

Read Novel **My Billionaire Husband Spoils Me Too Much** Chapter 861

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There was a misty hot spring in the centre of the banquet hall, which looked fantastic in the bright blue light.

It would have turned into a lust paradise for hundreds of guests if it weren't for the wedding.

There he was.

Lucy saw Derek first.

Christina rushed to the dining area to find him furiously but failed as Gary and his mates said they saw Derek suddenly wake up and left strangely. What was worse, the banquet was so big and crowded that she couldn't find him at once.

"Why I'm still having a headache?"

Lucy heard the man sitting by the pool muttering in the mist as she approached, not knowing who he was talking to.

Lucy raised her eyebrows, looking at him.

Derek, born good-looking and slender, looked charming sitting by the pool even in a plain white shirt.

Besides, his perfect face was of a bit pallor, making his lips even redder. He looked like a doll in the illusionary mist.

"Christina is looking for you." Lucy shouted at him afar.

She didn't dare to get close, worrying that he was a wolf in sheep's clothing.

The mist blurred Derek's eyes. He looked at her, hesitated, and asked, "I'm suffering from headache, can you help me out?" Lucy fell a step back, afraid that he would force her to massage his acupoints again.

"I don't know. Don't ask me. I'm not a doctor." Her voice was cold and distant.

However, his overwhelming gaze forced Lucy to give him a suggestion in the end.

"I heard that Chinese medicine works. The more bitter the more effective."

Internal and external injuries were nothing new to her since she often dealt with Gary and Alan. The Chinese medicine did work but it was too bitter to swallow.

Derek seemed interested. Just as he was about to ask more about it, a blue shadow approached quickly.

“Eric?”

Christina called him suspiciously in her long silk and diamond fishtail dress.

Christina couldn't see his face through the mist, so she took a big step forward and reached out to the man's forehead. However, he turned his face away before she touched him.

Christina was filled with fury in a second. “Raphael!” She gritted her teeth as if he was her enemy.

Everything was beyond Lucy's imagination.

Christina's face darkened. She grabbed his collar and pushed him into the pool without mercy. “Ahem! ” Raphael was stunned and choked on the water.

The noise aroused a lot of attention.

Christina lay on the edge of the pool and looked at the man in the water, a beautiful scene that looked afar. The beauty in a long skirt stared at the beautiful man bathing in the blue mist.

“Raphael, you fucking asshole. You waste all Derek's money on stocks! You are a godamn black sheep!” Christina yelled like a shrew.

Lucy was shocked, (Is he Raphael?)

Except for Christina, very few people could distinguish Derek and Raphael at once.

Though the headache tortured Raphael, he glanced at Christina teasingly, “Dear, shouldn't you help me now?” Christina's face instantly turned livid.

“Fuck you!”

Raphael stood up and found that the water had just reached his waist. He complained while walking to the poolside.

“My dear sister, you are all I have in the world. Do you want to see my dead body on the street one day? Do you want to see Derek end up like me? ”

Christina glared at him fiercely and clenched her fists, thinking he deserved another kick in his ass.

He was the most despicable and shameless person she had ever seen!

“I will fucking throw you on an isolated island and watch you die if you hurt Derek!”
Christina snorted angrily and happened to see the white tiger was around. She patted its head and said, “Nepoleon, go have fun.”

White Tiger liked playing in the water. The colossal guy rushed to the pool eagerly and knocked Raphael down out of the blue, making him choke again.

Christina didn't expect him to be so weak.

He passed out.

“Pick him up and send him back to Hopkins family. Don't worry, he's fine. He'd be alive even if the earth has exploded.” No one worried about Raphael, an annoying guy who provoked whoever he met.

However, for Derek's safety, Christina left in advance.

The wedding went back on its track after Patrick and Christina left with their party in a hurry, which relieved the newlyweds and their relatives.

On the way home, Christina insisted on going back to the island. However, Patrick raised his eyebrows at her as a no-way response.

“But you promised me that you will go if no one steps on my dress while we are dancing.”

“Did I?” Patrick evolved and was not as deceivable as before.
Patrick remained calm, letting Christina yell at will all the way home.
The drivers had been used to it, driving as usual.

Patrick's objection and Raphael ruined her day.

“You awake? It's early...”

Christina woke up hungry at midnight. She pulled out Patrick's pillow and slapped it on his face before she went downstairs for food.

However, she saw Rafael sitting at the table with his back to her and smelt an evil smell.

“Junior Mrs. Hopkins.” Nanny Faang, who was on the night shift, saw Christina and walked over with a smile, “Are you hungry? Would you like some soup?”

Nanny Faang served her pumpkin porridge and mushroom soup which were easy to digest at midnight.

“What the hell are you eating?”

