

Spoiled 1131

Chapter 1131: Lost So Much Weight

At this moment, Charlotte Thompson had no idea what had happened after she had left.

She had already finished work and left the office, driving toward the hospital where Annie Anne was.

Charlotte Thompson came to check on Annie Anne's health condition, and also thought about the events of last night. She wondered what Annie Anne's reaction would be if she had seen them.

When Charlotte Thompson entered the ward, Annie Anne was still sitting on the bed, quietly looking out of the window as the sunset rays filtered through and scattered across her.

Unlike other wards that had some noises of chatting or music, Annie Anne's ward was eerily quiet.

Hearing the door being pushed open, Annie Anne slowly turned her head.

Upon seeing Charlotte Thompson's arrival, a faint smile tugged at her lips.

Yet her eyes remained as calm as a stagnant pool, unable to stir any waves.

Charlotte Thompson stood at the entrance of the ward, staring at Annie Anne from afar, her feet seemingly cemented to the ground, unable to move forward even a step.

Charlotte Thompson felt she visited almost every day, but only now did she realize how much thinner Annie had become.

Annie's frame was already delicate. Combined with the previous shock and a long hospital stay, she had lost even more weight.

Now, Annie's cheeks were almost hollowed in, and her patient gown hung loosely over her shoulders, revealing a very prominent collarbone.

Charlotte Thompson just felt a surge of heartache.

Noticing Charlotte Thompson's gaze, Annie Anne touched her cheek somewhat bewilderedly, "Charlotte, what's wrong? Is there something on my face?"

Charlotte Thompson finally snapped back to reality and walked over to Annie.

Then she reached out her hand, initially aiming to pinch the cheek of Annie, but ultimately she pulled her hand back and pressed it on her shoulder.

"Annie, how have you lost so much weight?"

At this moment, Charlotte Thompson's voice could not hide her concern.

But Annie seemed completely unaware, rolling up the sleeve of her patient gown to examine her arm.

"Really? I haven't noticed at all."

"It must be you being picky with food again."

This time, Charlotte Thompson tried to make her tone sound lighter.

After all, in front of Annie, Charlotte Thompson really didn't want to say anything too serious or heavy.

Charlotte Thompson placed the fruits she had brought on the side and took out the bunch of yellow tulips she bought on the way, replacing the ones in the vase near Annie's bed.

Watching the withered flowers come back to life, Annie's mood seemed to improve as well. She originally wanted to touch them but hesitated because of the wounds on her arm and refrained from continuing that action.

"I'm already sick of the hospital meals, even though they are nutritious, they taste terrible," Annie murmured in complaint.

"I remember the hospital's caretaker prepared chicken soup and pork rib soup for you, didn't they? With all those nutritious things, how could you still lose weight?" Charlotte Thompson looked at Annie dubiously.

"Nutritious, yes, but don't you think those soups are too greasy?" Annie couldn't help retorting. Compared to her previous quiet demeanor, Annie indeed seemed to have regained some vitality.

Charlotte Thompson, seeing this, felt a surge of joy.

"They say you need to eat well to recover well, if you want to recover and leave the hospital soon, you have to finish all the soup obediently."

Chapter 1132: Reporter Visits

"Why do you talk to me as if you're soothing a child?" Annie Anne leaned back slightly, pressing against the soft pillow, carefully adjusting her sitting position.

"Annie's temper is exactly like yours, so in my eyes, you and she are no different."

Charlotte Thompson smiled as she peeled fruit for Annie Anne.

"Why do I feel like you're deliberately taking advantage of me?" Annie Anne glanced at Charlotte Thompson.

Seeing this, Charlotte Thompson's tone became more teasing, "Woman, the way you look right now, you couldn't take advantage if you tried."

That earned her a very disdainful look from Annie Anne.

"Oh my god, Charlotte, who did you learn to talk like that from? It's so greasy, greasier than the pork rib soup I drink every day."

"It's all thanks to you; I watched that TV series you were in before, where your boyfriend was exactly like that, always having cheesy lines ready to go."

Charlotte Thompson then handed the sliced apple to Annie Anne.

But that conversation seemed to prompt Annie Anne to recall some unhappy memories, causing her to shrink her shoulders slightly.

"Wow, don't even remind me. Do you know how uncomfortable I was filming those scenes? Plus, that actor was really like that in real life. His fans were right, the role was tailor-made for him..."

