

Spoiled 1201

Chapter 1201: I Want to Be Discharged

Watching Oliver Hudson walking in, Annie Anne's expression was calm and indifferent.

"Isn't the company really busy?"

Annie Anne lifted her gaze and glanced at Oliver Hudson. He had been accompanying her in the hospital during the morning, but then he hurriedly left for the company after receiving a call from his assistant.

Actually, throughout the time of Annie Anne's hospitalization, Oliver Hudson spent almost all his time at the hospital.

Unless there was something urgent to deal with, he generally wouldn't leave. He would even handle some documents in the hospital.

Initially, Annie Anne didn't want Oliver Hudson to stay with her, but he never listened to what she said, doing things his own way. Eventually, Annie Anne stopped saying anything; what Oliver Hudson wanted to do had nothing to do with her.

Although the two of them were in the hospital room every day, they hardly spoke to each other, quietly passing the time minute by minute.

"Just some minor issues, they were dealt with quickly."

Oliver Hudson replied, then sat down by Annie Anne's bed as if he had done it many times before and began to peel an orange for her from the fruit tray.

Annie Anne diverted her gaze; Oliver Hudson's hands were beautiful, making the task seem pleasing to the eye.

She used to love holding Oliver Hudson's hands. Being naturally cold, her hands would often get chilly, so she would occasionally place her own hands in the warmth of Oliver Hudson's.

Annie Anne took only a glance before moving her sight back to the window.

Watching the tree leaves shake off from the birds landing on the sill, Annie Anne slowly spoke, "Oliver Hudson, I want to be discharged."

Oliver Hudson's actions paused slightly upon hearing Annie Anne's words, but in the next second, he continued peeling, simply lifting his eyes to look at Annie Anne, almost without hesitation, he rejected her wish.

"No, your injuries haven't healed yet; you can't be discharged."

"The broken bones have been set back in place, and the wound has been stitched up; there's not much difference between staying at home and staying in the hospital. Either way, I'd just be lying in bed."

Annie Anne spoke casually, taking a glance at the peeled orange Oliver Hudson was holding out to her, but she made no move to take it.

"I disagree."

Oliver Hudson responded slowly, then brought a segment of the orange to Annie Anne's mouth, seemingly indifferent to her refusal.

His tone was gentle, but it carried an authority that was hard to resist.

"Be good, and recover patiently in the hospital."

Even a smile appeared at the corner of his mouth, his tone as if he were patiently coaxing a stubborn child.

Upon seeing Oliver Hudson's demeanor, a soft light flickered through Annie Anne's beautiful eyes, and then she slowly lifted her arm and embraced Oliver Hudson sitting by the bed.

Such an action completely surprised Oliver Hudson, and for once, a crack appeared on his usually imperturbable face.

Although he knew that Annie Anne's behavior was abnormal, her initiative still pleased Oliver Hudson.

Oliver Hudson's brows and eyes softened as he gently stroked Annie Anne's soft long hair.

"But I don't want to stay here; I want to leave."

Annie Anne pressed her cheek against Oliver Hudson's shoulder, her voice carrying a hint of stubbornness.

Chapter 1202: Take Me Home

The two of them seemed to have suddenly returned to many years ago.

When the truth hadn't yet been cruelly revealed.

"Annie, I won't agree to your discharge from the hospital, don't be willful."

Oliver Hudson spoke softly and gently, his palm sliding down as he stroked her hair. He had intended to encircle Annie Anne's waist, but his movement abruptly stiffened upon hearing her next words.

"But I didn't agree when you exposed our relationship to the media, and yet you still did it, didn't you? Uncle, should I blame you for being willful?"

Annie Anne struggled out of Oliver Hudson's arms and pushed him away from her with her palm against his chest.

Her eyes still appeared innocent and pure, yet the smile playing at her lips seemed to mock Oliver Hudson's actions.

"Who told you?" Oliver Hudson lowered his voice.

He indeed had revealed to the media that he and Annie Anne were now boyfriend and girlfriend, but in the hospital, he had already arranged for this to be concealed, not immediately... even never intending to let Annie Anne know.

At least not until Annie Anne was discharged.

He thought that by the time Annie Anne was discharged, this news would have already developed further, and even if Annie Anne clarified it immediately, the impact would be much less than if it had been clarified at the time it was made public.

Thus, Oliver Hudson had long since made arrangements at the hospital.

