

Spoiled 1371

Chapter 1371: Stealing Fragrance

Charlotte wrinkled her nose in slight frustration.

How could she have forgotten that she came upstairs just to find Justin Battleson for dinner?

But earlier she had ended up...

"Yes, dinner is ready. Let's head downstairs," Charlotte cleared her throat and said.

Justin's gaze swept across Hank Thompson, who was still standing at the doorway trying to sneak a peek, and he silently muttered that the kid had picked the most untimely moment to show up.

Then Justin stood up, and taking advantage of Charlotte's distraction, he wrapped his arm around her waist and swiftly stole a kiss from her red lips.

This scene was perfectly caught by Hank, leaving him frozen in place.

No wonder he's my dad.

"Justin Battleson! The kids are still here!"

Charlotte immediately covered her lips with her hand. Though her gaze was meant to be full of reproach as she glared at Justin, it somehow looked more like coquettish teasing.

Justin, on the other hand, displayed an utterly innocent expression, saying, "Really?"

At this moment, a certain clever little lamp—aka Hank—instinctively covered his eyes, then turned around and rushed away while loudly shouting, "I didn't see anything!"

This left Charlotte blushing even more. She couldn't help but pinch Justin on the side of his waist.

When Charlotte and Justin walked downstairs side by side, they found the little ones gathered around Hank at the dining table, whispering about something in hushed tones.

As soon as they noticed Justin and Charlotte coming, they quickly and neatly returned to their seats.

Recalling the previous scene, Charlotte's gaze froze on Hank, and she shot him a warning look.

Hank pressed his lips together and, with an utterly innocent expression, lowered his head to stare at his utensils.

Leaving behind the exhausting scheming of the corporate world, only when Charlotte returned to Stardust Garden and spent time with the children did she truly feel at ease.

After dinner, Justin and Charlotte sat with the children, watching the movie projected onto the wall.

The children discussed the movie's content one after another.

The boys liked the thrilling and adventurous moments, while the girls focused more on the beautiful scenery and exquisite costumes.

Charlotte sat next to Justin but soon unknowingly felt her eyelids grow heavy. Her body swayed lightly, and eventually, she couldn't resist her fatigue any longer and leaned against Justin's shoulder, breathing evenly as she drifted into sleep.

Looking at Charlotte beside him, Justin let out a helpless smile and gently pulled her into his arms.

His chin rested against the top of Charlotte's head, and his soft gaze landed on her serene sleeping face.

"Mommy, look..."

At this moment, Grace Thompson turned her head, wanting to share something interesting from the movie with Charlotte, only to realize that Charlotte had already fallen asleep leaning against Justin's chest.

Justin turned his gaze to Grace and quietly raised his index finger to his lips in a shushing gesture.

Grace immediately covered her mouth, blinking her big eyes at Justin, then turned to alert the other siblings to Charlotte's slumber.

The children, who had been chattering away noisily moments ago, instantly quieted down. Even their breathing became softer, leaving only the sound from the movie filling the room.

Cyrus Thompson then carried his laptop over and turned off the projector, restoring tranquility to the room.

The children thoughtfully stood up one after another and began filing out of the room.

Before leaving, each child smiled at Justin and silently mouthed "Good night."

Justin lowered his gaze and gently scooped Charlotte up into his arms.

Chapter 1372 Shareholders' Meeting

Although his shoulder and arm were injured, and such movements caused a slight sting to his wounds, Justin Battleson didn't seem to care at all.

He carried Charlotte Thompson straight to the bed and gently placed her down, a tender gesture that stirred Charlotte slightly from her slumber.

Charlotte let out a faint hum, her eyelids half-closed as she hazily gazed at Justin before her.

"Hmm... Justin?" Charlotte mumbled sleepily.

Justin leaned down and planted a soft kiss on her forehead, then turned his head to whisper into her ear:

"Goodnight."

Finally, Justin glanced toward the door, stepped over to it, and noticed that it was slightly ajar.

As he opened the door, he was greeted by the sight of six little ones standing neatly in a row outside, their expressions mixed as they were caught red-handed.

Justin swept his gaze across the row of children and raised an eyebrow slightly. "What are you all standing here for?"

"Daddy, what a coincidence! You're out for a walk too?"

Grace Thompson blinked at Justin, trying to use her cuteness to muddle through, but such tricks were entirely ineffective on him.

