

Spoiled 1221

Chapter 1221: You Can't Beat Him

Charlotte kissed Justin Battleson breathlessly until Justin reluctantly let go of her.

"What are you doing..."

Charlotte's face flushed red as Justin pinned her down. Although the driver had already put down the soundproof partition, after all, the two were still in the car.

"Didn't I say it was my fault? Of course, I'm apologizing." Justin leaned his arm beside Charlotte, whispering in her ear.

"Is this your way of apologizing?" Charlotte puffed her cheeks, looking at Justin in front of her.

Justin bent his lips slightly, his dark eyes reflecting her face.

"I think this way of apologizing is good. In the future, if Charlotte wants to apologize to me, she can do it this way too."

"Dream on!"

Charlotte gave Justin a glare and turned her head away from him.

Her little expression was naturally caught in Justin's eyes. He embraced her again, but without the previous teasing and flirting. This time, his tone was especially serious.

"Charlotte." he said.

"Mmm?" Charlotte leaned into Justin's arms, lifting her eyes lazily in response.

"I love you." Justin seriously expressed these three words.

Actually, Justin was not someone adept at verbally expressing his feelings.

But everyone has their exceptions.

And Charlotte was his, Justin's, exception.

Especially the events of his childhood, that made Justin somewhat insecure; therefore, every time he hugged Charlotte, he would unconsciously tighten his arms.

He was genuinely afraid that in the next second, Charlotte might find some excuse to leave him.

Justin was somewhat tormented by these thoughts.

So he could only hold onto the person in front of him tightly.

Sensing the subtle change in Justin's emotions, Charlotte reached out and stroked his cheek, gazing at him tenderly.

"I know."

She slowly replied, each word and sentence comforting Justin's unsettled heart.

"I love you too."

...

However, their sweet time didn't last long.

Because they had to go meet Mr. Thompson.

As soon as they got out of the car, they saw Jonathan Thompson waiting at the villa gate from afar.

As soon as he saw Justin, Jonathan moved his wrist a bit, then strode towards him.

Charlotte was startled and quickly grasped Jonathan's hand.

"Jonathan, how did you come out?"

Charlotte certainly hadn't forgotten that Jonathan had mentioned, upon seeing Justin, he wanted to give him a good beating.

"Don't worry, Charlotte, I won't go too hard," Jonathan glanced at Justin and spoke.

He had long wanted to teach Justin, who had once again eloped with his sister, a lesson.

"No, Jonathan, I'm not worried about Justin," Charlotte shook her head, continuing to restrain Jonathan's actions.

She was somewhat worried about Jonathan, not about Justin.

"Jonathan, you can't beat him," Charlotte bluntly said.

She wasn't just saying this against her brother; Charlotte knew very well what Justin was capable of. Even though her brother was very skilled, compared to Justin... he still fell short.

"Impossible! How could I not beat him?"

Evidently, Jonathan didn't believe in Charlotte's words, "Charlotte, don't feel sorry for him. Today I must teach him a lesson!"

Seeing Jonathan almost unstoppable, Charlotte could only cast a pleading look towards Justin.

Her eyes signaled to Justin, asking if he could perhaps go easy when they fight?

Chapter 1222: Grandpa Will Definitely Not Let You Go

Fortunately, at this moment, another hand reached out, pinched the back of Jonathan's collar, and yanked him aside.

"Behave yourself."

The voice of James Thompson floated over. He emerged from behind Jonathan and, as he looked up, his gaze naturally fell upon Justin Battleson.

The crisp reflection of the spectacles refracted the sunlight pouring in, making it impossible to discern the expression in James's eyes.

Compared to Jonathan gritting his teeth in anger, however, James simply nodded indifferently towards Justin, then reached out to straighten Charlotte's hair, which had been somewhat disheveled by the wind.

"Grandfather and the children are all waiting for you to come back. Let's go inside."

Charlotte nodded at James and then turned to link arms with Justin Battleson.

