

Spoiled 611

Chapter 611: Proposing

Upon their meeting of eyes, a spark of surprise and joy flashed in the store owner's eyes. He quickly set down the ledger in his hand and got up, striding energetically towards them.

Charlotte looked up at him, her eyes squinting in a smile, and asked, "Uncle Zhao, how has everything been lately? Is the business going well?"

Before her, Uncle Zhao laughed heartily and said, "Of course, it's been very good! So much so that I can hardly cope by myself, and was just thinking of hiring a waiter."

With a chuckle, he shifted his gaze from Charlotte to Justin.

The man had shed his typical edginess and was now dressed in a soft black trench coat. His eyes were clear and bright, and under the dim light, he looked quite harmless.

Uncle Zhao chuckled again, noticing Charlotte's slightly embarrassed look. Having been in their shoes before, he had a good guess at their situation and reached out to pat Justin on the shoulder, saying with a familiar tone, "Young man, I saw you last time and thought your relationship with our Charlotte here was quite special. It seems that the two of you..."

He purposely elongated the last syllable and then laughed, saying, "I won't tease you anymore. Just treat this young lady well."

Looking at Uncle Zhao's somewhat fatigued but cheerful profile, along with the recently sprouted stubble on his chin, Charlotte felt a bit choked up.

Uncle Zhao and Ethan Allen were actually about the same age. Both men of similar age, yet one was her blood relative, and the other was not.

Ironically, with her biological father, they were separated by rancor and hatred.

With Uncle Zhao, who had no blood relation to her, their chance encounter led him to treat her as affectionately as if she were his own daughter.

Snapping back to reality, Charlotte turned and was met with Justin's deep gaze. He promised, "Don't worry, I will definitely treat her well."

At his words, Charlotte's eyes flickered.

Uncle Zhao nodded in approval, about to say something when he heard a customer's voice from the back of the stall: "Boss, please bring me a dish of crayfish!"

Upon hearing this, Charlotte hurriedly said, "Uncle Zhao, don't mind us. Go ahead, we should be heading back."

Turning his head to respond, Uncle Zhao laughed, "In that case, I'll be going. Come back if you're free, and I'll treat you to crayfish."

Smiling, Charlotte nodded her head in agreement.

Just as Uncle Zhao was leaving, noise erupted from the surrounding area, so she looked up.

Not far away, a crowd was cheering for what looked like a young couple's proposal, with the girl overwhelmed with emotion, covering her mouth while nodding very fiercely.

Ahead, fireworks started, and the young couple held each other in a kiss, around them were envious glances.

Charlotte tilted her head up and watched the fireworks in the sky.

The stunning multicolored fireworks were near blinding in the pitch-black night sky, a truly incredible sight.

Justin did not watch the fireworks. Instead, he was watching Charlotte, her pure eyes reflecting the sparks of the fireworks.

For that moment, it was as though everything else paled in comparison. Only those sparks of light seemed everlasting.

Justin placed his arm around her and lightly rested his chin on her shoulder.

She had a faint body scent that was hard to make out.

Seconds later, as the last firework, also the most brilliant one exploded in the sky.

Charlotte's ears tickled from his breath near her ear. Amid the noise of the fireworks, the man seemed afraid that she wouldn't hear him. He leaned in closer to say, "Charlotte, I love you."

Charlotte coughed lightly, turned her head slightly, seemingly unaware of what he said, and asked, "What did you say?"

Chapter 612 I Love You

Justin Battleson raised his hand to ruffle a few stray hairs on her head, softly saying, "I love you."

Turning awkwardly, Justin didn't see her ears, now tinted with a faint blush.

It was already ten o'clock when they returned from the night market. Charlotte Thompson changed her shoes and walked into the living room wearing slippers, seeing Jordan Thompson holding a cushion whilst listlessly staring at the TV screen.

His favorite TV show had ended. He'd watched it over and over again before he would let it rest, and on the day it ended, he seemed lost for a few hours as if heartbroken.

However, it lasted only for a few hours.

