

Spoiled 411

Chapter 411: Where are those two kids?

"Where has Cyrus gone?"

Charlotte's face suddenly turned icy cold. She stared straight at the distracted Hank in front of her, then shifted her gaze to Grace, who was picking at her fingers, her voice chilly as she asked.

"Big Brother...he...he..."

"What happened to him?" Charlotte forcefully interrupted Hank's stammering.

"I went out." Cyrus's cool voice suddenly echoed in the room. His face expressionless, he stood at the doorway, his thin lips pressed into a line. A hint of bitterness flashed in his eyes.

Charlotte turned her head towards Cyrus standing at the entrance, lowering his head. Her eyes held more curiosity. She walked straight towards Cyrus, squatted down, looked directly into Cyrus' eyes, her tone somewhat indifferent.

"Where did you go?"

With his head low, Cyrus seemed reluctant to speak. He stubbornly turned his face away, looking elsewhere.

"I went out for a bit."

Cyrus's voice was low. As soon as he finished speaking, he raised his head to look at the woman in front of him, Charlotte. Seeing a faint tear in his eye, she was left speechless, unsure of what to say.

"Where did you go without informing me?"

Even though her words were harsh, Charlotte's tone softened. She reached out and patted Cyrus's little head.

"I just went out for a bit." Cyrus turned his head away awkwardly. Feeling wronged, he stared into the distance as tears welled up in his eyes.

The originally stern Charlotte felt a softening in her heart. She extended her hand and pinched Cyrus's small cheek, her tone softened.

"Why are you crying? I haven't scolded you yet."

Cyrus, feeling wronged, didn't want to say anything. His face portrayed the bitterness he felt, as if someone had twisted his heart into a knot.

"All right, all right. Seeing you this way, I thought you'd done something wrong."

Charlotte couldn't help but smile. She extended her hand and pinched Cyrus's small cheek. Cyrus, usually calm and self-disciplined, rarely lost his temper, let alone losing control of his emotions like today.

Cyrus nodded but didn't say another word. He looked at Charlotte before him and reached out to grab the corner of her clothes.

Charlotte's heart melted at his gesture. She helplessly patted Cyrus's little head and chuckled quietly.

"All right, all right."

Hank, seeing a smile on Charlotte's face, hurriedly shuffled closer, beaming as he embraced her.

"Mommy, I want a hug too."

The remaining children followed suit and rushed up, embracing Charlotte.

Charlotte chuckled and gathered them all in her arms.

A warm atmosphere filled the large room.

"Mr. Battleson, Miss Thompson headed to BK Hotel."

Michael read the message on his phone. He looked up at Justin Battleson subconsciously and relayed the information in a soft voice.

"She returned to BK Hotel?" Justin's eyes darkened, and his slender fingers rested unconsciously on the marble table.

His stern face seemed lost in thought, his thin lips slightly pursed, and a flicker of uncertainty shone in his attractive eyes.

"And the two kids?"

Justin asked coolly. He turned sideways; the sunlight fell on his face, lending him a warm glow.

His eyes, however, betrayed a cold severity. His nonchalant voice echoed slowly in the room, carrying an enigmatic charm.

"The kids returned to the hotel with Miss Thompson."

Chapter 412: It's His Child

Michael Richard continued to speak, Justin Battleson subconsciously nodded his head, as if an idea had crossed his mind, and he looked at Richard with raised eyebrows.

"Keep investigating, we must find the child's whereabouts, no matter what, no matter what connections you use, you must find him for me."

Michael Richard nodded and left with the file.

Justin Battleson's gaze deeply lingered on the scenery nearby, already sinking in the twilight.

The dusk scene was still charming, afterglow on the river's surface, appearing extremely relaxed and comfortable, and seemingly softened amidst the dense steel jungle.

He strangely thought of Charlotte Thompson's pretty face, and her light scent of rose water. It seemed to him he has not noticed it for a long time and for a moment found it hard to suppress his longing.

He didn't know why, but he always felt that Charlotte gave him a sense of familiarity as if he had met her many years ago.

As for that child...

