

Spoiled 1011

Chapter 1011: Is it Miss Charlotte?

After a few breaths filled with dead silence, the flashlights erupted simultaneously across the venue; reporters seemed desperate to burst through the safety barriers in front of them to stand before Charlotte Thompson.

No one had expected the famous Charlotte to appear at such an unknown brand's fashion show.

No, this wasn't an unknown brand at all.

Any fashion show that could feature Charlotte was among the top luxury brands in the world—this Melissa Tanner...

People's previous perceptions of Melissa Tanner were now completely overturned.

After all, Charlotte wasn't exactly a professional celebrity, and this was also her first time facing such a frenzy of flashing lights, causing her vision to turn into an expanse of white in an instant.

After striking a few simple poses, Charlotte hurriedly turned and walked into the venue.

Fearing that any further delay would blind her.

To facilitate guests finding their seats, the lights inside the venue hadn't been turned off.

Charlotte was about to head to her seat when suddenly, an exclamation rang in her ear.

"Is that Miss Charlotte?"

As soon as these words were uttered, they drew the attention of everyone present.

Charlotte inwardly cursed her luck.

In an instant, the venue boiled over with excitement, and Charlotte was like a juicy piece of meat thrown into a pack of wolves, with people's eyes gleaming green around her.

Charlotte tugged at the corner of her mouth, trying to slip back to her seat without attracting attention.

But, as it turned out, such an idea was now impossible.

"Is it really you, Miss Charlotte, the illustrious designer Joy?"

An influencer closest to Charlotte, clutching her phone, approached with excitement that could not be hidden.

"Hello." Out of politeness, Charlotte still nodded in greeting.

The influencer instantly covered her mouth, almost screaming with excitement.

Holding her shaking phone, she said, "Can I take a photo with you?"

Knowing the level of Charlotte's popularity, if she could get a photo with her, it would certainly attract a lot of attention online.

Charlotte had intended to refuse, since the fashion show was about to start.

But now that the influencer had started it, all the people nearby surged towards Charlotte.

Those requesting selfies with their phones, those taking photos, Charlotte even heard someone seemed to have started a live stream.

The noise of discussion exploded instantly, making Charlotte feel quite uncomfortable.

She had been to many fashion shows, but this was the first time she had encountered such a situation.

Coco, having finished all her prep work, was supposed to find Charlotte in the venue, but the moment she came out, she was startled by the scene in front of her and hurried over.

"Make way! Everyone, please make some room."

Coco positioned herself in front of Charlotte, but the crowd seemed too enthusiastic and almost pushed Coco over.

Charlotte, with quick reflexes, caught Coco but hadn't expected to lose her balance when someone yanked her arm unexpectedly.

"Be careful, Miss Charlotte."

Fortunately, someone steadied her by pressing down on Charlotte's arm, keeping her upright.

Charlotte turned around and saw a demure-looking girl standing beside her, who quickly withdrew her hand when Charlotte looked at her.

"I was pushed over here too." The girl adjusted her glasses on her face, looking quite upset.

Charlotte took a deep breath, already displeased with the uncivil behavior of the crowd around her, but she still put on a kind smile.

"Everyone, please wait a moment, the fashion show is about to start, let's all return to our seats."

Chapter 1012: Dream Come True

Charlotte Thompson's voice was calm, yet it possessed an undeniable force.

She scanned the room, and her gaze finally rested on the face of the live-streaming host.

The host's bright smile quickly turned awkward as he put down his phone and sheepishly returned to his seat.

The lights around began to dim, and everyone snapped back to reality, quickly making their way to their seats.

Charlotte finally relaxed and nodded at the young girl who had just helped her.

"Thank you."

The young girl giggled shyly before hurrying off.

"How did this happen?" Coco whispered beside Charlotte.

It was the first time Charlotte had encountered such a situation, and she too was quite shaken.

After shaking her head, they found their places together.

As Charlotte sat down, most of the lights in the arena had already gone out, and the photographers had made their entrance, signaling that the fashion show was about to begin.

