

Spoiled 541

Chapter 541 You are Threatening Me

Hearing this, Charlotte Thompson paused slightly before squinting her eyes, a hint of danger flashing in them.

Her lips curled into a smirk and she spoke in a laid-back tone.

"Are you threatening me?"

As her words fell, the line went silent. After a few seconds, Justin Battleson answered in a low voice, "You could understand it that way."

As long as she returned, even if it was like this, he had no qualms.

Charlotte licked her lips and thought for a moment before saying indifferently, "Justin, you know I'm not afraid of threats."

She knew the consequences of breaking the contract. All she had to do was pay a almost sky-high penalty for breach of contract.

But that was fine, she had money, and the Thompsons behind her would support her.

It seemed she took her time thinking, and Justin waited, waiting for her decision.

Not too long after, Charlotte cleared her throat and said, "I can return to work, but it has to be tomorrow."

As her words echoed, Justin was initially stunned, then a smile of joy appeared on his face. He laughed, "Of course."

After he quickly gave her a few instructions, Charlotte hung up the phone. She leaned back tiredly and rubbed her aching temples lightly.

She wasn't afraid of threats. She was only returning to the Riley Group to give an explanation to the queen since their relationship was never shallow.

Moreover, since she had decided to stay in Druarus, she couldn't sit idly at home every day.

...

The next day, she dropped off her child at the kindergarten and drove to the Riley Group. The path from the lobby to the design department wasn't far, but everyone who saw Charlotte was quite shocked and gave her respectful looks.

Charlotte couldn't be bothered, ignored their stares, and went straight to her office.

Pushing the door open, she paused for a moment.

She hadn't been to work for a while, but everything in her office was cleaned and in perfect order.

She raised an eyebrow and took a seat in her office chair.

Right outside her office was the design department. Her employees, upon hearing Charlotte was back at work, were peering towards the door, afraid to miss anything.

Only when they saw their boss enter her office in a calm and collected manner were their faces painted with stunned expressions.

"How does she have the nerve to come back to work?"

The woman sitting in front of a mirror reapplying her makeup let out a light scoff at the comment, "Haven't you heard the saying, 'The more shameless, the invincible'? And she hooked not one, but two men that other women wouldn't dare to dream of all with her child. Where do you think she gets the courage?"

Charlotte didn't refute any claims, so everyone was under the assumption all five kids were hers.

After speaking, the woman put down her makeup pad, lowered her voice, and started talking again.

"Honestly, don't you think Charlotte is quite something?" She clicked her tongue twice, her tone full of sarcasm, "The five kids all look around the same age. Even if they were multiples, but with two different dads that must mean they were conceived one after another."

She covered her mouth in an exaggerated manner, her eyes full of a mocking smile.

"So that would mean she got pregnant right after giving birth." She paused, raising an eyebrow, her tone turning eerie and strange, "When she first arrived, she seemed innocent. Never thought she'd be the type to secure a high branch with a child at the expense of her own health and risk everything for fame and fortune."

Hearing this, another woman listening to her talk scoffed sarcastically, a smirk spreading across her face.

Chapter 542: Why Waste Your Breath

The woman was so engrossed in her conversation that she didn't notice the shadow looming behind her. Another woman happened to look up and saw a delicate-looking face.

Her face was a bit grim.

The chattering woman was oblivious to the person standing behind her.

When the person in front of her became visibly disturbed, she lightly coughed as a signal, and subtly elbowed the talkative woman.

The woman's voice abruptly halted, she slowly turned around, and jumped with surprise on seeing the person behind her, dramatically clutching her chest.

"You scared me to death!" Her eyes rolling back, she showed no hint of guilt; instead, she arrogantly said, "Why are you eavesdropping here? Shouldn't you hurry up and see our dear designer Charlotte's grand arrival?"

The tone of her voice was deliberately irritating. Coco clenched her teeth, her hands stiffened at her sides, her eyes glittered with exasperation.

