

Spoiled 451

Chapter 451: Brother Hopes You Can Be Happy

"Brother Henry, think about it again, goodbye." Spoken with a rare courtesy, Justin Battleson took leave.

Henry Thompson watched the retreating figure of Justin disappear down the corridor, standing alone by the window, elegant and aloof.

Pondering Justin's words, a chilly determination shone from Henry's chiseled face as he stared out the floor-to-ceiling window.

In the dusk, slanted rays of sunshine covered the window, casting a shine over the pale hospital corridor, but bringing no warmth.

"Big brother."

Charlotte Thompson called out softly, standing quietly behind Henry in a white dress, a look of relief adding to her natural beauty.

"What's up?"

Hearing her voice, Henry's thoughts gradually returned. His eyes gently closed, the sunlight falling on his eyelashes, adding a touch of warmth to his otherwise indifferent face.

Charlotte sighed, her eyes reddening slightly.

The days spent caring for Henry Hudson had left her physically and mentally exhausted.

She glanced ahead, a hint of sigh in her heart.

"I want you to help me take care of the kids back home. Jordan is playful, I am worried he might neglect things. I was wondering if you could help me take care of them."

Henry opened his eyes, looking at the tightly shut door of the hospital room, then back at the somewhat pallid Charlotte. A pang of empathy emerged in his heart, softening his voice further.

"Even if you had not asked, I would have gone to see the kids. You have to look after yourself, though. Don't become too exhausted. Henry Hudson needs care, but your health is more important."

Extending his hand, Henry ruffled Charlotte's hair. Charlotte smiled, her voice filled with laughter. His playful gesture had somehow eased her worries.

"Big brother, why do you still treat me as a child?"

Charlotte's playful scoff brought a smile onto Henry's face, adding a touch of tenderness to his handsome indifference.

He put his hands in his pockets, lowered his gaze, pausing for a moment before speaking.

"Whoever you want to be with, whoever you want to make the father of the children, I won't say a word. I just want you to be happy."

Feeling warmth upon hearing Henry's words, Charlotte nodded, a tender expression in her eyes.

"I know, big brother. You go ahead and remember to get them something to eat, otherwise they will likely complain."

Charlotte was always able to show her affection naturally towards Henry.

With a nod, Henry headed straight to the BK Hotel.

Aside from Jordan showing up a few times to bring some food, Charlotte had been absent all these days.

Cyrus Thompson, who was always quick-witted, began to sense the underlying tension. Seeing his siblings playing happily, he felt a tinge of indifference.

When he saw Henry standing at the front door, he roughly understood the situation.

"Uncle Henry," he moved to the side to let Henry in, acknowledging him with a light nod, his eyes revealing a trace of seriousness.

Henry nodded, shifted the stuff he was carrying into one hand, and lightly reached out to pat Cyrus's head.

Cyrus peeked past Henry, and the small look of sadness he saw in Cyrus's blinking eyes tugged at his heartstrings.

He squatted down, looking at Cyrus at eye level, and spoke calmly.

"Cyrus, have you eaten? Are your siblings in their rooms?"

Cyrus nodded, but when he remembered Henry's first question, he shook his head.

Henry smiled slightly, like a warm spring breeze.

Although he was usually cold, thoughts of Charlotte and the kids always coaxed a different emotion out of him.

"Uncle Henry came all the way from abroad to see you all, are you happy?"

Chapter 452 Choosing Uncle Henry to be our Father

At this, Cyrus finally smiled.

A layer of joy bubbled up in his ink-dark eyes as a youthful visage brimmed with cheer. "I am happy."

Having finished speaking, he thoughtfully tried to help Henry Thompson carry the goods in his hands.

Henry Thompson got a good grip on his things and then reached out to hold Cyrus' small hand.

"Let's go. Your siblings will likely be happy to see their uncle too."

Having walked only a few steps, Hank Thompson, who had come out to drink water, excitedly hollered, "Big Uncle, how come you're here?"

Henry Thompson's eyes curved slightly, his lips curling into a gorgeous arc. He gently initiated the conversation.

