

Spoiled 1271

Chapter 1271: Oliver Hudson, Have You Gone Mad?

While Annie Anne's mind slightly swayed, Oliver Hudson directly lifted her in a horizontal carry.

By the time Annie Anne snapped back to reality, Oliver Hudson had already taken her upstairs.

Tall and with long legs, Oliver Hudson moved swiftly even while carrying Annie Anne.

"Let me go..."

Annie Anne struggled belatedly, frowning fiercely between her brows.

But Oliver Hudson simply ignored it, and Annie Anne, who received no response other than silence, had a terrible look on her face as her attempts to struggle became more aggressive.

"Let me go immediately!"

Annie Anne raised her voice a notch, but it was still of no consequence to Oliver Hudson.

Annie Anne only felt the hand clenching her waist tightening, the fingertips pressing into her skin causing a faint pain.

Half-closing her eyes, just when Annie Anne's patience reached its limit, Oliver Hudson finally put her down.

The room was dim, with only the slender moonlight seeping in from the outside window, reflecting the neon lights flowing in the streets below.

Annie Anne felt her vision as if suddenly withdrawn from the bright corridor; the moment the door shut, her back pressed against the cold door panel.

A crazy and intense kiss came without warning, swallowing all of Annie Anne's words, even her breath.

"Mmm..."

Annie Anne whimpered, but even this faint sound was devoured cleanly by Oliver Hudson.

It was a kiss devoid of any warmth, only mixed with tobacco and strong liquor, almost pathological and heavy breathing intertwined.

Annie Anne felt the hand on her waist tightening gradually, growing hotter and yet she found no way to break free from its grip.

Annie Anne felt as if she was plunging into the deep sea, oxygen rapidly being drawn from her lungs, just when she wondered if she would suffocate, Oliver Hudson finally gave her a breath of air.

Like a dying fish, Annie Anne gasped for breath.

In the darkness, with the loss of vision, other senses become more acute, hence Annie Anne felt the noise around her ears was excessively loud.

In the quiet surroundings, the constant and clear heavy breathing, along with a chaotic heartbeat that came from nowhere, intermingled.

The familiar scent of cologne, as overbearing as the kiss just before, occupied all of Annie Anne, she heaved a deep breath and pushed out a sentence through clenched teeth.

"Oliver Hudson, have you gone mad?" She slowly lifted her eyes, her voice trembling at the end.

"You still recognize me, I see."

Annie Anne just felt a warmth by her ear, the deep voice unceremoniously crashed in, and a tingling sensation spread from her spine up, causing Annie Anne to unnaturally turn her head away.

But even in the darkness, Oliver Hudson noticed Annie Anne's movement, his hand that was pressing against the door panel followed her long hair to stroke her cheek.

His fingertips gently swept across Annie Anne's side face, leaving behind a trail of tingling shivers, then he directly tilted Annie Anne's chin up, twisting her head back.

Facing such contact, Annie Anne's body instinctively struggled, her fingertips accidentally touching a switch nearby.

"Click."

The whole room was instantly enveloped in light, seemingly exposing all that was sordid and filthy for all to see.

Chapter 1272: Afraid?

No one had expected the light to suddenly turn on,

Annie Anne's pupils shrank involuntarily, squinting her eyes briefly, and by the time her eyes had adjusted to the bright light, she was already locking gazes with Oliver Hudson's shadowy eyes.

So familiar that Annie Anne's body couldn't help but tremble uncontrollably.

Seemingly noticing Annie Anne's reaction, Oliver Hudson's fingertips grazed over her lips, where the lipstick had already smeared, adding an unreal allure to her beauty.

"Afraid?"

Oliver Hudson's eyes drooped slightly, casting a small shadow where his thick eyelashes met his pupils.

"Knowing you're afraid, you still dared to come here?"

The fingers pinching her thigh tightened continuously, but the intense pain sobered up Annie Anne's mind somewhat.

She raised her eyebrows slightly, and a faint shimmer danced within her beautiful eyes.

She merely tilted her head slightly to side-step Oliver Hudson's fingers pressing against her chin, then boldly tiptoed closer to whisper in his ear.

"That's because I knew you were here..."

Her soft body pressed against Oliver Hudson's, their body heat permeating and transferring through the thin layer of clothes. Yet, Oliver Hudson thought of the scene he had just witnessed.