"Shyla, I notice you love talking behind people's backs, but I never saw you do something impressive," Coco's voice trembled with anger, "Besides, you can't believe everything you read on the internet. You shouldn't be spreading rumors!"

"Oh, this is too hilarious," Shyla rolled her eyes, "You've already done those shameless things in secret, why are you afraid of people talking about it? If you're so guilty, then don't do it."

"You..."

Coco was at a loss for words, her eyes welling up with angry tears, she extended her hand as if to slap Shyla.

Seeing the escalating situation, the other woman hastily got up and held Coco back, "Coco, don't lose your cool. Go to the office, Charlotte is waiting for you."

Meanwhile, Shyla snorted lightly and turned her head to continue touching up her makeup.

Coco held back the urge to punch that heavily made-up face, forced herself to calm down, and then entered Charlotte's office.

As Coco opened the door, Charlotte turned from the sound, and took note of Coco's reddened eyes.

She looked somewhat surprised and raised an eyebrow, "What happened? Who bullied you?"

At that, Coco's eyes widened, her voice still shaky: "Everyone in the design department is secretly gossiping about you, saying really ugly things."

Finishing her words, Coco glanced at Charlotte, her expression complicated: "Charlotte, I know you're not like what they're saying, why not explain it to them?"

Upon hearing this, Charlotte knew that Coco had attempted to defend her.

Feeling a sense of warmth, she pulled out a tissue and gave it to Coco, laughing, "There's no need to explain, the innocent will be vindicated. Even if I did explain, there's no guarantee anyone would listen."

She shrugged her shoulders: "So why waste the breath?"

Anyway, once the project was complete, she was planning on washing her hands clean of the office. There was no need to bother with explanations.

Understanding the situation, Coco nodded and then as if remembering something, said, "Oh yes, Charlotte, Mr. Battleson asked for you to come to his office. Seems like he has something to discuss with you."

Surprise flickered in Charlotte's eyes, but it was gone as quickly as it came. She nodded, "Alright, I'll go right now."

In the office.

Charlotte knocked on the office door. After a few seconds, a low, masculine voice came from inside.

"Come in."

A brief pause was noted in Charlotte's expression then she opened the door and entered.

At the same time, the man who had been reading a document raised his head to look at her.

Chapter 543: Going to Resign Soon

Their eyes met, the air silent.

Charlotte Thompson's face stiffened, then she pretended as if nothing had happened, standing in front of the desk, giving a slight nod, her voice calm as a still lake: "Mr. Battleson."

Hearing this, Justin Battleson nodded, his eyes lowered to hide the complex emotions that flickered in their depths.

He set down the document he was holding, and in a soft voice asked the woman before him: "How is the progress of the project?"

At his words, Charlotte appeared doubtful, and answered in confusion: "Mr. Battleson, I've only been back at the company for less than two hours."

After a moments silence, Justin chuckled bitterly.

He only wanted to have more contact with her. Can't she see that?

Sighing slightly in his heart, Justin's lips tightened into a straight line, difficulty apparent as he broached the subject: "I heard from Michael Richard... that there are some rumours in the design department?"

Charlotte crossed her arms but neither confirmed nor denied his claim.

Justin Battleson silently stared at her, continuing to probe, "Why didn't you explain Chad and Jack's backgrounds?"

He had deliberately avoided the design department, wanting to gauge her attitude towards these two children.

At his words, Charlotte paused and grinned lightly, leaning her head to the side, "Explain what?"

Not waiting for him to respond, she chuckled, "In my eyes, Chad and Jack are my own flesh and blood. Besides, I won't be in the company much longer."

She hesitated for a moment, her tone nonchalant: "Also, once I've progressed the necklace design, I am going to resign soon. I don't see the need to deal with these people."

Upon hearing this, the man before her stiffened, his lips pursed without uttering a word.

An inexplicable feeling slowly spread in his heart, his eyes lowered, his mind replaying Charlotte's words.

Is she really going to resign soon...

