

## **Spoiled 141**

Chapter 141 Six Children

Five years later.

"I have arrived at kindergarten," a woman says calmly over the phone.

Held in Henry Thompson's hand, the cell phone shifts from one grip to another as he contemplates for a few seconds, then responds somewhat helplessly, "I've told you before, I can pick up the child. It's getting late now, why don't you hurry home."

On the other end of the line is Charlotte Thompson, who has been abroad with the Thompson family for five years.

She has completely divorced from her previous identity, Sophie Allen, and now is the real Miss Thompson - Charlotte.

Charlotte, holding her mobile phone, steps out of the car. Her hair fluttering in the wind, she responds to Henry's statement with a faint smile. "It's okay, I'll just drop something off for the kids. And brother, while I'm away, please take care of them for me."

After Henry agrees, she hangs up, closes the car door and looks ahead.

Not five meters from where she stands is an elite kindergarten in Ashton, famous for its excellent management.

Now, at dismissal time, luxury cars line up one after another. Teachers lead the children out, standing at the entrance waiting for parents to come pick them up.

Charlotte can see the children being led out by teachers at once.

Six of them are standing in a straight line, from tallest to shortest, looking very neat.

She quickly walks over, greets the teacher, and picks up the first boy in line.

One by one, they cross the road with her and arrive at the parking lot.

The boy leading the line is Cyrus Thompson, the firstborn of the triplets and the authority figure among the six siblings.

"Cyrus, have you and your brothers and sisters been behaving in kindergarten today?" She asks.

Cyrus grunts coolly, "Of course."

The aloof eldest child contrasts with the second child, Hank Thompson, whose behavior and name are at odds – he's incredibly naughty: "Mommy, mommy, we were very good!"

The third child, Grace Thompson, is the most cherished princess of the six. "Mommy, a lot of boys in my class were staring at me today, someone even gave me cookies. I must be very charming~"

Charlotte can't help but laugh and cries as she reaches out to tweak Grace's little nose.

These three children were carried in her womb for ten grueling months. But now, she is a mother of six, including three others – two more boys and a girl.

The fifth and sixth children are Chad and Jack Thompson. She learned from the hospital that a pregnant woman was a surrogate and that the twin boys in her womb had been abandoned by their employer. If they were born, they would be sent to a welfare home, waiting for good-hearted people to adopt them.

When Charlotte heard this news, she decided to adopt them as soon as they were born.

Both Chad and Jack are usually quiet and introverted, but they are exceptionally bright, high IQ kids who are very obedient and sensible.

Her youngest daughter, Olivia Thompson, is actually the daughter of her good friend, Annie Anne.

At the time, Annie was in the hospital room next to her. Charlotte was admitted to the hospital one month before her due date, while Annie was admitted there at seven months pregnant, making Olivia the youngest of the children.

They met and formed a friendship in the hospital. Interestingly, Annie's boyfriend was King Samuel - a good friend of Justin Battleson and Olivia's biological father.

But to this day, King does not know about Olivia's existence.

Annie was deeply hurt by King and always suffered from psychological problems. After giving birth, she developed postpartum depression, lost control of her emotions, and even forgot she had given birth.

For Olivia's safety, and to let Annie get proper psychological treatment, Charlotte adopted Olivia and kept her by her side.

Annie's health was not good when she was pregnant with Olivia. So, Olivia was born frail and often fell ill. She's also very timid, making her the most fragile of all the children.

Fortunately, her five older siblings adore Olivia, which helps her to gradually become more outgoing, stepping away from her earlier introverted nature.

In the car, Charlotte, while driving, speaks to the children in the back seat, "Babies, I have to go to Druarus for a while. Please behave at home~ Don't cause any trouble for your uncles!"

The children just nod and don't ask any other questions.

After all, their mommy is very powerful, and going on a business trip is the norm.

Chapter 142: Returning to the Country

Emperor City Airport.

The plane slowly landed, and the airport was packed with people. Many people getting off with their luggage, with phones that had just turned on in their hands, making calls.

And what they all spoke in, was standard Mandarin.

By now, the sky had completely darkened, but inside the terminal building, it was as bright as daylight.