The melodious sound of a guqin played, casting a spell that instantly quieted the previously somewhat noisy venue.

With the ripples of the guqin sound, other classical instruments joined the ensemble.

The curtain was drawn, and the first model entered the stage.

The show was divided into three themes, each with a different style and, of course, different accompanying music.

The flashing lights made the end of the runway seem as bright as day, and Charlotte couldn't help but smile as she watched each model cross the stage.

As the saying goes, hard work pays off, and she believed that Melissa Tanner would definitely become famous thanks to this fashion show.

Sure enough, although some people were initially only focusing on Charlotte, they soon became captivated by the clothes on the models, their expressions filled with astonishment when no one was looking.

The show seemed to fly by, and just as everyone was immersed in the antique beauty, the final piece of clothing slowly made its entrance.

At the moment the last garment appeared, the audience couldn't help but start applauding.

The model gracefully walked to the end of the runway, her simple turn perfectly showcasing the garment under the spotlight and the bursts from the flashbulbs.

The uplifting music also began to fade with the model's steps,

It was as if a river of history had reached the end of an era.

The audience's gaze involuntarily fell on the silhouette of the model.

Finally, it was cloaked behind the hazy veils.

A few lights around them came on, and all the models walked out in a line for the final appearance, the sound of clapping never ceasing.

Naturally, Charlotte was also among the applauding crowd, her smile growing even brighter as she watched Zara Ward walk out with the last model.

Zara noticed Charlotte's gaze and shared a smile with her.

She had intended to invite Charlotte to the stage, but Charlotte slightly shook her head, declining the offer.

Zara completed the final walk with the models, listening to the continuous applause behind her, suddenly feeling tears welling up.

It was a scene that could have only appeared in her dreams.

And now, her dream had come true.

As Zara walked off the runway, she saw her colleagues shoulder to shoulder, and she instantly felt her eyes brimming with tears just like theirs.

After the fashion show came the media interview time, and Charlotte, fearing the social media influencers would swarm her again, quickly grabbed Coco and went backstage to look for Zara.

Chapter 1013: Thank you, Miss Thompson.

When Charlotte Thompson arrived backstage, she found Zara Ward in tears with her staff.

"Boss, have we really made it big?" Among them, the boy named Steven Taylor was crying the hardest, with snot and tears streaming down.

"When I came over earlier, I had someone do a divination, and they said we were definitely going to be hit big today," the youngest girl said, sniffing.

"Boss, let's go out for a meal after this is over."

Zara Ward carefully wiped the tears from her face, then smiled and said, "Sure, you guys pick the place; it's my treat today, and we're not going home until we're drunk."

Charlotte stood not too far away, unsure of when she could join the conversation.

It was the youngest girl with sharp eyes who noticed Charlotte, her voice trembling slightly: "Miss Thompson."

The girl's voice drew everyone's attention to her, and Zara Ward was the first to approach Charlotte.

Zara Ward looked at Charlotte excitedly: "Thank you, Miss Thompson."

Charlotte flashed her a brilliant smile and then hugged Zara Ward.

"Congratulations on the successful conclusion of your fashion show."

Zara Ward hugged Charlotte back with warmth: "How about I treat you to dinner tonight?"

Hearing this, Charlotte couldn't help but look at Zara Ward with a mixture of laughter and tears.

The designers at Zara Ward's studio created pieces that were each more beautiful and ethereal than the last; how had they all turned out to be such enthusiastic eaters in person?

"Let's not rush to dinner, the interviews are what's most important right now," Charlotte reminded them.

"Yes, yes, yes, the interview! I almost forgot about that," Zara Ward slapped her own head and was about to head outside but was stopped by Charlotte.

"Do you plan to meet the reporters and have the interview looking like that?" Charlotte glanced at Zara Ward.

"Is there a problem?" Zara Ward looked down at the outfit she'd specially prepared for the day, seeing no issues.

