

Spoiled 291

Chapter 291: You've Got the Wrong Person

He gently sniffed the unique scent of rose dew on her, and for a moment, Justin Battleson felt his restless mood improve significantly.

"What are you doing?" Charlotte Thompson snapped back to reality from her trance, instinctively pushing the man away.

The man's scent of minty tobacco invaded her nose, causing her a moment of stupefaction as if she was unaware of it.

"Let go of me, Justin Battleson let go!"

Justin ignored her and held her even tighter.

He forced the woman in front of him to look into his eyes, his tone carrying a hint of resolute determination.

"Actually, from five years ago, I felt you were a special girl, so I've always had sincere feelings for you. At first, I thought it was an illusion."

Charlotte struggled hard to break free from Justin's embrace, her face flushed.

Her eyes were bright, and as she glared at the man in front of her, she felt her rage about to consume her.

"Mr. Battleson, if you have a fetish for keeping women, then you've got the wrong person."

Charlotte took a deep breath, forcing herself to calm down.

The bright light made her face appear pale.

But her eyes were clear. Inside them was a hint of mist, yet she stubbornly continued.

"Firstly, I'm not some casual woman you speak of, and secondly, even if you want to find a girlfriend, it's impossible for it to be me. Wouldn't it break your heart if Miss Curtis finds out about your intentions?"

"I remember Miss Curtis may not be that important to you, but you are as precious to her as the stars in the sky."

Charlotte finished her long speech in one breath, her tone frustrated. However, she noticed a slight change in the man's expression.

Charlotte wasn't willing to delve into what that change was. Many things were overwhelming her all at once, leaving her feeling suffocated.

"Justin Battleson, I'm telling you, if you don't leave, I'm going to call the police."

Charlotte could still recall how, five years ago, Justin Battleson had contemptuously disregarded her, treating her as though she was a mere plaything.

Right now, she felt confused as though she was caught in a vortex.

It kept pulling her in, making her lose the ability to discern right from wrong.

Perhaps deterred by her harsh tone, Justin Battleson paused for a moment before ultimately leaving the hotel in silence.

The emptiness of the room left Charlotte alone, curled up quietly on the floor.

She curled up like a ball, various images flashing across her mind, resulting in a sleepless night.

The next morning, Charlotte was woken by the very noisy ring of her phone.

After a sleepless night, Charlotte felt very tired.

But knowing that she had a lot to handle that day, she reluctantly picked up the phone.

"Oh my God, Sister Charlotte, why are you still sleeping? Look at the time, the company's scheduled meeting is about to start."

The exaggerated voice on the other end of the phone was Coco's, and Charlotte suddenly felt the urge not to go to the office.

The events of last night played back in her mind, paralyzing her thoughts.

She tugged at her messy hair, sighed, and eventually got up and headed towards the bathroom.

Chapter 292: Hosting a Banquet

"I'll be there soon. I stayed up late last night and am feeling a bit under the weather, wait for me at the office. If anyone asks about me, just say I'm on my way and got stuck in some morning traffic. You know me, I'll be there in no time. Just hold the fort for me."

Charlotte Thompson quickly washed her face and started applying makeup.

She got ready swiftly and arrived at the office shortly after.

Indeed, when she walked in, she saw Justin Battleson's unwell-looking face.

Charlotte furrowed her brow, embarrassed, as she glanced at the individuals in the meeting, acknowledged them with a nod, and quickly found her seat.

It's the first time Charlotte has been late to a meeting since she started working for this company.

No doubt, this was a minor blunder, and a few of the company's top executives were not looking very pleased.

Justin glanced at her offhandedly and began speaking.

"Alright, now that everyone is here, let me briefly go over the company's development status, and the new projects we will be undertaking during this period."

Justin signaled his assistant to distribute some important documents to everyone, and then succinctly outlined the projects the company would be working on soon.

Throughout Justin's speech, Charlotte never lifted her head once.

She was somewhat absent-minded, staring at the documents in her hand. If one didn't know better, they might assume she was still concerned about her late arrival.

"Are you okay? Feeling unwell?" Concerned about Charlotte's strange behaviour, Coco carefully asked.

Although Charlotte was late this morning, Justin didn't say anything.

Nonetheless, it was quite a mistake considering Justin's usual practice.

However, Justin did not blame her for anything, Coco found this unusual.

