

Spoiled 511

Chapter 511: The First and the Last

Justin Battleson made no move, the faint sound of his laughter suddenly filled the air. He softly said, "Five years ago when Evelyn Curtis replaced you, I was somewhat incredulous."

"Therefore, in these five years, I have only ever given her money and the stepping stones she wanted to tread on. As for the genuine affection she wanted, I never gave it."

He murmured to himself, "It was only when the truth was revealed that I realized everything has changed."

Charlotte Thompson closed her eyes, unable to reply.

Justin Battleson suddenly turned to look at her, his tone was unusually serious.

"Fortunately, you are still here."

"Whether you are Charlotte Thompson or Sophie Allen, I want to say that I have always loved you."

His words were soft, each one landing heavily in the softest part of Charlotte's heart.

"You are the first person I loved and will be the last."

Upon hearing his words, Charlotte stiffened, a flash of obvious panic crossing her eyes.

She hesitated, avoiding his gaze, "I did not come home last night, the children must be worried. I need to go."

Having said that, she moved to leave once again, her figure quickly disappearing as before.

Justin Battleson dropped his gaze, concealing the lingering sense of loss in his eyes.

Fleeing and avoiding the subject, was it because she didn't love him?

Or was it because she had fallen in love with Henry Hudson?

A dull pain crossed his mind, Justin Battleson rubbed his temples. His eyes were filled with fatigue, the thought in his heart was clear.

Five years ago, a divorce certificate became an insurmountable chasm between them.

But now, he didn't want to give up, and he absolutely would not.

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After leaving the hospital, Charlotte Thompson tried to get rid of the chaotic thoughts in her mind. With mixed feelings, she drove back to the hotel.

After pushing open the doors to the children's rooms, Charlotte stood at the door, looking somewhat helpless at the scene inside.

Grace Thompson could always sleep more, currently, she was lying in bed, deeply asleep. As for Hank Thompson, he was even worse. With his boisterous nature, he couldn't hold still, he was now squatting on the floor enthusiastically playing with building blocks.

Jack Thompson was squatting next to him, looking bewildered at Hank Thompson's so-called new game methods.

Only Cyrus Thompson and Chad Thompson were a bit more mature, both sitting quietly on chairs reading books.

Charlotte Thompson slightly frowned.

How could this be?

She took out her phone and walked into her room while dialing a number.

In a few seconds, the call was answered, the familiar voice of a man came from the other end.

"Hello, Charlotte, what's up?"

Charlotte sat on the bed, sighed in response, her voice filled with worry, "Big brother, the kids are running wild in the hotel, some are playing, some are sleeping, this can't go on like this."

After hearing her words, Henry Thompson fell silent for a few seconds, then reciprocated, "What do you think we should do then?"

"I haven't figured it out yet," Charlotte paused, then asked, "what about letting Jordan take them back to Ashton to continue kindergarten?"

Upon hearing this, Henry Thompson frowned in disapproval, "Ashton is too far away, it's not good for the children to travel such a long distance. Instead, let's have them attend kindergarten here in Druarus, and stay in Druarus a little bit longer. Then you can take them to live in our villa."

He paused before adding, "After all, even if the hotel is ours, it's still not as comfortable as living in a villa."

Chapter 512: Grace Feels Wronged

After hearing Henry Thompson's words, Charlotte Thompson took a few seconds to think and eventually agreed.

After all, Ashton was too far from Druarus, and their children were still young, requiring her to stay with them.

In response, Henry seemed to have found a slightly quiet environment to sit down. After some thought, he continued: "I will send you the address of the house later. If you are free, drop by to check it out... By the way, you can invite Jack Bryant and Liam Bryant along, they should be quite familiar too."

The Bryant Family were trusted assistants of the Thompson Family. Their father had also helped with many of the Thompson Family's affairs over the years. Hence, the Bryant brothers had essentially grown up with Henry in the Thompson family and were quite knowledgeable about the Thompson Family's properties, arguably even more so than Charlotte.

