

Spoiled 1001

Chapter 1001: I'm Here to Deliver Documents to Mr. Battleson

Florienna Ellis clicked her high heels towards Justin Battleson's office.

On her way, she happened to run into Coco, who had just come out of Charlotte Thompson's office.

Florienna noticed the direction she was heading, her eyes lit up, and she quickened her pace to walk beside Coco.

"Coco," Florienna called out to her.

Coco was startled by Florienna's approach and turned around: "Ah, Florienna! What's up?"

"Where are you off to?" Florienna asked.

Although she didn't really want to bother with Florienna, since she had asked, Coco naturally answered politely,

"I'm taking these documents to Mr. Battleson's office."

Florienna's eyes gleamed with joy, and she immediately said, "What a coincidence! Mr. Battleson asked me to come to his office too. Hand over the documents to me, and I'll deliver them for you, so you don't have to make the trip."

"That doesn't seem quite right, I'll just go myself," Coco refuse awkwardly.

"We are all colleagues here, helping each other out is only right."

Florienna smiled amiably, "You don't think I'm going to throw away the documents, do you?"

"It's not that, but I won't trouble you with such a small matter."

Coco chuckled dryly, and as she had gathered quite a bit about Florienna in a previous investigation, she wasn't feeling too fond of her at this moment.

"It's on my way anyway, how can it be a bother?"

Florienna maintained her smile with a bit of reluctance, but her actions impatiently snatched the documents from Coco's hands, catching Coco off guard.

"I'll just take them over; you go back and assist Miss Thompson," said Florienna, who, regardless of Coco's reaction, went straight to Justin Battleson's office.

Coco watched Florienna's retreating figure, which was just perfect for her to go to the designer team to collect the drafts.

While Michael Richard stood outside Justin Battleson's office, he smelled a strong perfume scent from afar.

He looked up to see a woman striding toward him with her nose in the air.

Who is this person?

Upon seeing Florienna preparing to enter Justin's office, Michael instantly stood up and blocked her way.

"Mr. Richard," Florienna, of course, recognized Justin's assistant Michael Richard, and she twirled a lock of hair around her ear, offering him a gentle smile.

"Who are you?" Michael took a few steps back to distance himself from Florienna.

Not for any other reason, but he feared being overwhelmed by her perfume.

"I'm a designer for the company, Florienna," she said, blinking playfully.

Michael wasn't falling for it: "The designers' offices are downstairs; I think you're lost."

However, Florienna had already become impatient with Michael getting in her way.

She pursed her lips and then lifted the folder in her hand: "I'm here to deliver documents to Mr. Battleson."

Michael reached out his hand, wanting to take the documents: "Since it's just documents, I can hand them to Mr. Battleson myself."

How annoying is this Michael Richard?

Florienna cursed him inwardly.

When she became the CEO's wife, he was going to be the first one she fired.

"These are the designers' drafts; I need to present them to Mr. Battleson personally and explain them to him, which I suppose, Mr. Richard, you wouldn't understand. My time is precious, Mr. Richard, so please don't delay me any further."

Saying that, Florienna bypassed Michael and headed straight for Justin Battleson's office.

"You!"

Michael had intended to stop her, but he never expected Florienna to move so quickly. By the time he turned around, she had already pushed open the door to Justin Battleson's office.

Chapter 1002: Miss Thompson Sent Me

Justin Battleson, who was processing documents, noticed someone come in without knocking. His brows, already tightly furrowed, didn't relax in the slightest.

But Justin thought it might be Charlotte Thompson.

However, when he looked up and saw it was Florienna Ellis, his expression instantly turned sour.

And yet, as Florienna caught Justin looking up at her, a flash of joy crossed her face.

"Mr. Battleson..."

"Don't you know to knock?" But before Florienna could finish, Justin interrupted her.

"Get out."

Justin's voice was cold and detached.

Florienna felt as though a bucket of cold water had been dumped over her, and Justin's attitude only made her more certain that something had transpired between him and Charlotte.

Now, Justin must despise Charlotte immensely—it was a golden opportunity for her to move up.

Seducing Justin was something Florienna had contemplated for a long time, but she had never found the right moment. Now it seemed fortune was on her side.

