

Spoiled 261

Chapter 261 Diana Smith

Charlotte Thompson burst into laughter. He looked so comical.

"Stop laughing." Justin Battleson glared at her darkly and hissed.

Could this have happened if she didn't insist on him not walking her home?

Justin's sharp hawk-like eyes squinted. He had already memorized the appearance of the so-called "rich second generation".

Poor Mr. Jones didn't know he had lost the opportunity to work with Justin Battleson, thanks to his extravagant son.

Seeing that things are good, Charlotte fought back the urge to laugh, afraid to provoke this volcanic temperament any further.

The tardy Bryant siblings, Jack and Liam, finally reached Charlotte's side.

"Sorry, Miss, we're late." Jack said with a frown, bowing his head to apologize and admitting his fault without hesitation.

Charlotte waved it off. She didn't mind that.

She had only informed them at the last minute, so she didn't blame them.

The expected philandering man didn't show up, but two brawny bodyguards did.

Justin's face turned different shades of colors, fluctuating between green and white. He ate unnecessary jealousy, causing a major misunderstanding.

Following their orders, Jack and Liam stood close to Charlotte like a human wall, blocking Justin's view.

"Thanks for the dinner, Mr. Battleson. I'll go now." Charlotte casually waved her hand and got into the car under Jack's care.

Justin watched helplessly as she left, feeling as though he had been toyed with.

This little woman was really something...

Her calm profile was blurred through the car window and caught Justin's eye.

Although he felt played, he finally managed to laugh it off helplessly.

Only after seeing the tail of the car disappear around the corner did he move to get his car to drive, the car he drove was enough to astonish those two guys.

Back at the hotel, Charlotte took two digestives to relieve her sense of fullness.

After a brief rest, she entered the bathroom.

Warm water from the showerhead washed over Charlotte, slowly washing away her fatigue.

She felt much more relaxed.

Charlotte sat down in a massage chair, relieving back pain caused by sitting for long periods.

That's how it was for people in this industry. Because of long hours spent leaning over to create, they all had some minor issues.

The warm massage chair kept running, Charlotte sighed in relief.

It felt good to relax.

Charlotte pleasantly checked her phone, making the most of this rare moment of leisure.

Suddenly remembering Justin's words about designing a wedding necklace for the royal family, she had a guess.

Royal family of Ashton, marriage.

With these two keywords, she understood.

Charlotte raised an eyebrow, nonchalantly dialed a familiar number, and waited for the other side to pick up.

"So you finally chose to call me." A sweet feminine voice tinged with exhaustion came from the other end of the line.

Hearing her somewhat drowsy voice, Charlotte subconsciously checked the time.

According to the time difference, it should already be past nine in the morning there. She probably didn't disturb her.

"I heard you're getting married soon, and you didn't tell me." Charlotte teased her on purpose.

The girl on the other side collapsed instantly, sat up from the bed, and confidently replied.

"I've been so busy lately, I forgot. I was super busy until late yesterday. I just woke up."

Diana Smith sounded tired while she was complaining about her hardships to Charlotte, her tone entirely that of a damsel in distress.

Who would think that this woman, who was acting so coquettish, was about to become the queen of Ashton by marrying the prince.

"What kept you up until late?" Charlotte teased her with a cheeky grin.

Chapter 262: The Princess Consort

As soon as Charlotte said this, soon-to-be-married Diana Smith immediately understood, her face instantly turning red.

Feeling shy, she hid herself in the blankets to avoid the topic.

"Charlotte Thompson, you're too much, making fun of me like this," Diana's slightly annoyed voice chimed in Charlotte's ear, sending her into fits of laughter.

Charlotte and Diana had met at a high-society aristocratic ball in Ashton. Her seven brothers had taken Charlotte along to introduce her to Ashton's high society.

Diana, born into Ashton's aristocracy, was from a wealthy family no less affluent than Charlotte's, and she had numerous suitors at the time.

But Diana was a woman of ambition and dreams who didn't indulge in romantic obsessions. No matter who approached, she always held a standoffish attitude.

