

Spoiled 431

Chapter 431: What Mommy likes is the most important.

"Mommy, is Annie right?"

Charlotte Thompson looked at the child in front of her with a faint smile in her eyes, finding it funny. She tilted her head slightly but said nothing.

Usually solemn Cyrus Thompson's eyes held a faint glimmer. He gazed at Charlotte, who was smiling but saying nothing. This silently prompted some deep thinking on his part.

The usually carefree Hank Thompson had an unexpectedly serene look now. He obediently sat next to Grace Thompson. Not uttering a word, his mind whirled with the conversation's implications.

"Mommy, do you think Annie is right?"

Grace's soft voice broke the silence. Her big, round eyes alternated with curiosity and doubt as she looked at Charlotte.

"Guess."

Charlotte chuckled, a faint smile dancing in her eyes.

These children were always sensible. They knew that their preferences paled in comparison to what Charlotte liked.

"Mommy's preference is the most important."

Cyrus spoke slowly, his gaze fixed on Charlotte, seemingly trying to gauge her intentions.

Charlotte did not respond. Instead, she opened the car door. It was already dusk outside; the remaining warmth of the setting sun gently spilled around, providing a tranquil setting.

"Get out of the car. It's getting late. You kids are too mature for your age, getting all excited discussing these matters."

Charlotte smiled gently. Her eyes held a touch of amusement.

Whether it be Justin Battleson or Adam Ross.

For her, the most important thing right now was to take care of her own affairs.

Charlotte looked ahead, a golden hue reflecting in her eyes.

"Mommy."

Hank pulled at Charlotte's hand. His soft voice and innocent eyes melted her heart.

"Mommy, it's true. The man you like can be our father."

Hank's baby-like voice warmed Charlotte's heart. With his head ducked low, there seemed to be a note of regret in his voice, as if he felt guilt regarding their current situation.

"Yes, Mommy."

Chad Thompson and Jack Thompson also moved closer to Charlotte, wearing warm smiles. The sight of their obedient faces unexpectedly touched Charlotte.

Cyrus and Grace silently held onto Charlotte's hand. The warmth in her palm nearly moved her to tears. The children's perceptiveness touched her deeply.

"Mommy hears your thoughts. Once all matters are settled, Mommy will surely find you a good father."

The children nodded and followed Charlotte back to the hotel. While she was busy in the kitchen, they gathered to resume the conversation they had started in the car.

"Actually, I think Annie is right. Our preferences matter, but what's most important is who Mommy likes. I will not participate in these discussions anymore."

Chad spoke seriously, each word strongly emphasised, a stark contrast from his usually relaxed demeanour.

Hank, from the side, continued their resolution from the car ride in agreement.

"I did not consider this matter thoroughly. I didn't take into account Mommy's feelings."

Cyrus's voice was low, as if he had realized something of great importance. His face momentarily reflected his serious thoughts. His eyes were dark, and his expression thoughtful.

Chapter 432: Can You Save Me?

The rest of the children did not make any decisions, collectively agreeing to let their mother make the choice in the future.

Charlotte Thompson glanced at the time, realizing it was getting late, she decided to put the children to bed.

Entering the room, she was surprised to see a break in their usual habits. All the children were obediently sleeping in their beds.

A small head popped out from the warm covers, eyes tightly closed, behaving in a cute and endearing manner.

Even Hank Thompson, who had a habit of staying up late, was not playing with his Lego but lying obediently on the bed.

Charlotte Thompson couldn't help but smile, a softness entered her gaze.

Thinking about the children's discussions about Justin Battleson and Adam Ross in the car that day, Charlotte Thompson found it very amusing. The group of children indulged in lively debates.

As Charlotte Thompson looked towards the lustrous moonlight outside the window, her gaze softened, and her lips curved into a slight smile. The moonlight added a warm glow to her, making her appear extremely graceful and captivating.