With Charlotte Thompson's company, Annie Anne gradually opened up, discussing some amusing incidents from the set.

Charlotte Thompson listened intently, throwing in a few teasing remarks now and then, making the atmosphere between them warm and relaxed, just like before.

"At that moment he was standing right in front of me, about to do a wall slam, and I almost..."

However, just then, the sound of Annie Anne's phone ringing interrupted her.

Annie Anne glanced over, but her smile faded slightly when she saw her phone screen.

Charlotte Thompson also inadvertently saw the screen.

It was a message from Oliver Hudson.

Noticing the change in Annie Anne's expression, Charlotte Thompson hesitated, unsure of what to say.

"What were we talking about just now?"

But Annie Anne didn't seem to want to reply to the message, turning her attention back to Charlotte Thompson.

Charlotte Thompson brought the conversation back on track.

She initially wanted to ask Annie Anne if she knew about last night's news, but seeing Annie happy for once, Charlotte chose to remain silent.

However, their conversation didn't last long, as some noisy sounds came from outside the door.

"Are you sure it's here?"

"We should be right, let's go in and check."

Charlotte Thompson turned her head in confusion, and the door to the ward opened simultaneously with her movement.

This allowed Charlotte Thompson to meet the eyes of several people at the door.

They were all strangers, but a few were holding cameras.

Charlotte Thompson immediately realized what was happening, her expression turning sour.

How did the media reporters find this place?

Who had leaked the location of Annie Anne's hospital?

And it wasn't just Charlotte Thompson who was taken by surprise; the reporters at the door also paused upon seeing the scene inside the ward.

They too had only just managed to find out the hospital where Annie Anne was admitted, thinking to come over for an interview about the things online regarding Mia Carter.

However, none of them had expected to find Charlotte Thompson here as well.

Chapter 1133: Interview

Charlotte Thompson, the young lady of the Thompson Family, and Annie Anne, a relatively unknown actress—what is their relationship?

Moreover, the way they seem now, they must be very familiar with each other, even sharing an apple from the same plate.

The journalists all became excited, but before they could approach the hospital room, Charlotte had already pressed the call button beside Annie's bed.

Such an action by Charlotte obviously stunned the journalists.

"You've entered the wrong room, please leave," Charlotte ordered without any courtesy.

She did not care who had leaked Annie's presence here, but the media now only seemed interested in disturbing Annie, and Charlotte would not allow that to happen.

Seeing Charlotte's expression, the journalists, though looking at each other, did not want to miss such a good opportunity.

Therefore, someone plucked up the courage to approach Charlotte.

"Miss Thompson, what is your relationship with Miss Anne? Are you good friends?"

"Miss Thompson, why haven't you ever mentioned this?"

"Miss Thompson, are you also aware of the things between Mia Carter and Miss Anne that are circulating online?"

Questions besieged Charlotte from all directions, causing her to furrow her brows.

At this time, the doctor and nurses summoned by the call bell also arrived.

Seeing this, Charlotte directly gestured to the doctor to manage the journalists in front of her.

"What's happening again?" the nurse spoke up, "The patient needs quiet and rest, please don't come here and disturb anymore."

With that, the nurse motioned to escort the journalists out.

The journalists were clearly reluctant, but seeing Charlotte's severe expression, they could only obediently leave, though the photographer still frantically snapped photos.

The sound of the shutter made Charlotte very uncomfortable; disregarding the presence of the journalists, she immediately pulled out her phone and called Jack Bryant.

"Find out immediately who disclosed Annie Anne's location at the hospital and lock down the information. Also, send someone here from your side to make the journalists surrender all the photos they've taken."

Charlotte wasn't worried about her friendship with Annie being exposed, but the publication of these photos online would have only one outcome.

It would lead to more media arriving, disturbing Annie's rest.

Charlotte also reminded the nurses to be vigilant about not allowing unauthorized persons in and then she suddenly remembered the nurse's previous remark.

"Were there journalists bothering Annie this morning?"

Hearing Charlotte's question, the nurse's face colored slightly, but she still answered truthfully, "Yes, a journalist came this morning, but Miss Anne was undergoing an examination, so that journalist left after a quick interview."

Charlotte took a deep breath after hearing this, and then turned back to the bedside.

"Why didn't you tell me about the journalists bothering you?"

