

Spoiled 401

Chapter 401: Not a Good Guy

Inside the office, Justin stood before the window, his shadow stretched out long by the intense sunlight.

After an unknown period, he extinguished the cigarette in his hand. His facial features cast a shadow in the sunlight, making him look exceptionally dejected.

He tilted his head slightly, squinting out the window.

This angle was a fantastic spot to appreciate the panoramic view of the entire city, overlooking the bustling traffic on the highway below and the large scrolling screens displaying advertisements in the building across.

Justin lowered his gaze, with a hint of bitterness stirring within him.

"When the answer is irrelevant, it's an answer nonetheless."

So, does Charlotte really only like Adam?

Justin rubbed his brow, his eyes slightly brooding, exuding a deep and unique aura.

After a while, he trudged back to his office chair, seemingly having made some decision within.

Being overbearing wasn't his style. Since Charlotte already had someone she liked...

He'd just be a passerby, and that's all.

...

On the other hand, Charlotte was about to take a taxi home after work when she glanced at the time.

After pondering for a few seconds, she took out her phone from her bag, skillfully searched for a number and prepared to make a call.

Just as Jack Bryant was preparing to go out, he received her call.

"Miss Thompson."

Charlotte nodded subtly, and asked, "Are you at the hotel now?"

At these words, Jack Bryant looked back at the large BK Hotel sign behind him, paused slightly, and answered, "Yes, what's up?"

"Good." Charlotte looked at her watch and said softly, "There's still time. Go find Chad and Jack, and bring them over. I have something to do with them."

After speaking, she didn't forget to remind him, "I am waiting for you at the company door."

Upon hearing this, Jack Bryant didn't ask any more questions. After hanging up, he turned and walked into the hotel, just bumping into Liam Bryant who was walking towards him, buttoning up his suit.

Seeing him walking back, Liam asked in confusion, "Not leaving?"

"Miss Thompson has something for me to do." Jack handed the other key to him, raised an eyebrow, and joked, "If you can't wait, you can drive the car in the underground garage first. I will be there soon."

Liam deftly caught the key, grinned, showing a mouthful of white teeth, and happily responded, "Okay."

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Inside the hotel room, Jack Bryant pushed the door open and was somewhat confused to see a few children sitting neatly.

"What are you all doing here?"

Hank Thompson was a little panicked, stammering as if he'd been caught doing something wrong, "No... nothing! Uncle Jack, do you need something?"

Jack didn't think much, just pointed at Chad, then at Jack Thompson, and said, "I just received a call from your mom, asking me to take Master Chad Thompson and Master Jack Thompson on an errand. It seems to be urgent."

Hearing this, several children looked at each other, understanding evident in their eyes.

Hank Thompson was somewhat nervous. He moved next to Jack Thompson and whispered in his ear.

"Jack, when you meet that man later, don't be scared, show him your might first..."

Before he could finish, Cyrus Thompson grabbed him and gestured a nod to Jack Thompson, smiling, "Jack, there's nothing to worry about, you guys go ahead."

Only then did Jack Thompson stand up and follow Chad out of the room.

Inside the room, Hank Thompson adjusted his back collar in distress and grumbled quietly, "Am I not afraid of Jack and Chad being wronged? Besides, that man doesn't look like a good guy."

Chapter 402: Meeting with Biological Father

Cyrus Thompson heard him clearly, glanced sideways at Hank Thompson, and said nonchalantly, "What do you know?"

Hearing his own older brother confront him like this, Hank immediately became timid.

He touched his nose sulkily and sat down to play with Lego blocks with Grace Thompson to hide his awkwardness.

Olivia Thompson, who likes to nap, was now lying in bed asleep.

In less than half an hour, Jack Bryant stopped the car at the entrance of the Riley Group. Seeing this, Charlotte Thompson opened the door on the passenger's side and got in. As the car started again, she fastened her seatbelt and took out her phone from her bag. After looking for a while, she finally found Adam Ross' number.

Upon making the call, Adam answered almost immediately.

"Miss Thompson, have you changed your mind?"