After all, Charlotte had only rejoined the Thompson family a few years ago, and due to her busy schedule, she had never managed Thompson Family's real estate holdings. Hence, she was mostly in the dark about such matters.

Nodding in agreement, Charlotte asked, "Are you still in Druarus?"

Henry simply nodded on the other end of the line, responding, "There are still some matters to be attended to."

After exchanging pleasantries, Charlotte hung up the phone. A waiter knocked on the door to deliver breakfast at that moment, so she put on her slippers and woke the children.

With sleepy eyes, Grace Thompson washed her face. By the time she arrived, her brothers had already started eating.

Charlotte handed her a glass of milk and whispered, "After breakfast, I'll take you to look at the house. We can't continue living so freely. Comfort can breed stagnancy."

Upon hearing this, Hank Thompson, who was quietly chewing on a piece of bread, looked up, his eyes bright with interest.

"Does that mean we'll have neighbors? I heard people who live in houses have neighbors."

Upon hearing this, Charlotte was taken aback.

She hadn't given much thought to whether they would have any neighbors.

On the other hand, Cyrus Thompson casually took a sip of his milk, turned to Hank, and replied with some disdain, "Pray for the kids next door, they'll have to deal with you."

As the brothers started their banter, Charlotte couldn't help but smile.

Given Hank's whimsical and mischievous ideas, god knows what pranks he might play if there were indeed kids next door.

In the end, Hank, unable to challenge his elder brother, puckered his lips and continued with his breakfast. Seeing them quiet down, Charlotte cleared her throat to announce another matter.

"Once we move into the new place, you'll have to return to kindergarten."

This remark kicked up a fuss among the children. They all began to look at her, their eyes filled with evident resistance.

Even Grace's tiny face fell. She pouted and whined in her baby voice, "Mommy, do we really have to go back to kindergarten? It's so boring."

Plus, she wouldn't be able to nap whenever she wanted!

For the sleepy little Grace, this was scarier than a horror movie.

Knowing full well what Grace was thinking, Charlotte's lips slightly curled into a gentle smile, sounding incredibly soft.

"No."

Grace Thompson: "..."

Grace feels wronged, Grace feels sad, Grace doesn't want to go to kindergarten!

After they had slowly finished their breakfast, Charlotte Thompson applied a light layer of makeup and changed into dark jeans and a ruffled collar shirt. She then took the children out of the hotel.

Outside the hotel, Jack Bryant and Liam Bryant had already received Henry Thompson's message and were waiting with their car.

Chapter 513: Settlement

Charlotte Thompson got into the car and fastened her seat belt. Jack Bryant asked her, "Miss, do you have any preference for the location?"

Preference?

Charlotte leaned back, thought about it carefully, and then said, "Somewhere close to a kindergarten and also not far from Riley Group."

Henry Thompson had already arranged for the best kindergarten in the city center.

She paused for a moment and seemed to suddenly remember something. She said to Jack, "Right, let's pick up Annie from the hospital first. She can come and take a look too."

Upon hearing this, Jack nodded slightly and then drove off.

When they arrived at the hospital, it was almost noon. Charlotte opened the door to the ward gently and saw Oliver Hudson calmly sorting out the medications prescribed by the doctor and carefully labeling the boxes.

When Oliver saw Charlotte, his brow raised slightly, "What's up?"

"Nothing." Charlotte lowered her voice, "How is she?"

Her gaze slowly landed on the woman lying on the bed. Her face was still pale, but her lips had regained some color. She seemed to be improving.

Upon hearing her words, Oliver smiled. There was a noticeable dark circle under his eyes, but a flash of joy was evident in his eyes, "She's staying awake longer now, but she often has headaches. She's sleeping again."

Awake?

Charlotte also breathed a sigh of relief. She didn't want to wake her up. She turned her gaze and saw Olivia Thompson slightly leaning to Annie Anne's side on the bed.

The little girl was awake but not sleeping. Seeing Charlotte made her sit up happily from the bed and look for her shoes to get off the bed.

