

Spoiled 311

Chapter 311: How to Rescue Mommy

"Big brother, where are we?"

Jordan Thompson had just settled in the car when he heard the voice of the cute little kid from behind.

Just hearing that voice, he knew it was Hank Thompson, who had always admired his big brother.

Even though they are twin brothers, their personalities are worlds apart.

He and Cyrus look very similar, but he doesn't have the composed nature that Cyrus does, instead, he's rather lively.

Sometimes, he can be overly lively, bordering on being obnoxiously childish.

"We are on the road, we'll be at a hotel soon."

Cyrus curtly brushed off Hank's curiosity.

Right now, his head was full of how to rescue their mom - where would he find the time to answer all of Hank's questions soon?

Hank, sensing the dismissive response, pouted and leaned towards Grace in a pitiful manner.

But Grace didn't want to bother with him, she was seriously engrossed in her computer's screen.

Where would her brother's plight stand compared to the computer codes she was deeply focused on?

The computer code fascinated her, making it more interesting the more she looked at it.

Seeing Grace working so hard, Hank couldn't bear to disturb her.

So, he turned to the next available person, leaning towards Olivia who was eating candies.

"Big Brother ... do you want some candy?"

Olivia was the youngest among the kids. Perhaps because her mother had given birth to her during a psychological crisis, Olivia was introverted and didn't talk much.

It took a lot of effort from Charlotte to get her to this stage.

So, Olivia started speaking late, and she always needs some time to think before she can complete a sentence.

When eating candy, the candy often smeared all over her face, but her cuteness would melt anyone's heart.

Hank took a bite of the candy Olivia offered him, and refrained from saying anything more.

Jordan was just about to close his eyes to rest when his phone started to vibrantly vibrate.

He checked it and discovered it was his friend from back home.

How quick is their news? He had just gotten off the plane and they had already reached out to him.

He started planning his time, later he would send these six little kids to the hotel.

Then he'd ask to have delicious meals prepared for the kids.

And he'd have someone look after them while he went to meet his friend.

This arrangement seemed perfect, even if Charlotte asked about it, he could explain it easily.

Besides, these kids were smarter than adults. Nothing could go wrong.

Thinking this, Jordan's mouth curled up into a smile.

He was truly grateful to Charlotte for raising such smart children.

However, a brief moment later, they had arrived at BK Hotel.

"This hotel is just like the one we had at Ashton!"

Just after exiting the car, Grace looked up at the large skyscraper in front of her. The feeling of familiarity made her feel safe, her childish voice ringing out.

"Yeah! Why is there a similar hotel here?" Hank, hearing this, also looked up, exclaiming in surprise.

Jack and Chad helped Olivia out of the car, and the three of them also looked up, uttering a unison "wow".

Only Cyrus stood still, one hand in his pocket, the other patting Grace's head: "This is our grandfather's property, spread all over the world. It's not surprising that there is one here."

Jordan glanced at the leader amongst the kids and unconsciously tugged at the corner of his mouth.

This Cyrus has way more maturity than the other kids...

"Ah ha, Cyrus is absolutely right! Come on, let's go in."

Jordan knew which room Charlotte had previously stayed in, so he arranged a room next to hers for these few children.

It was also a presidential suite, the room was big enough for several children to play around in.

Chapter 312: Waiting for Mommy

Jordan Thompson, using his own ID, checked the kids into the hotel and also arranged for hotel staff to take care of them.

As expected from BK, their service efficiency was surprisingly high.

Within half an hour, the caretaker was in place, and delicious dishes also arrived.

Grace Thompson was a glutton. She had been sleeping on the plane and was already hungry.

Seeing these mouthwatering dishes, she unconsciously licked her lips.

"Wow, so much delicious food! Uncle, can we start eating now?"

Watching Grace's eyes sparkle, Jordan smiled indulgently.

He patted her head gently: "Of course, these are all prepared for you."

The six children sat down, all speaking in unison: "Let's eat!"

With those words, they grabbed their utensils and started eating heartily.

