

Spoiled 221

Chapter 221: A Hundred Thousand Letters Begging for Charlotte Thompson to Publish a Book

Anyone discerning could sense the air of potential jealousy and competition between them, likened to a large melon placed in front of them that is too irresistible not to eat.

More accurately, refusing to dive into the juicy gossip is a sign of mental reserve!

However, Charlotte Thompson's sudden connection with two guys stirred up the interest of most netizens.

contemporary Internet netizens absolutely cannot tolerate an suddenly emerging, controversial woman getting involved with their dream men.

"How can this provocative, sleazy woman create quality work? she must have climbed the social ladder using seduction only, right?"

No sooner had these words slipped out than keyboard warriors quickly affirmed it as more than an assumption.

Everyone knows Justin Battleson, and most women in Druarus fantasise of marrying him through the classic and powerful CEO trope.

As the youngest member of the 'Fouever Party' and Justin are equally famous, Adam Ross also has a large fan following.

"Impressive, Charlotte hooked two golden catches. Charlotte should write a book and I would learn on my knees."

"Agreed with the above, I also want to learn these tactics, to secure my future!"

"Please write a book, Charlotte. I don't want to strive anymore!"

The comments section was a mix of all sorts of opinions.

This scandal of Charlotte juggling two men shot to the top of the popularity charts, overshadowing mainstream celebrities.

This was a rare sight. Not even those who spent heavily to purchase popularity could achieve this.

Netizens' evaluations of Charlotte were quite mixed, either showing profound admiration, or spewing particularly unpleasant insults.

After all, everyone has a mouth. They express what they think with a few keystrokes at the computer.

The online squabble almost caused the social media servers to crash.

But what about the parties involved?

Charlotte, Justin, and Adam were still awkwardly engaging in polite conversation at their table.

The mobile phones in the corner sneakily kept taking pictures. Amid the noisy nightclub, it seemed inconspicuous, and escaped everyone's notice.

Because of this, those few people felt free to take photos and "update in real time".

Charlotte's cheeks blushed after several cups of liquor. Just as she was about to drink another cup while feeling dizzy, a large hand stopped her.

A sound of 'snap' as a hand slammed the cup on the table. Justin Battleson, whether through concern or irritation, said, "No more drinking, I'll take you home". Although the voice wasn't loud, it carried to Adam Ross's ears.

Justin Battleson stood up, pulling Charlotte into his arms, not even sparing a glance at Adam Ross.

"Big brother, you didn't use to dump your friends at the sight of beauty, did you..." Adam Ross feigned an injured tone.

But Justin Battleson simply retorted in a soft voice: "Shut up."

It worked.

Adam Ross held onto his authoritative posture, crossing his legs and watching Justin walk away with Charlotte, sipping his wine without a word.

Yes, only Sophie Allen could generate ripples in Justin Battleson's heart.

Even though the woman before him was Charlotte Thompson, she wore a face just like Sophie Allen's and he knew he could never escape from it in this lifetime.

Adam Ross watched Justin Battleson support Charlotte Thompson out the nightclub door, a thoughtful look in his eyes.

Chuckling, he observed, "You seem to be the one catering to her, big brother. That really doesn't feel right, huh?"

Naturally, he got no response.

The pair had left, and Adam Ross didn't feel like staying alone in the club anymore. Irritably finished the drink in his glass.

With slightly knitted brows, the strong liquor blazed down his throat, causing slight discomfort. The surge of alcohol, however, made him utter an exclamation.

Chapter 222 Ignition

Adam Ross rose to his feet, brushed off nonexistent dust from his shoulder, then strode out of the nightclub.

A gust of wind blew outside, taking some of the alcoholic sting away, but as he looked around the city bathed in lurid lights, he found it drearily dull.

Elsewhere, Justin Battleson was half dragging, half hauling Charlotte Thompson into a car, a thin layer of sweat forming on his skin from the effort.

She had been struggling continuously since he'd dragged her out of the club.

Her movements, whether purposely or unintentionally, brushed against him like a spark to kindling.

Never before had Justin Battleson felt such dryness in his throat, forced as he was to keep the woman still in his embrace.

Had his self-restraint not been so strong, any other man would have crumbled under such provocation.

Stepping out of the car, Justin closed his eyes, taking in the cool night air.