Evelyn Curtis, disheveled, looked at her trending topic on the mobile phone. Lucy had brought her different pieces of bad news every day.

There wasn't any news today, just the announcement that the top tier of the company had decided to put her career on hold.

She couldn't get hold of Williams Charlie at all now. The only lead she had was that Williams Charlie's last contact was related to the Thompson Family.

After spending a lot of money, she finally got this lead. And the Thompson Family...

Evelyn Curtis thought bitterly, her gaze filled with gloom.

It must be Charlotte Thompson. If not for her, how could she have ended up in such a disgraced state.

"Justin... Justin Battleson..."

Evelyn Curtis, emotionally broken, dialed Justin Battleson's number. She remembered that since her debut, whenever she faced a scandal, the first person she thought of was Justin Battleson. Justin Battleson could always fix the problem for her.

With eyes red and out of control, Evelyn Curtis wept as she dialed Justin Battleson's number. Desperation filled her voice.

"Justin..."

The phone rang for a while before it was picked up. Evelyn Curtis instantly spoke. She was desperate to hear Justin Battleson's voice.

In her despair, Justin Battleson was her only lifeline. Only by holding onto him could she escape from the darkness.

Upon hearing Evelyn Curtis' voice, Justin Battleson frowned, a gloominess creeping into his eyes as he spoke softly.

"What is it?"

"Justin, Justin, can you save me, please save me?"

Evelyn Curtis pleaded through her tears. She'd been on the verge of breaking down during these days. Each day, she was oppressed by these matters, feeling like she was thrown into the darkness, unable to free herself, further finding no opportunity to climb up.

But Justin Battleson, Justin Battleson could surely save her.

"Save you?" Justin Battleson gloomily stared at the information on his computer screen, which showed the impact of Evelyn Curtis' recent scandals.

Although he didn't mind these minor losses, if this data were to reach Charlotte Thompson, she'd be delighted.

"Why should I save you?"

Justin Battleson slowly started speaking, his voice inexplicably tinged with a hint of amusement. However, his laughter was imbued with a chilling undertone.

"Your scandals have resulted in my company's stock value plummeting severely, why should I waste my energy to save you? To shoot myself in the foot? Moreover, Miss Curtis, we no longer have any connection. Didn't you understand what I told you before? Do you need me to repeat it?"

Justin Battleson's gaze was indifferent, his words revealing a sense of nonchalance.

Chapter 433: It's Not You At All

"What did you say? What did you say, Justin?"

Evelyn Curtis burst out unexpectedly, apparently not expecting Justin Battleson to be so ruthless.

"Evelyn Curtis, I don't have the patience to discuss these boring matters with you anymore. If you still don't understand, I don't mind telling you again. Being with you was merely to compensate for that one night."

Justin Battleson's tone paused for a moment, a touch of irritation in his heart, his gaze deepened, his words became much heavier, and his demeanor appeared somewhat frightening.

"But now I know, the woman that night was not you at all."

When Justin Battleson thought of the hurt expression on Charlotte Thompson's face when she mentioned that night, he felt a faint pain in his heart.

"Using the identity from that night to deceive and trick me, it's already fair for me not to accuse you of fraud. I hope you won't bother me again in the future."

After saying that, Justin Battleson hung up the phone. If it hadn't been unclear at first, he wouldn't have answered this woman's call at all. Talking to her was simply a waste of time.

"Justin... Justin, how can you?"

Evelyn Curtis spoke in disbelief, she truly hadn't expected Justin Battleson to be so ruthless.

"Didn't I make myself clear? Do I need to repeat, if you bother me again, I'll send you a lawyer's letter."

Justin Battleson spoke lightly, completely indifferent, as if declaring something very routine.

"Justin Battleson! Are you doing this because of Charlotte Thompson?"

Evelyn Curtis spoke out fiercely, her pretty face dark and mean. She widened her eyes, which were red and full of blood threads. Sticking her finger out, she pinched herself hard to force herself to stay alert.

