

Spoiled 1151

Chapter 1151: Summoning

This matter, after all, was targeted at Adam Ross.

Mr. Ross had always been grooming Adam, and the situation developing to this point was the perfect opportunity for him to get some practice.

"Since they've set up this drama for us, we can't just let it go without a fight," Adam chuckled, a hint of slyness flickering in his eyes.

"Uncle Thorne, could you please call over the few people from the Ross Family and tell them Mr. Ross has important news to announce?"

Adam indicated with his eyes to the middle-aged man beside him.

After receiving a signal from Mr. Ross, the middle-aged man answered and immediately started making the arrangements according to Adam's request.

Since there had recently been a family banquet hosted by Mr. Ross not long ago, the distant relatives of the Ross Family had all arrived at the same time, and had not yet had the chance to leave. In no time at all, they had gathered at The Ross Mansion.

Adam swept his gaze across the room and finally, upon spotting Oliver Ross in the crowd, immediately stepped forward to approach him.

"I say, cousin, what's happened to you? How did your clothes get so dirty?"

Adam pointed to the large wine stain on Oliver's chest, making Oliver's complexion even more displeased.

Earlier in the bar, someone had spilled a drink all over him. He had intended to change his clothes, but then Ray Ross called him, insisting he rush back to The Ross Mansion.

He had said that Mr. Ross might very well announce the matter of the inheritance.

So, he did not dare to delay any further and rushed back in a hurry.

Adam then leaned in a bit closer to Oliver and sniffed with his nose.

"Aiyo, such strong liquor, cousin, where have you been playing in the middle of the day?"

Adam's teasing words were extremely irritating to Oliver, but right now, on Mr. Ross's turf, he did not put his hands on Adam to push him away, but instead, he just asked.

"Mr. Ross has hurriedly called us back, what does he want to say?"

After all, Mr. Ross's most coveted heir was Adam, so some things he was definitely clear on.

"What could it be for?" Adam spread his hands wide, his eyes circling around The Ross Mansion, as if hinting at something to Oliver.

Then Adam leisurely turned and walked away, leaving Oliver with a profound look in his eyes.

Oliver's expression shifted slightly, then he hurriedly went to find Ray Ross: "Dad."

But as soon as he approached Ray, Ray caught the smell of liquor on Oliver and glared at him fiercely.

"Drinking again, don't you have any ambition?"

"Dad, I just asked Adam, it seems Mr. Ross really did call us here for the matter of inheritance."

Oliver's words caused Ray's raised hand to fall, and then he looked at his unambitious son with suspicion.

"Are you sure?"

"Adam already hinted discretely, I'm sure there's no big discrepancy. Besides, Mr. Ross is getting on in years, it's about time he let go of the power he's held for so long," Oliver said with a grin.

Hearing this, Ray's mind began to formulate his own plans.

Then he scanned the other people around, noticing their expressions weren't much different from his own.

Right now, within the Ross Family, the fierce internal struggle was for the position left by Mr. Ross.

But the biggest competitor for them was naturally Adam Ross.

However, Ray had been inquiring these past few days and it seemed that because of the trouble at the family banquet, Mr. Ross had a very bad attitude towards Adam.

Perhaps there really was a chance for someone else.

While everyone had their own thoughts on the matter, Mr. Ross was wheeled out in a chair, immediately drawing away everyone's attention.

"Gentlemen, I called you all here today because of a certain matter."

Chapter 1152: The Blood and Flesh of the Ross Family

"At the last family banquet, everyone was present, so you should all be clear about what happened," Jack Thompson coughed and his gaze swept over Adam Ross's face before he spoke solemnly.

"Those two children are indeed the flesh and blood of our Ross Family."

With these words, there was an uproar among those present.

"Quiet!" Mr. Ross banged his cane to silence everyone.

"Grandfather..." Ray Ross started dryly, only to be met with Mr. Ross's reprimand.

"Shut your mouth!"