Charlotte Thompson wore a limited edition pair of sunglasses, a burgundy dress that skillfully accentuated her exquisite figure, and a pair of slender black high-heeled shoes on her feet, her ankles milky white.

Looking at the busy crowds of Druarus people, she took a deep breath. After five years, she had finally returned.

She had a strange sense of nostalgic loss.

She continued walking forward, followed by two bodyguards, Jack and Liam Bryant. The Bryants had been serving the Thompson Family faithfully for generations.

The unapproachable aura of Jack and Liam made people inexplicably wary.

With one hand, Charlotte dragged her suitcase, while the other rapidly swiped through her phone screen.

From behind her, Jack hesitated before saying, "Miss, allow me to carry your luggage for you."

"It's fine." Charlotte lifted her phone to her ear, she was always not used to relying on others.

The call connected, and Henry Thompson's voice came through: "You arrived?"

"Just did." Looking down, Charlotte suddenly laughed, "Big brother, I feel somewhat sentimental having come back here."

"You'll get used to it."

After hanging up the call, Charlotte put away her phone, lifting her gaze to take in the view of the airport entrance.

Many people's gazes lingered on her for a while before they pretended nonchalantly to move away.

No denying, five years in Ashton indeed changed a person.

Charlotte's eyes were cold as she expelled a breath of foul air, her lips forming a smile that was alarmingly breathtaking yet assertive.

The red dress made her look like a night elf, carrying a fatal charm.

She brushed her hair back behind her ears, revealing her pale ears with rosy earlobes.

Jack spoke up from the back, "Miss, according to Mr. Thompson, he has arranged a hotel for you here, but it's up to you if you want to go to the villa or the hotel."

Hearing this, Charlotte pondered for a few seconds before she nodded. "Let's go to the hotel."

Just as Charlotte was about to leave, she suddenly heard a commotion behind her. She hesitated for a moment before noticing a large group of journalists rushing in like a pack of starved wolves from the airport entrance.

Security tried to stop them, but they proved to be too agile.

Amid the pushing and shoving, the security was simply pushed out the door.

Charlotte stepped aside and lifted her eyes to follow the direction the journalists were headed.

Such a spectacle, could it be a celebrity just landed?

Her gaze swept over the sea of heads, finally focusing on a person amid the crowd.

Charlotte suddenly stiffened, her pupils in the shade of her sunglasses shrinking. Her hand, gripping the suitcase handle, turned white from the strain.

Jack noticed her mood change and asked quietly, "Miss, what's wrong?"

Following her gaze, Liam saw it too. He immediately chimed in, "Miss, that's Justin Battleson, the President of Battleson Group. I heard he just returned from Cethuira. It's a coincidence, just on our next flight."

He turned his head and asked quietly, "Miss, do you know him?"

Looking at that familiar face, there was a strange, unfamiliar feeling stirring at the bottom of Charlotte's heart.

She looked down, a faint hint of coldness crossing her eye, followed by a light chuckle, "I don't know him."

Chapter 143: How Could She Not Hate?

"Don't you recognize her?" Liam Bryant scratched his head curiously, feeling something was off.

He turned and asked, "Miss, I heard that your return to the country this time is to participate in an international jewelry design competition, is that correct?"

As soon as he spoke, Jack Bryant nudged him with his elbow and scolded, "Don't be so nosy."

Charlotte Thompson merely smiled indifferently: "Johnny, there's nothing wrong with talking about this, it's just a jewelry design competition."

Although she had turned her head, her gaze couldn't help but drift back to Justin Battleson.

Across from her, the man, dressed in a black, well-fitted suit, displayed an air of aloofness-clearly signaling 'keep your distance'.

He looked impatiently at the reporters who kept closing in, his restless gaze drifting to the distance.

Unintentionally, it fell onto Charlotte Thompson.

He furrowed his brows.

This woman, she seemed familiar, yet also quite strange.

Charlotte happened to turn her head, meeting his gaze. Her heart trembled, then she noticed his confused gaze slowly moving away from her.

She breathed a sigh of relief.

Indeed, after all these years away from, her makeup and overall image had drastically changed from before, and she was even wearing sunglasses, how could Justin possibly recognize her?

