

Spoiled 441

Chapter 441: A Dog on the Verge of Death

He had underestimated Charlotte Thompson's abilities; he didn't expect her to act so swiftly.

However, simply being sent to prison was nowhere near enough for the hatred he had harbored for years.

Justin Battleson gently caressed a ring on his right pinky with his left hand, with a faint smile teasing the corners of his mouth. In his eyes, however, there was nothing but chilling depths.

The driver shivered somehow, stepping on the gas to speed up the car.

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An hour later, at a prison on the outskirts of the north of the city.

Everyone that Justin had asked for had arrived, causing quite a stir, as he led a big crowd to storm into the prison.

Upon receiving the news, the prison warden hurriedly came out to see them. Seeing Justin, his face bloomed into a big smile.

Located in the remote suburbs, the prison was surrounded by wild, overgrown weeds. Under the scorching sun, the knee-high grass sagged lifelessly.

Seeing the crowd behind Justin, the warden's face turned sour, "Mr. Battleson, why have you brought so many people here? Is this..."

He had seen his share of people seeking revenge, usually posing as prison guards to sneak into the prison. But the audacity to bring so many people in broad daylight was perhaps a move only Justin Battleson could pull off.

At these words, Justin let out a low chuckle, his eyes filled with a bloodthirsty look. He simply nodded at the warden and softly said, "We're not here for revenge, just to meet an old friend and to settle an old score."

His voice was deceptively casual, but it sent chills down one's spine.

The warden touched his nose uncomfortably, knowing he could not offend Justin Battleson, so he ordered the prison gates to be opened. He then quietly stepped aside, trying to make himself as inconspicuous as possible.

Inside, the cells were mostly shared, with everyone dressed uniformly. Regardless of gender, their hair was all shaven off.

On the second floor of the prison, there was a solitary cell at the end of the corridor for criminals serving heavy sentences. Unlike other cells, all the openings that allowed light or air were tightly sealed.

It was clearly the work of Charlotte Thompson.

"This should be the place. Open the door." Justin stood steady at the cell door while someone behind him took out the key they had gotten from the prison guard, stepped forward to insert it into the lock.

A click echoed in the silence. The door was opened.

The cell was pitch black and eerily silent. After a moment, a faint, nauseating smell began to seep out.

People outside the cell wrinkled their noses in disgust. The man who opened the door, standing closest to it, felt a surge of disgust threatening to rise from his stomach.

He turned around and casually asked, "Mr. Battleson, who's in there? Why does it smell so bad?"

"Just a dying dog."

Justin fiddled with the flashlight in his hand, a smile playing on his lips as he stepped into the cell. With the flashlight on, the pitch-black cell was lit up.

At once, he saw the woman curled up in the corner of the cell. Her hair, matted and filthy, clung together like a solid mass, while her face was unrecognizably dirty. Her clothes were torn into strips and hung loosely on her body, revealing a great deal of her chest.

A rat even lay at her feet.

Upon seeing the light, the woman's vacant eyes finally gained focus. She slowly turned her head, her appearance horrendously miserable.

Chapter 442: Please I Beg You

The surrounding excretions exuded a stomach-churning stench. Just as Justin Battleson was about to step through the door, someone from behind him pulled him back, frowning: "Mr. Battleson, it's too dirty in there. I should go instead."

Hearing this, Justin chuckled and shook his head, saying, "You don't understand. I want her to see me as soon as she looks up. It will be the first punishment for her and the cruelest one – a thousand times more ruthless than physical torture."

A smirk spread across his face as he slowly stepped into the cell.

The flashlight he was holding sent out a blinding light that quickly lit up the interior. A woman curled up in the corner, seemingly unused to the light, subconsciously raised her hand to shield her eyes.

After a while, she got used to the brightness and lowered her hand.

Justin slowly crouched down in front of her, startling a rat at Evelyn Curtis' feet. It swiftly scurried away.

Evelyn squinted her eyes, her dull gaze landing on the man before her.

