

Spoiled 631

Chapter 631: Get Well Soon

Charlotte Thompson walked over and sat down by the bed, looking left and right before asking with a smile, "Where's Annie?"

At her words, a touch of joy spread across Annie Anne's slightly flushed face as she responded, "Today's Tuesday, Annie has gone to kindergarten."

It was then that Charlotte finally understood.

No wonder Grace Thompson hadn't been clamoring to see Olivia Thompson lately, it turned out she was at kindergarten.

Chuckling, she leaned back and gave Annie's slightly tense hand a comforting pat, saying, "Annie, get well soon."

Upon hearing this, Annie dropped her gaze slightly. In her eyes flickered a strong sense of resolve and relaxation. She nodded firmly in response and clasped Charlotte's hand, her voice as bright as ever.

"Okay."

After a short visit, Charlotte didn't plan to tell Annie about the show she was participating in. After all, if it weren't for the accident, Annie would have been invited too.

She let out a light sigh.

Bringing it up might only bring back painful memories for Annie.

When she left the hospital, a light rain had started to fall outside. She sat in a daze in the car for a bit before driving home.

Joining a variety show wasn't just merely fun and games, proper preparations were still necessary.

After searching and collecting plenty of materials from the internet, she busied herself with various designs and concepts until her brain was clear. Then, Lincoln Smith called.

Picking up the phone, she cleared her throat, her voice somewhat hoarse from not having spoken for a while.

"Hello? Producer Smith?"

A chuckling voice came from the other side.

"Miss Thompson, we've finished the preparations on our side. You can come over to prepare for recording tomorrow."

His voice was filled with obvious delight, as if he was in a good mood.

Impressed by their efficiency, Charlotte raised an eyebrow and replied, "Alright, I'll be there on time tomorrow."

After hanging up, she covered her mouth with her hand and yawned before standing up from in front of the computer and walking towards the bed behind her.

A good night's sleep.

The next day, a car from the production team would arrive within the hour. Charlotte had woken up early, ready before Jordan Thompson even took the kids to kindergarten.

Picking out a crimson qipao from her wardrobe, she casually pinned up her ink-black hair with a wooden hairpin, which was scented slightly.

The qipao showcased her graceful figure perfectly, and the black high heels added an elegant chill.

The production team's car arrived shortly afterward, and they arrived at the shooting location in no time.

The production team had invested a lot in the venue, making it understated yet luxurious. Every designer and celebrity competing in the show was provided with a makeup room and a resting room.

Even makeup artists were available.

After exiting the car, Charlotte looked around curiously. Her gaze paused slightly, and surprise flickered in her eyes.

There was a familiar face not far off.

As though aware of her gaze, the girl turned around in confusion. There was a light layer of makeup on her palm-sized face, and she wore a pink professional suit. Her short hair was tied up into a neat bun.

When their eyes met, the girl cheered, then came running over and halted in front of Charlotte, her face full of delight. "Sis, why are you only just arriving? I was about to call you."

Chapter 632: Recording Program

The girl in front of her was her assistant, Coco.

Upon hearing what she said, Charlotte Thompson smiled happily.

As soon as she agreed to participate in the program, she immediately told Coco, but what Charlotte didn't expect was that Coco would also have the opportunity to come here.

Seeing Charlotte's confusion, Coco scratched her head shyly, with a slight bashfulness on her soft face, "Sis, Producer Smith noticed that I wanted to come here, so he allowed me to come with you because I insisted you join the show."

She cautiously looked at Charlotte and asked, "Sis, Can I do it?"

"Why not?" Charlotte laughed lightly, taking a step forward and grasping Coco's wrist to move them forward. "Stop dawdling. It will be better if we're together."

"Besides, you are the one I chose, your abilities and character are the best, you are the most suitable!"

As soon as they entered the filming site, a crew member directed them to their dressing room. All dressing rooms in the program were equally equipped, so Charlotte casually picked one and went in with Coco.

