

Spoiled 1301

Chapter 1301: Bite Marks on the Arm

"Why does this scene feel so familiar?"

Adam Ross leaned in close to Harper Gibson, whispering to him.

"Have you forgotten how our second brother drowned his sorrows in booze that time?" Harper nudged Adam with his elbow, a slight furrow in his brow.

"How could I forget? I almost died drinking with the second brother that time," Adam said, his stomach starting to ache at the memory of that dark experience.

"That's because you can't hold your liquor,"

Harper lounged comfortably, spreading his arms out on the sofa.

"If that's the case, then you show me how it's done,"

Adam raised an eyebrow at Harper, gesturing towards the almost-empty bottle of whisky in front of Justin Battleson.

"Damn... life-threatening, that. The bottle isn't filled with water, is it? Typical of our second brother,"

Harper couldn't help giving a silent thumbs-up.

Seemingly having heard the whispers of Adam Ross and Harper Gibson, Justin Battleson reclined lazily, with the smooth lines of his neck revealed as he tilted his head back.

With a hint of annoyance, Justin frowned and undid a few more buttons on his shirt.

"Didn't you come here to drink with me? Why isn't anyone taking action?"

Justin lowered his head again and slowly addressed Adam and Harper in front of him.

He swirled the remaining ice cubes in his glass, seemingly enjoying the sound, his eyes closing gently.

"We can drink, but let's take it slow. After all, you came here to drown your sorrows with liquor, second brother. What if you get so drunk that you end up even more troubled?"

Adam poured himself a drink and spoke.

No sooner had he finished speaking than Harper nudged him with his elbow: "You really don't know how to talk."

"I call it tough love, alright?" Adam took a sip from his glass and turned his head to look towards the door.

"When have we ever seen our big brother be late? What's going on today?"

However, just as Adam finished speaking, the room door opened and Oliver Hudson walked in.

"Sorry for being late."

Casually tossing his coat aside, Oliver Hudson made his way to an armchair and settled into a comfortable position.

He glanced at Justin Battleson, who was sullenly drinking away, and nudged his chin toward Adam and Harper.

"What's going on?"

"Who knows? He hasn't said a word since coming in, just drinking away,"

Adam poured a drink for Oliver and pushed it towards him. As Oliver reached for it, Adam suddenly let out a yelp.

"You gave me a scare."

Harper looked at Adam with a peculiar expression, and Justin Battleson also raised his eyebrows with a frown.

"Big brother... where did that bite mark on your arm come from?"

Oliver Hudson had rolled up his sleeves when he sat down, naturally revealing his robust forearm, which bore a very noticeable bite mark on his right arm.

"None of your business."

Looking down at the bite mark on his arm, Oliver Hudson clicked his tongue as if realizing something.

The expression on his face, as seen by Adam and Harper, made them exchange glances and then silently place their palms over their hearts.

"Is this the fate of a single dog?" Adam Ross tangled his brows.

Oliver Hudson didn't pay any attention to Adam and Harper's antics, instead stretching his glass toward Justin Battleson for a toast.

Chapter 1302: Drowning Sorrows in Alcohol

"Did you... have a fight with Charlotte Thompson?"

Oliver Hudson glanced over and asked.

"Yeah."

Justin Battleson replied heavily, his fingers gripping the cup increasingly tight, his knuckles turning somewhat pale.

Adam Ross quickly clinked his glass against Justin's, saying, "Take it easy, don't crush the glass. But you and Charlotte..."

He had barely uttered the name Charlotte before he felt a sharp glower from Justin, startling him into immediately correcting himself.

"You and your sister-in-law are so close, how could you possibly argue?"

"Huh? Argue?" Harper Gibson reacted as if he had heard something utterly inconceivable, smoothing his hair, "Have I lost my memory? I remember yesterday's top trending search was about when you two are getting married. Didn't you just flaunt your affection for each other in a live broadcast?"