But Annie's expression remained very calm, "If they want to come, let them. It doesn't really affect me much, and besides, they really seem to want to interview me, don't they?"

"Annie..."

Charlotte paused for a moment, "Have you seen those things on the internet?"

The last response Charlotte received was just Annie gently nodding.

Chapter 1134: It Was My Oversight

"Right, Mia Carter's behind-the-scenes patron was exposed, and she herself was taken to the public security bureau for investigation."

Charlotte pressed her lips together, hesitating as the words she intended to say changed completely by the time she uttered them.

"These reporters always latch onto a question and won't let go for ages. Once you get discharged, all of them will likely shove microphones in your face. Rest is what's most important for you now. You should focus on healing well."

Reaching out to tuck Annie in, Charlotte also checked the healing progress of the wound on Annie's arm.

"I understand, I've worried you," Annie replied simply.

Seeing no sign of distress on Annie's face, Charlotte took a seat once more at Annie's bedside.

With Jack Bryant's situation resolved, Charlotte arranged a few things and, after much deliberation, had the online news about Annie and Mia Carter suppressed.

Charlotte stayed by Annie's side for a long time, and just as she was about to leave, Oliver Hudson walked in.

During this time, he had sent Annie messages and even called, but Annie chose not to answer.

Oliver was momentarily stunned to see Charlotte in Annie's hospital room.

Nevertheless, he approached Annie's bed, looking at her phone on the bedside table and spoke unhurriedly, "Why didn't you answer the phone? Or reply to texts?"

"Because Charlotte is here, and we were chatting," Annie responded flatly.

As Charlotte gathered her things, she stood up and her gaze landed on Oliver's face.

"Oliver Hudson, could I talk with you outside?"

Not waiting for Oliver's response, Charlotte had already started walking away.

Oliver glanced at the bouquet of yellow tulips by Annie's bed before turning to follow Charlotte out of the room.

Charlotte leaned by the window at the end of the hallway, waiting, and as Oliver emerged, she didn't change her posture.

"What is it?" Oliver inquired gravely.

"Did you expose Mia Carter's dealings?" Though Charlotte's question seemed to ask for confirmation, it held more certainty than inquiry.

Oliver didn't deny it and nodded openly, "I won't let her get away with it."

This response did not surprise Charlotte, who lowered her gaze and fiddled with her clothing hem, "Then you must be aware of the online rumors about you and Annie, right?"

This time, Oliver did not respond, his silence conveying his stance.

The window was slightly ajar, letting in a chilly breeze that raised goosebumps on the skin.

Charlotte wrapped her coat around herself tighter, and seeing Oliver's predicament, promptly closed the window tightly.

"You did this on purpose, didn't you? To see how Annie would react?"

A flicker of light passed through Oliver's eyes, but it vanished too quickly for Charlotte to catch.

If Charlotte had really seen it, she might have had another conjecture in her mind.

"Did you know that the news of Annie staying here has been leaked? Many reporters have already come to interview her today, disturbing her rest."

Charlotte saw Oliver's expression darken, his voice growing somber.

Oliver turned away, his expression unreadable, "Sorry, I was negligent with that matter. I'll take care of it."

Chapter 1135: Meeting Again

Charlotte pressed her lips together, staring at Oliver Hudson's face for a long while before finally looking away.

"I hope so, but Oliver, I don't want you to hurt Annie again. If you do, I will not let it go, since I have never had a good impression of you from the start."

Having said that, Charlotte didn't care about Justin Battleson's expression or her response, and she walked away.

Just as she took a few steps, she heard Oliver's faint voice.

"It won't happen."

...

As Justin Battleson had a social engagement that evening, he didn't join Charlotte after work to visit Annie Anne at the hospital.

However, when Charlotte left the hospital, she still sent a message to Justin Battleson.

Just after he put down his phone and looked up, he found a familiar person standing in the parking lot.

"Henry Hudson?" Charlotte walked over and called out his name.

Henry, who had just closed his car door, turned around when he heard his name, briefly stunned when he saw it was Charlotte, and then a smile appeared on his face.

"What a coincidence."

But the next second, Henry's tone turned more concerned, "Why are you at the hospital? Are you sick?"

Charlotte waved her hand off. "No, I was here to visit Annie. Are you just off work?"

"No, I have a surgery tonight, came earlier to prepare," Henry answered gently.