She was leaning against that man, the wine glass at her fingertips reflecting the room's light, her face carrying a drunken haze.

This was an appearance he had never seen before.

It was like a net woven from roses, beneath the fragrance and tenderness were thorns piercing into the flesh and bone.

"Did you do this on purpose?"

Because the distance between the two was extremely close, even though Annie Anne dodged quickly, Oliver Hudson's lips still brushed across her cheek.

Hearing such a question from Oliver Hudson, Annie Anne lifted her eyes, seeming as though the alcohol from the drinks she had consumed earlier finally surged, her demeanor exuding a certain laziness.

"What?"

Whether inadvertent or deliberate, a slight smile emerged on Annie Anne's lips.

"Ha..."

Suddenly, Justin Battleson chuckled softly, burying his cheek against the side of Annie Anne's neck. His shoulders trembled slightly with his laughter.

His laughter was faint, making it hard to distinguish the emotions embedded within it.

He should have guessed it earlier.

The person before him was no longer her.

He had destroyed everything she had with his own hands.

After a somewhat sudden burst of laughter, Oliver Hudson's body finally returned to calm.

He raised his hand to grasp Annie Anne's slender waist, which seemed like it could break with just a little force.

He embraced her tightly, bringing their bodies close together.

"Annie."

Oliver Hudson murmured a name that hadn't been used in who knows how long, feeling the slight startle in Annie Anne's body within his embrace.

He liked this reaction.

So he kept calling softly beside Annie Anne's ear.

"Annie, Annie..."

Like calling for some treasured possession in his heart, the words chewed between his lips carried an indecipherable deep meaning.

Due to the height difference, Annie Anne rested her chin on Oliver Hudson's shoulder, her gaze lifting slightly with her movement, noticing the plain white ceiling.

Despite the light being far away from her line of sight, the halo of light made Annie Anne feel a blur and dizziness in her vision.

The heartbeat that was initially pounding in her ear, for some reason, gradually lessened until it finally calmed down.

Chapter 1273: Waiting for you

In the end, Annie Anne could only feel the faint pounding in her chest by holding her breath.

Everything had changed, nothing was the same anymore.

"Annie."

Oliver Hudson murmured with satisfaction, the somewhat childish nickname finally slipping off his lips as he let go of Annie Anne, their eyes locking.

"I don't like it, nor do I want you to appear in places like this, at occasions such as that one."

The pads of Oliver Hudson's fingers glided across Annie Anne's cheek, brushing back strands of hair that clung there.

Though his tone was the most affectionate, the command within it left no room for resistance.

"If Annie doesn't behave, I don't know what I'd do... something you wouldn't like."

The words, almost whispered in Annie Anne's ear, were met with a hint of a smile in her eyes.

Her slender fingertips touched the underside of Oliver Hudson's jaw, then trailed down his throat, stopping finally at the button near his collarbone.

She teased up a smile at the corner of her lips, intentionally curling her fingertip, even purposefully mimicking that pretentious, affected voice.

"Mr. Hudson, why are you here all alone?"

Just like that woman.

Whether in gesture or tone of voice, perhaps even in thought, they were the same.

Oliver Hudson's pupils tightened as he moved slightly closer to Annie Anne: "I'm waiting for someone."

Indeed, all of this was her deliberate doing.

What she wanted was to make herself seen by him.

Just then, Annie Anne's smile blossomed dazzlingly, like an enchanting flower blooming on a desolate branch.

Her fingertips gripped Oliver Hudson's button, slowly undoing it, revealing his robust chest and smooth skin beneath.

Annie Anne tilted her head slightly as she saw Oliver Hudson's eyes darken, while her other hand reached for the wall.

Click.

The familiar sound—only this time, darkness swiftly enveloped them.

"Mr. Hudson, I think I'm drunk..."

Annie Anne's voice flitted through the air like a tender feather.

"What should I do now?"

She pressed herself against Oliver Hudson's ear, kissing the side of his face.

No feigned behavior was necessary anymore to drive Oliver Hudson wild.

Annie Anne alone sufficed.

The crescendo of breaths wove an intimate melody; in the night where dark clouds veiled the moon, the thick moonlight spun a web, tightly ensnaring both their exposed bodies and sealed-off hearts.

