

Spoiled 421

Chapter 421: Bastard

Evelyn Curtis angrily took off her glasses and glared at the woman standing in front of her.

"Huh, really? You still see yourself as a film queen? You should take a good look at yourself in the mirror. Everyone knows what you look like in a man's bed. Stop pretending."

"Exactly, who knows how many men's beds she has crawled into. She is filthy. Such a woman even flaunts herself as Justin Battleson's girlfriend. She's really not ashamed."

"Yes, no wonder Justin Battleson doesn't want her. Who would want a woman like this."

Surrounded by a flurry of gossip, the public opinion is like an invisible mountain, making Evelyn Curtis breathless. She is desperately trying to argue something but unable to utter a single word.

Her gaze unintentionally caught the news about her being broadcast on closed-circuit television.

"Recently, regarding Evelyn Curtis's scandal, Evelyn Curtis's studio has maintained silence. Such behavior seems to admit Evelyn Curtis's promiscuous private life. Some media have revealed that Evelyn Curtis had entered the jury's room on the eve of the International Film Festival's award ceremony. Furthermore, some media exposed that Evelyn Curtis has a bad temper and a terrible character, which is completely different from her innocent image presented in public."

The host's voice gradually seeped into Evelyn Curtis's ears, making her panic.

It was Williams Charlie who leaked her intimate photos and videos online. That bastard.

Evelyn Curtis put on her sunglasses and mask and fled back to her apartment amidst a wave of curses.

She had been looking for her phone in her bag just now, but she couldn't find it anywhere.

She remembered that Williams Charlie had tampered with her phone before. At that time, she was so tormented by him that her mind was a mess and she didn't think much about it, but who knew this man would do such a thing.

"Where is the phone...where is the phone." Evelyn Curtis's face was pale and she was frantically emptying her bag, but her phone was nowhere to be found.

She searched around her apartment in fury but eventually found her phone in the rubbish bin.

Realizing that the phone was turned off, she quickly switched it on, only to find that bastard Williams Charlie had blocked all the signals from her phone.

"Bastard." Evelyn Curtis gritted her teeth and tried hard to operate her phone, but she realized she didn't even know what software Williams Charlie had used, and she didn't even know how to manage her phone's signal.

"Ah!" Evelyn screamed in anger and smashed her phone to the floor. The screen immediately shattered into pieces.

Remembering she had broken all her spare phones at home and hadn't bought new ones, she had no choice but to put on her glasses and mask, and sneakily run to the payphone in the apartment block.

She dialed Lucy's number, and the call was quickly picked up on the other end.

Evelyn hastily spoke, "Lucy, it's me."

Upon hearing Evelyn's voice on the other side of the call, Lucy's calm heart became agitated again. She lowered her voice and responded cautiously.

"Evelyn, finally, you are willing to answer my call." Lucy's voice was tinged with a sob-like tone, leaving Evelyn feeling frustrated. She needed to figure out why such a thing could happen.

And the culprit of this matter was that bastard, Williams Charlie.

"I am going through such a huge scandal, and what are you all doing? Not even making a slight move. When I was making money for all of you, you all had the biggest smiles on your faces. Now look at you, hiding like tortoises in your shells. You're all bastards."

Chapter 422: I Will Not Let Go

Evelyn Curtis lashed out at them all, taking a moment to calm down before continuing to speak.

"Get me a new phone, get me a new SIM card quickly. My phone has an issue. If you can't reach me, shouldn't you have come to my house to tell me? All you know is to cry. Where is Sister Lily?"

Lucy felt wronged, but she could not say anything. Thinking of Grace Williams' face, which was as black as ink, she complained more.

"Sister Lily has gone to a company meeting. There have been many problems with the senior management recently. Sister Lily said that if you contact us proactively, we must inform her."

"Then quickly send her a message, all of you just eating your salary for free, can't do anything right, just know how to cry when there's a problem."

