

Spoiled 361

Chapter 361: Are You Jealous?

Justin Battleson was momentarily baffled upon hearing Charlotte Thompson's words.

Somehow, he detected a trace of jealousy in her remarks.

"Are you jealous? Hmm?" Justin's voice was teasing as he hooked his finger under Charlotte's nose, an affectionate undertone in his question.

Charlotte's brows furrowed, clearly uncomfortable with Justin's words and his unexpected proximity to her.

She didn't respond, but instinctively wanted to step back.

Justin was taken aback, clearly not anticipating Charlotte's reaction.

Before he could react, Charlotte had escaped from his arms.

She stood aside and spoke calmly, "I have no interest in Mr. Battleson's private life. I'm just upset to be blamed for such a pointless thing."

"I hope that Mr. Battleson can handle these unsubstantiated matters as soon as possible, so you can provide a suitable working environment for your employees, Mr. Battleson. Now if you'll excuse me, I have other things to attend to."

Charlotte spoke and did not wait for Justin's response before making a swift exit, as if her feet had wings.

Watching her confident retreat, Justin Battleson's heart was filled with a mix of emotions.

He called Michael Richard, eager to understand the attitude of the people in his company towards Charlotte today.

"Get rid of these people, and this news. I don't want to hear anything else related to this news in the next ten minutes."

"Yes, Mr. Battleson," replied Michael Richard promptly.

Meanwhile, at Evelyn Curtis' end.

Evelyn Curtis, who was abruptly hung up on the phone, was fuming. She gritted her teeth and smashed her phone on the ground in a fit of fury.

With a loud "smack", her phone shattered instantly.

The cracked screen reflected Evelyn's pale, enraged face.

She gritted her teeth, wishing she could tear Charlotte apart.

If it wasn't for Charlotte, she wouldn't have had to abandon her carefully constructed gentle facade in front of Justin.

"No." Evelyn looked at herself in the mirror, even she felt repulsed by her dishevelled state.

She absolutely couldn't sit idly by!

As long as Justin doesn't know about the incident at the hotel, he will always feel indebted to her.

As long as he felt indebted to her, she would never let that despicable Charlotte exploit the situation.

She was determined to leverage Justin's guilt towards her.

Evelyn took out her backup phone, and according to the template sent to her by Grace Williams, she posted a tweet and attached a picture.

The post was succinct, but the underlying message was clear: she was a victim.

Sure enough, in no time, the internet had a change of heart. Even those who were initially not on her side, began to sympathise with her and started condemning Charlotte.

Evelyn took a look at the insults towards Charlotte on her tweet, feeling a sudden surge of satisfaction.

But before she could enjoy her moment, all the news and discussions about Charlotte and Justin Battleson vanished from the internet, including the denunciations of Charlotte on her own tweet.

Evelyn found it suspicious. Just as she was about to call Grace to inquire if there was something went wrong with their PR strategy, she received a message from Justin.

It was a text message. She hardly ever received texts from Justin, and she was a bit excited. On opening it, she read:

"Eight o'clock, meet me at Stinfield Apartment."

The message was brief and to the point, which was typical of Justin. Evelyn was overjoyed.

It seemed that Charlotte was nothing to worry about after all.

Even though she had been quite outspoken earlier on, Justin was coming to see her immediately.

Evelyn understood this was probably Justin's choice.

Chapter 362: Drawing the Line

She only needed to leverage Justin's debt to her carefully and tactfully. One day, she was bound to legitimize the title of Mrs. Battleson.

"Charlotte, you think you can compete with me?"

In the empty dressing room, Evelyn Curtis's voice seemed eerily strange.

The Stinfield Apartment was the apartment given to her by Justin Battleson at the time, and the most valuable property to her name.

Evelyn Curtis deliberately instructed the housekeeper to prepare some of Justin's favourite dishes; then she went to the beauty parlour to freshen up her appearance for him.

She put on light makeup, accentuating her clear, pretty face. Then she squeezed herself into the latest high-end dress of the season and sat quietly on the sofa, waiting for Justin.

Sure enough, just after eight, the door knocking sound rang out.

