

Spoiled 1361

Chapter 1361: A Tiger That Does Not Show Its Might Is Not a Sick Cat

Florienna Ellis took a deep breath, forcibly suppressing the anger surging in her chest, while Teddy Carter had already discreetly tugged at the hem of Florienna's shirt.

Finally, Florienna closed her eyes and said to Charlotte Thompson, "I'm sorry, Miss Thompson. This is my fault. It won't happen again."

Charlotte didn't seem to pay attention to Florienna's words. She simply turned around and said to the designers behind her, "Let's go back for the meeting."

Many people followed Charlotte as she left, but as they walked away, their gazes lingered on Florienna's face.

Florienna felt as though those stares were pinning her to a pillar of humiliation.

Despite the bitterness swelling in her heart, she had no choice but to lift her feet and follow the crowd to the meeting room.

However, Florienna never expected what was about to come. As soon as she stepped into the meeting room, Charlotte's voice wafted over from behind:

"Mr. Ellis, what are you doing here?"

Florienna froze mid-motion just as she was about to take her seat, staring at Charlotte in shock.

"I... I came for the meeting," Florienna stammered, unable to come up with a suitable reply.

"Didn't you already request leave? Why are you attending meetings then?"

Charlotte tilted her chin slightly upward.

Suddenly, Charlotte felt like the persona of being unapologetically arrogant suited her quite well.

At this point, Florienna was trembling in anger from Charlotte's words.

Just what was going on with Charlotte? Why had she suddenly started targeting her so blatantly?

The other designers in the room wore varying expressions. None of them were foolish; it was obvious to everyone that Charlotte was deliberately singling Florienna out today.

And yet, as they watched Florienna being verbally lashed by Charlotte, some couldn't help but secretly curve their lips into a subtle smile.

After all, Florienna's arrogant, domineering attitude in the office had long rubbed many people the wrong way. But she'd always relied on her backing, leaving others too intimidated to confront her.

Now that someone had finally stepped up to take Florienna down a notch, it was deeply satisfying to witness.

Florienna lowered her head slightly, though inside, she was seething with the desire to rip her opponent to shreds. On the surface, however, she could only feign an air of sorrow, even lifting her gaze with reddened eyes slightly brimming with unshed tears.

"Miss Thompson, I don't know what mistake I've made today to warrant such hostility from you. I admit my abilities are still lacking, and sometimes I make errors that may upset you. But everyone makes mistakes—why must you push me to a dead end, Miss Thompson?"

"Do you seriously have to ask me what you've done wrong?"

Charlotte was utterly unmoved by Florienna's pitiful act.

"Don't bother playing the victim here. It's working hours, and no one is interested in witnessing your melodrama. Besides, Miss Ellis, the one forcing you to the edge isn't me—it's yourself."

Charlotte paused after delivering her sharp words.

Suddenly, Charlotte felt like she'd become a robotic machine, effortlessly lobbing merciless zingers at people.

"In the workplace, if someone refuses to work hard, there's no excuse they can use to shirk their responsibilities—unless they hand in their resignation immediately."

Charlotte's words landed with a resounding impact, plunging the entire meeting room into a dead silence.

Today, they'd all truly grasped the meaning of "a quiet tiger is still far from being a weak cat."

The typically gentle, hands-off Charlotte Thompson had revealed just how terrifying she could be when she lost her temper.

"Miss Thompson, isn't that comment a bit too much?"

Chapter 1362: Did I Disturb Your Good Time?

Finally, Teddy Carter couldn't stand it anymore and opened his mouth, intending to speak up for Florienna Ellis.

After all, Florienna was one of his people; he still had to step in and defend her.

However, Charlotte Thompson nonchalantly raised her eyebrows and slowly turned her gaze toward him. "Florienna is part of your team now. With such a team member, shouldn't you, as the team leader, take a moment to reflect on yourself?"

Charlotte's words immediately shut Teddy Carter up.

