

Spoiled 571

Chapter 571: Grace likes Charlotte

Charlotte was in so much pain that she couldn't even speak. She just instinctively pointed at her ankle, which was starting to reddish and swell slowly.

Justin Battleson's face darkened slightly. He freed up one hand to gently touch Charlotte's ankle.

The cool touch against her blazingly painful ankle caused Charlotte to reflexively withdraw her foot, which lead to another bout of pain.

"Don't move," Justin Battleson instructed, looking at her ankle in the light from a street lamp. It was slightly red and swollen, and his gaze deepened. "It's okay, some medicated wine should help."

He looked at her and softly asked, "Can you stand?"

Upon hearing this, Charlotte hesitated for a moment. However, seconds later, she nodded firmly and answered, "I can."

Once Charlotte finished speaking, Justin understood and aided her to stand. Charlotte bore the pain and leaned heavily on Justin, then limped to sit down on a cool bench under the apartment building.

Justin Battleson maintained his stoic gaze. He sat beside her, bent slightly, and without any explanation, lifted Charlotte's ankle onto his own lap.

Seeing this, Charlotte was somewhat taken aback. After a futile struggle, she let him be.

The man's cold hand carefully covered her foot, his movements were extremely careful, just as if he was dealing with a rare treasure.

Henry Hudson's words echoed in her ears, and Charlotte's gaze became serious. An indescribable feeling surged in her heart.

Could she... really give it a try?

A sudden pang of pain in her ankle pulled her away from her thoughts, and she grunted, instinctively retracting her foot slightly.

Justin Battleson looked at her reflexively but didn't say anything, softening his grip instead.

Only when the pain in her ankle subsided slightly did he let go of her ankle.

As she put on her shoes, something seemed to occur to Justin Battleson. He got up from the chair and said to Charlotte, "Wait for me here, I have something for the children."

Upon hearing this, Charlotte raised her head in confusion. Before she could say anything, she saw the man turn and walk towards where the car was parked, opening the car door in the light of the street lamp.

He seemed to be searching for something in the car. Charlotte saw him emerge with something in his hands, quickly moving towards her.

As he got closer and closer, Charlotte got a clear look and was momentarily stunned.

"Why did you buy these things?" She asked.

Hearing her question, Justin Battleson looked at what he was carrying and his face showed a slightly embarrassed expression. He said, "Grace likes them."

Indeed.

Charlotte's lips twitched, but unconsciously softened her expression.

A nearly half-person-high stuffed teddy bear. Grace didn't like much else, but she had a soft spot for Barbie dolls and stuffed toys.

But seeing Justin Battleson carry these things seemed remarkably incongruous with his overall demeanor.

Justin Battleson coughed lightly, seeming somewhat awkward. "I picked it out myself, I don't know if she'll like it," he said.

Charlotte couldn't help but smile. She sighed inwardly. She understood now, Justin Battleson wasn't just trying to keep her around; as the children's biological father, he loved his flesh and blood more.

But what Charlotte couldn't imagine was that a man who'd lived a life of luxury, spending money like water, would go to a toy market to personally pick out a stuffed bear.

Charlotte held back her laughter, and took a close look at the teddy bear.

It was white all over, with two adorable blushes on its cheeks and fluffy ears tinged with pink.

It was cute and filled with a girlish charm.

Chapter 572: Family of Five

It seemed that Justin Battleson could tell Charlotte Thompson was poking fun at him, so he awkwardly switched the teddy bear to his other hand before stepping forward to support her.

Charlotte wouldn't refuse him seeing the children. After all, as a father, it was only right for him to meet with his kids.

She took his helping hand to stand, then hobbled her way to the apartment door to unlock it. It was quite a hike from the ground floor to their apartment.

Charlotte gritted her teeth as she climbed the stairs. Justin's warm and strong hand supported her around her waist.

An undefined romantic tension filled the air in the empty stairwell, raising the temperature. A touch of pink flushed her ears.

She turned her head away, lightly coughing to hide her discomfort.

