

Spoiled 491

Chapter 491 Chief Culprit

Adam Ross lazily lifted his eyes slightly, lightly repeating with a certain wicked pleasure, "You heard correctly, Annie Anne had a child, the child is already four-years-old, and its biological father is Oliver Hudson, is...you."

After making certain he had not misheard, as Adam Ross predicted, a tremendous storm swept across the man's eyes.

The tall figure of a man swayed, stumbling a few steps almost unable to stay upright.

Adam Ross kindly reached out to steady him, his eyes filled with complex emotions: "Oliver Hudson, perhaps, you really did mess up. Annie Anne can't remember some past events because she's ill, but you took this as an opportunity, a bargaining chip, seizing the chance to reunite with her."

"Have you ever thought about- if one day Annie Anne remembers everything, she will be unable to extricate herself from the ensuing pain?"

As his words ended, Oliver Hudson managed to steady himself, yet all color drained violently from his face; he leaned back in a daze, his heart spreading with a suffocating pain.

He clasped his chest, his face turning pale.

His mind couldn't think of anything else. All he could think of was the guilt, regret, and remorse that came too late.

What he didn't know was that Annie Anne had actually experienced all of these things.

He squatted on the ground, collapsing with his head buried in his knees, his hands entangled in his short hair like a trapped beast yearning for freedom.

This was the first time Adam Ross had seen Oliver Hudson like this.

The Oliver Hudson of the past thought that even an extra word or a trace of facial expression was a waste of time, always maintaining an indifferent, unconcerned demeanor.

But the man now, collapsed like an abandoned child, his body slightly trembling.

Despite his manly stature, he started to sob.

Adam Ross, unable to bear it, thought for a few seconds. He still leaned over and patted the man's back lightly, speaking gently, "The child is here. Do you want to meet her?"

The man's back suddenly stiffened.

Oliver Hudson slowly lifted his head, staring blankly at Adam Ross as though he was somehow afraid, but after a while, he nodded tremblingly, his voice hoarse.

"Do I...do I have any right to see her?"

Confronting a biological child he had never met, confronting a child he had unknowingly abandoned for five years, confronting the sins he had committed.

Does he have any right?

Adam Ross chuckled lightly, his voice deep, "Oliver Hudson, don't tell me you're scared to see the child?"

After a pause, he added: "Oliver Hudson, it's time for you to atone for your sins."

As soon as these words fell, the man's initially distracted gaze slowly focused on Adam Ross, as if looking at his last lifeline, he opened his mouth in astonishment: "My chance for atonement?"

"I...still have a chance?"

"Opportunities are created by people," Adam Ross scoffed lightly. "Are you chickening out now? Big brother, you currently do not resemble your past self at all."

Oliver Hudson slowly raised his head, his eyes falling on a nearby hospital room,

A nurse had just pushed the unconscious Annie Anne past him, then entered this room,

The woman's face was as white as paper, absolutely no color on her face, her usually incredibly clear eyes were tightly shut, as if she was having a nightmare, her brows deeply furrowed.

Oliver Hudson closed his eyes in anguish.

Perhaps, Charlotte Thompson was right, all of this was due to him,

He was indeed...

The root cause of all evil.

Chapter 492: Biological Father

After saying all this, Adam Ross stood unmoving with his hands crossed over his chest.

There was not any apparent emotion on his face, he just watched the man in pain on the ground, as if waiting for him to make a decision.

A long time later, Oliver Hudson's emotions finally stabilized.

He leaned against the wall to stand up, his gaze filled with suppressed intense emotions.

Adam Ross looked at him with some amusement, and murmured, "Big brother, I've never seen you like this before."

So disheveled, so painful, and so helpless.

All of this in the past seemed to be in stark contrast to the name Oliver Hudson, even now seeing it with his own eyes, Adam Ross felt a hint of shock.

The word love truly is unsolvable.

Oliver Hudson gave a bitter smile, his voice a gentle murmur, "Adam, the child..."

