

Spoiled 201

Chapter 201: Ambiguous

"This is stirring up quite a fuss online. If you ask me, she's somewhat pitiful."

"Well, yes, she does seem a bit pitiful."

Evelyn Curtis felt the sympathetic gazes from the two young women who spoke these words fall on her.

A sudden tightness gripped her heart and her brows knotted inadvertently.

She slowly clenched her fists, feigning casualness, glanced at the young ladies, pursed her lips into a gentle smile, and asked, "What's the matter?"

The young ladies who were caught talking about her blushed and shared a knowing glance.

One of them stammered, "Miss Curtis, we feel for you."

This remark left Evelyn even more perplexed.

She signalled the makeup artist to stop and approached them with a gracious smile. Tenderly, she linked her arm with the girl and asked, "What happened? Can you tell me?"

Evelyn wanted to know what had prompted these two insignificant young girls to sympathize with her.

The girls were flustered by Evelyn's endearing act and their movements became stiff in their shared awkwardness.

One of them turned her cellphone screen towards Evelyn, blush creeping onto her face.

Displayed on the screen was a comment section filled with abrasive words from the news.

Looking at Evelyn with a resolute gaze, she began earnestly, "Miss Curtis, they've crossed the line. Don't worry, we're on your side."

Evelyn read the comments and found her smiles frozen in place.

"Evelyn Curtis is a vase", "Evelyn Curtis funding the group", "Evelyn Curtis produced a flop".

"Charlotte Thompson and Justin Battleson perfect couple", "Charlotte Thompson and Justin Battleson – questionable relations".

The words pierced her eyes like a sudden downpour, giving her no reprieve.

They jabbed straight to her heart!

Evelyn's heart throbbed as the fury swelled within her, almost gushing out from her throat.

However, considering her professional reputation which was on a downward spiral and the pack of paparazzi waiting outside, she chose to bite her tongue.

Evelyn clenched her fists tightly and bit her lower lip, swallowing her rage deep within her.

She took a deep breath and managed to squeeze out a gracious smile, "We have pictures to take. Let's not talk about this for now."

With that, she stood up. As she turned around, her eyes flickered.

Evelyn was in a daze while completing the remaining shoot.

Her performance was subpar.

Aware of the paparazzi lurking outside after the advertisement shoot, Evelyn knew she would be questioned about the online controversy if caught.

So, she informed Lucy beforehand.

As the two had similar builds, Lucy wore Evelyn's clothes to distract the journalists while Evelyn managed to slip into her car unnoticed.

A perfect deception plan.

Back home, Evelyn impatiently pulled her phone from her bag.

Tossing her handbag aside, she sank into the sofa, exhausted from the day.

She had just switched on her phone, but had not unlocked it, when messages flooded in, causing the phone to continuously vibrate and beep.

Evelyn frantically tapped on her phone screen, trying to open the red app, but to no avail.

After a while, her phone screen turned black and froze completely.

Evelyn: "Even my phone is against me now!"

Chapter 202: Falling in Love with Someone Else

She suppressed her urge to smash her phone the next second. After restarting her phone with a gloomy face for ten minutes, she managed to unlock it and clicked on her Weibo account.

Hot search news and exploding private messages caught her attention instantly.

She couldn't believe her eyes, her pupils dilated suddenly, and she was too shocked to speak.

She thought the comments she saw on the set were already explosive enough, but after reading the news, her mind completely froze, leaving her stupefied on the spot.

The images...

The content in those four images...

Justin Battleson was being intimate with a woman, and that woman happened to be Charlotte Thompson!

The hand of Evelyn Curtis holding the phone was trembling harder, shaking uncontrollably.

She threw her phone away abruptly, turned around and gasped for air, she was almost beside herself.

One Charlotte Thompson, one Sophie Allen...

Two people with exactly the same face, different temperaments, why are they both connected to Justin Battleson!

Why are they making her, Evelyn Curtis's life difficult!

The next second, she used all her strength to throw the vase on the table down.