At this moment, Florienna felt as though her dignity had been thrown to the ground by Charlotte, who then mercilessly stomped on it without leaving her a shred of respect.

Even though no one was openly staring at her now, Florienna felt as if everyone present was secretly mocking her.

Unable to bear such humiliation any longer, she covered her cheeks and sobbed as she fled the office.

Charlotte's gaze subtly followed the silhouette of Florienna's retreat. She lowered her head and coughed lightly, trying to suppress the smile curling at the corners of her mouth.

The feeling was simply exhilarating.

However, the net had been cast—it was up to the fish whether to swim into it willingly now.

"Let's continue the meeting."

Finally, Charlotte raised her head, her gaze sweeping across the crowd with varied expressions, and began addressing the main agenda.

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Having run out of the meeting room, Florienna took the elevator up a few floors. Whether it was from grievance or anger, her eyes were slightly reddened.

She soon found herself standing at George Robbins' office door, and without even knocking, she pushed the door open and walked in.

Her sudden action naturally startled the two people in the room.

George Robbins lifted his head, about to get angry, but when he saw it was Florienna entering, his pupils shrank. He quickly turned and shoved the female employee who was nestled in his arms away before harshly scolding:

"You can't even handle such a minor task properly? How did you even get hired by this company? Take it back and redo it!"

Although George barked his criticisms with a stern expression, the atmosphere in the office made Florienna feel something was off.

George then turned his gaze to Florienna, who had stormed in. His face turned even darker.

"Do you have any sense of decorum? Don't you know how to knock? Who gave you the right to barge in like this? Which department are you from?"

Florienna, standing still, stayed silent.

At this moment, the female employee's face still showed traces of redness. She cast an icy glance at Florienna, and a hint of resentment flickered in her eyes.

In the end, it was unclear what document she snatched from George's desk, but she tidied her clothing with an air of arrogance before brushing past Florienna, leaving the office.

The sound of the door closing echoed, restoring silence to the office. Florienna raised her eyes toward George but didn't make any further moves.

George quickly stood up and walked toward Florienna.

"Why did you suddenly come here without saying a word?"

As George spoke, he hurriedly walked to the door and locked it. While his back faced Florienna, an expression of disgust briefly crossed his face.

"You dared to shout at me just now!"

Florienna gritted her teeth fiercely as she stared at the now-facing George.

George yelped and quickly extended his hand to grab Florienna's waist, but to his surprise, she shoved his chest and dodged him directly.

Though displeasure flashed briefly in his eyes, George hurriedly softened his tone and tried to appease Florienna:

"There were others present earlier, and you came in so abruptly that you startled me."

Upon hearing these words, a trace of coldness escaped Florienna's lips. "Startled you? Or did I interrupt your little moment of pleasure?"

Chapter 1363: That bitch Charlotte Thompson!

"What are you talking about!" George finally pulled Florienna into his arms and spoke with a hint of reproach.

"I only have you."

George raised his hand again, making a solemn vow.

"Hmph, is that so? For all I know, the moment I get fired, you'll immediately go after someone else."

Florienna slapped away George's hand that had touched her waist and walked straight to the couch, sitting down and crossing her legs.

"What did you say? Fired you?"

Catching the key word in Florienna's words, George stepped forward and asked in confusion.

"Who would have the guts to do that?"

"If I tell you who it is, will you help me get her fired?" Florienna raised her brow at George.

George nodded without hesitation. "Of course! In this company, aside from Justin Battleson, who else can I not fire?"

"Alright then, go ahead and fire Charlotte Thompson right now." Florienna said casually, but her eyes were sneakily watching George's reaction.

"Charlotte? What happened between you and Charlotte again? Didn't I tell you not to provoke her!"

Florienna hadn't expected George's tone to suddenly turn so serious.

Feeling wronged and furious, Florienna stiffened her neck and glared angrily at George.