Knowing what he wanted to ask, Adam Ross paused briefly before answering, "She is a very adorable little girl, Charlotte Thompson has raised her very well, her name is Olivia Thompson."

"Olivia Thompson..."

Oliver Hudson repeated this name several times, the dullness in his eyes seemed to be tinged with light, growing brighter by inches.

He could never believe, that there would come a day when he would become a father.

Remembering what Charlotte Thompson had just said, his emotions were complicated.

Adam Ross patiently waited for his response, seeing the sudden determination flashing in the man's eyes, he heard Oliver Hudson slowly speak.

"Adam, take me to see her."

...

Olivia Thompson had been keeping an eye on the noise outside the door, when she saw Annie Anne being wheeled out of the room, she quietly snuck out of the room after Charlotte walked into Annie's hospital room.

The little girl didn't have many signs of sadness on her face, she stood quietly next to Charlotte, tip-toeing to look at the unconscious Annie Anne.

The woman on the bed had become horribly haggard in just a few short hours, already changed into hospital clothes.

She had a few minutes of lucidity but didn't speak, she merely stared blankly at the white ceiling.

Charlotte didn't have the heart to watch her and turned her head away.

A few minutes later, Annie Anne closed her eyes heavily.

Her long eyelashes cast a shadow beneath her eyes, the corners were slightly red.

Her eyes were filled with a tired black, as if she hadn't rested day and night, unbelievably fatigued.

Olivia Thompson stared at her intently, her eyes slightly moist,

the four-year-old little girl quietly moved a chair forward and sat down, extending her small hand towards Annie Anne's hand that was laying weakly on the bed.

Then she tried her best to hold onto Annie Anne's hand, which felt as cold as ice,

Charlotte caught her breath, gently she walked forward, pulled a chair, and sat next to Olivia Thompson, a sense of heartache flooding her.

She could only hope that Annie Anne, would get better soon.

Just as she was lost in thought, a light click came from the tightly shut hospital room door.

The somewhat cold wind outside snuck in, Charlotte and Olivia instinctively lifted their heads to look outside.

Seeing Oliver Hudson standing frozen by the door, Charlotte's face instantly turned cold.

She didn't stand up, her words contained an obvious threat, "Oliver Hudson, what are you doing here?"

Oliver Hudson didn't move, seeing Annie Anne who looked lifeless on the bed, obvious pain flashed through his eyes.

Olivia Thompson sat up straight, her face expressionless as she looked at him.

Just now, when she was squatting in the room to watch the corridor, she had already deduced something from the conversation between Oliver Hudson and Charlotte Thompson. She had a vague feeling in her heart.

Her biological father, was standing just a few meters away from her at this moment,

Chapter 493 I Feel Guilty

Oliver Hudson's stunned gaze moved from Annie Anne to Olivia Thompson and Annie Anne's intertwined hands, then slowly settled on the strikingly similar faces of Olivia Thompson and Annie Anne.

A complex emotion surged in his heart. He barely had the courage to look at Olivia Thompson any longer, only tremblingly turned away his head and asked, "This child..."

Knowing Oliver Hudson was asking about her, Charlotte Thompson casually straightened her cuffs.

Then she looked up and said coldly, "Do we need to confirm it again? Oliver Hudson, if I'm not mistaken, Mr. Ross should have told you everything in the corridor just a few minutes ago."

She paused, raised an eyebrow at him, "Now knowing yet still asking, can I interpret this as, you feel guilty?"

Oliver Hudson opened his mouth, but he couldn't say a word.

Charlotte Thompson kept her pose, leisurely looking at him.

After a few seconds, the man mumbled, almost like surrendering, "Yes, I feel guilty."

Having said that, a hint of surprise flickered through Charlotte Thompson's eyes, but she still refused to back down, saying, "But given the situation now, do you think guilt can help?"

Oliver Hudson pressed his lips together without speaking, looking down at the little girl with her brows and eyes downcast not far away. He spoke softly, "Can I talk to her alone?"

His tone was very light, even carrying a hint of pleading in Charlotte Thompson's ears.