That child, who resembled him so much, was stubborn; his eyes even seemed deeply thoughtful.

Whether it was their appearances, expressions or any other aspect, they were so alike.

It felt as if the boy was his son.

If that was the case, could Charlotte have given birth to his child?

As this thought crossed his mind, for some reason, battles Justin Battleson felt relieved, and he gently sighed.

If that boy were his son, it wouldn't be bad; he was clever and had an unparalleled calmness and composure. He was stubborn yet practical.

"Charlotte..." Justin Battleson softly whispered her name.

Like the most enchanting spell in the world, it slowly opened up his heart, leaving him bewitched.

He thought of when Charlotte had previously asked him about the resort hotel incident.

Although he woke up seeing Evelyn Curtis's face, from the beginning, the person who gave him that feeling was always Charlotte.

Whether it was aura, breath, smell, sense, what Charlotte provided him was always different from Evelyn Curtis.

Could it have been Charlotte that night?

This idea flickered like fireworks in Justin Battleson's mind; his hand unconsciously clenched into a fist while a shadow of thought passed his eyes.

"Michael Richard."

Justin Battleson exited his office. He glanced at Michael Richard standing up and spoke softly.

"What business do I have this afternoon?"

Michael Richard flipped open his notebook and calmly started to speak.

"At two in the afternoon, you have a meeting with the director of Ze Lin Group to discuss business cooperation, at four you have a video conference with the Crunridge branch office, at six the internal meeting of Hebei board of directors..."

Justin Battleson furrowed his dark eyebrows and spoke in a clear voice.

"Call them all off."

Michael Richard's hand, which had been taking notes, paused. He unconsciously wanted to ask something.

But when his gaze met Justin Battleson's face, he swallowed his words.

"Yes, Mr. Battleson."

Justin Battleson called off all his work.

The only thing on his mind right now was to ask Charlotte whether it was him with her at the resort hotel that night.

Even though the answer seems to gradually take form, like a vague silhouette, his heart seemed to throb as if confirming something.

Justin Battleson's face was rarely excited as he skillfully drove the car out of the underground garage.

Seeing the crowd passing by, he seemed a bit absent-minded for a moment.

He remembered the way to the BK Hotel very clearly and kept moving forward according to the route.

Unconsciously, he felt as if he could see Charlotte's charming and smiling face in the next second.

It was as if he was gradually peeling back the layers, like unwrapping candy, and his heart couldn't help but thrill with anticipation for the answer he sought.

Chapter 413: Taking Back the Child Custody Rights

After coaxing the children to sleep, Charlotte Thompson sat at her desk, looking at the documents in front of her.

The recent unusual behaviour of Cyrus had puzzled her. She couldn't figure out why.

Seeing the children sleep soundly, she instructed Jack Bryant to stand guard at the door to prevent anyone from coming in.

By the time Justin Battleson arrived, it was dusk, the clouds dyed pink, appearing quite beautiful.

"I want to see Charlotte."

Seeing Jack Bryant, who stood at the door like a guardian deity, Justin's face darkened a bit, and his eyes revealed impatience.

"I'm sorry, Miss Thompson is busy and can't see anyone right now."

Justin Battleson's face darkened. He fixed a look at the man in front of him, as if remembering something, he smirked.

"I am her boss, keeping me waiting won't do you any good."

Jack Bryant turned a deaf ear to his words, looking off into the distance, as if he didn't wish to see Justin Battleson at all. Justin Battleson's face showed signs of impatience. His eyebrows knitted together, lips slightly pursed.

"I'm sorry, even being her father won't help."

Justin Battleson's eyes narrowed, seemingly angered by his words. A wave of rage rose in his chest. He clenched his hand into a fist.

"I'll give you one more chance. Think carefully about how you want to address me."

Jack Bryant was usually obedient to Charlotte's instructions. He took no heed of Justin Battleson's provocation.

"I'm sorry, you should leave."

Justin Battleson's face darkened, his voice cold and detached.

"Please tell Charlotte. If she refuses to see me, I have many ways to make her do so, including taking back custody of the children."