With a loud noise, the vase broke into pieces, shattering and spraying all over the place.

Evelyn Curtis screamed, rummaging through the shards like a madwoman to find her phone, her hand not stopping shaking.

She quickly dialed a string of numbers, connecting Justin Battleson's phone.

If this thing continues to ferment, it will inevitably affect the image and persona she has built up in the entertainment industry over the years.

Just because of a mere Charlotte Thompson, she shouldn't be able to destroy her hard work of the past five years.

No way!

She absolutely wouldn't allow such thing to happen.

On the other side, Justin Battleson had just brought Charlotte Thompson into the HR department and saw that Evelyn Curtis was calling him.

Justin Battleson looked at the flashing name on the call display and subconsciously furrowed his brows.

Evelyn Curtis?

The previous jewelry competition was causing uproar, and she was totally against Charlotte Thompson joining the group.

Now calling him, she certainly wanted to continue the endless entanglement.

Justin Battleson hesitated for a few seconds, running his slender finger on the screen.

"Hello, the number you dialed is busy, please try again later..."

Evelyn Curtis's delicately made-up face twisted instantly, and her sharp nails pricked deeply into her palm.

He hung up on her?

Did Justin Battleson know?

Did he do it on purpose?

Could it be an accidental touch?

Evelyn Curtis comforted herself, and dialed Justin Battleson's number again.

The result was the same.

Again ...

"Hello, the number you dialed is turned off, please..."

"Ah!" Evelyn Curtis couldn't bear to lie to herself anymore, she was so angry that she threw her phone on the couch.

A few seconds later, the phone vibrated.

Evelyn Curtis took a deep breath, glanced at the incoming call display, then picked up the phone to answer.

"Hello, Sister Lily."

On the other side, Grace Williams was looking at the news on the computer, her face was not very good.

You could say it was very bad.

Grace Williams has been Evelyn Curtis's agent from the beginning and has a lot of say.

"Evelyn, have you seen the news?"

Evelyn Curtis closed her eyes, "I saw it. What should I do now?"

Grace William's voice was heavy: "Now my phone has been blown up by the media, all asking about whether Justin Battleson has really fallen in love with someone else and if you've been dumped."

She rubbed her temples, continued to say, "The news has gotten too big, and negative news about you has been pushed out one after another."

A chill ran through Evelyn Curtis's heart, and her vision went black.

Chapter 203: Caught Off Guard

More and more negative news is being pushed out, and that isn't even the worst of it.

What's worse is that even major public accounts, initially just bystanders with a spectator mindset, have begun to express their opinions, and have written and published long articles.

Constant exposure to these articles is like adding insult to injury for her.

Grace Williams said, the public accounts not only write about the current trending topic.

Previous negative news about Evelyn Curtis, such as pay-to-play tactics, fighting for product endorsements, are all summarized.

As observers, the netizens almost unanimously pour endless reproach on Evelyn Curtis.

Fortunately, she still has her fans to protect her. The fiery battle of words online is currently inconclusive.

But obviously, no trace of negative news can be found about Charlotte Thompson. At the moment, Charlotte has the upper hand.

After hearing what Grace Williams said, all Evelyn Curtis can hear is a humming in her head.

Evelyn Curtis opens her mouth dumbly, her vision intermittently darkening, suddenly she cannot say anything.

High-intensity work makes her eyes uncontrollably sour.

After a long time, she barely regains some consciousness. She grips her phone tightly, her body slightly trembling.

Like holding onto the last straw, her voice tightens, almost screaming.

"Sister Lily... Sister Lily, what do I do now? What about my future?"

"I didn't know about this at all, I found out about it after the shoot..."

"This is completely unexpected!"

Everyone clearly understands the consequences if this matter continues to ferment.

Evelyn Curtis cares a lot about her status in the entertainment circle, naturally she would worry.

On the other hand, Grace Williams is silent for a long time.