Standing there with a look of dissatisfaction, Jonathan wasn't quite ready to give up and sneered at Justin, "Hmph, Justin Battleson, don't think you've gotten lucky and escaped disaster. Grandfather definitely won't let you off."

"Big Bro." Hearing Jonathan's words, Charlotte couldn't help but call out to him.

Jonathan, being closest in age to Charlotte, puffed up his cheeks, averted his gaze, and muttered to himself.

"It turns out you've already started turning your elbow outwards, eh."

Yet, when Jonathan turned his head back, not only had Justin and Charlotte already left, but James beside him had also turned and walked into the villa.

Jonathan certainly did not want to miss the scene of Justin meeting their family patriarch, and just as he was about to eagerly step into the villa to watch the drama unfold, someone forcefully yanked his face.

The strength used this time was completely different from James; it nearly choked the life out of him.

"Hey, who is that? Is this an attempt at murder?"

Jonathan clutched his neck. As he turned around, he immediately created a distance from the person behind him.

Once he saw who it was, the ferocity on his face dissipated.

"Jordan Thompson, do you realize you almost caused your brother to depart from this beautiful world?"

Jordan coughed awkwardly and then reached out to drape an arm around Jonathan's shoulders, pulling his upper body a few inches closer.

"Is the old man here?"

Upon hearing this, Jonathan looked at Jordan with a peculiar expression, "This place was bought directly by Big Brother for Grandfather to live in, do you think Grandfather wouldn't be here? But what are you skulking about for?"

Jordan coughed again, touching the back of his head somewhat embarrassedly, "I have something in Big Brother's possession, and I want to take it back..."

As if he remembered something, Jonathan's pupils shrank sharply, "Don't tell me that the electric bass that Big Brother brought back is..."

However, before Jonathan could finish his sentence, Jordan quickly covered his mouth and nose.

"Keep it down, if Grandfather hears this, won't he just take his walking stick and stick it in me?"

Right now, the relationship between him and the old man was extremely tense. It was one thing to take his electric bass away in front of Grandfather, but the old man would probably be seething with anger just by seeing him now.

"You really have the same temper as Grandfather, neither of you willing to back down. Grandfather almost broke your legs, and you still dare to take the band's stuff back?" Jonathan glanced at Jordan.

"So, Big Bro, I'm asking for a favor, could you help me out..." Jordan raised his eyebrows, his eyes conveying a clear message.

However, Jonathan simply waved his hand nonchalantly.

Chapter 1223: Will Snatch It Back!

Following this, Jonathan Thompson was just about to say something, but he was directly interrupted by Jordan Thompson.

"Come on, big bro, aren't you willing to help me out even with this small favor? We're blood-related brothers after all!"

Then, Jordan dramatically clutched his chest, showing a look of great pain.

"Forget it, forget it, it must be my fate to perish here!"

Jonathan's expression showed great disdain, then he reached out and pushed Jordan's arm slightly too hard, causing Jordan to stumble and almost fall.

"Damn, big bro, if you're not going to help me, are you going to help Grandpa do me in?"

"Hey now, stop your nonsense. Grandpa doesn't have time to deal with your matters right now."

Jonathan waved his hand at Jordan, bringing the conversation back on track.

"What happened?" Jordan blinked, puzzled.

"Because Justin Battleson is here." Obviously, Jonathan didn't even want to mention Justin Battleson's name.

Upon hearing this, Jordan's eyes lit up, and he nodded towards the inside of the villa.

"He's inside?" A gleam appeared in Jordan's eyes.

As soon as Jonathan nodded, Jordan couldn't wait to rush into the villa.

The moment he had been eagerly anticipating had finally arrived.

After all, since Justin Battleson and Charlotte Thompson announced that they were together again, Justin hadn't truly faced Mr. Thompson.

By the time Jordan hurried into the villa, he saw Justin Battleson and Charlotte Thompson standing side by side in the living room, with Mr. Thompson sitting upright on a sofa holding his cane.

