

Spoiled 561

Chapter 561: Asking for Leave

Suddenly, Charlotte Thompson's mind was blank. Her lips moved, but she found herself unable to utter a single word.

She had always believed that she was immune to emotions and feelings.

However, now, she realized that she was wrong. Terribly wrong.

All the fortresses cautiously built in her heart collapsed in front of Justin Battleson, as if something unspeakable had been added.

It seemed like something was slowly creeping into her heart.

Charlotte's heart skipped a half beat, she drew a breath and her mind became a tangled whirl. Her thoughts were twisted up in knots and no matter how hard she tried, she couldn't untangle them.

She unconsciously bit her lip, unsure whether to agree with Justin.

All the countless preparations and excuses she had made in her heart had collapsed into a mess. She felt a choking sensation in her chest, leading to agitation. She quickly retreated from Justin, furrowing her brow.

Justin had been holding her gently. It was almost effortless for Charlotte to move away from him.

The emotions in her eyes were incredibly complex. After a moment, she averted her gaze, not letting Justin see her conflicted expression. She soon spoke, "Mr. Battleson, the design process has been stuck. I think I'm getting a bit restless lately, so I want to ask for a leave to rest."

After a thought, she continued: "Don't worry, as soon as I adjust my state, I will immediately return to continue the design."

Hearing this, Justin's eyes seemed to deepen, but he didn't say anything. He nodded his head and said softly: "Go."

As soon as he finished speaking, Charlotte quickly left the suffocating atmosphere. She felt like a new person after stepping outside and breathing in the fresh air.

She took a deep breath, and gradually slowed her pace.

Looking up, she noticed that the sky was as clouded as her heart, foreshadowing a storm.

Before she had time to stand for a while, a flash of lightning pierced the sky, illuminating the somewhat gloomy world, and then disappeared in a flash.

Then, a deafening thunderbolt echoed in her ears. Charlotte was caught off guard, letting the rain drops ruthlessly hit her face.

Seeing the heavy rain, Charlotte finally noticed the time and got into her car.

After starting the car, she drove in the direction of the kindergarten in the rain.

But she didn't notice that in the office on the top floor, the man slowly retracted his gaze, and only then did his somewhat tense hand hanging by his side relax slightly.

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Outside the kindergarten.

It was raining heavily, and all the kindergarten teachers had come out to hold umbrellas for the waiting children.

Charlotte parked her car, grabbed a few umbrellas hurriedly, and after thanking the teachers, she ushered the children into the car.

Grace Thompson and Hank Thompson were quite playful, they happily splashed in puddles on their way here, and their shoes and socks were now thoroughly soaked.

Turning to look at Grace still wearing her wet shoes in the back seat, Charlotte felt a twitch at the corner of her mouth, and a sense of helplessness in her eyes.

Noticing that her mom's gaze was on her shoes, Grace nervously hid her feet under the seat.

She turned her head to look at the culprit and pouted.

On the other side, the ring leader, Hank, sat by the window, lowering his head like a quail, trying hard to reduce his presence.

Chapter 562: Is Mommy Angry?

Charlotte didn't blame them either, but rather returned to the apartment with a slight headache, while Grace and Hank put on clean socks and shoes.

Grace looked up carefully at Charlotte's expressionless face, tentatively asking, "Mommy, are you angry?"

At the other side, Hank, aware of his fault, glanced at Charlotte and said guiltily, "Mommy, sorry, we won't do this again."

Upon hearing this, Charlotte, who was helping Grace put on her shoes, was slightly taken aback. She looked down at the two kids, and after a pause, she smiled helplessly and said, "I'm not angry. You don't need to apologize. You just have to think about the consequences of what you do. If you know that the result of playing in water is catching a cold but still do it, then mommy can't say you're wrong."

She reached out to pat Hank's head, smiling at him, "Hank, you're a big kid now. You should learn to judge what's right and wrong. Understand?"