She ran over with excitement, deliberately stalling at the door to confirm her makeup was flawless. Then she shyly opened the door with a coquettish voice.

"Justin, why have you only just arrived?"

However, when she opened the door, it was not Justin Battleson who made Evelyn Curtis freeze in place, but the icy face of Michael Richard.

He looked coldly at Evelyn Curtis, who was pretending to falter, and slowly said, "Miss Curtis, Mr. Battleson asked me to escort you downstairs. Please, come with me."

His businesslike and icy demeanor made Evelyn Curtis frown.

Her voice suddenly became cold, she somewhat impatiently asked, "Where's Justin? Why didn't he come up if he asked me to wait for him in the apartment?"

Michael Richard gave Evelyn Curtis a cold look, obviously not interested in answering her question.

"Miss Curtis, please come with me."

Although Evelyn Curtis was displeased, she couldn't refuse since Michael Richard was after all Justin's assistant.

She had originally planned to have Justin stay with her tonight to do something.

Now it seems, it was all for nothing.

"Alright."

Evelyn Curtis stepped out of the door and slammed it shut, as an outlet for her displeasure.

Michael Richard led Evelyn Curtis downstairs, and she finally saw a Maybach parked not far away.

Seeing its familiar license plate number, she walked towards the car with a smile, leaving Michael Richard behind.

She quickly reached the car, and saw Justin Battleson sitting inside with an indifferent expression through the slightly open window.

Evelyn Curtis couldn't help but smile. She cleared her throat and softly called out.

"Justin, are you in there?"

Hearing the sound, Justin Battleson paused his document browsing.

He raised his eyes and looked out the window with a cold expression, then he responded curtly: "Come in."

Evelyn Curtis smugly opened the door and got in.

As soon as she saw Justin, Evelyn Curtis started to act coquettishly with a sad face: "Justin, why don't you come see me? You have no idea how much I miss you."

As she spoke, she extended her hand around Justin's waist, leaning coyly into his embrace.

Justin Battleson's eyebrows knitted together and he was disgusted, so he pushed Evelyn Curtis's hand away.

The air around him became suddenly icy. His jawline tightened, and his eyes flashed with repulsion. He impatiently said: "Evelyn Curtis, I've made clear our relationship before."

At his words, Evelyn Curtis's heart faltered.

Evelyn Curtis looked at Justin Battleson in disbelief, her eyes rapidly filling with tears.

With a choked voice, she whimpered: "Justin."

Justin Battleson put down the documents in his hand and calmly looked at Evelyn Curtis.

Yet his eyes were filled with undisguised aversion: "The reason I came today is to clarify the boundaries with you."

Chapter 363: Five Hundred Million

Justin Battleson took out a card from his pocket, handed it to Evelyn Curtis, his voice cool and detached.

"There's five billion in here, to buy out our relationship. The resources I've given you over the years, the effort and money I've spent on you, is enough to make up for that absurd night."

Evelyn Curtis stared blankly at the card offered by Justin Battleson.

His fingers were slender and good-looking, but the card they held was seemingly a mockery.

"I..." Evelyn Curtis wavered a little after hearing the large sum of money Justin mentioned.

But then she thought if this five billion severs her connection with Justin afterward, how in the world could she continue to mingle in the entertainment industry and high society relying on her identity as Justin Battleson's girlfriend?

No matter how appealing the five billion was, it could not compare to the significance of being Mrs. Battleson.

After much consideration, Evelyn Curtis hesitated and looked at the card brought over by Justin Battleson.

However, half a second later, she opened her mouth with a heartbroken voice, "Justin, is that what you think of me?"

Upon hearing her words, Justin Battleson frowned inexplicably.

He lowered his head and saw Evelyn Curtis crying pitifully like a pear blossom battered by the rain.

For some reason, he felt extremely agitated, wanting to sever all ties with Evelyn Curtis immediately.

"It doesn't matter what I think of you. Take this money and never come looking for me again."

Impatiently, Justin Battleson tossed the card into Evelyn Curtis's arms and was about to get out of the car.

He came by today partly to make things clear with Evelyn Curtis and partly to visit a client nearby.

"Justin."

Seeing Justin Battleson get out of the car, Evelyn Curtis swiftly opened the car door, calling his name in a pitiful voice.