"Mr. Battleson, I am here to deliver documents." Saying this, Florienna stepped forward and placed the documents beside Justin.

Justin, in the office, was simply dressed in a white shirt with sleeves slightly rolled up, revealing a portion of his strong forearms.

His expression was serious, his slender fingers held a black and gold pen of considerable value. For Florienna, just a glance was enough to set her heart racing.

There was an article that had boldly stated that Justin's entry into the business world was a loss for the entertainment industry.

With a face like Justin's, had he actually joined the entertainment industry to act, he might well have become a top-tier celebrity by now.

Compared to the middle-aged executives in other companies, someone as dominant and handsome as Justin was truly one of a kind.

In Ainsworth City, even across the entire Druarus, how many people would want to marry Justin Battleson.

Every year, those vying and fighting to get into the Riley Group were mostly there because of Justin.

So, when Justin announced his reconciliation with Charlotte, social media crashed for hours, silently breaking countless hearts.

While Florienna was staring at Justin absent-mindedly, he had already noticed her gaze.

He looked up at Florienna, and the word "leave" that was on the tip of his tongue was hesitantly reconsidered.

After all, she was still an employee of his company.

"Once you've handed over the documents, leave."

His icy voice brought Florienna back to her senses, and she touched her slightly warm cheek with her hand.

Seeing that Justin's attitude towards her wasn't altogether dismissive, she boldly took a step closer.

But if Justin knew what Florienna was thinking, he would immediately throw out the word "leave."

"Mr. Battleson, this document needs some explanation." Florienna leaned in a bit closer to Justin, deliberately pulling down her jacket to expose her round, fair shoulders.

The strong scent of her perfume spread with her movements, and Justin smelled it, his face darkened.

Indeed, it was Charlotte's faint scent that Justin found enchanting.

"No need. This is the last time I'm telling you, leave."

Justin had to hold his breath; he didn't look up, and naturally, he missed Florienna's seductive maneuver.

Florienna's face soured, and just as Justin was about to reach for the call button on his desk, she blurted out inadvertently.

"This is exactly what Miss Thompson asked me to bring to you."

At that moment, Florienna wished she could slap herself.

How could she mention Charlotte in front of Justin, knowing that there might be some conflict between him and Charlotte?

However, after Florienna spoke, Justin's expression actually softened a bit.

"Charlotte... Miss Thompson sent you?" Justin raised an eyebrow at Florienna.

It was just an insignificant gesture, but it caused Florienna's heart to race.

Chapter 1003: Where Can't I Compare to Charlotte Thompson?

"Yes," Florienna Ellis nodded.

Upon seeing this, Justin Battleson couldn't help but feel worried about Charlotte Thompson's situation.

He knew that Charlotte's biggest worry was probably about Grace Thompson's health, and now others were explaining these things to him.

It was also his own fault, having had too many things to handle in the morning; he hadn't even gone to see Charlotte.

Justin slightly lifted his wrist, thinking of going to see Charlotte later.

However, this gesture from Justin led Florienna to become presumptuous.

She thought Justin wanted to grab her hand; thus, Florienna quickly stretched out her own palm and pressed it against Justin's wrist.

"Mr. Battleson..."

Florienna stepped closer, her voice soft and sweet. She intentionally bent her upper body forward, displaying her attractively scenic chest.

Florienna was very confident in herself, sure she could enchant Justin Battleson.

Such an action from Florienna was naturally beyond Justin's expectations; he turned his head and found Florienna leaning with her upper body towards him.

Her entire being seemed to want to cling onto Justin.

She twisted her waist, and noticing Justin looking her way, she twisted even more spiritedly.

However, her supposed sexiness appeared to him like nothing more than a large insect.

"Mr. Battleson," Florienna, gripping Justin's wrist, tried to press it towards her chest.

Just when Florienna thought she was about to succeed, Justin's expression turned frighteningly cold.

He flipped his wrist and twisted her entire arm aside.

This caused Florienna such pain that she couldn't help but cry out; her body had to turn with her arm, and nearly tripped over her high heels.

Now, aside from disgust, Justin couldn't feel anything else.