Grace and Hank listened in a daze, but they still nodded seriously.

After Charlotte finished helping Grace put on her shoes and stood up, she seemed to remember something and said, "Oh right, later we will visit Uncle Hudson's house."

Upon hearing this, Grace's eyes lit up, asking, "Does that mean I can see Annie now?"

Charlotte shook her head with a smile and said, "It's a different Uncle Hudson. Grace, do you want to go and play with Annie?"

"Yes." Grace nodded firmly and continued, "So are we going to Uncle Henry's?"

Charlotte nodded, certain.

She had promised to cook noodles for Henry last time, but Annie's sudden Issues interrupted her. She had left Henry's house in hurry without even finishing the noodles.

With Justin pressuring her from all sides at the office, she hadn't had time to make up for it either.

But anyway, since she had taken leave now, it might as well be a good time to make amends for last time, provide some distraction and clear her mind of worries.

The children were very happy to hear this news, as they all get along very well with Henry.

After taking out the prepared ingredients from the kitchen, Charlotte drove the kids to Henry's apartment.

Standing at the door, Hank, seeing Charlotte's arms full of things, rang the doorbell.

Soon, footsteps could be heard, and then the door was judiciously opened.

Henry's somewhat healthier face appeared in front of Charlotte. With a smirk, she wiggled the things in her hands and said, "Henry, I've come to cook as promised."

"Come in." Henry's eyes shifted from Charlotte to the children, his face clearly delighted, "The children are here too?"

Charlotte nodded and then they all went upstairs.

Before getting to the living room, the voices of people talking on the TV could be heard. It was a popular idol drama airing recently.

Walking in, Charlotte raised her eyebrows in surprise, teasing, "I didn't expect that Mr. Hudson would also be into these teen idol dramas."

Upon hearing this, Henry smirked and looked at her mysteriously without uttering a word.

Entering the living room, Charlotte immediately noticed the television screen playing the drama, and a fuzzy head peeking over the couch.

Chapter 563: How Are You Here?

The dialogue sound in the TV blended with elegant music reverberated around, surprising Charlotte Thompson, who instinctively turned her head to observe Grace Thompson and Henry Hudson.

There was a hint of laughter at the corner of Henry's mouth, indicating amusement. He raised his chin to signal that Charlotte should look closely.

The atmosphere turned captivatingly strange. Charlotte looked baffronted and turned her head to have a careful look.

Only the back of the head was visible, but Charlotte eventually recognized who it was.

Stroking her forehead slightly, a twitch appeared at the corner of Charlotte's mouth. She blurted out, "Jordan Thompson, what are you doing here? "

As the words dropped, the head seen on the sofa finally stirred. Upon hearing the words, Jordan turned around and let out a smug chuckle to Charlotte.

"Sister, come over, This TV series is too good. Surprisingly, the plot is not cheesy at all."

At the words, Charlotte's mouth twitched again.

So, her dear brother is a youth idol drama enthusiast?

She carried things in her hand and went straight into the kitchen, beckoning everyone as she walked.

"Stop watching. Come and cook with me."

Upon hearing the words, Jordan, who has been sitting languidly on the sofa, raised his head, took a last glance at the hugging protagonists on TV, and reluctantly switched off the TV.

As Charlotte put down the vegetables, she turned around to see Jordan walking in sporting slippers, his hair messy, and even his clothes crumpled.

She glanced at him, rose an eyebrow, and asked, "Have you moved in?"

Just as the words dropped, Jordan yawned and said, "Not really, Came to see Henry last night, it got too late to go home...Btw sister, how is it going on your side? I heard that man is still pressuring you to return."

Charlotte, who was picking vegetables, paused for a moment, she shoved the coriander into Jordan's hand, and said slowly, "Give the coriander a good rinse, I only returned to finish up the queen's design."

As her words fell, Jordan stared at the coriander forced into his hands with a despondent look in his eyes. "Ah, you are indeed my sister knowing very well how much I hate coriander."