Mr. Ross glared at Ray Ross, "If you hadn't mishandled things, how could anyone have dared to cause trouble at our Ross Family's banquet, you've utterly disgraced us."

"Mr. Ross, what exactly happened here? Weren't the Howard Family and the Thompson Family always insisting that the children were theirs?" someone asked, unable to contain their puzzlement.

"Due to some accidents, the children's biological mother lost contact with our Ross Family, along with the two children. Fortunately, they were adopted by the Thompson Family; only recently was it confirmed that the two children belong to our Ross Family."

The grandfather articulated each word slowly and clearly as all those present listened and couldn't help but start whispering amongst themselves.

"Grandfather, but that woman insisted it was the Thompson Family who stole her children," Oliver Ross chimed in at this moment.

"Because, she was manipulated by someone," Mr. Ross stated emphatically.

Upon hearing this, Oliver Ross's eyes dodged immediately.

While Mr. Ross was speaking, his gaze swept across the faces of everyone present, searching their expressions for clues.

"She now has her own husband, but she has been duped and used by someone with ulterior motives, coveting the Ross Family's wealth and causing such trouble. I had already had the woman taken into custody, only to find out she had secretly run away," recounted Mr. Ross.

"What! She ran away secretly?" Adam Ross couldn't help exclaiming in shock when he heard this.

That drew everyone's gaze, making Adam Ross immediately shut his mouth.

Adam Ross bowed his head, not letting anyone see the slight smirk creeping at the corner of his mouth.

"Has she been found? Where did she go?"

"She didn't reveal who was behind this, only asking me to find her husband. Unexpectedly, I actually found him, but as soon as I told her, she just slipped away," Mr. Ross explained.

Adam Ross, struggling to contain his smile, finally looked up and said, "Grandfather, she must have gone to find her husband by now. We'll send people immediately; we're sure to catch her."

Mr. Ross nodded, and then addressed everyone, "As soon as we bring that woman back, I will have Adam Ross marry her, and we will record Jack Thompson and Chad Thompson into our Ross Family's genealogy. But those two children are too young to take over the family business directly, so I will choose one of you to assist my two grandsons."

If the first part of the old man's speech made everyone feel that danger was lurking, the latter half stirred excitement once again.

The words "inherit the family business" echoed in their ears.

On the surface, it was about assistance, but in reality, wouldn't it mean having control of the Ross Family's wealth in their own hands?

And when the time came, even if there were true heirs, what of it?

Wouldn't it still be an easy matter to get rid of two children?

Consequently, the eyes of everyone grew lively with anticipation.

Chapter 1153: Strategy

"But right now, the most important thing is to find that woman. As for you all, go back and organize the documents from your companies, and hand everything over to me when the time comes."

After finishing his words, Mr. Ross waved his hand dismissively and looked at Adam Ross with a mix of disappointment and frustration.

"I've cultivated you for so long, yet you insist on not taking over the family business. Are you trying to anger me to death, old man?"

Adam Ross pushed Mr. Ross's wheelchair away, responding with a chuckle, "Old man, I've grown accustomed to lazing about. Besides, don't I already have an heir?"

After Mr. Ross and Adam Ross had left the room, everyone in the living room had overheard their conversation.

Those who had harbored doubts now had their suspicions confirmed.

They exchanged glances, smiles on their faces, but their eyes betrayed turbulent undercurrents.

Then they all prepared to return to their companies to cook the books, planning to deceive Mr. Ross.

At this moment, Mr. Ross had already turned into a room with Adam Ross, who immediately gave Mr. Ross a thumbs-up.

"Not bad, old man, your acting skills are impeccable."

But the next second, Adam Ross received a scathing glare from Mr. Ross: "Get lost, just looking at you irritates me."

"Don't be angry, old man, getting worked up is bad for your health," Adam Ross hurried over, attentively massaging Mr. Ross's shoulders and legs.