"Of course, it is to see you guys."

Henry Thompson's voice was gentle and unhurried, his gaze had a hint of indifference.

"Uncle, we missed you a lot."

Hank Thompson trotted up to Henry Thompson, his face glowing with smiles. He directly lunged into Henry Thompson's arms, rubbing his small face against him, and breaking into an even bigger grin.

"I know, I know. That's why your uncle is here."

Henry Thompson rubbed Hank's small head. His voice was full of warmth, profoundly gentle.

Somehow, every time Henry saw these children, all his worries were dismissed; he was very happy.

As Henry set the things in his hand down onto a nearby table, a slight smile curled upon his lips. Looking at the children before him, he remembered the purpose of his visit today, and pondered over how to express himself.

"Actually, the reason your uncle has come today is because...I... "

Henry Thompson's gaze drifted. He had always prided himself on his invincible demeanor in the business world, unyielding to any fears; but in the face of these children right now, he found himself being somewhat hesitant.

"I know the reason why you came."

Cyrus opened his mouth decisively. In his voice now carried a hint of indifference.

"If it wasn't for Uncle Henry's help, Mommy would have likely been the one stabbed."

Although Cyrus originally refused to believe the news he found, seeing Henry Thompson acting so hesitantly today, he realized everything was true.

Henry Thompson's brows twitched a little in surprise. He watched Cyrus from a distance, his young face etched with deep thoughts; his heart inexplicably ached.

"Cyrus is right. Your uncle came today firstly to see you all, and secondly because of the matter concerning your father."

Henry gently tousled Cyrus's hair once more. He remembered Cyrus' remarkable hacking skills and the disappointment that surfaced in Cyrus when he realized that there was no one behind Henry when he walked in. Henry sighed regretfully.

At such a tender age, Cyrus was burdened with adult responsibilities, and this rendered Henry utterly heartbroken.

"If it wasn't for this woman named Evelyn Curtis, Mommy wouldn't have been endangered. Justin Battleson, our so-called father, is the root cause of all this..."

As Cyrus finished saying this sentence, he broke into a sardonic smile. At that moment, he didn't want to acknowledge his relationship with Justin.

"Actually, it would've been okay if Mommy had chosen Uncle Henry as our father."

"In our hearts, whoever treats Mommy well is the most important, and that's the person who deserves to be our father."

"Justin failed to handle this woman, Evelyn Curtis, and nearly put Mommy at risk. Without Uncle Henry saving Mommy, I can't imagine what the consequences would have been..."

Usually bubbly Hank Thompson, had his tone weighed down when he brought up this topic.

He had to admit, the moment he found out Mommy was almost injured due to Justin and Evelyn's issues, his only thought was to jail this wicked woman named Evelyn.

"Evelyn Curtis has already been sent to jail by Justin. I came here today, wanting to know what you all think."

"Uncle, I know what you're going to ask. Rest assured, even if Justin is our biological father, he nearly hurt Mommy; we're better off with Uncle Henry."

"Yes..."

"Exactly."

The children's conversation made Henry feel satisfied. He slightly curled his lips, gazing at the children in front of him and said,

"The fact that you feel this way puts my mind at ease."

Chapter 453 Let's see what you've got

"Uncle, in that case, why don't you take us to see Uncle Henry?"

The children chattered among themselves, finally making this proposal.

Everyone eagerly turned their attention toward Henry Thompson.

Henry Thompson slightly curved the corners of his mouth, nodded, and spoke in a clear and melodious voice.

"Of course, that's possible, but you must eat first. Your mommy instructed that I must ensure you've eaten before you go out."

Henry Thompson pointed to the meal boxes nearby and spoke with a seemingly stern tone.

"Okay, okay."

The children swarmed forward like a buzzing colony and began eating obediently.

With a smile on his face, Henry Thompson took out several napkins and wiped the oil from Cyrus Thompson's mouth.

"Eat slowly, eat slowly."

"Big uncle, you're so nice. You bought all the food we love. We're so happy. Over these few days when mommy wasn't home, the food little uncle brought over was not as delicious as yours."