What a joke, that product live stream yesterday must have slayed so many single people.

"So, we should cool off a bit..." Justin Battleson clenched his teeth, murmuring softly.

"If you two have misunderstandings, why not just clear them up?" Adam Ross leaned back, a hint of unusual emotion flickering through his pupils.

"Big bro, I didn't think you were someone to be so insincere..."

Justin Battleson didn't speak, just kept pouring alcohol into his mouth sullenly.

"Could it be because of Justin..."

Adam seemed to recall something, but before he could finish, his mouth was abruptly filled with a huge chunk of ice.

He cast a resentful glare at Harper Gibson beside him, who responded by winking and grimacing at him.

The two men silently clinked glasses, not saying anything more.

However, everyone present understood certain things all too well.

"Adam is right; since there's a misunderstanding between you two, just talk it out. The barrier is your own reluctance."

Oliver Hudson spoke nonchalantly, "You two could use some time to cool off, just like you came to find us, she's probably gone to see Annie."

"I know that."

Justin Battleson casually responded, his eyes blurred by the rich fragrance of the alcohol.

"But, I never thought... she would lie to me..."

Remembering some things and feeling the pain inside, Justin Battleson's brows furrowed deeply.

He wanted to see Charlotte Thompson, yet whenever he tried to stand up and walk out, he lacked the courage.

Justin Battleson never imagined he could be so cowardly.

He could only run here to drown his sorrows with booze.

"Charlotte."

Cold droplets from the glass slid down slowly along the clear glass, diffusing at the tips of Justin Battleson's fingers, as he gazed at the reflection in the liquor and whispered softly.

"Are you really lying to me..."

The other three exchanged glances; it was then Harper Gibson voluntarily raised his glass.

"Since we're going to drink, let's drink heartily tonight!"

The sound of glasses clinking rang out following Harper's words.

...

"Really, I spend every day maintaining purity and cultivating my character with the old man, it has been a long time since I drank so much," said Adam Ross, finishing his drink and seeming to choke, coughing into his fist.

Then he relaxed, leaning against the back of the sofa chair, lazily lifting his eyes to look at the others present, whose condition was not much better than his own.

Chapter 1303: Fear of Gain and Loss

"I reek of alcohol; I definitely can't go back to the Ross Family now, otherwise my old man would break my legs..."

Hearing Adam Ross's words, Justin Battleson, who had been closing his eyes and pinching the bridge of his nose, stood up at this moment and walked towards the door.

"I really did drink a bit too much..."

Justin muttered softly, planning to go to the end of the corridor to find a place to get some air, hoping to sober up.

This time Justin did indeed drink fiercely, but now, every time he closed his eyes, all he could think of was the way Charlotte Thompson looked at him.

The light that flickered in her eyes seemed to be slowly fading.

"You don't believe me?"

Her words were so light they seemed like a feather, which could disappear without a trace with just a little effort.

How could he not believe her.

Yet, he couldn't find any information about the person who sent him those pictures.

Two photographs, both sent to him by an anonymous email.

The purpose was to extort a sum of money from him.

At first, Justin completely disbelieved that the photographs were real, but later he had Michael Richard investigate them and found that there were no traces of forgery at all.

In that instant, Justin admitted that he was indeed panicked.

But he was still willing to believe Charlotte, to believe that she wouldn't meet with Leon Battleson without any reason.

So Justin called Charlotte, but what greeted him in the end was the long tone of the line ringing unanswered.

Afterwards, he pinned all his hopes on Charlotte.

Hoping she could tell him everything, using her words to shatter all his suspicions.

But the truth told him that Charlotte truly deceived him.

In that instant, Justin felt as if every word, every letter Charlotte said to him was like a sharp knife, gouging out harsh wounds in his heart.

Justin has always been a person who is haunted by the fear of loss.

He fears that everything he has now will vanish in the blink of an eye.

