

Spoiled 551

Chapter 551: An Obscure Nobody

Charlotte Thompson was frightened by her own thought, a chill running down her spine, and she hurriedly clicked to view the security footage.

Ever since the children entered the kindergarten, Charlotte's phone had been connected to the surveillance in their classroom. The teacher told her it was for the convenience of parents to monitor their children in real time.

Charlotte seemed to have thought of something and quickly exited the surveillance interface. She scrolled a great while before finding a weibo post that hadn't been deleted yet.

After confirming the time the weibo was posted, she returned to the surveillance interface and directly pulled up the corresponding time period.

She stared fixedly at the empty spots in the classroom, her heart tightening.

At the exact time when the weibo was posted, the children were not in the classroom.

In a fluster, Charlotte exited the app and then found the number of the children's class teacher in her contacts and dialed it directly.

This class teacher was newly appointed. She had heard that Teacher Hughes was suddenly fired and she was asked to replace him.

"Hello, Miss Zhang," Charlotte tightened her grip on her phone as she hurriedly asked, "I just looked through the surveillance and found that Cyrus and the children were not in the classroom this afternoon. Do you know where they went?"

Hearing this, Miss Zhang paused as if to recall. After a few seconds, she opened her mouth in sudden realization, "I remember now, they weren't there indeed. Today's afternoon was a self-study period, the children could play freely, and they seemed to have gone to the computer room."

Computer room?

Charlotte held her breath in realization, her grip on her phone slightly relaxing. She lowered her eyes and thanked her, "I see, thank you. Also, Miss Zhang, could you do me a favor and keep our conversation a secret from the children, please?"

Hearing this, Miss Zhang nodded slightly, naturally realizing that she might have her reasons, and reassured her, "Don't worry. Also, remember to pick up your children when school finishes."

Charlotte thanked her again, sat on the sofa somewhat exhaustedly, and let out a heavy sigh.

Now she could only be described as distraught and completely drained.

The trending tags one after another were about to leave her with nowhere to hide.

However, she had no intention of exposing or blaming the children. She understood her children and knew they may have done something wrong with good intentions.

Rubbing her somewhat aching temples, Charlotte picked up her phone, clicked open weibo, and started drafting a post with her head bowed.

Her phone was still incessantly ringing, probably some people bombarding her with messages asking for the truth.

Knowing that the messages would be filled with harsh words, Charlotte didn't bother to look and let her phone keep vibrating.

She thought for a moment, and typed out words one by one on the keyboard.

"I suppose it's not too late for this clarification, I would like to state to all that a few hours ago there was a rumor circulating on the internet that I am the Ashton's Miss Thompson. Now, I solemnly tell

everyone, I am just an ordinary, insignificant person, not the pampered Miss of some prestigious family."

"This is purely a prank, everyone just treat it as a joke, please don't take it to heart."

After typing these words, Charlotte leaned back and carefully read from the beginning to make sure there were no issues before clicking to post.

The system was still a bit sluggish. It took Charlotte a good while swinging her phone before the weibo post was successfully published.

After posting, she turned off her phone and placed it on the table. She rotated her sore neck, then sat down, picked up her pen, and continued looking at her design diagram.

Chapter 552: Self-Directed and Self-Played

Charlotte Thompson closed her eyes, calming the chaotic thoughts in her mind, before seriously focusing on the scattered design drafts on the table.

She held her pen, raising her hand, seemingly after much deliberation, she slowly made a mark.

The weather outside the window remained poor, and it was nearing dusk, casting an inexplicably gloomy atmosphere.

Online, two hashtags had gone viral in just a few hours.

"#CharlotteThompson, Miss Thompson."

"#CharlotteThompsonDeniesRumours."

The server almost crashed again with the surge in the hashtags' popularity, the programmer looking at the computer data without blinking an eye.

A colleague approached, expressing his frustration, "What kind of people are these netizens? They are the most troublesome group I've ever encountered in my programming career."