"Who's provoking her? I don't know what kind of crazy fit that bitch suddenly threw, but she clung to me and humiliated me in front of so many people!"

Just thinking about how she had been utterly disgraced made Florienna tremble with rage.

"Who does she think she is? She's just a powerless design director, and now she's acting high and mighty, bossing people around!"

The more Florienna thought about it, the angrier she got. She ground her molars furiously, and when her eyes landed on the decoration on the desk, her fury boiled over. She directly raised her hand and swept it to the floor.

"Bitch! Charlotte Thompson, you bitch!"

At this point, Florienna seemed to treat the decoration as Charlotte herself. She not only smashed it to the ground but also stomped on it viciously, grinding it under her shoe repeatedly.

If Florienna had merely vented her anger at him verbally, George would have tolerated it. But seeing her smash his belongings onto the ground made his face darken.

He immediately reached out, grabbed Florienna's arm, and yanked her back.

"Stop acting crazy here."

However, George's words acted like a fuse, setting off the raging fire in Florienna's chest entirely.

"Who are you calling crazy? You act like you're so capable, but when you see Charlotte and Justin Battleson, aren't you groveling like a servant? Whatever he says, you think you can just seize the company like that? Are you dreaming in broad daylight? Right now, you're completely crushed under Justin's thumb. What else can you even do?"

Florienna screamed, forcing out these sharp words through her clenched teeth.

For so long, with the backing of Teddy Carter and George Robbins, Florienna had enjoyed smooth sailing in the company.

But now, being publicly humiliated by Charlotte, how could Florienna possibly swallow this indignity?

Moreover, she had long since been spoiled by Teddy and George, so naturally, Florienna showed no restraint now.

It didn't matter who stood in front of her.

"Shut up!" George roared, then raised his hand, poised to slap Florienna across the face.

Florienna's almond-shaped eyes widened as she stared intently at George. "You dare hit me!"

Chapter 1364: How Outrageous Is It?

Florienna Ellis originally thought these words would intimidate George Robbins.

But what she didn't expect was that George hated nothing more than others showing off in front of him.

Moreover, it was someone he had always seen as nothing more than a plaything.

So, without any hesitation, George directly slapped Florienna across the face.

The slap was even crisper than the sound of the desk ornaments that Florienna had swept onto the floor, sending her eyes spinning. She staggered to the side, bumping her thigh against the corner of the desk.

Her expression was dazed, and a ringing noise seemed to echo in her ears.

"I told you to shut up!" George glared unceremoniously at Florienna.

"You..."

Florienna clutched her cheek, her eyes reddened as she looked at George, tears hovering endlessly in her eyes.

Just as she opened her mouth to say something, George stepped forward, now standing above her due to their positioning and posture, looking down on her.

"I spoil you, indulge you, but that doesn't mean you can crawl all over me. Without me, do you think you'd still be having such smooth sailing at the company?"

Usually, George had always tried to appease her. This was the first time Florienna heard him say such words.

Florienna felt a chill run up her spine, making her tremble involuntarily. The arrogance she had just moments ago was doused like a bucket of cold water and extinguished instantly.

She bit down on her teeth, saying nothing, but her tears rolled down like beads on a string.

Seeing Florienna go silent, George's irritation lessened a little. Then he stepped close to her, pulling her into his arms.

"Aw, sweetheart, I didn't mean to hit you just now. But if you keep acting up like this, what if someone overhears us?"

A slap followed by coaxing—textbook manipulation.

But Florienna turned her head away, refusing to look at him, even pushing him away to free herself from his embrace.

"Then just fire me and get it over with!" Florienna scoffed coldly.

Hearing this, George quickly switched to coaxing. He gripped her shoulder, pulling her back to face him.

"Oh, how could I bear to do that!" he said, wiping the tears off Florienna's face with his hand, his thick palm cupping her cheek tenderly.

"Look at this, your makeup's all ruined from crying."

Florienna slapped George's hand away, pursing her lips in deep grievance as she spoke.