In the meantime, Trying to suppress her laughter, Charlotte handed him a few tomatoes and said, "Stop mumbling and get going."

With his head drooped, Jordan accepted the tomatoes, resigned to his fate, and walked over to the sink, grumbling something along the way.

Charlotte didn't even have to listen to know he was badmouthing her.

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There was harmony in the living room. Grace Thompson was playing with her Barbie doll on the sofa while chattering with Henry.

Uncharacteristically, Cyrus Thompson had put down his tablet and was happily engaged in a conversation with Henry.

Henry, being patient and mild, got along well with the kids, Even the unwieldy Hank Thompson was well-behaved in front of him.

Charlotte and Jordan got down to cooking efficiently, and not long after, the kitchen was filled with an alluring aroma.

Unable to resist, Grace had lost her attention on the Barbie doll in her hand and was constantly casting glances towards the kitchen.

A few minutes later, Charlotte served all the dishes onto the table. Jordan still cleaning the kitchen walked over when Charlotte called him over, and then took his seat at the dining table.

Finding everyone present seated around the table, Charlotte felt a deep sense of satisfaction.

A lot of things in Henry's company were handled by his assistant, enabling him to stay at home to fully recuperate. His spacious apartment usually being empty with only him.

She felt a pang of guilt as her gaze fell on an old book lying abandoned on a chair.

She sighed deeply.

If Henry didn't get himself a girlfriend soon, he might end up spending his days with books for the company.

Chapter 564: Truly Stupid or Pretending to be Stupid

The atmosphere at the dinner table was harmonious, with Henry Hudson occasionally serving the children some food, while Jordan Thompson occasionally threw out a few teasing remarks.

It had been a long time since Charlotte Thompson had felt so relaxed. She finished a meal like a gust of wind sweeping away the remaining clouds, and she felt a bit overly stuffed.

After cleaning up the table and watching TV with Jordan for a while, she decided to leave.

Henry accompanied them downstairs, and when they reached the ground floor, Charlotte turned to him and smiled, saying, "Henry, you should head back home. It's getting cold out, and you could catch a cold."

The rain had long since stopped, and the cool breeze carrying the fresh scent of rainwater caressed their cheeks, feeling incredibly comfortable.

Henry chuckled and nodded, saying, "Be careful on your way."

Once they were in the car, Jordan started the engine, thought for a moment, and decided to speak up, "Sis, what's on your mind?"

Upon hearing this, Charlotte, sitting in the passenger seat, leaned on the window and cast a glance at the night view outside.

"What do you mean, 'what's on my mind'?"

"Are you really oblivious or just pretending to be?" Jordan sighed, "Just look at the way Henry gazes at you, it almost looks like he's writing 'I love you' on his forehead. You're a smart person, how could you not notice?"

"Besides, why do you think he is so good to the kids? It's because they are your children, and you, Charlotte Thompson, are raising them."

Jordan glanced at her with complex emotions in his eyes, "Sis, why can't you consider him?"

Charlotte momentarily stiffened, her grip on the seatbelt tightening. She leaned against the window, staring outside in silence.

The sky was dotted with stars, and not far away the city lights were on, along with the colorful hustle and bustle peeking through the windows of a few bars.

The city seemed to have just awakened.

A strange calm settled in her heart. Charlotte squinted her eyes and was somewhat lost in the environment.

There was no love-hate entanglement or sharp confrontation, just worldly hustle and comforting colors of life.

She was not blind to Henry's thoughts and kindness towards her.

Many things were crystal clear in her mind. Both she and Henry knew each other well but let things go unspoken, just to save face for each other.

What Charlotte hadn't expected was that even Jordan had noticed.

She cleared her throat and suddenly asked, "Jordan, what would you do if you were in my shoes?"

Upon hearing this, Jordan paused for a moment, scoffed, "Sis, I really can't understand you. Why do you make such a simple matter so complicated?"

