

Spoiled 211

Chapter 211: Big Brother is Big Brother

They were born in Ashton, never had to worry about food or clothing from an early age. Although they never had the role of a father in their life, the love their uncles showered on them absolutely surpassed paternal love.

Therefore, they naturally didn't hold much hope for this never-met father.

Hank Thompson extended his elbow, nudging Chad Thompson beside him, who was leaning against him, about to doze off, with eyelids bordering on shutting.

Seeing this, Hank sighed, portraying an attitude of 'heaviness falls unto those chosen by heavens'.

Hank, with a slightly exaggerated lift of his head, lamented, "Big brother, those who only know to sleep cannot accomplish great things. Hence, this matter should be decided by us, the immortals."

By this time, Cyrus Thompson had put down his tablet.

He got off his bed, took a few steps back, found a small blanket to cover Olivia Thompson and Grace Thompson, who were already asleep, before he was willing to raise his eyes to look at Hank.

Well...

A gaze that seemed to regard him as an imbecile.

Not terribly damaging, but extremely insulting!

Hank was hot-headed, this young man's hairs stood up in anger.

He got off the bed, stepped beside his big brother in slippers, complaining discontentedly, "Big brother, what I said wasn't wrong."

Cyrus Thompson raised his hand gently, waking up Chad and Jack Thompson. To avoid waking the two younger sisters, he lowered his voice and said to them, "Go back to your rooms and sleep, it's getting late."

Watching the two of them leave in a daze, Cyrus helplessly turned back to his silly younger brother, "Hank, if you don't want to be late and punished by standing again tomorrow, then immediately go back to your room and sleep."

Hearing this, Hank, who was initially ready to retort, saw the determined look in his big brother's eyes, swallowed his words immediately, briskly turned, and walked out the door.

The movements were fluid.

A big brother is a big brother, settled by a single sentence.

The night deepened and the lights in the villa gradually went out, leaving an ambiance of tranquility and peace.

The next day.

The curtain was "whooshed" open, the dimly lit hall finally brightened, the morning sun rose outside, and there were occasional birdsong coming from the distance.

Cyrus Thompson was the first to wake up. After he finished washing up, the nanny had just served breakfast - soft bread accompanied by fragrant and rich milk.

Almost at seven, the children one after another crawled out of their beds, and after washing up, sat at the table.

"Big brother, have you thought about what happened last night?"

Hank Thompson leaned his head over, sneaky and whispering.

His eyes were smiling, also revealing a bit of expectation.

But their big brother casually swallowed a mouthful of milk, each movement elegant beyond imagination.

He glanced at his silly little brother, and with an expressionless face, counter-questioned, "Does this kind of thing need thinking?"

As soon as the words fell, the living room door was pushed open, and a man slowly came in from outside, carrying a bit of the chill from the early morning.

Chad Thompson raised his head for a glance, he nodded slightly, respectfully saying, "Uncle."

Since the time Charlotte Thompson returned to Drusus, the task of picking up and dropping off the kids fell onto Henry Thompson.

Henry Thompson was the eldest brother of the Thompson family's grandchildren, and was very fond of Charlotte Thompson, naturally willing to take on this responsibility.

Moreover, these children, he had watched them grow up from a young age, and loved them dearly.

Henry Thompson strode towards them, he smiled a little looking at Chad Thompson, giving him a nod.

Then, Henry Thompson sat down next to Cyrus Thompson.

Chapter 212: We Have the Right to Know

"Cyrus, you're the oldest brother. You must help take care of your younger siblings at kindergarten. Grace can be naughty, so keep an eye on her."

Henry Thompson would say this every day, and Cyrus never seemed to tire of it, always obediently agreeing.

But Hank Thompson was not so agreeable.

He pouted with breadcrumbs still on the corners of his mouth: "Uncle, we're not children anymore. Does Cyrus really have to watch us every second of the day?"

Barely finishing his sentence, he seemed to suddenly remember something.

He shifted his chair closer to Henry and made faces at Cyrus, but spoke to his uncle.

"Uncle, all these years, we've never seen our father since we were born. Do you know who our father is, and where he is now?"

His voice was neither loud nor quiet. Cyrus, who was sitting close, naturally heard.

He frowned slightly, silently lamenting his younger brother's inability to keep secrets, but still couldn't resist glancing in his uncle's direction.