Feeling somewhat tired, she closes her eyes, lifting her hand to move the mouse and close the news page on her computer, taking a deep sigh.

Then in a heavy voice, she begins to speak: "Evelyn, don't worry yet, listen to me."

She hesitates for a moment: "Not only are you implicated in this matter, but also Justin Battleson and Charlotte Thompson."

"Yes! It's because it involves the two of them that the situation has become so serious!"

"Don't lose your temper, just watch for now. As long as Justin Battleson takes action, this matter will basically be over."

For five years, Justin Battleson and Evelyn Curtis have often been linked together, their influence on each other is undeniable.

Grace Williams's business sense is extremely acute, instantly capturing the crux of the issue.

With Justin Battleson's intelligence, he would never let such trivial negative news affect the Riley Group.

Although it makes no real difference to their operations, it might slightly tarnish their reputation.

This is very clear to Grace Williams, but Evelyn Curtis may not necessarily understand.

Having said this, she still seems a bit uneasy, and instructs: "Remember my words, don't do anything, just watch."

Evelyn Curtis takes a deep breath and can only nod in agreement.

She hangs up the phone and slumps helplessly onto the couch, her eyes filled with gloom.

Having been working non-stop, she's already physically and mentally exhausted, but this current crisis has her on high alert.

No matter how tired, she can't close her eyes and rest.

She opens Weibo once again, the war of words is still going on.

New topics are still being discussed.

Evelyn Curtis opens her private messages on Weibo, only to find it has been overwhelmed.

The netizens' words attack her like bullets, showing not a shred of mercy.

Chapter 204: A Question

Elsewhere, within the HR department of Riley Group.

Charlotte Thompson has essentially become familiar with this department's operations and has completed all onboarding tasks.

Then, onto the next department — the design department.

This is Charlotte's main battlefield.

Perhaps Justin Battleson, worried she might not be comfortable sitting with so many people, arranged a private office for her.

The office, neither too big nor too small, faces the sun, providing an optimal working environment.

When she first learned that she had her private office, Charlotte was somewhat surprised.

She just joined forces yesterday, and everything is already so well arranged?

No doubt, that's Justin Battleson — high in efficiency.

Charlotte looked around, then sat down on the sofa.

Justin Battleson stood across from her, one hand in his pocket.

Though his whole body emits an aura of 'keep your distance', he still appears unbearably proud.

"Miss Thompson, is it decent?"

At the remarks, Charlotte slightly hooked her lips, her beautiful eyes shimmering: "Mr. Battleson, you really pull all the stops. Is this the treatment I get for joining the company?"

"Even if it's a subsidiary company, won't others comment on Mr. Battleson's actions if I receive such special treatment?"

A private office for a newly recruited staff member is almost unheard of.

Unless it's for a big shot headhunted from another company.

But Charlotte is clearly merely a designer. Even with her success at Joy, here in Druarus, she's just Charlotte.

Enjoying manager-level treatment right at the outset.

At this rate, there would be many people reporting discontent and envy.

"Not at all," Justin Battleson hooked his lips, saying, "Miss Thompson, your identity is different, and the courtesies you receive will naturally differ."

"Besides, Miss Thompson, as Design Director, a private office is standard for you."

After he finished, Charlotte smiled, but didn't speak, just politely lowered her head and raised her right hand to smooth the folds of her skirt.

The black leather sofa and her long black skirt make her exposed legs look pale and delicate. The small black straps of her high heels add to her refined elegance.

Charlotte seemed to remember something suddenly. She picked up her head, her long eyelashes fluttering, her eyes watery: "I have a favour to ask, Mr. Battleson, would you agree?"

Justin Battleson nodded faintly: "Let me hear it?"

"I have a little assistant, her name's Coco, she's capable, can I bring her over?" she said.

Though stated as a question, her tone made it sound like a decision made.

"No problem."

Justin Battleson agreed readily. In contrast, it was Charlotte who looked at him in surprise.

He agreed so easily?

