face was squeezed between the waves of her breasts. Emma was fat, tall and strong. Every time she hugged her, Crystal couldn't breathe smoothly.

"You guys sit here for a while. After I get paid by my uncle, let's go to dinner."

As she spoke, Emma put five beers neatly on the table on a single-handed tray.

"Come on, drink some beer first..."

"I don't drink iced beer."

Crystal had a miscarriage in less than a month. Although she didn't care about her body that much, it would be too difficult if she fell ill abroad.

"Haha, did your mother say you were too young to drink?" Emma always likes to joke about her age.

Crystal smiled slightly.

Not long after, her third roommate, Andrea, who was the most beautiful, walked in with a thin, tall, gentleman in her arms. "This is my boyfriend."

Crystal nodded politely to the man. So far, this was the third boyfriend that Andrea had introduced to her.

"It was our fate to live together."

"Why are you coming here..."

They sat down and chatted. Andrea answered first, "There are many opportunities in Paris." She came from a remote fishing village. Although she could live a self-sufficient life, she did not want to be a fisherman or the wife of a fisherman.

"I want to study architectural aesthetics in Paris, but I can't find a suitable school for now, and I don't have enough tuition fees, so I work part-time first." Camille talked about her dreams. They usually didn't ask for money from their families. Emma had just got her salary and walked over happily. She drank a large glass of iced beer and sat next to Crystal. "Do you know why I came to Paris? The man I love lives here. Hahaha, I want to try my best to make him fall in love with me." Everyone subconsciously looked at Crystal. It was her turn to speak.

But she kept her head down as if she had not been involved in their conversation at all.

Crystal looked straight at the phone under the table. She was shocked by the caller's number. This was Chandler's phone number. How could he get her phone number in France?

Crystal took a deep breath. How could she forget that he had several brothers knowing everything?

The others found her looking at her phone hesitantly and didn't want to answer. They were curious, "Why don't you take it?" These foreign girls asked directly. Crystal looked embarrassed and hesitated for a moment... "It's my ex-husband. I don't know what to talk" She was as honest with her friends as ever. The more she hid it, the more curious her roommates became.

Emma widened her eyes and put the big beer glass back on the table. She moved closer to her face. "You, you're already married!" She was extremely surprised. "The last time you went to the supermarket to buy beer, the cashier didn't let you pay." Selling alcohol to minors is not allowed.

"I'm 27 years old really." Crystal was helpless.

She was ashamed to be only 1.55 meters tall. She had light makeup, delicate skin, and an introverted and timid personality. She was often thought to be only 17 years old here.

"How can it be? Henry is planning to confess his love to Crystal. Poor thing that he is born with insufficient conditions. That guy is only 20 years old this year and he is just stronger."

"It's good to be with someone younger. My ex-boyfriend was a high school student." Andrea said directly without any awkwardness even if her boyfriend was on her side. She shrugged and spoke. "It's fun to date a man younger than you. You can try it too." Her ex-boyfriend, a high school student, didn't have much money. That's why they broke up.

Emma laughed. "Henry has so much body hair. I wonder if Crystal can accept him. Hahaha..."

They laughed at her together. Crystal always felt that she was really a teen girl in their eyes. She was good-tempered and let it go with a smile.

Just let it be.

She whispered. "I don't think about these things now. I just want to learn a craft." Andrea was curious about her ex-husband. "Why did you get divorced? How does your ex-husband look? What does he do? Does he earn a lot of money?"

My Billionaire Husband Spoils Me Too Much Chapter 539

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Chapter 539

"Crystal, did you come to France because you divorced your ex-husband?" Emma asked her tentatively. During the time that the four of them lived together, she found that Crystal's decision to live abroad seemed like a spur of the moment. For example, she was obviously not used to the food in France. Crystal tilted her head to avoid eye contact with Emma. She subconsciously tucked a strand of hair behind her right ear and forced a smile. "No, I just felt that it was good to live abroad for a while. I have also studied in the United States when I was in college."

As she spoke, Crystal nudged Camille next to her. Her voice was soft with a hint of a smile.

"Didn't Camille leave home because of a sudden idea too? She came to Paris just because she watched a TV show about architecture." Her roommates all had a free spirit, which was a quality Crystal admired very much.

"Oh, you can drop the act."