Eventually, Steven Taylor spotted what was wrong; he patted Zara Ward's arm, "Boss, now I see how badly you cried earlier; your makeup is all smudged."

Zara Ward's expression changed, and she frantically looked for a mirror while mumbling, "But I made sure to cry so carefully..."

"It seems your makeup isn't very waterproof. When you earn some money, buy something better," Steven Taylor teased.

After that, Steven Taylor turned to look at Charlotte with an embarrassed expression, then bowed his head and said.

"I apologize, Miss Thompson; I spoke ill of you behind your back."

"What's the big deal? It was my own fault, wasn't it? Shouldn't I allow others to criticize me?" Charlotte said with a smile.

Compared to those who flattered her because of her status, Charlotte preferred real people like Zara Ward and Steven Taylor.

"Alright, everyone go and get ready again, we have to face the media soon."

As Charlotte spoke, she also turned and headed toward the interview area.

It seemed like all the media present were waiting for Charlotte's arrival, and as soon as they saw her, they didn't wait for her to reach the interview spot before they rushed over.

Charlotte was taken aback, stepping back a few steps, but the reporters' microphones were already pushed toward her face.

At the same time, the reporters started bombarding Charlotte with questions.

However, few of the questions related to the day's highly successful fashion show.

Chapter 1014: When to Remarry?

"Miss Charlotte, why are you here today, and why isn't Mr. Battleson with you?"

"Miss Charlotte, there were rumors online that you and Mr. Battleson were not getting along, is that true?"

"Miss Charlotte, when do you and Mr. Battleson plan to remarry?"

These utterly uninteresting questions poured into Charlotte's ears, and despite maintaining a calm facade, she couldn't help but frown slightly.

However, this subtle movement was already captured by the reporters before her.

It was in that moment of frowning that countless photos were likely taken.

"Miss Charlotte, can you directly answer our questions?"

"Miss Charlotte, since you and Mr. Battleson are back together, why haven't there been any news about you wanting to remarry?"

Almost every question was concerning her relationship with Justin Battleson.

Charlotte pursed her lips gently, her face lifting into a perfectly poised smile.

"Today is Melissa Tanner brand's fashion show, and I think it would be better to ask some questions about the brand, I am sorry but I cannot respond to the other questions."

Charlotte spoke up directly, choosing to ignore the reporters' gossip-filled questions.

The reporters waiting for Charlotte's response were momentarily stunned, then someone actually started asking relevant questions.

"Is the Melissa Tanner brand your own, Miss Charlotte? Why haven't it been mentioned by you before?"

"Miss Charlotte, when did you get involved with traditional Chinese style?"

However, after hearing these questions asked by the reporters, Charlotte's expression truly turned unsightly.

"All the reporters here must have been invited by the brand," Charlotte's gaze swept around.

"Seeing as all of you are professional journalists, I suppose you've also done your research before attending the fashion show."

Having said that, Charlotte paused for a moment.

"This time I also am here at the invitation of Miss Zara from the Melissa Tanner brand to attend this fashion show, and I feel very honored."

Charlotte emphasized Zara's name firmly, making the faces of the reporters who asked off-topic questions turn somewhat embarrassed.

"I admire this brand, so I chose to come to this fashion show."

"Likewise, I hope that through this fashion show, everyone will learn more about the Melissa Tanner brand and come to understand traditional Chinese style."

Charlotte spoke calmly, enunciating each word clearly.

The originally anxious reporters at the scene also quieted down.

"Besides, I have another announcement to make. Riley Group will be collaborating with Melissa Tanner Studio on a joint venture, and we will be launching a new line of products soon. Please look forward to it."

After saying this, Charlotte smiled politely at the reporters and turned to leave.

Finally escaping the reporters' interview, Charlotte breathed a sigh of relief.

Sitting in a chair backstage to rest, she hadn't faced a situation like this in a long while.

Her thoughts wandered for a moment before Charlotte changed out of her gown and had Coco package it.