...

Below the Weibo post, Charlotte posted a clarification for the first time, causing an instant uproar. Her plain and unverified account was dug up.

No one doubted the authenticity of the account, as Charlotte had previously posted a few life photos on Weibo. During heated discussions, netizens found her account and ruthlessly criticised her in the comment section.

Seeing those derogatory comments, netizens were deeply convinced of the authenticity of the account.

"I really didn't expect her to clarify on Weibo, oh my god, I have a bold idea – what if she saw the tragic state of Amy Hall in the previous comments and decided to turn back to the shore?"

"Indeed, it is possible. What if she fabricated this to clear her name about her desire to marry into a wealthy family by having a child."

"This is the most significant gossip of the year, to be honest, I haven't digested it yet."

"Well, well, Miss Thompson claims herself to be an ordinary person, how rare,"

On the other hand, in Mr. Battleson's office.

Justin Battleson sat down cheerfully in his office chair, but he seemed to be in no mood for work. He just rubbed his chin and a faint smile appeared on his face.

Michael Richard, nodding by his side, didn't notice the expression on his face; he was busy diligently reporting work.

When he said the last word, he put down the files, pushed them in front of Justin, took a pen from the side, and said, "Mr. Battleson, that's the situation. If you have no objections, please sign it."

After speaking, he handed the pen to Justin, surprisingly, the latter did not take it.

Michael looked at him in doubt, and met Justin's blank and seemingly foolish smile.

Michael Richard: "..."

As an employee, isn't his life difficult enough?

Resignedly, Michael waved a hand in front of Justin's eyes, causing him to snap back to reality, and his usual icy expression returned, he asked, slightly puzzled, "What's wrong?"

Michael smiled kindly and said, "Mr. Battleson, please have a look at this document. If it seems fine to you, please sign it."

Hearing this, Justin finally looked down at the document.

Michael let out a deep breath, reaching for his phone which had vibrated. After reading the content, he raised an eyebrow but still interrupted Justin.

"Mr. Battleson," he paused then said, "there are new rumours about Miss Thompson flowing online."

Justin's movement of flipping through the document paused, and after hearing Michael's summation of the situation, his face also looked slightly unwell.

He closed the document and said gravely, "Call Miss Thompson here."

Chapter 553: Unwilling to Admit

After reading the comments on Weibo, Charlotte Thompson's eyes seemed to lose their light. She chose not to engage with the comments anymore.

She had already said what she needed to say.

She forcefully pushed down the mess in her mind and began to amend the design drafts with her head bowed.

She haphazardly added some strokes to it, but after some thought, she felt it was inappropriate, so she erased them.

She amended it a dozen times back and forth, but still couldn't attain the effect she wanted.

Charlotte put down the pen restlessly and leaned back in her chair, rubbing her throbbing forehead.

When she was in Ashton, due to the Thompson family relationships, she frequently mingled with the queen. They naturally became acquainted, and because they're of similar age—though the queen was a few years older—they thought alike.

Now that she was specially selected to come up with the design, she had to do it well. However, she felt she invested too much time in considering the queen's preferences, which made it hard for her to finalize the design plans.

All these worries naturally became stumbling blocks for good design.

Recognizing her own restlessness, Charlotte reluctantly stood up from her chair, poured herself a glass of water, and pensively paced around the office, her hands clutching the cup.

The weather outside was gloomy, with massive dark clouds gathering from who knows when.

It seemed a storm was brewing.

Charlotte had a sip of the water and leaned against the window, looking out at the somewhat desolate scenery, her mind wandering.

While she was zoning out, the office door was knocked, somewhat breaking the atmosphere.

Her thoughts were quickly pulled back. She walked up and put down the glass, before finally opening the door.

A man in a suit, with a pair of gold-rimmed glasses perched on his nose, stood straight outside.

He had a smooth, satisfied smile on his face.