"I've already had people follow Jason Ross and Oliver Ross. They'll definitely be able to find Raina Richard's husband."

Indeed, the words spoken by Mr. Ross just now were nothing but an act together with Adam Ross.

It was all to lure Ray Ross and Oliver Ross into their trap.

Currently, they had no leads on where Raina Richard's husband was detained, but Ray Ross and Oliver Ross, the puppeteers behind the scenes, would surely know.

However, Mr. Ross huffed and spoke to Adam Ross:

"Adam, no matter what happens in the future, after this matter, I will hand over control of the Ross Family's companies to you, but you should be well aware of the consequences."

"I understand, old man," Adam Ross replied, though his expression remained casual despite the gravity of Mr. Ross's words.

His face may have been carefree, but his eyes were full of profound meaning.

For many years, Mr. Ross had deliberately groomed him to be his successor.

Although Adam Ross was capable of managing the company well, his interests lay elsewhere.

However, recent events had made it clear to Adam Ross that within the Ross Family, his options were increasingly limited.

He looked down at Mr. Ross, his head crowned with white hair.

It was time for some housekeeping within the Ross Family.

Meanwhile, Ray Ross and Oliver Ross had left the Ross Mansion and were now in a car.

"Dad, this is fantastic, the Ross Family will definitely fall into your hands," Oliver Ross said, eyes brimming with excitement.

But Ray Ross reprimanded sharply, "Fantastic? We're in big trouble now."

"What do you mean?" Oliver Ross blinked in confusion, clearly not understanding what Ray Ross was implying.

"You fool, has that woman contacted you in secret?" Ray Ross started the car and interrogated Oliver Ross.

"Don't even mention it; that woman had the audacity to contact me at this time, almost causing me trouble... I didn't expect that woman to be so bold as to deceive me, claiming she was intentionally released by the Ross Family..."

Oliver Ross spoke carelessly, but halfway through, he seemed to realize something and turned his head to look at Ray Ross.

Chapter 1154: Man in Black

"Wait a minute, didn't Mr. Ross say that woman snuck out?" Oliver Ross swallowed hard.

"So, has that woman gone to find the people we've locked up now?"

"Yes, we must hurry and get there before the Ross family arrives and capture that woman," Ray Ross said darkly.

"No, didn't Mr. Ross say that as long as we find that woman and get her to marry Adam Ross, those two brats could inherit the fortune? So why are we still capturing her?"

Oliver Ross asked in utter confusion, nearly driving Ray Ross mad with his statement, almost making him smash his head on the steering wheel.

Furious, Ray Ross couldn't even focus on driving anymore; he freed a hand and with a smack, slapped Oliver Ross across the face.

"How did I end up with such an idiot for a son?" Ray Ross cursed mercilessly. "Your brain is filled with nothing but women and booze, can't you think of anything useful?"

Anger caused Ray Ross's chest to heave violently. Seeing the wine stains on Oliver Ross's shirt made him even angrier.

But now there was no time to lecture Oliver Ross as he drove straight to a particular place.

"Right, if the Ross family finds that woman, won't she spill everything about both of us?"

Perhaps it was Ray Ross's slap that finally knocked some sense into Oliver Ross.

His face suddenly changed and he couldn't help but curse Raina Richard.

The two had locked Raina Richard's husband in a dilapidated rental house and had people watching him continuously.

When Ray Ross and Oliver Ross hurried over, they found the rental house exactly as they had left it last time.

The bodyguard watching Raina Richard's husband was taken aback by Ray Ross's sudden appearance. He paused, putting down the instant noodles he was eating onto the table, and clumsily cleared the cards off the table, walking toward Ray Ross with a somewhat embarrassed look.

"Boss Ray, what are you doing here?"

Ray Ross glanced around the room and finally, seeing Raina Richard's husband, Benjamin Carter, sitting on the bed, he breathed a sigh of relief.

It seemed that woman hadn't arrived yet.

