

## **Spoiled 111**

Chapter 111 Can't Henry Hudson Afford You?

Watching the door close, Adam Ross allowed a hint of a mysterious smile to play upon his lips.

Interesting, interesting. No wonder Justin Battleson held her so close to his heart.

He pulled out his phone and dialed Justin Battleson's number.

The call was quickly answered.

"You'd never guess who I ran into," Adam Ross protracted his words, his tone soft and teasing like a woman's charm.

Justin Battleson's voice was chillingly cold, inducing an involuntary shiver, "Who?"

"Sophie Allen, your soon-to-be ex-wife."

Justin Battleson's brow furrowed slightly in response.

"Surprised, aren't you? Fate works in strange ways, doesn't it? Just as you were leaving, she was entering, bearing a bottle of red wine."

"Tsk tsk, no wonder you're getting divorced, actually..."

"Dudu dudu...."

Before Adam Ross can finish speaking, the call is terminated abruptly from the other end.

Hearing the busy tone on the phone, Adam Ross held it up, click his tongue in amazement, "Just as expected, ruthless. Ditching once finished using."

He absentmindedly swirled his wine glass, the gory red color agitating him even more. He lifted the delicate rim to his thin lips and took a light sip.

"Excellent."

After leaving Adam Ross's room, Sophie Allen delivered wine to a few other rooms, after which she was left with nothing else to do.

She walked alone in the hallway, contemplating her dialogue with Adam Ross, and found that he was not as dreadful as the rumors suggested.

He was certainly attention-seeking, but not psychotic.

A love-deprived man, perhaps?

Perhaps Abigail Taylor had exaggerated a bit about him.

Entertaining such thoughts, Sophie Allen found herself amusing and chuckling.

She was struggling to get a hold on her own life - why bother thinking about others?

As she was immersed in her thoughts, from the corner of her eye, she saw a pair of familiar, well-polished leather shoes.

As she lifted her gaze, she was met with a cold, familiar face. She couldn't help but feel a jolt in her heart. Yet, she feigned nonchalance, taking a detour.

As she passed by Justin Battleson, a sudden force gripped her hand.

Unlike Adam Ross's cold touch, Justin Battleson's palm was warm, but the force was stupendously strong, as if intending to crush her bones.

Sophie Allen took a sharp intake of breath, her eyes stinging. Yet, she remained silent.

"Mr. Battleson, did you wish to see me?"

Sophie Allen's voice was disturbingly calm.

"What are you doing here?"

A chill ran through Justin Battleson's words.

"As you can see, I'm in this uniform."

Sophie Allen didn't back down.

She was wearing the Blue Tone Club manager's uniform. Everyone knows that Justin Battleson is a top-tier VIP of the club, how could he not recognize it?

The air suffocated in silence for a few seconds, the atmosphere becoming oppressively heavy.

"You're certainly brazen." Justin Battleson narrowed his star-bright eyes.

What a laughable statement!

"I earn my living with my capability, and there's nothing to be ashamed of."

Sophie Allen's voice was firm, neither servile nor overly proud.

She might not be as high-ranked as Justin Battleson, but when it came to her ability to sustain herself, she had every right to stand tall and speak her mind.

With a cold huff, Justin Battleson said, "You're living with Henry Hudson, aren't you? Why do you need to do this side gig? Can't Henry Hudson support you?"

"You..."

Sophie Allen furrowed her brows, wanting to refute something, but the words stuck tight in her throat.

Never mind, they were getting a divorce after all. Why was there a need to explain so much to him?

Moreover, Justin Battleson derived pleasure from making sarcastic remarks and insulting others.

Especially when it came to mocking and vilifying her.

"Now, what? Can't come up with any words?"

"What does Mr. Battleson want me to say?"

With her rhetorical question, Justin Battleson found himself at a loss for words.

What did he expect her to say?

Did he expect her to clarify her relationship with Henry Hudson wasn't that kind?

Seeing Justin Battleson not speaking, Sophie Allen spoke again: "I'll pay you back as soon as possible, Mr. Battleson. Rest assured."

Chapter 112: Disassociating Relations

With just one sentence, it was as if a spark had ignited Justin Battleson. There was now an additional hint of coldness in his gaze.

"Good then."

Justin Battleson practically squeezed that sentence out through his gritted teeth. Then he turned around and walked briskly away with long strides.