He thought there were no secrets between them.

But in the end, he found out that Charlotte was still secretly investigating him.

But why?

Looking down at the tip of his shoe, the blurry double images in front of his eyes made Justin furrow his brows in displeasure.

Justin shook his head, but the image of Charlotte's tear-streaked face emerged in his mind.

In an instant, Justin felt his mind go blank.

"Charlotte..."

Justin's elbow rested on the wall, he clenched his teeth, and in a trance, his expression became clear again.

He had to see Charlotte, no matter what, he had to see his Charlotte at this time.

Adam was right, if there were misunderstandings between them, wouldn't it be fine once they talked it out?

Even if she still chose to deceive him in the end.

Then he would accept it willingly.

With this decision made, a determined look flashed in Justin's eyes, and just as he was about to set off, a person hurried around the corner.

Justin reacted and wanted to dodge, but under the influence of alcohol, his body had become sluggish, and he ended up colliding with the person in front of him.

Justin heard a grunt of pain from the person in front of him, then saw them fall to the ground.

However, at this moment, Justin had only one thought in his mind: to see Charlotte, so he had no intention of paying attention to the person on the ground.

The next second, a voice reached him, making Justin's footsteps halt on the spot.

"Justin?"

Chapter 1304: I am Charlotte Thompson!

Justin Battleson was momentarily stunned. Why did this voice sound so familiar?

Before he could react, the person on the ground had already climbed up and grabbed his sleeve.

"Justin, I knew you were here!"

Justin Battleson's gaze shifted towards the direction of the voice, and his eyes lit up when he saw the face before him.

"Charlotte!"

A smile tugged at the corners of Justin Battleson's lips as he reached out and grabbed the wrist of the person in front of him, his chest heaving with breaths.

The face in front of him was somewhat blurry, but seemed to look exactly like Charlotte Thompson.

"Charlotte, what are you doing here?"

Justin Battleson originally wanted to pull the person into his arms, but for some reason, he halted the motion and just pinched the person's wrist instead.

"Justin... I came to find you."

Charlotte Thompson in front of him chuckled softly, lowering her voice a bit as she moved closer.

"You came looking for me..."

Justin Battleson's brows furrowed, he muttered softly what Charlotte had said, then lowered his eyes.

"Charlotte, I'm sorry, I should have believed you, I should believe whatever you say... I shouldn't have treated you like that, it's all my fault..."

After saying this, Justin Battleson saw the expression on the face before him seemed a bit startled.

So he cautiously moved closer, trying to lower his voice like she did earlier, but as he drew closer to the person before him, Justin Battleson stiffened completely.

This wasn't his Charlotte.

His Charlotte never looked at him with such eyes.

Justin Battleson quickly let go of the person's wrist, the somewhat wronged and helpless expression immediately turned stone cold.

"I'm sorry, I mistook you for someone else."

Justin Battleson immediately apologized and then turned to leave, a stark contrast to the bewildered state he was in from being drunk just moments ago.

"Justin, are you so drunk that you don't even recognize me?"

Just as Justin Battleson turned away, Evelyn Curtis grabbed his hand.

"Justin, take a good look, I really am Charlotte Thompson."

Evelyn Curtis pointed to her face, saying with utmost seriousness.

Her actions, speech, and even tone were deliberately imitating Charlotte Thompson.

Her face almost had no big difference from Charlotte Thompson's; she couldn't believe that the drunk Justin Battleson could still tell the difference.

She had been waiting here for such a long time, finally having Justin Battleson come out, she definitely wouldn't give up such a great opportunity.

But she thought about the words Justin Battleson had just said in front of her.

He would actually choose to trust Charlotte Thompson unconditionally!

What kind of enchantment had that wench fed Justin Battleson to have such a great man revolve around her?

Taking a deep breath, Evelyn Curtis suppressed the agitation in her eyes and reached out to support the staggering Justin Battleson, gently saying beside him:

"Justin, you're drunk, let me help you rest."

