

Spoiled 461

Chapter 461: Return My Goddess Evelyn

Evelyn Curtis had not made an appearance in the public eye for quite some time, even promotional photos for her new show hadn't been released.

The comments and messages from fans almost paralyzed Evelyn's Weibo and the official Weibo of her production team, but there was still no official response.

Harsh words were flying in the comment sections, it almost seemed like a fight was breaking out there.

"Dream Watson is clearly a huge star, so why can't we find a trace of her online? Where the heck has she gone? Could the authority at least provide a statement? Leaving all of us fans on edge, how is that fair?"

"Right, Dream is a living, breathing human being, and it isn't possible that she simply vanished from the face of the earth, is it?"

"Excuse me for being blunt, but the official Weibo really sucks. Failing to release the promotional photos is one thing; they didn't even inform us about the commencement of filming. I have been waiting for Evelyn to star in this drama for so long, just to be left hanging?"

"Exactly, what happened to Evelyn? We're genuinely worried."

There were countless comments of this nature the show's official account had seen.

They were frustrated and just as desperate as the fans. The traffic to their Weibo home page was about to make it crash.

Undeniably, they were eager to release the promotional photos to calm the anxious fans. However, to their surprise, Evelyn Curtis disappeared without a trace, as if evaporated from the face of the earth.

Even when they visited her residence, another family had already moved in.

Not to mention Evelyn, even her assistant vanished without a trace.

How could they shoot promotional photos when the star of the show had disappeared?

The producer, who also kept an eye on Weibo, quickly skimmed through the comments and his face turned grave.

After all, Evelyn Curtis was now a well-known actress, or, to put it kindly, a star.

Once public opinion started to swerve her way, the consequences would be unthinkable.

The producer's hand tightened around his mouse, his knuckles turning white while the staff standing next to him, dripping cold sweat as they watched the computer screen.

The room temperature seemed to drop noticeably. Eventually, the producer closed the Weibo page.

He rubbed his temples, his face darkened, his voice stern: "Xiao Zhang, spend some money to control the comments on Weibo, try to minimize the impact on the production team. Also, send someone to find Evelyn. If we can't find her, find a new lead actress. Once the time comes we'll declare she's breached our contract. Understood?"

The staff member lowered his head, snuck a glance at the producer's stern face, and whispered: "Okay, I'll get to it."

Despite the production team's hefty investment trying to sway public opinion, the fans were not fools. Sensing something was off, they found another way to attack again.

Within a few days, a few hashtags caught fire on the internet:

#EvelynCurtisMissing#

#ReturnOurGoddessEvelyn#

#OnlyOurDreamIsGoodEnoughForJinLing!#

#DeathToThoseWhoHarmOurGoddess!#

Meanwhile, the fans were also restless and started to mobilize their connections to investigate this. Many wealthy fans sensed something was amiss.

For Evelyn Curtis, an influential actress, there were clearly great prospects, yet she disappeared as if she had evaporated. Only two possibilities could explain it.

One: Accidental death.

Two: Jailed.

Everyone unanimously leaned towards the second possibility. After all, seeing is believing; since there was no body, she must be alive.

It was at this moment, online rumors began to swirl.

A die-hard fan with the Weibo handle "CrazyforDream" posted a long and sharp-witted essay, delivering blow after blow, which was evidently written with a lot of time and heart.

Chapter 462: The Last Bit of Kindness

The main theme is suspicion that Evelyn Curtis was sent to prison by Charlotte Thompson.

It's accompanied by photos of the two women in a fierce rivalry from a previous jewelry design competition. The author suspects that Charlotte harbored resentment which led her to deliver a fatal blow to Evelyn at the peak of her career.

The post ended with this sentence.

"I, along with a few of Evelyn's loyal fans, have identified a prison where Evelyn might very likely be held. But the prison is in a remote location, unaccessible to the general public. We begged outside the prison for hours but couldn't get in. We all have the same premonition - Evelyn is in there for sure."

"We are all worried for her. Please netizens, kindly help raise awareness and let Charlotte, the bitch, respond!"

This lengthy post by a fan sparked lively discussions in the comment section for the first time.

While some of Evelyn's hardcore fans accepted this without question, most netizens remained skeptical.

