

My Billionaire Husband Spoils Me Too

Much Chapter 571

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Chapter 571

Under such circumstances, Patrick recalled the first night he took her back to the Hopkins family.

She stood by the bed vigilantly and did not dare to go to bed even if she was obviously sleepy.

Patrick looked at her to notice that she was a little preoccupied and then went into the bathroom to take a shower after taking a set of pajamas in the cloakroom.

Christina was relieved when he closed the bathroom door.

She didn't know what to say to him and felt nervous when staying with him in the spacious master bedroom.

She heard the sound of rushing water from the bathroom.

They would sleep together.

She knew she couldn't escape tonight and planned to sleep on the right side of the bed because if anything happened, it would be convenient for her to get out of bed and run away.

She still chose to sleep on the right. Patrick came out of the bathroom and immediately noticed she was wrapped in a thin quilt and huddled beside the right bed like a corpse.

He turned off the bedroom headlights and left a bedside lamp with the soft light. "If you continue to move to the side, you will fall." Patrick reminded her angrily. Christina trembled and she did not dare to move. Therefore, she slept on the edge of the bed and was about to fall.

Patrick pulled her back. "Don't move."

Christina stiffened nervously the whole time and blushed when she shared the same quilt with him and felt his body temperature and smell.

Patrick remembered how many times she had bitten him with her sharp teeth and dared to snatch the quilt from him. He was surprised to find she was honest now. She actually blushed.

Patrick felt funny and thought it was a benefit that she became obedient when she suddenly forgot about him,

He turned over on purpose and forcefully pressed her under him. He stared at her blushed face and asked in a low husky voice. "Christina, do you want us to get to know her better? Maybe you'll remember."

Christina looked at the man above her in a daze and even forgot to refuse.

Patrick knew she was slow on the uptake.

He unscrupulously reached into her pajamas with his slightly rough palm and gently caressed her soft body and smooth skin.

He approached her chest.

Christina blushed and shouted angrily, "Ah, bastard, you, take it away!" "Don't move."

Patrick still bent over to suppress her and stroked her chest for another minute. He tentatively stroked the skin and patiently touched the wound on her right chest.

Patrick released her with satisfaction and lay flat on the pillow beside her. Then he noticed that she blushed and was aggrieved and angry.

She was easier to bully now.

"Tomorrow, I'll take you to the club to meet someone." He said tenderly. at all and dizzyly wrapped herself tightly in the quilt and was vigilant and Christina did not listen to him frightened all night. Just like the first night she married, the man beside her did not touch her while she struggled until midnight and fell asleep unconsciously. Patrick didn't sleep. Looking at her face, he felt depressed and softly said in a low voice. "Christina, I used to pretend to forget you, but now you really forget me." He wondered why she forgot him easily after staying with him for two years. The next day, when Christina woke up, she found that the man beside her had already gotten up. She didn't know what time he usually got up since she slept soundly last night. Since the servants had been told in advance not to disturb her, she stayed alone until eleven o'clock "He seemed to have said last night that he was taking me to meet someone?" Christina was a little confused, She had just sat up gently because of the injury to her chest. "Meow!" A cat meowed from the wide balcony on the left. Christina followed the direction of the voice and was surprised to find a glass door on the balcony was closed by the maid because the wind from the east was very strong last night. It was banging its cat's head against the glass door to attract her attention in the room. Christina was really surprised. The cat seemed to be intelligent. When the black cat saw her turn to look over, it immediately squatted upright to stare at her fixedly with golden eyes, wagged its tail, and waited patiently for her to come and open the door. Christina approached the glass door suspiciously and vigilantly. "Do I know you?" The cat seemed to know her very well and calmly squatted down to wait for her. However, Christina was wrong because Earl was too lazy to wait for her. Just as Christina carefully opened the glass door, the black cat stood up and placed a yellowed folded kraft paper in front of her from the corner of the balcony. Then, the black cat instantly jumped down with its strong limbs. Christina only heard the sound of movement in the grass downstairs and found it disappeared. "This guy is too rude." Christina lay on the balcony railing to look downstairs and muttered discontentedly. It seemed that this was how she used to get along with it. She picked up the yellowed brown paper on the ground and muttered. "What is it? Who would send a cat to deliver a letter? It can't be a treasure map." "Is it really a treasure map?" Christina was surprised because she didn't expect that it was really a map. The map showed islands that look like mountains, surrounded by mist. There were geographical coordinates. She noticed a thick dotted arrow that seemed to guide her into the island area. Christina was confused and carefully looked at the kraft paper in her hand, This yellowed kraft paper was very old and rough. Someone drew this map in black ink hundreds of years ago. She noticed that there was a line of words in the lower right corner of this ancient kraft paper. Christina could not understand these ancient words and felt that the handwriting was a little worn out. "Find an archaeologist to study these ancient characters?" As she was packing up the kraft paper, she was surprised to notice that the back of the precious kraft paper was lightly drawn with a modern pen.

Someone wrote Strozzi Islands.

Christina recognized the light and casual handwriting at first sight. "Eric."
Only Derek could write something on an antique brown paper map, a very precious cultural relic.

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Chapter 572

Christina carefully folded the yellowed brown paper and went to the bathroom. She simply washed up and changed her clothes, then she walked to the door quickly.

Just then, Patrick opened the door and came in.

He assumed that it was about time for her to get up. He didn't want to let her sleep too long.

However, as soon as Patrick opened the door, Christina crushed on him. They both felt surprised.

Christina bumped into Patrick's chest and immediately stepped back. She was a little awkward. Patrick, on the other hand, stood still and looked at her seriously. He noticed that Christina got blushed more and more frequently

"!, um..." Christina tried to ease the awkward atmosphere, but she hesitated for a long time before saying. "You said yesterday that you will take me to see someone today. I'm not free now. I'm not going."

Last night, Patrick did mention that he would take her to the club to meet some people.

Patrick didn't say anything.

Christina was still a little uncomfortable when Patrick stared at her. He didn't like to talk but just keep staring at others. How strange!

Christina felt nervous and clenched the old brown paper topographic map tightly. She suddenly recalled something and said, "I, I want to see Derek."

Patrick seemed to be very sensitive to Derek. He narrowed his eyes slightly as if he was subconsciously on guard.

"Do you have Derek's contact information?"

Christina asked naturally. Compared to the strange husband in front of her, she had a better impression of Derek. After all, they grew up together.

Patrick did not answer her question about Derek. Instead, he just said calmly, "Go downstairs for lunch."

Then, he turned around and walked downstairs himself,

Christina looked at Patrick's back quietly. Once again, he turned around and left without waiting for her at all.

was hard to imagine how she get along with him before

Betty knew that Christina got up late Besides, she was injured, so no one had set any rules for her. Patrick sent someone to inform Betty to come to Eastern Garden to have lunch with Christina.

In fact, Patrick was also very careful.

It was just that he didn't like to explain or talk too much.

Christina had a proper lunch with Patrick who was sitting opposite her. They barely talked and just ate in silence.

After dinner, Patrick went out.

Of course, with his personality, he would not specifically explain to Christina where he was going.

After Patrick left, Christina immediately got close to Betty and asked, "Auntie, do you have Eric's contact information?"

"Are you looking for Derek?"

Betty put down the spoon and looked at Christina doubtfully. No wonder Patrick looked a little strange just now.

Betty did not forbid Christina from looking for Derek. After all, it was normal for her to be close to Derek considering her current situation. Maybe it was good for her memory to see people with whom she was familiar.

"Derek's number should already be in your contact list."

"He must be also in your WhatsApp list."

Betty took Christina's cell phone and helped her recognize every person on her contact list.

"Who is this' Cold Pag?" Christina browsed her WhatsApp list and stared at one of the nicknames curiously.

Betty looked a little embarrassed and guessed, "It should be Patrick."

Christina widened her eye and said, "It really suits him."

Betty laughed helplessly. Christina gave this nickname to Patrick in person.

Patrick just didn't refuse her,

Christina called the number marked 'Eric' on her phone. This should be Derek's phone number. She checked that she had a call history with this number before, "Sorry! The subscriber you dialed is powered off."