"It's nothing. I just didn't sleep well last night. Now, let's concentrate on the meeting report. I feel we're going to be quite busy soon," Charlotte quietly responded to Coco's question.

The meeting ended quickly, and Charlotte was keen to hurry back to her office.

However, what Justin said next caught her off guard.

"Everyone has been working hard recently, so I've organised a dinner party in Hillwood tonight as a thank you. I'm inviting everyone to join."

Justin spoke calmly. He looked at Charlotte, his expression as neutral as ever and impossible to read.

Charlotte couldn't help grumbling silently. She didn't know what to say or how to react. Recalling last night's events, she frowned. Justin was acting very strange.

She didn't want to go but seeing everyone's elated reaction, and considering it was a company dinner, she couldn't figure out how to decline.

So she agreed, and only then did Justin sigh in relief internally.

He had spent a restless night at his home last night as well.

Yet, for some reason, he found his thoughts of Charlotte becoming ever clearer. He understood his feelings and wanted to find an opportunity to explain things to Charlotte clearly, judging by her reaction last night, she must have misunderstood him.

But he was revered and had never lowered his head to anyone before.

He had already been very straightforward last night, and Charlotte was still doubting him. Justin couldn't help feeling a little annoyed.

Chapter 293: The Closed-Door Soup

"This is the report for tomorrow's meeting. You'll arrange it. And follow up on the design plan recently too."

"By the way, I may not want to attend tonight, you should go with another team to the banquet."

Charlotte gathered up some reports in her hands and handed them to Coco next to her, prompting Coco to look surprised.

"What's the matter? Are you not feeling well? I can tell that you're off today. Why don't we go see a doctor after work? Don't wear yourself out."

Coco has always been concerned for Charlotte, but Charlotte simply shook her head.

Although she didn't say anything in front of Justin today, their interactions were just too odd.

It seemed that it would take her a while to sort out her feelings.

During this time, it was best not to see him. Thinking of this, Charlotte started drafting a leave request.

She thought it would be best to take a leave of absence for a while, step away from the company, and seriously consider her feelings.

Plus, she also needed to investigate Adam's relationship with the child at the hospital immediately.

She had given hair samples to Jack this morning and asked him to investigate at the hospital first.

But after all, it was better to handle it herself.

"It's not necessary. I'm just a little dizzy, I didn't sleep well last night. You go and take care of your things. Could you give this letter to the CEO's office later? I'm going to leave now, I have something else to deal with."

She finished speaking, packed up her things, and prepared to leave.

She only came to the office today to deliver this leave request properly.

Coco glanced at the letter in her hands, and then at Charlotte, who was tidying up. She wanted to say something, but after seeing Charlotte's somewhat unhealthy complexion, she chose to keep silent.

In the evening, Justin apparently was looking for someone among the bustling crowd at the banquet.

Michael, standing next to him, perceived Justin's thoughts and immediately went forward to inform him.

"Miss Thompson took leave and left the office this afternoon, but since you were in a video meeting at the time, I didn't bring it up."

Upon hearing these words, Justin frowned and made an excuse to leave Michael early.

Following that, Justin quickly made his way to the hotel where Charlotte was staying.

"Why are you here?"

When Charlotte opened the door to find Justin, she was somewhat impatient and instinctively tried to close the door.

However, Justin stopped the door with his hand. His face revealed a rarely-seen solemnity as he asked the same awkward question as last night.

Charlotte couldn't help but sigh, her voice filled with annoyance. She responded casually,

"Mr. Battleson, I've thought it over. I don't want to be your mistress. Please leave."

As she spoke, Charlotte tried to close the door again while Justin was trying to explain.

However, before he could get the words out, the door was slammed shut, leaving him standing awkwardly outside reflecting on his own face, his heart filled with bitterness.

This was the most he had ever been snubbed in his life. This woman really misunderstood him.

Thinking about this, Justin couldn't help but frown, for once he couldn't find the words to say.

Chapter 294: It's Because of Charlotte Thompson, right?

Justin Battleson stepped out of the hotel with a cold face, the outside was almost dark, twilight painting the sky a gloomy blue-black, making his heart even more somber.

He walked directly towards the parking lot, he never thought he would be driven away by Charlotte Thompson.

Over the years, countless women have tried to get into his bed, all of them filled with sunshine and brightness. She was the first one like this.

