

Spoiled 481

Chapter 481: My Heart, as Cold as the Sky

Charlotte Thompson's eyes widened slightly, and her hands tightened. She endeavored to sound casual, "Annie, perhaps you shouldn't be asking me about this."

At these words, Annie Anne also looked somewhat puzzled at her.

Charlotte Thompson sold a bit of suspense, subtly grinning, "Why not ask yourself?"

"I can tell you that you have indeed forgotten many things. But these are things you need to remember for yourself."

Back when Annie Anne was undergoing treatment in Ashton, Charlotte Thompson had also been present on a few occasions, so she was somewhat familiar with her condition.

The psychiatrist had told her repeatedly that Annie's condition was anything but optimistic.

If the truth was forcefully revealed, or if Annie was forced to remember, her emotions would endure significant pressure. Furthermore, it could backfire, resulting in irreparable consequences.

So everything still depended on Annie.

"Ask myself?" Annie muttered to herself, her eyes betraying unmistakable pain and confusion.

She was somewhat fervently tousling her hair, her emotions teetering on the brink of collapse.

In her mind, there were indeed a few clear glimpses of shards of memories that flashed by, but they were as elusive as wisps of smoke, impossible to capture or perceive.

Suddenly, she crouched down, letting out a grievous scream.

Charlotte Thompson's heart skipped a beat. She crouched down and gently patted Annie's back. Sensing a slight trembling coming from Annie's body, she turned her head away, unable to bear it. Softly, she said, "Annie, calm down. Don't force yourself to remember."

She closed her eyes, her mind racing, trying to find out the most appropriate way to subtly remind Annie.

Annie's body was still trembling.

Inspiration struck Charlotte. Her eyes lit up. She gently tilted her head downward and whispered, "Annie, don't think about anything. Let me sing a song for you."

Without waiting for Annie to respond, she started singing autonomously.

In the quiet environment, only her ethereal voice remained.

Listening to the song, Annie suddenly stopped trembling and slowly lifted her head.

This song was a lullaby composed by Annie when she had just given birth to Olivia Thompson. Despite barely having the strength, she insisted on retrieving a pencil and paper to write. Overwhelmed by tears, she sang to Olivia.

It seemed like the memories traveled back to five years ago with this song. As a flood of recollections surged in, her previously confused look gradually cleared, and her distressed and frantic look calmed down.

When Charlotte finished singing, Annie lowered her gaze to her slightly trembling hands. A tear fell, striking hard on her hand.

Charlotte Thompson handed her a tissue. Annie received it, gripping it tightly in her hand.

She closed her eyes. Her voice was frighteningly hoarse.

"Charlotte, I remember now."

"I remember the ruthlessness of Oliver Hudson towards me, and all the sins he committed against me."

She threw her head back, struggling to restrain her tears.

"No wonder Olivia Thompson was called Olivia. It turns out that she is my daughter, the child I gave birth to five years ago after a harrowing escape to Ashton with a wrecked body."

"I remember everything. I was worried that if Oliver Hudson found out about the existence of this child, he would harm her. So I entrusted the little one to you. I can still recall the relentless snowfall for several days. My heart was as cold as the weather."

Annie's voice was choked, each word strenuously escaping her throat.

Charlotte Thompson's eyes welled up with tears. She patted Annie's back and whispered softly, "It's okay, Annie. I'm here."

Chapter 482: Annie Anne, why don't you go die?

Memories of the past, piecemeal yet as dark as hell, kept replaying in her mind.

From blurry to clear, like a long-shot movie, they kept reminding her painfully like a bleeding wound.

In her world of misery, she remained the tragically heroine, who could never escape the shackles of her past.

Annie leant against the smooth wall, sliding to the ground helplessly. The cold penetration of the thin clothing on her back sent a chill down her spine.

She could hardly believe that the events of years ago, even though they had been buried deep down her memory, could now suddenly surge back, ripping her heart with the same wrenching pain.