Currently, Benjamin Carter looked bruised, but Ray Ross hadn't tied him up. So, while he was locked in, his face showed no signs of anxiety or fear.

Benjamin Carter was quite puzzled.

He had been having fun in the casino just before he was abruptly taken away.

Initially, he thought it was debt collectors due to high-interest loans, but then he saw Ray Ross.

Without a word, the man had beaten him up and locked him away until now.

Ray Ross had been wondering if he owed him any money, so when he was first locked up, Benjamin Carter was very scared, fearing his kidneys or corneas might be harvested for sale.

But after a few days locked up, nothing had happened.

And he had food and drink, no debt collectors, and he even played cards with the guards. Life was unexpectedly leisurely.

"You..."

However, just as Ray Ross was about to say something, the door of the rental house was violently kicked open, startling everyone inside.

Then, a group of people dressed in black swarmed in, raising their hands to capture Ray Ross and his men.

Oliver Ross held his head and screamed, hurriedly dodging, while Ray Ross's bodyguard swiftly reacted and started fighting the intruders.

In no time, tables and chairs were overturned, leaving the scene in complete disarray.

Chapter 1155: How Much Do You Owe Me?

Though Jason Ross and his people reacted quickly, the sheer number of men in black who suddenly stormed in overwhelmed and subdued them in no time.

"Who are you people? Do you know who I am?" Ray Ross said loudly to the man in charge.

But the leader didn't pay attention to Ray Ross. His gaze swept across all those captured, and suddenly his expression changed.

Yes, they were men sent by Adam Ross. Following Ray Ross and Oliver Ross, they had found Benjamin Carter's location.

"Where is he!"

They had managed to capture Ray Ross and Oliver Ross, but Benjamin Carter was nowhere to be found.

Benjamin Carter had taken advantage of their fight to sneak away.

His sneaky deeds were numerous, and his skill at escaping in chaos was polished and sharp.

After slipping out of the rental house, Benjamin Carter immediately went into hiding. Patting his pocket, he only managed to pull out a few banknotes.

Annoyed, Benjamin Carter ran his fingers through his hair. He seemed to be considering going home, but his gaze caught sight of a bar in the corner. Rubbing his hands, he walked over to it.

On the other hand, Adam Ross almost threw all the pet food into the aquarium upon learning that Benjamin Carter had escaped in the confusion.

"Did you catch Ray Ross and Oliver Ross?" Adam Ross took a deep breath to steady his tone.

"They've been captured."

The person reporting also sounded somewhat apologetic; after all, Carter had escaped right under their watch.

"Alright, bring those two back."

After hanging up the phone, Adam Ross contacted Charlotte Thompson to report that the mastermind behind the scenes had been caught, and also about Benjamin Carter's escape.

"That's fine. Benjamin Carter won't get far. I've found that he has quite a bit of high-interest debt on his hands. With a temperament like his, he's bound to go back to the gambling halls to try his luck again. Send someone to check out the underground gambling dens, and haven't you had Raina Richard under surveillance too? Maybe Benjamin Carter will go back looking for her."

As long as the two behind-the-scenes troublemakers were caught, Charlotte was relieved.

As for Raina Richard and Benjamin Carter, they were merely after money, and weren't too fixated on the child.

Just as Charlotte suspected, Benjamin Carter slipped back into an underground gambling den.

He had hoped to multiply the few banknotes in his pocket several times over, but his luck was abysmal and he ended up losing a considerable amount of money.

Without money, Benjamin Carter naturally thought about borrowing some, but as luck would have it, the loan shark in the gambling den happened to be an old acquaintance of his.

Benjamin Carter was kicked out, toppling a row of plastic stools.

But he didn't dare cry out in pain and scampered up, kneeling on the ground and inching toward the man who was engrossed in a game of mahjong.

"Oy, isn't that Mr. Sean? What a small man I am for not recognizing a great man, I didn't even realize it was you."