Charlotte greeted him politely with a nod: "Mr. Richard, what can I do for you?"

Upon hearing this, Michael Richard pushed his glasses up, neither submissive nor arrogant, he said: "Miss Thompson, Mr. Battleson asked me to invite you over."

In fact, upon seeing Michael Richard himself, Charlotte already had an inkling of what he wanted.

She closed her eyes with a hint of irritation, "Mr. Richard, as you know, my design schedule is tight, and it's almost time to get off work, so I can't spare the time to go there now."

At her words, there was a momentary pause from Michael Richard. His astute eyes flickered with contemplation, then looking earnestly at Charlotte, he said, "Miss Thompson, this is a task assigned to me by Mr. Battleson."

"So what?" Charlotte didn't want to say more. She attempted to close the door, only for Michael Richard to react fast and prop up the door with his elbow.

Charlotte, with nothing better to do, looked at him patiently, "Mr. Richard, let me put it this way, I don't want to go."

Michael Richard was not surprised, after hearing her words, he nodded understandingly, "I can see that, Miss Thompson, do not make it difficult for me."

Having said so much, Charlotte was momentarily taken aback.

After a few seconds of thought, she sighed, opened the door, and said, "Let's go."

Inside the office.

Michael Richard stood dutifully at the door of the office, made a "please" gesture to Charlotte.

Charlotte pursed her lips and pushed the door open.

A man was sitting upright in the office chair, evidently waiting for her not long.

Upon seeing her, Justin Battleson inclined his head slightly, pointed to the sofa, and said, "Have a seat."

"No need," Charlotte shook her head, "Please speak your mind."

At her words, there was a minor pause from Justin. His eyes reflected complexity: "Why won't you admit your identity?"

Chapter 554: How can your heart be warmed?

Charlotte Thompson knew what he was asking; she shrugged nonchalantly and asked, "Is identity that important?"

She tilted her head and thought, a harmless expression decorating her face.

Eventually, she opened her mouth to choose a rather satisfactory explanation, "There's no need; I just want to live my own quiet life, without any dramatic events."

Her voice was cool and clear, but her eyes held a hint of a smile that didn't reach her eyes, "Mr. Battleson, do you know why I am so repelled by you all?"

Justin Battleson frowned a little.

You all, referring to him and Adam Ross.

Charlotte sighed, her hands on the desk, touching the cool walnut surface, "Mr. Battleson, I want to live an ordinary life, even if it's common and unextraordinary as long as I'm happy."

"But since you appeared, my tranquil life has been constantly disrupted, making headlines has become a common occurrence," Charlotte pursed her lips, her voice dropped a little, "but this time it's different, it involves my child."

She closed her eyes, irritation welled up within her.

When she reopened her eyes, there was an indescribable determination in them, and a hint of her past indifference.

"So, Mr. Battleson, I ask you to stop making me trending news, it's causing serious discomfort to my family, do you understand?"

Upon hearing that, a trace of unnoticed pain flashed through Justin's eyes which hung low, his lashes cast a light shadow on his eyes making it hard to tell whether he was happy or angry.

Charlotte's voice had no trace of compromise, her clear but aloof gaze made it seem impossible for anyone to enter her heart again.

The atmosphere tensed for a moment, she refused to back down.

Justin was taken aback, but eventually, he lifted his head to look at her.

Charlotte gave a bitter smile and said, "Mr. Battleson, let me be."

Without waiting for Justin's response, she resolutely turned to leave.

However, before she could take a step, she felt a force pulling her hand back, and looked at her wrist some slight pain.

Justin stood up from his chair, gripping her wrist tightly.

They faced each other in silence, Charlotte was unable to struggle free.

After a while, she gave up her attempt to struggle, laughed ironically with a chilly voice, and asked quietly, "Mr. Battleson, are you going to be domineering again?"

She enunciated each word, "This has happened at noon, and now it's happening again. What do you think of me?"

