

Spoiled 1231

Chapter 1231 I Don't Like This Question

Underneath the stage, it was all media reporters.

If it were a month ago, there probably weren't that many people who knew who Annie Anne was, but now things are different.

After the hurtful scandal broke out from the drama crew, people began to wonder why Mia Carter, a popular young actress, would pick a fight with Annie Anne, a barely-known 18th-tier celebrity.

It wasn't until Oliver Hudson mentioned Annie Anne in his interview program that she almost became the center of attention for all entertainment media reporters.

After all, one is an ordinary person with no background, and the other is the young master of a distinguished family, the president of Hudson Group.

Now who wouldn't want to know about what's going on between Annie Anne and Oliver Hudson.

Therefore, when they heard that Annie Anne would join the program recording immediately after being discharged from the hospital, they all wanted to get the latest news.

They were desperate to come over, even if it meant squeezing their brains out.

"Today's interview program, we have invited the entertainment industry's rising star, Annie Anne. Let's give her a warm round of applause!"

The host smoothly progressed the program, starting off with a few harmless questions.

They were all about her injury or her future career planning.

Boring enough to make Annie Anne beside them start to feel sleepy, her eyelids beginning to fight a battle.

"The next section is the Q&A."

The host flipped through the script, and a look of surprise suddenly crossed her face.

She looked towards the director offstage, but the director waved his hand, signaling her to ask the question immediately.

Annie Anne, seeing that the host hadn't spoken, directed her gaze over and also saw the interaction between the host and the director.

She understood immediately.

The host coughed awkwardly and put on a smile again: "I heard that Miss Anne is currently in love, I wonder if this is true."

As soon as these words came out, many media below turned their cameras to Annie Anne.

"Love?"

Looking at everyone's faces, all eager to dig out everything, Annie Anne slowly spoke up: "Are you talking about Oliver Hudson?"

Even the host looked at Annie Anne with a probing look.

"Since that's what everyone is saying, then let it be," Annie Anne stated, sitting up straight and chuckling softly.

"So, Miss Anne, how did you get to know Mr. Hudson? It must have been a very romantic encounter, right?"

Hearing this question, Annie Anne slightly narrowed her bright eyes, speaking coldly, "Sorry, I don't like this question."

Pausing, she looked up again, still with a smile, "Since it's about the brand's promotion, shouldn't you, the host, be asking some questions about the brand?"

The host was met with Annie Anne's gaze, taken aback slightly.

Perhaps she didn't expect Annie Anne to reject so straightforwardly, making it awkward for the host now.

She nervously flipped through her script, then turned to look at the director team below, with an inquiring gaze asking whether to skip this personal life question.

The director and the cameraman beside him also exchanged glances.

Although they were eager to tease out some gossip from Annie Anne's mouth, at the end of the day, with Oliver Hudson backing Annie, if they insisted on conducting the interview and annoyed Annie, the consequences might be unpredictable.

So, the director gave a hand signal to the host.

Receiving the sign, the host looked relieved and turned the topic back to brand promotion.

But Annie Anne also had seen the interaction between the host and the director below.

The interview soon ended smoothly, and Annie Anne, who had no further appointments, naturally returned home to spend time with her daughter, Olivia Thompson.

In the evening, Annie Anne and Olivia Thompson made a video call to Charlotte Thompson.

Chapter 1232: It's Become a Bit Different

"Mommy Charlotte, Annie eats diligently every day and takes really good care of Aunt Annie; absolutely no slacking off."

On the other side of the video call, Olivia Thompson and Annie Anne sit side by side on the sofa, waving their little hands towards Charlotte Thompson.

"Annie, you're such a sensible girl," Charlotte Thompson nodded towards Olivia with relief.

Then, the other children couldn't wait to crowd around the computer screen to talk with Olivia who was in the video call.

"Annie, in a few days we'll all go to visit Godmom."

"We'll bring lots of delicious things for you and Aunt Annie, to help her recover quicker."

"That's right, that's right, we'll all help take care of Aunt Annie."

Listening to this, Annie Anne curved her lips in great satisfaction: "What a bunch of obedient and sensible sweethearts. I'll cook something delicious for you all then."

"Yay!"

Upon hearing about delicious food, naturally, Hank Thompson was the first to react with excitement.

However, he immediately thought of Annie Anne, who was still injured, so he quickly shook his head like a bobblehead.

"No, no, Godmom hasn't fully recovered yet, we can't let Aunt Annie overexert herself."

"Yeah, Godmom needs to rest a lot."

"Don't worry, Godmom doesn't have any serious issues now and has even taken on some work," Annie Anne spoke to comfort the children.

But as soon as Charlotte Thompson heard the word "work," she immediately asked, "Work? Your leg injury hasn't healed yet, have you returned to the set for filming?"

Charlotte looked at Annie Anne with a hint of blame in her eyes, "Why run around without healing properly?"

"Oh, look how worried you are. It's not a minor role on set, just a promotional appearance and an online interview show."

Annie Anne clarified her situation: "Today's interview recording was entirely seated, so there were no issues."