The latter seemed rather carefree as he shrugged. His expression slightly changed, and after a few seconds, he opened his mouth in a subdued voice.

"Miss Thompson, since I've granted your request, I also want to ask you something in return."

Looking at Justin's serious expression, Charlotte felt her breath hitch, her heartbeat skipping a beat.

This stern expression made Charlotte feel a sense of dread deep in her heart.

But considering he so readily agreed to her request, she couldn't justly refuse him flat out.

She could only muster the courage to produced a friendly smile: "There's actually something Mr. Battleson needs to ask me?"

Justin Battleson nodded his head; his Adam's apple bobbed slightly.

Charlotte lowered her gaze, not daring to meet his gaze, and then spoke: "Alright, Mr. Battleson, just state your question outright."

As soon as she finished speaking, Justin Battleson unexpectedly dropped his gaze to look at her. The depth of his black eyes seemed as if they could see right into her soul.

Chapter 205: Sophie Allen is Your Ex-wife

His lips moved slightly and his eyes were fixed tightly on Charlotte Thompson. A deep voice emanated from Justin Battleson.

"I want to ask, are you Sophie Allen, or do you know who Sophie Allen is, what is your relationship with Sophie Allen?"

As soon as the words dropped, a tremor formed in Charlotte's heart.

She blinked, slowly meeting the man's gaze.

Her rosy lips parted: "Mr. Battleson, if my understanding is not wrong, these are three different questions."

A hint of mockery subtly laced Charlotte's tone.

Hearing this, Justin closed his eyes, replying, "It's not important now."

Charlotte had never heard him speak with this tone before, not even during their reunion five years later, nor during the time they were bound by marriage five years previously.

This was undoubtedly shocking for her.

She concealed the stirring emotions rising from the depths of her heart, her moist red lips curling into a slight smile.

"I can answer your questions, but before that, I would like to know who this Sophie Allen you speak of, actually is?"

She then added another sentence: "Exactly what kind of person left such a deep impression, that I resemble her closely enough you can't let it go."

Silence ensued. She clearly saw a flicker of reminiscence passing the depths of the man's pupils, as Justin's fingers curled slightly, trembling unnoticeably.

Charlotte's heart fluttered lightly; was the man in front of her still Justin?

Has it really come to the point where there isn't any feelings left for Sophie Allen?

Charlotte watched him intently until he parted his thin lips, uttering two words.

"Ex-wife."

She didn't know why, but hearing these two words suddenly made her want to laugh.

She lifted her face, her gaze glittering with an icy chill.

"I can definitely tell you, I am not Sophie Allen, and I have never known a Sophie Allen. I certainly wouldn't have any connection with someone called Sophie Allen."

She paused, continuing to say: "Nobody set a rule saying that people with the same character in their names must know each other. I am myself, she is herself, likewise, Charlotte can never become Sophie."

Justin stared intently at her, wishing to find some hints of untruth from her face.

However, the result was disappointing.

Her face was filled with an elegantly composed smile, her voice calm and unruffled.

Charlotte's words sounded as if they were describing a matter completely unrelated to her.

For a moment, Justin began to waver.

What if Charlotte... really wasn't Sophie Allen, as she claimed?

Charlotte carelessly uncrossed her legs, speaking again: "If I'm not mistaken, this isn't the first time you've asked me this question, Mr. Battleson."

The sun was high in the sky, sunlight flooding through the window, dancing on the cool-colored curtains. Despite the sunny room, the atmosphere suddenly became a little stiff.

Charlotte lazily lifted her eyes, "Mr. Battleson, as you've said, Miss Allen is your ex-wife, and you have legally dissolved your marriage with her. Since there is now no link between you, why are you still dwelling on her?"

Her words hit hard.

Having played in the commercial circles for many years, Justin Battleson's methods were ruthless, and his mind was undoubtedly sharp.

But now, he was suddenly feeling lost.

Sophie Allen is your ex-wife, she has legally dissolved your marriage with her...

No strings attached...