Charlotte smiled, walked a few steps forward, and looked at the little niece who finally smiled. She felt inexplicably happy too.

So she lowered her voice and said, "Annie, why don't we have Uncle Hudson watch over here while Mommy takes you to see the house, okay?"

Annie had been cooped up in the hospital room for some time and hadn't seen the other children in a while. She decisively nodded and said, "Okay."

On the other side, Oliver Hudson wiped his hands and looked surprised, "Planning to stay long term?"

Charlotte took Annie's hand and nodded at his words, "There are still some things that aren't sorted out... We're leaving now. If Annie loses control of her emotions, call me."

The atmosphere between them was devoid of their previous hostility, and Charlotte could feel it too. But she only sighed in her heart.

If Oliver could really redeem himself, her hatred could perhaps truly disappear.

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Jack took them to see several villas and apartments. Finally, they settled on a flat in a bustling part of the city center. The decorations reflected Henry's style with a dominant understated yet elegant cold color scheme.

The kids excitedly ran in to choose their rooms. From a distance, they could hear Grace Thompson's giggling.

"I want this room, and it has to be painted pink in the future!"

Charlotte smiled indulgently, sat down on the sofa, looked around, leaned back, and let out a satisfied sigh.

Before she had time to enjoy the peace, a series of urgent phone rings broke the silence.

She glanced at the caller ID and answered the call.

"Hello, Henry?"

On the other end, Henry Hudson closed the book on his lap while maintaining his usual warm voice.

"Charlotte, I heard you're planning to settle here?"

Henry Hudson knowing this didn't surprise Charlotte at all.

Jordan Thompson must have nagged in his ear about it.

Chapter 514: A Good Idea

After a pause of two seconds, Charlotte no longer hesitated and spoke slowly, "Yes, there is such a plan."

Upon hearing this, Henry no longer pursued and just nodded slightly, saying, "That's a good idea... By the way, have you found a house yet?"

Of course, if they were planning to settle down, they certainly couldn't stay in a hotel for a long time.

Charlotte looked up at Hank, who was running excitedly in the corridor, and couldn't help but break into a smile. A moment of maternal tenderness flashed in her eyes, "We have found a house now, the kids are currently choosing rooms...By the way Henry, it's still not late, maybe I could bring the kids to see you later."

As soon as she finished speaking, Henry, who was sitting in front of the window, had a hint of joy in his eyes that was hard to detect. He coughed lightly and responded with a hint of amusement in his voice, "You are always welcome."

Having notified Henry ahead of time and hanging up the call, Charlotte waited patiently for the children to finish selecting rooms before leaving. As soon as they exited the door, the housekeeper that Henry Thompson had sent arrived on their heels.

Charlotte looked at Jack Bryant somewhat puzzled.

The latter promptly explained, "The house of Mr. Thompson has been vacant for a few years now, of course, we need the housekeeper to clean it up."

Upon hearing this, Charlotte nodded in understanding. Her brother always did things with great care.

After leaving the apartment, Charlotte and her group immediately drove to the hospital.

Charlotte still held Grace's hand and reminded her, "Don't be too noisy when you see Uncle Hudson. Uncle Hudson's wounds haven't fully healed yet, and you don't want to disturb him."

After saying this, she turned her head to look at Hank, whom she found most worrying. Hank realized he was being scrutinized and heard her say: "And you, Hank."

Hank, fully aware of his boisterous nature, obediently nodded in agreement.

Once they entered the ward, Henry moved his gaze from the book to Charlotte. He greeted Charlotte, and then Grace who was leading the way, with a warm smile.

Grace let go of Charlotte's hand, ran up to Henry and looked up at him with innocent big eyes asking, "Uncle Hudson, when will you get better? Then Grace can play with you."

Henry raised his hand to touch the girl's tender top of her head, answering with a smile, "It will be very soon."

Mentioning the matter of discharge, Charlotte had previously inquired from the doctor that Henry's recovery was going well, but it would still take at least a week for him to be discharged from the hospital.

This matter had almost delayed Henry's works for nearly two months.

