

Spoiled 471

Chapter 471: So That's Their Relationship!

He lowered his gaze, his eyelashes casting an attractive shadow. His hands which rested at his sides clenched slightly, and his little finger unintentionally curled up.

Charlotte Thompson almost instantly froze in place, she looked at the man with a bewildered look, her eyes full of immense shock.

Out of all calculations, she didn't expect Justin Battleson to reveal this matter in such a moment and place.

The chattering reporters abruptly fell silent.

They all unwittingly raised their heads, hardly daring to believe their own ears, their faces full of bewilderment and confusion.

A few reporters were live streaming at the scene, also startled by this shocking news their hands shook, causing the camera to completely tilt off course.

The netizens who were watching the live broadcast could only see a screen view of the floor and the various types of shoes worn by the other reporters.

However, nobody was looking at that anymore.

The netizens who were munching on sunflower seeds while watching the live broadcast were shocked, stuffing a whole seed into the mouth, forgot to peel the shell, those having high-pitched discussions suddenly became quiet, the trailing sound was sharp and unpleasant.

Almost everyone was bewildered.

What did they hear?

They heard Justin Battleson suddenly say: Miss Thompson, my ex-wife?

Some netizens barely managed to process the unbelievable news after quite a while.

They extended their hands mechanically to type a series of African emojis on the barrage, even complaining whether their network had been reduced to 2G.

"?? What's going on? I didn't hear wrong, did I? Ex-wife!? Charlotte Thompson is Justin Battleson's ex-wife?"

"I am stunned for a century, no wonder Mr. Battleson has done an excellent job of keeping it a secret, based on the timing now, their relationship must have happened many years ago."

"I'm now also deep in doubt, this is too explosive! Am I experiencing a network outage?"

"You're not alone."

"No wonder, ever since Charlotte Thompson appeared in our view, she has always been entwined with Justin Battleson, so they have this kind of relationship!"

Some shippers screamed and their hands that were typing on the keyboard trembled with excitement.

"I can't handle my excitement anymore. Did you guys not notice? These two people standing together are absolutely perfect for each other, and I never thought these two people would have a past, oh dear, my maiden heart."

"'Ex-wife' huh? What's going on? I'm constantly confused, is there any expert that can explain?"

Beside the discussion in the bullets about the word "ex-wife", the screen was filled with exclamations of "What the fuck!".

The focus has completely shifted from Evelyn Curtis's news tracking to Justin Battleson's major gossip scene.

The reporters regained their senses after a long time and until their arms holding up the microphone ached terribly. They looked at the couple unbelievably; the auditory and visual impact of being at the scene far surpassed viewing behind a screen.

It was indeed a stone causing a thousand ripples!

At the moment, Charlotte Thompson, who was standing next to Justin Battleson, was smiling stiffly. Her brain started running quickly, thinking about what methods could be used to salvage the situation later.

She slightly furrowed her brows, then opened her mouth only to find herself unable to say anything.

Her brain had crashed due to Justin's sudden mention of the words "ex-wife", even now she hadn't recovered.

After a long while, she held her forehead which was starting to ache a little.

The trending topics of these past few days really were rich in content.

From the corner of his eye, the man saw her troubled manner and curved his lips in amusement, clearly enjoying the situation.

Chapter 472: This Doesn't Count as Marriage

The growing crowd of spectators around them made Charlotte Thompson feel increasingly uncomfortable. Her hands, hanging down by her sides, clenched and then relaxed. Furrowing her brow, she turned around and began to walk away.

Her pace was hurried, her retreating figure clearly flustered. The long hair cascading down her back fluttered slightly with her movements.

Her head slightly tilted, her eyes brimming with suppressed anxiety.

The reporters were taken aback, merely watching her departure, only thinking to raise their cameras and snap a photo after a long pause.

Justin Battleson turned his head slightly, staring at the defiant retreating figure of the woman, feeling momentarily stunned.

He sped up to catch up with her, almost breaking into a trot.

Not far away, Charlotte also heard the rushed footsteps behind her. She stopped impatiently, turned around, her beautiful features tainted with a hint of irritation.