"Charlotte..."

Justin Battleson murmured, seemingly truly uncomfortable, he furrowed his brows tightly.

"Yes, I'm here."

Evelyn Curtis gathered her long hair, holding Justin Battleson's arm, and then helped him to the room.

Looking at the face so close to hers, the heart that had once died started beating again.

Chapter 1305: Getting Close to Him

No matter how many times, as long as she saw Justin Battleson, her affection for him would only deepen, her desire to possess him intensify.

After all, Justin Battleson was a tall, grown man, helping him to his room and finally placing him on the bed...

It was indeed no small task.

It was a herculean effort that could shake heaven and earth, plus Evelyn Curtis was so nervous around Justin that she held her breath throughout.

After placing Justin on the bed, Evelyn Curtis finally couldn't hold it in any longer, and started breathing heavily leaning against the doorframe.

But if it meant she could have Justin, any amount of hardship was worth it.

Looking at the man on the bed, Evelyn Curtis couldn't help but crack a proud smile.

She lightened her footsteps, moving cautiously forward, but then she saw Justin, who initially had his eyes half-closed, now lying on the bed casting a cold glance in her direction.

Evelyn Curtis was startled, feeling a chill climbing up her spine in an instant.

Even forgetting to breathe, Evelyn Curtis pursed her lips, adjusting so her voice didn't sound so tense.

However, at this moment, Justin twisted his head on the bed, his expression returning to its previous blank state.

"Charlotte, why don't you come over?"

It was then Evelyn Curtis breathed a sigh of relief, awkwardly touching her face, thinking that Justin had sobered up just now.

She walked up to Justin, and when she did, she saw his features up close.

It had been so long since she'd seen Justin.

In the past, she was always by his side as Evelyn Curtis.

But ever since Charlotte Thompson appeared, all that had been hers was destroyed and taken away.

Whether it was Justin Battleson or the Battleson lady, all of those should have been hers!

Now, Evelyn Curtis has returned!

Charlotte Thompson, the debts you owe me, it's time to pay them back fully!

Starting with the man first.

Evelyn Curtis took a deep breath, slowly approaching Justin, and just as she was about to kiss Justin's lips, Justin who was lying steadily on the bed unexpectedly sat up abruptly.

Instead of his lips, her lips now accidentally landed on the collar of Justin's shirt.

And her forehead smashed hard into Justin's chin, coupled with the force of Justin sitting up suddenly, she was thrown off balance backwards.

Evelyn Curtis held her head, the piercing pain emanating from her forehead made her fingers curl up within themselves.

Ever since her face was altered by Leon Battleson, she had a side effect; any injury on the facial skin would hurt tens of times more than ordinary wounds.

Even such a light bump made Evelyn Curtis feel as if her forehead was being ripped open.

"Justin?" Holding back her pain, Evelyn Curtis looked up at Justin who was standing up from the bed.

However, Justin did not give her another glance and straightaway moved to walk out of the room.

Seeing this, Evelyn Curtis hurriedly stumbled up, trying to grab Justin's wrist again.

"Justin, where are you going?"

But this time, Justin unhesitatingly shook off Evelyn Curtis's hand.

Turning his head, Justin's sharp and cold gaze swept over her face, like a harsh winter wind that made the bones ache.

"Who are you?"

This question stunned Evelyn Curtis.

She swallowed, her throat still dry and hoarse, trying to calm her anxious heart before she responded: "I am Charlotte Thompson..."

Chapter 1306: Off by Ten Thousand Times

"Justin, I'm your Charlotte, don't you recognize me? Are you just too drunk..."

As she spoke, Evelyn Curtis was about to reach for Justin Battleson's arm, but Justin reacted quickly, grabbing Evelyn by the neck and pinning her against the wall.

"Speak! Who are you?"

