

Spoiled 371

Chapter 371: Why Do You Need to Explain to Me?

"I want to explain." Justin Battleson couldn't figure out why he suddenly pulled Charlotte Thompson into his arms.

It was only when he noticed her expression of wanting to leave on her face that he instantly felt unhappy.

"Explain?" Charlotte Thompson scoffed, a hint of disdain crossed her beautiful face.

She simply gave up struggling, and it seemed like she was coldly asking him.

"Explain what? Mr. Battleson, you were just trending online for your heartbreaking separation with your girlfriend Evelyn Curtis, and now you've come to embrace your subordinate. Isn't it more suitable for me to praise you as a master of time management?"

After saying this, Charlotte began struggling to free herself again.

However, there was a significant strength difference between men and women, and the more she struggled, the tighter Justin Battleson held her.

After a few minutes, Charlotte was so tired that she couldn't break away from Justin Battleson's grip.

She shot an annoyed stare at Justin Battleson, only to see a faint trace of amusement in his eyes.

She frowned in confusion, feeling that Justin Battleson was indeed odd.

"Charlotte Thompson." Justin Battleson's voice suddenly became very gentle; he slowly leaned into Charlotte's ear and softly asked.

"Are you jealous?"

As his words fell, Charlotte's ears instantly flushed red.

Justin Battleson was quite satisfied with this; he was just about to touch Charlotte's little earlobe when his shoulder was suddenly pushed by a force.

Charlotte, with a flustered and annoyed expression, pushed Justin Battleson, which caught him off guard.

Before he could react, Charlotte had escaped from his embrace and stood a meter away.

"Jealous? I think Mr. Battleson must have taken the wrong medicine today. Do you have anything else to say? If not, I need to get back to work. Mr. Battleson, you know, there's a lot of work in the company, and I don't want to work overtime."

As she spoke, Charlotte, clearly upset, wanted to return to her own desk.

"Charlotte, I went to talk things over with Evelyn Curtis."

Charlotte stopped in her tracks, turned her head hesitantly to glance at Justin Battleson, only to see a calm expression on his face, with no hint of joking at all.

"I went to negotiate with her, I told her everything, but somehow, someone took pictures of us."

Justin Battleson looked intently at Charlotte, trying to discern a hint of surprise from her face.

Yet Charlotte looked calm, without a ripple on her face, which frustrated him slightly.

"Don't worry, I have no relationship with Evelyn Curtis now, nor will there be any in the future."

Charlotte was quite surprised; she stared at Justin Battleson, seemingly unable to believe his words.

But when she thought about the trending topic that disappeared within five minutes today, she somewhat felt that Justin Battleson's words were more credible.

"Why does Mr. Battleson need to explain this to me?"

Charlotte casually opened her mouth to ask, but her hand clenched involuntarily into a tiny fist behind her back.

"I don't want you to think I'm a fickle person, and I don't want you to misunderstand."

Justin Battleson candidly expressed his thoughts, he believed that Charlotte Thompson would believe him.

However, Charlotte currently believes that the breakup between Justin Battleson and Evelyn Curtis isn't that simple.

She could always feel a sense of strangeness from those two.

"How could Mr. Battleson easily break up with a girlfriend he's been with for so many years? A person who breaks up easily is definitely not fickle, because he's simply a person who likes new things and is tired of the old."

Her words caught Justin Battleson a bit off guard.

He initially thought that by explaining everything clearly to Charlotte, no matter what, she would be somewhat moved. However, he did not expect to get such a response.

Chapter 372: You Don't Believe Me?

"I've never been with her."

"Hehe."

"You don't believe me?" There was a hint of coldness in Justin's voice, as if the deep lingering tone just a moment ago was only a dream of Charlotte's.

"Believe? Mr. Battleson, you are my direct superior, of course, I believe you. It's just that after so many years with Miss Curtis, I find it curious how you could suddenly break up. Women are a bit gossipy, after all."

Charlotte tried to wheedle some information out of Justin.

But Justin Battleson showed no inclination whatsoever to share anything about his relationship with Evelyn Curtis.