Charlotte waited for Zara's interview to end, then said goodbye and left.

During this time, she received a message from Annie Anne.

Annie Anne had gotten a new variety show and was about to start filming.

Upon receiving this news, Charlotte congratulated Annie in her message.

But at the same time, Charlotte also pondered.

Annie Anne's smooth comeback was probably inseparably linked to Oliver Hudson.

Just as Charlotte sighed, Zara, who had completed her interviews, walked in.

She came up to Charlotte with a concerned look, "Is something the matter?"

Chapter 1015: The Center of Attention

Charlotte Thompson shifted her gaze, and Zara Ward also pulled up a chair to sit beside Charlotte.

Originally, Charlotte thought that Zara wanted to ask about what happened to her, but Zara simply smiled and said, "Were you up all night excited to attend my fashion show yesterday, so you didn't get a good rest?"

No matter what happened to Charlotte, it was her privacy, and Zara didn't have such curiosity to inquire.

So she joked with Charlotte, hoping to put her at ease.

Charlotte of course understood Zara's intention, and she looked at Zara with a smile, speaking softly, "Of course, this is the first fashion show I've attended after such a long time, I'm definitely excited."

"We're about to go have a dinner party, as today's hero, would Miss Thompson honor us with your presence as well?" Zara asked.

"Thank you for the invitation, but I need to go pick up the kids now, so I can't join you for dinner."

Charlotte replied with a hint of regret.

Upon hearing this, Zara's face also showed some disappointment.

"But next, the Riley Group will be working with your studio, so there will be times when we won't be able to eat together?"

Charlotte extended her palm towards Zara.

Zara naturally understood and shook hands with Charlotte.

"Then here's to a pleasant cooperation!"

"Here's to a pleasant cooperation!"

The two exchanged smiles.

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On the way to the kindergarten, Charlotte kept browsing the trending searches on her phone, and had prepared in advance, so the Melissa Tanner brand instantly shot up the search rankings.

After all, Melissa Tanner was a little-known brand, so when it appeared at number one on the search list, netizens were somewhat puzzled.

And it was with this curiosity they clicked in, only to find that it was Charlotte who attended Melissa Tanner's fashion show.

And the comments under the video mostly related to Charlotte.

Charlotte frowned as she looked at them.

How did the brand's popularity get overshadowed by her own?

Charlotte sighed with some annoyance, having overlooked this matter.

Her own fame was much larger than Melissa Tanner's, so the netizens focused on her first.

With this thought, Charlotte didn't hesitate to share the official Melissa Tanner fashion show video from their Weibo account.

This time around, the audience's attention was finally captured by Melissa Tanner's clothing designs.

Netizens began exclaiming in admiration, and soon the trend of glowing comments on the official website praising Charlotte were buried under streams of praise for the outfits.

"Help, since when did Druarus come out with such a divine brand?"

"Wow, these clothes are way too gorgeous."

"No wonder Charlotte accepted this invitation, oh my, I really want to see it live."

"It looks like the dress Charlotte is wearing is also designed by their designers."

"Save me, the designer behind the Melissa Tanner brand is such a beautiful woman! Indeed, only a beauty could design such beautiful clothes!"

Seeing the comments gradually return to praise, Charlotte finally breathed a sigh of relief.

If she really had taken the spotlight from Melissa Tanner, she would have felt quite guilty.

Various marketing accounts also began to share, and in no time the popularity of Melissa Tanner skyrocketed, with clicks on the official website steadily climbing.

The hidden gems of clothing on the official website were finally being discovered by others.

At the same time, a trend surrounding the revival of Druarus style quietly surged.

Soon, it was believed that Druarus style would become the focus of the entire nation of Druarus and even the whole world.

Chapter 1016: Emotional Breakdown

"Looks like Melissa really garnered a lot of attention this time."

Sitting beside Charlotte, Coco, who was also looking at the real-time trending topics on her phone, couldn't help but exclaim.

"And Melissa's previous fashion show has been dug up too."

