

Spoiled 131

Chapter 131: Divorce from the Civil Affairs Bureau

The meal finally ended alongside this back-and-forth feeding tradition.

Charlotte Thompson ate until her stomach was round, and the moment she sat on the sofa, she had no intention of moving.

"Charlotte, when you've severed all ties with the Battleson Family, your grandfather will take you back to Ashton. We'll help you withdraw from Emperor University. Afterwards, your grandfather will arrange for you to study at Ashton's top-ranked university," Jason Thompson, having taken a sip of tea, said.

He then explained, "After all, the foundation of our Thompson family is in Ashton. If you come back with us, you won't have to worry about anything else."

Charlotte understood.

She nodded her head with a smile.

Leaving here would be good.

This place held many of her unpleasant memories. The phrase "objects remind people" rang true; remaining here might make it challenging to escape the shadows of her past.

In contrast, moving somewhere new could perhaps lead her life down a completely different path.

"Charlotte, about your situation with the Battleson Family, do you need any help? If so, just tell your uncle, and he'll help you handle it." Harrison Thompson, her third uncle, was quiet for a while before finally speaking.

He wasn't good with words, but his fondness for Charlotte was heartfelt.

He was worried about his niece being wronged.

"You can tell us too, and we'll help you handle it," Henry Thompson echoed.

"Thank you, but... no need. This is between me and Justin Battleson. I want to solve it myself," Charlotte responded, her eyes curving into a grateful smile.

Members of the Thompson family respected Charlotte's decision and did not interfere.

Charlotte took some days off to rest; soon enough, the day arrived.

The sunshine streamed through the gaps in her bedroom curtains and bathed Charlotte in warm light.

She opened her eyes, having slept soundly the previous night without dreaming.

Perhaps her mood had lightened because she was about to sever all ties?

She'd like to think so.

Charlotte sent a text to Justin Battleson that read: Tomorrow morning at half past nine, we'll meet at the Civil Affairs Bureau.

Soon, Justin Battleson replied with only one word: OK.

Charlotte looked at the reply and laughed quietly to herself.

It was so like Justin Battleson, to consider saying one extra word a luxury.

The next day, Charlotte got up early, applied simple light makeup and dressed in simple, elegant clothes.

Joshua Thompson was there during breakfast.

"Charlotte, do you need me to accompany you?" he asked.

Charlotte shook her head, "No need, thank you, my second brother."

After breakfast, Charlotte left.

When she arrived at the Civil Affairs Bureau, Justin Battleson hadn't arrived yet.

She stood quietly at the entrance, watching several hand-in-hand couples getting inside to get their marriage certificates, and coming out looking blissful.

Of course, she also saw a couple going in one after the other, faces cold — presumably they were there to divorce.

Some couples divorced calmly, while others were harsher, saying a few harsh words and leaving with frowning faces.

From a distance, the window of a black Maybach was gradually winding down, and the person inside the car locked his eyes on the slender Charlotte.

Somehow, Justin Battleson was somewhat uncomfortable that at last, the day had come to detach himself from the little girl called Sophie Allen.

When he received the text message from Charlotte yesterday, he was in a meeting.

The few words on the message chilled his gaze. After swiftly concluding the meeting, his office atmosphere turned prickly.

A few pre-approved plans were soundly rejected, even the coffee that his assistant brewed tasted not bitter enough for him.

When he calmed down, he realized that he didn't want to divorce Sophie Allen.

But at this point, what excuse did he have not to divorce?

Chapter 132: I've Come to Pick You Up

Suddenly, the weather seemed to have turned cooler. Charlotte Thompson brushed away the hair that had lifted slightly in the wind, a flicker of surprise in her eyes.

Just then, as she looked up, she saw a Maybach not too far away. The door opened slowly, and the man's icy side profile appeared in her line of sight.

Walking against the wind, Justin Battleson came over. His hand hanging by his side tightened slightly as his gaze met Charlotte's.

In a matter of seconds, he stopped before her.

Charlotte lifted her head slightly and pinched the strap of her bag, which was slung across her chest. Her eyes reflected a glacial expression, but she merely said softly, "Mr. Battleson."

Before Justin could speak, she lowered her head and unzipped her bag, her fair, delicate fingers meticulously searching inside.

She held out a bank card. The wind blew her wispy fringe, and a warm, resolute light shone in her eyes, which seemed to possess some captivating magic.