In that second, her face suddenly contorted in horror. She violently turned her body to the side, desperately using her grimy hands to cover her face, and sobbed from her throat.

Justin's aura was incompatible with the surroundings. He looked at Evelyn's reactions mockingly, his voice as low and sinister as a demon's whisper.

He enunciated each word, emphasizing them as he spoke.

"Evelyn Curtis, how does it feel now?"

Evelyn shuddered. The prolonged days in darkness had pushed her to the brink of mental collapse.

The harm and the experiences that Charlotte Thompson had been through were far worse than what Evelyn was enduring now, both physically and mentally.

The past Evelyn was always condescending, perceived as an unattainable princess outside.

Charlotte's punishment for her was living in a pitch-black cell with no hope or light, cohabiting with rats all day long, and struggling to survive in filth and maggots.

Being thrown from the heavens into the dirt was the pinnacle of despair for Evelyn Curtis.

But everything she was going through was her own fault.

Good is rewarded with good, evil with evil. Everything is a cycle, and no one escapes.

Justin dusted off some invisible debris from his sleeve leisurely, continuing, "Everything that happened five years ago, you selfishly replaced yourself for your own desires, causing Charlotte Thompson to change her identity and flee to Ashton, causing her to hate me to her bones, and causing our child to grow up without a complete family."

He paused, slowly standing up, his eyebrows filling with coldness: "Evelyn Curtis, as they say, 'divine justice is inescapable.' All you're experiencing now, you brought upon yourself."

He turned his head, glanced at a bodyguard at the entrance of the cell, and spoke without a tremor in his voice.

"Come in, I believe you all know what to do."

On hearing this, Evelyn finally reacted. She hurriedly reached out, clutching at Justin's pants leg, her face smeared with snot and tears, looking pitiful beyond belief.

Her shrieks echoed sharply within the cell.

"Justin! Justin! You can't do this to me! I was with you for five years, a full five years. I don't believe... I can't believe my five years are worth less than Sophie Allen!"

"Justin! I was wrong, let me go..." Evelyn Curtis knelt on the ground, still clutching Justin's pants leg.

She shook her head desperately, her pleading words somewhat unclear amidst her sobs, "I promise, I swear never to appear before you again. Justin, I beg you..."

Chapter 443: Retaliation is a Must

Before she could finish her words, the man abruptly shook off her hand, casually brushing at his pants as though he had come into contact with something filthy.

Evelyn Curtis looked at him incredulously, her eyes filled with an indescribable sense of disbelief.

"Justin..."

The man turned his head back emotionlessly and said in a low voice, "Evelyn Curtis, as you know, I, Justin Battleson..."

"Always."

"Hold a grudge."

He stepped out of the cell, and the bodyguards outside glanced at each other before following him in.

The door was left open, allowing for a faint glow from a flashlight to shine through. Justin Battleson stood quietly outside, his face unnaturally placid.

Inside the cell.

Evelyn Curtis was still in the same kneeling position she had been in, her face stricken with a terror that had numbed to the extreme as she saw the bodyguards enter.

She lifted her head slightly with a look of utter bewilderment in her eyes, trembling as she shrank into the corner, muttering frantically to herself, her words tinged with a slight touch of madness.

"Don't come near me... None of you come near me... I'm Justin Battleson's fiancée, the future Mrs. Battleson..." She desperately shook her head, her voice hysterical, "Don't come near! If Justin finds out, I promise you will die a horrible death!"

The bodyguards glanced at each other in confusion.

Perhaps she's mad.

Nevermind, they just needed to complete their task. It was best not to guess what their superiors were thinking.

After a few seconds, the sounds of fists hitting flesh echoed within the cell, the woman's ear-piercing screams filling the entire cell, and the clear curses entered Justin Battleson's ears.

The man stood quietly in the hallway, his face expressionless.

Evelyn Curtis lay on the ground like a lifeless dog, each punch landing on her like a raindrop. She opened her mouth, but she could not utter a sound.

