

Spoiled 1081

Chapter 1081: At Least Two to Three Months Needed

Hearing Annie Anne's voice, Olivia Thompson, the child who had been on tenterhooks for so long, finally found a place to vent, naturally breaking down into tears in the warm embrace of Annie Anne.

"It's all Mommy's fault... I..."

Annie Anne's lips, already pale from blood loss, trembled weakly, her haggard appearance tugging at the heartstrings.

Upon hearing the alarm, doctors and nurses rushed to the hospital room at this moment to perform a physical examination on Annie Anne.

Charlotte Thompson also reached out to embrace Olivia Thompson, who was continuously sobbing.

Apart from the wounds on her leg and arm, Annie Anne's body no longer had any other issues.

Although reassured by the doctor's response, Charlotte Thompson's heart remained suspended with worry.

After all, this time Annie Anne had broken her shinbone and there was a stitched wound on her arm; who knew how long it would take for her to fully recover.

Seemingly noticing Charlotte Thompson's gaze, Annie Anne offered her a faint smile.

"The doctor said there's nothing to worry about anymore, so don't be so concerned."

Charlotte Thompson frowned in strong disapproval.

"Doctor, how long will I need before I can be discharged?" Annie Anne glanced at her injured leg and asked softly.

"At least two to three months," the doctor replied, carefully writing on the medical chart.

They say that bone and muscle injuries take a hundred days to heal; the doctor's response was well-considered, but Annie Anne pressed her lips tightly together upon hearing it.

"Two to three months? Can I be discharged after one month?"

Before the doctor could respond to Annie Anne's query, Oliver Hudson immediately interrupted.

"No."

Perhaps due to excessive concern, Oliver Hudson's voice came out somewhat harsh.

Yet, Annie Anne simply shrugged her shoulders indifferently, turning her gaze to the IV drip bag hanging above.

"Didn't the doctor say I'm fine? Besides, one month is a long time when you think about it."

"Annie," Oliver Hudson murmured softly.

Not just Oliver Hudson, but Charlotte Thompson too was worried by Annie Anne's somewhat nonchalant response.

However, a second later, Annie Anne burst into laughter.

Her eyes were beautiful, and when she smiled, they curved like crescent moons.

"Look at you all being so serious. Even if I wanted to leave the hospital, with my current condition, I could only go out in a wheelchair, right?"

The pain from moving the IV needle belatedly swept through her, and Annie Anne felt uncomfortable, trying to touch it, but Oliver Hudson quickly pinched her fingertip first, holding it in his palm.

Annie Anne looked at Oliver Hudson and tried to pull her hand back, but to her surprise, he held on tight.

"Don't move."

Oliver Hudson spoke softly, his palm's warmth soothing Annie Anne's somewhat cold fingertips.

Turning her gaze away, Charlotte Thompson looked at the window, half-hidden by the curtain.

It was now noon, the time when the sunlight should have been streaming slantwise onto Annie Anne's hospital bed, but Oliver Hudson had drawn the curtain, fearing the light would shine on her face.

Now, only a few sparse rays of sunlight squeezed through the curtain gap, casting a mottled pattern in the hospital room, just reaching the corner of Annie Anne's bed.

Olivia Thompson, who had been closely watching Annie Anne's movements, now struggled out of Charlotte Thompson's embrace and hopped down.

She walked to the window with small steps and pulled the curtains open.

The warmest, most intense midday sunlight then rushed in as if it couldn't wait.

The sunlight shone on her little face, making her squint slightly.

Olivia Thompson turned around, presenting Annie Anne on the hospital bed with a radiant smile.

Chapter 1082: Didn't I Not Die?

Olivia Thompson walked back to Annie Anne's hospital room, originally wanting to throw herself into Annie's arms again, but seeing the bandaged wound on her arm, she could only place her hands on the edge of the bed and look up at Annie in front of her.

"Mummy."

Her eyes were still somewhat red, and the tears from before had washed them clean and clear, shining with the hue of amber under the dancing sunlight.

Like a treasure of this world.

Annie watched the complex emotions surge once again in her heart.