After all, he needed to be in high spirits to engage in his daily squabbles with Justin.

Charlotte moved lightly to sit next to Jordan, lowering her voice to ask, "Have the children gone to bed?"

Hearing this, Jordan squinted his eyes and turned his head, "Of course, they've been asleep for a while now."

"Strange," Charlotte poured herself a glass of water from the table, took a small sip, and spoke with a smirk, "Has Mr. Thompson turned a new leaf? Decided to come home early instead of gallivanting about?"

At the end of her sentence, Jordan yawned and replied, "I was about to go to the bar, but I was scared off by a barrage of calls from Mr. Thompson. I even threw my phone a great distance, thinking he had someone watching me."

Charlotte held back a laugh. Mr. Thompson would never do such a thing. As long as Jordan didn't make a fuss at home, he would turn a blind eye.

Charlotte paused for a moment, then smiled and asked, "Why did Mr. Thompson call?"

Hearing her question, Jordan glanced at her, "Mr. Thompson wanted to ask about your current situation, but your phone was switched off, so he called me instead."

Phone switched off?

Charlotte took her phone out of her bag and looked at it.

It was indeed turned off. She had been in such a rush when she went out today that she had forgotten to charge her phone.

She quickly plugged in the charger and after a few minutes, she walked over to the balcony and returned Mr. Thompson's call in the cold wind.

The call was answered after more than ten seconds. Charlotte gripped her phone, apologizing, "Grandpa, sorry, my phone died and shut down on its own."

On the other side, Mr. Thompson was nodding off on the sofa. Hearing her apology, he amiably chuckled and asked, "It's alright, Charlotte. Are you accustomed to living in Druarus?"

Upon hearing his question, Charlotte smiled with her eyes squinted, and her other hand loosely rested on the railing.

The railing was freezing cold.

"I'm fine, grandpa. You don't need to worry about me.", she paused, then asked, "By the way, how are you feeling?"

In response to her question, Mr. Thompson's energetic voice came through the phone, "I'm in good health. Your older brother is taking care of the company affairs while I spend my days sunbathing. I'm living comfortably."

"That's good."

Charlotte lowered her eyelids, a hint of struggle flashing in her eyes.

She hadn't mentioned anything about Justin to Mr. Thompson or her brother yet, and now seemed like the perfect opportunity.

But when the words were about to leave her mouth, Charlotte hesitated.

She was aware of her brother's stance. That's why she'd been putting it off. Now, telling Mr. Thompson, she wasn't sure how he'd react.

Feeling somewhat uneasy, Charlotte tightened her grip on her phone. She was about to speak when she heard the voice of the housekeeper from the other side.

"Mr. Thompson, it's getting late. You should go to bed."

Then came Mr. Thompson's voice: "I'm on a call with Charlotte. Wait a moment."

Charlotte pressed her lips together, deciding to keep it to herself for the time being. She said, "Grandpa, you should go to bed now. I'll call you another day."

After exchanging a few more pleasantries, she hung up the phone.

Chapter 613: Can't Stand the Light

Occasional dialogue from the television echoed within the living room. Charlotte Thompson put down her phone and leaned against the balustrade, half-squinting her eyes.

In the brief moment of talking to her grandfather just now, she even felt a bit guilty.

What exactly was she guilty about?

A slightly cool evening breeze blew on her face, ruffling her eyebrows and hair.

Charlotte suddenly realized that her seemingly relaxed days seemed only temporary.

Not having figured out how to tell her family meant that as long as the Thompson family members didn't know, she and Justin Battleson couldn't see each other openly.

How much Henry Thompson disagreed with her was something Charlotte knew best.

She let out a heavy sigh. Her mind was incredibly complicated, like a tangled skein of thread spinning continuously in her brain, impossible to untangle.

Suddenly a warmth spread on her shoulders. Charlotte was slightly taken aback, then turned to look.

Justin had slipped in next to her without her noticing, draped a blanket over her shoulders, and then whispered, "Why was your phone call so long?"