To say he wasn't curious would be untrue.

At his words, Henry's actions of picking up the bread paused noticeably.

The expression on his face suddenly turned dark.

Seeing this, Hank was taken aback and quickly added, "Uncle, we didn't mean anything by it, just curious is all."

He paused, then added, "Other kids have dads, I...I'm just a bit curious."

At this, Henry's face finally softened somewhat.

He slowly put down the bread, remained silent for a few seconds, then exhaled deeply, a flash of murderous intent passing through his eyes.

The sun had risen outside, warm rays of light danced on the table and everything was bathed in a comfortable golden hue.

However, Hank suddenly felt a little cold.

He furrowed his brows at the goosebumps on the back of his hand, and at the same time, Henry slowly began to speak.

There was barely restrained fury in his voice.

"Your mother probably never mentioned him to you either, did she?"

As he finished, the children nodded in unison, their movement exceptionally coordinated.

From the moment they came to this world, the figure of a father seemed to be absent from their cognition.

Since their mother didn't care, the children seemed to form some tacit agreement and never spoke of it.

But not talking about it didn't mean they didn't know.

Finally, Cyrus, who had remained silent, spoke.

His voice was gentle, "Uncle, we have the right to know."

The children's eyes were fixed on Henry, who opened his mouth to speak but then hesitated.

This matter was difficult to explain.

Let alone whether Charlotte had let it go, even thinking about it now, Henry felt his teeth itch with anger.

Although it wasn't something that happened to him, he was heartbroken for Charlotte.

Eventually, he took a deep breath, rubbed his temples, and his voice sounded tired.

"You're right, you've had it tough all these years."

He paused, his gaze filled with a touch of remembrance.

Yet his expression was stony, and his voice carried a bitter hate.

Pretty obvious Henry didn't want to bring all these things up again.

He thought it could turn the page on the past, but he nearly forgot.

This was something they seemed unable to get past.

The origins of Cyrus, Hank, and Grace, the three children, always reminded them of everything that had happened five years ago.

Chapter 213: The Invincible Big Villain

"You all are not young anymore, Your Uncle Henry trusts that you know how to differentiate." Henry Thompson started with gritted teeth, veins popping out on the back of his hands.

"Your father was nothing but a scumbag, a lousy person, a disgrace to society, but fortunately, he is now dead."

The despicable Williams Charlie, vanished from their memories five years ago.

It would be more accurate to say that he died.

Henry Thompson angrily bit into a piece of bread and continued, "I don't know why you suddenly brought him up, but I hope this is the first and last time."

At his words, Hank Thompson shrank slightly and hurried to stuff the bread into his mouth.

Meanwhile, Cyrus Thompson averted his gaze thoughtfully. He wondered slightly about his uncle's revelation.

Given his uncle's grim expression, that man must have done something unforgivable five years ago.

Otherwise, his uncle Henry, who always doted on them, had never said a harsh word before. But now, he looked as if he could devour someone.

After breakfast, Henry Thompson instructed the children to pack their things and wait for him in the parking lot.

Cyrus stopped him with a somewhat helpless expression, "Uncle, Uncle Liam can take us, you should go to your company first."

Liam Bryant, Luke Bryant's older brother, was responsible for the kids' safety in Ashton.

After Charlotte Thompson left, sending the children to kindergarten had always been Henry Thompson's personal task, but now with the company's hectic schedule, Cyrus did not want to trouble his uncle.

Hearing this, Henry Thompson slightly turned back, smiled, and said, "Cyrus, you are considerate. It's all right, go ahead and pack up, I'll wait for you downstairs."

Hearing him say so, the children did not say anything more and went back to their rooms to pack their bags.

As Hank Thompson stuffed books into his bag, he whispered to Chad Thompson, "Chad, did you hear what Uncle just said?"

By this time, Chad Thompson had already finished packing. He sat by the bed, nodding, "I heard. What's the matter?"

Hank Thompson's heart grew furious as the conversation came up.

He threw his bag aside, sat down beside Chad, and said indignantly, "From Uncle's tone, our father must have been a super villain."

Chad Thompson nodded: "It seems...yes."

"So, Chad, are you willing to stand with me?" Hank Thompson looked at Chad with piercing eyes and a hint of expectation.