After an agonizing journey up the stairs, they entered the living room. Charlotte sank into the sofa with a sigh of relief.

There was a bottle of medicinal liquor on the cabinet. Justin picked it up as he walked in, placed the teddy bear on the table, and looked around. He didn't see Grace Thompson.

Only Cyrus Thompson and Hank Thompson were sitting on the sofa.

Without much thought, Justin naturally helped Charlotte apply the medicinal liquor. The pungent odor began to fill the room.

Hank lost interest in the TV and glanced between Charlotte and Justin.

"Mommy, what happened?" he asked.

"Nothing, Mommy's fine, just sprained my foot... By the way, where are Grace and the others?" Charlotte answered with a comforting smile after a moment's pause.

Hank looked towards the bathroom and said, "Grace is in the bathroom, Chad along with Jack are doing their homework in their room."

Just as he finished speaking, the door creaked open.

Grace came out wearing slippers, stretching lazily. As her yawn ended, she brightened up upon seeing her parents on the sofa.

"Mommy, Daddy!"

There was clear excitement in her voice.

Once he finished applying the medicinal liquor, Justin looked up at Grace as she ran to embrace her mother.

Justin pulled up the corners of his mouth into a smile and grabbed the teddy bear, showing it to Grace.

A surprised Grace slowly turned her gaze to the plush teddy bear, instantly beaming with joy. She eagerly held onto the teddy bear, nearly enveloping herself.

Seeing her like this, even Charlotte couldn't help but laugh. She fondly reached up and pinched the little girl's soft cheek.

On the other side, Hank was hesitating, glancing at them before subtly moving closer to Charlotte.

Instantly, he was closer to the rest of them.

Charlotte smiled and gestured for Cyrus to come sit with them.

He suddenly relaxed, hesitated for a moment, then nodded. He came and sat down, unintentionally fixing his gaze onto Justin Battleson.

Charlotte easily caught the flash of happiness on her son's face.

With a sigh of emotion, she stretched out her arm to pull Hank and Cyrus into her hug. Meanwhile, Grace was enthusiastically chatting with Justin.

The family of five sat on the couch, resembling a picture-perfect scene. Charlotte hooked up a smile, listening to Grace's laughter and watching the TV.

The same teen idol drama was playing that Jordan Thompson watched at Henry Hudson's house. Charlotte squinted her eyes, suddenly feeling that Jordan's taste wasn't too bad.

Chapter 573 If You're Free

After finishing an episode of the television show, the night had deepened. Charlotte Thompson stretched, then turned to look at Grace Thompson.

Grace, who loved to sleep as usual, was now sound asleep in Justin Battleson's arms.

Curling her lips, Charlotte tenderly lifted her hand to caress Grace's cheek.

However, the moment she touched her, Charlotte flinched, her face instantly changing.

Justin noticed her reaction, his eyes darkening slightly, "What's wrong?"

Questioning her feeling, Charlotte used the back of her hand to feel the little girl's forehead, and then compared it with her own.

As fear grew within her, she looked at Justin, her voice tense: "Why is Grace's face so hot? Could she have a fever?"

It wasn't that Charlotte was overreacting, but Grace was often sickly from an early age. During their time in Ashton, she frequently ended up in the hospital.

Every day she had to take lots of medication, which resulted in her current sleep-loving habits.

Seemingly recalling the danger of Grace's previous illnesses, Charlotte's hand, caressing Grace's face, started to shake slightly.

After a few seconds, Justin's warm hand covered hers, softly saying, "It's okay, I'll take her to the hospital immediately."

With that, he rose, glancing at Charlotte, his eyes carrying an inexplicably reassuring aura.

Cyrus Thompson and Hank Thompson exchanged looks, both seeing worry in each other's eyes.

Hank twisted his lips, remorsefully saying, "Mommy, I'm sorry... I shouldn't have let Grace jump in puddles..."

At his words, Charlotte suppressed the panic in her eyes and spoke softly: "It's okay. It's just a fever."

