

## Spoiled 581

### Chapter 581: The Quarrel Starts Again

After coaxing Grace Thompson to sleep, Charlotte Thompson cautiously left the bedroom.

Perhaps it was due to Justin Battleson's arrival today that the children were in such high spirits. They were usually restless and unwilling to sleep, but now, aside from Grace who had obediently gone to sleep, all of the kids were playing in their rooms.

"Brother, wouldn't it be wonderful if Justin Battleson became our father? He usually looks so stern, but he pays a lot of attention to the little things. He even knows what we like to eat and what we don't."

Grace, while tugging at the ears of a little rabbit in her arms, voiced out her thoughts with a tender tone, completely resembling a child petulant.

Hearing her words, Hank Thompson, who was playing with Lego blocks, paused a moment, lowered his brow and eyes, and then adopted an obediently approving look, his tone softening in agreement.

"Yes, sister, I think so too. If that happens, we would finally have a father and you could finally eat more. Look at how much you ate today."

Hank's voice was playful, but it hit Grace's soft spots. She feigned ferocity and playfully punched Hank's chest declaring,

"Ugly Hank, I'm going to tell Mommy you're bullying me again."

Hearing Grace's threat, Hank couldn't help but raise an eyebrow, his tone relaxed.

"Go ahead, all you ever do is tattletale anyway. Keep tattling, and I'll throw away all your little bunnies."

"You..." Grace's voice faltered, her large eyes filled with burgeoning anger, preparing to punch Hank's head.

However, Hank simply ignored Grace. He was gleefully adding a model to his little castle. But his happiness didn't last long, as the castle soon collapsed with a crash.

"..." Hank felt a strange pain in his chest as he watched Grace, who was laughing triumphantly.

"Grace, I am going to throw you into the Pacific Ocean."

Hank gritted his teeth as he spoke, anger seemingly flickering in his handsome eyes.

"Sure, try it. If you dare throw me into the Pacific, Mommy will probably dump you in the Amazon Plain."

Grace pouted her lips, giving back as good as she got.

The already boisterous room became even noisier due to Hank and Grace's squabble.

Meanwhile, Jack Thompson, who was watching TV with Chad Thompson, realized their siblings were quarreling again. He blinked, tugged at Chad's sleeve, then spoke quietly.

"Big Brother and Sister are fighting again."

Upon hearing this, Chad took Jack's tiny hand and approached Hank and Grace, his voice tender as he spoke.

"Brother and sister, please stop fighting. When mommy comes, she'll be angry."

Hank and Grace, fully caught up in their battle, disregarded his words and rolled up their sleeves.

Just as Hank was about to pull Grace's hair, Charlotte entered the room, leaning against the door and looking at the children inside with a detached gaze.

"Are you kids planning to tear the house down after your meal?"

Charlotte raised an eyebrow, a stern look on her face. Her lips were pressed into a line, and there was a flash of anger on her beautiful face.

"Mommy."

Seeing her stern expression, Hank's fighting spirit instantly dropped to its lowest level, making him seem terribly cowardly.

Grace also admitted defeat, holding her head low, holding onto her dress corner with her small hands, her blinking eyes appearing watery, as though she was about to cry.

"Hmm?"

"Chad, Jack, come here."

Chapter 582: Ignored Him

Charlotte Thompson's gaze fell on Jack Thompson and Chad Thompson, who were not far away. Her eyes were cool, and the corners of her mouth curved into a smile.

Chad Thompson and Jack Thompson held each other's little hands and obediently walked up to Charlotte Thompson.

Charlotte squatted down, looking at the two children in front of her with gently smiling eyes. Her voice was soft and light.

"Tell mommy, did big brother and big sister have an argument just now?"

Both Chad and Jack looked back at Hank Thompson and Grace Thompson instinctively. After receiving their hints, they shook their heads in unison.

"Oh? Is that so?" Her voice deepened, a hint of sternness creeping in. She shot an all-knowing look at straight-standing Hank and Grace.