"No way, no way. Does the author read too many mystery novels? Do you think it's that easy to put someone in prison? Wake up, the internet is not above the law, defamation carries responsibilities."

"Finally, someone who gets it. My five-year-old nephew knows not to talk nonsense. Are you really saying that Charlotte could put someone in prison just like that? LOL, if Evelyn didn't do something wrong, could Charlotte just put her in prison out of thin air?"

"Exactly, if she really is in there, she must have deserved it!"

The comments mostly expressed dissent, with some even blatantly demanding the poster to produce evidence.

The poster was taken aback by these comments, gasping for air.

He replied to the most liked comment: "Just wait and see. By tomorrow at the latest, I'll make you eat your words."

Meanwhile, on the outskirts of the city.

A man nearing forty had a camera around his neck, a black baseball cap on his head, and an angry expression on his somewhat emaciated face.

He checked his phone, looked up at the nearby prison, and swore angrily.

"Damn, they dare doubt me."

He put his phone in his pocket and slightly bent over.

Not too tall at slightly over five feet, the man nearly vanished amidst the waist-high wild grass.

A breeze swept across the grass tips. This secluded suburb was hardly visited by anyone.

The day's last rays of sunshine made people sleepy. A prison guard yawned, preparing for shift change.

The moment he turned around, a shadow shot out from the grass, as swift as a highly agile cat.

The man had taken off his shoes for the run, so there was no sound. The prison guard was entirely unaware, allowing him to dash swiftly into the prison.

The man, camera in hand, cautiously ascended one floor of the prison. After searching for a few minutes, he finally reached the top floor.

There was only one room on the top floor, at the end of the hallway.

The man cautiously approached, squinting his eyes to observe.

The room was almost completely closed off, without any light filtering in.

Excitement surged in the man's heart. He had a hunch that Evelyn Curtis was in there.

Without further thought, he crouched down to carefully examine the corner of the room. Suddenly, his eyebrows shot up. Indeed, there was a fist-sized hole in the shadows of the corner.

Charlotte didn't go all the way. She left this hole as a final piece of mercy for Evelyn Curtis.

Chapter 463: Encirclement

The man squatted excitedly on the ground, peering into the hole.

In the faint light, he caught sight of a woman huddled inside, looking just as pitiful as a dead dog.

At the same time, an ungodly stench filled his nostrils.

The man's pupils contracted sharply as he shakily took out a camera and hastily snapped a few photos of the inside of the hole.

Then he stood up, as though in a dream, unable to believe what he was seeing.

Could the person inside... really be the once high-and-mighty, pure and innocent Evelyn Curtis?

The sight before him was hard to reconcile with his previous impression of the glamorous Evelyn Curtis and he felt an unexpected wave of sympathy for her.

The once lofty lady was now trampled in the mud?

What a tragic thought.

Leaned against a wall and suppressing his revulsion mixed with disbelief, the man sneaked his way out while the prison guard wasn't looking.

He covertly retreated into the bushes, struggling to process the shock.

He took out his phone and started typing, his fingers trembling as they hit the screen.

In no time at all, a new post stirred a storm on social media.

This time, a somewhat blurry picture accompanied the post, elevating its popularity significantly above its previous one.

In the photo, a woman was sprawled almost naked on the ground. The skin that was exposed had turned a muddy brown, virtually blending in with the dirt.

Her hair was filthy beyond recognition. From the angle of the shot, you could barely make out her face. But if you looked hard enough, her features were clearly reminiscent of those of Evelyn Curtis.

The netizens were almost dropping their jaws in shock, their outbursts echoing the surprise.

The previous lengthy post on social media also caught fire, topping the trending list of celebrity scandals, becoming the number one hot topic.

The traffic was so high that the server of the social media platform was on the verge of crashing. Likes and shares skyrocketed, drawing comments from all corners, including those who were otherwise oblivious to such events.

"This is too much information to process. I can't believe my eyes. Looking at the picture, what on earth happened to Evelyn Curtis?"

"Honestly, I'm still trying to grasp this, even if Evelyn Curtis really did something wrong... but the extent of her suffering is just too great. Who could have been so ruthless to her?"