A bodyguard brutally kicked her, his tone devoid of emotion, "Can't handle this already?"

On the ground, Evelyn Curtis's eyes were staring wide open, filled with resentment and unwillingness, her eyes bloodshot.

Several minutes later, the bodyguards finally left the cell.

Evelyn Curtis's chest rose and fell weakly, she clutched the filthy rags that were once her clothes, and her mouth was full of bruises.

Tears fell from her eyes, the heartbreaking sobs echoing out from her throat.

The veins on her forehead bulged as the cell door closed, the last of the light completely extinguished.

Darkness...

Endless darkness...

Again, the nauseating squeaking of rats could be heard in her ears, and it seemed as if a rat was already gnawing at her flesh, drinking her blood.

Perhaps she was hallucinating, but she could faintly hear a familiar voice outside the door.

The man chuckled, his tone extremely gentle.

"Evelyn Curtis, I'll ensure that you live out your days in hardship here."

Evelyn Curtis clenched her teeth tightly, her breathing weak and shaky.

With the last of her strength, she screamed, her voice hysterical, like a vengeful ghost.

"Justin Battleson! Charlotte Thompson! You'll not die a good death!"

Unable to control her trembling, Evelyn Curtis made desperate attempts to crawl forward, reaching for the food that the prison guards had brought few days ago based on her memory.

In such an environment, the food had already molded, but she didn't hesitate at all, biting into it like a dog.

The seasoning came from her tears.

She bit into her own tongue unknowingly, the warm and slippery sensation of blood spreading within her mouth. However, she didn't care.

She had to survive. The humiliation she suffered today, she would take back a thousand folds in the future!

Chapter 444: Guilt

In the hospital.

The sky was gradually darkening, a slightly sultry wind blowing in through the half-open window, causing ripples in the thin curtain.

Charlotte Thompson stood up, she softly stepped forward, looking down at the man quietly lying on the bed.

Although his wound had been treated, he had been unconscious for nearly six hours due to excessive blood loss.

She sighed, tucked him in with a lightness, as if she was afraid of disturbing Henry Hudson.

Henry's face was pale, and his raised brows knotted tightly. His lips were pursed into a line, eyelashes casting a shadow beneath his eyes, but they could not obscure the dark circles underneath.

He seemed to have not rested well for several days.

Guilt gradually rose in Charlotte's heart. When Evelyn Curtis had come charging at them, she had watched Henry step in front of her, she could clearly hear the sound of the dagger piercing flesh.

If she had reacted faster and pushed Henry away, he would not be the one lying here now.

Charlotte tiredly closed her eyes, turned around, and took a cotton swab from the bedside table. She soaked it in water and then carefully moistened Henry's lips with the wet swab.

The movement was still very gentle.

She raised her head, ready to put the cotton swab down, only to look directly into the man's warm and moist eyes.

Charlotte was stunned for a few seconds, then her eyes turned red and her nose tingled slightly.

She turned her head back nonchalantly, quickly readjusting her mood, a full smile formed on her face.

"Henry, are you awake?"

On the bed, the man gently smiled, nodded, and made a move to get up, but the sudden movement pulled at his freshly-dressed wound, and he grimaced in pain.

Charlotte quickly propped him up, saying anxiously, "Lie down quickly, your wounds are pretty severe. You might need at least half a month before you can be discharged from the hospital."

At this, the latter paused slightly, then responded with a somewhat helpless laugh, "I really didn't expect that I'd ever have the chance to stay in a hospital for such a long time."

Henry Hudson hadn't changed one bit, it was still the same man who faces every situation with unruffled calm, always maintaining the same attitude.

Even if the situation was dire.

Charlotte opened and closed her mouth, suddenly at a loss for words.

With Justin Battleson, she could blithely say anything she wanted or felt like saying, but when it came to Henry Hudson, she couldn't.

The image of Henry in her heart had become an unrealistic one.

Like her brother, always on her side, even to the extent of being gently caring till it made her feel slightly uncomfortable.

