

Spoiled 1041

Chapter 1041: You Caused My Family's Downfall and Death

"It's okay, they said it's just a minor injury," Vincent reassured Charlotte.

"That's still no good, Jordan, go find a pharmacy and buy some gauze and iodine to re-dress Vincent's wound."

Charlotte shook her head and issued the order to Jordan once more before leaving alone with the police.

Jordan wanted to call out to Charlotte to stop her, but he knew it wouldn't do much good, so he turned to look at Vincent and got up, preparing to head to the pharmacy.

"Really, it's not necessary to trouble yourself," Vincent said, somewhat helplessly.

After all, he was a doctor and fully aware of his own physical condition. Moreover, the assailant's blade hadn't cut too deeply, it was just that the bleeding was a bit excessive.

"Forget it, this is the task my sister entrusted to me. Just wait," Jordan waved his hand at Vincent, then with hands in his pockets, trudged off to the pharmacy.

Vincent sat alone on the chair, tilting his head to look at the handkerchief on his arm, his thin lips lightly pursed.

Meanwhile, Charlotte was taken to the interrogation room. She was nervous all the way there but also pondered whether there was anyone who bore a grudge against her.

Charlotte thought it over and the only person she could think of was Evelyn Curtis.

However, as soon as she considered the voice and build of the person in black, she dismissed the thought.

Until the moment before stepping into the interrogation room, Charlotte had many thoughts but had never expected that the person she'd end up facing would be Andrew Anne.

His hands were cuffed, his shoulders slumped, and he sat hunched over in the chair.

Charlotte thought about how it had only been half a month since her last encounter with Mr. Anne.

Yet in just these short weeks, Charlotte felt that Andrew looked as if he had aged a decade, a man who had once been so dignified and energetic now radiated an aura of aged frailty.

When Andrew spotted Charlotte entering, his gaze shifted, emotions seeming to churn anew.

His cuffed hands landed on the table, the cold metal clinking against the surface, creating a grating noise that drew the attention of a nearby police officer.

Charlotte, too, was visibly taken aback. She sat across from Andrew, her mouth open, and it took a while before a muffled voice emerged from her throat.

"Mr. Anne... why is it you?"

Andrew, however, laughed as if he had heard some kind of joke. His laughter, initially controlled, eventually became sharp and grating.

"Stop laughing."

It was only after a police officer by their side spoke up that Andrew contained his laughter.

Andrew straightened up, his eyes drooping as he looked at Charlotte, "Why is it me? Isn't everything thanks to what you've done, Miss Thompson?"

Charlotte was unnerved by Andrew's gaze, her hands clenched in her lap, her mind a haze of confusion.

"What in the world is going on? What does it have to do with me..."

"Even now, you pretend you know nothing. Honestly, your innocent act must have deceived so many people. I can't believe I once trusted your words."

Andrew grew agitated, coughing uncontrollably after his outburst until his face turned a bright red.

"I don't know what happened to you, but I feel there must be some misunderstanding," Charlotte said seriously.

"Misunderstanding? You've brought ruination and death upon my family; what misunderstanding could there be?"

Chapter 1042: Anne Family Bankruptcy

"What does 'family ruined, people perished' mean?" Charlotte Thompson sharply caught the phrase from Andrew Anne's words and immediately asked.

"I had already begged you to spare our Anne family, but what happened? On the surface, you pretended to agree, but behind the scenes, you never stopped putting pressure on our Anne family. Now our Anne family has gone bankrupt. Are you satisfied?"

As Andrew spoke, his emotions became increasingly agitated, even showing signs of wanting to stand up from his chair.

"The Anne family has gone bankrupt..."

Charlotte murmured softly, this matter indeed exceeded her expectations.

After composing herself, Charlotte raised her head and addressed Andrew again.

"Mr. Anne, the bankruptcy of your Anne family has nothing to do with us, the Thompson Family. We have long since stopped secretly suppressing you."

"Nonsense! Other than you, who else has such power and capacity to target our Anne family!" Andrew naturally didn't believe Charlotte's words.

"After you came to see me last time, I went back and questioned my brother. However, he repeatedly assured that our Thompson Family had long since ceased to put any pressure on your Anne family. So, Mr. Anne, the one actually behind your Anne family's bankruptcy is someone else."

"Do you think I would believe your words? Our Anne family has never made enemies in the business world, so how could others suppress us?"

This comment also reflected the confusion in Charlotte's heart.