Charlotte breathed a sigh, her eyes full of guilt when she looked at Henry, and she could not help but say, "Henry, I've asked the doctor, you can only be discharged at least a week later."

She paused for a moment and then said, "I am really sorry. This happened because of me."

Upon hearing this, Henry shrugged nonchalantly without making a fuss about it. A relaxed smile hung on his face as he said, "I don't really like apologies, and after all it was my choice, and it is not related to you."

Knowing that he was trying to absolve her of guilt, Charlotte felt even more to blame.

As if suddenly thinking of something, Henry looked at her and asked, "How is Miss Anne doing these days?"

Upon hearing this, Charlotte smiled and said, "Much better, at least she's awake now."

Henry nodded thoughtfully and said, "You don't need to be so busy taking care of me. Now that Miss Anne is awake, you should go there and accompany her more, talk to her, it might help."

Chapter 515: Joy of Moving

"After all, her mental and emotional trauma far outweighs my physical injury."

Each word, every sentence shows consideration for others.

Charlotte suddenly sighed and said softly, "Henry, you should think more about yourself."

Hearing this, Henry Hudson didn't argue, but looked at her with his usual smile, his gaze filled with indescribable affection.

After a bit of idle chatter, the sun began to set. Charlotte, holding her bag, got up and said, "It's getting late. We'll come to see you another day. You should rest early."

After she finished speaking, Henry nodded slightly, then chuckled and replied, "Be safe on your way."

By evening, Charlotte was leaving the hospital with the kids, heading back to the hotel to pack their luggage. It was not until it was dark that she moved everything to an apartment in the city center.

Following the rushed move, Charlotte was exhausted, both physically and mentally. But seeing the genuine smiles on the kids' faces, her fatigue vanished instantly.

Seeing everyone so happy, Charlotte decided to cook dinner herself.

Meanwhile, in the bushes below the apartment.

A man in a suit with sunglasses wore an expressionless face as he pulled a cell phone out of his jacket pocket and dialed a number.

Once connected, he spoke carefully, "Boss, Miss Thompson has moved. She's in an apartment in the bustling area of the city center."

A lazy male voice came from the receiver.

"Send me her location."

After hanging up, the man expertly sent the location to a number, then turned around and left.

The night sky was slowly darkening, and the indoor temperature dropped with the day turning into night. Charlotte closed the kitchen window, then went back to cooking.

Not long after, the doorbell rang orderly.

Charlotte paused briefly, puzzled.

The address of her apartment was only known to her elder brother, but he had been busy working lately. It would be at least a few days before he could come visit, so who could it be outside?

A certain figure flashed through her mind.

Could it be that Jordan had asked her elder brother for the address and come to visit?

Without giving it more thought, Charlotte turned around to open the door. The kids sat on the sofa watching TV, and at the sound of the doorbell, they all turned their eyes toward the door.

"Click"

With the sound of the door opening, Charlotte began to chastise, "Jordan, have you been asking for a beating lately... "

Apparently, he had secretly spread the news of her residence.

However, before she finished speaking, when she got a clear view of the person outside, Charlotte was taken aback, "You've been discharged from the hospital already?"

The man on the other side, looking pale, pulled off a smile, "It was just a stomach pumping procedure."

Hearing the voice, Grace, who couldn't sit still on the couch, cheered and rushed to the door. Seeing the person outside, she excitedly lunged at him.

Justin bent slightly to pick her up, while also bringing in the gifts. He waved them at Charlotte and said, "I brought gifts to celebrate your moving in. Aren't you going to invite me in?"

On the sofa, Cyrus and Hank Thompson were glancing at the door more or less intentionally, with clear smiles on their faces.

Of course, Charlotte noticed.

After all, Justin Battleson was their biological father.

Looking at the abundance of gifts in his hands and his still weak appearance, Charlotte couldn't say no. She stepped aside to let him in and said, "Come in and take a seat."