But he hadn't expected that Annie Anne would still find out.

"Uncle, do you think we're still living in ancient times? Is it that hard to want to know such news?"

Seeing Oliver Hudson's thoughtful expression, Annie Anne couldn't help but smile.

"Or do you think that because of the accident on set, I also fell and hit my head, turning into a fool?"

Hearing Annie Anne's words made Oliver Hudson frown.

Annie Anne then leaned in slightly, instantly closing the distance between them.

Their breaths touched and intertwined at this moment, their complicated gazes mingling together in midair, thick with tangled emotions.

It seemed as if, through their eyes, they could see clearly into each other's hearts.

But this was more like a silent game of chess, neither daring to let their guard down easily.

It was Annie Anne who finally broke the quiet atmosphere.

"I don't like it here, Uncle."

Annie Anne's lips parted, a faint voice escaping, but loud enough for Oliver Hudson in front of her to hear clearly.

"Take me home."

She paused for a moment, as if that phrase had plunged them both into a shared memory.

Annie Anne gazed steadily at Oliver Hudson without saying more, but her look conveyed to Oliver Hudson the words she wanted to say.

Just like in the past.

Oliver Hudson's throat moved up and down, and at last, he reached out to embrace Annie Anne in front of him.

Almost eagerly.

But in the end, he dared not tighten his arms to imprison Annie Anne tightly in his embrace.

"Alright, let's go home."

He affirmed with a single word, naturally not seeing the light in Annie Anne's eyes gradually dim.

...

"What? You're being discharged?"

Charlotte Thompson was dealing with documents in hand when she received a call from Annie Anne.

She had planned to visit Annie Anne in the hospital after work today, but instead, she received a call first, and Annie Anne had told her such important news.

Chapter 1203 Charlotte Thompson's Rambling

"Your injury hasn't fully healed, has it? Didn't the doctor ask you to stay in the hospital for a bit longer? Why are you getting discharged so soon?"

As the saying goes, it takes a hundred days to recover from bone and muscle injuries. Annie Anne had fallen from a height and fractured her bones; how could she possibly apply for discharge after only a month in the hospital?

Faced with Charlotte Thompson's triple-question scrutiny, Annie Anne couldn't help but let out a light laugh.

"Don't worry, I'm well aware of the condition of my body."

"You know your own condition? Do I not understand what kind of person you are, Annie Anne? Why must you get discharged? Isn't it good to recuperate in the hospital? What if you develop complications later on?"

Whenever it came to matters concerning Annie Anne, Charlotte Thompson just couldn't help but become a bit naggy.

She had known Annie Anne for so many years and was very aware that Annie Anne was someone who couldn't even take proper care of herself.

And now she was saying she was clear about her own health condition, how could Charlotte Thompson possibly believe that?

It was quite clear that Charlotte Thompson's nagging made Annie Anne somewhat amused and helpless.

"Looks like having six kids has indeed turned someone into a bit of a nag."

Only when talking with Charlotte Thompson could Annie Anne's tone be a bit relaxed, instead of being constantly solemn and tense.

"Annie Anne!"

Hearing her good friend trying to deliberately change the subject, Charlotte Thompson couldn't help but raise her voice a notch, causing Coco, who was sorting files on the side, to cast a glance in her direction.

However, all Coco saw was Charlotte Thompson's furrowed brows and the concern on her face.

Annie Anne was also clear about Charlotte Thompson's concern for her and hurriedly said, "It's alright, no need to worry. I've already inquired with the doctor. There are no issues with my discharge in my current condition, I just need to avoid vigorous activities and rest well."

"But..."

Charlotte Thompson originally wanted to say something more, but the words stopped at her lips.

Since Annie Anne has set her mind to it, she will surely do it, and it's not something that can be dissuaded by a few words from her.

"Are you being discharged this afternoon? I will bring Annie to see you."

Perhaps afraid that Annie Anne would find an excuse to refuse, Charlotte Thompson quickly added.

"You're not allowed to push it off this time. Annie hasn't seen you in a long time and has been worried about your injuries. Now that you are being discharged, it's impossible to keep it from her anymore."

Fortunately, this time Annie Anne did not make an excuse and directly responded.

"Okay, I know. Bring Annie with you when you come."

"Annie has grown taller and gained some weight recently. She keeps saying she wants you to see her."