Who indeed was out to suppress the Anne family and intentionally placing the blame on their Thompson family?

Clearly, it appeared that someone had orchestrated a plot specifically against the Thompson family.

"So you're speechless now that your motives have been exposed?"

Seeing Charlotte's silent demeanor, Andrew assumed that Charlotte was tacitly admitting to the deeds of the Thompson Family.

"Do you really think your Thompson Family can do whatever it pleases? Sooner or later, I will make your Thompson Family pay!" Andrew gritted his teeth as he glared at Charlotte.

Just then, Charlotte spoke calmly, "Mr. Anne, suppressing your Anne family and even causing its bankruptcy, what benefit does that bring us, the Thompson Family?"

Charlotte's inquiry was sharp and left Andrew momentarily unable to respond.

"If it were just plain business competition, but there is absolutely no conflict of interest between the Anne family and the Thompson Family in the business world, why would we, the Thompson Family, go to great lengths to mobilize our influence and time to target the Anne family?"

Charlotte shared all the thoughts she kept in her heart.

"Moreover, with your Anne family's strong family background and foundation, even the Thompson Family couldn't possibly drive your Anne family to complete bankruptcy so quickly."

These words caused Andrew to fall into silence.

After a while, Andrew finally lifted his head again, seemingly unwilling to concede, and retorted, "Nonsense! You're making all this up! I won't believe it."

"Believing it or not is your choice, Mr. Anne."

Watching Andrew's reaction, Charlotte calmly stood up and earnestly said to him,

"But this matter concerns the reputation of our Thompson Family, so I will definitely thoroughly investigate. Mr. Anne, rest assured, I will uncover the truth of the matter."

Andrew initially wanted to mock Charlotte for overestimating herself, but when he looked up and met Charlotte's gaze.

Suddenly, Andrew found himself at a loss for words.

Chapter 1043: Thorough Investigation

What kind of eyes were those, filled with firmness and persistence?

In a daze, Andrew Anne seemed to truly believe what Charlotte Thompson had just said.

The unwavering thought in his heart also began to waver faintly.

Andrew Anne found it incredible; he had been around the business world for so many years, yet he had never seen such a gaze.

He opened his mouth, the foolish words on the tip of his tongue, but he swallowed them all down.

"Mr. Anne, I will certainly investigate this matter thoroughly," Charlotte nodded to Andrew Anne and made a promise.

However, Andrew Anne seemed to turn his head away quickly with indifference, no longer looking at Charlotte.

Facing Andrew Anne's attitude, Charlotte's heart did not stir because today's events weighed heavily on her chest like a stone.

Who was the mastermind behind the scenes, targeting their Thompson Family, or saying...

Walking out somewhat absent-mindedly, in the waiting area, Jordan Thompson had already changed Vincent's dressing and bandaged him up again.

They waited for Charlotte to come out, and immediately went up to greet her.

"Sis, what happened, who was that man? He didn't do anything to you, did he?" Jordan held Charlotte's shoulder, asking with deep concern.

Then he shook his head, his expression somewhat ambiguous.

"What happened! What did he do!"

Jordan's voice immediately became tense, and even his grip tightened.

This brought Charlotte back from her daze; she stretched out her hand and flicked Jordan on the forehead.

"Ow!" Jordan winced, holding his forehead and speaking with a hint of grievance.

"Sis, what do you mean by that?"

"It means you need to calm down, don't be so nervous," Charlotte explained helplessly.

Then she pinched the bridge of her nose, and Jordan quietly moved behind to start massaging her shoulders.

Now that their statements were recorded at the police station, there was no need for the three of them to continue staying there.

Although Vincent's wounds had been treated and bandaged by Jordan, the ladies were still somewhat worried, so they forcefully insisted that Vincent go to the hospital immediately.

Unable to thwart Charlotte, Vincent could only obediently follow her advice.

On the way to the hospital, Annie Anne finally spoke up under Jordan's intense gaze, "I never thought that the person who attacked me today would turn out to be the head of the Anne family, Andrew Anne."

Upon hearing this, the car fell into silence, with no whispering among the rest, and the usually lively Jordan was as quiet as a mouse.

"How could it be? Do you have any dealings with the head of the Anne family?" Vincent was the first to speak, breaking the silent tension between them.

"I don't know either. He just said that the Anne family's bankruptcy now is related to our Thompson Family," Charlotte said, shaking her head with difficulty.