At his words, Charlotte's eyes flashed with an unusual emotion. She turned to face him, paused for a few seconds, and then said, "I haven't seen my grandpa for a long time, so we exchanged a few words about life."

Once she finished speaking, the air fell silent again.

After yawning and turning off the television, Jordan Thompson passed the living room to go to bed after washing up. Through the glass, he saw the two people standing side by side on the balcony. His eyes showed a hint of annoyance, but he still reminded them, "Sis, it's cold outside, be careful not to catch a cold. I'm going to bed."

The volume of his voice was just right, Charlotte could hear it clearly. The children's bedrooms were soundproofed, so they wouldn't be disturbed.

Turning her head, her heart calmed a little with the gentle breeze. She curled her lips into a smile and said, "Go ahead."

Watching Jordan turn to leave, followed by the sound of a door closing.

Keeping her tangled emotions at bay, Charlotte looked up at Justin and said with a faint smile, "I had a great time today. You should go to bed."

After she spoke, Justin furrowed his brows, seeming to have sensed that something was off, he asked, "Did something happen?"

Pausing for a moment, Charlotte released a resigned chuckle, pushed him inside from behind, and as she walked, she said, "What could have happened to me? I have to go to work tomorrow, you need to rest now."

When she pushed him inside and reached for the doorknob, she waved at Justin whose eyes were relaxed, and said, "Goodnight."

Before Justin could respond, the door was closed.

Having no choice but to sigh helplessly, he turned around and drew the curtains.

Outside the door, Charlotte had no expression on her face. After washing up, as usual, she checked on the children in their bedrooms and then went to her room to sleep.

...

The next day.

Jordan Thompson, having nothing to do at home, eagerly volunteered to take the children to school. After hearing the news of Justin Battleson and Charlotte Thompson being together, the Bryant brothers, Jack and Liam, consciously did not appear in front of Justin.

They were said to have been assigned to the domestic branch by Henry Thompson.

Charlotte didn't ask too much about it, after all, Jack and Liam were his brother's men. She trusted her brother's judgment and didn't believe he would make any mistakes.

Standing at the door, watching the children leave with their boxes of milk, Charlotte exhorted them.

"You must drink all the milk, especially you two." Stretching out her hand, Charlotte playfully tapped Hank Thompson and Grace Thompson's heads and said, "You can't grow tall if you don't drink milk, right?"

As she finished speaking, Hank Thompson cast a resentful glance at Jordan Thompson, then nodded sullenly, "I know, Mommy. Goodbye."

Chapter 614: The Charm of Milk

Unfortunately, his mom could never understand the agony of his aversion to milk.

Just like Hank Thompson, Grace Thompson also had a reluctance towards milk, not because she didn't like it, but because when she was little, she was often sick and was fed milk to recover, to the point of throwing up.

The little girl pouted and said pitifully, "Mommy, I don't want to drink milk."

To put it bluntly, the sight of milk could make her throw up.

Hearing this, Charlotte Thompson hesitated a bit.

She was aware of Grace's reason, but...

Charlotte Thompson was lost in thought. Before she could say anything, a box of fruit juice was handed over her.

Grace's eyes lit up as she instantly shoved the milk she held into Jordan Thompson's hand and eagerly grabbed the juice with both her hands.

Seeing this, Charlotte Thompson looked up to see Justin Battleson leaning over to pat Grace's head, his tone affectionate, "If Grace doesn't like it, don't drink it. Drink fruit juice, it's also energy replenishing."

Seeing Grace's happy face, Charlotte Thompson reluctantly agreed and nodded, "Grace, listen to your teacher at school."

The little girl, overjoyed with her juice, nodded her head like a pecking chicken and leaned in to kiss Charlotte Thompson on her cheek, "Mommy, let's go."

At those words, Charlotte Thompson stood up to watch as Grace happily hopped into the car.

Meanwhile, Jordan Thompson opened the straw, inserted it into the milk, took a big gulp and then looked at Charlotte Thompson, "Sis, let's go."

Charlotte Thompson gestured a nod at him. She saw him crumple the empty milk carton and playfully toss it with both hands.