With that, she stood, concern visible in her gaze as it landed on Grace's small, reddened face. The girl frowned delicately in her sleep, seeming very restless.

"I will go with you."

Seeing the determination in Charlotte's eyes, Justin furrowed his brows, glancing at her ankle.

"But your foot..."

"There is no 'but' now, Grace needs me!" With that, she moved ahead, indicating for Justin to follow.

Pain radiated from her ankle, but as if she couldn't feel it, she walked directly downstairs.

By the time they drove to the hospital, half an hour had passed. Justin carried Grace into the consulting room. After the doctor took her temperature, he stated, "It's okay, it's not a severe fever."

Hearing this, Charlotte's high-strung heart gradually settled. She nodded, asking: "Does she need to take medicine?"

As she finished speaking, the doctor put a box of children's fever medicine on the table. After explaining the dosage, Grace was given her medication right there in the hospital. Afterward, they took her back to the apartment.

After all these ups and downs, Charlotte was both physically and mentally exhausted. Grace was lying in bed, the redness in her face had receded significantly, and her expression had become peaceful.

The tension in Charlotte's mind finally loosened. Tucking Grace in, she quietly left the room.

Outside, Justin asked with some concern: "How is she?"

"It's okay." Charlotte looked at him hesitantly, finally sighing, "I'll take a leave for the kids tomorrow. If you're free, please come and accompany them for the day."

The children had all gone to sleep. To maintain the tranquillity, Charlotte's voice was deliberately quiet, but the strain in her voice was still discernable.

Justin was momentarily stupefied. Then, a flash of delight appeared in his eyes. He nodded, and chuckled, "Sure."

Chapter 574: Our Family

Justin Battleson lightly clenched his right hand into a fist and put it to his lips, coughing gently, then nodded with a smile.

Seeing this, Charlotte Thompson understood and stepped forward. Grace Thompson's room was opposite the guest room where Jordan had already fallen asleep, presumably in the other guest room.

She pushed the door open and flipped on the light.

The warm white light filled the room. A grey comforter covered the bed in the middle of the room. The main color of the decor was grey, but was surprisingly adorned with a touch of bright white, adding some life to the room.

It didn't look so gloomy and claustrophobic.

There was only a simple chair and table in the room, and not much decoration, but it inexplicably matched Justin's aesthetic taste.

The air seemed slightly fresh, with a hint of grassy scent, clean and invigorating.

Justin Battleson raised his eyebrows, looking at Charlotte as she turned around, an unnatural flicker in his eyes as he said, "You should freshen up first, and sleep here later."

Upon hearing this, Justin didn't say anything else but smiled and nodded, his eyes noticeably joyful.

It was only after Charlotte watched him enter the bathroom that she finally let out a sigh, a lot of tension leaving her face. She walked into the other room, pushing the door open to meet with the light.

She saw two children slouching at a desk, Charlotte rubbed her forehead, then quietly approached and looked down.

The desk was cluttered with homework books. The handwriting of the two children was similar, very neat and clean, naturally emanating an innocent feeling.

Charlotte's eyebrows twitched slightly, she pulled out one of the exercise books, her gaze landing on a piece of white paper underneath.

The paper had a drawing on it, the shaky handwriting in Charlotte's eyes looked very cute.

But the contents of the painting made her sigh slightly.

The picture depicted six children and two taller adults. The woman was labeled: 'Charlotte Mommy,' and the man was labeled as: 'Adam Daddy.'

The title of the entire picture was: 'Our Family.'

Charlotte's eyes filled with a complex emotion, after a while, she sighed softly.

Perhaps these two children really wanted their daddy and mommy to be together, but Charlotte was well aware, no matter what, she and Adam could only be good friends, unable to form such a relationship.

Her fingers curled slightly, and Charlotte glanced at the two children somewhat guiltily.

Chad Thompson and Jack Thompson slept uneasily on the desk, seemingly sensing something in his sleep, Chad frowned slightly. His rosy lips pouted as if he was murmuring something.