Several children were also gathered around Justin Battleson and Charlotte Thompson.

Jordan's brow twitched slightly.

He watched Mr. Thompson's expression, which didn't look like he was about to beat up Justin.

It wasn't even as angry as when Mr. Thompson looked at him.

And it was at this moment that Jordan realized his entry had drawn Mr. Thompson's attention, which made him quickly shrink his shoulders and quietly hide beside James Thompson.

"Brother James, what's happening here?" Jordan whispered to James Thompson.

James glanced at Jordan standing next to him and chuckled softly.

"It seems things are not too bad."

He then shifted his gaze away from Justin Battleson and Charlotte Thompson, waving to Hank Thompson to come over.

"Come on, Uncle James will take you kids for some cake."

James spoke to Hank Thompson, indicating for him to bring the other children over as well.

The children who were around Charlotte Thompson heard this and quickly gathered around James, who naturally led them out of the living room.

"Uncle James, is Grandpa angry?"

Hank had noticed earlier that when dad and mom came back, Grandpa's face didn't look too good, and Hank even overheard a light grunt near Grandpa.

James was somewhat surprised by Hank's remark.

He had thought Hank was as straightforward as Jonathan Thompson; it now appears he exceeds Jonathan by a lot.

"If your most favorite treasure was suddenly taken by someone else, would you be angry?" James asked Hank.

"Of course, I'd be angry!" Hank responded without hesitating.

"And I would definitely try everything to get it back!"

He added another line.

Chapter 1224: Going to Be Single Again?

Seeing Hank Thompson clench his fists, James Thompson curved his lips slightly.

And Charlotte Thompson, who was holding one of James's hands and frequently looking back, suddenly seemed to realize something and touched Hank's hand.

"Our great-grandfather thinks so too," Charlotte stated with certainty.

"Ah? Someone took the stuff from our great-grandfather?" Hank was obviously unaware of the deeper meaning of the words and scratched his head in confusion.

Charlotte was speechless.

"Second brother, what Grace means is, what great-grandfather cares about the most is actually our mom. And now that mom is with Justin's dad, great-grandfather is of course unhappy," Jack Thompson chimed in from nearby.

Finally, Hank showed a look of sudden realization and nodded in agreement. "Just like how we initially disagreed with dad and mom being together."

"Then, would great-grandfather disagree with mom and dad being together? If, if great-grandfather disagrees, would dad and mom have to split up? Then wouldn't all that time dad spent chasing mom be wasted?"

Charlotte realized this and pouted her cheeks, murmuring to herself.

"Wow, isn't dad too pitiful then, going back to being single again?" Hank exclaimed dramatically.

Hearing this, a few of the kids exchanged glances in silent agreement, then shook their heads in unison.

James Thompson took in the reaction of the kids.

They really are a bunch of quirky kids!

At this point, over by Justin Battleson and Charlotte Thompson, the atmosphere in the living room was rather tense since the children, who could lighten the mood, had been taken away.

Mr. Thompson looked at the mild-mannered Justin Battleson in front of him and couldn't help but snort coldly.

"Grandpa."

Charlotte called out, and if it were any other time, she would probably have already sat down beside Mr. Thompson.

But this time, with her brothers and Mr. Thompson present, Charlotte was still worried about Justin's situation, so she stood by his side without moving an inch.

Her behavior made Mr. Thompson look over, which caused him to clear his throat again, with a heavier snort.

This clear hint made Charlotte somewhat helpless between laughter and tears.

Upon seeing this, Justin Battleson, who was holding Charlotte's hand, also signaled her with a glance.

Charlotte could only let go of Justin's hand and walked towards Mr. Thompson: "Grandpa, don't be angry."

"I'm not angry," said the old man.

Mr. Thompson glanced at Charlotte and then caught a glimpse, with the corner of his eye, of Jordan Thompson who was watching the excitement on the side, and immediately commanded: "Jordan Thompson, come here!"

