

Spoiled 1241

Chapter 1241: You're Investigating Me?

"Let go."

Charlotte's gaze fell on Leon Battleson's palm that was still gripping her wrist, her tone cold and distant.

As she spoke, Charlotte struggled a bit, but Leon Battleson showed no intention of letting go, instead gripping even tighter.

"Leon Battleson, please remove your hand!"

Looking at Leon Battleson with a smile on his lips, Charlotte couldn't help but feel an inexplicable aversion, so she called out his name without hesitation.

From her tone, expression, and even her actions, Charlotte's aversion to the man before her was palpable.

Yet Leon Battleson remained obliviously cheerful, even showing a look of surprise when Charlotte called his name.

"I didn't expect you to remember my name."

Leon Battleson revealed a set of pearly white teeth, yet his smiling face made Charlotte feel unusually creepy.

"It seems you have quite an impression of me." Leon Battleson spoke with ambiguous meaning.

"Can Mr. Battleson now let me go?" Charlotte took a deep breath, suppressing the discontent and irritation in her heart as she tried to speak calmly.

After all, the man before her was Justin Battleson's half-brother from the same father.

"Sorry, sorry."

Fortunately, at this time, Leon Battleson became aware of something, glanced at his hand and then released his grip.

Once freed, Charlotte immediately stepped back, putting a significant distance between herself and Leon Battleson.

"Sister-in-law, do you really dislike me that much? Why do you have such an expression when you see me?"

Leon's expression carried a hint of perplexity, and he seemed very earnest in asking Charlotte this question.

Seeing that Charlotte remained silent, Leon didn't show any signs of embarrassment or anger, but instead turned to look at Aunt Watson's gravestone beside them.

"Sister-in-law, did you come to visit this person? I heard she was someone who looked after you from a young age, and later it seems she was killed by your stepmother?"

Leon pondered for a moment before uttering these words, his gaze continuously observing Charlotte.

After Leon's remark, Charlotte's furrowed brow showed no sign of relaxing.

"Are you investigating me?"

Charlotte spoke with heightened vigilance.

She hadn't expected to encounter Justin Battleson's brother in such a place, and naturally, she didn't want to have any further involvement with the man before her.

"How can this be considered an investigation? It's practically public knowledge."

Leon shrugged his shoulders innocently.

"The young Miss of the BK Thompson Family had her biological father sent to prison, all for the sake of avenging a nanny—whose heard of such a case?"

While speaking, Leon winked at Charlotte.

Charlotte had previously investigated some matters about the Battleson Family, so she also knew that Justin's brother was several years his junior.

However, looking at the man before her with such a defiant expression, Charlotte was full of confusion.

What exactly does he want to do?

And her encounter with him here, was it coincidence or fate?

After Leon finished speaking, Charlotte's face remained expressionless, her response tepid.

"If you have nothing else, I'm leaving, goodbye."

Having said this, Charlotte didn't care about what expression Leon would show or what response he might give; she simply turned around and stepped away without any reluctance.

"Wait a moment, sister-in-law."

Chapter 1242 Beautiful Neck

Leon Battleson naturally intervened at this time, stopping Charlotte Thompson.

But rather than saying he stopped her, he directly wrapped his arm around Charlotte from behind, encircling her shoulders.

The man's tall stature nearly enveloped Charlotte in his embrace.

Charlotte had not anticipated that Leon would make such a bold move; she instinctively wanted to struggle, but the hand Leon initially had on her shoulder slowly moved to her neck.

"Did you learn dancing when you were little? Such a delicate and beautiful neck."

Although such a move was already overstepping boundaries, Leon's voice carried not a hint of flirtation or teasing; instead, he spoke in an admiring tone about Charlotte.

It felt as if Charlotte was a delicate artifact in his hands.

Charlotte, who initially wanted to push Leon's hands away, paused due to her next action.

"What if it breaks with a pinch?"

Charlotte was greatly alarmed, her pupils involuntarily constricting despite her calm facade.

"Relax, I'm just kidding with you."

Then, the next second, Leon's teasing voice rang in her ear.

It was as if he was deliberately teasing Charlotte; he seemed to enjoy seeing various reactions from her.

However, the next second, Leon voluntarily let go of Charlotte, pulling a handkerchief from his pocket and carefully wiping his palms.

This action made him appear even more peculiar.

"Since we've met, it seems we have a destiny. May I have the honor of inviting you to dine?"