Christina sat opposite her brother and looked at the smelly ink in front of Raphael disdainfully.

Apparently, Rafael felt the same way.

His face was still pale. He frowned, staring at the terrible “Chinese medicine”, which looked more like a bowl of poison than potion.

“Drink while it’s hot, or it won’t be so effective.” Nanny Faang reminded warmly.

Raphael’s face darkened even more.

He had never heard about Chinese medicine before.

“Why you drink this?” Christina remembered that he once refused to receive a drip infusion when he had a fever before.

Christina could tell that he hated the horrible soup. However, he frowned and drank it all as if he finally had convinced himself to commit suicide just then.

Christina was surprised.

He was a tough guy, wasn’t he?

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Recently, there were many happy events.

Not long after Henry and May got engaged, it was said that Crystal accidentally slipped in the bathroom and gave birth to a boy when she was seven-months pregnant. Though the baby was small, it was fortunate that both Crystal and his son were healthy.

“Maybe it was because the baby wanted to see the world earlier.”

Christina said, who seemed fairly philosophical about the unforeseen incident. Anyway, it had happened, and complaint was useless.

A relative of the Stephenson family had intended to persuade Crystal to be more careful, but she bit back her words when she heard what Christina said.

"It's all my fault for being so careless, which almost hurt the child. I'm very happy for Henry and May getting engaged. I didn't walk steadily, and I slipped. If anything happens to my premature child in the future, I really..."

Crystal's eyes were red and she kept blaming herself.

"My twins are also premature," Christina thought for a while and said, "Besides being bad-tempered, both of them are in good health."

"I hope my baby will be healthy." Crystal said.

"Don't think too much. Children have their own blessings," Christina said like the elders, and then she sighed inexplicably, "Well, the only thing that makes me unhappy is that you gave birth to a boy."

"Geoffrey has a boy. You have a bay. I have two boys. Raising boys costs much. Why is it so difficult to have a daughter?"

Hearing that, Crystal burst into laughter.

"Crystal, have a good rest. Try to give birth to a girl in the future." Christina said, and she suddenly thought of the unlucky Shepherd family and sighed.

"Don't be like Mrs. Shepherd. She gave birth to four boys. No wonder she wanted to turn Charles into a girl. I have begun to understand her."

Crystal had almost forgotten her troubles, and she laughed wildly. Before long, Christina sent Crystal many tonics from the Hopkins family's warehouse.

Crystal stayed at home for a month to nourish herself. She actually gained 20 pounds a month, which astonished her and she stopped eating tonics from Christina, as the tonics were too nutritious.

Christmas was coming next week.

Senior Mr. Hopkins had been looking forward to this day for a long time and couldn't wait spending Christmas with his two grandchildren.

Senior Mr. Hopkins deliberately bought many new-style fireworks for his grandchildren.

In the evening, there was a small barbecue party at the house of the Hopkins family. For everyone's enjoyment, Patrick prepared the barbecue himself.

"Everyone get in line. Don't scramble for food." Christina also joined the grilling, as if she was setting up a stall to do business.

She turned around and said to Sanba, "Beat the lamb leg a few times and then marinate it."

Christina had a special obsession with the barbecue, and the food she grilled was really delicious.

She might have gained a lot experience on the island. Sanba said that once they sold barbecue on the island and made two bags of gold a day. The savages traded pure gold for her barbecue.

The chef in Hopkins family was the most touched. Christina had just burned through the bottom of a pan in the kitchen the day before. It seemed that she was perfect for cooking for the primitive people.

"Raphael, put down the lamb rib!" Christina glared at Raphael, "That's for my sons."

Raphael would never return anything that he had got. He smiled and licked the lamb rib gracefully in front of Christina.

Christina's face darkened instantly.

Raphael, the bastard, had been living in the house of the Hopkins family for free for two months. Christina couldn't chase him away, and he grew thick-faced.

Christina grabbed a bottle of cumin and threw it at his face. Raphael was very alert. With a wave of his hand, he grabbed the bottle. "Dear sister, if you broke my face, I know you would be more heartbroken than me." Raphael said unctuously.

Christina jumped up and began to chase after him. She would rather give the lamb rib to White Tiger instead of Raphael, as Raphael was too mean.

"Mommy, mommy, mommy..."

Small was dressed in a sheep costume. He ran with his short legs, threw himself at Christina's feet, and held her legs.

Christina had no choice but to give up chasing Raphael. She squat down and pinched Smalls little face.

Small had a pair of big eyes like sapphire, and Christina's face was reflected in his clear and bright eyes. He buried his head in her arms and said in a soft voice, "Mommy, mommy, mommy..." His little face rubbed against her chest.

Previously, Christina had been worried that Small could not speak. As Big could say complete sentences, Small could only meowed like the cat.