Jordan, who had been planning to slip away to grab his electric bass, stiffened in fear when Mr. Thompson called him out, but he quickly moved to Mr. Thompson's side.

"Uncle Thompson, I'm right here."

"Go brew a pot of tea," Mr. Thompson ordered after looking at the smiling Jordan.

Thinking it was something endangering his life, and upon hearing it was just making tea, Jordan sighed in relief internally.

"Uncle Thompson, please wait a moment, I'll be right there."

Charlotte glanced over towards Jordan, then turned her gaze back to Mr. Thompson. Just as she was about to say something, Justin's voice preempted her.

"I'm sorry, Uncle Thompson."

"Since you know you're sorry, you should also be clear on how to seek forgiveness," said Mr. Thompson, though his expression had softened slightly after hearing Justin apologize on his own initiative.

He had been waiting for these words from Justin Battleson.

Chapter 1225: Will Never Let Go

"Uncle Thompson, whatever you want to do or blame me for, I can accept it, but if you ask me to leave Charlotte, I won't agree."

Justin Battleson looked particularly earnest, and his voice was very serious.

He had finally won back Charlotte Thompson, and this time, no matter what, he would not let go again.

"When Charlotte and you divorced, you agreed too, didn't you? You were very ruthless to her back then..." Mr. Thompson said faintly.

Justin Battleson was slightly startled, a complex emotion fleeting through his clear eyes.

"It was all my fault then, it was all me, I didn't recognize Charlotte, and even hurt her..."

Justin Battleson took a deep breath, pulling his thoughts away from those past memories, "Back then, I was also afraid to recognize my own heart, it was only after Charlotte left Druarus that I realized what I had truly lost."

Thinking of the past, Justin Battleson wished he could go back and give himself a hard punch, to make himself see everything clearly.

Rather than letting all the grievances and injustices fall upon Charlotte Thompson at that time.

Justin Battleson looked up, his gaze mixed with boundless tenderness and affection when it landed on Charlotte Thompson.

"So this time, I will not let Charlotte suffer any grievances."

Thank goodness that I, like this, could meet you again among the crowds.

This time, I definitely won't let go.

Justin Battleson and Charlotte Thompson's eyes met in mid-air, neither spoke, but their gazes were enough to tell each other what was in their hearts.

"It sounds good to say, but what if you do something to wrong Charlotte again in the future?" Mr. Thompson spoke softly.

Although he said this, he had actually accepted Justin Battleson.

Otherwise, as soon as he learned of Justin Battleson and Charlotte Thompson's reconciliation, he would have come directly from Ashton to give Justin Battleson a severe beating and then forced him to stay far from Charlotte Thompson.

"Unless you make a vow."

What Mr. Thompson didn't expect was that after saying this, Justin Battleson actually shook his head.

"What do you mean? You don't even want to make a vow?"

Mr. Thompson's face suddenly changed, and the cane he was pressing on the ground tapped as well.

Jordan Thompson, who was quietly making tea beside, got a shock, almost spilling the hot tea onto himself.

However, Jordan Thompson looked at Justin Battleson with a bit of surprise.

After all, having known Justin Battleson for so long, he didn't think Justin Battleson was someone who wouldn't even make a promise!

"Grandpa..." Charlotte Thompson began to speak tentatively, but was glared at by Mr. Thompson.

"Don't speak up for this lad, right now your elbow is bent outwards the most."

Charlotte Thompson had to close her mouth very reluctantly and turned her gaze towards Justin Battleson.

"Uncle Thompson, as you said, anyone can talk nicely, it's just opening and closing one's mouth."

Justin Battleson's voice was unusually firm, "I will use my own actions to prove to you that entrusting Charlotte to me, you will absolutely not regret it."

"Nonsense." Mr. Thompson scoffed coldly and then fell silent again.

Because no one spoke, the atmosphere returned to its initial serious solemnity.