Charlotte was still somewhat shaken, tightening her grip by her side.

Clearly, the Leon before her made her feel uncomfortable all over.

How could Charlotte possibly accept his invitation?

Not wanting to entangle further with the person before her, this time Charlotte stared firmly at Leon as she continuously retreated backward, until she had put enough distance between them. Then, Charlotte sharply turned and ran towards her destination, fearing any accidental contact with Leon.

Watching Charlotte's rapidly retreating figure, Leon stood still, doing nothing.

He glanced down at the bouquet of flowers placed in front of Aunt Watson's gravestone, chuckled briefly, then stared at his palm.

"Brother, the game has already begun; now, it's time to welcome the surprise I've prepared specially for you."

Saying this, Leon then turned and left.

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Meanwhile, Charlotte, who had swiftly left the cemetery, stood by the roadside, breathing heavily. This action inevitably drew the sideways glances of passersby.

Especially since they saw Charlotte running out of the cemetery.

The pedestrians quickened their pace.

Charlotte lifted her head slightly, and after exhaling a breath of turbid air, she managed to calm her feelings.

She initially wanted to pinch the center of her eyebrows, but unintentionally noticed her wrist turned red.

It bore the mark left by Leon's grab.

Charlotte's current expression was rather awful, and she was reminded again of the way Leon gripped her neck earlier.

Charlotte clenched her teeth tightly.

Remembering that Leon had always lived in Cethuira, she wondered how such a peculiar personality was formed.

But what worried Charlotte more at the moment was what exactly Leon intended to do.

Perhaps it was then she remembered another person—

Evelyn Curtis.

Chapter 1243: Suspicion

Charlotte suddenly remembered that while she and Justin Battleson were looking for the missing Evelyn Curtis, they discovered that her last known location was in Cethuira.

This made Charlotte suspect, what if Leon Battleson had some connection with Evelyn Curtis?

Charlotte didn't dare to think any further.

Indeed, she had been living such a calm and stable life for too long.

The sudden reappearance of people and events from the past caught her off guard.

Or rather, did Leon know that she was investigating the old matters of the Battleson Family?

Just as Charlotte was hesitating to take out her phone to contact Justin, her phone rang on its own. It was a call from Zara Ward.

"Charlotte, do you have some time now? Our collaborative design drafts are complete. Want to come over to my studio and take a look?"

Hearing Zara Ward's voice made Charlotte's anxious heart relax a little: "Okay, I'll head over right now."

"We're both here waiting for you," said Zara Ward.

After hanging up the phone, Charlotte sighed and tucked her phone back into her pocket before driving to Melissa Tanner's studio.

When Charlotte arrived at Melissa Tanner's studio, the staff were wrapping up the final tasks.

Seeing Charlotte, they all greeted her with great enthusiasm.

Since Charlotte had started collaborating with Zara Ward, she would often come to the Melissa Tanner studio. Sometimes, she would discuss design concepts; other times, she would network with potential collaborators for Zara Ward.

Over time, Charlotte also got to know all the staff of Melissa Tanner's studio and was even jokingly referred to as an unofficial member of the studio.

"You've come at the right time, the clothes have just been finished."

Seeing Charlotte knock and enter, Zara Ward stood up from her chair with joy and greeted her warmly.

"Really? Let me see!" Charlotte said, her voice laced with curiosity.

As for the unpleasant events back at the cemetery, they were gradually forgotten as Charlotte immersed herself in work.

"At the beginning, didn't we all look at this dress design? I even said it would be very ugly once made, but I ended up proving myself wrong."

While speaking, Zara Ward pulled the curtain aside and rolled out a rack with clothes hung on it.

Charlotte's eyes immediately landed on the first black dress hanging there.

Zara Ward also took down the dress Charlotte was looking at: "Yes, this one. The effect is quite stunning."

Even without touching the fabric, Charlotte couldn't help but praise the dress from a distance.

"This collaboration is going to be very successful." Charlotte clapped her hands at Zara Ward and Elijah Walker, finally giving them a look of great admiration.

"I knew I was right to have you two work together."

"I thought you were complimenting me and old Elijah, but in a roundabout way, you ended up praising yourself," Zara Ward said with a laugh, glancing at Charlotte.

"A great talent is recognized by a discerning eye," Charlotte quipped, raising an eyebrow at Zara Ward.