Justin's voice was icy cold, and in that instant, Evelyn felt as though she had returned to those darkest of days, when a knife seemed perpetually perched above her neckline.

By instinct, her body trembled slightly.

"I said..." Evelyn's lips quivered, yet she couldn't utter a single coherent sentence.

It was then that Justin released his grip.

However, he furrowed his brows as if he had touched something, rubbed his fingertips, and quickly distanced himself from Evelyn in front of him.

The very next second, Justin seemed to revert back to his usual cold and noble self. As his thin lips parted slightly, he spoke slowly:

"Are your eyes malfunctioning?"

The tentative tone of his voice indeed confirmed that Justin was still drunk.

"What?" Evelyn was stunned by Justin's insult.

"Have the audacity to claim you're my Charlotte when you look like that?"

Justin swiftly sized up Evelyn with his eyes, followed by a cold snort from his nostrils.

"If you don't own a mirror, I'll buy you one. You're a thousand times, no, ten thousand times worse than our Charlotte, and yet you spout such nonsense here."

Not caring about whatever expression Evelyn would show, he turned and left, leaving behind only one sentence.

"Since the world is fraught with peril, one should at least be self-aware."

The resounding slam of the door finally shook Evelyn out of her stupor.

Evelyn's pupils dilated, seemingly unable to believe what she had just experienced.

She reached out to touch her face.

This face was not much different from that of Charlotte Thompson.

And Justin had said those things about her?

An uncontrollable rage burned in her chest, causing her body to heave violently. Unable to restrain herself any longer, Evelyn grabbed the bedding and pillows from the bed and threw them onto the floor, screaming aloud to vent her fury.

"Justin Battleson, you just wait; one day, I will make you kneel before me!"

...

Meanwhile.

Charlotte Thompson was still at Annie Anne's place, the two sat side by side on the sofa, watching a movie projected on the screen.

Suddenly, Charlotte turned to Annie beside her and said, "I think you were right."

Annie jumped with fright and turned towards her with a very friendly smile.

"Sis, could you please not start talking to me so suddenly when it's all quiet? Don't you know we're watching a suspenseful horror movie?"

Charlotte sat up properly and pursed her lips as Annie used the remote to pause the projection.

"Where do you think I was right?"

"If there's a misunderstanding between us, why not just talk it out directly? Besides, it was me who initially deceived Justin, so if he wants to know the truth, I'll just tell him everything. Whether he believes me or not..."

Charlotte's voice paused for a moment.

Then, she clenched her hands resting on her lap and when she looked up, her eyes sparkled with a very determined light.

Chapter 1307: Hold Her Tight

"He will definitely believe in me, and I believe in him just the same." Charlotte Thompson said firmly.

Looking up at Charlotte Thompson, Annie Anne gave her a smile: "If that's the case, why are you still lingering here? Hurry up and go back, maybe Justin Battleson is already waiting for you at home."

"Thank you, Annie."

Charlotte Thompson extended her arms and gave Annie Anne a big hug, saying, "Take good care of yourself."

After patting Annie Anne's back and giving her another piece of advice, Charlotte Thompson got up and left Annie Anne's home.

Watching Charlotte Thompson's gradually receding figure, the smile that was originally on Annie Anne's face gradually faded away.

She slowly turned her head and curled up on the sofa.

"Believe..."

Annie Anne murmured these two words and finally let out a light snort from her throat.

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Outside the villa.

Charlotte Thompson glanced and noticed that there was no light in the villa, which made her heart sink.

It turns out that Justin Battleson hadn't come back.

Despite thinking this way, Charlotte Thompson still raised her foot and stepped into the room.

Just as Charlotte Thompson had just turned on the living room light and was preparing to hang her jacket on the rack, a voice sounded from not far away.

"Charlotte?"

Charlotte Thompson was startled, and when she turned her head, she saw Justin Battleson sitting upright on the sofa, his face finally breaking into a smile as he looked up at her.

