

Spoiled 341

Chapter 341: Skepticism

What on earth is this little troublemaker up to?!

If Justin sees that face, what then?

Startled by the push, Cyrus looked up, only to see a discontented and faintly reproachful expression on Jordan's face.

He hadn't seen Jordan wear such an expression in years.

"Uncle Jordan." Cyrus' voice was cold, revealing a touch of confusion in his tone, but he didn't continue to speak.

Jordan glanced outside again and saw that Justin was still standing there, mentally cursing the guy to take a hike.

Expressing helplessness with a pursed lip, Jordan decided it was time to rid of Justin and close the door.

Just as he was about to push the door shut, he heard Grace chirp at the entrance, "Bad uncle."

Jordan's lips curved into a smirk.

His face filled with satisfaction he took a look at the bewildered man outside. Even the gesture of closing the door seemed quite cheerful.

Bending down, he patted Grace's head, delighted with her.

"Grace, you're right. From now on, let's call him the bad uncle."

Grace nodded and triumphantly took out a piece of beef jerky from her bag, offering it to Jordan.

Getting her gesture, Jordan took the jerky and helped Grace to open it.

"Who's this bad uncle?"

Charlotte walked over with a puzzled look, casually asking the question.

She had been in the kitchen handling some stuff and hadn't heard the noise outside. Seeing them all squatting by the door, repeatedly mentioning "bad uncle," she became rather curious.

"Sis, it's nothing. Can you help me bring these things to the kitchen first? I bought quite a lot of good stuff," Jordan changed the topic, intending not to tell Charlotte about the unpleasant event outside.

"How much stuff did you buy? You took so long to return." Charlotte didn't suspect anything and simply looked down at the shopping bags full of items.

Indeed, there were quite a few.

Just as she was about to pick up the items and bring them into the kitchen, she heard Cyrus whispering, "There's someone outside the door."

"What?" Charlotte instinctively looked at Cyrus. His face had a look of desolation, somewhat forlorn.

How come this kid seems down, it has only been two months since she last saw him.

"Mommy, Cyrus says there's someone outside. It's the bad uncle."

Grace glanced at the downcast Cyrus, and whispered in Charlotte's ear

"Someone?" Charlotte instinctively looked at Jordan, who was not far away. His face quickly passed a moment of embarrassment.

Jordan scratched his head, thinking the thing was no longer hush-hush.

"It's Justin, he's been outside the door the entire time," Jordan's head was low, his voice soft and slightly guilty.

"Justin?" Charlotte felt her heart rise to her throat.

She glanced at Cyrus and Grace but didn't say anything. Instead, she pulled Jordan's sleeve, indicating with her eyes that he should follow her to the kitchen.

Knowing what she meant, Jordan tossed a few snacks in front of Cyrus and Grace, then followed Charlotte into the kitchen.

"What's wrong, sis?"

"Did Justin not see the children just now?" Charlotte was unconsciously a bit tense.

Justin knew she lived here. His sudden arrival today must be for a reason.

Could he become suspicious of the children's identities?

Or has he looked into something? Or perhaps already recognized something?

At present, the biggest worry for Charlotte was that she didn't know how much Justin had figured out.

With Justin's capabilities, investigating some things wouldn't actually be difficult.

Chapter 342: Meet Justin Battleson

"No worries, sis, Justin Battleson tried to probe me, but you know how tight-lipped I am! Grace and Cyrus were about to go out earlier, but I sent them back, they definitely didn't see anything!"

Jordan Thompson thumped his chest, looking particularly pleased with himself.

He craned his neck, anticipating Charlotte Thompson's praise.

However, all he received was Charlotte's heavy expression.

Even though Jordan said so, Charlotte was still not entirely at ease.

She glanced at the children playing around in the living room. For a moment, her heart was filled with a medley of emotions.

"Dinner is almost ready. I'll tidy up a bit. Later, would you mind taking care of them during dinner? I have to see Mr. Battleson."