Then she turned to Elijah Walker and gave him a thumbs up.

"Well done."

Elijah Walker, always a bit shy, pushed his glasses up and chuckled, lowering his head.

"But there's something I'm quite curious about," Zara Ward said while arranging the hem of the dress.

Chapter 1244: Don't Have the Guts

Charlotte Thompson focused her gaze, listening intently to what Zara Ward was about to say.

"Since you've delegated this collaboration to Elijah Walker, you could have just announced it in the company directly. Why did you have to find a bunch of designers in the company as well?"

At the very beginning, Zara Ward felt somewhat puzzled upon learning that Charlotte intended to put Elijah Walker in charge of the clothing project in her studio.

However, as someone who adores clothes, Zara and Elijah hit it off right away, and the two of them have been exchanging their expertise in their respective fields throughout the garment-making process.

After a period of collaboration, the resulting work was simply stunning.

"The quality requirements for these clothes differ, so it's normal to assign different personnel. Plus, I've entrusted you with the most important and challenging pieces. This shows how much trust I have in you," Charlotte said with a smile towards Zara.

"But as the saying goes, 'to catch a big fish, you need to cast a long line.' Now that everything is ready, we are just waiting for the final step."

Others might feel clueless hearing Charlotte's words, but Zara understood them and showed a surprised expression.

"Who would have thought that a company like Riley Group would also harbor those who pursue fame and profit?"

"The bigger the company, the harder it is to manage. After all, it is impossible for one person to take care of hundreds or thousands of employees."

"That's true."

Zara nodded towards Charlotte: "As for my studio, we have so few staff, you could count them on your fingers. So, we don't have such hidden problems."

"Still, it is a bit unfair to you. Lately, you haven't been able to return to the company, and there's no way to stop the rumors circulating there." Charlotte turned her head towards Elijah Walker.

But Elijah wasn't perturbed by it and shook his head: "If it were not for Miss Thompson's trust, I probably would have been fired by the company by now. You not only trust me, but you also gave me such an important task. I don't care about the gossip within the company at all."

Saying this, Elijah hesitated a bit, worriedly adding: "My only concern is that some rumors may affect Miss Thompson."

After all, when he was still at the company, Elijah had heard those rumors.

"You don't need to worry about that; they don't have the guts to continue spreading rumors," Charlotte curved her lips into a smile.

"Right, Elijah, don't forget, her husband is your ultimate boss," Zara elbowed Elijah beside her and gave Charlotte a teasing smile.

"That is indeed a fair point."

Charlotte made no attempt to deny it, prompting Zara to shake her head in mock disapproval.

"I'm so envious. What a CEO's wife. When will I ever meet a CEO?" Zara said casually.

Meanwhile, an employee nearby peeked over.

"Boss, why would you need a CEO? You're more of a boss than a real CEO is, oozing authority."

"Go back to your work," Zara gestured, pushing the employee to one side.

"Right, here are the last two pieces."

Finally, Zara brought the conversation back to work matters, placing two design drafts in front of Charlotte.

"The garments are in the final stages of production. If there are no issues, they can be completed by tomorrow. Then, all the tasks you entrusted to us will have been fulfilled."

"Thank you for all your hard work. You'll receive year-end bonuses."

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Chapter 1245: Two Similar People

On the other side.

After leaving the cemetery, Leon Battleson drove to a five-star restaurant.

As he was carefully cutting into the steak in front of him, footsteps sounded, and the chair opposite him was pulled out, a woman sat down.

"I thought you would wait for me."

The woman quietly spoke, reaching out to tidy the stray hairs beside her cheek.

However, both in voice and appearance, this woman resembled Charlotte Thompson to about seventy to eighty percent!

To someone not very familiar with Charlotte, they might even mistake her for Charlotte.

Seeing that Leon Battleson was not acknowledging her at all, the woman coughed somewhat awkwardly, uncertain of where to place her hands.

"I saw her today."

Leon Battleson put down his knife and fork and carelessly picked up a wine glass nearby.

Hearing Leon's words, the woman's expression became even more stiff, she lowered her eyes slowly and spoke, "Then I will contact that person, and expose the video."

However, at that moment, Adam Ross picked up the unused knife from the woman's side and directly lifted the woman's chin with it.

The sharp blade was pressed against the woman's skin, and with just a slight movement from Leon, he could directly cut the woman's throat.

The woman's body also stiffened instinctively.