Closing her eyes, the man's tall and resolute silhouette emerged slowly. His back was turned to her, only a few steps away, yet it felt like a gulf between them.

In her daze, she found herself back in that hellish room. The man suddenly stepped forward, his hand harshly gripped her chin, forcing her to look up.

A familiar face, a familiar expression.

The man's gentle look remained unchanged, yet the words he uttered sent shivers down her spine.

Oliver Hudson bent down, carefully studying her eyes. His words flowed out gently, as though they were whispered words of affection between lovers.

"Annie, why aren't you the one who's dead?"

"Annie, why don't you just die?"

In countless midnight flashes, she would gasp for breath like a fish on the brink of death as she struggled to wake from her nightmares.

Oliver Hudson was her savior, yet also the one who dragged her into hell.

The heart-wrenching pain could go no further.

Annie clawed her fingers into her long hair in agony, hugging her head tightly and letting out hysterical sobs.

Charlotte rushed over to hold her, feeling her trembling body. Gently wiping away the tears from her eyes, her voice trembling, she said, "Annie, don't... your illness is acting up... This is dangerous."

Nearly shaking, Charlotte fumbled for her phone, failing several times to unlock it.

Almost on the verge of breakdown, she screamed, finally unlocking the screen.

Feverishly, she went through her call records and dialed Jack Bryant's number.

As soon as Jack picked up the call, he heard Charlotte's choked voice, "Jack, the restaurant bathroom... Please come quickly."

Annie muttered with bowed head, "Don't come... don't come, go away... Just go away!"

As she spoke, she raised her hand somewhat deliriously, as though trying to fend something off.

Only Charlotte knew, what she dreaded and hated was the dark past from before.

Tears welled up in Charlotte's eyes as she grabbed Annie's waving hand, choking back sobs, "Annie, lift your head and look at me. I'm here... I'm with you."

It seemed as if she heard her. Annie gradually calmed down, leaving her hand and looked up at Charlotte, her eyes bloodshot and frighteningly red.

The next second, her vision blurred, and she passed out completely.

Charlotte supported her firmly, resisting the shivers in her own body as she lifted her up.

Annie was frail. Charlotte supported her and stumbled out of the bathroom, coming face to face with Jack.

Jack hurried over, took Annie into his arms, locked eyes with Charlotte, and turned to dash out of there.

Charlotte wiped the tears on her face haphazardly, and when she walked out, she noticed several children's curious gazes falling on her.

Chapter 483: She Will Get Through It.

Her heart tightened, and instinctively, she looked at Olivia Thompson.

The chopsticks in Olivia Thompson's hand had already fallen to the ground, her face deadly pale, her big eyes revealing an unprecedented panic and fear.

Charlotte Thompson stepped forward, attempting to control her own emotions, gently stroked Olivia's head, and gently said, "Annie, your godmother is not feeling well, shall we accompany her to the hospital?"

At her words, a layer of moisture instantly welled up in the little girl's eyes as she emphatically nodded.

With the children in tow, Charlotte Thompson scooped up her bag and hurriedly left the restaurant, only to then get in her car.

The car revved, and then rapidly headed towards the hospital.

However, no one noticed that shortly after they left, a figure slowly emerged from the restaurant.

The man barely paused, his cryptic and mysterious gaze flashing with an element of mischief.

Not long after, he made his way to the parking lot, started his car, and effortlessly trailed Charlotte Thompson's vehicle.

He put on his headset and dialed a number.

Seconds later, a man's deep voice sounded in his ear, "Hello?"

"Big brother," the man began with a chuckle, "Your little girlfriend seems to be in a bit of trouble. It seems pretty tricky."

Earlier when Jack Bryant took Annie outside, the man calmly kept an eye on her from a corner.

Her tear-streaked face was drawn, strands of hair sticking to it, and her furrowed brows coupled with a look of fear seemed very off-kilter.

It was as if a sickness had struck her.

"Adam Ross, what the hell are you up to?"

At those words, Adam Ross's hand on the steering wheel slightly faltered, but a mischievous smile crept up at the corner of his mouth, "Don't trust me? Well, we will just have to wait and see."