Looking at the children enjoying their meal, Jordan Thompson felt much better, he raised an eyebrow lightly: "Alright, kids! Your Uncle is planning on going out."

The first to lift his head was Chad Thompson: "Uncle, where are you going? Aren't you staying with us?"

Hearing this, Jack Thompson also lifted his head, his watery eyes were like a deer's: "Huh? Uncle is leaving?"

Jordan's smile froze on his face.

These two little guys really lacked a sense of security.

Jordan leaned in close to them and patted their heads: "No no no, not abandoning you."

"I have some things to do, you just stay here and enjoy your meal and have fun. Later tonight, your mom will be back."

"So, Uncle wouldn't come back?"

"Right, Uncle won't be playing with us?"

Olivia Thompson also spoke up softly.

Jordan's heart was melting.

But he had to go.

He remembered his friend mentioning that a new rock band was planning to hold a concert here.

How could he, as a rock music enthusiast, give up such a great opportunity?

There was no helping it. Between rock music and the kids, he eventually chose rock music.

Anyway, the kids were smart and savvy. He had always been very assured of them.

Cyrus slowly chewed the meat in his mouth, then glanced at Jordan Thompson after swallowing.

His face had an uncontrollable smile.

With Cyrus' intelligence, he naturally knew why Jordan was in such a hurry to leave.

"Uncle, don't worry, I'll take care of everything here. You don't need to worry."

Cyrus' voice was cool. It was childishly soft, yet also had an adult's maturity.

Hearing this, Jordan was extremely excited: "Great! I knew Cyrus is the most sensible one, take good care of your siblings!"

"Hmm, don't worry."

Cyrus responded indifferently and continued eating.

Jordan was pleased, Cyrus was indeed his favorite child. He was mature, sensible, and obedient.

The other children also followed Cyrus' lead.

After hearing what their older brother said, the others had no objections and continued eating obediently.

Jordan saw that it was about time, said goodbye to the children, and left the hotel.

The meal was almost over. The nanny cleaned up the dining table and helped the six children wash their hands.

"You can sit in the living room. Don't come in if there's nothing important."

With one sentence, Cyrus sent the nannies outside.

What they were about to do next was best done without outsiders present.

Chapter 313: Found It

The babysitters had all left, making the room much quieter.

Cyrus found a spot to sit down, opened his laptop, and started operating it vigorously, focusing intently.

The truth was, he had his own reasons for agreeing to Jordan's departure.

Earlier on the plane, he had intended to probe into the internal affairs of the Riley Group.

But at that time, Jordan was always around watching him, so he couldn't be too blatant about it. He also acted with caution when investigating, fearing that he might expose himself.

Now that Jordan had left, he could investigate freely and boldly, without having to cover up his actions.

"Big brother, what are you doing?"

Grace approached Cyrus with her laptop, leaning in to ask him.

The siblings were both experts in computer technology, their skills bordering on genius.

Looking at the serious demeanor of Cyrus, Grace had some understanding, but still needed confirmation.

"I plan to hack into the Riley Group's intranet. Their firewall is quite hard to crack. Can you help me out?"

"Sure!"

Grace glanced at the code displayed, already having a clue.

The hacking skills she possessed were taught by Cyrus, but when it came to talent, it seemed like Grace had an edge over him.

In contrast to the serious atmosphere of their activities, the other side of the room was much more relaxed and cheerful.\n

On the other side of the room at this moment...

In order not to disturb Cyrus and Grace, Hank, who was known for his immaturity, happily started playing games with the younger children.

His personality greatly resembled the free-spirited Charlotte, and together they played with their younger siblings quite merrily.

Although they were a bit mature for their age, they were not as ruthless as Cyrus.

The essence of childhood is to play without inhibition, to avoid having any regrets.

"I've found it!"

Excitement was heard in Grace's voice. She smiled at Cyrus, her white teeth incredibly adorable.

"I found it too, but, now that we have his company's address, should we dig deeper?"