Hearing Charlotte Thompson's words, Annie Anne could already imagine her daughter's face, which made her lips curl up in a gentle smile.

"I'm relieved that Annie is in your care, thank you, Charlotte."

"What's gotten into you today? Suddenly saying 'thank you' to me."

Charlotte Thompson laughed softly in response, "But you still need to undergo a full-body examination before you are discharged, just to make sure everything is completely safe."

"I know, don't worry about it. Oliver Hudson will take care of these things for me."

Mentioning the name Oliver Hudson made Charlotte Thompson pause for a moment: "Oliver Hudson actually agreed to your discharge?"

Thinking about the level of concern Oliver Hudson had for Annie Anne, Charlotte Thompson naturally felt puzzled; Oliver Hudson was actually letting Annie Anne get discharged at this time, following her wishes.

Although Charlotte Thompson asked, she ultimately did not receive an answer from Annie Anne.

The topic was also diverted by Annie Anne.

The two exchanged a few words casually and after agreeing on the time for the evening, they hung up the phone.

But after hanging up the phone, Charlotte Thompson couldn't help but sigh.

Naturally, it was because she was worried about Annie Anne's health.

At this moment, Coco came over and handed over the organized documents to Charlotte Thompson, just looking at the slightly furrowed brows of Charlotte Thompson, she couldn't help but ask a question.

"Was it Miss Anne who called?"

Ever since it was revealed online that Annie Anne and Charlotte Thompson had been good friends for many years, many people have been monitoring Annie Anne's movements.

Coco had seen a few of Annie Anne's dramas before and was somewhat a casual fan; after finding out about the friendship, she even quietly asked Charlotte Thompson if she could get Annie Anne's autograph for her.

And the entertainment media's focus has always been on the matter of Annie Anne's hospitalization, with onlookers and fans like Coco paying attention to real-time developments.

Now hearing Charlotte Thompson's phone conversation just now, Coco guessed that Annie Anne might be getting discharged from the hospital.

Sure enough, just like Coco guessed, Charlotte Thompson nodded: "Yes, Annie is about to be discharged."

"But wasn't Miss Anne's injury quite serious? How could she be discharged so quickly?"

"According to her temperament..." Charlotte Thompson paused here, her brows involuntarily furrowed, revealing a sense of helplessness in her heart.

"She probably finds the hospital too suffocating."

After all, Annie Anne had spent a long time in the hospital before.

"Fortunately, Mia Carter has already been severely punished by law, such people are truly despicable," Coco clenched her fists.

Seeing this, Charlotte Thompson helplessly shook her head and, after flipping through the documents in hand, steered the conversation back on track: "By the way, how is the progress in the design department?"

Hearing Charlotte Thompson's words, Coco slapped her forehead and then showed a somewhat apologetic smile.

"I'm sorry, Sister Charlotte, I forgot about this..."

Recently, the company has been busy preparing for the upcoming fashion show; Charlotte Thompson's side is extremely busy, and Coco is also fully occupied with running around, inadvertently forgetting the instructions given by Charlotte Thompson before.

"No worries, it's not a big deal, I'll go check it myself later, the design department should not have any issues even without supervision."

Charlotte Thompson smiled at Coco, and this time the focus of the collaboration with XTZ is not on the company's design department; Melissa Tanner's progress is being monitored daily by Charlotte Thompson, so there should not be any significant problems in the entire collaboration.

"I'm sorry, Sister Charlotte, you are so busy, and yet I forgot these things and added to your concerns," Coco touched her nose with embarrassment.

Charlotte Thompson stood up, unconcerned, and said: "It's not a big deal, no need to apologize. By the way, have the outfits for the fashion show been selected?"

Each year at this time, the Riley Group holds a fashion show.

This time not only are there new products being launched, but also some simple styles developed in collaboration with XTZ have been completed in advance, and will be making their debut at this fashion show.

Chapter 1205: Really Related?

Therefore, this fashion show can be said to be one of the largest in recent years.

However, after all, Riley Group has held countless fashion shows of this type before, but this is Charlotte Thompson's first time preparing for the company, and she is the main person in charge, so she can't help feeling a bit nervous.

Moreover, given her meticulous nature, she naturally needs to triple check everything and arrange it properly.

"Rest assured, it has already been arranged in advance."

As Charlotte Thompson walked out of the office, Coco followed half a step behind her.

"All the models have also been contacted, and they will come over to try on clothes this afternoon."