The other end suddenly went silent, but it didn't worry Adam, he simply followed the car in front of him, maintaining a moderate distance between them.

He knew that Charlotte Thompson and the others were headed for the hospital, but he didn't expect them to bypass Comet Hospital and hurry towards a hospital under BK's jurisdiction.

Adam Ross's lips curved slightly, and his eyebrow raised in intrigue.

"Interesting."

After a while, a low voice resounded in the earpiece, "Send your location to me, I'll be right there," came Oliver Hudson's voice.

The voice faded, followed by a brief busy tone in the earpiece, which then returned to silence.

In the hospital.

Annie had already been sent for examination, while Charlotte Thompson sat on a long bench outside the office, clearly restless.

She stood up from time to time, trying to catch a glimpse of the happenings inside through a window.

The window seemed to be fogged up though, making it impossible for her to get a good look.

Charlotte Thompson slumped on a long bench, next to Olivia, the little girl tenderly holding her hand. The warm touch flooding onto her hand non-stop.

She lowered her head and looked at Olivia.

The little girl's eyes were a bit red, but she maintained a smile, looking up at Charlotte Thompson with a determination and seriousness not typical for a child of her age.

"Mommy, don't worry, she will pull through," she said.

Charlotte Thompson stared at her in surprise, her nose suddenly stinging.

She forced a smile, knowing that Olivia was also unhappy inside. She gently stroked the soft hair of Olivia and quietly said, "Yes, she will pull through."

The countless desperate nights in the past had made her stronger each time, and now when she had someone to mention, she wouldn't give in easily.

Closing her eyes, she whispered, "It will get better."

The children were unusually quiet and serious, quietly waiting on the long bench. The long corridor was filled only with the ticking of the clock, yet it was inconceivably quiet.

Chapter 484: We Should be Almost There

The sky was gradually getting dark and a misty drizzle began to fall outside the window.

Charlotte mustered up some energy and assigned a few rooms for the children to rest in.

As she watched them obediently lie down on the bed, she tucked them in. Her heart felt a mix of laughter and tears.

Pulling the curtains shut, Charlotte adjusted the blanket around Olivia's neck.

Olivia, wide awake, looked up at Charlotte and asked in a soft voice, "Mommy, is it raining outside?"

The air was quiet, filled only with their breathing and the sound of the rain outside.

Charlotte bent down, planting a gentle kiss on the little girl's forehead, telling her, "Go to sleep now."

Having said that, she got up and turned off the light. The room plunged into darkness. She turned to close the door and returned to the long hallway.

At the end of the hallway was a window. A light flickered on. Standing opposite the window, Charlotte saw the curtain of rain falling outside and her reflection on the window pane.

She jumped in surprise, then turned to look at the man behind her, asking uncertainly, "What are you doing here?"

"Why can't I be here?" Adam Ross replied, a smirk playing around his mouth.

He closed the gap between them and stood next to Charlotte, continuing, "I saw you guys in the dining room earlier and just followed along."

The window was only half-closed, and with every gust, the scent of mud and rain wafted in.

Taking a deep breath, Charlotte felt her heart begin to calm down. The fear and haste she had felt earlier seemed to have found comfort and stopped clamoring in her mind.

Adam Ross leaned back against the smooth, clean wall, his hand in his pocket. He glanced at Charlotte's thin clothing and said, "It's raining outside."

Charlotte responded casually, "I'm not blind."

"Why so touchy?" Adam Ross handed her his jacket, indicating for her to take it. He asked, "I'm just wondering why you're not cold."

Charlotte didn't answer him but didn't hesitate either.

She put on the jacket and stared out at the faint mist and twilight rain curtain outside. She stood still.

It was getting dark.

"By the way."

Adam Ross seemed to remember something. He looked up at the woman who was just a few steps away from him and said with a smile, "If you're cold, you can go back first. I've already informed Oliver Hudson when I arrived, so we shouldn't be needed soon."