...

A sweet dream was shattered by the vibration of a cellphone.

Charlotte Thompson furrowed her brows, reaching for the phone on the nightstand.

Unexpectedly, the moment Charlotte touched her phone, the vibration ceased, yet it had already awakened both her and Justin Battleson.

"What's wrong?"

Justin Battleson's voice was somewhat hoarse as the dim light from Charlotte's phone illuminated half her face.

"Who would call me so late?"

Rubbing her eyes, Charlotte looked at her phone to find the caller was an utterly unfamiliar number.

Since the ring hadn't lasted long, Charlotte chose to silence her phone immediately.

"Perhaps it's a wrong number," Charlotte murmured groggily, lying back down.

Justin Battleson glanced at the phone on the nightstand before drawing Charlotte into his arms, bending his head to kiss her forehead.

Chapter 1274: Identical Faces

Before her, a dense fog had spread without her noticing, making it hard to breathe.

Charlotte Thompson looked around, but found no other traces.

A sense of unease filled Charlotte Thompson's heart, almost subconsciously, she wanted to step back.

However, just as Charlotte Thompson looked up again, she seemed to catch a figure through the dense fog.

Driven by curiosity, Charlotte Thompson stepped towards the figure, and the surrounding fog seemed to have its own will, gradually dissipating as she approached the silhouette.

It was like finding a lifesaving straw in a desperate situation, Charlotte Thompson almost excitedly walked towards the figure, her joy becoming more evident on her face.

Not knowing how long she had walked, she was finally able to see the figure clearly.

"Who are you?"

Charlotte Thompson slowly reached out to tap this person's shoulder, but hesitated in mid-air just before touching it.

Because a strong sense of familiarity instantly flooded her mind.

Charlotte Thompson felt she should not look at this person, but for some reason, she found it hard to control her actions.

At that moment, an intensely cold wind blew from nowhere, Charlotte Thompson raised her arm to shield her cheeks, the wind cutting through her bones painfully.

Only when the cold wind gradually stopped did Charlotte Thompson lower her arm from her face.

As she looked up, she was frightened into immobility.

Because the figure in front of her had turned around.

Charlotte Thompson could vaguely feel as though she was in a dream, yet the surroundings felt like shackles binding her, preventing her from leaving this place.

However, what struck Charlotte Thompson hard was the appearance of this person.

"Why do you look exactly like me?"

Charlotte Thompson touched her own face, astonished at the person in front of her.

An identical face.

Yet, the person in front of her was also panicking, making the same gestures and speaking the same words as Charlotte Thompson.

Charlotte Thompson's pupils contracted, a chill creeping up from beneath her feet, her heart seeming to skip a beat unknowingly.

This is just a dream, she wanted to leave this place.

But just as Charlotte Thompson turned to step back, her wrist was suddenly grabbed.

The other self behind her chuckled lowly with a gloomy laugh.

"Didn't you ask who I am?"

Her voice was exactly like Charlotte Thompson's own.

But now Charlotte Thompson no longer wanted to know the answer; all she wanted was to escape from this terrifying nightmare.

However, she had no means to gain such a power.

"I am Sophie Allen." She slowly pronounced the name.

With a buzz, Charlotte Thompson felt as if something exploded suddenly in her brain.

"I am Sophie Allen, I have returned!"

The fingertips pinching Charlotte Thompson's shoulders spoke loudly and crazily in a tone Charlotte Thompson had never used.

"No, you're not." Charlotte Thompson countered, but suddenly felt that these few words were incredibly weak.

She could only watch as the imposter Sophie Allen continued to approach.

"Help..."

Charlotte Thompson opened her mouth, but felt all words stuck in her throat, those cold hands and that familiar face kept getting closer.

"I've come to take back everything that belongs to me!"

...

"No!"

Charlotte Thompson suddenly sat up from the bed.

Chapter 1275 Sophie Allen

She breathed heavily, with a vast patch of cold sweat on her forehead, even her back felt that sticky sensation.

Seemingly still recalling everything that happened in the nightmare, Charlotte tightly furrowed her brow. Only after she looked around and saw the familiar decor did Charlotte press her lips together and gently exhale.

"What happened?"