"Mommy originally planned to take you to a nearby amusement park tomorrow, but you guys aren't telling mommy the truth, so I'm not taking you."

Charlotte Thompson's face hardened, looking quite stern.

Grace Thompson instinctively tugged at Hank Thompson's sleeve, a hint of unease clouding her face.

Going to the amusement park was something she had wanted to do for a while. With Charlotte busy with work and Annie's occasional visits, she often found herself unsure of what to play with.

So, when she heard Charlotte mention the amusement park, her spirits lifted and she was filled with anticipation.

"Mommy, I'm sorry, I annoyed sis again."

Hank Thompson sighed, unable to shake the feeling that he owed her something.

Seeing Hank apologize on his own volition, and Grace looking down apologetically, Charlotte couldn't help but smile.

"You can't keep arguing and causing a ruckus, okay?"

Charlotte Thompson walked up to Grace and Hank Thompson, patting their heads fondly.

After finally getting the children to sleep, Charlotte Thompson stretched and walked out, looking slightly worn.

Justin Battleson was making a call outside the bedroom. His posture was upright; his gaze fell on the distance unconsciously, stirring something inside Charlotte Thompson as she watched him from behind.

Upon hearing a sound from behind, Justin turned his gaze, his eyes fell gently upon her.

Today, Charlotte was wearing a white dress with her long hair cascading down her shoulders, the sun's warmth casting a soft glow on her, filling her with an extremely gentle aura.

She glanced at Justin Battleson and unconsciously smiled, and then walked up to him, speaking softly.

"If you're busy, you can go back first, you've already been troubled a lot today."

Thinking of the helpless expression on Justin's face as he took care of the children today, Charlotte Thompson slightly pursed her lips. Her beautiful eyes squinted, somehow causing a stir in Justin's heart.

"I..."

Upon hearing his voice, Charlotte briefly lifted her gaze. Her eyes shone softly, and a gentle smile played on her lips, radiating a captivating charm.

"What's wrong?" Seeing Justin Battleson's sudden pause, Charlotte, like a mother comforting her child, asked again in an even softer tone.

"I'm hungry."

Justin put his phone in his pocket. His slender fingers idly traced the table's surface while his gaze shifted restlessly elsewhere, revealing unfathomable depths in his eyes.

Only then did Charlotte remember that today he had only asked Michael Richard to buy food for her and the children, forgetting himself, even Michael Richard forgot to buy food for Mr. Battleson. She was also careless, focusing only on calming the children and ended up neglecting him.

Reflecting on this, Charlotte felt a bit remorseful. She laughed lightly and said,

"That's my fault. I forgot about you, so how about this—I'll go cook some noodles for you."

Chapter 583: Quite Delicious.

Charlotte Thompson's brows flickered, and without waiting for Justin Battleson to answer, she headed straight for the kitchen.

There were still some ingredients left in the kitchen. She had intended to cook vegetable noodles for the kids at noon, but Justin bought quite a number of groceries without informing her.

Indeed behaving like a sheltered young master, buying whatever he fancied.

She first washed the vegetables and placed them in the sink, their vibrant hues making them look rather appetizing. She removed the roots of the vegetables and cut away the superfluous parts with skilled movements.

Justin watched her busy in the kitchen from a slight distance. Unconsciously, his throat moved, and a flicker of surprise and excitement entered his gaze.

Charlotte was willing to cook for him. Could this mean their relationship had taken another step forward?

Subconsciously, he approached her.

Charlotte was seen filling the pot with water before adding the noodles and then the vegetables. The red chili peppers and tomatoes and the green leafy spinach were thrown in. The tomatoes released their juice into the soup, mixing with the noodles, and a heavenly aroma began to waft in the air.

She watched the heat closely with her head down, eyes focused, lips slightly pursed. Her seaweed-like hair was casually done up into a bun, held in place with a blue hair tie.