"Just now, I found his home address, and it seems that he has a female companion right now." Grace shifted her screen for Cyrus to see.

Cyrus glanced at the addresses and information, his eyebrows slightly furrowed.

"Brother, how about we go there and check it out?"

Grace looked at Cyrus, who was deep in thought, and instinctively asked.

Cyrus turned to look at Grace, seeming to make a decision, and said, "We'll go to his company."

Grace understood Cyrus's meaning, closed her laptop, bounced off to inform their siblings.

Looking at Grace's retreating figure, Cyrus's sternly pale face softened with affection.

He checked again that the distance from their hotel to Justin Battleson's company was not far.

They knew how to hail a taxi and just needed to leave the hotel.

With this in mind, he also closed his laptop and walked over to his brothers and sisters.

"You all need to be good and not make too much noise. We're going to look at a place."

Hank, who was busy snatching a lollipop from Chad's hand, felt inexplicably excited when he heard Cyrus's words.

"Big brother, where are we going to play?"

Cyrus looked at Hank, whose face wore a smile, and couldn't help but ask.

Given Hank's playful nature, it was hardly surprising that he was excited about leaving the hotel room.

"Especially you, as the older brother, you need to keep an eye on your younger brothers and sisters."
Instead of disclosing the destination, Cyrus shifted topics.

Chapter 314: Bloodline

Hank Thompson listlessly touched his head and didn't say anything.

He knew very well that he was playful and lively, but he genuinely believed that he could be quite reliable at times.

Just as this thought crossed his mind, he saw the chocolate in Jack Thompson's hand and couldn't resist pouncing on it once more.

It wasn't that he loved chocolate, he just enjoyed fooling around with his siblings.

Cyrus Thompson shook his head helplessly, it seemed that the boy's nature was not going to change.

He called the Nanny to clean up the room a bit.

He sat on the sofa, recalculating the overall route.

All set; let's get moving!

However, just as they were about to leave, they were stopped.

"Young masters and misses, you can't leave. If anything were to go wrong, how would we explain it to our bosses?" The head nanny spoke with a troubled expression on her face.

"We'll take care of our safety. Don't worry," Cyrus said indifferently, his calm tone and superior demeanor left the nannies momentarily speechless.

"But ..."

"There's no need for 'buts.' If anything goes wrong, we'll take responsibility. Otherwise, I can fire you right now," Cyrus's gaze showed an icy light.

It was the first time the adult nannies felt such intimidation from a child's glance.

Although the adults employed them, these children were the masters and had the right to dismiss them.

"Very well then, young masters and misses, please take care."

The helpless nanny had no choice but to step aside, making a passage for the children, and they politely sent them on their way.

However, the moment they left the hotel room, the nanny immediately contacted the security guards at every exit of the hotel, making sure the children were protected discreetly.

Since they couldn't stop the children, certain measures were still needed.

Cyrus Thompson took his younger brothers and sisters to the BK Hotel lobby and promptly hailed a taxi outside.

In the taxi, the driver, with widened eyes, looked at the six adorable kids standing next to it, utterly shocked.

"What are you doing... where are your parents?"

He had been driving and taking fares for many years, but he had never seen several toddlers hailing a cab all together.

Perhaps sensing the driver's surprise, Cyrus Thompson slowly began, "Uncle driver, I'm planning to take my siblings to this place to find our father."

As he spoke, Cyrus handed over a small piece of paper.

The driver hurriedly took the little note from his hand, brought it up to his eyes and was taken back.

Isn't this the address of Riley Group? These kids' father works at this big company?

The driver's confusion escalated.

After all, the renown of Riley Group echoed around the world, and anyone who worked there had to be elite among the elite.

Then he took another look at these adorable kids.

The way these kids were dressed and presented themselves certainly had the look of rich young masters and misses. Perhaps they were the offspring of some elites in Riley Group.

With these thoughts, he promptly got out of the car, helping Cyrus and the playful little ones into the vehicle.