He lit up a cigarette. The taste of tobacco helped to soothe his restlessness.

White smoke, exhaled from Justin's mouth, melded with the night, dissipating in the wind.

Soon, only the cigarette butt remained.

Turning around, Justin Battleson looked through the rolled-down car window at Charlotte Thompson. Restless, brows knitted, with flushed cheeks, her allure was undeniable.

He knew how much temptation she held for him, but he fought his desires, fearing she'd resent him if he misstepped.

Yet Justin couldn't understand why he was so drawn to Charlotte Thompson.

Could it really be because she bore the same face as Sophie Allen?

But five years ago, his feelings for Sophie hadn't exactly been of infatuation...

There was no point in questioning that now.

Only after the smell of his cigarette had disappeared did Justin get back into the car.

The alcohol from Charlotte Thompson's system seemed to have receded a little. She was asleep, her brow relaxed.

Her slightly parted, cherry red lips murmured in sleep, muttering something incomprehensible.

Justin Battleson didn't even realize the way his eyes softened as he looked at her.

Raising his hand, he gently brushed away a stray lock of hair from her cheek with his slender, jade-like fingers.

"Sophie Allen, you're finally back," he whispered, his voice heavy with longing.

Something deep within him was utterly convinced that the woman before him was Sophie Allen.

He wouldn't usually care this much.

Yet, ever since Sophie Allen had mysteriously disappeared five years ago, his heart had been plagued by this subtle unease, occasionally worrying about her.

What's worse, he started to dream about her.

He dreamt of this stubborn little woman insisting on repaying him all the money, telling him they're "even".

Adam Ross would occasionally tease him about his persistent thoughts over the past five years, saying he'd fallen for a young girl.

But only Justin Battleson knew, he was simply unsatisfied.

Justin, who had always looked down on others from atop his high position, had been cleanly cut off by a young girl.

But when he later met Charlotte Thompson, even though she wore Sophie's face, her glamorous, flamboyant charisma was nothing like Sophie's, yet just as enthralling.

He had to admit, he was attracted to Charlotte.

Once his gaze fell on her, he found it impossible to turn away.

Shaking off his thoughts, Justin Battleson climbed into the car to safely drive her back to her apartment. He then lifted her out horizontally.

Meticulously, he fished out the keys from her purse and opened the front door, carrying her inside.

The warmth of the interior decor bore no resemblance to Charlotte's flaunting personality, but reminded him more of Sophie, filling his chest with a nameless warmth.

Without lingering in the living room, he felt his way to Charlotte's bedroom and entered.

Gracefully, he laid her on the bed and meticulously tucked her in, worried that she'd catch a chill.

Chapter 223 Stop it, Justin

As Justin Battleson was about to turn around and leave, he was suddenly held back by a tender little hand.

Charlotte Thompson murmured softly in her daze, "Don't play around...Justin..."

Her voice was sweet and soft, tinged with a hint of coyness.

Those four words made Justin Battleson's heart thud unexpectedly.

This little woman, she dared to call him Justin...

Unbeknownst to her, the Justin Charlotte was referring to was Chad Thompson, not Justin Battleson.

But Justin Battleson was unaware, an inadvertent smile flickering across his face as his dark eyes brightened.

"Goodnight." Justin Battleson bent down, leaving a kiss on her forehead, his voice soft as though it could melt into water.

He quietly closed the door and turned off the lights, leaving the room filled with Charlotte's scent.

In the darkness, Charlotte seemed to sense something, furrowed her eyebrows, turned over, and fell back into a deep sleep.

Over at Evelyn Curtis's place.

She had just finished her work and returned home, intending to have a shower and then relax with her phone before getting a beauty sleep.

But the moment she opened her Weibo, she was shocked.

Pictures of Charlotte Thompson, Justin Battleson, and Adam Ross drinking together had been posted one after another on the internet.

Netizens were passionate in their discussions, and Evelyn grinded her teeth at some of the positive comments.

However, whenever she saw derogatory comments about Charlotte, Evelyn felt a sense of camaraderie, silently giving them likes in her heart.

She continuously scrolled through the posts under this trending topic, until she saw one picture in particular.

Evelyn's pupils constricted abruptly, and she immediately clicked on the photo, enlarging it again and again.

What were they doing!