Justin quietly observed Charlotte, preoccupied with her work, utterly unaware that he was standing just a few meters away.

Charlotte scooped up a half spoonful of soup and lightly tasted it. The vegetables had soaked up the soup and given it a nice aroma, but it seemed she had forgotten to add condiments. Brows furrowing, she put the spoon aside to grab some spices. When she turned back, she was startled by Justin's proximity.

She leaned forward, looking as if she would topple any moment. Justin swiftly took a step forward, extending a hand to grab her around the waist.

She leaned against Justin, their eyes meeting. Clearly, she could see the affection deep in his gaze. She was temporarily stunned as if time had stopped, only their heartbeats audible.

"I..." She diverted her gaze, stammering a little.

"Can you...let go of me...the noodles are going to burn."

With that, she turned toward the steaming pot, her voice holding a slight hint of girlish shyness.

Justin loosened his grip, the stoic expression washed away from his face, leaving it faintly relaxed.

He focused on the steaming pot and began to talk slowly.

"What are you up to? It smells amazing."

"Vegetable noodles." Charlotte quickly took the spices from the cupboard nearby and sprinkled some into the pot.

The noodles were almost done, and she couldn't exactly ask Justin to go outside. She dished up a bowl of noodles in a beautiful ceramic dish and gently spoke.

"Here, taste it."

Charlotte leaned her cheek on her hand, her eyes twinkling, the dimple by her lips slightly fluttering. This made Justin's throat move again.

Indeed, the noodles were a feast for the eyes.

A rush of joy washed over Justin. After all, this was the first time she had properly cooked for him.

While the vegetable noodles were a simple dish, his heart wouldn't stop fluttering. He picked up the chopsticks and started tasting the dish, his lips curling into a rare smile.

Upon tasting the noodles, his eyes surprisingly brightened. An indescribable joy could be seen on his exquisite face. Overwhelmed, he couldn't help but speak.

"It tastes really good."

Hearing his words, Charlotte couldn't help but smile. Her eyes curving as she responded.

"Take your time."

Justin didn't hold back, digging in heartily.

Charlotte quietly watched him enjoy the noodles.

Chapter 584: Back Together?



While she may not necessarily be a cooking enthusiast, she still felt inexplicably happy when someone praised her for her delicious food.

Only then did Charlotte realize that he looked as submissive as a kitten when eating noodles.

Justin quickly finished his noodles. Seeing him look like he was still hungry, Charlotte automatically smiled and served him the remaining noodles.

Just as Charlotte was about to say something, there was a sudden knock at the door.

The timing of the knock was inconvenient.

Charlotte frowned involuntarily, unable to recall who would visit her.

"Hold on a moment."

Charlotte said to the man in front of her and then swiftly turned to answer the door.

Upon opening the door, she realized it was Jordan standing outside.

He was standing at the door, holding a bunch of bags with a smile on his face, his eyes sparkling with excitement.

"Sis, look what I brought you."

Charlotte paused for a moment, looked at Jordan in front of her, and couldn't help but smile, her eyes filled with amusement.

"What have you bought this time?"

Just as Charlotte was about to take what was in Jordan's hand, Jordan side-stepped her and ran excitedly into the house.

"Eh? Where are the kids..."

Just as Jordan finished his sentence, he saw Justin sitting there, slurping his noodles.

Without his usual stern facade, Justin before his eyes appeared more tender and homely.

After drinking a mouthful of soup, Justin raised his eyes to see Jordan in front of him. His expression froze momentarily, and then he casually finished the last noodle, stood up, and elegantly rolled up his sleeves, with his well-defined hands soaking in the soap suds.

The smile on Jordan's face faltered a bit, and he placed the things in his hands on the living room floor, scrutinizing Justin.

When Charlotte closed the door and walked into the kitchen, she saw the scene between Jordan and Justin.

"Jordan?" Charlotte lightly patted Jordan, who seemed to be stuck in a trance, on his shoulder, and began to speak softly.