Reporters were still flooding towards them, and the magnified clamor from all around made the place very noisy.

However, the scene became chaotic once again.

Followed by two bodyguards, Evelyn Curtis walked slowly in from the door causing the reporters to instinctively part and make way for her.

She smirked, extremely pleased with the current scene.

That was right, Justin Battleson's return to the country and her, Evelyn Curtis's airport pickup were news she had pre-released to the reporters.

To her, the more buzz this event created online, the better.

She walked straight forward in her white stilettos and stood in front of Justin Battleson, saying affectionately, "I'm late, Justin."

Justin barely gave her a glance, remaining silent.

The reporters began gossiping.

"Miss Curtis, could you tell us about your relationship? From the looks of it, you two must be quite close, right?"

The question was asked in a tone that was both joking and teasing, causing everyone to burst into laughter.

Facing the constant flashes of the camera, Justin Battleson, who was already impatient, turned cold.

All the reporters' questions were being answered by Evelyn Curtis, while he just stood there, silent and frowning, the exit blocked by reporters.

After Evelyn Curtis finished answering the reporters' questions, she smiled and looked ahead. She affectionately held Justin's arm, laughed off the reporters' jokes indirectly confirming their rumor. Suddenly, she felt a chilling sensation, as if someone pierced her with a look of deadly hatred.



She felt a moment's panic, her heart pounding against her chest, breaking out in a cold sweat.

How could this be ...

Keeping in mind the numerous cameras around, she straightened her back and tried to look unperturbed on her face, but her heart was already in turmoil.

With a smile on her face, Evelyn scanned the surroundings with her gaze, but didn't notice any unusual expressions.

Meanwhile, Charlotte Thompson stood in the corner of the hall, her face hidden behind sunglasses. She looked towards Evelyn Curtis, surrounded by people, her eyes filled with deep-seated hatred.

Her left hand, hanging by her side, was clenched tight like a frenzy, her nails digging into her flesh causing sharp pain. Her body was shaking uncontrollably.

Evelyn Curtis...

She took a deep breath, staring intently at the smiling woman nearby.

This person had cast a life-long shadow on her, how could she not recognize her!

Aunt Watson's death was orchestrated by Evelyn Curtis!

How could she not despise her!

Chapter 144: Ambition of the Wild Wolf

After five years, Charlotte Thompson did not expect to meet them upon returning to the country, at the airport of all places.

She ran into Justin Battleson and Evelyn Curtis.

The hatred in her was so strong that she felt it swallowing her sanity.

Jack Bryant, who was present at the moment, asked, "Miss, what's wrong?"

Both the brothers who had emerged from the Thompson Family spent considerable time with Charlotte, and were naturally aware of her innate endurance and impassive character.

But now...

The two brothers glanced at each other, a bit puzzled.

Charlotte took a deep breath, turned her head, removed her sunglasses, and unveiled her beautiful face. Leaning against the wall, her gaze was as icy as ever.

Evelyn Curtis, if you see me, will you feel any guilt for what you did in the past?

She closed her tired eyes for a moment, then took out her phone again.

Within Weibo, the news of Justin Battleson's return to the country had already reached the trending page within a few short hours. Charlotte scrolled through the screen, opened the search box, and typed in a few words absently.

Just three simple words.

Evelyn Curtis.

The search results popped up instantly. Charlotte took a glance and found the personal information section stating:

Evelyn Curtis, female, 25 years old, popular actress in Druarus.

At the bottom, a conspicuous gossip post from a netizen read:

"Heard that Battleson Group's CEO Justin Battleson and Evelyn Curtis are dating. He is the big investor behind her drama 'Republic of China's Beauty,' which was also her debut. The same drama skyrocketed her career four years ago. Wow, the amount of information behind this is massive."

A comment from a netizen enjoying the gossip read: "I heard that too. Evelyn Curtis has been quite popular in recent years. But I feel there's some intentional manipulation by including Justin Battleson for publicity."

At this point, another netizen disagreed: "The upstairs comment is pure speculation. My dad works at Justin Battleson's Riley Group. According to insider gossip, these two are likely getting engaged next month. They've had a good relationship, together for five years already."