"I'm just implicated with the Thompson Family. Didn't they say early on that our family had already stopped pressuring the Anne family?"

Jordan also knew some things about the Anne family; he rubbed his chin and suddenly, as if a thought struck him, he snapped his fingers and said.

"My guess is that the Anne family's finances were in trouble long ago, they couldn't support themselves, and they simply found an excuse to pin the blame on our Thompson Family."

"Otherwise, it can't be explained why Andrew Anne kept clinging to our Thompson Family, right?"

Chapter 1044: Why is it there?

"I've met the head of the Anne family a few times before, and he doesn't seem like that kind of person," Vincent said, speaking up at the right moment.

And Charlotte very much agreed with Vincent's words.

"Although there were some conflicts between Zoe Anne and me before, that's all in the past now. Afterwards, the Thompson family didn't press any further on the Anne family. Now that the Anne family has gone bankrupt and ended up like this, there's probably a hidden mastermind manipulating things behind the scenes."

After a moment of reflection, Charlotte slowly continued,

"Andrew Anne always felt that we were constantly suppressing their Anne family, but whatever is going on behind the scenes, we must investigate thoroughly."

"Really, I hate people who play dirty tricks in the shadows," Jordan said, waving his hand disdainfully.

Charlotte nodded in agreement, and the three of them arrived at the hospital while chatting.

Seeing that Vincent's wound had finally been treated and bandaged seriously, Charlotte finally relaxed.

"Is it okay now?" Vincent asked, showing the wound to Charlotte as he moved his arm.

Looking at Vincent's very unserious demeanor, Charlotte didn't say anything.

"Alright, don't be angry. I'm very clear about the condition of my body," Vincent consoled Charlotte.

"Vincent, you saved me today. If it weren't for you, I might have..."

As she spoke, Charlotte imagined such a scene and still felt a shiver of fear.

"By the way, why were you there at that time?"

This time, Vincent paused his hand movements and then continued to speak, "I just happened to be passing by, and I didn't expect to be able to play the hero to save the beauty for once."

"I must thank you no matter what." Charlotte took a deep breath, then stood up, preparing to bow to Vincent.

But Vincent seemed to have anticipated Charlotte's action, and he immediately reached out his arm to stop her.

"What does this mean? We're friends, isn't it what I should do? I also feel very lucky to have been able to save you in such a critical moment, just like a prince saving a princess."

The mood was very good, but it was shattered by Vincent's words.

Unable to hold back, Charlotte covered her mouth and chuckled lightly.

Seeing this, Vincent also curved his lips into a smile: "You look better when you laugh; a face full of worries doesn't suit you."

"Anyone looks better when they laugh."

Charlotte replied softly, "So, Your Highness, you need to rest well now and take care of your wound."

Jordan, who had just returned with medicine, only heard the latter part of Charlotte's words, which was enough to make him stop in his tracks, surprised.

Your Highness?

The more outlandish part followed, as he heard Vincent nod in response to Charlotte: "As you command, Your Highness Princess."

For a moment, Jordan wondered if there was something wrong with the way he had opened the door.

He looked down at the medication in his hand.

Or could it be that he had picked up the wrong medicine, and it was actually a hallucinogen?

Help, it's already this era, and there's still such a cheesy code?

Jordan didn't understand, but he was greatly shocked.

He cleared his throat and placed the medicine aside: "Remember to take your medication on time."

He truly meant this reminder from the bottom of his heart.

At that moment, Jordan's phone rang. He looked at the caller ID and immediately handed the phone to Charlotte.

It was Justin Battleson calling.

Chapter 1045: Not of Great Significance

"Ouch," Charlotte Thompson said as she smacked her forehead.

She hurriedly took out her cellphone from her pocket and saw many missed calls and messages from Justin Battleson.

Charlotte silently cursed herself; she had muted her phone when she entered the police station and had now forgotten about something important.

Justin probably worried a lot after not being able to reach her.

"Are you going to answer it or not?" Jordan Thompson urged Charlotte.

Only then did she snap out of her daze, intending to take Jordan's phone to answer the call, but the phone automatically disconnected due to the long ringing time.

Charlotte twitched the corners of her mouth and decided to use her own phone to call Justin Battleson.

Justin answered almost instantly.

"Charlotte, where are you? Why haven't you replied to my messages or taken my calls?" Justin's tone clearly conveyed his anxiety.