She wanted to raise her hand to touch Olivia's cheek, but the tips of her fingers touching her palm were exceptionally cold, causing her only to clutch the blanket tightly, whitening her knuckles.

"Annie, don't worry, Mummy is okay now, sorry, Mummy scared you..."

However, as Annie said these comforting words, she could feel her own teeth chattering.

At that time, many thoughts crossed her mind, but she had never imagined that her daughter would witness her fall from the ladder.

Charlotte Thompson and Annie were old friends and although Charlotte could read some emotions in her eyes,

it only made Charlotte feel more guilty.

"I'm sorry, I shouldn't have brought Annie directly."

"How could you not, I asked you to come visit my set, how could Annie not follow?"

Charlotte pressed her lips together: "Thankfully, everything has now been investigated clearly."

To do something so insane, Mia Carter must be on the brink of madness.

Hearing this, Annie's expression remained calm as she lowered her eyelashes, casting a shadow in her eyes.

"Is that so?"

Annie murmured softly, suddenly changing the subject, "That apple looks really tasty."

Charlotte looked in the direction and, composing her expression, bent down to speak to Olivia beside her: "Annie, shall we go and wash some fruit for your Mummy Annie?"

"Mmm."

Olivia nodded obediently, picked up the fruits Charlotte had brought, and left with her.

The hospital room was left with only Annie and Oliver Hudson, the atmosphere so quiet it was almost unsettling. It was precisely at this moment that Annie pulled her fingertips away from Oliver's tight grasp.

Feeling the slight coolness in the center of his palm after she withdrew, Oliver, who had been silent for a long time, finally looked at Annie's profile and spoke.

"Annie, are you hiding something from me?"

Oliver's words caught Annie's gaze, and turning her head, what she met were his deep eyes.

Then she curved her mouth slightly: "I know it was Mia Carter who did it."

Oliver watched her, his hand that had been tense at last choosing to relax.

He had wanted to suppress the chill in his voice, but the saying 'concern leads to chaos' was now perfectly reflected in him.

"Then why did you still go onto that prop?"

"Are you blaming me?"

Her voice was neither cold nor warm, as if the whole matter had nothing to do with her.

"I'm sorry for worrying you," she said with a laugh.

However, Annie's attitude only pained Oliver's heart even more.

"We have to shoot that scene the next day, it's too late to change the prop, speaking of which, this might be considered a kindness, considering Mia Carter has disliked me for more than a day or two."

"Annie Anne!"

For the first time, Oliver called out Annie Anne's full name.

"Do you care so little about yourself?"

But Annie did not answer Oliver's question, instead speaking leisurely.

"I didn't die, did I? Besides, I've known about this for a long time... It can only be considered my own carelessness now..."

However, before Annie could finish speaking, her chin was suddenly seized, and a cold, dry kiss was pressed upon her equally cold lips.

Chapter 1083 I'm with you.

At the moment their lips touched, Annie Anne quickly raised her hand to Oliver Hudson's chest, but he unceremoniously grabbed her wrist.

As she raised her hand, the medicine in the IV tube did not enter her veins but instead, her blood flowed backward slightly.

After a pause, Annie Anne quietly tilted her head back, allowing Oliver Hudson to do as he pleased.

Oliver Hudson had thought that such an over-the-line action would elicit more of a reaction from Annie Anne, but aside from her initial hand-raising, her remaining responses were unexpectedly compliant.

No response, no refusal.

Just like a doll, letting others manipulate her.

Only the gentle blinking of her eyes and the rise and fall of her chest proved she was a living person.

Oliver Hudson released Annie Anne, tugged at the corner of his mouth, seemingly mocking his own foolish action.

He stared at Annie Anne's pale face, attempting to find a trace of loosening or cracking, but, in the end, he only saw calmness that tightly wrapped around his heart like a net.

Annie Anne then licked her lips.

"I'm thirsty."

Oliver Hudson turned around, picked up a cup to pour water for Annie Anne, but then he heard a soft laugh from behind.

"It's just falling off a ladder, compared to that time, what is this wound?"

Crack.

As soon as Annie Anne's words fell, the cup in Oliver Hudson's hand was crushed by him, the shards embedding into his palm, but he, unaware, only tightened his grip.