"You are actually at home!"

Charlotte Thompson looked around somewhat helplessly and asked, "If you're home, why didn't you turn on the lights? Sitting there in the dark..."

Before Charlotte Thompson could finish her words, Justin Battleson rushed towards her and wrapped his arms around her.

"Charlotte, you are back..."

Justin Battleson buried his cheek against Charlotte Thompson's neck, rubbing it continuously, like a large dog acting coquettishly.

Justin Battleson hummed softly by Charlotte Thompson's ear, continuously calling out her name.

Intense alcohol fumes rushed into Charlotte Thompson's nose with Justin Battleson's arrival, scrambling to fill her senses.

Charlotte Thompson knitted her brows and pushed Justin Battleson a bit, trying to keep him, reeking of alcohol, a bit further away from herself.

But Justin Battleson was unwilling to let go at all, the more Charlotte Thompson pushed, the tighter he gripped her.

"Charlotte... I know I was wrong, I shouldn't have treated you like that, don't push me away, I really realize my mistake... I'm really scared... I don't want to lose you, I don't want you to just leave me suddenly..."

Justin Battleson continued to murmur, his voice becoming increasingly hoarse, and later, Charlotte Thompson could only hear the sound of his breathing by her ear.

"Wife, please don't leave me, okay?" Justin Battleson said softly next to her.

"Justin Battleson, let me go first."

Charlotte Thompson patted Justin Battleson's back, she was becoming a little breathless from the tight embrace.

"I won't let go, if I do, you'll leave me."

However, Justin Battleson was visibly confused by now, and no matter what Charlotte Thompson said, he just kept shaking his head.

"If you don't let go now, you'll strangle me to death."

Charlotte Thompson spoke somewhat exasperatedly, and these words alarmed Justin Battleson, causing him to spring away from her abruptly.

Justin Battleson watched Charlotte Thompson cautiously and carefully as she stood in front of him, then reached out trying to touch her cheek.

But in the end, he put his hand down and instead chose to hook Charlotte Thompson's fingers, clutching them in his palm and not letting go.

Chapter 1308: I Love You Too, Charlotte.

Watching Justin Battleson's series of actions, Charlotte Thompson found it somewhat amusing.

Justin Battleson was not a heavy drinker, and his alcohol tolerance was not bad, even though there were some entertainments in the company from time to time.

However, Charlotte had never seen Justin Battleson like he was now.

It turns out that when Justin Battleson had too much to drink, he became like a child.

"Wife?" Seeing that Charlotte did not speak, Justin Battleson carefully lifted his eyes, and spoke weakly.

Charlotte's eyebrows twitched.

Rather than saying Justin Battleson was acting a bit like a child, it was more like he was now a clingy large dog.

"Don't call me that randomly." Charlotte looked at the somewhat confused Justin Battleson in front of her and actually found it a bit interesting.

"Then... baby?" Justin Battleson tilted his head towards Charlotte, trying out another term of endearment.

Charlotte's expression became somewhat strange.

Normally, she was the one who called her children "baby," and now hearing it felt rather odd.

Justin Battleson seemed to have noticed what Charlotte was thinking, and he frowned as he drew several circles in the air.

Great, now Justin Battleson started calling her all sorts of things like "sweetheart," "dear wife," making Charlotte feel as though she was breaking out in goosebumps.

"Stop."

Charlotte directly raised her hand, stopping the babbling Justin Battleson.

Although Justin Battleson appeared fine on the surface, how could he be this drunk?

How much had Justin Battleson drunk?

Charlotte's eyebrows knitted together, thinking of going to the kitchen to pour Justin Battleson a glass of honey water, but as soon as she was about to leave, Justin's hand reached out and grabbed her wrist.

However, the alcohol made Justin unable to control his own strength, and he directly pulled Charlotte onto the sofa.

"Ah!"