"I'm not a puppet, nor an emotionless machine. I'm a human being."

Each word resounding with absolute clarity.

Knowing that she maintained absolute sanity, Charlotte wouldn't lose her mind like the last time.

Justin lowered his eyes, chuckled sadly, "Charlotte, you're not an emotionless machine, but why, can't you have the slightest feelings for me?"

His gaze on her, "Charlotte, what does it take to warm your heart?"

Justin moved closer to her, their bodies almost touching, the room's temperature rapidly rising, Charlotte gritted her teeth, her voice tense, "Justin Battleson, let me go."

"Go?"

The man leaned down and whispered in her ear, his voice deep and ambiguous, it sounded like making an incredibly sincere wish and issuing an imperative order at the same time.

"Charlotte, you will never leave in this lifetime."

Chapter 555: Has Justin Battleson Gone Mad?

The warmth of the man's breath fluttered in her ear, sending a tingling sensation behind Charlotte Thompson's ears. She bit down hard on her lower lip with her pearly teeth, her gaze intent on Justin Battleson as if she were ready to murder him.

He smirked enigmatically, continuing, "I know that the design process has come to a standstill, so from now on you'll be working in my office. After all, this design is something I'm planning on fully overseeing."

At his words, Charlotte's pupils contracted slightly, her voice incredulous.

"Justin Battleson, do you realise what you're saying?"

He responded with unanswerable certainty, his eyes intent on her.

Charlotte exhaled heavily, holding back her anger and forcing her tone to remain calm.

"I refuse." She closed her eyes, saying, "I'm just an ordinary designer in the company. If I were to accept this ridiculous demand, what would everyone else in the company think?"

As her words died away, she met the man's mixed emotions.

Justin's voice was low and hoarse, a ambiguous chuckle escaping his throat.

"Charlotte Thompson, I remember that you were the champion of Ashton's national design competition in recent years, sweeping all the prizes big and small," he paused slightly, continuing, "the one who was praised by the prince of Ashton himself, do you really think you're just an ordinary designer?"

He sighed, continuing, "Charlotte, you've always been standing higher than anyone else, why do you care so much about other people's opinions?"

Unlike Sophie Allen before, Charlotte never dragged her feet. You could always see the uninhibited ambition in her cold eyebrows and eyes.

Charlotte lowered her gaze but didn't say anything.

She understood, so she didn't care about societal views.

But she did not want her loved ones, those small children not yet five-years-old, to be pushed to the forefront of public opinion.

Seeing her fall silent, Justin knew she was wavering. He decisively picked up his phone from the table and dialed the internal line.

Within a few seconds, the call was answered, Michael Richard's clear voice coming through.

"Mr. Battleson, is there something you need?"

Justin rubbed his temples, instructing, "Send someone to move Designer Thompson's desk here."

"Ah?" Michael, on the other end of the line, was confused— "Moving to where?"

At his question, Justin furrowed his eyebrows, tersely saying a few words before hanging up.

Meanwhile, Michael still held the phone, bewildered by the call.

Move Miss Thompson's desk into Mr. Battleson's office?

All Michael could feel was confusion and incredulity.

Had he gone mad or had Justin Battleson gone mad?

After about ten seconds, Michael's foggy brain barely managed to react, and he quickly arranged for people to move the desk from the design department. Like him, the employees who heard they were to move the desk were equally puzzled.

With an exasperated hand to his forehead, Michael said, "Why are you all meddling in Mr. Battleson's business? Just get going."

With that, a few burly men lifted the desk and made a dash from the design department, garnering many envious and astonished looks along the way.

Michael acted quickly, securing a spacious location in his office and carefully placing the desk down. Then, he turned towards Charlotte, whose face had lost some colour, and addressed her,

"Miss Thompson, your desk has been moved, but all your personal belongings are still in the office. We didn't feel it was appropriate to move your things without your permission, so you'll need to collect them yourself."