His words had barely settled when Charlotte froze in the middle of fixing her hair.

A bolt of lightning lit up the sky, followed by a deafening clap of thunder.

In an instant, Adam Ross caught the momentary panic in Charlotte's eyes.

Doubting what she heard, Charlotte asked incredulously, "What did you say? Who did you notify when you arrived?"

"Oliver Hudson," Adam Ross shrugged, glancing casually at his watch. "He should be here soon."

Charlotte: "..."

Anger flared up in Charlotte's heart. She turned around, suppressing the urge to hit him, snapped at him, "Mr. Ross, you said you followed us all the way here. In that case, you must have noticed that we didn't go to the closer Comet Hospital. Instead, we took a detour to a hospital under the BK Group."

Chapter 485: Does Scum Deserve It?

Adam Ross was already aware of this, and he had his doubts.

Looking at Annie Anne, it seemed that the situation was urgent, yet Charlotte Thompson took a detour.

He lifted his eyes to look at Charlotte's expression, seeing that her face was as dark as a pot bottom, but he still asked, "Why?"

"That's because..." Charlotte spoke each word deliberately, her voice noticeably crisp within the quiet corridor, "I knew Henry Hudson was working there as a doctor, and if people who knew about Oliver Hudson and Annie Anne saw him, Oliver Hudson would definitely rush over."

"You know the relationship between Henry Hudson and Oliver Hudson. So, we came here specifically to avoid him."

Charlotte was so angry that she almost spat out old blood, as she spoke, she turned to leave.

Adam Ross caught her by the hand, saying, "Where are you going?"

"Of course, I want to transfer Annie!" Charlotte pulled somewhat perplexed while the man held her hand tightly. Unable to break free, she glanced back slightly with some urgency, "I surely can't just stand here waiting for him, can I?"

"I don't understand."

With the sound of rain trickling outside, there was a puzzled look in Adam Ross's dark eyes, but over the sound of rain, you still hear his deep voice.

"Oliver Hudson is Annie Anne's guardian and boyfriend, you already know this."

"But why do you insist on transferring Annie once he arrives?"

Given the timeframe, it might be too late. Charlotte's heart was a mess, yet Adam Ross's hand firmly held onto her.

She clenched her fist and turned around.

"Adam Ross, all of this is none of your business."

Knowing that more people are aware of this, it might be another form of hurt for Annie Anne.

Adam Ross looked down at her blankly, but his firm grip didn't let up for a moment, "There is no way to transfer now, Annie Anne's examination can't be interrupted abruptly, you doing this would only cause her more pain."

Given those words, Charlotte suddenly raised her head. With an inexplicably forceful movement, she unclasped his hand that was restraining her and enunciated each word, "Once Oliver Hudson arrives, if my first sight when I awake truly is Oliver Hudson, that will be the real pain."

After undergoing these experiences, Annie Anne's memory is gradually clearing, and it seems that she is almost completely recovered.

Upon seeing Oliver Hudson, it can only trigger her deep-seated fear more, causing her to struggle in pain.

The corridor echoed with her repressed trembling voice, "Annie Anne ended up like this because of him. Her mental and psychological illnesses are far more severe than her physical pain. She should have left this land and kept a far distance from Oliver Hudson. If she hadn't lost her memory, Oliver Hudson, that bastard, wouldn't have deserved Annie!"

"Things he did in the past, Annie Anne might forget, but I won't."

Adam Ross was slightly taken aback, his face full of surprise.

With her eyes reddened, Charlotte stated, "The suffering Annie endured over these years won't be perpetually erased because of amnesia. Oliver Hudson took advantage of her memory loss, and that's why Annie forgave him and reconciled with him."

She snorted coldly, saying, "As long as I, Charlotte Thompson, am here, that Oliver Hudson had better not harm a single hair on Annie Anne's head."

In the past, because of her forgetfulness, she did not meddle in the matters between Annie Anne and Oliver Hudson. But now that Annie Anne has regained her memory-

A resolution is needed between her and Oliver Hudson.