Charlotte's heart fluttered, she put the drawing back under the homework book, then bent down to pick up Chad, slid off his slippers, and gently placed him on the bed. After tucking him in, she picked up Jack as well.

The two children lay peacefully on the bed, the creases between their brows unknowingly smoothing out a bit.

Charlotte tucked in the corner of the blanket, then bent down and gently kissed the foreheads of the two children.

Lifting her head, Charlotte slightly curved her lips, her eyes full of indulgence.

"You'll always be Mommy's treasures."

"Goodnight, little ones."

The breeze that blew into the room seemed to carry a sweet fragrance along with it, the corners of the children's mouths unknowingly curled up. Charlotte turned off the alarm clock on the bedside table, whispering, "Get a good night's sleep, I'll ask for a day off for you tomorrow."

Having said that, she then turned around and left, her footsteps so light, as if she had never been there.

Chapter 575: Do No Evil, Fear No Ghosts

"Click", the light was turned off, plunging the room into deep darkness. The moonlight spilled in through the window, soft and silent.

Gently closing the door, Charlotte turned around, only to see a magnified face suddenly appear in front of her. She jumped back in fright, her back pressing against the cold door.

Recognizing the person behind her, she let out a sigh of relief, patted her chest, and glared at him: "Jordan, are you going to wander around at this hour instead of sleeping?"

"Aren't you doing the same?" Jordan retorted with a rebellious smirk, bringing the water cup in his hand to his lips, before adding, "I woke up thirsty, just getting a drink."

"But you..." Jordan's voice trailed off, his eyes suddenly narrowing into a sharp gaze, "Sis, you look so spooked. You didn't do something guilty and are now afraid of ghosts knocking, did you?"

"You're scarier than any ghost." Charlotte rolled her eyes, her gaze inadvertently landing on the lit bathroom. Her heart skipped a beat.

If Jordan found out that Justin was inside and was spending the night...

This brat might just turn the house upside down!

With a twitch of her lips, Charlotte nervously touched her nose. As she met Jordan's probing gaze, her eyes shifted slightly: "Aren't you going to bed yet? Or do you plan on standing here till the end of time?"

Glancing at the time, Justin should be done with his nightly routine soon. If he and Jordan were to meet...

Charlotte felt goosebumps rise on her back at the thought and didn't dare to think further. So, she pushed Jordan back to the guest room across, peeking at the bathroom door all the while.

"Hey...hey, sis, why are you pushing me? I haven't even finished my water yet, hey, sis..."

Charlotte revealed a friendly smile, reaching for the door handle while saying, "Drink it in your room. Just find a place to put the cup when you're done."

After a moment's thought, Charlotte put on a smile she thought was approachable: "Goodnight, little brother."

With a bang, before Jordan could respond, Charlotte had closed the door.

He stood there, flabbergasted, touching his nose in confusion.

What just happened?

Jordan was only wearing a sports tee as his pajamas. He put down his cup, the image of Charlotte's "friendly" smile popping up in his mind.

He rubbed the goosebumps on his bare arm, feeling a chill on his back.

Though Charlotte had smiled earlier, Jordan knew her well. She was basically one step away from writing "I'll punch you if you say another word" across her face.

Jordan, wild and unruly as he might seem, even Mr. Thompson had given up on him. Only Henry, as the eldest brother, could rein him in.

But what the outside world didn't know was, ever since Mr. Thompson's granddaughter returned, there was yet another person who could put Jordan in his place - Charlotte.

Jordan looked indescribably complicated. After spacing out for a bit, he muttered a few words, picked up his water cup again to gulp it down, and then went back to bed.

It was already late at night. Charlotte went to check on Cyrus and Hank's rooms, seeing Hank's drooling mouth by the moonlight. She quietly chuckled, shook her head, and then took a tissue from the nightstand to wipe away his drool.

When she stepped out of the room, Justin had finished his nightly routine. Charlotte tiptoed towards him.

After meeting the man's gaze, she whispered: "You should go to sleep now."