"This contains one million. I'm returning it to you," she said.

Justin looked at her fingers, which were slightly curved from holding the bank card. His gaze flickered momentarily.

"Where did you get this money? From Henry Hudson?" He asked coldly.

It seemed that her relationship with Henry was progressing well.

"Mr. Battleson, I need not answer that. The money is repaid, and once we've collected the divorce certificate, we're done," she stated.

The wind continued to blow with the marriage bureau, once a bustling place, surprisingly empty. It seemed to symbolise the irreversible decision she had made.

The two stood facing each other in silence, an odd atmosphere permeating the air.

Unnoticeably, Charlotte rubbed her arm. She could feel the cold through her gossamer-thin clothes.

Justin cleared his throat, a frown forming on his face. "Why are you dressed so lightly today..."

As he spoke, he trailed off abruptly.

To Charlotte's surprise, she tugged at her lips nonchalantly, answering, "I'm not cold."

She looked up at the entrance of the marriage bureau and suggested gently, "Mr. Battleson, let's get this done."

Inside the hall, only a few couples sat on benches, gleaming with happiness at their marriage certificates. Their procedures went smoothly.

When they left the marriage bureau, Charlotte and Justin simultaneously stopped in their tracks.

As she put the little booklet in her bag, Justin watched, unsure of what to say after a moment's pause.

Sophie Allen, that little girl...

Now, he had no connection with her.

"If you want any compensation, I'll do my best to fulfill it," he said, his voice uncharacteristically rigid.

When had he begun to stammer and hesitate while speaking? He was equally surprised.

Charlotte lowered her eyes and chuckled lightly. "No need. You owe me nothing. We're even."

Her laughter was pleasing to the eye, relaxed and content.

This was the most natural smile she had displayed in some time.

Just as he was about to speak, he noticed a car driving slowly in their direction out of the corner of his eye. It was not a surprise when the car window was rolled down and Henry Hudson's amiable side profile came into view.

Charlotte also noticed. A flicker of surprise passed her face, but it disappeared quickly.

"Henry, why are you here?" she asked.

Remembering the good relations between Jordan Thompson and Henry Hudson, he might have mentioned it to Jordan.

With a mild smile, Henry stopped the car and asked, "Have you resolved your matters?"

Charlotte nodded in response.

Justin, now seemingly forgotten, furrowed his brows, overcome with an indescribable feeling.

"Let's go in my car," Henry proposed. "I've come to pick you up."

Chapter 133: Finally Liberated

Charlotte Thompson didn't look back or say hello to Justin Battleson, she hurriedly got in the car.

It was Henry Hudson who greeted Justin Battleson, and then drove away with Charlotte.

Justin Battleson stood still, squinting his eyes watching the car disappear until it was out of his sight.

Unusually, he lit a cigarette, lightly flicking the ashes, the thick white smoke filling the air.

He exhaled a thick cloud of smoke in frustration.

This woman, Sophie Allen, she's really two-faced!

She has been denying her relationship with Henry Hudson, but as soon as her foster mother died, she can't wait to live with Henry Hudson!

This woman truly has a heart of stone.

The sky was getting darker, he got in the car, and drove off.

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In the car, Charlotte Thompson took a deep breath, as if the constant distress that had accumulated in her chest had suddenly eased.

Looking at her expression through the rearview mirror, Henry raised the corners of his lips slightly, "Finally relieved?"

Charlotte nodded, "Yes, the burden was too heavy, finally I'm free."

"By the way, how did you know I was at the Civil Affairs Bureau? You came just in time."

"I went to the Thompson's house to find you but you were not there, I just happened to run into Jordan Thompson, he said you were at the Civil Affairs Bureau for a divorce," Henry Hudson said honestly, "I was afraid Justin might give you a hard time, so I came to check."

"He won't."

Somehow, Charlotte strongly believed that Justin wouldn't give her a hard time that day.

In her view, on the matter of divorce, Justin Battleson definitely hoped it would go smoothly.

Therefore, at this critical moment, he wouldn't make things difficult for her, but rather he would try to accommodate her wishes.

"Charlotte, does he...know about the Thompson family?" Henry Hudson was a bit curious.

Charlotte, with a calm expression, slowly shook her head.

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On the other side, inside the exhibition center.