Upon first meeting Diana, Charlotte had assumed that as an aristocratic lady, she would be haughty, so she had no plans to befriend her.

However, through some unknown twist of fate, these two people who seemingly had nothing in common got to know each other. Their relationship was great. They often hung out together privately.

Diana was particularly fond of Charlotte's designs. After becoming friends, she often asked Charlotte for designs.

Most of her clothes now were personally designed by Charlotte, her entire wardrobe was full of them.

And they were all unique.

Charlotte, however, kept a rather low profile. She worked quietly behind the scenes without using it to promote herself.

Diana, a lively woman and a daughter of the Ashton aristocracy, is naturally marrying into the royal family.

However, she had not formally married the prince, nor had the wedding been held. All preparations are underway.

With all the good news, Diana's face was glowing with happiness, a look of a blessed woman.

Charlotte was startled when Diana first publicly dated the prince of Ashton!

However, looking at them now, they were genuinely in love, a perfect match.

"What style do you want for your wedding necklace, or do you have any specific requirements?"

Charlotte was quite determined to get this project from the start.

Now that she knew it was Diana's wedding necklace, she had to insist on it all the more, she was not comfortable letting others design it.

Inquiring about Diana's intention in advance would help her design the perfect piece in the shortest time possible, avoiding unnecessary detours.

This was a foolproof plan. No matter what, she could win the project without needing to rely on Justin Battleson for favoritism.

She could clinch the project without being indebted, a sheer perfection!

"Whatever, do it as you see fit," Diana replied carefreely.

It was her trust in Charlotte that made her say this. Every time, Charlotte's works have brought joy to Diana.

Besides, Charlotte's creative ideas are unimaginably abundant, always surprising Diana.

For something as important as the wedding necklace, Diana wasn't worried at all. She just left it in Charlotte's hands.

Charlotte frowned in worry.

Diana always had this attitude of unconditional faith in her, which put a lot of pressure on her.

Without specific requirements, the design might become too extravagant.

If it were typical clothing, Charlotte might have truly gone along with Diana's words and implemented her own ideas. But this time was different.

"The wedding is such an important event, happening just once in a lifetime. Many people will be watching, we can't take this lightly," protested Charlotte.

Charlotte, acting serious like an old grandmother, began reasoning with Diana, hoping she would take it more seriously.

Diana, still oblivious to the seriousness of the situation, remained cheerful, even laughing and teasing Charlotte.

Diana always lived free-spiritedly.

Chapter 263: Being Good Friends with the Prince

"You're still as serious as ever, that's just why I like you." Diana Smith teasingly joked with Charlotte Thompson, her tone was extremely light-hearted.

If people were to hear how engaged in conversation Charlotte and Diana Smith, who was soon to be a royal princess, were, it would likely leave them gobsmacked.

During their conversation, Diana discarded her aristocratic demeanor. The two of them chatted just like best friends discussing everyday life.

"Enough chit-chat, tell me, why did you suddenly go to Druarus? You had a good career going here in Ashton, right?"

Charlotte was a little taken aback as Diana turned serious all of a sudden following the bantering.

In Diana's mind, Charlotte should have stayed in Ashton and focused on her career there.

Diana knew some of Charlotte's matters. Going back to Druarus could potentially lead to unnecessary troubles.

Moreover, since Charlotte's departure, Diana missed having someone with whom she could share her innermost thoughts. She was feeling quite suffocated.

This question caught Charlotte off guard, and she was unsure of how to respond.

Up until now, not many people were aware of her past, Diana only knew a little bit.

Charlotte had her own emotional baggage.

She shifted her position and licked her lips, contemplating on how to sidestep the matter.

"There were some old matters that needed to be dealt with." Charlotte swiftly brushed the topic aside. She didn't want to reveal her vulnerabilities.

It wasn't that she didn't trust Diana, but she hadn't moved on from her past yet.

Maybe when the truth comes to light, she might consider telling Diana everything.

But for now, she chose not to disclose too much to her.