It was Adam Ross's annoying tone again on the other end of the phone call.

Charlotte Thompson was in no mood for pleasantries right now.

She turned her head, smiled at the two children in the back seat, and then spoke into the phone.

"I'll send you the address later. If you want to see them, come in half an hour. If you're even a minute late, don't bother."

Upon hearing this, Adam Ross's breath hitched. He obviously knew who the "they" Charlotte Thompson was referring to.

He paused to catch his breath, feeling slightly unusual.

By the time he regained his composure, Charlotte Thompson had already hung up the phone.

He decisively stood up from his chair, grabbed his suit jacket, and quickly walked out of the building.

Half an hour later, inside a coffee shop.

Adam Ross walked in right on time, but by the time he had settled in his seat, he was still a little out of breath.

Charlotte Thompson took her time sipping her coffee, she was quite surprised to see Adam looking so flustered.

She put down her cup and with a smirk she couldn't contain, she said, "Mr. Ross, were you so worried that if you were a minute late, I wouldn't let you see the children?"

She paused, looking as Adam Ross's gaze slowly fell on both the kids.

The man's throat tightened, his fingers which were resting on the chair armrest curled slightly, the knuckles turning white, his beautifully elegant hands were slightly trembling.

His eyes were filled with waves of shock he could not suppress.

Despite preparing himself adequately before coming here.

But the moment he saw the two kids, his heart was beaten by a storm.

Both children looked so much like him, whether it was their eyebrows, eyes, or certain features on their faces.

Even the unique aura they exuded seemed to have been carved out of him.

In contrast, the two kids had their eyes down and did not look at him.

Adam Ross looked a bit dazed.

Watching his reaction, Charlotte Thompson shook her head and sighed. She suddenly felt that Adam Ross was both pitiable and pathetic.

If he knew he'd end up here, what was the point of everything he did in the past?

Could the love the children lacked be made up overnight?

Charlotte Thompson pointed to Chad Thompson and said softly, "This is Chad, he is a bit more serious."

Chad slightly frowned and finally raised his head. He glanced at Adam Ross, his eyes full of alienation and even a hint of doubt.

After introducing the two children, Charlotte Thompson signaled Adam Ross with her eyes for him to talk to them.

Adam Ross was somewhat in a daze as he observed the features of the two children in detail. Suddenly, something seemed to have harshly hit the softest part of his heart.

Even Charlotte Thompson, who sat opposite him, felt as if a gentle light suddenly enveloped Adam Ross.

Charlotte Thompson moved her fingers that were resting on her lap slightly, letting out a sigh of emotion.

If these two children had been raised by his side, then perhaps Adam Ross would not be so cold-hearted and indifferent today!

Chapter 403: Cold-Blooded Father

Adam Ross pondered for a long while, not knowing how to start.

Charlotte Thompson was quite helpless.

She had done everything she was supposed to do. How could Adam Ross still be so unreliable?

When Charlotte Thompson cast him a suggestive glance for the umpteenth time, Adam Ross gently coughed a few times and finally started to speak.

His voice was soft, but terribly rigid.

"How old are you two... this year?"

Upon hearing this, the two children looked at him in surprise.

Firmly pressing their small mouths into a straight line, they didn't respond but simply watched him with equally wary and distant expressions.

At these words, Charlotte Thompson's mouth twitched slightly, and two lines of worry crossed her forehead.

Turns out this guy really is an odd one.

Usually, when a father and son are reunited, the father, with teary eyes, gazes at his child and speaks of the suffering and longing endured over the years, finally collapsing into tears, to a satisfactory conclusion.

What about him?

What does asking the children's ages mean?

Charlotte Thompson rubbed her forehead, her face full of helplessness.

She couldn't blame him, though.

She cleared her throat lightly, picking up the conversation: "They're almost five years old. The two children are very well-behaved, usually very good, but their personalities are a little introverted."

Charlotte Thompson's voice softened, trying to remind Adam Ross how to speak.

However, when he heard the words "introverted temperament", his eyes trembled fiercely, and an indescribable emotion spread in his eyes.