Chapter 516: Passing on the message

Justin Battleson walked in holding Grace Thompson, placing the gifts on the table before heading straight to the couch. Hank Thompson gave a stiff smile, then consciously shifted over, making room for Justin.

Cyrus Thompson sat at the edge of the couch, looking up accidentally at Justin Battleson, who just happened to look back as he sat down.

When their eyes met, Cyrus didn't panic, but coolly nodded at Justin. It was a conciliatory gesture without any hint of hostility.

Justin looked at Cyrus, whose face bore a striking resemblance to his own, and raised an eyebrow slightly.

The boy's face was devoid of superfluous expressions, his aloofness evident in between his brows. He might surpass Justin in maturity when he grew up.

On the other side, Chad Thompson, who was engrossed in a book on the chair, became unsettled when he saw Charlotte Thompson opening the door for Justin. He raised his head nonchalantly to look at the couch and noticed Justin talking to Grace with his head bowed. The little girl was smiling brilliantly.

Charlotte then went back to the kitchen to finish cooking. The clamor from the frying pan mixed with the sound of the television provided an ambiance of the mundane warmth of a united family.

Chad Thompson realized something was off about the atmosphere, unexpectedly breaking out in a cold sweat.

If things continue this way, this man will eventually get what he wants.

But that can't be!

Chad glanced around and, seeing no one paying attention, nudged the elbow of Jack Thompson who was intently studying a tutorial on building blocks. Puzzled, Jack looked up from his work.

Chad mouthed three words to him.

"Come with me."

Knowing that Chad had a plan, Jack didn't ask further and followed him stealthily into their bedroom.

Grace and Justin were happily chatting away, Cyrus was engrossed in his tablet, and although Hank Thompson seemed to be absorbed in the television, his attention was entirely on Grace and Justin's conversation.

No one noticed the two who left midway through.

Chad made sure no one was aware of their absence before he closed the door softly.

He walked towards the bedside cabinet, opened a drawer, and pulled out a cell phone.

The cell phone was new, bought during their stay in Ashton by their uncle to alleviate their boredom. However, none of the children were interested in it, so it had been sitting unused for a long time.

He brought it back when they moved back to China.

The cell phone already had a Sim card. Chad turned it on. While waiting for it to boot up, Jack, with a dubious expression, asked,

"Bro, what are you going to do?"

Chad glanced at him, a cunning look in his eyes. He then lowered his voice and said under Jack's inquisitive gaze,

"Pass on a message."

As soon as he finished speaking, the cell phone was ready to use. He unlocked it, made a call, and recited Adam Ross' number.

He hit dial.

The ringing tone emanated from the cell phone. Just when it was about to go to voicemail, it connected.

A familiar voice with a hint of alienation emerged from the other side.

"Hello?"

Chad's eyes lit up. He hurriedly said, "I'll send you the address. Get here soon."

There was a silence for a couple of seconds on the other side, followed by an attempt to confirm, "Chad?"

"It's me." Chad pursed his lips.

A suppressed laughter came through the phone receiver. The initial alienation in Adam Ross' voice vanished, giving way to a hint of excitement.

"Chad, where did you get this phone number from?"

Chapter 517: Every Visitor is a Guest

At these peculiar focus, Chad Thompson slightly rubbed his forehead.

He truly worried over his happiness wholeheartedly.

After a brief pause, Chad Thompson helplessly said, "That's not the main point, you have an opportunity now, you better hurry over."

Clearly understanding what the opportunity in his words referred to, Adam Ross didn't ask further, readily agreed and hung up the call.

A few seconds later, a location was sent to his phone.

Adam Ross grabbed his coat, glanced at the location, a hint of flamboyant smile on his lips.

Once he reached the location, Adam Ross got out of his car. As he turned to close the car door, he saw a blue luxury car slowly stopping not far away.

The driver's door opened, and a man wearing a black jacket exited the car, his face hidden behind huge sunglasses.

The man also saw him, took off his sunglasses and a hint of surprise flickered in his eyes.

"Mr. Ross?"

Adam Ross narrowed his eyes, "Jordan Thompson?"