Hank Thompson watched the pressing Justin Battleson, and his expression gradually became cautious.

"Justin Battleson, get off me right now!"

But Justin Battleson tilted his head, wrapped his arms around Charlotte's waist, and rested his head on her shoulder.

"Charlotte, I'm sorry..." Justin Battleson murmured softly, repeating himself over and over.

"I shouldn't have doubted you, but I am so terrified that one day you might suddenly leave me. I've lost everything already, Charlotte, I can't lose you too, Charlotte... as long as you don't suddenly disappear, I'll be fine with anything you do to me, I will believe whatever you say... I'm sorry Charlotte..."

Hearing this, Charlotte was stunned for a moment.

Charlotte remembered the things about his childhood that Justin Battleson had shared with her.

In Justin Battleson's mind, it was the appearance of Leon Battleson that caused him to lose everything.

She also met with Leon Battleson in the meantime, without telling Justin Battleson.

Charlotte could understand the feeling of insecurity Justin Battleson possessed.

Charlotte raised her hand, pressing her palm against Justin Battleson's back.

"I will never leave you, Justin."

Hearing Charlotte's words, Justin Battleson propped himself up on top of her, his beautiful phoenix eyes looking straight at Charlotte, unable to hide the surprise in his eyes.

"Charlotte, what did you say?"

"I will never leave you."

Charlotte stretched out her hand to hold Justin Battleson's cheek, her expression serious as she looked at him.

"I'm saying I love you."

In an instant, Charlotte saw Justin Battleson's pupils tremble violently, then he blinked, and a joyful smile crept across his lips.

"I love you too, Charlotte."

His fingertips grazed Charlotte's eyebrows and eyes, the slightly ticklish sensation causing Charlotte to lower her eyelashes involuntarily.

Chapter 1309: Lipstick Mark

However, it was precisely because of that motion.

Charlotte Thompson saw it at a glance, the red mark at Justin Battleson's collar.

Charlotte could never mistake it, it was lipstick, a woman's lip print.

At that moment, she felt as if the blood running through her body had turned to ice.

Both alcohol and lipstick marks, so Justin Battleson had gone off to some pleasurable diversion.

Charlotte blinked dumbly, and by the time she snapped back to reality, Justin's kiss was almost upon her.

Just then, Charlotte firmly placed her hand against Justin's face.

Then she used all the strength she had to push Justin off her.

Justin, caught completely off-guard by Charlotte's actions, fell off the sofa and curled up in pain, his facial features twisted together.

As Justin looked up, his eyes met Charlotte's, which held a hint of a smile.

"Let's go somewhere else."

Charlotte leaned down and whispered to Justin lightly.

Justin sat on the floor in a daze, until Charlotte, who had already started up the staircase, called out his name.

"What are you still doing there? Come on." As she spoke, Charlotte gestured to Justin, beckoning him with her hand.

Justin felt his heart race uncontrollably; he clenched his palm and quickly followed Charlotte's footsteps.

He saw Charlotte lead him into the bedroom, into the bathroom.

Finally, Charlotte stood in front of the bathtub, showing Justin a tender smile: "How about it, do you like it here?"

Justin looked at Charlotte before him, his throat moving up and down.

Why did it feel like Charlotte in front of him had changed so much?

Blinking his eyes, Justin finally found his voice again, pressing a hand against the buttons on his chest and leisurely began to unfasten them.

"As long as Charlotte treasures it, anything is fine."

Justin stepped towards Charlotte, reaching out his hand to draw her into his arms.

But unexpectedly, Charlotte dodged aside and then slammed her hand onto Justin's shoulder, pushing him straight into the bathtub.

"Then you can enjoy yourself all alone!"

Charlotte turned on the shower next to her and threw it on Justin, glaring at him fiercely, then immediately turned and left the bathroom.

Justin, chilled by the cold water from the shower, started violently and even choked on a few mouthfuls, sitting half-dressed in the bathtub in a bit of disarray, naturally waking up sober.