Chapter 576: "This Man

Upon hearing this, Justin nodded and looked at Charlotte, advising, "You should get some rest".

After watching him retreat to the guest room, Charlotte began to freshen up. After soaking in the bath, she could no longer resist her weariness, and fell asleep almost as soon as her head hit the pillow.

She slept soundly through the night.

The next morning, her alarm rang promptly. She rolled over and switched it off, blinked her sleepy eyes, yawned, and managed to sit up despite her true desire to sleep in.

After getting ready and finishing breakfast preparations, Charlotte went to wake up Jordan, but discovered the guest room was already unlocked.

Finding it odd, she entered the room and found a note under the water glass on the bedside table. It was written in pencil.

"I left early, try not to miss me too much~"

Upon reading the note, Charlotte's mouth twitched subconsciously.

Jordan must have gone out to join his pack of friends.

Mr. Thompson had intended to let him help Henry manage the company business, but Jordan could not handle the structured and demanding work environment, and slipped away after just a few days.

Not only did he slip away, but he went overseas to Druarus, and brought his children with him.

The only person who could probably straighten him out was his destined partner.

Charlotte shrugged helplessly and noticed that there were faint numbers on the note as she looked closer at it.

She squinted, with the corner of her mouth tightening.

If she was not mistaken, the note was torn from Hank's homework book.

On the other end, Hank, in deep sleep, made a smacking sound with his mouth, flung out his hand to wipe off the drool trickling from the corner of his mouth. He was fast asleep without a care.

Charlotte woke each of the children. By now, Justin, fresh from his morning routine, was seated at the dining table. One by one, the children settled into their seats. Charlotte then helped Grace over.

After a good night's sweat, Grace was doing much better, her tender cheeks had regained their color.

The children's faces lit up with joy once Charlotte finished calling in for leave.

Justin smiled warmly at them, the atmosphere was full of congeniality.

Next to them, Grace secretly lifted her head and looked at Justin, her eyes revealing her happiness. She turned her head to whisper to Charlotte.

"Mommy, did Daddy sleep at home last night?"

Upon hearing this, Charlotte slightly froze, then inexplicably laughed, "Yes, he did. Why?"

Grace's serious expression unfolded as she asked, "Does that mean, I can see Daddy every day now?"

Charlotte, unsure of how to respond, could only bear to not dash Grace's hopes. She rubbed Grace's head affectionately and smiled, "Grace, I know you're happy today. Let's eat."

Unlike Grace, Chad and Jack, seated across from her, felt an inexplicable discomfort. The sight of their harmonious family meal made them uneasy.

If this man was here to stay, would they become outsiders?

After breakfast, Chad sat on the couch. Next to him, Cyrus was focused on his computer.

Chad thought about it and decided to speak.

"Bro, I don't want this man in our house."

Perhaps the phrase "this man" was somewhat improper, that it took Cyrus aback.

After all, he was their biological father. Cyrus, agitated by Chad's remark, retorted in a stern voice.

His voice was sharp, echoing in the silent living room. "Chad, what are you saying?"

The words lingered in the room, prominent in the quiet atmosphere.

Chapter 577: You are a Good Mother

Justin Battleson cast a casual glance over.

Hearing the commotion in the living room, Charlotte Thompson hastily made her way from the kitchen.

She bent over, her long hair falling naturally, covering her pretty profile. Her voice was gentle like a spring breeze, blowing away the children's worries.

She reached out and touched the children's heads, her voice soft.

"What's all the fuss about?"

"Mommy." Jack Thompson clung to his mother, his face now showing traces of obedience, instantly smoothing his unruly hair.

"Mommy, brother said we..."

Chad Thompson could not hide his impatience and, seeing Charlotte arrived, did not wish to conceal anything, so he swallowed and admitted to it.

Charlotte looked over and only then noticed Cyrus Thompson, a stern expression on his face similar to Justin's, his jaw set in determination.