"I'm at the company, yet anyone can bully me. Do you even know what Charlotte Thompson said to me today? Her words were unbelievably cruel!"

Florienna recounted everything Charlotte had said to her that day, mixing in a heavy dose of exaggeration and embellishment.

"That doesn't make sense. Charlotte doesn't even oversee company employee management," George muttered, a hint of confusion flickering in his expression.

"Who knows what crazy fit she threw today? I was just unlucky," Florienna grumbled unhappily.

Suddenly, George's eyes narrowed as if realization had struck him.

However, he didn't explain his thoughts aloud to Florienna.

Seeing George suddenly fall silent, Florienna grew irritated and reached out to smack his arm.

"So I'm just supposed to let myself be bullied for nothing?" she said through clenched teeth.

Chapter 1365 The Scheming Couple

"Don't rush, it's not the time yet." George Robbins appeared somewhat distracted, brushing off Florienna Ellis with a vague response.

Currently, Justin Battleson was hospitalized due to his injury, and Charlotte Thompson had already begun stepping in to help manage company affairs.

This signified one thing—the crisis this time must be a heavy blow to the company.

Doesn't that just prove that Justin's good days are numbered?

As he thought of the plans he'd been meticulously crafting during this period, a fiery glint ignited in George's eyes.

But at this moment, Florienna had no idea what George was thinking. Seeing his expression, her dissatisfaction only deepened.

"It wasn't the time before, and now it's still not the time. So what exactly is your plan? You promised me earlier that one day Charlotte would get fired, but look at where we are now! I'm the one who's about to get kicked out of the company, and yet you're still doing nothing!"

As she spoke, Florienna worked herself into another fit of irritation. However, this time she didn't go overboard because the burning pain on her face reminded her of what had just happened.

George snapped back to attention and pressed his hand on Florienna's shoulder, his lips curling into an enigmatic smile as he said to her:

"Don't worry, Charlotte's good times are about to come to an end. Right now, we've handed the collaboration with Worsen entirely over to her, haven't we?"

"Such a prime opportunity, and Charlotte had the nerve to hog it all for herself. And just look at the tasks she's assigned to us—they're nothing but scraps. She's really playing her cards exceptionally well."

At this point, Florienna was consumed with resentment toward Charlotte.

In her mind, she believed that her abilities were not far behind Charlotte's. But why was Charlotte able to make a name for herself as the designer Joy, resonating across the entire design industry, while she remained unnoticed in obscurity?

Florienna had always thought that Charlotte's only advantage was being born into the right family, starting off at a higher position than others.

If she weren't the eldest daughter of the Thompson Family, and hadn't married Justin Battleson, who would even know someone like her existed?

The only thing separating herself and Charlotte was a last name.

"And it's precisely because the Worsen partnership has been given entirely to Charlotte that it's a good thing." George smiled mysteriously.

Florienna, however, frowned in confusion, completely unable to fathom what game George was playing.

But the next second, George had already wrapped an arm around Florienna's waist, whispering softly by her ear:

"Nina, do you want Charlotte to leave the company for good?"

Hearing this, Florienna, who initially felt repulsed by his intentional physical closeness, froze for a moment. She stopped her instinctive movement to pull away from George.

She whipped her head around, staring at George suspiciously, and asked, "What do you mean by that? Do you have a way to get Charlotte fired?"

"Of course I don't." George smirked, earning an immediate eye-roll from Florienna.

"Then isn't this just nonsense you're spouting?"

"Let me finish my sentence!" George coughed, his tone slightly irritated after being cut off by Florienna.

"The company is going through such a massive crisis right now, so every single partnership moving forward is crucial. Especially this collaboration with Worsen—if it succeeds, it could absolutely save our company. But tell me, what if this deal fails...?"

Chapter 1366: Really Dislike Her

George Robbins hesitated, but his words had already made his hint abundantly clear.