Sophie Allen watched as the tall figure disappeared around the corner before finally withdrawing her gaze.

Just hang in there a bit longer, and she'd soon be free from him.

With that thought in mind, Sophie felt less weary all at once.

At that moment, Abigail Taylor asked her to serve some wine in another private room, so she briskly went on her way.

She seemed to have forgotten everything that happened that night; she worked until eight in the morning, clocking out precisely on time.

In the dressing room, she twisted her neck, relieving the tension in it with a few audible cracks, which invigorated her considerably.

"Look at how tired you are. Are you holding up alright?" Abigail stuffed her work clothes into her locker and asked while getting dressed.

Sophie cracked a smile and responded, "I'm ok, I'll get used to it."

"Alright, as long as you're okay," Abigail closed her locker once she finished speaking.

She then took out her car keys and dangled them in front of Sophie, "Let's get going, I'll give you a lift."

"Thank you, Abigail."

"What's with the formalities?"

Abigail said while patting Sophie's shoulder, leading her out with a smile.

The entrance to Blue Tone.

In an unnoticeable corner, two women pretended to sip their coffee but continued to peek at the entrance of Blue Tone every now and then.

"Mom, how come that jerk hasn't come out yet? Has she been serving men inside?" Emily Allen complained, her small delicate face full of malice.

Mia Stewart took a sip of her coffee, cleared her throat, and said calmly, "Don't be impatient. Even if she were serving men, she needs to come out through the main door. I've checked; Blue Tone has only this one door."

No sooner had she finished speaking than Abigail and Sophie came out.

"Mom, look!" Emily, overwhelmed with excitement, stood up and pointed at them.

Mia pulled Emily back down, "What are you doing? Don't let them see us!"

"Mom, what should we do now? That jerk Sophie has Abigail for her protector... We can't do anything, can we?" Emily frowned, unhappy.

Before she finished, Sophie got into Abigail's car, which agitated Emily even more, "She's gotten into her car... Surely we can't get Abigail involved as well?"

Mia sighed and watched as Abigail's car disappeared into the distance.



"She lucked out this time, Emily. Don't worry, we'll have plenty of chances to deal with her in the future."

As she spoke, Mia Stewart's seductive fox-like eyes narrowed slightly, her flaming red lips curling into a smirk, "As if she can stick with Abigail forever? As if Abigail can be her protector forever?"

In the morning rush hour at eight o'clock, while everyone else was going to work, Abigail and Sophie were heading back. The opposite direction was clear, making their trip unimpeded compared to those stuck in persistent traffic.

Abigail drove all the way to the underground garage Sophie rented. Looking over the cramped, confined space, Abigail sighed with sympathy.

"Why are you putting yourself through this? You know, a reasonably sized unit isn't that expensive. Living here really does you an injustice." Abigail's eyebrows knit slightly as she glanced around, sighing.

Sophie simply smiled, handed Abigail a cup of water, and didn't say a word.

Chapter 113: Are You Uncomfortable?

"Thank you."

Abigail Taylor took the water and drained it with one gulp. Having been busy all night without a moment to spare for a drink, this glass of water was the most refreshing thing for her at the moment.

"You know, have you ever thought about moving out of here? With your salary, there really is no need to live here; I feel pretty bad for you," Abigail tried to persuade Sophie relentlessly.

Sophie shook her head, "I want to accumulate money as quickly as possible to pay back Justin Battleson and sever ties with him."

"The rent is cheap and it's close to Blue Tone, which is the best choice for me. If I move somewhere else, I would have to spend more on rent and then who knows when I would finally become financially independent from him."

"I'll just put up with it for now. After all, I've been through hardships since I was a child, this is nothing."

Knowing her stubborn nature, Abigail didn't persist in trying to persuade her, and let out a yawn.  
"Alright, you go rest. I need to get some sleep too, otherwise, I won't have the strength to work tonight."

After seeing Abigail off, Sophie took a shower and then crashed onto her bed. The second her back hit the mattress, she felt her exhaustion melt away instantly.

She didn't have time for aimless thoughts as she quickly fell asleep after closing her eyes.

In the following days, she maintained this routine, going in a straight line back and forth from her apartment to Blue Tone for work.

Abigail tried her best to take care of her, commuting together daily, and occasionally sharing a few jokes with her.

It added a bit of sweetness to their hard days.