He tightly clenched his right hand into a fist under the table, trying to find another topic of conversation.

"Right, Chad, isn't it? What do you like to eat? I'll have someone prepare it for you later. And, uh... Jack, you two tell me what you both like. Anything you want that can be bought in the world, I can give it to you."

Upon hearing this, Chad Thompson slightly lowered his gaze, subtly turned his head to glance at Charlotte, holding back his words.

Having lived with Charlotte for so many years, she knew what Chad wanted to say.

Adam Ross didn't understand what the children truly wanted - a love that can't be bought or measured in money.

The man's somewhat nervous voice fell, and just as Charlotte thought they were about to face another awkward silence, a crisp and firm childish voice pierced the ears of everyone present.

"We don't want anything. We want to ask you if that rumor on the internet about Mr. Ross of the Ross Group... chopping off people's fingers, is it true?"

Charlotte Thompson looked in surprise to her left; Jack showed no expression on his face.

But on closer inspection, you could see his slightly trembling lips and the hint of red in his eyes.

As soon as his words fell, Adam Ross's heart skipped a beat.

He subconsciously lifted his head to look at Jack, his lips moved, but he caught his words.

The piercing gaze of Jack and Chad were fixated on him, eager to know the answer.

Yes or no?

Adam Ross's heart beat furiously.

For the first time in so many years, he felt flustered and scared.

Even several years ago when he sat alone in a conference room, blocking a financial storm for the entire group, he never felt the panic he was feeling now under the media and public speculation.

However, facing these two not-yet-five-year-old children, with eyes so similar to his own, clean as if they've never experienced worldly affairs,

they just sat in front of him, asking him for an answer.

Adam Ross admitted that he was indeed panicked.

After a few seconds, he slightly lowered his head, his eyelashes casting a shadow onto his eyes, and asked in a low voice, "How did you find out?"

This incident from years ago couldn't be found on the internet.

The light in Jack's eyes dimmed bit by bit as Chad closed his eyes, feeling a bitter sting. He uttered, word by word, "So, you admit it, don't you?"

Admit his ruthless past, admit that he was a cold-blooded father.

Chapter 404 Love for Family, Is a Priceless Treasure.

Jack Thompson could no longer hold back his tears, which fell down like rain while he cursed vehemently.

"You're not our father, you're a big bad guy... wu... big bad guy."

Adam Ross opened his mouth to speak, but was interrupted by Charlotte Thompson. She leaned over to take two tissues from the table and gently wiped the tears from Jack's face.

She smiled helplessly, "No matter where you guys heard about it from, I promise, the story about chopping off someone's fingers is absolutely a rumour, nothing more."

Chad Thompson turned to look at her, his eyes slightly red, he tried to ask tentatively, "Mommy, is what you said true?"

"It's true, baby," Charlotte looked at him seriously and said, "I've known him for many years. Although he may be unkind and sometimes unreasonable, I need you to believe this is just a false rumour."

Her words were a mix of truth and falsehood, but Chad believed her, so he calmed down, a small curve emerging at the corner of his mouth.

Jack finally stopped crying, and Charlotte swiftly said to Chad, "Go wash your faces in the restroom, it's uncomfortable with your wet faces."

Hearing this, Chad briskly nodded, got off his chair, and led Jack to the restroom.

Watching the two children walk away, Charlotte leisurely sipped her coffee. The man across the table finally raised his head and looked at her seriously for a moment, before he awkwardly spoke.

"Thank you."

"I'm not covering for you in order to hear your thank you." Charlotte put down the cup and looked directly at the man in front of her.

What Jack had said earlier was also partially true.

Back in the days when she was working at the Blue Tone Club, who didn't know about Adam Ross?

Just mentioning his name would instantly associate him with being ruthless and brutal.

She continued, "I'm helping you because I don't want my son, who I've raised for so many years, to be heartbroken. Imagine expecting a father for so long, only to find out he's this kind of person. How would you feel if it were you?"