"Do you know what doesn't resemble her about you now?"

Leon Battleson slightly narrowed his eyes, his casual gaze sweeping over the woman.

But it brought a trace of... fear in the depths of the woman's eyes.

"Her neck is very beautiful."

While speaking, Leon's hand slowly moved the knife downward, sticking it to the woman's neck, finally stopping at her collarbone.

"The lines are very elegant, when she lifts her head it looks like... a dying swan."

Having said this, Leon Battleson finally placed the dining knife down, and the woman, as if having let out a sigh of relief, quietly slumped her shoulders.

"A person can change everything from their appearance to their bones, but once certain bones are touched, their life is over."

The woman sat opposite Leon Battleson, head bowed, and heard every word he said.

"What do you think will happen next with this matter?" Leon Battleson propped up his cheek, asking the woman opposite him.

The woman pondered for a moment, but ended up obediently shaking her head.

Leon Battleson seemed to suddenly lose interest, his gaze at the woman now filled with a bit more boredom.

The two of them continued to silently eat their Western meal, each lost in their own thoughts.

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Charlotte Thompson began to feel the surrounding tension, like the calm before a storm.

By the time she went to the Ross Family to pick up the two children, it had surprisingly started to rain heavily, thwarting Charlotte's plan to take the kids out for a grand meal.

Moreover, even now Charlotte found it troublesome to take Jack Thompson and Chad Thompson home.

Because of the heavy traffic at this time, Charlotte looked at the outside road conditions and finally shook her head helplessly.

The two little ones clung to the car window, curiously observing the outside scenery.

Charlotte waited for the traffic light while casually looking at the stack of documents on the copilot concerning the remaining matters of the collaboration with XTZ.

Just then, a message alert sounded on Charlotte's phone.

Chapter 1246: The Real Relationship with Mr. Ross

It was a message from Annie Anne.

[What's the situation? How did this magazine spread rumors about you online?]

When Charlotte Thompson opened the screenshot sent by Annie Anne, she was slightly stunned by the picture on it.

Wasn't this one of the media outlets that exclusively interviewed her during the day, and the picture was indeed taken outside the Ross Villa.

What mattered most in this image was not the location shown, but the text below it and the final accompanying picture.

— Miss Thompson personally admitted that the two sons of Mr. Ross are her own biological children, which shows the real relationship between the two.

Charlotte Thompson looked at the bolded text, and her expression seemed both like a laugh and a cry.

As expected, these media outlets always take things out of context to attract readers.

[As for the trending search, I saw it, and I just asked Oliver Hudson to help suppress it a bit, but how it'll be solved is up to you.]

When Charlotte Thompson saw the message from Annie Anne, she paused for a moment, and after replying with thanks, she opened the trending topics on Weibo and indeed found the trending topic about herself.

Rumor has it that upon clicking it, there was even a video that included her later statements to the reporters.

"They bear the Thompson name, they are my children."

Also, there were several photos of her meeting with Adam Ross, chosen from angles that were very professional and precise, enough to give the vibe of scandalous photos if ordinary bystanders saw them.

But to Charlotte Thompson, it all seemed quite ridiculous.

Picking these out specifically to generate publicity and get some attention, right?

"Mommy, what are you laughing about?"

Sitting in the back seat, Jack Thompson and Chad Thompson saw Charlotte Thompson staring at her phone and letting out a cold laugh, and they curiously moved closer just in time to see the screen of her phone displaying that sentence.

The two children looked at each other puzzled, seemingly not grasping the meaning of the words.

"Mommy is Mommy, Daddy Ross is Daddy Ross, what real relationship do you two have?"

They tried to figure it out by counting on their fingers but still couldn't discern the hidden meaning.

Charlotte Thompson saw Jack's confused little face and couldn't help but curve her lips.

"It's just some nonsense articles written by the media, Mommy just finds it funny," Charlotte Thompson shook her head and started the car, driving forward slowly.

However, hearing this from Charlotte, the two children instantly felt indignant on her behalf.

"How come there are magazines that write nonsense again?"

After all, last time a newspaper spread rumors about Charlotte, the children themselves had given a warning, how could similar people appear again so soon.

"Yes, they really are too much!" Chad Thompson also quickly spoke up, echoing Jack's sentiment.

Then, Jack Thompson tugged at Chad Thompson's sleeve, and the two little fellows huddled together, muttering something in low voices, with occasional soft snorts heard.