Diana, not being a person lacking emotional intelligence, understood Charlotte might be hiding something personal and therefore didn't pry more.

Moreover, she had already suspected that Charlotte's past wasn't particularly pleasant.

"I haven't asked you yet, how did the royal family come to collaborate with Riley Group? You never mentioned intending to collaborate with them before."

Charlotte also couldn't help but roll her eyes – who knew she would bump into this kind of coincidence.

However, she didn't blame Diana for not directly handing over the design to her. Diana had the right to choose.

Just that, they previously had a discussion about who to choose for designing jewelry if they were to get married, Diana mentioned several big brands but never brought up Vanguard Jewelry.

However, at that time, Charlotte hadn't gone to Druarus yet.

Diana sighed when mentioning this mishap; she indeed had her own plans.

"Riley Group's CEO, who is your current boss Justin Battleson, is good friends with the prince. That's why the necklace was given to Vanguard Jewelry to design."

Diana moodily twiddled her fingers. This wasn't her original intention but rather a forced decision.

At that time, the prince even assured her, promising that she'd be satisfied. Only then did she reluctantly agree.

Upon hearing this, Charlotte was lost for words – this was a revelation she had never anticipated.

The circle of society was indeed small. Who knew that Justin knew the prince and she knew Diana.

"I didn't know you worked for Vanguard Jewelry. But now I can rest assured. I was worried that they might mess up my wedding necklace."

She breathed a sigh of relief as if a heavy burden had been lifted, finally putting down the stone in her heart.

Charlotte found the whole situation amusing yet frustrating. Vanguard Jewelry had quite good designers; otherwise, they wouldn't have made their brand this big.

If the design team of Vanguard Jewelry got wind of how lightly Diana thought of them, one could only wonder how they would feel.

Chapter 264: I Want Fair Competition

"Why don't I just let Justin speak to the person in charge at Vanguard Jewelry to hand this necklace over to you? I feel more at ease with that arrangement; If it fell into someone else's hands, I wouldn't feel so secure."

Diana Smith's eyes lit up, she had thought of a brilliant idea, and happily snapped her fingers.

Charlotte Thompson reluctantly patted her head, her mind buzzing. Diana was always so spontaneous with her suggestions.

Earlier at the restaurant, she had rejected Justin Battle's biased favoritism, and now Diana was following suit. Did they really lack faith in her ability?

"Dear Diana, I want a fair competition. Can you trust me?" She said, every word was spoken seriously.

She was not joking; she truly wanted to rely on herself.

If she was not as skilled as the others, she would admit it.

That way, the better designers could create a necklace that was more satisfactory and Charlotte would bear no grudges.

The seriousness in Charlotte's voice was something Diana had never heard before, which startled her.

She pursed her lips. Since Charlotte had already stated her terms, Diana pushing further would only show her distrust.

She muttered to herself that Charlotte was a silly girl, not knowing how to catch a pie falling from the sky.

In Charlotte's view, nothing was achieved without hard work and being down-to-earth was tenable.

"Then, can I privately commission you to design a ring? You should accept that at least."

Diana pouted, her dissatisfied eyes showing some resentment.

Remembering Charlotte couldn't see her, she felt a bit at a loss and restrained herself.

"Of course, there's no problem." The moment Diana made the suggestion, Charlotte did not hesitate to accept it.

This was an agreement they had in the past; Diana's wedding ring must be designed by Charlotte.

From design to material selection, to polishing, everything must be done by Charlotte herself. This would give it a unique meaning.

The agreement was something only they knew about, not an official one, so Charlotte naturally agreed without any pressure.

The burden she carried became heavier, as she now had to pay attention to the company's movements and also start working on the ring.

Juggling all of her duties was not easy, but luckily Charlotte already had an initial plan in her head.

Whenever the agreement was made in the past, Charlotte would already start brainstorming, so it didn't take much effort.

After she has composed herself and regained her energy, she would begin to work on it tomorrow.

This time, she would put in her all.

She cannot let Diana down, and she also cannot fail her own aspirations.

They chatted casually for a while, the long-lost sisters caught each other up on their recent situations.