He turned his head, only to see Annie Anne's faint smile.

Oliver Hudson felt as if he had fallen into a cold abyss.

Blood mixed with water droplets dripped from his palm and between his fingers to the ground, as if tears of blood were dropping from the heart in his arm.

"Did you do this on purpose?"

Oliver Hudson had never felt his voice as feeble as it was now, mere five simple words, yet they seemed to drain all his strength.

Remembering what his assistant had told him before, the absurd idea that had been buried at the bottom of his heart seemed to sprout forcefully like a seed.

She loathed him.

So she would make that choice.

However, faced with Oliver Hudson's question, Annie Anne looked puzzled and tilted her head, "What do you mean 'on purpose'?"

Then, as if she realized something, she gently hooked a strand of hair beside her ear with her slender, pale fingertips.

"Did I make you remember some unhappy things?"

Her tone suddenly became ambiguous, her lips curving into a sweet smile.

"Sorry, Uncle."

Oliver Hudson could hardly control the sourness surging in his chest. He wanted to walk to the front of Annie Anne's bed, but his legs, as if laden with lead, were stuck in place and could not move.

It was just a simple phrase, the two characters he was most familiar with, but now they felt as heavy as thousands of pounds, pressing on his chest.

Almost crushing his internal organs.

Annie Anne observed all of Oliver Hudson's reactions.

"Uncle, you don't need to do anything to Mia Carter, it's not necessary now."

After hearing Annie Anne's words, Oliver Hudson's shoulders trembled slightly. He looked up, his bloodshot eyes rippling with a hint of a smile.

He stepped forward to Annie Anne and touched her cheek with his uninjured palm.

"I really can't do that, especially since there are people you can hardly forgive... let alone me."

He looked at Annie Anne, a smile appearing on his face.

Since it's your choice, then I will accompany you.

Chapter 1084: People Always Change

"Rest well in the hospital, I'll come to see you later."

Oliver Hudson stood up straight again, then turned and left the ward.

Annie Anne stared at the white bedsheet, suffused with fresh blood.

Where was there any redemption...

It was just mutual torment between two madmen.

Oliver Hudson, do we seem to have returned to the past?

The sound of the ward door being pushed open again brought Annie Anne back from her daze.

Charlotte Thompson and Olivia Thompson walked in side by side; both noticed the glass shards on the floor, which made Olivia Thompson rush worriedly to Annie Anne's bedside and almost lose her balance and fall.

This also made her see the blood dripping beside the bed.

"Mummy!" Olivia Thompson looked worriedly at Annie Anne, carefully checking if any of her wounds had opened up.

But Annie Anne shook her head and softly said, "Mummy isn't hurt, this is... this is from when Oliver Hudson accidentally broke a glass and cut himself."

Although listening to Annie Anne's explanation, Olivia Thompson's eyes still reddened.

Annie Anne quickly reached out and playfully touched her little nose: "Annie, darling, don't cry, or Mummy will feel sad and painful."

Olivia Thompson took a deep breath and straightened her back, "Annie won't cry, Annie won't make Mummy hurt anymore."

Charlotte Thompson glanced at Annie Anne's expression on the hospital bed and placed the washed fruit beside her.

Originally wanting to ask about Oliver Hudson, she ultimately caught the words in her throat, Charlotte Thompson just turned to clean up the glass shards on the floor.

The smell of the disinfectant in the ward was really strong, Charlotte Thompson walked to the window and opened a small crack.

In fact, Charlotte Thompson had been observing Annie Anne's expression and took the initiative to lead Olivia Thompson out of the ward.

She didn't know what Annie Anne and Oliver Hudson had discussed.

But when she came in and saw Annie Anne's expression, she just felt incredibly unfamiliar.

"You really run to the hospital every other day, don't you?"

Seemingly feeling the atmosphere in the ward was too oppressive, Charlotte Thompson spoke up, feigning lightness to make a joke.

"Should I contact the director, buy some shares of the hospital? Maybe next time I'm admitted, I can waive the hospital fees."