"What!? Evelyn Curtis is truly getting engaged to Justin Battleson? Then she's entering the world of the rich and powerful!"

"Everyone says Evelyn Curtis is merely Justin's mistress. After all, Justin Battleson, despite indulging Evelyn Curtis, has never publicly acknowledged her status!"

"If it really is an engagement, then Evelyn Curtis will be the future Mrs. Battleson, the wife of the CEO of Riley Group."

"Really envious of Evelyn Curtis, having such an excellent fiancé, plus a stable relationship, being together for five years without wavering, and even helping her win the best actress award."

"Upstairs, you're talking nonsense. It's obvious that Evelyn earned her best actress award through her hard work. Don't you know how much effort she put into the award-winning film? Our Evelyn works the hardest!"

"Upstairs fan, stop speaking nonsense. How did Evelyn Curtis get the leading role when she debuted? If there was no Justin Battleson, would she have what she has today? Do you have no conscience?"

After scrolling through the comments, the volume of information made Charlotte's grasp on her phone tighten, her fingertips trembling slightly.

She turned off her phone, looked back, her eyes still filled with unconcealed hatred.

Engagement?

She sneered.

The lies Evelyn Curtis had told her in the past to deceive her were enough proof of Evelyn's wild ambition.

But now, she was getting closer to her goal, truly beyond Charlotte's expectations.

Having grown up with Evelyn Curtis, she would never ever have expected her to be so cunning!

Charlotte exhaled a sigh of resentment, put her sunglasses back on.

"Johnny, Liam, let's go."

Chapter 145: Auction

Ignoring the commotion behind her, Charlotte Thompson stepped out of the airport in her high heels. Outside, a driver arranged by Henry Thompson was waiting for her.

She got in the car and adjusted her skirt.

Jack Bryant put her luggage in the trunk and then joined Liam Bryant in the car.

Closing the car door, they shut off the cold wind outside. The night had fallen, and the thick darkness crept in through the half-open car window.

There was honking in the distance, and at some point, rain began to fall sporadically outside the window.

Charlotte stretched out her hand, feeling the cool sensation of the raindrops hitting her palm.

The hatred that had been spreading wildly through her heart finally calmed down slightly.

She leaned back, closed her eyes and pretended to sleep, feeling somewhat irritated.

Upon seeing Evelyn Curtis for the first time, even she, who prided herself on control, almost lost it.

Charlotte sighed and massaged her tired brow.

On the other side, Jack seemed to suddenly remember something. He turned to glance at the woman pretending to sleep, choosing his words carefully: "Miss, there's an auction tonight..."

Before he could finish, Liam, in the passenger seat, interjected: "Miss, you don't look well. Why don't you skip tonight's auction? I trust Jack can handle it all!"

Hearing this, Jack's mouth twitched.

Goodness, what a good guy you are!

Charlotte lazily opened her eyes, smiled faintly, and said, "It's okay, it's just an auction. It won't take too much time. Let's head directly to the hotel banquet hall."

Upon hearing her say this, the two of them did not argue further.

...

The raindrops had turned into a drizzle. Charlotte took a black blazer from her luggage and put it on casually before entering the brightly lit auction house.

The red long dress paired with the black blazer perfectly matched her cold and noble aura.

Jack and Liam, their expressions slightly serious, followed behind her.

The auction was due to start in about ten minutes. With so many eyes on her, Charlotte put her sunglasses back on after she had settled down.

The black sunglasses half hid her face, revealing only her red lips, her nose, and her fair cheek.

The auctioneer took the stage as the doors to the banquet hall were suddenly pushed open.

A man, wrapped in the night, entered from outside. His messy hair was slightly wet, sticking rebelliously to his forehead.

His bodyguards were left outside. He strode into the hall, sitting down in the golden seat in the third row, just as the auction was about to start.

Charlotte was taken aback.

Justin Battleson?

On second thought, it wasn't surprising to meet him here, a gathering place of the upper-class. But he was usually low-profile, so it was surprising that he would personally attend this kind of auction?

Before she had a chance to ponder more, the auction officially began.

The auctioneer began introducing the first item on stage, his voice echoed throughout the banquet hall. From time to time, sounds of bids rose.

Everything was well-ordered. Charlotte lazily hooked her finger, squinting her eyes.

