

Spoiled 601

Chapter 601: Displaying Majestic Power

The next morning, in the Design Department meeting room.

"Charlotte, are you even listening to me?"

A sudden, harsh voice shattered the quiet of the meeting room.

"Manager Clarkson, I..." Charlotte unwillingly lifted her head from the table, meeting Minister Clarkson's disgusted gaze.

Originally, she could have left after finishing the design for the princess' necklace, but since she decided to stay, she still had to attend all the various meetings of the Design Department.

She could feel that the newly appointed Minister Clarkson was deliberately targeting her.

"You what?" Minister Clarkson flicked her hand, interrupting her impatiently, pointing to a corner of the Design Department, "Haven't you noticed that a light bulb over there is broken?"

"If I don't ask you to fix it, would you not know to do it without being told?"

"I..." Charlotte's eyes suddenly cooled, her rosy lips opened slightly, preparing to retort, but seeing her unreasonable demeanor, her eyes narrowed, deciding to wait and see.

She watched as Minister Clarkson really turned around and took something out of a drawer.

"Here!" Minister Clarkson, holding a brand-new light bulb, walked over to her, glancing at her dismissively and with a touch of disgust, "If you have nothing else to do, look around more, don't think about slacking off all the time!"

"Tsk, Minister Clarkson, I came here to be a designer, not a light bulb repairer."

Charlotte is no pushover either, her cool eyes landed on her, then looked outside.

A ladder was quietly standing there.

It seemed that Minister Clarkson had intended to put her in danger all along, hadn't she?

Otherwise, why would she be so prepared? Even the stepping stool had been prepared for her.

With a soft sneer, she saw Minister Clarkson's face slightly sink, pointed out, saying: "Since Designer Charlotte is so free, why don't you help?"

Charlotte lips curled into a smile, too lazy to argue with her, she took the light bulb and walked out.

Without any hesitation, she climbed on a nearly two-meter-high chair, holding the edge of the chair frame with one hand tightly, easily unscrewed the broken light bulb with the other hand.

Suddenly, the frame seemed to be kicked by someone, and it started shaking violently.

Charlotte's eyes tightened, as she clung to the ladder, the light bulb that had just been taken off slipped from her grip and fell straight to the ground.

"Bang——!"

The booming sound of glass shattering instantly startled everyone in the Design Department, casting bitter glances at Charlotte, who stood on the ladder.

Voices of discontent filled the room as people murmured softly.

"Tsk, tsk, Minister Clarkson sure is bold today, giving a dressing down to Designer Charlotte who has a dispute with a big shot!"

"Yes, though I always felt sick whenever I saw Charlotte resisting me, it feels very satisfying right now."

...

If you look carefully, it's easy to see that those people whispering Charlotte were the gossip-loving women in the Design Department.

The jumbled voices ringing in her ears did not stir a ripple in Charlotte's heart, her delicate face still calm as ever.

She had already become accustomed to these kinds of rumors, having heard it countless times already.

"Miss Thompson? What is..."

Suddenly, a shocking male voice rang from a distance.

"Michael Richard?" As Charlotte turned around to look, she stumbled, accompanied by a violent shaking of the ladder.

Chapter 602: Let's Try it First

With a sudden "bang", Charlotte was enveloped by a feeling of weightlessness. She tightly shut her eyes, bracing herself for the intense pain that was sure to come.

Falling from a height of two meters, she thought she would surely break an arm or leg.

Michael was taken aback. He hadn't expected his words to scare her like this. Seeing her figure falling quickly, he frantically rushed over.

But before he could reach her, another figure, dressed in a black suit that accentuated his near-perfect physique, beat him to it. Just as Charlotte, eyes tightly shut, was about to hit the ground, she was gently caught and cradled in his arms.

"Are you alright?" he asked.

"Justin Battleson?" Recognising the deep, magnetic voice in her ear, Charlotte opened her eyes. Coming face to face with the magnified handsome face, she couldn't help but blush and shake her head a bit to regain her composure.