Finding his black Maybach, Justin Battleson's face looked extremely unwell and he stormed out with a press of the accelerator.

Minutes later, the car pulled up steadily at the entrance of the Blue Tone Club.

"Mr. Battleson, you're here."

Because he was a regular and a member, as soon as the security guard saw Justin Battleson, he greeted him with a bow.

The man didn't respond, he directly threw the car keys over and walked into the club.

As a member here, Justin Battleson naturally enjoyed quite a few privileges; the security guard parked his car for him and handed the keys back at the club.

The Blue Tone Club is a high-end entertainment venue in this city, only the upper-class could afford to be here.

The top-class elites could not only become members, but if they were willing, they could also have a stake in the club and enjoy dividends every year.

With no expression on his face, Justin Battleson, his eyebrows slightly furrowed, made his way to the private room that the four of them usually occupied — Room 808.

Pushing open the heavy room door, there was a man sitting inside, who slightly lifted his chin at Justin Battleson's entrance.

"Second brother finally came."

The person inside was none other than Adam Ross.

He arched an eyebrow, a faint smile hanging on his lips that kept his thoughts inscrutable.

Adam held a wine goblet, the red wine swirled around as he moved, releasing a strong fragrance.

"Hmm."

He barely looked up, his glance moving past Adam Ross towards the wine cabinet, seemingly attracted to it.

His attention was focused on the transparent glass cabinet that took up the whole wall, Justin Battleson selected a bottle of red wine from it, a good wine from Tecroeland.

The wine's color was very deep, the dregs left at the bottom of the bottle was dark red, attesting to its significant age.

Justin Battleson sat down without saying much to Adam Ross, making the leather sofa tremble slightly with his movement.

He popped the cork open, pouring the red wine directly into the glass, in no mood for wine tasting.

The pomegranate-colored liquid filled one-fifth of the transparent goblet.

His fingers were long and slender, holding the stem of the glass, he gently swirled his red wine.

Upon being poured, a rich fragrance was released.

For a moment, the smell of fruits filled Justin Battleson's nostrils, accompanied by a faint hint of toasted tobacco.

The man's gaze was icy cold. He tossed back the wine in the glass, the soft taste immediately captivating, yet it did nothing to douse the anger in his heart.

"What's the matter, Second Brother is upset?"

Adam Ross's eyes were long and narrow, always giving off a bewitching vibe whenever he looked at someone.

Compared to the other brothers, he always seemed to have an extra edge of appeal.

"Why do you care?"

Asked so many times, the man was angered. He swallowed down a mouthful of wine and poured himself another half glass.

"Must be because of Charlotte Thompson, Second Brother."

Adam Ross continued to stare at Justin Battleson. He had guessed at least half of it and didn't feign ignorance. He had feelings for Charlotte too, naturally he wouldn't pretend nothing had happened.

Hearing these words, Justin Battleson looked up, both of his hawk-like eyes filled with bloodshot lines. When he looked at Adam Ross, there was a dangerous aura about him.

Chapter 295: Just a Woman

The song playing in the club was "Melody X". The normally calm music seemed to harbor some indescribable sentiment at this moment.

Gently swaying his glass of red wine, Justin Battleson's expression turned grim. He knew exactly what Adam Ross was implying with his words.

"I suggest you keep your distance from Charlotte Thompson."

He wasn't unfamiliar with Adam Ross's character. Women who attracted Adam's attention usually didn't have a happy ending.

Especially this time, as the woman in question was Charlotte.

"I don't understand why you're saying this, second brother."

Adam Ross's eyes crinkled with laughter, but there was not an ounce of mirth in his gaze, "Since when do brothers need to be so circumspect with each other? And you, my dear second brother."

His words carried a cold undertone. Adam continued to smile, "Come, let me toast to you, second brother."

He extended his drinking glass, the transparent glass reflecting the overhead light.

The warm yellow light failed to impart warmth, and the room gradually grew cold.

Justin laughed lightly, with no intention of toasting glasses with Adam.

Instead, he finished the red wine in his glass in one gulp, slamming the empty glass heavily onto the table.

At the sight of this, Adam didn't seem embarrassed at all.

He shook his head gently, "Second brother, you really do have a tempestuous temper, as always."

After saying this, he too finished the red wine in his glass.

"I like Charlotte, and since you, second brother, seem to like her as well, why don't we..."