Justin Battleson's eyes turned darker, his voice like the slow draw of a cello, carrying a hue of provocation.

Jack Bryant felt a flash of anxiety. Knowing Charlotte's affection for the children, he went into the room to inform her.

"What did you say?"

Charlotte Thompson's face showed signs of worry. Her beautiful eyebrows revealed restlessness. She clutched the pen in her hands tightly.

Jack Bryant repeated Justin's words, and a wave of uneasiness crossed Charlotte's heart.

She thought of Cyrus's unusual behavior today. Could it be that the person Cyrus went to meet today was Justin Battleson?

Charlotte looked a bit panicked. She quickly grabbed Jack Bryant's hand, asking him to watch the children well, and then she hurriedly went out.

Sure enough, as soon as she opened the door, she saw Justin's handsome face looking casual as ever. Charlotte's eyebrows showed a hint of annoyance, she coldly walked up to Justin Battleson.

"What brings Mr. Battleson here today?"

Justin Battleson's face softened a bit. He slightly lifted his eyebrows, and an unexplained emotion flickered in his eyes.

"I came to see you." His tone carried an inexplicable ambiguity, as if he was deliberately teasing Charlotte, as if teasing a kitten.

"Looking for me?" Charlotte raised an eyebrow, a trace of disdain on her lips,

Her clear and bright eyes stared as if looking at a stranger.

"Mr. Battleson, stop joking. What value could I have that you would come looking for me? I am busy, you should leave."

"Heh..." Justin Battleson's eyes suddenly turned cold. He looked at Charlotte, and his charming voice let out a faint, soft laugh.

Justin Battleson gently stretched out his hand, pinched Charlotte's delicate chin, forcing her to look up at him.

In Charlotte's clear, bright eyes, as innocent as a fawn's, Justin Battleson saw his own face, slightly annoyed.

Chapter 414 Don't Set Your Sights on My Child

"Didn't Jack Bryant just tell you the real reason why I'm here?"

Thinking of what Jack had said just now, Charlotte Thompson grew even more furious. She angrily broke free from Justin Battleson's grip and spoke with a grim expression.

"Listen to me, Justin, don't you dare lay a hand on my children. If you do, you'll pay. If you dare try to take them away, I won't let you off!"

Charlotte's anger, in the eyes of Justin, seemed more like a tiny, cute kitten, albeit one baring its teeth and claws, making him feel amused.

He leaned down, looking straight at the woman before him, and spoke in a clear and icy tone.

"Charlotte, if I didn't say this, would you have avoided seeing me forever?"

An ironic smile flickered on Charlotte's face, her eyes filled with coldness.

"Mr. Battleson, have you misunderstood something? Why would I want to see you?"

However, Justin didn't respond to her question. Instead, he casually asked.

"Were you the one with me that night at the resort hotel?"

Justin's question hit Charlotte like a stone, causing her heart to skip a beat.

Fear, unease, and anger - a wave of mixed emotions spread across her face in an instant.

"What do you mean?"

The tremor in Charlotte's voice made everything clear to Justin. His eyes darkened, his demeanor appearing somewhat indifferent.

"That night at the resort hotel, after being drugged, I accidentally entered the wrong room."

Without him having to continue, Charlotte could already piece together what had happened.

"Are you saying it wasn't Evelyn Curtis who played this trick on me?" Thinking of this, Charlotte felt a sharp pain in her heart, as if something was tearing her emotions apart, revealing secrets she had kept hidden for a long time.

"Why would that be?" Justin frowned, evidently finding it hard to understand why Charlotte would think so.

"I used to think the woman that night was Evelyn. It was only recently that I gradually realized it wasn't her, but you."

"All this while, Evelyn has been pretending to be you in order to get closer to me, for personal gain, be it financial or otherwise."

Justin's voice was calm as he briefly narrated their past to Charlotte, explaining what had happened over the past few years. Only then did Charlotte understand the full story.

It turned out that all along, Evelyn had been pretending to be Charlotte to get closer to Justin and pursue her own ambitions.