Hearing the mechanical reply, Christina felt unhappy and complained, "What's wrong with Eric? He sent a cat to deliver the letter to me, but he turned off his phone."

Betty didn't understand what Christina meant, but it was normal for Derek to turn off his phone. He always hated being disturbed

"Christina, if it is urgent, why don't we go to his apartment to find him?"

"Okay." Christina immediately agreed.

However, when they arrived at the Crescent Garden, they still didn't find Derek. A neighbor who lived on the same floor saw them knocking on the door, so she came out and asked curiously, "Mr. Fisher hasn't come back for almost a month. Are you relatives of him?"

Christina replied directly, "We are his family."

Betty smiled and talked to the neighbor. "Hello, do you know where he has been recently?"

"I don't know. I only know that he rarely went out, but I don't know what he does for work. Maybe he works on IT or something. He loves silence and barely talked to us, but he is really good-looking. He must be very educated and talented. Maybe he is just not good at expressing himself. He is shy."

The neighbor beautified Derek's behavior as a solitary animal in her mind. She thought such a handsome man must have a good character. She warmly walked to Christina and asked, "Does Mr. Fisher have a wife or girlfriend?"

"He doesn't have a wife or girlfriend yet."

On the other side of the stairs, a stylish woman with a short and fluffy Afro walked over. She was wearing a black suit and a pair of red high heels. As she walked, her shoes clattered on the old concrete floor.

"Are you Derek's mother and sister?"

Christina and Betty looked at each other. Their first thought was that Derek was quite popular in this building.

"I'm Derek's landlady. Hahaha, did I scare you? Derek is also often scared by me all day and felt speechless. He's too shy. No offense, I just like quiet boys. My three sons are all so strong and they are not cute at all. Derek hasn't been back for 27 days. I'm starting to worry about him too."

"Thank you for caring about him. Besides, Derek is not shy." Christina chatted politely with the two enthusiastic neighbors.

Derek was not shy, He just didn't want to talk to anyone.

Christina was a little disappointed that she couldn't find Derek. She thought of something and asked, "By the way, do you know if he has a pet, a black cat?"

"He caught a black cat and asked me if he could use the cat to pay for his water and electricity bills once.

"But Mr. Fisher emphasized that it wasn't his cat."

It was really confusing.

Christina and Betty soon left the Crescent Garden. They walked along the corridor. Christina asked, "How is Derek now? Didn't his family give him money? Does he always live in a rented house?"

Christina imagined that Derek must live a poor life and felt heartbroken. At the same time, she was angry at Derek's family

"It's not what you thought." Betty chuckled.

"Derek is very smart and capable. He made a lot of money by investing in finance. However, he suddenly got a

strange illness. I don't know how he is now."

Speaking of it, Betty was also a little worried. Although she had always said that Derek was also her family, she had favoritism. When Derek got sick, she only asked about his situation for few times. If it were Christina, she would definitely worry about her all the time.

Suddenly, Betty felt a little ashamed. Derek had no family with him. She should have cared more about him.

"Later, Derek transferred all his assets to you, including stocks, real estate, and cash. Patrick even felt a little comfortable about it."

Christina listened in silence and felt a little depressed. "Has Eric been living alone all these years?"

"Yes."

There will be a lot of mistakes and regrets in life. Derek must be very lonely

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Chapter 573

Speaking of Derek Betty thought of another person. "Over the years, Derek's uncle also took care of him occasionally."

"Uncle?"

"It was uncle Larry who kept calling you" little fat girl" when you were young and liked to tease you."

Christina's expression changed slightly and she quickly remembered that it was her uncle Larry, who was short and fat with rough features and dark skin, also had a bad temper.

"Only uncle Larry and Eric seemed to be on intimate terms in the Fisher family." It was true that uncle Larry was very concerned about Derek, and he had taken him to the hospital several times when he was a child.

"It seemed that uncle Larry has so many affairs with women outside. Hasn't he married yet?"

Looking down at the list on her phone, Christina complained.

Betty really couldn't speak ill of others, so she shook her head with smile, "I don't know."

Christina finally found the phone number marked "Shorty uncle." Although she

didn't remember it before, it was definitely his nickname for uncle Larry. When she was a child, he loved to tease her all day long. Obviously, she was not fat, but he liked to call her little fat girl, causing her to be called by her classmates in kindergarten for three years. She returned a nickname for him back. The phone was connected.

Christina was actually a little nervous and excited holding the phone. After all, he was a close relative in the past. She had forgotten the memory of the past, but she still remembered them.

"Say whatever you want!" Larry was still as rude as she remembered.

Christina was immediately in no mood to talk about her feelings after a long separation towards him, a smelly mound stone

"Where's Eric? I'm looking for him." Christina spoke directly.

It scared Larry

In a moment of panic, Larry felt guilty and immediately roared, "I don't know!"

"You're looking for Derek. Why did you call me? I don't know anything!

Christina didn't expect him to yell at her so angrily. But she didn't think much because of uncle Larry's bad temper.

"Do you know what he's been up to recently? Who is he contacting?"

"I don't know!"

"I don't know anything!"

Larry sounded angry.... "Don't bother me." He kept yelling and screaming. As he was about to hang up the phone, the crying came.

"Is there a child crying over there?" Christina heard it through her phone. The baby seemed to be crying miserably.

Larry was even more flustered. "Child? It's not your child... Yes, my mistress gave birth to me. I'm not old enough to have lots of children with a woman."

"Christina, what did your uncle say?"

"He said he wanted to have lots of children with a woman, as much as a football team."

The phone call was finally cut off by Larry. He seemed to hear another woman's voice from Christina.

"How dare she speak ill of me in front of her aunt!"

Larry immediately realized that the voice was from Betty. Thinking about what he had just said, "Mistress's child," his face distorted by regret.

He had been trying to maintain a good image in front of Betty, it ruined this time. He blamed it on Christina, his niece. She always brought troubles for him since she was a child.

The twins on the baby bed cried very hard. This annoying and piercing cry did not stop. It sounded terrible.

"What's wrong with you?"

"Are you hungry again after drinking milk an hour ago? Or is your diaper bag drenched? Do you want to sleep?"

Larry had been tortured by the two babies for several days and couldn't sleep well.

Larry changed their diapers and clothes. He quickly made two bottles of milk powder and stuffed them into the baby's mouth. The little guy spat out the pacifier and pushed him hard with his chubby hands as if he despised him.

"Didn't Hopkins family teach you the rules? How come you kicked me in the face?"

Small cried so much. With her little body fluttering, she kicked Larry in the mouth with her little fat feet.

Larry sacrificed everything for two babies.

In the past, those people said that he was born with a ferocious appearance, like those gangster leaders. He would rather commit himself to a life-and-death battle than take care of the children at home. It was too scary.

"Stop crying, stop crying."

"Do you want to sleep? Baby sleep quickly." Larry carried the two children on his shoulder. As he walked, he shook them. He had to coax them softly to sleep. However, the baby cried ever more.

"These two children are a sopping mess." Larry hugged them and continued to coax them. He was so tired that he wanted to die.

Larry couldn't stand it anymore. He rushed to the living room with the child in his arms and said in a negotiated tone, "Derek, why don't we return the child?"

Not to mention the consequences of stealing the children of Hopkins family.

Taking care of these two young masters of Hopkins family, he was already physically and mentally exhausted and was about to die.

He wondered where they got that gene from? How could they cry so much?

Derek also seemed to be a little annoyed by the child's crying. He frowned and

looked at Larry's shoulders. The baby was crying so hard that her face turned red.

"Is there a mute button?" Derek said helplessly.

The one-year-old twins were crying piteously. Derek was thinking that if they had a mute button on them, it would be quiet.

Larry looked wretched.

Larry didn't expect Derek to help take care of the baby.

He carried the twins in his arms and continued walking, coaxing them. He couldn't stand it any longer.

"Uncle Larry lives well. He has always been very romantic."

After Christina hung up, she did not insist on dialing back. She remembered that there was a child crying at uncle Larry's side and complained something about him.

In the past, uncle Larry openly said that he would never marry. It was not a secret that he kept mistresses. Those women could still get along very peacefully. After all, they were just for money.