When you chat with someone you get along with, time flies, and Charlotte looked up to discover it was already past midnight.

Yawning, her sleepiness crept from her brain to every corner of her body.

Exhausted after a long day, Charlotte just wanted to dive into her soft bed.

She was so engrossed in her chat with Diana that she lost track of time.

Now, she suddenly realized she had to get up early for work tomorrow.

"Dear Diana, I should sleep now. We'll chat when I have more time," Charlotte said with a tone of sleepiness.

Her eyelids were beginning to feel heavy, as if they were closing at any minute.

If she didn't hang up soon, Charlotte would fall asleep on the sofa.

"Alright then, you must chat with me when you have time, I'm dying of boredom."

Diana was full of energy on the other end of the phone, regretfully unable to disturb Charlotte's rest.

After all, they were in different time zones.

In Ashton, many people were trying to curry favor with her, but there were few as authentic as Charlotte, and Diana didn't really like anyone else.

Chapter 265: Everything is Left Unsaid

Charlotte Thompson didn't know whether to laugh or cry as she agreed, hanging up the phone amidst Diana Smith's reluctance.

The call had lasted two hours. She had no idea how they'd managed to talk for so long.

Perhaps this was what people meant by meeting too late in life?

No, that's not the right term.

Charlotte was so exhausted her brain wasn't working properly, and she was even using words incorrectly.

Brushing aside all distractions and thoughts, Charlotte hurriedly washed up and finally managed to crawl into the much-anticipated bed.

Not long after, she fell into a deep sleep. She was indeed exhausted.

A dreamless night and Charlotte slept extraordinarily heavily.

The next day, Charlotte gradually came to as the alarm went off.

The sunlight filtering in through the gap in her curtains made her feel rejuvenated and full of life.

Another hardworking day was about to begin!

Standing in front of the mirror, Charlotte gave herself a pep talk as if she were a teenager.

She quickly ate some breakfast before setting out. Everyone was working hard, and she couldn't afford to become complacent now.

She thought she had arrived early at the company, but when she got to the office area, she realized she had been underestimating them.

There was almost an hour left before work hours would officially start, but unlike the usual empty office, many people were already seated.

"Morning, Sister Charlotte." As soon as she entered the office, Coco greeted her enthusiastically.

Knowing that Charlotte probably only had a quick breakfast, Coco had already prepared some milk and snacks on her desk.

Seeing this, Charlotte felt a warm wave of gratitude flood through her, and she looked at Coco appreciatively.

Words couldn't express her feelings. It was one of those moments that didn't need words.

Coco, blushing, scratched her head awkwardly.

She was just doing what was expected of her as an assistant.

Although Charlotte had already had a quick breakfast before arriving, in order not to waste Coco's good intentions, she ate some more.

After finishing, Charlotte sat up straight at her desk.

Emptying her mind and entering a creative state, the pencil in her hand seemed to become animated.

Under her hand, drafts came to life, but each and every one of them seemed inadequate to her, causing her to redraw them with a furrowed brow.

Immersed in her creations, Charlotte was oblivious to the commotion around her.

She didn't even realize when Coco had left the office.

After busying herself for quite a while, the draft finally started to take shape, only missing a few details to become a full design.

Charlotte stretched her stiff neck and yawned.

She looked around the office and didn't see Coco, guessing she must be busy too.

Coco was sensible, she never interrupted when Charlotte was creating.

She would never slacken, always taking on tasks proactively.

Where else could you find such a smart and considerate assistant!

Once again, Charlotte praised her own excellent judgment. She had picked Coco out among countless people.

Indeed, Coco never disappointed her.

Just after finishing the draft, Charlotte's head became a bit muddled.

The water on her desk had been finished at some point.

She got up, intending to go to the kitchen to get a cup of coffee to refresh herself. She wouldn't allow herself to slack off.

After she made her coffee, the same corner, the same cliché scene replayed again.

"Can't you watch where you're going?" the sharp voice rang out through the office area.