Justin Battleson stopped in his tracks and turned around impatiently to look at Evelyn Curtis.

He held back Michael Richard, who was about to step forward, his words carrying a hint of threat.

"Evelyn Curtis, I have made myself clear. If you want to keep pestering me, I won't hesitate to take back the five billion."

Evelyn Curtis halted her approach, staring at Justin Battleson with red, tearful eyes, feeling utterly wronged.

"Justin, you know I'm with you not because of money. I love you, Justin. I'm not a money-grubbing woman. Can't I stay by your side, Justin?"

Evelyn Curtis spoke plaintively, crying like a pear blossom battered by the rain.

She was always good at acting, well aware tears were the most useful weapon, so she intentionally portrayed herself as particularly weak in front of Justin Battleson.

But Justin Battleson was not moved by her act.

Justin Battleson's brows furrowed, his expression abruptly turning icy cold.

His tight jaw exuded chilliness; his eyes filled with disgust as he looked at the playacting Evelyn Curtis before him.

He said coldly, "If the money is not enough, I'll have Michael Richard give you another five billion."

Before she could respond, Justin Battleson strode away.

Evelyn Curtis helplessly watched Justin Battleson's receding figure, a surge of anger and jealousy welling up in her heart.

She had humbled herself to such an extent for this man, only to be cast aside so mercilessly by him now.

A fiery rage burned in Evelyn Curtis's heart, but for now, all she could do was quench it with her tears.

She stood still for a while, paused to look around, and quickly spotted a paparazzi.

Evelyn initially wanted to leave, but upon noticing the paparazzi, she immediately put on an aggrieved and helpless expression.

She deliberately cried for a while longer, making her appear even more pitiful.

As expected, within less than half an hour, a new hot topic was revealed.

However, Justin Battleson, also involved in the hot topic, was unaware of it as he was currently visiting a client at Rose Manor.

Chapter 364: Since It's My Child

This client expressed a desire to collaborate with the company. Initially, Justin Battleson had no intention of signing the contract, but hesitated upon learning that the client was adept at growing roses.

He remembered that Charlotte Thompson loved roses.

"Mr. Battleson, look, these are the roses I've cultivated."

The client pointed to a garden not far away, gesturing to Justin.

Justin looked in the direction the client indicated, toward a sea of pale pink roses. The flowers were delicate and beautiful, and the evening breeze carried their faint fragrance.

Standing there, Justin seemed to smell the distinctive scent of Charlotte.

"I really like your estate. If you're interested in working with me, I'm willing to concede three points to buy it."

Justin elegantly raised his glass to the client.

His fingers were slender, his knuckles pronounced. His eyes were light, and a faint smile played at the corners of his mouth.

The client was somewhat astonished. He had always heard that Justin never compromised his own benefits in business deals, but now he was willing to give up three points just for a patch of roses.

"This?" The client hesitated, unsure if this was a trap set by Justin.

"Don't worry, I've had my assistant bring the contract. If you find it acceptable, we can sign it today. You will earn three points more from our cooperation, which you can use to sell me your estate. In fact, it is more than enough."

Justin could see the client's hesitation and smiled reassuringly.

Although this was a negotiation, his voice carried an authoritative, commanding tone that didn't seem to call for an argument.

"Mr. Battleson is very generous. It would be my honor if you'd like to buy my estate."

The client scrutinized the contract handed over by Michael Richard. There was nothing wrong with it, indeed, and it stated explicitly that Justin willingly lost the three points.

The market valuation of Justin's concession could reach 300 billion.

As he said, it was more than enough to buy his estate.

"Not at all, I really like your roses. I think someone who can grow such fine roses would also be a great business partner."

Justin smiled softly, somewhat looking forward to seeing Charlotte's reaction to the rose garden.

"Michael, take the contract back to the office. I need to go to the hotel first."

Justin stepped into the car, throwing the contract to Michael before reclining in the back seat to rest.

His long eyelashes hung low, shielding his beautiful, deep phoenix eyes.

Justin initially planned to go to Charlotte's hotel, hoping to take her to the estate. However, he received a call from Adam Ross on the way.