Annie Anne naturally continued with Charlotte Thompson's words, smiling.

"Quickly take back those words."

Charlotte Thompson glanced at Annie Anne and, seeing an empty vase on the shelf, picked up the champagne roses ready to place them inside.

But the moment Charlotte Thompson raised her hand, Annie Anne already voiced a stop.

"Don't put them in, I don't like them."

Charlotte Thompson looked puzzled, "I thought your favorite were champagne roses."

"Really?" Annie Anne blinked, "People always change, don't they? I think I now prefer yellow tulips."

Charlotte Thompson lowered her gaze and put the roses aside.

Turning around, she saw Olivia Thompson pick up an apple and a fruit knife nearby, seemingly preparing to peel the apple for Annie Anne, which startled Charlotte Thompson enough to swiftly envelop Olivia Thompson in her arms and took the knife from her hand.

"Annie, let Mummy do it."

Olivia Thompson peeked out from Charlotte Thompson's arms, then picked up the washed grapes.

"Mummy, have some grapes."

Annie Anne's face was full of smiles, and before she could pinch a grape, Olivia Thompson had already brought the grape to her lips.

"Mummy's Annie is so good!"

Annie Anne ate the grape; the sour taste exploded in her mouth, spreading sweetly and richly at the pit of her heart.

Watching the warm interaction between mother and daughter, Charlotte Thompson curved her lips into a smile.

Chapter 1085: Mommy's Health is the Most Important

Afterward, Olivia gathered around Annie's side, handing her things, which left Annie no choice but to squeeze Olivia's cheeks in resignation.

"All right, sweetheart, take a break. Mommy has been watching you running around for so long."

"But Mommy..."

Olivia wanted to speak or say something else, but Annie rubbed the soft meat on her cheek, making Olivia's words somewhat muffled.

"If you tire yourself out, wouldn't Mommy be at fault? You've been staying by Mommy's bedside without proper rest, Mommy is simply heartbroken."

"But Mommy's health is most important."

Olivia grasped Annie's palm, gently rubbing her cheek against her hand.

The sound of the hospital room door opening drew the attention of the three people inside.

Justin Battleson walked in, nodded at Annie on the bed, and set down the things he was carrying.

"It's getting late, Charlotte, you and Justin should head back," said Annie, knowing Justin came to pick up Charlotte Thompson.

"Annie, you should go back with Mommy Charlotte, too."

But Olivia shook her head, her expression full of refusal, "No, Annie doesn't want to go back, Annie wants to stay here and take care of Mommy."

"There are doctors and nurses in the hospital, Annie doesn't need to worry. Moreover, you can't rest well here, and it will make Mommy feel heartbroken. Besides, you've already been in the hospital for a long time with Mommy. Annie can come see Mommy again tomorrow."

Touching Olivia's hair with affection, Annie spoke earnestly.

"But..." Olivia mumbled, but before she could finish, Annie pressed a finger to her lips.

"Isn't Annie listening to Mommy?"

"Annie listens to Mommy. Mommy, please don't be angry, then Annie will come to see you tomorrow..." Olivia looked up at Annie with wet eyes.

"Alright, Mommy will be waiting for Annie."

As Annie's words fell, Justin Battleson's cell phone rang with a video call.

He glanced at the note, chose to answer, and in the next second, Hank Thompson's voice came through.

"Dad, have you reached the hospital? Where is godmother?"

These children hadn't gone to the hospital together at Charlotte Thompson's request but were continuously worried after knowing about Annie's injury. Thus, as soon as Justin Battleson went to pick up Charlotte Thompson, they wanted to check on Annie through a video call.

"Yes, yes, where is godmother? Is her injury severe?"

"Where's Annie?"

Several children crowded in front of the camera, speaking all at once.

Charlotte Thompson was right next to Justin Battleson; after he answered the call, the children also saw Charlotte Thompson in the camera.

Taking the cell phone that Justin Battleson handed to her, Charlotte Thompson walked over to Annie's bedside and turned the camera towards her.

"Godmother!"

This time, the center of the frame was still Grace Thompson who, upon seeing Annie, pressed forward as if she wanted to jump right out of the camera.