Chapter 486: How Many Secrets Are You Hiding?

Charlotte Thompson was a bit emotional, and aware of his fault, Adam Ross closed his lips and stopped talking.

Outside, the storm was getting stronger, the dark night was enhanced by the heavy rain, the sound of the rain breaking the silence all around.

With her thoughts in disarray, Charlotte slowly regained her composure. She tucked in her coat, moved forward slightly, and closed the window.

The sound of the rain was reduced after being blocked by the window.

Then a few messy footsteps came from behind. The two of them turned back together and beneath the white light, several children, rubbing their sleepy eyes, walked towards her in a daze.

The leader was Grace Thompson, the little girl's hair was messed up from sleep, and it stood up fluffily on her head.

Her dress was slightly wrinkled, her fair cheeks blushed a light pink, and her chubby hand rubbed her eyes.

Charlotte's heart softened instantly, she squatted down and gently embraced Grace, her voice unconsciously softening a few notches.

"Baby, why are you awake?"

The little girl wrapped her arms around Charlotte's neck, her voice still sleepy, she spoke in a childish voice: "Mommy, we can't sleep, there's thunder outside, Annie Anne's scared."

Hearing this, Olivia Thompson, who was standing at the back, raised her head in bewilderment when she heard her name.

Upon hearing this, Hank Thompson looked at his little sister with some disdain and grunted: "Mommy, it was actually Grace who was crying and howling to find you, Annie Anne has been keeping her eyes open, she didn't sleep."

Upon hearing this, Charlotte felt a pang in her heart. She looked up at Olivia Thompson, feeling a surge of distress.

She stood up, bent down to look eye to eye with Olivia. The little girl's eyes were clear, and there was no sign of drowsiness.

Without waiting for her to speak, Olivia blinked and said: "Mommy, I can't sleep."

Charlotte knew what she was thinking. She sighed softly and said: "Annie, don't worry, everything's going to be alright."

She raised her head and glanced at the closed door of the ward, feeling a sudden wave of sourness in her heart.

Indeed... Olivia had it hard too.

Charlotte smiled faintly and said: "It's cold outside, you guys go back to your room. I will come and get you once your godmother's check-up is done."

Upon hearing this, the children obediently went back to their room.

As Chad Thompson and Jack Thompson turned their heads, their eyes fell on Adam Ross, flashing with complex emotions.

Watching the children return to their room, Adam Ross, who had been silent all this time, thought for a few seconds before opening his mouth.

"These children..."

Charlotte turned her head slightly, seemingly already guessing what he was going to say.

"The child that seems more composed... Why does he look so much like Justin Battleson?"

Mentioning the name Justin Battleson, mixed feelings surged in Charlotte's heart.

She didn't know how to discuss this matter, and how to face this man.

Before Charlotte could speak, Adam Ross continued: "And the well-behaved little girl at the end... If I'm not mistaken, her features are just like Annie's."

He looked at Charlotte with complex emotions in his eyes, and seemed hesitant to speak: "Charlotte, how many secrets are you hiding?"

Upon hearing this, Charlotte was taken aback, then her lips curved up into a bitter smile.

She turned and walked towards the bench, with Adam Ross following, they sat on the bench not too far apart, falling into a silent face-off.

Chapter 487: It's Justin Battleson's

Charlotte tilted her head back, her voice devoid of any discernible emotion: "Adam, you shouldn't know this much."

All these matters were too convoluted and intricate, impossible to untangle on a spot. Her disputes and entanglements with Justin were also difficult to articulate.

Adam turned his head to look at her. His gaze was heavy, filled with scrutiny, yet it held a deadly allure.

The woman in front of him sat quietly, seemingly lost in her thoughts, her eyebrows slightly furrowed.

A strand of hair softly draped across her cheek. The gentle light spilled onto her brows, making her look like a delicate porcelain doll.