Hearing this, Chad Thompson looked up in confusion: "What do you mean by 'stand'?"

Hank Thompson looked at him with a disappointed expression, saying, "I'm not sure about Cyrus's thoughts for now, but I understand that you are my good brother, and you must also agree with me that man was a bad guy, right?"

On the other side, Cyrus Thompson faintly heard the words "bad guy". He glanced back at Hank Thompson and sauntered, "Hank, are you itching for a beating?"

The latter was startled into standing up by his gaze, hastily picking up his bag, and stuttered, "What did you say, Cyrus? I didn't quite hear you from over here."

Chad Thompson, who was still sitting on the side puzzled, watched Hank Thompson's flowing actions and his lips twitched.

Really Hank Thompson, no one could outdo him when it came to feigning ignorance.

The kids lined up, one by one, got in the car, Grace Thompson was carried up by Cyrus.

Arriving at the private kindergarten, the children obediently waved goodbye to Henry Thompson. Only then did he turn around and head to his company.

Chapter 214 Annie Anne

The sky gradually darkened as Charlotte Thompson finished work. She walked on the sidewalk with her bag on her back, lifting her eyes to see the evening glow on the horizon.

A streak of red that was so dazzling it seemed to have concentrated years of gentleness.

The evening breeze gently brushed the treetops, bringing a rustling sound.

She leaned on the railing of the overpass, enjoying the rare tranquility.

Looking out, vehicles were bustling under the overpass, and the honking mixed with the wind, booming in her ears.

Charlotte curled her lips, a familiar silhouette suddenly appeared in her mind.

Annie Anne.

In the past, they had watched the sunset together many times, but it had been so long, she did not know when they would do so again.

Her chaotic thoughts were brought back by the continuous vibration of her phone in her bag. Charlotte took out her phone and glanced at the incoming call display.

She slightly raised her eyebrows in surprise.

Two characters displayed on the screen.

Annie.

Her slender and fair fingers swiped across the screen, she held the phone to her ear, the sound of the wind gradually decreased, and a nearly inaudible breathing sound faintly came from the handset.

Charlotte clenched her phone, her voice filled with nervousness, yet also excitement. After a while, she ventured to speak.

"Annie?"

There was no response from the other side, but even so, Charlotte felt elated.

Since the birth of Olivia Thompson, Annie Anne had developed mental issues. She forgot she had a child, but Olivia knew.

Olivia knew that her mother was Annie Anne, and that Annie did not remember her.

Olivia was the youngest but more mature and sensible than her peers, maybe for that reason, she had always been cautious.

Yet she was just a several years old child.

This was the sight that Charlotte couldn't bear to see the most.

After a while, a slightly hoarse female voice came from the other end of the handset.

"Charlotte."

Charlotte felt a movement in her heart, a pain piercing through.

She hummed in acknowledgment and simultaneously raised her head.

"Do you know? In front of me, I can almost touch a glow of the sunset."

She paused, then continued, "Just as beautiful as the ones we used to watch together."

For some reason, the other side fell silent again. Just as Charlotte thought Annie had hung up, Annie Anne spoke.

Her voice was as calm as a pond, gentle like her personality, yet determined.

Charlotte felt that Annie Anne was very similar to someone.

Similar to Sophie Allen.

"Charlotte, I heard that you're back in Druarus. The sunset here is indeed beautiful." Annie stopped for a few seconds then continued, "I'm back too, currently filming in Firenze. Although I'm just an unknown actress, it's better than being nobody, don't you think?"

She chuckled and didn't wait for Charlotte to respond before asking, "Are the kids with you? It's been a while since I last saw them."

Mentioning the children, Charlotte's mouth unconsciously curved into a smile, "They didn't come back with me, they're still in Ashton. I asked my older brother to help look after them. When we go back together later, we'll have plenty of time to spend with them."

On the other side, Annie Anne picked up a water glass from the table. She took a sip and looked out of the window.

There was indeed an eye-catching red glow at the edge of the sky.

She curved up her lips and said, "Charlotte, today's sunset is breathtaking."

Despite the straightforward compliment, Charlotte felt inexplicable sorrow.

She clenched her phone and whispered, "Annie, we will watch many more together in the future, even more beautiful ones."