Florienna Ellis's eyes flicked slightly, and the palm she had placed on George Robbins's wrist reflexively tightened.

"What you mean is... as long as Charlotte Thompson makes a mistake in this collaboration, then she's guaranteed to be kicked out of the company?"

Though George Robbins didn't give a definitive answer, a glimpse of his expression was enough for Florienna to make an accurate guess.

"When it comes to interests, the company always outweighs the individual, especially at such a critical moment."

Hearing this, Florienna's lips curled into a smirk, and she leaned closer into George's embrace.

"So, what's your plan?"

At her question, George Robbins tilted Florienna's chin up and gently grazed her skin with his fingertips.

"This time, I'll still need your help."

"Me?"

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"Florienna, so you're here."

That voice shook Florienna out of her daze. When she turned her head, she was surprised to find Coco walking toward her.

Thinking of how Coco was Charlotte Thompson's assistant, Florienna's expression darkened slightly with discontent.

"I've been looking everywhere for you at the office, and here you are. Why'd you come here?" Coco glanced around and then spoke to Florienna.

"What do you want?"

Florienna tried her best to make her tone sound less harsh.

"Oh, earlier we were talking about ordering fruits, but we couldn't get ahold of you. I'd never have guessed I'd run into you here while I was delivering documents. You should head back to the design department; they probably haven't placed the order yet." Coco replied.

Thinking it might be something important, Florienna was annoyed to find out it was just something trivial. She responded dismissively, inwardly grumbling about the waste of time.

Just as she was about to turn and leave, she heard Coco throw out something unexpected.

"Miss Thompson was too much today. It's not like slacking off and making a tiny mistake is such a big deal, but she still went off on you like that."

That comment was enough to stop Florienna in her tracks. She turned her head back, her eyes filled with suspicion and even a tinge of vigilance as she looked at Coco.

Noticing Florienna's gaze, Coco froze momentarily, then quickly covered her mouth as if realizing she had misspoken.

She glanced around, and once she confirmed there was no one else nearby, she stepped a little closer to Florienna.

"Florienna, at this point, I might as well be honest with you. Sure, I'm Miss Thompson's assistant, but honestly, I can't stand her at all."

Like she'd stumbled onto some groundbreaking revelation, Florienna's eyes lit up, though her expression remained indifferent and distant.

"What do you mean by that?"

"What do I mean? Just what I said." Coco scoffed coldly at the thought of something. She spread out her palms, her tone dripping with frustration.

"For someone who's accomplished nothing, she sure acts poised every day, flaunting her connection to Mr. Battleson like it gives her the right to be insufferably arrogant. Don't be fooled by her soft and sweet demeanor in public—she's downright vicious with me in private."

Suddenly, as if she'd found someone to pour her grievances to, Coco started rambling endlessly. Her words were nothing but criticisms of Charlotte Thompson.

"She's ridiculously picky, you know? Claims she refuses to drink coffee from the café downstairs and only drinks freshly brewed coffee. But guess what? The other day, I went to that café to buy a cake, and I saw her sitting there sipping their coffee! And another time, just because there were a few typos in a document I edited, she made me redo all fifty pages from scratch!"

Chapter 1367: She Turns Out to be Such a Person

Coco looked at Florienna Ellis and continued, "That's not all! Every day, she dumps all kinds of big and small tasks on me. I'm about to lose my mind!"

The more she spoke, the more furious she became. Coco's brows were knitted tightly together.

Meanwhile, Florienna listened with great interest. As expected, Charlotte Thompson was just what she had imagined—pretentious and fake.

Then, Coco leaned a little closer to Florienna and whispered, "And listen, I've accidentally discovered a massive secret."

"What secret?" Florienna's interest was piqued instantly.

"You have to promise not to tell anyone," Coco said, her expression solemn.

Curiosity clawed at Florienna like an itch she couldn't scratch. She hurriedly promised and urged Coco to spill the secret.