Cyrus Thompson lowered his head, gulping down the food he missed so much.

In a little while, they had devoured every last scrap of food.

After having the nanny tidy things up, Henry Thompson took them to the hospital.

Henry Hudson had just eaten. He told Charlotte to rest first as she had been taking care of him for several days.

The wound was healing slowly, but Charlotte's attentiveness warmed Henry Hudson's heart.

"How about you sleep first, then I'll rest."

Charlotte adjusted the pillow for Henry Hudson to make him more comfortable.

Henry Hudson looked at Charlotte before him with a hint of amusement.

"No need, no need, I'm almost better. Don't keep taking care of me. You need to go home and see the children. If they're unhappy after all these days, it won't be good. Besides, I want to spend some time playing with them."

A warm smile graced Henry Hudson's pale, handsome face.

Without looking up, Charlotte adjusted the quilt for Henry Hudson, pointed to his abdominal wound, a sour taste in her heart.

"Is your wound still hurting? It's been so many days...why hasn't new flesh grown over it yet?"

As Charlotte said this, her eyes welled up, her face growing more worried.

"It's okay. I'm a man, this injury means nothing and it really doesn't hurt."

"Don't forget, I am a doctor. If I say it's okay, it's okay."

Henry Hudson waved his hand to ease Charlotte's worries, but accidentally tugged at his wound and couldn't help but frown.

"See, I told you not to move, and there you go again. I'm going to call a doctor. Your wound might have opened again."

Filled with worry, Charlotte quickly rose to her feet and left, giving no heed to Henry Hudson's words.

Charlotte hadn't been gone a minute when several little heads poked into the hospital room.

Henry Hudson squinted and picked up his glasses from the table next to him. He then clearly saw that it was Cyrus Thompson, Hank Thompson and the other children.

"How did you guys get here?"

Henry Hudson spoke softly, his pale lips forming a pleasant curve.

"Uncle Henry, you've been in the hospital for several days now. We came to see you."

Grace spoke sweetly.

She looked at Henry Hudson in front of her with some heartache. After remembering what her brother said on the road, she couldn't help but feel touched.

"Came to see me?"

When Henry Hudson saw the concerned looks on the children's faces, warmth flooded his heart.

Chapter 454: Moral Kidnapping

"Uncle Henry is almost entirely better now, why didn't you stay at home? Did your little uncle bring you here?"

Henry Hudson lightly tousled Grace Thompson's hair, asking gently.

"No, our big uncle brought us."

Hank Thompson waved a small apple from the table next to Henry Hudson, shaking his head hastily.

"Henry Thompson?"

Henry Hudson frowned slightly. Plenty of thoughts flashed across his mind, but he quickly dismissed them, his face regaining a smiling expression as he looked at the children before him.

"Uncle, does it still hurt?"

Olivia Thompson leaned her little head in, her big eyes welling up with worry as she stared at Henry Hudson, her voice lisping toddler-like.

Henry's heart warmed, he grinned, stroking Olivia's small cheek and spoke gently.

"Uncle is fine now, it doesn't hurt anymore. Olivia is so mature."

A warmth flashed across Henry Hudson's lips, causing Olivia to widen her eyes, a glimmer of happiness appearing in them.

"So, will you be Olivia's, and our siblings' father in the future?"

Olivia recalled the lively discussion at home today about Henry Hudson being a father and couldn't help but blurt it out.

Hearing Olivia's words, the smile disappeared from Henry Hudson's face.

It was then replaced by a knowing look as he turned his gaze to the children in front of him, bearing similar expressions.

"Why would Olivia like Uncle Henry to be her father?"

Henry asked softly, and Olivia tilted her head, failing to come up with an answer.

Henry Hudson laughed and answered gently.

"So, you guys came to see uncle in hopes that he could be your dad?"

The children all looked a bit startled, as if their deepest secrets had been unveiled.

Henry Hudson pondered and began to speak seriously.

"Is it because your mom was saved by uncle?"