"Mr. Battleson, you're hurting me," Florienna couldn't help but cry out, tears already forcing their way out of the corners of her eyes.

Hearing her feigned delicate voice only increased Justin's revulsion. He released Florienna's arm without hesitating and raised his hand, directly seizing her by the neck.

At that moment, Justin finally remembered who this woman before him was.

The Florienna Ellis that Charlotte had mentioned.

If it wasn't for the need to uncover the worms behind her company, why would Justin have kept her till now?

Justin didn't release his grip at all, causing Florienna to thrash like a fish out of water.

Her facial color turned deep red, veins on her forehead bulging, nails digging into Justin's arm, trying to make him let go.

But when she lowered her head, she met Justin's icy gaze.

Instantly, Florienna felt as if a scythe were hanging over her head.

Justin would really kill her.

This was what went through Florienna's mind.

Thus, she struggled even more vigorously.

"Let me go... help... help," she managed to stammer out these few words through clenched teeth, the sensation of being choked making her eyes involuntarily roll back.

Seeing Florienna's half-dead state, Justin simply threw her aside.

Like one reborn, Florienna knelt on the ground, gasping for breath.

She covered the fresh finger marks on her neck, which looked quite frightening against her pale skin.

"Get out."

Justin pulled a tissue from nearby to wipe his hands, already very impatient with the strong scent of her perfume.

But now, Florienna only felt a burning pain in her throat, tears uncontrollably falling from her eyes.

Looking up at the stern-faced Justin Battleson, Florienna bit her teeth hard.

She was all in.

She grabbed the hem of Justin's trousers and raised her upper body.

"Why? Mr. Battleson? In what way am I inferior to Charlotte Thompson?"

Chapter 1004: I Want to Be Your Woman

How could Florienna Ellis possibly be satisfied now?

In terms of looks and figure, she believed she was not inferior to Charlotte Thompson at all.

In Florienna's eyes, Justin Battleson was exactly the type who would like her.

Florienna thought no man could resist the temptation of beauty.

All men are fickle.

Yet, Justin Battleson standing before her had shown no reaction just now.

Justin's face was now clouded with a gloomy expression.

What kind of lunatic was this woman, and how could Michael Richard let her in?

"Mr. Battleson, I can give you whatever you want, I've always liked you, I want to be your woman," she said.

As Florienna spoke, her speech grew more manic; her face took on an obsessed hue, and the hand that was originally clutching Justin's trouser leg started to inappropriately move upwards.

And her other hand had begun to pull at the straps of her own short dress.

Even such a tempting Florienna was now seen as garbage in Justin's eyes.

To avoid nauseating himself, Justin averted his gaze. Just as he was about to kick Florienna away, the door to the office opened.

Charlotte Thompson walked in and saw this scene in the office.

Florienna Ellis, her clothes in disarray, was kneeling in front of Justin Battleson, her palm supporting his knee.

Charlotte didn't know what had happened, but such a posture would inevitably lead to wild speculations.

Instantly, Charlotte's face became gloomy, and without saying a word, she turned and left immediately.

Michael Richard, who had followed Charlotte, saw the scene in the office as the door opened and was instantly frozen in shock.

What was going on?

Justin felt as if the veins in his neck were about to burst.

He kicked Florienna Ellis away and got to his feet to follow Charlotte.

Why had he entangled with that madwoman for so long? He could have had Michael Richard drag her out right away!

"Mr. Battleson!"

Florienna was kicked so hard in the chest by Justin that she nearly vomited blood.

Yet she was still desperately trying to call after Justin.

"Keep her detained," Justin said through clenched teeth to Michael Richard.

The moment Justin shot him a look, Michael felt a chill run up from the soles of his feet.

It had been a long time since he'd seen Justin Battleson this angry.

He glanced at Florienna Ellis in the office and couldn't help but smack his own forehead, cursing himself for his oversight.

How had he not realized that this woman, dressed in such a way, had ulterior motives?

It was all over—he was doomed today.

Meanwhile, Charlotte Thompson walked briskly away, her already haggard expression turning even paler, her lips trembling unwillingly.

Her mind was filled with the scene she had just witnessed upon entering the office.

What on earth had happened?