Justin Battleson was helping Charlotte? They left together, just the two of them!

Where could Justin be taking her?

Was Charlotte pretending to be drunk to seduce him?

What if they...what if something happened between them and Justin completely ignored her?

A sense of crisis grew in Evelyn's heart.

This won't do. She had to seize this opportunity to ruthlessly trample Charlotte beneath her foot.

Evelyn immediately put her plan into action, reaching out to Lucy.

In the middle of the night, Lucy was jolted awake, sure to cater to Evelyn's requests despite her grumpiness from being woken.

Soon, within half an hour, a gossip account posted a series of scandalous rumors about Charlotte.

Accusing her of having illicit relationships with the boss, an inheritor...the claims were forceful and uncompromising.

They even posted some so-called "hard-evidence" pictures.

Netizens were hooked and flooded the post, giving up sleep to add fuel to the fire.

"Oh my! Who did Charlotte upset? Such big scandals."

"She's just too conspicuous. She was the highlight of the jewelry contest and she had a fight with Evelyn Curtis. It's no surprise she's being targeted."

"Could this be the doing of someone behind Evelyn Curtis? After all, Evelyn has been in the entertainment industry for five years, she's not naive."

"Are you kidding? Our Evelyn Curtis would never stoop so low."

"Exactly, and earlier posts included Justin Battleson too. Everyone knows the relationship between our Evelyn Curtis and Justin Battleson. Justin isn't dumb enough to spread rumors about himself, right?"

Having said their piece, the netizens watched the drama unfold.

Then, the rumor-spreading account stepped in to lead the conversation.

"All of this is the hard-earned result of my efforts, not one person conspiring against another. But an outraged and disgusted individual."

This comment truly stirred up the discussion.

Once again, the netizens were led by the nose.

Chapter 224 Gentleman

The next day, the sun slowly rose.

The sunlight penetrated through the floor-to-ceiling window, directly striking Charlotte Thompson's face.

The light was blinding; Charlotte was disturbed from her sleep, her discomfort apparent in her furrowed brow.

Fading back in from slumber after a little while, she half-squinted her eyes to adjust to the light. Sitting up supporting herself with her hands, she felt a splitting headache.

Charlotte turned her eyes around, surveying the familiar surroundings. Then she froze.

After a few seconds, it dawned on Charlotte that she was in the confines of her own home.

And specifically in her bedroom.

Last night? Justin Battleson!

With a sudden jolt of realization, she instinctively checked her clothes.

Breathing a sigh of relief once she confirmed there were no signs of disturbance.

Thankfully Justin Battleson had behaved like a gentleman, and not taken advantage of the situation.

Yet, thinking back to that night five years ago when all three of her children were fathered by Justin Battleson, she somehow found it hard to associate him with the term "gentleman".

She hadn't drunk this much alcohol in a long time. Her original plan was to have just a few drinks, but she hadn't foreseen how excessive the men's drinking would be. That was careless.

Straining to recall the events of the previous day, the only fragments in her mind were of Justin Battleson bringing her home.

She vaguely remembered calling out "Justin", and then him kissing her forehead...

Good Lord! What a misunderstanding!

However, at this point, Charlotte wasn't in a position to explain, nor did she feel like explaining to Justin Battleson.

Charlotte shook her uncooperative mind, struggling to get up and freshen up.

For now, it was best to calm herself down.

After freshening up, she felt a lot lighter and her chaotic mind became somewhat clearer.

Yet, she still couldn't remember what happened yesterday at the booth like what was said or what actions were performed.

It could be described as a complete blackout.

Her phone had run out of battery and turned off. Upon recharging and switching it on, innumerable calls and messages immediately flooded in.

Her mind froze over once more. What on earth happened?

Was she being bombarded?

After a quick look over the messages, Charlotte began to feel a headache coming on.

What are all these troubles? Do netizens have too much time on their hands?

Too free to just seize her?

"Sorry, I just saw your message. What's the situation now?" Without a second thought, Charlotte immediately called Coco.

Such a huge thing had happened, and Charlotte had been unreachable all night, leaving Coco, the young assistant, on the brink of a nervous breakdown.

She had just graduated not too long ago and was picked straight from her first interview by Charlotte.

So, she was overjoyed for a long time.