"Your uncle seems to have settled down a lot in recent years." Betty thought for a moment and said truthfully.

"Has she settled down? I don't remember. It could be that uncle Larry thinks he's old and wants to settle down. He gets married and has children when he meets a suitable woman..." However, Christina was suspicious. "Uncle Larry seems to be 7 years older than you, auntie. Is he really good at that? He's almost 60 years old. Can he still have children?"

Betty blushed. "Mind your own business." She didn't want to talk to her about such a straightforward topic.

After thinking of so many ways, she still couldn't find Derek, so Christina had to give up for the time being.

At the same time, she thought of Patrick. Last night, he specifically reminded her that he wanted to take her to the club to get to know some people.

For Patrick, if it wasn't something important, he wouldn't have mentioned it on purpose.

And it was strange that Patrick was willing to take his wife out to meet someone else. She thought that in these rich families, the wife should stay at home, while he drank outside with the lover.

"Anyway, it's still early. I'll go to the club and see."

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Chapter 574

"Didn't you promise to bring Christina over yesterday? Where's she?"

Charles didn't even have time to eat lunch at home and rushed over directly. He kept remembering that he had been forgotten by her, which made him feel vexed. Therefore, he was trying to figure out how to make her remember everything quickly.

Right now, he was sitting at the bar of the club with Alan, they were drinking, eating kebabs and chatting. "If I didn't know you so well, I would suspect you had a crush on Mr. Hopkins's wife."

Charles became shocked after hearing that and almost spat out the beer in his mouth. He then immediately warned, "Don't talk nonsense. Patrick'll kill me."

Alan let out a mischievous smile and patted him on the shoulder. "Maybe you've seen a lot of feminine and graceful women, so you wanna change a "taste" now."

Among so many rich young men, Charles was the most approachable. He got along well with all kinds of people. And they often teased each other.

"What're you talking about?" Charles took a sip of cool beer. He then took out a platinum credit card from his wallet and put it on the table. And he joked, "With money, you can have any kind of woman you want."

"What about Mr. Hopkins' wife? The straightforward and daring kind?"

"I think she's just a little willful and fierce. And she's very violent. She kicked me several times."

The more Charles said, the more vengeful Charles became.

Actually, his feelings for Christina were special. He had been suppressed by his mother since he was young, and had a special 'respect' for those fierce women that he couldn't deal with.

All the time, he wanted to resist his mother's "oppression" to him, but for more than 30 years, he failed to do that. So occasionally he annoyed Christina on purpose, purely for comforting himself.

"I bet you'll find a wife just like her in the future." Alan said with confidence.

"I don't think so. Look at Patrick's angry face today, he must have been provoked."

Charles pretended to be frightened and wailed, "I don't wanna live like that."

Upon hearing that, Alan and the bartender both laughed.

At this moment, Christina, who was standing behind, was looking curiously at them.

"Is there anyone behind us?" Alan was more alert.

He felt something and immediately turned to look.

Charles also slowly looked around and found nothing. "You're being paranoid."

"The security here is so tight. On weekends, there are no other guests. Besides, without a pass, not even flies can fly in."

Yet Alan kept his guard. "There are cameras everywhere in the Hopkins family, and the security there's very tight as well. But the twins are still missing."

And the twins hadn't been found yet. He and Gary were worried, but after a few days, there was still no clue.

Damn it, if they knew who had taken the children away so recklessly, they would definitely cut him into pieces.

"Patrick doesn't seem to be very worried about the twins."

"We don't understand either." Alan sighed. "Mr. Hopkins didn't care about his sons' safety. Yet he kept urging us to set off..."

"To where?" Charles grew curious.

However, Alan didn't say anything at this critical moment. He shrugged. "Can't tell." His fingers made a silent gesture on his mouth.

At this moment, Christina passed the bar counter and walked along the corridor on the left.

She saw a spacious space with five boxing rings, a shooting range in front, and a

restroom, a bathroom, a dining room on the side.

Betty brought her to this club and said that Patrick might be here. The receptionist respectfully let them in. But Betty was not interested in this club targetting at young clients. She went back first and Christina then continued to look around curiously.

Christina found that the club was deserted and there was basically no one here, maybe because of the weekend.

She then continued to tour along the corridor on the other side. Because it was too quiet around, she subconsciously stepped on the soft carpet and made no sound.

There were not many fun things in this wide and cold space, only many rooms with closed door.

The orange light of the wall lamp in the corridor was soft, and the whole corridor looked mysterious and hazy. It was as if some people were discussing some secrets in those locked rooms.

The second-to-last room on the night seemed particularly large, like a conference room. Yet the two thick black wooden doors were not closed completely.

She then leaned over curiously.

"... No plane."

"No matter what kind of plane it is, the fog over there is heavy, and the weather on the sea is unpredictable. There might be a few flashes of lightning or a big storm in any minute."

In the room, there seemed to be an intense discussion over something.

"Relatively speaking, the ship will be safer."

"I also agree to sail over there. Damn it, the weather there is volatile. Or we can drive a submarine. There will be a way to successfully land on the island."

Then a woman said in an arrogant and disdainful tone, and she sneered, "Do you know how many reefs there are in that fog? Drive a boat or submarine? It'll sink before getting ashore. By then, you'll be frozen to death in the sea and become the sharks' food."

"The seawater over there is especially cold. Damn it, it's really tricky." If they fell into the sea, they would become an ice corpse in less than five minutes.

everyone inside was facing the door with their backs. There were many large display screens on the walls of the room. The data and maps were changing on each screen.

After hearing the content of their conversation, she became even more curious. They seemed to be in a meeting?

"Can you draw a map?" At this time, she heard a familiar deep voice.

Feeling shocked, although she could not see clearly through the crack of the door, she was sure that Patrick was the one who asked this question.

"There are very thick clouds above these islands, and the fog persists throughout all year. The satellite can't even take a clear picture..." Lucy was answering his question.

However, he didn't listen to her words carefully.

He suddenly turned around with a serious face, and shouted coldly, "Who's there?"

Christina was startled by his sudden scolding.

She eavesdropped on their confidential discussion. Was she in trouble?

Being on tenterhooks, she was hesitating whether she should hide away.

But Patrick strode towards the door with a cold face. After pushing the door open, he was surprised to see her,

"!, I didn't mean to eavesdrop. You didn't close the door!"

She was diffident. Before he could speak, she took the lead in making a fierce statement. The more guilty she was, the fiercer she would pretend to be.

At this time, Lucy turned around and was surprised to see her as well. Detecting that he wasn't mad, Lucy then raised her eyebrows and deliberately said loudly, "Boss, this door is disobedient. It's not closed properly. We must take it down and burn it."

Everyone in the room immediately laughed as soon as they heard that. At this point, Christina stood at the door in embarrassment.

She was sure now that this ostentatious woman with short hair must have had a grudge against her in the past. This woman seemed to be called Lucy.

And Patrick let his men laugh at Christina. Anyway, Lucy and the others would get used to her temperament in the future.

He then walked to her and asked, "Why are you here?"

Wasn't she going to look for Derek?

Yet she asked in reply, "Are you looking for some island?"

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Chapter 575

Charles passed half a glass of wine to Christina with a smile feelingly, "Christina, after surviving the disaster, you will have good fortune in later years."

"I knew you would be fine." Thinking about that moment when he saw that her artery was bleeding heavily, Charles was so scared that he almost had a cardiac arrest.

Charles had complained that Christina became unsociable after losing her memory. When she really came to the club, he became very excited.

Although Christina was not familiar with the young man in front of her, she couldn't help but laugh when she saw his bright smile.

Just as she reached out to take the glass, Patrick snatched it first.

"She's injured and couldn't drink wine."

Patrick glanced at Charles and then took a sip of the wine and put it on the table.

Charles said after some hesitation, "I almost forgot that. I'm sorry."

"Don't give her alcohol within a month."

"Okay, Okay."

Christina felt like an outsider when Patrick and Charles were talking and really didn't need to ask her at all.

Christina stood up and wanted to go to the toilet.