Actually, Charlotte Thompson believed that Justin Battleson would not betray her, but the scene she had just stumbled upon still disgusted her.

Charlotte headed straight for the bathroom, where she turned on the tap, letting the cold water splash onto her face, bringing a few moments of clarity to her thoughts.

"Charlotte."

At that moment, Justin Battleson swiftly walked in and reached out to grab Charlotte Thompson's wrist.

"Don't touch me."

Charlotte instinctively refused.

Such a gesture made Justin's chest feel tight, but he did not heed Charlotte's words and directly embraced her instead.

"Charlotte, listen to my explanation, nothing happened between that woman and me."

"Let go of me, Justin Battleson."

Charlotte's mood had already been upset recently, and now encountering this incident, the frustration in her heart finally found an outlet.

Charlotte struggled with her arms, trying to break free from Justin's embrace, but his arms around her waist were unyielding, like iron clamps without the slightest give.

Chapter 1005: Charlotte, I'm Sorry

"Justin Battleson, let go."

Charlotte Thompson gritted her teeth to make her voice sound less pitiful, but her eyes had already quietly begun to redden.

However, Justin didn't listen to Charlotte's words. He only tightened his arms, not allowing Charlotte any room to struggle.

"Charlotte, I'm sorry, I really didn't touch that woman. She said you told her to bring in the papers," Justin immediately explained.

But Justin's words only made Charlotte even more furious.

"I never asked Florienna Ellis to bring you any papers."

Justin was taken aback, suspecting it was probably Florienna Ellis who had made up the excuse to come in.

No wonder Michael Richard hadn't stopped him.

How could he be so foolish.

Justin clenched his teeth but felt a dampness on his shoulder.

This made Justin's body stiffen slightly, and when he loosened his arms a little, he saw tears streaming from Charlotte's eyes.

Charlotte bit her lower lip and looked at herself. Even without speaking, Justin could already feel the grievance and sadness in her eyes.

Charlotte's tears fell onto the back of Justin's hand, scalding and painfully stinging his heart.

"Charlotte, I'm sorry, it's all my fault. It won't happen again."

Justin clutched Charlotte's palm and pressed it against his face, "You can hit me, yell at me, anything, just please don't cry, okay?"

Charlotte didn't speak. She pressed against Justin's palm, biting her teeth unable to speak, and eventually she leaned her head softly on Justin's shoulder.

Justin hugged Charlotte tightly, apologizing constantly in her ear.

The hands that Charlotte had been using to pound Justin's chest gradually clenched his shirt.

Justin's palm rested on the back of Charlotte's head, making himself her support.

But Charlotte's emotions soon calmed down. She pushed hard with her hands, directly pushing Justin away, creating distance between them.

Justin hadn't expected Charlotte to suddenly make such a move. He had relaxed his arms earlier, and now the entire man was pushed backwards staggeringly by Charlotte's gentle force.

"Charlotte," Justin called out.

"Don't call me that," Charlotte bluntly refused, "Get out."

"I won't go, Charlotte, listen to me explain, you really mustn't misunderstand, I didn't do anything..."

There was an added tinge of anxiety in Justin's tone; the usually meticulous man was suddenly flustered in explaining such a matter.

"Get out, this is the ladies' restroom," Charlotte glanced at Justin.

Having known Justin for so long, Charlotte naturally knew what kind of person he was; she also believed that Justin would not have anything to do with that woman, Florienna Ellis.

"What?" Charlotte's words made Justin taken aback.

Justin turned his head, only to see several female employees standing at the entrance of the restroom with embarrassed expressions. Upon realizing that Justin had turned their way, they quickly ducked out of sight.

For a moment, Justin's complexion changed unpredictably. He took a deep breath, forcibly pulling his face into a stern look, and then stepped out of the restroom.

Michael Richard and Coco, who had hurried over, only saw Justin coming out of the ladies' restroom.

A look of surprise flashed in both of their eyes as they stared at each other in horror.

Michael couldn't help covering his eyes.

That was it, by tomorrow the whole company would probably know about their boss running into the ladies' restroom.

"Stop looking; go back to work."

Michael coughed to signal the employees gathered outside to disperse and approached Justin, not knowing quite what to say.