Hearing this, Charlotte Thompson still vigilantly looked at him, frowning, "Oliver Hudson, what tricks are you playing now?"

As soon as her words fell, there was a faint movement beside her, and Olivia Thompson's warm little hand gently held hers, comforting her, then got down from the chair.

Charlotte Thompson looked surprised, "Annie, you..."

"Mommy," Olivia Thompson hooked up a sweet smile, her voice still with a bit of a babyish tone, "You guys always treat me like a child, but I understand it all."

She walked up and passed Oliver Hudson, then turned to smile, "I will just talk with him for a little bit."

At her words, Oliver Hudson paused for a while before he could respond.

He crouched down slightly so that his line of sight was level with the little girl in front of him.

Moving closer, he found that she was very thin. Her skinny frame was somehow familiar, bearing Annie Anne's shadow.

When she reached Oliver Hudson, the little girl stopped, lifting her head slightly to look at him.

The normally warm and harmless eyes were suddenly filled with a clear sense of alienation.

"Uncle," she spoke first, her tone unfamiliar, "I know what you want to say to me. My mother is still unconscious in bed. If you want me to recognize you, you don't have to say anything to me."

Having never seen Olivia Thompson take such a firm stance, Charlotte Thompson was also taken aback.

In front of them, Oliver Hudson raised his hand as if to touch the little girl's cheek.

After hearing her words, his hand suddenly stiffened in mid-air, unnaturally hanging there.

After a while, he dropped his hand in defeat. There was a look of defeat on his face, and Charlotte Thompson clearly heard his bitter laughter.

"Just now I heard Adam say, her name is Olivia Thompson?"

Charlotte Thompson was silent for a few seconds before she finally nodded.

She also understood Olivia Thompson's resistance and reluctance to acknowledge him.

She got up, walked a few steps forward to take Olivia Thompson's hand, and said, "Oliver Hudson, since Annie has clarified everything, I believe you wouldn't want to wait until I ask you to leave."

Chapter 494: News Received

Upon hearing Charlotte's words, Oliver Hudson's face tightened. He let out a bitter laugh, opened his mouth, but ultimately didn't say anything.

The atmosphere in the room remained tense as Charlotte shielded Olivia behind her, her eyes icy cold.

Elsewhere, at the Riley Group.

In his office, Justin Battleson was reading a document, his sharp gaze scanning the words, but his mind was not on his work.

The door creaked open, Michael Richard walked in, quickening his pace.

Hearing footsteps, Justin didn't even lift his gaze, lazily flipping through the documents in his hand. His deep voice asked, "What is it?"

"Mr. Battleson, we have news from the people you sent to watch Miss Thompson."

At these words, there was a slight change in Justin's stern expression. He closed the document, lifted his gaze, finally granting Michael a glance.

He leaned slightly forward, asking softly, "What is it?"

Michael hesitated, then said, "Miss Thompson is currently at a hospital invested in by BK. Similarly, Mr. Ross and Mr. Hudson are there too."

Being associated with Adam Ross, Justin knew that the 'Mr. Hudson' Michael referred to was Oliver Hudson, not Henry Hudson.

After a few seconds, Michael continued, "It seems that Miss Anne has suddenly fallen ill and been admitted to the hospital. However, looking at the situation, things seem to be quite bad over Miss Thompson's end."

"Mr. Hudson seems to have lost his composure. The two of them almost had an argument."

Almost an argument?

Upon hearing this, Justin set the document aside, stood up, and picked up his jacket from the back of the chair.

"Send me the hospital's address."

Seeing his movements, Michael couldn't help but exclaim, "Mr. Battleson, it's rather late already..."

Halfway through his sentence, Michael suddenly realized.

How could he stop Justin from doing something he had decided upon?

So, he remained silent, watching as Justin's figure disappeared out the door.

...

Justin pedaled to the metal and arrived at the hospital in a matter of minutes. Once he found out which room it was, he quickly ascended the stairs and entered the corridor.

In the corridor, he immediately saw Adam leaning against the wall.