She laughed lightly and said, "I know that Mr. Ross is only interested in securing power and has little understanding of familial affection. But maybe one day you will understand."

Charlotte paused for a moment, leaned forward slightly and whispered, "Familial love is priceless."

Adam Ross held his cup, staring at her in silence.

A few minutes later, the two boys returned, hand in hand.

Jack's eyes were still red, and he looked like a little white bunny. He sniffed and half-heartedly apologized, "I'm sorry, I shouldn't have doubted you."

Chad felt a bit awkward, but he also took a cue from his brother and apologized sounding a bit uncomfortable.

Adam Ross's heart was terribly moved, but still, more than anything, he was overwhelmed with boundless guilt and regret.

Seeing the children finally showing some affection towards Adam Ross, Charlotte breathed a sigh of relief. She smiled at them and sighed internally.

You see, no child genuinely hates their father.

Even if they had never met before.

Night gradually fell. The group of them stood outside the coffee shop, Adam Ross reluctantly looked at the children a few more times before turning to leave in his car.

The evening breeze was cool, but it was gentle and unbelievable. Adam Ross rolled down the window, letting the wind caress his face.

His feelings were a jumble, like a tangled thread knotted together.

The firm beliefs he had held previously fell apart the moment he saw his children.

Taking a deep breath, a suffocating feeling welled up in his chest.

Did he make many mistakes in the past?

Chapter 405: Marrying Adam Ross

Inside Riley Group, in the President's office.

The sky had completely darkened, and the office was brightly lit.

Justin Battleson was looking intently at the documents on the desk, furrowing his brows from time to time.

Suddenly, there was a knock on the door, neither too loud nor too soft, entering his ears with politeness.

Justin lifted his gaze towards the slightly ajar door and leaned back in his chair.

A deep weariness was present in his profound eyes, yet his usual sharpness remained intact.

His assistant walked in. He was a new hire brought on to handle some of Michael Richard's responsibilities.

He was an elegant man, wearing gold-framed glasses and with small curly hairs falling on his forehead.

His eyes were a beautiful amber color, and his slightly curved mouth appeared somewhat invincible.

However, holding files in his hand, you wouldn't be able to spot any aggression.

He placed the file on the office desk and began to explain, "This is the work report for this quarter, I've already sorted it out... However, Mr. Battleson, are you sure you want to read it?"

He had spent hours roughly organizing it.

After all, it was not just some small company. Even one month's report would be massively extensive, let alone a quarter's.

Hearing this, Justin slowly looked down at the report. He took a moment, and then hummed in acknowledgment.

Then he pulled out a red pen from the pen holder and marked few points on the file.

After a few seconds, he looked up at the man standing in front of him, a slight frown on his brow, "Isn't it time to get off work already? Why haven't you left?"

Hearing this, the assistant glanced at him and thought, aren't you still here too?

However, after thinking for a few seconds, he stood upright and said somewhat seriously, "Mr Battleson, there's something I'm unsure if I should mention."

Justin, growing impatient, said, "Speak."

Hearing this, the assistant hesitated for a few seconds, then slowly began, "I went to a coffee shop to meet a client today, and saw a few familiar faces by chance."

Knowing Miss Charlotte's relationship with Justin, he spoke word by word, watching Justin's expression.

"Miss Charlotte, Mr. Ross, and two kids were in the coffee shop, and I managed to get a good look at the children."

The assistant sighed slightly and continued, "The kids look exactly like Mr. Ross, they could be considered miniature versions of him."

As his words fell, the air became silent, and Justin's expression remained unchanged.

However, his hand uncontrollably gripped the pen, marking a heavy line on the white paper printed with black text.

The red ink nearly soaked through the paper.

The assistant opened his mouth, taken aback, "Mr. Battleson...?"

Realizing his loss of composure, Justin expressionlessly switched to another document.

But even so, he couldn't hide the gloom on his face.

"I understand. You can leave now."

Upon hearing this, the assistant, still somewhat puzzled, left the room.

Justin leaned back in his office chair, gripping the armrests with increasing force.