After all, there was never a story to begin with.

"I told you, we were never together."

"She's just been around me for these years. I'm busy with work and don't pay much attention to these things. Michael usually arranges female companions for me when I need one."

"Female companion?" Charlotte raised an eyebrow, seemingly finding this term a bit novel.

She had heard many men referring to their girlfriends, but it was the first time she heard "female companion".

Logically, Evelyn Curtis has been with Justin for such a long time, how could she only get the status of a 'female companion' from him?

Could it be that something unspeakable happened between them?

Charlotte was torn inside, feeling like she had been scratched by a cat, utterly uncomfortable.

But with Justin's tight-lipped demeanor, she didn't think it prudent to interrogate him further.

"Everything with her is in the past, I'm cutting off all contact with her."

Justin thought Charlotte was contemplating whether he would still be tangled with Evelyn Curtis in the future, so he explained decisively.

"I've made it clear, Charlotte."

Justin glanced at the pondering Charlotte, and couldn't help but speak up.

Charlotte was stunned and before she could react, she saw Justin walking out the door confidently.

"Mr. Battleson is coming out!"

The appearance of Justin quietened the design department who had been eagerly chit-chatting. They lowered their heads in a pretense of working earnestly.

Only after Justin left, one of them finally let out a sigh of relief.

"I am just too curious about what exactly the relationship is between Mr. Battleson and Miss Thompson. Mr. Battleson has been busy, just finished with Evelyn Curtis in the morning, and now in the afternoon comes to Miss Thompson. My God, he's always on the go."

"What are you talking about, looks like Mr. Battleson has chosen to abandon Miss Thompson."

"Why do you say that?"

"Didn't you see Mr. Battleson's face when he came out just now? It was so dark. Things can't end up well. In my opinion, Miss Thompson is a beauty with good qualifications, why would she play second fiddle."

"Appearances can be deceiving." Cindy thought of Justin's displeasing expression just now and couldn't help but sneer.

Thinking of how Charlotte had embarrassed her in public, she gritted her teeth with anger.

"Miss Cindy, I was going to ask you, our design proposals..." the colleagues hesitated, looking at Cindy.

Cindy wore a dignified smile and spoke up with a slight sense of grievance.

"Don't you trust me? I always take your design proposals seriously. If it didn't pass in the end, it's because Miss Thompson didn't like it. You know well how strict she is..."

Upon recalling Charlotte's stern demeanor at work, everyone nodded their heads in agreement.

Miss Cindy looked so gentle and affable, the quintessential good person.

In reality, everyone knew, Cindy had been around for a long time, so nobody dared to rebel against her.

Chapter 373: Why Not Tell Mr. Battleson?

Charlotte Thompson sat at her desk, her mind in turmoil. She couldn't believe what Justin had just said, but his serious demeanor left her with no choice but to believe him.

"Come in." Upon hearing the knock, Charlotte cleared her thoughts and spoke with a frosty tone.

Miss Cindy walked in with a file in her hands.

"Miss Thompson, this is some new design proposals for the next season. I've sorted them out for you to check."

Cindy spoke blandly, shooting a contemptuous glance at Charlotte who was seemingly reviewing the documents.

"Alright, thank you."

Although Charlotte appeared busy, her mind was tangled up like a knot.

All she could think about were the words Justin just said.

Seeing Charlotte merely flipped the documents nonchalantly, Cindy felt irked by this dismissive attitude.

She huffed coldly and, with a biting sarcasm, retorted,

"Miss Thompson, you are truly busy, even busier than a chief executive like myself."

"Staff spent a great deal of time working on these documents. If you want to look at them, do it properly. I can't tell if you don't understand them or you just can't be bothered."

"If it weren't for having to go through you, I'd have approved it myself."

Cindy's words were filled with disdain and provocation, making Charlotte feel extremely uncomfortable.

Nevertheless, unswayed, she looked at Cindy and responded coolly,

"What, have a problem with the way I do things, Miss Cindy? Why don't you go tell Mr. Battleson?"