At his words, Charlotte nodded, saying, "Thank you."

Chapter 556: Really Quitting?

Charlotte Thompson sighed and glanced at her neat work desk before she turned her head, troubled. She just stepped out of the office when she ran into a panicked Coco.

Finally locating Charlotte, Coco quickly trotted over. She stopped in front of her, her voice a bit rushed. "Charlotte, where have you been? Mr. Richard had your desk moved away. I couldn't even stop him."

Finished, she cautiously glanced at Charlotte, tentatively speaking: "Charlotte, you're not really resigning, are you?"

Hearing this, Charlotte shook her head with a smile. "I've just moved offices, no need to be so nervous."

Upon hearing her response, the panic on Coco's face finally subsided. She patted her chest and said, "You scared me. I thought you were really leaving. It's good that you're not."

As though something suddenly crossed her mind, she looked up at Charlotte, somewhat curious. "You chose to move your office for no good reason. Charlotte, did you hear about the gossip from the design team?"

Charlotte fell silent. Seeing this, Coco was convinced that her guess was correct. She rolled up her sleeves and, filled with vigor, turned around.

Charlotte's heart missed a beat. She quickly reached out and grabbed Coco.

"Where are you going?"

"Isn't it obvious? I'm going to teach those gossipy people a lesson," Coco declared, grinding her teeth.

Upon hearing this, warmth flooded Charlotte's heart. She smiled and explained, "You misunderstood. I didn't move because of what they were saying, but because my current design progress is stuck and Mr. Battleson needs to fully follow up."

As soon as she finished, Coco immediately calmed down. She turned her head and asked, "So...you moved into Mr. Battleson's office?"

Charlotte nodded, unable to deny it.

Coco's face instantly fell. She sadly said, "So I have to go to Mr. Battleson's office whenever I want to find you? But I find Mr. Battleson terrifying."

Charlotte helplessly laughed. "Let's not discuss this now. I need to tidy up things in the office. Are you coming with me?"

Having said this, Coco sighed, nodding her head.

The two proceeded towards the design department. Long before they reached the office, sarcastically toned discussions flooded their ears.

"Oh, isn't this the almighty designer, Charlotte? How gracious of you to grace us with your presence," Shyla sarcastically exclaimed, "Did Miss Thompson's real identity get exposed? Afraid that the Thompson Company will cause trouble and looking to secure your position in advance?"

Charlotte couldn't care less; she didn't even deign to glance at her and kept moving forward.

However, how could Coco, with her hot temper, stand this?

She quietly said, "Charlotte, you go ahead and clean up. I'll wait for you here."

Hearing this, Charlotte knew what Coco intended to do. She frowned and said, "Coco, don't mind them."

Coco, of course, ignored her advice. She halted her steps, turned around, and glared at Shyla.

"Did someone forget to brush their teeth before leaving home today? The bad breath even made it way over here."

Hearing this, Shyla's meticulously made-up face twisted: "Coco, how dare you talk to me like this??"

Coco, impatient, rummaged through her ear. "I didn't name names. Why are you in such a hurry to assume it's about you?"

Shyla was choked with rage, pointing at Coco, unable to utter a word.

"Coco, why are you so anxious, the emperor is in no rush but the eunuch is? Designer Charlotte didn't say anything, so what are you shouting about?"

Another woman stopped typing on her keyboard and gave Coco a cold snort as she looked at her.

Chapter 557 Deceiving Oneself

Coco was frustrated, "I just can't stand you little worms who spout nonsense everywhere. My sister is so tolerant and doesn't want to pick a fight with you, but you just carry things too far!"

"Carry things too far? I had to laugh, not to mention this, but now Charlotte's 'brilliant history' is all over the internet," the woman speaking sneered, provoking Charlotte with her gaze, and continued, "If she dares to do such things, why can't we talk about it?"

The woman who spoke was called Amelia Forbes. Despite the grace suggested by her name, her words lacked any semblance of tact, and she was adept at mocking others.