"I wasn't aware that our design department could no longer afford someone to change the light bulbs, hmm?" Justin's lips curled into a slight cold smile, his icy gaze sweeping over the crowd in the design department.

"Mr. Battleson." Minister Clarkson appeared, with a bitter expression on his face, and walked shakily out from behind the crowd. When his eyes met Justin's cold gaze, he couldn't help but shudder.

"If we can't afford it, doesn't our company have security or others who could do it?" Justin's voice, colder than before, queried him.

"I...I..." Minister Clarkson stammered, unable to form a coherent response.

The company indeed had dedicated personnel for regular checking and timely maintenance, but Minister Clarkson had made Charlotte perform the risky task just to put her in a difficult position.

"No need to come in tomorrow!" Justin pronounced her sentence and, with that said, left the room with Charlotte, walking towards to the CEO's office.

The design department staff were left behind, grinding their teeth angrily as they stared at Charlotte being led away by Mr. Battleson.

Minister Clarkson too, left the area with a gray cloud above his head, resentment burning in his chest.

"Wow!" Michael was amazed as he looked at Justin's dominant figure departing. He couldn't help but clap for him.

"Mr. Battleson, you certainly know how to defend a lady's honor. Utterly impressive!"

Inside the CEO's office.

"You're not injured, are you?" Seated on the soft sofa, Justin looked at her with a soft gaze, and upon seeing her shake her head, he said firmly, "How about we make our relationship public?"

"No!" Charlotte was surprised and glanced at her hand still being held firmly in his. Her face flushed, she then placed her incredulous gaze on his handsome face.

She had never contemplated what kind of uproar would ensue in the company or online if they were to disclose their relationship.

Perhaps by the time, even their child would be unwittingly embroiled in the mess.

That was a scene Charlotte was desperate to avoid.

"Justin, let's postpone this decision for now." Charlotte slightly pursed her lips and shook her head gently.

"Why?" Justin asked, a hard look in his eyes. "Don't you want to?"

"Don't forget. We're still on trial period." Charlotte shook her head and expressed her thoughts.

She continued, "Let's just give it a try and we don't necessarily have to disclose immediately."

"...." The crease between Justin's eyebrows grew deeper. His gaze, resembling a vortex of the universe, was fixed on her resolute face. After a long silence, he finally nodded.

Charlotte gave a nearly inaudible cough and turned her head away, refusing to say anything else.

Silence once again loomed in the office.

Chapter 603: Foolish

Charlotte Thompson gave a gentle cough, straightened her body, the lingering warmth finally fading from her face. She looked at the man who was extremely close to her, feeling a little awkward as she coughed again.

Her delicate, boneless hand formed a fist, gently rubbing at her lips. As if recalling something, she turned to look at Justin Battleson, her eyebrows furrowing in confusion, "Shouldn't you be in the conference room for a meeting at this time?"

The company had a daily meeting every noon to report work progress to the President or present new suggestions, usually convened by Justin Battleson personally.

She didn't expect Charlotte to remember this.

Justin Battleson's lips curled up, tenderness filling his eyes. He couldn't help but lift his hand, gently tousling her hair. He caught her confused gaze, saying, "How did you become so naive after starting a relationship?"

Charlotte: "..."

He paused slightly, looked at the wall clock, and continued smiling, "There's still half an hour before the regular meeting begins."

Upon hearing this, Charlotte nodded.

Seemingly recalling something, the man suddenly asked, "Are you hungry?"

It was noon, and the Design Department's small meeting had been going on for several hours. Minister Clarkson's approach seriously broke the company's rules, so it was only natural to fire her.

The result of having a meeting for several hours was that she hadn't eaten lunch yet.

Charlotte shook her head, a little embarrassed. Just as she was about to speak, she suddenly heard a knock at the door, her gaze instinctively turned to Justin Battleson.

As expected, his lips curled into a knowing smile. He softly said, "Come in."

The door was pushed open. Looking up, Charlotte saw Michael Richard, looking weary but carrying lunch bags in his hands.