Jordan, who had been sneaking some fruit, nearly choked on a grape when he heard Charlotte's words.

He looked up at Charlotte, completely perplexed.

"Sis, why would you want to see him? I worked so hard to drive him away for you."

Charlotte shook her head, not saying much more. She just reminded Jordan to keep a close eye on the children later and not to let them outside.

She knew very well what kind of person Justin Battleson was. If he saw the children, who knows what could happen.

At this moment, Mr. Battleson was standing outside the door as always.

Many scenes flashed through his mind. Like fragments of a film, they confused him for a moment.

Jordan's hostility towards him was sure not without reason.

Those two children...

Justin Battleson's main concern was always this.

However, judging from the way Jordan interacted with the children, it seemed like they were intimate and familiar with each other—not strangers at all.

He remembered what the receptionist had told him—that those children had come themselves, claiming to be his children.

His children?

Justin Battleson himself knew that he hadn't had any fleeting affairs over the years and wouldn't have had children with anyone.

But the receptionist also mentioned that the child looked very similar to him, and from the surveillance video, the relationship between Charlotte and the children seemed quite unusual.

He took another look at the tightly closed door and thought, perhaps he would just come back later.

However, as soon as he turned around to leave, he heard the door open.

He turned back instinctively and was met with Charlotte's gaze, coming right at him.

She was in a white T-shirt and jeans, with her hair pulled back in a ponytail—very refreshing and straight-forward.

Charlotte glanced at Justin Battleson standing in the doorway, then smiled faintly and began to speak in a gentle voice, "Mr. Battleson, my brother told me you were looking for me. Is something wrong?"

Without her professional suit, Charlotte looked less formal and more casual and friendly.

For a moment, Justin Battleson was so stunned that he just stared at her. He pursed his lips and began to speak in a low voice, "I heard from the receptionist that you took the children away."

"Hmm?" Charlotte feigned ignorance and asked, blinking. There was a hint of confusion in her beautiful eyes.

"It seems that you didn't bring them to the police station."

Sensing Charlotte's confusion, Justin Battleson added more context.

Of course! How could he, a man as cautious as he was, be negligent?

"It's not good to stand in the doorway. Mr. Battleson, would you like a cup of coffee?" Before Justin Battleson could agree, Charlotte spoke again, "Let's talk about this in the café downstairs. I did take the children away, but I think Mr. Battleson, after waiting for so long, would want to ask more than just that, right?"

Justin Battleson didn't speak. He simply nodded silently.

The deep dark pupils of his eyes narrowed slightly, revealing an elusive hint of emotion.

Chapter 343: Is this your child?

"Charlotte Thompson, are you close to your little brother?"

In the elevator, in the cramped space, Justin Battleson seemed to be able to detect a faint smell of rose dew from Charlotte Thompson.

He looked at her and started talking somewhat abruptly.

Close?

Of course, they were very close.

Ever since she met Jordan Thompson, she had had a good impression of this sunny boy.

Later, when she found out that he was her cousin, with a similar age and a lively personality, they naturally became closer.

"Huh?" Charlotte Thompson looked at Justin Battleson with a puzzled face, feeling his question was somewhat roundabout.

She gently opened her lips and softly asked, "Why do you ask, Mr. Battleson?"

As her voice fell, Charlotte seemed to understand something and then laughed.

It's probably because Jordan had given him a cold look at the door.

Her brother, though sometimes appeared ridiculous, was a complete protective freak when it came to her.

"I just felt that those kids seem to get along well with Jordan."

Justin subtly changed the subject, his eyes fixed on Charlotte like a calm summer pond, without a ripple.

It seemed he had guessed something, but he couldn't put together a concrete answer.

The answer he needed could only be given by Charlotte.

"My relationship with my brother is pretty decent, after growing up together. But he's younger, so he gets along well with the kids. You don't find that strange, do you, Mr. Battleson?"

Charlotte smiled, a look of calm amusement on her face. Her eyes were indifferent, showing no signs of guilt or unease.