Adam gazed at Justin intently; his words hanging between them, interrupted abruptly by Justin.

"Stop spouting nonsense. If you don't stay away from Charlotte, don't blame me for disregarding our brotherhood."

Justin's eyes flashed with a sense of menace.

Leaning in closer to Adam, his next words came out in a low and forceful whisper, as though issuing a final ultimatum.

The atmosphere in the room turned icier.

Adam remained silent with a stone-faced expression.

Justin poured himself more red wine and drank in silence.

He was indeed capable of such actions, which is why he didn't want Adam to ignore his warnings and continue his advances towards Charlotte.

Deep in his heart, he had already claimed Charlotte as his own.

Even if they were not a couple yet, in his mind, she was destined to be his sooner or later.

The room fell eerily silent, where even the drop of a pin could be heard clearly. No one said a word.

"Tsk ts, second brother, you are truly fierce. Aren't brothers like limbs and women like clothes?"

Even as Adam spoke in this way, a grin played at the corners of his lips, making his true intentions inscrutable.

Justin did not want to tickle his fancy and continued to drink his wine, never responding.

"If second brother is going to be this fierce, I can't promise I won't do something to Charlotte."

After a moment, Adam was still grinning, but his words instantly infuriated Justin.

"What are you going to do?"

Ice seemed to form on Justin's face as his hand instinctively reached for the red wine bottle.

His hawk-like eyes glinted coldly as he glared at Adam.

If it kept Charlotte safe, he wasn't against giving Adam a lesson he wouldn't forget.

Staring at Justin's face, Adam seemed confident that Justin wouldn't hurt him, and he suddenly broke into laughter.

"I was just joking! Why are you taking it so seriously? It's just a woman."

Adam's face was wreathed in smiles, but his expression remained cold. He was known for his sarcastic remarks.

Having known him for so long, Justin was well aware of the kind of man he was.

Chapter 296: Confrontation

So, he didn't believe what Adam Ross said at all, but instead, his expression grew even worse, his hands clenching the wine bottle tightly.

If he had to choose, he wouldn't mind finishing off Adam Ross right there.

Already in a bad mood, Justin Battleson's muscles subtly tensed, ready to stand up at any moment.

The two of them stared at each other, neither speaking a word.

Suddenly, the door to their private room was thrown open.

The man who came in was Harper Gibson, his face originally bearing a smile.

Seeing the grim expressions of the two men in the room, his smile immediately faltered.

"Justin, Adam, what's happening? The atmosphere doesn't seem quite right."

Upon entering, Harper plonked himself down between the two, cheerfully asking the question, not taking the situation too seriously.

Catching sight of Harper, Justin Battleson remained silent.

However, he slightly loosened his grip on the wine bottle.

Noticing Harper's attention wasn't on him, he quietly placed the bottle back on the table.

Adam Ross's face didn't betray any emotions.

He looked up at Harper's entrance, his posture sitting a bit straighter.

"Both of you are here, which is good because I wanted to ask, what's the story with that news report?"

This time, Harper came over specifically to inquire about that news.

After all, the thought of these two men, who usually showed little interest in women, being seen drinking with the same woman and making the news was quite incomprehensible.

Actually, right after that news broke, Harper had separately called both of them to ask.

Except...

Except nobody paid any attention to him.

Knowing that Adam Ross would be at 808 tonight, he decided to rush over.

This gossip was too juicy not to inquire in person.

Sitting on the sofa, Harper stretched his back.

Spotting the red wine that Justin Battleson had pulled out, he said in a sour tone: "You never share when I ask for this wine. Why are you drinking it secretly by yourself?"

Justin Battleson, helpless, could only appease him: "I'll make it up to you with two even better bottles next time. I haven't drunk much, you try."

The icy atmosphere had warmed up a bit since Harper's arrival.

Adam Ross and Justin Battleson had stopped their confrontations.

Fetching a glass, Harper eagerly poured himself some red wine and savoured it."

"Why don't you guys tell me if that news was true?"

Harper came to inquire about the news from Adam Ross, never expecting Justin Battleson to be around as well. He decided to question both at once.

"Why is the youngest one suddenly so nosy?"

Justin Battleson, unwilling to bring it up, tried to distract him: "How's the wine? Premium, isn't it?"

Rinsing his mouth, Harper savoured the taste and nodded in approval: "Indeed, no wonder you like it so much, it's quite flavourful."