"I'm sorry for making you worry. I had muted my phone and didn't hear it. I'm currently at—"

But Charlotte was interrupted before she could finish, as a nurse walked in holding a clipboard, glancing at Vincent.

"Mr. Vincent, your wounds have been treated. If you feel no discomfort, you may be discharged right away."

However, everyone present, including Justin, who was on the other end of the call, heard the nurse's words clearly.

"You're at a hospital? Which hospital? What happened?"

There was a faint sound from the other end of the phone, and Charlotte knew that Justin was coming to find her.

Hearing the concern in Justin's voice, Charlotte quickly tried to reassure him, "Justin, don't worry about me; I'm fine. I'm here not because of me but because Vincent got injured trying to save me."

"Vincent?"

Justin initially felt unfamiliar with the name but after a moment, he remembered that Charlotte did know a person named Vincent who seemed to be a doctor.

Justin acknowledged with a sound and immediately asked for Charlotte's location before rushing over.

Despite hanging up, the worry between Charlotte's brows did not ease.

"Was that Justin's call? Aren't you happy he's coming?" Vincent asked curiously, noticing Charlotte's expression after the call.

"I'm just afraid he's worried," Charlotte responded knowingly.

Vincent chuckled dryly, "It seems you two really care about each other, thinking of how loving you two must be."

Hearing Vincent's words, Charlotte felt slightly embarrassed and lowered her head.

"In that case, why did you give birth to your children alone all those years ago, without Justin by your side?" Vincent asked without any hesitation.

Although his words successfully choked Charlotte.

"I..."

Charlotte didn't know how to explain it.

But seeing her hesitation, Vincent quickly said, "Sorry, I shouldn't have asked, it must be something you don't want to bring up."

Charlotte adjusted her hair and then said, "Even though that's true, it's been many years. Bringing it up doesn't really matter anymore."

"By the way."

While speaking, Vincent took something out of his pocket.

Chapter 1046: Right? Charlotte?

Charlotte Thompson stared intently and recognized the cloth she had first used to bandage Vincent.

Initially, Charlotte wanted to reach out and take it, but she hadn't expected Vincent to suddenly retract his arm at that moment.

This left Charlotte looking at Vincent with an expression of incomprehension.

"I dirtied this cloth, so I'll wash it and then return it to you," Vincent earnestly folded the cloth.

"It's such a hassle; I can just deal with it when I get back," Charlotte shook her head.

"How can that be?" Vincent naturally refused Charlotte, and by then, he had already pocketed the cloth.

"Suit yourself then," Charlotte didn't really care about the handkerchief, so she didn't insist on taking it back.

"Now that I've been to the hospital and my wound is bandaged, can it be put away now?" Vincent looked up at Charlotte.

"Okay, as you say, Doctor Vincent," Charlotte teased him and made Vincent crack a smile.

Now that there wasn't anything urgent, Charlotte was also planning to find out about the Battleson Family, and so prepared to leave with Jordan Thompson.

"Regarding the Anne family, I'll ask a friend to inquire for you, hoping it might help," Vincent turned his head and spoke to Charlotte as they were about to leave.

"Don't bother; this is a private issue for our family, and we can handle it well. Besides, you've helped me a lot, haven't you? It's starting to make me feel a little embarrassed," Charlotte said with a beaming smile.

Vincent smiled without answering.

Charlotte, Vincent, and Jordan, the three of them walked shoulder to shoulder, simply talking about the old days in Ashton.

Now, recalling those times, although Charlotte was extremely busy at work, she felt a great sense of fulfillment emotionally.

Charlotte curved her lips into a smile, but a trace of melancholy flickered in her eyes.

Under the shelter of the Thompson Family, Charlotte and her children were very well protected.

So, that could be considered a worry-free life.

"I actually miss those days in Ashton quite a bit," Vincent's words pulled Charlotte out of her reverie.

"Maybe we'll get a chance to go back, don't you think, Charlotte?"

But Charlotte didn't pay much attention to Vincent's inquiry, simply nodding her head, "Perhaps."

Right after Charlotte spoke, Vincent in front of her suddenly staggered.

This unexpected situation naturally startled Charlotte.

She saw Vincent's body fall limply towards her, and Charlotte had no choice but to catch him.

Their height difference made it difficult for Charlotte, as Vincent's weight pushed her backward.

With one hand on Vincent's shoulder and the other supporting his chest, she tilted her head back slightly, leaned her back against the wall, and barely managed to hold him up.