Just as Justin Battleson was about to hang up, he heard the name Charlotte Thompson, and he paused, a touch of darkness flashing in his eyes, and he responded strongly.

"Evelyn Curtis, I warn you, if you dare to mess with her, I will make you pay."

Upon hearing Justin Battleson's warning, Evelyn Curtis not only wasn't frightened but instead, she began to laugh happily, her voice contained an eerie delight.

"Oh? Justin Battleson, so there are things you fear. If that's the case, if you don't let me go, I will kill Charlotte Thompson."

Evelyn Curtis fiercely provoked Justin Battleson. She was in a difficult position and even if it led to her death.

"You dare!" Justin Battleson roared loudly, but all that responded him from the phone was a "beep beep beep" tone.

"Michael Richard."

Justin Battleson angrily called out; his voice was extremely loud in the empty office, startling the dozing Michael Richard. Startled, he quickly rushed into the room.

There, Justin Battleson stood with a grim face, his stern posture radiating a "keep your distance" aura. He looked at Michael Richard with a somber gaze.

Michael Richard came to his senses from the shock, promptly walked over to Justin Battleson, adjusted his gold-rimmed glasses, and nodded seriously.

"Arrange someone to keep watch on Evelyn Curtis right away. If she continues to act stubbornly, better arrange someone to teach her a lesson."

Justin Battleson probably had his fill of it, breaking his long-standing habit of never reprimanding women.

Michael Richard glanced at Justin Battleson; he saw that Justin's eyes were dark, revealing a touch of indifference. It appeared as though he didn't see a problem with what was being dealt with.

Chapter 434: Charlotte Thompson, I will definitely kill you!

"Make sure to do the job cleanly."

Justin Battleson looked nonchalantly at Michael Richard in front of him and nodded his head, understanding clear in his mind.

The next day, Evelyn Curtis was rudely awakened by a heavy knocking on the door.

She opened her eyes in confusion, looking around her, flustered for a moment, seeming unsure of what to do.

The next second, another loud knock on the door jolted her back to reality.

Frowning, she opened the door, only to find several burly men standing outside, which made her feel suddenly panicked.

"Who... who are you?"

Evelyn retreated in fear. She tried to close the door, but the men forcefully kicked it open and walked in without showing any emotion.

"We've come for you."

Evelyn felt overwhelmed with fear, subconsciously wanting to escape, yet unable to comprehend why these men were after her.

"Big brother..." Evelyn tried to smile at the man in front of her, her voice shaking. She swayed slightly, carefully questioning.

"Big brother, is there some kind of misunderstanding? There must be a misunderstanding."

"What misunderstanding?" The leader smacked her across her face. Evelyn was unprepared; her face quickly reddened and swelled from the impact.

She covered her face, looking up at the man in front of her in shock, apparently unable to believe his brutality.

The man forcefully grabbed Evelyn's hair, forcing her to tilt her head back. All she could feel was a numbing pain in her scalp. She winced and shook her head in agony.

"Please, spare me..."

Evelyn's voice was choked with tears. She had never been in such a situation before, never been treated so violently; all she could feel was pain. The men in front of her had no intention of letting her go.

"If we let you go, our boss probably won't let us go."

While speaking, the leader gave Evelyn another hefty slap, his voice full of menace.

"Still thinking of running away? You should consider yourself lucky if we let you even crawl out of here today."

Seeing Evelyn attempt to escape while they were not paying attention, one of the men forcefully yanked her back.

After brutalizing Evelyn, the group dumped her on a busy street.

Passersby saw a woman in disarray on the ground; she was all beaten up, but no one came forward to help her. No one even called an ambulance.

Evelyn, her eyes filled with tears, crawled back to her apartment.

She knelt on the ground in agony, her swollen face wet with tears.

"Charlotte Thompson, I will make sure you die!"