"What's up?" Justin slowly opened his eyes, his voice raspy.

"How's the investigation going?" Adam glanced at the trending gossips, asking quietly.

"I've talked to Charlotte, and you're right." Justin's eyes flickered closed, then opened again, clear and bright.

"Since it's my child, he should be brought back to the Ross family." Adam smirked wickedly.

"That's your decision to make."

Justin was about to hang up when he suddenly heard Adam's voice coming through the line, low and cautious.

"No new information from the detective abroad, but this trending topic is quite lively. Aren't you worried it'll reach Stardust Garden?"

Adam's voice was low and teasing.

"I've already arranged for someone to handle it. It won't affect the company or Charlotte."

Chapter 365: Trending Now

"Oh? Is that so?" Adam Ross glanced at the rising trending topics teasingly, finding it quite amusing.

"Maybe I've overthought this, go ahead with your things."

Upon hearing Adam hang up the phone, Justin didn't say anything more.

He was a little tired today, and didn't notice the curious and ill-intentioned tone in Adam's voice.

Michael Richard received a message from the company's public relations department, and nervously looked back at the visibly fatigued Justin.

"Mr. Battleson, you and Miss Curtis are trending."

"What?" Justin got a little impatient. When would the media ever stop?

He wasn't a movie star for public spectacle, how did he end up being a regular on the trending topics?

"It looks like someone captured your conversation with Miss Curtis today, and due to the angle, it seemed like you have..." Michael was speechless thinking about the description in the news.

"Out with it." Justin's face darkened as he looked at Michael, obviously annoyed.

"They said it looked like you were asking Miss Curtis for forgiveness, trying to get back together with her. There is also excessive abuse towards Miss Charlotte online."

Stating the fact honestly, Michael could see Justin's expression getting worse through the rear-view mirror.

His thin lips seemed to freeze, his jaw clenching tightly, while his eyes were as deep as the ocean floor.

"Give them twenty minutes to handle this, if they can't, they can scram."

BK Hotel.

"Mommy, why are you home so early today?"

As soon as Charlotte stepped in, she was embraced by Grace, who was swinging her legs and snuggling into Charlotte's arms with a coquettish tone in her voice.

"To spend time with you guys."

Charlotte's voice was gentle as she lowered her head to pat Grace's head, her eyes full of affection.

Grace started to pout, seemingly dissatisfied about having to spend the entire day with her uncle.

"Mommy, I want the sweet and sour fish you bake. Your brother made us some terrible dish today for lunch, I almost cried from how bad it was."

Grace whined unhappily, her face was buried in Charlotte's chest and refused to look up.

"Sure, Mommy bought your favorite. Wait while I get your uncle to talk about this."

Charlotte let out a soft chuckle.

She initially thought of letting Jordan order some take-out, or head down to the BK Restaurant if they really had to.

Who'd have thought the ever-pampered Mr. Thompson himself would have chosen to try his hand at cooking.

His culinary skills were perhaps only suited for himself alone.

"Sis, hurry up. Your son is plotting a murder against his uncle."

Jordan's painful roar emanated from the room.

Charlotte frowned and walked towards the room. She got a shock just as she stepped in.

The room- which was neat and clean in the morning- was now terribly messy.

Blankets, pillows, magazines, and snacks were scattered all over.

There were some grimy stains on the floor, that could be either coke or juice.

The culprit, Jordan, was being held immobile in the corner of the sofa by Hank, his hair tousled.

"What happened, Hank, why did you do this to your uncle?"

Hank stiffened at the sound of Charlotte's voice, quickly blinking his little eyes.

Then he turned back with a face full of innocence, smearing some saliva over his eyes for extra effect.

"Mommy, it's all my fault, don't blame Uncle, he did this for me."

Jordan was taken aback by Hank's words, looking at the tearful Hank as if he was looking at a very manipulative person.

"Uncle said he wanted to play a game, but big bro and the rest are not good at it. So I sacrificed myself to play with Uncle."

Chapter 366: Eat the Little Kid

"Who would have thought Uncle would renege, even though he'd clearly lost, he didn't admit it. He tried to punish me by making me eat his terrible cooking from today, saying if I didn't finish it all, he'd throw me outside as soon as Mommy got home."