Her purpose of being here was for a necklace.

Time unknowingly passed a few hours, and the last auction item was carefully brought to the table.

The auctioneer smiled mysteriously and said, "This is the finale of today's auction. I wonder who will take it home."

He cleared his throat and said, "Starting price, ten million."

As soon as he finished speaking, a man, who had yet to say a word, casually raised his paddle and uttered.

"Twenty million."

Chapter 146: As Lonely as You

"Okay, twenty million for the first time, anyone else wants to raise the bid?"

The smile on the auctioneer's face grew even wider, and the surprised gazes of the crowd below focused on Justin Battleson.

For this auction item, the auctioneer deliberately didn't reveal anything, not even an introduction, yet based on purely its finale status, Mr. Battleson doubled the price?

But thinking about it, it's not really that surprising for Justin, who is known for splurging money, maybe he just thought it was fun?

When everyone was bewildered, in a corner, a woman in sunglasses lazily raised her paddle, her voice cool and powerful.

"Thirty million."

The words echoed in the banquet hall, the whole room was silent.

The frozen gazes around her fell on her, as if they had seen a ghost.

Justin also heard it, but he didn't turn around, just the corner of his mouth curled up into a mysterious smile.

"Thirty-five million."

Hearing this, Charlotte let out an impatient yawn, her voice carried a hint of annoyance, but it still sent a chill down people's spines.

"Forty million."

As soon as he spoke, Justin reflexively turned his head to look at her.

The woman was sitting in the corner, with her pale and long legs slightly tucked up, without an ounce of excess fat.



The familiar feeling came back, but she wore sunglasses, making it impossible to recognize who she was.

Charlotte noticed his gaze, glanced at him with indifference, returned a smile, ignored him, and looked at the auctioneer on the stage.

Justin turned back, speculating, and the events five years ago slowly resurfaced in his mind.

...

Five years ago.

Just after he had obtained the divorce certificate with Charlotte, he went to the Blue Tone Club to drown his sorrows for one night, and then threw himself into work like a madman the next day.

Jones George stood by his side, looking at the faint green color in the depths of his eyes, and spoke with some trepidation, "Mr. Battleson, you've been working nonstop for two days and a night, if this keeps going..."

Before he finished, he was interrupted by Justin's frown.

"Mind your own business, don't worry about me."

His life continued in this way for nearly a month, as he plunged wholeheartedly into his work, with no time to think about the relationship between Charlotte and Henry Hudson he saw that day.

Not long after, Mr. Hudson's birthday arrived. However, this was different from previous years, as the old man preferred peace due to his age, and had a small family dinner instead of a grand celebration. He only invited a few close friends.

The atmosphere was harmonious, and Justin stayed at Mr. Hudson's until the next day.

In the living room, King Samuel was also there. He grabbed a beer and sat down on the sofa, looking inexplicably relaxed.

Justin glanced at him, mulled over it for a few seconds, then opened his mouth carefully, "King Samuel, have you any idea about Henry's situation recently? Like, has he brought a girlfriend home?"

It's been so long since then. The relationship between Henry and Sophie must have stabilized, right?

Upon hearing Justin mention Henry, King Samuel looked surprised, and also found it amusing. "He's just outside, why don't you ask him yourself?"

Justin was silent for a while.

Predicting his real purpose, King Samuel didn't play coy and spoke in a low voice, "Rest assured, he hasn't brought any girlfriend back, I haven't seen him getting cozy with any woman either."

He paused, moved a few steps towards Justin, raised his eyebrows, chuckled and said, "Don't worry, he's single, same as you."

Justin: "..."

Chapter 147: Did She Commit Suicide?

Joking aside, Justin Battleson finally gained the knowledge he had been seeking.

He leans back on the sofa, his eyes full of astonishment.

Hudson did not bring Miss Allen back, which means they were not together?

Regaining his composure, he stands up from the sofa and begins to head out.

Behind him, Oliver Hudson stops him.

"Where are you going?"

"I'm leaving." Justin pauses, slightly turning his head, "Tell the old man I'll visit him another day."

Hearing this, Oliver Hudson refrains from speaking further. Watching Justin leave, he clicks his tongue a few times and pours more wine into his mouth.