"Miss Thompson, besides being a director, isn't she also the famous designer Joy? One of her previous designs that won a gold award—apparently, it was plagiarized from an unknown designer! After she became famous, that designer wanted to sue her. But she used the strong-arm tactics of the Thompson Family to suppress the matter..."

"What? Really?!" Florienna gasped, utterly stunned by such explosive gossip.

Seeing her reaction, Coco quickly pressed a finger to her lips and made a "shh" gesture, signaling Florienna to lower her voice.

Realizing her reaction was a bit over the top, Florienna nodded repeatedly, "Is that true?"

"One time, she didn't shut the break room door properly. I accidentally overheard her on a phone call with her family," Coco said, arching a playful brow at Florienna.

"I can't believe she's that kind of person," Florienna murmured softly. But in her heart, she had already committed all this information to memory.

"Being an assistant to Miss Thompson is pure torture," Coco said, crossing her arms over the stack of files she held, then letting out an exhausted sigh.

"But I've decided to resign at the end of this month."

"Resign?" Coco's sudden shift in topic caught Florienna off guard.

Coco's expression suddenly turned mysterious. "Because I've already started my own clothing brand! I've been selling through live streams online and earned quite a bit of money already."

Hearing this, Florienna wasn't particularly interested. Still, she maintained an outward appearance of enthusiasm.

"Oh, really? That's impressive. What's the brand called? I'll support you someday and buy a few pieces."

"Oh, it's just some clothing designs I casually came up with," Coco said with a shy wave of her hand. But despite her modesty, she pulled out her phone and opened her online shop.

"Look, here are some styles I've designed and launched."

Coco swiped through her catalog, and Florienna gave it a cursory glance. But when her eyes landed on a particular dress, something seemed off.

"Wait a second..."

Florienna placed her hand over Coco's phone screen to stop her and slowly scrolled up, finally pausing at a certain dress on the display.

"This dress... Did you design it yourself?"

The moment Coco heard the question, a fleeting expression of panic crossed her face. Though she quickly masked it, Florienna didn't miss the subtle change.

"Yeah... Of course, I designed it myself," Coco replied hesitantly.

But Florienna narrowed her eyes slightly, studying Coco with suspicion. "Really? Then why does this design seem so familiar to me? I feel like I've seen it before at the company..."

Chapter 1368: Spy in the Disc

Florienna spoke, deliberately emphasizing the words 'familiar,' and sure enough, saw Coco's somewhat guilty expression.

"I..."

Coco nervously clutched the hem of her clothes and then lowered her voice to speak to Florienna, "Sister Florienna, I'll be honest with you, a lot of stuff here I took from the studio's discarded drafts and then had custom made."

"You're actually stealing designs!"

Florienna glared at Coco, scaring her into quickly reaching out to cover Florienna's mouth.

"What do you mean stealing? Those are useless drafts, why can't they be used? I'm Charlotte Thompson's assistant, do you know how many drafts get discarded when she starts a project?"

Coco seriously explained to Florienna, "Since they're just discarded drafts, no one knows about these designs, and they sell really well. This month I made five to six times my normal salary with the online store."

"That much!" A glimmer of surprise finally appeared in Florienna's eyes.

"If not for Charlotte's discarded drafts, how could I possibly stay here and put up with her moods!"

Coco muttered, but by this point, Florienna wasn't really listening to her anymore.

Florienna's mind was full of Coco's talk about creating a brand and selling her own clothes.

She's a designer herself, and as for the designs... there's a set of design drawings she got from Teddy Carter that she hasn't used yet.

And now, she even knows Coco's secret...

"Sister Florienna, I told you all this because I see you as a friend, you absolutely can't tell anyone else." Seeing Florienna's silence, Coco quickly reminded her, with a mischievous look on her face.

"Don't worry, how could I tell anyone!" Florienna said with a smile, patting Coco on the shoulder to reassure her.

"I'll go deliver the documents first, you go back to the office, and don't forget to order the fruit!"