There was a delicate-looking woman sitting in the makeup room. Upon seeing them, she stood up and extended her hand to Charlotte.

"Hello, I am Ava Pearce, the makeup artist for this program."

At her words, Charlotte smiled and shook her hand, "Nice to meet you, I'm Charlotte."

Nodding lightly, Ava Pearce shook hands with Coco and said, "We have two hours left before the program starts filming, let's get ready."

Charlotte nodded and sat in front of the makeup mirror.

Not long afterwards, the makeup session began, while Coco sat on a sofa, idly looking at her phone and scrolling through social media.

Lincoln Smith's new reality TV show had been trending for many days. As the celebrities and judges arrived at the filming site, fresh news was released.

Coco opened a news article featuring a list of the show's celebrities and judges.

The program had four judges in total, two of whom were from abroad and aged over fifty, veterans in the design industry. The other two were from Druarus.

One of them was Charlotte, who was also participating as Joy, and the other was the male designer Asher Howard who had won numerous awards at Druarus's design competitions. Known for his high standards, Coco wondered how Producer Smith managed to convince him to participate in the program.

Coco couldn't help but admire Producer Smith. Was there anything he couldn't do?

Distractedly, she scrolled down and wrinkled her brows upon seeing the list of celebrities.

The invited celebrities varied in their status. Some were top actresses with a sharp tongue, which their fans loved. Some often played the innocent flower and would burst into tears at any disagreement.

What surprised Coco was one of the celebrities named Liana Adams. At the time when Charlotte and Evelyn Curtis were at the center of internet gossip, the people criticizing Charlotte were not just Evelyn's fans, but mainly Liana's fans.

Liana and Evelyn entered the industry together and were usually considered 'best friends,' and with Charlotte also participating in the program, Liana would likely be scheming against her at every turn.

Coco sighed lightly, glanced at Charlotte who was getting her makeup done, and felt a bit worried.

She had a premonition that this program was not going to be peaceful.

Chapter 633: Don't Know Who I Am?

After finishing her makeup, with only half an hour before the show begins, Charlotte Thompson takes Coco to the dressing room to prepare, but sees a worried look on Coco's face.

She chuckled a bit, asking: "What's up with you? You look more nervous than me."

Hearing this tone, Coco's worry grew. She carefully chose her words, lowered her voice, and said: "Sis, do you know that one of the actresses participating in this competition is named Liana Adams?"

She paused briefly, seemingly afraid that Charlotte wouldn't remember, so she added: "The one who is twenty-seven now and often plays the seductive villainess in dramas."

Not knowing whether it was because she had played the villainess too often, Coco subconsciously believed, that this Liana Adams, must be up to no good.

On hearing this, Charlotte frowned in confusion: "Liana Adams?"

After thinking for a few seconds, she seemed to vaguely remember seeing that name in the document given to her by the producer, so she nodded and asked: "I've seen it in the documents. Why?"

Once her question was out, Coco's look became hard to interpret.

After a while, Coco sighed in hesitation and said: "Forget it, sis, let's just play it by ear. I don't believe she would dare to cause problems for you at a show like this."

Faced with Coco's words, Charlotte Thompson also had a vague idea in her mind, but she didn't say it out loud. She just nodded thoughtfully.

The location of each dressing room is public knowledge. Charlotte sat down on a chair, poured herself a cup of water, and yet before she could bring it to her lips, the closed door to the dressing room was knocked.

Charlotte's hand, which was holding the cup, paused momentarily. She calmly met Coco's eyes.

The latter shook her head. There was a hint of confusion in her eyes. She asked: "Sis, should we open the door?"

By this time, the show crew should be really busy. They would not have spare time to chitchat, so the visitor was likely not a judge but a competitor.

Charlotte nodded slightly and put down her cup. She watched Coco go to open the door.

Before too long, a unfamiliar face appeared within sight.