Adam Ross, overhearing the conversation, sneered sarcastically: "There are many things your older brother likes, Charlotte Thompson is also one of those."

Recalling Justin Battleson's attitude towards him just moments ago, Adam Ross smiled in derision as he casually dropped this comment.

"Really?"

Suddenly, Harper felt more lively.

His mouth fell open wide enough to fit an egg in as he turned to look at Justin Battleson in disbelief:
"Really, Justin?"

Justin Battleson's face darkened further. However, upon reflection, he thought since Harper is his brother, there's no need to hide anything.

"Hmm, Adam also likes her."

Chapter 297: Because of a Woman?

Like a startle of thunder, another bombshell burst in Harper Gibson's ears.

So these two were drinking with Charlotte Thompson just for this woman?

"So that news too, was because of this?"

The gossip-loving spirit within Harper kindled, questioning what the hell happened between these two at that time.

"Pretty much as you thought."

Justin Battleson picked up the wine glass and took a sip. Confirming Harper's guess there is no point denying it at this point.

Hearing a confirmed answer, Harper was even more shocked.

It must be said that in normal times, both Justin battleson and Adam Ross are not the types to be obsessed with women.

This sudden appearance of Charlotte, who has also become a woman both people like, is really hard to accept.

Harper silently took a sip of wine, this information was too much, he needed to take a moment to process.

Justin Battleson has Evelyn Curtis by his side, although Harper knows that he is only making up for her, not really moving his heartfelt emotions.

The outside world's news is varied, but Harper doesn't care.

For so long, there has been no woman around Adam Ross, and Evelyn Curtis doesn't count as Justin Battleson's woman either.

These two, who are usually not interested in women, can be obsessed with one woman at the same time?

Harper Curtis is curious, who the hell is Charlotte?

Harper sighed, looked at the two of them, the doubt in his heart was written all over his face.

"Why are you guys doing this?"

Unable to figure out what was causing it, Harper's mind was filled with a huge question mark.

No matter what, he couldn't believe that both of them had fallen at the same time.

"Even if you don't believe, it's the truth."

Still, Adam Ross said more, answering Harper's question, but he didn't say too much.

While speaking, Adam Ross's gaze had been fixed on Justin Battleson.

Looking left and right, Harper was truly unable to calm down.

He couldn't believe that these two had both fallen for the same woman.

"Both of you are too..."

Harper held back halfway through his sentence, he felt that saying it would embarrass both of them.

After all, the woman they liked was not different people, but the same person.

This was a bit tricky.

And, looking at the state of Adam Ross and Justin Battleson now, something felt off.

Harper carefully observed the expressions of both people.

As expected, one looked worse than the other.

There was no way around it, he was stuck between them, and couldn't adjust the moods of these two people.

"Too what?"

Justin Battleson, who hadn't spoken for a long time, looked up at Harper.

A single glance from him silenced Harper, who wished he could swallow everything he just said.

"Too peculiar. I thought you guys were going to be monks for life."

Harper felt helpless and could only speak his thoughts.

With that said, it managed to amuse Adam Ross on the side.

Justin Battleson's mouth twitched, though he didn't find it amusing.

Facing Adam Ross, Justin Battleson's face was always gloomy.

He only wanted Adam Ross to stay away from Charlotte, to stop disturbing her.

"Ah, don't look so grim. It's too ugly."

Seeing the atmosphere still off, Harper tried to liven things up, leaning over and grinned at Justin Battleson.

"Hmm, noted."

After a few seconds of silence, Justin Battleson's fingers stroked his signet ring, contemplating how to respond.

He knew that he had always been on good terms with Adam Ross, and it would be inappropriate to fall out with him now.

Chapter 298: Should we go find Annie Anne?

"Yeah, stop keeping a straight face, let's drink."

Adam Ross stepped down the stairs.

The relationship between the four brothers had always been good, arguing over a woman was indeed a waste of time.

Seeing both men giving responses, Harper Gibson finally breathed a sigh of relief.

Then he started pouring wine from the bottle of red wine in his hand for the two of them.

"This wine of yours, Harper, is so good that I hardly dare to drink it."

Harper Gibson laughed and tried to ease the tension between the two of them.

"If we drink this fine wine, King Samuel will probably complain when he gets back."

Adam Ross squinted his eyes with a smirk, mentioning Oliver Hudson.