"Are you sure you grew up together? Miss Sophie Allen."

Justin felt as though he had been shooting in the dark and he couldn't help but smile, seemingly intrigued by Charlotte's response.

This time, he called her "Sophie Allen".

Charlotte didn't panic when her name was changed, she just paused slightly, then returned to normal.

Justin had known her as Sophie Allen for a long time, and she had grown accustomed to hiding who she really was in front of him.

Charlotte looked at him calmly, the corners of her lips hinting at a slight smile, but she did not respond.

"So you're admitting that those children are yours?"

His abrupt change of subject caught Charlotte off guard.

The sound of Justin's voice was low, ringing in Charlotte's ears like the sound of a cello reverberating in the small space, gradually plucking at Charlotte's heartstrings.

"Mr. Battleson." Charlotte managed to keep her face calm, but her downcast eyes hinted at her slight panic.

Her thick lashes concealed her displeasure. She raised her head and looked directly at Justin again.

"Mr. Battleson, you sure have a knack for jokes. When did I ever admit to that?"

"Didn't you?" Justin gently counters, throwing the question back at her.

"Of course, you shouldn't confuse the issue."

"Oh?" Justin raised an eyebrow, appearing interested in hearing more.

"I simply said Jordan has a good relationship with the kids. How did that become an admission that the kids are mine? I've never been married, Mr. Battleson. You shouldn't joke about such things without any evidence."

With her response, Charlotte effectively turned all of Justin's suspicions into a "joke".

Their conversation suddenly being labeled as Justin's playful banter.

Even though he didn't find it funny to have such an unfounded allegation suddenly tossed on him, he played along.

"I was just conjecturing. After all, Miss Thompson usually comes across as haughty and aloof. It doesn't seem like she would be fond of children. Hence, seeing her so close to those unknown children made me curious."

Justin backed off to a safe distance and spoke in a low voice.

Chapter 344: What is the Relationship with the Child?

The distance between them gave Charlotte Thompson a sigh of relief.

Looking at the continuously descending numbers of the elevator levels, she couldn't help but feel a little annoyed as she started planning silently.

They needed to go to a busy coffee shop; if she stayed with this old fox, Justin Battleson, any longer, she feared she might give away her secret.

No matter what, she needed to resolve things quickly.

"We're here, Mr. Battleson, follow me."

Charlotte faintly smiled, leading Justin to a coffee shop near BK Hotel.

She loved the Stinfield Coffee served at this coffee shop. It had a pure taste and the pastries were exquisitely made. Amid the hustle and bustle of this tense city, this was one of the few places that made her feel at home.

Most importantly, this coffee shop was very popular. Though normally quiet and secluded, it should be quite busy at this time.

Indeed, it took the waitress quite a while to find them two available seats by the window.

They didn't have a private area, and the endless stream of people coming and going seemed to upset Justin, who looked uncomfortable.

Charlotte, however, didn't mind it at all. She took her seat with ease, and noticed Justin standing there, looking more than a bit flustered at their seating arrangement.

"What's wrong, Mr. Battleson? Don't you like the setting here?" Charlotte asked with a light smile.

She figured that Justin might not enjoy crowded places, but she still chose this place deliberately to see him squirm. Seeing him uncomfortable made her secretly delighted.

"No." Responded Justin, before taking his seat. He slightly leaned forward and subtly moved his chair a bit inward.

Charlotte noticed his small movement, her lips curled into a smile, and she offered him the menu.

"Would you like to try the Stinfield here, Mr. Battleson?"

Justin took the menu and glanced at it without adding any comments, only nodding his consent.

At this moment, which type of coffee to order was the least of his concern.

Charlotte ordered two cups of Stinfield, a plate of cookies, and durian cake. After placing the order, she leaned back comfortably onto the cushion.

"If you have any other questions, Mr. Battleson, feel free to ask," Charlotte said cheerfully, feeling quite relaxed in her comfortable seating.