Charlotte, taking the kids, had met Adam Ross.

When anyone saw, would they not think of them as a perfect and warm family of four?

Justin's eyes turned a frightening shade of red, filled with rage that almost completely overpowered his rationality, accompanied by a rising sense of helplessness from the bottom of his heart.

Indeed, he was powerless against Charlotte's choices.

He didn't even have a chance to make amends.

Charlotte had raised Adam Ross's children for more than four years, and getting engaged to Adam... wasn't something to be surprised about.

Chapter 406: To See You

Justin Battleson's fingers turned pale at the knuckles.

He closed his eyes in agony, and it wasn't until almost 15 minutes later that he managed to extricate himself from the nightmare-like thoughts.

He reproached himself for being a moment too late.

If he hadn't agreed to the divorce, Sophie Allen wouldn't have had to depart all alone.

Even realizing that she had now become the so-called Miss Thompson, Charlotte Thompson, Justin Battleson couldn't quell the discomfort in his heart.

If there hadn't been a divorce in the first place, Adam Ross's child would never have met Charlotte, and Charlotte would never have adopted them.

But now, everything was too late.

Justin Battleson picked up a glass of red wine from the table and downed it in one gulp.

Inside Mr. Battleson's office, the lights were on all night. Outside was a flurry of noise. Bright lights were flashing in various bars and hotels, further highlighting the loneliness within.

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The next day.

After commenting on and recording all the work reports, Justin Battleson capped his pen and stood up from his office chair.

There was a faint dark circle under his eyes, and his whole body was permeated with a sense of fatigue that was bottomless.

As he arranged the documents to be distributed on the table, he massaged his temples and headed out.

By the time he sat in the driver's seat, he had an intense headache. It was as if countless hammers were hitting his brain without any rhythm.

He closed the car door, tolerating the pain, but his vision was still dizzy.

After starting the car, he smoothly drove out of the parking lot.

It was now working hours, and there were hardly any pedestrians and vehicles at the intersections closer to the company. Justin Battleson squinted at the road ahead while keeping the car moving fast.

By coincidence, a child suddenly appeared from nowhere just as he turned the first corner, standing directly in his path.

Justin Battleson's heart throbbed violently. He instinctively stomped on the brakes, but due to inertia, the front of the car still brushed against the child's body.

The child was knocked down but quickly sat up, using his hands to push against the ground. He was wearing a T-shirt, and his unprotected arm was slightly scraped from scraping against the ground.

Justin Battleson scowled, bringing the car to a stop, and unbuckled his seatbelt to get out of the car.

Seeing the little child sitting upright on the ground, not screaming even with a scrape on his arm, Justin Battleson couldn't help being a bit surprised.

The child was hanging his head low so his facial expressions were unclear, but he seemed to be not crying.

Justin Battleson squatted down, intending to examine the injury, but the child uncooperatively turned his body to the side.

Despite missing his opportunity, Justin Battleson wasn't angered. He slowly stood up, crossing his hands in front of his chest.

This child looked less than five years old, but he had an inexplicably familiar feeling.

"Kid, watch for cars when you're walking, or do you think you have more lives?"

He paused, turned back to his car to fetch some band-aids, and then squatted down again.

Ignoring the boy's resistance, he forcefully stuck a band-aid on the child's wound.

Justin Battleson pulled the child to his feet and said in a detached manner, "Are there any other injuries? This is just a scrape. Just cover it with a band-aid for now, and I'll take you to the hospital."

"Kid, did you hear..."

Before he could finish his sentence, the little rascal in front of him finally lifted his head.

His face still carried a bit of youthful innocence, but at first glance, his delicate features bore some resemblance to Justin Battleson's.

Justin Battleson was stunned, his breathing halted. He stammered with disbelief, "Are you..."

"I came here specifically to find you." The boy was indeed Cyrus Thompson. "I deliberately ran in front of your car, just to get a chance to meet you."

"Meet me?" Justin Battleson inquired with surprise.

"I've come to see you before, but you wouldn't see me, so I had no choice but to resort to this method." Cyrus nodded and admitted.