A wave of nausea overcame Charlotte. Evelyn was that kind of a person, turning the pain she caused others into her path to success. How could she?

Charlotte began to tremble slightly, tightening her grip on her cell phone, her face clouding over with anger. She opened her mouth to speak, her tone filled with fury.

"Mr. Battleson, now that Evelyn has no connection to you anymore, if I were to take revenge on her, it wouldn't concern you, would it?"

Justin turned to face Charlotte, her usually calm face filled with anger. Her teeth bit into her red lips out of sheer frustration, the faint streak of blood on her lips made his heart ache.

"What are you planning to do?"

"What she deserves, is exactly what I'll do."

Charlotte looked up at the man in front of her, a defiant spark in her eyes.

Justin understood her completely.

"I'm going to take revenge on Evelyn Curtis."

Charlotte's voice was flat, her beautiful face indifferent, but her eyes revealed a certain determination.

Chapter 415: I'll Help You.

She wasn't swayed by hate, but she was filled with rage.

Evelyn Curtis had set her up, tarnished her, and made her wake up from nightmares night after night.

And the person primarily responsible for this was enjoying wealth and glory under her identity.

Charlotte Thompson looked terrible, her pale face full of apparent hate, as if it were threatening to engulf her calm heart.

Her anger was growing hard to restrain and there was a noticeable chill in her eyes.

"I'll help you." Justin Battleson walked up to Charlotte, his eyes filled with concern.

He bent down and extended his arm to embrace her shoulder, speaking in a low tone.

He noticed Charlotte's sudden emotional change, which stirred up ripples in his heart, making him feel heartbroken.

"Mr. Battleson, this matter, I can handle it by myself," Charlotte turned down Justin's offer coldly with a somber expression.

There was a coldness in her eyes, as if the man before her were a beast in a surging storm.

With a nonchalant curl of her lips, Charlotte spoke softly, her voice filled with aloofness.

"Charlotte," Justin Battleson spoke in a gentle tone, he lowered his head and after a long pause, when he looked up there was an added look of pity in his eyes.

"I know that probably the matter..." Justin Battleson halted, understanding the reasons for Charlotte's previous aloofness.

Perhaps in her heart, he was also part of those who had hurt her.

"Mr. Battleson, it would be better for you to mind your own business. There's no need for you to worry or think about my issues. I'm an adult and can take responsibility for myself."

She spoke coldly. How could Charlotte forgive Justin Battleson?

For him, it may only have been a night, but for her, it was a lifelong nightmare.

"You should know; it would be much easier if I help you." Justin Battleson gripped Charlotte's wrist, his hot palm transmitting a remote coolness.

Charlotte grimaced, trying to shake off Justin Battleson's hand, but he only held her more tightly, seemingly wanting to trap her.

The sudden strong masculine smell pervaded Charlotte's sense, making her feel uncomfortable all over.

"Let go."

Charlotte tried to struggle free from Justin Battleson's grip, but the more she struggled, the tighter his grip became, as if he wanted to blend her into his blood and bone.

This resulted in her unintentionally meeting Justin's deep, black eyes, which it seemed were trying to probe into her heart, reminding her subconsciously of those fearful nights.

"Mr. Battleson, are you trying to help me or trying to help Evelyn Curtis escape blame?"

Charlotte lifted her head, her eyes welling up with tears. She spoke coldly as if she were disgusted by Justin's words.

"Escape blame?" Justin Battleson looked somewhat perplexed, seemingly unable to anticipate that Charlotte would think this way. He looked down at the girl in front of him with a somber gaze.

"Mr. Battleson, I don't need your help. I can handle her myself. However, if you truly want to help, there is one suggestion."

Charlotte stared intently at the man in front of her, her voice was cold and her gaze indifference.

"What?" A thrill ran through Justin Battleson's heart. If Charlotte accepted his help, maybe their relationship could progress.

"I don't need Mr. Battleson's help, but I do need you to keep this matter confidential. Please, you better pretend not to know anything."

Chapter 416: Let Him Go to Evelyn Curtis

Charlotte Thompson stared at the man in front of her, her eyes filled with a deep and brooding color.