Charlotte calmly looked up at the seemingly veteran actress and said with a smile: "Please sit."

The person in front of Charlotte nodded slightly and sat down on the couch.

She didn't say a word. After a few seconds, she frowned impatiently, glanced at Coco, and snorted lightly: "What kind of assistant are you? Can't you pour me a glass of water?"

On hearing this, Coco, with confusion in her eyes, subconsciously poured her a glass of water.

Coco had heard of this actress before. A renowned sharp-tongued diva in the entertainment industry, notorious for bossing people around, regardless of who they were.

Observing her behavior, Charlotte's brows wrinkled slightly. She let out a light laugh, but there was no trace of amusement in her eyes.

"May I ask who you are?"

On hearing this, surprise flashed in the eyes of the actress. She put down the cup in her hand and asked incredulously: "You really don't know who I am?"

As soon as her words were out, Charlotte's expression remained unchanged. She took a calm sip of water, glanced at the heavy makeup on the woman's face, and laughed: "Should I know who you are?"

The actress in front of her narrowed her eyes slightly and said: "Let me introduce myself then. My name is Bright Lucas."

Charlotte nodded and put down the cup: "I see. So, Bright Lucas, may I ask why you're here?"

Bright Lucas laughed lightly, adjusting her dark coat.

"Well, to be frank..."

Chapter 634: Is Miss Lucas teaching me how to do things?

Bright Lucas then said seriously: "Designer Thompson, it's acceptable that you don't know about the participants as a judge, so let me tell you outright, I used to be a singer, worked as a fashion designer for a while, and now I am a celebrity."

She paused slightly, and said: "Do you understand, Designer Thompson?"

On hearing this, Charlotte remained calm, she nodded her head, with a voice devoid of any ripples: "So, Miss Lucas, you want me to give you high marks in the design competition, correct?"

"Smart." Bright Lucas smiled satisfactorily.

"But I don't understand." Charlotte cocked her lips slightly, her fingers resting on her knees pressed down, somewhat puzzled, "Is Miss Lucas teaching me how to do my job?"

On the other side, hearing these words, Coco, who was very furious inside, couldn't help but break into a cold sweat.

Bright Lucas is a veteran, many celebrities in the entertainment industry dare not confront her, making her the center of attention in the entertainment circle.

So, even a slight displeasure was enough for her to create a fuss.

On hearing this, Bright Lucas's face stiffened, then she quickly retorted with a cold smile: "What do you think, Designer Thompson?"

As the words fell, Charlotte thought seriously, then a barely perceptible smile appeared on her face.

Her voice was icy cold, but her tone was laced with a hint of taunts.

"Miss Lucas, I believe that the highlight of this show is not only the unique designs made by the celebrities from the entertainment industry when they participate in the programme, but also ..."

She paused slightly, and smiled: "Fairness."

When she finished, Bright Lucas's face seized up again.

Glancing at the time, Coco sighed with relief, saying: "Miss Lucas, there is only ten minutes left till the start of the show, you should go and prepare."

At her words, Bright Lucas stirred, glanced at Charlotte with a gloomy face, then slowly stood up from the sofa and walked straight out.

The sound of her high heels on the floor gradually faded away.

Coco collapsed on the sofa, letting out a deep sigh, said, "Charlotte, do you know, that woman is notoriously difficult to deal with."

As if something crossed her mind, she turned her head to look at Charlotte, blinked her starry eyes, full of admiration, said: "But Charlotte, what you said just now was absolutely brilliant."

Charlotte shook her head with a chuckle, stood up from the chair and said: "Let's go."

...

The show started quickly, Charlotte walked straight to the judges' seat and found her position to sit down.

The seats at the judges' table were already filled, the person sitting to her left was a male designer from Druarus named Asher Howard, and on her right was an unfamiliar female designer named Amelia Forbes, around fifty years old.

A few minutes later, the female celebrities participating in the contest also took their seats on the competition table one after another.