"Who did our Dream Watson offend to have been treated so cruelly!"

"Hey guys, isn't the truth right before our eyes? The previous post mentioned it, didn't it? Evelyn is in this state all thanks to Charlotte Thompson. Now let's dare to guess, what is Charlotte's background? To achieve this, she must not be ordinary."

"Charlotte Thompson is really not simple. Since she appeared in our view, Evelyn Curtis has been hit hard. There must be a conspiracy."

The public opinion quickly turned on Charlotte.

Everyone unanimously believed that there must be an enormous power behind Charlotte, some even floating wild speculations.

Even conspiracy theories were hatched.

At the same time, at Riley Group.

In the president's office.

Michael Richard rushed in without knocking and immediately spotted Justin Battleson, calm as ever, sitting in his office chair.

Justin's brow furrowed slightly as he held a cup of coffee in his hand, taking a casual sip, the distinct bitterness of the coffee permeating his mouth.

Michael stood in front of him and soberly announced: "Mr. Battleson, the entrance of the group is now blocked with people, mostly young men and women. They are holding banners with Evelyn Curtis's pictures and chanting slogans...."

Upon hearing this, Justin was not surprised. He idly lifted his head to glance at Michael, asking softly, "What are they shouting?"

With a touch of headache, Michael replied in a low voice, "They are demanding you to use Battleson Group's financial and political power to get Evelyn Curtis out."

As Michael finished speaking, Justin glanced at his computer screen, which displayed the comments section of the social media post.

He already had a good grasp of the situation.

He'd anticipated something like this from Evelyn's fans.

Chapter 464: A Terrapin?

The room fell silent for a while, then Michael Richard said somewhat helplessly, "Mr. Battleson, what should we do now? The employees don't know what's happened, they've all stopped what they were doing and gone out to watch the commotion."

True, in this society, bored to death with their nine-to-six, five-day-a-week jobs.

Now that there was such a chance to join the throng, everyone naturally wanted to join in.

Justin Battleson stood up from his chair, still holding a warm cup in his hand.

He turned and took a few steps back, standing in front of the huge floor-to-ceiling window.

He looked down slightly and saw the bustling scene downstairs at a glance.

He couldn't hear the noise downstairs, but he could clearly see the huge posters held up by the fans, reflecting dazzling light under the sun.

The Group is located in the city center, nearby pedestrians leisurely watched, some even took out their phones to take photos and videos.

Michael Richard also came over, he glanced down, frowned a little, and said discontentedly, "These fans do some crazy things, I suppose within five hours, the Weibo trending topic will have changed to "Evelyn Curtis's fans make a scene at Riley Group"."

He turned to look at Justin Battleson, and said in a deep voice, "Mr. Battleson, public opinion will affect the company, so what should we do now?"

Of course there was an effect from public opinion, given that Evelyn Curtis was a star made by him, and was linked with Riley Group for these years.

However, the latter's eyes were incredibly calm.

After a while, Justin Battleson quirked his lips, swirled the cup in his hand, watching the brown liquid inside move with the cup. His voice sounded relaxed but was as if laced with poison.

"They want the truth? Then I will announce the truth to the world."

The words are so light they almost vanish in the wind.

Having said this, he turned around to put down his cup, and then strode out of the office.

Michael Richard watched his retreating figure, mumbling a few words, but he didn't dare to say anything more, and followed him downstairs.

The entrance to Riley Group.

The noisy crowd suddenly fell silent when they saw the man slowly come into their view.

The security and bodyguards at the door stood like a wall in front of him, and only then reluctantly gave way upon seeing Justin Battleson.

The man's gaze slowly swept over the crowd, as if an invisible pressure descended and covered everything, making it hard for people to breathe.

The fans looked at each other, and for a moment, nobody dared to speak.

Justin Battleson slowly straightened out non-existent creases on his cuffs, his eagle-like sharp gaze fell on the most agitated man in the crowd, and he began to speak with a smirk, "Want justice? Want me to save her?"

The man being questioned was completely baffled, his face turned red, and he could only stammer, " ... yes , you are our Evelyn's fiancé, now that Evelyn is in trouble, you should be the first to step out and help her."