The children were all silent, they bowed their heads in silence, prompting a small grin on Henry Hudson's face.

Henry continued.

"Actually, uncle likes your mom too."

Hearing this, the children raised their heads abruptly. The gaze they directed at Henry Hudson was surging with layers of ripples.

They yearned for a father's love, hoping that Henry Hudson could be their father and protect their mother.

Seeing the children's hopeful expressions, Henry Hudson continued, "But liking someone isn't like most other things."

"It's not enough for only one person to like the other, both parties need to feel the same way. Uncle doesn't want your mom to be with him just because she feels obliged after he saved her. That's not good. It's called moral abduction, and it would make your mom unhappy."

"Then uncle, what is moral abduction?" Olivia blinked, her voice innocent as she softly asked.

"Moral abduction is when others force you to do something you don't want to do. Uncle hopes your mom would be with him because she likes him just like how Olivia likes candy. It's not because the candy is so delicious, but because Olivia loves it, the candy seems delicious. Liking someone is the same. Understand?"

Henry Hudson's eyes softened, his expression warm and comforting.

A silence fell among the children, seeming to be deep in contemplation about what Henry had just said. They were still young and inexperienced. In pondering, Henry thought that maybe he could discuss this matter with Charlotte, he just didn't know how Charlotte felt about him.

Chapter 455 You Don't Have to be too Anxious

"Henry."

Henry Thompson stepped in from outside, took a glance at the pallid Henry Hudson, and his heart ached a little more. He pursed his lips, a flicker of contemplation in his eyes.

"Brother Thompson." A hint of a smile played on Henry Hudson's lips as he faintly looked at the man before him. He tried to sit up, but Thompson quickly reached out to support him, speaking with concern.

"You've been injured, you should stop moving around."

Henry Hudson grinned composedly, parting his ashen lips, gratitude laced his words: "I'm almost completely fine now, and I owe it to your care during this time."

Thompson spoke softly, patting Hudson's back, signaling him to lie down.

His tone was mild: "You should really rest. You look very weak."

Recalling Charlotte Thompson's earlier request, Thompson nodded at Hudson and spoke with a gentle tone.

"I'll take the children and leave first. You rest well."

After settling Hudson, Thompson hastened the children to leave.

He patted Hank Thompson's head who showed a lingering countenance, and gave him a smile.

"If we don't leave now, when your mom comes back and finds us here, I won't know how to explain."

Seeing a rare pitiful expression on Thompson's face, the children wanted to laugh.

However, in order not to worry their mom, they each took their tiny hands and quickly followed Thompson out of the ward.

Hudson waved at Hank who kept looking back, suggesting him to go peacefully.

Hank nodded and left without saying anything, closely following Thompson's steps.

Not long after the children left, Charlotte Thompson rushed in. Her voice was anxious as she inquired the doctor.

"Doctor, it's been several days, why haven't his wounds healed?"

The doctor glanced at the medical record in his hand, then subtly at Charlotte's hand gripping his sleeve. He gave a gentle reply.

"Postoperative care has been spot on. You needn't worry too much. Everyone's constitution is different, recovery still needs some time. There won't be any problems."

"But..."

The sound of the door opening interrupted what Charlotte was about to say. The doctor calmly walked to the front of the bed, did some basic checks on Hudson.

Then he looked at Charlotte, took note of the anxiousness on her face, and spoke leisurely.

"No need to worry. We can remove the stitches in about a week. Just pay attention to his diet during this time."

Hearing what the doctor said, a hint of calmness appeared on Charlotte's worried face.

She sighed in relief and looked at Hudson on the bed, only to see a smile on his handsome face. She didn't know what delighted him.

"Thanks, doctor."

Hudson drew back his gaze, looked at the doctor before him, and spoke lightly.

The doctor nodded, didn't say much, just briefly gave a few precautions, then left the room.

The large room suddenly became extremely empty. Charlotte stood up to adjust the IV, her gaze filled with worry landed on Hudson.

Hudson felt unexplainably nervous under her gaze. Thinking about the topic he was going to discuss with Charlotte later, cold sweat came out of his palms.