Evelyn Curtis chattered on, lecturing them. Thinking back to the things she had been through and the things the PR team had been through, Lucy felt as if a big rock was pressing on her chest, making it hard for her to breathe.

"Enough, get what I asked for and bring it to me quickly."

Evelyn Curtis hastily said a few words and hung up the phone. There were still a lot of people here after all. Though she had disguised herself well, she was still recognized by those people.

It seemed that the news was really serious.

When Evelyn Curtis came home and saw the photos and videos she had posted on Weibo, she wished she could dismember Williams Charlie.

She watched the stuff on the TV screen in fury, fuming with rage.

The video was very direct, without even a mosaic, and the way she looked was being cursed at by countless netizens.

Evelyn Curtis was full of resentment, but there was nothing she could do.

"Sis, it's been so many days, and there's no response from Evelyn Curtis. It looks like Williams Charlie did a great job this time."

These days, not only the netizens were watching the news.

Charlotte had asked Jordan Thompson to pay more attention, Jordan Thompson had spent quite a lot of money and used some connections to keep the news hot for several days, ostensibly taking revenge for his sister.

"This is just the beginning, I will not let Evelyn Curtis or Williams Charlie go."

Charlotte looked at her phone apathetically, with a touch of determination in her voice.

Indeed, with such news now, Evelyn Curtis probably has no chance of making a comeback in the entertainment industry.

But Charlotte felt that just this was too boring.

She wanted those who bullied her to suffer a thousand times, ten thousand times more than she had. She wanted Evelyn Curtis and Williams Charlie to toss and turn all night, to taste what a nightmare feels like.

"I know, sis. Don't worry, I can handle the things behind for you. The band isn't keeping me very busy recently. You can come home today, the news has cooled down, and Evelyn Curtis probably won't last much longer. But those little guys probably miss you. If you don't go back and be with them soon, I think they'll get mad at me."

Jordan Thompson took a look at the somewhat tired Charlotte, and spoke softly.

Charlotte nodded, not saying anything more. After all, half of the current plan had been completed. Having stayed here for so many days, she should go back and accompany them.

Just as Charlotte opened the door, a tired-looking Grace Thompson walked in. Seeing Grace Thompson hugging her, a flash of relaxation crossed her face. She smiled faintly, her eyes soft as she hugged Grace Thompson.

Chapter 423: How Can You Peep?

"Mommy, you haven't been home for so many days. We missed you so much."

Olivia Thompson pouted, whining in a babyish voice as she embraced Charlotte Thompson tightly, making Charlotte feel a bit more of compassion for her. She couldn't help but soften her gaze and speak gently.

"Did you guys eat your meals properly? Mommy had some things to take care of these few days, but you all must still behave yourselves, okay?"

Smelling the light milky scent on Olivia, Charlotte's entire face softened considerably. She gently touched Olivia's head and lifted her up.

"Where's Cyrus?"

Charlotte freed up a hand to open a bottle of mineral water for herself, took a sip while lifting her head, and asked Mr. Thompson, who was sitting in front of her.

Olivia took a milk candy from her pocket, and started munching on it leisurely before she answered.

"Brother and sister are in their room."

"What are they doing in the room?" Charlotte didn't quite understand and looked with perplexity at the tightly closed door.

"They..." Olivia seemed about to speak but then thought better of it, shaking her head instead. The situation struck Charlotte as more and more strange, and she pushed open the door, only to find everyone in the room huddled together.

"What are you guys doing?" Charlotte walked in, pulled back the curtains, and the previously dim room immediately brightened up. In the middle of the huddled children, she saw a bunch of crumpled papers.

"Mommy." At her arrival, the children finally reacted, quickly scrambling for the crumpled papers in an attempt to hide them, but Charlotte swiftly spread the papers and found they were covered in densely packed letters.

Charlotte furrowed her brows, studying them for a long while yet failing to make heads or tails of them.

"What is this? What were you all studying here, in the dark no less?"

"Mommy, how could you peek?"