"You..." Cindy was left speechless. She had always seen Charlotte as an incapable individual who must have seduced Justin to get her current position.

Considering she'd been tossed aside by Justin and might be kicked out of the company any day now, Cindy held nothing back and continued-

"What a joke. What objections could I possibly have? I'm just saying the truth. Being the director of the design department is not an easy job. If you can't handle it, I'd advise you to step down early."

Cindy fixed her gaze upon Charlotte, only to find no response on her face.

Instead, she casually laughed, seemingly unaffected by Cindy's harsh words.

"Cindy, I suppose I should thank you for telling me all this. But let me clarify, just because you're the Chief Executive doesn't mean you can boss me around. In this company, competence is all that matters."

There was a dangerous gleam in Charlotte's eyes and a smug smile on her lips.

She idly tapped her fingers on the marble desk, looking confidently at Cindy whose face had turned red with anger.

Cindy furiously dropped the proposal on the desk, glared at Charlotte, and stormed out in high heels.

Seeing Cindy's resentful exit, Charlotte couldn't help but chuckle and shake her head.

"Miss Cindy, what's wrong with you?"

As soon as Cindy left Charlotte's office, she was surrounded by curious colleagues.

The colleagues noticed her disgruntled expression and inquired.

"What else could it be? Obviously, it must be because Miss Thompson made her angry."

Cindy complained, looking at the tightly closed door of the director's office.

"Oh my gosh, she's so temperamental. Miss Cindy, you just went in to deliver a file, how can she vent her anger on you? What's that got to do with you? It's because she can't beat Evelyn Curtis and got dumped by Mr. Battleson."

Chapter 374: A Belly Full of Anger

"Exactly, she's probably just upset and took it out on you, Miss Cindy. But, I bet she won't last long. I just saw Mr. Battleson's face earlier, and it looked like a storm was brewing. At this rate, Charlotte Thompson will be getting fired soon."

"Miss Cindy, after all, has been with the company long enough, how does she accept people undermining her?"

"Charlotte has Mr. Battleson's protection, Miss Cindy has suffered her share of misfortune."

The group began to whisper among themselves again, but thinking of the design task Charlotte assigned today, they quickly got to work.

At her office, Charlotte was trying to sketch a design, but it all seemed wrong.

It felt as if someone had suddenly taken away her artistic cells, making her feel extremely uncomfortable.

Her brows were furrowed, her mind filled with Justin's words.

She had to admit, the indirect mocking from Cindy earlier had a bit of an effect on her.

"Miss Thompson, Mr. Battleson demands the design draft be submitted tonight."

After reading the message that had just been sent by Michael Richard, Charlotte immediately felt a surge of anger.

In frustration, she snapped the pencil in her hand. Her face was filled with annoyance.

Charlotte stood up, feeling incredibly chaotic. She knew she needed to calm down.

She walked to the window.

Outside the large floor-to-ceiling window was a view of the city's busiest streets.

She had to admit, regardless of the floor, one could always see a unique view from the windows of Justin Battleson's office building.

But all Charlotte felt was a stifling sensation, as if trapped in a cage, making her feel frustrated and exhausted.

Subconsciously, she opened a small window in the floor-to-ceiling glass.

The moment she did, the warmth of the outside air instantly alleviated some of her discomfort.

But, all of a sudden, a gasp came from behind her.

Charlotte furrowed her brows, turned around impatiently, and saw Coco looking at her in surprise.

Coco's expression made it look like she was about to jump off the building.

Charlotte couldn't help but sigh resignedly, closed the window, and walked back to her desk, her face returning to its usual calm expression.

She glanced steadily at Coco and asked calmly, "What's the matter?"

Charlotte's aloof voice brought Coco back to reality. She carefully handed over the documents in her hand.

Coco softly explained the work instructions that Michael Richard had given earlier, all the while observing any changes in Charlotte's expression.

Charlotte was somewhat annoyed by this prying attention. She looked up at Coco and said, point-blank.

"If you've got something on your mind, you can tell me directly. You don't have to look at me as if I'm a terminal patient."