He reminded them to fasten their seatbelts, and naturally, Cyrus, in the passenger seat, did so.

There were only three seat belts in the back seat, so Chad Thompson and Jack Thompson went together, Grace Thompson and Olivia Thompson together.

Once again, Hank Thompson was undoubtedly left out.

However, he was excellent at consoling himself, being alone with a seat belt was less restrictive.

He then picked up his game console and began playing a game, head down.

Throughout the journey, the children's laughter filled the small space.

"Wow, bro, is that the building you mentioned in the storybook before?"

Jack Thompson excitedly took hold of Hank Thompson's hand, speaking with some anticipation.

Chapter 315: So Envious of Mommy

They had lived in Ashton since they were born. Although Ashton was developed, its cities were drastically different from those in Druarus.

The scenery in Ashton was more pleasant, filled with beautiful and peaceful small towns, exuding a romantic atmosphere.

In contrast, Druarus focused on development, with towering skyscrapers standing in its cities, giving them an overall modern tech-industry aesthetic.

Both had their advantages and characteristics.

The children, who had spent a long time in the romantic country of Ashton, naturally found the bustling tech-forward cities of Druarus breathtaking and exclaimed in awe.

"Hmm? Which one, let me take a good look," he said.

Reluctant to put down his handheld game console, Hank Thompson turned his attention to the window.

Right as he was about to comment on the ice cream shop below the building, he heard the driver cheerfully remarking.

"That, my dears, is a children's amusement park funded and developed by Mr. Battleson, specially made for adorable kids like you. I even took my daughter there before."

"Mr. Battleson?" Cyrus Thompson's eyebrows knit together slightly, as if he's guessed something.

"Exactly. You children might not know. He's the owner of the building you're heading to, Mr. Justin Battleson," said the driver, maneuvering the car through a mild turn.

The driver admired Justin Battleson to an incredible degree. Such a young successful businessman, who could resist admiring that?

For some reason, Cyrus felt as if someone had suddenly pricked his heart.

He pursed his lips and focused his gaze on that high-rise building.

Surrounded by the laughter of his younger siblings, he stared at the building, an inexplicable emotion welling up inside him.

That man should be their father, right?

The father who had abandoned their Mommy, who had bullied their Mommy.

The unforgivable villain their uncle had always described, a jerk who should rot in hell.

Hank looked at Cyrus, who was lost in his thoughts, and handed over a piece of milk candy.

Cyrus was taken aback and before he could react, his mouth was full of the sweet flavor of the candy, and he started to chew.

Even though he tried to act mature, a child will always love sweet candy.

Following that, Hank calmly said, "Big brother, stop overthinking. We'll find out once we reach there."

Although Hank could be a little immature, he was good at picking up on the moods of others and instantly understood Cyrus's thoughts.

The car quickly arrived at the Riley Group building.

The driver opened the door for the adorable children, responsibly lead them under the shade of trees, and finally accepted a small amount of money symbolically.

"Thank you, Uncle Driver," said Cyrus, expressing his gratitude to the driver.

He looked at the building which was luxurious but retained a unique style, an oak among saplings in this forested area.

"Wow, this building is so beautiful. Does Mommy work here?" Grace Thompson's eyes were filled with excitement, her babyish voice filled with joy.

"I'm so envious of Mommy, she gets to work here every day." Jack Thompson added in agreement.

Only Cyrus looked coldly at the building in front of him.

In his heart, he thought about the bullying big tyrant in this place.

"Okay, stop feeling envious for now. Let's get to business." The moment Cyrus spoke, the rest of the kids immediately quieted down.

Indeed, their big brother's words were most effective.

Cyrus led the five adorable children straightforwardly into the office building.

Such a lively group quickly drew the attention of the pedestrians.

Cyrus walked to the reception first. Being small, he could only reach it by standing on tiptoe.

He slowly spoke amidst the stunned gaze of the receptionist, "Excuse me, is Justin Battleson here?"

Chapter 316: Dad?

The receptionist firstly appeared stunned, but then revealed a formulaic smile.