Inside the villa, Justin casually throws his coat on the sofa, taking out his phone, and dials a number.

After a few seconds, the call is picked up, and the slightly stern voice of Jones George can be heard.

"Mr. Battleson, what's the matter?"

Justin casually loosens his tie with his right index finger, saying in an undertone: "I need you to look up someone for me."

"Who?"

"Charlotte Allen."

Jones George, who has been working overtime on a project almost to the point of exhaustion, pulls out of the project planning page and begins dispatching personnel to track down Charlotte Allen's whereabouts.

He is somewhat puzzled. Didn't Mr. Battleson and Miss Allen already divorce?

Why is he suddenly looking for information on Miss Allen's whereabouts now?

The Battleson Group's intelligence network is extensive. In a mere ten minutes, all the information on Miss Allen is gathered. But the data shows that any trace of her living habits stopped entirely a month ago.

What is going on?

Has something happened to Miss Allen?

Jones George rubs his chin in puzzlement before dialing Justin Battleson's number.

When the call is connected, he says, "Mr. Battleson, we looked into it. Everything we know about Miss Allen stops a month ago. I don't know why you want to find her, but from the looks of it, I'm afraid..."

The rest of the sentence is left unsaid, yet the implication is clear.

Justin Battleson falls silent for a long time.

After a while, he closes his eyes and asks, "What did you find?"

Jones George flips through his notes, says, "A month ago, Miss Allen dropped out of Emperor University. After leaving school, there hasn't been any news, including anything about her going abroad."

This is bizarre. A living person has just vanished into thin air?

But the Battleson Group's intelligence has never been wrong.

Could it be... that she committed suicide?

Justin Battleson tilts his head slightly upwards. He tiredly pinches the bridge of his nose and murmurs, "Send someone to look for her."

As was expected, the bodyguards dispatched to search for her return empty-handed. After pondering for a while, Justin finally makes another call.

A soft voice emits from the earpiece:

"Hello?"

It's Henry Hudson.

Justin tightens his grip on the phone, asking, "Henry Hudson, where is Charlotte?"

At his words, Henry Hudson is slightly taken aback, saying, "Didn't you divorce her? Why are you looking for her now?"

As Henry's statement ends, a cold laugh comes from Justin Battleson, "You remember, right? When we just divorced, the person who came to pick her up...was you."

"And since then, I haven't seen her. So, I believe this question...it's more appropriate for me to ask you."

Finally understanding what he's after, Hudson suppresses his voice and tells him, "Charlotte and I are just friends; there's nothing more between us. She told me she was going abroad, so I haven't seen her."

Going abroad?

The knuckles of Justin's hand clutching the phone turn white.

The information doesn't mention anything about her going abroad, which means...

Charlotte is dead, and there's a high possibility she committed suicide.

Why did she do it?

#### Chapter 148: What Do You Have to Fight Me?

Justin Battleson tossed his mobile phone onto the table, leaning back slightly annoyed, massaging his temples with his hand.

The villa door was knocked and opened. He didn't even glance at it, his brows just faintly furrowed in response.

The person who walked in from the door was Evelyn Curtis.

She was wearing a long white dress, adorned with lace and sequins on the hem, incredibly elegant.

She placed her Chanel bag on the couch, then sat down next to Justin Battleson.

Seeing his displeased expression, she moved a few steps towards him, her delicate hand wrapping around his wrist.

Justin Battleson's brows furrowed tightly. He suppressed his inner disdain and subtly moved a few steps away, casually shaking off Evelyn Curtis' hand.

The latter looked at her hand, now void of contact, a flicker of enigmatic light flashing in her eyes.

It was just a moment, the next second, her face was all smiles again.

"Justin, you look unwell; is something bothering you?"

Upon hearing this, Justin Battleson squinted slightly at her, his deep voice stating, "Sophie Allen has gone missing."

It wasn't that he wanted to tell Evelyn Curtis this piece of news, rather Sophie Allen's response to Evelyn Curtis had taken him by surprise.

What if Evelyn Curtis knew something?

He casually scanned Evelyn Curtis' expression but found nothing more than surprise on her face.