Michael Richard looked distressed, but was still trying to force a smile. He placed the lunch bags on Charlotte's desk, his gaze lingering on her for a second.

With a seemingly subtle look in his eyes, Michael Richard turned to Justin Battleson and said, "Mr. President, I have other matters to attend to, so I'll take my leave."

Hearing this, Justin Battleson merely nodded, watching as he left.

It was only when Michael Richard had fully disappeared from the doorway that Charlotte gave a wry smile. She looked at the steaming hot lunch in front of her, and Justin's unsurprised expression, sighing helplessly, "Did you make Mr. Richard go buy lunch again?"

It was the same the last time. She always felt that Michael Richard appeared to be rushing over in a hurry, giving others an image of being weary.

At Charlotte's words, Justin Battleson just shrugged indifferently, "His daily runs are good for his health... Come, open your mouth."

Charlotte helplessly opened her mouth, and within a few seconds, a warm pancake was placed into her mouth. The taste of the scallions was the first to spread in her mouth, making her mouth water.

She raised her eyebrows in surprise.

This taste of the pancake was too familiar, it was the same taste of the pancake she used to buy downstairs of her apartment every day.

The pancake shop was downstairs of the apartment, which means, did Justin Battleson specially instruct Michael Richard to go there to buy it?

Feeling a strange sensation rising in her heart, Charlotte swallowed a mouthful of the pancake.

Even though it was savory, she managed to taste a hint of sweetness.

By the time she finished eating, it was time for the regular meeting. Charlotte wiped her mouth, preparing to go to her own office chair.

Noticing her movements, the man beside her suddenly reached out to stop her, saying, "Leave the design draft for now. From today onwards, you'll come to the regular meetings with me, no need to go to the separate meetings in the Design Department."

Chapter 604: Who Isn't Afraid of Her by Three Points?

At the end of his sentence, Charlotte Thompson was slightly surprised, then a feeling of warmth washed over her heart.

Was he worried she would be bullied in the design department?

Justin Battleson really underestimated her.

When she first joined the company and defeated Cindy, who did not fear her?

A hint of a smile crept up the corners of her mouth, she shook her head, and said, "Don't worry, I'm not an easy pushover. Today's incident happened only because I didn't want to argue. It won't happen again."

Upon hearing her words, Justin lost his composure and chuckled.

Suppressing the impulse to pinch her face, Justin laughed again and said, "No, it's because the design department's meetings are not instructive at all. You would have a better hands-on experience at the general meetings."

After hearing that, Charlotte was thoughtful for a second.

Indeed, while she had made a name for herself in design during her time at Ashton, she knew almost nothing about anything else.

If she could learn many things she had never seen before at the general meetings, why wouldn't she go?

Nodding in agreement, Charlotte said with a smile, "Alright, I'll go get my stuff now."

She reached her desk, casually grabbed a meeting record book and two pens. When the time came, she followed Justin into the meeting room, one behind the other.

The meeting room was already filled with people, leaving only the main seat and a seat closest to it.

Charlotte pursed her lips as she took a seat.

The corners of Justin's eyes darkened slightly, and he introduced, "As you may all know, this is Charlotte, our most promising designer who can take on important tasks, a genius designer, who happens to be the Chief Designer at Ashton, Joy."

With the name Joy, she was more than qualified to attend the general meeting.

Applause filled the room, and Charlotte stood up, smiling gently as she nodded her head before sitting back down.

There was not a single flaw in her demeanor.

A woman in white professional attire took the lead, standing in front of the big screen with a stack of documents, calmly starting to report on the work progress.

Everyone here was a new face, and they were engrossed in their work. Charlotte listened attentively and was soon engrossed as well.

As she opened the record book to write something down, she didn't notice the pens she had placed on it. The pens began to roll uncontrollably on the smooth tabletop as she moved, and then made a very faint "pop" sound.

Charlotte could sense the pen had fallen next to her foot.

She raised her eyebrows, and subconsciously bent down to pick it up, but before her hand could touch the pen, she found that a large hand had already picked it up.