The competition process had three stages, the first stage was on-site design, where they had to draw their designs on paper according to a fixed theme within a specified time. The sketches are then given to the judges for scoring and then it is decided whether to proceed to the second round.

The person who wins all three rounds will be declared the winner of this episode.

The host introduced the rules of the show and the participating celebrities. When he read the name Liana Adams, Charlotte looked up, a woman in a black dress stood up from the table and nodded slightly towards the judges.

Her gaze paused intentionally or unintentionally on Charlotte for a few seconds, her lips curving into a slightly provocative smile.

Charlotte frowned slightly, somewhat puzzled.

When had she incurred such enmity?

Chapter 635: The Lowest Score

The competition officially began, and an image was displayed on the big screen in front.

It was simple, showing only a vigorous blaze, with the fire full of dense thorns.

Charlotte Thompson raised her eyebrows slightly.

This theme wasn't exactly difficult, but it wouldn't be entirely accurate to call it easy either.

After taking a serious look, a countdown started on the big screen. All the female stars participating in the competition seemed well-prepared, calmly completing their designs with seemingly effortless mastery.

Charlotte arranged the white paper and marker pen on her desk to one side, observing the expressions on the faces of each competitor.

They were given half an hour.

When the countdown on the big screen stopped, all the contestants stopped their pens, looking at their designs in front of them with quite a bit of satisfaction.

After the designs were submitted one by one, the judges began to score.

The competition was proceeding quickly. The design drafts were not marked with the designer's name, all information was kept confidential by the judges.

When her own design was handed over, Charlotte lowered her head to glance at the design in front of her. As her gaze lifted, it inadvertently collided with Bright Lucas not far away.

She nodded slightly, barely twitching a smile,

Let alone refusing, even if she agreed to Bright Lucas's request, out of so many design drafts, who knew which one was hers?

Before long, the scoring by the judges was over.

The host summarized the scores and reported the judges' grades, then announced the elimination list.

A total of six contestants participated, and the first round eliminated two, among them were Liana Adams and a younger girl.

When the results were announced, Liana Adams who was sitting on the stage with a contemptuous smile froze suddenly, and her smile became unbearably ridiculous.

But remembering that the camera was still focused on her, she had no choice but to force a smile onto her crumbling face.

She stood up, gave a humble bow, looked up at the camera and said, "I was eliminated in the first round, but it's as expected. After all, many seniors from the production team today are so powerful. I am thankful for this opportunity given by the production team..."

After nodding slightly, she sat down in her original seat. Then another girl stood up to speak for a few sentences.

The girl appeared to be in her early twenties, pursuing a lively and cute image in the entertainment circle.

After the completion of the first program, Charlotte stretched her neck and called Coco to prepare to go back to the lounge.

In the corridor, before she could enter the lounge, a very sarcastic voice came from behind.

"Designer Charlotte has a good taste." Liana Adams stood beside Charlotte leisurely with her hands crossed and laughed, "Other judges are discussing the designs outside, why, but Designer Charlotte is busy resting?"

Upon hearing this, Coco, who was standing by the side, stepped forward vigilantly and put herself in front of Charlotte, saying, "What do you mean? Who said that if others are discussing, my sister has to step in?"

"And, where my sister wants to go is her personal freedom, can you control that?"

After Coco's words, Liana Adams tightened the hands hanging by her side. She pursed her lips, still looking sarcastic, "Let's talk about the competition just now."

She cast a meaningful look at Charlotte, sneered, and said, "Charlotte, all the other judges gave me scores above seven, why did you give me the lowest score?"

Hearing this, Charlotte couldn't help but find it amusing.

Chapter 636: Never Dream of Having It Easy

She glanced at Liana Adams, and asked, "Miss Adams, can you frame such a question? Isn't this competition about judging good and bad design?"

She gave a slight smile, unhurried and calm, her voice gentle yet cold.