Justin Battleson subconsciously nodded, not saying anything further, lost in his thoughts.

Charlotte shook off Justin Battleson's hand that was holding hers, she slowly walked back to the room with her elegant posture and high heels.

Watching Charlotte's retreating figure, Justin Battleson felt a sense of relief. At least for today, he got the answer he wanted.

Thinking of this, Justin Battleson slightly smiled. A faint smile flashed across his brow. He looked at the distant sky, and his heart felt somewhat relieved.

Jordan Thompson returned to the hotel, and as soon as he opened the door, he saw Charlotte kneeling on the ground with a weary face.

His heart skipped a beat, and he immediately ran up to her, asking anxiously.

"What happened, sis? Are you okay?"

Charlotte was in a state of panic, the corners of her eyes still stained with faint tear marks. There was loneliness in her eyes, her eyes were filled with sorrow, and her typically defiant lips were pressed into a thin line.

"I..." Charlotte looked up at Jordan, sensing his concern in his eyes, she could not help but shake her head. But Jordan didn't give her any idea of rejecting him, continuing to ask.

"Sis, did that Justin Battleson bully you?"

A chill could be detected in Jordan's words.

Recalling how Justin Battleson had provoked him earlier, Jordan subconsciously felt that the Charlotte in front of him must have been bullied by him.

Charlotte was flamboyant yet tactful, smart, no one could possibly make such a strong woman as her this vulnerable.

Seeing that Charlotte didn't say anything, Jordan quickly stood up and said fiercely.

"I'm going to find him."

The next second, Jordan's hand was grabbed by Charlotte. Puzzled, he turned his head back to look at her. After a moment, he finally gingerly asked.

"Sis, why?"

Charlotte's voice was very soft, explaining that she was just too tired.

Jordan did not ask anything else, he just silently poured her a glass of water and sat with her for a while.

"Jordan, are you free tomorrow?"

Having a sip of water, her throat felt a bit eased, she began talking in a soft voice.

"The band isn't busy lately, I'm free."

Jordan took the glass from Charlotte's hand, poured some more water into it.

"Can you take a trip to Cornelia, and release Williams Charlie?"

Charlotte leaned against the wall, her eyes slightly closed, her long lashes concealed the turmoil in her heart.

"Release him?" Jordan's heart wrinkled slightly, he couldn't understand why Charlotte made this decision today.

"Release him, let him be with Evelyn Curtis."

As soon as the words fell, Jordan seemed to understand and guessed the reason behind Charlotte's decision.

"I understand, sis."

It had been raining in Cornelia lately, Jordan, holding a black umbrella, leisurely kicked open the gate of the factory where Williams Charlie was kept.

Williams Charlie, who was huddled in a corner, squinted and raised his head to look outside. Seeing that it was Jordan, his face turned pale, and he quickly hid back into the corner, shivering.

"Mr... Mr. Thompson."

There was an additional chill on Jordan's handsome face, his lips raised with a wicked smile, radiating a sense of threat.

"What, you're stuttering at the sight of me?"

Jordan strode towards him, casually sat on the chair handed over by an assistant, a cruel smile playing on the corner of his mouth.

He slightly bent over, under the backlight, his face flashed with an eerie glow.

"No, no."

Williams Charlie's face was full of fear, he grinned with a flattering smile.

"Of course not. I'm so lucky that Mr. Thompson you could come and see me. I wonder if your visit is because I can finally leave."

Chapter 417 Of Course I Came to See You

"Heh..." Jordan Thompson chuckled cynically, his face etched with a chilling smirk.

He narrowed his eyes, fiddled with the metal rod in his hand, and eyed the man in front of him with amusement.

"I am indeed here to let you out."

Upon hearing these words, Williams Charlie couldn't help but curve his lips into a smile, quickly leaning in towards Jordan. His hands reached out to steady Jordan's foot as his trembling voice piped up.

"Is Mr. Thompson really going to release me?"

"Hmm." Jordan grunted in a low voice, his tone slightly gentler now, causing Charlie to second guess himself. He pinched his arm in a daze, fearing that what Jordan had just said was merely a dream to him.