Justin was not prepared for her to stop. He had to halt abruptly, stopping almost five steps away from her.

He looked into the indifferent eyes of the woman in front of him, opening his mouth as if to speak, but then hesitated.

The two lingered in silent confrontation, and after a moment, Charlotte let out a cold laugh.

"Justin Battleson, you haven't changed at all. You're still as presumptuous as ever," she said.

Almost immediately after her words, Justin pulled a bitter smile, whispering, "Finally, you admit that you are Sophie Allen."

"Why do you keep dwelling on this?" Charlotte chuckled sarcastically, her voice ethereal as early morning mist on a winter day.

"You clearly know, whether I'm Charlotte Thompson or Sophie Allen, whether it's now or in the future, I won't have anything to do with you." She said.

Her right hand, hanging by her side, tightened slightly, her voice cold and sharp, "So why, in front of all those journalists, did you have to bring up the past that not many people know about? You think you are getting closure, but you don't realize how much trouble your words could cause me."

Opposite her, Justin was tongue-tied, a rare hint of helplessness flickered in his eyes.

Causing her trouble...

Does she really hate their past that much?

Charlotte looked up and suddenly broke into laughter.

"Justin Battleson, I thought you knew. Our so-called marriage was nothing but a trade-off. To both of us, it meant nothing," she said.

"For me, it was not even a marriage."

"No feelings involved, no intimacy, at most it was a mere formality. I believe I left as cleanly as I could, without causing much disruption to your life. So why do you keep coming back to disturb mine?"

Justin Battleson stiffened all of a sudden, pulling a strained smile.

He stared deeply at the woman standing in front of him, her words like thorns pricking his heart, and then he spoke, struggling with each word.

"You think, my appearance, has disturbed your life?"

Charlotte looked at him indifferently, her gaze unyielding.

The light in his eyes dimmed gradually. He chuckled bitterly, "Then in your heart, what am I to you?"

"Just a passing visitor." Charlotte laughed lightly, "Justin Battleson, we should've parted on good terms."

The afternoon sunlight was warm, but Justin's heart felt as if it had plunged into an ice pit.

The woman in front of him had suddenly become a total stranger.

She was no longer the sweet girl from five years ago, wearing a long white dress and a light blue bag, looking up at him with warm smiles.

Just as she had said, Sophie Allen was long gone.

He should've understood that earlier.

Things had changed.

Chapter 473: Desolation

Justin Battleson lowered his gaze, his fingers gently grazing his lips, as if he was mourning something with absolute devotion and care.

He looked up at the woman, witnessing the same familiar coldness in her eyes that he always had.

From the moment they met again, such expressions, he had seen too much.

His fingertips trembled slightly, he tilted his head back, closed his eyes for a brief moment, and when he reopened them, his eyes were filled with familiar extreme pride.

Every time he showed such expressions, he was strategizing in the business arena, or when he was determined to navigate the world of human relationships.

But this time was different.

This time, it was for a decent farewell to Charlotte Thompson.

He took a step forward and spread his arms in an open embrace.

However, just as he expected, Charlotte Thompson frowned slightly, the chill in her eyes intensified and she stepped back in disgust.

The ethereal sound of the wind highlighted his husky voice. All his farewells seemed to be carried off by the wind.

"Don't step back anymore. This time, I won't move forward."

His voice was filled with exhaustion and a touch of melancholy.

In that moment, Charlotte Thompson almost wavered.

But she tightened her fists, pursed her pale lips, and turned her head away with icy indifference.

Still in her eyes was the vast snowfield, barren and desolate.

Something pierced Justin Battleson's heart like a sharp knife.

The heart-wrenching pain spread from his heart to his limbs, the constant throbbing of pain almost made it hard for him to breathe.

He didn't know when, but in front of Charlotte Thompson, he had become powerless.

His fingertips turned slightly pale, he looked at the woman in front of him with longing, wanting to reach out and smooth out the wrinkles between her brows, but he withdrew as if he'd been electrocuted.