Justin, who had been showering, heard Charlotte's voice outside and hurried out, not even bothering to dry the water droplets on his body and hair.

As soon as he came out, he saw Charlotte sitting on the bed with a pale face.

Justin quickly walked over to Charlotte, but before he could do anything, Charlotte already threw herself into Justin's arms.

"It's okay, I'm here, you don't have to be afraid."

Justin's arms tightened as he embraced Charlotte in his arms.

Seeing Charlotte's dazed state, Justin knew it wasn't the right moment to ask for details, so he comforted her in a soft whisper, allowing Charlotte's emotions to stabilize before talking to him.

Leaning into Justin's embrace, Charlotte finally felt somewhat reassured. She took a painful deep breath, but as soon as she closed her eyes, the face identical to hers from the dream resurfaced in her mind.

Charlotte's body trembled once.

Seeing Charlotte in this state, Justin suspected she might have had a nightmare. Aside from distress and concern in his eyes, there was also a hint of doubt.

He had never seen Charlotte so deeply frightened before.

"Justin."

After realizing her heart had calmed down, Charlotte then called Justin's name with a somewhat hoarse voice.

"I'm here, I've always been here." Justin responded to Charlotte without any hesitation, which was the greatest encouragement for her.

"I'm sorry." Charlotte shook her head slightly and looked up at him from his embrace.

"I've worried you."

Charlotte could imagine just how haggard and frightening her current appearance must be.

"What exactly happened? Did you have a nightmare?" Justin gently inquired.

Charlotte's gaze flickered as she quietly asked after a moment of silence.

"Justin, do you believe there are people in this world who look exactly alike?"

Hearing such a question, Justin looked at Charlotte, his hand gently caressing her slightly cold cheek, warming her skin with the heat from his palm.

"In this world, there are not even two identical leaves, so how could there be people who look exactly alike?"

Justin's voice was very soft, continuously soothing Charlotte's anxious heart.

"Perhaps our appearances could be similar, or our features alike, even the aura quite close, but an exact duplicate of a person is impossible, whether by nature or any artificial means."

Charlotte responded softly, then leaned closer into Justin's embrace.

"Just now..."

She paused, her voice still a bit raspy, "Just now, I dreamed about Sophie Allen."

"Sophie Allen?"

Hearing this name, a flicker of confusion crossed Justin's eyes.

He knew very well that Sophie Allen used to be Charlotte.

But now Charlotte is talking about dreaming of Sophie Allen, what does this mean?

"She said, she wants me to return everything that belongs to Sophie Allen, back to her." Charlotte spoke dryly.

Chapter 1276 Comfort

She licked her lips, feeling her throat increasingly tighten.

However, what came next was a shallow low chuckle from Justin Battleson.

"What are you talking about? Whether it's Sophie Allen or Charlotte Thompson, after all, aren't they both the same you? What's the difference and what does it mean to give back everything that belongs to her?"

Justin rested his chin on Charlotte's forehead, using his increasingly gentle voice to relax her tense heart.

"Why would you have such a strange dream?" he asked softly.

"I don't know." Charlotte shook her head very obediently.

"Even so, could the former Sophie Allen take away everything that now belongs to you?"

Justin lowered his head and gently kissed Charlotte's forehead.

"Everything you have now is earned through your own effort, who can take it away from you?"

Hearing this, Charlotte reached out and stopped Justin's neck, his hair tips still damp with droplets that, when falling, actually made Charlotte feel a bit more awake.

"Yes, they are all me, there's no need to keep mulling over things. Perhaps I've been too busy with a lot of recent events, causing some anxiety."

Hearing this, Justin's heart ached a bit as he wrapped his arms around Charlotte's waist.

"Couldn't our Miss Thompson not work so hard? At least relax a bit, and avoid trying to finish everything in such a short span of time."

"Mm..."

Charlotte lightly responded, then sat up straight from Justin's embrace, blinking and asking him:

"It's true that I should relax a bit, but what relaxing things can there be to do in the office?"

Hearing this, Justin's lips curled up, and he leaned down to whisper in Charlotte's ear: "There might not be anything to do in your own office, but in mine, perhaps... it could be different."

Charlotte was stunned for a moment, not quite catching the meaning in Justin's words: "Your office and mine don't have much difference..."

Yet before Charlotte could finish speaking, she met Justin's smiling eyes.