Recently, Small ran to Christina with a smile and always liked to speak “Mommy” repeatedly. In his mind, the word “Mommy” referred not only to Christina, but to everything he liked.

“Mommy.” Small’s fair and tender face and his smile made him cute. He raised a milk bottle high with his chubby hand as if to show his latest collection. “Mommy.” He said to the bottle.

Christina was a little sad.

However, as he was charmingly naive, Christina couldn’t help laughing.

Last time, Small held a large box of biscuits and call it “Mommy” happily all day. He smiled and was easily satisfied. He took Christina’s hand to see a lot of his ‘Mommies’.

“Your youngest son is very cute. Hahaha...” Henry said.

Small was very active in carrying snacks and toys into the house. He threw himself at Christina’s feet with a smile on his little pink face, lifted his favorite things high, and called everything he grabbed “Mommy”. Henry thought Small was very lively and cute.

“He calls everything he likes ‘mommy’. My youngest son’s cognitive ability is a little poor, which should be better when he grows up.”

Christina was very tolerant of her children’s nature. Sometimes Senior Mr. Hopkins tried to discipline the children, but he failed.

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At nine o’clock, the fireworks began.
Boom, boom, boom.

Beautiful fireworks bloomed in the night. They were especially designed for children, with flickering shapes of little bears, kittens, puppies, and the waterfall-like large golden light beam falling. How wonderful.

Adults were appreciating the fireworks when Big, who had been very obedient and quiet enjoying meat, threw the meat away in fear. Being frightened, he stood up and stamped his feet.

To him, the loud explosions of the last few fireworks were scary.

Senior Mr. Hopkins was the closest to the child. He quickly walked to Big and muttered, "Don't be afraid..." He wanted to hug him.

However, Christina moved even faster. She came to the child, squatted down, and looked straight into Big's black grape-like eyes.

"Cover your ears with your little hands." Christina said softly, and at the same time, she covered Big's little ears with her slender hands.

Big's eyes were glistening with tears. Looking at Christina in front of him, he forgot to be afraid. "Use your little hands to cover my ears, or I will be afraid too." Christina urged him.

Big was very good at language learning. He could speak fluently when he was one year old. Besides, he could understand a lot and was very obedient.

Hearing his mother's words, Big did as she said. Like playing game, he covered Christina's ears with his little hands. Then, perhaps because he had never touched his mother's ears, he thought it was fun. He smiled shyly, and buried his head in her arms, giggling.

Unlike others' thought, Christina was not a bad mother who didn't know how to teach her kids.

Instead, she taught Big well.

Everyone present was surprised, especially Senior Mr. Hopkins.

He had been worried about that his two precious grandchildren would be misled by their unreliable mother, so he deliberately separated Christina and the children.

Actually, it didn't work to tell a child "don't be afraid" when he was in fear. It was Christina's direct approach that taught the child to defend himself.

Thinking pattern played an important role in a child's development. Only when one was used to being proactive and defensive when encountering problems as a child can he learn to protect himself as an adult.

Small usually reacted slower than his brother.

Hearing the deafening sound of fireworks exploding in his ears, Small realized that he was afraid. He pursed his lips, ready to cry; he always cried.

Small was held in Patrick's arms.

Looking over there, his brother and mommy were covering each other's ears. He looked at his father in front of him with his big tearful eyes, and mimicked putting his soft hands to Patrick's cold ears.

Patrick could not tell what he felt. Warmth flowing through his heart, he felt that his younger son was born to be funny and kind. He cried so much, though, he was not a girl.

Patrick scratched Small's chubby waist to make the latter fluttered like a little carp, smiling and giggling. He knew his younger son was especially ticklish.

In fact, Small was very blunt. He was not afraid of anything, and he cried only when he was unhappy, or he saw his brother crying and followed. Small loved to cry and laugh, and he could act coquettishly. With a pair of sapphire blue eyes, Senior Mr. Hopkins

subconsciously favored him a little more.

As for Big, he was more mature, and seemed to know how to cherish the time with his mother even if he was only a little child. His great-grandfather and daddy didn't let him and his brother pester Christina that much, so he had very few opportunities to be with his mother.

But he was not as coquettish as Small, so every time Big had a chance to get close to Christina, he didn't say anything but just look at her with his big eyes, which were twinkling with expectation, making one feel embarrassed to leave him behind.

Every time Christina hugged him, she hugged him for a long time.
"Mommy, eat."

No matter what was in Big's hands, he would raise his little head and put it to Christina's mouth. His voice was tender and he seemed to want to take care of her in return.

Christina was touched every time. She felt that her son was so considerate. She didn't know who Big inherited this character from. It was much better than his father, as cold as an iceberg.