Meanwhile, Justin turned his head and glared fiercely at Michael.

If it wasn't for him letting that crazy woman into his office willy-nilly, how could such a situation have arisen?

And Coco, the bystander enjoying the drama, rolled her eyes.

Just then, Charlotte came out of the restroom.

Chapter 1006: I Don't Like the Smell of You

"Charlotte."

Justin Battleson, who just a moment ago had a murderous look while staring at Michael Richard, softened his tone instantly when he saw Charlotte Thompson.

Charlotte glanced at Justin and headed straight for her office.

Justin hastily followed her.

Michael watched Justin's retreating figure.

The originally cold and ruthless Mr. Battleson had now become...

suffering from a bronchial attack.

"By the way, did Mr. Battleson approve the documents I sent over? The design department is anxious for them," Coco scratched her head, then turned to look at Michael.

"Documents, what documents?" Michael had a bad feeling.

"The ones Florienna Ellis took to Mr. Battleson's office."

As Coco spoke, the moment she mentioned Florienna, she noticed Michael's expression turn ferocious.

"You had Florienna take the documents to the president's office?" Michael looked at Coco, his tone increasingly accusatory.

Coco shrank back, now completely clueless about what had transpired.

"It wasn't me who asked Florienna to take them; she snatched them herself," Coco said, sounding wronged.

Michael looked at the young girl before him, unsure of what to say, and finally could only sigh.

He would wait until their boss had comforted his wife before coming after him.

Meanwhile, Justin followed Charlotte into her office.

Charlotte was about to head back to her desk when Justin quickly pulled her into his arms and seated her on the sofa.

"Charlotte, I'm sorry," Justin said with his eyelashes slightly lowered, his tone full of remorse.

"There's a mini surveillance camera in front of my desk. You can check it. I really didn't do anything. That crazy woman threw herself at me."

Justin felt somewhat irritated.

One displeasing event after another had occurred.

"Yeah, I believe you."

Charlotte nodded, her hands encircling Justin's waist as she softly spoke, "I just kind of lost control of my temper."

"Charlotte, I know you've been under a lot of pressure lately, I'm sorry for adding to your worries."

Justin looked at Charlotte with concern; her eyes were slightly red from recent crying.

In the eyes of others, Justin was always dominant, yet in front of Charlotte, he was willing to show vulnerability and lower his stance.

"It's nothing."

Charlotte gently shook her head, possibly because Florienna had been close to Justin, leaving a faint scent of perfume on his shirt.

Charlotte disliked such strong fragrances, which made her furrow her brows.

Placing her fingertips on Justin's tie, Charlotte loosened it a bit.

The sudden movement made Justin stiffen up as he sat quietly on the sofa, not moving.

Charlotte pulled off Justin's tie and carelessly tossed it on the floor, then began to unbutton his shirt.

Justin's throat moved up and down, and he pressed his lips tightly together.

"Charlotte."

Justin softly called Charlotte's name. As she looked up at him, he clasped her jaw, intending to lean down and kiss her, but Charlotte quickly put her hand between them.

Charlotte pushed Justin's face away, then stood up and walked over to her desk, where she pressed the telephone.

"Michael, bring a suit for Justin Battleson to my office."

Charlotte directly instructed through the phone.

Turning to look at Justin who was still seated on the sofa, Charlotte spoke.

"Go take a shower; I don't like the scent on you."

Charlotte's office had a separate resting room, which even included a shower facility.

Chapter 1007: Melissa Tanner's Fashion Show

Hearing Charlotte's words, Justin Battleson realized that he had the scent of Florienna Ellis's perfume on him.

He immediately got up and walked toward the shower.

Not long after, Michael Richard delivered the clothes prepared for Justin Battleson.

Charlotte was sitting on the sofa, and when she saw Michael Richard enter, she pointed toward the lounge, indicating that he should bring the clothes there.

Michael Richard nodded and headed to the lounge, while Justin had just finished freshening up; he had thought that Charlotte was the one bringing the clothes, but when he looked up, he saw Michael Richard.

Justin's face immediately fell.

Now, every time he saw Michael Richard, he felt annoyed.