As his lips tightened, a thought seemed to cross Jordan's mind, making his eyes a little complex, "Sis, you don't happen to have someone you like, do you?"

Charlotte slowly closed her eyes, basking in the cool night breeze and tranquility.

Seeing that Charlotte didn't want to talk, Jordan opened his mouth to say something but swallowed back all his questions, sighing quietly, with the sigh disappearing into the wind.

When they arrived at the apartment building, Charlotte squinted her eyes, and in the corner of her vision, she spotted a car parked not far away.

The street light downstairs hadn't yet turned on, but she could make out the faint light from the car's headlight.

A strange feeling crossed Charlotte's mind as she straightened up, opened the door to get out of the car, and walked around to the other side to knock on the window.

Jordan rolled down the window, looking somewhat puzzled, "What's up?"

"You get out, take the children up to wash up and go to bed first. I'll park the car."

The confusion in Jordan's eyes deepened.

Charlotte abruptly opened the car door, saying, "Hurry up and get out."

Chapter 565: Can't Even Have Personal Space?

Upon hearing that, Jordan stopped talking and got out of the car. He bent over to lift a drowsy Grace from the backseat. Seeing the children get out of the car one after another, after a moment's thought, he looked up and warned.

"Sis, we're going up first, you come back soon."

Charlotte had already climbed into the driver's seat. Upon hearing this, she responded, "I know, go ahead."

At her response, Jordan said no more and led the children upstairs, completely oblivious to a pair of eyes watching them from not far away.

After parking her car in the underground garage, Charlotte walked back.

She stood in front of the apartment complex and saw a figure approaching from not far away. As the street lamp finally lit up and she clearly saw the man's face, she was not surprised at all.

She chuckles lightly, her tone somewhat sarcastic.

"What, Mr. Battleson, won't even let me take leave now?" She looked up at the man, her defenses up like a hedgehog, focusing all of its barbs at him. She continued, "Or are you saying, I can't even have my own personal space now?"

Her tone was extremely cold, as if dealing with a thorough enemy.

Justin Battleson extinguished his cigarette, with a wisp of lingering smoke lingering in front of him.

The scent of the fresh rainwater and tobacco mingled together, surprisingly not unpleasant.

He looked down, laughing self-deprecatingly, "I just wanted to see you."

"There's nothing good to see about me." Charlotte crossed her arms and scoffed lightly. "Whether it's watching or spying, I'm sure Mr. Battleson knows it himself."

"I know you've just returned from Henry."

Justin smiled bitterly, "I can give you what he can, why do you..."

"Mr. Battleson." Charlotte interrupted him, gave him a glance, sighed almost imperceptibly, but there was still a flash of coldness in her eyes, "There's no need for you to do this. You should have your own life, why bother?"

She imagined the end countless times in her heart, only to have it shattered piece by piece by reality.

She should have her own life now, and so should he.

The cold wind rustled, lifting Charlotte's hair and hem of her clothes, her eyes remained cold as usual, but also a bit daunting.

Looking at her, Justin Battleson suddenly felt dazed.

What had happened to Charlotte along the way that had changed her into this impenetrable, stubborn woman?

The fond memory of the bright beige hue at the bottom of his heart seemed to have once again broken through his memory, gradually becoming clearer.

"You've changed."

Charlotte was taken aback for a moment, then laughed at herself a few times.

Where did she change?

She didn't know either.

Ever since the truth of everything came to light, when she sent Evelyn Curtis to prison to fend for herself, she had already changed.

Perhaps the internet was right, she was indeed ruthless.

What made Charlotte feel dazed was that in the blink of an eye, so much time had passed since these events.

She could hardly remember the way Evelyn Curtis hysterically lay on the ground cursing her.

If not for those people in the design department bringing it up again, she might have forgotten.

The name Evelyn Curtis, perhaps, was indeed like a vicious curse cast on her, preventing her from ever rising again.

Charlotte took a deep breath, closed her eyes, and when she reopened them, her eyes were clear.