The fingers were long and slender, deftly flipping the pen but he made no move to return it to Charlotte.

Charlotte frowned and reflexively followed the direction of the hand to look up, encountering a magnified handsome face. Then, a warm sensation, like that of a dragonfly lightly touching water, passed through her cheek.

A sense of mischief flashed in the man's eyes as he pecked her on her porcelain-white cheek.

Startled, Charlotte sat up straight like a jolt had gone through her. She turned to see Justin calmly adjusting his sleeves, a hint of satisfaction on his lips.

Charlotte's face turned crimson. Keeping her emotions in check, she extended her hand and her voice was very soft.

"Give me back my pen."

Upon hearing this, the man readily returned the pen to her.

Charlotte fondled the pen, which was still warm, and it took her quite a while to recover.

Chapter 605: End of Trial Period

The woman in front of the large screen had reported for nearly ten minutes before she came down with the files, walking straight to Justin Battleson, a hint of a smile apparent on her somewhat heroically set face.

She set down the documents, her voice neither loud nor soft, remarking: "Mr. President, all the quarterly work reports are in here, would it be bothering you to take a look?"

Hearing this, Justin looked up and took the files, nodded, saying: "Alright, I'll review it."

There was no emotion in his voice, it was even difficult to tell what he was thinking.

A sigh escaped from Charlotte Thompson, her face still flushed.

If she hadn't known, who would have believed that a man like that, just a minute ago, was like a child, using the desk to hide his impromptu kiss from her.

An unknown feeling welled up in her heart, as if honey had flowed from the bottom of it.

Having received Justin's answer, the woman, in heels, turned around and walked back to her seat, which was next to Charlotte's.

When she sat down, she took a small sip of water, her gaze inadvertently landing on Charlotte.

The latter was absentmindedly writing something, her head bowed.

She put down the cup, slightly leaning towards Charlotte and then, with a worried whisper, asked: "Miss Thompson, are you not feeling well?"

Hearing this, Charlotte came back to her senses and looked over, a faint scent of gardenia filling her nostrils.

Unlike the scent of perfume, it was more like the smell of laundry detergent.

Towards this woman she was meeting for the first time, Charlotte found herself inexplicably drawn, she touched her nose and replied with a smile: "Not really... why do you ask?"

Upon hearing, the woman gave a chuckle, saying: "Miss Thompson, your face is practically bleeding."

The tone was somewhat mocking, leading Charlotte to wrinkle her nose a bit. In the woman's eyes, she saw a hint of derision.

With a level of understanding hitting her, the realization made Charlotte's face burst into flustered red, she wanted to crawl into a small hole and disappear. All she could do was give a dry laugh and bury her head in the desk, rushing to write in the record book.

After the managers of each department had finished their reports and the meeting was over, an hour had passed. Everyone was busily packing up their things, then leaving in small groups.

Charlotte grabbed the record book and turned around, just as the woman from before was about to leave with her belongings.

When their eyes met, the woman winked at Charlotte.

Charlotte's cheeks flushed pink once again.

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In the president's office.

Charlotte rushed into the office, stumbling a bit, and put her documents down on the desk and sat down in her chair.

Seconds later, Justin walked in as well.

Leisurely picking up a cup of water, he asked with a smile: "Why did you run so fast?"

Upon hearing this, Charlotte shot him a glare and snapped, "Justin, I swear if you do that again in public, I'll end your probationary period right away."

As her words fell, Justin arched an eyebrow, "End probationary period... turn official then?"

Seeing him twist her words, Charlotte rubbed her forehead and said with exasperation, "You..."

"Alright, alright." Justin saw she was genuinely angry, and stopped teasing her. He gave a slight smile, stepped forward to her desk, and cooed, "Don't be angry anymore, I won't do that again in the future."

Chapter 606: The Despicable Man

On hearing those words, Charlotte Thompson hesitated for a few seconds before eventually nodding her head.

She looked up and said, "Then you have to agree that in the future..."