While saying this, Hank Thompson hinted to Grace Thompson, who was standing next to Charlotte Thompson.

Immediately understanding, Grace Thompson tugged on Charlotte Thompson's hand and nodded obediently.

"Mommy, I promise what big brother said is true."

"Mm-hm, Mommy, don't ever blame Uncle. It's all my fault."

Hank Thompson rushed forward to defend Jordan Thompson, but it was evident in his desperate actions.

Jordan Thompson sat dumbly on the couch, akin to a statue.

When Charlotte Thompson calmly asked Grace and Hank to leave, and even locked the door, only then did he react.

He quickly attempted to hide, trying to escape Charlotte's pursuit.

"I...I, uh, sis, there's chicken soup simmering on my stove. You just got back, you should have some. Let me call the housekeeper, and then I'll serve it to you, just wait."

Jordan Thompson hurriedly ran towards the door, moving faster than if his feet were greased.

Before he got to the door, he heard Charlotte's voice.

"Hold on."

Jordan Thompson froze. He stood where he was, awaiting Charlotte's judgement.

His fingers skillfully intertwined like he was trying to form a Chinese knot.

"Sis, I was wrong."

Jordan Thompson admitted his fault before Charlotte could, causing her to forget what she was about to chastise him for.

"I was wrong, I swear I won't mess with the kitchen things again, I won't play games with Hank anymore, I'll set a good example and be a good uncle. I'll love and help the kids grow up, sis, I was wrong."

Jordan Thompson got closer to Charlotte, cringing, flailing her hands around.

His demeanor was that of an obedient kitten, and he didn't forget to blink his eyes excessively.

"Goodness gracious..." Charlotte Thompson could hardly bear it. She quickly shook her hand to free herself and looked at him with some disgust.

"Alright, alright, stop acting. Hurry up and call the cleaning lady. Otherwise, this place will look like it has been bombed, and you'll be sleeping here tonight."

Jordan Thompson finally breathed a sigh of relief at these words, cheerfully humming a tune as he walked out the door.

However, he caught Hank and Grace Thompson, the two little devils, eavesdropping at the door.

"Well, well, you two little slippery heads. I took my heart and soul to accompany you, play with you, and spend money on you, but you repaid me by selling me out!"

He spoke through gritted teeth, "Let's see if I don't force you to drink the chicken soup I made. If you don't finish it, my last name isn't Thompson!".

Jordan Thompson picked them up by the collars of their clothes, like chicks, and carried them into the kitchen.

Grace Thompson pulled a pitiful face, plaintively looked at Charlotte Thompson, who was laughing helplessly in the living room, and cried out.

"Help, help! He's going to eat us! Come save us!"

"That's enough, Jordan, put them down now. You should drink more of that chicken soup. I'll cook something delicious for them later. You go call the cleaning lady now."

Charlotte Thompson poured herself a glass of water, took a sip, and spoke in a leisurely manner.

Only then did Jordan Thompson drop the two of them and go call the cleaning lady.

Charlotte Thompson told them to go play while she started cooking sweet and sour fish in the kitchen. Just as she was about to lower the fish into the pot, a loud crash came from the living room.

Chapter 367: Rumors and Gossips

She pushed open the door in bewilderment, only then saw the anger that flashed across Cyrus's face, and she walked up as she asked in confusion.

"What happened?"

However, Jordan suddenly grasped her hand, with a worried countenance, he instructed Grace to bring Cyrus back to his room, only then did he hand over his smartphone to Charlotte.

Charlotte took the phone in confusion, on the verge of asking what was going on, only to understand the moment she saw the trending news.

She squinted her eyes as she skimmed through the hot topics.

"Latest news, Justin Battleson has actually always loved Evelyn Curtis. Even after the scandal broke, he hurriedly rushed to Evelyn's home begging for her forgiveness. But Evelyn refused to forgive the unfaithful Justin. Amidst the difficulty of their separation, Evelyn even bawled her eyes out at the parking lot. Turns out, Mr. Battleson has always been fond of Evelyn, which must be why he has always been reluctant to marry... all seems to be for Miss Curtis..."