After a week, Sophie thought she would get used to this kind of work. However, for some reason, she only felt more and more tired day by day, and her back began to ache.

Her sleepiness worsened. Everyday, once she got back to her basement home, she'd fall asleep as soon as she lay down.

One night, after serving drinks to a few private rooms, Abigail invited her for a late-night snack—a cake with cream, Sophie's favorite. She ate one piece and was reaching for another with eager anticipation when suddenly, a wave of nausea washed over her. She covered her mouth and ran towards the nearby restroom.

Seeing this, Abigail quickly followed, patting her on the back and handing her tissues, "What's wrong? Are you feeling unwell?"

Sophie, with burning eyes, didn't have time to answer Abigail. Despite sheathing over her mouth, she felt as if she was going to throw up her entire stomach.

"Are you getting sick? Let's go to a doctor," Abigail offered.

"No... Ugh..."

Before she could finish her sentence, Sophie began retching to the side again.

After a few more minutes, she was drenched in cold sweat.

"Why don't you go home and rest? Consider it as taking a sick leave," Abigail suggested. Sophie wanted to decline the offer, but feeling powerless, she could only respond with a nod.

Abigail would have liked to accompany her but, unfortunately, new customers came in and she couldn't step away. As a result, Sophie had to leave alone.

Stepping out of Blue Tone, a breeze blew, alleviating Sophie's discomfort slightly. Just as she reached for her phone to call a ride, she was suddenly silenced by a hand over her mouth from behind. She struggled for a few moments before everything went black.

Several men carried Sophie into a van and drove towards the outskirts of the city.

Sophie woke up in pain, squinting in the sharp glare of a light overhead.

Before she fully regained consciousness, a slap landed on her left cheek, quickly followed by one on her right.

Both of her cheeks throbbed painfully.

"This little bitch, let's see how long you keep pretending you're unconscious."

No way, that voice...

Sounded like Emily Allen.

At last, she had found an opportunity against Sophie.

Sophie chuckled bitterly in her mind.

Suddenly, someone pulled her hair harshly, "Now that you're awake, say something instead of playing dead."

#### Chapter 114: Kidnapping

Sophie Allen felt her scalp being pulled so harshly it was painful, her eyes stung but she held back her tears.

She gasped for breath, "You went to great lengths to drag me here, surely not just to beat me up, right?"

After saying this, she looked around the scene. It was an old, abandoned factory. The smell of engine oil was a bit unpleasant. Apart from Emily Allen, there were also, Mia Stewart, and her ex-boyfriend who cheated on her—Ryan Richard.

"So, everybody's here? Even that dog Ryan."

At the mention of "dog Ryan", Emily Allen lifted her hand and slapped Sophie Allen even harder.

The slap was off target, causing a ringing in Sophie Allen's ears. She wasn't sure if her eardrum had been damaged.

"You really are stubborn, Sophie Allen. Still defiant even when you're on the verge of death," said Ryan Richard, grimacing in disgust, using harsh words.

"You're the one who's despicable. When we were together, you never wanted to give in to me. But, once you climbed into Stardust Garden, you readily went there. What right do you have to scold me?"

"Huh....."

Sophie sneers.

She almost forgot, these three in front of her, were really good at setting traps and slandering someone. They would say that white is black, their words could tarnish her reputation so badly that she has no way of clearing her name. Not to mention all three of them together?

"Sophie, Ryan, stop wasting time on this lowly girl, we have important matters to deal with,"

Mia Stewart interrupted their cussing and took out a document from her bag.

She looked down on Sophie, and coldly instructed, "Sign this, and we will let you go."

Sophie looked up to see that this was a document labeled in bold, large letters: Fragrance Formula Transfer Agreement.

Not this contract again!

They really are greedy! Killing Aunt Watson, living guiltlessly, and now they are still after her fragrance formula.

Sophie's eyes turned blood shot, she lifted her eyelids to look at Mia Stewart, struggled to hook up the corners of her mouth, and spat out: "Pah! In your dreams."

She spat directly onto Mia Stewart's face, which made Mia hastily back off as if she was splashed with poison.

In an instant, the image of a high-society lady was gone. Mia lifted her hand and slapped Sophie twice, her voice turning sharp: "Sophie Allen, how dare you spit on me!"

"Sophie, don't hold back this time!"

Upon hearing Mia Stewart's words, Emily was immediately excited, gripping Sophie's hair she started to beat her.