Her white shirt had minor stains from the chaos earlier. Her long hair, tied up in a loose ponytail, revealed a smooth curve of her wrist as the cuffs were slightly rolled up. She looked unbelievably beautiful.

Adam was momentarily spellbound. As he came back to his senses, Charlotte slowly closed her eyes as if resolute about something and began to speak.

"You are not mistaken, aside from Chad and Jack, Annie... is indeed not my child."

She smiled lightly and gazed into the distance: "She is King Samuel's daughter. Indeed, her brows and eyes bear a striking resemblance to him. Her mannerisms remind me so much of him, he was pure, mild-mannered, and incredibly straightforward,"

Adam stuttered, "Then she..."

"Because of Oliver Hudson." Charlotte turned to face him, speaking slowly but much calmer than before, "Five years ago, King Samuel fled to Ashton while pregnant. Coincidentally, I was also giving birth at that time, which was how I met her."

She took a deep breath and sighed: "I can never forget the look of terror on her face then. She was pitifully disheveled."

"After giving birth, she started to mentally deteriorate. When she discovered she was gradually forgetting her past, she panicked. She kept on pleading me to take care of her child,"

Charlotte gently massaged her temples, "Because she was afraid she might forget her own child and also feared Oliver wouldn't let her be, even if it meant pursuing her across nations,"

"I have been looking after Annie for five years."

Hearing this, Adam was utterly shocked.

He hadn't expected so many events to have unfolded five years ago.

Having said that, Charlotte neither smirked nor frowned, she muttered softly: "The other three children – the triplets, as you've guessed, are Justin's."

About this, Charlotte had never intended to hide anything.

She was just stating the facts objectively. Any other thoughts needed not be voiced.

That day, the disappointment in Justin's eyes seemed to flash before her eyes once more.

He opened his mouth, promising never to disturb her again.

Yet strangely enough, even though Charlotte had anticipated such an ending countless times before,

When the day truly arrived, her heart did not feel the relief she had yearned for.

Instead, she felt a complexity of emotions, so deep that even she couldn't decipher.

They welled up in her chest, unspeakable and unbearable.

This time, Adam fell silent due to the overload of information,

Charlotte turned to look at him nonchalantly. Her heart missed a beat.

Since Jack and Chad acknowledged him, he truly had changed a lot.

The suffocating and irritating aura he used to emanate was nowhere to be found now.

Perhaps in Mr. Ross's heart, craved for a sense of family as well.

Chapter 488: Girls Need to be Coaxed

After these words, the two of them fell into a long silence again.

The silence in the air seemed so profound that even the sound of a needle dropping on the ground could be heard.

A wall clock hung on a nearby wall. The tik-tok of the second hand was magnified numerous times by the quietness. Their faint breaths stood out conspicuously against this backdrop.

Charlotte Thompson leaned against the wall behind the bench, with obvious exhaustion showing on her face; fatigue had also seeped into her eyes.

She yawned and teary eyed.

The hands Adam Ross had on his knees trembled slightly, after seconds of thinking, he spoke with some concern, "It's getting late, you should rest a bit. Don't worry, I'll be here."

Upon hearing this, Charlotte who was pretending to sleep, opened her eyes and glanced at him sleepily.

With a lowered voice, she said, "I must be here to ensure Annie comes out safely. If Oliver Hudson shows up, I cannot let him see Annie under any circumstances."

After saying this, she cast a glance at Adam, then turned her head again and continued to pretend to sleep.

The suit jacket draped over her body began to slip down, and Adam caught it swiftly, pulling it up a bit.

Charlotte did not open her eyes but simply tightened her jacket following his actions.

Adam looked at her, his eyes deep as the night.

After a while, he turned and went to the room where the children were. He gently pushed the door open,

The door opened quietly, the children heard him, but none of them moved.

Only Hank Thompson, who was groggy from sleep, rubbed his eyes and yawned.

As he saw more clearly who the visitor was, his eyes gradually brightened. He nudged Chad Thompson, who was reading next to him, in the elbow, whispering, "Chad, look."