Chapter 407: We Look Very Similar

Justin Battleson lowered his gaze to the boy in front of him.

His face, eerily similar to Justin's, was masked with an earnestness that seemed far beyond his years.

Cyrus Thompson kept his head down, refusing to meet the gaze of the man before him.

It was as if all the noise around him had subsided, leaving only the sound of Justin's heart, pounding like a drum.

Justin had to admit he had seen a mirror image of his childhood self when he first looked at Cyrus.

His eyes were steady, his demeanor cold, and his face displayed an aloof disposition.

"You said you've looked for me before?"

Justin's voice was slightly hoarse, his eyes filled with curiosity as he carefully scrutinized the boy before him.

He pondered past events and could recall that several children had indeed sought him out, claiming he was their father.

At that time, he had simply sent them to the police station. It was Charlotte Thompson who intervened, stating that she would escort them there.

And then...

Justin snapped back to reality, staring at the boy with a touch of curiosity.

"Are you a relative of Charlotte Thompson?"

Justin crouched down to level his gaze with the boy's, but noticed that he was stubbornly turning his face away, seemingly unwilling to look at Justin.

Justin's eyes narrowed slightly, a hint of a smile at his lips. He found the boy rather interesting.

He reached out, cupping the boy's chin gently, his voice unexpectedly becoming softer.

"Why aren't you speaking, is something wrong?"

Justin thought of Charlotte's alluring smile, then glanced at the defiant boy before him.

He felt a growing sense of likeness between the boy and Charlotte.

Cyrus, keeping his head low, felt a pang in his heart upon hearing Justin's words.

He furrowed his eyebrows, not knowing if it was a speck of dust in his eye, but it turned moist, almost on the verge of shedding tears.

Cyrus took a deep breath, swallowed his impending tears, and forced a smile. Slowly, he lifted his gaze.

Upon meeting Justin's deep, soulful eyes, he suddenly asked a question.

"Don't you think we look alike?"

The unexpected question left Justin startled, a look of bewilderment flashing across his distinctively chiseled face. He didn't know what to say.

The surprise on Justin's face made Cyrus feel a sense of irony.

Cyrus made a deliberate effort to wipe away his tears, the sticky sensation making him feel absurd.

"What's the matter? You've been peppering me with questions, and now you're thrown off by a single question of mine?"

Cyrus responded deftly, staring up at Justin; it seems he was trying to voice all the complaints he had bottled up inside.

Little did he know that Justin, who seemed to be lost in his thoughts, was grappling with an inner turmoil.

Lost in his past, Justin could only remember being involved with Evelyn Curtis and no other woman.

And Evelyn had always been active in the entertainment circle, showing no signs of ever being pregnant.

Yet, as Justin fixed his gaze on the boy in front of him, his eyes reflected his panic.

He squinted his eyes, his thin lips slightly pursed.

He couldn't deny that this child looked very much like him, as if they were indeed cut from the same cloth.

Chapter 408: You are just a heartless bastard.

But Evelyn Curtis had never been pregnant. If this child was really his, where might he have come from?

Justin Battleson was at a loss, he only thought this child might be joking.

There are many who may look alike in this world.

"Kid, you indeed look a lot like me, but I've never had a child."

Justin Battleson said that because he wanted to understand the situation. Right now, his mind was in turmoil, totally unable to sort his thoughts.

However, he felt that this child held the answers he sought, like a kite's string, gradually leading him towards the truth.

"No child?" Cyrus Thompson let out a cold laugh, and clenched his fist tightly.

He lifted his head, his youthful face hardened, his eyes full of irony.

"Alright then, you tell me who your mother is, and why you want to find me."

Justin Battleson was stung by Cyrus' gaze, instinctively softening his tone, filled with a spirit of compromise.

He looked at the boy in front of him, trying to find the answer he wanted in his eyes.

But Cyrus didn't want to speak, he suddenly felt ridiculous.

What was the purpose of coming to see Justin Battleson? For a moment, even he was unsure.