However, five years ago, standing in front of the Civil Affairs Bureau with Sophie Allen, he didn't really want to divorce.

But he did not know for what reason.

Chapter 206: Beauty is Also An Advantage

With a certain helplessness, he lowered his eyes and shook his head in a self-deprecating manner.

"Miss Thompson, I seem to be at a loss for words to your remark."

He paused, then continued, "You can change anything in this office to your liking, come to work at any time, and if there's nothing else, I'll be leaving."

Before Charlotte could reply, Justin Battleson turned and strode out of the office, his retreating figure carrying a hint of untraceable disarray.

Charlotte sat on the sofa, her eyes slightly clouded, a hint of mockery on the corner of her lips.

She didn't understand why Justin was so fixated on Sophie, nor did she understand the ambiguous interest he was now displaying towards her.

After all, the person who had resented Sophie most five years ago was indeed Justin.

This change was truly hard for her to guess.

Is it because she resembles Sophie or because she is Charlotte Thompson?

With a face similar to Sophie's, but a different personality, did she unknowingly attract Justin?

And this unintentional attraction rekindled Justin's obsession with Sophie?

Well, even if she was Sophie, she didn't want to be Sophie in this lifetime anymore.

She's had enough of the times she was manipulated and trampled upon at will.

Upon leaving the Riley Group, Charlotte stood outside the building.

It was already evening, the sun had set, leaving only a touch of fiery red afterglow.

She took out her phone from her bag, her fair and slender fingers brushed over the dial pad a few times, found Jack Bryant's name, and called him.

The call was answered after just a few rings.

Jack Bryant's familiar and somewhat monotonous voice came from the receiver.

"Miss."

Charlotte wrinkled her nose, made a sound of acknowledgement, and whispered, "I'm at the front of Riley Group's building."

Before she could finish speaking, she heard a rustling noise on the other end, followed by the sound of a door opening mixed with the wind.

Jack Bryant: "I'll be right there."

It was now off-working hours, and numerous employees were coming out of the building, casting glances at Charlotte when they saw her.

Standing not far away, Charlotte straightened her back, her long, black hair casually draped over her shoulders, her tear mole adding an element of coquettishness.

She overheard a few hushed conversations.

"Yes, I see her. She's the new one from Human Resources. She came in with the CEO! Heard her name is Charlotte Thompson, and she's even won awards at the jewelry competition."

"Indeed, even got her own office. Our colleague Anna never had her own office despite working here for so long. I have to say, being beautiful does carry advantages!"

"What advantages? She stole the show at the jewelry competition. Everyone saw that. Her skills in social climbing are not something ordinary people can learn!"

"Making the CEO pay such attention to her in such a short time, she must be crafty. The design department might have a tough time ahead."

"Ah, well, that's the design department's problem, not ours. We just need to sit back, relax, and enjoy the drama."

The sparse whispers, filled with scorn.

A big newcomer enjoying benefits hundreds of times better than the old employees. Why is that?

Charlotte knew she was grabbing all the spotlight, getting favoritism from Justin, and thus, was likely to face criticism.

As the saying goes, an uneven object will make a sound. The comments from these people seemed somewhat justified.

Chapter 207: Video Call

Charlotte Thompson didn't say anything, just glanced back nonchalantly at the people who were talking, her eyes calm and unaffected.

It was as if the people they were talking about just now wasn't her.

Sensing her gaze, the people finally toned down a bit and dejectedly closed their mouths, hailed a taxi, and left.

Those who work in the business world should have a bit of discernment.

They would gossip behind the back, but would never offend in person.

In a company where everyone has to face each other often, no one would be stupid enough to cause trouble for themselves.

Not a while later, a black Rolls-Royce slowly pulled up in front of Charlotte Thompson. The car window on the driver's side rolled down, revealing Jack Bryant with a cool pair of sunglasses that finally gave him a slightly stern bodyguard look.