After speaking, Coco waved to Florienna and then hurried away with the documents.

Florienna stood there for a while, then suddenly a smile spread across her lips.

Charlotte Thompson, this time, I will definitely show you!

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However, what Florienna didn't know was...

After bidding her goodbye, Coco's expression changed dramatically once she turned the corner.

She let out a deep breath, not delivering any documents, but instead took the elevator downstairs back to Charlotte's office.

Seeing Coco come in, Charlotte looked up from her computer.

"Coco, what's with that look? Did you see something scary, huh?" Charlotte teased, glancing at Coco.

Coco patted her chest and stepped forward, putting the folder back in its original place.

She let out a long sigh, and quickly said, "Isn't it all because of you, Sister Charlotte, giving me such a daunting task, I was so nervous!"

She paused for a moment, then continued, "Do you know how hard it is to make up your flaws in front of people?"

Hearing this, Charlotte chuckled helplessly.

"Are you praising me or criticizing me?"

"Of course, I'm praising you, Sister Charlotte, you're so excellent at everything, no one can find any faults with you," Coco sincerely said, standing by Charlotte's desk.

"So, what did you make up about me just now?" Charlotte asked curiously, looking at Coco.

Chapter 1369: Waiting for the Fish to Bite

"They said you're actually hot-tempered, picky, and overly calculative."

Coco spoke as she counted on her fingers, meticulously calculating, chattering non-stop, "Sister Charlotte, it was the script you taught me to say. Now... Florienna should have bought it."

Indeed, the speech that Coco had just delivered to Florienna was nothing more than a small performance orchestrated by Charlotte for Florienna.

"Alright, for the next few days, just maintain a good relationship with her. Chat with her more," Charlotte nodded toward Coco.

"What about the article...?" Coco asked hesitantly.

"Don't bring it up on your own. If she asks you anything, just stick to the lines I gave you."

Charlotte rested her cheek in her hand, lazily tapping her cheekbone with her fingers as she analyzed, "If you manage to bring her into my office, make sure you find an excuse to leave—do your best to ensure she's alone in my office."

"Got it."

Though Coco wasn't entirely clear about Charlotte's specific plan, everything up to now had made it obvious that Charlotte was targeting Florienna.

Of course, Coco didn't have a favorable impression of Florienna.

Back then, she had gone through so much effort to secure a job at Riley Group, only to see someone like Florienna waltz in through the back door. It was deeply unfair to many at the company.

Now that Charlotte was set on dealing with people like Florienna, Coco was naturally delighted.

"Then I'll leave this to you for the time being," Charlotte nodded at Coco.

"I don't think it's me who's going to have the hardest time." Coco's eyes sparkled as if something had suddenly come to mind.

"Oh?" Charlotte's curiosity was piqued by her words.

"It's Sister Charlotte... Your reputation might take a serious dive!" Coco earnestly analyzed.

Unexpectedly, Charlotte's lips curled into a faint smile, and she let out a soft laugh.

"It's not just my reputation... You might not even see me sitting at this desk in a few days." Charlotte tapped at her office desk, hinting at herself.

Coco blinked a couple of times but ultimately chose to say nothing.

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After work, Charlotte returned to Stardust Garden to spend time with the children. After playing with them for a while, it was time for dinner.

Knowing that Justin Battleson was still working in his study, Charlotte got up and headed upstairs, planning to get him to come down for dinner.

Charlotte approached the study quietly, carefully pushing open the door. Inside, the sound of conversation reached her ears.

When she pushed the door slightly open, she caught sight of Justin sitting at his desk in front of the computer. It appeared he was in the middle of a video conference, as the room was filled with voices.

Charlotte immediately pressed her lips together, trying to ensure her movements were as quiet as possible.

Noticing Charlotte standing obediently to the side, Justin's expression softened, and he couldn't resist allowing a faint smile to surface.