Camille snorted. "Crystal, every time you lie, you unconsciously tuck your hair behind your ear with your right hand."

Emma slapped the table excitedly with a very exaggerated expression as if she was declaring Crystal guilty. "That's right! Every time she averts her eyes and runs her fingers through her hair, she's thinking about how to tell a lie."

Andrea echoed their opinion, "Yes, it seems that way."

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Caught in a crossfire, Crystal smiled bitterly and had to give in.

In retrospect, she did have this habit. She herself didn't even pay attention to that. But Camille discovered it.

"Crystal, aren't we friends? Tell us, why did you hide from your ex-husband and come to France?"

Andrea was still very curious about Crystal's ex-husband. "Is that man poor and ugly and not willing to let you go?"

Emma began to use her imagination and gossiped, "I've heard about your cultural institutions. They say that girls from a poor family would be sold at a very young age to rich people as child brides. Men have many concubines, who strive to let their co-owned husband stay in their rooms for the night..."

Hearing how wide of the mark Emma was, Crystal sighed and interrupted her, "Emma, you have a big misunderstanding about us. We are monogamous."

Emma must have watched too many palace dramas.

"Then tell me, did you come here because of emotional damage?" Camille asked directly.

Crystal didn't know what to say.

She couldn't explain herself. She just knew she wanted to escape from reality.

She was cowardly and useless, burying her head in the sand

"... I used to be such a mess," she replied frankly with a bitter smile. "There's nothing worth sticking around for, so I went here, hoping to start a new life."

"What about your family!"

Emma was the oldest one, so she always treated Crystal like a little sister.

"Crystal, you must have a lot of friends back there too." After all, She had a likable character.

Emma found it strange that Chinese people liked hot drinks all year-round, but

she was considerate and served Crystal a cup of hot cocoa.

Crystal looked at these new friends who she had known for less than two weeks, took a sip of hot cocoa, and said calmly, "I used to have a lot of acquaintances." But most of them were not true friends.

Christina was her best friend, but... Holding the cup in both hands, Crystal lowered her head, pondered, and added in a low voice, "My best friend, she's special, so I rarely tell her about these trivial things in my life."

"Does your best friend have a physical defect?"

When Andrea heard the word "special", she immediately thought of physical defects. These four women were not from Paris and spoke different dialects, so they usually communicated in English.

Camille commiserated, "If your friend is physically challenged, it is indeed not proper for you to complain to her about your life."

Crystal made a wry face.

Her best friend at home, Christina, was not physically challenged, but stronger and healthier than most people. What's more, Christina was well protected. By "special" Crystal meant that Christina was a little careless and sometimes could not fully understand many sensitive feelings. Christina was not like Camille, who was attentive enough to recognize Crystal's small gesture when she lied after only knowing her for two weeks.

Emma said to her in Chinese in a not fluent but very sincere manner, "Crystal, we will be your friends. You can always come to us if you have any troubles."

Crystal was very moved. She fled to this foreign country in a sorry state, but she was lucky to meet these

fervent friends here.

"Thank you."

She smiled gratefully and did not explain much.

As for her family, she had never been close to them.

Even when she got married, she did not inform them. There was no need to tell them about her living abroad.

She and Chandler got married because of a complete coincidence. She had a crush on him for so long. One time she was sick, and Chandler came to look after her. Somehow, she declared her love. The next thing she knew, they were naked in bed.

Chandler married her out of responsibility.

She married above herself into the Stephenson family. Worried that her greedy family would take Chandler as a ready source of money, she didn't even mention the marriage to them. Of course, they never took the initiative to care about her, except when they wanted to ask her for money.

Thinking of the first half of her life, Crystal had mixed feelings, among which were mostly bitterness. The miscarriage shattered all her illusions. Leaving the country was the best choice for her.

If she stayed, she would definitely suffer from depression, maybe even kill herself.

Christina had the support of the Dickens family, the love from Patrick, and the care from Derek and Charles. Although she and Christina were very good friends, the gap between them was big. When she was very young, she had to live under someone else's thumb and learn to be subservient. Without anyone to protect her, she must be strong and take care of herself.

That night, Emma took the three of them to an upscale Chinese restaurant and generously treated them to dinner.