"Sis, are you back together with him?"

Jordan finally regained his senses, hastily leaning towards Charlotte to whisper in her ear. Charlotte's cheeks flushed, adding a hint of shyness to her expression.

She casually waved her hand, and tried to keep her voice low.

"What nonsense are you going on about? If you're not busy, you can go home."

"Come on, sis, I finally came here to see you, and you're asking me to leave?"

Jordan draped his arm over Charlotte's shoulder fondly. Justin turned his head and saw this scene, his eyes suddenly darkening.

He narrowed his eyes, hands in his pockets, baring his tanned skin to the air as he rolled up his sleeves, projecting an unintentional charm. His eyes deepened as he watched Charlotte, his expression unfathomable.

Jordan raised an eyebrow at Justin in front of him and began to speak indifferently.

"Why does the ever-busy Mr. Battleson have time to come here today? Do you have any pressing matters?"

Jordan smirked teasingly, his gaze wandering between Charlotte and Justin, full of insinuation.

Justin, however, did not respond, merely watching Charlotte quietly.

Without batting an eyelid, Charlotte swatted away Jordan's arm on her shoulder and spoke quietly.

"He came to see the children."

"To see the children?"

Jordan deliberately lengthened his tone and laughed meaningfully. The teasing nature of his amusement made Charlotte feel a bit awkward for a moment.

Chapter 585: Stop Talking Nonsense

"Alright then, they should have finished napping, go check on them in their rooms."

Charlotte Thompson knew of Jordan Thompson's unpredictable nature. Leaving him here would most likely cause a fair amount of trouble.

"Alright, sis, I get what you mean. You just don't want me disturbing your private time, I'll get going."

Jordan Thompson's mischievousness could be seen in his playful eyes as he hustled out of the room before Charlotte could even respond and made his way quickly to the children's room.

It was about the end of naptime, and the children were groggy as they woke from their sleep.

Upon opening his eyes, Hank Thompson was surprised to see Jordan Thompson at the doorway and greeted him with a smile.

"Uncle, why are you here? Did you bring the latest Lego for me?"

Full of excitement, Hank jumped into Jordan's arms, calling out in a babyish voice with a touch of sleepiness still lingering in his tone.

"You little devil, all you think about is your Lego, go over there and get it."

Jordan Thompson tapped Hank's little head, his voice warm and gentle.

"Cyrus, Grace, Chad, Jack, wake up everybody, Uncle's taking you out to play."

Jordan Thompson walked to the children's rooms, knocked on the doors, and stepped in.

"Uncle," Grace Thompson, unbothered by sleepiness, softly responded upon hearing Jordan Thompson's voice.

Jordan Thompson gently lifted Grace from her princess bed and responded affectionately.

"Uncle, why are you here?"

Grace tilted her head and asked cutely, blinking her eyes.

"I'm here to take you guys out to play."

Jordan Thompson pinched Grace's little head, speaking in a soft voice.

The children were ready to go, dressed and waiting at the door while Cyrus Thompson strolled out of his room carrying a laptop. Seeing Jordan Thompson, he gently greeted him.

"Uncle."

Jordan Thompson replied with a nod, patting Cyrus's little head.

"Jordan, are you bringing them out?"

Carrying a plate of fruit, Charlotte Thompson quite unexpectedly asked Jordan Thompson as she saw him coming out of the room with the children.

"Yeah, sis, I've mostly dealt with band stuff, so I planned to take the kids to a nearby amusement park. You wanted to take them out too before, right? But I guess you won't have time today."

Jordan Thompson deliberately mischievously glanced at Justin Battleson who was not far away, making a point to drag out the last sentence.

"If you chatter any more nonsense, I swear I'll tell Grandpa right away what you're up to with your band."

Charlotte Thompson shot Jordan Thompson a warning look and returned his threat, knowing well that Jordan adored his band.

However, Grandpa consistently discouraged his involvement with a band, and Charlotte had long been hiding this on behalf of Jordan.