In an instant, a flush spread across Charlotte's face, and she quickly pushed Justin away, scolding him with a coy glance.

"What are you talking about!"

"What did I say? My office has a coffee machine, and if you're feeling bored, you can make a cup of coffee to rest a bit. There are also some books to read, to relax," Justin said with an innocent expression as if not quite understanding why Charlotte suddenly acted this way.

Upon hearing this, Charlotte was so embarrassed she could not squeeze out a single word.

"If not these, what else does Miss Thompson want to do in my office?" Justin reached out and playfully touched Charlotte's tender cheek.

"Tell your husband here, whatever your request, I'll satisfy it."

"Irritating."

Charlotte's cheeks reddened from Justin's teasing, and she hurriedly swatted his hand away, turning her gaze aside to avoid looking at Justin, but this series of small movements only provoked Justin to chuckle softly.

"How about... I keep some plants in the office?"

"Plants, that's a good idea." Justin also agreed, nodding to the suggestion.

"Then what can I keep? Plants should be easier to care for than small animals, right?"

Chapter 1277: Cactus

Charlotte Thompson stroked her chin, seriously contemplating the question.

"Can Miss Thompson think about this question later? Right now, it's time to get up and have breakfast..." Justin Battleson hooked Charlotte's chin and planted a kiss on her forehead, "Or do you want to go back to sleep for a bit more?"

"What 'back to sleep' at this hour."

Charlotte lazily leaned into Justin's embrace, rubbing against him like she was cooing, and mumbled, "The kids should be up by now too, I'll take them to freshen up."

That nightmare was just a minor episode for Charlotte. After breakfast with the kids, Justin accompanied Charlotte to work.

"Sister Charlotte, good morning."

Coco was tidying up her desk and greeted Charlotte with a radiant smile upon her arrival.

Charlotte nodded, and the two went into the office together, where Coco handed over the documents that Charlotte needed.

"Having you by my side to help me makes dealing with complicated matters so much easier."

Looking at the neatly organized documents in her hands, Charlotte couldn't help but sigh and generously praised Coco.

"Sister Charlotte, don't say that. I'm usually not much help, and if I can't even handle this much as your assistant, I might as well resign directly."

Coco scratched her face somewhat embarrassedly and flashed a shy smile at Charlotte.

Seeing this, Charlotte teased her.

"How come the ordinarily carefree Coco is suddenly shy?"

"Not at all." Coco was taken aback and then shook her head repeatedly.

Charlotte raised an eyebrow, casting a skeptical look at Coco.

"Ah, right, Sister Charlotte, I have something for you." Coco realized the conversation was veering off course, slapped her forehead, and swiftly changed the subject before dashing out of Charlotte's office.

"What's with this little girl, she's still not over her teasing ways." Charlotte shook her head helplessly, but soon Coco reappeared with something in her hands.

"Sister Charlotte, this is for you."

What Coco held was a palm-sized cactus, plump and with a fresh yellow-green color, looking very cute.

"A cactus?" Charlotte blinked and asked, "You mean you're giving it to me?"

"Sister Charlotte, you're always sitting in front of the computer, and I heard cacti can absorb some radiation. Plus, it's so cute—it can also serve as a decoration on your desk." Coco earnestly explained.

Hearing this, Charlotte couldn't help but laugh: "How did you know I was thinking of getting some plants for the office recently?"

"What, Sister Charlotte, you want to grow plants? What plants do you want to grow? How many do you need?"

Once the conversation turned to this topic, Coco suddenly became excited, her eyes gleaming as she looked at Charlotte and caught her off guard with her enthusiasm.

"I haven't decided yet, but since you've given me this cactus, does that mean you're pretty knowledgeable about growing plants?"

Charlotte took the cactus from Coco and examined it in the palm of her hand, finding it amusing.

"Well..." Coco coughed awkwardly: "Actually, I don't think I have a natural gift for growing plants."

"Aside from cacti and succulents, other plants are just too difficult for me."

"Succulent plants, huh..."

Chapter 1278: Mysterious Call

After listening to Coco's words, Charlotte Thompson touched her chin: "Succulents are cute, but they are a bit small. Is there a particularly large one available?"

Charlotte Thompson felt that with her own level, managing one or two plants was already pushing her limits.