The comment section was rife with all kinds of theories, an idle netizen even reviewed the entire scandal, boldly deducing that someone intentionally tried to seduce Justin Battleson.

"Seduce?" Charlotte laughed mockingly. She recalled the words she heard Justin utter in his office that morning and couldn't help but feel the harsh irony now.

"Sis, I think you shouldn't worry about this too much, don't take these internet rumors to heart."

Seeing Charlotte's face becoming increasingly pale, Jordan couldn't help but softly say, he patted her on the shoulder reflexively.

"What?" Charlotte woke from her trance, a slight smile appeared on her face as she softly replied.

"Nothing, nothing. Those news are all fake, comments from netizens are just manipulative tactics, don't believe them. Sis, go make something for us to eat, look at us we are nearly starved to death."

Jordan feigned a relaxed laugh. He swiftly pulled back his phone and put it away, blinking innocently.

"I know, I'm not taking it to heart, you watch the children for me, don't let Cyrus use the computer all the time."

Charlotte knew Jordan was trying to comfort her, she didn't want to say much more, so she went along with what he'd said.

Jordan laughed and nodded, his smile vanishing entirely the moment he saw Charlotte walk into the kitchen.

He squinted, reading through the news intensively again, somewhat irked.

However, he caught sight of Cyrus's room door which was slightly ajar. He couldn't help but smirk, then he promptly made his way to Cyrus's room.

"The door isn't locked, come in."

Before Jordan even knocked, he heard Cyrus's deep voice from within the room; he couldn't help but marvel at the kid's sharp hearing.

He coughed lightly and touched the back of his head awkwardly, mumbling under his breath.

"Uh, well, your uncle is here. If you need a shoulder to cry on, I'm right here."

Cyrus looked at Jordan with disdain.

Then he threw him a bottle of water before he finally spoke in a low voice.

"No need, I've already hacked their website, in about three minutes this weibo post will be gone."

The room was dim, rendering the light from the computer in front of Cyrus noticeably bright. The light illuminated his innocent yet determined face, it wasn't a great feeling for Jordan to see this.

He strode forward, switching on the light and the room instantly brightened.

"Your mother told me to watch you and keep you off the computer, you're making it hard for me by doing this openly, you know."

Cyrus calmly looked at Jordan for a while before he finally said in a deep tone.

Chapter 368: Uncle is Proud of You

"What's there to worry about? If you're not here interrupting me, I'd probably be done in two minutes."

As Cyrus said this, his hands were flying over the keyboard at a surprising speed. It left Jordan, who prided himself on his fast typing, quite shocked.

"Cyrus, with such a fast tempo, it would be a waste to just use it on the computer. Why don't you pick up playing the drums with your uncle? I swear I'll make sure you get up on stage at least once a week."

"Hmph..." Cyrus snorted disdainfully.

"Uncle, my mom would rather I work on my computer than play the drums."

Jordan felt a bit awkward. He had come in here intending to comfort Cyrus if he was upset, but it seemed that was unnecessary.

Now, all the comforting words he had prepared were going to waste.

"Alright, Uncle, stop hovering around. I can deal with this myself. If something can't be resolved with words, then action should be taken."

Cyrus lifted his head from the computer screen, glanced at a clueless Jordan, and spoke quietly.

Jordan nodded approvingly, and patted Cyrus on the shoulder in an old-father manner.

"The kid has potential, you've reassured me. But your mom seemed a bit off earlier, remember to make some effort to comfort her at dinner. No woman can resist a little pampering, if she still can't be comforted, that only means..."

"It means your 'pampering' is a knock-off," Cyrus finished for him, hitting the last key of a line of code.

Jordan paused, then burst out laughing.

"You little punk, daring to tease your uncle."

"Look..." Cyrus didn't say much more, simply sliding his laptop in front of Jordan who was startled after a glance.

"Damn, you're so quick. The PR personnel at Justin Battleson's company wouldn't be able to match your speed."

Indeed, not a trace of the news about Evelyn Curtis and Justin Battleson could be found online now. Even any unfavorable remarks on Charlotte had been erased thoroughly.