A nanny car slowed down, the car door was opened, Evelyn Curtis's white legs reached out of the car, and then she appeared in everyone's line of sight.

She was wearing a pale blue cheongsam, which made her skin look extremely white, and her body curves were exceptionally outlined due to the slight inward tightening at the waist.

As soon as she got out of the car, she attracted many admiring gazes.

The director greeted her from a distance, wore a smile, and said, "Evelyn, the press conference is about to start. You should go in first."

The venue had been set up by the program group in advance. After all, they had spent a lot of money to film this drama series, so they naturally couldn't lack in the press conference.

Evelyn Curtis casually glanced around, her eyes flashing with satisfaction.

In the center of the venue hung a very large poster, which was the promotional image of the TV series, and among all figures on the poster was Evelyn Curtis.

Provided this drama brings her popularity and fame, she could forever escape her rural girl identity and step into high society.

Following from behind, the assistant whispered, "Evelyn, most of the reporters are already in the conference hall. I checked the time, and there are about twenty minutes left. Do you want to take a rest now?"

Upon hearing this, Evelyn Curtis lifted her eyes slightly, a trace of impatience flashing in her eyes.

"Try not to follow me later, I already know what I should do."

After all, she was annoyed with people always telling her what to do.

She hated the feeling of her fate being controlled by others.

The twenty minutes passed in a flash, and the press conference officially started, the TV series is a drama called "Republic of China's Beauty".

And with Evelyn Curtis's cheongsam dress, she was already breathtakingly stunning at her entrance.

The camera flashes kept going off, and Evelyn Curtis stood on the stage with an appropriate smile on her face.

She'd trained for a month on managing her expressions for this press conference, and now it seemed, the results were quite good.

It wasn't in vain that she had been practicing in front of the mirror every day these past weeks.

After the director's speech, a journalist in the audience asked loudly: "Miss Curtis, we've never heard of you before. But now, you've been chosen to play the lead female role in Mr. Carter's new drama. Can you tell us why?"

Chapter 134: Our Meeting is Fate

Upon hearing her words, many surprised gazes were directed at her.

Did she just ...

Dare to say that out loud?

Well, these reporters' gossipy instincts are particularly keen, able to pinpoint what the audience cares about the most.

It's not easy indeed.

Upon hearing these words, Evelyn Curtis remained calm. She smiled at the inquiring reporter, her voice clearly reaching out: "Of course, being able to play the female lead in this, besides Mr. Carter's fond treatment of me, I also have someone else to thank."

The venue suddenly simmered with excitement. One reporter excitedly passed a microphone, saying: "This person must be close to you, Miss Curtis, could you tell us more?"

"He is the best man I have ever met. I owe him a great favor."

When Evelyn Curtis said these words, there were stars in her eyes.

The reporter continued: "Miss Curtis, we are very interested in this favor. Could you call him right now?"

Call him? Fine, she was just wondering about how to announce her relationship with Justin Battleson to the world.

She glanced over at the director and he nodded, signaling that it was fine.

This could be an opportunity to promote their new show.

Evelyn Curtis chuckled lightly: "That sounds good. I'll take this chance to say thanks to him."

Immediately after, she took out her phone and dialed a number without any hesitation.

After a few seconds of ringing, the call was answered. She switched to loudspeaker and a slightly cold male voice could be heard on the other end.

"Justin... Are you free now?"

On the other end of the phone, Justin Battleson took off his overcoat and threw it on his couch. He loosened his tie, suppressing the irritation in his voice.

"What's up?"

Because Justin Battleson was the investor for this show, Evelyn Curtis was able to make her smooth entry into the entertainment industry, starting ahead of the others.

"I have something to tell you."

Evelyn Curtis smiled, facing the camera, her expression slightly shy.

"What is it?"

Justin Battleson lightly rubbed his brow. Perhaps due to tiredness, his manner of speaking became less cold but unintentionally gentle.

This made people at the scene feel that the conversation was ambiguous.

Truthfully, Justin Battleson didn't particularly like her, but due to an incident, he did give her enough financial and resource support.

After all, a woman's first time is incredibly important, and that night was truly tough for her.

"It was fate that brought us together. I'm really grateful for your recognition and help along the way, Justin, thank you."

As her words fell, Justin Battleson felt no emotion.

He had heard such formal words too many times.