"Godmother, how are you?"

"Godmother, we're sorry we couldn't visit you."

Watching the handful of little heads crowded in the camera, Annie smiled softly.

"I'm fine, it's just some minor injuries, don't worry about me."

The little ones naturally knew Annie was saying those words to comfort them; each of them wore concern on their faces.

Chapter 1086: There is Something Fishy about This Matter

However, the little ones, chattering back and forth, made it hard for Annie Anne to get a word in.

Unsure how to console the children, she could only turn her gaze towards Charlotte Thompson, seeking her help.

Charlotte Thompson, noticing this, sat down beside Annie Anne and spoke to the children on the other end of the phone.

"Okay now, don't bother your godmother anymore. In a few days, Mommy will bring you to see her again, alright?"

"Then you must take good care of yourself, godmother," Grace Thompson said sincerely.

"Yes, we're all waiting to watch godmother's new TV drama," Hank Thompson immediately added.

Hearing this, Charlotte Thompson glanced at Annie Anne, but Annie Anne remained composed, still looking gently at the children on the screen.

"Alright, when your godmother's TV drama airs, you must all support her."

Annie Anne had just woken up from a coma, and her condition wasn't that great. Although Olivia Thompson had stayed with her all afternoon, she still seemed a bit worn out.

Charlotte Thompson noticed this and soothed the children until they hung up the call.

"I'll take Annie back now. If there's anything, be sure to contact me. I'll bring Annie to see you again tomorrow."

"I understand, be safe on your way back," Annie Anne nodded.

Finally, with Olivia Thompson reluctant to leave, Charlotte Thompson and Justin Battleson left with her.

Actually, tonight was Mr. Ross's birthday, and Justin Battleson was picking up Charlotte Thompson to attend the dinner party.

The two took Olivia Thompson and headed towards Stardust Garden. However, not long after getting into the car, Olivia Thompson fell asleep.

Charlotte Thompson looked at the sleeping face of Olivia Thompson with affection and tucked a stray lock of her hair to the side.

This child had been on edge ever since seeing Annie Anne's accident and subsequent hospitalization. At such a young age, she should be getting plenty of sleep, yet these past few days, she kept pushing herself.

"Mommy..."

However, Olivia Thompson seemed restless even in her sleep. Lying on Charlotte Thompson's lap, she instinctively snuggled closer into her embrace.

Charlotte Thompson placed her hand gently on her arm, softly caressing her, until Olivia Thompson's breathing evened out.

After covering Olivia Thompson with her coat, Charlotte Thompson couldn't help but let out a sigh.

"Such a young age for Annie to go through so much."

As if prompted by a thought, Charlotte Thompson looked up at Justin Battleson and asked, "What happened with Annie Anne's accident?"

Justin Battleson looked at Charlotte Thompson, lowering his voice to a whisper, "We've had someone investigate, and Mia Carter did indeed tamper with the props, but..."

Charlotte Thompson looked down at Olivia Thompson in her arms, adjusting the coat over her.

"But there's something strange about this incident because it wasn't just one person who tampered with the props."

"What!" Charlotte Thompson furrowed her brows deeply.

A small drama crew, and yet there were two people wanting to harm Annie Anne?

"Have you found out who it is?" Charlotte Thompson asked anxiously.

To her surprise, Justin Battleson shook his head.

Charlotte Thompson was well aware of Justin Battleson's capabilities and background, but still, he had not found out the truth about this matter.

It made Charlotte Thompson wonder deeply.

"Has someone tampered with the surveillance footage?" Charlotte Thompson murmured softly, running through various possibilities in her mind.

But, anything she could think of, Justin surely could too.

Charlotte Thompson pursed her lips.

But the reason Annie Anne was targeted in the drama crew...

It probably had something to do with Oliver Hudson, after all.

Chapter 1087: You Are the One Who Gave Her Hope

Charlotte Thompson thought more and more, and felt a throbbing pain at her temples.

Today in the hospital, Charlotte had not failed to notice Annie Anne's somewhat peculiar expression.

She felt as if Annie had changed a lot.

This made Charlotte feel uneasy.