As Sophie was spun around by the blows, she lost her breath several times. She could taste something flowing out of her mouth—it must have been blood seeping from where she was injured.

Suddenly, a nauseating feeling welled in her stomach. Also, the smell of petrol in the factory intensified her discomfort, making her vomit violently.

She used this opportunity to vomit right onto Emily, who was taken aback.

"Ah...Sophie, are you trying to disgust me on purpose!"

But Sophie had no strength left to vomit, let alone retort.

When she had no means of resisting, Ryan Richard forcibly grabbed her hand and stamped it on the transfer agreement.

As they were leaving, they untied the rope binding Sophie, spewing some ridicule and insult at her.

Sophie really didn't care about what they said, she only felt distressed for her fragrance formula, her heart and soul, just gone like that...

After taking some time to recover, Sophie regained a bit of strength. However, she was unable to stand, only managing to crawl around, dragging herself out of the factory.

In this desolate outskirts where wild grasses were overgrown, her phone had been taken away. She was so desperate she felt like crying out to Heaven but there was no response, nor any resonance from the earth.

She felt hopeless, gave up struggling, and simply collapsed on the ground.

In the last second before she closed her eyes, a ray of light shone into her eyes.

A blurry shadow appeared in her line of sight.

She was so tired...

Chapter 115: Grandpa?

The smell of disinfectant mingled with the scent of gardenia flowers wafted into Sophie Allen's nostrils.

Sophie slowly opened her eyes, and the first thing she saw was a swath of white.

Is this... a hospital room?

But she had never seen a hospital room with such luxury - it didn't seem like a hospital at all.

Besides color matching that of a hospital, the rest of the facilities... didn't quite fit.

She made an estimate; the bed she was lying on was around two meters, with a huge floor-to-ceiling window to the left of the bed. The curtains were drawn, making it impossible to determine whether it was day or night.

To her right was a nightstand with a large bouquet of gardenia flowers, still wet with dew - they had probably just been picked.

Not far away was a set of leather sofas and a tea table, visibly of considerable value.

Directly facing her was a massive LCD television, next to that was a cabinet.

She could see through the glass of the cabinet, that it was filled with food, presumably snacks and supplements.

What... what place is this?

Sophie tried hard to remember.

Before she fainted, it seemed she saw a ray of light, within which was the figure of a person.

She was utterly exhausted, both physically and mentally, and fainted before she could get a good look at the person.

Was it that person who saved her?

Who could it be?

Sophie got up and walked to the window, lifted the curtain, it was dark outside. The city was luxurious under the neon lights, full of extravagance.

She looked up at the clock on the wall, it was past ten in the night.

Had she been unconscious for a whole day and night?



She had been asleep for so long, it's no wonder she felt refreshed.

Sophie walked to the door, opened it, and began walking down the hallway. The floor was carpeted, so even without shoes, she didn't feel the cold.

Chandeliers, bathing the corridor in a warm, yellow glow, hung from the ceiling.

Is she already dead?

Is this heaven?

Sophie surveyed her surroundings, when suddenly a voice snapped her out of her thoughts.

"Look! Sister is awake!"

Jordan Thompson was excited, running towards her, and was quickly at Sophie's side.

Sophie turned and looked at him, eyes full of surprise. It's Jordan.

It seemed to come back to her, the person who had come to rescue her last night, was ostensibly him.

Did it mean that she's not dead, that she's still alive and well?

Before Sophie could register, Jordan had taken her hand, gently assisting her downstairs and helping her sit down on the soft, comfortable sofa.

Immediately, a group of people swarmed around Sophie, causing her to feel a little uneasy.

"I'm sorry, where is this...?"

Sophie carefully glanced at about a dozen people before her, feeling puzzled, she softly inquired.

"Charlotte, my dear child, I've finally found you. From now on, we'll protect you, no one will be allowed to bully you again."

The speaker was an aged man, perhaps eighty, with somewhat graying hair, his face bore the marks of time, yet his attire was right, his entire persona emanated the air of a courteous noble.

Besides him, there were four middle-aged men, and seven young men slightly older than her, and then there was Jordan, who was younger than her.

Thirteen men surrounded her, which unnerved Sophie.

"Who... are you all?"

Sophie widened her eyes, utterly perplexed.

The old man sat down beside Sophie, giving her a gentle smile, "Charlotte, my name is Jason Thompson, currently the head of the Thompson family, and your grandfather."