"It must be tough having surgery in the evening. I'm really sorry, I didn't even know you had returned to the country early."

What Charlotte said made Henry flick her forehead lightly with his hand.

Charlotte cried out in pain and covered her forehead with her hand.

"Why would you do that, senior?"

"Do you have nothing else to say to me? Why do you start by apologizing for not knowing I returned early? I don't need your apologies," Henry said, his voice carrying a hint of helplessness.

Charlotte looked up at Henry cautiously and then stepped back to distance herself, finally complaining about his surprise attack.

"If you truly feel sorry, then find some time to treat me to a meal as compensation," Henry suggested.

Charlotte nodded repeatedly.

Looking at the gentle smile on Henry's face in front of her, she seemed to travel back to those early days.

After all, she had many reasons to apologize to him.

"It's getting late, be careful on your way back. I'm going to prepare for the surgery."

"Okay, senior, goodbye."

Charlotte waved at Henry and then walked towards her parking spot.

What he didn't notice was that the man who should have entered the hospital stood at the door, watching his car slowly drive away.

Until he could no longer see a trace of it, Henry withdrew his gaze.

He looked down at his palm, and then a smile with an indiscernible meaning spread across his lips.

Maybe this was really for the best.

Then he turned around, his shadow stretched long by the streetlight next to him, only disappearing as he stepped into the hospital.

While Charlotte was driving back to Stardust Garden, she received another call—a notification from the hospital for Charlotte to bring Grace Thompson for a follow-up checkup tomorrow.

Hearing this, she immediately thought of Grace's condition, naturally wearing a troubled expression.

Chapter 1136: Reeking of Alcohol

Grace had been staying in Stardust Garden all along.

Inside, there were top doctors and medical equipment; they almost daily checked on Grace Thompson's health, while on the other side, the search for a matching heart donor continued without any pauses.

Yet, time passed by, and still, nothing was found.

So sometimes, when she saw how haggard Grace looked, Charlotte Thompson felt heartbroken.

Charlotte had responded to the hospital, and after hanging up, she thought to herself that she should visit the hospital to find Vincent when she had time.

After all, it was Vincent who had taken care of her children initially, and he definitely knew the children's health status the best.

Although Annie Anne's and Grace Thompson's matters also deeply worried Charlotte, when she got home and saw the children, she did not show any of this emotion but was tender and patient, playing with the children, and finally, she told them stories to put them to sleep.

Because of social obligations, Justin Battleson came home quite late today.

Actually, since he got back together with Charlotte, Justin would avoid company entertainment as much as possible, sending others in his place when he couldn't, but today's negotiation was significant, so Justin had to attend in person.

When Justin arrived, Charlotte had just finished bathing, her hair still wet, but she came out when she heard the noise.

Seeing her, Justin, without fully taking off his coat, reached out and drew Charlotte into his arms.

"Why didn't you blow-dry your hair? What if you catch a cold?"

Justin's fingertips gently brushed through Charlotte's wet hair.

With her nose against Justin's body, Charlotte caught a whiff of alcohol.

It wasn't strong, but it was enough to make Charlotte slightly displeased, so she pushed against Justin's chest and pointed towards the bathroom, "Go take a shower and change your clothes."

But Justin showed no sign of letting go of Charlotte; his voice, on the contrary, became even lower and more intimate.

"Don't ..."

He said softly, giving off a sense of whining.

Ever since a time when Justin got drunk and Charlotte disliked it, and he successfully held her with whining tactics, it was as if he had flipped some strange switch.

Sometimes, after he drank too much, he was cold and composed in front of others, but in front of Charlotte, he would become clingy like a child, seeking hugs.

Every time, Charlotte was at a loss with Justin, who took the opportunity to become increasingly presumptuous.

"Wife ... you smell so good ..." Justin lowered his head to Charlotte's neck and sniffed gently, as if addicted to it, murmuring constantly.

"Charlotte ... my baby, wife ..."

Usually, Justin would only call Charlotte by her nickname, but after drinking, he'd start with all sorts of mushy pet names, sometimes overwhelming Charlotte.

But looking at Justin's blurry eyes, she wasn't sure if he was truly sober or actually drunk.

"Justin."

Charlotte pinched Justin's cheek, "Go take a shower. You reek of alcohol—I don't like it."