Hank Thompson pouted unhappily. He stared anxiously at Charlotte, as though scared that she would figure something out.

"Alright, alright, don't stay in the dark, the room's so dim. You all come out and I'll make dinner in a bit."

With that, Charlotte left the room.

Seeing Charlotte's retreating back, the children heaved a sigh of relief.

"I told you not to do this, who knew when Mommy would come back, I was really scared just now."

Hank Thompson clasped his chest, heaving large breaths, a bit of a wronged expression on his face. He stared at the door, looking somewhat guilty for no apparent reason.

"Hmm, what's there to be scared of." Cyrus Thompson gripped the crumpled papers in his hand, speaking in a quiet and deep voice, he didn't seem to worry about what just happened, instead, he was watching the crumpled papers with intense interest.

"Big brother, of course, you're not scared, but you're clever, writing something in Morse code. I can't understand it, how could Mommy who's not sensitive to numbers understand?"

Jack Thompson glanced at Chad Thompson. Chad turned his gaze back to Cyrus. The boys exchanged a look as if they thought Jack's reasoning made sense.

"But, even if this result is invalid, I would like to see who will end up being our dad."

Grace, silent for a long while, finally voices out, toying with her doll as she spoke in a light voice.

Justin Battleson has been watching the news these past few days, no guesses needed to know those were all Charlotte Thompson's doing. He didn't take any action, he simply helped Charlotte quietly hire a lot of online helpers.

"Mr. Battleson, it seems that Evelyn Curtis can't stay in the entertainment industry anymore. Are there any other instructions for the other matters?"

Chapter 424 Buy for My Child

Justin Battleson looked at the information on his phone with a heavy gaze, giving a subtle nod as if very satisfied with what was said but didn't comment further. He simply handed the phone back to Michael Richard.

"Go and buy everything according to the instructions."

Seeing the purchases listed on the screen, Michael looked to Justin with confusion, but Justin's face was casual, as if he had no doubts.

Eventually, Michael couldn't help but to ask.

"Mr. Battleson, these are all baby items. What are you planning to do with them?"

Justin's expressions remained placid, but his eyes revealed a hint of indifference and a touch of affection.

"They are for my child."

"Child?" Michael exclaimed in surprise, his typically calm demeanor revealing a momentary shock, but it was fleeting.

"My child," Justin murmured, his voice was low and resonant like the sound of a cello, melodious and unforgettable.

Michael was fast to act. By the afternoon, everything was purchased.

Justin bearing a smile on his face brought the items to Charlotte Thompson's hotel, and he looked at himself in the floor-to-ceiling windows, appearing completely unfamiliar to his usually composed self.

When Charlotte opened the door, she was met by Justin, who was carrying a large pile of items and was looking at her with a gentle expression on his face.

Charlotte was taken aback and looked at him, but Justin spoke happily.

"I came to see them."

With a displeased expression, Charlotte promptly closed the door, leaving Justin feeling somewhat awkward. However, he remained smiley.

He continued to knock on the door, much to Charlotte's annoyance. She swung the door open and asked unhappily.

"What do you want?"

Justin's eyes held a soft shimmer and he seemed to have lost the usual cold air about him, appearing instead like a ray of warm sunlight.

"I wanted to see you, and them."

Charlotte stood at the doorway displeased, crossing her arms and asked curtly.

"Mr. Battleson, do you have too much free time? If you have nothing better to do, you should focus more on your work, rather than interrupting others."

Charlotte's voice was cold, and a hint of impatience could be seen on her face. Facing Justin, she didn't show much patience as a grudge still lingered in her heart.

"Charlotte, I'm sorry."

Justin's voice was low as he opened the door, the guilt evident on his face as he looked at the woman before him.

Upon hearing his words, Charlotte paused, her actions subtly slower.

She looked at him, puzzled, wondering what he was trying to do.

"For the hurt I caused you before, I apologize, it was not my intention to hurt you, I really like you."

Justin said, word by word, with seriousness in his eyes.