Does it mean...I can't keep her?

Once again, the atmosphere became silent. Charlotte stood straight in front of the desk, her breathing even slower.

After a long while, Justin Battleson started tapping the table with his fingernails. He stood up, slowly walked to Charlotte, considered his words, and then suggested: "It's almost noon. Why don't we go out for lunch together?"

At his words, Charlotte unconsciously took a step back, her waist hitting the hard office desk, leaving no room to retreat.

She awkwardly turned her head away, "I have many things to do, so I can't go."

As soon as her words fell, the man in front of her suddenly moved closer, shrinking the distance between them in an instant.

Charlotte's mind went blank. She opened her mouth, but no words came out.

The two are only several centimetres apart, close enough to see each other's facial hair, and feel each other's breath on their faces.

For some reason, Charlotte's heart began to race, her cheeks reddening.

She pursed her lips, "What are you doing?"

The man's eyes were slightly squinted, and he rested his arms on the desk behind her, effectively trapping her in a small confined space.

A wave of heat surged to her cheeks, leaving them flushed red.

Justin Battleson looked at her seriously, as though she was the only person in his eyes.

The gap between them shortened centimetre by centimetre. Justin's lips were close enough to touch hers. Charlotte, snapping back to reality, quickly turned her head.

But Justin didn't miss this opportunity, he reached out his hand to hold her by the back of the head, and kissed her deeply...

Chapter 544: Justin Battleson, you rogue!

Charlotte Thompson had no choice but to agree, feeling trapped.

After the unexpected kiss, she drowsily turned her face away, scrubbing her mouth fiercely with her thumb once she regained her senses, saying angrily, "Justin Battleson, you're a rogue!"

Justin gave her a playful look, a sliver of unfulfilled desire still visible in his eyes. He licked his lips, a seemingly ordinary action, yet it inexplicably made Charlotte's heart race faster.

Charlotte cleared her throat and turned her head uneasily away, her tone slightly awkward as she made a threat, "If something like this happens again..."

She gritted her teeth and said, "Then I will quit. I'm interested to see how you'll explain it to the Queen!"

At her words, Justin chuckled lightly. He reached out to touch her soft hair, his voice filled with indulgence as he said, "OK, it won't happen again next time."

He paused a little and then laughed, "So, Miss Thompson, can you agree to one more thing now?"

As he finished speaking, Charlotte cleared her throat but avoided meeting his gaze, her spirit not beaten yet.

"Let's hear it."

Justin raised his eyebrows and smiled, "Nothing much, just accompany me for lunch."

At his words, Charlotte hesitated for a few seconds before she could reply, noticing a flicker of danger in his half-closed eyes.

Charlotte shrank her neck, goosebumps suddenly covering her back. After a brief pause, she said, "Ok, ok, I'll go, alright?"

The tense atmosphere between the two suddenly evaporated, replaced by a relaxed and cheerful vibe.

Hearing the reply he wanted, a smile of pleasure formed at the corners of Justin's mouth. He reached out his hand, inviting her to hold it.

Noticing his gesture, Charlotte looked at him with some surprise, and her lips twitched sharply. "Mr. Battleson, do you want me to become trending on social media again?"

Without a word, Justin Battleson took her hand, his warm palm tightly encasing Charlotte's soft, creamy white hand.

Charlotte instinctively looked down at their hands, her cheeks quickly flushing pink.

Justin led her towards the exit, his voice light as he said, "I understand your concerns, don't worry. I've already booked the whole restaurant. Even if we leave the office, nobody will dare say anything."

He paused, his lips curved in a smile as he added, "Even if we are photographed, climbing up the trending list together might not actually be a bad thing."

Upon hearing his words, Charlotte kept pace with him whilst sighing helplessly, not saying a word.

As she expected, they received many stares from the office to the front desk. Unlike the mocking looks she had received when she first arrived, the eyes now were filled with trepidation and curiosity due to Justin's presence.