Before she could finish her sentence, Charlotte found herself staring into intensely warm eyes. The man's gaze deepened slightly and he bent down to cover her lips with his.

His tongue invading deeply, Charlotte was caught off guard. Justin Battleson's hand held her back of her head so that she couldn't move or even attempt to avoid him.

Charlotte's pupils dilated slightly as the man seemed intent on stealing every breath she took, his uniquely crisp scent filling her mouth.

She closed her eyes, her mind in turmoil. She could feel her blood rushing in her body. A numbing sensation came from her chin and uncontrollably, she leaned into him.

Feeling her response, the man's eyes lit up with joy, intensifying his actions.

Once the kiss ended, Justin lowering his gaze to Charlotte's faintly swollen lips that glistened slightly. He couldn't help but smile.

Charlotte was too shy to meet his gaze and could only reproachfully say, "You're ignoring what I'm saying again!"

Hearing this, Justin shrugged his shoulders, exuding a rare sense of grievance in his voice. "I didn't, I promised not to kiss you in public..."

He paused slightly, his honey-colored lips curling by a few degrees. "...But, I never said anything about not being able to kiss in private."

The rationale sounded reasonable enough, and nothing seemed amiss.

But Charlotte had an uneasy feeling about it.

This is the charm of words.

Justin turned out to be a sly dog, playing word games with her! She rubbed her forehead slightly, saying: "Please go back to work, I have to prepare revisions."

Hearing this, the man made no further retort moved back to his own desk without another word.

The room was eerily quiet, filled only with the occasional sound of Justin flipping through documents and Charlotte's pen running across the paper.

The silence made the air even more still.

It was already afternoon, the sunlight was streaming diagonally through the large windows.

Charlotte was positioned sideways to the sunlight, it fell perfectly on her profile, framing her with a faint golden halo.

She seemed to have run into some difficulty, her brow slightly furrowed, but without affecting her grace.

Justin glanced at her inadvertently, his gaze lingering on Charlotte, unable to tear it away.

The two seemed to have unknowingly become a beautiful image, a perfect picture of peaceful times.

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Placing her pen down after finishing the last stroke on her design draft, Charlotte rubbed her sore neck and rolled her stiff shoulders.

She looked up at the clock on the wall.

It was time to clock off.

Charlotte exhaled heavily, she started tidying up her messy desk and stood up, seeing that the man not too far away was also getting up.

She paused for a moment and said, "Are you clocking off too?"

On hearing this, Justin nodded, a smile tugging at the corner of his mouth, "I can also work from home."

After moving all the files into the same folder, Justin turned his gaze and said, "Let's go."

Hearing that, Charlotte did not say anything more, she turned and took the lead to leave.

Ever since the two announced their relationship, Justin consciously moved into Charlotte's house under the pretense of it being more convenient to look after their child.

Charlotte knew what he was up to, but was surprised to find she didn't dislike it and allowed him to move in.

After all, their children were delighted.

Chapter 607: Where is that man?

By the time they arrived home, it was already evening. As soon as they got off the car, they ran into Jordan Thompson who had also just gotten home.

The kids, who were trailing behind Jordan, joy lit up in their eyes when they saw Charlotte. They immediately hurried over to stand by Charlotte's side with their short little legs.

Watching their energetic and almost instinctual actions, Jordan shrugged helplessly, then began to speak with a heartache.

"You little rascals, just look at her, so infatuated with her beauty that she can't be bothered to pick you all up, and yet it's your Uncle Jordan who loves you, specifically drove to pick you all up..."

He held his hand over his heart and lamented, "Did you betray me just by looking at her?"

Yet another Jordan possessed by a drama queen, Hank spoke as if he was about to hit someone, "Uncle Jordan, your drama is a bit too much."

Jordan's face stiffened, he gritted his teeth and looked at Hank, "Hank, didn't you say you love your uncle the most?"

Upon hearing this, Hank opened his eyes wide, wondering when he'd ever said those disgusting words.