"How much truth can there be online?" Coco clenched her fists, "You only acknowledge what you see on the internet, and you don't even bother to verify the truth. You just spread rumors at will."

Amelia Forbes sneered and looked at Coco with playful eyes.

"Stop trying to vindicate her. Charlotte's reputation is completely ruined, and those talking about her aren't only in our design department." She blinked slowly, "You can confront us, but can you silence the voices across the internet? Can you?"

Hearing this, Coco's face fell, rendered speechless for a moment.

As if suddenly remembering something after she finished speaking, she turned her head: "Oh, this reminds me of that celebrity Charlotte got locked up a while back...What was her name again?"

Her eyes brightened as she remembered, "That's right, Evelyn Curtis. She is not only good looking but also very competent. Plus, she was Mr. Battleson's fiancée, and she was on a smooth path to stardom."

She paused slightly and licked her lips: "Only 'was', but her future got ruined by individuals as cruel and ruthless as Charlotte. And now, isn't Charlotte about to take over Evelyn's position? Should we interpret this as premeditated?"

As her words drifted off, Amelia blinked and turned towards her colleagues in the design department, raising her voice slightly, "Do you all agree with what I said?"

Laughter broke out across the room, indicating their agreement with Amelia and their disdain for Charlotte.

Charlotte, who couldn't be bothered to listen to their jeers, had long since returned to her office.

Coco trembled with rage, "All that stuff about Evelyn Curtis is ancient history now, and it's Mr. Battleson's prerogative who he dates. Why do you all assume it was my sister running after him?"

"You claim Evelyn was harmed by my sister, but let's be honest here. Why would my sister, who has no grudge against her, sully her hands with such actions?"

Facing Coco's reasonable clarification, Amelia shrugged dismissively, "Who knows? Coco, you are still too naive. Some people are capable of anything for their own gain."

"We only believe what we see and perceive."

"You are just burying your heads in the sand!" retorted Coco, "Deep down, all of you know that there's more than meets the eye. But driven by jealousy, you oppose my sister at every turn."

She shut her eyes, no longer wishing to argue, "The truly malicious ones here are you."

With that, without waiting for Amelia to speak, she turned and went into the office.

In the office, Charlotte was busy tidying up, her expression inscrutable.

Still fuming, Coco flopped down on the sofa and promptly relayed everything to Charlotte.

Chapter 558 The Right to Child Custody

After hearing Coco's words, Charlotte Thompson paused briefly in her task of cleaning up. It took her only a few seconds to place her cup in the cardboard box. She looked at Coco indifferently, shrugged, and said, "Whatever they want to say, let them. I don't take it to heart."

Upon hearing this, Coco was slightly unwilling and straightened up.

"Sis, but they..."

"Shh." Charlotte interrupted her. With a soft laugh, she gave Coco a reassuring smile and said, "Coco, don't worry about what they are saying. Let's just focus on what we need to do and ignore them."

At this point, Coco stopped arguing. She sighed and said, "Sis, you are just too easygoing."

Even as a bystander, she couldn't bear to listen to these mean words, let alone Charlotte who was the target of them.

Coco gave Charlotte a complex look but ultimately said nothing.

After packing up, Charlotte carried the box and said goodbye to Coco before leaving the office. When she passed by the design department, people were still ridiculing her, but she didn't flinch, and left as if nothing had happened.

When she arrived at Mr. Battleson's office, she saw the door wide open.

Charlotte paused slightly before stepping in.

The man was standing with his back to her by the window. He turned his head slightly when he heard the footsteps.

Charlotte put the box on the desk and took out the things inside. After a moment of thought, she decided to speak up.

"Once the necklace design is complete, I will leave immediately, I won't stay here a minute longer."

Upon hearing this, a complicated emotion flashed in Justin Battleson's deep eyes. He turned around, his upright figure inexplicably seemed a bit lonely.