As she looked through the window at the sky stained with the crimson of the setting sun, she always felt as if a layer of fog shrouded in front of her that she could neither scatter nor blow away.

And yet, Charlotte didn't realize how ugly her own expression had become.

Until Justin Battleson took her by the shoulders, pulling Charlotte out of her daze.

"Charlotte."

Justin looked at Charlotte with concern.

"I'm fine, just feeling some regret..." Charlotte murmured in a low voice.

"Has Annie become what she is now because of me?"

Because she knew the pain Annie was suffering.

But she had clearly chosen to forget those memories, yet now thinking back, it seemed that Annie regaining her memories might have been indirectly caused by her.

If she had really plunged Annie into everlasting pain, how could she compensate?

"Charlotte, don't think like that, you are the one who gave her hope."

Justin let Charlotte rest her head on his shoulder and whispered in her ear.

Charlotte looked up with a hint of confusion.

"For Annie, what she values most now is Annie. You're taking care of Annie, and the better Annie's doing, the happier Annie will be."

Charlotte fell silent.

Yes, it was only when she saw her child, that Annie seemed truly alive, and soulful.

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Justin Battleson and Charlotte Thompson brought Hank Thompson back to Stardust Garden. The children had been waiting for them in the living room and seeing that Olivia was asleep, they naturally quieted their voices.

Charlotte gently placed Hank back on the bed in the children's room, with the children silently following her.

After Charlotte closed the door, Grace Thompson finally spoke in a low voice.

"Mommy, Annie looks really pale."

As Grace was the closest to Hank, she immediately noticed any changes in him.

"Annie was frightened by your godmother's situation, she hasn't rested well."

Charlotte affectionately touched Grace's head.

"Then we must take good care of Annie and make sure she doesn't get sick," Chad Thompson clenched his fists determinedly.

Charlotte nodded happily, then turned her gaze to Jack Thompson and Chad Thompson who had been quietly standing behind.

Ever since Justin and Charlotte had returned, these two kids hadn't said much.

Charlotte knew clearly why they had become so quiet.

She stepped forward and squatted in front of them: "Do Jack and Chad want to stay at home and take care of Annie?"

Jack and Chad looked at each other, and in the end, Jack said, "We want to stay at home to take care of Annie, but today is Grandpa's birthday, and Dad has already invited us. We promised to go to Grandpa's birthday feast, and we shouldn't go back on our word."

Chad answered word by word: "Can we not go? If we don't go, it could put Mommy in a difficult position."

"Why would Mommy be in a difficult position? The only thing that would trouble Mommy is if you get hurt," Charlotte said softly.

Upon hearing this, Chad took Charlotte's hand, "But with Mommy and Daddy Justin protecting us, we won't be harmed."

Charlotte smiled, took one child by each hand—Jack and Chad—then turned and spoke to the little ones behind her.

"Mommy can't take you with her this time, you guys must stay at home, okay?"

The children obediently nodded their heads.

Chapter 1088: A Strong Desire to Possess

Time was running out before the dinner party was to begin, and Charlotte Thompson instructed a few words before taking Jack Thompson and Chad Thompson to change clothes.

As she turned around, Charlotte didn't notice that the remaining children were exchanging glances with each other.

Inside the dressing room, Charlotte was adjusting the hem of her dress when her phone, which was lying aside, buzzed with a new message.

Her eyes lit up when she saw the note attached to the message.

However, just as Charlotte picked up the phone, a call came through.

"Hello?" Charlotte answered the call.

And from the other end of the phone came a voice very familiar to Charlotte.

"Sorry, Charlotte, I've been busy with the procedures since returning to the country and didn't have time to reply to your message."

The person calling Charlotte was none other than Henry Hudson.

Henry Hudson had been studying abroad recently. Charlotte learned from his social media updates that he was coming back, and so she took the initiative to congratulate him.

"It was also me who disturbed you," said Charlotte, her voice tinted with a hint of apology.

"We've known each other for so long, why say such things?" Henry seemed to be in a car, as Charlotte could hear honking from the handset.

"Don't worry about the favor you asked; there's absolutely no problem."

Charlotte's voice naturally conveyed some joy, "Really, thank you."