"Yeah, the boss will definitely be angry, right?" Only then did Harper Gibson remember that Oliver Hudson wasn't there, and get noticeably more excited, "No, I've got to tell the boss about your situation and call him over."

Thinking of this, Harper grabbed his phone and was about to call Oliver Hudson.

The other two were already used to his lively personality.

They didn't say much, letting him call Oliver Hudson.

The phone rang several times before it was picked up.

"Boss, what are you doing? You took so long to answer."

As soon as the call connected, Harper started jabbering.

"I'm busy with something, what's up?"

Oliver Hudson's voice was calm and composed, revealing no disturbance.

There was silence on the other end of the line, leaving one to wonder where he was or what he was doing.

"Get over to 808 quickly, I have some news to tell you, it's definitely big, you'll want to hear it."

Hearing Oliver Hudson's voice, Harper purposely didn't say what was going on, planning to lure him over then tell him the rest.

"I can't make it right now, I'm busy."

Oliver Hudson didn't say much, just made this excuse.

The speaker mode was on, everyone in the private room could hear him clearly.

Hearing Oliver Hudson say this, all three became curious simultaneously.

"Boss, what is it that you're doing? Hurry up and come over, we're all waiting for you."

Looking at the gossip expressions of the two beside him, Harper gained courage and continued to talk over the phone.

"I can't leave, I'm in Firenze."

Perhaps unable to resist Harper's questioning, Oliver Hudson directly answered with his location.

Hearing the words 'Firenze', all three let out a sigh of relief.

Exchanging glances, they all understood why Oliver Hudson had gone there.

"Oh, alright then, boss, you go ahead."

Harper cut the call with a mischievous smile, not caring that Oliver Hudson was on the other end still asking what he wanted to say.

"Firenze, oh..."

Talking about Firenze, Adam Ross watched as the call ended, a look of gossip flashing across his face.

He knew well what it meant for Oliver Hudson to head to Firenze.

"I thought only you two had fallen, but it seems the boss is just as stuck in the mire."

Harper poured himself some red wine, smiling and looking at the two men beside him.

He offered to pour for them: "The three of us must have a drink to toast to our brother's impending love."

Upon hearing this, Justin Battleson, very cooperatively, clinked his glass with Harper's, hesitated for a few seconds, then clinked with Adam Ross's glass.

"The boss is going to see Annie Anne, isn't he?"

Since he was in Firenze, chances were he was going to see Annie Anne.

Chapter 299: Big Brother is Really Capable

"Sure thing, what else could he be doing?"

Harper Gibson replied, laughing softly. He was certain that Oliver Hudson had indeed gone to meet that woman. Why else did he go to Firenze if he had nothing to do?

"Indeed, big bro is something else."

Adam Ross nodded thoughtfully.

However, he truly admired Oliver Hudson's daring act of going to such lengths for a woman.

After taking a sip of red wine, Justin Battleson did not comment.

His fingers tapped on the wine glass rhythmically.

The connection between Oliver Hudson and Annie Anne was indeed complex and dated back a long way.

"How else could he be the big brother?"

Harper Gibson also recalled all those conundrums between Oliver Hudson and Annie Anne with a touch of sarcasm.

"Has Annie Anne not forgiven big brother yet?"

Adam Ross yawned, feeling drowsy due to consuming quite a bit of red wine. He planned to retreat for some rest soon.

"Who knows about their affair."

Even if Harper Gibson knew the past well, he couldn't be certain about the recent trip to Firenze.

"Back in the day, big brother was indeed heartless. If I were subjected to such treatment, I wouldn't forgive him either."

Justin Battleson's eyes flickered coldly, he was well aware of the past occurrences.

Even as a brother, he felt that Oliver Hudson's actions were a little too harsh.

"Alright, let's drink."

Harper Gibson favored the red wine and poured more for everyone. "Big brother is away. Why not let's finish this without him?"

Harper hugged the wine bottle, lovingly tracing the label with his hands.

"You love wine so much; you might as well marry it."

Adam Ross teased him, wrapping his arm over his shoulder. When he leaned in, his breath reeked strongly of alcohol.

"No way, marrying wine is not fun at all."

Harper Gibson gave the wine bottle a smacking kiss before placing it on the table.

"This is a precious bottle from the boss's collection. I suspect it's the only one. When I get some free time, I will find someone to get a few more for you."