Someone took the lead, and a chorus of voices followed from behind.

Seemingly bolstered by the support, the young man seemed to be standing on the moral high ground, and gained confidence, his voice was still trembling, but his tone was noticeably stronger.

"Mr. Battleson, we know that you're wealthy and powerful. At this time, you can't hide."

Hearing this, the man raised an eyebrow and smirked, "Hide?"

He paused, and his voice turned cold, "Evelyn Curtis has fallen to this point because of her own actions. If you're trying to blockade me with morality, then I'm sorry, everything you've said today is meaningless."

The young man was taken aback, to avoid appearing too embarrassed, he puffed out his chest and retorted forcefully, "I don't quite agree with the term 'self-inflicted'. Since you said that, Mr. Battleson, why don't you explain it to us?"

Chapter 465: Within Expectations

At the man's words, the air seemed to freeze instantaneously, with unbearable silence pervading the room.

The fans holding banners behind him, almost in unison and oblivious to it, dropped their banners too.

All turned their eyes to the young man who had spoken. A twinge of admiration spontaneously rose in their hearts.

Who in the city didn't know that you couldn't mess with Justin Battleson?

Would you risk your life for an Evelyn Curtis?

The young man seemed to become aware of his own reckless actions; he swallowed nervously.

He lifted his head slightly, a look of fear in his eyes as he glanced at the man in front of him.

The man paid him no mind, brushing him off with a mere glance.

However, even this solitary glance sent an indescribable chill down his spine.

The assistant hurried down from the upstairs.

Standing just a foot away from Justin, he sensed the tension at the scene.

He quietly stepped forward, whispering to Justin, "Mr. Battleson, I will get the PR to handle this. Don't act impulsively."

Hearing this, the man's lips curled up into a smile. His eye held a chill that was impossible to miss.

He lifted his hand slightly and calmly remarked, "No need."

Looking at the young man before him, his face remained inscrutable and detached.

"I don't mind telling you about the real Evelyn Curtis that you all loyally believe in."

The assistant felt a sudden jolt, questioning Justin's intention.

He opened his mouth to speak, but fell silent.

Seeing the calm look on Justin's face, he closed his mouth again, unable to utter a word.

He silently retreated a few steps back, pulling out his phone from his pocket. "Hey, get the guards here. There is trouble brewing."

After hanging up the call, he turned around, his eyes locked in a far-off stare.

It was a beautiful day. The sunny weather lent a golden hue to everything it touched.

The tall silhouette of the man was distinctly erect, sunshine bathing his entire figure, enveloping him in a warm golden glow.

There he stood, as sacred and untouchable as a deity.

He paused for a moment and continued, "If you had the resources to find out that Evelyn Curtis is in jail, you can undoubtedly find out about her activities on the day of her arrest."

"Once you uncover the truth, you will undoubtedly realize how laughable it is to demand me to save her."

The fans exchanged confused glances, unable to comprehend the situation.

The young man clenched his sweaty palm and challenged him, "Then why don't you tell us?"

Letting out a chuckle, Justin's cold voice resounded clearly in everyone's ears.

"On the day in question, she ambushed Miss Charlotte Thompson with the intent to assassinate her. Who dares to doubt that she is guilty?"

This news exploded in the crowd like a bomb, causing an uproar.

"How could it be? My goddess Sophie, so gentle and soft-spoken, could never harbor such murderous intentions."

"Tch, who knows whether his information is true or false? Maybe he just doesn't want to save her and is trying to pin false charges."

Hearing this, the young man's pupils widened in shock, his mouth fell open in disbelief as he rejected the claim.

"Absolutely not, Mr. Battleson. We came here today with sincere hearts to plead with you for her. How can you lie so casually?"

A glint of coldness flashed across Justin's eyes. He shot a brief glance at the agitated crowd before turning to leave.

At the same time, a bodyguard emerged from the crowd, courteously said, "Sir, your actions are inappropriate. Please leave."

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Ten minutes later, in Justin Battleson's office.

The assistant adjusted his glasses, looking at the trending topics on his phone, speechless.

"Mr. Battleson, the incident just now has already become a hot topic."

The latter half-closed his eyes, exuding an air of deep composure.