However, while that expression meant little to Charlotte, to the people on the other end of Justin's video conference, it was as shocking as a bolt of lightning on a clear day.

No way—they hadn't seen it wrong, had they? Justin Battleson actually smiled.

Did that mean something terrible was about to happen to them?

As panic welled up among the group, Justin nonchalantly wrapped up the meeting with a few casual remarks, leaving them feeling as though they had narrowly escaped death.

Of course, Justin had no idea what was going through their minds. As soon as he closed his laptop, Charlotte began walking toward him.

"Sorry, did I interrupt you just now?" Charlotte asked softly.

Chapter 1370: Caught by Her Own Son

Justin Battleson shook his head slightly and hooked Charlotte Thompson's palm with his fingers, pulling her effortlessly into his embrace.

"Be careful. You still have injuries."

Charlotte cautiously cooperated with Justin's movements but began reminding him nonetheless.

"The doctor said I'm recovering well, and it's no longer a problem. I didn't go to the office today, so I just briefly caught up on what's happening on the company's side earlier."

Justin nodded and shared the key points of the video conference he had attended with Charlotte.

"The situation with Florienna Ellis is sorted now; we just need to wait for their next move."

Hearing Charlotte's explanation, Justin smiled faintly, and while she wasn't paying attention, he planted a gentle, fleeting kiss on her cheek.

"It must've been hard on you today with me not around," he said in his deep, magnetic voice.

Charlotte leaned against Justin's chest and recounted everything that had happened at the office today.

When it came to the moments where she firmly stood her ground in the meeting room, Charlotte enthusiastically described her feelings to Justin.

"Honestly, seeing everyone with their heads down, not daring to say a word... that sense of accomplishment was incredible!"

Charlotte couldn't help but lift her face, her eyes curling into a cheerful smile.

Justin listened attentively, then rested his chin on top of Charlotte's head, her hair's faint fragrance reaching his nose.

Watching Charlotte animatedly bring those mundane events to life, Justin's face softened with affection. He couldn't resist bending down and pressing a kiss on her forehead and eyes.

His Charlotte—why was she just so adorable?

Noticing Justin's actions, Charlotte blinked and raised her head, meeting his deep, smiling gaze.

Under Justin's stare, Charlotte became slightly flustered and wanted to shy away, but she discovered herself firmly enveloped in his arms, unable to escape.

Given Justin's injuries, Charlotte didn't dare to struggle excessively.

"Seems like Charlotte deserves all the credit this time."

Justin chuckled softly, his magnetic voice brushing against Charlotte's ears. "I wonder what reward Charlotte should get?"

Hearing Justin's words, Charlotte raised an eyebrow. "Why does it feel like you're coaxing a child?"

"Then, Miss Charlotte Thompson... do you have anything you'd like?"

At that, Charlotte turned her head and tilted her chin upward slightly, planting a kiss on Justin's lips.

"Then let Mr. Battleson's injuries heal soon."

Justin's gaze darkened, his throat moved visibly, and one hand came up to caress Charlotte's cheek, his fingers rubbing gently against her soft skin with deliberate fondness.

"Perhaps if Miss Thompson encourages me a little, I might recover faster..."

As he spoke, Justin pressed his fingertips against Charlotte's lips, slowly closing the distance between them.

Just as their lips were about to meet, a crisp voice rang out from the doorway of the study.

"Mommy, weren't you asking Dad to come downstairs for dinner? Why are you now... woah... I didn't see anything!"

Hank Thompson, who had just pushed open the door and entered, quickly raised his hands to cover his face upon seeing the scene in the room.

While his expression feigned an attitude of "see no evil," his rather naughty eagerness betrayed itself as his eyes sneakily peeked through the gaps between his fingers.

At this moment, Hank found himself both slightly embarrassed and glowing faintly with curiosity, wondering what he had stumbled into.

Instantly, Charlotte's face flushed red, and she struggled to extricate herself from Justin's arms...