

Spoiled By My Bossy CEO Husband - Chapter 3 I'd Back You up in the Future

Lottie busied herself in the kitchen for twenty minutes, making a Japanese omelet and a few cheesy potato pancakes. As she served these steaming dishes to the dining table, she said, "Elijah, come and eat!"

Elijah glanced at the watch. It was fifteen minutes before eight o'clock.

He stood up from the couch, gracefully walked over with his little short legs, and sat down at the dining table.

On the first floor, Fabian wiped the drool off the corner of his mouth and grunted coldly, "They smell good, but they look unappetizing."

"Yummy." Elijah seemed to hear Fabian's voice from upstairs as he tasted each dish and concluded blandly.

Lottie smiled and said, "If you like it, I'll often make it for you."

Speaking of which, she seemed to remember something suddenly and asked, "By the way, you stay here so late. Where are your parents?"

"Are you the child of a friend of Mr. Chapman's?"

Before she got married, she hadn't heard that Mr. Chapman had any children.

Elijah frowned and nodded, "Sort of."

'I've expected this,' said Lottie.

Lottie nodded gently and added, "I didn't expect Mr. Chapman to have a kind heart despite his ugly face."

At least, his friend's child stayed in his home as comfortably as if they were in their own home, which proved that Mr. Chapman wasn't as violent as he was in rumors.

"He's not ugly." Elijah took a bite of his food and reminded in a low voice.

On the first floor, Ralph glanced faintly at Fabian drooling next to him. His eyes seemed to tell him, 'Look at your brother, and then look at yourself.'

Of his sons, one tried his best to keep his noble appearance, but the other couldn't wait to tell everyone that he was a monster.

Fabian pouted and said aggrievedly, "I just don't want a stranger to be my mom."

Ralph furrowed his brow slightly and turned to leave.

Downstairs, when Elijah finished his meal, it was already 8:10 p.m.

He ate very slowly and meticulously.

Finally, he put the two remaining uneaten cheesy potato pancakes on a small plate and took them upstairs with him. "Don't stay up too late."

As he stepped on the last step, he turned his head, glanced at Lottie, who was still standing blankly in place, and said coolly, "Don't worry."

"I'd back you up in the future."

Although he was still a child, he had a noble and arrogant temperament. When he turned back to talk to her, his gaze was so dominant that he didn't look like a five-year-old child.

Lottie had a momentary lapse of concentration.

A few moments later, she looked at his tiny back and was amused by his cool tone.

Even if she had some difficulty in adapting to this environment, it wasn't her turn to be protected by a
kid of this age, right?

Turning around, Lottie began to clean the kitchen and dining room. When everything was cleaned
up, she didn't dare to go back to that horrible bedroom.

Finally, Lottie sighed and slumped into the couch, covering herself with her jacket.

In the children's room upstairs. ..

Elijah put the aromatic potato pancakes on Fabian's nightstand.

But Fabian faced the wall, turning his cold back on Elijah. "I don't want to eat." "Well."

Elijah moved the plate of potato pancakes to his own nightstand.

Fabian was rendered speechless.

He pouted and started muttering, "We have made the agreement that we should never allow any
strange woman to be our morn."

"I don't expect you to betray me so soon. Traitor!"

Elijah sat back on his bed and looked at Fabian's back, "She cooks very well."

"She isn't our mom even if she's a good cook!"

Fabian scratched the wallpaper on the wall aggrievedly with his tiny fingers, "I want my birth mother, my birth mother!" Elijah sighed across from the bed as he looked at the ceiling and whispered, "But our birth mother is dead."

His mind was more mature than Fabian's, so he knew very well that their birth mother would never come back.

And their daddy shouldn't be a bachelor for the rest of his life.

The woman downstairs was quite nice.

"She's not dead."

Fabian clenched his little hand into a fist, "Mom must still be alive and waiting for us to look for her!"

Elijah closed his eyes and ignored Fabian's murmurs.

The children's room instantly fell into silence, with the aroma of cheese wafting through the air.

Finally, Fabian got out of bed, stood on tiptoe, carefully approached Elijah's nightstand, picked up a piece of potato pancake, and ate it.

The moment he put it into his mouth, Fabian's eyes instantly shone with brilliance.

This was too delicious!

It was 10,000 times tastier than the food cooked by the housemaids!

"Take the plate downstairs."

When Fabian ate the second one, the childish voice of Elijah who was lying on the bed rang out,

"And you are not allowed to scare her again."

“She’s under my protection.”

Fabian was speechless again.

He pouted and said, “Elijah, you’re so abnormal.”

In the past, Elijah had treated all his pranks with no concern, but why would he defend that woman today? Was it just because her cooking was very delicious?

Thinking about it, he took a hard bite of the potato pancake.

It was indeed delicious.

After finishing the potato pancakes, Fabian took the plate and went downstairs.

Coming down the stairs, he caught a glimpse of Lottie who was lying asleep on the couch.

Her body was huddled together and was shivering.

He walked over and looked at her clean and lily-white face.

She was a good-looking woman and also a good cook.

It would be great if she was his birth mother...

In her sleep, Lottie sensed a gaze staring at her.

She woke up with a start, and in front of her was the little boy from a while ago.

At this moment, he was holding a plate and looking at her fixedly.

She rubbed her drowsy eyes, “Is it not enough? You want to eat more?”

Why was he standing here with a plate and looking at her?

Fabian pursed his lips, knowing that she had mistaken him and Elijah, but he nodded anyway,

“Yeah.” He really wanted to eat more.

Looking at Fabian’s handsome and chubby little face, Lottie’s heart was melted. She lifted her hand

and pinched his face, “Then I’ll make you some more food.”

After saying that, she walked into the kitchen while thinking to herself, ‘Didn’t he say he wouldn’t eat

anything after eight o’clock?’ And... she had cooked a lot just now...

Lottie simply made him a light meal that was suitable for children.

Fabian ate it up.

And Lottie was dumbfounded.

This kid’s appetite... Wasn’t it a bit ravenous?

He even handed her the bowl and asked her to add more rice.

After he finished his meal, Lottie finally couldn’t help but ask, “Elijah, do you think...your appetite is

too big?”

Fabian froze for a moment, but then he smiled mischievously, “Yeah, I’m a big eater.”

He stretched out his two delicate fingers, “From now on, you’ve to double the portion when you

make me something delicious!”

After saying that, he thought over it again and was worried that Elijah would leave him the

unpalatable ones, so he stressed again, “You must make two identical meals.”

Lottie was a little shocked by his words, but she nodded anyway. She smiled and cleaned the table,

“I can understand that it’s high time for you to grow up.”

She handed Fabian the gift, a box of cookies she had made herself, which she had prepared for Mr.

Chapman earlier. “A gift for you.”

With that, she smiled and lifted her hand to rub Fabian’s head, “I wish you grow up safely and healthily.” Fabian blushed and quickly ran upstairs with the cookies.

It was only then that Lottie took a deep breath and returned to the couch, going back to sleep.

Upstairs...

A luxurious and expensive phone vibrated twice on the table.

The man picked up the phone with his slender fingers and viewed the message.

The one was from Elijah, ‘She passed.’

Fabian, on the other hand, sent him a voice message. While crunching a cookie in his mouth, he

said, “She passed for now, but I don’t actually like her.”

“But she cooks so well that for the sake of my stomach, I’m going to compromise for once.”

The man put down the phone, raised his finger, and tapped it on the desk. “Prepare it well. I’d like to

get a marriage license with her tomorrow.”

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