Evelyn Curtis was taken aback, surprised, "Missing?"

"How could this be, have you been looking for her?"

Justin Battleson nodded solemnly, "I've been searching. All her information stops a month ago and she left Emperor University."

He paused briefly, adding, "I suspect she might have committed suicide."

No one saw the thrill that shot through Evelyn Curtis' eyes at the words 'committed suicide'.

Finally, finally, she was gone.

She subdued her overwhelming exhilaration; her voice still trembling with manic delight.

"Really...? That's unfortunate, we were once best friends..."

Justin turned to give her a look, not uttering a word.

Picking up her purse, Evelyn Curtis stood, feigning calmness, "Justin, I have to go through a script later, so I'll leave for now."

With that, she walked out.

Justin Battleson stared at her receding figure thoughtfully.

Once she was out of the villa, the weather outside was gloomy, a fine rain had been falling for more than a month. Evelyn Curtis didn't open an umbrella nor get in a car; she just walked forward in the rain.

The rain soaked her skirt, and she clutched her bag so tightly her knuckles turned white.

After who knows how long, upon seeing the rain intensifying, she suddenly began to laugh manically.

The laughter edged on hysteria, almost drowning out the drizzle.

Along with it came piercing, pointed words.

"Sophie Allen... you've lost in the end."

She started to tear up from laughing, but laughter still roared unrestrained in the rain.

"Now, with Mr. Williams missing, and your death, the truth about that night will be buried forever."

Evelyn Curtis wiped away the tears that her laughter brought to her eyes.

"This secret will be buried forever with your ashes."

She straightened her back, still laughing manically, all traces of her usual refined demeanor gone.

Tasting the moment, she opened her mouth.



"Sophie Allen, see, even the Heavens are assisting me, how can you fight against me?"

The sound of drizzle was smothered by the lasting laughter.

#### Chapter 149: Snatching the Necklace

At this moment.

"Good, this miss has added forty million, Forty million, once!"

It was only when the auctioneer's passionate voice echoed again in the banquet hall, that Justin Battleson managed to pull himself out of his reverie.

He paused slightly, the corners of his mouth slowly curving into a smirk, his eyes twinkling with intrigue.

A profound silence enveloped the room, and Charlotte Thompson felt countless eyes sizing her up.

With curiosity and scrutiny.

She sat where she was without any expression, but her mind was a tumultuous sea.

This necklace should hold no significant meaning to Justin, but for her, the meaning was about much more.

She squinted, her gaze subtly falling onto the man.

She saw the man casually raise his paddle, his voice sounding rather pleased.

"Fifty million."

Naturally, Charlotte wasn't one to back down. The moment Justin finished speaking, she lifted her paddle and announced her bid in a clear, cold voice.

"Sixty million."

The man sitting next to her in a blue suit quivered imperceptibly, then turned to look at her with astonishment.

What's this woman's backstory?

Her reckless spending and alarming wealth were enough, but she was now actually clashing with Mr. Battleson.

Who is Justin Battleson? An indisputable legend known by everyone in Druarus!

The man clicked his tongue and shrugged slightly before turning his gaze away.

On the other side, Justin listened to the auctioneer's announcement. All eyes were on him once again, wondering if he would raise the bid again.

Justin stroked his chin, the amused smirk on his lips growing wider.

In the end, he didn't bid any higher.

The unshowcased pièce de résistance of the auction, Charlotte had won it with a sky-high price of sixty million.

Watching Jack Bryant handle the item with utmost care, Charlotte suddenly felt an urge to laugh.

If the people in the banquet hall knew that this item was merely a necklace, what would they think?

By the time the auction ended, it was nearly midnight. Charlotte, feeling extremely pleased, left the banquet hall, her heels clicking on the floor.

The hotel room that Henry Thompson had booked for her was inside this building, so as soon as she stepped out of the banquet hall, she turned a corner and walked straight into the lift.

With Jack holding the item by her side, Liam Bryant, out of curiosity, glanced at the black cloth after pressing the button for their floor.

"Miss, what is this thing that cost sixty million?"

When they heard Charlotte persistently increasing her bid, both the Bryant brothers were deeply shocked.