But this time Justin seemed to have drunk quite a lot, and the alcohol was hitting him hard at this moment.

"What! Wife, how can you not like me anymore? You can't change your heart, you are my wife, and no one can take you away ..."

As he spoke, Justin wrapped his arms around Charlotte's waist, pulling her towards the bed.

Seeing this, Charlotte had no choice but to go along with Justin's actions temporarily, lying obediently in his arms.

However, just as Justin was about to lie down on the bed, Charlotte straight-out kicked him off.

Chapter 1137: Not Changing Clothes, Not Taking a Bath

Justin Battleson, with his towering figure, embarrassingly fell to the ground.

"Don't you dare to sit on the bed without changing and bathing!"

Charlotte Thompson wrapped her arms around herself and looked at Justin Battleson, "Justin Battleson, do you still want to sleep in bed tonight?"

Hearing this, Justin stood up and moved a few steps closer to Charlotte, his eyes revealing a clear cognizance.

Then, he immediately swept Charlotte off her feet and carried her sideways.

"What are you doing?"

Only when Charlotte turned her head did she see the smile at the corner of Justin's mouth and realized that he had been deceiving her.

"Obviously, it's time for a bath."

Justin swiftly stole a kiss on Charlotte's face and then, watching her ears turn red, forcibly took her into the bathroom.

"Justin Battleson! You lecher!"

...

Justin's trickery had succeeded, but the next morning, he was shown no mercy as Charlotte kicked him off the bed.

At that moment, Justin innocently looked up at Charlotte, but she wasn't falling for it anymore, and she directly ordered him to fetch her clothes.

After they were both dressed properly, Justin and Charlotte went downstairs, where the children were already gathered at the dining table waiting to have breakfast together.

After breakfast, they dropped the children off at kindergarten and headed towards their company.

Justin went to his office, while Charlotte went to check on the Design Department. Unsurprisingly, instead of seeing designers working diligently, everyone was crowding around Teddy Carter, whose desk was piled high with gifts of all sizes.

He sat amidst the crowd, basking in their adulation and flattery.

In the entire office, only Elijah Walker was sitting quietly in the corner by himself.

Seeing this, Charlotte knocked on the office door, drawing everyone's attention.

Suddenly, all the people moved away from Teddy's desk.

Upon seeing this, Teddy quickly stood up and approached Charlotte.

"Miss Thompson, what brings you here? Anything needed, you could have just sent word through your assistant."

However, Teddy was internally cursing his luck, worried that Charlotte having seen the earlier scene might affect his job.

But Charlotte coolly handed Teddy a folder she was carrying, which he hastened to take.

Seeing that Charlotte didn't say anything else, Teddy also quietly breathed a sigh of relief.

Just as Charlotte was turning to leave, she stopped and turned to say, "Oh, and Teddy Carter."

Teddy stiffened upon hearing his name called out, "Is there anything else, Miss Thompson?"

Charlotte didn't immediately respond to Teddy's question; instead, her gaze drifted lightly over his face and then over the heads of the other silent people in the office.

For a moment, the atmosphere in the office tensed up, everyone afraid of what Charlotte might say.

The next second, they heard Charlotte's voice calmly conveying, "Nothing much, I just wanted to know if you've chosen the eight people you were asked to pick. Give me the list by today."

Charlotte's words came as a great relief, and as they heaved quiet sighs, she had already stepped away and left.

"That scared me."

Teddy exhaled a breath of relief, and just as he spoke, he felt a hard knock on his shoulder and looked up to see Elijah rushing out.

This made Teddy pat his shoulder with great annoyance.

"What's wrong with him."

As he turned around, the office crowd gathered around him again, all hopeful to find their names on the list of eight Teddy would hand in.

Chapter 1138: Contact

"Miss Thompson!"

Charlotte Thompson had not been out of the designer's office for long when someone called out to her from behind.

She turned around just as Elijah Walker was almost standing in front of her.

"Is there something you need?" Charlotte asked, looking calmly at the somewhat out-of-breath Elijah Walker.

He seemed to really want to say something to Charlotte, but when he looked up, he chose to press his lips together.

Charlotte's gaze toward him carried a hint of confusion.

Finally, Elijah Walker parted his lips, stammering, "Why..."

Why, when he clearly valued himself, did he not assign the task to him.