Chapter 116: Recognizing One's Ancestors and Returning to the Clan

"Grandpa?"

Sophie Allen was taken aback, feeling even more bewildered.

Jason Thompson revealed a kindly smile. The wrinkles at the corners of his eyes were filled with joy at finding his granddaughter. "Yes, indeed, twenty years have passed, and I had no idea you existed. It was really by chance that I found you now."

"You've suffered so much over the past twenty years!"

As Jason spoke, his yellowed eyes grew moist.

Somehow, despite not recognizing the man in front of her, when he choked up, Sophie felt a sharp, sudden pain in her heart.

Could this be what's call familial bond?

Moved as if by some unseen force, Sophie reached out to wipe away the tears at the corner of Jason's eyes. "Don't cry."

Yet this gesture only made the old man cry harder.

Only when Jason had calmed down did Sophie express her confusion.

"I...I always thought my mother was an orphan, that I didn't have grandparents..."

This kind of plot twist showed up in television dramas, but now it was happening to her.

Her mother had once told her that she was all alone in the world, and had grown up in an orphanage. She thought she had been abandoned. Her parents merely left her a name, written on a piece of paper, hidden inside her clothing.

Because of that piece of paper, the orphanage director had used the name--- Sophia Thompson.

"Did you abandon my mom back then?" Sophie hurriedly asked.

Jordan hastily shook his head, he wiped away his painful tears, crying uncontrollably, "No, not at all. If I had known I had a daughter, I would never have abandoned her. I would have raised her like a princess..."

Mentioning this, Jason, in his old age, started crying like a child.

The expressions on everyone present were extremely solemn.

Only Sophie was still in a state of confusion.

At this moment, Jordan stepped forward to explain everything that had happened from beginning to end.

"Sister, the grandmother I've told you about, who you closely resemble, is your maternal grandma--- Artsy Ellis."

Just half a month ago, when Jordan first saw Sophie, he was struck by how closely she resembled Grandma. He immediately contacted his eldest brother, Henry Thompson, to investigate Sophie's background.

After taking several twists and turns, they finally confirmed that Sophie was Sophia Thompson's daughter.

The key information was that Sophia Thompson, though an orphan, was the biological daughter of Artsy Ellis.

Sophia had once donated blood. Fortunately, a sample was still preserved in the blood bank. Henry retrieved Sophia's blood, DNA tested it with Jason and confirmed that she was the biological child of Jason and Artsy Ellis.

When it was confirmed, Jordan didn't waste a second, immediately trying to contact Sophie through social media, but received no reply.

He had no choice but to go search for her at the Blue Tone.

Unfortunately, he found out Sophie wasn't feeling well and was resting.

He went to the underground garage where she rented space but he still couldn't find her.

Feeling increasingly uneasy, Jordan leveraged the influence of the Thompson Family, obtained several surveillance videos, thereby tracing her to an abandoned factory on the outskirts of town.

"Sister, when we found you, you were beaten up so badly, barely hanging on to life. I was scared to death!"

Even as Jordan spoke, his face still showed a lingering look of fear.

Jordan had saved her, so naturally, Sophie was grateful.

"So, that's how it is, but..."

Sophie was puzzled. "Grandpa, how did my mother get separated from you? You haven't been able to find her all these years?"

Mention of this made Jason sigh deeply.

"It's a long story, mainly due to my impulsive youth and your grandmother's stubborn temperament."

Jason recounted the events from those days, and Sophie finally began to understand...

Chapter 117 After that, she is Charlotte Thompson.

Turns out, years ago, my maternal grandfather Jason Thompson and my maternal grandmother Artsy Ellis were childhood sweethearts who fell in love and eventually walked down the aisle together. They adored each other, much to the envy of those around them.

Artsy came from a family of perfumers, but when her family fell into hardship, Jason didn't reject her. On the contrary, he stuck by her side through thick and thin.

However, due to his duties in assuming control of the company, Jason had to spend years traveling and working tirelessly. A vile woman took this opportunity to sow discord between them, leading to misunderstandings, which eventually drove a wedge between him and Artsy.

Preoccupied with work, Jason couldn't give Artsy the attention she needed, and the misunderstandings between them grew.

In the end, the stubborn Artsy handed him their divorce papers in anger and left him.

The Thompson and Ellis families were both based in Ashton. At that time, Jason could not find a trace of Artsy anywhere in Ashton.