He took out a key slowly from his pocket and handed it to Charlotte. "What's this?" Charlotte frowned, growing more impatient. Instinctively, she went to close the front door, but Justin was still standing at the doorway, preventing her from doing so.

"Take it and go to this address." Justin said as he tucked the key along with a note into Charlotte's hand.

He gave a soft smile, with a trace of indifference on his firm countenance.

"Mr. Battleson, what are you really up to?"

Charlotte was extremely annoyed with him, her first instinct was to throw the key away.

But Justin didn't give her that opportunity.

Chapter 425: The One I Went to See Was Him

"Take a look at this, Charlotte, I left something you'd like here,"

Justin Battleson started slowly, his gaze fixed firmly on Charlotte, his voice carrying a touch of indifference.

"Why must I go there? Did you hide some secret there? I apologize, but I have no interest in Mr. Battleson's secrets. I hope you won't bother me again."

Impatience flickered across Charlotte's beautiful face. Perhaps she had reached her limits with the man before her, a touch of coldness flashing in her eyes.

"Charlotte, I..."

Charlotte did not pay any further attention to Justin. She simply shut the door in his face.

Having just turned around, she came face to face with a group of curious children, particularly mischievous Hank Thompson and thoughtful Cyrus Thompson.

Unease crept into Charlotte's heart. Subconsciously, she pursed her lips and spoke unhappily.

"What are you staring at? Go back to your rooms."

Only then did Hank rein in his laughter, hurriedly nodding, seemingly taken aback by Charlotte's reaction.

He hadn't expected Charlotte, who usually seemed so composed, to blush over such a small matter.

"Yes, yes, we're going, Mommy. We came out because we heard the door and thought a bad person was here. It wasn't us misbehaving."

Hank batted his large eyes mischievously and, after finishing speaking, he shoved his older brother Cyrus towards Charlotte before scampering off with a grin.

Cyrus hadn't been prepared and he stumbled into Charlotte's arm. He heard the conversation between Justin Battleson and Charlotte and was left feeling somewhat puzzled.

He had always thought Justin was the very definition of an unfeeling rogue.

But having heard Justin's tone when speaking with Charlotte, Cyrus couldn't help but see him in a different light.

"What are you standing around for? Always following in your little brother's mischief. Go ahead."

Seeing the dazed child before her, Charlotte couldn't help but chide him, only to feel Cyrus grab her wrist and ask softly.

"Mommy, what kind of person is Justin Battleson?"

Charlotte was surprised by his question and for a moment, she was taken aback. But after a while, she slowly replied.

"No matter what kind of person he is, it doesn't matter to us. Okay, mommy has to take care of some things this afternoon. When I'm gone, can you look after your younger siblings? There's food mommy prepared in the fridge, just heat it up in the microwave. If it's not enough, you can order takeout. Your uncle will come home this afternoon."

Charlotte touched Cyrus's head, a tenderness flashing in her eyes.

Actually, she didn't want her children to have any relations with that man. Moreover, she didn't think Justin Battleson would make a good father.

"Mommy..."

Cyrus watched Charlotte's retreating figure, murmuring to himself.

"Actually, the one I went to see that day was him."

His voice was soft, like a needle falling silently in the room, creating an atmosphere of mystery. Although he spoke softly, Charlotte heard him. Her steps faltered, her face momentarily reflecting deep contemplation.

But after a brief few seconds, Charlotte quietly returned to her room.

Chapter 426: Naturally, I am waiting for you

She placed the keys in her hand on the desk, looking at the pretty keyring and delicate key.

For a moment, her thoughts were quite chaotic, she genuinely couldn't figure out what Justin Battleson was trying to do.

"Forget it, forget it." Charlotte Thompson said to herself, growing a bit impatient, she briskly stuffed the key into her bag.

She quickly tidied up her things and then went off to the company in the afternoon.

She didn't know if it was just her imagination, but she had the distinct impression that all those employees who were openly and covertly hostile towards her in the past seemed to have disappeared.