"As expected."

Chapter 466: Dare to Act, but Not to Accept Responsibility

Public opinion once again reached its peak.

Evelyn Curtis's fans went directly under the official Twitter of the Riley Group to blame, accusing Justin Battleson of distorting the truth and demanded a personal apology.

The conflict between the two sides rapidly escalated; Twitter was almost jammed, forcing technicians to work overnight to fix the bug.

Meanwhile, Charlotte Thompson was still in the hospital looking after Henry Hudson.

Henry's injuries were healing substantially. He could just about sit up from the bed, but he still couldn't get out of it.

Charlotte sat down in a chair, boredly flipping through a book.

She had been in the hospital almost oblivious to outside matters, almost cut off from the world.

She moved her stiff and sore neck, standing up from the chair.

She turned her head to find that there were no more fruits in the fruit tray on the bedside table.

So, she put down her book and looked at Henry, saying, "Henry, I'm going out to buy some fruits. I'll be back soon."

On the bed, the man also had a book on his knees that he was almost finishing.

He casually flipped a page, looking up after hearing the words, answering with a light laugh, "Go ahead, be careful."

Charlotte picked up her bag and responded, before heading out the door.

There was a large crowd in the supermarket.

Charlotte took a shopping bag and went to the fruit section, where a variety of fruits were at her view.

She casually picked up a few and went to the cash register to pay.

There were many people; she queued up at the back of the long line.

Suddenly, there was a sharp pain in her foot.

Someone had accidentally stepped on her foot while moving back in the crowd.

Charlotte stepped back in pain, seeing the girl who stepped on her foot turning her face around, prepared to apologise hastily.

"I am sorry," she said.

The girl looked up at her, her voice suddenly halted, and then somewhat unbelievably, "Charlotte Thompson... Are you Charlotte Thompson?"

Charlotte frowned slightly, awkwardly smiling, saying, "And you are?"

Before she could finish speaking, the girl's face darkened.

She glanced at the fruits Charlotte was holding, grabbed them and threw them hard on the floor.

The fruits scattered on the ground.

Many spectators gathered around.

Charlotte looked at the girl somewhat baffled, with a frown on her face, "Miss, I don't believe we've met before. What are you doing?"

Hearing this, the girl sneered and raised her voice slightly, "What am I doing? Charlotte Thompson, you don't recognise me, but I definitely recognise you!"

Her face slightly distorted: "Charlotte Thompson, what exactly did you do to my idol? If you don't let her out, do you think fans like us are easy to bully?"

Looking at her agitated expression, Charlotte probably figured it out.

She must be one of Evelyn Curtis's crazy fans.

But how did they know about Evelyn Curtis's imprisonment?

"You must be wondering how I know, right?" The girl sneered, showed her the phone in front of her and said, "I can't believe how two-faced you are, Charlotte Thompson. Dare to do but not to admit?"

Charlotte saw the content on it, which was a Twitter hot search.

She had been in the hospital looking after Henry all this while and hardly had time to check her phone. She was indeed unaware of all these matters happening.

After reading the content, she frowned and said, "I will take care of this matter. Besides, Miss, this is a personal grievance between Evelyn Curtis and me. Don't you think you're meddling too much?"

After hearing this, the girl got angry again, raising her hand to slap her.

But before her hand could fall, it was caught by the security of the supermarket who had rushed over.

Chapter 467: Clarification

The security guard ushered the girl out, and inside the supermarket, people cast strange glances.

Charlotte Thompson steadied herself, pretending not to notice, she squatted down to pick up the items. After packing them up, she turned around and handed a bag of fruit to the cashier.

The cashier looked at her with a somewhat prying gaze but did not forget her own job duty.

After glancing at the numbers on the computer, she handed the fruit to Charlotte with an indifferent tone, "Fifty."

After Charlotte scanned the code with her phone, she picked up the fruit and quickly left the supermarket.

The resentment in the girl's face was still fresh in her mind.

Charlotte switched the bag of fruit to her other hand and pulled out her mobile phone from her bag.

As soon as she opened her phone to make a payment earlier, it began to vibrate crazily, with notifs from Weibo news flooding the screen.