At this small party in the Hopkins family, all the members of the Shepherd family came, but Mrs. Shepherd had a bad look on her face.

"Look! They are all in pairs. They are married and have lovely children."

"Charles!" Mrs. Shepherd was furious and vented her anger on her youngest son.

Charles was the scapegoat.

“Why did you break up with Miss Preston? Why are you so picky? You’re already in your thirties, and men in this age don’t have the right to pick. It’s your pleasure that she doesn’t dislike you, but you broke up with her. Remember, you promised me before that you would bring a wife home at the end of this year...”

Charles stood there and listened to Mrs. Shepherd.

Glancing at the brothers in front of him from the corner of his eye, Charles was very unhappy. (This is clearly oppression, clearly tyranny. Why my family members treat me so unfair?)

(The whole family always bullied me and made me take the blame.) “It’s okay. I’m cynical bachelor, and you all are elegant elite. I deserve it.” Charles whispered to his brothers.

The second brother of Charles shouted, “Mom, Charles said he wanted to stay single and let you and my father work hard to have a baby.”

“What?” Mrs. Shepherd was furious.

However, considering that they were in the Hopkins family, she gritted her teeth and glared at Charles fiercely. “You wait and see. I won’t beat you here because this is not our house!”

(It has been a long time since I whipped Charles with the feather duster at home. It seems that he misses it.) Charles froze.

When he was very young, he knew that all of his brothers were good at bullying him. (At least I am the youngest in the family and have got two godsons from the Hopkins family. Godsons are also sons, and I have made contributions to my family.)

Charles knew that he couldn’t resist his mother, or he would be beaten even harder, so he lowered his head, admitting defeat.

Christina and May were eavesdropping on the family meeting held by the Shepherd family on the grass. At the same time, they sympathized with Charles, for they did not expect that charming Charles would have such a complicated family.

Christina sighed, “Forget it. Don’t bully him anymore. His life is not easy as well.”

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To her surprise, grandpa was okay with her taking the twins out for fun. "Grandpa, is there something wrong with you?" Christina asked, which shocked Senior Mr. Hopkins.

She said with concern, "Patrick will think of a way, or I'll ask Rafael. He should know some side ways..."

Senior Mr. Hopkins's mouth twitched. Hadn't he spent a long time with his granddaughter-in-law, he would have grabbed a teacup and smashed it at her head.

He wondered what she was thinking all day.

"Who told you I suffer a terminal illness!" Senior Mr. Hopkins bellowed.

Christina was much relieved, thinking that Senior Mr. Hopkins didn't look like a seriously ill person.

"You can't blame me, grandpa. You're the one who forbid me see the children and set a time for me to spend time with them. It doesn't make sense that you suddenly asked me to take the children out. Didn't you have a crisis of conscience after suffering a terminal illness?"

Senior Mr. Hopkins face tensed up in anger. He felt his blood pressure soar and he was a little dizzy.

The butler and Nanny Faang, who were standing by, tried hard to fight the urge to giggle.

"You, get out of here with the kids..." Senior Mr. Hopkins was furious. He might have to take some blood pressure medicine.

Christina wouldn't let go of the chance hanging out with her kids and left right away.

It occurred to her that she used to seize every minute and second to spend some time with her kids.

Once, she had no way but to hide the kids in a big cardboard box in order to take the twins back to the Dickens family. This was very hard on her.

She immediately picked up her phone and asked Crystal and May out. It was Christmas in two days, and she also wanted to get more gifts.

"Keep an eye on the twins when you're out. They might run around." Senior Mr. Hopkins was still worried.

Senior Mr. Hopkins, worried that his two precious grandchildren might be as careless as their mother, Christina. In that case, the inheritance of the many industries in such a big group would be a problem. However, on the day when they set fireworks, seeing that Christina had a way of teaching children, Senior Mr. Hopkins thought about letting her try spending some time with twins alone.

Christina dressed her two sons like two round red lanterns. "They won't be cold. Don't worry," said Christina.

Painting to the six bodyguards in black suits and leather shoes behind her, Christina said, "They'll get the twins back if they run away. Don't worry, grandpa, we'll buy you Christmas gifts."

Christina held the twins in her left and right hands. Both of them were very surprised and happy to go out with their mommy.

"Say goodbye to grandpa."

"Bye, bye."

Small said in a childish voice, his pink face smiling. He tried hard to wave at Senior Mr. Hopkins with excitement.

They were no wonder Christina's children, who hadn't been this excited when going out with others.

Small never failed to amuse the Hopkins, including the butler and Nanny Faang. But he gave them a headache when crying.

Christina knew about that Small had won affection from the whole family, and even Patrick preferred him. Therefore, she would personally be closer to Big.