Liam Bryant sat in the back seat, his black suit immaculate. He got out of the car, walked around to the passenger side, and opened the door, respectfully saying, "Miss, please get in the car."

Charlotte Thompson nodded and got into the car in her high heels.

Not far away, a man stood at the entrance, watching the Rolls-Royce slowly drive away with his deeply dark eyes.

A few seconds later, he lifted his eyes, strode to a car parked not far away, quickly pulled open the driver's door, started the car, and followed the Rolls-Royce.

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In less than half an hour, the black Rolls-Royce stopped outside the BK Hotel.

Twilight had begun to set in, the hotel lights were bright, creating an inexplicably comforting atmosphere.

To avoid trouble, she had been staying at the Thompson residence during this time. Now that she was back at the hotel, there was a sense of nostalgia.

Jack Bryant led the way, pushing open the door, and looked back at Charlotte Thompson to speak.

"By the way, Miss, Mr. Thompson called today. Not wanting to disturb your work, he called the hotel directly. The six young masters and the young lady miss you. They hope you can call them back later."

"Hmm, I got it."

Charlotte Thompson responded indifferently.

Since she arrived in Druarus, she had been fully devoted to the jewelry design competition and hadn't had time to spare.

This was the first time in five years that she had left her children.

Although the children were sensible and obedient, who knows if they miss her.

Thinking of the children's innocent faces, a relaxed and happy smile finally appeared on Charlotte Thompson's lips.

Outside the hotel, a black luxury car pulled up right after, Justin Battleson got out of the car. He leaned against the car, somewhat agitated, and lit a cigarette.

In the darkness, the light of the cigarette flickered on and off.

...

After entering their rooms, Jack Bryant and Liam Bryant as usual, went to their own rooms. Charlotte Thompson comfortably took a bath, changed into her pajamas, then only did she turn on her computer and sent a video call request to her eldest brother.

Due to the time difference, it took about ten seconds for the video call abroad to connect.

The children knew their mother would call tonight, so they sat by the computer as soon as it got dark.

However, unaware of the time difference between the two countries, the children had been waiting by the computer for a few hours, waiting for the call, until late at night.

As soon as the video call connected, Charlotte saw Grace Thompson's chubby little hands tampering with the screen, and her face looked puzzled.

Grace, who has big watery eyes, now looked somewhat dull, it seemed the little girl couldn't withstand her sleepiness.

Charlotte looked at the time, indeed, it should be early morning in Ashton now.

She blamed herself for not keeping track of the time.

These days, busy with the contest and dealing with Justin Battleson, she was a bit overwhelmed and completely forgot about the time difference between Druarus and Ashton.

Chapter 208: What Big Brother Says is Correct.

The oldest, Cyrus Thompson sat to the side, with only half of his face visible in the frame.

Despite this, he didn't get angry with his younger brothers and sisters. He looked at Grace Thompson with a good-natured smile and a sigh of resignation, "Grace, stop poking the screen. Mommy can see you now."

At this, Grace finally turned her confused stare to the computer screen, her face lighting up with delight when she saw Charlotte Thompson's face.

"Mommy!"

Her call was full of energy, as though the drowsiness was instantly dispelled.

Charlotte's heart softened immensely. She quietly responded, wishing she could fly to Ashton immediately and hug them all.

She played with the silk headband in her hand, tying her hair back into a low ponytail as she soothingly addressed her darlings, "Babies, mommy still has some things to finish overseas. I will be back after a few days."

She glanced at Grace, who was still fiddling with the screen, and a headache began to form.

Of all the children, she was the most mischievous.

Cyrus, being the eldest, had a natural steadiness. Hank might have been a troublemaker, but he knew his priorities. Chad, Jack, and Annie were so thoughtful that it was heart-wrenching.

Because Grace was the youngest and Charlotte's own, everyone at home spoiled and indulged her.

Which only made her even more mischievous and pampered.

Therefore, the one she worried about the most was Grace.

This little girl was incredibly lively and clever!