"Get back inside and sleep properly."

With one command from Justin, the kids lined up obediently and darted back to their respective rooms.

"Honestly."

Justin shook his head helplessly, but the indulgent smile at the corner of his lips never faded.

Then he lowered his head to glance at the message on his phone, and his expression finally clouded over.

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Two days later, Justin Battleson, who had been hospitalized due to his injuries, finally returned to the company—an event of great significance to everyone within the company.

Justin's first order of business upon returning was to convene a shareholders' meeting.

However, the atmosphere at this shareholders' meeting was entirely different from previous ones.

During the two days when Justin was in the hospital, Riley Group's stock price had been steadily declining, even prompting some less resolute shareholders to consider selling off their shares.

Fortunately, Justin's timely meeting curbed such inclinations.

"Mr. Battleson, our company's current situation is really quite dire. If we can't come up with a solution soon, we'll be in serious trouble!"

"Exactly, Mr. Battleson. Riley Group's stock is unstable now. It might not affect us too much, but some minor shareholders with only a few stocks have already started selling off. This is extremely detrimental to the company."

"Right now, our company only has the one partnership with Worsen, and it has just begun. Who knows where the company will stand once that collaboration is done?"

The shareholders kept discussing the issue, and there were even murmurs from some about selling their shares.

Justin, however, remained silent throughout, listening intently and studying the expressions of everyone present.

Right at this moment, George Robbins let out a deep breath and delivered more bad news to the room.

"Mr. Battleson, I just received word from their side—Worsen wants to move up the project's completion date by... half a month."

"Half a month?" Justin's expression darkened upon hearing this.

"Yes, moving it up by half a month is really..." George frowned subtly, hesitating to continue.

Some shareholders, however, failed to grasp the implications and chimed in, "An earlier completion date should be a good thing for our company, right? It means we can restore profitability even sooner."

Chapter 1373: Strategy Within a Strategy

Justin Battleson cast his gaze over, but before he could speak, George Robbins had already taken the lead and said:

"If the cooperation ends earlier than expected, we could reap the profits ahead of schedule. But do you realize that ending it early means the design and production timeline for this collaboration will need to be drastically shortened? With less time, there are many garments that simply can't be manufactured. And if we rush production, any quality issues would damage the reputation of Riley Group!"

George's analysis made everyone express their agreement, and they all fell into the same uneasy mood as him.

"Mr. Battleson, what do you think we should do? With the cooperation deadline moved up, should we inform Miss Thompson on this matter?"

"Of course."

Justin nodded without objection and replied coldly, "She's fully in charge of this design and production phase. Anything related to Worsen can be communicated directly to her."

"But Mr. Battleson, even though Worsen appointed Miss Thompson to take full charge of this collaboration, that doesn't mean she has to single-handedly handle the entire process from start to finish without any support. If this continues..."

"What? Is there an issue?" Justin raised his sharp gaze coldly.

"It's not about being overly cautious; it's just—what if something truly goes wrong... What then?"

"What could possibly go wrong?" Justin retorted without hesitation, his tone snapping sharply.

"Uh..."

George froze for a moment, then reached up to rub his head before managing to display a forced smile.

"Unexpected circumstances sometimes happen out of anyone's control. I was just offering some suggestions..."

"Enough!"

George hadn't even finished speaking before Justin's voice cut him off abruptly.

"Worsen selected Charlotte Thompson for this collaboration, which means there's no problem with her. So what if she handles the project independently? This isn't her first solo project since joining the company. When has there ever been a problem?"

Justin's voice was chilling, though it was not difficult to detect the frustration hidden within:

"If you lack ability, don't undermine others. And speaking of Worsen, how is it that they suddenly decided to shorten the timeline when the agreed deadline is clearly stated in the contract?"

At Justin's questioning, the people present exchanged worried glances.

In their eyes, Justin had always been calm and composed, so why had he become so irritable now?

Soon, someone speculated—it was likely that the company had been facing internal crises lately, and now Worsen had deliberately reduced the timeline to increase external pressure.

The company was plagued by both internal and external troubles. Stacking all these complicated challenges together would certainly weigh heavily on anyone.