He suddenly realized, all attempts of reconciliation were meaningless in the face of love.

After a moment of silence, with a weak, forced laugh, he gently said, "Miss Thompson, the flowers you planted in the pots by the villa door have bloomed. If you have time, come and pick them up."

Charlotte paused, slightly taken aback.

She remembered that she had indeed planted a pot of flowers outside the villa several years ago. Forget-me-nots, her favorite.

Forget-me-nots, it symbolizes lost love as everlasting love.

She closed her eyes, masking the overwhelming pain in her eyes, and coldly said, "The pot of flowers was planted casually. I never really expected it to survive or bloom. If it bothers you, Mr. Battleson, just throw it away."

Throw away...

Justin's eyes clouded with despair.

So his love was like the forget-me-nots by the door, easily discarded?

With a bitter smile, he softly said, "That's fine then, Miss Thompson. I wish you happiness and a smooth journey. I won't bother you anymore."

After saying this, he turned around and walked away, each step as if treading on his own heart, causing unbearable pain.

Behind him, Charlotte slowly turned her head to see his lonely figure. Gradually, her eyes began to redden.

I won't bother you anymore...

Charlotte closed her eyes hard.

Wasn't this the ending she wanted? She should be happy, right?

But why did her heart hurt so much?

After a while, a black car slowly pulled up beside her. Jack Bryant removed his sunglasses and poked his head out of the car window.

He looked at Charlotte's expression and carefully said, "Miss, let's go home."

Only then did Charlotte bring herself back from her trance, and got into the car.

Chapter 474: Dog Skin Plaster

After arriving at the hotel, Charlotte Thompson phoned Henry Hudson to let him know she wouldn't be returning home, then climbed the stairs in her high heels, feeling somewhat exhausted.

It took her a while to find her room key in her bag, and when she opened the door, she found all the children neatly gathered in her room.

She forced a weak smile and asked, "What are you all doing here?"

Usually, the kids were quite independent, spending their time in their own rooms either building blocks or watching TV. Even Grace Thompson, who usually loved to sleep, was sitting upright here.

Why were they behaving out of the ordinary today, flocking to her room?

Upon hearing her words, the kids looked at each other, unsure of what to say.

Hank Thompson pondered for a few minutes, then, his chubby cheeks puffing up, he suddenly stood up and ran over to her, hugging her leg.

Charlotte's heart softened. She squatted down to look Hank in the eyes.

First, she gently ruffled his fluffy head, then with a smile and a soft voice, she asked, "What's wrong, Hank?"

Hank pursed his lips, silent for a while.

Charlotte found it amusing yet unusual to see her usually energetic son acting so solemn. "Darling, is there anything you can't tell mommy?" she asked.

It seemed as though Hank was carefully choosing his words after a considerable thought. "Mommy, we all saw the live broadcast... Don't be too sad, we just won't deal with that bad man."

At his words, Charlotte was momentarily taken aback.

No wonder the children were acting as though on high alert; it seemed they knew everything.

Looking at Hank's somewhat immature look, Charlotte felt a little upset. "Mommy's okay. You are still a child, so don't worry about adult matters, okay?"

After she spoke, Hank finally sighed in relief, then, like a little man, he nodded earnestly and said, "Don't worry, Mommy! We will grow up quickly and protect you."

Charlotte uttered an acknowledgment, feeling somewhat emotional.

The children looked at each other, all feeling somewhat uneasy.

Suddenly, there was an urgent knock at the door. Charlotte paused, then got up to open it.

As soon as she opened the door, she heard Jordan Thompson cursing and complaining.

"Sister, you're finally back. I was really enraged today." Jordan slumped into a chair, seemingly quite irritated.

"I saw the broadcast too, let's not talk about that Willow... Willow whatnot? Anyway, that's still okay, but what was up with Justin Battleson's reaction?"

He took a deep breath, but his voice still seemed to be uncontrollably loud when he started to speak, "Not trying to badmouth you, Sister, but Justin Battleson is really like a sticky plaster that can't be shaken off. You just announced you have a boyfriend, and he brazenly drags up stuff from nearly eight hundred years ago. What the heck is going on? I'm really pissed off."