Yes, Charlotte bumped into her old enemy, Cindy, again and nearly spilled coffee on her again.

That's not right. The last time, she hadn't actually spilled the coffee on Cindy.

Don't know whether to call it bad luck or what, Charlotte didn't know how to respond.

Chapter 266: Looking for Mommy

Did she forget to check the calendar before she left?

Learning from the last time, Cindy had smartened up, quickly calming down after her fit of rage.

It was obvious that Charlotte Thompson had the backing of Justin Battleson, so, a direct confrontation was out of the question.

If it came to that, Charlotte wouldn't get a scratch while she'd be left battered and bruised.

Regaining her composure, Cindy took two steps forward, approaching Charlotte.

"The Ashton royal project will surely be mine, so quit scheming."

After leaving these words in Charlotte's ear, Cindy left with a darkened expression.

Her convicted tone failed to ripple Charlotte's equanimity and even seemed laughable.

Who gave her this much confidence?

As soon as there was a stir, their colleagues were already casting inquiring gazes their way.

They had hoped for some drama amidst all the tension, but the expected war didn't happen.

Everything seemed calm, and they couldn't help but be disappointed.

Everything on Charlotte's end had always been conducted properly, low-profile, but not weak.

It seemed like there was no commotion at all.

And it was precisely this that unsettled Cindy even more.

Unknown to her, Charlotte's strategy was to play possum.

In reality, Charlotte was already ahead of the game and didn't need to engage in pointless battles.

"What do you think Cindy said to her just now?"

Someone turned to ask their colleague, whispering in hushed voices.

"How should I know, I'm not a worm inside her stomach."

The colleague looked sulky, their curiosity unsatisfied was causing irritation.

"Well, what else could she have said? Everyone knows both of them are not to be messed with. With the competition approaching, she surely must've made some threats or something."

Another colleague pitched in, chuckling after his comment.

"I think so too, it wouldn't be like Cindy if she didn't make a few threats."

"So, who do you think will win between them?"

"I'm on Miss Thompson's side."

Upon hearing this, everyone exchanged glances.

Justin Battleson had singled out Cindy to apologize to Charlotte Thompson, under these circumstances, it was clear who had the upper hand.

In that case, who would dare to root for Cindy?

"Well, what's the point of picking sides? If anything, I'd rather root for myself, I also want to land the Ashton royal project."

The one who said this hit the nail on the head.

Every designer present would love to get their hands on that project; even an association would be worthwhile!

Sure enough, when it came to their own interests, everyone fell silent.

From behind their computers, all eyes were on Charlotte, trying to glean something from her expression.

Charlotte noticed, but chose not to engage with anyone present.

Pretending not to notice, she picked up her coffee cup and returned to her office.

While Charlotte dealt with power struggles in her career, on the other side of the world, she almost forgot about a few children waiting for her.

When the adults were away, Cyrus Thompson gathered the children to discuss something in the room.

"Let's go to Druarus to find Mommy." Cyrus sat in the middle of the children, upright, and spoke seriously.

As the eldest, he was the boss, so all the little ones listened to him.

The children glanced at each other, intrigued by his proposal and eagerly awaiting his explanation.

"Yeah, I miss Mommy a lot. Do you think she's forgotten about us?" Chad was a little melancholic, resting his chin on his hand speculating.

Chapter 267: Pamper Charlotte

This remark upset the other children. Hank Thompson gave him a slap on the head, baring his teeth, and cast him a venomous look.

"What nonsense are you talking about? Mommy's not like that. She's just too busy to spend time with us." He glared at him with frustration.

Chad Thompson covered his head, wronged at the injustice. That was not what he meant at all.

Chastised, he dared not speak out of turn anymore, sulking in a corner as he listened to the others talk.

"Everyone, calm down. I found out that Mommy works at Vanguard Jewelry now, which is our horrible daddy's company."

Cyrus Thompson had painstakingly gathered and spread out all this information onto a sheet of paper, the hasty handwriting barely legible.

All the basic information about Justin Battleson lay plainly before everyone.