Not usually one to check Weibo much, she glanced at the messages on the notification bar, paused her steps, and read one of the headlines with a slightly sinking gaze.

She couldn't help but read it aloud.

"Unknown designer Charlotte Thompson plots behind the scenes, causing great harm to celebrity Evelyn Curtis."

Unknown designer, celebrity.

The two adjectives completely delineated the difference in their status. It was completely a world apart.

Charlotte squinted her eyes and clicked a few times on the screen. Then she saw the loading page of the Weibo news.

Large chunks of text and a few accompanying images appeared.

The sun was a bit dazzling, and the mobile phone screen was reflected in the light, with the text almost invisible.

Charlotte, feeling somewhat annoyed, turned the brightness of her phone to the maximum, then lowered her head to read carefully.

Within a few minutes, she got the general idea.

It was nothing more than the scandal involving Evelyn that got exposed, and some fan must have found out that she was the one who supposedly sent Evelyn to jail.

Internet spectators, only interested in the drama, didn't bother discerning the truth from the rumors and simply expressed their surprise at Charlotte's appearance in the comment section.

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After arriving at the hospital, Charlotte washed the fruit and put it into a fruit tray.

Henry Hudson flexed his wrist and looked at her smiling slightly.

"Charlotte, why did you take so long?"

"I ran into something on the way." Charlotte responded with a smile.

Mirroring her man who had his blanket fall from his body, revealing the thick bandages on his lower abdomen stained with dark blood, she paused, only slightly.

Then she picked up her mobile phone from the bedside table and casually took a picture of Henry's injured stomach with the camera.

Seeing that she did not wish to elaborate, Henry remained silent, and continued to lower his head to read.

Charlotte pulled up a chair to sit down, clicked on her rarely visited Weibo, while her phone persisted in vibrating.

A string of private messages were sent one after another, all filled with derogatory words.

She glanced at them casually and started to draft a Weibo post.

"Regarding the recent events, I deny all the false rumors circulating online. There's no truth in the claim that I single-handedly sent Ms. Evelyn Curtis to jail using some hidden power. The reality is, Ms. Evelyn Curtis attempted an assassination. As for the motive, you all probably already know. I work at the Riley Group, and have had business interactions with Mr. Battleson of the Riley Group which led to a misunderstanding by his girlfriend, Ms. Evelyn Curtis, resulting in her drastic actions."

Charlotte's typing fingers paused momentarily, she took a deep breath, and continued to edit: "Furthermore, I do have a boyfriend in real life, as most of you probably know, his name is Henry Hudson. If he hadn't taken the knife hit for me that day, I probably wouldn't be here calmly writing this post. He was injured in the lower abdomen because he saved me. Here's a picture as proof. I hope everyone is aware."

Chapter 468 I Have a Boyfriend in Real Life

After typing the last period, Charlotte Thompson attaches a picture to her post, one she had just taken when Henry Hudson wasn't paying attention.

Clicking publish, she puts down her phone, picks an apple from the fruit plate, and peels it with a fruit knife.

The internet exploded once again.

The situation was reaching a climax, and Charlotte suddenly made a microblogging statement to clear the air.

She not only officially distanced herself from Justin Battleson but also publicly declared that she had a boyfriend. The turnaround in the situation was startlingly drastic.

Everyone was so shocked that their jaws nearly hit the floor.

"Bombshell news, this is quite a twist! No matter how many TV dramas I've watched, I never would have guessed such a plot twist!"

"Seriously, when Charlotte appeared on the show in that red dress, she was stunningly beautiful. At that time, I started shipping her and Henry Hudson, never would have thought it would become real!"

"Am I the only one who noticed Charlotte's subtle distancing from Justin Battleson in her post? He was still standing up for her in the morning, and by the afternoon, she was issuing a declaration that she had nothing to do with him... This operation is so baffling. My heart aches for Mr. Battleson."

"Poor Mr. Battleson, boo hoo..."

"I just saw the microblog. My jaw dropped a while ago."

Compared to the previous posts, the comment section of the text posted by Charlotte was relatively clean.

There weren't many Evelyn Curtis fans blindly throwing shade, most of them were bystanders expressing their opinions and shocks.