Perhaps Charlotte's current expression was a bit intimidating, and Coco was jolted and hastily apologizing.

She was afraid that a wrong word from her might trigger Charlotte.

"Alright, go back out. You don't need to believe all that office gossip."

Charlotte looked at Coco helplessly, deciding that there was no need to involve the innocent in her bad day.

She had heard about the whisperings and rumors.

But Coco was naive and Charlotte didn't want her to pick up any bad influence.

"Alright... alright, Sister Charlotte. I understand, Sister Charlotte."

Coco nodded eagerly and scurried out of the office.

Charlotte looked at the documents before her, taking a deep breath.

She couldn't let the inexplicable chatter ruin her work mood any longer.

With these thoughts, Charlotte started to reorganize her thoughts and began to contemplate her design seriously.

Chapter 375: Coveting Your Uncle's Abs?

"Uncle... I'm hungry."

Hank Thompson held his stomach, ran to Jordan Thompson's side, and shook Jordan's big hand, looking rather pitiful.

"Didn't you just eat lunch, how are you hungry again?"

Jordan questioned with a husky voice.

He had been working on music for a long time and was extremely tired. After Hank woke him up, he simply rolled over and continued to rest with his eyes closed.

"I am hungry. I'm still growing, Uncle, take us out to eat something."

Seeing that Jordan did not open his eyes, Hank could not help but continued to vigorously shake Jordan's arm. It was as if he was using Jordan's arm as a rope he was hanging onto.

"Alright, alright." Jordan couldn't stand Hank's pestering anymore; his sleepiness completely swept away. With a sigh, he sat up.

"I really owe you guys." Jordan glanced at Hank's pitiful face from hunger and replied, laughing but pretending to be annoyed.

"Come on, Uncle, hurry up and get dressed. Take us out to eat something. Plus, you can't stay in your room all day. How will you find us an aunt if you're in the room all the time?"

Hank rested his cheek on his hand while watching Jordan get dressed.

Although he didn't want to admit it, Jordan did have a good-looking physique, especially his charming peach blossom eyes that were full of tenderness when he grinned.

Following Jordan's gaze downwards, Hank observed his thin lips, which looked quite sexy when he was quiet.

However, what Hank envied the most were the eight pack abs on Jordan's robust waist, they looked quite fascinating.

With these thoughts, Hank stretched out his little hand, attempting to sneakily pinch them, but was caught by Jordan in the very next second.

Jordan looked at the little rogue in front of him who was swallowing his saliva, his lips curving into a smirk.

"What's this? Are you coveting your uncle's abs?"

Upon being caught in the act, Hank's face turned red instantly.

He lowered his head shyly and stroked his chubby belly before speaking leisurely.

"Uncle, how can you say that? I just thought your abs looked like a fake one you'd buy online and stick on your stomach, so I wanted to check if it's genuine."

Jordan laughed at Hank's absurd explanation.

He bent over, intentionally revealing his abs to Hank and said provocatively.

"Come on, little rascal, feel for yourself and see if they're fake."

But Hank had lost his courage to touch them any further. He glared at Jordan unhappily and muttered.

"Humph, I don't want to touch them. I'll have them too in the future."

"Oh, you little devil." Jordan picked up a white casual jacket and pulled Hank out of his room by the collar of his shirt.

"Go and call the others out; Uncle will take you guys for a snack."

Upon hearing this, Hank scampered off to gather the others.

The group left the house in great spirits.

Jordan scrolled through his phone and found a Western restaurant nearby. He drove them there.

"Uncle, I want hotpot.", Hank whimpered from his seat as he saw hotpot restaurants zooming past.

Then, he sidled up to Jordan, who was driving, batting his eyelashes.

Jordan snorted, and with a free hand lifted Hank back to his seat.

"What hotpot, sit down and behave."

Chapter 376: That Woman Has Two Brushes

Hank Thompson had no choice but to retreat back to his older brother Cyrus Thompson's side.

He wasn't sure if it was his imagination, but he always felt that his brother was very down today, with low pressure surrounding him.

He couldn't help but reach out and lightly pull on Cyrus's sleeve, asking in a soft whisper.