She had no idea whether they had been dispatched elsewhere or had resigned, but when she returned to her department, she found out that the annoying Cindy had left her job.

"Cindy didn't come in today?"

Charlotte looked at the assistant handing her the files, asking subconsciously. It wasn't that she was overly sensitive, she just found this rather strange for some reason.

"Miss Thompson, didn't you know? Cindy was reassigned to her former position by Mr. Battleson for making a mistake a few days ago. I heard she's been dispatched elsewhere, so you won't see her for a while."

Charlotte didn't say anything more, she just quietly nodded and continued her work.

The sunlight gradually dimmed as Charlotte finished handling the documents and proceeded to finish her work day.

Charlotte stood in the underground parking lot, rummaging through her bag for a long time but couldn't find her car keys.

A look of anxiety appeared on her beautiful face, she carefully searched through her bag several times but still couldn't find the keys.

It occurred to her that her assistant had put documents in her bag today, she wondered if he'd taken it then, and Charlotte's face showed a bit of worry.

"Miss Thompson, what happened? Did you lose your car keys?"

As she was looking for her keys, Justin Battleson's voice sounded unexpectedly behind her.

Charlotte felt a surge of annoyance in her heart, she had been under the impression that she had not seen Justin Battleson the entire day.

She assumed that he did not come to the office, which had put her in a great mood all day, but now that she was feeling frustrated he showed up again.

With a sour expression, Charlotte continued to rummage for her things, not seeming to want to pay any attention to Justin Battleson.

Justin Battleson, however, was in no hurry, he leisurely sat in his car.

His slender fingers tapped on the steering wheel intermittently, a playful smile appeared on his handsome face.

His eyebrows slightly raised, he curled up his lips slightly and spoke nonchalantly.

"How about it? Miss Thompson, why don't you take a ride in my car? I happen to be heading near your hotel."

Seeing Charlotte rummage through her bag, Justin Battleson understood what was happening.

He had specifically instructed Charlotte's assistant this morning to find an opportunity to take her car keys, he hadn't expected the assistant to be so efficient.

Justin Battleson watched leisurely as Charlotte rummaged through her bag. He wasn't in a hurry, but the smile on his face grew bigger and bigger.

" Mr. Battleson, don't you have anything better to do? What are you doing just lounging around here?"

Charlotte had looked through her bag and still couldn't find her keys, she was thinking of going back to the office to look for them.

However, she realized that Justin Battleson was still in the same spot, not having moved at all, and was looking at her with an amused smile. She decided to ask him directly.

"I'm naturally waiting for you. Don't tell me you're thinking of going back to look for the keys? The office is already locked, you can't get in anyway. I think, you might as well go along with me."

Charlotte didn't want to deal with him, but Justin Battleson was persistently waiting, his eyes sizing her up unintentionally or intentionally, a gleam of amusement passing through his eyes.

Chapter 427: Charlotte, do you like it?

"Mr. Battleson, how long do you intend to wait?"

Charlotte Thompson couldn't find her car keys, so she simply gave up.

Initially, she intended to call Jack Bryant to pick her up, but the moment she took out her phone, Justin Battleson suddenly approached.

He snatched the phone from Charlotte's hand and domineeringly said, "Come with me, I have something to show you."

Before Charlotte could react, her wrist was firmly grasped by Justin.

She frowned, intending to refuse, but found herself being uncontrollably led to his car.

"What are you doing?" Charlotte cautiously eyed Justin, who had suddenly moved closer, and asked with an impatient tone.

Justin glanced at Charlotte, who was on guard, and couldn't help but smile.

He extended his slender finger, fastening the seat belt for Charlotte, and slowly said, "I'm fastening your seat belt."

Having said this, he calmly shifted his gaze into the distance, and the car slowly started to move.

Charlotte awkwardly looked out of the window. Justin's actions were too abrupt and she had been unable to escape, leaving her no choice but to get in the car. But now, it wouldn't be easy for her to jump out of the moving vehicle.