Nevertheless, after Michael Richard delivered the clothes, Justin quickly dressed and walked out of the lounge.

Charlotte was looking at the documents in her hands when Justin stepped forward and knelt in front of her.

"Charlotte," Justin said softly.

Upon hearing his voice, Charlotte looked up, and Justin took the opportunity to lean in and unexpectedly kissed her lips.

She instinctively tried to push Justin away, but her wrist was caught in his palm.

The kiss seemed to carry a hint of moisture.

Eventually, Charlotte chose not to resist and gradually succumbed to Justin's actions.

But when Justin's hand slid to Charlotte's waist, he stopped, making no further move.

Justin's fingertips pressed against Charlotte's lips, rubbing gently, as if cherishing something priceless.

Charlotte's clear eyes met Justin's careful expression, and finally, she pulled his hand to her cheek and gently exhaled a sigh.

While the two were looking at each other in silence, the phone lying beside them lit up.

Charlotte's gaze was drawn to it, and she saw that it was a call from Zara Ward.

She immediately answered the call, and Zara Ward's anxious voice came through.

"Miss Thompson, the fashion show is about to start. Are you still coming?"

Zara's voice carried a tone of urgency; she and Charlotte had previously agreed that Charlotte would arrive an hour before the show.

Now, with less than half an hour remaining until the fashion show and Charlotte still not present,

Zara had called Charlotte multiple times without response, which had her heart sinking in dismay.

She even suspected that Charlotte had been playing her all along.

Zara's words made Charlotte's pupils contract, and she abruptly stood up from the sofa.

That's when Charlotte remembered why she had circled today on her calendar.

Today was Melissa Tanner's fashion show.

Charlotte frowned slightly in annoyance.

How could she have forgotten such an important event?

"I'm so sorry, Miss Ward. I'll be there right away," Charlotte said, her tone full of apologies.

"So, Miss Thompson, you're still coming, right?" Zara asked tentatively.

Naturally, Charlotte picked up on the careful tone in Zara's voice, which made her feel even more guilty.

As she gathered her things, she responded to Zara,

"Miss Ward, I'm truly sorry. Don't worry, I'll be there shortly."

Saying this, Charlotte was about to leave the office when Justin spoke up, offering to escort her.

However, Charlotte shook her head: "You better handle the situation with Florienna Ellis first."

Justin's brow furrowed, but before he could say anything, Charlotte hurriedly left.

Outside the office, Coco was waiting there; seeing Coco, Charlotte quickly took her hand.

"Come on, we need to go. Zara's fashion show is about to start."

Chapter 1008: The Grand Finale Appearance

On the other side, Zara Ward, having finally gotten through to Charlotte Thompson's phone, hung up under the gaze of everyone in the studio.

At that moment, everyone collectively breathed a sigh of relief.

"I was scared to death, I thought Miss Thompson wouldn't come today," a female employee patted her chest.

"Okay, let's proceed with everything as planned," Zara Ward clapped her hands, signaling the staff to continue their preparations.

"But what about the boss's last piece of clothing?" Steven Taylor, an employee at Zara Ward's studio, walked up to her and pointed in a direction.

Hearing this, Zara Ward looked over and saw the half-finished piece on the clothes rack. The slight ease in her brows tightened once again.

This piece had been something she had been waiting for Charlotte to work on together, but now with Charlotte not having arrived, naturally, the piece had been delayed.

Zara Ward's lips pressed thinly, then she said, "If it really can't be done, then let's not send it out."

"But..." Steven Taylor began to say then stopped.

He knew how much heart and soul the boss had put into that piece, the one that everyone in the studio was most looking forward to, and now to just say it's not going up was unthinkable.

This couldn't help but cause Steven Taylor to harbor some dissatisfaction with Charlotte in his heart.

If it wasn't for Charlotte's delay, the piece might not have been discarded.

"You go ahead and get ready for the other things. The invited guests and reporters will be entering the fashion show soon. Keep an eye on everything and make sure there are no mistakes,"

Noticing the expression on Steven Taylor's face, Zara Ward spoke.

"Understood, boss." Steven Taylor nodded and turned to leave.