"However..." Jordan's voice trailed off, appearing contemplative as a brow furrowed in deep thought.

"What?" For a moment, Charlie became anxious. His eyes, bloodshot, fixated on Jordan, fearing that he might change his mind. He eagerly looked up at Jordan.

"I can let you go, but you need to do something for me."

Jordan's gaze landed heavily on Charlie. He had been previously beaten badly, his face still swollen.

"What do you need, Mr. Thompson? Just command me, I'll surely complete it."

Charlie smiled at Jordan, his face full of eagerness.

Jordan kicked away Charlie, who was trying to cling to his leg, his face stern as he spoke.

"Go to your old lover, and do as it's written on this paper."

The paper with black and white text was thrown on Charlie's face. Charlie quickly picked up the paper and after reading its content, he laughed.

"Okay, okay, Mr. Thompson, rest assured that I'll complete it."

Jordan bowed his head in silence, rising from his seat. The shroud of shadow made him seem taller and more imposing.

He proceeded to walk away, abruptly halting in his stride. He turned his head back to look at the kneeling Charlie, his brow now harboring a ruthless intensity.

"You know the consequences if you dare to escape."

His voice was low, resonating in the surrounding atmosphere like creeping vines around Charlie's neck, prompting an immediate nod of understanding.

Jordan had others send Charlie back to where he originally was, arranging numerous people to keep an eye on him.

Charlie understood Jordan's intentions. As long as he could complete this task, he would never have to return to that shabby place again.

"Mr. Thompson ordered that you can begin today."

Jordan's assistant knocked at the door, urging on Charlie, who didn't hesitate and promptly drove to Evelyn Curtis's place.

"Who is it?" Evelyn sluggishly opened the door, but the moment she saw who was there, she turned frantic.

She instinctively tried to shut the door, but before she could move, Charlie kicked open the door and strode in.

"What, aren't you happy to see me?"

Charlie casually sat down on the leather couch, noticing the fruit bowl, he picked out the most expensive fruit and started eating.

Evelyn's face turned pale, her voice quivering as she spoke.

"You...what are you doing here?"

"Of course, I came to see you." Charlie casually replied while sipping from his wine glass. He leaned back against the couch, putting his feet up on the coffee table, watching Evelyn with an interested and appreciative glance.

"What do you want? Didn't I already give you money? Why are you here again?"

An unsaid irritation coated Evelyn's face, but she didn't let it show. All she could do was speak in a barely audible voice.

Chapter 418: Surprisingly, this is also a side of Evelyn Curtis.

"Huh, can't I come to see you if I don't have anything to do?" Williams Charlie stood up, pulled Evelyn Curtis towards him by the waist and greedily stroked her waist.

"I solved all those problems for you before, isn't it right that I come to see you?" After saying this, Charlie pinched Evelyn's waist and leaned in with an ambiguous look on his face.

Evelyn instinctively turned her head away. This resisting behavior made Charlie's face darken. He forcefully grabbed Evelyn's face, his eyes filled with darkness. He whispered in her ear,

"What, I can't even touch you?"

Evelyn was extremely reluctant inside, yet she still forced a smile while gently stroking Charlie's chest and leaned in towards him.

"How could that be, it has been so long since I last saw you. I was a little flustered. Did something happen when you suddenly came to see me?"

"What could possibly happen? I've been holding up for you so well, if there's a problem, it would land on me."

While saying this, Charlie leaned in for a kiss, and with his other hand, he took a picture of them kissing passionately.

"What are you doing?" Evelyn pushed Charlie away in a panic, her wide-eyed gaze fearfully fixed on the phone in his hand.

"What's wrong? I just took a picture of you and you're already acting like this?"

Contempt flashed across Charlie's face. He fiddled with his phone, adjusting it to a good angle before putting it down. The next second, he took Evelyn onto the bed in his arms.

Afterwards, Charlie got up and sent the videos and photos from the phone to Jordan Thompson.

Then he took Evelyn's phone and posted those photos and videos on her Weibo.