"What are you thinking?"

Waiting at a red light, Justin gently cast his gaze on Charlotte.

His profound eyes flashed a hint of tenderness, his tone notably less stern than usual.

"I'm thinking about jumping out of the car."

"Haha..." Justin chuckled softly. His laughter sounded like a pleasing cello, mellifluous and deep, which enveloped the irritated Charlotte.

She rolled her eyes impatiently, glaring at the man in front of her.

"Mr. Battleson, has anyone ever told you that kidnapping someone out of the blue is quite annoying?"

Justin raised his eyebrows slightly, evidently unconcerned about her words. He merely started speaking.

"Rather than watching you wait there foolishly, I'd rather take you somewhere."

As he finished speaking, the car pulled into Rose Manor, which Justin had previously bought.

The evening breeze passed by, full of a sense of spring. The roses were in full bloom and incredibly beautiful.

The subtle fragrance came rushing in, and Charlotte was amazed the moment she stepped out of the car.

"What is this?" Charlotte asked with a perplexed expression, looking at the man before her. He seemed nonchalant and simply spoke.

"Want to check it out?"

The irritability in Charlotte's heart was swept away by the grand spectacle of roses. Her eyebrows arched slightly and a hint of joy flashed in her eyes as she pushed open the manor door.

Her graceful figure became a unique scenery in Justin's eyes.

He squinted slightly, feeling quite relieved.

Justin had once imagined the scene where Charlotte would come here one day.

But when the scene he had elaborately imagined thousands of times in his mind suddenly occurred before his eyes, his heart suddenly calmed down.

He could almost hear his heart pounding like a drum in the silence.

Charlotte was astonished by the view before her. The scene was filled with fragrant roses, refreshing and sweet. The flowers hung beautifully.

She reached out to touch a rose. The pink rose made her skin look as delicate as jade.

"Charlotte, do you like it?"

Justin spoke softly, his voice deep and low, like a cello playing gently beside Charlotte's ear. Her hand paused, and she turned around to gaze at the man in front of her.

"What is it?"

It seemed as though she was fascinated by the surrounding flowers. Charlotte's voice even softened, and her eyes flashed with contentment.

Chapter 428: What Kind of Joke is Mr. Battleson Making?

"This is for you,"

Justin Battleson paused slightly, his gaze slowly shifted onto Charlotte Thompson, his eyes revealing exhaustion.

As if looking at his precious treasure, his usual cold face became extremely soft.

Upon hearing this, Charlotte became nervously aware of a sudden thump in her heart. She quickly became embarrassed and touched her hair, her eyes unnaturally casting towards the distance.

"Mr. Battleson, are you joking?"

"Charlotte, I'm not kidding, ever since I learned the truth, I've wanted to apologize to you and I hope you can forgive me," Battleson's gaze became serious. He reached out and took Charlotte's hand, staring at her intensely.

"Mr. Battleson, you..."

"Mummy!"

Before Charlotte could finish speaking, she heard Hank Thompson's excited voice.

Charlotte looked behind Justin, to see Hank beaming as he ran towards her, pulling Cyrus along.

"You..." Charlotte was astonished, she glanced at Justin only to find him unaffected, as if he had expected everything.

"Mummy, you're so late, Big Brother and I have been waiting for you for so long!"

Hank tilted his head towards Charlotte as if he was puzzled. Charlotte was slightly embarrassed thinking how Justin had so suddenly become close with these children.

Charlotte pulled her children aside, squatted down, and looked at Hank a little angrily.

"Didn't mummy tell you to stay home? How did you get here?"

Cyrus looked gravely at Justin not far away, noticing that his attention was all on Charlotte. His eyebrows were raised and his eyes full of tenderness.

"Actually..." Hank spoke nervously, tilting his head to look at Cyrus beside him.

Cyrus seemed lost in thought, ignoring Hank's gaze, appearing distant.