Charlotte listened and nodded with satisfaction, "They deserve it."

"But this time, since we've made Melissa famous, I'm afraid quite a few lesser-known brands will also want to contact us."

Coco whispered beside Charlotte.

Hearing these words, Charlotte, however, shook her head in disagreement, but she didn't speak.

Charlotte firmly believed that if Melissa persisted, this gem would eventually be discovered by others.

It was just that today's sudden surge in Melissa's popularity was indeed due to Charlotte bringing more attention to her.

Charlotte unconsciously turned her gaze toward the window.

There were still many good brands like Melissa's in the fashion circle that hadn't made a name for themselves, yet she couldn't discover too many of them.

Just as Charlotte was contemplating this, Coco suddenly let out an exclamation beside her.

"How could there be such a trending topic?"

Hearing Coco's words, Charlotte turned her head and saw Coco looking somewhat awkwardly at her.

A bad feeling washed over Charlotte, and she quickly unlocked her phone, only to see a trending topic rapidly climbing to the top.

Justin Battleson and Charlotte Thompson's relationship was falling apart.

A trace of confusion crossed Charlotte's expression.

Yeah, how could such a trending topic appear?

Charlotte curiously clicked in and found that the marketing account had reposted the video of Charlotte's interview from that day.

However, the article that accompanied it suggested that Charlotte had looked awful throughout the day, from the moment she arrived at the event to the end of her interviews with the press, clearly looking as if she had suffered a huge blow.

Moreover, when journalists asked about her relationship with Justin Battleson and when they would get married, Charlotte had chosen to evade the questions.

Reading the large block of text, Charlotte clenched her teeth tightly.

Charlotte knew she hadn't looked good today, but of course, she would avoid those reporters' questions.

After all, it was Melissa's fashion show, which had nothing to do with her own relationship with Justin Battleson.

However, these marketing accounts and news media love to take things out of context for the sake of attracting eyeballs.

And now that someone had reposted this piece of news, it quickly prompted a lot of people to share it.

"These marketing accounts will just make up anything." Coco spoke up with some displeasure.

But to Charlotte, the situation seemed a bit strange.

In just a few short minutes, the marketing account's shares had broken into the hundreds of thousands.

Charlotte couldn't help but check out the marketing account, scrolling through its previous articles. While they indeed had shares in the hundreds of thousands, none matched the volume of today's article related to her.

At this point, Charlotte had some contemplation. It could be that someone had deliberately purchased popularity behind the scenes.

Charlotte was right to think this; there was indeed someone behind it, stirring things up.

Furthermore, marketing accounts would buy their own fake followers, but the huge number of shares this article received was also related to Charlotte's own influence.

Because the relationship between Justin Battleson and Charlotte Thompson was already a topic of great interest on the internet.

Who doesn't love gossip.

And even more so when it's about two top figures like Justin Battleson and Charlotte Thompson.

If the media were to conduct a poll on who was the king of gossip this year, Charlotte would surely be way ahead.

After all, too much news about Charlotte had happened in the last few months.

Chapter 1017: The Conspiracy Descends

Charlotte Thompson gazed at the phone with a headache brewing, as if sensing Charlotte's distress, Justin Battleson chose that moment to call.

"Charlotte, I saw the trending topics online, I'll get my people to pull them down right away," Justin Battleson was also on his way to pick up the children from kindergarten; he had heard that Charlotte attended Melissa Tanner's fashion show, so he was keeping an eye on the news.

The very next second, he saw the distressing trending search that no one would be pleased to see.

Justin had also found the segment where Charlotte was besieged at the event, which inevitably sparked anger in his heart.

He decided then that he would definitely accompany Charlotte at such events in the future.

One reason was to protect Charlotte, and the other was to shut those sensationalist reporters up.

"Okay, I got it, push up the news about the cooperation between the company and Melissa Tanner's studio," Charlotte massaged her temples and spoke softly.

Such trending searches, if seen by the children, would probably upset them again.