Cyrus had dedicated himself to this effort, tracking down all this information and taking great pains to organize it.

He gnashed his teeth in frustration at the task.

All because Uncle had said that their Daddy was a bad man.

But Cyrus had also found out that Justin Battleson was a formidable and ruthless character.

Otherwise, they would not have reached such heights.

If he was a good man, Cyrus would have been proud to take after him. But he had used these ruthless tactics to bully their mommy.

After a pause, Cyrus continued, "I'm worried that Mommy will be bullied by him, so we have to rescue her from this tough situation."

His childish voice contains a streak of resolve.

He didn't seem like a 4-year-old child at this moment, but a young warrior ready to protect his mother.

His serious little face resembled Justin so much that anyone familiar would exclaim in surprise.

Such maturity and steadiness at such a young age, he's truly a miniature version of Justin Battleson.

Cyrus Thompson lightly pursed his lips, his finger pointing at one spot on the paper.

There, he had circled the label of "Riley Group".

Upon hearing that Mommy could be bullied, everyone straightened up.

In their minds, Charlotte Thompson was always a woman who needed protection.

Of course, this was indoctrinated in all of them by their seven uncles, four grand uncles, and one great grandfather; it was the Thompson Family tenet.

The first tenet of the Thompson Family: Protect Charlotte Thompson.

The second tenet: Pamper Charlotte Thompson.

All in all, these children were very sensible, and all of them cared solely for Charlotte Thompson.

"If our brutal daddy really bullies Mommy, we'll gang up and whack him." Hank Thompson brandished his little fist, speaking with fervor.

With this determination, it was as if Charlotte Thompson was really being bullied by Justin Battleson.

Everyone nodded, in agreement with what he'd said. No one could bully Mommy, not even if he was Daddy.

From a young age, they have never experienced a father's love, so naturally, they harboured no affection for Justin Battleson.

Given a choice, they would unconditionally side with Mommy.

Even their uncles have declared Justin Battleson a bad man, super bad at that.

Although they've never met him, the children had already formed an impression of him. None of them thought kindly of him.

Meanwhile, in Druarus, Justin Battleson suddenly sneezed hard.

For some reason, he feels as though he's been cursed at.

He dismissed this thought immediately. He didn't care which one of the many people who dislike him would say such a thing.

Unbeknownst to Justin Battleson, he had already been blacklisted by the children. He rubbed his nose and buried himself back in his work.

"I declare the formation of the Mission to Save Mommy group."

Just as everyone gathered their focus, Hank Thompson suddenly announced this, startling them all.

Chapter 268 Uncle

The frightened children were somewhat dissatisfied and stared at him, when would he ever rein in his temper?

However, this sudden eccentricity was quite characteristic of Charlotte.

A few of them shot him a dismissive look and continued to huddle up and whisper amongst themselves.

The boy's eccentricity was overlooked amidst the general clamor, and no one paid him any attention.

Hank Thompson only felt some embarrassment and sat down awkwardly.

Even so, he still inwardly criticized them for not having a childlike innocence, they did not behave like children at all.

Among those present, only Cyrus Thompson was the most mature, everyone preferred to listen to him.

"First, we need to fly to Druarus, and then we can figure out how to find our mom."

Cyrus is very steady-minded, and everyone agreed with his plan.

They began to plan their route, chattering all at once.

"We found out where mom works, we can secretly follow her back home and give her a big surprise."

Chad Thompson waved his phone, which displayed the route from the airport to Vanguard Jewelry.

The Thompson family, being affluent, gave their children a handsome amount of pocket money, which was duly saved by them.

After all, the children in the Thompson household never had to worry about food or clothing, and they had absolutely no use for the so-called pocket money.

Now, the total value of the children's assets was a substantial amount, and they had no concerns about the cost.

They had more than enough money for a round-the-world tour, let alone a flight to Druarus.

Just as their discussion was reaching a fever pitch, the usually silent Olivia raised her hand.

"I have a question." Olivia's obscure comment drew everyone's attention.

Olivia was usually quite reserved, and very rarely made proactive suggestions, she often kept her thoughts to herself.