Vincent seemed to come to his senses then, bracing his arm near Charlotte's ear, showing with his barely lifting eyes that he still lacked strength.

"Sorry, I felt a bit dizzy just now and didn't stand steady. Did I scare you?" Vincent said softly, leaning in.

"I'm fine, but you need to be more careful. What caused this sudden weakness?" Charlotte blinked.

"It's probably low blood sugar, an old issue of mine," Vincent said nonchalantly.

The two of them casually chatted, unaware of how intimate their current posture was.

Chapter 1047: Jealous

At last, Charlotte noticed that something was not quite right between her and Doctor Vincent. She had wanted to push Doctor Vincent away with her hand, but unexpectedly, he firmly clasped her shoulder.

"Wait a minute, don't move," Doctor Vincent said seriously, then pointed at Charlotte's eyebrow.

"You've got a piece of willow fluff stuck here."

As Doctor Vincent reached out to remove the willow fluff from Charlotte's eyebrow, a voice suddenly interrupted them.

"What are you doing?"

Startled by the abrupt voice, Charlotte instinctively pushed Doctor Vincent away.

Turning her head, she indeed saw Justin Battleson standing not far away, his expression somewhat unpleasant.

"You're here," Charlotte stepped forward and walked over to Justin's side.

Justin pulled Charlotte over and carefully checked her over to see if she had suffered any injuries.

Noticing Justin's actions, Charlotte took hold of his wrist and shook her head at him.

"Didn't I say? I'm fine, there's no need to worry."

Wrapping his arm around Charlotte's waist and drawing her into his embrace, Justin turned his head to look at Doctor Vincent standing aside.

His gaze swept across the doctor's injured arm, and Justin spoke somberly, "Thank you, Doctor Vincent."

"Yo, brother-in-law, how did you get here?" Jordan Thompson had just looked down to reply to a few messages and when he raised his head, Justin Battleson had suddenly appeared.

He greeted him, but looking at the scene before him, he faintly felt that something was not quite right.

Could it be that while he was engrossed in his phone, he had missed some major event?

"I'm very grateful that I just happened to be passing by and could save Charlotte."

Doctor Vincent chuckled lightly, his foreign features accentuating his deep-set eyes as he smiled.

The silent exchange between Justin and Doctor Vincent lent a certain subtlety to the surrounding atmosphere.

"Thank you, Doctor Vincent. I'll go back with Justin now. Take good care of your wound," Charlotte finally spoke up to break the tension, prompting Doctor Vincent to nod at her, and then he turned to Jordan,

"Remember, you still owe me a meal."

"Don't worry, you won't miss out," Jordan patted his chest confidently.

Doctor Vincent nodded and departed.

Charlotte watched Doctor Vincent leave, but the next second, her chin was caught and her face was turned back.

"What's so interesting?" Justin asked in a low voice.

The scene he had witnessed upon arriving had been a sharp sting to his eyes.

"What were you just doing?"

Feeling displeased, Justin didn't hesitate to inquire immediately.

"Just now?" Charlotte paused for a moment, then realized what Justin was referring to.

"Doctor Vincent had a bit of low blood sugar and nearly fell over, so I helped steady him."

"Nearly fell over? He looked quite spirited to me."

The colder Justin spoke, the colder his voice became, and even more so when he reached out his hand.

"Keep some distance from him in the future," Justin said bluntly.

"Hm?" Charlotte looked up at him with her eyes widening, the edges of her vision filled with Justin's tightly pressed lips.

Remembering the physical contact she had shared with Doctor Vincent earlier, everything clicked for Charlotte.

She wrapped her arms around Justin's waist and rested her cheek against his chest.

"Mr. Battleson, are you jealous?" she asked coyly, biting her lower lip playfully.

Seeing Charlotte's knowingly provocative demeanor, Justin pinched her cheek.

"What do you think?" Justin's tone rose at the end, seemingly laced with a veiled threat.

Chapter 1048: You're Investigating Me?

"It was just an accident," Charlotte muttered, pouting her lips in response to Justin Battleson's movement.

Seeing Charlotte like this made it look like she was somewhat eager...

Gazing at Charlotte's delicate lips, Justin's throat slightly constricted.

He leaned in closer, his voice growing softer, "Accidents are no good..."

His last words were swallowed up by Charlotte's lips.