Hearing this, Chad followed Hank's gaze and saw Adam's familiar yet unfamiliar face.

His heart skipped a beat, he closed the book he had been reading—one third of the way through.

It was a medical book he happened to see in the bedside table and got out of boredom.

Though he was having difficulty understanding the professional terms, he was reading it page by page, trying to comprehend its meanings.

Jack Thompson, who had been looking out of the window, also turned his head, exchanged a glance with Chad, and they both stood up together.

Adam saw two children, not even as tall as his waist, walking slowly towards him, a soft spot within him was touched.

He bent slightly, touching their heads, and asked, "Are you doing well lately?"

"We're fine." Chad raised his head and peeked outside through the door crack. He saw Charlotte, sitting alone on the bench not far away, he asked, "Did you upset Mummy earlier? She didn't look well."

Choked by the question, Adam scratched his nose with a guilty conscience and didn't say anything.

Chad guessed it right; he looked at the handsome man before him, and began seriously, "You have to be nicer to my mum if you want to pursue her. You have to sweet-talk a girl. Your way is not gonna work."

Adam was taken aback by his words, but Chad didn't seem to be joking, he was entirely serious.

... This little brat.

Adam touched his face, somewhat torn between laughter and tears, not knowing what to say.

As he was talking, he lifted his head inadvertently and found another child who was talking to Chad, staring at him with vigilant eyes, as if he had heard Chad's words.

Chapter 489: Hypocrite

Grace Thompson was soundly asleep in the big bed, her breathing steady and shallow,

Even Cyrus Thompson, who was holding a tablet and scrolling through it seriously, looked up, a coldness on his face that was strikingly similar to Justin Battleson.

The light was dim and their expressions unclear, but he could feel the hostility from the two children.

Mr. Ross, who was usually fearless and domineering in business, suddenly felt a little cowardly. He softly touched his nose and mumbled to himself,

These triplets are Charlotte Thompson's biological children and his own kids are just adopted by her.

In the end, blood ties are the most important.

His chances of winning were not high, after all, the biological father of the three children was Justin Battleson, who was on par with him and even exceeded him in some areas.

If it had been someone else, he could have sworn confidently and even claimed that victory was a certainty, but his rival was Justin Battleson.

Unusually, Adam Ross was somewhat troubled.

...

Suddenly, the sounds of rushed footsteps echoed in the quiet corridor, the noise of the rain outside almost instantaneously disappearing from Charlotte's ears. She woke with alarm, immediately sat upright,

Gradually, an uneasy feeling surged in her heart.

She had a vague feeling that King Samuel was coming.

After only a few seconds, a tall figure appeared in Charlotte's field of vision.

A hint of panic could be seen on the man's face. He quickly glanced at every room number as he headed down the corridor.

Upon seeing the examination room, he hesitated barely and walked towards it.

The look in Charlotte's eyes hardened, she instinctively stood up and called out to stop him.

"Stop!"

The man paused and turned around, seemingly only now noticing Charlotte.

He looked slightly stunned and asked, "What are you doing here?"

Charlotte scoffed, "Shouldn't I be the one asking you that?"

Her words were filled with obvious derision and even carried a hint of barely detectable coldness.

Sensing Charlotte's hostility towards him, King Samuel turned around, his eyes full of confusion. "I don't know what Miss Thompson knows or if there's a misunderstanding or prejudice against me."

"Heh." Charlotte lowered her gaze to hide the flash of coldness in her eyes. "King Samuel, after all these years, don't you feel a pang in your conscience?"

At her words, the color in King Samuel's eyes suddenly turned cold.

He raised his head, the narrowing of his eyes exuding an oppressive aura.

His tone carried an obvious warning: "Miss Thompson, no matter what you know, you should understand that there are some things that should not be said."

At his words, Charlotte looked at him coldly: "Are you threatening me?"

As soon as her voice fell, the door to the examination room opened and the sound of wheels scraping against the floor could be heard. Annie was being pushed out by a nurse.

Her face was pale and she was still unconscious.