"Justin Battleson, you can tell me now what you're doing here?"

Chapter 566: Trust Me Once

Listening to the woman's question, Justin Battleson let out a bitter smile, his gaze falling. The cold wind mercilessly brushed past his cheek. Charlotte Thompson heard him speak softly.

"Don't you understand?" His gaze fixed on her, seeming as if he wanted to burn a hole right through her. His voice was hoarse, resonating with an unnameable desolation and loneliness.

"Charlotte, the children are my own flesh and blood. Without you all, my life can never be complete."

"Even if I were to leave this place now, I would still feel as if my entanglements remain here."

After hearing his confession, Charlotte's body stiffened slightly, her pupils dilating.

Justin's knuckles brushed over his lips. His bloodshot eyes seemed both profound and tired.

Charlotte's ears buzzed. She opened her mouth, uncertain of how to respond. Her mind was blank, constantly reminding her of one thing.

The children were not just hers alone.

They had a father, and that father stood before Charlotte now.

An indescribable shock surged within her heart. Charlotte took two steps back, a complicated emotion flashed in her eyes.

She looked up at Justin, hesitated, then finally asked.

"Is that really how you feel?"

A glimmer of hope ignited within Justin as he looked at her, his voice intensified: "Trust me once."

Charlotte mulled over his words in her mind, sighing regretfully in the end.

Looking at the lights in the apartment, standing here, she could vaguely hear Grace Thompson's cheers and Jordan Thompson's somewhat helpless voice.

Everything seemed warm and beautiful; yet Charlotte could not imagine what living in a complete family would be like for the children.

Seeing the struggle in her eyes, Justin hesitated, his lips parted. He was about to speak.

But before he could say anything, the piercing sound of a phone call tore through the quiet air.

Charlotte startled, quickly pulled out her vibrating and ringing phone from the bag. Glancing at the caller ID, she paused.

She pressed her lips together, her eyes filled with confusion.

It was a call from Henry Hudson...

But she had just left his place, if anything important was to be said it should've been done so then. Why would he choose to phone her now?

With her mind brimming with mixed feelings, Charlotte closed her eyes, swiping to answer the call. She responded tentatively.

"Hello?"

On the other side, hearing her slightly doubtful voice, Henry lowered his gaze, a soft smile tugging the corners of his lips, "Are you home yet?"

"Yes." Charlotte glanced at Justin before looking away. "Jordan took the kids upstairs to wash up. I'm just catching some fresh air."

Hearing this, the smile on Henry's lips did not fade. He stood up from the couch, the TV was still playing an episode of the drama leftover by Jordan.

A freshly stubbed-out cigarette sat in the ashtray. A faint smell of tobacco wafted through the room, a slight hint of smoke lingering.

Henry walked to the large floor-to-ceiling window. He pulled open the curtains.

In an instant, captivating and profound nighttime scenery appeared. He released the curtains, pulling over a chair to sit down.

On the other end, Charlotte heard the rustling noise from his side, the confused look in her eyes didn't fade.

"What's wrong?"

At that, Henry chuckled softly. "Charlotte, look up."

As his words fell, Charlotte froze for a few seconds, then obeyed.

Chapter 567 Biological Father

The sky was filled with countless twinkling stars, with faint traces of ink-colored clouds etched overhead. Framed by a cluster of stars was a round moon, its pure, white light dappling down, merging with the white light of the street lamp.

Yet, the street lamp's light seemed to give off some coldness, while the moonlight brought an inexplicable warmth.

A small smile lifted the corner of Henry Hudson's lips as he softly said, "Charlotte, it was too crowded at home earlier, so there were things I couldn't discuss with you directly. But now, the more I think about it, the more I feel I should say it."

At his words, Charlotte Thompson closed her eyes for a moment. She responded softly, "Go ahead, I'm listening."

As her words fell, a faint smile lingered on the corner of Henry's mouth, his voice lighter than the breeze.