His glance shifted, landing on the children, and realization dawned on him. "Did you guys also watch the broadcast?"

At his words, all the children nodded in agreement.

Seeing the situation, Jordan Thompson, the uncle who was closest in age to them, immediately understood. He slapped his thigh and said, "I knew it! Sister, look, these kids understand what's wrong, but this Justin Battleson is utterly clueless."

"Stop talking!"

Chapter 475: Godmother

Jordan Thompson was mid-rant when Charlotte Thompson interrupted him. Taken aback, he was momentarily shocked into silence.

He tried to defend himself, therefore stating with persistence, "Hey, Sis, why are you yelling at me? I didn't say anything wrong."

Realizing her abruptness, Charlotte sighed helplessly, saying softly, "I'm fine. You go on. I want to be alone."

Upon hearing this, Jordan couldn't say anything else.

Feeling a little awkward, he rubbed his nose, exchanged a look with Hank Thompson, stood up, and said, "Well, Sis, I'll go ahead then. Don't let that man ruin your mood; he's not worth it."

After saying this, he walked to the door and exited the room.

Seeing this, Hank and everyone else hoped that their mother would sort herself out. Leaving the room one by one, they consciously provided Charlotte with a quiet environment.

The room once more returned to silence. Charlotte walked over to close the curtains, casting the room in a dim light. She lethargically sat in a chair. Her usually cold eyes finally showed a hint of vulnerability.

At this moment, her mind was filled with Justin Battleson's every word from their phone conversation a few minutes earlier.

The aftermath hit her like a knife stabbing her heart, leaving her in silent but excruciating pain.

She tilted her head slightly, feeling a strange emptiness in her heart.

The silence in the large room was suddenly interrupted by the loud ring of a mobile phone. It took Charlotte a few seconds to take her phone out of her bag, swipe the screen, and answer the call.

The name showing on the incoming call made her feel a bit dazed.

The woman on the other end spoke in her usual gentle voice.

"Charlotte, are you okay?"

It was Annie Anne.

Charlotte hummed in affirmation, answering with a bitter smile, "You've heard already?"

On the other end, Annie had just finished shooting an advertisement and was now sitting in the dressing room removing her makeup.

She glanced idly at herself in the mirror, her heavy makeup almost completely removed.

Even without makeup, she possessed a fresh and riveting charm.

Upon hearing Charlotte's dejected words, she sighed, saying, "The mysteries of love, eh? Charlotte, do you not even understand yourself anymore?"

"Annie, you don't need to comfort me. I'm really fine, just a bit tired." Charlotte leaned her head back, a hint of emotion in her voice. "Now that things have come to this point, I'll just take it one step at a time."

In response, Annie chuckled quietly, an obvious note of admiration in her voice. "That's more like you."

Meanwhile, the makeup artist was almost finished removing her makeup.

Annie placed her phone on speaker mode on the table, then tied up her loose hair with an elastic band.

Seeming to remember something, she asked, "The kids are still in Druarus, right?"

Charlotte nodded, responding, "Yes, they are. What is it?"

"Perfect timing," Annie continued, glancing at the time. "I'm almost done with work here and it's still early. How about you bring the kids out and we all have dinner together?"

Upon hearing this, Charlotte remembered that the last time Annie had invited them to a meal, the children couldn't come due to the inappropriate setting.

Annie hadn't officially met the children since her last visit to Druarus.

Fearing that Charlotte might decline, Annie added hurriedly, "Charlotte, don't forget, I am the children's godmother. You're not so cruel as to deny me a look at my godchildren, are you?"

There was a clear teasing tone in her voice.

Chapter 476: Biological Mother

Hearing up to here, Charlotte Thompson narrowed her eyes and the corner of her mouth curved into a smile.

From the look of things now, Annie Anne must have been living quite well recently.

After pondering for a moment, Charlotte slightly raised her head, and the image of little Annie sitting quietly in a corner suddenly surfaced in her mind.