Charlotte pursed her lips; guilt and self-blame began to permeate her heart again. She looked down at Henry Hudson, her tone earnest as she said, "Henry, I'm sorry. If it wasn't for me, you wouldn't be like this."

At this, Henry paused slightly, then smiled and said, "What are you sorry for? I'm aware of all you've done just now. If anything, I should be the one thanking you."

The last streak of sunlight from the setting sun generously spilled onto the earth. The soft, orange light streamed through the window, covering the white quilt. The entire ward was suddenly decorated with the sunlight, making it look quite like a fairyland.

With a far-away look in her eyes, Charlotte quickly walked to the window, her gaze was flickering.

After a few seconds, she turned her head and looked at the man on the bed. He was also looking at her, the same gentle and tender smile on his face.

Chapter 445: The Best Candidate

When their eyes met, an inexplicable, ambiguous atmosphere began to fill the air.

With a sigh, Henry Hudson turned over. The gesture was light, but still caused him to grimace with pain. Seeing Charlotte Thompson startled and intending to help him, he hurriedly waved his hand saying, "I'm fine; it's not so serious."

Hearing this, Charlotte paused. Seeing that Henry was indeed fine, she then breathed a sigh of relief.

Henry glanced slightly towards the window. The light curtain danced in the breeze. The warm orange of the setting sun against the light color of the curtain looked indescribably beautiful.

He smiled slightly, saying, "It's been a long time since I've seen such a beautiful sunset."

Having said that, his gaze drifted away and then towards Charlotte who was standing by the window.

She was wearing a long white dress that nearly reached her ankles, with light blue lace trim at the neckline and cuffs. Her long hair cascaded down her back. The setting sun bathed her in a heavenly glow, making her look breathtakingly beautiful.

Henry stared at her, entranced. After a while, he muttered, "You are even more beautiful than this sunset."

The room became suddenly quiet. Charlotte lowered her gaze and absentmindedly fiddled with her fingers on her knee. Upon hearing his words, she abruptly looked up to see him looking at her. She cleared her throat awkwardly and turned her head away.

However, Henry made no move, his gentle gaze still focused on Charlotte.

Charlotte coughed lightly, changing the subject. "By the way, Henry, have you made arrangements at your company?"

She had always known about his feelings for her.

Some people are like that; they appear to do nothing but shoulder everything.

The six children they fostered often held secret meetings in the hotel to discuss her relationship matters. Despite their generally close relationships, they end up arguing over whether she should choose Justin Battleson or Adam Ross. She knew everything but kept her silence.

To her, Justin was an insurmountable hurdle in her heart.

Even though she had raised Chad and Jack until now, she never fancied any idea with Adam Ross.

Because of this, the kids were in a frenzy, even Charlotte herself couldn't fathom it.

Thinking of this, Charlotte glanced back at Henry unintentionally. The man behind her was squinting his eyes, lost in thought.

Perhaps from a certain perspective, Henry Hudson...

Could be the best candidate to settle everything once and for all.

Beauty is always ephemeral. In just a few minutes, the sunset vanished without a trace, and the weather began to change. The violent wind mercilessly pounded the windows, making a screeching noise.

Sometime later, a thunderclap jolted Charlotte out of her thoughts.

Thinking back on her ideas, Charlotte was taken aback.

Was she insane to even consider exploiting Henry's feelings?

With no romantic feelings for him but only admiration, was she intending to be with him in order to resolve her current predicament?

Charlotte shivered involuntarily.

In all respects, she was letting him down.

Quickly dismissing the idea, Charlotte took a deep breath, feeling the chill wind seep into her skin from the window. Seeing the goosebumps on her arm, she turned around, shut the window and drew the curtain.

Chapter 446: Are you planning to pursue my sister?

The light in the room was blocked, and suddenly everything became dimmer.

Hudson was with his eyes closed, unsure if he was sleeping.

Charlotte tiptoed around the sickbed, picked up her coat from the back of the chair and put it on, and then directly picked up her bag to leave.