"Charlotte, you probably don't know this, but when you and Jordan were cooking in the kitchen, the every word Grace spoke to me involved the word 'Dad'."

"Every time she mentions her so-called 'Dad', a wave of delight lights up her eyes. I've seen this expression on your face, too. It's sheer joy that comes from the heart."

As she listened, Charlotte unconsciously tightened her grip on her phone, her heart bracing for what she suspected was coming.

She nodded slightly, listening as Henry continued.

"While Hank and Cyrus may not visibly show it, I do know for a fact that they, too, yearn for a father's love."

Henry leaned back in his chair. The scabbed wound on his abdomen occasionally throbbed painfully, but his facial expression remained unchanged. There was, however, a hint of sadness in his gaze that was difficult to detect.

"Charlotte, I understand your concerns. I had Jordan with me today, and even though he didn't say it explicitly, I have a good guess about what you're worried about."

He paused a moment, his voice soft as he asked, "The children's biological father, it's Justin Battleson, isn't it?"

At this, Charlotte pressed her lips into a thin line and nodded without denying it.

"Charlotte, if he truly loves you, perhaps you could try being with him. I haven't had many encounters with Justin, but when I have, I've felt hostility from him. But even then, I think entrusting your life to someone like him might not be a bad idea."

"After all, the children know that Justin Battleson is their biological father."

"Perhaps you should consider both them and yourself in this."

Once the words fell, Charlotte's body abruptly stiffened. She opened her mouth, a hint of confusion in her eyes, but no words came out.

Every word from Henry struck her as surreal.

She was well aware of the depth of Henry's feelings for her, now and always.

That was why, when Jordan had asked her that question in the car, she wasn't unwilling to answer ...

She had just been using avoidance to solve her problems.

But what she hadn't expected was for Henry upon his return, to help her make a decision.

A mix of emotions surged within her, her knuckles whitening as she clutched her phone.

She tilted her head upwards, her gaze complex.

Henry paused briefly before allowing a soft chuckle to escape from his throat, his voice rough.

"Charlotte, I've said all I needed to say. The rest is up to you. You don't need to worry about me anymore. Just always remember, I will forever be your good friend, and your strongest support."

A gust of wind blew over. As she listened to Henry's slowly and steadily delivered words, a sour sensation welled up in her nostrils. Yet, she still couldn't utter a word.

Chapter 568: You Can Do It

Tears welled up in her eyes, tinting them a slight red.

A sense of regret washed over Charlotte Thompson, she was clueless about how things had turned out this way. The problem she had been avoiding for a long time was eventually confronting her.

Listening to what Henry Hudson was saying, she inexplicably started to waver. All that the children had done was right before her eyes - how could she not see their innermost desire?

Still hesitant, after a long silence, Charlotte finally heard her own voice say, "I don't know what to do, I can't afford to lose any more, I don't want to gamble again. I can't risk the children in a gamble."

Henry Hudson fell silent for a few seconds before finally saying, "This matter needs to be resolved, Charlotte. You can't run away forever."

"In my heart, you can do it."

Charlotte suddenly felt a bitterness rise in her throat, unable to utter anything.

She knew in her heart that the children really did need a father, a complete family.

She laughed lightly, raising her head against the breeze, a wave of pain flashing across her sore eyes. She put on a faint smile and said softly, "Henry, it's quite a coincidence. Justin Battleson is right in front of me."

At the end of her sentence, from the other side of the call, Henry Hudson didn't show any surprise.

He knew Charlotte Thompson didn't want to face the problem. They had quarreled for so many years, a single phrase from him wouldn't easily resolve the matter: "Alright, if that's the case, you should decide for yourself."

The wind rustled the leaves, their soft back-and-forth soothed the atmosphere.

Although they both had this matter at heart, they silently agreed not to bring it up again. After talking for a while, they fell into silence once more.

Henry Hudson chuckled lightly, "My advice is that you should really think about it. I still have some matters to tend to so I have to hang up."