"From a professional design perspective, your design can't be called design at all. Giving you a low score is my respect for design."

As her words fell, the meticulously made-up features of Liana Adams twisted instantly.

She gritted her teeth, stamped her high-heeled foot on the ground, her voice a little frantic and aggrieved.

"Charlotte Thompson, stop acting so high and mighty." She said bitterly, "Isn't it just because you know that I have some connection with Evelyn Curtis, you deliberately targeted me?"

Grinding her teeth, her face finally softened a bit. She dusted off the non-existent dirt on her skirt and laughed, "Charlotte Thompson, you indeed appear different inside and out. Evelyn Curtis has been missing for so long, dare you say that it has nothing to do with you?"

At the mention of the name Evelyn Curtis, a hint of surprise flashed in Charlotte's eyes.

She hadn't heard that name for a long time, and if not for Liana Adams' comment, she would have almost forgotten her.

No wonder Liana Adams had such great animosity towards her, it was related to Evelyn.

The atmosphere became subtly tense; Liana Adams looked at Charlotte, a sneer at the corner of her mouth.

But Charlotte stayed silent.

Listening to the conversation, Coco grew angry. She stepped forward and said, "Liana Adams, you're crossing the line. It's obvious that you're not as skilled, how can you blame the judges for giving you a low score?"

Upon hearing this, Liana Adams gave Coco a smirk and slowly said, "You're the assistant of the famous designer, Charlotte Thompson, aren't you?"

Coco gave her a cautious look and said, "What do you want?"

In response, Liana Adams innocently shrugged and said, "What can I do? What I'm curious about is, what has Charlotte offered you for you to be so protective of her? There's a saying that the eunuch is more anxious than the emperor. Charlotte hasn't said anything yet, why are you so agitated?"

Pausing slightly, she gave a mysterious smile and said, "Feeling guilty?"

"You..."

Coco's face turned red, and she was so angry that she couldn't speak.

Charlotte suppressed the unusual look in her eyes. She pulled Coco to her side, composed herself, and said sternly, "Miss Adams, mind your language. If you feel that my scores are biased, you can complain to the show's organizers, rather than attacking me and my assistant here in the hallway."

Upon hearing those words, Liana Adams smiled and said, "I came to participate in this show without the slightest expectation to advance to the second round."

She didn't bother to hide her feelings. After seeing Charlotte frowning, she beamed, "I just wanted to irk you, Charlotte. You know what you've done to Evelyn Curtis. I am here to remind you that even if you forget, there will always be a myriad of people like me to remind you."

She paused for a moment and laughed.

"But you, you will never have peace."

With that, she picked up her handbag, turned around in her high heels, and left. It was not until her figure disappeared, that Coco murmured, "This woman is strange, she talks as if she has some deep grudge against us. Let's ignore her, sis, let's go."

Charlotte withdrew her gaze unemotionally and nodded. She was the first one to push open the door to the lounge and walked in.

Chapter 637: Made by Hand

The recording for the first episode took about three days. After the first recording was done, Charlotte Thompson, finished with the shooting affair, returned to the rest area to pick up her bag and came out with Coco.

Inside the venue, Lincoln Smith was directing the staff to edit the program that was just recorded, holding a cup of tea in his hand. He glanced indifferently and saw Charlotte preparing to leave with her bag in hand.

It was as if he suddenly remembered something, he quickly turned his head, chased her up in two or three steps, and said, "Miss Thompson, wait a moment."

Hearing this, Charlotte turned her head to look at him, a bit confused: "Director Smith?"

She looked around and noticed that the other judges and contestants were all getting ready to leave. She hesitated, "If I remember correctly, there shouldn't be anything left to shoot, right?"

As soon as she finished speaking, Lincoln Smith laughed and said, "Miss Thompson, your memory is worse than this fifty-year-old man's."

Charlotte pursed her lips in a smile and said, "Fifty is still in the prime of life, it's not right to call yourself an old man."