With a face full of sycophancy, Benjamin Carter looked at the man in front of him, though inwardly cursing his bad luck.

How unlucky to have run into this man.

"It's pretty impressive that you still recognize me. I thought after all this time, you'd have forgotten about me," Mr. Sean coughed, flicking ash from his cigarette between his fingers.

While speaking to Benjamin Carter, his eyes never left the mahjong tiles before him, not sparing Carter a single glance.

"You've been on the run for so long and haven't been found, you're quite capable, eh? So, do you know how much more you owe me for the days you haven't paid up?"

Chapter 1156: Three Days!

"Nine thousand!"

Suddenly, Mr. Sean laid down his mahjong tile, startling Benjamin Carter who shuddered on the floor.

"How, how could it be nine thousand," Benjamin Carter said dryly to Mr. Sean.

Mr. Sean lit another cigarette and put it in his mouth, which made his words a bit muffled, "Why wouldn't it be nine thousand? I just played nine thousand."

Benjamin Carter saw the tile Mr. Sean had played, but before he could even sigh in relief, Mr. Sean continued.

"But what you owe me isn't that little."

After saying that, Mr. Sean let out a grunt, slapped his thigh, and pushed the tiles in front of him.

"I'm lucky today, won again, even Benjamin Carter has come to pay me back."

"Mr., Mr. Sean..."

Benjamin Carter stammered, "I'm not here to pay, I..."

"You're not here to pay, then what are you here for?"

Mr. Sean finally looked over at Benjamin Carter. When his eyes fixed on Benjamin Carter, he felt a chill rising from his feet.

"I..." Benjamin Carter's teeth chattered in fright, unable to utter another word.

"Could it be you're here to persuade me to give you a few more days?" Mr. Sean adjusted the jacket on his shoulders, then leaned down to look at the banknotes in front of him, his lips curling into a sinister smile.

"You've been on the run for so many days, I haven't even settled the score with you yet."

Saying this, Mr. Sean backhanded Benjamin Carter's cheek, each slap harder than the last, quickly reddening and swelling his face, yet Benjamin Carter dared not make a sound.

"Mr. Sean, Mr. Sean listen to me, I will definitely pay you back, please don't be in a hurry."

"You're talking nonsense, can't I rush you when you owe me money?" Mr. Sean looked impatiently at Benjamin Carter, then signaled to his lackey behind him.

Suddenly, the lackey slammed the table and pulled out a small knife from somewhere, grabbing Benjamin Carter's hand.

With a clang, several men pushed Benjamin Carter down onto the mahjong table, pressing his face against it, imprinting several "ten thousand" characters into his cheek.

Benjamin Carter screamed loudly in fear, yet his right hand was forcefully held down on the mahjong table.

"Mr. Sean! Mr. Sean!" Benjamin Carter's voice broke, he struggled but couldn't break free; his legs were incessantly trembling.

"You say these lousy hands can't win any money, so why keep them?"

Mr. Sean thrust the knife next to Benjamin Carter's hand, the sharp blade cutting his skin.

Seeing the blood on the knife, Benjamin Carter nearly passed out.

He trembled all over, then a nauseating odor drifted through the air, and Mr. Sean turned his head to see Benjamin Carter had wet his pants.

Mr. Sean's lackeys, noticing this, started to mock Benjamin Carter.

"Mr. Sean..."

Benjamin Carter swallowed hard, his voice quavering, his face pale with fear, "Please, please show me mercy, give me five more days. I promise I can get the money to pay you back within five days."

"Five days?" Mr. Sean toyed with the knife, his tone rising slightly.

"Three days, just three days! Three days are also fine! Mr. Sean, you believe me, this time I won't trick you!"

Benjamin Carter's eyes stayed glued to the knife in Mr. Sean's hand, terrified he might stab down again.

"Word is bond," Mr. Sean responded, and then someone helped throw Benjamin Carter out.

Chapter 1157: Faces

Benjamin Carter was thrown into the trash can in a very embarrassing manner, and those few underlings mocked him before leaving.