Seeming to remember something, Charlotte looked up slightly and asked, "The past...Haven't you moved on yet?"

Chapter 215: Are You with Him?

No one understood better than Charlotte Thompson the kind of damage that past events had inflicted on Annie Anne, apart from Annie herself.

And it all stemmed from Oliver Hudson.

Upon hearing this, Annie remained silent for a long time.

Charlotte was in no rush. She watched the late evening sky and listened to the tranquil sound of both their breaths in the receiver. It felt like an eternity before a voice came through.

Annie's voice remained calm, without the slightest ripple.

"Charlotte, I don't want to talk about the past. My memory isn't clear, and I don't like it very much."

For her, her encounters and entanglements with Oliver Hudson were disastrous, calamitous, yet oddly, also felt like an abyss and a form of redemption.

Charlotte naturally knew that Annie had been adopted by Oliver Hudson.

Annie's life was destined to be ceaselessly entwined with this man.

Charlotte released a sigh, at a loss for words. Any words of comfort would be in vain.

She pondered for a moment and began to speak, "Annie, actually..."

Suddenly several hazy voices could be heard from the receiver. Though it only lasted a mere moment, it shocked Charlotte as if she'd been struck by lightning.

She incredulously glanced at the caller ID, and her pupils immediately constricted.

It took her a while to gather herself and muster the courage to ask, "Annie, was that a man's voice just now? Was it Oliver Hudson?"

On the other end, Annie's face turned pale with fright. She hastily stood up and walked out of the room with the phone receiver, attempting to calm her nerves, her voice trembling, "Charlotte, listen to me..."

Charlotte was still in disbelief.

That voice just now, she definitely didn't mishear it.

It was definitely Oliver Hudson.

She shut her eyes and struggled to ask, "Are you with him?"

They both knew each other's temperament very well, so Annie didn't bother to hide it any longer.

She leaned helplessly back against the door. The coldness of the door seeped through to her, and she slid down to sit on the floor.

She didn't say a word for a long time.

Charlotte was so angry that she couldn't speak. She glanced at the time and demanded, "Annie, send me your address now. I'm coming over. Is Oliver Hudson bothering you again?"

Annie remained silent.

Charlotte choked on her words. She shut her eyes a while and swallowed the sour taste in her throat.

"Speak up, Annie."

The afterglow of the sunset had long disappeared, threatening darkness was about to engulf the earth, and the chill crept into her skin, even deeper into her heart.

Charlotte was at a loss for words; she felt an overwhelming sense of helplessness.

She knew that if a decision came from Annie herself, then no one could change it.

A few minutes had passed by before Annie managed to suppress the strange feelings welling up in her heart and speak up.

Her voice betrayed a rare sob and tremor.

The wind was particularly cold, blowing relentlessly into Charlotte's ears. She clearly heard the woman's voice.

"Charlotte, believe me, I was forced, but I am despicable..." Annie paused, her whole body shaking, "I can't leave Oliver Hudson, you know that, right, Charlotte... I am despicable..."

Charlotte's eyes grew moist.

Annie quickly composed herself, took a deep breath, and tried to calm her voice.

"Charlotte, don't worry about me, you can rest assured, as soon as I finish shooting, I will definitely come to see you."

Before Charlotte could respond, the phone started to emit a busy signal.

Charlotte put the phone down, her eyes filled with complexity.

The entanglement between Annie Anne and Oliver Hudson can only be resolved by themselves.

Chapter 216: Drinking Alone Feels So Lonely

After hanging up the phone, Charlotte stayed in a daze for a long time, holding her breath in frustration.

Licking her dry lips slightly, she felt the irritating urge to drink.

For the first time, she regretted not having alcohol at home to vent her frustration.

"I am going to a club for a drink. You guys don't need to come with me," Charlotte waved to dismiss them.

How could she let bodyguards follow her drinking? She was going there to let off steam; having company would make her uncomfortable.

The two bodyguards exchanged a look, unsure. It sounded risky to let her go to a club alone.

As Charlotte walked out after saying this, Jack and Liam deliberated before deciding to follow her.

"Miss Thompson, let us accompany you there to prevent any accidents," they said, maintaining a professional tone.

If any danger were to befall her, they would also bear the responsibility for negligence.