Justin handled things with natural efficiency, so it wasn't long before the skyrocketing trend about the marital troubles between Justin Battleson and Charlotte Thompson was suppressed.

Similarly, there were quite a few people with ulterior motives who also saw the trending search.

"Marital troubles?"

In the makeup room, Nina Adams looked at the trending search on her phone, her expression becoming somewhat peculiar.

She muttered to herself, then walked over and sat down on the nearby sofa.

Nina flipped through her phone, hovering over the gallery section, when suddenly a call came in.

It was an unfamiliar number.

Nina looked closely as if she had thought of something, and immediately answered the call.

"Hello? Good day," Nina's voice took on a probing tone.

"It's me." A gentle female voice came through the phone, and Nina couldn't help but sit up straight.

"You must have seen today's trending topics," the voice on the other end said with a laugh.

Nina immediately understood what she was referring to and nodded, "I've seen it."

Nina's mind raced with speculation. Could it be that she wanted her to do something?

Sure enough, the next second the woman continued, "The video you recorded earlier, you can release it now."

"What?"

Nina didn't expect to hear this, which made her tone hesitant.

"Is there a problem?" the woman's voice grew more questioning.

Although her voice remained gentle, to Nina it felt chilling.

Remembering the scene of their meeting, Nina couldn't help but shudder.

"Are you really not involved with her?"

Nina asked, but instantly regretted posing the question.

The other end of the line fell silent because of Nina's question.

This panic-stricken Nina glanced at the still ongoing call, unsure whether to continue or to hang up right there.

As Nina hesitated, a low chuckle came through the phone.

"I remember you asked this question before, and I've already given you a definite answer," the voice said.

Nina exhaled slowly, then asked quietly, "But now that Ryan Richard is in jail, what value is there in releasing that video?"

"It doesn't matter who's in jail now. What matters is that the woman who was taken into the room is Charlotte Thompson, and that's enough."

Yet, Nina still hesitated.

But the voice on the other end was losing patience.

"Once this is done, you won't be short of benefits."

Chapter 1018: Imitating Her

"You just want to get revenge on her, don't you? Moreover, you want fame and status, all of which I can give you."

The woman's voice sounded like it was laced with hooks, pulling out all of Nina Adams's hidden desires.

Nina Adams took a deep breath, only to find her throat parched, "What you're saying is true."

"What benefit would there be for me to deceive you, or do you still think I'm Charlotte Thompson?"

"But that's not it, you're definitely not the right person."

Sourly, Nina Adams spoke, "Alright, I'll find the right moment to release the video."

"Very well." Having received the answer that pleased her, the woman on the other end hung up.

Nina Adams let out a relieved sigh.

She licked her somewhat dry lips, scrolling through her phone to her photo album, eventually finding that several-second video.

Nina Adams opened the video and watched it.

The video had been altered—the man's face was indistinguishable, and the other woman, due to the angle, only showed a profile which, after the blurring from the edits, was unrecognizable.

However, the most critical part of this video was the person being helped into the room.

His face was clearly displayed to the camera.

Charlotte Thompson.

Nina Adams carefully watched the video several times over. Such a video, if released, would likely have a massive impact on Charlotte Thompson.

Nina Adams could feel a cold sweat forming in the palm of her clenched hand.

Her fingertips kept rubbing against the phone case—these small movements betraying her nervousness.

It was then that she received a text message on her phone.

Just two words, "Go for it," followed by a little smiley face.

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"Understood, I'll find a time to send it."

After receiving the text from Nina Adams, the woman tossed her phone aside, her eyes gaining a few shades of coldness.

"How did it go?"

Leon Battleson, who was sitting on the sofa, glanced at Evelyn Curtis. Gently swirling the champagne in his glass, he spoke.

"They have replied. They will release that video in the next few days."

As Evelyn Curtis turned, she had completely masked the expression in her eyes, carefully and dutifully walking over to Leon's side, kneeling next to his chair.