Before he could say anything, Charlotte reached out and tugged at him, "Alright Hank, let's go upstairs. It's getting late and you all must be hungry."

And indeed they were. Not only Hank, but all the other children were rather famished. They nodded in agreement and quickly headed upstairs.

In the end, Justin Battleson sent a meaningful glance towards Jordan before also following them upstairs.

In less than a minute, Jordan was left alone in the windy outside.

He looked around perplexedly before suddenly reacting and quickly ran upstairs.

Upstairs, Charlotte was preparing food in the kitchen. Jordan went in wearing slippers after changing his shoes, and then glanced at the sofa, appearing puzzled.

"Where's that man?"

Knowing his uncle's conflict with his dad, Hank naturally knew who "that man" referred to — Justin Battleson.

He pointed towards the kitchen, then added, "He's with my mom in the kitchen."

Hearing that, Jordan nodded absently and sat down on the sofa, picking up the remote to change the channel.

Grace sat next to him playing with a teddy bear, occasionally poking Jordan's face with the bear's giant paw. Jordan didn't mind, he just kept watching the TV intently.

The atmosphere in the living room was harmonious. In the kitchen, Charlotte was washing vegetables with quick and efficient movements.

And over there, Justin Battleson didn't know what he should be doing, so he stood next to her watching her work.

But his gaze didn't fall on her hands. Instead, it fell onto Charlotte's fair and pretty face.

She slightly bowed her head, a loose strand of hair fell down with her movements, covering her petite and fair earlobe.

Justin Battleson watched, and out of nowhere reached out to tuck the strand of hair behind her ear.

A ticklish sensation on her cheek made Charlotte laugh. She said with a laughing voice, "Stop it, I'm washing vegetables."

After tucking the hair behind her ear, Justin Battleson wrapped an arm around her delicate waist from behind, slightly leaned down, and rested his chin on her shoulder, his warm breath blew gently on her neck.

Caught off guard, Charlotte's ears turned red.

She slightly turned her head and annoyed, she said, "Stay away from me."

Back in the living room, Jordan's stomach was grumbling loudly. He turned off the TV, gestured at the kids and said, "Come on, little rascals, let's go hurry them up with the dinner."

Upon hearing this, all the kids nodded and followed Jordan into the kitchen.

With a yawn, his eyes half-closed, Jordan prepared to step into the kitchen.

Chapter 608: Don't Want to Eat Dog Food

After seeing the scene inside the door, his pupils dilated slightly, almost reflexively guarding Grace's eyes, who was closest to him.

In the kitchen, Justin Battleson was embracing Charlotte Thompson from behind, planting a kiss on her cheek.

Although it was not a proper kiss, from Jordan Thompson's angle it certainly seemed like they were locking lips.

Jordan's drowsiness and hunger vanished instantly. He gritted his teeth looking at Justin Battleson who lazily lifted his head, a challenging glint flashing through his eyes.

Charlotte, subtly struggling, protested, "The children are here, let me go."

But Justin had no intention of letting go. His squinted eyes reflected a smirk. He turned to Jordan, his mouth half-open, teasingly remarking, "Well, what a coincidence."

There was no surprise in his voice. His magnetic voice lingered in the air, tickling Charlotte's ears.

"Coincidence?" Jordan was seething, it was clear the man was provoking him deliberately. He sneered, responding, "Seems like someone is scared I'd miss the scene."

Grace, whose eyes had been suddenly covered, was puzzled for a few seconds before battling Jordan's hand off.

The little girl curiously peeked through the fingers of his hand, then slowly showed a sly smirk.

Even though she liked seeing her parents being affectionate, she was just a child who couldn't stand the sour taste of romance.

Jordan felt a chill run up his arm; he looked at Justin Battleson with a complicated expression, breaking his teeth in fury, "Justin Battleson, you are repulsive."

Hearing this, Justin was not annoyed, he continued to smile, stating, "It's just that someone is probably not even capable of disgusting people."

Jordan's eyes widened instantly in anger; he was extremely irritated.

This guy was openly and secretly suggesting he didn't have a girlfriend.