Almost as she stood up, Patrick turned to look at her. Although he did not speak, his deep eyes were obviously asking her where she was going.

Christina felt a little restrained, and she was really not used to it.

It seemed that there was one more person in her life. She had to report to him everything she did and he interfered with her whole life at all times.

This feeling was strange, however, Christina did not reject it.

"... Am I used to being enslaved?" she frowned and thought.

When Patrick heard her saying nonsense to herself, he thought that she was absent-minded, and it was difficult for him to understand women,

"I'm going to the toilet."

Christina was really embarrassed to be stored at, and she replied in a low voice and scurried to the toilet,

"Patrick, congratulations. She has actually blushed and been shy"

When Christina left, the unscrupulous members of the club loosed her at once, She could hear their laughter and her face turned red,

"Who the hell are they?" she thought

"... You really forgot Brionna?"

Lucy suddenly appeared at the door of the ladies' room, Christina was startled by her, as Lucy walked without a sound. She was sitting with a group of men just now. How did she come here in an instant?

Lucy narrowed her eyes and looked at Christina seriously, trying to judge whether she had really lost memory or pretended to

For Lucy, there were two things in this world that she could never forget. The first one was her own money, and the second one was her enemy.

"... At that moment, Brianna picked up a piece of broken glass and hid it in her sleeve. When you approached her, she suddenly pierced the main artery of your heart with the glass, and the blood spurted out"

Lucy's voice was cold and she pretended to make a sudden attack on Christina, Christina's eyes widened slightly, and she, in a daze, gazed at Lucy performing in front of her.

"... Forget it. You really forgot" Lucy felt bored.

As she forgot her life experiences over the past few years, Christina became immature, naive, and slow on the uptake.

"Were we familiar with each other before?"

When Christina came back to her senses, she asked Lucy.

Lucy didn't even think about it and replied, "No."

"But Christina, you owed me a car"

Christina looked at her without response. Obviously, she didn't buy it.

Since it was her own interest, Lucy stressed seriously, "You really owed me a car. Although it was not written down, I had a video at that time. You said it yourself. I helped you investigate Brianna, and you would give me the German car from the Hopkins family."

Christina felt that what she said was untrue, "How can I give Hopkins family's property to you?"

"You had no qualms about using Patrick's credit card before."

"No way. After I got married, I became so shameless and spent a man's money casually?" Christina thought.

She thought Lucy was like a bad egg. Then she replied, "But I think you're blackmailing me."

"Blackmailing? Am I such a bad person!" Lucy's eyes were fiery, and she stood up straight with a sense of righteousness.

Christina couldn't argue with her, so she thought for a moment, "Till give you the car when I remember."

"You want to go back on your word!"

"Why don't you ask Patrick for the car yourself?"

Was

Lucy glared at Christina and gritted her teeth. Although Christina had lost some of her memories, she was still cunning and always used Patrick to oppress Lucy who only had to endure her own anger silently.

When Christina came out of the toilet, her hands were dripping with water. She found that Lucy was still standing by with a furious face as if she was waiting for Christina.

There were few women in the club. Except for the two waitresses at the front desk and Lucy, all the rest in the club were men.

"Patrick asked you to wait for me here?" Christina asked instinctively.

Did he send someone to keep an eye on her even when she went to the toilet?

Christina suspected that he had a desire for control.

Lucy turned around and glared at her.

It was as if she were saying "Don't talk to me, I'm angry now."

Christina deliberately walked up to Lucy. With her hands flailing, Christina

splashed water drops on Lucy's face, The latter was enraged, "Don't run, Go to the ring and fight with me."

Christina turned around with a smug smile. She was not a fool. Of course, she would run away.

"Why are you running so fast with Injuries?" At the bar, Patrick looked up and lectured her.

As the saying goes, there was always one thing to conquer another.

Christina was so servile that she stopped running obediently. Other eyes in the club were curiously focused on her, No matter how cheeky Christina was, she could not ignore them.

"Why so strict?" she thought.

Miss Dickens didn't want to see Patrick. She turned to pretend that he didn't exist and found a seat in the corner far away from him.

"... As I said, Christina has the final say at home."

"Well, I think I could only spend the rest of my life with my fingers."

"Anyway, a wife is a wife... And don't masturbate too often. Beware of kidney deficiency..."

The group of people teased and laughed.

Christina was very curious about the occupation of these people. They were all strong and tough, and their heights were very strange. The strongest one topped seven feet, while the shortest one was only four feet.

They had strange names.

They were chatting freely, shouting, telling some dirty jokes, and laughing. They raised their heads and gulped down large glasses of cold beer as they ate large pieces of roasted mutton and peanuts.

Christina soon joined them and did not feel embarrassed. She reached out and secretly tore a small piece of mutton and it tasted quite good.

"Do you think that island would be a place where pirates hid treasures or gold coins?" Soon, they drank a little too much.

"The gold coins at that time are valuable."

The tall and thin man named "Crabbie" had a good set of features and a strong body. He was good-looking, but he dyed his hair orange and had a perm. It was really like a big bowl of noodles hanging on his head, which looked very funny. He was not so good at alcohol, but he just loved drinking as much as his life. In a short while, his face turned red. That was why he got the name, Gary kicked Crabbie's feet rudely. The latter immediately screamed abuse at him, "... Do you want to fight with me?"

"Yes"

Gary looked very sober and drew him aside,

And other guys were still shouting for their fighting in the ring till their heads were broken.

The way these people got along with each other was quite rough and barbaric. Although Christina didn't understand, she wasn't stupid. She felt that Gary didn't want Crabbie to talk too much about the island.

When she darted a glance at Patrick, she was shocked.

She didn't expect that Patrick, who had been leaning back leisurely against the sofa, had actually been looking at her all the time.

Meeting his eyes, she slightly flushed.

She was still not used to his gaze.

How did she get along with Patrick? Obviously, a husband like him was dominating. She probably didn't have an opportunity to speak.

She was more like a pet kept in captivity.

She asked him if he was looking for an island, but Patrick didn't respond. It was

obvious that he was used to dealing with problems alone and didn't want her to interfere.

Christina had no other ideas. She just wanted to say that she happened to have a map.

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Chapter 576

"Junior Mrs. Hopkins, don't just sit there. Come play with us."

Gary smiled warmly and beckoned Christina to come over and play poker with them.

Christina shook her head. She didn't know much about card game.

"Gary, you scared her."

A few people who were playing cards together started to kick up a fuss.

Just now, when Gary was on the ring, he swung his big arm and beat the Crabbie until he was black and blue. They carried the Crabbie out and threw him into the lounge.

During this process, they glanced at Christina. They didn't dare to look at her for long. They immediately gathered in a pile and continued to shout and slap the table with their big hands. "Straight Flush."

"Hurry up! Give me your money or give me your life. For those handsome faces, wash your butt and get ready to be prostitutes."

"Fuck you, I'll get the money back again."

"Get the money back my ass. It's useless even if the lid of your ancestors' coffin is turned over. Look at you. You kept three Aces. Why did you keep them? Damn it, do you want to bring them to the coffin with you!"

Christina watched this from the side, her eyes slightly open. She felt that it was very interesting even to just watch them play cards.

Alan took a glass of warm water and walked over with a smile. "Junior Mrs. Hopkins, if you want some entertainment when you are free, you can come to the club more often to play with us."

Christina took the glass, thanked him and thought for a moment, "Did I rarely come over?"

"You rarely came here except for horse riding."

"Maybe I had to take care of the baby at home. Sorry." Christina looked a little helpless, then her eyes lit up and she asked him, "Is there a horse here? A real horse, alive?"

Alan was expressionless. As far as he knew, Christina did not need to take care of the baby in the Hopkins family. Actually, she didn't need to do anything, *Alive Alan replied.

The racetrack is in the suburbs, Mr. Hopkins taught you how to ride a horse. The jockey over there said you practiced well."

Christina immediately became interested. "Can I go there often?"

Alan suddenly realized that it was not difficult to chat with Christina. It was easy to communicate with her as long as she was interested, but it was said that Mr. Hopkins had spent a lot of effort to make her his wife.

So, Mr. Hopkins was really not good at picking up girls.