Small looked up at his mommy picking up his brother in confusion and dullness, while he was on his own.

He stood there still, ready to pout.

Christina had expected this and handed him one... "Hold your little bottle."

Small wouldn't make a fuss as long as he held a bottle.

"Mommy." Small immediately smiled, exclaimed in surprise, and held the bottle.

He was took by Christina with holding a bottle tightly himself. Finally, he was willing to walk on his own.

Christina held Big with one hand, feeling that he was very sleepy. Big buried his little face in her shoulder, taking a nap.

"He seems to be asleep?" She met May at the restaurant she had arranged.

Big failed to fight down a desire to sleep and fell asleep lying on Christina.

"Maybe his brother cried so hard yesterday that he didn't sleep well." Christina sighed, holding one in her arms and turning to look at the other next to her.

Her youngest son didn't stop crying until early in the morning last night and woke up alive this morning. Small was full of energy.

"Do you want someone to send him home first?" May suggested that it might not be good for the child to sleep in her arms.

"If I get him back secretly, he can cry for a few days."

Christina knew her two sons very well. Big was usually very obedient and did whatever he was told, but if he was left, he'd keep in mind and cry endlessly.

May laughed. Both of Hopkins family's children were very unique.

Crystal called and told them to wait her for a while and that she was going to school to pick up Geoffrey first... "Geoffrey has

activities class in the afternoon. I'll pick him up and by the way buy a Christmas present for him. The boy said he wanted to choose his own gift. Wait for me for about half an hour."

As soon as the phone hung up, Small, who had been playing with the milk bottle next to Christina, seemed to hear something and raised his little head in surprise. "Geoffrey!" he babbled.

"Geoffrey is coming to play with you later," said Christina, rubbing the messy hair on his little head.

"Geoffrey, Geoffrey..." he exclaimed.

He kept repeating that word like a chatterbox.

His brother was woken up, and then he looked at Small with a confused face.

Christina stroked her forehead annoyingly and said, "Okay, okay, let's go find Geoffrey now..." Small immediately stopped upon hearing that.

May was amazed.

"Christina, how do you know that he wants to see Geoffrey?"

Christina didn't want to recall and said, "It happens a lot."

"You'll know when you have a chatterbox." He would make trouble if he was not satisfied.

Originally, they had an appointment to meet at the restaurant. Christina had no choice but to call the driver and take them to primary school.

Small leaned against the window with Christina holding him as she was afraid that he would fall.

He even remembered the path towards Geoffrey's school and poked his little finger out of the window excitedly. Knowing too few words, Small kept saying "Geoffrey", probably knowing that the road led to Geoffrey's school.

May sat on the other side of the back seat, holding Big in her arms. The child had just woken up and looked little confused without making any trouble. The child around the age of two was warm and soft. May's heart softened as she looked at such a cute baby.

Small was like Christina, who couldn't be silent for a moment, while Big was more like his father.

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Geoffrey, who was 7 this year, was in the second grade of primary school.

It was said that if it weren't for Chandler, who disagreed with him skipping grades, Geoffrey would have been able to outshine junior high school students.

"Here comes out my handsome boy." Waiting for him outside the school for a long time, Crystal grabbed Geoffrey's coal face and rubbed it until it turned blushed.

"Hey..." Unable to push her away although he wanted to resist, Geoffrey dissed, "I've told you to lose weight. What if you become ugly and my father fell in love with another woman? Men can't be trusted at all. Take good care of yourself."

"How dare you call me fat!" Crystal had been with him for a long time, so although she wasn't his biological mother Erica, she was closer to him than her.

During the confinement last few months, she had gained 20 pounds immediately. However, afraid that she wasn't be able to produce milk because of losing weight, she had to continue to eat reluctantly. But she didn't dare to eat the batch of tonics sent by the Hopkins family because they were too real that she might become fat in one bite.

Two black Rolls-Royce Phantom were parked steadily at the entrance of the school. Although there were many rich people who had their children studied at the primary school, passers-by were still attracted by the two fancy cars as they came at once.

Before the car door opened, Geoffrey's eyes lit up and he immediately rushed over. On the other hand, Crystal just came to her senses. The moment she turned around, she said in surprise, "Christina."

“Hug.” Small waved his hands in the car and was hugged by Geoffrey the next second. Although Small was quite heavy, Geoffrey had a bright smile on his handsome face, hugging him as if he was achievable.

“Geoffrey,” Small mumbled in a childish voice.

Hearing this, Geoffrey replied, “Good boy.” Feeling warm and soft, he was so moved that he was willing to do whatever Small asked him to do.

Not knowing if it was because of his natural aura, Geoffrey felt that his classmates were all idiots and refused to play with them.

However, when he met the two little brothers from the Hopkins family, he became warm-hearted in an instant.