"What does sitting have to do with still being injured? You should just rest well at home, unnecessarily worrying people."

As she spoke, Charlotte Thompson furrowed her brow.

She wasn't sure if it was her imagination, but she felt that Annie Anne now seemed a little different from before.

However, seeing Annie Anne through the camera still wearing a gentle smile, Charlotte Thompson felt everything was just like it used to be.

Lost in thought, Charlotte didn't hear what Grace Thompson had said.

"Mommy?"

It wasn't until Grace Thompson tugged at Charlotte's sleeve that Charlotte snapped back to attention.

"Hm? What's up?"

Charlotte softened her voice, looking at the still-connected video call, and asked with some confusion.

"Godmom was asking when I was going to visit her so she can prepare in advance." Grace repeated very obediently the question she had just asked Charlotte.

"What are you thinking about? So absorbed in your thoughts?" Annie Anne teased.

"It's nothing."

Charlotte shook her head and then pondered the issue Grace had inquired about, "Well, the weekend is in a couple of days. Would it be okay if I came to see you then?"

"Sure, I'll wait for you and the children," Annie Anne smiled at Charlotte and then nodded gently.

The two of them chatted briefly more, and the remainder of the time was spent with the children chattering away to Olivia about recent amusing incidents.

As everyone took their turn speaking, time flew by quickly until Charlotte repeatedly urged the children, and they reluctantly said goodbye to Olivia.

Chapter 1233: Never Apart

"Mummy."

After hanging up the phone, Grace Thompson hopped off the chair and pursed her lips.

"What's wrong? Why the sudden unhappiness?"

At first, Charlotte Thompson thought that Grace was tired, but seeing her look, it was clear that she felt more disappointed than sleepy.

So Charlotte squatted down to be at eye level with Grace.

"I really miss Annie!" Grace enunciated each word with seriousness.

"But aren't we going to see Annie and Aunt Annie in a few days?" Charlotte, while straightening Grace's nightgown, spoke in a very gentle voice.

"But..."

Grace grabbed Charlotte's hand, "Will Annie come back with us?"

The question made Charlotte pause for a moment, and after some consideration, she said softly, "If Annie wants to come back with us, she will definitely say so."

What Charlotte didn't expect was for Grace to shake her head and whisper, "Annie won't do that, she will choose to stay with Aunt Annie."

Finally understanding what Grace meant, Charlotte chuckled and said, "Is Grace afraid that Annie will leave us?"

Although Grace didn't answer directly, her expression revealed her inner thoughts.

She shyly lifted her eyes, filled with a touch of hope and longing.

"Silly girl." Charlotte lightly scratched Grace's nose, "Why would you think that Annie will leave us?"

"Because Annie no longer lives with us." Grace said softly, looking down and fidgeting with the hem of her dress.

"Just because we don't live together doesn't mean we will be apart forever; we all live in the same city. If Annie stays with Aunt Annie, we can visit Annie and Aunt Annie any time we want. It's not like we won't see each other again, why is Grace starting to worry about this?"

"It's just..." Grace seemed to want to say more but ended up hesitating.

Her bright eyes fixed on Charlotte, shining like a dazzling sea of stars in the nighttime sky.

"Then do Jack and Chad have to eventually go back to the Ross Family?"

Reminded by Grace, Charlotte remembered that tomorrow, she was supposed to take Jack and Chad back to the Ross Family.

"Jack and Chad are the Ross Family's children, it's only natural for them to return to their family heritage."

"I know, but after that, they won't have the Thompson surname like we do, the same goes for Annie, I feel... as if they've changed their names, it's like they're getting farther away from us."

Grace seemed unclear about how to express her feelings, so her words came out a bit disjointed, perhaps even with a sense of urgency as she even began to gesture with her hands.

Charlotte, smiling, caught Grace's little hand and held it in her palm.

"So Grace has been thinking about so many things!"

Charlotte hadn't expected the usually lively Grace to have such moments of reflection.

"Whether it's Jack, Chad, or Annie, their relationship with Grace hasn't changed at all, there's no growing distance. Grace cares about them and similarly, Mummy believes that you hold the same place in their hearts."

While saying this, Charlotte wrapped Grace in her arms, gently patting her back.

"Hasn't Mummy always told you? Our family will never be apart."

Chapter 1234 Mommy Doesn't Want Us Anymore

Charlotte Thompson was softly humming a lullaby to Grace Thompson, gently coaxing her to sleep in her embrace.

She then picked Grace up and tiptoed back to the children's room, checked the blankets on the other children, and then quietly left.

Jack Thompson and Chad Thompson would eventually acknowledge their ancestral family, and Olivia Thompson already accepted Oliver Hudson because of Annie Anne and started living with them.

Are these three children really going to grow further apart from her?

Charlotte Thompson looked down and rubbed her fingertips.

Outside the window, the wind that had started blowing at some unknown time was hitting the glass, making it sound eerily cold.

Charlotte walked to the window; although it was firmly closed, there was still a chill seeping through.

She looked up at the dark sky outside.

It seemed to be a cloudy day; not a single star could be seen in the sky.

