

Spoiled 43

Chapter 43: Flirting with a Handsome Doctor

Charlotte felt guilty under watch.

She took the phone and put it in her bag, lowering her eyes in silence.

In the car, silence swelled.

For a long time, no one spoke.

Charlotte looked out the window, lost in thoughts of the bustling scenes unfolding before her where people were coming and going, cars were moving in streams, and the neon lights were dazzling.

Strangely, she found herself thinking of the tranquility of the mountains in Cornelia.

She sighed slightly.

Justin Battleson turned his head and saw the woman's melancholic face.

"Are you still infatuated with that kind of man?" he asked, frowning in apparent confusion.

Caught daydreaming, Charlotte quickly gathered her thoughts, met his deep gaze, and shook her head promptly.

"No."

"You just sighed," he commented.

"That sigh wasn't for Ryan Richard." Charlotte looked out the window again and said faintly, "It was for this worldly life."

At this, he chuckled lightly.

"Is it that funny?" Charlotte asked, pursing her lips.

"I'm just surprised at how early you came to this realization." His smile vanished, and a serious expression took over his face.

A strange chill went down Charlotte's spine. This man's mood swings were unpredictable.

Fortunately, they had arrived at the hospital.

The driver already parked the car.

"Mr. Battleson, I'm here. Thank you," said Charlotte, looking behind her and thanking him.

However, the moment she opened the door, a thought suddenly struck her.

She bit her lower lip, finding the situation a bit embarrassing. She started to speak, then stopped.

Noticing her hesitation, Justin Battleson spoke coldly, "Go on."

Feeling stuck, Charlotte had no choice but to speak out. "Mr. Battleson, there was a slight awkwardness between us when you were testing me at Stardust Garden. Since Evelyn is not aware of it, can we just forget about it?"

"Otherwise, I'm afraid she'll become suspicious."

Wishing to avoid unnecessary embarrassment, Charlotte whispered, "Heaven knows, earth knows, you know, I know. Rest assured, I will try to forget this incident, and I hope you...you forget it too."

Without waiting for his response, she quickly got out of the car and ran into the hospital, closing the car door behind her.

Watching her delicate figure gradually fade from his sight until it disappeared completely,

Justin Battleson slightly narrowed his eyes as if in deep thought.

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As soon as Charlotte arrived in the hospital corridor, she heard arguing.

The voices were all too familiar - it was Mia Stewart and her daughter.

Immediately, she hurried into the hospital room they were in.

She found Mia Stewart and Emily Allen standing aggressively next to Aunt Watson's bed, both with hands on their hips as if preparing for a street fight.

Aunt Watson was white with rage.

"What are you here for!" Charlotte yelled.

Emily glared at her with bared teeth and sneered cynically, "Charlotte, you are spending Stardust Garden's money and flirting with the young doctor, who arranged a VIP room for Scarlett Watson. Aren't you afraid of Stardust Garden finding out?"

"I'm leaving Stardust Garden soon, so I suggest you clear off," Charlotte replied, clenching her hands into fists.

"Charlotte, if you dare escape from Stardust Garden, who will pay for Scarlett's medical expenses?" sneered Mia Stewart.

Charlotte snorted lightly and unclenched her hands, retorting, "Aunt Watson's medical expenses are covered entirely, your so-called young doctor is a major shareholder of Comet Hospital."

"As for the bride price Stardust Garden gave you, I advise you to get ready because they just might come to take it back!"

"What – what did you say?" Emily changed her facial expression abruptly, pointing her crimson-nailed finger in Charlotte's direction.

She wished she could march forward and tear apart Charlotte's innocent face.

Mia Stewart also raised her eyebrows in disbelief, "Are you saying that young man is one of the owners of Comet?"

"Yes, I am Henry Hudson. Comet Hospital is indeed a subsidiary of the Hudson Group."

Just then, Henry Hudson walked into the hospital room, his white coat gleaming and his chest held high.