Charlotte Thompson didn't need to ask to guess what sort of scheme the two little guys were cooking up.

After all, those few little fellows at home had teamed up to do things before.

"That's what we'll do!"

Jack and Chad Thompson bumped fists, seemingly having agreed on something.

And Charlotte Thompson, looking through the rearview mirror at the two small fellows in the back seat, spoke with a light laugh:

"I'll handle this matter, so there's no need for you guys to worry."

Chapter 1247 Cheesy Lines

"That won't do, they're talking nonsense about Mommy, we must teach them a lesson."

Even though Charlotte pointed out what they wanted to do directly, Jack didn't feel guilty at all.

"That's right, how can our Mommy be bullied by others? We can protect Mommy," Chad earnestly nodded his little head.

"What good children for Mommy." Charlotte couldn't help but curl the corners of her mouth and let out a light laugh.

At that moment, Charlotte's phone vibrated. Because she was driving, she did not look at the caller ID on her phone but simply connected her Bluetooth earpiece.

"Why haven't you come back? Where are you? I'll come to pick you up."

The voice of Justin Battleson came through the Bluetooth earpiece softly, conveying a sense of reassurance.

"Justin, there's a traffic jam because of the rain, so it's delayed a bit of time. It's not a bother for you, Jack, Chad, and I will be home soon."

Charlotte responded simply, also hearing through the earpiece the voices of the children.

"Why did you come back so early today?" Charlotte asked him.

These days, the company had been quite busy, so sometimes Justin would stay late at the office before coming home.

"I missed you."

Justin said these three words without hesitation, and Charlotte slightly froze for a moment, unable to stop herself from grinning.

"When did you also become so slick with your words?"

"It's not being slick, I really missed you." Justin's voice was very calm, but Charlotte could imagine just by the phone conversation what kind of expression he would have on his face.

Her gaze softened, and Charlotte's fingertips lightly tapped on the steering wheel.

However, before Charlotte could say anything, the very curious and gossipy Jack and Chad had already leaned over.

"Mommy, is it Daddy Battleson who called?" Chad asked curiously.

Charlotte nodded, responding to the child's question.

Upon hearing that it was really Justin Battleson who had called, Jack and Chad glanced at each other and then spoke out, "Daddy Battleson! Mommy has been bullied by a magazine, you must avenge her!"

"That's right, those who talk nonsense are all bad people."

Charlotte pressed her Bluetooth earpiece and pouted her lips, signaling the two children to be mindful of safety and sit back properly, and Jack and Chad obediently returned to the backseat.

"I've seen the magazine issue and have already asked someone to handle it. You don't need to worry."

Justin's silent voice followed the children's chatter, and Charlotte did not expect that Justin would be informed so quickly; she was somewhat surprised.

"I just found out about the magazine issue, and yet you've already had it taken care of."

"Anything related to you, I will naturally care about," Justin responded to Charlotte's words.

"Tell me Justin, what's with you today? All these mushy words you're saying." Charlotte couldn't help but teasingly ask.

"Why don't you say these things when I'm in front of you?"

Sure enough, after Charlotte's questioning, Justin on the other end of the phone seemed to fall silent for a moment.

By now, Charlotte had already driven the car into the garage and, after parking it steadily, Jack and Chad in the backseat, seeing they were home, could not wait to unbuckle their seat belts and hurry out of the car.

"Slow down when running, don't fall."

Watching the two children rush out, Charlotte immediately reminded them and reached out to take the things on the passenger seat.

Chapter 1248: Sickly Sweet Love

Since they couldn't take the kids out for a big meal that evening, Charlotte Thompson stopped by a cake shop on her way home and bought some fruit cakes as compensation for the kids.

Charlotte hadn't heard Justin Battleson's response just now, and since she had already arrived at the villa, she naturally hung up the phone.

When Charlotte, holding the cake, was about to head to the living room, she suddenly noticed someone standing by the garage's side door.

Justin Battleson stepped forward naturally and took the things from Charlotte's hands. Feeling her slightly cold fingertips, his brows furrowed slightly, and he firmly clasped her hand in his own.

"Why are your hands so cold? Did you get caught in the rain?" Justin Battleson asked softly.

"It started raining when I was fetching the car from the parking lot. I got a bit wet, but it's nothing," Charlotte thought for a moment.

"There should be an umbrella in the trunk of your car, though."