Considering Crystal's eating habits, they ordered Yeung Chow Fried Rice, Buddha Jumping Over the Wall, Guangfu Soup... Crystal had the least cost-effective meal of her life. These dishes were obviously made from ordinary ingredients, but also crazy expensive.

"... Let's go shopping for fresh ingredients this weekend. I'll make you something delicious." Crystal reckoned the cost. Cooking by herself could save a lot of money.

"Really?"

"I really like this soup!" Camille had eaten up the Mung Bean Soup. She pointed to the empty bowl and asked with excitement, "Will this be difficult to cook?" Crystal told her truthfully, "No, not at all."

Emma had an idea of making a fortune. She laughed. "Why don't we open a Chinese restaurant together? I'll go shopping for ingredients. Camille will help out in the kitchen. Crystal will be the chef, and Andrea will be the waiter..."

"Oh my god, we're going to be rich." Camille patted Crystal on the shoulder with a bright smile.

Soaking up the pleasant atmosphere, Crystal also smiled.

Her new life abroad was not bad. Now she had friends, with whom she could daydream and have fun together. This was much more relaxing than being an overcautious housewife in the Stephenson family.

"... Oh, my foot! I hit my toe on the table!" At this moment, Christina, a married woman, wailed loudly.

Her face crumpled up in pain and she shouted, "I'm crippled. Oh, I'm crippled. Nanny Faang, can you be gentler?"

Nanny Faang was squatting. While she rubbed the ointment on Christina's toe, she sighed. "Junior Mrs. Hopkins, be careful when you walk." She couldn't believe Christina could get herself hurt simply by walking around.

"Anyway, when Patrick comes home later, don't tell him. Don't tell him!"

Christina jiggled around excitedly, which made the pain much worse.

My Billionaire Husband Spoils Me Too Much Chapter 540

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Chapter 540

It was men's night entertainment time.

Working during the day and relaxing at night. They drank, dined, and chatted in groups, or went to romantic places to spend money, such as bars, or even casinos. Charles invited a few of his friends to meet at the club today. They were all over 30 years old. They were not interested in the romantic place. For them, boxing was a better choice.

"Mr. Shepherd is such a decent family man."

The waiter at the club was very familiar with him and teased him.

Charles put on his gloves and laughed in a good mood. "I'm still a successful single. I still need to swan off for several years. You can talk to your big boss later about the title of the decent family man,"

The waiter looked around carefully and saw that Patrick had not arrived yet. He immediately whispered, "Our boss bought a batch of new horses last week. It seems that he wants to teach Miss Dickens to ride a horse. He specially chose a docile little white one. However, Miss. Dickens disliked it."

Hearing that, Charles was excited. "No wonder those guys said last week that they couldn't ask Patrick to play golf. He took Christina to ride a horse."

Patrick looked after Christina too much. Apart from letting her stay in Hopkins family, he even meddled in the things about having a cat.

"Is this a henpecked husband or a wife under husband's control?" After Patrick got married, he had less time to play with them.

The members of the club respected Patrick very much. "Our big boss is very

serious about marriage.”

Whether a man really succeeds depended most directly on his marriage.

Before Patrick got married, he was not interested in romantic places. He was very serious about things. After he got married, he treated his wife with respect and did not flirt with others. Therefore, they all respected him genuinely.

Thinking of Patrick and Christina, this couple, Charles couldn't help but complain.

“You don't know. The senior Mr. Hopkins asked Junior Mrs. Hopkins to copy the Tao Te Ching all day long, which formulated the management spirit of inaction. She treated your big boss in this way.”

Charles spoke ill of others arrogantly and laughs aggressively.

“What are you talking about? Why are you so happy?”

Chandler's face took on an unhealthy whitish hue. His voice was low with a forced smile as he slowly walked in.

Originally, he didn't want to go out, but Charles was too annoying.

“Chandler, are you still living outside alone?”

Charles immediately walked over and changed the subject. Looking at his weak face, he couldn't help but sigh. “Is it difficult for you to eat on time every day?

How many times you've been hospitalized with stomach bleeding.”

Sometimes, he really suspected that Chandler has a masochistic tendency.

Chandler didn't want to say too much. He just nodded and sat down. He didn't live in the Stephenson family now. He lived alone in a newly bought villa.

“Charles, hurry up and take a beating. I'm here as an audience.”