"See, you're still so polite to me. I'm also happy to help you out," said Henry, his voice calm and gentle, which was very reassuring to hear.

"Just come directly to the Central Hospital when it's time."

Charlotte acknowledged with an "Okay," and without further pleasantries, they exchanged a few more words and then ended the call.

After arranging her dress, Charlotte pushed open the door of the dressing room, only to find Justin Battleson standing outside.

Today, Charlotte was wearing a wine-red long dress, well-tailored to her body, accentuating her graceful curves. Her slightly curled hair cascaded over her shoulders like a blooming rose, exuding an intense beauty, seductive and enchanting.

"When did you get here?"

Charlotte blinked, as she hadn't heard his arrival just now.

The moment Justin saw Charlotte, a trace of amazement flashed in his eyes, and he reached out to pull her into his arms.

Caught off guard by Justin's sudden move, Charlotte was startled before she could react, and her exclamation was immediately swallowed by Justin's lips.

Justin's palm snaked around Charlotte's waist, so slender it seemed he could grip it with a single hand.

She wore perfume, his favorite kind, sweet as poison, and Justin's body and mind uncontrollably yearned to be closer to Charlotte.

Although Charlotte hadn't expected such an action from Justin, she still tilted her head back to reciprocate.

It was only when Charlotte began to gasp for breath, pressing her palm against Justin's chest, that he belatedly let her go.

Charlotte's cheeks flushed, and she rested against Justin's chest, lightly punching him with her fist in feigned annoyance.

"What are you doing, you startled me."

"Suddenly, I don't feel like taking you to the dinner party," Justin said, encircling Charlotte with his arms and resting his chin on her shoulder.

"Why?" Charlotte looked at Justin, puzzled.

"I don't want others to see how beautiful you are," Justin's voice was muffled.

He adored Charlotte's stunning appearance, but the thought of others gazing upon her beauty naturally displeased him.

After all, some people can't control their own eyes.

When it came to Charlotte, Justin's possessiveness was always strong.

Chapter 1089 Justin Battleson! Stop messing around.

Upon hearing Justin Battleson's words, Charlotte Thompson smiled with her eyes curving, then she turned around in his embrace and wrapped her arms around his neck.

Justin was dressed in a silver-grey suit today, a color that usually is tricky to pull off, but it looked unexpectedly good on him.

His hair was combed back revealing a smooth, full forehead, showcasing sharply defined features with mountain-like brows and eyes full of vigor.

"Mr. Battleson, are you feeling jealous?" Charlotte chuckled as she looked at Justin, her red lips curling up.

Justin raised an eyebrow, and though he didn't speak, his attitude was enough to confirm his response.

"Mr. Battleson, you also dressed particularly handsome today, others will surely take notice."

With that, Charlotte's eyes shifted, revealing a cunning sparkle.

Then she tiptoed and left a kiss on the side of Justin's neck.

The vivid red kiss mark on Justin's fair skin was particularly eye-catching.

"Leaving a mark so everyone knows you're mine," Charlotte blinked her eyes playfully.

Little did she know, such a gesture made Justin swallow hard, prompting him to step forward and encircle Charlotte fully within his arms.

He pinched Charlotte's chin and his fingertips brushed across her lips, smudging a stroke of red.

"Should I leave one too?"

Charlotte could feel Justin's dangerous gaze, and she pressed her palm against his chest, sensing the hearty beat of his heart throb beneath.

"Stop teasing, it's time to go," Charlotte said shyly.

Justin's intense gaze was too much for her to handle.

Seeing Charlotte, who had been charm personified moments ago, now timid as a bunny before him, Justin felt even less inclined to let go, even feeling a bit mischievous.

"There's still time, enough for us to engage in some other activities."

Justin drew close to Charlotte's face, watching her ears blush pink as he breathed hot air towards her provocatively.

Charlotte subconsciously shrank her shoulders, and even the skin on her neck turned an uncontrollable shade of pink.

"Justin! Stop fooling around."

Charlotte thought her voice was firm, but she was unaware of how enticing her adoring eyes appeared.