Why had she said she could help him solve the problem with Florienna Ellis, yet the company's people still gossiped about him.

Why did she see Teddy Carter and those people's true colors, yet still choose to turn a blind eye.

Elijah Walker had a pile of questions he wanted to ask Charlotte, but when he saw her, he couldn't bring himself to start.

He feared the answers Charlotte might give him.

Even if they were plain, ordinary words, they might still hurt him.

"Hmm?"

But such an inquiry from Elijah Walker left Charlotte somewhat puzzled, "Elijah Walker, what exactly do you want to ask?"

Elijah Walker opened his mouth but then let out the breath he had been holding.

"It's nothing." His shoulders suddenly dropped, and his upper body bent slightly, conveying a sense of dejection.

He shook his head, excused himself to Charlotte, and then turned and left.

Although Charlotte was perplexed, Elijah Walker hadn't clarified his words, and she felt it inappropriate to probe further.

And as Elijah Walker walked back to his office, all he could hear were the whispers of the people around him; they were all discussing one thing.

Why hadn't this task been assigned to him?

Some speculated that it was the previous rumors within the company that had impacted Elijah Walker.

Elijah Walker didn't know when it started, but a simple rumor had spread so terribly that now everyone in the company viewed him with contempt, and even the few who had been close to him were gradually distancing themselves.

This was what Elijah Walker could not understand the most.

He had worked in the company for many years, had spent so much time with these colleagues; didn't they know what kind of person he was?

To think that they would distance themselves from him just because of a few simple rumors.

Elijah Walker couldn't help but laugh derisively.

Indeed, there are no friends in work, only rivals competing against each other.

Elijah Walker's steps, initially headed towards the pantry, halted because his phone in his pocket vibrated.

Pulling it out, he saw an unfamiliar number.

Although somewhat puzzled, he still answered, "Hello, this is Elijah Walker speaking."

"Is this Elijah Walker, the designer from Riley Group?" The voice on the other end was a very steady female voice, directly stating Elijah Walker's name.

This made Elijah Walker pause, his voice carrying a hint of confusion, "May I ask who this is?"

"I am Zara Ward, the head of Melissa Tanner Studio."

This name was not unfamiliar to Elijah Walker; the Melissa Tanner brand was almost a sensation in the fashion circle, considered a rising star.

Of course, this popularity was not unrelated to the fashion show Charlotte Thompson had attended.

However, what puzzled Elijah Walker was that he had never had any contact with Melissa Tanner Studio; why would their head reach out to him?

Chapter 1139: Not Giving Up

And the next second, Zara Ward on the other end threw out an inquiry that puzzled Elijah Walker even more.

"Designer Walker, could you rush to Melissa Tanner's studio right after work?"

"What's the matter? And why did you suddenly get in touch with me?" Elijah Walker was utterly confounded.

What Elijah Walker hadn't expected was that the response on the other end of this call was just as puzzled, "Designer Walker, don't you know what you're supposed to be doing next?"

Zara Ward glanced around, turning to look at her studio staff, but they were all just as bewildered.

"Uh... I'm sorry, Miss Ward, but I think there might be some misunderstanding between us. Could you have dialed the wrong number?" Elijah Walker was completely at a loss.

"You're joking about a wrong number, aren't you? Your name is Elijah Walker, right?"

"Yes, I am Elijah Walker."

"Aren't you a designer for Riley Group?"

"I am a designer at Riley Group."

"Then there is no mistake. Charlotte Thompson said she was going to give you a collaborative project and asked me to contact you. You are to come directly to my studio after work. Don't you know about this?"

As a result, Zara Ward's words stupified Elijah Walker on the spot.

He hadn't misheard, had he?

A moment of mental haze left Elijah Walker speechless, and on the other end of the phone, Zara Ward, receiving no reply, felt even more that something was odd.

"What's going on? I didn't dial the wrong number, did I? Or maybe the signal is poor over there..."

Zara Ward muttered softly to herself, then prepared to hang up and redial.

By this time, Elijah Walker had also snapped to his senses and quickly stopped her, "Wait a second, Miss Ward, could you repeat that? Who gave me the collaboration?"

"It's Charlotte Thompson, the supervisor from your company. Don't tell me you don't recognize her?"

"Charlotte Thompson..." Elijah Walker murmured dryly.

Right now, he felt like he didn't know anything.