The latter casually looked up, his gaze falling on Justin, a flash of surprise flickering in his eyes.

Adam straightened his body, looking somewhat puzzled, "Second brother, why are you here?"

Justin did not answer him. Instead, he directly asked, "Adam, where is Annie Anne's room?"

Upon hearing this, the corners of Adam's mouth twitched imperceptibly.

Why was everyone in such a rush to come over today? It looked like they could almost start a mahjong game.

"Oliver is also in the room. The atmosphere is tense. I've been trying to persuade him to leave, but he won't..." Adam glanced towards Justin somewhat uncertainly before finally pointing towards the room, "Never mind, you should go take a look. Over there."

Even Adam, who's usually eager for a spectacle, was trying to intervene. Justin felt a premonition.

This matter was probably not simple.

Walking towards the direction Adam pointed at, from outside the room, he could see that the door wasn't fully closed. Inside was the dejected figure of Oliver.

Charlotte was standing opposite Oliver, her face not looking so good. Justin had seen this expression on her face too many times before.

Frowning slightly, looking extremely cold and impatient.

She appeared to be saying something, very emotional, while protecting a young girl behind her.

Justin naturally knew that the young girl was Olivia.

He paused slightly, then walked forward.

Chapter 495: Charlotte Thompson and I have three kids

Hearing the footsteps behind him, Oliver Hudson subconsciously turned his head. Upon recognizing who was coming, Charlotte Thompson's voice abruptly stopped, a flash of surprise crossing her eyes.

Justin Battleson gave her a penetrating glance, then turned his gaze away. He took Oliver Hudson's arm and led him away.

A dazed expression clouded Oliver Hudson's face, his eyes slightly scattered—his emotions teetering on the verge of collapse.

He allowed Justin to lead him away.

Justin turned his head to look at him, a wave of shock rippling through him.

Michael Richard explained Oliver Hudson's condition on their way, but he still hadn't expected that Oliver would truly be a man filled with such despair.

Furrowing his brow, he looked at the dispirited Oliver and asked, "Brother, what exactly happened?"

Although on the cusp of an emotional breakdown, Oliver managed to provide a complete account of Annie Anne's condition.

Even Justin Battleson felt chills running down his spine while listening to the details.

Mental and psychological disorders...

Rubbing his temple, Justin maintained a calm expression in contrast to Oliver Hudson. He then raised his voice slightly.

"Brother, I know you're upset, but right now you can't do anything if you're falling apart emotionally and blaming yourself."

He crouched down, forcing Oliver Hudson to lift his gaze towards him. He spoke reassuringly, "The most important thing right now is to cure Annie's illness and comfort Annie, leaving all other matters for later."

Whether it was his determined tone or not, Oliver's murky eyes slowly regained clarity, and the light lit up again in his bloodshot eyes.

Before Oliver could reply, Justin's deep voice resonated again, "There's something you probably don't know. Charlotte and I have three kids. She adopted the other two kids, and it's been four years since then."

Upon hearing this, Oliver widened his eyes slightly, incredulity painting his gaze.

"Adam Ross has two children?"

Justin shrugged, neither confirming nor denying.

Oliver had already been bombarded with several astonishing pieces of information within a few hours. Hence, he didn't pursue the topic about Adam Ross' children further. Instead, he contemplated Justin's earlier words and then everything began to fall into place.

"So, you're saying I should focus on treating Annie's illness first, right?"

Justin nodded in agreement.

Oliver clenched his fists, his veins popping against the back of his hand.

He had already resolved his heart that regardless of the outcome, he would do everything he could to cure Annie.

Even if one day she fully recovers her memory and starts recalling things about him - whether that brings hatred or distance, it didn't matter.

All he wanted was for her to have a safe, joyful, and healthy future from now on.

Having reached this point, Oliver's chaotic mind started to clear up and he quickly pulled out his cell phone. His shaking fingers swiped across the screen before he dialed a number.

A male voice answered a few seconds later.

Suppressing his overwhelming emotions, Oliver said, "Contact the best overseas neurologists and psychologists. I need immediate dual treatment for both psychological and nervous conditions—the sooner, the better."