"So soon, tomorrow afternoon?" Hearing this, Charlotte Thompson turned her attention.

Coco nodded: "Tomorrow afternoon we'll run through the process simply to check the effects on camera."

Normally, before a fashion show, the company would have models come in advance for makeup and fitting sessions. After all, models vary in size, and the clothes differ as well, so it's essential to arrange suitable outfits for them in advance to avoid any mistakes during the show.

"Okay, I got it."

Charlotte Thompson nodded, thinking that some of the clothes in the show were designed by herself, and she should also go check how the models look wearing them.

Then Charlotte Thompson headed towards the design department to inquire about the progress of this collaboration with XTZ.

However, when Charlotte Thompson reached the door of the design department, instead of a hardworking scene, she saw a group of people gathered together, seemingly playing around.

The lively scene made Charlotte Thompson wonder if she had walked into the wrong place.

This group of designers had been selected to complete the collaboration with XTZ, and because of the special nature of the task, the company arranged a new design studio for them, which was much better than their original one.

The door of the design studio wasn't entirely closed, leaving a crack open, so when Charlotte Thompson pushed the door, the people inside did not notice her arrival.

"Let me tell you, I seemed to have heard a big piece of gossip before."

"What gossip? Tell me, I'm really curious."

"Of course, it's about the one above us!"

The speaker stretched out a finger, seemingly emphasizing something.

After exchanging glances with the surrounding people, everyone seemed to understand tacitly who he was referring to.

"You guys know the designer Elijah Walker, right?"

"Wasn't he the popular figure before? But he was fired a few days ago, wasn't it said that he had some relationship with that person? If there really was a relationship, how could he be fired so easily?"

Obviously, this discussion resonated with the people around.

"I heard that Elijah Walker wasn't fired, but just used an excuse to be transferred somewhere else."

The voices of the crowd were somewhat chaotic, but Charlotte Thompson still heard some of the words she wanted to hear.

Such discussions made Charlotte Thompson very displeased.

At the same time, she also had some doubts in her heart.

Where did the news that Elijah Walker wasn't fired come from?

Charlotte Thompson quietly stood in the corner, not attracting any attention, naturally not disturbing those still engaged in their gossip discussion.

"No way, could it be that he really had a relationship with Miss Thompson?"

Chapter 1206: Meeting Florienna Ellis Again

"It's already like this, how could it not be difficult? There's definitely a connection, and Miss Thompson said it herself—she's very fond of Elijah Walker. When have you ever heard Miss Thompson praise anyone else?"

That bit of conversation led everyone to an epiphany, their faces all bearing expressions as if they were privy to some major secret.

Just as the office buzzed with chatter, the office door was gently knocked upon.

The sound was akin to an alarm bell, bringing silence to everyone present.

"Did Miss Thompson ever personally say what one should be doing during work hours?"

Apparently, Charlotte Thompson's arrival stunned everyone.

Those chatting, eating, or even napping in the office were all startled into action, each person frantically tidying their own surrounding mess, and then, as if by some unspoken agreement, they all turned their eyes towards Charlotte.

The once lively office quieted down completely with Charlotte's remarks; even the people there now dared not breathe too loudly.

Coco, following behind Charlotte, was also taken aback.

With all eyes on her, Charlotte coolly scanned the room, and her gaze eventually came to rest on the clock on the wall beside her, finally inquiring with a very puzzled tone:

"What are you doing right now?"

Everyone bowed their heads, looking at each other, none daring to say a word.

These designers weren't so unrestrained at first; it was just that this time the work was easy and they were assigned to an independent office without disturbances, so they gradually relaxed. They hadn't expected Charlotte would come at this time.

Actually, Charlotte has seen people slacking off at work before, and she didn't want to interfere too much, since people need rest after working continuously for a long time.

But she had not anticipated that their rest would take on this form.

Charlotte has always been someone who takes work seriously, so in her eyes, rest after work amounted to nothing more than having a cup of coffee to relax the mind.

"Looking at you just now, I thought work had ended."

Charlotte spoke in a very calm tone, without any blame.

After all, these people were not her employees, nor were they her direct subordinates; Charlotte didn't have the spare energy to pay attention to them.

The only thing that could pique Charlotte's interest was the design drafts.

"I came to check on the progress of this collaboration."

Charlotte got straight to the point, then she looked around once more, searching for the person in charge of this design project, Teddy Carter.