“Small is making a fuss about wanting Geoffrey.”

As Christina said, she picked up her eldest son and got out of the car, feeling relieved to leave the troublesome younger son to Geoffrey. Although Geoffrey was young, he had the potential to be a wet father.

“It’ll be so cool if we go shopping with a bunch of children. May, hurry up to have a child with Henry to join in the fun.”

“I agree. It’s best to have a daughter, May.”

Crystal also teased her with a smile. Her son was only two-month-old, or else she would have brought him out.

As they already had four boys, they cherished daughters very much. Once they thought that the Shepherd family had so many sons, they felt funny.

“Ci... Cindy!” Just as May joined the conversation, she turned around to catch sight of a familiar figure at the entrance of the primary school, so she immediately shouted.

“Cindy?”

Christina and Crystal also turned around to find a woman in sable fur, her hair combed up with a ruby hairpin. Hearing the sound, the thin woman who was wearing standard lady makeup looked back.

Christina was really unable to recognize Cindy, her roommate. She used to be apple-cheeked and happy all time while sometimes she would be silly.

Cindy recognized the three of them at first sight.

Back then, the four of them lived in the same dorm but now, she was sure that she was the one who had changed most.

Crystal looked mature and plump with more femininity while May looked refreshed. Christina was still beautiful, wearing simple casual white down jeans and a ponytail. Although Cindy was wearing a lady fur, her upper-class temperature was inferior to Christina's.

Time passed and she was forced to change by society. Although she was reluctant to do that, she had no choice.

Seeing that Christia and the others walking towards her, she actually had an impulse to run away, afraid to face them.

"Cindy, I couldn't get in touch with you when I was engaged. I was worried that something happened to you." May trotted over.

"You were engaged?"

Hearing her words, Cindy suddenly regained her nature, asking constantly for fear that her friend would suffer, "Who? What's his name?"

"It's Henry," May answered.

Cindy scolded angrily, "Bah. Henry, that scumbag. Why are you so silly? Didn't he refuse to marry you before and waste your time..."

"He... He proposed to me," May said awkwardly.

"So you were softhearted to say yes?" Cindy was very worried, "Aren't you afraid that he'll ask for divorce one day..."

"I don't think so," May smiled generously, "Even if one day Henry really wants to divorce me, I think it good to be once together with him anyway."

Hearing that, Cindy was dumbfounded.

In fact, she was the real coward compared to them because she didn't even dare to try as she was insecure.

"Why do you make yourself like this, Cindy?"

After looking at Cindy carefully for a long time, Christina asked directly.

Not daring to look straight at Christina, Cindy felt guilty and sorry for her because the reason why she could be with Sima was that she used to be Christina's roommate.

"How... How are you going, Christina?" Cindy asked in a low voice with her eyes blinked, "Is this... Is this your son? I heard from May that you're married."

When they were in school, she knew that Christina lived in difficulty with a woman alone and she was wondering how Christina lived now.

“I have two sons and live well,” Christina gave a simple answer. Glancing at the beautiful boy in her arms, Cindy thought it should cost them a lot in daily life to raise two kids.

However, Cindy was just too shy to be straightforward because now she could be given a good life by Chad, from whom she would get 100,000 dollars of pocket money every month. Besides, she didn't need to do housework as there were also servants at home.

“Christina, if you have any difficulties in life or need any help at work, I can ask for someone. I know a lot of people...” Cindy was a little anxious to help her in order to make up for herself.

Just as Christina was about to speak, a teacher came out of the primary school gate and shouted, “Is Ben Sandfort's family here?”

Hearing that, Cindy quickly replied, “Yes.” At this moment, a little boy rushed out of the school gate and she shouted, “Don't run so fast. There are a lot of cars!” She angrily chased after Ben to catch him.

“Let me go. None of your business. I told you not to pick me up!” Ben was very grumpy, raising his fist to punch Cindy in the stomach.

However, seeming to be used to being punched, Cindy didn't have any special reaction but just groaned in pain. Meanwhile, she still grabbed him tightly and stuffed him into her car, and then locked the door.

All of a sudden, Ben in the car became so furious that he pounded the window desperately, like a wild beast.

“Is... Is he your son?” May looked at him in disbelief.

Crystal was also shocked, especially because Ben looked about the same age as Geoffrey but was really bad compared to Geoffrey.

“He's my brother,” Cindy was embarrassed and added sarcastically, “Half-brother.”

“Did your father get married?”

With a smile of self-mockery, Cindy nodded.

Back then, it was she who encouraged her father to remarry.

Without saying anything, Crystal and May believed that Cindy's life became difficult after her father remarried.