The man on the other end was evidently taken aback at first, but upon detecting urgency in Oliver's voice, he didn't ask further and solemnly promised to take care of it.

Chapter 496: I Hope You Apologize to Her

In the hospital room.

Seeing Justin Battleson again, Charlotte Thompson was slightly stunned.

Only after he left with Oliver Hudson did she slowly come back to reality.

Behind her, Olivia Thompson returned to her chair. She leant lightly against the edge of the bed, her hand holding Annie Anne's cold hand. Half-closed eyes betrayed her exhaustion.

It was now deep into the night. While the stars shone outside, the heavy rain had stopped. The faint, intermittently-arriving smell of fresh earth from the window gap brought a hint of chill.

Charlotte concealed her complex emotions, tiptoed to close the window tightly, and then pulled the curtain closed.

The quietness in the room was palpable, with the low, whispered voices from the corridor which echoed into the room, seemingly magnified many times over. Hearing the familiar voice, Charlotte's heartbeat missed a beat,

Her long eyelashes quivered slightly, casting a soft shadow on her eyes. After some thought, she pursed her lips and decided to go out and have a look.

As soon as she opened the door, she ran directly onto Oliver Hudson, who was about to enter. Seeing Charlotte, a trace of bitterness flickered in his eyes, his hand that was reaching for the door fell down powerlessly.

Charlotte sighed, she stepped out of the room and closed the door behind her, looking at him with resignation.

"Oliver Hudson, I've made myself very clear."

Hearing this, Oliver Hudson's pale lips were tightly drawn, and after a few seconds of contemplation, he opened his mouth: "Miss Thompson, I've thought it over."

No sooner had his words fallen than Charlotte, somewhat taken aback, looked at him without responding.

Then Oliver Hudson continued, "Miss Thompson, I want to apologize to you. What I did to Annie and the mistakes I've made were unforgivable as you said. My actions made everything like this."

Hearing this, Charlotte's hand hanging by her side trembled slightly. Without waiting for her to speak, Oliver went on, "I want to confess, to atone. So, Miss Thompson, I...I plead with you, give me the chance

to look after Annie. I will do my utmost to cure her. Even if after she recovers, my life is demanded, I won't hesitate to give it to her."

His words made Charlotte waver slightly.

She was not ignorant. Oliver Hudson, who is too proud to ask for help, has made a huge concession.

Charlotte's clenched fists slowly relaxed as she took a deep breath and closed her eyes.

In the end, perhaps only Annie and him could untangle their complex relationship.

After letting out a sigh, Charlotte averted her gaze, finally giving an inevitable sigh, nodded, and said, "Oliver Hudson, I'm allowing you to take care of her now. Not because I've forgiven you. Because the victim was Annie, and I do not have the right to forgive you on her behalf, remember, you are here to atone."

"An apology to her is what we really want to see. If you relapse, I won't mind taking you down with me."

With that, she gave Oliver a somewhat resigned look, turned around and went back into the room, leaving the door ajar for him.

Oliver Hudson hadn't expected her to agree so easily. His face first showed astonishment, then a sense of elation welled up in his heart. He tried hard to control his overwhelming joy and the grin curling on his lips. He quickly followed Charlotte into the hospital room.

Chapter 497: Father and Daughter

On the other side, in the hallway.

The dim yellow light splashed across the clean floor, casting shadows of anyone who walked across it, adding to a sense of uncanny gloom in the environment.

Justin Battleson leaned slightly against the wall with his arms crossed. From his angle, he could only see the side profile of Oliver Hudson, but not Charlotte Thompson, who was talking to him inside the room.

As Justin watched Oliver enter the room and the door to the sickroom closed, he suppressed an unusual look in his eyes, preparing to turn and leave.

He had done what he needed to do, so why should he make himself feel uncomfortable here?

Besides, she... probably didn't want to see him either.

Just as he was about to turn around, there was a sudden click coming from not far away. Subconsciously, he lifted his eyes towards another room. The door was slowly being pulled open, and a tender voice came out.