However, when he heard the echo and thought of the fact that he had invested in the TV show having its launch today, he guessed it was all for show effects.

Mr. Carter really had guts, knowing full well the investor was him, yet allowing a reporter to be so bold.

Still, Justin Battleson did not lose face with her.

"There is no need for thanks between us."

After hanging up the phone, the audience fell into silence.

There was no need for more words, Justin's last sentence explained everything.

One of the reporters, taken aback: "Miss Curtis, the Justin you mentioned is... "

Who wouldn't know Justin Battleson of Battleson Group, known for his firm and decisive actions?

If it's really him, doesn't this make Evelyn Curtis's background incredibly significant?

Noises of discussion and disbelief spread across the audience. The voices were soft, yet Evelyn Curtis on stage could still hear them.

Let them guess. This is exactly the effect she wanted.

The more heated the discussion, the higher her popularity and discussion value.

Shortly after, Evelyn Curtis smiled gracefully, saying, "It's personal, so I'll keep it a secret."

Chapter 135: Celebrating Your Successful Divorce

Evelyn Curtis's ambiguous response was actually more effective than a direct one.

Judging from Justin Battleson's previous statement and Evelyn's attitude, the reporters had a clue.

The press conference ended, stoking the buzz and number of topics surrounding Evelyn. When she got home, she lounged on the couch, reading social media comments and her skyrocketing fans count.

Is this the so-called highlight moment?

No, this is just the first highlight moment.

Evelyn Curtis, she will make sure to live her life brightly.

She wants everyone, whenever they think of a highlight moment, to associate it with her name, Evelyn Curtis.

A royal blue Porsche stopped at the entrance of Yeats Restaurant.

The waiter very tactfully ran to open the car door.

Charlotte Thompson got out of the car, looking at this western restaurant that once seemed unreachable to her.

After parking the car, Henry Hudson stood next to Charlotte.

"What are you looking at?"

"Nothing, just waiting for you."

Charlotte turned her head and said with a smile.

"Let's go."

Henry Hudson reached out his hand, but Charlotte didn't take it.

Thinking on his feet, Henry switched hands and gestured for her to go ahead.

They walked into the restaurant side by side, and Henry pulled out the chair for her.

Once they were seated and had ordered, Charlotte finally asked her question.

"Why did you think of bringing me here today? You don't seem to like this kind of western food."

"Yeah, but today is a special day, we're celebrating your successful divorce, so we should eat what you like."

At these words, Charlotte couldn't help but chuckle.

Who celebrates a divorce?

Perhaps Charlotte is the first one?

Indeed, who else would be forced into marriage and then so eager to divorce?

Life had gotten too dramatic, even a TV drama wouldn't dare portray it like this?

"Okay, if that's the case, then I'll be the one to pay for our meals today, order whatever you like!"
Charlotte said with a cheery laugh, showing a generous spirit.

Henry Hudson echoed: "Since Miss Thompson is generously treating, I won't hold back. I'm definitely going to cost you a bundle."

The dishes arrived quickly.

At this point, Charlotte was indeed hungry, so they both started eating without a word.

In the middle of the meal, Henry went to the restroom, and Charlotte, who had nothing to do, started scrolling through videos on her phone.

As luck would have it, the first video was about Evelyn Curtis's press conference.

She swiped it away instinctively, but the second, third videos were all about her.

Oh man...

Is Evelyn popular or is the big data too sensitive? Sending recommendations about Evelyn Curtis her way relentlessly.

Since it was like this, Charlotte resigned herself to the situation and stopped at the current video to give it a look.

It happened to show the part where Evelyn called Justin.

"Between you and me, there's no need for thanks."

The deep and gentle voice of Justin was something Charlotte had never heard before.

For some reason, there was a pang of loss in Charlotte's heart.

In the end, she shrugged.

"Why am I thinking about this? It's not my business anymore."

That must be what they call self-consolation.

Suddenly, the lights in the restaurant went out with a "boom", and it was pitch black.

Luckily, they were sitting by the window, the neon lights from the city outside shone in, providing just enough dismal light to vaguely see what was in front of her.

Charlotte was just about to get up and ask when the lights were coming back on.

But before she could move, a melodious violin sound echoed through the room.

Looking over, Henry had changed into a suit. Gone was the image of a naïve and refined young gentleman. The man standing before her looked more like a noble and talented gentleman.