On the side, Charlotte paused from washing the vegetables, turning to look at Jordan. She saw his defeated expression and tried to hold back a laugh.

Jordan lowered his head and thought for a bit about whether he should roll up his sleeves and confront Justin Battleson. But considering Justin was the father of his nephew and nieces and the fact that he might not win, he silently dismissed the idea.

However, how could a brave man like him back down!

He gritted his teeth furiously, declaring, "Even if I can't fight, I can hide, can't I?"

Then, he turned around to leave, remarking, "I shall dine out today. Otherwise, I will be full from all this PDA."

At his words, both Hank Thompson and Grace's eyes lit up.

As the saying goes, there's always good food with Uncle.

Both of them immediately followed Jordan outside, insisting, "Uncle, we want to join you, we also do not want to endure this PDA."

Seeing them follow Jordan outside, Jack Thompson and Chad Thompson hesitated for a few seconds while looking at Cyrus Thompson.

At last, Jordan confidently walked off with all five children.

Charlotte watched helplessly from the window, raising her voice slightly to remind him, "Jordan, share your location with me later, don't go to the bar."

Lazy acknowledgment came from the bottom. Charlotte watched as Jordan's car slowly pulled away from the house, disappearing after accelerating.

Only then did Charlotte pull her gaze back, feeling the man behind her softly nuzzling her ear with his chin. Slightly amused, she asked, "Why did you have to show off that display in front of Jordan?"

Chapter 609: World of Two

Hearing this, the man chuckled softly from his throat, "If we don't provoke him, how are we supposed to have our alone time?"

A small ripple occurred in Charlotte's heart, she let out an amused laugh and said nothing more, just bowed her head and continued washing the vegetables.

By the time they finished dinner, it was completely dark, and Charlotte was thinking as she glanced at the time.

It was already eight o'clock in the evening, and Jordan still hadn't returned home with the kids.

As if seeing the worry in Charlotte's eyes, Justin Battleson sat down next to her. His right hand looped around her from behind her neck and held her gently, "Don't worry, I'm sure Jordan knows what he's doing."

Hearing him, Charlotte shook her head, "I'm not worried, it's just that the kids have to go to kindergarten early tomorrow morning. They should be asleep by now."

They would have twisted and turned on the road back home, and by the time they would reach, it would likely be close to ten o'clock.

At the end of her sentence, Justin Battleson lifted another hand to rest on his knee, flexed his fingers in thought, and nodded, "Shall we go check on them?"

Upon hearing this, Charlotte hesitated for a few seconds, and then picked up her cellphone from the table. There was an unread message on it.

It was a location sent by Jordan two hours ago when he had left.

Charlotte frowned and said, "They're at Haidilao."

Turning her gaze, she blinked her eyes and said, "What are you waiting for, let's go."

Justin Battleson laughed as he watched her, full of doting admiration in his eyes.

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Half an hour later, Charlotte and Justin Battleson arrived at a Haidilao restaurant, according to the location given.

The Haidilao was located right next to a buzzing night market. Laughter and cheering could be heard from far away, and the air was filled with rich aromas.

Once Charlotte entered the restaurant, despite the restaurant's moderate size, she didn't spot Jordan or the children anywhere.

She frowned and muttered, "Where have they gone..."

Justin Battleson parked the car and followed her, he followed her gaze and raised his eyebrow, unsurprised, "Did you really think Jordan, with his rambunctious nature, would eat dinner and then obediently head home?"

At his words, the corner of Charlotte's mouth twitched.

Indeed, even back in Ashton, even under Mr. Thompson's watchful eye, Jordan managed to sneak out and disappear for days on end.

After a lengthy disappearance, Mr. Thompson, outraged, sent all the servants out to find him. Despite the search lasting for several days, they couldn't find a trace of him. In the end, it was Henry Thompson who had to personally go to the nightclub and drag him back home.

Of all people, Jordan feared only his stern and uncompromising big brother, Henry Thompson.