Charlotte tried to focus on the path ahead, making every effort to pull her hand away from Justin. But he was much stronger, and her attempts were futile.

After a few failed attempts, she resigned herself to being led by him.

The restaurant was not far from the office. Just as Justin had said, he had booked the entire restaurant, and there wasn't anyone inside.

The waiter was waiting at the entrance, revealing a professional smile as they arrived, saying, "Mr. Battleson, everything is ready."

Upon hearing this, Charlotte looked up at Justin, slightly confused.

Justin wore a subtle smile on his face. He nodded slightly, signaling for her to look inside the restaurant.

Chapter 545 Happy Birthday.

Charlotte Thompson looked at Justin Battleson's actions, her gaze turning towards the center of the restaurant with a hint of confusion.

Upon discerning the scene inside, she slightly froze, her pupils filled with astonishment.

Colored lamps hung around the restaurant, flickering within the room where the curtains had been drawn, like multicolored stars.

The surrounding vacant tables had been removed. The empty space was filled with roses, and even the vases on the counter contained bunches of roses, blooming perfectly and looking enticingly red.

In the center was a table with a single picture frame on it. Inside was a bright and clear photo.

Charlotte couldn't believe it as she covered her mouth, her eyes filled with shock.

The photo was of her from five years ago, with Sophie Allen's radiant smile.

The woman wore a beige long dress, her hair floating with the gentle breeze. Her sparkling clear eyes seemed to reflect an inverted image.

Justin Battleson gave her a reassuring smile, gently saying, "Happy Birthday."

He had meticulously prepared for this for a long time, guessing that Charlotte would absolutely refuse to go out with him at night. So, he decided to celebrate in the afternoon instead.

Charlotte looked blankly at the scene, her eyes becoming somewhat moist. It finally dawned on her that today was indeed her birthday.

During each of her birthdays in Ashton, when she consistently felt oddly irritated, many business people used her birthday party as a stepping stone to get close to the Thompson family.

Upon discovering this, Mr. Thompson canceled the banquet and turned her birthday celebration into a family dinner instead.

She didn't expect that someone other than her elder brother and her grandfather would remember her birthday.

Even when she herself had forgotten.

Justin Battleson led her inside, and smiling, said, "Why are you standing there stunned? Sit down."

Charlotte forced a smile, carefully looking around. It seemed like every detail had been given careful attention.

She blinked her eyes, glanced at the man in front of her, and softly said, "Thank you."

Hearing this, the man shook his head, saying, "I didn't do all this just to hear 'thank you.'"

He lowered his gaze at her, his eyes intense. "I hope you are safe and happy."

The table was small, intentionally set up by the restaurant such that, even when the two of them sat opposite each other, they weren't very far apart.

The man's serious and ardent gaze made Charlotte unconsciously hold her breath. She squinted her eyes and clenched her hands resting on her lap a little tighter.

She couldn't quite figure out what she was nervous about.

Not long after, a waiter brought the birthday cake over while singing a birthday song and carefully placed it on the table.

Justin Battleson smiled and said, "Make a wish."

As soon as his words fell, all the waiters left. Before leaving, they tightly closed all the curtains and doors.

The room was incredibly dark, with only the candle on the cake glowing prominently.

The golden candlelight fell on Charlotte's face, inexplicably adding a bit of warmth to her soft cheeks.

She obediently closed her eyes, brought her hands together, and solemnly made a wish.

At the same time, the man's gaze was transfixed on her and never strayed.

A few seconds later, Charlotte finished uttering her wish in her mind, then opened her eyes and blew out the candle.

The man playfully scraped some cream onto her nose with his finger, which was slightly cold.

Charlotte paused momentarily, smiled when she saw the dollop of white cream on her nose, and unexpectedly took the opportunity to smear some cream onto Justin's cheek while he was off guard.

Seemingly unprepared, the man retaliated by smearing cream all over Charlotte's face after he realized what she'd done.