Like a pet indulged by her master, she leaned over and rested on Leon Battleson's lap.

Leon Battleson responded, "It's also time for you to meet Justin Battleson."

At the sound of that name, Evelyn Curtis slightly hesitated.

She lifted her head and blinked at Leon Battleson, "Really?"

However, such an inquiry elicited a flicker of irritation in Leon Battleson's eyes.

Without speaking, he just quietly stared at Evelyn Curtis.

For a moment, Evelyn Curtis felt a chill down her spine, and she quickly bowed her head and timidly said,

"I'm sorry, I misspoke."

"No one can question my decisions," Leon Battleson lifted Evelyn Curtis's chin with his hand, scrutinizing her current face, yet furrowing his brows tightly in the end.

"I've trained you for so long; how can you still look like this? I've told you, you must imitate her in every word and deed."

Leon Battleson leaned in, looking at Evelyn Curtis in front of him, his brow deeply furrowed.

Evelyn Curtis said nothing, but her tense body revealed the anxiety in her heart.

"Do you think I would eat you?" Leon Battleson asked in a solemn tone.

Evelyn Curtis shook her head.

"Then why are you so afraid of me?" Leon Battleson released Evelyn Curtis.

"I'm sorry, young master," Evelyn Curtis said with pursed lips.

No matter how well she hid it, she couldn't mask the innate fear she felt when she faced Leon Battleson.

That fear sprouted from deep within, having already taken firm root.

Chapter 1019: She Must Make Charlotte Thompson Pay the Price

She felt that this man was her savior, granting her a new lease on life, but at the same time, for Evelyn Curtis, he was also her greatest fear.

Every time she thought back to that period, Evelyn only felt her throat go dry.

"Forget it," Leon Battleson scoffed with a grunt, "It's no fun if you say the same things as Charlotte Thompson."

Then he turned around to look at Evelyn, who was still kneeling on the ground, and with a lift of his foot, motioned for her to stand up.

"In a couple of days, I will take you to meet Justin Battleson. The chances of you entering Riley Group are slim, so you better continue in the entertainment industry," said Leon indifferently.

"Thank you, young master," Evelyn replied, pressing her forehead but a shadow flickered across the bottom of her eyes.

Justin Battleson and Charlotte Thompson, I am back; welcome me properly.

In a daze, Evelyn reached out to touch her cheek but suddenly felt a sharp pain, which made her retract her fingers and bite her lip unwillingly.

This time, she was determined to make Charlotte Thompson pay the price.

"Cough cough..." Charlotte Thompson held her fist to her mouth, coughing softly.

Justin Battleson noticed her condition and pulled her coat closer around her, "You've been overworking recently, haven't you? Your body can't take it."

"I'm fine, there's no need to make such a fuss," Charlotte smiled up at Justin.

Justin tightened his grip on Charlotte's fingers in his palm, "It is you who always cause people to worry."

Charlotte glanced at Justin, and at that moment, the children lined up and walked out of the kindergarten.

On seeing Justin Battleson and Charlotte, they came bounding over excitedly.

"Daddy, mommy!"

Hank Thompson was always the first one to run over, beaming a brilliant smile at Justin Battleson and Charlotte.

Charlotte had initially stretched out her hand to pinch the little fellow's cheek, but the cheeky boy slipped away just before she could.

Behind Hank, Chad Thompson and Annie stood shoulder to shoulder, each holding a beautiful wreath.

"Mommy, mommy," Annie called out, waving her hand at Charlotte.

Naturally accommodating, Charlotte bent down, supporting herself on her knees.

Annie then slipped the wreath she was holding onto Charlotte's head.

"This is a wreath the kindergarten teacher taught us to make today; Annie and little Hank made it together, for mommy."

The wreath, made of fresh flowers, carried a faint fragrance when worn on the head, relaxing Charlotte slightly.

Charlotte lifted Annie, "Annie, you are mommy's good daughter. Mommy really likes the wreath, thank you Annie, thank you little Hank."