"If you want to go over to the racetrack over there, you can call them in advance and ask them to prepare the place for you... By the way, Mr. Hopkins also specially sent you a little mare, but you despised it for not being strong enough. I heard that after that little mare was despised by you, it became depressed."

The breed of that mare was very precious. Such a pity.
Christina heard a lot of interesting things from Alan. She gave a faint smile.
Charles looked at them for a long time and saw Christina chatting happily with the skinny and shriveled Alan.
Wanting to know what they were talking about, he walked over and touched Alan with his elbow. The two men spoke in a low voice, ... "Alan, what you just talked to her is more than a month's conversation between Patrick and her."
Alan immediately became alert and stood up. His voice was stiff. "Junior Mrs. Hopkins, I have something else to do. You can walk around. There is a shooting range over there. You used to like shooting..."
Christina glanced at Alan, who hurriedly left, and then turned to see Charles, who was smiling slyly in front of her. She always felt that these men acted a little weirdly.
"You can't blame us. Blame your husband." Charles looked very innocent.
Christina ignored him and walked towards the shooting range alone.
From afar, she saw Lucy with noise-canceling headphones and protective glasses on her head. She stood upright on her side with sharp eyes. She held a gun with one hand in her right hand. Bang. Bang. Bang... Three shots in a row were right on the center.
She didn't know much about Lucy, but she had to admit that this woman was really cool.
She was curious about what the club people usually did, especially Lucy. She held the gun professionally
.. You can't play this now" Suddenly, a deep voice came from behind
Christina turned her head and saw Patrick walking towards her
The recoil of the gun would worsen her wound
Patrick saw that she had been watching Lucy shoot and thought that she got angry again. "I'll teach you when your wound is healed," he said subconsciously.
"Oh, okay."
Christina never thought that he would offer to teach her,
Seeing that he was already standing in front of her, she was a little embarrassed.
She got along well with the rest of the club, but she didn't know what to talk to Patrick about.
Christina glanced around and saw a gun on the table. She walked over and held it in her hand to feel it. It was cold and heavy
She casually found a topic. "Our sons are missing. Can you find them?"
"Don't worry," Patrick said calmly and took the gun from her hand,
"Don't play. It's easy to discharge accidentally."
Patrick knew his way around and immediately disassembled the gun into parts and snapped it back to the table.
He didn't want her to play with the gun, so he dismantled the gun.
Patrick still stared at her intensively, as if he were guarding a pet or a child. He would immediately stop her if she took unusual actions.
Christina blushed slightly, and her eyes were flashed with mild admiration. She said vaguely, "You, teach me how to pretend back." She pointed at the pile of gun parts on the table.
Patrick did not agree and reached out to touch her forehead.
Patrick was not one of those idle young masters. His hands were very big, and she felt his fingertips a little rough. He stroked her forehead gently, which was a little itchy.
"... The wound is very deep and can easily cause inflammation and a high fever."
Patrick looked into her eyes and suddenly said, "If you feel unwell, you must tell me. Because she blushed easily now
*I don't have a fever." Christina muttered, but her face was very red,
Patrick's eyes were even more intense. He lowered his head and kissed her hard

on the lips

He hugged and kissed her quickly and forcefully, which gave her no chance to struggle. Christina was stunned until her body was a little weak and her lips were hot. She was suffocated a little

Patrick let go of her first and whispered hoarsely, brushing the heat in her ear....
"Don't look at me like that."

After all, it was a public occasion. He needed to restrain himself. Patrick recently found it a little difficult to resist.

"Don't run around. I'll take you home later."

He said this and strode towards the bathroom.

Christina felt hot and dizzy, unable to react at all.

His word seemed to indicate that she was seducing him.

After Christina figured it out, she felt a little embarrassed. This man really thought too much.

He took the initiative and then he blamed her for this.

Why didn't she push him away? Christina's cheeks were flushed again. She reacted to his kiss too seriously, as if her body was cooperating instinctively.

Just now, when Patrick kissed her intimately, a few guys watched them kiss shamelessly. In order to get rid of the embarrassment, Christina immediately walked around.

Soon, she looked at a globe on the wooden cabinet in the waiting room.

She turned the globe as if she was looking for something carefully.

Lucy, who was at the shooting range, took off her noise-canceling headphones and protective glasses and shook her sole shoulders. Today, she had practiced enough. She stretched her arms and was about to have a donk with Gary and others to relax,

Lucy's eyes were sharp She caught sight of Christina's weird expression in the waiting room, and her fingers kept cooling the globe

"What are you looking for on this globe?" Lucy approached her

Civistina did not look up, confused, "Why wasn't those islands marked?"

According to the geographical coordinates of the map she got, some islands should be marked in this direction of south the Atlantic, but they were not on the globe, as if the island did not exist for the whole world.

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Chapter 577

The Archipelago was not shown on the globe.

"... Is the map In my hand fake?" Could it be a prank?

Just as Christina was muttering to herself, Lucy sensed something. "What did you say?"

Lucy must be learned and experienced. Christina didn't mind sharing the map with them. She looked down at her rose-red handbag and wanted to show it to Lucy.

Lucy raised her eyebrows and keep a watch on every of her move.

"Christina, my mother asked you to come over for dinner tonight!" Charles still held his phone in his hand and hurried over.

"And your aunt. My mother seems to have something Important to tell her alone."

Charles had received the good decree of his dear mother so he must fulfill his mission.

Charles suddenly disturbed her and Christina stopped to look up to him. She was cautious as her aunt was also involved, "Why does your mother look for my aunt?"

"I don't know your mother well."

Christina had forgotten her husband and son, let alone Mrs. Shepherd.

Charles gave her a bright and handsome smile, "My mother said it's okay if you don't know her well. She was so familiar with you."

Like mother, like son. They were both passionate.

Due to his interruption, Christina forgot to take out the map to Lucy for her help.

Lucy even volunteered to follow her to the Shepherd family for dinner.

"... I'll send her back home by 10 pm," Charles promised Patrick.

Patrick didn't get those things that happened recently clear. He was very busy.

Originally, he couldn't agree to let Christina go out at this time but he was quite relieved for the Shepherd family. He glanced at Lucy and thought for a while

"By 9" He said

Charles hastened, "Okay, okay. I'll send her back by 9pm."

It was not easy to bring people out through Patrick

Christina stood aside, having no choice. After the two men made the agreement, she followed Charles's car to the Shepherd family.

Charles even sent someone to pick up Betty.

"Did my aunt know your mother very well before?"

"They might have a good relationship in private." Charles was driving while Christina and Lucy sat in the back seat. He guessed casually, "Maybe they're meeting to talk about the old times."

After all, Betty and his mother were of the same generation so they should have a lot in common.

Lucy looked at the speeding scenery outside the car window, feeling so bored.

When she heard their conversation, she rose the corners of her mouth

disdainfully. She knew that Betty had no relationship with the Shepherd family at all.

"... Christina, does your wound still hurt?"

"Oh, how did this happen? Charles told us all about it. You really suffered."

As soon as Mrs. Shepherd saw them enter the door, she immediately ran over enthusiastically and held Christina's hand and talked to her worriedly, "It's not important that you don't remember those things. Don't pressure yourself. The most important thing for you is to get well now. Men will solve other things for you. Don't worry. You must take good care of yourself."

Faced with Mrs. Shepherd's concern, Christina was a little awkward. She didn't know how to react. "Thank you." She said in embarrassment.

"Mom, don't you know she broke her head? Don't scare her."

Charles sighed. He still had to send her back safe and sound later. It would be troublesome if anything happened.

Mrs. Shepherd immediately turned her head and said fiercely, "We have guests at home. Be polite! Hurry up and get some tea!"

Charles did not dare to resist and silently went into the kitchen to prepare the tea.

Christina smiled. Mrs. Shepherd's ability to change her temper was really eye-opening. People from the Shepherd family were really funny.

"Mrs. Shepherd originally wanted you to be her daughter-in-law but she finally give up seeing that you were the daughter-in-law of Hopkins family" Lucy told her kindly,

Mrs. Shepherd was considered a special woman in the upper class. The last time she saw Crystal being bullied

by people of the Stephenson family, she even called Mrs. Stephenson and scolded her.