After everything was done, Charlie, as Jordan instructed, blocked the signals of Evelyn's phone, shut it off, and threw it into the trash bin.

Once the photos were posted online, it caused a huge controversy.

Evelyn Curtis now has a considerable following. These scandalous photos instantly shocked all her fans and spectators.

"What's going on? The virgin queen of the film industry actually has this kind of side."

"That's impossible. I don't believe it. Rosey's account must have been hacked. She couldn't be that kind of person."

"Wake up, you folks upstairs. Isn't Evelyn Curtis just that kind of person? I have an insider friend, Evelyn Curtis has always been messing around with others."

"Oh my god, the spectators are waiting for the real facts. I can't believe Evelyn Curtis actually has this side."

Looking at the heated comments, a rare smile emerged on Charlotte's face.

Her eyes held slight indifference as she set down her phone and walked off to a nearby place.

Seeing Charlotte's retreating figure, Jordan knew she probably still held some resentment. He also felt uneasy, but he continued with the plan.

As dusk settled, with patches of clouds filled the sky, Charlotte picked up a glass of wine, her eyes looking off into the distance with a calm expression.

At this time, Evelyn's manager, Grace Williams, was nearly going insane.

She had spent a lot of money hiring internet trolls to try to downplay the scandal, but no matter how the PR team managed it, the scandal still remained at the top spot of the trending topics. And she couldn't get through to Evelyn's phone.

"Sister Lily, what are we going to do? Several companies have already called to cancel their endorsements with Evelyn."

"Keep calling Evelyn. I can't believe she won't answer."

Chapter 419: Clearly Not a Decent Person at First Glance

Grace Williams was fuming, a trace of anger flashing across her beautiful face.

She clutched her phone tightly, the screen displaying the company executives' discussions about Evelyn Curtis. Most of them wanted to freeze Evelyn's career in the company.

Grace was bitter. She had devoted herself to training this top-tier artist, so why should these useless executives have the power to freeze her career just because they said so?

"Lucy, go to the Stinfield Apartment to find her now."

Grace picked up her jacket that had been discarded to one side, looking detachedly at Lucy who was not far away, and gave her orders in a calm voice.

"Yes, Sister Lily." Lucy couldn't help but frown, looking at the call logs with Evelyn on her phone.

"Evelyn Curtis, I really like your body."

Williams Charlie stared at Evelyn rolling on his body and couldn't help but smile. He was holding Evelyn's chin, looking at her semi-conscious face and couldn't help but feel ecstatic.

Evelyn had been tormented by Williams Charlie to the point where she could no longer resist, feeling him pressing down on her again in her haze consciousness.

Williams Charlie had been tormenting Evelyn for several days. During these days, the internet has been filled with curses aimed at Evelyn.

"So many days have passed without any explanation, I presume Evelyn must really be such a person. She looks so innocent, but who would have thought she's such a flirt in private."

"Exactly, she's so obscene, not decent or respectable at all. I can't believe I used to like her that much, what a waste."

"Had I known she was like this, I would not have criticized the woman who was with Justin Battleson. This just too horrifying."

"Who would have thought that the film queen also achieved her success through seduction."

Grace pushed the door of the studio open with a weary face, only to see Lucy and several other assistants there in tears, wailing about something.

Listening to their words just made Grace feel irritated. She put in quite a lot of effort to prevent the company executives from banning Evelyn, but it was clear that Evelyn wouldn't have a future in the entertainment industry anymore.

"Lucy, I asked you to find Evelyn, did you find her?"

Grace glanced at Lucy with calm eyes, but noticed Lucy's face turning pale upon hearing her question, and started shaking as she stammered out her response.

"Sister Lily, I..."

"What's with this 'I...' You keep stuttering, and nothing can ever be accomplished. You are all useless!"

Grace was so frustrated, and scolded in anger.

"Sister Lily, I really tried calling Rosey continuously, but she's not answering." Filled with grievance, Lucy started crying. Tears welled up in her eyes, looking pitifully helpless.

However, seeing her tears only added fuel to Grace's frustration. Grace slapped her and Lucy's face immediately swelled up.