The sound of the closing door echoed softly, and then silence resumed.

The man on the bed suddenly opened his eyes, motionless, looking at the place where Charlotte had just been standing, his eyes full of infinite tenderness and affection.

Charlotte had never intentionally concealed her relationship with Justin. Coupled with his own research a while ago, he probably understood the ins and outs of their relationship.

He had known Charlotte for more than a year or two, and he knew her very well.

Charlotte was not very dominant in character, completely retracting her edges, but she was exceptionally resilient, with a strong sense of self-respect and a clear sense of love and hate.

With his understanding of Charlotte, he could basically be sure that with her personality, she would never forgive Justin under any circumstances.

In the dark, the man lying quietly on the hospital bed slightly curled his lips, and a soft laugh overflowed from his throat.

Therefore, he had the chance to pursue Charlotte.

Inside the BK Hotel.

Charlotte almost haggardly pushed open the room door. It started raining as soon as she left the hospital. Even under the protection of an umbrella, the hem of her skirt was wet from the rain splashing on the ground.

She tossed her bag casually on the bed, entered the bathroom to freshen up.

After freshening up, she wrapped herself in a towel and came out of the bathroom, and was about to blow dry her hair with a dryer. But before she could press the button, the phone in her bag started to vibrate frantically.

Charlotte walked over quickly and took her phone out of her bag.

The caller ID prominently displayed the name Jordan.

Charlotte answered the call. Before she could speak, she heard a hurried voice from the man on the other end of the phone.

"Hello, Sis?"

Charlotte sat on the edge of the bed, somewhat puzzled: "What's wrong? Calling me so late at night."

"It's urgent, of course." On the other end of the phone, Jordan sat in the passenger seat, the car speeding on the highway, his tone somewhat worried, "I heard that Henry's injured, so I'm rushing back now."

"Now?" Charlotte looked at the time in surprise, then continued, "It's so late... never mind, where are you now?"

"Probably a few more hours. By the way, you didn't plan to tell me about such a big thing?"

Jordan sounded helpless. Charlotte always treated him like a child.

But this time, Charlotte did not plan to hide it from him. The incident just happened so suddenly that she forgot to inform him.

She puts her phone on speaker, sets it aside while drying her hair, then casually replies: "Before we get to me, explain how you snuck off to Druarus with a few kids without telling me a few weeks ago?"

Hearing this, Jordan and laughed awkwardly. He then hurriedly ended the call.

Charlotte chuckled and got up to dry her hair.

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The next day.

Charlotte got up early and went straight to the hospital with breakfast.

Before she arrived at the ward, she heard a familiar voice coming from the room. It was Jordan's.

As expected.

Just when she reached the door and was about to push it open, she heard Jordan inside the room slam the table in surprise and exclaimed, his voice almost piercing eardrums.

"What? You're planning to pursue my sister?"

Chapter 447 All Satisfied

Charlotte Thompson's hand, resting on the doorknob, paused slightly. Within seconds, she heard her clueless cousin break into a cacophony of laughter.

"Well done, Henry! Don't worry, I'm definitely on your side. If you really plan on chasing after my sister, I'm all in."

At his words, the corner of Charlotte's mouth twitched.

She turned the doorknob and opened the door. As the door swung open, Jordan Thompson's loud laughter abruptly ceased, his face a whirlwind of shifting expressions.

Charlotte calmly walked past Jordan, placed the breakfast on the table, and looked at him with a slight smile on her face, saying, "Why did you stop laughing?"

The latter, barely managing to normalize his expression, untouched his nose in a forlorn manner and looked at Henry Hudson for help.

Unable to contain his laughter, Henry replied to Charlotte, "Charlotte, why are you so early?"

Charlotte pulled her gaze from Jordan, and smiled, "I didn't have much to do today, so I brought you breakfast."

With that, she handed the food to Henry and added, "Eat it while it's hot."