Jordan Thompson laughed heartily, striding forward, "What a coincidence, where are you going?"

Adam Ross turned his head to glance at the luxurious apartment in front of him, pointed at it, and said, "Here."

Upon hearing this, Jordan Thompson's smile brightened even more, "Here to see my sister? Fine, let's go together."

Consequently, Adam Ross was led into the apartment by Jordan Thompson in a daze, who proficiently took out keys from his pocket to open the door.

Noticing him still standing at the entrance, Jordan turned his gaze towards Adam, "What are you standing there for? Come in."

Upon hearing this, Adam Ross didn't ask any further and simply stepped inside.

As soon as they entered, they spotted Justin Battleson in the living room.

Jordan Thompson's face fell, he snorted coldly, and sat down on a chair, his tone carrying a bit of sarcasm, "Well, this is lively."

As his words fell, Justin Battleson just glanced at him and continued talking to Grace Thompson.

Cyrus Thompson looked up, politely greeting, "Hello Uncle."

Jordan Thompson's face softened a bit, but before he could say anything, a comment, neither light nor heavy, came from the kitchen.

"The visitor is our guest, Jordan Thompson, are you itching for a fight again?"

Jordan Thompson's face froze, he snorted coldly again, turned his head, took out his cellphone and began browsing news on his own.

Adam Ross didn't show much expression, he walked over and casually sat down next to Chad, remarking in a playful tone, "Second bro, you sure are fast."

On hearing that, Justin Battleson paused for a moment, curved his lips into a smirk, his voice low, "Same goes for you."

A few minutes passed and seeing Grace Thompson yawn several times, Justin Battleson let her go back to her room for a nap. He lingered at the kitchen doorway for a few seconds before he strode in.

Adam Ross caught sight of his movement and also got up.

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Charlotte Thompson stared baffled at the two grown men arguing over slicing onions, her eyes nearly popped out of her head.

Her mouth twitched, she enquired, "You guys are acting so childish... Mr. Ross, how come you're here too?"

Upon hearing this, Adam Ross paused his movements. Seizing this chance, Justin Battleson grabbed the kitchen knife from his hand and quietly started chopping the onions.

Adam Ross cleared his throat, replied, "Came in with Jordan Thompson."

Not long after, the pungent smell of onions started filling the air. Charlotte rubbed her eyes, watching Justin Battleson struggling with the onions, she walked over with a sense of helplessness trying to take away the knife from his hands.

Unexpectedly, the man didn't let go of the knife consciously.

Charlotte couldn't stop in time, her hand directly covered the man's warm back of the hand.

Chapter 518: Are You Showing Concern for Me?

A warm sensation passed through his hand, causing Justin Battleson to pause slightly.

Both of their gazes fell on the same spot and Adam Ross, arms folded at his chest, widened his eyes in surprise after witnessing the scene.

It took a few seconds for Charlotte Thompson to react. She withdrew her hand as if electrocuted and playfully patted Justin on the arm with her other hand, coughing lightly in an unnatural way. She then said, "You'd better leave the kitchen now. Just don't cause any trouble and we'll be fine."

Having led lives of privilege since childhood, the two chairmen had never set foot into such a mundane place like a kitchen before. Charlotte was afraid they might stir up more trouble.

By that time, she wouldn't be the only one with a headache.

Upon hearing her words, Adam snorted lightly. His eyes welling up slightly from the onions, he hesitated for a moment before he reached forward to grab Justin's wrist. His tone was somewhat biting as he said, "Let's go, Justin. We shouldn't make things worse."

Justin paused slightly, seemingly understanding something. He squeezed back on Adam's hand slightly and chuckled, "Alright then."

A few seconds later, the two men exited the kitchen, arm in arm in a seemingly friendly manner.

Charlotte did not miss their private rivalry playing out in secret.

She sighed in frustration, shook her head, slightly amused.

"They act like children sometimes," she said.

Afterwards, she turned around, washed her hands, and began to clean up the aftermath of the onion chopping.