Charlotte feigned a stern look at Grace and said, "Grace, my dear, you cannot make your uncle angry at home, you must behave."

Hearing this, Grace nodded pitifully.

With those big, watery eyes that could melt anyone, Charlotte longed to rush to Ashton and hold her close, providing comfort.

After reminding them of a few things, the night had grown late. The children had school in the morning and so Charlotte was the first to end the call.

Elsewhere, a thousand miles away in Ashton.

The housekeeper was making his rounds. Hearing some commotion in the children's room, he went in.

"Young masters and misses, why aren't you sleeping yet?"

Grace replied, "We just had a video call with mommy, I miss mommy, and I can't sleep."

Obviously, the housekeeper knew Grace was fond of being spoiled. When she talked like this, all she wanted was her bedtime milk.

Ten minutes later, the housekeeper returned with the maids, each holding a warm cup of milk—one for everyone.

Once they finished their milk, the housekeeper reminded them to sleep early and exited the room.

The children, now sitting on their beds, each wore a look of seriousness caused by their big brother's words.

Cyrus lazily put down his book, filled with complex technical terms.

He glanced around at his younger siblings, and slowly began to speak, "Our mom has been in Druarus for quite a while now. You all aren't dumb, so you must sense that something is wrong, right?"

Oblivious, the second eldest, Hank, bit his fingernail, his eyebrows furrowed deeply, but his face betraying an honest demeanor. He shook his head earnestly, "There's nothing wrong."

Grace shot him an annoyed look as his words fell.

Cyrus twitched his lips and chose to ignore him.

He picked up the tablet on the bed and started to navigate the screen.

While continuing to tap and swiping on the screen, he began, "I suspect that Mommy went to Druarus this time to look for our daddy. So, now I am going to trace Mommy's tracks to see if anything is amiss."

Upon hearing this, Chad and Jack, sitting on the other side, nodded in agreement.

They had always followed their big brother's lead and took his words as gospel.

Chapter 209: Is it Daddy?

Just as Grace Thompson and Hank Thompson were about to fall asleep, Cyrus Thompson, staring intently at the screen, suddenly announced, "I found it."

Startled awake, Hank Thompson tumbles towards his brother, wiping drool from the corner of his mouth, straining his eyes, and asks, "What's up?"

With a hint of maturity, Cyrus says, "Mom participated in a jewelry competition in Druarus, and later joined the Riley Group. I just saw the signing ceremony, and now I'm looking for photos of the president of Riley Group."

As his words settle, the numbers on the tablet fall to zero, and a clear photo pops up.

After seeing it clearly, Cyrus pauses abruptly, his pupils dilating in disbelief.

He moves closer to the screen, suspecting that he might have misinterpreted something.

He rubs his eyes and looks at the screen once again.

Chad Thompson and Jack Thompson exchange a glance, noticing his change, somewhat nervously ask, "What happened?"

Cyrus Thompson is still in shock and simply mutters, "You guys need to see this."

Hank Thompson, already seated closely, leans over to have a look upon hearing his elder brother.

He sees his brother's trembling hand move away from the tablet, unveiling an enlarged photo on the screen.

The photo isn't clear, it looks as if it was taken secretly from a few meters away, barely showing a chiseled and chilly side profile.

Hank squints, his pupils suddenly shrink.

After a few seconds, he lifts his head in surprise, glancing at his elder brother's delicate facial features before returning his gaze to the photo on the screen.

Hank: "..."

He gasps, sinking back onto the bed, still unable to process what he has just seen.

"Big brother, how does this guy look exactly like you?"

Meanwhile, Chad Thompson glances at the screen, due to his height, he just had to lift his eyes slightly to see the contents.

The little hand on his knee thoughtfully circles around his knee, he glances at Hank and corrects him.

"It's not that this man looks like big brother. It's big brother who resembles this man."

Grace immediately reaches out to snatch the tablet from Cyrus's hands, placing it onto the bed.

The rest of the kids all question the man on the screen almost simultaneously.