Charlotte had also taken her to attend a jewelry competition. Just starting her job, she had already witnessed a battle without any smoke of gunpowder—an eye-opening experience.

Now, watching the uproar online, she was so worried that she didn't sleep all night, her eyes filled with bloodshot vessels.

Seeing Charlotte's call was like grasping at straws, so she picked up in a hurry.

"Sister Charlotte! Everything's turned upside down now. Why are you just returning my call? I've been going crazy!"

Charlotte didn't quite know what to say, she tried to say something, but Coco interrupted.

"I couldn't reach you and I couldn't make any decisions on my own. I was on the verge of losing it."

Well... indeed, anyone in her situation would go mad.

Coco was on the verge of tears. Charlotte usually makes all the decisions on her own. Even if Coco was anxious and flustered, she couldn't overstep her boundaries to deal with the situation.

She watched from the beginning as the situation took shape, and attempted to contact Charlotte consistently.

Initially, Charlotte wasn't picking up, and then later the phone was switched off.

Coco, being inexperienced, had never encountered such a situation and thus was naturally anxious.

Chapter 225: Start Live Streaming

Coco clearly and briefly explained the current situation to Charlotte Thompson and handed her a data analysis report she had worked on overnight.

Charlotte opened the file and read it. It was quite comprehensive and detailed.

"Initially, it was nothing important, just a discussion revolving around some photos. Such issues are usually easy to deal with."

"However, there came a whistleblower out of nowhere who started stirring up things in the comment section, causing the situation to escalate."

Despite a hint of panic in her tone, Coco managed to remain calm and reported the situation piece by piece.

She had ordered comment moderation at the first opportunity but was still unable to control how the situation unfolded.

"This was to be expected. Don't worry, I don't blame you," Charlotte nodded, soothing Coco with a reassuring smile.

Even if she couldn't see her through the phone.

Being a novice assistant, she had already done an excellent job.

Internet users nowadays are extremely aggressive, and if it wasn't for a professional PR team, they wouldn't have been able to handle the situation.

While Charlotte was talking to Coco, she had already read the news and also looked at the comments.

Clearly, someone had hired a few manipulators to intentionally defame her.

Looking at the so-called "solid proof" pictures that were photoshopped to seem more real than the original ones, Charlotte sneered internally.

Whoever was behind this was quite crafty, hiring top-tier photo editors to create these seamless pictures.

She had made a number of enemies recently, so it was hard for Charlotte to pinpoint who the culprit might be.

But after returning to her home country, she had crossed paths with a certain individual.

Charlotte had her suspicions, but she would not disclose them without evidence.

"I'll do a live stream in a bit. You don't need to come over, just help me moderate the comments in the live chat," Charlotte paused for a moment, then calmly issued the order.

After hanging up the phone, Charlotte felt the need to freshen up.

She left her phone to charge and sat down at her vanity.

Looking at her haggard face, with dark circles under her eyes in the mirror, she couldn't help but sigh.

After some thought, she applied some light makeup and lipstick.

Although she was not a celebrity, she was somewhat of a public figure now and had to maintain a certain image.

One doesn't always need elaborate makeup, but a healthy glow is a must.

Glancing at the time, it was unexpectedly already noon.

Charlotte sent a message to Coco, then began her live stream on social media. This was her first appearance since the scandal broke.

"Hello everyone, good afternoon. Have you had lunch yet?"

Displaying a sweet smile and a gentle voice on the live stream page, Charlotte was ready to face her audience.

Charlotte's sudden streaming caught most web users off guard. After buffering for a moment, the stream was met with a sudden influx of users who had come for the latest gossip.

Many malicious users came in ranting and their comments were far from pleasant. Seeing this, Coco immediately muted them or removed them from the live stream.

Charlotte hadn't planned on streaming and was only equipped with her phone and a basic make-up mirror light.

This didn't affect her appearance, rather gave people the impression that she had naturally good skin. Some even got off-topic and started asking about her skincare routine.

This helped create a harmonious atmosphere in the chat room, diluting the trending news somewhat.

After chatting casually with the rational users for a while, Charlotte sat upright when she felt that the number of viewers was just about right.

It was time to get to the point.

Chapter 226: Ate a Big Melon

"I'm sure everyone can guess why I'm live-streaming today." Charlotte Thompson said with a serious face, not feeling guilty in the least.