The kiss seemed infused with a punishing intent, making Charlotte feel inescapable.

Then, Jordan Thompson opened his mouth, intending to say something, but he couldn't find the right moment.

Now, witnessing this scene, he helplessly turned his head to the side.

Damn it!

He didn't want his lunch to turn into dog food!

Probably as a protest against the couple's shameless public affection, Jordan coughed pointedly to the side.

That startled Charlotte, who tapped Justin on the shoulder, finally getting him to release her.

"Big sis, I didn't come out here to be fed with dog food," Jordan lamented from the side.

Charlotte pursed her lips, slightly embarrassed, and leaned her head against Justin's chest.

Justin, furrowing his brow, shifted his gaze toward Jordan.

In that instant, Jordan regretted speaking out.

But by now, he could only endure the torture of Justin's piercing look and spoke softly,

"Well then... Big sis, why don't you and your husband head back first? That information can be told anytime," Jordan coughed seriously and said.

Listening to Jordan's words, Charlotte quickly scanned her mind.

Indeed, it wasn't something crucial; knowing it sooner or later didn't matter.

She nodded towards Jordan and then spoke, "Do you want to come back with me and check on the kids?"

She was about to open her mouth to speak, but the word was suddenly swallowed as she met Justin's gaze.

Jordan was muttering to himself internally.

Was interrupting them just once such a crime?

Besides, in such a public setting, they should be mindful of their behavior.

"Forget it, I've got an appointment with my band friends tonight, so I won't be going back to see the kids."

Jordan ruffled his hair haphazardly, "I'm going to head off first. But big sis, since you want to know about your husband's family stuff, why don't you just ask him directly instead of trying to find out on your own?"

It was just an offhand remark, yet as Jordan turned to leave, he noticed Justin's expression becoming subtly intense.

"Are you investigating me?" Justin looked down at Charlotte.

Her mouth opened slightly but she was momentarily at a loss for words.

From the side, Jordan noticed the atmosphere turning somewhat awkward and internally panicked.

Had he accidentally said something he shouldn't have?

Recalling what his brother had told him, Olivia wished she could smack herself.

She must have been functionally brain-dead from staying up all night.

How could he have carelessly spoken about such a thing?

"I..."

Charlotte was startled by Jordan bringing up her investigation of Justin and, seeing Jordan's remorseful look, realized he had only just recognized his mistake.

Blaming Jordan in her mind was pointless; she needed to explain the matter to Justin herself.

"Let's talk when we get back."

Justin spoke indifferently, then took Charlotte by the hand and led her outside.

Seeing this, Jordan, who had been shivering in the corner, mouthed an apology to his older sister before making a hasty escape.

Chapter 1049: Big Brother is Really Angry

Jordan Thompson ran and dialed Henry Thompson's number at the same time.

"Big brother, save me, I feel like I'm not going to live much longer."

Henry was bewildered by these words. He hesitated for a moment, then tentatively asked, "Did you offend someone? Are you being chased by the mob?"

"It's worse than the mob," Jordan stammered.

"Worse than the mob? What the hell did you do?" Henry's voice grew stern.

Although Jordan was usually seen as irresponsible, the Thompson family's upbringing was strict, and he was not expected to cause any serious trouble.

"Well... I got into trouble with my brother-in-law."

Right now, he wished he could have a time machine to go back to before he spat out those foolish words.

After a moment of silence on the other end, Henry spoke softly, "You didn't tell Justin Battleson what I told you, did you?"

"You truly are my blood brother," Jordan sniffed.

"Damn it," but Henry didn't hesitate to distance himself from Jordan.

"Big brother, you have to save me, what should I do now?" Jordan immediately pleaded.

"What did you tell Justin?" Henry sighed helplessly.

He had previously investigated some matters concerning Justin's father at Charlotte's request and had learned about some old feuds and conflicts of the Battleson family.

Such matters would leave others sighing in silence, let alone Justin, who was probably deeply affected.

Henry wished he had never told Jordan about it.

Jordan described in detail to Henry the slip of the tongue he had committed earlier, waiting for his wise elder brother to give him a lifeline.

"Forget it, what's said is said, what can you do about it now?" Henry began resignedly, "Besides, Charlotte was actually hoping to use this matter to help Justin overcome his emotional hang-ups. He was bound to find out about this sooner or later."

"If that's the case... I didn't really make a mistake, right?" Jordan inquired tentatively, trying to swallow his heart back down.