She knew that Henry Hudson was an excellent doctor, but she never knew he had such a profound knowledge in music.

The melodious sound of the violin was mesmerizing.

Chapter 136: Will you be my girlfriend?

Having finished his melody, Henry Hudson hands over his violin to a nearby waiter, approaching Charlotte Thompson with measured steps.

He stops in front of Charlotte, and at the opportune moment, the waiter presents him with a bouquet of fiery red roses.

The intoxicating scent of roses sweeps over them, captivating and heady.

"Charlotte, ever since we met, you have held a place in my heart. In the past, we experienced such helplessness. Yet now you have regained your freedom. I hope you'll give me a chance to protect you."

"Will you be my girlfriend?"

As Charlotte looks into the eyes of Henry, seeing his earnest expression, she doesn't know what to do with her hands.

All she could do is dodge his gaze, lower her head, and lightly purse her lips, not knowing how to respond.

This confession came so suddenly, and she was completely taken aback.

All along, she only thought of Henry as a senior, as a friend—she respected him, admired him, and was grateful to him.

"I'm sorry, senior. I can't accept."

Charlotte grits her teeth and adamantly refuses.

Seeing this, the waiters tactfully withdraw, leaving the two of them alone in their own world.

"Why? Charlotte, I really like you. I will do everything in my power to protect you," Henry's voice is so gentle, as comforting as the breeze on a summer evening.

Yet the more he says this, the more Charlotte's heart aches.

"Senior, I want to have Williams Charlie's three children, raise them until they grow up... So us..." she tactfully refuses.

Henry had already considered this future and immediately responds, "I don't mind. I will treat them as my own children. Children are innocent."

"I'm really sorry, senior... I will be moving to Ashton soon and settling there. I want to be with my family," Charlotte refuses him yet again.

As the words leave her mouth, there's a slight dullness in Henry's eyes.

The atmosphere falls silent for about ten seconds before Henry speaks up again, "So what? I can leave Druarus and I can accompany you in developing in Ashton."

"Senior!" Charlotte furrows her brows and calls out his name sharply.

Henry is taken aback and looks up at her.

"What I mean is, I can't accept your proposal. I won't be with you."

Henry says nothing.

"You've been great, and you've helped me a lot. I respect you and treat you as my senior, confidante, and friend. But truthfully, I just can't regard you as my partner. I'm sorry."

Charlotte expresses the feelings she had been holding back, heaving a long sigh when she's done.

Henry is stunned, but he graces her with a warm smile that resembles the spring breeze. He extends his hand to lightly pat her head.

"I understand. Thank you for telling me all this."

Now it's Charlotte's turn to be taken aback.

But soon, she responds with a smile.

In the world of adults, many things are left unsaid. An expression can give everything away.

Before leaving, Henry buys Charlotte another bouquet of flowers.

They are Moist Magnolias, Charlotte's favorite.

"Roses aren't suitable, but I think these Magnolias should be. They symbolize your regained freedom."

Charlotte happily accepts them, "Thank you, senior."

Henry gives her a soft smile, "From now on, just call me Henry. We're friends."

Charlotte nods her agreement, "Alright."

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The Blue Tone Club.

The luxurious presidential suite.

Justin Battleson leans against the real leather sofa, swings the glass of wine in his hand, and drains it in one gulp.

He then picks up another bottle from the table, pours another glass, and drains it as well.

His expression is cold, his eyes are filled with a chilling intensity as if the wine in front of him were his enemy. He'd rather be defeated than spare it.

Adam Ross, who is always perceptive, notices that something is amiss.

"Big brother, you seem a bit out of sorts. Seems like you're drowning your sorrows in alcohol."

Oliver Hudson, hearing this, scoffs, "Justin Battleson, drowning his sorrows? That's amusing. Could it be about Evelyn Curtis?"

At his words, Harper Gibson abandons his flirtatious texting and saunters over, interested.

"What's going on? Brother, share it with us."

Justin's eyebrows furrow, his hawk-like eyes full of icy coldness.

The two who came over share a troubled look and then back off.

Chapter 137: Return to the Warehouse

Under such circumstances, the brothers didn't say much.

Harper Gibson poured himself some wine and also poured some for the other two.

"Drink. When our second brother is unhappy, we accompany him in drinking!"