"Didn't anyone notice Annie had gone out?"

As he was speaking, the door was fully opened, and a small pink silhouette appeared in Justin's line of sight.

It was Grace Thompson who opened the door.

The little girl had finally woken up and was as bubbly as usual. After noticing that Olivia Thompson was not in the room, she likely assumed that Annie Anne's check-up was done, so she called her brothers to go see their godmother.

Grace turned her head after speaking and spotted the man, whose eyes were slowly falling on her.

Their eyes met, and Justin's eyelashes trembled slightly. Looking at the little girl's clear eyes, misted as if by a thin layer of fog, a soft spot in his heart suddenly dipped.

Grace was startled at first, but then her face bloomed into a wide smile. She ran towards Justin with her short legs, and quite familiarly, hugged his leg.

Her soft chin rested on Justin's leg. Blinking her large eyes, she looked up at him and giggled.

Looking at her innocent smile, Justin couldn't help but let a smile creep into his own face. He crouched down, reached out, and affectionately rubbed the little girl's chubby face. His voice unconsciously became much softer, "Grace, you're here too?"

At this, Grace nodded heavily, pointing back at the room she just left. Standing at the door were Cyrus Thompson and Hank Thompson, both their gazes also looking in this direction.

With a babyish tone, Grace said, "All my brothers and sisters are here."

As soon as the door opened, Chad Thompson and Jack Thompson had slipped out to find Adam Ross, leaving Justin Battleson and three children behind.

Following the direction Grace pointed to, he immediately saw two children who bore a resemblance to him.

He looked at them with complex emotions, unsure of what he was feeling.

After thinking for a few seconds, he got up, pulling Grace with him and heading towards the two children. Even Hank Thompson, who was usually jovial, quieted down as they approached, his eyes filled with apparent tension.

Even the usually unflappable Cyrus Thompson couldn't help fidgeting with the hem of his clothes, attempting to mask his sudden nervousness.

Despite the longing in their eyes, neither of them reached out to make contact with Justin Battleson. They were even cautious of their seemingly foreign father. It wasn't until he crouched down in front of them that their eyes, filled with a trace of panic, shifted away.

Justin naturally noticed their discomfort and defensiveness, a twinge of bitterness flashing in his eyes.

Chapter 498 I Don't Have a Father

Justin Battleson raised his hand, attempting to pull Hank Thompson's hand, but Hank, who had been still all along, suddenly retreated as if he was electrified, widening the distance between him and Justin.

The palm of his hand was full of cold sweat, he subconsciously looked up at Justin's expression, his face full of unease.

Cyrus Thompson glanced at him.

Only they knew their complex feelings towards Justin and the conflicting emotions of wanting to be close yet fearing to get closer.

...

On the other side, Jack Thompson and Chad Thompson, the two young kids, had walked downstairs with their short steps. It took them a few rounds before seeing Adam Ross in the corridor of the second floor that had no hospital rooms.

The man's back was to them, a cigarette between his index and middle fingers. The cigarette smoke curled around and seeped from his mouth, slowly spreading around him.

The air was faintly scented with the smell of tobacco.

Hearing some sounds behind him, the man slightly turned his head. When he found out it was his two children, a faint panic flickered in his eyes. He hurriedly stubbed out the cigarette and threw it away.

The cigarette butt flew in a perfect parabolic path through the air, then accurately landed in the trash bin in the corner.

After this series of movements, Adam Ross finally turned his head back.

The usual careless expression on his face suddenly became gentle and serious after seeing Jack and Chad. He sighed, took a few steps forward, and closed the distance with the two children.

Chad didn't mind these things. He looked at Adam Ross seriously and earnestly started, "Do you know that that man is here too?"

"That man?" Adam Ross was slightly stunned before he realized.

Chad was probably referring to Justin Battleson.

Hearing this, Adam Ross nodded and asked, "What's the matter?"

"You need to put forth more effort, or else Mummy might be snatched away by him!"