Truthfully, she had no idea how this live stream would be received, her goal was to expose the person behind the slanderous troll account.

The account that was leaking information seemed like a verified account, but there wasn't a lot of recent activity, Charlotte checked it out and found out it was purchased.

Why would someone buy an account? Of course, to attack her.

"You're not trying to clear your name, are you? So many people saw it with their own eyes."

"The ironclad evidence, I want to see how you're going to excuse it, I'll gladly watch you put up a show."

"Charlotte, don't let these people influence you, I don't believe that's who you are."

"Keyboard warriors step aside! Stop basing conclusions on conjecture, let Charlotte explain!"

"Those who want to cause trouble can leave, those who want the truth can stay."

People on the internet had mixed opinions, comment after comment flooded the chat causing a minor delay in the live stream.

Staring intently at the computer screen, Charlotte kept on smiling.

However, what she was really paying attention to was when the instigator would show up.

"Everyone in the circle knows about your messed up private life, no amount of whitewashing can cleanse your tarnished, stinking heart."

The familiar malicious words immediately caught Charlotte's attention, it was this ID that had been fabricating scandals about her in the name of insiders.

She was waiting for her!

A triumphant smirk formed on the corner of Charlotte's mouth.

Too naive! It seems you finally couldn't resist showing up.

The person behind the ID, holding her phone, relentlessly responding. She barely had a break when she noticed Charlotte had started live streaming.

She hadn't even had time to take off her makeup before she took her keyboard to battle.

After a flurry of biased comments, the rhythm was undoubtedly led by her, many people began to insult Charlotte, and Coco barely had time to catch up.

Before the start of the live stream, Charlotte had specifically instructed Coco not to block this ID, she had a use for it.

That's why she hasn't been kicked off despite making so much noise here, the unaware antagonist was still arrogantly tapping away at her keyboard, spewing out more offensive words with every sentence.

Charlotte's fingers rapidly typing on the computer, not paying attention to the squabbling audience in her livestream.

After a few moments of operation, Charlotte revealed a smile of someone knowing everything was going according to plan.

"I just received something interesting here, do you all want to take a look together?"

Charlotte wasn't being provoked by what the troll was saying, she calmly returned to the camera.

The arguing fans were immediately drawn in, even those who were arguing with the troll started to slow down.

"Let us see what's the interesting thing!"

"Don't shift the focus, nothing can cover up your reckless private life."

"Exactly, there's no extent to which she isn't willing to go just for a clean image."

"Can we show some respect to Charlotte?"

Upon seeing that everyone wasn't focusing on attacking Charlotte, the troll became frantic and tried to regain control of the situation.

"Stop lying, Charlotte you're just a dirty person."

Charlotte watched her act as if dancing on a tightrope, she chuckled coldly inside, yet her face didn't reveal a thing.

I don't harm people unless they harm me first, it was you who provoked me first, you can't blame me for being unsparing now.

No one knew that Charlotte was a hacker, let alone that she had set up this live stream to expose this troll.

Under the watchful eyes of the public, Charlotte revealed the contents on her computer screen to everyone.

As soon as they saw the content, the chat exploded, all of them were pointing towards that troll.

Just moments ago, Charlotte had traced the IP address of this troll which matched exactly with Evelyn Curtis'.

The moment the two images were revealed, the netizens claimed to have devoured another piece of big news.

Chapter 227: The Despised Evelyn Curtis

"My titanium alloy dog eyes must be blind, is that foul-mouthed person Evelyn Curtis?"

"Damn, what grudge does she bear, creating a fake account to slander Charlotte?"

"Such a devil, has she run out of gigs to take? Now she's here to make trouble."

"My god, so Evelyn Curtis is actually this type of person! Can't believe I was a fan before!"

With a few pictures, Evelyn Curtis was smashed dead, unable to defend herself.

What's more hilarious is, those few pictures were scrutinized by netizens microscopically.

"Who is Evelyn Curtis, I don't even know her at all, aren't you ashamed to create fake images to whitewash your sins?"

In the chaos, remembering she's using a pseudonym, she adamantly denied being Evelyn Curtis.

Evelyn Curtis sat on the sofa, suddenly sitting upright, clutching her phone tightly.

She could clearly feel her fingers trembling, her heart was in chaos.