Justin Battleson noticed the boy's resistance, he hooked the corner of his lips, his eyes more probing, softly pushing for the truth.

"You came to find me because you think we look alike, so you thought I might be your father?"

The words had just left his mouth when Cyrus quickly lifted his head, looking at Justin Battleson in surprise.

He was a precocious teenager, unlike Justin Battleson, who understood many things after many years of hardships, and was adept at reading people.

Now, the words of Justin Battleson struck Cyrus' heart, allowing Justin Battleson to feel he had found a breakthrough.

"Did I hit the mark?" Justin Battleson's thin lips curled, his face full of deep implications, his eyes profound, his tone even more beguiling, taking Cyrus off guard.

"You are nothing but a callous bastard."

Cyrus spat out these words fiercely and pushed Justin Battleson away.

Justin Battleson, unprepared for this, instinctively leaned back.

Michael Richard, not far away, immediately took a large step forward and steadied Justin Battleson.

Cyrus expertly dodged the pursuit of several people behind him.

His visit today was well prepared, and he would not have taken such a risk if he simply wanted to see Justin Battleson again.

Cyrus was hiding behind a large pillar in the square, watching the bodyguards chasing someone similar to him dressed the same way running towards the other side.

Only then did Cyrus slowly come out, looking at the image of Justin Battleson sent by a drone.

Justin Battleson arranged for Michael Richard by his side to investigate this matter and insisted on finding the boy just now.

Listening to their conversation, Cyrus couldn't help but sneer.

So desperate to find him, what could be the reason?

The scorching midday light bathed the entire square with heat. Cyrus, dressed in a white long-sleeved shirt, adeptly put on a baseball cap, discarded the clothes he had been wearing on the ground, and left.

The bodyguards chased the figure around the square for three full rounds before they finally caught him.

The bodyguard pulled the child over, and upon closer inspection, discovered it wasn't the same boy.

"Who are you? Who told you to run?"

Chapter 409 Identical

The child helplessly looked at the bodyguard, his tone filled with anxiety.

"I'm an athlete, I didn't want to run, but you kept chasing me."

"Sorry, Mr. Battleson, we lost him. The kid got away."

Michael Richard looked at the man standing in front of him, his face full of regret.

Justin Battleson's handsome face under the black suit suddenly turned gloomy, his eyes scanning Michael Richard like a hawk.

"Send people out to find me that child, no matter what."

Justin's voice echoed clearly as he couldn't stop recalling the child's features in his mind.

It was too similar, and yet, he didn't have a child. How could such a similar person exist in this world?

Could someone be deliberately getting close to him through this child?

Justin shook his head, dismissing his own thoughts. By logic, it shouldn't be the case.

The child's gaze was firm when he looked at him but carried a hint of surprise.

Even though that surprise was well-hidden, Justin still caught a subtle expression in that flicker of his eyes.

Then, it was highly likely that...

Charlotte Thompson's face suddenly appeared in Justin's mind. He turned to face Michael Richard and whispered softly.

"Investigate Charlotte Thompson."

Michael Richard, who was issuing instructions, suddenly paused, a little puzzled as he looked at the man before him. Seeing Justin's firm gaze, as if he had found a clue, Michael nodded to the bodyguard.

"Michael Richard."

Justin Battleson's voice was very low, and there was a sense of disbelief in his words. He stared at Michael Richard with a deep gaze, which made Richard feel strange.

"What's the matter, Mr. Battleson?"

"Do you believe that there are people who look exactly the same in this world?"

A sense of doubt appeared in Michael Richard's eyes. Regarding this question, he didn't know how to answer at once.

However, seeing the confusion on Justin's face, he thought for a while and gave an answer.

"Scientifically, the likelihood is small, but there's something in this world called fate, and anything is possible when it comes to fate."

After hearing his words, Justin Battleson looked up towards the sun not far away. Under the warm sun, everything seemed to be illuminated, and it made him think a bit more.

Charlotte Thompson, Chad, and Jack returned to the hotel. After their meeting with Adam Ross today, a gloom had cast over the faces of Chad and Jack, the usually quiet pair, unlike their playful brother, Hank.