Charlotte had always been easy going. Though a certain sharpness underlies her character, she usually did not vie or struggle for anything. But today, she challenged Justin Battleson for an auction item.

Charlotte had nothing to hide. She simply lifted the black cloth.

At the sight of the object, the Bryant brothers' eyes widened in surprise.

Jack couldn't hide the shock in his eyes. He looked at Charlotte and was unable to collect himself. "Miss, this is...."

Charlotte chuckled softly, her eyes gleaming as she murmured, "This is the reason why I was so persistent."

...

On the other side, Justin Battleson left the banquet hall with Jones George following behind, but he did not ask anything.

The man turned directly and entered the elevator.

Jones was inexplicably stopped outside by Justin, a confused look on his face. "Mr. Battleson, what are you going up for?"

"I have something important to do. You don't need to come."

The elevator door slowly closed, leaving Jones George standing outside, utterly discombobulated.

#### Chapter 150: You've Mistaken the Person

They quickly reached the floor, Justin Battleson had just left the elevator, peering at the two men and woman not far away.

Charlotte Thompson had just arrived too, Jack and Liam Bryant's rooms were on this floor, after exchanging greetings, they went back to their respective suites.

Justin Battleson stepped around a corner and stood in the shadows, glancing at the room signs, a hint of suspicion in his eyes.

This was the presidential suite of the hotel, only top-tier businesspeople could afford to stay here, all of them either rich or of high status.

More importantly, it was an industry under the Thompson's name, without connections, even the wealthiest couldn't enter.

Justin Battleson stroked his chin, a shadow forming in his eyes.

The identity of this woman was really interesting.

A door closed in the hallway, Jack and Liam Bryant had already entered their rooms.

Watching them go in, Charlotte Thompson finally took out her room card from her bag, her vision somewhat blurred under her sunglasses, she casually took off her sunglasses, intending to open the door with her other hand.

After seeing her face clearly, Justin Battleson's pupils abruptly contracted in the shadows.

This face, he could never forget in his entire life.

Within an instant, his heart leapt to his throat, without any thought, he dashed out.

At the same time, the room door clicked open, Charlotte casually held the doorknob, intending to push in.

A force from the opposite direction suddenly came from her hand, and with a loud bang, the door was shut again.

Charlotte reflexively looked at her own hand holding the doorknob.

Another hand not belonging to her tightly covered her own, the back of the hand so fair it was almost translucent, revealing faint blue veins.

It was precisely this hand that had forcefully pulled the door back.

Charlotte subtly had a bad feeling, and before she could look up, a low hoarse voice came from behind her.

Two simple words struck her like lightning.

"Sophie Allen."

Sophie Allen.

Two words that had haunted her for nearly twenty years.

A hint of pain flashed in Charlotte's eyes, she quickly concealed her unusual gaze, and turned around in feigned calm.

The man was taller than her by a head, she saw the collarbone vaguely visible underneath his shirt.

This pose was like a wall slam.

Charlotte pulled her hand free with a swift motion, she stepped back twice, frowning deeply.

"Sir, what do you mean by this?"

Upon hearing these words, Justin Battleson paused, somewhat not understanding what "sir" meant.

"Sophie Allen, I am Justin Battleson."

"Sophie Allen?" Charlotte sloped an eyebrow and tightened her own coat, "I'm afraid you've mistaken me for someone else. My name is Charlotte Thompson, I don't know any Sophie Allen."

Justin Battleson's voice held an indescribable incredulity.

"You clearly are her, you look exactly like her, I couldn't have mistaken you."

Although the slightly agitated words were a bit shocking to Charlotte, she laughed coldly, her voice extremely cold, "Like I said, you've got the wrong person."

She turned around: "It's already late at night and you are standing in front of my door, it's a bit inappropriate, don't you think?"

As her words fell, Justin Battleson swiftly grabbed her arm, frowning slightly, "Why won't you admit it?"

She had left without a word years ago, he had searched for a long time, only to come to the conclusion that she had committed suicide.

Now that he had finally seen her again, she wouldn't even admit her own identity.

He couldn't understand.

Charlotte impatiently turned back, she shook off the man's hand that was pinning hers, her voice was filled with disdain.

"You are all too presumptuous."