Given Jason's temperament, if anything happened to Charlotte, they, as brothers, would certainly pay the price.

Now, Charlotte was no longer the obscurity she used to be; she could be recognized on the street at any time.

After consideration, Charlotte gave in and waved at them to take her to the club.

The glitzy club was playing heavy metal music, where men and women intermingled, seeking pleasure.

The dim light added a filter to the emotions, and many love stories were fueled by alcohol,

Screams were all around, yet Charlotte remained unmoved, completely out of sync with the atmosphere.

Wearing high heels, Charlotte walked elegantly to the bar and handed the bartender a bill.

"A Long Island iced tea, please."

In the past, she wouldn't have drunk this strong, intoxicating cocktail, even going as far as avoiding it.

Over the years, she was no longer that naive girl, and had toughened up, even with her alcohol tolerance.

The bartender took the money, skillfully poured all the base spirits into a shaker, added ice, and started shaking.

"Miss, your Long Island Iced Tea is ready."

In just a few minutes, the bartender pushed a Long Island iced tea in front of her, glancing at her curiously.

It was rare for a woman to order this drink in the bar by herself.

Don't be fooled by the name 'tea' in Long Island iced tea. It's a high-proof cocktail, it uses five kinds of base spirits.

Cola was added to the drink, the cola taste that fills your mouth relaxes your vigilance.

Charlotte didn't mind. She knew all this, picked up the glass, sipped the drink and did not chug it down.

True, she was here to drown her sorrows, but not to get drunk. So, she went easy on the drink.

Probably she didn't realize how enticing her movements were.

A few drops of alcohol trickled down her neck, disappearing into her collarbone, which set many men's eyes afire.

A woman brimming with charm appearing alone in the club, the men were itching to try their luck.

But her aloof and unapproachable expression gave them the feeling of being shut out.

An aura of 'keep away from me' formed around Charlotte, so much that no one dared to strike up a conversation.

"Miss, drinking alone is lonely, how about we drink together..." A flirtatious voice rang out amid the music.

Turning around impatiently to get rid of the pest, Charlotte had no interest in a passing romance.

The men around her were disappointed, hesitating for a moment, and the attractive woman was taken by another.

Looking at Adam Ross, he seemed quite wealthy, most women wouldn't refuse him.

Turning their attention back to hunting for others in the club, they found that no one was as stunning as Charlotte.

Chapter 217: Does Mr. Ross Have Children?

The moment their eyes met, both of them froze, instantly recognizing the person in front of them.

Charlotte immediately recognized that the man with his shirt collar half-open was none other than Adam Ross from the Four-person Party.

He was a close friend of Justin Battleson. They all grew up together, but since Adam was a few years younger, he was considered the fourth brother.

Adam was also surprised, uncertain about whether Sophie Allen was still alive. His mouth slightly open, but no words came out.

"Are you... Sophie Allen?" He choked out the words, his tone filled with disbelief.

Previously she had only met Adam twice and honestly, she did not have a deep impression of him.

In order not to give herself away, Charlotte pretended not to recognize him.

"Your pick-up line is a bit cliché, can't you be a bit more original?"

Appearing unfazed, Charlotte sips from her wine glass, a playful smile gracing her lips as she mocks him.

Upon her mentioning this, Adam took a closer look at her. She resembled Sophie, but the aura she gave off was entirely different.

Realizing he had acted out of line, he wasn't embarrassed, instead, he grinned even more enticingly.

"I apologize if I was rude, I'm Adam Ross, also known as Mr. Ross. I wonder if I could have the pleasure of buying you a drink." Adam introduces himself.

Afterwards, Adam became more interested in her, his captivating gaze unwavering and making her unable to refuse his invitation.

"Sure," Charlotte agreed cheerfully, moving aside to make room for him to sit.

Although she didn't have a deep impression of him, Charlotte felt that Adam looked very familiar after they reunited.

Inexplicably, he reminded her of the twin brothers, quartet and quintet. They had similar eyes and eyebrows.

Suspecting him to be the biological father of the twins, she decided to test Adam.

Adam had his own thoughts about her face, which was so similar to Sophie Allen's, and took a seat next to her.

Two people with ulterior motives sat together, neither of them having pure intentions.

After introducing each other, they did have some preliminary understanding.