Thinking of what the group had done to her, even though they did not mention Justin Battleson's name, she had a strong suspicion that these men were sent by him.

She had just called Justin yesterday, and today she was being taught such a harsh lesson. Furious, she clenched her fists tightly, her eyes cold and menacing.

In that moment, thoughts of destroying Charlotte Thompson and dragging her to hell consumed Evelyn's mind.

Charlotte Thompson, who was working on some documents, suddenly sneezed. She unconsciously touched her forehead, no fever. Perhaps she had caught a cold from the wind yesterday. She took a sip of water and sighed.

Chapter 435: Charlotte, I'm back.

"Mommy, what's wrong?"

Hank, who had been lying in bed for a long time without falling asleep, stood at the doorway hugging his stuffed toy, looking at Charlotte Thompson with confusion.

"Hmm?" Charlotte turned her head in puzzlement to look at him standing at the door.

Hank shook his head and gave a faint smile.

"It's nothing, Mommy's just a little tired. Why are you still up?"

Charlotte's voice was tender as she gazed at Hank. She stroked his tiny head, his jet-black hair making his skin look even paler.

Hank had a pair of captivating and beautiful eyes. When he laughed, it was as if a gentle breeze was sweeping across his face, stirring ripples of laughter.

"Mommy, I can't sleep." Hank said in a tiny voice as he hugged Charlotte tightly. His eyes dimmed as he held onto the hem of her dress tightly, inhaling the scent of the pleasant rose fragrance that emanated from her. For a moment, the discomfort in Hank's heart seemed to ease.

"Can't sleep?" Charlotte said softly, patting Hank on the shoulder gently, trying to soothe him back to sleep.

Hank shook his head and buried his face in Charlotte's embrace, his voice muffled as if hiding some kind of suppressed emotion.

"Mommy, mommy, could what we discussed today be hurtful to you?"

Hank looked at the tassels on the hem of Charlotte's dress intently. The hanging tassels looked extremely delicate, and its soft touch gently caressed Hank's heart.

Charlotte didn't say anything in response to his question. She simply chuckled softly, her voice filled with a sense of indifference. She raised her eyebrows, understanding now what the concerns that have been nagging Hank all this time were.

"Hank, actually, you kids are the most important thing to Mommy. Once I sort out my matters, I'll find you a father."

Hank nodded his head, understanding her words. He liked the Lego toy that Justin Battleson had bought for him, but in his heart, what mattered most was what Mommy liked.

"Mommy, we understand. No matter what, just do what you have to do, and we'll always be with you."

The maturity in Hank's voice warmed Charlotte's heart. She nodded gently, expressing agreement with his words.

Only then was Hank able to relax. Falling into the comfort of Charlotte's embrace, he gradually drifted off to sleep. Charlotte looked at Hank, peacefully asleep with his eyes closed, and couldn't help but smile.

After lulling Hank to sleep and tucking him in, Charlotte stepped out of the room. That's when she received a call from Henry.

Charlotte glanced at the tightly shut room doors before returning to her room with the phone in hand.

"Hello, Henry, what's up?"

On the other end of the line, Henry's voice was warm and gentle as he spoke softly.

"Charlotte, I'm back."

"Huh?" Charlotte momentarily didn't understand his words. Staring blankly at her phone, it eventually dawned on her that what she heard was not an illusion.

"I said I'm back in town. I heard you returned to Druarus too? Where are you staying? At the BK Hotel? I'll come to see you tomorrow."

Henry had previously been studying medicine in Cethuira. They hadn't spoken in a while because he had been very busy.

Upon hearing that he was back in Druarus, Charlotte smiled faintly.

"Sure, I'm staying at the BK in the city center. See you tomorrow." She responded gently, her voice carrying a hint of nonchalance while her eyes twinkled with a smile.

"Haha..."

A hearty laughter came from Henry's end of the line, deep and resonant. After a while, he slowly spoke up again.