But Charlotte did not find him at his workstation.

"Where is Designer Carter?" Not seeing the person she was looking for, Charlotte naturally asked.

However, the designer she questioned shook his head: "I haven't seen Brother Carter after lunch break."

His expression was apprehensive, fearing that Charlotte would erupt in fury.

But such a reply did not provoke much of a reaction from Charlotte.

"Then tell him to report to my office about the work progress tomorrow when he gets back."

Charlotte said.

However, just as she turned to leave, she unexpectedly bumped into someone face-to-face.

This person was none other than Florienna Ellis.

The weather had gradually turned to autumn, and people naturally dressed a bit more warmly.

There was Florienna Ellis in a dark blue trench coat, carrying a bag, and even with her sunglasses still on, unmistakably looking like someone just arriving to clock in for work.

Chapter 1207: Presumptuous

It seems she hadn't expected to confront Charlotte Thompson directly, which left Florienna Ellis completely stunned on the spot.

"Did you just come in to work?"

Charlotte Thompson glanced at Florienna Ellis in front of her. It was already more than an hour past the end of the lunch break, and even if she had chosen to take a rest, it would not be possible for her to return at this time.

Florienna Ellis's brain, which was still somewhat unable to react, was filled with displeasure upon realizing the person before her was Charlotte Thompson.

Removing her sunglasses, Florienna Ellis spoke with an air of nonchalance, "I took sick leave today, but I insisted on coming to work, which is why I arrived at this time."

"Took sick leave?"

Despite hearing Florienna Ellis say this, Charlotte Thompson didn't have the slightest belief in her words.

After all, the woman in front of her had a ruddy complexion and even a hint of joy at the corners of her eyes – where's the look of someone sick?

"I wonder what kind of illness it was. Could you show me the sick note?" Charlotte Thompson said softly, looking at Florienna Ellis.

Although Florienna Ellis didn't speak immediately, Charlotte Thompson had already seen contempt in her eyes.

If looks could be blades, Charlotte Thompson felt she would have been stabbed through and through by Florienna Ellis by now.

"Thank you for your concern, Miss Thompson. It's just a minor cold, nothing serious. After all, I am at work now. But why is Miss Thompson here? Are you inspecting the work? Since when has Miss Thompson started to handle these matters?"

Blinking at Charlotte Thompson, Florienna Ellis smiled innocently, turning the tables with a question of her own.

Such a clumsy attempt at changing the subject could only elicit a silent chuckle from Charlotte Thompson.

But Charlotte Thompson also couldn't understand Florienna Ellis. With the powerful backing she had, how dare she act so presumptuously?

"It must be tough on you, coming to work with heavy makeup despite being ill. In the future, if you're sick, you might want to forgo makeup. Otherwise, with your vibrant complexion, people might be more inclined to compliment your beautiful makeup than express concern for your health."

Having said this, Charlotte Thompson turned to the other employees, "And the rest of you, if you're sick, just take a sick day and rest at home. Don't drag yourselves to work. What if you infect others and affect their work? Right, Miss Ellis?"

"Yes, you're right, Miss Thompson," Florienna Ellis said, forcing a smile through gritted teeth.

Florienna Ellis was seething with anger that she couldn't vent. If it had been anyone else, how could she possibly endure it? But the person standing before her was Charlotte Thompson.

Everyone in the design studio knew she had connections backing her, which is why she could come and go as she pleased without anyone saying a word.

Charlotte Thompson probably would have laughed outright if she knew what Florienna Ellis was thinking.

Who else would have tolerated her till now if not for the person behind her?

Florienna Ellis secretly clenched her teeth as she looked at Charlotte Thompson.

Charlotte Thompson usually never left her office, so why did she suddenly decide to visit the design department today?

"Since that's the case, Miss Ellis, what are you still doing standing here? Hurry back to your post."

Charlotte Thompson's expression was indifferent at first, but when she turned to look at Florienna Ellis, her face suddenly wore an expression of deep concern.

As if she was very worried about Florienna Ellis's well-being, afraid that something else might happen to her.

Chapter 1208: Expulsion

Even seeing Charlotte's performance like this, everyone was scared that she might pull out her phone and call an ambulance the next second.

"What?"

Clearly, Charlotte's words had stunned Florienna Ellis on the spot.

Now, she was truly in a dilemma.