"Miss Thompson, you bear an uncanny resemblance to a friend of mine, I honestly mistook you for her. I apologize." He toasted with Charlotte, saying so in order to confirm whether she was in any way related to Sophie.

She drank the wine in her glass without changing her facial expression, using it to hide her momentary panic.

"It's fine, I thought it was another pick-up line," She had regained her calm when she replied.

Her response was casual, but it hinted that she had been approached too many times.

"Mr. Ross, being as handsome as you are, there must be many people pursuing you, right?" she seemingly asked casually.

She had to bring up the matter of the children somehow, and she couldn't arouse his suspicion, making Charlotte's task difficult.

Sweat started to form in her palm. She held her wine glass and used it to conceal her nervousness.

Her fingers kept rubbing against the wine glass, the cold touch telling her to stay calm.

"Not too many, I guess," Adam replied with a rare modesty, flicking back his fringe.

For people of their status, too many women wanted to warm their beds, but Adam didn't just any trash.

After a pause, Charlotte smiled, choosing not to rebut his statement.

"What a coincidence, I also feel that you look familiar. Just like a child I met a while ago. Do you have any children, Mr. Ross?"

Applying the same routine, Charlotte didn't explicitly mention that the children were nearby. Instead, she concealed this fact.

Adam Ross had long forgotten about that matter, he always kept himself away from troubles.

The women he broke up with were always well-taken care of, saying less of children.

"I don't have any children. Miss Thompson, don't ruin my reputation." He twisted his wrist, a smirk on his face.

Chapter 218: Two Men Competing

Adam Ross's eyes were frivolous, but Charlotte Thompson saw a degree of resolution in them.

Either he was hiding it too deeply, or he was unaware of the matter.

Untroubled by his denial, Charlotte adjusted her mindset, ready to pursue the subject while it was still fresh and gain a deeper understanding.

"So..." Her words were cut off by a voice familiar deep down in her heart.

She looked up to see that very familiar face, his gaze sweeping over them.

"What are you two doing?" Justin Battleson appeared behind them like a man who had just busted his wife cheating.

His face was dark, verging on green, clearly dissatisfied with their late-night, man-to-woman conversation.

Originally, Justin had also come to drown his sorrows in alcohol, but instead, he saw two familiar figures from a distance.

Under the dim, ambiguous light, the two were so close that they almost appeared to be kissing from Justin's perspective.

So he quickly strode over to stop them; his heart was about to leap out of his chest.

With a shrug, under Justin's gaze, Adam reluctantly distanced himself from Charlotte.

He could already sense Justin's icy aura, his gaze as if he were about to tear Adam to pieces.

Conscience be my witness, they had done absolutely nothing. Adam almost raised his hand to swear it.

The blaring music was deafening. He was only standing so close to Charlotte so that she could hear him clearly—nothing more.

Seeing Justin's expression, Adam felt a streak of wicked joy. It had been a while since he'd seen Justin in this state.

"Justin, I was just chatting with a beauty. Surely you're not going to interfere with that too?"

The corners of his lips hooked into an alluring smile. His already enchanting appearance further amplified its charm.

Under regular circumstances, who Adam Ross chose to chat with was none of Justin Battleson's business.

But this time it was different. Charlotte Thompson was not someone he could simply touch.

He shot Adam a warning look; given Charlotte and Sophie Allen's striking similarity, there was no way he wouldn't have noticed.

Catching his gaze, a cryptic smile appeared on Adam's face which then drifted off, pretending to ignore Justin's warning.

"Come with me." Without a word more, he pulled Charlotte Thompson up by her slender arm and led her away.

The burning heat from his palm spread all over her body, causing her to tremble slightly. Her heart lit up with a burning sensation.

Despite her feelings for him, she resisted, struggling to free herself from his restraint. She was about to voice her refusal when...

"Justin, what are you doing? She was the one I spotted first." Adam, not waiting for Charlotte to speak, stopped him in his tracks.

In stark contrast to Justin's warmth, his hand felt somewhat cold.

Caught between the conflicting sensations of hot and cold, the moment Adam grabbed Charlotte's hand made her experience a world of icy and fiery extremes.

"Adam, you should know what I mean?" He uttered in an obscure way, word by word.

Yet Adam decided to feign ignorance, holding onto Charlotte's hand without letting go. His face was serious to the point of being terrifying.