"Sis..."

Held by his weak spot, Jordan Thompson hastily hid his teasing expression, putting on a serious face and innocently addressed Charlotte.

"I won't chatter anymore, but please don't tell Grandpa about me being in a band. If he knew, I'd be doomed. You know how stubborn he is. If he finds out I returned to Druarus to pursue music, there's no doubting my band would be finished."

Jordan Thompson couldn't bear to imagine what his band would look like if Grandpa found out.

"Really?" Charlotte Thompson gave Jordan Thompson a half-smiling look and, noticing his moistened eyes, she couldn't help chuckling softly.

Chapter 586: I am very happy

"Alright, I was just teasing you. Don't exaggerate things. Let me get ready and we can go together. I've already promised to take Grace to the amusement park today."

Charlotte didn't continue teasing Jordan. She had just discussed with Justin Battleson. Today was a day off for the company, so they could go to the amusement park. After all, Justin was the father of those children.

Although these children were mischievous, they always yearned for fatherly love. She thought that a day at the amusement park might foster the relationship between them.

Upon hearing Charlotte's words, Jordan didn't speak. He merely looked at the man, who had been silent not far away, with a curious gaze.

At Charlotte's words, a glint of joy flashed in Justin's eyes.

Jordan understood Justin's character all too well. He was cold and calm. On the business field, he always had the reputation of a wolf. Jordan had never imagined that such a person would be interested in family life.

"Really? Will Dad join us? That's great. I can't wait."

Gaining interest in the notion of upcoming amusements at the park, Hank cheerfully spoke out, which made Charlotte hide a smile.

Truth be told, these children weren't particularly enthused by the kiddie-level attractions at the amusement park.

Perhaps because Justin was accompanying them, they unconsciously looked forward to it a bit more.

The group had a blast at the amusement park.

Perhaps due to Justin's presence, the children had a great time.

Taking advantage of Charlotte and Justin's absence to buy something, Jordan sneakily shared updates on the duo's progress with his family back in Ashton.

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Returning to the hotel, Charlotte glanced at her watch. Having spent the day with the children, she felt it wouldn't be appropriate to let Justin go now. She softly proposed to Justin.

"Why don't you spend the night here? We have some spare rooms."

The light on Charlotte's face, under the ambience of slight intoxication, coupled with her invitation, brought joy to Justin's heart. He nodded, pretending to be calm. Just as he was about to say something, he caught a glimpse of Jordan sneakily texting someone.

"Ahem, well, in that case, I'll go and grab a pair of pyjamas for you."

Realising he was caught by Justin, Jordan put his phone back into his pocket, speaking awkwardly.

"That works." Charlotte, busy arranging toiletries for Justin, nodded at Jordan's words.

"Thank you for today."

Handing the items to Justin, Charlotte spoke gently, a soft warmth flickering in her downward gaze that she didn't notice herself.

"No trouble at all. I had a great time today." Justin looked warmly at the woman standing before him, his head bowed slightly.

She seemed to be giving him a chance, a thought that crossed Justin's mind.

"You should rest now."

With a gentle laugh, Charlotte's radiant smile under the light left Justin momentarily dumbstruck.

Justin paused, but just as he was about to speak, Charlotte had already closed the door and left.

Back in her own room, Jordan had already put the children to bed. Lying on her bed, Charlotte sank into deep contemplation.

Chapter 587: Missing Daddy Lu?



Watching their brother and sister having a blast, Jack and Chad Thompson couldn't help but feel a little down.

They held each other's hands and sat on the side, the sight of them was pitiful, much like children left behind.

"Brother, actually, I think Dad Adam is better."

Jack leaned into Chad's ear, speaking softly, a hint of grievance creeping into his voice.

Chad was silent for a while. The words that Adam Ross had said to them previously flashed through his mind, leaving a complex feeling in his chest.

"But our brother and sister are having so much fun with him. We can't just go up and say that, it'll be a real killjoy. They would be upset then."