"Beep, beep, beep..." Charlotte listened to the hang-up tone from the phone, her fingers stiff as she ended the call. Her heart felt heavy again, the wind couldn't dissipate her current gloom.

Everything that had happened today exceeded her expectations. The words of Justin Battleson and Henry Hudson had disrupted her plans. Perhaps they were right; the children indeed needed a father and a complete family.

After gathering her thoughts, she slowly turned around. Traces of wavering lay in her heart, yet in the end, she didn't reveal the answer, "I don't want to discuss this anymore today. Let's talk about it some other time."

Just as the words came out, they both heard the gentle footsteps. Grace Thompson came running down from the upstairs. Seeing Charlotte Thompson's somewhat desolate expression, she rushed over, grabbed her hand and began to gently shake it, "Mummy, what's wrong? Did someone bully you? Grace will punish them."

After she finished speaking, Grace Thompson looked towards Justin Battleson, her expression a little troubled.

Seeing her child's conflicted expression, Charlotte Thompson gave a small smile, patted her head, and crouched down to say, "Why did you come downstairs, Grace? Your brothers haven't fallen asleep yet?"

At her words, Grace blinked a few times, thought for a while and said, "Uncle said he was tired so he went to bed early. My brothers are still watching TV on the sofa, they are waiting for you to come back, Mum."

Charlotte paused for a moment, her finger gently brushed Grace's nose, "I see, Grace. It's cold outside, you should go back in."

Hearing this, Grace obediently nodded her head, her gaze covertly looked at Justin who was across from her. He was also looking at her.

Chapter 569: Her Weakness

Grace Thompson looked at him and quietly made a funny face, then said, "Mommy, please hurry back. I'm going upstairs now."

Saying this, Grace scampered away, her little short legs catching up with her speed under Charlotte Thompson's watchful gaze. Her pink princess dress lifted slightly with the breeze.

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After hanging up the phone, Henry Hudson stared blankly at the scenery outside, lost in thought.

Was everything really going to end like this? All the efforts he had made just to end up here. Life was back on track, the children craved their father, and Justin Battleson was slowly becoming a part of their lives.

Parental bonds were irreplaceable; Justin would forever be a part of their lives.

He, perhaps, was just a passerby after all.

Henry rose to his feet, placed his hand against the glass window, and peered into the distance, his hand resting gently against the glass. He slightly curled his fingers, as if to grasp something, but finally, he pulled his hand back and whispered, "We are destined to meet, but not to be together."

He slowly walked to the table, poured himself a glass of wine. The red wine splashed against the glass. He picked up the goblet, the wine's red color seemed infectious.

Soon, Henry's eyes also began to redden up. He picked up his glass, downed it all at once, and put the empty glass heavily back on the table. He let out a deep sigh, and looked up at the sky, his heart filled with mixed feelings.

He understood Charlotte. Even though she hadn't given a definitive answer, he could sense her wavering.

As a mother, a child is her Achilles' heel. Her child needs a father, and Charlotte cannot, and should not, deny that.

Bringing up several children single-handedly, it might be time for Justin to pay back what he owes her.

The deep night had been long since descended, hiding the last glimmer of starlight beneath a thick veil of darkness. On returning to the window, the moon hung brightly alone.

His mouth tasted bitter. With a bittersweet smile on his face, Henry murmured to himself.

"The moon is so lonely tonight. The stars share my plight. No matter how hard they shine, people only see the brightest moon."

"And the moon, in front of the sun, seems so small."

Taking a deep breath, images of his past with Charlotte filled Henry's mind.

The scenes from the past flooded back, making him realize how much had changed.

The tender voice of Grace rang in his ears again. Playing with a Barbie doll in her tiny hands, her face was deadly serious.

"Uncle Hudson, I have a secret to tell you, I really want my mommy and daddy to be together. Then, we won't be children without a father."