Charlotte Thompson quietly glanced at Justin Battleson who was still standing there, just about to turn and say something to Mr. Thompson when she heard the snoring sound.

Chapter 1226: Continue the Fight

Everyone turned their heads at the sound, only to see Jordan Thompson pinching the small teacup in his hand, huddling on the side, sipping the tea inside.

Because the tea was really too hot, he could only make some faint sounds.

Seeming to realize that people were looking at him, Jordan lifted his head slowly.

"Uh, I burned myself..."

And Mr. Thompson realized that there was another thing to get angry about.

He directly reached out and pinched Jordan's ear, causing him to lift a bit, and the pain made Jordan instantly grimace and cry out.

"Grandpa! Grandpa! What is it? What are you doing?"

"What am I doing? Would you, this brat, come back if you didn't have something going on?"

Mr. Thompson knew the moment he saw Jordan that he must be hiding something from him.

"Ow, Grandpa, why do you make me sound so cold-hearted?"

Finally managing to escape from Mr. Thompson's clutches, Jordan covered his ear, feeling very wronged.

Could today be the day of my torment?

While Mr. Thompson and Jordan were still talking, Charlotte Thompson had already walked over to Justin Battleson's side.

But before Charlotte could do anything, Justin had already reached out and pulled her into his embrace.

Charlotte was startled, but considering they were under Mr. Thompson's watchful eye, she inevitably tried to break free.

However, Justin wasn't about to give her the chance, holding Charlotte tightly and resting his chin on her shoulder.

"Justin... my grandfather is right here," Charlotte muttered softly.

"Hey, let me go!"

Originally silent, Jonathan Thompson finally couldn't help but speak up, stepping forward and immediately separating Justin and Charlotte.

"Public displays of affection – what kind of behavior is this?" Jonathan said very dissatisfied, "Even if Grandpa has accepted you now, you still can't get past me."

Justin looked at the enraged Jonathan indifferently: "So, what do you want to do, seventh brother?"

Although Jonathan was younger than Justin, Justin was willing to go along with Charlotte's form of address.

But such address also seemed to have pleased Jonathan somewhat: "Don't think that by calling me seventh brother I'll go easy on you."

Then he flexed his wrists and pointed towards the courtyard with a rather obvious meaning.

"This..."

Justin choked a bit, as he didn't expect that Jonathan still hadn't given up on the idea of giving him a beating.

This made Justin involuntarily turn to look at Charlotte, seeking her opinion.

But Jonathan raised his hand, denying Justin and Charlotte the chance to exchange glances.

"Let me tell you, Charlotte will definitely take my side, just wait to be beaten up by me."

Seeing this, Charlotte also felt a bit speechless and stretched out her hand to press down on Jonathan's arm.

"Seventh brother..."

Then Charlotte looked towards Justin, "Please, be gentle."

Clearly, this sentence was addressed to Justin, but Jonathan misunderstood.

"Don't worry, Charlotte."

After speaking, Jonathan reared up to go outside with a gung-ho attitude.

Charlotte pressed her brow, contemplating whether to keep an eye on them from a distance when James Thompson had already come down the stairs with the children.

"Mommy!"

The little ones, seeing Charlotte standing alone in the living room, immediately ran towards her.

Grace Thompson grabbed Charlotte's arm, then looked around and finally revealed a look of surprise: "No way."

Chapter 1227: Find a New Daddy

Charlotte Thompson didn't understand what Grace Thompson was talking about.

But evidently, the rest of the children seemed to understand her, displaying odd expressions on their faces.

Seeing the children shaking their heads and sighing, Charlotte looked up at James Thompson.

Weren't they supposed to be eating cake? Why does everyone look like this when they came back?

But James simply looked at Charlotte, chuckled, and then set his gaze on the ongoing standoff between Mr. Thompson and Jordan Thompson, before walking over.

"Indeed, it's just as I thought!"

Grace Thompson crossed her arms behind her back, muttering to herself.