"Charlotte."

Hudson's voice was gentle. His long eyelashes masked his inner struggle, his brown pupils were lit with a beautiful light.

His gaze casually lingered on Charlotte, and she turned to look at him.

Chapter 456 You Are a Good Person

As their eyes met, Henry ultimately turned his blush-darkened face downward, a hesitation on his face that was unusual for him.

"What's wrong?" Charlotte Thompson asked with a puzzled look, her beautiful face filled with confusion.

"Charlotte, actually that day, I wanted to tell you..."

Henry paused, recalling that bloody day that caused his heart to stutter.

He slowly lifted his eyes, looking firmly at Charlotte Thompson, and began to speak with a steady voice.

"My return to the country is not for any other reason, but for you."

Henry's eyes were steady, his handsome face filled with deep affection, his peach blossom eyes rippling with emotions, as he silently stroked Charlotte Thompson's hand.

Charlotte's icy hand was wrapped in a fiery warmth.

She looked at the man in front of her, her eyes flickering. She saw the familiar face, which now held a depth of emotion that she couldn't interpret.

Panic climbed in her heart, preceding even her shyness. Amazed, she involuntarily withdrew her hand, staring flustered at the space beyond him.

But the more she withdrew her hand, Henry's grip tightened, as if wanting to fuse her with his own body.

"Henry... Henry."

Charlotte's voice was gentle, like a spring breeze, gradually dispersing the frustration Henry had felt in recent days, along with the sadness in his heart.

He spoke a little impatiently, but with a softness in his eyes.

"Charlotte Thompson, I am pursuing you because I like you; I won't force an answer from you, nor will I hold it over you that I saved your life. I leave the decision up to you, no matter what answer you give me, I will always reserve a place for you in my heart."

He spoke every word clearly, his gaze resolute and tender, his eyes filled with a faint smile, treasuring Charlotte Thompson as the most precious gem in his life.

In Charlotte's heart, Henry had always been a close friend, but this sudden confession left her feeling uneasy.

She pondered before speaking, her eyes filled with unease. It took a long time for her to gather her thoughts.

"Actually, I..." Charlotte faltered, she wasn't oblivious to the seriousness and determination in Henry's eyes.

She remembered Henry as someone always calm and gentle, rarely showing such deep emotion. She didn't know how to refuse him.

But at the same time, affirming wasn't the answer her heart was ready for.

Charlotte's lips tightened, a faint flicker of resignation in her eyes. She lifted her gaze, her sparkling eyes filled with deliberation.

"Henry, you're a wonderful man, as a friend, a partner, even potentially as a father to a child."

Charlotte spoke slowly, watching the man in front of her carefully, as if trying to discern some new emotion in his eyes.

"You saved me this time." Charlotte's voice broke slightly.

She remembered that day, Henry, covered in blood, lying weakly in her arms; the subtle pain in her heart from that memory was hard to erase.

It's as if someone was continuously reminding her of the sight of Henry stepping in front of danger to shield her.

"If it wasn't for me, you wouldn't have been hurt like this. Ultimately, I hurt you. But my mind is a mess right now, don't you see?"

"Henry, actually I came back to the country this time because I had many things to sort out. But after all that's happened, I haven't had a moment of peaceful thinking. Can you afford me that time? Allow me to think clearly about my affairs and our relationship."

Having pondered for a while, Charlotte feels this is the most suitable answer considering their future relationship.

Chapter 457: The Situation of Those Children

The night was turning deep, and Henry Thompson remembered the text message he had received from his grandfather today.

He had been back in Druarus for a while and had not sent any messages to his grandfather.

If he didn't reply tonight, he estimated that his grandfather would be so angry that he would rush back from Ashton to Druarus.

Henry looked at the desk lamp in front of him. The warm light made his complexion as beautiful as jade, but there was a hint of uneasiness in his deep elusive eyes.

He hesitated for a long time, turning his phone screen on and off many times. His tightly furrowed brows were reminiscent of thick ink.