In reality, Artsy had smuggled herself to Druarus. She was living there incognito when she discovered she was pregnant, and at the same time, was diagnosed with late-stage eye cancer.

Not wanting to harm her child with chemotherapy, Artsy held on until after her daughter was born. She named her Sophia Thompson, a name that bitterly mocked Jason's seeming indifference and lack of loyalty.

Not long after Sophia's birth, knowing her end was near, Artsy left the child at an orphanage and faced her mortality alone.

By the time Jason found her, all that remained of Artsy was ashes in an urn.

Worse yet, he had no idea his daughter Sophia even existed.

At this point in his story, Jason's eyes welled with tears again, "I cried like a child then, holding her urn and repetitively apologizing, and telling her I would take her home."

Jason stated that Artsy was afraid of the dark, so he didn't bury her, but instead set her ashes in a shrine at home, where a light always shone on it.

A year after Artsy's death, Jason used the embryos they had previously frozen to conceive two sets of twin boys, who happened to be Sophie Allen's four uncles.

They each had sons, who were Sophie's seven elder cousins and one younger cousin, Jordan Thompson.

Upon hearing all these stories in sequence, Sophie felt somewhat enlightened, yet somewhat confused. It felt surreal, almost like a dream.

"I never expected that Artsy left me a daughter, and my wonderful daughter left me a wonderful granddaughter. However, I wasn't able to spend Artsy's last moments with her, or even cast one last glance at her. I never got to see our daughter or take care of her, growing up in an orphanage. By the time I learned the truth, she was already gone from this world..."

"Thankfully, thankfully Charlotte stayed behind, my wonderful granddaughter. From now on, you are part of the Thompson Family."

"Ethan Allen did harm to my daughter, and that mother-daughter pair persecuted you. I will not spare the Allen Corporation. The Allen surname is unworthy of you. From now on, your surname will be Thompson. You will be Charlotte Thompson, the most honored little princess of the Thompson Family."

Jason stated firmly, reaching up to gently pat Sophie's head.

Sophie was taken aback.

She had a family now, a rather large one at that.

And this family was her blood relatives, her genuine family.

Sophie, Charlotte.

From now on, she would be Charlotte.

"Charlotte, come and meet your four uncles and seven brothers," Jason called out.

Four middle-aged men stepped forward, looking at her with smiles filled with warmth and adoration.

They exchanged glances, then began to introduce themselves one by one.

The eldest, Jeremy Thompson. The second, Jeremy Thompson. The third, Harrison Thompson. The fourth, John Thompson.

Next, seven young men greeted Charlotte. They were her seven elder cousins.

The eldest uncle Jeremy had three sons: Henry, Joshua, and Jason Thompson.

The second uncle Jeremy had two sons: Jake and James Thompson.

The third uncle Harrison had two sons: Felix and Jonathan Thompson.

The fourth uncle John had only one son, who was Charlotte's cousin, Jordan Thompson.

Chapter 118: Already Pregnant!

"By the way, Charlotte, I have some news for you."

After everyone finished their introductions, Jordan Thompson suddenly spoke.

Charlotte Thompson looked at him, puzzled. "What news?"

"I don't know if this is good news or bad news, but... you're pregnant!"



Pregnant?

Charlotte's mind went blank for a moment.

When she regained her composure, she was certain the baby must belong to Mr. Williams.

Apart from that night, she had never had any other such experiences.

She bowed her head, her face pale, feeling indescribable.

Seeing her pale face, everyone took her back to her room, soothing her to rest and take care of her health before considering the baby.

...

Charlotte knew this private hospital belonged to the Thompson family.

The Thompson family's main business is in Ashton, and Druarus is just some of the areas they touch, without further expansion.

Staying in the Thompson hospital, she was living a life of luxury.

Moreover, the room was well-equipped with bookshelves and a study, and a turn to the left revealed an exceedingly lavish dressing room with all kinds of high-end clothes, bags, and shoes.

Looking at everything before her, Charlotte had a bitter smile on her face.

Just a while ago, she was living in an underground garage smaller than this bathroom, with not a penny to her name.

Now, in just a short time, she had transformed into a precious little princess of the Thompson family, living a life others could only dream of after several lifetimes of effort.

At meal times, the family gathered together, and the delicious food was prepared according to Charlotte's taste.

After all, she was pregnant and therefore the most pampered one.