Watching Justin's demeanor, George smiled at him ingratiatingly and spoke awkwardly:

"Mr. Battleson, we don't know why their company suddenly gave us this news either. But the priority now is figuring out how to deal with it. Maybe we could assign more personnel to assist Miss Thompson? That way the collaborative project can proceed smoothly."

Justin, who had been massaging his temples, suddenly lifted his eyes ominously and stared directly at George with an icy intensity.

In that instant, George felt as though something constricted his throat, leaving him struggling to breathe.

But faced with George's suggestion, Justin offered no response. Instead, he stood up abruptly and walked out without a word.

"Meeting adjourned."

Chapter 1374: The Mastermind

After Justin Battleson's figure disappeared from the meeting room doorway, the entire room erupted into murmurs.

"Oh my God, what's wrong with Mr. Battleson? He's become so irritable!"

"The company is in such a situation right now—who wouldn't be under enormous psychological pressure?"

"But he has to come up with solutions for these pressures and problems, doesn't he? What's the point of saying nothing and just walking away?"

"Could it be that our company is really doomed? Mr. Robbins, you... you should come up with something..."

Someone spoke up for help, drawing the attention of most people in the room toward George Robbins.

George gathered himself and quickly shook his head at everyone.

"Even Mr. Battleson doesn't know what to do. What ideas could I possibly have? Besides, you all saw earlier—every suggestion I offered was directly ignored by him."

Though he spoke these words on the surface, when George lowered his head, a hint of viciousness glinted in his eyes.

Justin Battleson, keep being arrogant for a few more days. I'll make sure you pay for it when the time comes!

"But this is..."

Some shareholders had already been rendered helpless by the current situation.

"Forget it, everyone just disperse. Maybe the company will find a solution in the next few days." George spoke slowly.

He then tried to console everyone, and when he noticed the admiration flicker in the eyes of those around him, a wave of satisfaction surged in his heart.

After parting ways with the others, George quietly left the meeting room, the smile on his lips growing wider.

When he returned to his office, he immediately pulled out his phone and hurriedly dialed an unfamiliar number.

The ringtone sounded a few times before a crisp voice came through on the other side.

As soon as George heard it, he spoke eagerly, "Master, Justin Battleson is already spent. Even the smallest matter now could easily topple him. How can he possibly still dream of managing a corporate empire with the state he's in?"

But the reply on the other end carried a trace of cold laughter, accompanied by a faint, fragmented sound slipping through the receiver. The sound made George's neck inexplicably tingle with unease, prompting him to swallow nervously.

"Master, what should we do next?"

"Continue with the board of directors. As for the collaboration projects..."

After a brief pause, the voice resumed slowly, "You know what needs to be done."

"Master, rest assured. I will definitely not let you down." George responded repeatedly, and then the call was decisively hung up.

Despite being hung up on, George didn't show any displeasure. On the contrary, he quietly exhaled in relief and reached up to wipe away the cold sweat that had unknowingly slid down his temple.

Finally, he walked back to his desk and sank into his chair, his body slackening at last. In the silence of the room, only his shallow breathing could be heard.

After a long while, the cellphone resting in his palm vibrated faintly.

George simply cast a quick glance at it and then composed a message to send off.

Not long after, the door to his office was knocked on, and the person who stepped inside was none other than Florienna Ellis.

"What do you want from me this time?"

Florienna walked in and gave George a look—this time, her expression seemed tinged with reluctance.

George immediately flashed Florienna a dazzling smile, then got up and approached her, wrapping an arm around her waist as effortlessly as if it were second nature, pulling her snugly into his embrace...

Chapter 1375: Scheming

"Don't move. This outfit I'm wearing now is brand new."

Florienna Ellis resisted a bit and shoved George Robbins' hand off her back, pulling it down without any mercy.

"Just a dress, isn't it? If you want, I'll buy you ten of them." George glanced dismissively at Florienna's dress and spoke with disdain.

"How can that compare? This one is my own design." Florienna adjusted the hem of her dress, a hint of pride flickering across her face.

"Oh?"

George seemed intrigued by Florienna's words, his eyebrows twitching slightly. "You can even design clothes?"

But his remark earned him an eye-roll from Florienna.

"What do you mean by that?"

"Don't get upset; I'm just joking, just joking." Though George smiled faintly, the smile did not reach his eyes.

Florienna, on the other hand, walked straight to the chair that originally belonged to George and sat down naturally, crossing her arms as she stared at him.