Justin Battleson lifted his hand to thoughtfully stroke her lips with his index finger, while his other hand wrapped around Charlotte's waist, he softly said, "No need to worry if we can't find them. We can just take the day off tomorrow. I've heard Grace and Hank complain more than once about how boring kindergarten is."

At his words, Charlotte replied somewhat helplessly, "You can't keep indulging them like this. Hank is just as restless as Jordan. Out of all the kids, they're the two wildest ones."

Justin Battleson chuckled softly in response, "Alright... since we're here, we can't just go back for nothing, can we?"

He reached out and interlaced his fingers with Charlotte's smooth and delicate ones, caressing her warm palm, he asked, "Shall we go for a stroll?"

Something soft seemed to stir inside her at his touch, and Charlotte gazed somewhat dazedly at their intertwined hands. The sweet, tingling sensation spread from her fingertips up to her head, and she tacitly nodded her agreement.

The two of them walked one after the other, leisurely strolling through the bustling city. In the distance, vendors called out their wares. Strings of colorful lights hung densely overhead, coloring the world with a dazzling display.

Chapter 610: The First Time She Cried for Him

Justin Battleson suddenly stopped, and Charlotte Thompson, who was lost in thought, was unable to halt in time and bumped her face into his stiff back. She winced in pain, quickly raising her hand to rub her nose.

In front of her, Justin was momentarily stunned, then turned around to look at her with concern. He said, "Be careful, where did you hit yourself?"

Charlotte lowered her hand, her nose was a bright red from her rubbing. She waved her hand dismissively, her gaze landing on a stall up ahead.

Following her gaze, Justin smirked. He had also stopped here on purpose.

Moving one step forward, Justin picked up two phone charms from a small table. He then turned around and showed them to Charlotte, asking, "Do you like them?"

The two phone charms appeared to be a pair, both featuring cartoon characters with large heads and adorable rosy cheeks.

Most importantly, the charms were a pair, one male and one female.

Charlotte's eyes lit up as she took them to examine carefully, her admiration growing with each passing moment.

With a smile, Justin turned back to the stall owner and asked, "How much for these two?"

The stall owner, who had been preoccupied with his phone, looked up at the charms in Charlotte's hand, then laughed, "You mean this couple's set?"

Justin nodded in confirmation.

The stall owner pushed his calculator forward and said, "Twenty yuan each, it's a bargain. I guarantee it."

Charlotte couldn't help but smile at Justin paying, who then turned around and led her away.

After carefully attached the charms to their phones, Justin chuckled in a childlike satisfaction. He looked at Charlotte seriously, "You are not allowed to take it off."

Charlotte took her phone, her finger caressing the cute face of the charm as if making a resolve. She smiled and said, "Okay, I won't."

Then they continued strolling through the night market for a while, passing by a familiar food stall. Charlotte hesitated slightly before resuming her pace.

She plunged her right hand into her pocket, it was chilly at night. She had worn a red long-sleeved shirt over her short T-shirt before leaving the house.

With her long hair tied into a high ponytail, the red shirt complimented her fair skin, making her look like an exquisitely crafted porcelain doll.

She turned around and looked at the bustling food stall swamped with people.

The owner was still bustling cheerfully around the place, serving food and managing the stall. He was continually delivering plates of crawfish to the tables.

In his spare time, he would sit and leisurely calculate the bills.

It was still Charlotte's favorite - the hustle and bustle of humanity.

She smiled involuntarily, nudged Justin to look ahead and whispered, "Remember the last time we came here?"

Upon hearing this, Justin's focus shifted to the food stall, a flicker of surprise in his eyes.

He was unaware that they had covered so much ground and were now outside this restaurant.

He chuckled lightly, a hint of nostalgia in his eyes: "Of course, I remember."

In this stall, he'd eaten the most crawfish he'd ever consumed in one sitting. It was also here, Charlotte had cried for him for the first time.

All said, he owed a lot to this place.

Perhaps they had lingered in front of the stall for too long, the owner who was sitting on a small stool near the entrance, happened to look up and notice them.