Chandler was as vicious as ever, but now he was weak.

Charles smiled brightly and waved the red gloves of his hands like a big crab.

He shouted, “Don't always be an audience. In life, you have to perform well. Even if you suffered a crushing defeat, you have had a glorious moment on the stage...

Today you have to be the main character. Chandler, come on to fight. I'll accompany you to practice, even if beat by you as a sandbag.”

The waiter at the club also advised, “Mr. Stephenson, there is someone to guide you. Don't worry. It's fun to do it as an ordinary physical exercise.”

Chandler knew that Charles and the others had good intentions, but he had no desire and tended to refuse.

Two slightly heavy blue gloves were thrown at him. Chandler was a little caught off guard and instinctively picked up the gloves. He looked up in a daze.

Patrick walked towards them.

“Mr. Hopkins.” The members of the club greeted together.

Patrick looked at Chandler and pointed at the boxing ring.

“Take Mr. Stephenson to the dressing room.” He gave orders directly to the staff next to him with a low voice.

Regardless of whether Chandler wanted it or not, the two tall and burly employees immediately picked

up the skinny Chandler and respectfully said, “Mr. Stephenson, we'll take you to the dressing room.” They dragged him directly away.

Chandler did not resist, just laughed inside.

Patrick informed him directly without discussing with him.

Charles smirked at the side. “Chandler is getting more and more sissy. He needed to be forced to do something.”

Today, when Patrick was in the audience, Charles and Chandler weren't professional, trying all sorts of dodges as if they were acting. But Chandler, who had never boxed on stage, was already bathed in sweat. He panted and punched as hard as he could.

Every time Charles boxed with Patrick, he was beaten up as a practice partner. He felt so proud of himself today.

“Chandler, can you punch me with all your might? I put my face over, and you

can't hit me. How can you be a man..."

And then, Chandler was so lucky to punched Charles in the nose with his right fist. Suddenly, Mr. Shepherd shouted in pain, "You really hit my face. How can you do such a wicked thing?"

Patrick chuckled below the stage .

The rest of the onlookers also laughed flatteringly.

At the end of the funny boxing match, Mr. Shepherd claimed that his handsome face was injured and he had to treat it immediately. Chandler bent down, held his knees with both hands, and gasped heavily. He was drenched in sweat, with beads of sweat dripped down his short hair.

He was exhausted, but happy.

It seemed that the big stone in his heart had been moved away. He was very tired but relaxed.

After they went into the bathroom to take a shower and change their new clothes, Charles lift his head and immediately drank a large glass of ice water. Chandler held a glass of warm water, stretching his muscles and bones. They looked at each other, smiled.

"You used to sit under the stage and watch us box. How are you feeling now? Not bad, right?"

"Not bad."

Chandler replied. He felt he needed a glass of glucose. He had never boxed on stage and was a little physically tired.

11:25 AM

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"Not bad."

Chandler replied. He felt he needed a glass of glucose. He had never boxed on stage and was a little physically tired.

Charles tutted and tacitly ordered the staff, "Bring a glass of glucose."

"Thank you."

Chandler's relationship with his family had always been lukewarm, but he was especially grateful to know a few good brothers.

"Actually, it was Patrick who asked me to invite you this time."

Charles talked too much among them, so he often need to pass the message.

Patrick was a man of few words, but if he specifically mentioned something, it must be important.

"What's the matter?"

Chandler strode towards the booth. There were some guesses and expectations in his heart.

Patrick heard from Charles that Chandler was overworked and forgot to eat. He was hospitalized with a stomach hemorrhage. He didn't want to meddle in others' affairs, but things turned out like this, he was willing to do whatever he could.

"It's the French address." Patrick simply handed over a note.

Chandler was very excited and immediately took a closer look.

Patrick didn't explain much. Everyone knew that this French address was the place where Crystal lived recently. It was in an old city in Paris.

Chandler recovered soon. His face was still a little pale, but he was already planning to buy a plane ticket and fly over tomorrow.

Charles smiled evilly and patted Chandler on the shoulder. Like a magic trick, he deliberately exaggerated and shouted, "Thud, thud, thud, see if this is the business class ticket you dropped."

Chandler glanced at the date of the ticket. It was on the morning flight tomorrow. He couldn't help but laugh.

The friendship of men was sometimes childish.