Chapter 436: See You Tomorrow

"I'll come to see you tomorrow, it's been a while since I've seen the kids, I should take them out for a meal. Where's Jordan?"

"Jordan's out. Of course, you can come over. It just so happens that tomorrow is the weekend, and I'm not working. You can come over a bit later. There's no rush."

Charlotte Thompson started speaking softly, a hint of indifference in her eyes. She raised her head slightly, gazing at the sky in the distance.

The sky, dark as black velvet, was suddenly sprinkled with stars by someone. It was captivating, causing her to be somewhat dumbfounded. After a moment, she heard Henry Hudson asking for her address over the phone.

Charlotte was gradually brought back from her trance, slowly answering, her tone somewhat relieved.

"See you tomorrow, Charlotte."

Henry Hudson's voice was mild and low. His eyes were clear and bright, and his long fingers gently tapped on the table in front of him. The sound was very pleasant to hear.

He slowly imagined her smiling eyes when he would see Charlotte tomorrow.

Charlotte nodded slightly, seemingly indifferent. However, thinking of Henry's warm, smiling eyes warmed her heart.

Early the next morning, she woke up her sleepy children very early, gave them a simple breakfast, and planned to take them out.

"Mommy, we woke up so early this morning. Are we going somewhere delicious?"

Hank Thompson's eyes lit up as he looked at Charlotte in front of him. Charlotte shook her head gently, a hint of mischief flashing in her beautiful eyes.

"We're not going to eat something delicious, but we're going to meet someone very important today."

Charlotte poured Hank a glass of orange juice and pinched his nose lovingly.

Cyrus Thompson looked at Charlotte faintly, guessing from her smile who might be coming today.

"Big brother, do you have any ideas?" Grace Thompson patted Cyrus Thompson's shoulder cautiously. She felt somewhat excited. She knew that once her brother made a move, everything would be fine.

"Nothing, you stay in your room and finish your milk."

Cyrus jerked his chin towards the untouched glass of milk in front of Grace Thompson and spoke lightly.

"Tsk..." Grace puckered her lips, reluctantly taking a sip of milk. The overly sweet taste made her roll her eyes.

"Big brother, if you don't want to tell us, then don't. Why do you have to be so mysterious?"

While they were talking, there was a knock at the door. Charlotte put down the cup in her hand and immediately walked to the door. Upon opening it, the smile on her face brightened.

"Henry."

Charlotte greeted him softly, her eyes twinkling with laughter. She turned to the side, and Henry saw the children hiding behind Charlotte.

"Uncle Henry."

The children all chimed in unison, their voices extremely loud. A hint of shyness flashed across Henry's handsome face. His brown eyes were filled with tenderness. He bent his brows and lightly patted Cyrus Thompson's head.

The other children blinked their eyes and opened their mouths to speak.

"Uncle Henry, why did you suddenly stop by?"

Henry glanced at Charlotte discreetly, tilting his head and responding casually.

"Because I wanted to see you."

The children giggled, their eyes twinkling with happiness.

"Did Uncle Henry bring us presents?"

Henry smiled warmly and nodded in agreement.

"Of course, should Uncle Henry go get them now?"

Chapter 437 I Want You Dead!

"You've come, but why did you bring gifts?"

Charlotte Thompson chuckled faintly. Unlike his cousin Oliver Hudson, Henry Hudson was warm-hearted, like sunshine in winter, bringing a sense of warmth to anyone.

"Well, I haven't seen them for a long time, and I also brought a special gift for you."

Henry Hudson glanced mysteriously at Charlotte. His smile became more evident, curling the corners of his mouth, his eyes sparkling.

Charlotte liked being around Henry; it felt like a cold-wary individual basking in the sunshine, heartwarming and unforgettable.

"Let's fetch them together then; seems like you got quite a bit."

Charlotte gave a faint smile, turning her head to look at the children, her expression gentle.