Under the dim lights, Charlotte laughed as she stood up and dodged Justin's cream-coated hand.

Chapter 546: Really Angry Now

Inside the room were the suppressed chuckles of two individuals. Charlotte Thompson was cornered by Justin Battleson, reaching a point of no retreat, she resigned herself to her fate with a slight smile, closing her eyes in preparation for Justin's icy cream-laden hand.

Justin approached her, lowering his gaze to view her exquisite face, allowing his cream-covered hand to drop, while his other hand propped up against the wall behind Charlotte.

His eyes had darkened slightly, and his breaths became somewhat shallow,

but Charlotte didn't feel the cold touch as she had expected.

She opened her eyes tentatively, confronted by Justin's handsome face magnified before her, the following moment saw a heated, gentle kiss bestowed upon her.

Justin lightly bit into her lip corner; his breath grew erratic, but Charlotte could feel him gingerly licking the cream smeared across her lips.

Moving from the lip corner to the full lip.

The hand Charlotte had resting on Justin's chest gradually weakened, until she could no longer resist and began yielding to him, moving to tiptoe for a better alignment.

Her half-closed eyes bore a foggy demeanor, as her heartbeat uncontrollably quickened.

It was only when Justin bent down to lift her up did she suddenly jerk back to consciousness, her eyes widening marginally.

The lingering shred of rationality was hastily summoned, and it dispersed her sense of complete surrender.

She pushed Justin away forcefully as if waking from a dream.

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Meanwhile, at the kindergarten.

It was nap time, and all the little children were obediently lying in their beds. The two female teachers making the rounds saw that the children had all settled down, and so they pulled the door shut, comfortably gossiping in the corridor.

The door wasn't completely closed, leaving a small crack.

Hank Thompson cracked open his eyes stealthily, hopped off the bed under his blanket, put his shoes on, and tiptoed towards the door.

He could clearly hear what the two teachers were gossiping about.

"Hey, isn't this such an odd coincidence," murmured one teacher to her colleague and friend, "I thought those Thompson children looked familiar. Who'd have thought that they are actually children from the Ross Group and the Riley Group?"

"Right? All the online news is buzzing about this," said the other teacher with a cluck of her tongue, "The netizens of today sure are impressive - so many are looking down on these children, saying Charlotte Thompson purposefully got pregnant to marry into the family."

She shook her head and sighed, "No matter what, I think these netizens shouldn't target the children. After all, the children are innocent."

Hank Thompson, who was peeking around the corner, pursed his lips and then silently returned to his bed.

Nap time was half an hour. The teachers came to wake the children up right on schedule. Hank geared up and sat at the edge of his bed, wrestling with concerns in his mind for several minutes, before ultimately deciding to tell his big brother.

Cyrus Thompson had also just wrapped up, and when the children huddled together. Nicholas shared the juicy gossip he'd heard.

On Cyrus's typically unflappable face emerged a trace of surprise and discontent: "Are people really saying things like this about Mommy online?"

Since Charlotte had limited his time with the tablet once he started kindergarten, he would get straight to programming whenever he had access to it, essentially ignoring the news.

Listening to what Hank said, his expression darkened slightly.

No wonder Mommy had suggested taking them back to Ashton yesterday.

After Hank was finished talking, he pondered for a long time with furrowed brows. Seeing Cyrus's gloomy expression, he knew that his older brother was genuinely angry this time.

Chapter 547: We Are All Family

Having heard everything, Chad and Jack exchanged a glance, the guilt evident in each other's eyes.

His small hand twisted the hem of his shirt nervously until it was crumpled. Only then did Chad reluctantly speak up, "Jack and I aren't Mommy's biological children. Because of us, people have said such terrible things about Mommy..."

He pressed his lips together tightly, his voice seeping with guilt, "It's all our fault."

Hearing this, Hank looked up in surprise at Chad, and then at Jack. Both their young faces bore expressions of turmoil.