"Spill it. What do you want from me? Don't you know how closely Charlotte Thompson is watching me right now? If I'm absent even briefly, she'll surely hassle me."

But then she thought about how she'd managed to extract quite a bit of information about Charlotte from her dim-witted assistant. Her expression softened slightly.

Unaware of Florienna's thoughts, George simply frowned as he listened to her complain about Charlotte.

Firstly, he really disliked Charlotte. Secondly, her close ties with Justin Battleson, combined with the Thompson Family's backing, made dealing with her exceedingly troublesome.

"Since you're so fed up with Charlotte, don't we now have an opportunity to take her down directly?" George said, steering the conversation back to his intended topic.

"So, have you given any more thought to what I mentioned to you before?"

Florienna's eyes glimmered briefly, but instead of answering directly, she countered with a question: "Why does it have to be me? Can't you handle this yourself?"

"Do you think I have any plausible reason to step into Charlotte's office?" George's tone grew a bit colder as he replied.

"I know you've been getting pretty cozy with Charlotte's assistant recently. Worst-case scenario, you can pin everything on her. Isn't that the perfect solution?"

George's voice dropped as he spoke.

"As long as this plan succeeds, Charlotte will absolutely be ousted. As for Justin, he's already at the end of his rope. It won't be long before the company will change its name and ownership. By then, I can promise you any position you want."

"Are you serious?" Florienna had already decided long ago, but what she sought now was simply more promises.

"Of course. Since when have I ever lied to you?" George replied instantly.

"If this plan works, then I..." Florienna shifted her gaze and then casually tapped the chair she was seated in.

"I want this seat."

"Absolutely." George agreed without hesitation.

His swift assent left Florienna eyeing him with a trace of skepticism. She rested her elbows on the table, propped her chin in her palm, and studied him.

"Exactly what kind of perks did that person offer you? You're willing to casually hand over even the Vice President title to me?"

"We're all working for him. Tell me, someone capable of rivaling Justin Battleson—would he even care about something as trivial as a VP position?"

Chapter 1376: Sympathy in Sickness

George Robbins tapped his finger lightly on the desk, producing a subdued thudding sound.

Florienna Ellis thought for a moment and then gave George Robbins a radiant smile.

"Alright, I understand."

Saying this, Florienna stood up.

Seeing her agree, George Robbins' face lit up with joy, and he eagerly hugged and kissed her, calling her "my dearest darling" several times.

Although Florienna outwardly showed a look of disdain, there was a deep-seated hatred in her eyes.

After the two individuals with their own agendas played along with the charade for a while longer, Florienna straightened her clothes and left the office.

She had no intention of entangling herself further with this old and unattractive man.

What Florienna didn't know was that after she left the office, George Robbins let out a cold snort through his nose.

"Dreaming about claiming the position of vice president? She should take a good look in the mirror and see what kind of trash she really is. Is she even worthy?"

George Robbins glanced in the direction Florienna had left, his expression full of disdain and indifference.

As long as this matter succeeded, Florienna would hold no further value to him.

A woman who relied solely on her body to seize others' attention—what possible skill or ambition could she have?

Just a pathetic fool!

...

After leaving George Robbins' office, Florienna went straight to find Coco. She even made a point of grabbing a few packs of snacks from the break room to bring along.

"Coco, you're still busy at this hour? It's already lunchtime."

Florienna looked at Coco, who was buried in work, and walked over to ask with concern, "Do you really have so much to process?"

This voice made Coco lift her head, and when she saw it was Florienna, a smile appeared on her face.

However, her expression soon fell again as the sight of the complex documents in front of her brought her back to reality.

Coco slumped weakly onto her desk, her whole demeanor one of utter despair.

"Don't even talk about it. These documents have been piling up for ages, and sorting them out is such a hassle. Some of them are even missing and completely impossible to locate."

Coco couldn't help but complain, though what she said was entirely true.

Even though sorting through these documents was tough, it was her job, and she couldn't afford to slack off.

"Oh my god, Charlotte Thompson is too much! Giving you this much work is just unfair—she's taking away your rest time!"

Florienna immediately spoke out in Coco's defense, but Coco looked around nervously and quickly gestured for her to stop talking.

"Look at how oppressed you've been!" Florienna sighed and placed the snacks she'd brought down in front of Coco.