Evelyn Curtis was so absorbed in sabotaging Charlotte Thompson, she never expected to be exposed so quickly.

A few swift hackers had already posted evidence proving Charlotte Thompson wasn't making things up.

The words she just said served as a slap to her own face, Evelyn Curtis's cheeks felt like they were on fire.

However, things had progressed this far, her focus was completely on how to extricate herself from the situation.

"Still not admitting, Evelyn Curtis?"

"This plot is just like a melodrama."

"What melodrama? Evelyn Curtis doesn't deserve it."

Verification from many netizens left Evelyn Curtis with no way out. She hurriedly logged off her account without a word.

Evelyn Curtis sat nervously on the sofa, took a drink of water, breathing heavily.

No matter how fast her brain was whirling, she couldn't come up with a better solution.

Passersby on the internet took this as a sign of her guilt. There were already people shooting at her on her Weibo page.

"I didn't know that actors and designers were in the same circle."

"So hilarious, this is the so-called insider knowledge?"

"I was wondering why she was directly attacking Charlotte Thompson! I knew it has to be Evelyn Curtis!"

The entertainment industry and the design circle can't be said to be unrelated, but at least they're different sectors.

Evelyn Curtis's fake account has been commenting on Charlotte Thompson as an "industry insider", even slandering her personal life was chaotic.

Now that the ID was exposed as Evelyn Curtis, everyone understood why the evaluations of Charlotte Thompson were so poor.

Those netizens who were led by the nose by Evelyn Curtis were furious. They flooded Evelyn Curtis's Weibo inbox with insults.

"Evelyn Curtis, you shameless wretch, you dare to reply to my private message."

Some netizens even posted screenshots of their private messages insulting Evelyn Curtis.

Netizens can be fickle, turning their backs quickly.

Evelyn Curtis's operation was undoubtedly rash. She started off smoothly but ended in a mess.

The plan was actually good. The news of Charlotte Thompson dating two men was undoubtedly negative. When her popularity is in question, Evelyn Curtis used a fake account to spread rumors.

This could only make Charlotte Thompson's reputation sink lower and lower.

Everything was seamlessly planned, but unfortunately, she didn't expect that Charlotte Thompson would use hacker methods.

"Stop walking around with that bullshit-spewing mouth of yours, It's disgusting."

"I used to have a good impression of you, but now you've turned me against you, goodbye!"

This time, Evelyn Curtis had truly disgraced herself.

Of course, she caused an uproar, she had never been so socially dead.

Under the onslaught of public criticism, she didn't dare to go online with her main Weibo account, playing ostrich instead.

Evelyn Curtis, who was being reviled by everyone, used her fake account to monitor her main account. The comment section was in total chaos.

Her fan base dropped significantly due to this incident, even her loyal supporters couldn't withstand the backlash.

Chapter 228: Indifferent

"You need to lay low for a while. Don't stir things up again."

"I can't believe you. I've been with you for so many years and still, you can't seem to restrain yourself."

"You clearly didn't benefit from the jewelry contest last time, yet you're still giving others leverage?"

"For heaven's sake!"

Busy rectifying her mistakes, Grace Williams warned her gravely.

I'm done, always cleaning up her messes.

True, she relies on Justin Battleson. The opportunities he provided her boosted her career.

That brought quite a sum of money even for Grace Williams.

As a result, Grace tended to treat her well and rarely harshly criticized her.

She received much better treatment than the others in the company.

However, recently, it's obvious to everyone that Justin's attitude towards Evelyn Curtis has turned cold. We barely see them together.

Though it was rare before as well.

Having been in this grubby business for so long, Grace Williams had her own judgement.

Let's see if Evelyn can be salvaged. For now, she's still quite popular and Grace had no intention of giving up on her.

Evelyn Curtis frowned, emitting a discontent huff. Facing imminent trouble, she still felt she had done nothing wrong.

Getting back at that wretch, Charlotte Thompson, is necessary!

"I'm warning you, if you cause trouble again, don't blame me for not helping you." After giving her a final warning, Grace Williams left.

Grace Williams knew well about Evelyn Curtis's attitude.

This stubborn girl would definitely keep stirring things up behind her back, that's why Grace had to be stern before leaving.