The receptionists of Riley Group received professional training, naturally well-versed in facial expressions management.

The receptionist had a melodious voice, starting with, "Little friend, where are your mom and dad? If you want to see Mr. Battleson, you need to have an appointment. Do you have an appointment?"

Cyrus Thompson furrowed his brows; he had forgotten about this detail.

Dealing with a high-level CEO required prior appointment, much like the situation in Ashton where people would need an appointment to meet his uncles.

An appointment was necessary.

He subconsciously shook his head.

"No appointment? Then we can't allow it, little friend. This is our workspace, so we kindly ask you to leave."

The receptionist continued to smile while speaking, very amiable.

Cyrus Thompson lifted his head upon hearing her words, his deep eyes trained on her as he replied, "Sister, he's our dad, do we need an appointment to meet our own father?"

"What?" The receptionist was involuntarily surprised.

Father?

Mr. Battleson has a child? That shouldn't be the case...

Evelyn Curtis was consistently busy in the entertainment circle, and there were no rumors of her ever taking maternity leave...

Could it be that it's not Evelyn Curtis, but...

At that thought, a chill ran down her spine.

It felt as though she had just uncovered some scandalous news.

She blinked her eyes, moistened her lips, and decided to calm down before speaking.

"Little friend, is it possible that you're mistaken?"

"No," replied Cyrus Thompson decisively, with a firm look in his hawk-like eyes, which caused the receptionist to hesitate.

She glanced at the six adorable children - each one cuter than the last and about the same age.

When did Mr. Battleson have such cute little children?

In this era, even children know how to cozy up to powerful figures?

She gave it some thought and dismissed the idea from her head.

These children were cute and adorable, not the type to play nasty tricks.

"Little friend, how about this, I'll go and check with someone from Mr. Battleson's office for you. Could you and your brothers and sisters please wait in the rest area?"

The receptionist's voice was extremely gentle, with a hint of a friendly smile in her words.

Her heart had already been softened by these children.

Before Cyrus Thompson could answer, Hank Thompson dashed forward eagerly, pointing excitedly at the Häagen-Dazs ice cream in the rest area.

His eyes lit up and he asked with glee, "Beautiful sister, can I have that ice cream?"

The receptionist gave a sweet smile and nodded, whispering, "Sure, you can enjoy as much as you like."

At her words, Hank Thompson's excited spirit could no longer be restrained.

His face lit up with joy as he rushed to the rest area, pulling all his brothers and sisters along.

What child doesn't like ice cream?

It's not that they hadn't had it before, but Charlotte Thompson was worried that it would upset their stomach, thus she had always strictly controlled their diet.

So, now, these young masters and ladies yearned for such little treats even more.

Cyrus Thompson sighed helplessly and followed them to the rest area.

Grace Thompson looked at her phone then at the receptionist who was now making a phone call. Something seemed to become clear in her mind.

She quietly asked Cyrus Thompson, "Big brother, do you think they might assume we're frauds since we came unannounced?"

Cyrus didn't respond, just staying silent.

He lifted his eyelids and looked at the program on his computer, revealing a change.

Grace Thompson seemed to understand and quietly sat down beside him.

Chapter 317: Do You Have a Child?

At this very moment in Justin Battleson's office.

The atmosphere between Justin Battleson and Charlotte Thompson is getting more and more ambiguous.

The air is filled with an unspeakable strange flavor.

Charlotte furrows her eyebrows, gently biting her red lips, and quietly tries to wriggle her hand free.

However, the disparity of strength between men and women makes it impossible for her to escape, even with all her might.

Feeling somewhat defeated, Charlotte sighs and speaks with a touch of dissatisfaction, "Mr. Battleson, could you please let go of my hand?"

Justin doesn't respond, but only stares at her.

Such an intense gaze makes Charlotte's skin prickle with discomfort.

"Holding on to my hand like this, it really hurts!"

Charlotte speaks again, her face showing her discomfort.

"Yet, you have not answered my question."