"Charlotte, are you getting used to the living here?" Jason Thompson asked with a smile.

Charlotte replied with a smile in her eyes: "I've surely adapted to such a great life, thank you, Grandpa."

"But sometimes it still feels unreal, like I'm dreaming."

This statement made everyone laugh heartily.

Jordan couldn't resist teasing, "Charlotte, you should thank me! I'm your family's lucky star! If it weren't for my keen eyes, who noticed that you look like Grandma, you would be struggling outside now!"

"Yes, Jordan, I should thank you the most!"

After dinner, the family sat in the living room chatting.

"Here."

Jordan Thompson handed a box to Charlotte.

It was a mobile phone.

"I thought you lost your phone, so I bought you a new one. The SIM card and everything else are all set up; you can use it right away."

Charlotte smiled and thanked him, opening her new phone immediately.

At the same time, Jordan told her that he will arrange a pregnancy check-up for her tomorrow to check the baby's condition.

Charlotte naturally agreed, as these were also her planned tasks.

When she turned on her phone, she found several missed calls from Henry Hudson.

Since she had always been in touch with Henry, he must have been worried sick when she didn't respond for two days.

Once she was back in her room, she immediately called Henry back.

As soon as Henry heard Charlotte's voice, he let out a sigh of relief.

"You truly scared me. Do you know how many times I called you? You didn't pick up any of them. I was truly afraid something happened to you. I was even planning on reporting to the police tomorrow."

Charlotte felt warmth in her heart: "Thank you, Henry. I'm alright now, no need to worry."

"Charlotte, tell me, what exactly happened? It's not like you to not respond to my messages for two days." Henry asked worriedly.

"I... Henry, something did indeed happen."

Chapter 119: The Richest Man's Daughter

"Charlotte, what on earth happened to you?"

The tone of Henry Hudson was very anxious.

Charlotte Thompson knew that Henry truly cared about her and she didn't want to hide anything from him, so she honestly explained, "I took a leave of absence the night before last to go home, only to be kidnapped by my stepmother, Emily Allen, and Ryan Richard. I'm in the hospital now."

"What! This kind of thing happened?" Henry exclaimed incredulously.

Regaining his composure, he quickly asked, "Charlotte, which hospital are you in? You can't be in Comet Hospital, otherwise, I would have definitely heard something."

"Um, I'm not in Comet Hospital, I'm in BK Hospital." Charlotte Thompson explained.

"I'll come find you!"

As he said this, Henry hung up the phone and immediately rushed to BK Hospital.

Arriving at the VIP ward, Henry was taken aback. This luxurious and expensive ward was not something Sophie Allen could afford to stay in.

Could it be... Justin Battleson saved Sophie Allen?

However, Justin Battleson, being the good friend of his cousin Oliver Hudson, gets all his medical check-ups at Comet Hospital, it would be unlikely for him to place Sophie Allen in BK Hospital.

BK Hospital was invested in by a foreign enterprise group, abbreviated as Bo King, signifying the Thompson Empire.

Henry had heard of the Thompson Family, who were the wealthiest and most influential in Ashton.

"Sir, may I ask who you're looking for?" A nurse approached with a smile.

"I'm looking for Miss Sophie Allen, the front desk told me she was in this ward." Henry replied.

"Miss Sophie Allen? Please follow me." The nurse led Henry to Charlotte Thompson's hospital room.

Charlotte Thompson had been lying down for a while, Jordan Thompson was keeping her company, playing games to pass the time. Just as she was starting to feel a bit dizzy from the games and was about to get up and move around, Henry came.

"Charlotte!"

Henry quickly stepped in, stopping in front of Charlotte Thompson. He examined her condition, his face filled with anger, "They've really crossed the line! Did you report them and get them arrested?"

"You must be Mr. Hudson? Rest assured, anybody who messes with our sister Charlotte will not be let off." Jordan Thompson stood up, his usually playful demeanor replaced by a serious expression as he looked at Henry.

Henry, having never seen Jordan before, asked in confusion, "Who are you?"

"Senior Henry, this is my brother." Charlotte replied.

"Your brother? How come I didn't know you had a brother?" Henry was surprised.

Jordan immediately explained, "Because our sister Charlotte has found her rightful family. Her name isn't Sophie Allen anymore, it's Charlotte Thompson. She's truly a member of the Thompson family."