Being tugged back and forth between the two of them was making Charlotte's head spin. The blaring music made it even harder for her to calm down and think of a strategy.

With a ghostly pale face, she let them yank her back and forth like in a game of tug-of-war, swaying from side to side with their movements.

She had never felt such despair before. How was she supposed to make a choice?

On the one hand, there was Justin Battleson, who appeared to be her accidental lover, and on the other, Adam Ross, who seemed to be the father of her twin sister.

"You guys let go of me, I am not anyone's possession, I have the right to choose."

Despite her struggle to break free from their constraints, their grip on her was solid, binding her hand just like a handcuff.

Chapter 219: One Should Not Deceive a Friend's Wife

Tugged on one side, yanked back with equal vigor on the other, Charlotte Thompson sways like seaweed in the wind, neither party willing to let go first, leaving her dizzy from the to and fro.

Quite unexpectedly, it was the first time in her life that she had been tugged back and forth like this by two men.

The main thing is that these two men are real catches, she wondered if this could be considered an honor for her.

But if this was seen through others' eyes, it would be as if she got hit by a falling meteorite... incredibly fortunate.

"Adam, Charlotte isn't Sophie Allen, even if she was, it has nothing to do with you anymore, I hope you understand this point," came a deep voice.

Turns out this young man was harboring a major counterattack, delivering a bombshell like that right off the bat.

The explosion left Charlotte dazed, deflated, too lazy to argue. She wanted to see how Justin Battleson would react.

"Adam Ross, do you know what you're talking about?" Justin turned around, finally looking at him squarely.

His face still terribly grim, his piercing gaze fixed on Adam, displeased with his insolence.

The brothers otherwise had a good relationship, otherwise they wouldn't have formed a group of four.

Only when enraged would Justin directly call Adam by his full name, and he sensed Justin's patience was near its limit.

But Adam, ever the daredevil, wasn't afraid of stepping on toes.

He lifted his head, opened his eyes, and locked gazes with Justin.

The tension between the two spread, causing passersby to avoid them, curious about what had happened.

After a standoff, Adam was still at a disadvantage in the end.

He pursed his lips, somewhat unwilling to just let go like that, and glared resentfully at Justin.

The older brother had always been cold like this, no wonder Sophie left him. Now he's trying to mess with Charlotte.

And back then, wasn't it the older brother who insisted on divorcing Sophie? But now he is all righteous.

Muttering under his breath, the music was loud enough to cover his words.

"Justin Battleson is my boss, I just signed a contract with Vanguard Jewelry, he might need to talk to me about something."

The tension was about to reach her, Charlotte, with a hand on her forehead, stepped in to mediate.

As she spoke, she curved her lips seductively, her movements a hint of unconventional charm.

Saying those unadorned words, a unique melody was perceived, perhaps this was Charlotte's charm.

Justin's heart started to beat erratically, agitated by her teasing, he didn't ease his grip at all.

Seeing how Charlotte could keep her cool in face of their rivalry, Adam found her more and more interesting.

His grin broadened, and Adam regained his usual unruliness, releasing Charlotte's hand with a raise of his eyebrows.

Seeing Adam let go of Charlotte, Justin's face softened a bit. It wasn't as stern as before, but he was still feeling irritated.

Instead of staying home and resting on a late night, a girl would come to a nightclub to have fun.

If he hadn't happened to see her, would his brother have tried to put a hat on him?

Adam too should know better than to lay hands on someone who looked so similar, hasn't he heard the saying bro code?

In Justin's heart, Charlotte was Sophie, and therefore, his wife. Even a divorce couldn't change that.

And no one is allowed to deny this fact.

His grip tightened further, completely forgetting that he was still holding onto Charlotte's hand.

"Hiss." Charlotte sucked in breath due to the pain, slapping Justin's hand off.

Rubbing her throbbing wrist, a ring of red had formed where she was held firmly. It stood out clearly against her fair skin.

Snapping back to reality, Justin's pupils rapidly shrunk, a pained look in his eyes as he stared at her wrist, opening his mouth to say something, but quickly swallowed his words.

The two grown men had acted like children fighting over a toy. Charlotte was at a loss for words.

"Can't we sit down and talk it out without the rough handling?"