But then Henry's next sentence reeled him back in.

"You told him much too soon, though."

"I realize I was wrong," Jordan said sullenly.

"Enough, just stay out of those two's business," Henry cut Jordan off.

"Oh right, big brother, I forgot to tell you, the Anne family went bankrupt," Jordan added when he remembered today's events.

"The Anne family?" Henry murmured, but the news did not surprise him much.

He had already seen on the news that the Anne family's business assets had begun to shrink significantly, which made Anne Group's bankruptcy seem imminent.

"Big brother, you don't know how insanely vicious Andrew Anne of the Anne family is! He actually tried to kill our sister!"

"He wouldn't dare!" Henry's tone immediately shifted.

Charlotte was their Thompson family's untouchable, nobody was allowed to touch her!

"What exactly did Andrew Anne do? Tell me everything."

Of course, Jordan chose not to hide anything. The incident on the street today was bound to make a big commotion, and it wouldn't be long before it showed up online.

Rather than have members of the Thompson family question him later, it was better to tell them now.

"The Anne family... good, they have no real talent but love to sling mud, and they dared to lay hands on Charlotte; I was wrong to have spared the Anne family in the past!"

Henry snorted coldly. Just by listening, he knew his big brother was truly angry.

Chapter 1050: It's Me Who Feels Bad, Why Are You Crying?

Henry Thompson was livid, while at the same time, the situation between Justin Battleson and Charlotte Thompson was hardly any better.

Charlotte sat in the passenger seat, anxiously looking at Justin beside her.

Since they had left the hospital, they hadn't spoken a word.

Charlotte could distinctly feel the low pressure emanating from Justin.

Many times, Charlotte wanted to speak, but she didn't know how to start.

Seeing Justin so silent, Charlotte knew in her heart that he was angry.

Justin's temper was actually not very good, but uniquely in front of Charlotte, he showed his softest side.

He would never speak harshly to Charlotte, but sometimes when he was too angry, he wouldn't let his negative side show to Charlotte.

But this time, it was the first time Charlotte had seen Justin like this.

It was completely different from usual.

Charlotte knew that she had crossed Justin's line.

A line that no one, even he himself, would touch.

The car drove smoothly as Charlotte looked out the window and finally mustered the courage to ask, "Aren't we going to pick up the children?"

"A car from Stardust Garden has already been dispatched," Justin coldly replied.

With her hands tightened on her lap, Charlotte licked her somewhat dry lips, feeling rather lost.

Still unsure how to face Justin, she could only silently shift her gaze away, watching the scenery rush by outside the window.

But she didn't notice that Justin's hands on the steering wheel were continually tightening.

Noticing the changing scenery along the road, Charlotte voiced her confusion with some uncertainty, "Aren't we going back to Stardust Garden?"

The road Justin was on was not leading back to Stardust Garden.

However, this time Justin did not answer Charlotte, and the silence in the car made Charlotte feel like she was suffocating.

She didn't like this feeling.

But all this was her own fault.

She had touched Justin's wound herself, had investigated Justin's past without permission.

She knew what mattered to Justin.

Suddenly, the car stopped sharply, the tires screeching loudly against the ground, and Charlotte was jolted forward, the seatbelt painfully restraining her.

She hadn't expected Justin to brake so suddenly, and when she turned her head, all she heard was the sound of the car door closing.

Charlotte silently unbuckled her seatbelt, opened the door, and got out, only to find that Justin had brought her back to their villa.

For the past few days, Justin and Charlotte had been staying in Stardust Garden, so it had been a long time since they had returned to the villa.

Seeing Justin walk around the car towards her, Charlotte's heart leaped, and she tried to grab Justin's hand, but he brushed past her, causing Charlotte to stagger, grabbing at air.

Charlotte's hand froze mid-air; she watched Justin's retreating figure, and suddenly, a sense of grievance and helplessness overwhelmed her.

She sniffed, a sour sensation flooding her eyes.

When had she ever felt so aggrieved since getting back together with Justin?

Inexpressible emotions suddenly broke through the dams, crashing down and sweeping away all of Charlotte's rationality.

She stood there, head drooping, tears uncontrollably rolling down her cheeks like a string of beads snapped.

At that moment, Charlotte felt a pair of warm hands cup her cheeks.

Then, a sigh came from above her head.

It sounded both helpless and heartrending.

"Clearly, I'm the one who's hurting, why are you crying?"