"If mommy likes it, then that's great," Annie hugged Charlotte's neck, rubbing her cheek against hers.

Meanwhile, a somewhat embarrassed Hank scratched his head on the side.

On the other side, Chad tiptoed, aiming to place his wreath on Justin Battleson's head.

"Dad Justin, this is a wreath made by Chad and Jack for you," Chad said, looking at Justin hopefully.

The children were young, so the act of making such a wreath seemed adorable. Though it was such a garish wreath, wearing it made Justin look quite amusing.

Nonetheless, Justin squatted down, allowing Chad to place the wreath on his head.

Although it didn't matter if Justin wore it or not, wearing it did attract quite a bit of attention from those around.

Not for anything else, but because Justin Battleson's face was just too good-looking.

It's said that when ordinary people wear such flashy wreaths, it might look somewhat ridiculous.

Chapter 1020: Second Brother is the Best

Justin Battleson, now in a suit, sported such a flower crown but didn't seem the least bit awkward.

Charlotte Thompson glanced at him and thought no wonder there are always those abroad who call handsome celebrities pretty boys. Looking at Justin Battleson standing before her, wasn't this a true example of a 'blossoming' pretty boy?

Charlotte opened the car door for the kids, so naturally, when they got into the car to head home, they saw the flower crown in his hand.

Cyrus Thompson spoke up when he noticed Charlotte's gaze, "This one was made for Grace."

Charlotte looked at the crown in Cyrus's hand, woven with the flowers that Grace loved most.

"Grace will be very happy to see this," Charlotte said, praising him as she patted his head. Cyrus didn't show much reaction, but his ears had turned slightly red.

"We made one for our great-grandmother too," Cyrus added.

"We originally wanted to bring back some flowers for great-grandmother."

While speaking, Hank Thompson opened his little backpack and took out a flower whose petals had all been trimmed.

"Great-grandmother loves gardening, but this flower can't be kept alive anymore, so we made her a flower crown instead. Our teacher said a flower crown can last a very long time."

"My dear children, whatever you bring, your great-grandmother will surely love it."

"Something really fun happened at school today. We'll tell Grace about it when we get home," Jack Thompson interjected.

Compared to the lonely and reluctant figures when dropping the little ones off at kindergarten, they certainly seemed more energetic when coming home.

The car hadn't even come to a stop, and the children couldn't contain their excitement, pressing against the car window, looking at Grace standing at the villa entrance.

The children waved frantically from within the car, and Grace stood at the villa's entrance.

As soon as the car stopped, the children opened the door and ran towards Grace. In a flash, they surrounded her.

Cyrus placed the flower crown on Grace's head.

"For you, Grace," he said.

"Thank you, brother," Grace spoke sweetly,

"The teacher taught you to make flower crowns, Grace wants to learn too."

"We brought back lots of flowers, so if Grace wants to learn, we can teach you," Hank went to pat Grace's head.

But Grace quickly dodged.

"Don't, what if you mess up my flower crown?"

Hank withdrew his hand and put it on his waist, "If it gets ruined, your older brother will make another one for you. I'll give you as many crowns as you want right now."

"I knew brother was the best," Grace immediately looked at Cyrus with a beaming smile.

"Now you know how good your big brother is? Will you let me pat your head?" Hank looked at Grace with a hint of pride.

"Nope," yet Grace cheekily stuck out her tongue at Hank and then took Annie by the hand and walked into the villa.

Annie held the flower crown they had made for their great-grandmother.

"Little rascal..."

Hank muttered softly, but watching Grace's smiling face brought a smile to his own.

As Charlotte and Justin Battleson entered the living room, they found the children gathered around Jasmine Clarkson, who also wore a flower crown the children had given her.

The fragrant flowers the children had brought back from kindergarten were spread across the coffee table, and Cyrus was instructing Grace, hand over hand, how to weave a crown.

Charlotte looked at Annie sitting aside and beckoned to her.

"Annie."