"Charlotte Thompson? Member of the Thompson family?" Henry was further confused.

He instantly connected the dots with the Thompson family behind BK Hospital in Ashton. Could it be...

Just as Jordan was about to explain, Charlotte stopped him – Henry was her friend, and it would be more suitable for her to explain it herself.

They all sat down in a small coffee shop on the floor. Henry and Jordan ordered coffee, whereas due to Charlotte's injury and pregnancy, Jordan specifically ordered milk for her.

Once settled, Charlotte explained the situation of the Thompson family and her own background to Henry, asking him to keep it a secret.

She had always preferred a low-profile lifestyle and didn't wish to be forced into the limelight.

So, she simply wanted to peacefully return to being Charlotte Thompson, and that was enough.

To live a peaceful life with her real family is what she desired the most.

And now, it had come true.

Listening to all this, Henry was a bit taken aback.

He never expected the ordinary Sophie Allen to have transformed all of a sudden into Miss Charlotte Thompson, the heiress of Ashton's richest family.

And so, the distance between him and her suddenly widened.

Chapter 120: Dare to bully our princess, bear the consequences yourself!

Henry Hudson is well aware of his social status.

Despite being a member of the wealthy Hudson Family, he is far from being on par with his cousin, Oliver Hudson.

Although he comes from a noble family, he doesn't have much power.

The Hudson Group was previously run by his uncle, his father didn't achieve much, he just had some minor positions and shared in the dividends of the Group.

Now, the Hudson Group is managed by his cousin Oliver, his father has retired, and he, who loves medicine, has become a doctor in their family-owned Comet Hospital.

"Charlotte, I sincerely congratulate you, you finally have a family that loves you." Henry said sincerely. He smiled, but there was a touch of bitterness in his smile.

Now that Charlotte is the little princess of the Thompson Family, would he, with his current status, still be a match for her?

At this time, Jordan Thompson shook his curly bangs, "Wait up! I need you guys to pause the conversation. There's something I need to clear up."

Henry Hudson quickly responded, "Go ahead, Jordan."

Jordan looked at Henry Hudson, then at Charlotte, moistened his lips, seeming to find it hard to start, "Charlotte, is this man the father of the child?"

Henry Hudson was taken aback, "The father of the child? What do you mean?"

Charlotte quickly shook her head and covered Jordan's mouth, "Don't talk nonsense. Mr. Hudson is my senior and good friend. He helped me a lot when I was in trouble."

Jordan looked aggrieved as if he had said something wrong.

Henry Hudson quickly caught on, and with some disbelief, widened his eyes, "Charlotte, you're not...pregnant, are you?"

This news was too surprising for Henry Hudson!

Charlotte nodded, not denying it, "Yes, I am pregnant."

Henry Hudson blurted out, "Who's the father of the child? Is it Justin Battleson? What did he do to you? Was it voluntary?"

After saying this, they realized they might have been too direct, and perhaps he didn't have the right to ask these questions, so Henry Hudson quickly apologized.

"I'm sorry."

Charlotte shook her head, "Mr. Hudson, you don't have to apologize to me. It's a long story, and Aunt Watson died because of it..."

Upon mentioning this, Charlotte's eyes filled with tears.

Jordan looked at her seriously, "Sis, we've never asked you about it, we knew you had something you were hiding. So we hope you'd tell us yourself, and make your own decision about the child."

Charlotte knew what they meant, the members of Thompson family all respect her so much, everyone loves her.

She was genuinely happy to have so many family members.

When Charlotte mentioned Aunt Watson, Henry Hudson was taken aback, "Is it that Mr. Williams?"



He had hesitated to ask Charlotte if it was due to selling herself to Mr. Williams, but after Charlotte mentioned Aunt Watson, he associated the child with Mr. Williams.

Charlotte nodded, tacitly acknowledging this, and then explained, "That night was an accident, I didn't call the police to protect Aunt Watson, and I was afraid that I couldn't fight against..."

Upon hearing this, Jordan slammed his hand down on the table, stood up angrily, "This is outrageous! This bastard, I'm going to kill him!!!"

Then he quickly picked up his phone and dialed a number, "Bro, we got a job! Charlotte has been bullied, we need to teach that guy a lesson!"

Hearing this, Henry Thompson's face darkened a bit, "We're almost at the ward, we'll talk about it later."

"Whoever dares to bully our little princess has to face the consequences!"