"Bro, did anyone hit you while you were coding today?"

The hand that Cyrus was using to type on the computer paused for a moment. He looked back at Hank coldly, and Hank quickly closed his mouth which was about to jabber some more.

Jordan Thompson quickly led them to the western restaurant.

At this hour, the restaurant was crowded, with fully booked VIP rooms, and the only seats available were some by the window.

Jordan settled the kids down before heading to the counter to order food.

"Did you hear about it? That news."

"What news?"

"You know, the one about Justin Battleson's alleged infidelity in the Riley Group."

The discussions echoing around him fell right into Jordan's ears while he was ordering. He frowned, glaring impatiently at the incessantly chattering woman's face.

"I know, I know! Apparently, his affair was with their company's design director. I have a friend working in their company, and oh my god, you wouldn't believe how wild this news is."

"I know, I know! But it's weird how quickly the news got taken down, and it was thoroughly cleaned off the internet, not a trace left."

"I also saw some bloggers conducting a post-mortem analysis – it seems like all the damaging reports about the director were wiped clean from the internet. Their PR is really something else. Judging from this, she must be a pretty capable woman, though I wonder what she looks like."

"Ah, what's the use of being pretty? She's just a mistress who can't even be flaunted publicly. She knows Justin Battleson has a girlfriend, but she's still throwing herself at him? Such a shameless woman."

Jordan took a deep breath, covering his eyes with his hand, hoping for some peace and quiet.

He ordered a few dishes at random, handed the menu to the waiter, and turned around only to hear those women still buzzing about the same topic.

Unable to bear it any longer, Jordan walked straight to their table, looking very upset.

"This is a public place, can you talk more quietly? And you should be more informed before you sit here gossiping so recklessly."

The women were all stunned by the sudden appearance of a handsome, yet angry-looking, guy at their table.

"What are you looking at? Do you understand the news? Just loose talk. Instead of using your mouths for eating, drinking, and saying nice things, you're here gossiping about others."

Jordan had been suppressing his frustration all day when he saw the news, for the sake of placating Charlotte, and amusing the kids.

Now, hearing people discussing the matter without knowing the full story while out for a meal, he could not help but be extremely angry.

"What's up with you, handsome?" One woman reacted, realizing that the handsome guy was criticizing them, and asked indignantly.

"What do you mean what's up? You chew the fat without knowing the truth about the situation. In fact, it was Justin Battleson who willingly chose to chase after the design director, pestering the poor girl. How can you twist the facts like this? Did you personally see the director seduce Justin Battleson? You talk as if you were there when it happened."

Jordan spoke angrily.

The mercifully handsome face was all flushed from holding back. He was always good-tempered and well-mannered.

If it weren't for people constantly slinging mud at Charlotte, he wouldn't have started arguing in a place like this.

Chapter 377: Seeing Isn't Necessarily Believing

"Well, isn't it funny, big man, thinking you own the place? We sisters can say whatever we want, what's it got to do with you?"

"Exactly, it's hilarious. What are you suggesting? That you saw Justin Battleson, a man of his status, chasing some woman? As if Justin needs to chase after a woman, don't make us laugh!"

The women sneered in unison, "Besides, we're only discussing this and you, a man, get so worked up over the mention of that director. You couldn't possibly be a fanboy of that woman, could you? Hahaha."

"You!" Jordan Thompson choked on his anger, his face flushed red, his eyes filled with indignation as he glared at the women in front of him.

"What? Are you gonna hit us?" The woman spoke in a triumphant tone, her voice brimming with mockery.

Just as Jordan was about to counter them, a hand reached out and held his own, a cool sensation infiltrating his heated palm.

He looked down in surprise to meet Cyrus Thompson's deep and tranquil eyes.

Cyrus walked up to Jordan, shaking his head in disapproval, and glared coldly at the group of women.

"Ladies, there's a saying that what you see may not always be the truth. I hope you remember that."

"Hahaha, that's funny. Us grown-ups taking lessons from a kid. What a joke! Little boy, take your dad and go home. Remember to tell your mommy that your dad is a fanboy of the other woman. HAHAAH."