When they were students at that time, she was doted by her father very much. Even if she was always at the bottom of the grade, her father would say happily that studying was hard and everyone had their own talents, so there was no need to force them. All he hoped was that his daughter could live happily.

However, Cindy didn't look happy at all now.

"You idiot and ingrate, hurry up and drive!" Ben was shouting as if he had gone mad.

Hearing this, Crystal and the others frowned uncontrollably, thinking that his upbringing was really terrible.

Embarrassed, Cindy quickly asked for leave, "I'll see you next time. I have something to do now, so I'll go first."

Staring at the car that had gone away, Christina reached out to pat Geoffrey next to her, saying, "Take care of the boy who named Ben just now."

"Care, care..." Small had been learning to talk recently, so he was particularly talkative. Hugging his lively little brother, Geoffrey agreed, "Okay." But May was dazed, asking, "What do you mean by taking care of him?"

Christal smiled without saying a word. She knew that Christina meant Geoffrey to beat that boy from the Sandfort family until he gave up.

Read Novel My Billionaire Husband Spoils Me Too Much Chapter 866

My Billionaire Husband Spoils Me Too Much Chapter 866

Christina took her son and several others including Crystal to a sizeable square. As Christmas was approaching, all the major businesses decorated their shops for the celebration of great festivity. The flickering lights on the Santa Claus statue and Christmas trees lightened a festive atmosphere.

The children were very interested in these shiny and colorful wrapped gifts. Small was no longer pining for hugs and threw himself into the piles of gifts.

He grinned and grabbed a little stuffed toy shark with great excitement and cheers. Holding it, he turned to the group of people and shouted, "Mommy!" He then picked up an inflatable tumbler, raised it high above his head, and turned around once again, "Mommy!"

Everyone laughed. "Small calls everything mommy." Christina was resigned. "He just wants to get everything."

Geoffrey hastened forward to play with Small and got a few carts to help him load the gifts he had chosen. Geoffrey was determined to realize Smalls dream of hoarding treasures.

Christina held her eldest son. Big would rather lie in her arms than participate Small and Geoffrey in their fun. She had to take a strap and carry her son on her chest. Fortunately, she had a vigorous constitution and wouldn't be tired after a long harrowing trek.

Big didn't know how to act in a lovable and coy manner, but he really wanted to.

He turned around and raised his head at his mother with big black eyes blinking like grapes. Big's clear eyes were sparkling, which implied that he was very happy.

It was Christina's weird temper that, as Small was a cute little troublemaker and spoiled by everyone, she would never indulge him but scold him instead if need be. On the contrary, Big was always a quite boy, which softened her heart.

Christina headed towards the men's clothing area. May turned back and said to Geoffrey and Small, "Is it okay to just leave them playing in the child's area? What about bringing them over?"

"Let him play there. If he follows but turns out to be dissatisfied, he'll cry."

Waving her hand, Christina felt very assured and confident in them. She carefully scanned and selected a few sets of men's clothes, but neither seemed to look very outstanding. She pinched Big's fine and tender face and said to herself, "If I buy your father a Santa Claus suit, will he wear it or not?"

Crystal also wholeheartedly chose clothes for her man.

May was a little more sensible and always felt that it wasn't good to leave the two children there. From time to time she turned around to make sure they were there. "Christina, are you really at ease to just leave your youngest son behind, and carry the other in your arms? It isn't quite good for you to be biased like this..."

Christina raised her eyebrows. "It's not that I'm biased. He likes to play there. If you force him away, he will definitely burst out crying. You have never seen how difficult to deal with Small if he cries."

She rushed straight to the clothing store and bought a three-meter-tall puppet costume that was designed to be an inflatable panda.

"This panda suit is Patrick's Christmas present," she was very satisfied with her choice. Crystal and May were reluctant to comment. It was unimaginable for Patrick to dress in a panda puppet suit.

Christina also didn't have the nerve to forget the old man at home. She strolled all the way through several floors and visited a

few high-end tea shops. However, it turned out that the quality of the tea was just so-so. Thinking that she would be given cold shoulder if the tea was bad, she simply bought him a jade toad to decorate his table.

"Oh, isn't it weird to send him a jade toad? Why don't you just buy that tea brick?" "Old Master is hard to satisfy. The tea isn't good enough. He will blame me for being tasteless."

It was fine when she and Patrick got married at the beginning. Senior Mr. Hopkins didn't mind anything back then. Now, as they became more familiar with each other, he was pickier than before.

"But Patrick is starting to consider gifts less important now."

People bought a lot of things, which were packed in bags big or small. Christina even purchased a very strange pajama as well as a scary white headgear. She said it was also for Patrick.

"Are we buying too many?" May asked. She was the most restrained person and most of her shopping was for Henry.