Beside her, Hank Thompson exaggeratedly shook his head: "I can't believe that after overcoming eighty of the eighty-one trials, we're stuck at the very last one."

Now, Charlotte really was utterly confused. She crouched down and asked the children in front of her: "Babies, what are you talking about? Did something happen?"

Grace Thompson was the first to come up and give Charlotte a hug, and the other children crowded around as well.

Although Charlotte didn't understand, she still returned the children's hugs.

"There's nothing to worry about, mommy. 'Where there are green hills, we won't worry about firewood,'" Hank Thompson said, clenching his fist toward Charlotte.

"It's just that daddy's luck is really bad."

"Ah, so does that mean Justin is no longer our dad?"

"Do we have to find a new dad now?"

The children discussed among themselves, each line delivered gravely, which made Charlotte rub her eyes.

There hadn't been a paranormal event just now, right?

How did the children become like this after just one trip upstairs and a piece of cake?

Charlotte couldn't help but look towards James.

She knew well enough that her fifth brother could be devious, but surely he wouldn't brainwash the children.

"Babies, what in the world are you talking about? How is Justin not your dad?"

Charlotte spoke up, intending to understand the whole story.

"Mommy, we all get it now. Justin didn't pass great-grandpa's test, right?" Grace Thompson said earnestly, batting her big eyes.

"Yeah, doesn't that mean Justin can't be with mommy now? That will make great-grandpa unhappy, won't it?"

"But, I still like daddy. He's always been good to us..."

Listening to the children's murmuring, Charlotte's gaze fell on Cyrus Thompson.

"Don't worry mommy, we're still here for you," Cyrus grabbed Charlotte's sleeve, his expression serious, comforting her.

Finally, through the children's words, Charlotte pieced together what was happening.

She let out a breath and was about to speak, but she was unsure what to say. Eventually, she just burst out laughing.

The relationship between Justin Battleson and Charlotte was something the children had clearly seen.

Seeing their mommy not only not distressed but actually laughing made them very perplexed.

"Could this be 'crying with joy'?"

Hank nudged Jack Thompson with his elbow.

"Oh no, mommy must be overly heartbroken!" Grace covered her small mouth, her little face filled with shock.

The two little ones' words left Charlotte laughing and crying at the same time. She reached out and squeezed Grace's cheek, still with a trace of amusement in her voice:

"Where did you hear that Justin didn't pass great-grandpa's test?"

Chapter 1228: The Family Has Always Been Together

Grace Thompson nodded towards Charlotte Thompson and looked around.

"But dad was just standing in the living room, how come he's gone now? Wasn't he driven out by great-grandfather?"

"Indeed, dad Justin is outside right now." Charlotte did not deny this and nodded towards the children.

"Ah, what did dad say that made great-grandfather so angry that he drove him out?"

Grace Thompson couldn't comprehend and tilted her head.

After all, when with the children, Mr. Thompson always had a kind smile, so the children had never seen Mr. Thompson looking very serious.

"Don't worry, your dad Justin will always be with you." Charlotte said with a pursed smile.

"Really?"

The children all asked in unison then turned their gazes towards Charlotte.

"Of course." But this time it wasn't Charlotte who answered.

They heard Justin Battleson's voice from outside as he slowly walked in. He came up to the children and bent down, smiling at them:

"Daddy promised that he would always be with you, and always be there for mommy."

"Yay!"

Grace Thompson seemed relieved, grabbed Justin Battleson's arm, and playfully swayed back and forth.

"We all as a family need to be together always."

Seeing this, Charlotte reached out and pulled Jack Thompson and Chad Thompson into her arms.

"A family, always together."

Though Charlotte's voice was soft, it was enough for Jack Thompson and Chad Thompson to hear clearly.

Both kids paused for a moment, then buried their faces in Charlotte's embrace.

Charlotte could obviously see what the children were thinking.

And how could the children not understand the meaning in Charlotte's words?