Hank scratched his head, unsure of how to comfort them. Before he could say anything, their older brother Cyrus sighed softly, reaching out to tousle their hair in a gesture so akin to their mom's. He spoke, "Don't talk like that. Mommy has always treated you as her own biological children, and even now, with the news being exposed, she hasn't disclosed you two as non-biological, has she?"

He hooked the corner of his lips, his voice clear and cool, but it resonated with a peculiar warmth to the three younger boys.

"No matter what, we're still a family."

Hearing this, Chad and Jack stared at Cyrus dumbfounded, then nodded with conviction.

Meanwhile, Hank blinked his starry eyes, filled with clear admiration.

This gaze made Cyrus uncomfortable, causing him to frown, raise his hand, and flick Hank's forehead while seriously saying, "Alright, let's focus on how we're going to solve this problem now."

Caught off guard by the flick, Hank yelped in pain and rubbed his aching head, then mumbled, "We can just prove to them that Mommy didn't need to marry into a wealthy family..."

While rubbing his head, he exerted more force than intended and winced, "Ouch, big bro, why are you so rough? Are you trying to murder your own brother?"

At his words, something sparked in Cyrus's mind.

Prove to everyone that Mommy didn't need to marry into a wealthy family?

After pondering for a few seconds, Cyrus gradually broke into a smile, reached out to massage the spot where Hank still smarted, and chuckled.

"Hank, your silly little mind finally had a bright idea."

Hank: "..."

Ignoring Hank's scathing glare, Cyrus turned his attention to Chad and Jack.

"I've thought of a solution. Using my hacker skills, I could expose Mommy's true identity without her marrying into a wealthy family. This should stop people from thinking that a woman born into wealth would want to marry into another wealthy family."

As his words hung in the air, Chad hesitated for a few seconds before deciding to support Cyrus unconditionally, nodding in agreement.

With a long afternoon break ahead of them, Cyrus, along with his brothers, informed their teacher and hurried off to the computer lab.

Since Charlotte had not finished work yet, Cyrus and his brothers confidently took their places in front of the computers.

After soliciting his brothers' final opinions, a firm resolution flickered in Cyrus's eyes as he prepared to implement the plan.

After a series of skilled manoeuvres, he clicked 'publish', shut down the computer, took a breath, and mumbled, "This way, shouldn't the problem be solved?"

That night, nearly half of the verified accounts on Weibo simultaneously published the same piece of news.

All the users of Weibo were blown away. The accounts of several big influencers were completely overwhelmed and the Weibo server crashed.

Chapter 548: Miss Thompson

The programmer hastily repaired the Weibo server, which only managed to return to normal after being down for ten minutes.

Every netizen was staring wide-eyed, slowly swearing under their breath.

The Weibo post was succinct, with just one short sentence.

"Designer Charlotte Thompson's real identity is the heiress of the Thompson family from Ashton--Miss Thompson."

Just this one sentence, reposted by countless official accounts without any warning.

The account owners quickly realized and hurried to delete the post, posting afresh to clarify.

"The previous post wasn't made by me, please discern the truth everyone."

Soon, other account owners also followed suit, deleting the post and clarifying, equally puzzled.

Now, even the bystander netizens were confused, starting to question the validity of the Weibo post.

Some even started a specific thread to discuss this matter. The internet was drowning in a flood of opinions, all shocked and disoriented by this astonishing news.

"LOL, there can't actually be people who believe that Charlotte is Miss Thompson, right? Clearly she's just using the Thompson surname for a quick ride to fame. If my surname was Wu, I'd say I was Empress Wu."

"I agree with you, maybe this total nonsense means Charlotte has gone mad thinking about her own reputation - even using the Thompson family name to attract attention. Tsk tsk, if the real Thompson heiress found out, Charlotte might be in trouble."

"This reminds me of Amy Hall, the C-list celeb whose private life was a mess. In order to survive in the entertainment industry, she piggy-backed off the fame of the Yuan family in Ambridge, but was slapped down by the real power players. Now she's been blacklisted with no chance of a comeback."