"Later, would you guys like mommy to take you for some good food?"

Charlotte's gentle tone as she crouched down and gently mussed their heads, her eyes curved in an attempt to cheer the kids up.

Chad did not respond, he just quietly nodded, while Jack held onto the hem of Charlotte's clothes, following her into the elevator.

Chad looked at the increasing numbers on the elevator, then turned to look at Jack.

Jack gave him a nod, and only then did Chad hesitantly face Charlotte, slowly voicing his question.

"Mommy, will you abandon us?"

The milky voice of the child was heartbreaking, causing a sour feeling in Charlotte's heart.

She squatted down, patting Chad's little head, with her voice soft and tones filled with an unusual tenderness.

"No, mommy will never abandon you. When mommy took you to meet that man, it was because he is your biological father."

Chapter 410: Where Did It Go?

"And mommy will never abandon you just because they are your biological fathers. If you want to stay with mommy, mommy will be with you forever."

Chad Thompson nodded, reached out to wipe the teardrops at the corner of Charlotte's eye, and spoke in a soft voice.

"Mommy, my brother and I will always be with you."

Charlotte curled up her lips and embraced the two children.

She led them back to their room.

Jordan Thompson had to go out today, she thought the children were quite familiar with the place now, so she didn't restrict their movement.

"Darlings, mommy is back."

Upon hearing Charlotte's voice, Hank Thompson immediately jumped up from the sofa and rushed to hug her. He acted as if it had been a long time since he last saw her.

Charlotte smiled helplessly, pinched Hank's little face, and questioned quietly.

"What's the matter? Are you hungry again?"

Hank shook his head obstinately and said cleverly,

"I miss you, mommy."

Charlotte couldn't help raising her eyebrows, squatted down to look at Hank's innocent face.

He had attractive eyes, peach blossom eyes are clear and bright, when he smiles, it feels like all the peach blossoms in the world are blooming in his heart.

"Admit it honestly, did you do something naughty?"

Hank quickly shook his head, yet his guilty expression betrayed him.

"No, I just... just..."

Hank suddenly remembered the instructions Cyrus Thompson gave him before leaving, and immediately spoke up.

"I just thought that the short time apart from you felt incredibly long. Uncle is not home, and I don't have anyone to play blocks with."

As Charlotte watched Hank earnestly explaining himself, she couldn't help but chuckle. She tweaked Hank's little nose and asked,

"Where's your big brother?"

Hank's heart throbbed, his eyes flickered, and his heartbeat quickened.

"Big brother... he has to accompany Grace, mommy, you know that when Grace plays games, she only wants her big brother. Not even Sister Olivia."

Charlotte laughed helplessly at this, these children, each one of them was harder to take care of than the last.

"Okay then, your little brothers are hungry. Mommy will take you all to eat, then mommy will play blocks with you when we get back, okay?"

Upon hearing that they were going to eat, Hank wanted to agree reflexively, but then immediately recovered and quickly shook his head, speaking up in a wronged voice.

"Mommy, there are sandwiches in the fridge. Chad and Jack love them, you can just heat up those sandwiches for them to eat first. Let's go eat after I play a little more, I haven't played blocks for a long time, mommy, please stay with me."

Charlotte couldn't handle Hank's coaxing, but remembering what had happened with Chad and Jack today, she shook her head at Hank.

"No darling, your brothers are hungry. We are going to take your little brothers and sister to eat first then come back to play ok? Mommy will buy you a new Lego and play with you together tonight ok?"

Just as Hank was about to refuse and continue to act spoiled, Charlotte didn't give him the chance. She walked straight into Grace Thompson's room, intending to call out Cyrus and Grace together.

But, upon opening the door, Charlotte found that in the large room, only Grace was curled up under the quilt, shaking with cold even through the covers.

A touch of surprise flickered in Charlotte's eyes, she quickly walked over and lifted up Grace's quilt, then asked in a somewhat stern tone.

"Where did Cyrus go?"