Justin loosened his tie, watching Charlotte's diplomatic expression and remembering her natural and relaxed composure around those children in the surveillance footage, he felt a strange tightness in his chest.

"What's your relationship with those kids?" Justin took a sip of the lemon water, and the sweetness moistened his throat, making him feel slightly better.

As expected, Justin was very concerned about the children.

"Those kids?" Charlotte chuckled, sounding casual in her response.

"They are my friend's and brother's children. Any problem?"

Lowering her head, her dark hair slid down and covered her attractive profile.

As she finished speaking, their coffee arrived. She added some sugar into her cup and started stirring with a small silver spoon.

Justin studied her. After hearing her words, he couldn't help but smirk.

If he believed her, he would not be Justin Battleson.

"Miss Thompson, you like children?" Justin glanced at the delicate froth on his coffee and sneered.

"What do you mean?" Charlotte frowned.

"From the surveillance footage, those children seem to rely a lot on you. They appear to be your kids."

Chapter 345 Did you watch the surveillance?

Justin Battleson laughed a bit. His words seemed like casual banter, but his sharp eyes were continually observing Charlotte Thompson.

The longer he spent with Charlotte, the more he found this woman was quite adept at hiding herself, like a black cat in the dead of night.

She masked her true nature, yet her clear eyes couldn't conceal her astuteness.

After hearing Justin's words, Charlotte's hand involuntarily tightened, and a flicker of unease passed through her eyes.

However, she suppressed this emotion the next second, looking at Justin with a smile.

"I think, Mr. Battleson, you may have misunderstood. Those children are my friend's. When I was in Ashton, I used to visit them frequently. Children have good memories, they remember who treats them well. Moreover, they came to Druarus because of me."

"Hmm?" Justin Battleson took a sip of his coffee, the taste was a rich bitterness.

However, once swallowed, the flavor left in his mouth was mellow, indeed not bad.

He raised his eyes to Charlotte, curious to hear how she would continue the story.

"Miss Evelyn Curtis has never been kind to me. Naturally, she depends on you to throw her weight around."

"So I occasionally vent to my friend. Coincidentally, Jordan Thompson was heading back home for some work, so my friend asked him to take the children back home. Firstly, they could stay in our home country for a while, and secondly, they could help me out."

Charlotte raised her eyebrow, looking at Justin steadily.

Her answer seemed flawless.

Upon hearing the three words "Evelyn Curtis," the smile on Justin's lips briefly faltered.

He hesitated, his gaze at Charlotte carrying a touch of confusion.

He was somewhat puzzled by her words.

"What?" Charlotte lifted her cup and took a light sip, raising her eyebrows at Justin.

Unexpectedly, Justin looked at her with an amused smile on his face, his words carried a unusual happiness.

"So, are you saying these kids came here specially to find me?"

His gaze on Charlotte was sharp as a falcon, a mixture of investigation and skepticism.

Why does it feel more confusing the more she explains?

Feeling his intense gaze, Charlotte grew a bit uneasy. She furrowed her brows, adding a cube of sugar to her coffee with some awkwardness before slowly speaking.

"Mr. Battleson is quite right, they came to find you."

A soft smile played on Charlotte's lips. The warm light cast her in a gentle glow, making her skin seem as smooth as jade. Her delicate elegance captivated Justin and he couldn't help but smile.

"If, as you say, they are here to help you, then why claim they are my children? Just a prank?"

"And, I watched the surveillance footage; you seem to have a closer relationship with the children than an average friend. Miss Thompson, are you sure you are not their mother?"

Justin Battleson casually posed the question, leaning back in his chair, seemingly relaxing, waiting for Charlotte's response.

"You watched the surveillance?" Charlotte's hand that was holding her coffee cup trembled slightly. She looked at the man across from her with a surprised look.

That crafty fox had indeed watched the surveillance.

But what she didn't understand was why Justin suddenly took an interest in the children.

"What's wrong?" Justin raised his brow at Charlotte, his expression showing a bit of confusion as he lightly pursed his lips.