Benjamin still wore a smile on his face, but as soon as the underlings had left, he climbed out of the trash can, cursing under his breath.

"What are you being arrogant about? Did you really think I was afraid of you?"

Benjamin spat on the ground and then started peeling the garbage that was sticking to his clothes.

With both hands in his pockets, he took out his last crumpled five-dollar bill and turned into the supermarket next door to buy two bottles of alcohol.

He drank the alcohol as he returned to his previous residence.

Since he didn't have the keys, he beat on his door violently.

His alcohol tolerance was low, so after drinking the two bottles, his steps were already unsteady.

After knocking several times without anyone opening the door, Benjamin's demeanor grew even worse. He even started kicking the door, producing a deafening noise.

Just then, Raina Richard, who was coming up from downstairs, saw this scene and couldn't help but gasp in shock.

"Benjamin, what are you doing here?"

Raina blinked. Wasn't Benjamin taken away and locked up by those people from the Ross Family?

How could he appear here?

Since she had been released from the apartment and couldn't contact Oliver Ross, she decided to return to her own home.

But Raina was worried about being followed, so she took detours on the road for a long time and changed several buses before daring to come back.

Hearing someone call his name, Benjamin turned his head and saw Raina approaching.

As if his anger had finally found an outlet, he hurled the bottle of alcohol he was holding towards the corner where Raina was standing.

"Where the hell have you been? Why aren't you at home?"

Raina was terrified, and the shards of the un-dodged bottle also cut her ankle. However, she ignored that at the moment, opened the door, and helped the reeking Benjamin into the house.

The small, filthy, and gloomy room had many bottles piled on the floor, and Raina, with her frail body, supported Benjamin, also noticing the disgusting smell on him.

"Weren't you caught? How are you here now?"

Raina helped Benjamin onto a chair and asked cautiously.

"Caught? Who dares to catch me?"

Benjamin's tone rose slightly, his arrogance nothing like the pitiful façade he'd shown in front of others earlier.

But at that moment, Raina didn't dare say much more; instead, she hurried into the room and began packing their things.

"Benjamin, let's go. Let's leave this place."

Previously, the reasons given for Raina being hauled to the Ross Family's place were all fabricated around Benjamin's supposed capture. Now that Benjamin was back, Raina's first thought was to leave immediately, to avoid further troubling encounters with the Ross Family.

However, Raina's actions of packing everything seemed like a different scene to Benjamin, who was watching.

He suddenly stood up, then grabbed Raina by the hair ruthlessly pulling her backward.

"I knew it, you must have sneaked out some money behind my back, planning to run away with it so I couldn't find you!"

While saying this, Benjamin started shaking the clothes that Raina was packing, but found nothing.

Furious, he turned around and slapped Raina hard.

"Speak! Where did you hide the money? Hurry up and give it to me!"

Chapter 1158: Domestic Violence

Raina Richard's ears were ringing from the beating; she cupped her cheeks, shaking her head, and said, "I have no money, you gambled all of it away."

Tears were already streaming down Raina's face, and her eyes were filled with terror when she looked at Benjamin Carter.

"How could that be possible? You must be lying; you definitely have money!"

Benjamin screamed loudly, his slaps and punches raining down on Raina like a storm.

Curled up into a ball, Raina's painful cries elicited no mercy from Benjamin.

Had it not been for Andrew Carter's coercion, even leaving behind videos and photographs as threats, Raina would never have ended up with Benjamin, nor would she have endured years of beatings.

Now, Raina only felt regret. If she hadn't gone to that bar back then, might she have been spared this miserable life?

"Are you going to give me the money or not?" Benjamin kicked Raina.

Raina felt the taste of blood filling her mouth. With a piteous shake of her head, her voice hoarse, she told Benjamin,

"I have no money..."

"No money? Then how come you were out messing around today?"