Just as Charlotte thought she wouldn't get an answer, he spoke up in a low voice.

"I disagree."

As his words fell, Charlotte paused in her work.

She didn't lift her head, but calmly continued packing up, her face showing an indifferent expression.

"Mr. Battleson, I believe you understand one thing, I am not asking for your opinion, I'm simply notifying you."

Upon hearing this, Justin went silent for a few seconds.

He silently watched Charlotte's methodical movements, his hands by his side tightened slightly, the joints of his fingers turning white.

After a while, he murmured, a trace of bitterness in his voice.

"If you insist on leaving, then I will file an appeal immediately and regain custody of the child."

As his words fell, Charlotte froze suddenly. She looked up at Justin Battleson incredulously, her eyes full of shock and disbelief.

"Justin Battleson, are you threatening me again?"

This time was different from the last.

He was using their child to threaten her.

Justin Battleson nodded slightly, "The child is also my biological child. I was only aware of them recently. Therefore, I can absolutely regain custody and fulfill my obligations as a father."

Having said that, he met Charlotte's angry gaze.

She was so furious that her voice trembled, "I have taken care of the child for so many years, what gives you the right to just take back custody?"

"There is still room for negotiation." The man paused for a moment, his voice strained, "As long as you are willing to stay here, I will not do so."

"So in the end, you're still threatening me?"

Charlotte sneered, saying, "Justin Battleson, don't make me think you'd stoop so low."

Chapter 559: The Bo Family Will Not Let You Go.

As the words fell, the man slightly paused, a hint of an indecipherable emotion flashing through his deep-set eyes.

Charlotte Thompson stopped her positioning of items and casually pushed the cardboard box away. Dusting off her hands, she straightened up and then silently looked at him.

Their gazes met, neither willing to back down.

Charlotte's eyes were sharp as she firmly looked at Justin Battleson, her voice hoarse. "I'm telling you that my children are my life. If you intend to harm them, you'd be as well taking my life."

She had risked her life to birth the triplets, and when she adopted Jack and Chad Thompson, she was over the moon.

This was a gift from heaven, a signal that heaven was looking out for her.

Justin Battleson slightly bowed his head, the hand hanging by his side tightened infinitesimally. After a moment, he spoke with a blank face, but there was a glint of sorrow in his eyes.

"Charlotte Thompson, if you don't want to risk your life, don't deliberately oppose me."

He paused lightly, gave a small chuckle, "I know the Thompson Family is unafraid to pay astronomical breach of contract fees, but the children hold great importance to Henry Thompson and even Mr. Thompson."

Lazily lifting his eyes, Justin started to walk slowly towards Charlotte.

His footsteps were light, yet each step seemed to pierce Charlotte's heart.

Charlotte's long eyelashes quivered faintly, casting a thin pleasing shadow. Her gaze as clear as water lifted, she looked at Justin, voice slightly strained.

"Justin Battleson, I am Miss Thompson. If you forcibly take the children away, the Thompson family will not let you off."

At her words, Justin raised an eyebrow casually, scoffed lightly, looking down at her he said, "Miss Thompson, you are indeed the daughter of the Thompson family, but didn't you just deny your own identity on Weibo a few minutes ago?"

As his words fell, Charlotte opened her mouth in surprise, suddenly choked off and unable to utter a single word.

Not waiting for her to speak, he continued in a low voice, "Let the Thompson family come, do you think I'd be afraid even if they try to crush me?"

The Thompson family in Ashton is considered legendary, but after all, the Thompson family has some ties to the Royal Family, and the Ashton's Royal Family happens to have a good relationship with the Riley Group.

If not, the crown princess's necklace wouldn't have been designed by Riley Group.

Charlotte let out a sigh of turbulent breath, her eyes deepened.

If both sides fought, it would be hard to determine a winner. It won't be a good thing if it ended in mutual destruction.

Charlotte, slightly troubled, closed her eyes. Her breath was somewhat disordered.