The milk carton accurately landed in the rubbish bin beneath the apartment building.

Jordan Thompson got back into the car in high spirits and muttered as he powered the car, "The charm of milk."

Watching the car driving away, Charlotte Thompson turned around to see Justin's eyes. She nodded slightly and a soft chuckle escaped from her throat.

"Let's go."

He nodded, walked over to his car and opened the door for Charlotte Thompson.

The weather was beautiful that day, and Charlotte Thompson was wearing a light yellow jacket. The white lining made her skin appear exceptionally fair, as if it were as delicate as mutton-fat jade. A light blue wristwatch on her wrist complemented the weather.

Once they reached the entrance of the Riley Group, Charlotte Thompson unbuckled her seatbelt, stepped out of the car, walked a few steps ahead and then, as if she suddenly remembered something, turned around to speak to the man still in the car.

"Oh, I just recalled. To prevent others from suspecting, maybe I should go ahead and you can follow a few minutes later?"

Understanding her concern, Justin Battleson paused his action of steering the wheel and nodded lightly, "I have to park my car in the underground parking lot first, you go ahead."

At his words, Charlotte Thompson cracked a smile, a spark in her eyes, and reminded him, "Okay, the earlier you leave, the earlier you return."

After saying this, she grabbed her bag and turned to leave.

Some people in the office were still looking at her strangely, probably because of the recent incident where Minister Clarkson was dismissed for causing her trouble.

The design department had been calm recently. Thankfully, nobody dared to confront her. At most, there was some behind-the-scenes chatter and veiled insults.

Charlotte Thompson lazily lifted her gaze, and after taking a document from the design department, she headed straight for the CEO's office.

Chapter 615: Variety Show Invitation

Charlotte Thompson had just sat down on her own office chair, when she heard the office door being pushed open.

She didn't even lift her eyes, she just continued to rummage through a pile of design drafts, picked out one she was satisfied with, and started talking while looking at it. "You're back so soon..."

The answer to her was a silence, followed by, Charlotte felt a shadow cast over her head.

She lifted her head with a sense of confusion, but unexpectedly, what appeared in her sight was a familiar face.

Charlotte put down the design manuscript in her hand, and said in surprise, "Coco, how did you get here?"

The person standing there was Coco, who she hadn't seen for several days. The girl in her early twenties was dressed in a clean ruffled collar shirt and light blue jeans, with thin documents in her arms.

An unintentional smile appeared at the corners of Charlotte's mouth. She quickly pointed to a chair and said, "Take a seat. We haven't met for quite some time."

Upon hearing this, Coco looked around to make sure no one else was there. She whimpered and dropped down onto the chair.

She put the documents on the table and said nervously, "I've been waiting outside the company for a long time today, making sure that Mr. Battleson had gone to the underground parking lot and wouldn't be back for a while before I rushed in."

Looking at her as if she had just returned from a guerrilla warfare, Charlotte put the design draft aside and said with a bit of amusement: "He wouldn't eat you. You could have just come in directly."

As soon as her words fell, Coco imagined the scenario and immediately made a sour face, "Indeed Mr. Battleson won't eat people, but what difference does his murderous gaze make from eating people?"

After these complaints, Coco remembered that Justin Battleson could come in at any time, so she quickly got to the point, "Sis, I received a notice a few days ago, it is an invitation for you to participate in a design related variety show that is slightly skewed towards the entertainment industry."

She opened the document and pushed it towards Charlotte, "Sister, take a look. This variety show is called 'The Birth of Beautiful Clothes'. I glanced at the introduction of the program and it seems okay."

Upon hearing this, Charlotte raised her eyebrows in surprise.

A design program leaning towards the entertainment industry?

It sounded interesting.

She casually picked up the document and had a look. But the more she looked, the tighter her brows became. "I don't want to participate in such troublesome things, Coco, reject it."

Her only participation in a design program was to hit Evelyn Curtis in the face, but she did not expect that since then, she had become a celebrity.

This kind of targeted participation in design is completely contrary to Charlotte's original intention of design.