"I agree with the previous comment, we should advise this well-known designer to maintain her dignity and not repeat Amy's mistakes."

Of course, some chose to believe.

One person quietly picked up their metaphorical stool, braving the risk of a backlash and voiced their opinion.

"Have you forgotten that Charlotte is Joy, and Joy is originally a BK designer? Also, BK is a Thompson industry, so if Charlotte is indeed Miss Thompson, it's not too implausible."

Just less than a minute after the comment was posted, it received thousands of replies. Some supported the commenter's argument, but the majority were ridicule and abuse.

"This is the funniest thing I've heard. Is this a shill paid by Charlotte? You can leave, no need for farewells."

"I think what you said made sense, unlike some people who just spray slander and abuse without regard to the truth. For example, the previous commenter."

The comment section got heated, with the intensity of people refusing to give up the debate until a conclusion was reached.

Over on the other side, at Riley Group.

After celebrating Charlotte's special birthday, Justin Battleson took her to clean up and then they headed back to the company together.

By the time they got back, it was already the afternoon and almost time to knock off. After some thought, Charlotte decided to utilize the remaining time to revise the flaws in her design draft.

As soon as they entered the design department, the familiar faces from the department all crowded around them, unusually enthusiastic.

One of the women reached out, pulling Charlotte in with fake affection, her face beaming with flattery, "Designer Thompson, you finally came back. We have been looking forward to seeing you."

Nonchalantly dropping her hand, Charlotte lowered her gaze and inquired, "Waiting for me to do what?"

Chapter 549: Revealing the True Identity

Upon hearing this, the faces of everyone from the Design Department that came to greet her stiffened simultaneously.

The woman who had been pulling Charlotte Thompson along laughed, glancing at her with a meaningful look that said, "Oh my, designer Charlotte, pretending in front of all us familiar faces."

Once she finished speaking, Charlotte was confused. The look in her eyes expressed doubt. She looked strangely at the woman who was speaking: "What am I pretending?"

Why was she speaking in such nonsensical terms?

Charlotte glanced around the Design Department, almost everyone had gathered. Those standing towards the back were enthusiastically scrolling through their phones and seemed to be discussing something. They whispered a few words to the person next to them, then casually glanced at her. They all had the same expression in their eyes.

Curiosity and suspicion.

Charlotte felt even more confused. She furrowed her brows and looked at the woman who was speaking, asking directly, "What's going on?"

Taken aback by Charlotte's sudden question, the woman was dumbfounded for a moment before responding with a bewildered expression. "Really? Designer Charlotte, don't pretend you don't know. The internet is abuzz about you. Several well-known bloggers have all posted the same tweet saying you're the Thompson Family heiress in Ashton."

Initially they didn't believe it, but the most suspicious point was the netizen's speculation.

The theory from Joy to later Miss Thompson seemed quite convincing.

So, they half-believed and half-doubted it and had been waiting at design department early in the morning to tactfully ask Charlotte about it.

It wouldn't hurt, considering their usual relationship with Charlotte wasn't all that great.

But if Charlotte really is the Thompson Family heiress, then they should apologise, flatter and be attentive to her. Because if Miss Thompson is happy, they'll reap more benefits.

If they could establish a connection with the Thompson Family through Charlotte, they would essentially be making a significant leap.

What does the Thompson Family represent?

It is an entity in Ashton that commands power and wealth, almost comparable to the royal family. Rumor has it that the prince and princess of Ashton have a great relationship with the Thompson Family, and Miss Thompson and the princess are like sisters.

With the royal family's protection, the Thompson Family's future was destined for continuous growth.

Upon hearing the woman's comment, Charlotte was startled, and a visible sense of shock flashed in her eyes.

How did the news leak?

She looked down, her identity had been exposed and yet she was the last one to find out.

After thinking for a few seconds, Charlotte raised her eyebrows. She had a hint of suspicion.