"It's nothing, just a surveillance video, what can that actually prove?"

Chapter 346: I Adopted It

"A single security camera doesn't prove anything, but the contents in its frame are particularly attention-grabbing."

The contents?

Isn't that just her holding hands with the children?

It seemed Justin Battleson was determined to probe deeper today, not willing to let it go.

"I've already said, those children are not mine. I get along with them because I'm friends with their parents. Do I need to explain this to you again?"

Charlotte Thompson tucked her loose hair behind her ear, tilting her small face up with a nonchalant expression.

The shrewd and cunning Justin Battleson was indeed relentless!

Charlotte stealthily glanced at Justin Battleson, who was currently sipping his coffee, and she couldn't help but snark at him mentally.

"Hmm, if that's the case, I'm quite puzzled on behalf of Adam Ross." Justin Battleson thought of the scene on the security footage and slightly furrowed his brow, casually mentioning Adam.

"What?" Charlotte looked at Justin Battleson warily, her nerves immediately on edge.

Why did Justin Battleson suddenly bring up Adam Ross? What was he getting at?

"I remember there being two children in that footage who look a lot like Adam when he was young. At first, I thought Adam's children had been taken away." Justin Battleson chuckled, nonchalantly bringing it up.

Upon hearing his words, Charlotte couldn't help but curve her lips into a smile. So, he had noticed the two children who resembled Adam.

She couldn't help but sigh in relief.

If that's the case, then she should seize this opportunity and shift the topic towards Adam.

Then try to substantiate her ideas with facts.

Just like that, Charlotte quickly responded with a faint smile: "Mr. Battleson, the two children you're talking about are the ones I adopted."

As her words fell, Charlotte noticed the surprised expression on Justin Battleson's face.

He should be surprised.

Without waiting for him to say anything more, Charlotte seized the initiative and continued, "When I was in Ashton, I was always involved in charity work for orphanages."

Charlotte paused, took a glance at Justin Battleson, who gestured for her to continue.

"By pure chance, I met these two little boys. They were fair and cute, very intelligent and well-behaved. Plus, at that time, um... I was quite fond of children, so I applied to the orphanage to adopt these two."

Her explanation was smooth and there was nothing to doubt.

However, Justin was still able to pick up on a crucial piece of information.

"Back then?" Justin Battleson asked with a hint of confusion in his tone.

He had been observing her as she spoke earlier. He wondered whether it was because she hid it well, or he simply did not notice it.

Not only was the content of what Charlotte said harmless, but even her expression was impeccable.

"Mmm... it was during that time. I always enjoyed playing with children. Coincidentally, these two boys caught my fancy, so I adopted them. As for Mr. Battleson's remark that these two children resemble Mr. Ross, you're not wrong."

Charlotte winked at Justin Battleson, her expression cunning like a fox.

"What do you mean?" Intrigued by her words, Justin couldn't help but ask out of curiosity.

"The first time I saw these two children was at an orphanage in Ashton. They were tiny, and according to the head of the orphanage, they'd been abandoned."

Charlotte's voice was so soft that it felt like a feather unintentionally brushing against Justin's heart, causing him to frown.

"Mr. Battleson, you can't possibly imagine what they went through. During the snowy winter, the two brothers didn't even have thick clothes to wear, their little faces were frozen red."

"Such adorable children, and yet, they were abandoned by their father."

Chapter 347: Same Kind?

"I just couldn't bear it. Besides, I had the ability to provide for them, so naturally, I adopted them."

Charlotte's face was tinged with a faint smile, but her words, like needles, pierced Justin's heart bit by bit.

It seemed like she had some implied meaning. She was obviously talking about Adam, but Justin felt as if he were sitting on pins and needles.

What Charlotte didn't say was that she had just given birth to triplets at that time. Seeing these two abandoned children, she couldn't help but think of her own.

Feeling empathy, she couldn't just ignore them.

"So?" Justin looked at Charlotte.