For small plants like succulents, having just a small pot to herself, there's a chance she might ignore it when placed somewhere.

"Or should I buy a big cactus?"

Charlotte Thompson tapped on her desk while voicing her final idea.

"Maybe it can absorb more radiation and also serve as a self-defense tool."

Coco's mouth twitched, she originally tried to hold back her laughter, but in the end, she failed.

"Sister Charlotte, that's so like you."

"Ah, I just don't have any other ideas," Charlotte Thompson and Coco bantered back and forth.

Just then, Charlotte Thompson's phone, which had been set aside, started ringing, and she glanced at it, finding a strange number.

Listening more doubtfully, she looked at the number several times, feeling it seemed somewhat familiar, yet couldn't recall anything, and hastily answered the call.

"Hello, yes?"

But there was no immediate response from the other end of the phone, which made Charlotte Thompson a bit puzzled as she glanced at her phone screen, confirming that the call was indeed connected.

"Hello? Yes?"

Charlotte Thompson again tentatively inquired, and there still was no immediate reply from the other end. Just as Charlotte Thompson was wondering if it was a wrong call, a somewhat hoarse male voice slowly transmitted from the phone.

"Charlotte, do you remember me?"

The man's voice had a grating, gravelly quality to it that made one's scalp tingle.

A chill went down Charlotte Thompson's spine, and the smile on her face darkened.

"Who are you?"

She couldn't recognize the voice, and the number was also very strange, yet this person could call her by name.

"Charlotte, how long has it been since we last met? Do you know how miserable I am now?"

However, the voice on the other end ignored Charlotte Thompson's cautious inquiry and continued speaking on its own.

"So, could you lend me some money as compensation? After all, it's you who have put me in this situation."

The man coughed, continuing his speech, but Charlotte Thompson felt a chill down her spine and didn't care about anything else, promptly hanging up the phone.

"What kind of person?" Charlotte Thompson furrowed her brows deeply.

Noticing that something was off with Charlotte Thompson's expression, Coco cautiously asked, "Sister Charlotte, what happened? You look pale."

Taking a deep breath, Charlotte Thompson shook her head at Coco: "Nothing..."

She paused for a moment, speculating about the phone call in her mind, but chose another explanation for Coco.

"It was just a phone scam."

"Oh my, you have to be careful then. Phone scams are especially wicked nowadays and utterly hard to guard against. You should block that number right away," Coco muttered softly.

"I know." Charlotte Thompson nodded.

Since this call came through, she no longer had the mood to discuss the relaxed topic of plant care with Coco.

After Coco left her office, Charlotte Thompson directly called Jack Bryant.

"Jack Bryant, help me check the area code of this number, and as for the specific information, get as much as you can."

Chapter 1279: Getting out of Prison?

During the time Charlotte Thompson reached out to Jack Bryant, she also received a text on her phone, simply consisting of six words.

[Let's meet up.]

Looking at the words, Charlotte's gaze gradually turned cold.

This time, Charlotte did not choose any form of response after reading the message, she simply ignored it.

Soon, Charlotte's phone rang again. Perhaps it was because Charlotte didn't react, the person who sent the anonymous message became somewhat urgent.

"I've come to this pass all because of you."

Fingertips paused on the smartphone screen for a while, Charlotte turned on her computer beside her, and after some actions and searches, a spreadsheet popped up on the screen.

At this moment, Jack also made a call.

"Miss, I've looked into the number you asked me to investigate. It turns out it was just obtained yesterday in this city, but the information of the person who registered the number is incorrect."

"Okay, I got it, thank you for your hard work."

After hanging up the phone, Charlotte did not intend to check the information sent by Jack, instead, her gaze was fixed on the spreadsheet displayed on the computer screen.

The hand resting on the table clenched tighter, and Charlotte's previously calm and undisturbed eyes began to surge with a different emotion.

Ultimately, Charlotte picked up her phone and replied with a message, typing a name she hadn't mentioned in a long time.

"Ryan Richard."

She waited for a while, but there was no reply from that number, and Charlotte coldly curved the corners of her lips.

Indeed, once she had guessed the identity of the person, he had nothing left to say.

However, Charlotte had to admit that the person's actions of making anonymous calls and sending anonymous messages did incite a fleeting panic in her heart.