A few dozen minutes ago, several children were neatly sitting in her room. Even though only Hank Thompson came forward to talk to her, she still keenly took note of every child.

Olivia Thompson was very sensible, but only Charlotte knew, she was in fact a very fragile little girl at heart.

The child's face was always adorned with a light, carefree smile. Her slightly curled bangs and her long eyelashes just above her eyes could skillfully conceal her emotions and her confusion and panic at times.

She liked to sit in a corner, trying to minimize her presence.

Sometimes, she shyly smiled, every casual move she made resembled someone dramatically.

She resembled her biological mother, Annie Anne.

Charlotte blinked slightly, the dim light in the room coming in could easily make someone feel drowsy.

But the complicated thoughts in her mind were like a long thread being wound by some unseen force, making it impossible for her to comprehend.

She sighed heavily, as just a little while ago she had truly wanted to decline Annie Anne's invitation.

Not because she didn't want to see her, but because the emotions in her heart were really too hard to control.

The overwhelming irritation almost uprooted her.

But she couldn't be so cruel as to deprive Olivia Thompson of the chance to see her mother.

She knew in her heart that Olivia Thompson understood everything.

She missed her mother.

Standing up, Charlotte walked slowly to the window and stretched out her hand to open the curtains.

Almost in that instant, golden remnants of sunlight rushed in, dyeing the white sheets and quilt on the bed a warm orange color.

The room was filled with the gentle warmth gifted to the world by the setting sun.

Charlotte was slightly stunned.

Looking out of the window, she could see the bustling highway downstairs, where a mother was walking on the sidewalk, holding her young daughter's hand.

The little girl seemed to be the same age as Olivia Thompson, excitedly holding her mother's hand, bouncing forward with a SpongeBob balloon in her left hand.

The golden sunlight stretched the shadows of the two very long, creating a warm atmosphere.

Without realizing, Charlotte curved a smile on her lips, feeling somewhat sentimental.

If Annie Anne had not met Oliver Hudson, if Annie Anne hadn't lost her memory...

Then perhaps Olivia Thompson wouldn't be this sensitive and introverted now.

But instead, she would be just like any other child her age, happily holding her hand while crossing the street.

Similarly, she would be acting spoiled, asking Annie Anne to clean up the ice cream color smeared around her mouth from eating ice cream.

What a pity, there are no such ifs in this world.

Olivia Thompson knows far more than she can handle, so Charlotte can't truly let her see herself as a mother.

All of it has to be completed by Annie Anne.

After standing for a few minutes, Charlotte changed her shoes and walked out the door, heading to the next room to check on the children.

The children were sprawled on the bed.

Seeing Charlotte come in, Hank, who was playing with Lego, paused his hands. Olivia, sitting on a chair and drawing with her head lowered, also raised her head to look at her.

Charlotte felt warmth in her heart, and said softly, "Babies, go and change your clothes. Mommy will take you out for dinner with Auntie today."

Chapter 477 My Babies

Upon hearing this, the children bubbled with excitement almost instantly.

Grace Thompson gave a cheer, rolled and crawled off the bed, and ran to the wardrobe to flick through her dresses.

Charlotte Thompson sneaked a glance at Olivia Thompson's expression.

The little girl finally reacted, her paintbrush paused on the paper for a long time.

After a while, she slightly lowered her head, a shy smile crept onto her face, her eyes sparkled.

When everything was ready, Charlotte Thompson gave a call to Jack Bryant.

Not long after, Jack Bryant drove the car out of the hotel car park.

Left hand holding Grace Thompson and right hand holding Olivia Thompson, Charlotte lead the group while the rest of the children merrily followed their big brother.

Grace Thompson, a budding beauty, spent a good while preening in front of a mirror before they left and insisted Charlotte Thompson do her hair.

Thus, Charlotte expertly tied her hair into a half-bun style.

Not just her, Olivia Thompson also had two chubby buns on her head.

Olivia Thompson was wearing a pair of white little shoes and a light blue dress, in contrast to Grace Thompson's ivory dress, the latter was wearing a pair of light blue shoes.