To put it bluntly, Mrs. Shepherd's unscrupulous temper was attributed to the men of the Shepherd family. Her husband was always very easy-going and her four sons were even more obedient to their mother.

The Shepherd family's upbringing was quite special.

"Marrying into the Shepherd family should be very happy." Christina liked Mrs. Shepherd.

"None of her four sons would marry. From a psychological point of view, it could be the shadow of childhood."

Lucy and Christina were whispering about the Shepherd family when the car to pick Betty up arrived.

Betty was so surprised to hear that Charles's mother had something to discuss with her, for she had never been in contact with the Shepherd family. Since the Shepherd family invited her, she just accepted.

"Some daily cuisine here. Be free to eat what you want."

Tonight's dishes were cooked by Mr. and Mrs. Shepherd. They didn't like to employ servants, so they usually cooked themselves.

Charles's three brothers did not go home to eat as they were working outside.

They were the only ones sitting around eating, as an ordinary warm family.

After dinner, Mrs. Shepherd told Charles to take Christina and Lucy for a walk outside the house. Charles had no choice but to obey while Mrs. Shepherd and Betty were having some tea and chatting in the living room.

"... I don't want to go out for a walk. There are so many mosquitoes outside."

Christina turned around constantly. She was curious about why Mrs. Shepherd called her aunt here.

The community where the house of the Shepherd family situated was well-afforested, so they inevitably became a feast for the mosquitoes at night.

"How senseless you are. My mother deliberately pushed you away." Charles continued. "This way. There are no mosquitoes but maybe a few wild animals."

Christina didn't give up and touched Lucy with her elbow. "Do you know what they're talking about?"

Lucy had a great meal just now. She looked up at her. "You think I'm a prophet?" While walking, she lowered her head as she dealt with some small instrument to connect the headset.

... What are you doing?" Christina asked again,

Lucy didn't look up and continued to do her own things.

Charles walked behind the two women and felt strange. Christina seemed to be pleasant to get close to Lucy.

It could be that Christina and Lucy had teamed up to investigate Brianna or that they had had become friends a long time ago.

Lucy was cold and ruthless on the surface and Christina could only be "bullied" by her.

"... 1000 dollars a minute. It's also calculated as one minute if less. Or I would tell nothing." Lucy fixed the headset in her hand and waved it in front of Christina, bargaining with her in a sinister and cunning manner.

"Let me hear what's in the earphones first"

"Sorry, there's no audition service." Lucy seemed as if she only cared about money.

"What if it's a song?"

"Pay or not? I won't force you, and you can choose yourself... Attention, I would raise the price any time as I want. When we get to the tree in front of us, the price will become 3000 dollars a minute."

Christina was a little angry. "I don't have any money!"

"Your husband has," Lucy reminded her.

Charles's eyes widened as he watched Lucy play trick on Christina immorally.

3000 dollars a minute? She was too greedy, for she knew Christina was silly but

rich.

Christina picked up Lucy's headset and put it on her ears. When she heard the conversation between Mrs. Shepherd and Betty, she looked at Lucy in surprise. As expected, Lucy was not an innocent person.

Lucy looked very smug. She put a mini interceptor in Mrs. Shepherd's pocket and made a big deal through it.

Christina listened carefully to the sound coming from her headphones. It was some daily chores. "I'll make a reservation for 30 minutes. When I get back, I'll get Patrick's checkbook for you."

Lucy showed a cold look, "Cash only."

"I have no cash. Why don't I go back to the Hopkins family and get some gold jewelry as collateral for you?" Christina was being so nice. "If you like antiques, I can also bring you a vase from the Hopkins family."

wcy showed an impatient look.

Christina sighed. "I told you I have no money."

A beggar could never be bankrupt.

Miss Dickens won slightly this time.

Charles listened to the conversation between the two women and tried hard to hold back his laugh.

The hazy moonlight above them lengthened their shadows. Christina wore the headphones and was not very focused because Mrs. Shepherd and her aunt had been talking about their youth.

"Your sister Mary was really famous at that time. Even my husband who was so unfamiliar with others' appearance said he had an impression of her..."

"My father was worried a lot back then. He didn't like my sister to be too ostentatious."

"Christina looks almost the same as your sister..."

Christina felt a little bored listening to their conversation. She did not have much impression of her mother Mary actually

"Mrs. Shepherd, why did you suddenly talk about my sister so much tonight..."

Mrs. Shepherd paused as if she was hesitating. "Today, I went to the airport to send my third son. Then, I saw a woman in a silk scarf who really resembled your sister Mary" a

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Chapter 578

"What are they talking about?"

Lucy saw that her expression was a little strange and asked.

Christina was wearing the headphones and listening to the conversation between Mrs. Shepherd and her aunt. She was confused, "Mrs. Shepherd said that she met a woman who looked like my mother at the airport today."

"Mary?" Lucy became solemn.

Christina looked a little sad and waved her hand. "That's impossible."

"My mother died many years ago..."

Charles interjected, "Your mother is not dead. Don't you remember?"

"What?!" Christina was shocked.

"Your mother insisted on leaving the Dickens family to find her lover. Donald deliberately faked her death to save her reputation... And you're not Donald's biological daughter."

Christina stopped for his words. Her mind went blank.

Charles saw that she seemed to be in shock and did not dare to say anything more. When Christina knew this last time, she seemed to be pretty cool. At that time she had seen a lot. But now Christina's memories was as naive as a high school student.

After a long time, Christina said in a low voice, "She lied to everyone. She abandoned her husband and daughter for her lover, didn't she?"

Charles did not know how to respond.

*... Then Donald, he's not my biological father either." The rims of her eyes went red.

She remembered how she hated Donald for not being a good husband and a good father. In the end, it was not his fault at all

Christina are you ok?"

Charles was very worried. Seeing that she was about to cry, he was at a loss for a moment

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You are going to when the property from the Dickens family

Luo tudy turned around and rosted contemptuously I've never seen you being so sentimental before. The last time you qualed with corse Donald was so angry that he had a stroke, but he didn't say he wouldn't recognize you as his daughter. You even shamelessly said that you would be part of the Dickens family forever."

"As for your biological mother, it'd better that Mary isn't dead. We still have a lot of things to ask her..."

Mrs. Shepherd specially invited Betty over for a talk. She was quite sure that the person she saw was Mary. If Mary came back at this time, it would prove that her guess was right.

After being scolded by Lucy, Christina was stunned, but seemed not to be so sad now.

Charles was also surprised at Lucy's direct way of comforting people.

LUCY didn't care about them. She took out her cell phone and called the club, "... The international airport of A City. She came back yesterday. Spare no effort to search for her. I wonder if she used her real name..."

"Haven't Patrick said that Mary might come back? I don't know why she didn't go back to C City but A City."

Christina and Charles listened quietly. Judging from what she said, Patrick seemed to have expected that Mary would come back.

"... Why are they looking for my mother?" Mary asked Charles in a low voice.

Charles shook his head and was very down. It seemed that Patrick didn't tell him anything crucial, and he was marginalized.

At that moment, Lucy suddenly exploded and scolded on the phone, "You idiot! Why should I look for Mary? I don't care where she is."

"Patrick asked for where she had been and the route she took. Since she's back now, it's impossible for her to appear out of nowhere. I give you 24 hours to find out where she had been and her return route!"

Lucy cursed angrily and hung up the phone.

"You..." Christina was full of doubts.

Even Charles frowned and gazed at Lucy.

It was really strange that Patrick sent someone to check Betty's return route, Lucy glanced at them and said, "Christina, your biological father is more sophisticated than you thought"

She didn't want to say anything more

Christina and Charles couldn't follow her, "What are those people doing in your club?"

Bul joy ignored their question, straightened her back, and strode out of the

community. She had something to do now

"Hey, why are you investigating my mother? Is she really back?"

Christina tried to catch her up, but because of the wound on her chest, her face turned pale. She endured the pain and finally grabbed Lucy.

If it were not for her wound, Lucy wouldn't hesitate to push her away. But looking at her feeble face, she tolerated it, for she didn't want to be blamed by Patrick.