On the other side, within the Riley Group, Mr. Battleson's office.

The assistant glanced nervously at Justin Battleson, tentatively spoke up, "Mr. Battleson, Miss Thompson has released a microblog post revealing the truth about the incident that day. The public opinion storm about Evelyn Curtis has almost been overshadowed by the news about Miss Thompson and Henry Hudson..."

Before he could finish his sentence, the assistant suddenly shivered.

Though the sunlight outside was bright, why did he feel the office was chillingly cold?

He swallowed and looked at the man's expression.

Justin Battleson was nonchalantly leaning back in his chair, gently moving the mouse.

Though he looked seemingly indifferent, his increasingly grim expression was hard to miss.

On his computer screen was Charlotte's latest microblog post.

His eyes lingered on a few prominent sentences.

"I have had official dealings with Mr. Battleson from the Riley Group."

"I have a boyfriend in real life, and his name is Henry Hudson."

Mr. Battleson of the Riley Group...

A bitter smile tugged at the corner of Justin's mouth, a hint of loss in his eyes, a feeling he himself didn't recognize.

So, she didn't even want to say his name now?

And Henry Hudson,

She actually admitted that Henry Hudson was her boyfriend.

Justin gripped the mouse tightly, the veins in his hands popping.

He closed his eyes, trying to calm down.

However, a few seconds later, he abruptly rose from his chair.

The assistant jumped at his sudden movement.

Upon turning around, there was no sign of the man.

He glanced at the pile of files on the desk, the corner of his lips twitched.

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The microblog's popularity continued to soar.

Evelyn Curtis's fans quickly located the hospital where Henry Hudson was based just by a photo.

When the location was maliciously disclosed, numerous journalists rushed to the hospital, almost blocking the entrance.

All the bodyguards the Thompson family had stationed at the hospital were called in to block the journalists outside.

At the forefront of the bodyguards stood a familiar figure.

Chapter 469 She Lied to Me

The woman was dressed in a sleek black gown, her slightly curled hair hung behind her like ink spilled in the water, and the petite diamond studs in her ears sparkled a radiant, faint purple under the sunlight.

She raised her hand, making a gesture for silence.

The reporters hastily pointed their microphones toward her, but they noticeably lowered the volume of their voices.

Charlotte Thompson's lips curled into a slight smile. Her voice, like a flowing stream, rang out eerily in the air.

"I know why you all are here, you wish to get a more significant scoop from me."

She paused for a moment, her eyes sparkled, radiating an enchanting charm.

However, she seemed unblemished by the mud around her, like a naive white flower untouched by worldly affairs.

She stood there with a demeanor unmatched by anyone present.

She continued, "I will not bring my personal feelings into my words. If anyone here wants to know the truth, they can check out my microblog. The statements there are based on objective facts, with no elements of deceit."

As her voice faded, the reporters began to whisper among themselves.

The crowd was bustling, a Rolls-Royce slowly stopped behind the reporters.

Justin Battleson stepped out of the driver's seat, a pair of black sunglasses covering his face.

The sound of the closing car door satisfyingly attracted all the reporters' attention.

Just as he closed the car door, Justin looked up and immediately saw Charlotte Thompson surrounded by reporters.

He removed his sunglasses and strode towards the crowd.

Spotting his arrival, the reporters consciously made way for him.

Justin Battleson unimpededly stood next to Charlotte, catching her surprised gaze.

He paused, lowered his gaze onto the vari-coloured microphones being directed towards him again and frowned slightly as he heard a flurry of questions.

"Mr. Battleson, why have you come here?"

"Mr. Battleson, did you rush here for your sake or for Miss Thompson's?"

"Mr. Battleson, there were rumours online about you and Miss Evelyn Curtis being fiancés, can you tell us whether it's true or not?"

"Mr. Battleson, what is your opinion on the microblog post by Miss Thompson?"

The last question successfully caught Justin Battleson's attention.

He looked at the journalist who asked the question, a glint of admiration flashed in his eyes, and then he slowly said, "I do not agree with Miss Thompson's statement."

He paused, turned his head to look at Charlotte Thompson, who was also looking at him, her gaze full of confusion.

What does he mean by disagree?

What is he trying to do?