The group turned their attention to her without saying anything, patiently awaiting the rest of her input.

"If we sneak off to find Mommy like this, won't Mommy be angry? I think we should tell Mommy first."

Finally, the problem that had been worrying everyone was mentioned, and Olivia sighed a sigh of relief, looking at them nervously.

She was continuously wringing her fingers, she had always been very well-behaved.

The idea of doing something behind the adults' backs was somewhat unsettling to her.

A point everyone had overlooked was now being discussed openly, and they all looked at each other.

They had overlooked this...

Mommy would definitely chastise them for running off on their own when the time came, it was far too risky in unfamiliar territory.

"And, how are we going to deal with our uncles, they definitely won't agree either."

One major problem followed another, which they had completely failed to consider in their initial excitement.

Everyone at the scene fell silent, lowering their heads in thought, and Cyrus furrowed his brows.

"Why don't we ask Uncle Jordan for help? Uncle Jordan will definitely understand us." Jack Thompson thought for a moment. This was currently the best solution.

Jordan Thompson was their uncle who played rock and roll, was more progressive in his thinking, and had a more open view of many things.

Moreover, throughout the years, the Thompson children had realized something.

Uncle Jordan, being young and fun-loving, was more relatable to them.

At the moment, he was touring around for his concerts, and his tour schedule indicated he should be in Cethuira.

"Good idea; let's wait until Uncle Jordan returns from his Cethuira concert tour, then we can ask him to take us."

Grace Thompson agreed wholeheartedly with Jack's idea and gave him an enthusiastic thumbs up.

Cyrus, who should have voiced his opinion, was supporting his chin in thought, and everyone was waiting for him.

"Did you ever think about the fact that if Uncle Jordan knew, that would mean our other uncles would also find out?"

After some deep thought, Cyrus Thompson, the most thoughtful of the siblings, hit the nail on the head, identifying the root of their problem.

Chapter 269: Round Up and Be Yourself

Even though their younger uncle was liberal-minded, he would certainly inform the other uncles for safety purposes.

The other uncles would surely disagree, and they wouldn't be able to leave then.

"But we can't keep quiet either, once the elder uncles find out they'll definitely drag us back home."

"We can't tell. If we do, we won't even be able to step out the front door."

The children debated in various ways, each sticking to their point of view and not willing to yield to the others.

Suddenly, a knock at the door startled everyone.

They scrambled to collect and tidy up the scattered materials on the floor as their alarm bells rang.

Once everything was securely hidden, Cyrus Thompson bravely opened the door, while the other little devils peeked out to assess the situation.

"Kids, your younger uncle's home." As soon as the door opened, the first thing to pop out was Jordan Thompson's dreadlock-styled hair.

Wearing a punk jacket and accessories enhanced by his dreadlocks, he was the epitome of a rock musician.

He had rushed back immediately after finishing his concert tour, especially to see his beloved little treasures.

In the Thompson family, these little devils were loved more than he was, but Jordan also held great affection for them.

"Ta-da, look what I brought you guys." Jordan took out a box from behind him with a mysterious expression.

He desperately wished to see a hint of surprise in their eyes.

Unfortunately, their faces remained expressionless, devoid of any ripple of emotion.

The only one who showed a slight reaction was Cyrus, who took the gift from him with a still indifferent face.

Their reactions were completely different from what Jordan had imagined, and he touched his nose awkwardly.

These children were far more mature than their peers, undoubtedly inheriting the Thompson gene.

They were just like him, yes that's right!

In his mind, their father was the useless man, Williams Charlie, there's no way they inherited anything from him.

"What were you guys arguing about? I could hear your chattering even from behind the door."

Not wanting to dwell on those unfortunate thoughts in front of the kids, Jordan changed the subject.

His curious gaze scanned the room, everything clean, without a hint of something amiss.

Huh? This only made him more curious.

The children cast pleading looks at Cyrus, unsure of how to answer their younger uncle's question.