Evelyn Curtis pursed her lips in frustration at her helplessness, looking bored at the online abuse she was receiving but could do nothing about.

She wanted to fight back, but she was afraid of her secret account would be revealed in the next second.

She was somewhat scared of Charlotte Thompson's strategy.

However, she could only watch her comments heat up, and fume in frustration.

Ever since Charlotte Thompson appeared, Justin Battleson's already fluctuating demeanor towards her has become even colder.

It's been a while since she's had a private meeting with him, and she didn't know how he would react to this matter.

Unfortunately, she thought too much. Justin Battleson had no time to pay attention to her affairs.

He was busy handling company matters and didn't bother to look into her affairs unless reported by his assistant.

Although Charlotte Thompson's reputation improved somewhat, netizens still brought up her two-timing incident and criticized her.

"Even if Evelyn Curtis is using a fake account, it can't cover-up the fact that you're with two fiancés."

"I think you still owe us a reasonable explanation."

"She's pretty and talented and it's her charm that won the hearts of the wealthy."

"Right, you're all just jealous that she's doing well."

Charlotte Thompson noticed all these comments, but didn't bother to explain. These matters were insignificant to her.

Having dealt with Evelyn Curtis, Charlotte Thompson felt relieved.

She leisurely packed her things to go to work at Vanguard Jewelry, undisturbed by public opinion.

It's not that she didn't care about public scrutiny, but she wasn't a celebrity who relied on popularity.

All that mattered was her work and that people appreciate her craft.

Charlotte Thompson always held this belief and never changed it.

As for whether people liked her as a person, it didn't matter.

Chapter 229: Nonsensical Harassment

Just like the previous couple of days, Charlotte Thompson arrived early at Vanguard Jewelry.

In the office, only a few colleagues were present, yawning as they started their day. Charlotte greeted them with a smile.

"Morning." Not overly enthusiastic, but she maintained good manners.

After all, they weren't very close, and too much enthusiasm could potentially seem like she was trying too hard to please them.

Her coworkers exchanged glances. They had all heard the rumors that Charlotte was juggling two relationships at once.

The world outside might not know, but they could certainly tell that two of the bosses, Justin Battleson and Mr. Ross, were involved.

Feelings of envy and jealousy mixed within them, but her beauty and talent were undeniable.

Fearing she would tattletale on them, they begrudgingly responded with a scattered "morning".

After all, this was the design department, and she was the director. They were bound to be at her beck and call eventually.

Charlotte paid no mind to their indifference. She wasn't a people pleaser, and she knew she couldn't be liked by everyone.

Nonchalantly, she went to the break room to make a cup of coffee to energize her sleepy mind. Then, she returned to her assigned office to start work.

Once in her work mode, Charlotte cast aside all distractions, treating each of her designs like they were her children.

After focusing hard on her work for a good part of the day, she put down her pen, stretched, and felt a wave of stiffness in her neck.

Frustrated, she scratched her head. Every single draft in front of her eyes fell short of her standards.

With her coffee cup empty and her mind devoid of inspiration, Charlotte considered taking a break and fistful of air from the break room.

Her cup was brimmed with fresh coffee, and just as she was about to return to the grind, she accidentally ran into Cindy around the corner.

"Ah, can't you be more careful?" Nearly getting scalded by the hot coffee, Cindy exploded with rage.

Staring at Charlotte angrily, as if she had committed some sort of unspeakable crime.

"I am sorry, I didn't see you there." Charlotte wasn't keen on arguing, and simply wanted to apologize and move on.

Although Charlotte was the design director, and a bit below Cindy, she was nevertheless a superior.

Politeness never hurt. She hadn't been with Vanguard Jewelry for long, and she certainly didn't want to make enemies. It wouldn't be good for her future work.

"What's the use of apologies, then what would we need the police for?" Cindy was far from accepting the apology and adopted a particularly unyielding attitude.

Ever since Charlotte had arrived, a lot of promising projects had been handed off to her, and some of Cindy's work had been taken away.

Cindy felt the threat, and had been dying to get back at Charlotte.

The best-case scenario would be to catch onto a significant mistake and cast her out directly.

But she handled everything with such care that there was no dirt to dig up, until this day, when Cindy had finally found something to pick on.

Charlotte, completely unfazed, looked at the rampaging Cindy, with her calm eyes falling on her face.