Hearing this, Lincoln Smith smiled contentedly. He gestured to his assistant not far away, who saw the gesture, nodded in understanding, stood up and picked up something from the table to bring it over.

Lincoln Smith passed it to Charlotte and said with a smile, "I didn't forget the promise I made to you. This is what I just made, it's still hot."

As he spoke, a hint of surprise flashed in Charlotte's eyes.

She had forgotten that her main purpose in coming here was actually for the lunch Lincoln Smith personally prepared.

Not to put too fine a point on it, this man didn't seem like the type to cook, yet he nailed it when it came to preparing a good meal.

Not wanting to stand on ceremony, Charlotte took the paper bag from his hands, slightly raised her eyebrows, smiled and said, "Thank you, Director Smith. I'll leave now, see you tomorrow."

Lincoln Smith nodded at her, waved, and said, "Go ahead."

With a slight nod, Charlotte watched Lincoln Smith turn and leave. Lowering her eyes, she met Coco's gaze.

Coco's eyes were shining as she looked at the light-colored paper bag in her hand. Incredulous, she said, "Sis, is this something Director Smith made personally?"

With a light laugh, Charlotte nodded, got in the car first, then turned around and saw Coco still standing there. She teased, "Aren't you leaving? It's going to get cold."

Catching Charlotte's intent, Coco's eyes widened in shock. She quickly nodded and got in the car.

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The next day.

Charlotte Thompson arrived at the venue half an hour ahead of the estimated shooting time. This time, she did not go to the rest area, but sat directly on the judges' seats, bored and listening to the two foreign designers chatting next to her.

They were not speaking in Chinese, but fluent English.

Charlotte understood. She leaned back comfortably, squinting her eyes.

Coco had become familiar with Director Smith and was running around backstage being his assistant.

Ten minutes ahead of time, the participating stars arrived on the scene.

One of the women arrived in a red hip-hugging dress and pulled a chair over to sit next to Charlotte.

Asher Howard, who was originally sitting next to Charlotte, frowned and moved a few steps away, seemingly unable to stand the strong perfume scent from the woman.

Charlotte leaned back quietly, looked at the woman politely, and asked, "Can I help you with something?"

Hearing this, the woman looked a little cramped. She pursed her lips as if remembering something, and a coquettish smile appeared on her face.

Chapter 638: Unusual Relationship

She spoke softly, "Miss Thompson, I heard you're the famous Joy of Ashton. I assume you're very capable, so I thought I'd talk to you and maybe learn a little from your experiences."

Charlotte Thompson was quite willing to do that.

However, in the next few minutes, the smile on her face became rather frozen.

Because this woman named Isabelle Douglas didn't ask a single question about design.

"Miss Thompson, I heard your relationship with Mr. Battleson is quite special... Please don't misunderstand, I'm just a bit curious."

She smiled shyly, glanced at herself, her eyes flashing with a hint of triumph, "Do you think if I dressed like this and met Mr. Battleson, would he notice me? Would he...?"

All her words were about Justin Battleson and her constant questioning left Charlotte Thompson speechless. She gently held her forehead, her mouth twitching slightly.

What a peculiar situation.

The air around her was thick with the perfume that Isabelle was exuding. Charlotte felt somewhat dizzy but she didn't want to seem rude. She politely smiled and said, "Miss, matters outside the competition are beyond my understanding. As for your questions, perhaps someone else would be better suited to answer them."

The woman, still not giving up, said, "Other people? But Miss Thompson, you and Mr. Battleson..."

"Will you ever stop?"

A frustrated male voice broke the stagnant air. Asher Howard, well-known for his short temper, impatiently adjusted his chair and then abruptly stood up.

"Why don't you step in as a judge? I'd rather leave if that's the case."

The woman had been so engrossed in speaking earlier she'd unintentionally taken over Asher's space.