Charlotte didn't think it was someone's prank.

There were not many who hated her and could say such things.

The only thing that Charlotte didn't expect, was why Ryan Richard would be released from prison at this time?

She remembered that Zoe Anne sent Ryan Richard to prison as a scapegoat and he was sentenced to three years, but it had been only three months since Ryan Richard entered the prison.

Yet recently, when she investigated through some means, his name was glaringly present on the prison release list.

Charlotte didn't believe the prison guards released Ryan early out of pity for him being a fallen rich second generation.

Now there was only one possibility for Ryan Richard to be able to come out.

Someone helped him.

Charlotte's brow furrowed deeply, feeling that some things were beginning to stray outside the scope of her expectations.

With that thought, Charlotte didn't hesitate for a moment and got up to walk towards Justin Battleson's office.

She naturally would consult with Justin Battleson straightaway on such matters.

However, coincidentally, Justin Battleson was attending a corporate board meeting at this time.

"Madam, if you have anything important to say, I will notify the president immediately."

Michael Richard saw that Charlotte came with a tense expression and requested to see Justin, naturally sensing it was something important.

"It's nothing, I'll come back after Justin's meeting is over."

Charlotte shook her head, as there were also some problems at the company's board meeting.

If she disturbed Justin now, it would be easy for those people to detect any clues, but waiting a while longer wouldn't pose any problems.

Chapter 1280: Rambling

However, what Charlotte Thompson did not expect was that the world changes unpredictably.

Sometimes, some things can change drastically within just a few minutes or seconds.

Charlotte did not return to her office immediately, but instead went to the design department, as the deadline for completing the collaboration with XTZ was drawing increasingly close.

Her timely reminders could also allow some time for final modifications.

However, she did not expect the results from the design department to be quite dissatisfying.

Charlotte looked at the finished products in the design department, her eyebrows furrowing deeply as she questioned, "Is this the final product you are presenting to me?"

Charlotte glanced at the clothes on the rack, her smile turning stern for the first time.

"Doesn't Miss Thompson have one more week until the final deadline? This time should be sufficient to complete the garments," one of the designers immediately explained.

"So, are you planning to finish the task in the last second of the countdown on the final day?"

Charlotte usually appears gentle and approachable, but when it comes to work-related matters, she becomes very serious and strict, and sometimes her demands can even be described as devilish.

Of course, these devilish demands Charlotte sets are only for herself, while for other designers in the company, she just demands according to the normal industry standards.

After all, the company conducts inspections a few days before the deadline to ensure that the products are completed by the designers.

"Since the deadline has been given, there shouldn't be a problem to submit the designs on that day, right?"

The designer, looking at Charlotte, couldn't help but retort somewhat defiantly.

"What will you do if you find defects in the designs on the last day? Will you still have time to make corrections?"

Charlotte's tone was very calm, but it carried an authority that was hard to contradict.

"So many unforeseen circumstances, unnecessary worries," Florienna Ellis muttered under her breath from a corner.

Usually, her casual remark might not be heard, but in the quiet of the design department where a pin drop could be distinctly heard, her words were clearly audible.

"It seems Mr. Ellis is quite confident in his work, by the way, I wonder where Mr. Ellis's designs are, can you show them to me?"

Charlotte looked over, giving her a faint smile.

Florienna, suddenly called out by Charlotte, was taken aback, and upon hearing Charlotte wanting to see her own work directly, Florienna couldn't maintain her composure anymore.

"They are just some semi-finished products that Miss Thompson is very dissatisfied with, there's no absolute need to see them."

Florienna glanced towards Teddy Carter standing nearby.

She had no tasks.

Her tasks were all handled by Teddy Carter, and now Charlotte wanted to see what she could present.

However, Charlotte did not overlook the subtle gestures between Florienna and Teddy Carter, she chuckled softly, observing the designers Teddy initially chose, all of whom were those friendly with him in reviews.

Charlotte remembered these faces clearly.

"You all are very talented designers, and I believe in your capabilities. Let's keep up the good work,"

Charlotte said and then left.

After all, if it weren't for this collaboration project, Charlotte normally wouldn't manage these designers; after all, it wasn't her position to do so.

As for these casual individuals, a day will come when they will be taught a harsh lesson.