"What do you mean, 'actually'? Didn't mommy tell you not to talk to this person?"

"Mummy." The usually silent Cyrus suddenly spoke, his bright eyes firmly fixed on Charlotte, a childlike yet firm voice asked,

"Is he my father?"

"Yeah, yeah, mummy, isn't this man my daddy?"

Hank looked at Charlotte with relief, his round eyes darting back and forth between Charlotte and Justin.

"Let's talk about this at home," Charlotte didn't want the children interacting with Justin and took charge of the conversation, managing to sound a bit more calm.

"Ah? Mommy-"

Before Hank could say anything else, Charlotte took his hand and rushed him away.

Cyrus, trailing behind Charlotte, looked thoughtfully at Justin, who was standing there with a faint smile on his face.

When their eyes met, Hank lowered his head almost instinctively.

Just as Charlotte was about to exit with Hank and Cyrus, she noticed Michael Richard standing not far away.

He was holding an ice cream cone in one hand, and clumsily wiping cream off Olivia's face with the other.

Grace, Chad, and Jack were following behind him, each holding a little ice cream in their hands.

Surprise flashed across Charlotte's face. She halted in her tracks for a while before Hank pulled her to go over to Michael.

Michael gave a nod towards Charlotte, his face holding a respectful grin. He seriously explained:

"Miss Thompson, good day. Mr. Battleson instructed me to wait here with your children. Here are the keys to your car."

As he finished, Michael reached into his pocket, pulled out some keys, and handed them over to Charlotte.

Chapter 429: Is Mommy a Fool?

"How did this end up with you?"

Charlotte Thompson's eyebrows creased slightly as she took the car key from Michael Richard's hand and glanced at her car parked behind him, speaking in confusion.

Michael Richard shook his head, simply saying that these were all instructed by Justin.

Charlotte was helpless, but seeing that all the children were having a great time, she sighed reluctantly.

"Sorry for the trouble, Mr. Richard."

Michael Richard responded faintly, a hint of indifference flashing behind his gold-rimmed glasses.

Charlotte then drove off immediately.

"Mr. Battleson," Michael Richard said to Justin, standing in the flower sea, noticing the lack of emotion in his eyes.

"What is it?"

"Miss Thompson didn't look too well just now, could it be..."

After speaking, Michael Richard paused, thoughtfully looking at the man before him.

However, Justin's face was wearing a faint smile, his eyes deep set, the vibrant flowers adding to his inky charm.

"It's okay, I know she's not angry."

Justin said calmly, a faint smile playing on his face.

"Mommy, why are you blushing? Are you feeling unwell?"

As Charlotte drove the car, waiting for the red light, Hank Thompson, seated in the passenger seat, offered her a bottle of water, speaking gently.

Charlotte's thoughts were in chaos. She had initially wanted to close her eyes and rest during the red light interval but was unexpectedly interrupted by Hank's voice.

"Mommy, actually, I think Uncle Battleson is quite good."

Seizing the opportunity as Charlotte was drinking water, Hank started to chatter, plotting how to persuade his mother.

"Why?" Charlotte put the cap back on the bottle, looking at Hank with a scrutinizing gaze, her face oddly chilling.

"Well, I just think..." Hank felt guilty hearing Charlotte's tone.

He hesitated a bit and glanced at Charlotte, not knowing what to say.

"When did you all get in touch with him?"

Charlotte asked in a soft voice. The children and Justin Battleson couldn't have possibly just made contact today.

Their closeness was apparent. The look in Cyrus's eyes as he looked at Justin earlier gave rise to a hint of unease in her.

"Actually..." Hank started to speak but held his tongue, glancing back at Cyrus. He saw Cyrus was deep in thought, with a low aura surrounding him.

Hank looked over to Grace, seated next to Cyrus, only to see her shake her head. It was then he began to answer decisively.

"Just today, really, Mommy, it was just today. He came to find us suddenly, said he wanted to take us to find you."