Chad gave Jack's little hand a squeeze, his voice carrying a touch of hesitation.

Adam Ross was their biological father, and he used to take great care of them.

But the fact that Justin could remember their each and every interest down to the exact detail left them wavering. At this moment, if they bluntly said their thoughts, would their mother also be upset?

"Brother, how about this? Let's call Dad Adam."

Jack's eyes widened. A glimmer of joy flashed through his clear eyes. Clearly, he was delighted by this idea, and a wave of excitement crossed his face.

Chad, who was immersed in his thoughts, agreed upon hearing his brother's suggestion. He reached out to ruffle Jack's hair, tousling it gently.

The two of them observed the situation. They saw that Justin was playing Lego with their siblings, so they held hands, hoping to quietly move away. But before they could take a few steps, a pair of leather shoes entered their view.

Looking up, they found themselves looking into Justin's unfathomable black eyes, his simple gaze, gently curved lips.

Although with a rugged demeanor, unlike Adam's soft femininity, Justin still made Jack and Chad feel oddly nervous despite his warm smile.

Their little hands clenched together instinctively, clutching the corners of their own clothing as they blinked, too afraid to look up at the person in front of them.

"What's wrong?"

Thinking of what Charlotte had said to him, Justin bent down and softly asked the two children before him.

He appeared so unexpectedly gentle and pleasant.

"We...we want to go back to our room."

Jack's voice was barely a whisper, his timid demeanor gave Justin an instant realization.

"Are you missing Dad Adam?" Justin raised his hand to touch Jack's head, a tender gesture.

"How...how did you know?" Chad's eyes widened, the realization that this man had seemingly read their minds left him somewhat panicked.

"It's okay. Adam might be your biological dad, but if you're not opposed to it, I can also be your father. Adam and I are good friends, so if you miss him, I can take you to see him later."

Justin prided himself on being invincible in the business world, but here with these children, he tread lightly.

Upon hearing his words, Jack and Chad exchanged a glance. Both brothers saw the unhidden emotion in each other's eyes.

They knew they'd accept whoever their mother chose to be their father, but the man named Justin, who'd considered their worries so thoroughly, surprised them.

"Really?"

Jack's eyes filled with moisture. Unlike his resilient brother, the tears welled up in his eyes at Justin's words.

#### Chapter 588: Biological Father

Standing not far away holding fruits, Charlotte Thompson naturally overheard what Justin Battleson had just said, which stirred some affection in her heart.

She had initially worried about conflicts arising between her two young sons, Jack Thompson and Chad Thompson, and Justin Battleson.

Justin Battleson was aloof. Even though he could maintain a good relationship with his own children, they were, after all, bound by blood.

Her gaze fell on Justin. His eyes were dark as if speckled with scattered stars twinkling in the sky.

As he lowered his head to look at the two children, his usually tight lips would curve upward, bringing a rare warmth to his resolute face.

In that moment, something in her heart seemed to shift.

So, this man who maintained a certain distance from strangers and acquaintances alike could also have such gentle and humble moments.

"Of course it's true, my words carry weight. Your dad Adam Ross even calls me his second brother. If you miss him, I can take you to see him now, but we have to ask your mom first."

As Justin spoke, his eyes shifted to Charlotte in the distance.

As their eyes met, Charlotte's heart began to race.

She blinked, her eyebrows twitching and her lips lifting into a smile as she walked towards the children with the fruit.

"You've been playing for quite a while. Have some fruits and rest for a while."

Hank Thompson, upon seeing the sweet fruits, glanced at the building blocks in his hands before decisively tossing them aside and scrambling excitedly to the fruits.

"Mummy, I've found that dad is really amazing. He just helped me build a Lego toy I've never been able to construct before. I wish he could always be here."

Hank Thompson mumbled as he chewed on his fruit.

At his words, Grace Thompson suddenly stopped what she was doing, staring at Charlotte blankly, her eyes welling up.