Seeing Charlotte rejected so casually, Coco widened her eyes incredulously, "Don't, Sis, really, believe me, the conditions the director offered you are simply too tempting."

Coco's eyes were shining with the desire for money, and she said admiringly, "Sis, even if you don't want to be famous, we won't lose even if you just go and sit there."

Upon hearing this, Charlotte took a sip from her cup and contemplated for a few seconds with her head in her hand. In the end, she sighed lightly, shook her head and said, "Coco, reject it. I'm not interested... Besides, you know that the progress of the design of the Queen's necklace has finally picked up, I can't waste my time any more."

Since things had gotten to this point, Coco opened her mouth wanting to say something else, but in the end, she couldn't say anything.

Chapter 616: Is it Miss Thompson?

She just sighed, nodded, and said, "Right, well then you focus on the necklace design. I'll turn down the show right away."

With that, she got up, sneaked a glance at the door like a thief, confirmed that Justin wasn't back yet, and tiptoed towards the exit.

"So you're leaving just like that?" Charlotte arched an eyebrow, handed her the folder, and said, "The documents are still here."

But Coco just waved it off, saying, "Just leave it here. It's no use to me. I'll get going first, Charlotte."

Her voice hushed, Coco met Charlotte's amused gaze, and asked in confusion, "Charlotte, why are you laughing?"

The latter gave a sly glance behind Coco and said, "Turn around and see for yourself."

As if anticipating something, Coco felt a twinge in her heart. She turned around nervously, her worst fears confirmed when she saw Justin Battleson stepping in through the door.

Nervously, she took a step towards the door, swallowed hard, and said, "Hello, Mr. Battleson."

Before Justin could even look at her, she darted out the door as if her life depended on it.

Justin had been adjusting his sleeves. His gaze met an empty white blur, and he turned to Charlotte, bemused, "What on earth was that?"

Upon hearing this, Charlotte couldn't help but laugh, "My little assistant."

She raised an eyebrow, "She's been traumatized ever since you scolded her."

At her words, Justin strode forward with a smirk and sat down at his desk, innocently asking, "Am I really that terrifying?"

Charlotte just shrugged, not saying a word.

Whether he was terrifying or not didn't matter because he would see for himself, wouldn't he?

Charlotte looked down, her gaze falling on a document lying quietly on the desk. Sighing lightly, she closed the file and casually placed it in a corner of the desk.

That corner was usually filled with unnecessary papers. She always had a habit of organizing similar items together.

Picking up her design sketch, she began to examine it closely, biting her pen in thought.

The initial necklace design was mostly complete, but it seemed to lack something.

She thought about how she could make it perfect or give it the finishing touch.

Her train of thought was interrupted by her phone ringing. She glanced at her phone lying on the table, then picked it up.

The call display showed an unfamiliar number.

She wrinkled her eyebrows and swiped the screen to answer.

Before she could utter a word, an unfamiliar man's voice on the other end started speaking tentatively.

"Hello? Is this Miss Thompson?"

At these words, Charlotte paused, wrinkling her nose, and asked, "Yes, that's me. Who's this?"

"Well, Miss Thompson," the man began sounding rather chummy, "We're from 'The Birth of Beautiful Clothes'. We received a call from your assistant who said you weren't willing to appear on our program – is that right?"

At his words, Charlotte realized that this was the call from the TV show crew. They must have gotten her number from her assistant.

She paused slightly, then replied, "Due to some personal reasons, I don't have the spare time to participate. I apologize."

Without uttering another word, she rejected their offer and decisively hung up. She switched off her phone and plunged back into her battle with the design sketch with full concentration.

Chapter 617: Do You Know Him?

Working in the president's office was indeed much easier, at least there were no people from the design department out to cause trouble when you left.

Charlotte Thompson finished the last stroke of the line, her mouth slightly lifted into a smile. Just then, someone knocked on the solid wood office desk in front of her, making a clear sound.

She responded with a soft, "Just a moment, please wait."

Then she cleaned up the messy desktop, neatly arranged the manuscript papers, and casually picked up her bag from the back of the chair.