You could tell Olivia Thompson's eyes had been sparkling ever since she came downstairs, she seemed to be in high spirits.

Once in the car, Charlotte Thompson took out her phone and checked the unread message from Annie Anne.

When she opened the message, she saw that Annie had arrived already, her location had been sent over, accompanied by a smiley emoji.

The location was a secluded and quiet restaurant.

Annie Anne had been very thorough in her planning, she must have realized that with recent online gossip, Charlotte Thompson had unwittingly become a celebrity.

As Annie Anne herself had starred in quite a few films and advertisements, she could be considered a minor celebrity in the entertainment circle.

Choosing such a location also eliminated any unnecessary inconveniences.

Charlotte Thompson, browsing through the messages, sent back an OK hand gesture emoji and then typed: "On our way."

She opened the camera, turned around sneakily, and took a photo.

The photo was a group picture of her little ones.

Upon seeing Charlotte taking a picture, Grace Thompson excitedly struck a "rock on" pose.

The few boys sprawled out in the back seat, Cyrus Thompson's lips were pursed slightly, he watched somewhat disgustedly as Hank Thompson, who was as clingy as chewing gum, nearly plastered himself onto Cyrus.

Then he lowered his head and continued scrolling on his tablet.

On the other hand, Olivia Thompson quietly rested her chin on the window, her hands balled into little fists resting on her knees, seeming a little nervous.

Charlotte finished editing the information, posted it on her social circle, and accompanied it with a caption.

"My little darlings."

The first person to like it was Annie Anne, after a few seconds, her phone vibrated, Annie Anne commented under her social circle post.

"Little darling Olivia looks rather melancholy. I wish I could pinch that little cheek of hers. They're almost here!"

Charlotte curled her lips, put down her phone, and took a glance at Olivia Thompson through the rear view mirror.

The little girl's features closely resembled Annie Anne's.

It was no wonder, even in her ignorance, the child Annie paid the most attention to was Olivia.

The bonds of blood relation are indeed a wonderful thing.

The restaurant was quite far from the hotel, it took some time to travel there on a flat road, finally, they stopped in front of a quaint building.

Charlotte Thompson and the children got off the car, just as she was about to look up, she could already see Annie Anne seated inside, through the glass door.

Their eyes met, Elyssa excitedly waved to her.

Chapter 478: Do You Remember Me?

Charlotte Thompson returned a smile, then walked in with Olivia Thompson and Grace Thompson.

Several boys also bounced out of the car, running faster, they raced past Charlotte and others and entered the restaurant first.

Seeing Annie Anne, they were quite excited as well.

Hank Thompson, the thickest-skinned of them all, went straight in and sat across Annie, his eyes glowing brightly.

"Godmother, do you still remember me?"

Thinking about the last time they met, it felt like a very distant memory now.

Annie Anne chuckled, reaching out and tousling his fluffy head in mock reproach, "My memory isn't that bad. Of course, I remember my Hank darling."

At this, Hank cheekily stuck out his tongue, which greatly cheered up Annie.

Charlotte hadn't walked in when she heard Annie's laughter.

She set down her shoulder bag on a chair and said amusingly, "Annie, it's rare to see you laugh so heartily."

"Haha, isn't it?" Annie scooted over to make room for her, beckoning for her to sit down.

But Charlotte didn't move. She slightly lowered her head to look at Olivia. The young girl seemed sullen, her big eyes displaying an obvious mix of exhilaration and fear.

A sense of unease fluttered in her heart. She noticed Olivia opening her mouth, seemingly wanting to say something to Annie but ultimately, could only murmur a few words.

"Hello, godmother."

For some reason, a sudden pang pierced Annie's chest, as if needles were densely pricking her heart.

Lowering her gaze, she smiled, "Hello to you too, Olivia. Come sit."

Charlotte clearly sensed it. As soon as Annie spoke, Olivia tightly grasped her hand, her grip significantly stronger than before.

She saw Olivia's cautious demeanor.