Lucy, who was rarely good-tempered, slowed down. "I'm sorry, but we're doing these for your husband. We have to keep it a secret."

She meant that if Christina had any questions, just go to Patrick.

If there were misunderstandings between them, they could settle it privately.

But Patrick would definitely not let her know too much.

"Ignorance is a blessing."

Lucy patted her on the shoulder and gave her a glance in disdain. Then she waved her hand and left.

Christina was still confused. "Hey!"

"Stop chasing. Be careful of your wound."

Charles advised. He knew what Lucy and the others in the club were like. Even if they were beaten up, they wouldn't leak the secret.

It had to be said that Patrick's subordinates were really loyal.

At 8: 50 pm, Charles sent Christina and Betty back to the Hopkins family on time. Patrick hadn't come back yet.

*Auntie, did Mrs. Shepherd tell you that my mother is back?"

Christina couldn't help but ask.

Betty was surprised. How would she know about her conversation with Mrs. Shepherd?

But Betty did not intend to hide it. She replied with a complicated expression, "Probably

"Mrs Shepherd said that she met a woman at the airport, wearing a silk scarf on her head and secretly avoiding the surveillance camera above her. She called out Mary, and the woman subconsciously turned her head but then ran away"

Betty sighed Im not sure if the woman is your mother. I can't figure out why she's hiding like this even after she is back

"She left so resolutely back then. Even though she's back, she probably won't contact us."

"She has been away for so many years. Why is she coming back now?"

Betty fell into her own thoughts. After all, Mary was her sister. Although she hated her for being heartless, she also missed her all these years,

"Christina, you..." Betty turned around and looked at her worriedly.

"Lucy has told me that I misunderstood the Dickens family. My father was afraid that I would hate my mother, so he lied to me that she was dead."

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Christina lowered her head and said calmly, "I'm fine. To me, it's like listening to someone else's story. After all these years, I don't remember anything about my mother now."

She suddenly forgot almost everything, but it was good to leave all of them behind. Now she felt no pressure at all.

"Anyway, don't think too much. Take care of yourself first," Betty consoled her.

"... I might have to go back to the Dickens family tomorrow. I want to tell your father myself about my sister's return."

Betty paused. " You have no idea how sad he was when you said you forgot about your father last time. After 1 chased him back to the Dickens family, he sent me messages every day to ask me about your situation. No matter what your mother came back for this time, you must not forget the kindness that the Dickens family

has given you. Do you understand?"

Christina did not say anything.

She had no interest in knowing why her mother suddenly returned.

After a long time, she answered, "I'll go back to the Dickens family with you tomorrow."

"You haven't recovered yet. Don't go with me, Patrick won't agree with that either."

"I can sneak out. I don't care his opinion." Christina answered confidently,

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Chapter 579

The stitches on Christina's chest had not been taken out and she was told to rest. Her aunt Betty was going back to the Dickens family in C City. Christina failed to sneak away. She was depressed and unhappy all morning.

During lunch, Nanny Faang brought in five dishes and a soup. Christina did not take a glance and refused to eat.

Now her closest person was her aunt. But she was not allowed to go back to the Dickens family as if she was a prisoner. She refused to eat. She had no appetite. She wanted to protest.

"I'm not familiar with you," she said bluntly.

Nanny Faang smiled bitterly.

Christina refused to eat in a childish way, but it worked.

After Nanny Faang reported to Patrick, she was worried that Patrick would be mad at her. Seeing that she was sitting by the bed with her head down and depressed, Patrick's heart had softened. He was silent for a moment. "Pack up and go to the Dickens family now."

Christina immediately raised her head and her eyes became bright.

Making sure she heard clearly, she packed up quickly so that he can't take back his word.

With Patrick's accompanying, they took a private plane back, saving time for waiting and changing. When Christina rang the doorbell of the Dickens family, Betty had just got there not long ago.

"Why are you here?" Betty looked surprised.

In the morning, Patrick said with a cold face, "Don't run out before the stitches are removed."

Betty thought for a moment and smiled. Men really can't keep what they said.

Donald and Mrs. Dickens walked over. Donald looked at his daughter at the door and wanted to say something but he remembered that his daughter had forgotten him and hated him. His expression was complicated and he did not say a word,

Mrs Dickens stepped forward enthusiastically and took Christina's hand.

"Christina, you are back to visit

grandma, Your father said you were hurt, and I was so worried. Come inside. Did you forget your own home?"

Gisting was a little uncomfortable with Mrs Dickens holding her arm so kindly, but she did not push her away.

Of course, we did not forget there she had a lot of memories with the Dickens family, although most of them

What she didn't expect was that in the years she had forgotten, she had already made up with the Dickens family. Grandma was so concerned about her that she

felt a little flattered and unreal.

"Where's Connie?" She asked awkwardly.

She had been here for a long time, but she didn't see her beautiful stepmother.

Donald and the others didn't know how to answer her question.

"She doesn't live here," Betty said calmly. "Connie divorced your father."

Because Christina's wound hadn't been healed up yet, she lost her memories of a few years. No one mentioned those embarrassing things to her.

Christina was surprised, but she kept calm.

Connie was so young and she was an actress. Did she cheat on another man and dump her father for being too old?

"Oh." She said and decided not to ask.

Donald glanced at Patrick and knew Patrick was used to hiding everything from his daughter. He didn't want her to know too much and protect her to live simply.

Donald thought that to be protected was lucky, but people also needed to grow up.

"... She should know what happened before," Donald said in a deep voice.

Patrick's face darkened. "No."

"Patrick, Christina has the right to know." Betty said. Sometimes she felt that Patrick was too possessive and asked others to live in his way.

Betty took Christina into the room to have a heart-to-heart talk.

"Before you married Patrick, you married Cory, The Hampton family and the Hopkins family are cousins."

Christina looked shocked, "I married twice!"

Your marriage with Cory was messing around. You said you wanted to repay him for saving your life. Cory was forced to marry you by his mother. You had been in an asexual marriage for three years Cory seldom went home and he had always been out for women. He's still messing around with Carrie..."

"Carrie?"

When Christina heard the familiar name, she immediately became excited.

"Carrie, did she steal him from me on purpose?"

She did not have a good impression of the Yankey sisters. They were coaxing her grandmother and pretending to be considerate and gentle. She was getting furious even to think about them. One stole her father and the other stole her man.

Betty comforted.... "It's all over. You don't have any contact with them now. Cory is Patrick's cousin. He doesn't dare to mess around. As for Carrie's fate, it's quite pitiful. She was stimulated and had mental problems. Now she's been in a mental hospital for years."

"... And Connie. She was suspected of kidnapping. She's still in jail." Betty talked about these and could not help but sigh.

To sympathize with one's enemy is meant she really let go,

Christina was in a daze. She had never thought that she would experience so much. She sighed, "It's good to forget these terrible memories."

Betty also sighed, "Yes, it's better to forget."

Suddenly, Betty thought of Derek. "If you listened to grandpa and be with Derek, you wouldn't have suffered these."

"Of course. I've never been in such a complicated situation with Eric." As long as she was with Derek, it was very simple.

Christina was very sad and angry. "The Hampton family and the Hopkins family are cousins. Did I escape the thunder, and fall into the lightning?"

Betty was amused by her words.

"...J told Eric before that if I couldn't get married, we would live together and take care of you. He said okay."

*... Why did Eric see me enter the thunder and lightning but not save me?"

Betty chuckled, "Derek has been following you since he was a child. Whatever

you say, he will only say okay.”

“... Don’t think so much. The Hopkins family treat you well now. You’re a mother. Forget about those bad things and live happily with Partick”

Christina looked depressed and stopped talking.

The plan can’t keep up with the changes in life. This differed from the original plan a lot. She can’t accept it.

Christina came out of the room with her head down. She sat in the corner of the sofa in a daze, not knowing what she was thinking.

“What did you say to her?”

Donald got worried and pulled Betty aside to ask.

Betty was annoyed. “You don’t know your daughter’s temper... She grew up wild. No matter what explosive news it is, she’ll get used to it in a while.”