She was idly stirring her coffee with a spoon, her attention seemingly elsewhere.

She smiled, speaking harsh truths in the softest voice.

"So, Mr. Battleson, you should remember the incident that once made the headlines between Mr. Ross and myself, right?"

Charlotte squinted her beautiful eyes, quietly asking the question while looking at the man in front of her.

Of course, Justin thought of it. He probably guessed that Charlotte, this cunning little fox, saw something and used that event to get answers.

But he kept his mouth shut, waiting for Charlotte's answer.

"After returning to the country, as soon as I met Mr. Ross, I felt that my two children and he looked very much alike."

"But I felt that someone like Mr. Ross wouldn't do such ruthless things, so even if I suspected a real relationship between Mr. Ross and my two children, it just remained as a suspicion."

"Mr. Battleson knows that both he and Mr. Ross are the same kind of people; high above others, always showing their best side. How could I directly ask Mr. Ross about this?"

Charlotte gave a small laugh, seeming somewhat helpless, then sighed and smiled coldly.

And five years ago, she had experienced Adam's twisted and cruel side, she knew she dared not take any rash actions.

Charlotte understood well that dealing with a dangerous person required extreme caution and careful responses.

Seeing that Justin didn't respond, Charlotte just continued speaking: "So, I deliberately invited Mr. Ross to dinner, looking for an opportunity to get close to him, hoping to get a strand of his hair."

"But thinking about it now, it doesn't seem to have much significance. A man who could deny his own kid would probably not accept it even if the proof was shoved in his face, right?"

Charlotte laughed, appearing not to care about Justin's reaction.

She finished saying these words calmly and looked at Justin expressionlessly.

Her probing gaze seemed to categorize both of them in the same group.

Justin saw through her gaze in a second, but he couldn't help but admire this woman for her double entendres.

Thinking of this, Justin asked with a smile, "So you think me and him are of the same kind? Birds of a feather?"

"Hm? Mr. Battleson sure knows how to compliment himself, I didn't say that."

Charlotte laughed, took a sip of her coffee, and though it had cooled, it still tasted surprisingly good.

A compliment?

Shish. It took Justin a while to realize that Charlotte was mocking him.

Turns out, she genuinely thought he, Justin, was even less than Adam.

This woman, compared to her subservient demeanor five years ago, was displaying an increasingly audacious attitude.

Now, Justin wasn't in a hurry to argue with her about being 'birds of a feather'.

"So, what were the investigation results? Those two children..." Justin furrowed his eyebrows, his voice was a little hoarse.

He looked at Charlotte, as if waiting for a definitive answer.

Chapter 348 A Bouquet of Red Roses

"Those two... indeed, they are Mr. Ross's children."

Charlotte Thompson put down her coffee cup and said gently.

It was a whisper, almost as if she was talking to herself.

But, the weight of her words pounded heavily into Justin Battleson's chest.

A hint of shock showed on Justin's face.

He looked at Charlotte in disbelief, trying to read a hint of a joke in her expression, even if it was just a fleeting moment.

Yet, Charlotte remained calm, no sign of jesting.

"Now that Mr. Battleson knows this, will he tell Mr. Ross?"

Charlotte looked at Justin and asked in seemingly an accidental mention.

She turned her eyes to a distance.

On the table nearby, there was a transparent glass vase filled with bright red roses, in full bloom.

The vibrant roses caught Charlotte's attention, stimulating her visual senses.

Suddenly, she was curious about what was running through Justin's mind at this moment.

Or whether he might mention this matter to Adam Ross.

And if Adam knew, what would his reaction be.

However, it did not play out as such.

After hearing her words, Justin focused on her real reason for finding Adam.

He always felt that Charlotte's determination might not solely be for this reason.

There might be something else.

"So you only sought out Adam Ross to get a strand of his hair? There was nothing else?"

Justin asked, but received no response. He turned his head to look at Charlotte.

Her face was calm, her delicate face adorned with a hint of a smile.