Crystal also bought many household necessities for daily use, together with some holiday gifts. As for Christina, she didn't even know how many things she had obtained, so she asked the shopping center to send everything back to the Hopkins family residence once and for all.

After shopping for three hours, Christina felt her lower limbs sore and exhausted. She ordered some dishes in a restaurant serving local cuisine, at the same time was going to bring Geoffrey and Small over for a meal.

However, a small figure hurriedly pushed open the glass door of the restaurant. It was Geoffrey who trotted towards them with an anxious and helpless expression. His eyes were still full of tears as if he was about to cry.

Even Geoffrey was crying. What had happened? "Aunt, Aunt Hopkins!" Geoffrey shouted in a panicked voice from afar.

Crystal and May immediately rose up to their feet. Christina, on the other hand, leisurely unburdened Big off her chest and said slowly, "Calm down. What's going on?"

"Aunt Hopkins, Small was taken away by a fat woman, a human trafficker!" Geoffrey was so agitated in tears from the corner of her eyes.

“Al”

This made May also so scared that she stammered nervously. “How, how could this be happening in broad daylight! These human traffickers are too rampant. Which direction, where did they go?”

Geoffrey held and pulled Christina’s hand tightly, trying to take her to chase after Small.

“It’s alright, it’s alright.”

Christina put Big on the chair and requested Crystal and May, “Help me look after this boy.”

Then she patted the hem of his clothes, slowly stood up, and told Big, “Now listen to two aunties. Sit down still and don’t play around. Mommy will go get your brother.”

“Okay.” Big looked at his mother with his widened eyes and replied in a long, childish voice.

Geoffrey was anxious. He blamed Christina for being too slow, so he dragged her with all his might out of the restaurant. “Calm down, it’s useless to be in such a hurry,” Christina still acted leisurely and shouted at a corner, “You two stay here. Give me the walkie-talkie.”

“Yes, madam.” Two tall and strong bodyguards in black suits revealed themselves from nowhere.

Only then did May and Geoffrey notice that there had always been two bodyguards following them.

Getting the walkie-talkie from the guards, Christina switched to the channel very skillfully. “Where is my son now?” she spoke to the microphone.

“On the first floor underground, outside the staff entrance. The trafficker was carrying our young master and running to the square.”

Geoffrey was a little confused upon hearing that.

As it turned out, the bodyguards had been monitoring the two children. But why didn’t they stop the trafficker immediately? “According to the rules set by Patrick, the child is allowed to take risks if his safety is secured.”

It was necessary to have bodyguards for her bringing two children out to the wild alone. She could always trust particularly the bodyguards picked by Patrick himself.

“Then, then let’s go find Small now.”

Geoffrey was still worried. Just now, that fat woman hugged Small and fled right away. He couldn't catch up with her even though he tried his best. It scared him into tears.

They quickly left the shopping mall.

Christina held the walkie-talkie in her left hand, confirming the current situation, whereas Geoffrey's collar was in her right hand, which was to avoid the boy running around too flusteredly.

"Madam, we are waiting on the roadway 500 meters from the west entrance. It was a white Honda car." Christina gazed into the distance from far away and answered, "I know where you are." The narrow and short road of that location was surrounded by a large group of people.

A person without knowledge would think there was a major accident there. With the noisy argument from the crowd, Christina got closer and heard a very familiar voice.

Small cried loudly and heartbreakingly.

"Get out of the way, people! This is my son. He's crying because he isn't feeling well and crying. I have to take him to the hospital

now...

A fat middle-aged woman hugged a two-year-old baby boy tightly in her right arm. She pushed aside the crowd with her left hand and was about to get into the white Honda.

"This doesn't look like your child!" A righteous elderly man stood up from the crowd to stop her.

This soft and tender boy, with his beautiful features and big eyes resembling sapphire, looked a hundred times prettier than the baby in the advertisement. He didn't match this vulgar middle-aged woman at all.

Moreover, no kid would kick and knock so fiercely in their parents' arms. Telling from the scene, the boy struggled very hard and tried his best to escape.

"This IS my son!" The fat woman's tone was very insistent. Regardless of others' arguments, she opened the door and stuffed Small in.

Unexpectedly, there were two more babies inside the car. As Small raised his voice and cried bitterly, the originally quiet cabin became very noisy with the other two kids being affected by him and starting to cry out loud.

The white Honda was already surrounded by the indignant crowd when Christina arrived. "Call the police! Don't set her free before the police come."

“Mommy!” “Mommy!”

As soon as Christina got closer, Small’s whole face was pressed against the car window. He pouted and shouted, crying even more heartbreakingly and miserably.

Christina chuckled untimely when she saw her youngest son rush over and lean forward, squeezing his entire chubby face against the glass.

The Novel will be updated daily. Come back and continue reading tomorrow, everyone!