"Here, I brought these for you. Take it as a little break," Florienna said.

"Florienna, you're so good to me."

Even though Florienna couldn't summon any genuine affection for the person in front of her, she kept up her false friendliness and smiled at Coco before sitting down beside her.

"We're both targets of Charlotte's hostility. You could say we're in the same boat."

"I don't even know what's been going on with Miss Thompson lately—her temper's been horrendous."

Chewing on a piece of the snack, Coco chimed in.

Then she leaned a bit closer to Florienna, lowering her voice. "It seems...I mean, I heard...that she had a fight with Mr. Battleson recently. I'm not sure what it was about, but it sounded pretty intense, and I think Miss Thompson even cried..."

Chapter 1377: Gathering Information

"Charlotte Thompson cried?"

Upon hearing this, Florienna Ellis was somewhat incredulous.

"Ah... maybe... I might have misheard..."

Florienna's reaction made Coco visibly uneasy. She immediately lowered her head and focused on nibbling on the snacks in her hand, hastily brushing it off with a vague response.

Did she mess up and expose something?

But clearly, Coco was overthinking it. Florienna simply let out a cold scoff and slowly spoke:

"Didn't she used to flaunt her affection with Mr. Battleson around the company all the time? I always thought their relationship was incredibly solid. Turns out it was just like that."

As she spoke, Florienna couldn't help but recall the humiliation Justin Battleson had brought her in the past. Now, hearing about Justin and Charlotte's falling out reawakened the little schemes buried deep in Florienna's heart.

Especially now that she knew Justin might soon be ousted from his position as chairman of the corporation.

At the end of the day, regardless of looks, capabilities, or family background, Justin Battleson was still a top-tier catch. Florienna wasn't entirely free of the thought of luring him to her side.

However, Justin was no longer Florienna's primary target at this stage.

What truly intrigued her now was the person behind the scenes aiding George Robbins.

Someone who dared to openly oppose Justin Battleson and even managed to land him in such a precarious situation must be a force to be reckoned with.

The thought made Florienna itch with curiosity—how great it would be if she were lucky enough to encounter this person!

With that in mind, she resolved to hover around George more in the coming days. Maybe she could glean some information about the big shot.

Lost in her musings, Florienna failed to notice Coco speaking beside her.

Coco, a little perplexed, glanced at Florienna's shifting expressions, which stirred a bit of anxiety in her heart.

Quietly, she reflected on whether she might have misspoken earlier—being suspected by Florienna would certainly not end well.

"Florienna?"

Seeing that Florienna was still not responding, Coco raised her volume, finally pulling Florienna back from her thoughts.

"What?"

Florienna, who had been envisioning her bright future, was suddenly interrupted by Coco. Her tone naturally carried some impatience, and she frowned at Coco.

"Ah... I just noticed you were spacing out." Coco stammered in explanation, her hand on the table unconsciously tightening into a fist.

Florienna realized her earlier tone had been a bit harsh. Sheepishly, she let out a chuckle. "Coco, I'm so sorry—lost in my thoughts just now. Did you say something?"

"No, no, nothing..." Coco quickly shook her head, afraid that saying too much might create more trouble.

By this point, Coco's inner voice was already wailing in despair.

Charlotte, this whole acting-as-a-spy thing? Really not suited for me!

"By the way, how's your online shop doing? Business still strong?" Referencing something Coco had mentioned before, Florienna asked with visible interest.

"Pretty good, actually. I've been making quite a bit of money." Coco stretched out a forced smile, bracing herself to respond.

"You know, from what you said earlier, I've been thinking—the perks in this company really are awful! Plus, I'm always getting targeted no matter what I do. So I've been toying with the idea of creating my own makeup brand—clothes, accessories, that sort of thing. Who knows? Maybe I can earn some money on my own too..."

Inspired by Coco's earlier remarks, Florienna had already done some research on the matter after returning home.

Chapter 1378: Action

Florienna thought about the clothes designed by Coco, which were liked by many people. She was confident that her own skills were more than adequate.

"Is that so? Then congratulations, Florienna!" Coco's face lit up with joy.

At that moment, Florienna's eyes shifted, and she finally opened her mouth to ask the question she had been holding back.

"Coco, how is Miss Thompson's collaboration with the Worsen brand progressing? I heard Worsen has decided to move the termination date of the partnership forward."