"You guys stay put. Aunt and Uncle Henry will fetch the presents. But if you guys misbehave, none of you will get anything."

Charlotte spoke edgily as if threatening, squinting her eyes. Surprisingly, the children were not scared.

"All you know is to scare them. Okay, let's go together."

Henry spoke with a smile on his face. Charlotte nodded and opened the door for him.

The way from the room to the underground garage was quite a distance. Though it was morning, it was pitch dark due to a power outage.

Charlotte was a bit nervous, subconsciously moving closer to Henry who walked ahead. He smirked slightly, not disguising it, and stretched his hand towards Charlotte.

"Want me to hold your hand?"

Henry's voice was quite low, the two of them were standing very close.

The dimly lit vicinity illuminating Charlotte's head made her a bit shy. She took a few steps back instinctively.

"No...It's nothing. You go first. When did the power go out? No one informed us. We need to speak to the property management about it."

Charlotte spoke absent-mindedly. Squinting, she turned her gaze to somewhere else.

Standing next to her, Henry gave a wry smile, a spark of cunning in his eyes. He briskly walked forward and grabbed Charlotte's wrist.

The palm's heat made Charlotte a bit uncomfortable. Surprised, Charlotte looked up at the man in front of her, revealing a twinge of panic in her eyes.

"Charlotte. Actually...." As Henry began to speak slowly, out of the corner of his eye, he noticed a dagger suddenly appear behind Charlotte along with a disheveled, red-eyed, and mad Evelyn Curtis.

Without time to think, he instinctively pushed Charlotte behind him.

Caught off guard by the sudden push, Charlotte was regaining her balance when she saw a knife plunged straight into Henry's stomach in the darkness. All she could hear was Evelyn Curtis's malicious voice.

"Charlotte, I want you dead, I want you dead!"

Charlotte stood dumbfounded, watching Henry slowly crumple to the ground, as the smell of blood filled the air.

Sweating profusely, Hudson mustered all his strength to grab the crazy Evelyn, whose mind was already muddled. She seemed to have used all her strength in the stab. Sitting crazily on the ground, she slowly began to mumble.

Summoning every last bit of strength, Henry kicked the dagger away, and Charlotte finally snapped into action, swiftly setting off the nearby alarm.

At the sound of the alarm, the bodyguard came running, and managed to control the frenzied Evelyn. Charlotte quickly crawled over to Henry.

His white shirt had been stained red with blood, his lips devoid of color, and his once fine eyes gradually disbound.

Desperate, Charlotte embraced him, the words barely audible in her broken speech.

Chapter 438 Please hold on

"Henry...Henry Hudson, I've called an ambulance, hang on, I beg you, hang on."

Charlotte Thompson clung tightly to Henry Hudson, her clothes stained with blood. Observing this, Jack Bryant, who was restraining Evelyn Curtis, immediately came over and inquired softly.

"Miss, the ambulance is ready. Should I escort this gentleman to the hospital?"

"I'm taking him. Help me carry him to the ambulance now."

The usually collected Charlotte quickly made a decision while trying to keep her emotions in check.

"Alright, Miss." Jack promptly lifted Henry Hudson and brought him to the ambulance.

In the deserted hospital corridor, a shivering Charlotte sat stiffly in a chair, haunted by the sight of Henry collapsing.

The blood-stained clothes felt sticky and uncomfortable against her skin, yet all Charlotte could think about was how Henry had taken a knife for her.

The light in the emergency room remained on, and Charlotte sat motionlessly in her chair. At her side, a visibly worried Jack said gravely,

"Miss, don't worry too much, the doctor said it's just a vascular injury, hence the excessive bleeding."

"If it wasn't for me, he wouldn't have been hurt."

At that moment, Charlotte seemed to have lost her usual calm facade. It was as if someone was gripping her heart and pricking it with a needle.

"Miss, don't blame yourself too much."

Jack awkwardly tried to console her. However, his words had no effect on Charlotte.