And Charlotte's brow unconsciously furrowed.

Why was she having a bad premonition?

But the next second, Charlotte threw these chaotic thoughts out of her mind and turned back to her room.

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The next morning, Charlotte told the children that today she had to send Jack and Chad back to the Ross Family.

After all, the last time Adam Ross came to pick up the children, James Thompson intercepted them.

Seeming still troubled by last night's events, Grace Thompson had been morose since morning.

When leaving, Charlotte went to get some things, asking Jack and Chad to wait in the living room, and it was then that Grace finally spoke.

"Jack, Chad."

Grace Thompson walked up to Jack and Chad, taking each by the hand.

"You must come back."

Grace's entire little face drooped, long gone was her usual liveliness and brightness.

Her words alone didn't carry any directive, but they coincided with the children's vivid imaginations, and immediately numerous possibilities popped into their minds.

"Could it be that Mommy will send us to the Ross Family and then not take us back?" Jack said quietly.

This guess made even his own expression very gloomy, not to mention the other children who heard him.

Chad's face paled instantly; he grabbed Hank Thompson's sleeve and didn't want to let go at all.

"My goodness, isn't it just to get your names recorded in the Ross Family's genealogy?" Hank tried to comfort Chad while speaking.

"After sending them back to the Ross Family to be written into the genealogy, how could they possibly return here and bear the last name Thompson?" Grace muttered.

Hank, who initially wanted to argue something more, suddenly felt that Grace's words made too much sense.

"Yeah... how could the Ross Family possibly let Jack and Chad come back?"

"No way, Mommy wouldn't do such a thing, right?" Chad spoke up, sounding very aggrieved.

"Exactly, how could Mommy not want you?" Hank suddenly got anxious too.

"But before, Grandpa Ross always wanted to get Jack and Chad back, right? And now your identities have been exposed too..." Grace pursed her lips.

"Mommy said she wouldn't abandon me and my brother..."

Chad, anxiously grabbing Jack's hand, kept shaking it. "What should we do, brother? Mommy doesn't want us anymore..."

Chapter 1235: When Has Mommy Ever Deceived You?

"Alright, my darlings, let's go."

Just at that moment, Charlotte Thompson came downstairs, but was greeted by the cries of several children rising and falling in turn.

Coming down with Charlotte was Jonathan Thompson, who remembered that today Charlotte was going to send Jack Thompson and Chad Thompson back to the Ross Family, so he wanted to come down and see.

Normally a bit groggy, he became fully alert upon hearing the children's cries, and even rushed down the stairs faster than Charlotte.

Although Jonathan often teased the little boys, his affection for the children was in no way inferior to that of Justin Battleson and Charlotte.

"Hey, why has everyone started crying?"

Jonathan quickly moved to Chad Thompson, who was crying the hardest, and immediately picked him up.

"Who bullied you? Tell Uncle Jonathan, and I will stand up for you."

"Everything was fine, why the tears now?"

Not just Chad, even Grace Thompson started crying now.

On the side, Jack Thompson and Hank Thompson both had red rims around their eyes, quietly wiping away tears, leaving only Cyrus Thompson beside them with furrowed brows, not knowing what to think.

"Mummy, why don't you want us anymore? You clearly promised you wouldn't leave us behind... How could you lie to us?"

While hugging Jonathan's neck and sobbing, Chad directly addressed Charlotte with these words.

Charlotte, suddenly accused, was taken aback.

"Mummy, please don't send Jack and Chad back to the Ross Family, just let them stay with us, stay by our side."

Grace clutched at Charlotte's clothes, her grip relentless even as she crumpled the fabric.

Soon, the children's crying filled the entire villa, and Mr. Thompson and James Thompson also came out.

Meanwhile, Justin Battleson, who had been waiting outside for a while, entered upon seeing that Charlotte had still not brought out the children, and he saw this scene.

The children were sobbing bitterly, the adults looking at each other in bewilderment.

Charlotte was even more puzzled in her heart, wondering what age these children had reached, becoming so suddenly sentimental?

Normally, they wouldn't cry like this unless they had been greatly frightened or something similar.

"My darlings, behave, when did I ever say I didn't want you? And sending Jack and Chad back to the Ross Family today is just to get their names into the family register, they will be back this afternoon, right? Didn't we agree that Mummy would take you for some delicious food?" Charlotte was really confused now.

"Mummy, you're lying, you won't bring Jack and Chad back in the afternoon. I won't let you go to the Ross Family, I don't want to, you send Jack and Chad back!"

Grace shook her head repeatedly, then pulled Chad even closer, without any intention of letting go, and she kept crying, starting to be somewhat unreasonable.

"Grace."

Charlotte pressed Grace's hand, rarely serious when speaking to the children, but she did so wanting to stabilize their emotions.

As expected, Charlotte's somewhat cooler voice somewhat calmed Grace's emotions.

She kept sobbing, her eyes and nose red.

"Mummy... Grace doesn't want Jack and Chad to leave us."

Charlotte hurriedly said, "Who told you Mummy won't bring Jack and Chad back? When has Mummy ever lied to you?"

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.