Justin was taken aback. Following her gaze, he noticed Charlotte looking at the bouquet of red roses.

He softly smiled and summoned one of the waiters with a wave.

"Hello sir, how may I assist you?"

Justin glanced at the puzzled Charlotte, pointed at the roses, and ordered: "A bouquet of red roses."

The waiter followed his line of sight, glanced at Charlotte with a smile, then nodded, saying "Please wait."

Charlotte looked at Justin with confusion. Suddenly buying roses?

This seemed to have no connection with the current conversation?

Justin noticed her confusion and explained: "I noticed you liked them, so I thought I'd buy a bouquet."

Which part of me showed that I liked them?

Just because you like something doesn't mean you have to have it. Don't you understand, Justin?

Of course, these murmurings of Charlotte were unbeknownst to Justin.

Soon, the waiter arrived with a bouquet of vibrant red roses.

Justin took the roses handed over by the waiter and held them out to Charlotte.

Charlotte was startled for a moment, but then accepted them with a smile.

She lowered her head and gently inhaled the scent of the roses. The faint fragrance was indeed refreshing.

Though she wasn't supposed to accept the roses, she couldn't resist. After all, who could resist flowers?

"Thank you, Mr. Battleson, but don't you have any thoughts to share about the matter I just addressed?"

Charlotte put the bouquet aside reluctantly and inquired.

"Thoughts? Since you want to know, I might as well tell you."

"I'm all ears."

"Actually, I was quite pleased when you said what you did."

Justin's lips tightened slightly, a glimmer of emotion flickering in his deep eyes.

His features were symmetrical, his face handsome. When silent, he had this cold aura that kept people at bay.

But the smile that tugged at his lips right now, added a touch of approachability.

Chapter 349: About Annie Anne

No!

Charlotte Thompson felt like she was going crazy. How could someone like Justin Battleson be described as "approachable"?

She quickly discarded that unrealistic thought from her mind and returned to reality.

"Happy?" Charlotte found herself somewhat curious about this.

Justin Battleson nodded: "Hmm."

"I initially thought you approached Adam Ross for some other reason, like flirting..."

Before Justin could finish speaking, a glare from Charlotte prompted him to swallow the rest of his words.

Justin Battleson cleared his throat and continued the conversation.

"But now I understand, you did it for those two children who were abandoned by Adam Ross."

Charlotte's face was expressionless: "Yes."

She added, "I'm actually a bit curious about Mr. Battleson's opinion on this."

"Although I'm his friend, I don't feel comfortable commenting on some of his actions. But I can assure you that he would never abandon them unless it was a last resort."

When Justin Battleson spoke this time, his demeanor was very serious.

The way he furrowed his brows deep in thought, caught Charlotte's attention.

Surprisingly, she felt a slight fondness towards him.

But his words seemed to justify Adam, and Charlotte didn't like to hear that.

"You're just making excuses for him, 'birds of a feather flock together.'" Charlotte smiled at Justin Battleson, her words leaving him no room to rebut.

She nibbled on a biscuit. It tasted sweet, but was a bit hard because the air conditioning had dried it out, leaving a hint of bitterness in her mouth.

Charlotte took a deep look at the still happy Justin Battleson and felt a sense of relief.

It seemed that he believed in her words.

In this way, Justin Battleson wouldn't suspect the identities of her other children for the time being.

Indeed, changing the subject was most effective.

Charlotte admired her own wit.

She lifted her coffee cup, taking a sip, and covertly glanced at Justin Battleson. There was a sense of relief in her clear eyes.

She didn't plan to continue her game with Justin Battleson either.

Charlotte glanced at her wristwatch. It was getting late.

Just when she was about to stand up and leave, a text message about Annie Anne sprang to her mind.

She hesitated, her gaze returned to Justin Battleson.

He happened to be looking at her too.

When their eyes met, Charlotte felt her face flush unconsciously.

It was a little hot.

Charlotte awkwardly lifted her coffee cup again and took a small sip.