The door to the ER swung open and a doctor stepped out. Taking off his mask, fatigue written all over his face, he glanced at Charlotte before stating,

"The patient is out of danger and can be transferred to a general ward soon."

Only then did Charlotte breathe a sigh of relief. However, the guilt within her was overwhelming.

"Have you been injured? Let a nurse take care of you later."

The doctor glanced at Charlotte, who was covered in blood and noticeably pale, and stated impassively.

Charlotte shook her head, murmured a thank you, and then leaned back against the wall, visibly drained.

Jared quickly supported her and said with concern,

"Miss, why don't you go back and get some rest."

"No need for that. You go back first and take care of the children. Tell them Uncle Hudson and I have something to attend to. Call Jordan tonight, ask him to come home and stay with them."

Charlotte looked at Jack and instructed him word by word.

Jared nodded and left quickly. When he returned, he brought back a set of clean clothes for Charlotte.

Looking at Charlotte, Jared thought about the incident at the door and hesitated to speak.

"Miss, I..."

Charlotte looked at him quizzically, slightly furrowing her brow as she asked,

"What is it? Did something happen to the children?"

Jared shook his head, leaving him no choice but to continue.

"No, I ran into Mr. Battleson's assistant downstairs."

"Michael Richard?" Charlotte paused, clutching her clothes. In her daze, she had not even thought to notify Oliver Hudson about Henry's serious condition.

Now that Michael knew she was at the hospital, it wouldn't be long before she heard from Justin Battleson.

Thinking of Justin Battleson gave Charlotte a headache. She placed the neatly folded clothes by her side and took out her phone from her pocket.

Chapter 439: Let Me Go, And Let Yourself Go Too.

Handing Jack Bryant Oliver Hudson's number, her voice cold and detached.

"Call this person shortly and tell him about Henry Hudson's condition, if he has any issues, let him come to me."

Thinking about Henry Hudson in the ward, Charlotte Thompson anticipated she couldn't leave anytime soon, so she simply delegated her tasks to Jack Bryant.

Once she had arranged everything, she stayed by Henry Hudson's side. The doctor's instructions were, the first 24 hours are crucial.

"Charlotte."

Having been busy all day, when Justin Battleson arrived at the hospital in the evening, he was somewhat angrily greeted by the sight of Charlotte gently adjusting Henry Hudson's pillow.

Upon hearing Justin's voice, Charlotte looked at him impatiently over her shoulder.

Just as expected, Justin could always find her.

"What are you doing here?"

Given that the ward needed to remain quiet, Charlotte looked straight at Justin, instinctively asking him to leave.

"Michael Richard mentioned seeing your bodyguard today, I thought..." Justin's tone faltered.

Remembering how concerned he felt when Michael first told him, mistakenly believing she was hospitalized, his immediate reaction now seemed somehow ludicrous.

He had rushed over from another city, abandoning his clients to see her.

Yet what he found was this scene.

"Mr. Battleson, this is none of your business. If you have nothing else to do, please leave."

Charlotte did not forget who had injured Henry Hudson today — it was Evelyn Curtis.

Had Justin properly handled things with Evelyn, her anger wouldn't have been redirected onto Charlotte, jeopardizing Henry Hudson in the process.

Just like mysterious dominoes, the butterfly effect, everything was interconnected.

Yet, the one who ended up hurt was an innocent person.

"Why should I leave? I came to see you, but you are..."

Justin was infuriated by Charlotte's statement.

The tearful hint in Charlotte's gaze as she indignantly looked at Justin, her voice carrying a note of complaint.

"Mr. Battleson must not know that if Henry hadn't stood in front of me today, the person lying inside would be me. Do you know who attacked? It was Evelyn Curtis, your long-time girlfriend. Didn't she want to be Mrs. Battleson? Mr. Battleson, I beg you, if you can't handle your own affairs, don't involve others."