"Together always..."

Chad Thompson's voice was soft, and if one listened closely, one could hear a hint of tears in it.

Charlotte's gaze was tender to the extreme as she lovingly stroked Chad Thompson's soft hair.

"Chad, don't cry!"

Hank Thompson was the first to notice Chad Thompson's eyes reddening, he immediately walked over and carefully wiped the tears from Chad's eyes with his sleeve.

The other children also gathered around, comforting Chad Thompson in turns.

Just then, unexpectedly from Mr. Thompson's side, came Jordan Thompson's scream.

"You unruly boy! Come here right now! See if I don't break your legs!" Mr. Thompson said.

"Help, sis, save me!"

Jordan Thompson ran towards Charlotte Thompson as if fleeing from calamity, scaring Charlotte immediately to protect her children and then dodged Jordan.

"Run slower, don't bump into the children."

"Sis, I'm about to die, and you don't even care about me." Jordan Thompson coughed, his expression very sorrowful.

Charlotte glanced at Mr. Thompson, who was being comforted by James Thompson over there, and tugged on his sleeve.

"What did you say to grandfather just now? To make him this angry? Don't tell me you brought up the band thing again."

"It wasn't about the band..." Jordan Thompson hastily ruffled his hair, causing some frizzy strands to stick up.

But the next second, Jordan felt the killing intent coming from Mr. Thompson's direction and then, with a swish of his feet, prepared to make a quick escape.

"Let's talk about this some other day, I need to run for my life now, sis."

Chapter 1229: The Other Uncles Have All Arrived

"Even if it's not about a band, it must be related to that sort of thing."

Charlotte watched Jordan's departing figure and couldn't help but shake her head.

Then she slapped her forehead, finally remembering Jonathan, who had gone to challenge Justin Battleson alone.

Now that Justin had returned, where was Jonathan?

"Where's Jonathan? You didn't beat him to a point where he couldn't stand up, right?" Charlotte was already bracing for the worst.

"Do you think your husband is that cruel?" Justin helplessly flicked Charlotte's forehead.

Charlotte winced in pain, casting a somewhat reproachful look at Justin.

"Jonathan probably is..."

However, before Justin could finish speaking, Jonathan's voice came from the doorway.

"Justin Battleson, this time I'm joining forces with Jordan. There's no way we can't beat you!"

Although he strode in with heads held high, the grass clippings on his clothes were hard to overlook.

Charlotte then glanced at the spotless Justin.

She could already imagine how one-sided the recent one-on-one confrontation had been.

But upon hearing Jonathan's words, Charlotte tilted her head in confusion, "Jordan?"

"Justin Battleson, don't think just because you've passed Mr. Thompson's test, the rest of us will accept you with open arms."

Jonathan looked at Justin through gritted teeth, unable to believe how adept Justin was at fighting.

Therefore, after his swift defeat, Jonathan did not hesitate to contact the others back in Ashton.

"Jonathan, you didn't bring Jordan and the others here, did you?" Charlotte asked, somewhat surprised.

"Jordan and the others have always wanted to see you. Naturally, they took this opportunity to come to Druarus as well."

Jonathan nodded, reaching out to ruffle Hank's head, but Hank quickly dodged.

"If you press down on my head again, I won't grow taller." Hank covered his little head, speaking earnestly.

"Nonsense, you'll grow taller only if I touch it," Jonathan said with a restrained smile, reaching out his guilty hand towards Hank.

Scared, Hank immediately pulled Cyrus, who was standing beside him, into the fray.

"Start with Big Brother then."

Cyrus shot a glance at Hank and quietly moved a few steps away from him.

Jonathan was amused by Hank's reaction and then turned his attention back to Charlotte.

"They also miss these mischievous little tykes. They came to see them as well."

"Great, the other uncles are coming too!" Grace clapped her hands joyfully, her eyes filled with anticipation.

"Awesome, more snacks!" Hank was also excited, forgetting to guard against the lurking Jonathan and getting caught right away.