"Pfft." Charlotte covered her mouth as she chuckled, sighing and shaking her head with no signs of annoyance.

"Don't you know what kind of person your brother is?"

Charlotte teased Chad's little nose and gently laughed.

Seeing that the children remained silent, creating a moment of calm in the room, Charlotte patiently began to speak.

"We are a family, and being a family means we are relatives who are forever together. Perhaps you and your big brother are not related by blood, but you were raised by mommy. You may not be relatives, but you're more than relatives because it's the bond that matters most."

Charlotte spoke seriously, word by word. She knew these children might not fully understand this principle, but she hoped they would always remain harmonious.

"Mommy, I understand now. I was too harsh."

Cyrus Thompson, being quick-witted and always understanding Charlotte's intentions, approached and silently apologized to his two younger brothers.

"I'm sorry. It was my fault. I'll take you for an ice cream later."

Jack and Chad looked at each other, hiccuping for a few seconds, then promptly clamped their lips shut and shook their heads. They extended their small hands, grabbing Cyrus' hand.

"Big brother, we were in the wrong too, sorry."

Seeing the reconciled children, Charlotte started to smile and stood up, feeling quite relieved.

In her heart, these five children were all her children.

Forever and always.

Justin Battleson, standing to the side, cast his deep gaze onto Charlotte. Her light illuminated the confusion before his eyes and his previous frustration vanished.

"Charlotte..."

The man's voice was deep, pausing for a moment before he moved towards Charlotte.

"Uh?" Charlotte sensed his gaze and instinctively looked at him. There was a deep emotion in his eyes.

His handsome features were highlighted as he lowered his head. His well-defined face looked godlike, the contours chiseled, and his thin lips slightly turned up.

Like a perfect work of art from God.

"You are a good mother."

Charlotte was stunned, clearly not understanding his meaning. After processing it, she touched her own nose and smiled awkwardly.

"That's a weird thing for you to say."

Justin Battleson looked at the rare playful expression on the young woman's face, feeling great amusement. He resisted the urge to ruffle her hair and instead, raised his eyebrow and spoke.

"I think the children are probably hungry by now since they've only had a light breakfast... Michael Richard is nearby. I'll ask him to bring over some food."

Chapter 578: Cooking Noodles Together

Michael Richard, who is currently working in the office, suddenly sneezed.

Just as he was about to take a sip of water, he received a message from Mr. Battleson.

"No need to go through all that trouble, I'll just cook them some noodles."

Charlotte went to the kitchen after resolving the conflicts between Jack Thompson, Cyrus Thompson, and Chad Thompson, allowing them to return to their rooms to calm down.

Now, only Charlotte and Justin were left in the living room. The warm sunlight seemed to clear up the dense fog of the city, and the warmth permeated the room, putting Charlotte in an excellent mood.

But the sight of Justin's dark gaze made her feel somewhat uneasy.

"I... I'm going to boil noodles. Wait a moment."

Before she could even step away, Justin took hold of her wrist and leaned towards her. The closeness took Charlotte by surprise. She could hear her own heartbeat pounding in her ears. She widened her eyes, forgetting to struggle.

"You..."

"Charlotte, I..."

Just as Justin was about to speak, he noticed the sound of the door opening.

Charlotte instinctively stepped back, an unnatural flush rising to her cheeks. She coughed lightly and turned to look at the opened room door.

"Mommy, the brothers said they are hungry. What are we going to eat?"

Grace opened her eyes wide, innocently looking at the two people in the room who were in an awkward atmosphere, and asked in a gentle voice.

"Mommy will cook noodles for you."

"But Mommy, Chad said he wants something different." Grace tilted her head, blinking her big eyes, and spoke word by word.

"I asked Uncle Richard to buy you something delicious. It will be delivered soon."

Justin looked deeply at Charlotte who was in front of him. He responded with a faint smile, his voice unusually gentle.

"Really?" Grace giggled, unable to hide the joy on her face, but she still sneaked a peek at Charlotte.

Seeing that Charlotte didn't refuse, she nodded her head quickly with happiness and said, "Thank you, Daddy."