Florienna Ellis looked at Charlotte somewhat awkwardly, feigning weakness smiled: "Miss Thompson, what do you mean by that? I don't quite understand."

"Indeed sick, even the ears aren't working well." Florienna Ellis was willing to pretend, but Charlotte was tired of continuing the charade.

"Miss Ellis, I think your illness is severe, and you won't recover without taking some time off. You should just go home."

Hearing Charlotte's words, the color drained from Florienna Ellis's face instantly.

"Miss Thompson, are you trying to fire me?"

Florienna Ellis immediately questioned what Charlotte meant by her words.

"But Miss Thompson, I'm afraid you don't have the authority to fire me."

However, Florienna Ellis's retort sounded quite amusing to Charlotte.

Of course, Charlotte had no intent to suppress her laughter and directly looked at Florienna Ellis with a smiling face.

"What's wrong? Can't I directly fire just an ordinary employee of the company?"

"So, may I ask Miss Thompson what I did wrong, that you'd directly consider firing me?" Florienna Ellis's voice questioning this lacked confidence.

If it were any other leader wanting to fire her, Florienna Ellis might still have a chance to stay, but now it was Charlotte speaking.

Charlotte's relationship with Justin Battleson was well known to everyone, so what Charlotte said in the company was equivalent to what Justin Battleson said.

"Miss Ellis, the biggest mistake a person can make is to err and not realize, don't you even understand what you did wrong?"

Charlotte stepped forward to close the distance with Florienna Ellis, however, this action made Florienna Ellis incredibly nervous and she thought about retreating.

She was wearing heels and almost sprained her ankle in her panic.

Although Charlotte was speaking in a very calm tone, Florienna Ellis's heart was beating faster out of nervousness.

Her mind kept echoing the words said by Charlotte.

The things she did?

Could it be that Charlotte already knew?

Who told Charlotte, or did Charlotte use some means to investigate her?

"What are you saying? Why can't I understand at all?" Florienna Ellis's gaze began to evade, afraid to meet Charlotte's eyes.

"It seems that Miss Ellis doesn't know what mistake she's made, so let me clearly tell you, so that you can understand for yourself."

Watching Florienna Ellis's expressed reaction. The corner of Charlotte's mouth widened a bit.

Just as Florienna Ellis was nervously swallowing her saliva, Charlotte suddenly changed the topic.

"Miss Ellis, since you asked for a full day's leave, you should be resting at home properly. Why bother to come to the office to work? The company won't pay you for this."

Looking at Florienna Ellis's guilt-ridden appearance, Charlotte sneered in her heart.

"If you think there is nothing wrong, you should have just come to work without taking a sick leave. But now you took a full day's leave, and still come to work, this not only has no work efficiency but also wastes a day's leave and less salary than you deserve, it's truly a loss, don't you think? Miss Ellis."

Chapter 1209: Satire

Florienna Ellis, previously unsettled, heard Charlotte Thompson spill out a long discourse.

This caused her pupils to constrict, and a flicker of annoyance swept through her eyes belatedly.

Charlotte Thompson was intentionally trying to embarrass her in front of everyone.

The conversation between her and Charlotte Thompson had been quiet. People in the studio did not hear clearly, but all eyes turned their way, bustling with interest.

These gazes fell on Florienna, piercing her skin like needles.

This made Florienna tremble with anger.

"Oh dear, Miss Ellis looks unwell again? That really won't do. Miss Ellis, you better head home and rest. Don't come to work if you're ill; you might infect others. Shall I request a few more sick days for you?"

Charlotte Thompson's eyebrows raised slightly, the sarcasm in her words crystal clear.

Florienna bit her lower lip, shivering and unable to utter a word.

Charlotte Thompson was very pleased with such a reaction.

"From now on, when you all take leave because of illness, don't come to the company until you have fully recovered. Otherwise, people might think we mistreat our employees."

Charlotte Thompson raised her tone.

People exchanged looks, all they could see was Florienna's livid face.

What kind of person Florienna was, they all knew very well, just as they clearly understood whether she was sick.

Although some were unhappy, understanding the unspoken rules of the workplace, none wanted to stick their necks out.

And wasn't Charlotte Thompson's speech just now meant to target Florienna and warn everyone else?

Seeing that no one responded, Charlotte Thompson gently adjusted her slipping sleeve cuff.

"Remember to tell Mr. Carter when he returns, ask him to see me in the office tomorrow."