However, what Zara Ward didn't know was that after Steven Taylor left the backstage, many studio staff members were waiting outside.

"What happened, what did the boss say?" a young girl asked.

She didn't specify what it was, but everyone present knew what she was referring to.

Steven Taylor's expression was grave as he slowly said, "It might not be completed."

As soon as Steven Taylor spoke those words, the atmosphere became heavy in an instant.

"If it's not completed, does that mean it won't be able to go on stage?" the young girl hesitantly voiced a fact.

"That piece has been designed by the boss for half a year, waiting just for today's fashion show to be the grand finale, but now how could it not be completed..."

"If it wasn't for that Charlotte..." Steven Taylor couldn't suppress the resentment welling up in him and blurted out.

The admiration Steven Taylor once had for Charlotte in his heart had already diminished by quite a lot.

"Steven, how can you say that?" another employee retorted, looking disturbed.

"Charlotte clearly promised our boss she would arrive early and finish the final design of the dress with her. But now, her person has not shown up, and the boss has had to call her so many times before she answered," Steven Taylor continued.

"Stephen, Miss Thompson is so well-known in the design field, her daily work must be incredibly busy. Besides, without Miss Thompson's support, perhaps our fashion show might not have been possible to hold at all,"

Someone beside tried to console Steven Taylor.

"Is that an excuse for her not arriving on time?" Steven Taylor said through clenched teeth.

But just as Steven Taylor finished speaking, he looked up to see Charlotte and Coco hurrying over.

Not just Steven Taylor, but everyone there had embarrassed expressions.

The words they had been saying behind someone's back, Charlotte had overheard them directly.

All the staff at the scene became uneasy in an instant.

What if they had angered Charlotte?

Chapter 1009: Appreciation of Beauty

Steven Taylor's face turned red, and the hand hanging by his side clenched tightly, the knuckles whitening. He was just about to apologize as Charlotte Thompson approached him, but Charlotte cut in before he could speak.

"I'm so sorry, I can't believe I'm late."

Charlotte had rushed over in such haste that she was slightly out of breath as she spoke.

She gave Coco, who was behind her, a look, and Coco immediately pulled out a stack of papers from the bag.

"This is the previously designed schedule; go check it for any issues."

Charlotte blinked earnestly, and said,

"Don't worry, I won't let all your hard work go to waste. This fashion show will be a big success and will make your brand an overnight sensation."

Steven Taylor stared blankly at Charlotte, for a moment not quite sure what to say.

The other employees next to Steven Taylor were also stunned.

Seeing that no one was moving, Charlotte quickly clapped her hands, "What are you still standing there for? Get moving, the show is about to start!"

It was Charlotte's urging that snapped everyone back to reality. They started to get busy with their assigned duties, with Coco joining the process check as Charlotte had instructed.

Meanwhile, Charlotte sprinted to the backstage area.

At that moment, Zara Ward was about to take a piece of clothing off the hanger when Charlotte grabbed her wrist.

"No, I'm here."

Charlotte looked at Zara Ward with a serious expression, stopping her in her tracks.

"Miss Thompson," Zara Ward blinked.

"Let's get started." Charlotte directed a smile towards Zara Ward, her lips pursed.

Zara Ward nodded in response, and the two began their final handiwork.

"I'm truly sorry; my phone was on silent, and I didn't get your messages." Although Charlotte was speaking, her hands didn't pause for even a moment.

On her way over, Charlotte saw that Zara Ward had sent her several messages and made many calls.

Zara Ward looked at Charlotte's profile but remained silent.

Charlotte, noticing Zara Ward's gaze, turned her head, her eyes full of puzzled inquiry, "Is there a problem?"

At Charlotte's question, Zara Ward chose to shake her head.

Upon seeing Charlotte, Zara Ward immediately noticed that she looked very pale and unwell.

Zara Ward couldn't help but speculate that something might have prevented Charlotte from answering her calls.

"I'm going to welcome the media," Zara Ward said.

Charlotte nodded, then turned back to focus intently on the final touches to the clothing.

As her fingertips glided over the fabric, Charlotte couldn't help but purse her lips.

The inspiration for this garment had originally come from Grace Thompson.