As the verdict from the dispute hasn't come out yet, they didn't know whether to tell Jordan or not, creating an awkward atmosphere.

"We...." Olivia stammered, ready to reveal their plan.

Cyrus gently shook his head, interrupting her.

The meaning was the same, they should not reveal the matter to their younger uncle yet.

"We were just playing a game, so it got a bit loud." Not having much time to think, Cyrus maintained his calmness as he made up an excuse.

Playing a game?

Jordan's eyes were filled with more suspicion, these little adults didn't seem like they were playing games.

His scrutinizing gaze moved between them, trying to glean something from their faces.

The children guiltily lowered their heads, their eyes flickering, not daring to meet his gaze.

"Uncle, we really want to go to the amusement park, but you were not here. Can you take us now?"

Hank Thompson pulled at Jordan's hand, leading him outside with an apparent yearning for the amusement park.

After all, Hank was the most playful and childish one on normal days, wanting to go to the amusement park wasn't out of the question.

Seeing this, the other children also chimed in, pushing him out of the room.

All the things they had just hidden were still under the bed. If he found out, wouldn't it all be exposed?

Unable to resist their enthusiasm, Jordan reluctantly agreed to accompany them to the amusement park.

Chapter 270: The Child of the Thompson Family is Quite Bold

Before arriving, he had the amusement park evacuate the visitors, and set aside staff to help him watch the kids.

There were too many places in the amusement park and too many kids for Jordan Thompson to keep track of by himself.

Not that they ever required anyone to worry about them.

But to avoid mischievous minds plotting accidents, Jordan had to take measures.

After all, these little ones were the bloodline of the Thompson family.

Well... including the adopted ones.

BK had influence in Ashton, but that couldn't help but attract some ill-intentioned people.

The bustling amusement park was now desolate, leaving only the staff. It was clear this was Jordan's doing.

In order not to contradict their initial intention of visiting the amusement park, the kids reluctantly chose a few rides.

The staff melted when they saw the kids.

How could they all be so adorable?

So stunning at such a tender age, what would they be like when they grow up?

They would undoubtedly be the heartthrobs of many.

"Young masters and misses, what would you like to play?" Staff asked with a warm smile, gently bending over to hear their reply.

Things like merry-go-rounds were too juvenile and were instantly passed over.

Roller coasters and the like were too dangerous, Uncle Cyrus surely wouldn't allow it.

After some contemplation, with the limited variety of rides left, the kids picked a few with a slight disdain.

What they chose was not very risky, but somewhat thrilling.

The staff was amazed, after all, these kids were four years old.

"This could be a little scary, are you sure you're not afraid?"

The staff tried to coax them into choosing the least favorite merry-go-round.

Hank Thompson looked at the ride operator slightly annoyed, was she still treating them like three-year-olds?

They were already four!

"It's fine; let them play whatever they want. Thompson kids are brave."

Jordan stepped in to ease the tension, saving the staff from an uncomfortable situation.

Having said that, Jordan shot a warning glance at the little mischief-makers.

They needed to tone down their enthusiasm and not intimidate the operator.

Perhaps the kids were guilty of hiding something from the adults and felt nervous, which is why Jordan's stern gaze was effective.

This was a pleasant surprise even for Jordan.

With Jordan's mediation, the staff's face returned to normal.

She hadn't anticipated the kids being so assertive.

The staff accompanied the kids to the ride they picked and played with them.

Throughout, the kids were calm and showed no signs of fear.

On the other hand, the staff felt faint, her face pale, and could only admire these children.

Jordan, witnessing the scene, sighed in exasperation. This always happened, there was never an exception.

He took long drags from his cigarette, and after crushing it into the ashtray, he approached them.

"Is there anything else you would like to play?" Jordan crouched down to ask their opinions.

The children seemed disinterested in the childish rides.

Their mature mentality made them forget that they were still children who should be having fun.

"Uncle Cyrus, can we go home? We've had enough play."

Just as the others were contemplating how to reject him, Cyrus Thompson spoke up.

This place was too dull and uninspiring for them, they would rather go home and fiddle with their own things.