As Chad's words fell, Jack, who was reticent, also nodded in pretended seriousness and said, "You're in a precarious situation."

After hearing the two children's words, Adam Ross was a bit amused. This was the second time he had heard such words from them today.

He was somewhat helpless but still agreed.

...

In the ward.

Olivia Thompson's face turned cold at the sight of Oliver Hudson stepping into the ward.

Looking at her like this, Charlotte Thompson's heart skipped a beat.

Although she had agreed, judging from Olivia's attitude towards Oliver Hudson just now, the situation here might be more tricky.

Oliver Hudson naturally saw it too.

The two locked eyes, and Charlotte saw an unparalleled determination in his.

Olivia's gaze just skimmed over Oliver Hudson and then she looked at Charlotte.

Her voice remained as calm and gentle as always, "Mummy, why is he here?"

Her innocent and clear voice left Charlotte at a loss for words.

After a long while, she sighed and said, "Annie, he is your father."

The word 'father' made Olivia's long lashes tremble. She lowered her gaze, her voice almost inaudible.

"I don't have a father."

Hearing this, Oliver Hudson's lips tightened, his eyes expressing undisguised despair.

Olivia was still very resistant to Oliver Hudson.

Charlotte rubbed her eyebrows helplessly and heard Olivia continued, "I don't want to be with him."

Hearing this, Oliver Hudson on the other side felt a sharp pain in his heart, but had no resentment towards his daughter.

The damage he had caused to Annie Anne and their child by his past actions was far worse than his current pain.

Chapter 499: Split Into Two Groups?

Hearing Olivia say this, Charlotte also found it difficult to say anything more.

After all, the pain that Annie experienced these past few years from not being able to stay with her biological mother was all too real.

She had no right to ask Annie to do anything.

So, with a sigh, she turned to look at Oliver Hudson, saying, "You've seen it for yourself. Since Annie doesn't want to be with you, I'll be taking her home for now. We'll come to see Annie Anne again tomorrow. You take care of her here tonight."

Upon hearing this, Oliver naturally had no objections. He concealed the momentary sense of loss flashing in his eyes and forcibly pulled up a small smile at the corner of his mouth, saying softly, "Go ahead, I'll be here."

Charlotte nodded, reaching out to hold Olivia's hand, and was about to step out when she noticed Olivia resisting, standing still. Olivia looked up at Charlotte, her little face full of indecision, as though she was making a major decision.

Charlotte was slightly taken aback. She turned around, somewhat puzzled: "Olivia?"

Her voice was laced with confusion. Oliver also looked over, his hands clenched into fists nervously. His eyes were filled with anticipation,

The little girl hesitated to speak, her lips stuttering and her brows furrowing. After a while, she finally spoke up in a low voice: "I want to stay here."

As soon as she finished speaking, she turned around and gave Annie Anne a worried glance.

This was the first time in all these years that Olivia had shown this type of expression. Charlotte was touched, her eyes a mix of emotions.

Did Annie want... to stay?

The understanding of a mere four-year-old was too mature, it made people feel sorry for her.

After thinking for a few seconds, she sighed and then gently asked: "Annie, are you sure you want to stay here?"

The little girl nodded without hesitation.

Charlotte asked again: "But didn't you just say you didn't want to be with your dad?"

Upon hearing this, the little girl looked at Annie Anne somewhat torn, unable to say anything for a moment.

Charlotte naturally understood her, so she turned to look at Oliver, who looked slightly taken aback, and said, "Annie wants to stay here. I'll leave her in your care for now."

Hearing this, Oliver's heart moved slightly and he fought down the joy in his heart and nodded.

Upon seeing his quick agreement, Charlotte deliberately examined Olivia's face and noticed that the little girl did not look as repulsed as before. Rather, Olivia pursed her lips and, acting casual, she inconspicuously cast a glance at Oliver Hudson.

After settling the arrangements, Charlotte left the ward. Stepping out of the ward, she went directly into the one opposite. In the room, Jack Bryant was slumped in a chair, barely awake. Hearing the door open, he blinked his eyes open in a daze.