Standing up, she moved around the desk to leave.

The man stood in front of her with a smile on his face and asked, "We still have time, want to go out for dinner?"

Upon hearing this, Charlotte didn't decline, but there was a hint of hesitation in her eyes as she asked, "What about the children..."

Justin Battleson hugged her and already had an answer, saying, "I've already ordered their meals, they should be delivered by dinner time."

He smirked, saying, "By then, he should know where we've gone."

Knowing that Jordan Thompson would be mad that they left him behind to go for dinner, but there was nothing he could do.

After all, even if he fought with Justin Battleson, he couldn't win, he could only watch them helplessly.

"Let's go." Justin pulled Charlotte's wrist, preparing to leave, but she struggled a little and said, "Justin, this is the office. What if someone sees us?"

Hearing her words, Justin didn't let go of her hand, looked at her with complex eyes, and then reassured her, "Don't worry, we finish work twenty minutes later than everyone else, so there's no one around now."

If there was anyone working overtime in the company, they would be in separate offices, unable to see them.

Hearing this, Charlotte felt relieved. She gripped her bag tightly with her other hand and said, "Let's go."

Justin nodded, and they left the office together.

As expected, there were very few people in the company. The company was running smoothly during this period, so there was no reason to demand employees to work overtime, allowing them to leave.

Just as they left the company, Charlotte saw a figure in the distance. She nodded slightly, somewhat puzzled.

The person over there was wearing a checkerboard shirt with a black vest and a black alphabet sun hat. A pair of glasses rested on his nose, all these made him seem full of cultural vibes.

Following her gaze, Justin narrowed his eyes and murmured, "Mr. Ethan? What is he doing here?"

Charlotte became even more puzzled. She slightly turned her head and asked, "Do you know him?"

Nodding his head, Justin tightened his grip a little on Charlotte's hand and said, "Kind of, let's go check it out."

With that, they continued to walk forward, but unexpectedly, before they could go up, the person on the other side saw them and stopped. His face lit up, and he came over with several pages in his hands.

Standing in front of the two of them, Mr. Ethan first smiled at Justin and then introduced himself to Charlotte.

"Miss Thompson, you might not know who I am. Let me introduce myself. I'm Lincoln Smith, a TV producer, now planning a variety show that you're likely to be familiar with."

Lincoln Smith looked at Charlotte kindly, his eyes sparkling with a hint of astonishment.

Chapter 618 Think It Over

He was increasingly convinced that his decision to invite Charlotte Thompson to participate in the show was the right one.

Because Charlotte not only possess innate talent in design and strong abilities, but she also has a face with delicate features, which can be considered telegenic.

When she appears in the show, she is bound to make a splash.

Stealthily observing Charlotte, Lincoln Smith began to contemplate how to persuade her.

"A variety-show?" Charlotte frowned, suddenly remembering the documents she had thrown into a corner, she had an epiphany, "I remember now, is it 'The Birth of Beautiful Clothes'?"

Upon hearing this, a hint of excitement flashed across Lincoln's face, and he hurriedly confirmed, "Yes, yes, yes, that's it. I heard from the staff that you declined, so I rushed over here immediately."

He personally handed over the contract to her; as a producer, his attitude was indeed commendable.

Lincoln Smith nodded slightly, saying, "Miss Thompson, on behalf of our programme team, we sincerely invite you to participate in our show."

The fact that he used the term "you" indicated his regard for Charlotte.

After a few seconds of hesitation, Charlotte slightly sighed, she gently pushed the document away and shook her head, saying, "Mr Smith, I appreciate your sincerity, but I have made up my mind. I will not participate in this show."

If the show was considered outside of the entertainment circle, she may have considered, but this was clearly aimed at the entertainment circle, and therefore, there was absolutely no room for reconsideration for her.

Seeing her straightforward and resolute rejection, Lincoln Smith was not angry, but he stubbornly continued to persuade, "Miss Thompson, the terms set forth by our program team are absolutely favourable, and you will be a guiding judge in the show. I believe with your capabilities, you can handle it fully."