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It had just rained. The faint smell of earth mixed with a slight fishy odor lingered in the air, the small muddy path contrasting starkly with the black luxury car.

Charlotte Thompson sat in the passenger seat, rolling down the window allowing the cool breeze to pass through, occasionally brushing against her hand.

She wore a cream-colored dress with white lace fluttering around the collar, accentuating her soft demeanor.

Looking out, she saw endless fields, the green plants growing frenziedly, almost waist-high.

"Big brother, how much longer till we reach?"

Upon hearing this, the driver, Henry Thompson, turned his head to look at her. He spoke in a low voice: "Soon, just ten more minutes at most."

Jordan Thompson, who had been sitting quietly in the back, then interjected with a slight smirk on his face: "I'm looking forward to the upcoming scene."

Laughter filled the car as they continued driving towards the outskirts.

Inside the warehouse.

The air inside was dusty, in stark contrast to the fresh air outside. Ropes tied tightly around four or five solid pillars, occasionally accompanied by the painful groans of men, and the shrill cries of a woman.

The sound of fists landing on flesh echoed loud and clear.

Ethan Allen got slapped across the face, turned his head and spat out a mouthful of blood.

His face, distorted from pain, showcased multiple bruises green and purple.

Seeing the red fluid he spat out, fear washed over his face. Turning to the towering bodyguard in front of him, he cursed, "This is kidnapping! It's a crime!"

The bodyguard glanced at him, kicked him, and calmly said, "Blame yourself for offending the wrong person."

Ethan Allen let out another cry of agony.

Around them, Mia Stewart and Emily Allen exchanged fearful looks.

Ryan Richard and Emily Allen were also tied together, their faces just as battered. Ryan was already unconscious.

Emily Allen's face was covered in dust, but she looked far better than the two men.

However, she was emotionally on edge: "Who's behind this? Is it a business rival? Are they jealous of the growth of Richard Corporation! Speak!"

The bodyguard ignored her, instead focusing on delivering another two punches to Ethan Allen.

The latter's face was a mess of bruises, his cries unending.

Emily's assumptions were not without reason, as the perfume of Richard Corporation was about to hit the market and was bound to make waves in the industry.

The best guess was that someone envious was taking underhanded measures to kidnap them.

After spending a fortune on advertisement with satisfactory results, if the perfume's launch was successful, it would surely take both the Allen and Richard families to even greater heights.

It was only natural in the business world for the rise of the Allen and Richard families to push competitors out of the picture.

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Outside the warehouse, Charlotte got out of the car, already hearing the screams coming from inside.

She slightly frowned: "This place..."

"Yes," Henry replied, slightly lifting his brows, "It's the same place where you were kidnapped before."

"Are they... is Ethan Allen in there?"

Yes, when she mentioned "Ethan Allen", there was not the slightest bit of emotion in her voice.

The so-called title of 'father' was just that, a meaningless title.

Chapter 138: The Wheel of Fortune Turns

Charlotte Thompson listened to the escalating wails and the corners of her mouth twitched slightly.

Should she say "turnabout is fair play," or "evildoers will meet their doom"?

It didn't seem so, for those dealing with this evil family were also human.

Behind her, Jordan Thompson followed. He slightly raised an eyebrow, his eyes flickered with an inscrutable light.

He raised his hand, using his thumb to touch his lips, the corner of his mouth subtly hooked upward: "We will know once we go in."

Outside the warehouse was a path full of weeds. It had been taken care of in advance by Henry Thompson, but due to the rain last night, there were still bumps in the road.

Charlotte trod carefully along the muddy path, her pale blue jeans stained by the occasional splash of mud, which was particularly noticeable.

As soon as she entered the warehouse, she saw Ethan Allen leaning against a pillar, gasping for air.

Ethan Allen's family of three and Ryan Richard were all tightly bound and seemed utterly defeated.

Emily Allen's eyes were filled with tears and her face was streaked with tear tracks. Upon seeing Charlotte, her face contorted.

"Sophie Allen!? You wretched creature! What are you doing here?"

Suddenly, she realized: "I know now, it was you! It was you, you wretched person!"

On the other side, Charlotte remained calm in the face of Emily's abuse. Compared to her past panic-stricken and meek self, she now carried an air of composure and leisure.

She gently lifted her delicate face and walked slowly forward with a seemingly disinterested expression.