Hank's usually less clever brain is spinning rapidly, he scratches his head and asks, "Bro, are you suggesting that the man in the photo is our father?"

"That's a possibility."

Jack, propped up on one elbow, rubs sleep from his eyes, "But you saw it too, it's not very clear, but they are indeed identical."

Grace lifts her chubby cheeks and continues, "Big brother said that this man is the president of Riley Group, which is the company mommy works for."

Her sparkling big eyes shimmer and twinkle like a clear spring.

"So, there must be a profound connection between mommy and him."

Saying this, Grace nods for emphasis, affirming her assumption.

Hank, with growing excitement, engages in a discussion with Grace as if he's found a kindred spirit, "I think so too, Grace, I bet that this man is our father."

Having said this, the other children nod in agreement.

Cyrus Thompson remains silent, picks up the tablet again, his forehead creased lightly.

The next second, he exits the page, pulling up a string of complex codes.

Chapter 210 Daddy Has a New Love

Grace Thompson touched the two small buns on her head, a bit curious: "Big Brother, what are you doing?"

Without looking up, Cyrus Thompson's eyes were glued to the loading bar, speaking rapidly: "I'm digging up some information on this man."

Barely had he finished speaking when the computer screen changed.

A concise personal homepage appeared.

Cyrus opened his mouth and read it out loud: "Justin Battleson, CEO of Riley Group."

He frowned, adding: "He seems to have been married previously, and currently has a girlfriend who, for you, needs no introduction."

"Her name's Evelyn Curtis."

They were all aware of the incident at the Jewelry Competition, including the part where their mom and a wicked woman named Evelyn Curtis wore the same outfit.

It was clear that she had created problems during the competition, causing these children to hate her from the bottom of their hearts.

Moreover, considering her pathetic attempts to manipulate online public opinion, they thought even less of her, even wanting to get back at her if they could.

If it were not for their uncle reassuring them that their mother could win gracefully, they would definitely not have been able to hold back.

Hank Thompson's fist slammed into the bed, then sprung back up again the next second.

"Why won't this wicked woman leave us alone?"

"Exactly! She's everywhere and it's really annoying!" spat Jack Thompson, nodding his head.

Grace frowned and said, "If this woman is Daddy's girlfriend, then maybe it's because of her Mommy can't get back together with Daddy. I hate this wicked woman and I hate Daddy for choosing to be with her!"

Since Evelyn Curtis was involved in the matter again, Cyrus decided to start the investigation from that angle.

Given that Evelyn Curtis is a famous actress and known to have a significant online presence, Cyrus exited the coding software and launched his internet browser.

His fair hand swiftly typed out a few characters on the keyboard, a soft glow from the screen reflecting on his face.

The children leaned in to see the search results more clearly.

Other than a personal introduction, there were also a few clips about the Jewelry Competition and TV show promotions.

Cyrus randomly chose one to play. The screeching cheers and applause were almost deafening, causing him to quickly reduce the volume.

Upon seeing the video contents, the children's faces turned sour.

The clip was from when Evelyn Curtis made a phone call to Justin Battleson during a press conference for "Republic of China's Beauty".

Watching her feigned coy and mysterious demeanor, Cyrus looked quite displeased.

He had never seen such a pretentious woman in all his life.

Compared to their mother, she was worlds apart.

No, more like a whole galaxy apart!

A rare expression of disgust revealed itself on Grace's face.

She reached out her chubby little hand, pointed at the screen, and whispered to the always stoic Olivia Thompson: "Can't these journalists figure out what this wicked woman is implying?"

Olivia, being a bit older, understood more than Grace.

However, she found herself at a loss for words; she merely reached out and ruffled her little sister's fluffy head, saying: "Grace, don't fuss about it, these are grown-up matters."

Meanwhile, Hank Thompson was less composed. Clenching his teeth, he said: "Big Brother, I get it now. Daddy abandoned Mommy, abandoned us because he found a new lover. In that case, we might as well disown him as our father!"