"So you stoke this fire, only to leave it unquenched?"

Justin turned his head to look at Charlotte, their distance so close, their breaths tangled in an amorous dance.

His fingertips slid through Charlotte's silky hair, bringing a pleasant scent that made Justin reluctant to let go.

"Alright, the kids will be anxious if we're late."

Charlotte pushed against Justin's chest lightly, and this time Justin did not resist but straightened up and prepared to leave with her.

Yet, Charlotte still reached out and grabbed his arm.

"Hm?"

Justin scanned her lazily with eyes slightly lifted, the tone buzzing invitingly.

"You're planning to go out like this?" Charlotte pointed at the kiss mark on the side of Justin's neck.

"Of course, isn't that the mark you left for me?" Justin leaned slightly, his voice pausing because of the movement.

"Miss Thompson's exclusive."

Charlotte couldn't handle Justin's flirty demeanor and reached up to touch the side of his neck.

The smeared lipstick mark appeared even more sultry and ambiguous, making Charlotte feel as if her fingertips were burning wherever they touched his skin.

Justin simply gazed down, watching each of Charlotte's movements.

Feeling embarrassed overwhelmed her, and Charlotte didn't need to guess to know how red her face was.

She quickly moved away from Justin's side, hastily leaving behind one sentence:

"Make sure to clean it up!"

Chapter 1090: Mommy is Just Too Hot

Charlotte hurried out of the room, only to see Jack and Chad, her two children, standing at the door, raising their hands to knock.

"Mommy, what's wrong with you? Why is your face so red? Are you sick?"

Jack looked at Charlotte's flushed cheeks worriedly, his voice tinged with a touch of urgency.

"If you're sick, we should go to the hospital; we won't attend the banquet. Mommy, you are what's most important." Chad was even more eager as he grabbed Charlotte's hand, ready to lead her outside.

Seeing her children so worried reminded Charlotte of Justin Battleson, and she felt a mix of embarrassment and annoyance.

She quickly steadied herself and calmed the children, clearing her throat before saying, "It's nothing, my darlings; don't worry. Mommy isn't sick; I'm just a little overheated, and that's why my face is red."

"Really?" Chad still looked at Charlotte with some doubt. "But the weather isn't hot anymore."

Just as Charlotte was trying to change the subject, Justin Battleson came out of the room. Charlotte instinctively looked up at the side of Justin's neck.

Seeing that it was clean and unmarked put her somewhat at ease.

But Charlotte felt something was amiss.

Why did she feel so guilty?

It was as if she and Justin had been secretly up to something...

"Let's go."

Justin, of course, noticed Charlotte's gaze. He smiled, ruffling the children's hair.

Then he leaned in close to Charlotte, whispering something in her ear that caused her face, which had settled, to blush again.

"Mommy, your face is red again. Are you really okay?" Chad was still very concerned about whether Charlotte was truly ill.

"It's nothing; your mommy is just too warm," Justin said with a glowing smile.

Charlotte glared at Justin, taking Jack and Chad by the hand: "Yes, Mommy is just too warm."

"Is it really that warm? Why don't I feel it?" Jack muttered under his breath, while Chad also looked perplexed.

Indeed, the world of adults is different from that of children.

Charlotte and Justin led the two children to the Ross Family, and although the children appeared composed, Charlotte noticed their somewhat tense bodies.

The thought of something happening at tonight's banquet weighed on her heart just a bit more.

The birthday feast naturally took place at The Ross Mansion. When Charlotte and Justin arrived, numerous cars were already parked outside.

Although this was considered a family banquet, the Ross Family's renown had attracted not a few media paparazzi, hoping to sneak into the venue or capture some marginal news.

However, the Ross Family's security was very tight, keeping these individuals well away from the estate.

But since guests had to park outside, it gave the reporters some opportunities.

Justin's car, as usual, drew considerable attention, and even before it stopped, many reporters had turned their cameras this way.

Charlotte's gaze peered out the window, naturally catching sight of the media journalists bunched up outside, furrowing her brows.

Today's presence with Jack and Chad had already drawn attention, but being openly photographed by the press like this made Charlotte somewhat worried about her children.