Ethan Allen forced his eyes open, following Emily's gaze. His pupils shrunk abruptly.

Charlotte brushed back a loose wisp of hair from her forehead, softly curved her lips into a smile, and said, "Emily, your whole family is gathered here. How could I not attend?"

"After all, I once shared your surname."

The monosyllabic word 'Allen' was stated with emphasis in Charlotte's voice.

Just as she said this, Jordan and Henry appeared at the door. Henry was wearing a black shirt, while Jordan had casually thrown on a coat. The razor-sharp tension in their demeanor seemed to have softened somewhat.

Upon seeing this, Ethan finally understood. He clenched his teeth, forcing the words through his gritted teeth.

"Sophie Allen, was it you who had them kidnap us?"

Her facial expression remained constant, neither admitting nor denying it, her eyes tranquil, like the surface of a lake at noon, absent of any ripples.

Ethan Allen was frantic, he kept struggling, and filthy insults sprang from his mouth.

"You shameless wretch! You even dared to kidnap your father, aren't you afraid of going straight to hell!? he glanced at Henry and Jordan, his eyes bloodshot, "These two are your new lovers, aren't they? You've got quite some guts, Sophie Allen, hooking up with two men at once. You may have no shame but I still do! If you know what's good for you, let us go at once!"

As soon as his tirade was over, a bodyguard standing in front of him kicked him hard. He instantly grimaced in pain, his eyes rolling back into his head.

After the storm of insults had passed, Charlotte finally spoke calmly: "Finished?"

She paused, shook her head slightly, her tone indifferent: "Ethan Allen, you still do not realize, it's you who should be going straight to hell."

There was a sense of quiet determination about the girl standing there. Her undeniable and unwavering postured convinced those around.

Henry Thompson slowly walked forward, he raised his hand and adjusted his cuffs but left his collar nonchalantly upturned.

Chapter 139: The Bankruptcy of the Pei and Chi Families

Henry Thompson knelt placidly in front of Ethan Allen, looking at the latter as one would look at a dead dog.

"Ethan Allen, do you still hope to rise?"

The voice was cold to the bone, almost demonic.

Ethan Allen's face was ashen, his appearance unsettling to the extreme.

On the other side, Mia Stewart leaned blankly against a pillar, her gaze unfocused. Ryan Richard remained unconscious, and the hatred in Emily Allen's eyes seemed as if it could burn a hole through Charlotte Thompson.

Henry Thompson's throat bobbed slightly, a subdued chuckle breaking free.

"Ethan Allen, there's a retribution for good and evil. You should've realized long ago that Richard Corporation's perfume won't make it to the market, and the Allen family and Richard Family will go bankrupt at a speed you cannot imagine."

He stood up, the corners of his lips slightly raised: "This hunt like game..."

"Is over."

The moment Henry Thompson's voice fell, there was complete silence around them, only the screeching noise of wind brushing against the windows remained.

Ethan Allen looked as if he had been struck by lightning. His eyes widened, his gaze fixated on Henry Thompson.

His lips moved a bit, and he started trembling uncontrollably.

"That's impossible, you're daydreaming."

The Allen family and Richard Family have been on the commercial stage for quite a while. Although they cannot match up to the Thompson family and the Battleson Family's dominance, they still have some fame.

He could not believe that just because of the words of this refined man in front of him, the efforts of his past several years could all go up in smoke.

Thinking about this, Ethan Allen steadied himself a bit.

"Ha, who are you scaring, pretty boy!" Ethan Allen remained defiant.

But on the other side, Mia Stewart and Emily Allen weren't as optimistic.

Emily Allen's face suddenly went pale, she turned her head to look at Mia Stewart in horror, hearing her own voice shake.

"Mom... what this man is saying..."

Mia Stewart's lips were marked with her own blood bite, she didn't respond to Emily's words and only stared at Henry Thompson.

The latter stood with one hand in his pocket, a careless pose but an undeniable powerful aura.

He wasn't saying anything now, but it was as if he had said everything.

For some reason, Ethan Allen had an ominous feeling in his heart, like a sudden thud.

On the other side, Jordan Thompson frowned in impatience and simply took out his cell phone, his slender fingers sliding across the screen a few times.

A few seconds later, he stepped forward and shoved the phone screen in Ethan Allen's face.