"I wasn't messing around; I was taken captive..." Raina explained weakly.

At the mention of being taken captive, Benjamin's movements halted; it was as if he suddenly remembered something, and he grabbed Raina by the collar and hoisted her up.

He vaguely remembered that during his own confinement, he had chatted with the bodyguards and something about the Ross Family had come up.

"Yeah, didn't you say you were a surrogate for a very rich family before, and had a child for them? Did the Ross Family make you do something?"

Raina's teeth chattered as she dryly relayed what had happened to the looming figure of Benjamin.

"Did those people give you any money?" Benjamin's eyes lit up as he urgently inquired.

But Raina shook her head, "They let me go, said they would contact me later..."

"Then go back and find them, demand money from them. You bore them two children, that's worth at least several hundred thousand!"

Benjamin spoke loudly, already imagining a lavish life after getting the money.

Yet Raina, terrified, said, "Benjamin, if they were able to capture both of us, it means their background is not something we can afford to mess with. Let's not ask them for money; let's run instead... If we get caught, we will die..."

"Run? Where would I run to when I haven't got the money yet!"

Seeing Raina refuse his suggestion, Benjamin's brow furrowed, and he viciously threw her to the ground, kicking her stomach.

"I bet you just want to run off with all the money yourself, trying to play tricks on me, dreaming daylight dreams!"

Raina was so battered by Benjamin she was close to losing consciousness, blood flowing from her nose and mouth.

Helpless, she lay on the floor, her body twitching slightly.

"Don't play dead with me; by tomorrow you have to bring me back the money, or I'll kill you."

Benjamin spat on Raina's face then staggered back to the bedroom, falling onto the bed and immediately fell into a deep sleep.

Raina, having regained some consciousness, couldn't find the strength to lift herself; she swallowed the blood in her mouth, the coppery sweetness making her feel nauseous.

But she could do nothing, only lie there enduring inhuman torment.

Chapter 1159: The Storm is Brewing

At that moment, Raina Richard's mind conjured up the image of Charlotte Thompson.

She also remembered the words Charlotte had said to her.

Could that woman really help her?

"Sss..."

A sudden unease surged in her heart, causing Charlotte to briefly lose focus as her fingertip was pricked by a thorn on the rose, drawing blood.

She inhaled sharply, then wiped away the bead of blood from her fingertip.

"Mommy, Mommy, let's play a game together!"

It was at this point that Jack Thompson ran up to Charlotte, tugging at the hem of her clothes, his face upturned and filled with anticipation.

Setting aside the jumble of thoughts in her head, Charlotte nodded and let Jack lead her over to the other children.

After playing with them for a while, she received a call from Adam Ross.

"We've lost track of Raina Richard and can't find where she has gone."

Adam's voice carried an element of helplessness as he began to question what use the guards trained by the Ross Family really were?

It was bad enough not to catch someone, but to lose someone in surveillance was even worse.

And of course, Charlotte, who was equally dumbfounded upon hearing this news, was not impressed.

"If you had said earlier that you couldn't handle it, I would have asked Justin to have someone follow her," Charlotte snapped back at Adam without any reservation.

Adam's response was that of complete innocence: "I can't be blamed for this, who would have thought that those guys would lose their edge after being idle for too long?"

But in truth, it really wasn't Adam's fault, it was just that the two bodyguards he had sent to follow Raina had been somewhat complacent.

After all, in their eyes, Raina was nothing more than a weak woman without the ability to fight back, yet this "weak" woman had managed to lead them on a wild chase and lost them entirely.

"However, she will definitely come looking for me again."

Charlotte stated, looking at the small wound the thorn had made on her fingertip.

"By the way, how are things going with the Ross Family company?"

Charlotte had also received news that Adam was beginning to secretly take over some company matters.

It's just that Adam's attitude towards managing the company wasn't quite right.