"Uncle Jonathan, you ambushed me!"

"Brat, don't you know all's fair in war?"

Suddenly, the house was filled with the children's joyful laughter and chatter.

Charlotte leaned on Justin's shoulder, smiling as she watched the kids roughhousing.

After that, she turned and walked over to sit down next to Mr. Thompson.

Justin quickly brewed a cup of tea for Mr. Thompson and handed it over.

Mr. Thompson took a look, accepted the cup, and took a sip, his eyes slightly squinting.

"When those rascal boys arrive, there won't be a single quiet day. Girls are the best, both beautiful and quiet."

Mr. Thompson murmured, seemingly recalling some old memories, causing his gaze to dim slightly.

Chapter 1230: Deep Regret

"Grandpa?"

By Mr. Thompson's side, Charlotte softly called out to him.

Charlotte's voice brought Mr. Thompson back from his memories, and he looked at Charlotte with a somewhat worried expression, then shook his head at her.

"I just, miss your grandma."

Mr. Thompson spoke slowly, then reached out to fondly stroke Charlotte's long hair.

"If your grandma could see you now, she would definitely be very happy."

For some reason, when Charlotte heard this, she felt a slight sourness at the tip of her nose.

She pursed her lips lightly, then took Mr. Thompson's hand, and softly said, "Grandpa, tell me about the things between you and grandma."

Mr. Thompson was taken aback for a moment, then chuckled resignedly: "Haven't I told you many times already?"

"Even though I've heard it many times, doesn't Grandpa want to tell me again?"

"Alright, what do you want to hear? I'll tell you, your grandma and I were childhood sweethearts..."

Charlotte watched Mr. Thompson sink into his own memories, the usually stern face finally softened.

Only when talking about grandma did Mr. Thompson show such an expression.

Even though Charlotte had never met her grandmother, she could imagine, from Grandpa's words, what kind of person her grandmother was.

She could also feel Grandpa's burning, intense love for Grandma.

Yet, such a loving couple was forever separated due to a misunderstanding.

Until the day Grandma passed away, she never saw Grandpa again, nor did she know how deeply Grandpa had loved her.

Charlotte couldn't help but frown.

Her hand was suddenly grasped; Charlotte turned her head and found that at some point, Justin Battleson had sat down by her side.

He did not speak, just quietly stayed by Charlotte's side.

...

Although Annie Anne had been discharged from the hospital, in reality, her staying at home now was no different from being in the hospital.

That is to say, the only difference between being at home and in the hospital was probably that Olivia Thompson was by her side.

But Olivia's temperament was quiet, and she only accompanied Annie every day, which for Annie was enough.

"Mummy."

Olivia showed her drawing to Annie, her eyes full of expectation.

"It's beautiful."

Annie reached out to pull Olivia into her embrace, gently rocking her body.

Although Annie's leg injury had not fully healed, as long as she did not engage in vigorous activity, it did not affect her too much.

Just then, the door was pushed open, and Oliver Hudson entered.

It seemed like it had rained outside, as he brought a fresh smell of rain with him.

"You've accepted a job offer?" Oliver Hudson's gaze fell on Annie's face, his voice deep.

"Staying at home is boring, so finding something to do is good." Annie spoke frankly.

After she was discharged and returned home, she had contacted her agent to arrange for an advertisement promotion for herself.

"Why didn't you tell me?"

"It's not really a big deal." Annie released Olivia from her arms, gesturing for her to continue drawing by the side.

"Anyway, I can't hide anything from you."

Having said that, Annie turned her gaze back towards the window.

...

"Annie, the program might ask a few questions, you just need to answer with what's written on this paper."

The assistant handed Annie a document, which contained questions for the interview show along with standard answers.

Though it was an interview show, it was essentially a product promotion, with questions mostly related to the brand.

Annie just gave it a quick glance.

Not much interest.

Soon, it was time for the actual recording of the show.