Saying that, she put her hands on her hips and glared at them. It was clear that she was annoyed, her eyelashes trembling with the rage simmering within.

The two "toy snatchers" instantly extinguished their anger, looking at each other before coldly huffing and stopping their nonsense.

Seeing that they had finally cooled down, Charlotte let out a breath of relief. She didn't want them to make a scene and get tossed out by security.

"Could you please find us a VIP booth?" She stopped a waiter, handing him her card.

The waiter was about to take it gleefully when suddenly two more cards appeared before him.

Chapter 220: Straddling Two Boats

"Just use mine." Both men said at the same time, once again clashing over who should pay the bill.

Sighing exasperatedly, Charlotte found herself unable to mediate.

Both Justin Battleson and Adam Ross were wealthy enough to afford anything - they never let a woman pay when they went out.

Especially Justin, who behaved as if he would continue causing a racket if his card wasn't accepted.

Frustrated, Charlotte relinquished her card to the two men who squabbled over payment. After all, it wasn't much.

What surprised her was, the moment she let go of her card, Adam withdrew his too, leaving only Justin's card before the cashier.

Adam laughed innocently, seeming excited to see Justin bested for once. After all, Justin had plenty of money; it wouldn't hurt if he spent some.

Only a person as exquisite as Charlotte could catch Justin's attention - all other women were mere cabbages in his eyes.

Over the years, so many people had tried their luck and thrown themselves at him in bed, only to be ruthlessly tossed aside.

After multiple failed attempts at seducing Justin, those people eventually quieted down.

"Okay." The server's forehead glistened with sweat, relieved he hadn't been forced to choose between them.

Feeling the pressure, the server took Justin's card with a trembling hand and processed the payment quickly, before directing them to a booth.

The trio took the best spot right in the middle of the dancefloor, their stunning appearances attracting a lot of attention.

The atmosphere at the table was almost palpable as everyone sipped their drinks in silence.

"Getting together like this must be fate. Let me toast to you both," Charlotte broke the silence, attempting to lighten the atmosphere.

After duly draining his glass, Justin remained silent and morose.

On the other hand, Adam was grinning knowingly, his gaze sliding between the two.

Feeling uncomfortable with their antics, Charlotte stopped talking and drank in silence.

She had just wanted to drown her sorrows, but this situation seemed even more distressing.

She had hoped to pry some information about the twin brothers from Adam, but Justin intervened.

The trio was attractive enough on their own, and even more so together, although the atmosphere was a bit odd.

Unlike the merrymaking at other tables, there was a grim silence around theirs, making them stick out in the bustling club.

"Those two guys are hot, should we get their WeChat?" A girl from the neighboring booth nudged her friend.

Her eyes kept drifting towards them, confirming if they were indeed the dreamy guys they seemed to be.

"I'm not so sure, there's a girl at their table. What if they're taken?" Her friend hesitated, while her gaze remained fixed on Adam.

Adam had those delicate features that perfectly hooked people - smooth distinct facial contours, intelligent eyes, and a constant intriguing smile.

In terms of looks, both men were equally appealing. But the girls generally preferred Adam's style over the cold, distant Justin.

"So what if there's a girl? She can't have them both. And how will we know if we don't try?"

The girl persisted, her eyes sparkling with pink bubbles of excitement. High-quality men like these were a rare find.

Eventually, her friend gave in to temptation, and they giggled their way towards the VIP booth.

"Isn't that girl Charlotte Thompson?" A remark from the other side drifted towards them.

Exchanging puzzled looks, they recognized the name. But could this be the Charlotte Thompson they were thinking of?

Silently returning back to their booth, they pulled out their phones to search for Charlotte's pictures to confirm.

"It really is her..." One girl showed her friend the picture, her eyes trailing regretfully over the two handsome men. Her heart shattered into pieces.

After that bit of gossip spread, the atmosphere in the club became peculiar. Many people secretly began taking pictures as evidence.

In no time, the photos of Charlotte partying with two high-quality men appeared, making waves across social media.

"Is Charlotte Thompson two-timing? If I'm not mistaken, those guys are Justin Battleson and Adam Ross."

Netizens were left baffled. It was understandable that Charlotte Thompson might be involved with Justin Battleson from Vanguard Jewelry, but why was Adam Ross in the picture too?