Indeed, Henry had to admit, the one who was more suitable to be by Charlotte's side was the children's father, Justin Battleson, with whom she was entangled for years.

After a few seconds of stunned silence, Henry sighed softly and closed the curtain, blocking the night view. Walking towards his study, he opened a miscellaneous file, his thoughts lingering.

He took a deep breath and buried his head down, looking at the documents.

Hours passed without notice, the lights in the room one by one went out. The bottle of red wine was returned to the cabinet, making the room as silent as if no one was there.

Deep into the night, all was quiet. Only the light at the junction provided a touch of warmth. The clear moonlight poured onto the large French window, returning the room to its quiet state until the last whiff of smoke also disappeared entirely.

The curtain rustled as the wind blew through it, making a small sound that accentuated the silence and loneliness.

Chapter 570: Can I See The Child?

Standing beneath the apartment building, Charlotte Thompson was shockingly listening to the busy tone coming out of the phone, and it took a while for her to respond.

It wasn't until Justin Battleson was calling her name with a frown that she snapped back to reality, put down the phone, and turned around as if nothing had happened.

Her long eyelashes dropped down, casting a thin shadow under her eyes. She lifted her eyes to meet the man's probing gaze.

Charlotte hesitated for a second, then coughed a few times, hiding the complex emotions in her eyes. She heard Justin Battleson speaking curiously.

"Who was on the phone?"

At his words, Charlotte laughed without any change in her expression, her face expressionless, "What does it have to do with you?"

Justin Battleson didn't detect any signs of guilt on her face; he only curled his lips in confusion and smiled: "How could it have nothing to do with me?"

He nodded slightly, his voice serious: "You mentioned my name."

The voice on the phone wasn't loud; he could vaguely make out that it was Henry Hudson's voice, but what he was saying was unknown.

But what he wanted to know even more was what they had said to make Charlotte absent-minded after a phone call.

And she mentioned him...

When Henry Hudson mentioned him, Justin Battleson inexplicably felt that something was not straightforward.

Having cleared his throat, Justin Battleson chuckled lightly, saying, "Charlotte, if you don't want to tell me, is it because you feel guilty, or are you shy?"

At his words, Charlotte was slightly stunned and then somewhat irritated. She almost blurted out what Henry Hudson had just told her. But before the words could leave her lips, she realized what was happening.

This man was trying to draw her out!

Swallowing her words, Charlotte raised her eyebrows, composed herself, half-closed her eyes, and then said: "You don't need to bait me. If there's something I want to tell you, I will. If I don't want to tell you, that means I don't want you to know."

The darkness of night deepened further. Charlotte lifted her eyes again and glanced at the apartment's lights. She saw that the light in the guest room had suddenly gone out, but the light in the living room was still on.

It seemed that Jordan Thompson had gone to sleep, while the children were still in the living room.

Charlotte looked at her wristwatch under the street light and then frowned, saying, "Mr. Battleson, it's late. It's not good for you to stay here."

Besides, the children can't go to bed too late; they have to get up early for school tomorrow.

Having said that, she turned around and said softly, "You should go back and rest early."

The man looked at her somewhat thin figure, a serious look in his eyes.

After a moment, Justin seemed to think of something and asked in a low voice, "Can I go up to see the children?"

Hearing this, Charlotte was a bit surprised: "Now?"

The man nodded. Charlotte was lost in thought. Just as she was about to turn around to say something, her foot slipped. It seemed like she tread on a sharp pebble, and she suddenly lost balance.

Everything happened so quickly that even Justin Battleson, who was a few steps away from her, didn't have time to react.

Charlotte fell heavily onto the ground, and immediately a numbing pain emanated from her ankle.

She gasped for breath and managed to sit up from the ground, but the cramp-like pain in her ankle almost made it impossible for her to stand up.

Justin Battleson's brow furrowed, and he immediately came forward, squatted down to help her up, his voice filled with heavy concern.

"How could you be so careless... where did you fall?"