Seemingly feeling that his words were not appropriate, Lincoln's eyes held a hint of pleading as he said, "Or Miss Thompson, give me a chance to invite you to dinner."

Upon hearing this, Charlotte's determination did not falter. She firmly shook her head and said, "Mr Smith, you don't have to say anymore, I have made up my mind."

Hearing this, Lincoln Smith was anxious, wanting to say something more, but saw Justin Battleson stepping forward calmly. A hint of a smile flashed in his eyes, and then he politely said, "Mr. Producer, I've heard that there have never been any failures under your leadership. This event also promises to be remarkably splendid, so may we have a few more days to consider properly?"

Lincoln Smith is after all an influential figure in the industry, therefore, Justin Battleson's words were polite and there was nothing wrong with them.

Having said this, Lincoln Smith could not say anything more. He could only glance at Charlotte, his eyes flickering, and finally nodded, saying, "Okay, Miss Thompson, I hope you will seriously reconsider."

Having said this, he finally turned around and walked to his car not far away. A few seconds later, the car started slowly and soon it disappeared into the distance.

As she stood there, Charlotte could feel warmth spreading from the palm of her hand. She raised her head and the corners of her mouth lifted, sketching out a big smile.

"Thank you for helping me out." She paused, tightly squeezed his hand, pursed her lips, and said, "Let's go."

They arrived at a restaurant, where there was a moderate amount of people. Justin Battleson pulled out a chair for Charlotte and they sat down.

The chair had a soft cushion. As she sat down, she could feel the softness of it.

Charlotte leaned back in the chair comfortably, feeling a bit of relief from her tired and sore limbs.

Looking at her, a subtle smile flashed in the man's eyes from across the table.

Chapter 619: Why Not Agree?

After ordering, Justin Battleson handed the menu to the waiter, then looked at Charlotte Thompson. He nodded slightly and smiled, "Why didn't you accept?"

Across the table, Charlotte stretched in satisfaction and smiled lazily, turning her gaze towards the window.

The sun was about to set outside the window, its golden light pouring into the city. The sweetness permeated the air and seeped in through the window gaps.

Charlotte curled her lips slightly, a mysterious emotion flashed across her eyes. After a long pause, she shrugged, let out a chuckle and retorted, "Why should I accept? To enter the entertainment industry or to pursue fame?"

It sounded like a rhetorical question. Justin, understanding the implications, did not respond, simply watching her silently as she continued.

Charlotte crossed her arms and continued, "Being high-profile in the entertainment industry is like guarding against scandal or paparazzi every night, or even every few hours."

At this point, she paused slightly, sighed, and shook her head, "I have both good and bad sides, I don't want to hide them all, but if this exposure comes with such a price, I'd rather be a common person. I don't want to get involved with anything related to the entertainment industry, even if I've already experienced massive setback like Joy."

The dishes began to arrive one after the other. Charlotte moved the napkin in front of her to one side and continued, "Even if it's just a variety show, even just being a judge, I don't want to."

For her, the entertainment industry echoed too strongly with the internet. If the winds of online public opinion changed, she would be led by the nose.

She didn't want to live that way.

Upon her finishing, Justin was silent for a few seconds.

He had guessed earlier but hearing these words from Charlotte at that moment still sent shockwaves through his heart.

He nodded and said lowly, "I understand, let's eat."

Since she didn't want to participate, he would do everything to protect her.

...

Two days later.

Charlotte caught up with her design schedule. She felt a bit relieved thinking about it.

She grouped all her ideas together and managed to sketch out the look of the design in her mind.

On the other side, Justin, sitting at his desk, looked at the delighted look on her face, couldn't help but curved his lips and smiled "What makes you so happy?"

Hearing this, Charlotte's eyes lit up and she replied, "My design"

Before she could finish, a light knocking sound was heard at the office door.

It was different from the hustling and bustling knocking of Michael Richard, reminding them vaguely of something.

Charlotte looked over in confusion and said, "I will open the door."

Justin turned his head and nodded in agreement.