Patrick clearly heard their conversation and frowned. How could she describe Christina like this?

“... Donald, you’d better take care of yourself. My sister might come back in a while”...

As soon as Betty said it, the doorbell rang, ding-dong,

“Bae...”

Christina went to get the door. She froze in a daze. In this world, besides Derek, there was another person who used to call her “Bae,” which was her mother Mary, standing in front of her,

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Chapter 580

Mary suddenly appeared and everyone shocked.

A person who was once thought to have passed away stood in front of her.

Christina stood at the door in a daze and looked at her biological mother. After so many years, her appearance did not change much. She was still beautiful and charming.

Mary looked like a real aristocrat and called, “Christina.” Her voice was soft and dignified.

Christina nodded slowly after a few seconds. For a moment, she couldn’t even call out “Mom.”

Mary’s behavior has changed a lot.

Compared to the one in Christina’s memory who often lost control of her temper self-indulgently, Mary now seemed to have learned a lot of etiquettes. She behaved more appropriately now.

Compared to Christina’s restraint, Mary said calmly with a smile, “Christina, I have something important to discuss with you alone. Can you go out with me now?”

“Where are you taking my daughter as soon as you come back?”

Donald shouted behind Christina. His voice was filled with anger, hatred, and mixed emotions.

Mary looked up and then looked into the room. She didn’t stop smiling and said, “Long time no see.”

How could she say that so calmly?

Back then, she insisted on leaving to find her lover.

She abandoned her husband and daughter, leaving resolutely.

In order to protect her reputation, he did everything he could to claim that she had passed away. Christina remembered her death and hated him.

After all these years, Mary, how could you face me so calmly when we met again? Donald stood stiffly. He glared at the woman standing at the door. She was still beautiful and even had a better manner than before. After so many years, she appeared in front of him again. It was like a dream to him.

"Mary!"

Betty looked at the woman at the door in surprise, It took her a long time to react and speak.

"Betty?"

Mary looked at Betty and asked surprisingly, "You changed a lot. Have you suffered a lot in the past few years?"

Betty was no longer the second miss of the Eisenhower family. She had cut off her long hair years ago. Now, her hair was short and she barely wore any makeup. She looked like a very ordinary middle-aged woman.

Betty looked a little embarrassed when she heard this question.

In fact, Mary and Betty did not look alike. Mary was born to be a beauty with outstanding talent and charming temperament. She could attract people's attention easily wherever she went. In contrast, Betty was too normal. She was like girl from a very ordinary family.

Having not seen Mary for such a long time, Betty also felt a little awkward. She said politely, "Mary, come in and sit down."

Mary frowned slightly and looked at the people present seriously. She kept her smile and stepped into the Dickens family, which used to be her home.

Now that her sister invited her in like the host, Mary felt a little ridiculous.

As soon as Mary walked in, she looked around without many emotions, acting like a tourist.

The decoration of the Dickens family did not change much. It was still the same cabinet with the same photo frames on it.

Donald felt a little uncomfortable when he noticed her indifferent eyesight. This family was nothing to her, always.

Mrs. Dickens who was sitting on the sofa seemed to be frightened. She looked at Mary nervously, as if she had seen a ghost. She didn't even dare to breathe.

Mary glanced at Mrs. Dickens and still kept smiling as if she had seen a stranger.

There was no hostility or affection.

Obviously, Mary wanted to make herself different from ordinary people through her noble eyesight and behavior.

"Mrs. Dickens, long time no see." Her tone was gentle and unfamiliar.

Mrs. Dickens nodded sully.

Only then did Christina recall that Mary never called Mrs. Dickens "mom" at home in the past,

The Dickens family's rise was largely dependent on the Eisenhower family.

Although Donald was not adopted into the Eisenhower family, everyone thought that he had started his business by relying on Mary's connections, so Christina's grandma had never dared to be angry at Mary.

Probably because grandma had been depressed for too long, she became very snobbish after Mary left.

But it was all in the past.

"This is Christina's husband" Betty introduced.

"I know."

Mary glanced at Patrick, who was also sitting on the sofa, and her expression got colder.

Betty did not think much about Mary's cold attitude towards Patrick. It was probably because Patrick was not nice to her, so Mary was not happy.

Patrick had no intention of standing up and greeting his mother-in-law. He frowned and looked at Mary. Her face was so similar to Christina's, but their eyes

and temperament were different.

Mary's eyes were affectionate and charming, while Christina's eyes were clear and determined.

"Where's Connie?"

Mary sat down and asked calmly after looking around.

When she left, Connie was having an affair with Donald.

She never took Connie's little trick of flirting with her husband seriously even years ago.

Only Betty could answer such a sensitive question. She said, "Connie doesn't live here anymore."

"Did Donald really marry her?" Mary asked in surprise, but there was no jealousy or dissatisfaction in her tone as if she just heard a gossip.

Donald and Mrs. Dickens were both embarrassed by Mary's nonchalant teasing tone.

Betty just wanted to end the conversation quickly, so she said briefly. "They got divorced. She doesn't live here

HOW"

Mary smiled brightly and said, "How long could they maintain their naive feeling?"

Suddenly, Mary looked at Betty and asked, "After that, you married Donald didn't you?"

Mary's words were shocking

Betty suddenly got nervous and started, "Dout, dont talk nonsense!

"It's good You look like a family

"Don't you always like Donald?"

It was true that Betty loved Donald secretly. She thought Mary had gone too far and felt pity for Donald. At that time, she did not know what love was. She just admired him.

It seemed that Betty's load was exposed suddenly and she was very embarrassed and angry.

"Daddy once said that we must have a bottom line. I won't marry Donald. I chose to stay here and take care of them because we are family."

Betty's tone was indignant and agitated.

Mary left alone years ago.

Christina was just a child then. Donald went into a rage and blamed Christina. The family was being torn to pieces.

Although she was just Christina's aunt, she couldn't bear to see that. Anyway, she didn't meet anyone she liked, so she chose to spend the rest of her life taking care of her niece.

Now Mary came back and talked like an unconcerned person.

Betty had always hated Mary. She was too selfish.

When she wanted to leave, she left regardless of everything.

Now she came back after so many years, but she still considered herself as the hostess.

Donald's feelings for Mary were very complicated. Looking at Mary who was still beautiful, charming, and even more elegant, Donald felt a little inferior. After so many years, women's beauty was no longer important to him. In fact, he even thought that the more beautiful women were, the more vicious they were. But he just couldn't seem to forget his inferiority.

"Why do you suddenly come back?" He clenched and questioned coldly.

Donald wanted to get straight to the point and negotiated with Mary Initiatively.

He just wanted her to leave quickly

Mary shouldn't bother his peaceful life anymore.

Mary raised her eyebrows and looked at Donald, whose eyes were no longer

filled with the passionate and crazy love of the past she looked away and said confidently, "I thought you want to see me."

In the past, he knelt down and begged her not to leave, For so many years, she firmly believed that no matter who Donald had found, she was irreplaceable.

Donald must miss her every day.

For a moment, Donald's expression was numb. He did not know how to refute it.

Mary seemed to see through

him,

He did have been imagining if he would ever have the chance to see Mary again in his life.

Betty couldn't stand it. She asked directly, "Mary, why do you come back?"

She knew her sister very well. If Mary didn't have a goal, she would never have come back.

Mary didn't like Betty talking to her in such a tone. She stared at Betty and said with a little dissatisfaction, "Betty, you're just Christina's aunt, but I'm her mother. If you can live here all the time, why can't I come back?"

Her words and actions were generous and proper, which showed that she was the real owner of this house, Whether she wanted this home or not, as long as she came back, she was still the hostess of this house.

Betty could not refute. Mary was always so competitive.

Even if she didn't want something, she still thought it belonged to her.

Mary didn't seem to want to talk to them either. She looked at Christina with a smile and said, "Baby, I'll take you home this time."

Christina looked at her strange mother. In fact, from the moment Mary appeared, Christina just felt shocked. She didn't understand what Mary meant at all.

Mary said arrogantly, I'll take you home. Your biological father's house has..."

"I don't agree

Patrick suddenly interrupted Mary His voice was low but sounded determined