Even Cyrus Thompson, who had been engrossed in his computer, paused, casting an uncertain look at Charlotte.

Sensing the change in atmosphere, Justin Battleson wasn't surprised. He merely stood up and began to speak softly.

"Dad will always be here."

He used a napkin to gently wipe away the juice at the corner of Hank Thompson's mouth. His eyes softened, his voice cool.

"Uncle Battleson." Grace Thompson had not yet called Justin Battleson 'father'. Although she too craved paternal love, her sensitive mind didn't miss a beat.

"Will you also treat Chad and Jack as your own children?"

"I keep my promises."

Justin's determined tone moved the children considerably. Charlotte didn't comment, but she was pleased that Justin was becoming closer to the children.

Perhaps letting the children experience fatherly love was the most important thing for her at present.

"Actually, Adam Ross is only your biological father." Cyrus Thompson put down his laptop, his handsome eyes so resembling Justin's, his gaze falling unobtrusively on Jack and Chad Thompson, as if reading their thoughts.

"You... "

Upon hearing this, Jack's eyes instantly welled up with tears. He looked pitifully at his older brother Chad, whose face wasn't looking that good either.

"Big brother, how could you say something like that."

The peace among the children immediately disintegrated into a squabble. The warm atmosphere just a moment ago vanished. Justin, with a slight headache, glanced at the bickering children, uncertain how to mediate.

## Chapter 589: Restless Mind

The night was already deep and the scattered stars across the sky looked rather beautiful.

Charlotte Thompson was lying in bed with her head tilted up, feeling extremely complex inside, turning over and over again unable to fall asleep.

"Sigh..."

Charlotte sat up listlessly, her fine black hair somewhat messy, her lips vivid red, her skin snow white.

She pulled back the curtain, outside it was pitch black, she stood still for a while, the moonlight warmly shining on her, giving her a sensual aura.

She looked up at the clock not far away, it was late, and for a moment, more complex emotions surged in her heart.

Things couldn't go on like this forever, her sleep quality had always been good, and she didn't know why she suddenly suffered from insomnia today.

With this thought, Charlotte pushed the door and walked out, at that moment everything was silent, she had no habit of keeping the light on in her room, the hallway light was flickering, she tiptoed to the living room.

She picked up the cup, was about to pour herself a glass of water, when she suddenly heard a voice behind her.

Charlotte turned around to see Justin Battleson standing behind her.

He was tall and broad, and the shirt that Jordan Thompson usually wore looked tight on him, highlighting his attractiveness.

His eyes were deep, his gaze was like the bright moon in the night sky, yet as deep as a vast sea of smoke, his flickering emotions flashing through it.

The man's finely chiseled features looked incredibly good under the moonlight, his thin moist lips, sharp eyebrows, long fingers holding the glass, carefully looking at the Charlotte before him.

"You..."

Charlotte's face turned inexplicably red, her big watery eyes flashed with an indescribable shyness.

"What are you doing here?" Charlotte's voice was somewhat dry, she instinctively turned her face away, feeling a bit guilty.

"I was a bit thirsty and came to pour a glass of water."

The man's tone was full of tenderness, he unintentionally spoke, his dark eyes looking at the Charlotte in front of him.

"Then you drink it, I'm going to bed."

Charlotte took a big gulp of water, only then did she feel a bit relieved, just as she was about to turn around and leave the living room, her wrist was suddenly grabbed by Justin Battleson.

His palm was scorching hot, almost burning her cool wrist, she looked back at him in surprise.

The moonlight draped over their bodies, creating an ambiguous atmosphere.

Justin Battleson leaned in, pressing her against the tall cabinet, his big hand on her waist, shielding her from gravity, and he softly lowered his head towards her.

"Why are you running away?"

"I... I didn't run."

Charlotte couldn't help but avert her eyes, there was something unnatural flashing in her gaze, she spoke lightly, her hand tightly clenched, the thin sweat in her palm was somewhat sticky, making her uncomfortable.