Hearing this, Charlotte immediately revealed an enlightened expression, then smiled apologetically at Justin Battleson: "I forgot."

Justin Battleson gave Charlotte an indulgent look and they walked towards the villa side by side.

Since the temporary garage isn't next to the villa, they needed to pass through a corridor on the way back.

"I was thinking about taking the kids out for a nice meal, but it had to rain unexpectedly," Charlotte said with a hint of regret, glancing out at the drizzling rain that filled the air with a dense mist.

"It's okay, there will be other opportunities," Justin Battleson comforted.

At these words, Charlotte seemed to remember something and turned to Justin Battleson: "You came back early today to have dinner with me and the kids, right?"

She recalled when she suggested taking the kids out for a big meal yesterday, Charlotte had specifically asked Justin Battleson about it, in case he had to work late due to business.

But today, Justin Battleson had come home early.

Charlotte didn't believe it was just a coincidence.

"The important documents were taken care of, so I came back according to the company's regular hours."

"But... someone on the phone just now didn't seem to say that."

Charlotte stopped in her tracks, looked at Justin Battleson with a smile, and wrapped her arms around his neck.

Justin Battleson was much taller than her, so Charlotte naturally tiptoed to do so.

His other free hand encircled Charlotte's waist, and Justin Battleson leaned in to close the distance between them.

"What was it that Mr. Battleson said?"

Charlotte blinked slyly, looking at the usually composed Justin Battleson with a light smile appearing on his face.

He said, "I love you."

Charlotte was caught off guard by Justin's sudden confession, her heart skipped a beat, and her ears went red, even though a second ago she had been teasing him.

"Did you secretly enroll in some sort of romance class? How come you're so smooth with these words now?"

Charlotte quietly tiptoed and leaned into Justin Battleson's chest, naturally hearing the thumping heartbeat under his skin.

Justin Battleson reached out, gently pushed the stray hairs from Charlotte's face, and lowered his gaze.

And so, in Justin's dark, dust-like pupils, Charlotte saw a tiny reflection of herself.

"It's just speaking out what's in my heart."

The wind brought in some raindrops, cooling the skin. Justin Battleson stood on the outside, shielding Charlotte from some of the wind, and then took her hand again.

"Let's go, be careful not to catch a cold."

Chapter 1249: The Beaten Reporter's Short Essay

Justin Battleson and Charlotte Thompson returned to the villa to find, as expected, a group of kids gathered around the computer; only this time there was an addition—a key figure—

Jonathan Thompson.

"I thought you had some powerful background, daring to slander our Charlotte like that. They're really trying to grab attention by any means necessary."

The computer Jonathan controlled let out a cold chime, and when he looked up and saw Charlotte enter, he began to speak.

"I know you took Jack and Chad to the Ross Family today, so I thought I'd stay with you. Otherwise, how could these unscrupulous media tarnish our reputation at will?"

"It's not a big deal."

Charlotte replied simply, as long as the kids weren't hurt, that was the best outcome for her.

Then she shook the gift box in her hand and smiled toward the kids, "Fruit cake."

The kids, who had been hovering around Jonathan, couldn't resist the temptation of fruit cake and one by one ran over to Charlotte's side.

Charlotte had intended to distribute the cake to the kids, but Justin Battleson took it upon himself to do so.

"Go take a bath and change your clothes, don't catch a cold," Justin arranged all the plates neatly.

Charlotte didn't refuse Justin's suggestion and prepared to go upstairs to take a shower, but as she passed the computer, she was a bit curious.

"What are netizens saying?"

Charlotte casually glanced over, Jonathan, who had been sitting in front of the computer, was now beside the fruit cake.

Hearing Charlotte's question, he immediately looked up and answered, "What can they say? It's all about Jack and Chad's affair. The Ross Family held a press conference to clarify it. Does a minor magazine have any right to misrepresent the story?"

Charlotte thought so too.

Regarding Jack and Chad Thompson's origins, the Thompson, Battleson, and Ross families had all made statements, directly addressing the various discussions at the time.

However, what Charlotte didn't expect at all was that, during the brief time she took a shower, another issue had popped up online.

This time it wasn't about Jack and Chad Thompson's origins.

It was about Charlotte hitting a reporter.

Moreover, the reporter had directly posted a small essay.

It said that Charlotte seemed very approachable and gentle in temperament, but in reality, she was in a very bad mood; he was just trying to interview her when an angry Charlotte slapped him hard, and even the microphone was broken.