After a while, he finally took a deep breath and dialed his grandfather's number.

"Hello, Grandpa." The video call was picked up in no time, Henry thought about Mr. Thompson patiently waiting for his call with a stern face, and he couldn't help chuckling.

"What is it." Mr. Thompson quickly resumed his stern and indifferent demeanor.

He straightened his glasses, casually flipped through a newspaper, and looked indifferently at Henry on the other side of the screen.

"The business negotiations are going quite well, we should make a considerable profit if everything goes as planned." Seeing his grandfather pretending to read the newspaper in an earnest attempt to hide his impatience, Henry spoke leisurely about his business affairs.

"Hmm." Mr. Thompson paused in his newspaper flipping, a sense of relief flickered in his eyes and he nodded faintly.

However, he was inwardly annoyed at this cheeky boy. He knew what Mr. Thompson was keen to hear yet was purposefully withholding it.

"I found our new business line could be easily promoted in Druarus. So, if all goes well, I will bring it over there soon. I believe we can exponentially increase our productivity once the market opens there."

Henry discussed some of his new ideas. Even through the screen, he could sense Mr. Thompson's eagerness to hear about Charlotte and the children.

As expected, Mr. Thompson grew impatient at Henry's steady focus on work matters. Even his paper-flipping got faster as he vented his displeasure.

"Grandpa, what's wrong? Is there something wrong with the newspaper? Don't worry, I'll have the butler prepare another one for you."

"It's my fault. The newspapers you used to read were prepared by me. Now that I've been away for some time, others may be confused about which ones to get you. I'll send a message to the butler."

Henry feigned innocence, a playful glint in his eyes. He cocked his head, his slender fingers poised to end the video call.

On noticing his move, Mr. Thompson put down his newspaper and coughed softly, bitterness evident in his voice.

"You little scoundrel! You went to Druarus and now you dare to play tricks on your own grandfather. Hurry up and tell me how Charlotte and the children are doing!"

Mr. Thompson couldn't hold back any longer. He was nearly at his wit's end with this impudent boy.

He had been waiting for Henry to share news about the children but instead, Henry was messing around with him.

"Grandpa, you should have told me earlier that you wanted to know about them."

Henry couldn't help but smile slightly, clearly pleased with his successful teasing.

"You knew I wanted to hear about them but chose to drone on about your work...Fine, let it be! I've handed over the company to you, and I trust you."

Chapter 458: Is Charlotte Injured?

"You don't need to consult with me any further, if you want to go and expand into Druarus, go ahead. Anyway, most of the work arrangements on our side are almost done, and it would be great if you can tap into the overseas market."

Mr. Thompson took a breath, picked up the tea cup in front of him, and slowly took a sip. There was a hint of contemplation in his voice.

"How is Charlotte?"

"Charlotte, she..." Upon hearing Mr. Thompson's question, a subtle smile faded from Henry Thompson's face, and his eyes were filled with thought.

"What happened?" Mr. Thompson, clever as he was, immediately caught the change in Henry's demeanor and sensed that something was amiss.

"Charlotte got into some trouble, she was almost attacked with a knife. If it weren't for Henry, the consequences could have been unthinkable."

After considering for quite some time, Henry Thompson decided to tell Mr. Thompson about the incident in full.

Because even if he didn't say anything, Mr. Thompson would probably have someone investigate later anyway.

"What?" Upon hearing this, Mr. Thompson's tea cup slammed heavily onto the table, his cloudy eyes instantly lighting up with a trace of rage.

"How could such a thing happen? Where were Charlotte's bodyguards? What on earth were they doing?"

"Grandfather, please calm down. Charlotte is safe. And I have added a few more bodyguards for her. Don't worry, the man who tried to harm her is already in jail."

Hurriedly, Henry spoke out, fearing that Mr. Thompson would immediately get on a plane from Ashton.

His health hadn't been robust recently, and the stress was a lot to handle.

"No, I have to go see Charlotte. Something this big happened and you only tell me now. You rascal, Charlotte is your sister. If something were to happen to her, you'd have hell to pay."