Not long after, the tantalising aroma of food wafted from the kitchen. Charlotte had just plated the last dish when she noticed Grace's chubby hand rubbing her eyes as she sleepily wandered towards the kitchen.

Charlotte took off her apron, crouched down, and gently tugged on the young girl's nose with her bent index finger, asking, "Are you hungry, Grace?"

Upon hearing this, the little girl tip-toed to have a peek at the delicious looking dishes on the table and nodded her head without any hesitation.

Grace had a habit for many years now - she would always feel sleepy before mealtime, and on waking up, her stomach would definitely be growling in hunger.

Charlotte's mouth curved into a slight smile, "Then, can you call Uncle and your brothers into the dining room for dinner?"

Hearing that dinner was ready, Grace obediently went to the living room to invite the others. In a few minutes, the dining table was filled to the brim with people.

Two handsome men sitting among the children seemed strangely out of place.

Charlotte used serving chopsticks to pick up a piece of braised pork for Olivia Thompson, her voice filled with concern, "Annie, you've lost weight after staying in the hospital for so long. You should eat more."

At her words, Olivia smiled and ate the braised pork, her eyes squinted in pleasure. The flavor of the dish and its juicy texture filled her mouth in an instant, an irresistible delight.

Charlotte was quite confident in her cooking skills. She taught herself during her spare time in Ashton, and even though she didn't cook often, she wasn't out of practice.

Seeing Olivia's satisfied expression, Charlotte smiled too as she glanced at the table. After thinking for a few seconds, she removed the plate of crayfish from in front of Justin.

Adam Ross, sitting next to Justin, was quicker to react. He looked up at Charlotte in surprise.

Charlotte's expression didn't change, she simply said casually, "If you're allergic, you shouldn't eat it. The hospital isn't a pleasant place to stay."

As her words echoed, Justin stopped chewing in his mouth, cracking a smile, "Can I interpret this as you caring for me, then?"

Chapter 519: You Actually Don't Like Me

As her voice trailed off, Charlotte was left speechless. She watched as Adam, without a care, nonchalantly picked up a crayfish, slowly peeled its shell, and casually remarked, "Allergic? Second Brother, how come I never heard before that you're allergic to crayfish?"

The atmosphere had once again turned peculiar, with a somewhat heightened tension.

However, Justin's facial expression remained unchanged. He chuckled lightly, yet the amusement didn't reach his eyes.

He glanced sideways at Adam, his tone even and calm, "There are a lot more things you haven't heard about me. Why limit it to this small matter of whether I'm allergic or not?"

Adam popped the peeled shrimp into his mouth. His face revealed no embarrassment as he nodded in apparent agreement, "Maybe you're right."

Charlotte ate a mouthful of rice sullenly and then quietly observed the children's expressions.

Grace, starving, was busy gobbling up her food. Olivia, who was also a young girl, picked a piece of vegetable from her bowl and began to chew it thoughtfully.

Although their expressions varied, none seemed to find the atmosphere strange, as if they had experienced it countless times and had become accustomed to it.

Charlotte mused to herself, but in the end said nothing and continued to eat quietly.

After dinner, Charlotte felt slightly stuffed and decided to take a walk downstairs to aid digestion. As she was about to leave, she seemed to remember something. She turned her head to look at Adam, who was sitting silently next to Chad, and called out gently.

"Mr. Ross, if you have time, please join me for a walk."

Upon hearing this, Adam appeared slightly surprised, but then he nodded and stood up.

Seeing that Justin was also getting up, Charlotte reluctantly looked at him and said, "You don't have to come, I have something to discuss with him."

Upon hearing this, Justin nodded in understanding and sat back down.

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Downstairs.

It was now evening. It was not yet completely dark, and the fading sunlight mixed with the emerging darkness, creating a warm and soft glow.

Although the apartment was in the city center, there were hardly any vehicles or people passing by the fence at this time. The occasional sounds of horns echoed, bringing out the comforting serenity of the scene.

Charlotte sat down on the outside bench. Before she could speak, Adam, who was following her, stepped forward and sat down as well.