No longer under Charlotte's stern gaze, Jordan visibly relaxed. He glanced at Henry gratefully, then spoke up seriously: "Sis, your secret-keeping skills need work. Our eldest brother came to Druarus to discuss a project. He knows about Henry taking a hit for you, and he's coming over, too."

At his words, Charlotte looked at him, slightly surprised, and said, "Our eldest brother is back? Why didn't I hear about it?"

"He arrived in the wee hours of the morning. He probably didn't notify you because it was so late. I just found out myself not too long ago. He's probably worried about the situation with the kids."

Yawning and stretching, Jordan rubbed his massive dark circles and said, "I need to go home and catch up on sleep. I rushed to the hospital in the middle of the night and haven't even closed my eyes since."

Yawning again, he stood up from his chair and said as he walked out, "Sis, Henry, you guys carry on. I'm out."

Henry's face was filled with amusement, while Charlotte could only give a helpless smile.

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Approaching noon, Charlotte finally saw Henry Thompson.

Henry wore a black suit, a polite smile on his face. When he stepped into the room, his eyes flashed with a hint of surprise that was hard to detect.

Charlotte stood up and smiled, "Brother, you should have told me you were coming back."

At her words, he raised an eyebrow and said, "I believe Jordan's news is faster than mine."

Just as he had expected, the surprise he had planned for Charlotte had already been revealed by Jordan's big mouth hours ago.

He pulled over a chair and took a seat, looking towards Henry Hudson with gratitude.

"Henry, I heard about everything that happened yesterday," he said. "Thank you for saving Charlotte."

At his words, Henry gave a slight smile, subtly glancing at Charlotte, and said softly, "Don't be too grateful. If I hadn't taken the hit for her, I would probably regret it for the rest of my life."

Catching on to his little movement, Henry Thompson paused for a moment, and then a look of understanding arose in his eyes.

He looked up at Charlotte, who was standing beside him, and said, "Charlotte, I left the gifts in the car, could you help me get them?"

Hearing him, Charlotte naturally nodded and turned to leave the room.

As she left, Henry Thompson didn't beat around the bush, and asked, "Henry, do you have feelings for Charlotte..."

"Yes," Henry affirmed. "Brother, you should know what I mean."

Henry Thompson was taken aback for a moment, then a look of admiration appeared on his face, and he said, "If the two of you could actually get together, I would be in full support."

After all, Charlotte has been alone for many years, taking on so much. As her elder brother, it pained him to see his sister struggling.

If they could be together, it would be the best of both worlds.

Chapter 448: Time Bomb

As an older brother, Henry Thompson naturally felt pleased about the prospect of another man supporting Charlotte Thompson.

Although he hadn't met Henry Hudson many times, from what he knew, Hudson was definitely an excellent choice for Charlotte.

Upon hearing Thompson's unequivocal affirmation, Hudson was taken aback, then was overcome with joy. He grunted, pushing himself up in the bed, looking at Thompson gratefully. His voice was trembling with excitement.

"Big Bro..." Hudson, not usually given to emotional displays, opened his mouth and almost struggled to get two words out.

"Thank you."

Thompson responded with a slight smile, saying, "Henry, recover well. I look forward to your recovery."

Ergo, he stood up, glanced at his watch and said quietly, "It's getting late, and my meeting will begin soon. I will take my leave first, and come to see you another day."

Upon hearing this, Hudson nodded slightly and said politely, "Big bro, drive safe."

Exiting the ward, Thompson was lost in his thoughts about the situation. His eyes reflected his usual deep contemplation.

The hallway was deserted, so quiet that only his moderate footsteps echoed through it.

This was a hospital financed by the Thompson Family. Only those approved by the Thompson Family were allowed to stay in the wards on this floor.

This place boasted Druarus's top medical teams and equipment, and the Thompsons had invested a lot in it.

Turning a corner, he inadvertently glanced ahead, a flicker of surprise crossed his eyes.

He paused in his stride, looking at the figure standing before him, he asked in surprise, "Justin Battleson? What are you doing here?"