After a few seconds, the man continued, "Evelyn Curtis and I are not a couple, there was just a misunderstanding five years ago. I always thought that Evelyn Curtis was the one who saved my life, so I kept giving her resources and even purposefully promoted her, but I didn't expect that until now I found out that this has been a carefully planned lie by Evelyn Curtis all along."

He lowered his gaze, shooting a glance at Charlotte Thompson.

She didn't show any expression, her brows remained slightly furrowed.

A light breeze blew, gently lifting the strands of hair on her forehead. Her icy demeanor stood out especially against the man's presence.

Clearing his throat, Justin Battleson paused for a few seconds before finishing the last sentence, "She lied to me, deceived me for five years, and I now know that the person who saved my life is someone else."

Following his words, the atmosphere was buzzing with astonishment.

The reporters exchanged glances, all seeing unspeakable shock in each other's eyes.

As expected, coming here to intercept them was the right choice, Justin Battleson even came himself to expose the scandal!

Chapter 470 My Ex-Wife

One journalist had an excited expression on his face as he hastily moved his microphone closer and raised his voice to ask, "Since Mr. Battleson knows that it was not Evelyn Curtis who saved your life, you must know who your real lifesaver is. Would you care to share?"

On the side, Charlotte Thompson listened to his words quietly, her right hand nervously clutching the hem of her dress.

As soon as he finished speaking, the reporters quieted down, their gazes eagerly fixed on Justin Battleson.

The latter casually lowered his gaze, taking a glance at Charlotte on his side without meaning to.

The woman maintained a dignified smile on her face, her eyes full of a cool and cold demeanor, and she lightly tilted her head to look at him along with the reporters.

But what was different was, in her eyes lay a readily detectable warning.

Justin knew what she meant; she didn't want their affair to be propagated.

His fingers slightly curled up, the ring finger subconsciously raised a few degrees, his expression was somewhat obscure.

Could it be that Charlotte was really... so afraid of being connected with him?

The casual exchange of glances between the two didn't escape the attention of the reporters. The reporter who asked the question earlier revealed a playful smile.

He quickly hoisted up his camera and snapped a picture, then teasingly asked, "Mr. Battleson, your gaze seems off. Do you fancy Miss Thompson?"

After hearing his words, the reporters shifted their attention between the two.

Ignoring the bustling crowd, the golden and warm mid-afternoon sun dispersed between the two, casting a thin and gentle halo.

The man slightly bowed his head, and the sharp linework of his face softened.

The woman looked up at him, the corner of her mouth drawing a gentle curve.

A necklace lazily lay on her fair and delicate collarbone, reflecting a dazzling brilliance in the sunlight.

The scenery of the world seemed to have dimmed in comparison.

A female reporter subconsciously sighed and lowered her voice to gossip with her colleague, "There are so many power couples in the entertainment industry these days. Look at these two, one is the cold and aloof Mr. Battleson, the other is a high-profile female designer. They're even more perfect than a power couple!"

Hearing that, her colleague shook her head, replying regretfully, "Indeed. Unfortunately, Miss Thompson has publicly announced that she has a boyfriend. Even if Mr. Battleson had any intentions, he can only secretly admire her."

Charlotte stood still, meeting the man's obscure gaze. An unknown emotion slowly stirred within her heart.

She forced herself to look away and curved her lips, but remained silent.

Justin turned to look at the reporter whose face was decorated with a smile. The reporter asked again, "So does Mr. Battleson know that Miss Thompson already has a boyfriend?"

Hearing this, the man slightly raised his head, looking straight into the camera, suddenly chuckled, saying, "The topic is trending on social media. I just found out that Miss Thompson already has a boyfriend. Since everyone has asked, let me use this opportunity to wish Miss Thompson - my ex-wife..."

He turned his head again to look at Charlotte. Amidst her shock, he uttered each word deliberately, "...that she may have peace, joy, and happiness in her new relationship from this day forward."

Charlotte opened her mouth, her eyes still filled with shock.

Justin's words, to anyone at this moment, felt like a bomb being dropped into the water, creating countless splashes.

Yet the main character was smiling faintly, a hint of sadness flashing past his eyes, unnoticed even by himself.