Justin Battleson couldn't stand his antics; he seemed serious enough to marry the bottle.

"Great, I knew my second bro was the best!"

After hearing this, Harper Gibson leaned over Justin Battleson, seemingly intending to give him a kiss as well.

Justin Battleson frowned and quickly evaded. "Don't kiss me; I don't feel that way about you."

Seeing Harper Gibson approaching, Justin Battleson pushed him away, a look of disgust sweeping over his face.

"Alright then, second bro, why don't you team up with Adam? You two can't stand each other anyway. Something like a love-hate relationship wouldn't be too bad."

Reflecting on the recent events, Harper Gibson jokingly suggested this to them. They were all brothers, a little jest wouldn't hurt.

"Speaking of Annie Anne, I still remember her, covered in blood in that basement back then..."

Adam Ross paused mid-sentence, he swirled the wine in his glass and gulped it down in one go.

"Yeah, I remember that too. Big brother was really ruthless."

Harper Gibson made a clicking sound with his mouth. He was rather reluctant to recall those moments from the past.

Those were indeed dark times, known all too well by the three of them.

"Big brother had his reasons, but his treatment of Annie Anne was indeed extreme."

Justin Battleson stared into his wine glass.

Chapter 300: Ups and Downs

Time had given the red wine a slight thickness, further emphasizing its exceptional quality.

"Hey, it's been a while since we've seen each other. Let's not talk about this anymore. Won't everything be clarified when Big Brother returns?"

Thinking about the past, Harper Gibson's eyes dimmed slightly.

He didn't want to dwell on it any longer. Ultimately, he felt that Annie Anne's situation was truly dismal.

No matter how you looked at it, Annie was just a young girl at the time. The ordeal she was put through was pitiful.

"Yeah, let's drink. When Big Brother returns, he will scold us again."

Adam Ross poured more of the red wine he had opened into his glass, threw his head back, gulped, and then said after a while, "But all of this began because of Annie's father. A daughter paying for her father's debts—it's not unreasonable."

...

The night had deepened and it was eerily silent.

But Charlotte Thompson was tossing and turning in bed, unable to sleep.

She stared wide-eyed at the ceiling's ornate carving, which gave off a faint, eerie glow in the dark.

In her head, she replayed the words Justin Battleson had said to her that day. Each word was profound and impactful, like pebbles gently thrown into a still pond, creating ripples in her heart.

"Justin Battleson."

Charlotte muttered the name under her breath.

She couldn't quite figure out her feelings, but her restless tossing and turning in bed was unlike her.

Maybe... Charlotte looked at the flickering light from her phone.

She flipped it around with her slender finger, her lips pursed slightly. A glint of mischief flashed in her dazzling eyes.

At that moment, the Hillwood Apartment was all lit up.

Evelyn Curtis stared at the trending topic on social media that had continued to gain traction, her chest heaving with anger. She tightened her grip on the stem glass in her hand, her red lips firmly pressed together, sparkles flashed in her eyes.

"Evelyn, why don't you rest? It is really late already."

Lucy, who stood beside, couldn't help but gently suggest upon seeing a flushed and furious Evelyn.

She simultaneously tried to take the glass from Evelyn's hand.

"Rest?" Evelyn Curtis hurled her phone to the ground, breaking it into pieces.

"I hired you to solve my problems. And look, this topic has been trending for several days, and you've still yet to remove it."

Her words were laced with frustration.

She always maintained a gentle and caring image, but her words were now sharp and biting.

Fortunately, Lucy had already grown used to it.

"Didn't Mr. Battleson promise to handle this...?"

Lucy cautiously responded, her head lowered, beads of sweat gleaming on her forehead, a wary look on her face.

"Handle it? Look at the trending topic. Can't you manage anything on your own?"

Evelyn Curtis was irate. After the news broke, she called Justin Battleson numerous times.

She was on the verge of marching into their company, but he hadn't responded at all.

Each time she thought about the woman's name she had heard from Justin Battleson's mouth, her anger intensified.

Could it be related to the past incident...

Evelyn Curtis did not dare to dwell on it. All she could see was the crushing pressure of public opinion that was growing larger by the day. She was losing sleep over it, and dark circles were forming under her eyes.

"Evelyn, we have arranged for our public relations department to handle it. But it seems that ... it seems they were ready for us. We have hired a large number of trolls online, but we just can't suppress it."