"Charlotte... cough cough..."

When he looked up, Charlotte was nowhere to be seen, leaving Justin looking befuddled.

It was fine just a second ago, how could she have changed her demeanor so suddenly?

Standing up from the bathtub, Justin hastily combed through his wet hair, but as he looked down, he noticed the red mark on the top of his shirt.

In an instant, it was as if Justin had been struck by lightning, frozen on the spot, motionless.

"What is this?"

Justin's pupils constricted as he rapidly recalled everything in his mind.

"How's that possible?"

As the previous events became clearer in his mind, Justin's expression darkened even further.

He muttered to himself, then ran straight out of the bathroom.

"Charlotte!"

...

Angered, Charlotte drove off, speeding on the road.

After almost toiling away the whole night with Justin, Charlotte emerged from the villa once more as the world outside began to brighten.

The light of dawn began to spread a faint glow across the ashen area of the sky, slowly spreading into a pale radiance.

Chapter 1310: Bullying Charlotte?

Yet, gazing at the warm morning sun that would usually bring comfort, Charlotte Thompson found it unpleasant no matter how she looked at it.

She gripped the steering wheel tightly, her expression growing increasingly despondent.

If Justin Battleson hadn't been with another woman, why would there be a lipstick mark on him?

Just thinking about another woman touching Justin, even leaving a lipstick mark on him, made Charlotte feel uneasy all over.

Utterly disheartened.

Charlotte found herself tossing and turning through the night; she felt like a balloon, filled with all sorts of grievances and frustrations about to reach the bursting point.

She drove straight back to the Thompson Family's villa, only to bump into Henry Thompson, who was about to leave for the office.

"Charlotte, why are you back so early? Aren't the kids..."

As Henry Thompson began to question her with some confusion, he caught sight of Charlotte's somewhat reddened eyes.

Henry's expression darkened instantly as he quickly approached Charlotte.

"What's wrong? Did someone bully you?"

Henry's forehead creased with worry. His face, usually scholarly, didn't seem too intimidating even when he was upset.

"Did Justin do something to you?"

Charlotte looked at her older brother pitifully and then threw herself into his arms.

"Big brother," she said softly, nestled in Henry's embrace.

"Don't worry, Charlotte. No matter what has upset you, your big brother will definitely make it right."

Charlotte didn't say a word, just silently remained in Henry's arms.

"Charlotte, why are you back so early? Why do you keep holding onto big brother? You'll make Jonathan jealous," Jason Thompson said as he approached them, intending to pull Henry aside but noticing that Charlotte's expression was off, his demeanor became serious.

Glancing at Henry next to him, Jason clenched his fingers.

"Little Charlotte, tell me, did that bastard Justin bully you?"

Jason didn't suppress his voice, which resulted in the other brothers in the villa hearing him, and one by one, they came out.

Before long, all seven brothers had gathered around Charlotte.

"Don't be sad, Charlotte. Tell Third Brother, what exactly happened?"

"Yeah, Charlotte, you're making us brothers so anxious."

"What's it? It's got to be that scoundrel Justin. I'm going to give him a piece of my mind right now."

Charlotte exhaled slowly, about to speak, when the sound of a car stopping came from outside.

"Charlotte!"

The moment he saw Charlotte standing in the yard, Justin's eyes lit up.

However, the brothers, still unaware of the actual circumstances, were now placing the utmost suspicion on Justin.

Seeing him arrive, the three hot-tempered brothers Jason, Felix, and Jonathan charged out without hesitation.

"Did you bully Charlotte, you little punk?"

"If I don't teach you a lesson, you won't remember my name!"

"Why waste words? Let's get him."

Justin took a quick step back as he eyed the three menacing brothers, but his gaze remained fixed on Charlotte.

He raised his voice, each word serious and clear: "Charlotte, listen to me, it's not what you think."