The women laughed condescendingly at Jordan and Cyrus, their laughter growing even louder.

Their shrill voices pierced the air, completely ignoring the displeased looks from surrounding patrons.

Cyrus gave a cold smirk, a dangerous glint flashed in his eyes. He grabbed Jordan's hand, restraining him from moving forward, and spoke coldly.

"If that's the case, I wish you all the best in your upcoming life and work."

After saying this, he led Jordan back to their table.

Jordan glanced down at Cyrus, whose face betrayed no emotion, and was momentarily puzzled as to why Cyrus had stopped him.

Noticing Jordan's confusion, Cyrus spoke in a leisurely manner.

"I know what you're thinking, uncle. The reason I stopped you from arguing with them is because I think it's a waste of time to argue with people who are unreasonable. And also..."

Cyrus suddenly stopped, looked up at Jordan, and flashed a cruel smile. Then he spoke in a low voice,

"For people who enjoy gossiping behind others' backs and rashly slinging mud without understanding the real situation, I have my ways of dealing with them."

Jordan nodded in understanding. He simply squeezed Cyrus' hand, walked ahead of him, and then spoke casually.

"Remember, let uncle handle this kind of thing next time. You're still too young."

Cyrus didn't reply, but obediently followed behind Jordan.

"Uncle, big brother, why did you guys come back so late? We almost finished our meal."

Hank Thompson turned around and saw Jordan and Cyrus, whose hands were clasped together. He asked them curiously.

"It's nothing, uncle was just chatting with a few beauties."

Jordan led Cyrus back to his seat, sporting a grim smile as he spoke.

Hank nodded thoughtfully, giving Jordan a thumbs up.

Chapter 378: I Want to Reconcile with King Samuel

"Uncle, I told you, you should get out more. Look at you, you have the looks that young girls love."

Jordan Thompson ignored his brother Hank's teasing, and gently wiped the mouth of his niece, Olivia, with a napkin who had food all over her face.

In the pantry of Riley Group.

Charlotte was about to get a cup of coffee when she overheard people gossiping about her and Justin Battleson. Uncomfortable, she retreated to her office.

"Charlotte."

The sudden sound of Justin's voice made Charlotte, who was checking her phone, turn around in annoyance.

"Is there something you need, Mr. Battleson?" Charlotte looked at Justin Battleson distantly, unconsciously tucking her phone into her pocket.

"Come to my office. I have something to tell you." Justin stood in front of Charlotte, bending slightly over, his face revealing a touch of pleasure.

"If there is something to say, Mr. Battleson, say it here. I'm busy."

Charlotte didn't want to engage with Justin. She had just received a message from Annie Anne. She checked it, but was immediately called over by Justin Battleson,

"I..." Justin was interrupted before he could say anything, as his phone started to ring.

At the same time, Charlotte's phone rang too. She hurriedly picked it up.

On the other end of the line was Annie Anne's voice.

"Charlotte, it's me."

Her gentle voice eased Charlotte's agitation. Charlotte turned and walked a few steps away before responding.

"Annie, why are you suddenly coming back to Emperor City?"

When Charlotte recalled the news she'd received, she asked with confusion.

"I... I want to reconcile with King Samuel." There was a pause in Annie Anne's voice, then she spoke again resolutely.

"What did you say?" Charlotte's voice grew loud, causing Justin, who was on the phone, to involuntarily glance at her.

"Charlotte, don't get worked up." Annie sensed Charlotte's change in emotion and spoke softly.

"What are you thinking? Why get back together with him?" Charlotte's mind flashed again to an image of Annie's haggard, pale face.

"King Samuel, did you say you're throwing a banquet for me?" A now composed Justin Battleson listened to Oliver Hudson's words over the phone, a small smirk spread across his lips.

"Dinner is a small matter, I simply want to inform you about my reconciliation with Annie." Oliver Hudson stood in front of the floor-to-ceiling windows, the bustling view outside causing him to squint slightly.