"Why isn't she in her apartment? Is everything I've told you just nonsense? Do you want our studio to go bankrupt?"

Grace couldn't help but feel enraged whenever she recalled the scene of her being ridiculed by the incompetent executives in the meeting.

"Yes, Sister Lily, I'll go immediately."

Lucy covered her face, a trace of resentment flashing in her eyes.

She stood at the entrance of Evelyn's apartment, hammering at the door hard, but there was no response from inside.

She had been knocking on the door for two days straight with no response. She didn't know what Evelyn was up to, and she was blamed and beaten because of it.

Usually, she was the one coming up with all the bad ideas, but when anything went wrong, she was always the one to suffer. Now that Evelyn was in deep trouble, she ended up being scolded and beaten due to it.

Chapter 420: A Woman Like You

Little did anyone know, Evelyn Curtis had been manipulated by Williams Charlie these past few days.

She had heard the knocking of her assistant, but Evelyn was scared.

Her relationship with Williams could not see the light of day. Money couldn't silence Williams, and if he spoke out, she would be ruined.

"Why is there someone knocking on the door again?" Williams slapped Evelyn's buttocks impatiently, filling the room with an ambiance of romance and a sticky, ambiguous atmosphere.

Evelyn lifted her head in a daze, realizing that it was Lucy again.

A flash of annoyance crossed Evelyn's face. She snuggled into Williams, her voice soft and coquettish.

"You be quiet. It's just my annoying assistant, always looking for trouble, bothering me every day, I'm sick of it."

Evelyn coyly complained. Williams squinted his eyes, pulling her hand into his embrace. He then turned over, climbed atop her.

Lucy had been knocking on the door outside for half an hour, her hand sore and arm numb. She grimaced as she called Grace Williams, who simply hung up her call. Lucy was filled with anger.

Lucy thought of the comments on the internet today. They were already out of control, to the point where their PR team could not resolve the issue.

The entire internet was full of condemnation. Lucy couldn't bear to look at it.

However, seeing the closely shut door, she became even more resentful and unconsciously stormed off.

"The knocking stopped?" A trace of inquiry appeared in Williams's eyes. As he looked down at Evelyn, who was lying in his arms, he guessed that the task Jordan Thompson asked him to do was probably done.

"It's stopped, let her do whatever she wants." Evelyn was extremely tired, lying lazily on the bed. Williams had worn her out, and she was just about to take a much-needed rest when Lucy arrived to bother her.

"Heh...." Williams chuckled with a low laugh. In the empty room, his smile seemed eerily strange.

His task was also completed, and he no longer needed to deal with this woman.

Williams left the following day. Looking at Williams' departing figure, a smile formed on Evelyn's lips. She heaved a long sigh of relief, speculating that new haute couture would be released in the next two days.

So, Evelyn simply tidied herself up.

During the days when Williams was there, she felt ill at ease and restless. He finally left and she gave him a sum of money. He probably wouldn't come back again.

Thinking of this, Evelyn felt relieved. She picked up her handbag and left.

As she strutted in the mall, wearing sunglasses and a mask, Evelyn always had the feeling that people were staring at her, and there were murmurs everywhere.

She didn't take it much to heart. She was used to people discussing her behind her back when she went out.

Evelyn played with her sunglasses, smugly dreaming of her celebrity status.

"Hello, I am a previous customer of yours. I want to see the latest haute couture."

Evelyn sweetly said. She looked at the waiter in front of her, only to find the man disdainfully threw away her business card and scornfully responded,

"We wouldn't deliver clothes to a woman like you. Miss Curtis, please find other places from now on."

A subtle frown formed on Evelyn's forehead. She grabbed the woman's hand in front of her, asking darkly,

"What do you mean?"

"Just what it sounds like. Miss Curtis, you've been all over the headlines lately, it's best to not show up here anymore. I'm afraid our store will lose customers."

The store manager very disdainfully said. She used to like Evelyn Curtis, but now she felt that she was blind to endorse such a vulgar woman.

"You better make yourself clear."