"The collateral branches aren't a threat, they only know how to cook the books, but what troubles me the most are the few old men at the top of the company, each as cunning as a millennium-old fox, extremely shrewd. I have already told Mr. Ross that I am too lazy to manage the company, but he still dumped a pile of stuff on me."

Adam complained to Charlotte, but with Ray Ross and Oliver Ross having been caught, and Mr. Ross handling the matters concerning Jack and Chad Thompson, the rest of the Ross family naturally could not cause much trouble.

However, since the two children's identities had been exposed within the Ross Family, they would have to be sent back to the Ross household on weekends.

After a brief conversation about Raina, they ended the call.

Charlotte couldn't help but exhale deeply; she looked at the vividly blooming flowers in the garden, their bright colors painful to her eyes, prompting her to pinch the bridge of her nose.

Outside, the sky had turned dark and gloomy, oppressive clouds rolling in like smog, giving off the impression of an impending storm despite the weather forecast promising sunshine.

"What are you thinking about?" Justin Battleson, at that moment, wrapped his arms around Charlotte from behind.

"It looks like it's going to rain..." Charlotte muttered softly.

Chapter 1160: Fighting

Justin Battleson's direct dismissal of two employees had already spread throughout the entire company.

In the end, they also knew the reasons why, so there was no one in the company who dared to discuss Charlotte Thompson and Elijah Walker's affair anymore.

It was just that, although Charlotte had Justin's protection, things were not going well for Elijah.

The failure of the project, coupled with the office gossip, made him instantly the most isolated person in the entire design department.

"Oops, my apologies, Elijah, the great designer."

Elijah had been working on his documents in his own spot when someone passing by deliberately knocked over his coffee, drenching all the design drafts and documents beside him.

Elijah frowned in displeasure.

"Elijah, the great designer, have I made you angry?"

The tone of the person provoking Elijah was laced with unmistakable sarcasm, "You're not going to hit me, are you? Or are you going to find someone to get me fired?"

Looking at the face in front of him that desperately needed a punch, Elijah took a deep breath and then made the move he most wanted to make right now.

He threw a punch directly.

The smile on the man's face was scattered in an instant.

Everyone in the design department was enjoying the spectacle, but no one expected that Elijah, who had been quietly enduring, would actually lash out at this time.

Instantly, the design department became chaotic.

"Since you're asking for it, why should I be polite? And do you have any idea how important these documents are? You've ruined them, and when the blame comes down from above, what will you offer as compensation?"

Elijah had already thought of his justification before taking a swing, pointing to the papers and drafts on his desk that had been ruined.

He wasn't lying; those drafts were indeed important and needed to be submitted shortly, but now they had been deliberately destroyed.

"Have you lost your mind, Elijah? How dare you hit me!"

The man's collar was grasped by Elijah, and although he was spouting threats, his gaze toward Elijah was now tinged with fear.

However, Elijah only took that one punch to let off steam; the rest of his posture was just to scare the man and he had no intention of continuing the fight.

After all, making a scene in the office wouldn't benefit him at all.

He merely wanted to serve as a warning to the man before him and to everyone else.

He was never an easy target.

Elijah let go calmly, then picked up the stack of drafts from his desk and slapped them on the man's chest.

"Since you're the one who dirtied these, it's up to you to fix them."

"Why should I? The documents aren't even my responsibility!" the man immediately retorted.

"Because the coffee was deliberately spilled by you, it has nothing to do with me. You're the one responsible," Elijah said calmly as he took off his glasses and wiped them with a tissue from aside.

Seeing the man about to say something else, Elijah simply raised his hand toward the surveillance camera.

"The evidence is all there; if you want to..."

However, before Elijah could finish his sentence, a reprimand came from the office doorway.

"What are you all doing here during working hours?"

People turned their heads and saw George Robbins standing at the entrance, not sure when he had arrived there, but his expression seemed to have seen everything that had just transpired.

The man quickly covered his face, beginning to play the victim: "Mr. Robbins, you must give me some justice here, Elijah actually hit someone!"