Cyrus also kindly pushed the second trending topic to the top, which touched Jordan.

"Well done, I'm proud of you."

Cyrus remained silent, just taking back his laptop.

His nice black eyes twinkled at the mention of the name Justin Battleson.

"Alright, Uncle, we both know of my big brother's skills. Stop acting like an old man—come play games with me. I've died so many times that I'm going to drop rank soon."

Hank Thompson stuck his head into their conversation with an unhappy look. He grabbed Jordan's hand, seemingly intent on dragging him out of the room.

He'd just spent a significant amount of time comforting his younger siblings who were upset by the news, and his hands were itching to play a game.

However, the more he played, the more he lost. If this continued, he was afraid his game rank would depreciate horribly.

Jordan patted Hank's head, and after one more glance at the unperturbed Cyrus, followed Hank out of the room calmly.

"You little guy, still in the mood to play games."

Jordan couldn't help admiring Hank's positive attitude.

Hank cheerfully switched on the gaming console and replied carelessly,

"What's the big deal? It's just a piece of junk news. Big brother can handle it in minutes. It's nothing but media hype—if I let that upset me, what's the point? Enough talking, Uncle. Help me out here, I plan to switch up my character today."

Jordan's ears filled with Hank's excited voice that grew louder, yet his mind wandered off, far away.

Chapter 369: How can Charlotte Thompson be more beautiful than Evelyn Curtis?

He took advantage of the time Jordan Thompson was switching characters to send a message to his best friend, asking him to look into the relationship between Justin Battleson and Evelyn Curtis.

He always felt that Charlotte Thompson must be hiding something about Justin Battleson from him.

However, thinking of the lonely expression on Charlotte's face, Jordan felt a sense of unease in his heart.

Charlotte quickly finished making lunch. After the children had eaten, she asked Jordan to take them to rest, and she went to the company.

On the way, Charlotte looked at the scenery that flashed past outside the car.

Somehow, it reminded her of that piece of news.

She was sure that when she returned to the company, her gossip-loving colleagues would definitely discuss it again.

But this time, Charlotte had prepared herself psychologically, so she wasn't worried about anything.

Her conscience was clear. Even if Evelyn Curtis came to her, she would have ways to make that woman leave in tears.

The situation was becoming increasingly interesting.

Charlotte curled her lips in thought, a more and more charming smile on her face. She was even somewhat looking forward to what would happen next.

Riley Group Vanguard Jewelry Design Department.

Although it was lunch break, no one left after eating.

With such big news breaking out today, no one had the desire to rest; all were gathered to discuss.

"In my opinion, Evelyn Curtis has always been clinging to Mr. Battleson. I've always felt that her behavior was strange and now, I even think that Mr. Battleson doesn't like Evelyn Curtis."

"Why do you think that? Look at the trending topic at noon today. Mr. Battleson personally went to find Evelyn Curtis. Certainly, he was begging her to forgive him. After all, Evelyn Curtis is an award-winning actress. With her appearance and figure, if I were a man, I would fancy her too."

"Evelyn Curtis is clearly plastic-surgeried. I have a brother who used to work at a cosmetic surgery hospital. He told me that many stars and artists secretly go for plastic surgery. Almost none is purely natural. However, Miss Thompson is different. She is so beautiful and has a great figure. Besides, she is capable and competent in her work. I heard from the people in Mr. Battleson's office that Miss Thompson comes from a very wealthy family abroad."

"Really? I've also always thought that Mr. Battleson likes Miss Thompson. Remember the previous regular meeting? The way Mr. Battleson looked at Miss Thompson was completely different. Usually, Mr. Battleson always has an icy face when looking at anyone. Even when Evelyn Curtis came, it was an indifferent icy face. How could he possibly like Evelyn Curtis? He and Miss Thompson are the perfect match."

"Perfect match?" Miss Cindy was playing with her newly manicured nails, letting out a cold, sharp hum. A trace of scorn flashed through her eyes.

"You guys, you are just too naive and don't understand many things."

Miss Cindy pushed away the documents in her hand, casually picked up the coffee cup next to her, and said leisurely.

"Mr. Battleson, a man like him, would fancy Charlotte Thompson? That would be a joke!"