She cleared her throat, her voice sounded calm. Then slowly she asked, "Mr. Battleson, do you know about Annie Anne and Oliver Hudson?"

Justin Battleson frowned, puzzled by the sudden question, "Why do you suddenly mention them?"

In Justin's mind, Sophie Allen had never been in contact with Oliver Hudson.

Charlotte studied Justin Battleson. His expression revealed no other emotions, just curiosity.

Seeing his curiosity, she was relieved.

Thus Olivia Thompson's identity should be safe too.

"No reason, just remembered a friend I knew before. I've heard Mr. Battleson has a wide range of friends, so I wondered if you know anything."

Thinking of Annie Anne's pale, thin face, Charlotte felt a lump in her throat.

Such a beautiful girl, suffering such inhuman torment, after all, Charlotte felt heartbroken.

Chapter 350: Young Uncle

"I haven't been in touch with Oliver Hudson for a long time, but I did hear a bit about his situation."

Justin Battleson paused, glanced at Charlotte Thompson's curious expression, and continued without stinging: "He seems to have started a new company abroad. He has always disliked being constrained by his family. So, he left and entered an unfamiliar field to carve out his own world."

"I've always admired him, he is outstanding in business, his abilities are not less than mine."

When Justin mentioned Oliver Hudson, a smile spread across his lips and admiration filled his eyes.

It was as if someone had opened Justin's floodgates of conversation, and he earnestly commented on Oliver's professional life.

Charlotte had never seen Justin admit anyone else being superior to him. It was quite a rare sight.

However, upon thinking that the person he admired was Oliver Hudson, Charlotte couldn't help feeling somewhat discontented.

What's so great about this man? He drove his own woman mad, he can't be considered a good man at all.

She remembered seeing Annie in the hospital, her pale face and her mentally deranged state akin to a frightened bird.

Those scenes flashed through Charlotte's mind.

She felt sorry for Annie, and believed that Annie got a raw deal.

Seized by the thought, Charlotte subconsciously tightened her grip on the coffee cup, a flash of indignation crossing her face.

"Really? Mr. Battleson, you know Oliver Hudson so well, you must know what Oliver Hudson intends to do with Annie."

Charlotte's thick eyelashes hung slightly low, her eyes narrowed, a seductive smile playing on her red lips. But her mockery of that man was evident, the words she spoke felt piercing.

"What's he trying to do?" Justin said furrowing his handsome eyebrows, his dark eyes filled with confusion as he glanced at Charlotte.

"You should answer that. Aren't you quite knowledgeable about Oliver Hudson? Are you in the dark?" Charlotte veered her hostility toward Oliver onto Justin.

"Understanding someone does not mean knowing their every thought. Miss Thompson, what exactly are you trying to say?" Feeling the animosity from Charlotte, Justin asked for clarification.

"I heard that Annie is a little niece adopted by Oliver. What would an uncle do to his niece? Oh, Mr. Battleson might not be able to guess, let me tell you."

Charlotte narrowed her attractive eyes, her gaze becoming a little unsteady, her thoughts drifting back to the time she spent with Annie.

Overseas in the snowy winter, surrounded by white hospital rooms, blond-haired and blue-eyed Ashton populace.

Only the two of them, Charlotte and Annie, were from Druarus.

And they shared something in common; both harbored secrets and carried unknown pains, waiting for their children to be born there.

Charlotte was better off, with someone from the Thompson Family visiting and caring for her every day, but Annie wasn't so lucky.

She was absolutely alone, with no family or support.

Annie's body was even weaker than Charlotte's, often falling asleep while talking and not always being clear-headed.

Sometimes she would even babble nonsense.

Charlotte was afraid that Annie would never wake up, so whenever Annie was conscious, Charlotte would talk to her, giving her guidance.

During that time, they discussed various topics, from everything under the sun to their personal pasts.

Later, Charlotte found out that Annie actually had a younger uncle.

An uncle who seemed handsome, gentle and wealthy but drove Annie into desperation.