Ethan was startled, but his gaze naturally fell on the screen.

A news segment played on the screen, the hostess's standard Mandarin echoed in the silent surroundings.

"According to the latest news, the Allen family and the Richard Family are being suppressed by unidentified forces. The perfume that Richard Corporation was supposed to launch has been unexpectedly cut off. Richard Corporation convened a board meeting this morning, but CEO Ryan Richard is unexpectedly missing. It seems that both the Allen family and the Richard family are facing the risk of bankruptcy..."

Ethan was staring blankly at the screen. His brain mechanically failed to react, as if something had exploded in his mind.

The blood drained from his face.

He began to struggle wildly, and for some unknown reason, he managed to break free from his restraints and crawled towards Henry Thompson.

Like a beggar, he latched onto Henry Thompson's leg, his face covered in tears.

Chapter 140 Leaving

"Sir, I beg you, spare us. We won't dare to do it again."

He was trembling: "I was blind not to recognize your greatness, it was my fault, I was wrong, please..."

He was desperately slapping himself, his eyes filled with palpable horror.

Then he crawled in front of Charlotte Thompson, kneeling before this "daughter" whom he had never valued, and who he had even once despised.

"Charlotte, it was daddy's fault, daddy should not have treated you that way in the past, can you forgive daddy?"

"Charlotte, I know you're a kind child. For the sake of your mother, forgive me, please..."

Seeing Ethan Allen, who was nearly fifty, kneeling before her, Charlotte initially felt some sympathy.

However, he made a huge mistake by mentioning Sophia Thompson!

Charlotte's eyes grew sour, she gritted her teeth with an expression full of hatred.

Henry Thompson noticed and signaled to the bodyguard.

The bodyguard immediately came forward to pull Ethan Allen off, raising his hand to slap him hard.

This slap was much stronger than any he had given himself.

"Ethan Allen, you betrayed my mother and caused her to die resentfully. You abandoned me in the countryside to fend for myself. You made me replace Emily to marry into Stardust Garden. For your wealth and honor, there is nothing you wouldn't do."

"What right do you have to ask for my forgiveness?"

"How dare you ask me to spare you for the sake of my mother?"

"Ethan Allen, you are not worthy!"

As her words fell, the bodyguard hit even harder.

Ethan Allen could only hear a buzzing in his ears, he was unable to speak, only whimpering.

Mia Stewart and Emily screamed out, their shrill cries and the sound of slaps echoing in the warehouse.

Emily cried and whispered to Mia Stewart: "Mom... Did Charlotte find a powerful backer?"

Mia Stewart couldn't deny it, her face was ashen.

Charlotte, with her arms crossed, stood side by side with Jordan Thompson quietly watching this farce.

The bodyguard stopped, and Ethan Allen rushed at Henry Thompson again.

"Sir, I... was wrong, please..."

On the other hand, Henry Thompson just took a step back and easily shrugged Ethan Allen off. He looked rather impatient and turned his head."

"Shut up."

Ethan Allen missed his target. He glanced back at Charlotte, hatred bubbling up in his eyes.

Charlotte did not even spare him a glance, following Henry Thompson's steps, and walked straight out of the warehouse.

Henry Thompson glanced back and said to Charlotte: "Charlotte, everything is settled. It's time for us to leave."

Leaving, Charlotte understood what it meant.

Well, let's leave here.

Charlotte nodded her head.

She went to see Abigail Taylor, to thank her for her care over this period.

For Abigail Taylor, she had a lot of gratitude that she couldn't express. In the end, she gave her a check, but got scolded by Abigail.

"What do you take me for?" Abigail Taylor glared at her.

Charlotte knew she had misunderstood.

"Don't get me wrong, I'm leaving Druarus, and we don't know how long it will be before we see each other, so I'm worried about you..."

"Ah, of course, it would be nice if everything went smoothly, but who doesn't have a time when they need help, right?"

"When I needed help, you were there for me. I'm not by your side now, but I hope this check I leave will be able to help you when you most need it."

"Of course, I still hope that you will never need to use it."

Abigail Taylor was moved to tears, she accepted the check and gave her a sincere hug.

The day Charlotte left Druarus, both Abigail Taylor and Henry Hudson went to see her off.

As the plane took off, Charlotte looked at the white clouds and replayed everything that had happened over this period.

The good, the bad.

Farewell.