The visitor indeed was Justin Battleson. He glanced at Thompson and immediately said politely, "Mr. Thompson, I am here to see Charlotte."

He spoke arrogantly, his mannerism and aura unobscured.

Thompson instinctively checked his watch, frowning slightly.

Unexpectedly, in two minutes, Charlotte would be up on this floor, inevitably running into Justin.

This was not what Thompson wanted.

Thompson raised his head slightly and smiled, saying, "Mr. Battleson, how about we have a chat in the lounge?"

Upon hearing this, Justin was somewhat taken aback but did not refuse, immediately replying, "I'd be happy to oblige."

In the hospital lounge.

Thompson poured a cup of tea, extending it to Justin. The latter declined with a slight wave of his hand. Hence, Thompson took a small sip of the tea and stated leisurely, "I know why you're here today, and I understand what happened five years ago. Since Charlotte chose to cut off ties with you, as her older brother, I should respect and support her decision."

He opened his eyes wider, continuing, "Mr. Battleson, you're a straightforward man. I'm not trying to beat around the bush, just want to tell you one thing."

"Don't bother Charlotte in the future. Not only does she not like you, even if she did, the Thompson Family will never allow a man who once hurt her to stay by her side. Understand?"

After saying this, Thompson's eyes grew somewhat darker.

In the business world, he wasn't known for being kind. However, he wouldn't allow the slightest risk when it came to the Thompson Family and Charlotte.

To him, Justin Battleson was akin to a time bomb next to Charlotte.

Chapter 449: Clingy and Naggy

The two people sitting across from each other were like cheetahs waiting to strike in the dark, their mere gazes carrying significant lethal force.

After finishing his speech, Henry Thompson slowly put down his teacup, then looked at Justin Battleson with a half-smile, and asked, "After hearing all this, Mr. Battleson, what is your response?"

Justin Battleson didn't back down. He leaned back in his chair, one hand resting on the chair's back, not angry at the words spoken to him. He calmly looked up and responded.

"Henry, I call you 'older brother' because you're a few years older than me. As a mark of respect. It's not because you're Charlotte Thompson's older brother."

Hearing this, Henry Thompson frowned slightly in confusion. "What does the topic of our discussion have to do with such a formality?"

The other man slightly raised his eyebrows and the corner of his mouth curled into a strategically perfect curve. He lazily tilted his head back, not bothering to obscure his sharp edge.

"The fact that I don't refer to you as 'big brother' because of Charlotte implies that Charlotte is not your sister."

Justin Battleson suddenly looked directly at Henry Thompson, his voice deep and low. "Henry, did you know? Charlotte was once Sophie Allen. She was my wife five years ago. I'm still in love with her. She can't possibly be the real Charlotte Thompson. She is Sophie Allen."

"So, you have no right to interfere in my relationship with Charlotte."

Henry Thompson was slightly taken aback by this revelation and couldn't help but smirk.

It seemed Justin Battleson didn't quite understand the present situation.

Henry Thompson paused, then raised his eyebrows, "Mr. Battleson, you may not know this. My father lost contact with his elder sister, named Sophia Thompson, for many years. Charlotte is the person the Thompson family has been seeking for many years. Her mother is Sophia Thompson. She is the beloved granddaughter of the prior Thompson family head. We share the closest of blood relations with her."

"She used to be named Sophie Allen, but Mr. Battleson, time can bring anything, as well as erode anything. The days when she was Sophie Allen brings back painful memories she would rather forget, a continuation of her miserable life. 'Charlotte Thompson' symbolises an unexpected ray of hope in desperate times, the beginning of rebirth."

Henry Thompson cast a frigid gaze straight onto Justin Battleson. Upon seeing the man's increasingly shocked face, he spoke in an icy tone.

"So, Mr. Battleson, no more mentions of Sophie Allen. Sophie Allen from five years ago is dead. All that is left is Miss Thompson – Charlotte."