Justin's deep voice sounds in Charlotte's ear, his warm breath tickling her earlobe, causing her to shudder.

Although he doesn't let go of Charlotte, he subtly loosens his grip.

Their posture is more suggestive, and Charlotte's face reddens even more.

Her heartbeat involuntarily speeds up and she swallows her saliva.

She opens her mouth but cannot utter a word.

"Ring, ring..."

The sudden ringing of the telephone at this very moment is a godsend to Charlotte.

Justin furrows his eyebrows, irritated by the untimely interruption of the phone call.

He takes a few steps back to answer the phone, and Charlotte seizes the opportunity to free herself.

When all else fails, running is the best option!

Without further thought, Charlotte quickly turns around to leave.

Yet something in Justin's conversation on the phone catches her attention.

"A child?"

For some reason, the word "child" especially attracts Charlotte's attention.

She pauses in her steps, straining her ears to eavesdrop.

"I don't have a child, call the police and take them away."

Justin wrinkles his eyebrows, his voice cool and firm, not thinking much about it.

The young lady at the reception desk takes a glance at the giggling children, feeling a touch of compassion.

The child she saw just now looked a lot like Justin, otherwise she wouldn't have bothered.

"Mr. Battleson, the kid looks like you..."

Before she could finish her sentence, she heard the busy tone across the other end of the line.

With a feeling of helplessness, she hangs up and looks at the adorable children not far away.

The children are eating Häagen-Dazs, their faces full of satisfaction and joy.

She does not have the heart to disturb them for now.

Never mind, let them play for a while.

Justin has just hung up the phone and turns around, only to hit Charlotte's head that was moving closer.

Charlotte was too involved just now and didn't notice. After realizing it, she stumbles and falls backward.

Justin quickly reaches out a hand to catch her.

With this physical interaction, Charlotte's face turns instantly red again.

She straightens her back, pretending to be calm.

Justin smiles a slight curve at the corner of his mouth, his eyes narrowed slightly.

Didn't she just want to run away? How come now she directly "falls into his arms"?

Charlotte feels uncomfortable under his gaze, she swallows her saliva and opens her mouth, "Mr. Battleson, what are you looking at?"

"You..."

Justin leisurely scans Charlotte from top to bottom, his calm exterior leaving her guessing.

"I..." Charlotte stammers, then hastily changes the subject, "You were just... talking about a child."

At her words, a flicker of amusement crosses Justin's face, his eyebrows lift slightly, "Why, are you interested?"

Interested? What a joke.

"Well, not exactly interested. I am just a bit curious, do you really have a child?"

Chapter 318: Report to the Police

As she spoke, Charlotte slowly and subtly took back her hand, a faint smile on her face. She watched the man in front of her, feigning calmness.

"I don't know where this child came from, claiming to be mine."

Charlotte narrowed her eyes, his child?

In this day and age, was there still anyone bold enough to claim Justin Battleson as their father?

"So you had someone call the police to send them away?"

"People come and go in a business setting, and people claiming to be my children could undoubtedly cause some trouble." Justin nodded lightly in response.

And then he added, " Without any parents accompanying them, calling the police is the best course of action."

Perhaps it was her sixth sense acting up, but uneasiness suddenly welled within Charlotte.

Seeing Charlotte daydreaming, Justin continued, "Why, Miss Thompson, is my personal life so interesting to you?"

Curious? A little!

But it didn't pique her curiosity that much.

"Not at all, it's just an employee showing a bit of concern for their boss. If it's not your child, then no need to worry about it."

Charlotte denied with a laugh.

"Hmm...but I do like children. I've just finished my work, so I can take care of this for you. After all, they need someone to take a statement at the police station."

After saying this, Charlotte didn't wait for Justin's response. She quickly left.

Justin watched as Charlotte hurriedly walked off, his lips pursed slightly.

He withdrew his gaze, eyeing the phone on his office desk, an unreadable look in his eyes.