"Charlotte?" Justin Battleson leaned over to Charlotte's ear, his voice was quiet, as if he was teasing.

"You are quite gentle today."

Justin Battleson's voice was very low, as mellow as the sound of a cello, making Charlotte somewhat infatuated.

"Justin Battleson, you... let go of me."

Charlotte deliberately turned her face, pretending to be fierce looking, she glared at the man in front of her.

His smooth facial contours looked soft and handsome under the moonlight, his gaze was very light but firm, as if he was carefully observing her.

Justin Battleson heard Charlotte's words but made no move, only tightening his grip, as if he wanted to squeeze the woman in front of him into his very bones.

Charlotte's voice was light and clear, and there was an added touch of shyness, Justin Battleson found it somewhat distracting.

Chapter 590: This Is Adult Business

He lowered his head and pressed his lips onto hers.



"Mmm....."

Charlotte Thompson's eyes widened, seemingly surprised by the man's action in front of her, causing her heart to beat rapidly as if it was about to leap out of her chest.

Justin Battleson kissed with intense focus, as if he wished to envelop the woman in front of him in his arms, his exploration with his lips and tongue deepening as he continued.

His big hand held Charlotte's slim waist, and her slender waist came to life in his palm.

Her breath filled with Justin's domineering scent, making her feel a bit dizzy, her pupils trembling.

"Mommy?"

The childish voice of Cyrus Thompson suddenly echoed in the quiet room. Charlotte's eyes widened, and she snapped back to reality.

Immediately, she pushed away from the man in front of her and turned to look at the child in the distance.

Cyrus, wearing a black pajama, was blankly staring at the two adults. Charlotte didn't know how much he had seen, but she felt guilty for no reason, thinking of something, and she quickly sidestepped and walked towards Cyrus.

"Why aren't you sleeping?"

Cyrus did not answer Charlotte's question, but merely watched Justin Battleson with a flat expression. His eyes seemed to be considering something, and after a while, he started to speak.

"Mommy, did you and daddy get back together?"

Although the question was directed at Charlotte, Cyrus's gaze was on Justin.

His gaze was calm for a moment, as if he were waiting for an answer.

"Why are you asking these questions instead of sleeping? Go to sleep now."

Charlotte's voice carried a certain stern tone, her face stern as she took two steps in three strides, ready to carry Cyrus away.

But Justin stepped forward, blocking Cyrus' way, and spoke with a determined tone.

"Daddy and mommy are already back together."

Cyrus's eyes widened, a hint of surprise and delight flashed in his eyes. It seemed as though the situation made him feel an unexpected joy.

The immense joy seemed to be about to overwhelm him. He desperately wanted to cling to Justin, but Charlotte didn't give him the opportunity. Instead, she squatted down, patting Cyrus's small head gently while speaking faintly.

"We're not yet, Cyrus. Can you go to sleep now? Mommy and daddy still have things to discuss."

Upon hearing Charlotte's words, Cyrus showed no reaction and unusually looked towards Justin, a firmness coated his infant face and his eyes flickered with an unwillingness to leave.

"Mommy, I don't want to sleep..."

Cyrus shook his head defiantly. Although he was not old, his character was molded by watching Charlotte. When he was stubborn, nine bull cows wouldn't be able to drag him away.

"Cyrus."

Charlotte didn't want to cause a scene with her child over Justin, but the question Cyrus asked left her unsure of how to respond.

"Daddy?"

Cyrus stubbornly tugged at Justin's sleeve, a hint of persistence flashed across his face.

It seemed like getting this result was the most important thing right now. Justin lowered his head to look at him, his eyes showing calmness, as if hinting that he didn't need to worry.

"Cyrus, this is adult business. It's already late, how about going to bed early?"

Charlotte, keeping her patience, gently looked at Cyrus, attempting to reason with him slowly.

After hearing this, Cyrus couldn't help but lower his head, he looked at Justin with a dejected look.