It was abundantly clear to her that Cindy had intentionally run into her. She had obviously seen her coming.

Moreover, the moment they bumped, Charlotte had managed to protect her coffee cup, meaning that none of it had spilt on Cindy.

She wasn't as lucky though, as the boiling coffee had splashed onto the back of her hand.

The scorching sensation seared in the back of her brain, while Charlotte swung her hand back to hide her weakness.

"Whether or not it helps, I have apologized, and you aren't injured." Dropping these words with a stern tone, Charlotte stormed off.

Being overly tolerant would only encourage her to become even more overbearing. This was the first time Charlotte had a standoff with her.

Cindy had never been shown such disregard, and feeling furious she scanned the room, memorizing the faces of those who were laughing at her.

Wherever her gaze fell, heads started to lower, eyes focused on their noses, unwilling to meet her eyes.

No one would dare to throw fuel into the fire when she was so livid. They'd rather just steer clear.

Those who held a grudge against Cindy silently gave Charlotte a big thumbs-up in their hearts.

Chapter 230: 'The Killing Order

In front of so many people, Cindy couldn't vent her anger. She stormed back to her office with bitterness.

With the main character gone, the colleagues all dispersed like bees, returning to their desks without the heart to work.

"Charlotte is so gutsy, daring to confront Cindy like that. I love her personality."

"I feel like Cindy will soon target her, especially since she's new here."

"Well, we're all aware of Cindy's tricks. It seems like the design department will have no peace from now on~"

Gossip had already begun amongst the small group of employees, and these were the kind ones towards Charlotte.

Their suspicions were correct. Cindy was already plotting how to take revenge for today's embarrassment.

"From this day forward, Charlotte Thompson and I will not share the same sky."

Back in the office, she still found it hard to swallow her pride.

Her finely manicured fingers typed these words on the keyboard and with a swift move, shared it in the design department's group chat.

Cindy led the design department and aside from work, they also had a group chat to gossip.

With the boss being so vocal about it, the employees, regardless of how much they admired Charlotte, could only feel sorry for her in their hearts.

Charlotte didn't know yet about Cindy's "banning order". At this moment, she was dealing with her burn.

Several red marks had appeared on her fair skin, all caused by high temperature burns.

The coffee was boiling hot; luckily only a bit was spilled, so the injury wasn't too severe.

Charlotte looked calm as she put ice on the wounds, her hand slightly trembling out of control.

"Sister Charlotte, are you okay?" Upon hearing the news, Coco rushed anxiously to check.

The burn sensation on Charlotte's hand had subsided, and she shook her head indicating she was okay.

Coco was so worried that she grabbed Charlotte's hand and upon discovering the light red marks, felt heartache.

"How did you get burnt this badly? And you say you're okay."

Coco was so concerned that she gently blew on Charlotte's hand.

Everyone knows a designer's hands are the most precious part of them; they should be insured.

With one incident like this, what if it causes permanent damage and ruins her design career?

Seeing her care so much, a warm feeling swept through Charlotte's heart.

Although Coco had only recently been hired as her assistant upon her return to China and didn't have much experience, she was kind-hearted, diligent, and always considered Charlotte's well-being.

That's precisely why she insisted on bringing Coco with her to Vanguard Jewelry when signing the contract.

It would be a shame not to train and mentor such a good girl, wouldn't it?

Even though these were only minor marks, Coco still applied medicine to her hands, worried that they would leave scars on Charlotte's perfectly fair skin.

She just couldn't understand how such a good person as Sister Charlotte could be treated with such malice by them.

With Cindy's "banning order", the employees weren't very enthusiastic about following Charlotte's instructions in subsequent work.

Many of the tasks that were assigned weren't properly completed, and Charlotte had to do them herself.

Every day she was engrossed in her work, having to take care of even the smallest things by herself.

Many unfinished jobs were taken home by her to work on, leaving her with hardly any time to rest.

Truthfully, she had never been treated like this during her time in Ashton.

Given her status, who wouldn't be respectful towards her?

And now...

When under a roof, one must lower their head!

After several sleepless nights, the dark circles under Charlotte's eyes were hard for Coco to bear.

But she was just a little assistant and couldn't really stand up for Charlotte. All she could do was to help as much as she could to lighten her load.