"Heh." Justin rose a single eyebrow in skeptical laughter.

"What? You're not happy?" Oliver Hudson's voice was deep, reminiscent of a pleasant cello, as he casually spoke.

"How can that be? I just think it's interesting." Justin Battleson turned around and glanced at Charlotte who was also on the phone.

She seemed to be in a hurry, her face was flushed, and there was some desperation in her expressive eyes.

"You'll understand in the future." Oliver Hudson exhaled a sigh, pulling his gaze back in.

"Charlotte, are you free tonight? I can't explain it well over the phone. I'd like to invite you to dinner and tell you more about it then."

Annie's voice gently asked for Charlotte's consideration—despite the physical distance, Charlotte could sense Annie's joy.

Despite her reluctance to see Annie repeat her mistakes with Oliver Hudson, it was already too late to dissuade her.

"Alright, see you tonight."

Charlotte hung up, feeling bummed.

Lifting her head, she met Justin's thoughtful gaze, striking back with a look of displeasure.

Chapter 379: Really Getting Back Together?

"Just overheard your phone call, your friend wanting to get back together?"

Justin Battleson asked indifferently.

He unintentionally heard Charlotte Thompson's phone call, finding the contents oddly similar to his own situation with Oliver Hudson.

Could it be Annie Anne calling her?

"Mr. Battleson, what does this have to do with you?"

Charlotte swiftly hid her phone in her bag, glaring unsatisfied at Justin.

"Just curious," Justin replied with a faint sneer, watching her leisurely.

"Well, Mr. Battleson, I suggest you channel that curiosity into your work. If there's nothing else, I'll be leaving."

Charlotte snapped coldly. As she began to turn away, she halted abruptly, casting a glance back at Justin, a smirk playing at her lips.

"After all, not everyone enjoys making the gossip columns with Mr. Battleson, being the topic of discussion for others."

Charlotte tucked a stray lock of hair behind her ear and swayed away, heels clicking quietly.

Justin raised an eyebrow, laughing softly.

This angry form of Charlotte's really did resemble a little wildcat, fluffing up its fur.

A little wildcat, waiting for him to tame.

"Michael Richard." The twinkle in Justin's eyes waned, and he began to speak coldly.

"What can I help you with, Mr. Battleson?"

"Fire the chatterboxes we had today."

Justin glanced at his phone. The screen displayed a text from Oliver Hudson containing the address of a hotel. His fingers moved swiftly as he responded.

"Yes, Mr. Battleson," Michael nodded and left to carry out the order.

Charlotte processed the work in her hands quickly.

When her phone dinged with a text from Annie Anne, she debated before placing a call.

The call connected almost immediately, Annie Anne replied in a soft tone.

"What is it, Charlotte?" Annie Anne glanced at Oliver Hudson next to her, indicated the call, and broke into a pleasant smile.

Dimples emphasized on either side of her mouth.

Oliver Hudson extended the glass of milk in his hand to Annie Anne, taking her hand in his, giving it a gentle squeeze.

"Are you really getting back with Oliver Hudson?"

Charlotte pondered, deciding she needed one more try to persuade Annie Anne.

She didn't want Annie Anne to fall into the abyss again.

"Yeah, Charlotte, come quickly. Samuel has booked a big, quiet place today. You'll love it."

Annie Anne's joy forced Charlotte to swallow her words. There was a brief pause before she replied, a smile in her voice,

"Annie, I'm on my way."

A dejected look crossed Charlotte's face as she ended the call.

She looked out at the scenery outside her window.

Cars shuffled by, the dusk settling, and the bustling city teemed with hidden temptations.

Charlotte let out a long sigh, Annie Anne's beaming face floating into her mind.

"Annie, see if there's anything else you want to eat."

Oliver Hudson gently handed the menu to Annie Anne, stroked her hair softly, and smiled endearingly.

"Oh, what's got Mr. Hudson looking so smitten today?" Laughter rang out as the door to the booth was pushed open from the outside.

Annie Anne looked up dazedly, two strikingly handsome men stood at the entrance.