Outside the door, as soon as Charlotte opened it, she saw a nervous Coco.

Seeing that it was Charlotte who opened the door, Coco was relieved, hurriedly grabbed her sleeve and said, "Sis, I'm not going in, I don't have anything important, I just wanted to know if you might reconsider the variety show offer?"

Two days had passed since the last time she heard about it, and Charlotte had almost forgotten.

She blinked her eyes and asked Coco, "Reconsider what? Didn't you reject it already?"

"Oh sis, obviously you know what I meant!" Coco became a bit anxious, continuing, "I might have refused, but didn't that producer Mr. Zhang come to see you personally? That proves whether I reject it or not doesn't matter."

Chapter 620: What Else Can Be Gained?

She peered into the office and, in a lowered voice, she continued, "Hey sis, when I got home, I looked up that producer, Mr. Smith, on my computer. You wouldn't believe how impressive he is; he'd worked as a chef for several years and won countless awards at cooking competitions. Then, supposedly, he switched careers and became a producer."

She began to speak mysteriously, her tone full of excitement, as if she greatly admired Lincoln Smith. "To leap from chef to producer is extraordinary. I couldn't believe he made a name for himself in the industry in just a few years. I stayed up all night watching his films, each and every one, a smash hit. Oh my, sis, I feel this opportunity is a surefire win!"

Meeting Coco's excitable gaze, Charlotte Thompson seemed much more composed. Leaning against the door, she sighed, "Coco, besides an astronomical salary and the chance for fame, what else can it offer me?"

It wasn't that she didn't have money; the Thompson family was on the Forbes list in Ashton. Besides, she had no desire to be famous.

The attractive conditions Lincoln Smith offered were precisely what she needed least.

Hearing this, Coco's expression turned serious. As Charlotte was a star in Ashton, she naturally had a high net worth. Sky-high salaries surely didn't impress her, and she wasn't particularly interested in fame either.

Biting her lips hesitantly, she ran her hand through her hair, a glint of confusion flickering in her eyes.

Yeah, it seems there really were no other benefits.

Coco couldn't figure out what was wrong, and, after reading way too much into it, she nodded heavily and said, "I understand, sis. You carry on with your work, I'll be going."

Hearing this, Charlotte broke into a smile and sidled to one edge of the doorway, "Why not come in and have a seat?"

Before her words ended, Coco had bolted far away, shouting back, "I won't sit, sis, I have things to do."

Charlotte watched her leave with a resigned smile before closing the door.

She had spoken loudly enough during their conversation that Justin Battleson could hear it, and so he did not bother asking her again.

The room was quiet. Charlotte stretched her neck, returned to her seat, and began to sketch once more.

She labored over each detail, which required a lot of mental effort, to the point where, after a whole day of work, she felt her vision blurring.

...

The next day.

It was the weekend. The kids didn't have school, and Charlotte didn't have to go to work, but Justin Battleson, as the CEO, was dealing with things at the company and hence couldn't come home.

Early in the morning, Jordan Thompson walked out of the bathroom in his slippers, breathed in the fresh air and sighed in delight, "Indeed, the air seems much lighter without Justin Battleson."

With Justin Battleson absent, no one was happier than Jordan.

Charlotte, busy preparing breakfast, glanced at him after hearing his remark. Just one look was enough to silence her brother.

She placed the soy milk on the table and sat down. Beside her, Grace Thompson, still drowsy, rubbed her eyes, then absently took a sip of her soy milk from a straw, only opening her eyes after she was fully awake.

Charlotte bit into a slice of bread and, as if something just occurred to her, said to the children, "It's the weekend, and we have nothing planned at home. Why don't we all go out, play and grab some McDonald's?"

Upon hearing this, the kids got excited. Grace's sleepiness was swept away in no time, and she quickly beamed with joy.

Opposite her, Jordan lazily sprawled in his chair, "I'm not going."

Charlotte looked up at him, "Where are you going?"

He flashed a rebellious smile and threw Charlotte a teasing look, uttering two words: "The bar."