After saying this, Mr. Thompson abruptly ended the call, giving Henry no time to react.

On the other end of the phone, Henry stared at the black screen, utterly taken aback.

At this moment, Mr. Thompson was already instructing the butler to pack his suitcase.

He also instructed his assistant to postpone the important meetings he was expected to attend.

"Grandfather, what's all the rush this early in the morning?"

Joshua Thompson just returned from his morning workout and found it odd to see Jason Thompson rushing about.

Jason Thompson had a stern expression on his face, instructing the butler to pack more stuff into his suitcase. He then looked over at Joshua and spoke slowly,

"That damn Henry, Charlotte almost got hurt in Druarus and he didn't inform me right away."

"What? Charlotte got hurt?" Joshua Thompson was taken aback, raising his voice in surprise.

"What happened? What's wrong with Charlotte?" Jake Thompson rushed out of his room, with James Thompson following behind. Looking at their disheveled appearances, they must have rushed out without getting ready upon hearing the commotion.

"I just returned from the company, Grandfather, why did you cancel the executive meeting? What happened?"

Felix Thompson returned from the company, and found it perplexing to see such commotion upon returning home.

"Yeah, Grandfather, why are you packing so early in the morning? Did something happen to big brother?"

Jonathan Thompson followed Felix, the two of them were handling company matters, as Henry was expanding the market in Druarus. By right, they should be busy.

But their grandfather suddenly postponed the meetings, and even pushed back several tasks.

Jason Thompson gave everyone a deep look, deciding not to hide anything now that everyone was back.

Chapter 459: Gambling One's Own Life

"Since all of you are back, I will tell you. Charlotte was almost assaulted in Druarus. If it hadn't been for the protection of the young man Henry Hudson, I shudder to think of the consequences."

"What?" The grandsons chimed in shock, their eyes filled with worry.

They had never imagined that their beloved Charlotte Thompson, who they had spoiled for five years, would encounter such trouble during a trip to Druarus!

"How could this happen? Is Charlotte alright?"

"Henry said Charlotte was fine, but as for that boy Henry Hudson..."

"So, grandfather, you're packing up to go to Druarus to see Henry Hudson?" Joshua Thompson was the first to guess the purpose of Jason Thompson's trip, and he spoke with a certain finality.

"That's right. That lad, Henry, has risked his life for Charlotte. He's not that bad."

Jason Thompson spoke gravely, his eyes revealing a hint of nonchalance, but his gaze held a trace of admiration.

He could see that young man Henry Hudson was interested in Charlotte Thompson.

He always thought that Charlotte was their treasure. The one who deserves her must be exceptional, a standout in the crowd.

Looking at it now, Henry Hudson who risked his life for Charlotte, had a prominent status which indeed satisfied him.

"Surely, I've always known that Henry Hudson would treat Charlotte well. He's even risked his life. We must thank him this time."

"Grandfather, there's not much going on at the company recently. It just so happens that elder brother is expanding the business in Druarus, we can go and help him."

"I don't know how Charlotte is doing recently. She hasn't been back to see us for so long."

"Yes, yes, we haven't seen these little ones for a long time. I miss them so much."

"Charlotte must be missing us too."

"Indeed, grandfather, you're old. I'm worried that you'll be alone on your way back. Why don't we brothers go with you? There's a lot of work to be done in the company, and you can't handle it all alone."

The brothers began to chatter, and the once-cold mansion instantly became lively.

Jason Thompson remained calm, watching them chatting enthusiastically before him.

After a moment, he asked the butler to fetch his mobile phone.

Jason Thompson glanced at his surprised heirs, then handed his phone to them.

"Grandfather." Jake Thompson's eyes filled with tears; he was touched.

"Oh my God, grandfather, you're so efficient."

"I was just about to contact my secretary to buy plane tickets. But now it seems like we won't be needing it."

"Humph." Jason Thompson gave a coy huff, his small mustache making him look rather adorable. He lowered his head slightly and spoke in a casual manner.

"By the time you young lads finish dawdling, I'll have already arrived in Druarus."