Coco replied, "Miss Thompson has been busy with these matters lately. A batch of design drafts seems to be completed, and some are undergoing final modifications."

"Already finished designing so quickly?" Florienna was surprised.

She had thought that Charlotte's progress might still be in its early stages. Hearing this answer brought her a sense of relief—if she hadn't left George's side immediately to come to Coco, she might have wasted precious time.

"However, there don't seem to be many finalized designs. Judging from Miss Thompson's earlier reactions, it looks like she's not very satisfied with them."

Coco spoke, but then her peripheral vision seemed to catch something, sparking a sudden thought that made her leap up from her chair.

"Oh no!"

The abrupt movement startled Florienna.

"What's wrong with you?" Florienna asked, puzzled.

"I was here organizing these manuscripts, but I completely forgot that Miss Thompson had asked me to print some design drafts earlier. It's over, it's over—I'm going to be scolded again!"

As she spoke, Coco frantically tidied up the folders on her desk, muttering complaints under her breath. "You've got to be kidding me; does this mean I'm skipping lunch again today?"

Hearing this, Florienna stood up immediately and offered a helping hand, even taking one of Coco's folders.

"If you skip lunch, how are you going to have the energy to work later? You're heading to the print shop to get some files printed, right? I can help you with that. I'll deliver them directly to Miss Thompson's office for you—how does that sound?"

"Wouldn't that be too much trouble for you, Florienna? Have you had lunch yet?" Coco looked at Florienna, her face flush with gratitude, although she seemed a bit embarrassed about needing the help.

"I've already eaten. You should head to the cafeteria quickly! Health is the most important thing. Let me take care of this small matter for you. Anyway, I need to go to the print shop to handle some documents of my own—it's on the way."

Florienna reached out and patted Coco's shoulder, her tone gentle and comforting.

"Florienna, you're really too kind. Thank you so much!"

Now, Coco's expression overflowed with gratitude as she looked at Florienna. She rubbed her stomach and walked toward the cafeteria.

As Coco's figure disappeared into the distance, the smile on Florienna's face finally faded, replaced by a disdainful roll of her eyes.

"What an idiot."

Muttering to herself, Florienna lowered her head to examine the folder in her hands. However, she realized that the majority of the design drafts inside were ones she had already seen before—even some that were for products already launched. A sense of disappointment crept into her heart.

She had thought that these manuscripts might be from Charlotte's collaboration with Worsen.

Still, Florienna quickly recalibrated her thoughts. She would soon have the chance to sneak into Charlotte's office to investigate discreetly. Perhaps she'd uncover something new.

So, without wasting any time, Florienna headed straight in the direction of the printers.

Soon after processing the design drafts, Florienna arrived at the door of Charlotte Thompson's office.

Chapter 1379: Catching in the Act

When Florienna Ellis came earlier, she had specifically inquired whether Charlotte Thompson would be in the office during this timeframe.

Otherwise, she wouldn't have volunteered to help Coco with something like this.

After all, the last thing she wanted right now was to see Charlotte's face.

Adjusting her expression, Florienna reached out to knock on Charlotte Thompson's office door. Even though she knew no one would respond from inside, she still made sure to do the superficial work.

Then, Florienna pushed the door open and stepped inside Charlotte's office cautiously, glancing around. Only after confirming there was no trace of anyone in the office did she let out a breath of relief.

Turning to take in the office space, Florienna couldn't help but feel a twinge of envy in her eyes.

Look at her, squeezed into that cramped workstation every day, while Charlotte got to enjoy such a lavish office all to herself. How could Florienna possibly feel at ease with that?

But soon, Florienna sneered and muttered to herself, "So what? Another day, and you'll be kicked out of here."

Florienna casually slapped the folder onto Charlotte's desk, wandered leisurely around the room, and eventually plopped herself down into Charlotte's office chair, spinning it a few times.

It was then that Florienna caught sight of the design table not far away. She immediately stood up and hurried over.

As expected, the design table was covered with plenty of design sketches. Seeing this, Florienna quickly searched through them, specifically looking for the designs related to the Worsen project.

Soon enough, she found several sketches marked with the Worsen brand logo. Most were drafts—nothing but rough outlines and general themes, with no detailed refinements added.