He returned to his desk and sat down, closing his eyes, the image of a blushing Charlotte still fresh in his mind.

The air still seemed to carry the faint scent of her rose perfume.

Unconsciously, a small smile played on his lips.

Time went on, and the receptionist sighed silently as she watched the children.

The Häagen-Dazs was almost gone, and the company really couldn't accommodate children causing chaos.

She stood up and headed for the security room.

When she came out of the security room, behind her were several burly security guards.

Cyrus glanced around and quickly realized what was happening. His eyes reflected caution as he asked, "What are you trying to do?"

Despite his age and size, there was an inexplicable and startling aura of authority in Cyrus's voice.

The security guards paused in their steps, but quickly regained their composure.

"Mr. Battleson said that he has no children. He asked us to take you to the police station."

The security guard looked down at the children with a hint of contempt in his voice.

He guessed these children were probably offspring of some model or star, or perhaps of someone trying to latch onto a rich man.

He had seen many social climbers in his days.

"What?" Hank, who had been eating an ice cream, dropped his fork as he heard this. His mouth opened and closed, seemingly at a loss for words.

"Sir, I think there's been a misunderstanding. We really are Justin Battleson's children. Can you take us to see him? He doesn't even know me yet."

Grace stepped forward, looking up at the security guard and softly pleading.

The security guard, though a man, could not help but soften at the sight of the adorable little girl standing before him.

But due to his professional duty, he had to suppress this momentary softness.

"No can do, you all better leave now, and stop causing us trouble."

"But, sir..."

Grace started to say something, but was interrupted.

"Enough is enough, no more." The guard had lost his patience. "Mr. Battleson has made it clear, he has nothing to do with you guys."

Upon hearing this, Grace's eyes immediately reddened and a thin layer of tears formed in her already clear and innocent eyes.

Chapter 319: Wrongly Recognizing Father

The little girl was sincere, causing the security to feel a pang of pity.

With a sigh, he could only helplessly say, "Kid, this is Mr. Battleson's order, there's nothing I can do."

After a pause, he added, "You should go back and tell your mom to focus on her work, stop trying to influence things through relationships."

Grace Thompson didn't understand the meaning of these words.

But Cyrus Thompson understood quite clearly.

This guard's implication was that they were all frauds, and their mom was the mastermind of all the fake acts.

Considering this, Cyrus felt resentful on behalf of Charlotte Thompson.

No one could just throw around accusations and slander his mother.

Just as Cyrus was about to defend himself, the sound of high heels clicking on the floor echoed from behind, seemingly hurried.

He turned around to see Charlotte Thompson approaching with a smile.

Although the smile didn't reach her eyes, it carried an inexplicable strangeness.

"Mr. Security Guard, you can leave now, I know what's happening here, Mr. Battleson asked me to handle it."

Charlotte Thompson stood in front of the children, turned around to speak to the security guard.

As she spoke, she pulled Cyrus behind her.

"Miss Thompson? It's you. That's great, I was worrying about how to escort them to the police station later!"

The security guard's joy was evident upon seeing her.

"It's fine, I will take them there, it's nearly time for your shift change, right? I won't trouble you further"

Charlotte speaks with an easy dignity, a smile on her face.

"Ok, but these kids really look pitiable. Looks like they were used by an adult," the guard furrows his brow, his expression becoming slightly serious.

"If you can meet their mother, you should give a good talking-to. What's wrong with doing honest work? Why let their children run around claiming random men as their father, it's outrageous!"

The guard spoke, looking a bit angry.

Charlotte felt herself being subtly made fun of, but she still had the same smile, and replied, "Yes, it's a strange world we live in."

"Alright then, we'll go for our shift change. Take care, Miss Thompson."

With that, the security guard led the others back to change shift.

However, the moment the guard turned his back, Charlotte's face changed.

The children calmed down upon seeing Charlotte.

They stopped causing a ruckus, all standing in a row, quietly waiting.

This sight surprised the young woman at the front desk to no end.

But considering Charlotte's professional demeanor, she didn't say more.