The children fell silent, looking at each other in disbelief.

"Alright, alright. Hurry up and pack your things."

Jason Thompson raised his eyebrows, emanating an air of authority.

A large group of them boarded their private jet and soon arrived in Ashton.

"Located. Charlotte's at the People's Hospital". Joshua Thompson fixed his gaze on the computer, quickly spotting Charlotte Thompson's location.

"Druarus has such heavy smog, how can Charlotte bear to stay."

"Enough with your complaints, hurry up and follow grandfather."

"Ah, just thinking about seeing Charlotte in a while, my heart is unexpectedly excited."

"Alright, put that away. Didn't you see grandfather's solemn face?"

"All of you, hurry up and locate the children's positions." Jason Thompson squinted his eyes at the hazy, steam-filled view before him, his heart weighing heavily.

Chapter 460: Surprised by the Favor

"We've located them, they are in the hospital too," Joshua Thompson spoke nonchalantly, glancing at his brothers before him.

"Let's go straight to the hospital then."

Jason Thompson spoke slowly as he cautiously stepped into the SUV, followed by his brothers climbing into the vehicle.

The black vehicle softly passed through the fog, the lights faintly discernible within the mist, creating an aura of mystery.

"Do you think Charlotte would be surprised if she knew we were coming?"

"Wouldn't it be because she'd be thrilled to see grandpa?" Joshua lightly lifted his eyelids, glancing at Jason Thompson whose face wore a serious expression.

"Humph, she's been in Druarus for quite a while now and she hasn't even sent me a message."

Jason felt aggrieved, he took a glance at the heavy fog in the distance, feeling his emotions slowly spreading like a stain.

Charlotte Thompson was keeping a watch on Henry Hudson late into the night. She tried to check his temperature, which was normal. She didn't know if he had been feverish because of an inflamed wound.

"Brother, do you think Mommy will find out about us?"

"How could she? We asked the nurse to help us, we're just in the next ward, Mommy would probably go to bed soon, it's already very late, she won't discover us."

Hank Thompson was crouching, as he slowly moved his and Grace's body.

Cyrus Thompson originally wanted to join them in coming to see Henry Hudson late at night, but Hank gave him a once over, his uncoordinated limbs deemed insufficient, and let him take care of the younger siblings instead.

"Ouch."

The crouching Hank unintentionally bumped into a hard thing in front of him.

"What's wrong brother, what happened?"

Grace popped her small head out and spoke hurriedly. As she looked up, she saw a group of tall figures in front of them.

With her excellent night-vision she quickly recognized the familiar faces.

"Grace?"

Joshua recognized the familiar voice and subconsciously asked.

"Uncle?" Grace responded as she immediately realized what was going on. She looked over at Joshua as he turned on the phone flashlight, illuminating their faces.

Only then did Joshua and his brothers clearly see the two children in front of them.

"Uncle, why are you here?"

Hank, overexcited, hopped into Joshua's arms, followed by his brothers who eagerly joined them.

"Grace, Hank, where's your mom?"

The chatter of the group soon drew Charlotte's attention.

Not knowing whether she was hallucinating from lack of rest, she decided to investigate the noise, turning on her flashlight and walking towards it.

"Charlotte!"

Jake Thompson, seeing Charlotte approach, hastily forgot his grandfather's orders and called out to her.

"Brother?" Upon hearing the voice, Charlotte instinctively stepped back. The bright light shone on her face, creating an eerie atmosphere.

Joshua turned the lampshade aside, opened the light, and spoke with a hint of apology.

"We were planning to surprise you, but it almost turned into a scare."

Charlotte laughed, happiness evident in her eyes.

"Charlotte?"

A puzzled voice echoed from the sickroom.

Turning back, Charlotte opened the door to find Henry propped against the wall, standing up. With a pale face, he looked somewhat anxious.

Joshua, Jake, and the others followed Charlotte into the room. Upon seeing the visitors, Henry looked visibly surprised.

What had he done to deserve a visit from all of the Thompson family?

He felt utterly overwhelmed.