She knew that Annie had amnesia and that they couldn't trigger her body by revealing their identities. All they could do was look at her and call her godmother against their will.

But in reality, this was her biological mother.

A wave of sourness surged in Charlotte's heart. She comfortingly squeezed Olivia's hand back, as if trying to encourage her this way.

Annie naturally noticed Olivia's expression and her nervous mannerisms.

She then leaned down slightly and asked seriously, "Olivia, you seem upset, are you feeling unwell?"

When the little girl's clear, big eyes met hers, Annie's breath hitched.

A familiar stabbing pain coursed through every nerve in her body.

Bits and pieces of memories flashed through her mind, as if she had experienced countless moments of such eye contact before.

Annie lifted a hand to her forehead, a headache making her frown.

It felt as if a floodgate to deepest, dust-covered memories had been opened, and an unfamiliar yet familiar tidal wave of fear and pain washed over her.

Charlotte furrowed her brows, reaching out to steady her, and asked worriedly, "What's wrong?"

"Nothing." Annie shook her head gently, forcing herself out of her memories. She glanced at Charlotte in confusion and continued, "Charlotte, we've known each other for quite a while now, haven't we?"

Charlotte was somewhat puzzled, but she nodded in agreement anyway.

They had known each other for nearly five years now.

There was still a hint of bewilderment in Annie's eyes. "I feel like I have forgotten something very important to me. Do you know what it is?"

Upon hearing this, Charlotte's hand, which was holding onto Annie's, jolted. After a moment's hesitation, she opened her mouth to speak, but finally, all she managed to say with a gloomy face was, "Perhaps you've been too tired recently. You should rest more."

Chapter 479: Truly Worthy of Annie

Hearing this, Annie Anne didn't say anything more. She smiled slightly and said to Charlotte Thompson, "Perhaps."

Charlotte's fingertips trembled slightly as she hid the flicker of unusual emotion in her eyes and looked down at Olivia Thompson again.

Grace Thompson had already joined her brothers, but Olivia still stood in place, her head slightly bowed.

Charlotte knelt slightly, finally able to see the look on her face clearly.

The little girl was quiet, but her eyes were inadvertently reddening.

Charlotte felt a pang of pity. She reached out and put a comforting hand on the little girl's shoulder. She chuckled, "Annie, it's been quite some time since we last saw each other, right? There is still a seat by your godmother, why don't you come over?"

Upon hearing her words, Olivia turned her eyes to Charlotte, with an undeniable joy in her voice.

"Really?"

Charlotte nodded at her with a smile.

On the other side, Annie quickly adjusted her emotions. She waved gently at Olivia and said, "Annie, come here. What would you like to eat? Let your godmother order for you."

After a few seconds of hesitation, Olivia took a step forward, each step a seemingly huge resolution.

Once they were all seated, Annie handed Charlotte a menu, saying, "Charlotte, ask the children what they would like to eat. Order whatever you like."

Charlotte didn't hesitate, and immediately took the menu, teasing, "I hear you've been getting lots of commercials these days, superstar Annie. Now that you're well-off, you ought to treat us to a nice meal."

"Of course!" Annie, dressed in an orange floral dress, was sitting next to a large window. The sunset light spilled onto her, making her look incredibly warm and radiant as if she was glowing.

Her milk tea-color hair was casually draped over her shoulders. An eye-catching three-leaved clover styled earring adorned her delicate earlobe. Her skin was fair and exquisite, almost ethereal in her beauty.

She curved her lips into a smile, raising her hand to put down the other menu in her hand.

She beckoned the waiter and looked at Charlotte with a smile. "I've wanted to treat you all to a meal for a long time, but I just haven't had the time. Order whatever you like, it's on me."

Shortly after they had placed their orders, the waiter began to serve the dishes.

Charlotte placed a fruit salad in front of Olivia and smiled, "Annie, your favorite."

At her words, Annie's gaze followed, and she was rather surprised. "Annie also enjoys fruit salad?"

Charlotte smiled and nodded.

Annie was pleasantly surprised, "That's my Annie, just like me. I also love fruit salad."