She paused, then whispered words that only they could hear near Florienna's ear.

"Florienna, watch yourself."

After saying this, Charlotte Thompson turned and left.

She no longer cared about the expressions on the faces behind her.

At this moment, Florienna stood at the office door, neither entering nor retreating, and as she watched Charlotte Thompson's diminishing figure, she fiercely made a mental note.

One day, she would make Charlotte Thompson pay it all back.

However, the currently defiant Florienna had forgotten her own expression earlier in front of Charlotte Thompson.

After leaving the designer's office, Coco, somewhat puzzled, started to speak beside Charlotte Thompson.

"Sister Charlotte, Florienna obviously just came to work at this time, and with such a perfunctory excuse, how could you believe it?"

Coco had no mood to bear with him. Initially, Coco thought Charlotte Thompson would reprimand Florienna, but unexpectedly, Charlotte Thompson ultimately chose to drop the matter.

"Since he said he took sick leave, I should believe he was sick," Charlotte Thompson spoke slowly.

What Florienna did was not Charlotte Thompson's concern. If not for still having some use for Florienna, the company would have probably fired her long ago due to past incidents.

"But..."

Coco hesitated, but Charlotte Thompson eventually shook her head at her.

This caused Coco to purse her lips: "How can such a reckless person exist in the company."

"Don't worry, this situation won't last much longer."

Chapter 1210: Why Don't We Elope?

Saying this, Charlotte glanced at her wristwatch.

At this time, Justin Battleson should be in the office.

Thinking this, Charlotte headed towards Justin Battleson's office, and only after knocking and hearing a response from inside did she enter.

Unexpectedly, Justin Battleson was on the phone. Seeing Charlotte enter, he gestured for her to sit down beside him.

Charlotte felt a bit annoyed upon seeing this; why hadn't Michael Richard reminded her just now when they were outside that Justin was busy.

However, it wasn't long before Justin hung up the phone. Seeing this, Charlotte got up and walked towards him.

"Sorry, did I disturb you?" Charlotte's expression carried a hint of apology.

But Justin's lips curved into a helpless smile, and he stretched out his hand to pull Charlotte into his embrace, his chin resting on her shoulder.

"Charlotte..."

Justin's voice sounded a bit muffled as he softly called Charlotte's name.

This response made Charlotte pause for a moment: "Justin, has something happened?"

Justin then wrapped his arms tighter, drawing Charlotte closer to himself.

"It's nothing, I just wanted to hold you," Justin murmured.

But this behavior was clearly unlike Justin's usual demeanor. Charlotte patted his chest with her hand, somewhat puzzled, and asked, "Justin, what really happened? Can't you tell me?"

Could it be a problem at work?

Charlotte's mind began to race.

But in the next second, Justin, with both hands, abruptly lifted Charlotte onto his desk, a move so sudden that Charlotte exclaimed, involuntarily placing her hands on Justin's shoulders.

Justin then positioned his arms around Charlotte, leaning forward so that their gazes were aligned.

"What's really going on?" Concerned, Charlotte even furrowed her brows.

Noticing Charlotte's current emotion, Justin cracked a small smile: "Guess who just called me?"

Since Justin asked this question this way, it implied that it wasn't about work.

Charlotte pondered for a moment, then her face showed a sudden realization, and her pupils dilated uncontrollably.

"Don't tell me the person who just called you was..."

Although Charlotte didn't finish her sentence, the two shared an understanding, and Justin had already grasped what Charlotte wanted to say.

Justin cleared his throat gently, and spoke softly to Charlotte: "What should we do, Charlotte, should we elope?"

The call had indeed been from members of the Thompson Family, and Justin had also learned that Mr. Thompson had arrived.

Justin wasn't afraid of the Thompson family members; he was just taken aback that Mr. Thompson had come so unexpectedly, disrupting his plans.

He had intended to handle the company's affairs first and then travel with Charlotte to Ashton to visit the Thompson family, to meet Mr. Thompson personally.

Now, that's great, skipping all the lengthy preparations.

Hearing Justin's words, Charlotte pushed his arms away somewhat helplessly.

"You're still thinking about eloping, do you want to make my grandfather even angrier?"

Their reunification had always been opposed by Mr. Thompson.

If they really followed Justin's words and secretly avoided Mr. Thompson, it might just infuriate Mr. Thompson to no end.