Upon recognizing Charlotte, he straightened up, his voice still nasal from sleep, "Miss, are you leaving now?"

"Yes, it's getting late now." Charlotte lowered her gaze, somewhat puzzled, "Are the children still in the room? Given their character, they shouldn't be staying put, should they?"

Hearing this, Jack Bryant also smiled and said: "I was just watching them from outside. The children split into two groups and went to find Mr. Battleson and Mr. Ross. They should be having a lively chat now."

Split into two groups?

Charlotte rubbed her temples, feeling a bit of a headache. She waved her hand and said: "Those kids are really mischievous, you go get them back."

Upon hearing this, Jack Bryant asked no more questions. He stood up straight away, circled around Charlotte, and stepped out of the room.

Chapter 500: Unmarried Couple

In order to avoid Adam Ross and Justin Battleson, Charlotte Thompson specifically took the back door out. By the time she reached the outside of the hospital, several minutes had passed, and there was still undried rainwater on the floor. The small puddles reflected the bright moonlight, and the dim light from the street lamps spilled onto the ground, mixing quietly with the moonlight.

The chirping of cicadas emanated from the nearby bushes, the air not stifling but fresh and comfortable after the rain.

Despite the peaceful environment, Charlotte's heart was in turmoil.

After all that had happened today, she had inconveniently run into Adam Ross, Justin Battleson, and Oliver Hudson.

Not to mention it was a narrow escape, just thinking about it gave her a headache.

She leaned against the wall, her mind chaotic from the intense mental tension, the taut string inside her had not relaxed even now.

She tipped her head back and closed her eyes, taking a deep breath of the fresh outdoor air, which slowly dissipating some of her inner heat.

The sound of an engine roared, and Charlotte Thompson looked over. She saw a black Rolls Royce coming head-on, its headlights glaringly bright. Charlotte subconsciously raised her hand to shield her eyes.

The car slowly came to a stop a few meters away from her, and Charlotte then opened her eyes.

A man who she couldn't say was familiar, but also not a stranger, came down from the cab.

Charlotte wasn't really surprised.

The man stepped towards her, nodded slightly, and politely said, "Miss Thompson, long time no see."

Charlotte paused for a moment.

Indeed, the last time they met was five years ago, back when she was Sophie Allen.

After thinking for a long time, Charlotte hooked her lips and said, "Long time no see."

The man across from her adjusted his glasses and asked, "Oh, by the way, Miss Thompson, Mr. Battleson ..."

Mentioning Justin Battleson, Charlotte frowned and cut him off: "I don't know."

The man was Michael Richard.

Michael Richard, somewhat surprised, readjusted his glasses, his tone still composed, "From what you're saying, Miss Thompson, are you still hostile towards Mr. Battleson?"

Charlotte squinted her eyes and remained silent.

In the dim light, Michael Richard chuckled lightly, saying, "Miss Thompson, I've been around Mr. Battleson for quite a while, and during these five years you weren't here, Mr. Battleson has been wholeheartedly devoted to his work every single day."

"There's a lot of gossip out there discussing the relationship between Evelyn Curtis and Mr. Battleson as an unmarried couple, but I know..."

He looked at Charlotte solemnly, and said word for word: "There is no intimate relationship between Mr. Battleson and Evelyn Curtis, any inferences about their engagement are rumors that Evelyn Curtis fabricated herself."

Michael Richard's face was sincere, and every word he said came from the heart. Before Charlotte could reply, he continued: "I've been with Mr. Battleson for so many years, and I can tell he truly likes you."

At these words, Charlotte lowered her eyes without saying anything, feeling slightly uncomfortable.

Michael Richard watched her for a while, as though trying to read her from her face. But with her head lowered, her obscured expression was not discernable.

A few seconds later, as Michael Richard was about to speak again, he heard footsteps coming from the hospital entrance.

Both of their gazes turned towards the door to see Jack Bryant leading several children their way.

Seemingly spotting their mommy, the kids got excited and quickened their pace.