No sooner had she finished speaking, Olivia raised her head to look at Annie, her eyes shining brightly.

When her eyes met Olivia's, Annie's heart gave another inexplicable pang.

She winced in pain, raising her eyes to Charlotte apologetically. "Charlotte, you go ahead and eat with them, I need to use the restroom."

With these words, she stood up, turning to head towards the restroom.

Hank Thompson wiped his mouth with a napkin, looked up and said, "What's wrong with godmother? Is she not feeling well?"

"Perhaps." Charlotte also got up and said, "I'll go and see. You all continue to eat."

Having said that, she asked for directions to the restroom and headed there.

In the restroom,

Annie turned on the faucet, catching water in her hands and splashing it on her face, her headache threatening to make her lose her balance.

She lifted her head, both hands propped on the sides of the sink. The white cheeks of the woman in the mirror were covered with water droplets. She gazed at her reflection, feeling somewhat dazed.

Chapter 480: Annie's Biological Parents

There were a few drops of water dripping from her fringe, sliding down her cheek, disappearing into her collarbone, wetting the collar of her shirt.

Her reflection in the mirror was still familiar, but the fragments of blurry memories that sometimes came to her mind were incredibly strange. Even she started to lose track of who she was.

Just as she was lost in thought, the door clicked slightly. However, Annie Anne did not turn around, keeping her gaze on her own reflection in the mirror.

"Annie, are you okay?"

Charlotte Thompson turned to close the door, then took a few steps forward, standing behind Annie Anne.

She looked up at the mirror and muttered to herself, "Charlotte, are you hiding something from me? What exactly have I forgotten from the past?"

"When I close my eyes now, my mind is filled with unfamiliar scenes. But it feels like these are things that I've definitely been through."

She raised her head to look at Charlotte Thompson in the mirror, her eyes clouded with confusion, "What is going on..."

Behind her, Charlotte Thompson heaved a barely noticeable sigh, a glimmer of empathy flashing in her eyes. After a while, she softly said, "Annie, since you have forgotten, it means that what has happened in the past is over. Why do you insist on understanding it?"

Perhaps for her, forgetting was the best way to escape from the darkness.

She would rather Annie did not remember anything than to have those things from the past torment her repeatedly, reminding her and torturing her incessantly.

Annie's life had been hard enough.

As her words fell silent, no one spoke in the washroom. The water from the sink kept running, its splattering against the glass sounded incredibly sharp in the deafening silence.

The extreme quietness was almost like the silence of death.

Annie seemed to remember something all of a sudden. She turned her head slightly; the water droplets on her face had mostly dried.

Charlotte heard her speak in her usual gentle tone.

"By the way, Charlotte, I knew before that Cyrus, Hank, and Grace were your biological children, and the other three were adopted by you from the hospital. I also found out not long ago that Adam Ross is the biological father of Chad and Jack."

Annie paused, and Charlotte closed her eyes, almost sure of what was to come next.

A few seconds later, as expected, Annie's voice came again, but this time she spoke much slower as if she was carefully gauging Charlotte's reaction.

"Charlotte, have you found the biological parents of Annie?"

Charlotte paused for a moment, looking up to find that Annie had turned around to face her.

Her almond-shaped eyes were slightly upturned and seemed to be covered in a layer of mist, watching her intently.

Charlotte's gaze inadvertently slipped away. She swallowed, her hands by her side tightened slightly.

Judging by Annie's demeanor, she had a rough idea of what was going on.

She should have expected it based on Annie's reaction to Olivia Thompson.

A rare case of amnesia like Annie's usually has a trigger for forgetting and recalling.

Forgetting is a decision made by oneself after accumulating a certain amount of pain.

And recalling, which comes after a long period of time, usually occurs when one encounters someone they have long cared about or can't let go of.

Given the blood ties between Annie and Olivia Thompson, perhaps Olivia is the trigger to Annie's recollection,

But no one could say for sure if Annie remembering everything is a good thing.

As the old saying goes, the more one knows, the more one suffers.