Everyone in the Riley Group knew that Charlotte has been publicly defended by Justin Battleson.

She must have been sent here by him.

But if the children were really being sent to the police station, that would be a pity.

The kids are so young, one could only wonder if they would be scared.

Just as Hank Thompson was about to say "mom...", he opened his mouth but no sound came out.

Yep, his mouth was immediately blocked up by Grace who was standing next to him.

Grace blinked her big, beautiful eyes and obediently said, "Hello, Auntie."

The children behind followed suit and called out, "Hello, Auntie."

Hank quickly pulled away Grace's hand, giving a sheepish smile to let her know that he understood his mistake.

Then he looked up at Charlotte, revealing a row of pearly white teeth with his wide smile, "Hello, Auntie, you are so beautiful. Are you here to take us to see our dad?"

Chapter 320: Realized Your Mistake?

Charlotte Thompson shot a glare at Hank Thompson. This little monkey dared to be naughty at this time.

Receiving Charlotte's gaze, Hank stuck out his tongue sheepishly and closed his mouth.

Seeing this, Charlotte took Grace Thompson by one hand and Olivia Thompson by the other, a friendly smile on her face.

"Alright, kids, hold hands with each other. Auntie is going to take you to the police station now."

This was certainly a forced smile, and it even conveyed a hint of seriousness.

The kids, shrewd as they were, could naturally differentiate.

The originally chirping, sparrow-like little cuties fell eerily silent after seeing the stern expression on Charlotte's face. They all hung their heads low and drooped their heads, daring not to speak.

After all, in the Thompson Family of Ashton, Charlotte was treasured like a mascot.

Even these adorable soft babies, each one your favourite Uncle, Grandpa or Great Grandpa, were all unanimously partial to Charlotte.

Over the years, these young babes too had developed some understanding.

Acknowledge mommy, obey mommy, everything revolves around mommy.

The receptionist sighed as she watched these little cuties, her cheeks resting on her hands.

The contrast is indeed great, how could there be such adorable kids?

How handsome they must be when they grow up, the thought of it made her blush.

Charlotte glanced at Cyrus Thompson who was standing behind her with his head hanging low.

His little brows were already furrowed together, a look of distress on his face.

Seeing this, Hank quickly stepped forward, raised his head and chuckled, "Auntie, didn't you say you were taking us to the police station? Does the police station have candies? Auntie, take us quickly."

This cunning little thing, was indeed cooperative.

Charlotte was secretly pleased.

They were still downstairs of the office building and probably surrounded by cameras.

Under the watchful eyes of so many cameras, she couldn't get too close to the children.

Otherwise, Justin Battleson, with his high IQ, would probably catch on.

Thinking of this, Charlotte intentionally wore a stern expression and started talking seriously.

"All of you hold hands together, stand properly and don't move around. Auntie will go get the car in a while. You naughty kids won't get any candies."

While saying this, Charlotte was especially looking at Hank.

Hank nodded his head: "Yes!"

Having given the instructions, Charlotte then led the group of children towards the exit.

As they passed the receptionist desk, she thought about it and gave the receptionist a polite nod.

It was her way of thanking the receptionist for taking care of these little monkeys earlier.

They quickly left the building.

Charlotte took them to the underground parking garage. Along the way, she deliberately remained silent.

For a while, the atmosphere between the group turned strangely tense.

Hank, who was always lively, couldn't take the pressure and reached into his pocket to pull out a toffee he'd snagged at the reception desk and sidled up to Charlotte.

He raised his head and chuckled at Charlotte, and then handed her the candy.

Blinking his eyes, he put on a pitiful expression and said, "Mommy, don't be angry anymore, we know we were wrong."

Charlotte looked up from fishing for keys in her bag and eyed the kid in front of her.

Hank's eyes seemed to glisten, blinking innocently.

The poor little thing, he looked like a wet fawn in the rain.

"You know you were wrong?" Charlotte only glanced at him before raising her eyebrows and continued to rummage through her bag.