Could it have been Jordan Thompson's doing?

Not that Charlotte intended to hide her identity, it's just Mr. Thompson always lived a low-key life, so he required the younger generation to be as low-key as possible when out.

The Thompson's wealth and power were clearly evident to all. If she were to expose her identity, it could possibly attract the attention of people with bad intentions. If others harbored ulterior motives, she could be in big trouble.

So for her protection and to avoid many problems, Mr. Thompson did not announce to the world that he had found his lost daughter.

But the Thompson family had many branches, and there were still many people outside who weren't sure and thought having a daughter wasn't an unusual thing.

After swiftly organizing all the information in her mind, Charlotte disguised her thoughtfulness and doubts, and gave a slight smile, "Please move aside, it's work time now."

Chapter 550: Black Man Question Mark

One of the women seemed intent on pursuing the line of questioning, but Charlotte Thompson politely drew a small smile, pressing her index finger lightly against her lips in a silencing gesture.

"Now is still working hours, everyone should get back to their duties."

Her voice was so soft and gentle, one couldn't help but temper their anger.

Although the woman was rather reluctant, she was mindful of the possibility that Charlotte might be Miss Thompson, and it wasn't wise to make a scene. Grudgingly, she nodded and returned to her seat.

Seeing their ring leader retreat, the remaining office workers lost their nerve. They scattered hastily, heads bowed as they returned to their desks.

A path cleared, Charlotte lowered her gaze and resumed her steps, pushing the office door open.

Once she closed the door, she took her mobile out of her bag, and threw the bag casually onto the sofa.

At the same time she was dialing a number, she strutted single-handedly toward the window.

The first call went unanswered.

Charlotte looked at the mobile screen somewhat annoyed, swiped her finger across it, and dialed Jordan Thompson's number again.

After a dozen seconds of ringing, the call was finally picked up.

On the other end, Jordan had just stepped out of the shower and was busy drying his hair. In his hands, he flipped through the sensational news on the internet, his face darkening with every news item.

His fingers slid inadvertently and caught sight of a missed call, just from the main character of the news.

Jordan's normally happy-go-lucky expression sank for once. He answered the call, and without waiting for Charlotte to speak, he began to accuse.

"Hello? Sis, I was just looking for you. What's going on? Didn't Grandpa repeatedly tell you when he was in Ashton not to reveal your identity? Now the entire internet is awash with news about you. What would you do if some ill-intentioned people targeted you?"

It was almost a roar as his words flooded out, he was breathless and gasping when he finished speaking.

On the other side, in the office.

Before Charlotte could even respond, she heard a bellow from the other side of the handset. She was caught off guard and quickly distanced the phone a bit from her ear.

After listening, Charlotte's face was full of confusion, marked by several question marks above her head.

When Jordan finished his rant, she still had an astonished look on her face.

Then she asked in disbelief: "Are you saying that you didn't leak my identity?"

Upon hearing this, Jordan was so angry he stomped his foot: "Do I look like I have nothing better to do? I thought it was you who did it."

As his words fell, the corner of Charlotte's mouth twitched. It seemed like he wasn't the culprit.

After explaining the situation briefly, she hung up and pondered for a bit, filled with doubt.

Not many knew of her identity, only her family and some people in Ashton.

She paused and decided to call her older brother.

He picked up almost immediately.

Charlotte thought for a moment, then asked: "Brother, can you help me check if my identity has been leaked online by someone from Ashton?"

At her words, Henry Thompson was slightly taken aback, but he didn't ask much. He instructed his servant to investigate.

Not long after, the servant tactfully reported back: "Young Master, I've checked. No one has disclosed any information about Miss."

At the other end of the phone, Charlotte was filled with even more suspicion.

If the people from Ashton didn't leak her identity, then who could it be?

After hanging up, she stared blankly at her mobile phone, the wallpaper displaying a group photo of several children.

An idea suddenly struck her. She narrowed her eyes, focusing on the wallpaper.

Could it be their children?