King Samuel raised his foot and wanted to follow without hesitation, however, Charlotte was quicker, and stood in front of him.

He furrowed his eyebrows and turned to the right, but Charlotte, with her expression cool, made the same step to the right.

Before he had a chance to speak, she pointed in the direction of the stairs, weighing each word heavily, "Get out."

King Samuel frowned: "Miss Thompson, you should know when to stop."

"The person who should know when to stop is you." Charlotte stared at him expressionless, a flash of disgust in her eyes, "Annie is like this now, it's all your fault."

She took a step back and said, "King Samuel, stop pretending to be decent. You're just taking advantage of Annie's amnesia to brazenly be with her, right? Let me tell you, even so, your downfall is imminent."

Chapter 490: Emotional Breakdown

Oliver Hudson's brow was furrowed tightly, not understanding what Charlotte Thompson was trying to say.

Not until Charlotte concluded her words did a hint of confusion flash in his eyes as he asked, "What did you say? Amnesia?"

The man's face was full of disbelief as he continued, "Are you saying that Annie has lost her memory?"

Charlotte crossed her arms and stared at him coldly. After a while, she chuckled and said, "Keep pretending, Oliver Hudson. How could you possibly not know that Annie Anne lost her memory?"

"If not, how could you be so content to be with her?"

Every word Charlotte said hit Oliver like a needle.

Adam Ross, who was still talking with Chad Thompson in the room, sharply caught the commotion outside. After instructing the children to rest properly, he gently opened the door and stepped out, seeing the confrontation between the two at a glance.

The air seemed filled with tension as if preparing for a fierce battle that was about to break out and couldn't be stopped.

Seeing the murderous look in Charlotte's eyes, Adam also subtly understood something.

From the hospital room at the end of the corridor, came the sound of a closing door. The nurse came out after pushing Annie Anne into the room. Seeing several people, the nurse still stepped forward to give a few reminders.

"Are you relatives of the patient?"

On the other side, Oliver Hudson flinched, took a step forward, and was about to respond when he heard Charlotte's crisp voice.

"I'm her friend. Tell me if there's anything."

After saying that, she deliberately turned her head to look at Oliver Hudson provocatively. Seeing the look in her eyes, Oliver's face rapidly darkened.

The nurse didn't notice the strange atmosphere on the scene and simply lowered her head to look at the medical record then said, "The patient's mood is not optimistic, she is still unconscious now. Once she wakes up, her mood is bound to collapse time and again. Please take care of the patient's emotions, she can't bear any more shocks."

After hearing her words, Charlotte pursed her lips and politely said, "I understand. Thank you."

After the nurse walked away, Oliver Hudson muttered to himself, "Emotional collapse?"

Without looking back, Charlotte found the ward, then headed towards it, leaving a cold remark before she left.

"Thanks to you."

Oliver Hudson stood in place, somewhat dazed.

Adam Ross closed the door and walked towards him. Seeing the painful expression on his face, Adam sighed heavily,

"Brother, do you genuinely not know, or are you pretending not to know?"

Upon hearing this, Oliver Hudson looked at Adam Ross in a stupefied manner. After a while, he lifted his hand to rub his aching brow, then shook his head.

Adam Ross was silent for a while, seeing Oliver's expression, he slowly said, "I also roughly understood the situation. Annie Anne now has mental and psychological illnesses. I heard she suffered severe mental and physical trauma before."

He tentatively glanced at Oliver's expression. The man slumped against the wall while thick shadows covered his eyes from his eyelashes, making it difficult to see the expression in his eyes.

After a few seconds, Adam Ross continued, "I just found out something too."

He emphasized each word, speaking slowly, "Annie Anne has a daughter, who is now just a few meters away from us in a room."

Upon hearing this, Oliver Hudson subconsciously clenched his fists. His finger joints whitened. He suddenly raised his head, and Adam Ross saw a shock and astonishment on his face that he had never seen before.

Oliver Hudson almost couldn't believe his ears, tentatively repeating, "What did you say?"