Hank earnestly bluffed. He kept an eye on Charlotte out of the corner of his eye and saw that she was trying to suppress laughter.

"Do you really take your mommy for a fool?" Charlotte said, her eyes twinkling with amusement. However, her smile held a faint hint of threat.

"Well..."

Charlotte could probably guess that Justin must have contacted the children quite some time ago.

"Speak the truth, or else mommy will ignore you all."

Charlotte parked the car and looked at the children with a calm expression.

"Mommy, I'm sorry..."

With a slight tilt of his head, Hank took Charlotte's hand with guilt. Charlotte pretended to be angry, flinging his hand off, turning her face to look elsewhere.

Chapter 430: It's Best to Let Him be the Father

"Mummy..." Hank Thompson saw that Charlotte Thompson's expression was somewhat ugly. Tearfully, he looked at her. Noticing that something was amiss, the other children immediately gathered around Charlotte.

Impatient Grace Thompson quickly opened her mouth, fearing that Charlotte would be angry.

"Mummy, actually, several days ago, Uncle Battleson came to look for us when you weren't home. He brought us food every day, played games with us, and said he would be our father in the future..."

"No, no, he's not our father. Our father should be Adam Ross."

Chad Thompson hurriedly responded, his face blushing.

Although Justin Battleson had been treating them very well these past few days, in his and Jack Thompson's hearts, Adam Ross was the most suitable person to be their father.

"You can't say that. Uncle Battleson has been so good to us, and he wasn't at fault for any of the incidents that happened before. It was all that evil woman's fault. It's actually most suitable for him to be our father considering how well he treats us."

Hank Thompson tearfully refuted Chad Thompson's argument. Grace Thompson immediately applauded him, as though he was right.

"Not at all. Even if it was the fault of that evil woman, he still hurt our mummy. But Adam Ross didn't. Adam Ross is the most suitable person to be our father."

Jack Thompson, his voice soft, spoke nonchalantly. However, his face was serious.

His uncanny maturity couldn't help but bring a faint smile to Charlotte's face. She sighed, seeming not to care about the children's argument.

"No, no. Adam Ross as our father won't do. Only Justin Battleson can. They're not the same. Only Justin Battleson is suited to be our mummy's partner."

Grace Thompson quickly shook her head, arguing vehemently.

Cyrus Thompson, who had been silent all along, couldn't help but speak. "I've calculated it with Morse code and probability theories before, and Justin Battleson is actually the most suitable to be our father."

Cyrus Thompson looked at Charlotte, her expression calm and composed. He spoke in a low, yet clear voice, pronouncing each word distinctly.

"From every aspect, Justin Battleson is more suitable than Adam Ross."

"You're talking nonsense." Chad Thompson was a bit upset. He had always adored his older brother, but he did not think so with the current situation. His eyes seemed to darken a bit.

"Exactly, nonsense."

"No, you're the one talking nonsense."

The atmosphere in the car suddenly turned lively. Charlotte called out with a stern face.

"Okay, are you all really so concerned about this matter?"

Charlotte understood in her heart that these children were very much in need of a father's love. However, she knew that they should not be hasty about it.

Hearing Charlotte's voice, the noisy children became quiet.

They looked at Charlotte in silence, and saw that her eyes were calm, and that there was a frankness in her gaze.

"Actually..." Olivia Thompson, who had been in the corner the whole time, suddenly spoke. Her voice was childlike, but there was a firmness in it.

"In fact, mummy should be the one to make the decision."

"Whoever mummy likes should be our father."

After Olivia Thompson finished speaking, she looked softly at Charlotte in front of her. Charlotte was somewhat surprised.

The surrounding older brothers and sisters also began to ponder. Olivia Thompson tilted her head and laughed.

As Olivia Thompson's voice faded, everyone fell silent. It seemed as if the entire surroundings had quieted down. Olivia Thompson nestled into Charlotte's arms, her face showing a hint of vulnerability for a moment.