He sat, resting his hand on the back of Charlotte's chair, in a somewhat ambiguous position.

For once, Charlotte didn't move away. She just looked out into the distance with a wistful expression and said softly, "Mr. Ross, have you ever suddenly realized that the unexpected connections in this world can be quite miraculous?"

For instance, by some freak coincidence, she ended up adopting Chad and Jack, and then, under another bizarre twist of fate, she met Adam in Druarus.

Nobody had thought that these two seemingly unrelated events would have such intricate connections.

Adam naturally understood what she was talking about. He merely nodded and looked at Charlotte, not quite understanding why she suddenly brought up the topic.

The cool evening breeze brushed past them, and it seemed to enhance their moment of tranquility; both of them chose not to speak in tacit understanding.

Until the wind quieted somewhat and the air filled with a touch of cold, Charlotte suddenly laughed lightly and turned to look at him.

Her delicate eyes brimmed with an unspoken seriousness.

Adam subconsciously held his breath, heard her red lips parting softly and speaking in an undertone.

"Adam, you don't actually like me, do you?"

Chapter 520: Out of the Game

The voice was so soft that it almost disappeared in the wind.

Adam furrowed his brow, looking at her puzzled. "Why do you say that?"

Upon hearing that, a look of understanding swept across Charlotte's eyes. She smiled faintly and continued, "I know all too well what your thoughts about Justin are. I have always known what your intentions are."

She turned her head to look at the man, who remained silent, seemingly waiting for her to continue.

After a few seconds of pause, she continued, "You said you liked me and pursued me because of our child, but think about it from my perspective. If you were me, would you agree to this kind of liking with a clear purpose?"

The two, who were complete strangers before, were suddenly bound together because of their child, but no matter from whose perspective, it cannot be misconstrued as love.

"Mr. Ross," Charlotte gently murmured his name with a smile, "True love can be worn away to nothingness with the passage of time, let alone a temporary enthusiasm you now have."

The moment her words fell, Adam did not refute her but fell into an unusual quiet.

After a moment, he nodded slightly and said softly, "So, I am... out of the game?"

Charlotte nodded thoughtfully, as if she was coming to a conclusion after much pondering.

"I guess so."

Hearing these three words, a complex emotion suddenly rose in Adam's heart.

In business, he was always adept at dealing with those cunning businessmen, subtly taking control of the situation. Even in his private life, he was never short of women who threw themselves at him.

But ever since he met Charlotte, he found that certain things were subtly changing in him.

She brought their own child to him, causing him to question and doubt his previous actions multiple times. At times, he even found out that this woman seemed to have a magical influence that led to his numerous retreats.

He had to admit, he had been eliminated.

Adam hid the fleeting glimpse of loss in his eyes, and smiled faintly. "What's your plan from now on?"

Charlotte tilted her head slightly and closed her eyes. With a smile, she said, "We can be friends and together participate in our child's growth. After all, both a father and a mother are indispensable."

Seeming to feel a bit awkward about the names father and mother, she touched her nose and laughed, "You should understand what I mean."

"Sounds good," Adam agreed and nodded. "I haven't formally thanked you all this time."

He stood up, looked seriously at Charlotte, and nodded slightly. "Thank you."

Charlotte giggled looking at him, now that she had made their relationship clear and felt a massive relief, she didn't beat around the bush and said straightaway, "I accept your thanks. So, as friends, I won't be polite with you."

She also stood up, feeling incredibly relaxed. "Won't you come in and sit a little longer?"

Adam looked at her with complexity, shook his head, and said, "I have something to do at the company. I'll go first. Say goodbye to Chad and Jack for me."

After saying this, he turned around and walked away, his figure gradually disappearing.

Charlotte didn't stay either and went upstairs.

In the car, Adam didn't rush to drive away. Instead, he sat in his seat, lifting his head slightly to look at the slowly fading figure in the distance.

He gripped the steering wheel tightly, hiding the faint sense of loss in his heart. Only after a while did he drive away.