It was during this moment of distraction that a needle pricked her fingertip, and a bead of blood emerged instantly.

The pain snapped Charlotte back to attention, and she put the injured finger into her mouth.

She hadn't been on her game all day.

"How could I be like this?" Charlotte pinched her own cheek.

She needed to finish her work quickly.

Grace was waiting for her to come home.

With that thought, Charlotte bolstered her spirits and devoted herself earnestly to her work.

Charlotte was finalizing the finishing touches on this garment, infusing it with fashionable elements.

Originally, this long gown had taken Zara Ward a long time to design with a purely traditional style, but Charlotte's minor revisions had introduced a trendy twist.

Such a change made the dress even more eye-catching.

As she adjusted the garment, Charlotte couldn't help but admire Zara Ward's appreciation for beauty.

The clothes she designed were simply too beautiful.

Chapter 1010: Riding on the Coattails of Popularity?

If it hadn't been for Zara Ward insisting on designing her own clothes, Charlotte Thompson would have already considered letting Justin Battleson's side acquire and merge the entire Melissa Tanner studio.

As Charlotte was contemplating, the fashion show on the other side was about to begin.

Charlotte changed into the qipao dress that had been prepared in advance.

This was a modified qipao dress that she and Zara Ward had designed together.

The lower half was designed with a wider skirt, embroidered with butterflies flitting through peonies. When she moved, the butterflies seemed to dance and the peonies blossomed quietly, attracting the eyes of those around her.

Just after changing, Zara Ward came over and couldn't help but exclaim upon seeing Charlotte.

"Miss Thompson, you are truly beautiful," Zara said with heartfelt admiration.

Charlotte's beauty was radiant and captivating. When Zara first saw Charlotte, she felt that she was extremely suited to traditional Chinese-style clothing.

Being so openly praised for the first time, Charlotte also felt a bit embarrassed, not helping but to bend the corners of her mouth.

Zara glanced at Charlotte and then snapped her fingers, "Miss Thompson, please wait for me for a moment."

With that, Zara hurried off, and when she came back, she unexpectedly had a jade hairpin in her hand.

"Let me help you with your hair," Zara offered.

Charlotte had simply braided her hair into a plait that hung down her back. While it had a classical flavor, upon closer inspection, it seemed a bit too simple.

Zara stepped forward, and not finding a comb around, reluctantly gathered Charlotte's hair with her hands, only to exclaim a second later.

"Wow, Miss Thompson, your hair quality is so good. Why don't you keep it long?" she said while arranging Charlotte's hair.

"Long hair can be a bit difficult to manage," Charlotte replied.

"There, much prettier now," Zara said, patting Charlotte on the shoulder. Charlotte looked up at the mirror before her.

Her hair was simply tied up with a jade hairpin, with a few loose strands falling beside her cheeks, giving her a somewhat lazy look.

It was millions of times more attractive than the hairdo Charlotte had hastily done herself.

"Thank you, Miss Ward, you're really skillful with your hands," Charlotte said enviously.

"I'm the one who should be saying thanks. If it hadn't been for Miss Thompson's help, my studio might have already closed down," Zara said sincerely.

"How could that be? True talent will shine eventually. I also marvel at my good fortune for not missing out on a talent like Miss Ward," Charlotte said, genuinely intending to befriend Zara.

The two exchanged no more words, but understood each other with just a shared smile.

Charlotte glanced at the time and no longer delayed, walking towards the red carpet area.

Because Melissa Tanner was not well-known, the only celebrities they could invite were those distant figures from the entertainment industry, many of whom were streamers or internet celebrities.

The brand hadn't informed Charlotte that she would be attending the fashion show, so when she stood in front of the red carpet, the journalists, initially unenthusiastic, suddenly perked up as if injected with adrenaline.

They looked at each other incredulously at the sight of Charlotte before them.

"Who is this person? Why does she look so much like Charlotte Thompson?"

"Where did this person get plastic surgery to look exactly like Charlotte Thompson?"

"Is Melissa Tanner trying to ride on Charlotte Thompson's popularity?"

The reporters discussed amongst themselves, while Charlotte confidently picked up a pen and signed her name on the board behind her.

Charlotte.