"Charlotte has been in our design department for so long. What business has she done? Every time, it's a new design made in our internal meetings. What does it have to do with her?"

"It's just that she is of a high position and of great power. We never have the chance to participate in the company's regular meetings, so she always steals the limelight."

With a few words, Miss Cindy splashed all the dirty water onto Charlotte. The employees also began to discuss.

"Yes, yes, I think what Miss Cindy said makes sense. In what way is Charlotte more attractive than Evelyn Curtis?"

"And also, Evelyn Curtis was Mr. Battleson's original girlfriend. This made the news. What does Charlotte have? Apart from being fairly attractive, who knew what her scheming behind the scenes was like. Mr. Battleson is such an upright person, but he was lured by her to cheat. What's so good about such a woman?"

Chapter 370: Holding Her

"Ah, well, there's some truth to your words, but Miss Thompson is genuinely attractive. Otherwise, why would Mr. Battleson be so taken with her? In my opinion, the rumors of Mr. Battleson and Evelyn Curtis breaking up started not long after Charlotte Thompson came into Mr. Battleson's life. Don't judge a book by its cover, tsk tsk tsk..."

The conversation soon redirected to another topic, but the moment Charlotte Thompson entered the office, everyone fell silent.

Coolly, Charlotte Thompson walked to her office, not paying any attention to the scrutinizing looks of those around her.

However, she paused when she came to Cindy's desk.

She glanced at Cindy, who pretended to be engrossed in files, and couldn't help but smile.

"Miss Cindy, could you please prepare the materials for these few projects later on? Many of the designs you submitted have problems, but thanks to Miss Cindy for pointing them out."

The moment she finished speaking, everyone turned their eyes to Cindy.

Everybody used to think that it's because Charlotte Thompson didn't like their designs, so none of their designs ever made it to the final project.

Now it seemed like it was Cindy's choice.

No wonder, Cindy's position is greater than Charlotte's, so isn't it Cindy who sabotages things behind the scenes?

"Alright, don't just stand idle, your discussions have been loud enough to be heard over the hallway. Get back to work."

Charlotte Thompson said with a smile, giving Cindy's shoulder a nonchalantly reassuring pat, which, however, left Cindy feeling most uneasy.

Just as Charlotte walked into her office, she received an internal message from Justin Battleson.

She glanced at it with no intention of responding, and simply picked up a file and began to read it earnestly.

To her surprise, less than 10 minutes later, there was a knock at the office door.

Charlotte looked up, slightly annoyed, and was startled when she saw her visitor.

"Miss Thompson," Justin Battleson said coldly, his tone stern.

"Miss Thompson, aren't you going to let me in?" Upon seeing that Charlotte appeared to be lost in thought, Justin knocked on the door again, his voice somewhat icy.

"Hmm? Why would that be?" Charlotte gave a forced smile, put down the file she was holding, stood up, and approached Justin.

"Please take a seat, Mr. Battleson. What can I do for you?"

Charlotte spoke in a strictly professional manner, revealing no hint of emotion.

Justin was dissatisfied with Charlotte's stiff attitude.

However, thinking of why he was there, he didn't say anything else, instead, he started reluctantly.

"I just asked you to come to my office."

"Hmm?" Charlotte was taken aback, she had not expected that Justin would leave his multi-billion dollar work to personally come to the design department because of the message she ignored.

Charlotte found it somewhat amusing, and could not help but quirk a brow, her tone becoming more indifferent.

"I'm very sorry, Mr. Battleson. I was busy with work and didn't see the message. Perhaps you wanted to see the latest design proposal? I've already asked someone to sort it out. It'll be ready in about ten minutes. If there's nothing else, you can leave first."

Having finished speaking, Charlotte turned to leave.

The next second, Justin stepped forward quickly, grabbed her wrist, and forcefully pulled her towards him.

Taken by surprise, Charlotte could not react in time.

Before she knew it, Justin had pulled her into his arms.

"What are you doing?" Charlotte's face instantly darkened.

She tried to push Justin away unhappily, but he only pulled her closer.

She could smell a faint minty scent that was not hers. It wasn't unpleasant, but it made her feel very uncomfortable.