Grace smiled sweetly, her eyes curving in delight, looking just like her mother, Charlotte.

"Go back in, your mommy and I have something to talk about."

Justin's lips curved up into a smile, he gently ran his hand through Grace's hair, a look of indulgence on his face.

"Charlotte, now you won't have to cook noodles. How about spending some time chatting with me?"

Justin watched as Grace cheerfully ran back to her room. He then turned to face Charlotte. His eyes reflected a hint of anger.

"Justin, don't go too far."

Charlotte couldn't help but sneer. Her clear eyes seemed like a bright lake.

A feeling of irritation crept into Justin's heart. He pursed his lips and was about to reach for Charlotte's hand when he was interrupted by a knock on the door. His brows furrowed in annoyance. Charlotte, however, appeared relieved and ran to open the door.

"Michael Richard?"

Charlotte smiled but immediately frowned upon seeing all the packages in his hands. She quickly went forward to help.

"Why are you carrying so much stuff?"

Michael glanced at Charlotte's outstretched hand, hesitated for a moment, and was about to pass his stuff over when he suddenly pulled back.

"No... it's okay..."

Charlotte looked at Michael strangely, puzzled by his sudden movement. But following his gaze, she caught on to the anomaly.

She spotted Justin's icy gaze akin to a sharp blade. Charlotte couldn't help but purse her lips and her heart thumped anxiously.

Chapter 579: Just Like a Married Couple

"Mr. Battleson..."

Michael Richard's tone paused for a while, seeing that Justin Battleson didn't seem to be refusing, he quickly came in with his things, put them on the table, freed a hand to wipe his sweat, and started speaking.

"Mr. Battleson, I'll put the stuff here, and I'll leave first."

Justin Battleson lifted his eyes to glance at him, a hint of satisfaction apparent in his gaze. His light words were as cold as ever.

"Hmm, go to the finance department to claim your reward. You did well."

A slight raise of Justin Battleson's brow at his words had Michael Richard somewhat excited. He quickly nodded, smiled at Charlotte Thompson, and then left.

It seemed quite rare for Mr. Battleson to be this benevolent in an attempt to win a smile from a beautiful woman.

Charlotte Thompson watched the back of the enthusiastically departing Michael Richard, a slight curve forming on her lips, amused by the scene.

She raised her eyebrows at Justin Battleson and saw an unnatural look in his eyes. As their eyes met, she shook her head with a smile.

"You do know how to make good use of people."

After pouring drinks for the children, Charlotte Thompson spoke out softly.

Justin Battleson didn't bother to explain himself. He picked up the items and placed them on the table, mindful of each child's food preference. He then distributed the food as Charlotte poured the drinks. Their teamwork in these tasks resembled a married couple.

Every action they took was perfectly in sync.

The fragrance lured the children from the bedroom, and when they came out, they saw their mother and Justin Battleson distributing food to them.

Hank Thompson's eyes lit up and he exclaimed excitedly with an unmistakable thrill on his face.

"Wow, mommy said that we were having noodles, but how did the noodles turn into these delicious things?"

"Eat up, your drool is about to reach the floor."

Grace Thompson playfully patted Hank Thompson's shoulder. Her eyes curved into a delighted crescent shape.

"All you do is tease me. Weren't you mumbling in the room just now, saying something like 'oh no, mommy is feeding us noodles again today, I wish it was Lorraine's roast duck.'"

Hank Thompson was not outdone, replying with equivalent excitement on his face.

"You..."

"You two better stop arguing."

Cyrus Thompson swallowed a bite of his pie, speaking in a leisurely manner.

This cheeky pair certainly wreaked entertaining havoc day in and day out.

"Cyrus, you've got to help me. Hank is always picking on me. Just a little wish to eat something different, and after he gave me away, it's like I'm tired of mom's food."

Grace Thompson pouted, her face filled with melancholy.

Hank's bite of meat got stuck in his throat. He widened his eyes as few of Grace's crocodile tears fell.