Charlotte would think of Henry, his face bloodied, appearing before her in such despair and pain every time she saw Justin. She never wanted to experience that again in her life.

"Charlotte." Justin looked at her a little bewildered, apparently caught off guard by her words.

"Evelyn Curtis?" Justin instinctively approached Charlotte.

However, Charlotte resisted him strongly and tried to escape, and there was a hint of resentment in her eyes.

"If you don't believe me, feel free to go to the police. Mr. Battleson, I'm really busy and tired now. I don't have the energy to deal with you anymore. I beg you to let me go, and let yourself go as well."

Charlotte forcefully pulled her hand away from Justin and walked straight back into the ward. The closed door seemed like a barrier that separated her from Justin.

After leaving the hospital, Justin Battleson paused at the entrance, then turned back and stared blankly for a moment.

Chapter 440: Prison in the Suburbs North of the City

From his perspective, he could have a clear view of the hustle and bustle inside the hospital lobby, with people paying their thick stacks of medical bills.

Some were quietly making phone calls while sitting on the long bench in the center of the lobby.

Others sat at the opposite end of the bench, casually cracking sunflower seeds. With a small pile of seed shells in their hands, their faces expressed ease and contentment.

More than a couple strolled through the lobby arm in arm, their smiling eyes painfully glaring.

Justin Battleson clenched his fists tightly; his knuckles went pale from the exertion.

A stretch Rolls-Royce was parked quietly not far away. Noticing Justin's delayed arrival, the car door was slowly pushed open, and the driver got out and sauntered over to him.

Justin's lips were tightly pursed. His chiseled profile bore an iciness that was unbelievable.

The driver didn't dare to speak; he just stood there, heads down, and waited.

Justin was clad in a black trench coat, which was unbuttoned, revealing a clean white shirt underneath. His face was expressionless, exuding an inexplicable chill.

Both men and women passing him by couldn't help but do a double-take, their eyes filled with admiration.

It was unknowable how much time had elapsed when Justin lifted his head slightly and looked towards a ward on the third floor.

Now, Henry Hudson must be lying in that room. When he woke up, he would laugh while Charlotte Thompson handed him water and cut apples for him, and they chatted jovially.

Adam Ross from the past stood beside Charlotte, and now Henry could as well.

But why hadn't it been his turn yet, even after all this time?

So the person in Charlotte's heart has never been him, right?

At one point, he even thought that with a child involved, Charlotte had to belong to him.

But the development of affairs seemed to have gone far beyond his expectation.

A hint of desolation flashed in Justin's eyes. He slowly relaxed his clenched fist and turned around to walk away.

Seeing him leave, the heavily oppressive air around the driver finally dissipated. He hurriedly followed Justin's steps, got in the car, and sat in the driver's seat.

Within seconds, the car started and slowly disappeared from the hospital entrance.

Justin sat in the back seat, reclining slightly, feigning sleep with his eyes closed, occasionally tapping his leg with his fingers.

Suddenly, he opened his eyes, sat upright, pulled out his mobile phone from his pocket, and dialed a familiar number.

A man's formal voice came from the other end of the line.

"Mr. Battleson, we have located Evelyn Curtis's position."

Justin paused for a moment, keeping his eyes fixed on one spot in silence.

The man on the other end of the line sounded puzzled. "I'm not sure if there's been a mistake, but the location shows that she's at a prison in the northern suburbs."

Justin's gaze sharply lifted. He leaned back and replied, "The location is correct. Assemble a team and head to the prison in the northern suburbs."

After hanging up the phone, without even slightly looking ahead, he spoke in an unusually cold voice: "Drive to the prison in the northern suburbs."

The driver was startled and wanted to ask why they were going there, but he reconsidered it, realizing that it would not be appropriate to intrude.

Without thinking, he immediately changed direction and headed north.

Justin lowered the car window, letting the crisp cool air blow in from outside, while he was lost in thought.