Before she could react, the man stepped over to her in two strokes and forcefully pressed his hot lips onto hers.

Unlike the gentle affection at noon, this kiss was filled with an irresistible and even powerful atmosphere.

Charlotte's eyes widened in surprise, staring at the handsome face in front of her, feeling the warmth of his lips. Subconsciously, she tried to struggle, raising her hand to slap him.

But the man didn't give her a chance. His large hand forcefully held her shoulders, as if wanting to knead her into his bones and blood.

Charlotte whimpered in pain and bit down hard. Instantly, a bitter taste of blood spread through their mouths.

Yet the man did not react, stubbornly and domineeringly deepening the kiss...

Charlotte was forced to take it, her eyes seeming as if they would spew flames of anger.

Justin Battleson felt her resistance, a complex emotion hidden deep in his eyes.

He wanted her to stay, why couldn't she understand that?

Chapter 560: You are My Wife

He didn't know how long it had been before Justin Battleson finally released Charlotte Thompson's lips, but the hand that held her firmly had not relaxed at all.

Charlotte lowered her eyes, looked at the man's savage yet devout lips, and gently kissed them.

From the chin, to the neck, and then to the collarbone.

Justin's eyes deepened, imprinting a final kiss on her collarbone.

Lifting his head, he met Charlotte's hateful gaze.

She gritted her teeth, full of anger and frustration, but appeared frail under Justin's control - like a common ant easily crushed by him, without the slightest chance to resist.

Seeing the man finally lift his head, she braced herself against the urge to slap him, gritting her teeth as she spoke:

"Bastard."

At her words, the man seemed taken aback. Nonchalantly, he hooked the corner of his lips and said, "Charlotte, you are my wife, carrying my child. It doesn't seem fair to call me a bastard when I'm so loving towards my wife?"

He paused slightly, his complicated gaze falling on her beautiful face.

As he expected, a clear disdain flashed across Charlotte's face. She snapped, "Let me clarify, I'm your ex-wife."

She was still trying to escape from Justin's grip. But the harder she tried, the tighter his grip became.

Her anger surged up from the depths of her heart, and Charlotte's voice raised slightly, an evident anger coursing through her words.

"Justin Battleson, what do you want?" Charlotte's voice was icy. "Do you know why I loathe you?"

"Because you always impose what you think I want onto me. Even if I accept it, you desperately try to leave it with me."

"But you forgot, I am not you. What you think I want is actually what I detest most."

"Like giving me a flower. The flower is beautiful, but the roots are muddy. My hand gets dirty as soon as I take it from you."

"I want to wash it off, but you insist on holding me, imperiously telling me that it is what I originally wanted."

Charlotte closed her eyes briefly, a spark of fatigue flickering within. "The flower is what I want, but not the mud."

Charlotte paused for a moment before continuing, "Now, you want to take away the child. But a child is not an object, not a toy you can decide to keep or toss aside at will."

A complicated emotion flashed across her eyes, unseen by anyone but her. She continued, "Justin Battleson, why?"

Why must he push her? Why must every meeting between them end in them tearing each other down? Why...must it be her?

Upon hearing her words, Justin fell silent for a rare few seconds. After a while, his grip on Charlotte loosened a bit.

Before Charlotte could react, her nostrils were filled with Justin's refreshing scent.

Justin gently held her, resting his chin on her shoulder. His warmth enveloped her, accompanied by a pleasant smell.

He looked down, letting out a bitter laugh. "Charlotte, you clearly know I am threatening you, hoping you'll stay. But you'd rather leave Thompson's than compromise with me."

There was a pause and then Charlotte heard the man's deep voice by her ear.

"Don't you know how I feel about you? Why can't you lower your head and look down the path I've laid for you? Look at the threads of effort I've made to fit you into my life?"

With the end of his words, Justin could clearly feel Charlotte's body stiffen in his embrace.