"Hank, how could you make Grace cry again."

Although Charlotte Thompson knew Grace was just playing around, she still joined in their banter with a smile.

"Mommy, I..."

Grace secretly stuck her tongue out at Hank, who wore a sheepish grin.

"Alright, Grace, come and eat."

Seeing that it was getting late, Charlotte stopped teasing them. She gently tousled Grace's hair, her expression warm and tender.

Standing off to one side, Justin Battleson watched this warm and joyful family scene unfold, and he couldn't help but feel his spirits lifted.

He was usually a cold, aloof person who kept his distance from others, yet now, he found himself increasingly yearning for a family.

Or perhaps it could be said that he was increasingly yearning to be with Charlotte Thompson.

"Alright, this is what Uncle Battleson bought for you. Be sure to thank him properly after you finish eating."

Charlotte, holding Grace in her arms, sported an additional smile. She looked at Justin with twinkling eyes, her brows curved in mirth.

Chapter 580: A Child's Longing for His Father

She was attentive to fine details and noticed Justin Battleson's emotional change just now. He didn't say anything, but Charlotte Thompson understood it all.

"Mommy, are you okay with us calling him daddy now?" Grace Thompson blinked her eyes and carefully asked in Charlotte's ear.

Charlotte was taken aback, seemingly hadn't expected what was happening before her eyes, she looked at the soft and sweet Grace in front of her and couldn't help but smile.

"Grace, you've been calling him that for a while now. Mommy didn't say anything about it!"

Charlotte's voice was very low, but it made Grace very happy.

As soon as Charlotte finished speaking, Grace smiled sweetly and hopped over to Justin.

She extended her hand, touching Justin's large hand with her small one, laughing happily.

"Daddy."

Her voice was low, but when Justin heard it, he felt a warm feeling in his heart, he squatted down, felt Grace's soft little hand, it seemed like his whole world had quietened down, only feeling the warmth of the hand was hard to let go.

"Good girl, Grace." Justin's voice was gentle as he stroked the little girl's head.

Charlotte watched their interaction and smiled.

Charlotte knew that Grace wanted to get close to Justin all the time. Girls are more delicate in their thoughts compared to boys. Though Grace didn't say it, Charlotte understood it clearly.

Upon seeing this scene, Chad Thompson and Jack Thompson looked at each other. Both feelings of guilt surfaced in their hearts.

Jack held Chad as they carefully watched Justin and Charlotte's interaction, their faces showing a complex mix of unspeakable emotions.

"Dad Battleson, we would like to apologize to you."

When Justin heard them call him that, he felt a mix of emotions.

He slightly curved his lips, his eyebrows expressing joy.

If all these children could accept him, then his relationship with Charlotte would take another step forward.

"There's no need for an apology, I understand what you're thinking. Just the fact that you can accept me makes me very happy. I don't ask for anything more, just hope you can be happy."

Charlotte thought about it, these two children were generally good-natured, but they were children after all. Besides, she wasn't sure about Adam Ross's attitude. One can't always let this knot in their hearts remain.

Since Justin could help them untie this knot, Charlotte actually was relieved from the bottom of her heart.

"Alright, now, let's have lunch."

Charlotte walked over and stroked Chad's and Jack's heads and held them to their seats.

After lunch, Charlotte led the children to the bedroom.

They had always had the habit of taking an afternoon nap.

"Mommy, will daddy come to our house often in the future?"

Cyrus Thompson pursed his lips, looked at Charlotte and casually asked.

Even though he didn't say anything, his demeanor revealed a desire.

A child's desire for a father.

Charlotte faltered, she didn't know how to explain this to Cyrus at the moment.

Her relationship with Justin was really complicated.

After some thought, Charlotte sighed and spoke.

"We will have our own things to be busy with, but don't worry. If daddy has the time, he'll come to see you."

Charlotte patted Cyrus's shoulder. Cyrus tried to read something from Charlotte's eyes but after thinking about it, he just nodded.