Then there was a whole article expressing disappointment in Charlotte, with vague references to some of the magazine's reports.

Not to mention that between the lines, it even hinted that he seemed to know some inside scoop.

"Inside scoop?" Charlotte recalled the reporter she had slapped.

A reporter with such a temperament, if he really knew some inside story, would not have held back but would have exposed it directly.

What Charlotte didn't expect was that the reporter's small essay actually stirred up some ripples.

As to how many of the comments under the tweet were rhythm-leading and how many were spectators, it was unknown.

"Oh my god, how could someone like a reporter do such a thing? That's Charlotte Thompson."

"How could it not be possible, those designers are so full of themselves, and when faced with reporters, aren't they always aloof? It's definitely possible that they could have hit a reporter."

"But Charlotte doesn't seem like that kind of person."

"Some entertainment reporters are indeed annoying, but actually hitting someone is even more wrong."

Charlotte quickly skimmed the comments below and found them somewhat interesting.

Chapter 1250: Directly Tell

"What are all these people talking about? There's not even a video proving anything and they just keep saying that you, sister, beat someone up. Is there no law left?"

Jonathan Thompson looked at the comments on Weibo and scoffed immediately.

Seeing him rolling up his sleeves, it seemed he was preparing for some massive operation on the computer.

"What are you going to do?" Charlotte Thompson asked curiously.

"Let me see how many are paid trolls. Just hack them, they're a waste of space anyway." Jonathan Thompson said nonchalantly, biting on his fork.

"How about you teach me how to hack other people's accounts? Quick, teach me, I want to learn!"

Hank Thompson, hearing these words, found even the cake in his hands unappetizing and ran over eagerly to learn the skills.

His eager pursuit to learn was, however, mercilessly nipped in the bud by Charlotte Thompson.

"Slow down your eating; you've got cake all over your face." Charlotte Thompson reached out and wiped the cream from Hank Thompson's mouth.

Then, she straightened up and said to Jonathan Thompson: "Brother, whether it's marketing accounts or paid trolls, why bother with them? They are all just feeble slanders."

Charlotte Thompson spoke calmly and then bit into a piece of cake she had forked, which was sweet and rich, yet not too bad.

Always heard people say that eating sweets can lift the mood, seems there may be some truth in that.

Justin Battleson, however, has never been fond of such sweets, but he ate a few bites when the children actively fed him.

Charlotte Thompson watched Justin Battleson's frown deepen from the creamy bite and found it quite amusing.

"Big bro, you're supposed to grab the cake with your hands, what's the use of stretching your neck so long?"

Grace Thompson's crisp voice sounded; when Charlotte Thompson looked over following the sound, she saw Grace Thompson and Hank Thompson glaring at each other over the same piece of cake.

"My long neck... that's my advantage." Hank Thompson lifted his head proudly.

"Big bro, you look like a goose," Jack Thompson commented nonchalantly.

"Then I am a swan." Hank Thompson defiantly made his final assertion.

As the children bantered, Charlotte Thompson's expression grew darker.

She remembered her encounter with Leon Battleson at the cemetery today.

Justin Battleson also noticed Charlotte's unusual reaction, reaching for her shoulder, but unexpectedly, Charlotte dodged dramatically.

Charlotte paused, then under Justin Battleson's puzzled look, she pursed her dry lips.

"Sorry, I was caught up in some thoughts, that's why I was startled."

"Did something happen?" Justin Battleson immediately sensed something unnatural.

"It's nothing."

Charlotte Thompson mumbled, yet she did not reveal her encounter with Leon Battleson to Justin Battleson.

Right now, she was secretly investigating the Battleson Family behind Justin's back.

Thus Charlotte, feeling slightly guilty, shifted her gaze away, which happened to fall on Jonathan Thompson, and then Justin thought Charlotte was worried about the things online.

"You don't have to worry about online matters, it's been handled..."

Before Justin Battleson could finish his words, there was an exclamation from Jonathan Thompson's side.

"Holy shit, Justin, did you do this?"

Charlotte Thompson blinked curiously: "What happened?"

"This Mr. Battleson, he directly sued that magazine," Jonathan Thompson explained.

The usual celebrity approach to defamation was to send a lawyer's letter and then disappear from the news.

But to have Justin Battleson directly send a court summons, that was really a first.