"Hello? Hello? Can you hear me? If you can, give me some sort of response," urged Zara Ward, growing impatient.

Elijah Walker, jolted awake, responded incessantly, startling Zara Ward.

"Miss Ward, I understand now, I'll head to your studio right after work! Thank you!"

Elijah Walker felt his speech was somewhat disorganized, and even after the call ended, he still had a surreal feeling.

But the call log on his phone showed what had just happened.

Elijah Walker saved the phone number and a surge of excitement welled up in his heart.

Charlotte hadn't given up on him, after all, she had even arranged a collaboration just for him.

He had been wrong about Charlotte all along.

"Hey, isn't that Designer Elijah Walker standing over there..."

At this moment, someone saw Elijah Walker standing still in the distance and began to jeer with ill intentions.

But before they could finish speaking, Elijah Walker ran off like the wind, frightening the provocateur into cursing him as crazy.

Meanwhile, Charlotte in the office received a phone call from her older brother, Henry Thompson.

"There's been some progress on what you asked me to investigate before."

"Before..." Charlotte murmured softly, then suddenly reacted with a low exclamation of surprise, "Big brother, you're not talking about that matter concerning the Ross Family, are you?"

Before the Ross Family's banquet, Charlotte had asked her older brother to look into something about a woman named Raina Richard, but then she heard that the Ross Family hadn't found anything, so she gradually forgot about the matter.

Chapter 1140: Her Husband

Charlotte Thompson never expected that her own brother would dig up something she had almost forgotten about.

To her amazement, her eldest brother had uncovered it.

"Brother, what have you found out about that woman's background?"

"Regarding the woman you mentioned, it seems her information was deliberately hidden or deleted. I managed to discover only a little—she's married, and a long time ago, she once engaged in surrogacy."

Although he spoke sparingly, the amount of information conveyed was vast, leaving Charlotte momentarily unable to react.

In reality, the findings Henry Thompson had uncovered coincided somewhat with the suspicions in Charlotte's own mind.

From the scars on the woman's body, Charlotte had speculated that she might have been a victim of domestic abuse, but whether it was by her parents or partner, she could not determine.

Now, with the information provided by Henry, it seemed likely that the woman had been abused by her husband and was then forced into surrogacy due to some desperate circumstances.

"And what about her husband? Is there any news on him?"

Charlotte knew how her brother would respond, but she still asked, hopeful.

Sure enough, Henry denied it, "I wasn't able to find anything about her husband, but I'm certain that she's married. Don't worry, Charlotte; I will make sure to get to the bottom of this for you."

"Thank you, brother. You've been such a help. I didn't expect you to find out what even the Ross Family couldn't," Charlotte said with a chuckle.

Just as she finished speaking on the phone, another voice came through.

"Little Charlotte, your thanks are misdirected. Henry Thompson, that old fox, is not the one you should be thanking—it's me,"

Suddenly, it dawned on Charlotte—how could she have forgotten that her seventh brother, Jonathan Thompson, was a computer whiz? Not only her but Cyrus Thompson's hacking skills were taught by him.

The internet holds memories; if Jonathan decided to look, there was nothing he couldn't find.

Before Charlotte could offer her thanks, her words were interrupted by insistent knocking on her door.

Looking up, Charlotte saw Elijah Walker push the door open and stride in.

"You..."

What was this about? He had just stopped her, looking as if he wanted to say something, and now he was in her office?

As Charlotte puzzled over this, Elijah Walker stood at attention and then bowed deeply to her.

"Thank you! Miss Thompson!" Elijah's voice rang out forcefully, sending a shiver through Charlotte.

Not to mention Henry and Jonathan on the other end of the phone.

The two brothers, hearing the commotion on Charlotte's end, immediately asked.

"Sister, what's happening there? Has someone barged into your office?"

"Was that loud, forceful shout some kind of an animal?"

But before Charlotte could react, Elijah had already risen and left the office, leaving behind a baffled Charlotte and an equally shocked Coco outside, who had been frightened by his sudden entrance.

"It's nothing, just a designer who was looking for me," Charlotte replied, coming back to her senses and realizing she was still on the call, and expressed her gratitude to her brothers.

After hanging up the phone, however, Charlotte still felt a bit dazed, her mind full of Elijah's abrupt entrance and exit.

"Sister Charlotte, what happened? That person just now was Elijah Walker, right?"