One possessed charmingly warm eyes, a handsome face, thin lips, and dazzling teeth. He looked astonished seeing Annie Anne and glanced with curiosity at Oliver Hudson next to her.

The other man's eyebrow lifted in surprise, his sharp features accentuated. He looked at Annie Anne, a hint of surprise flashing across his eyes, but it dissipated before it could be captured

Chapter 380: Which Woman Has He Taken a Liking to Again?

Annie Anne blinked, about to stand and greet them, but her hand was held tightly by Oliver Hudson.

"Damn, Oliver Hudson, you're quite the bigshot." Harper Gibson raised his eyebrows, his playful tone teasing as he sprawled in his chair with his long legs stretched out.

Oliver Hudson gave a smug smile, patting Annie casually, and replied in a nonchalant manner.

"Don't look so shocked. Isn't this usual?"

Harper Gibson, surprised, nearly choked on his water. As he looked up, wanting to respond, Adam Ross beat him to the punch.

"You invited us out on your free day, just to witness you two being lovey-dovey?"

Adam Ross commented lazily, amusement flickering in his eyes.

"We're planning to get back together." Oliver Hudson placed his hand, which was holding Annie's hand, on the table and nonchalantly announced.

"Back together!" Harper Gibson exclaimed, rising to his feet with widened eyes, disbelief evident in his voice.

"Why are you so shocked?" Oliver Hudson cast an impatient glance at Harper Gibson.

In the meantime, he noticed the contemplative look flashing across Harper Gibson's face.

"I..." Harper Gibson scratched his head awkwardly and chuckled a few times, then lazily sank back into his seat.

He refilled his cup with water and took several gulps, quickly changing the subject.

"When is our second brother coming over? I'm starving! Why is he always so slow?"

Justin Battleson saw Charlotte Thompson waiting at traffic lights in the distance, and signalled Michael Richard to drive over.

He rolled down the window of the car and spoke to the woman outside, his tone low and husky.

"Miss Thompson, where are you going? I can give you a ride."

Charlotte Thompson was in the middle of sending a message to Jordan Thompson, asking him to order takeout for their children, when she heard Justin Battleson's voice.

She looked up at Justin and responded patiently, albeit with evident annoyance.

"When I finish work, where I go shouldn't concern Mr. Battleson, right?"

Justin Battleson was momentarily at a loss for words. He responded indifferently, a feign of disinterest passing over his face.

"During work hours, I'm your boss. After hours, I'm an admirer. Miss Thompson, you will give me a chance, won't you?"

Justin stared intently at the woman, noticing a blush spreading across her face at his words.

"I don't want to give you a chance."

Charlotte Thompson shot Justin Battleson a cold glance. Seeing the light turn green, she proudly walked off in her high heels.

If it were not for her car having broken down so unexpectedly, she wouldn't have had to wait tediously at the red light.

Upon opening the door of the private room, Justin Battleson saw Harper Gibson's disgruntled expression.

"What is it? Fallen for another woman?"

Justin Battleson arched a brow at Harper Gibson, then turned his gaze to the seemingly inseparable Annie Anne and Oliver Hudson.

"Today, I'm not the main character here. Harper, tell our second brother what you just told us." Harper Gibson gave Justin Battleson an annoyed glance.

"I already know." Justin Battleson seated himself and nodded politely towards Annie Anne.

"Since everyone is here, let's eat... Waiter..." Harper Gibson looked around the group, about to call for the waiter with an excited tone.

"Wait a moment." Annie Anne spoke gently, causing a puzzled Harper Gibson to look at her as doubt veiled his thoughts about her choice.

"Could Mr. Gibson wait a little while longer?" Annie Anne opened softly with her eyes curved into a sweet smile.

Harper Gibson glanced at Oliver Hudson, who was looking at Annie with a gentle expression, and couldn't help asking.

"What's wrong, Miss Anne? Is there a problem?"

"I have a friend who's on the way. Can Mr. Gibson wait for a while?" Annie Anne asked in a gracious and poised manner. Meanwhile, she gripped the corner of Oliver Hudson's clothes and gave him a wink.