Florienna's lips curled into a satisfied smirk. She promptly pulled out her phone and began taking quick photos of the sketches.

"They're just average designs, nothing special!"

Florienna scoffed under her breath. After ensuring she had photographed every single sketch, she glanced at her phone, feeling utterly satisfied, and finally left Charlotte's office.

Turning back to look at the door of Charlotte's office, she noticed the plaque above still labeled "Design Director." Florienna snickered to herself.

Once she became the company's Vice President, she swore she'd turn this place into a public restroom.

Feeling thoroughly pleased with herself, Florienna turned around—only to discover Charlotte was standing right behind her. The sudden sight drained her face of color, and she almost let out a scream.

She stumbled backward several steps before barely regaining her composure.

Wasn't Charlotte supposed to be out of the office right now? Why had she suddenly come back?

Florienna could feel her heart pounding uncontrollably. Had Charlotte seen her leaving the office just now?

"Miss... Miss Thompson..."

Florienna forced a smile, pulling at the corners of her lips in an attempt to appear cheerful, but the tension within her made her unable to control her expression properly.

Charlotte gazed coldly at Florienna, her scrutinizing stare cutting into Florienna like a knife, making her feel utterly uncomfortable from head to toe.

"Why are you here? Were you trying to get into my office?"

Charlotte demanded bluntly.

Hearing these words, Florienna couldn't help but let out a sigh of relief. It seemed Charlotte hadn't seen her stepping out of the office.

"Miss Thompson, I was looking for you. I knocked, but there was no response from inside, so I didn't go in."

Florienna replied quickly, though her answer only drew a suspicious look from Charlotte.

Chapter 1380: Invitation

But in reality, Florienna wasn't that afraid inside.

Because she knew the company's surveillance system had recently been upgraded, and most of the cameras, except for those in crucial areas, were turned off.

So that's why earlier, she dared to walk into Charlotte Thompson's office openly, because the cameras couldn't record anything at that moment.

"What do you want from me?" Charlotte's tone didn't soften at all.

"Well, the new issue's video design drafts are ready, so I thought I'd bring them over for Miss Thompson to check if there are any issues."

Florienna's brain worked rapidly, and she quickly found this excuse.

"Just email the drafts to me. If that's all, go back to work, and stop wandering around here."

Charlotte said this indifferently, then pushed the door and entered her office.

Florienna was fuming as she looked at Charlotte's back, then snorted coldly, "Let's see how long you can stay arrogant."

Florienna flipped her hair, and left with her high heels clicking, full of confidence.

Once inside her office, Charlotte looked around and finally fixed her gaze on the design table. Seeing the scattered drafts, she shook her head with a smirk.

Then she walked to the computer, which turned on as she pressed a key.

Charlotte adjusted some settings on the computer, and unexpectedly, a surveillance screen popped up.

This screen was not focused on anywhere else; it showed the entire office of Charlotte.

Charlotte watched as the footage showed Florienna walking into her office, touching the desk, sitting in the chair, then moving to the design table, taking pictures of every draft with her phone.

"Stealing things without even being smart about it, hopeless."

Charlotte watched Florienna's every move on the monitor and finally let out a cold laugh.

Just then, Charlotte's phone, placed nearby, chimed with a message from Annie Anne.

This surprised Charlotte because she remembered Annie Anne was supposed to be on set filming.

[Charlotte, do you have time? Want to grab a meal together later?]

Seeing the message on her phone, Charlotte quickly replied to Annie Anne: [Did you finish shooting your scenes for today?]

[If we're calculating normally, I should say I finished filming yesterday's scenes.]

Before Charlotte could understand what Annie Anne meant by this, Annie Anne had already called.

"Hello..." Annie Anne's voice sounded muffled, with a hint of hoarseness, which instantly reminded Charlotte.

"Don't tell me you pulled an all-nighter and just finished resting now?"

"Oh please, I just got up a little earlier today. But yes, today we're filming yesterday's scenes, because the schedule was rearranged due to something that happened yesterday. Oh my, I came to the set at 2 AM today."

"Shouldn't you go back and rest properly, instead of asking me out for a meal?"

"Even though the work is done, I'm still hungry. You can't deny me my right to eat, can you?" Annie Anne playfully raised her voice, even adding a hint of coyness.

"Besides, the filming location is quite close to your office, so I thought I'd invite you out for a meal."