After finishing his piece, seeing that Justin Battleson was still stuck in his shock, Henry Thompson lightly shook his teacup and curled his lips into a subtle smile, taking some satisfaction in his victory.

"Mr. Battleson, do you think now, do I have the right?"

After a while, Justin Battleson slowly looked up, his eyes filled with an indescribable surprise. He moved his lips a little bit and murmured, "So that's how it is..."

However, his lapse only lasted a few seconds. He quickly gathered himself, leaned forward a bit, and said directly to Henry Thompson, "I understand the situation now, Henry. Even if what you said is true, I will never give up."

Hearing this, Henry Thompson frowned deeply.

He had previously interacted with Justin Battleson, but he hadn't realized until now how stubborn and thick-skinned this man could be.

Henry Thompson cleared his throat lightly and said, "I can tell you very clearly, there's absolutely no chance for you and Charlotte. Mr. Battleson, why the futile efforts? You're only asking for heartache, isn't it?"

Chapter 450: Giving Children a Healthy Family

Henry Thompson's words were quite explicit in his refusal; but he had forgotten that just like him, Justin Battleson was a man who once turned tides in the business world.

How could such a man easily give in?

Within seconds, Justin Battleson crossed his legs and lightly tapped his right index finger on his leg, rotating it intermittently. He chuckled before saying, "Henry Thompson, it's not over yet, remember, I am Justin Battleson."

"Charlotte Thompson is your family's heiress, and I am the CEO of the Battleson Group. Over the years, the power of Battle Group has been on par with that of the Thompson Family, an obvious fact for all to see, so what I'm trying to say is..."

"I am a match for her".

He paused, before Henry could speak, he continued, "If the Thompson family insists on obstructing, I won't mind going all out until the bitter end."

His tone was still unabashedly aggressive, almost arrogantly inconceivable.

Henry Thompson furrowed his brows deeply, analyzing the pros and cons in his mind.

Indeed, the Battleson Group and Thompson family were evenly matched but if they were to really clash, it would be a Pyrrhic victory for both. Obviously, that's not something either party would want to see.

Moreover, Henry Thompson was certain without a doubt that Justin Battleson wouldn't just spout empty words.

A man as decisive and resolute as him always followed through with what he said.

Henry Thompson leaned back in his chair, the tea cup in his hand still emanating faint warmth. A wisp of steam rose from the tea, he shook his head in resignation and said softly to Justin Battleson, "Whether the Thompson family supports or not is dependent on Charlotte's feelings for you. Since she has no interest in you, even if you eventually get to that point, I can only tell you that a forced relationship won't be sweet."

Upon hearing this, Justin Battleson shrugged, his eyes flashed with determination to win, but his tone was nonchalant, "Henry, but you also know that when Charlotte first arrived to Ashton, she had had triplets and raised them alone till now, I am the biological father of the children, and after having been absent for their first five years, I don't want to miss out on their entire lifetime."

He looked up at Henry and said calmly, "Brother Henry, if Charlotte and I were together, we could provide the children with a complete family. I believe this is what you hope for as well, so why not?"

Henry hadn't thought about the children, but now that Justin had brought it up, his breath hitched and he was caught in a dilemma.

The fact that Justin Battleson is the biological father of the children is something Charlotte did not hide from him. When the truth resurfaced the most shocked person, besides Charlotte, was probably him.

He had privately investigated the incident that occurred five years ago, but due to the break in various clues at the time, he eventually had to let it go. He made what he thought was the best decision and took the pregnant Charlotte to Ashton

He once thought that the incident would gradually fade away with their departure and eventually be buried and forgotten in their memories. Time would heal all the wounds Charlotte had suffered. Even if she was alone, having her own children meant she had nothing to fear, she was invincible.

But who was to know that the past was to finally come to light.

Justin Battleson is the biological father of the children, that's an irrefutable fact.

The air in the room suddenly fell silent, no one spoke for a moment. Henry Thompson rubbed his temple, caught between a rock and a hard place.