At his words, she stood up, looking somewhat diffident. Regardless, she gifted Charlotte another ingratiating smile before turning to head for the competition seats.

On the other side, Asher disdainfully took a disinfecting wipe from his assistant and wiped down the table where the woman had just rested her hands. The irritation on his face was clear to see.

A somewhat amused Charlotte pushed the extra chair by her side and sat up straight, waiting for the program to start.

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The recording of the program went smoothly apart from occasional nonsense orders from Bright Lucas. Otherwise, all was well.

When the filming of the first episode ended, Charlotte could rest for a month, awaiting preparations for the next episode's shooting.

The day after the program finished recording, Charlotte hurried to the office. The President's office was empty. She sat at her desk somewhat puzzled and pulled out some design drafts from a folder and continued to review them.

Elsewhere.

In the apartment, a man stood straight at the entrance, knocked on the door, and waited.

A few seconds later, the sound of footsteps echoed and the door was pushed open.

Jordan Thompson, in his slippers, opened the door. Seeing the man outside, understanding flashed in his eyes, "You're here to see Chad and Jack, aren't you?"

The man outside was, in fact, Adam Ross. He nodded slightly, "Sorry for the trouble."

"No problem." Jordan Thompson reached up to ruffle the strand of hair standing up on his head, then turned to go inside.

It was a weekend, and the kids were watching TV on the sofa. He spoke softly, "Chad, Jack, could you come out for a moment?"

At this, the two children exchanged a glance, understanding clear in their eyes.

They got off the couch and headed outside, where they saw Adam Ross waiting.

Adam crouched down in front of them, extended his index finger and gently scraped it across the two clean, chubby faces. He smiled, "Dad's taking you out to play, want to come?"

Chapter 639: Are You Willing to Live with Dad?

At this, a flicker of delight flashed through the children's eyes and they eagerly nodded their agreement.

A pleasant smile tugged at the corners of Adam's lips as he stood up, took the children by their hands, and turned to Jordan, who was standing by the door. "I'm taking the children out for the day. Make sure you let your sister know," he said.

Jordan nodded in acknowledgment. "Don't worry, I'll tell her. Also, be careful," he said, as Adam left with the two children.

In the car, Chad, sitting in the backseat, leaned against the window in excitement. "Where are we going to play?" he asked.

Fully prepared, Adam replied with a joyful smile, "Water park, amusement park, anything."

He had spent the previous night having his assistant compile a list of places that children would enjoy visiting. Working late into the night, his assistant had searched the internet and finally sent over a document.

Upon hearing this, Jack's eyes lit up, and he enthusiastically nodded.

After spending the entire day with the children, Adam took them to a children's restaurant as the evening drew near.

Inside the restaurant...

"What would you like to eat?"

The man flipped through the menu and looked across the table at the children.

On the other side, after moistening his lips, Chad replied, still somewhat excited, "Anything."

He pondered a little and then gave Adam an inquisitive look. "Why did you bring us out alone this time without telling Mommy?"

At this, Jack also turned his eyes towards Adam.

As Adam randomly picked out a few dishes and was met with the children's gaze, he paused for a few seconds, his eyes reflecting complexity.

After some consideration, he finally asked, "How would you feel about living with Daddy?"

The children were stunned by this news, unable to formulate a response.

The setting sun shone through the windows, momentarily blinding Chad.

He rubbed his stinging eyes. His voice was faint, but he didn't shy away from the truth. "I don't know," he confessed.

On the side, Jack was looking equally struggling.

Though the children had wished for a day when Adam would take them away and live together, they never thought it would happen so soon.

Even though they thought they were prepared, when the moment came they were still utterly lost and... scared.

Adam saw the conflict in the children's faces and, not being able to bear it, looked away.

Once all the dishes were served by the waiter, he rubbed his temples, sounding a bit weary. "Chad, Jack, don't think too much about it right now. Let's eat."

But at this moment, how could the children have the appetite to eat?

Absent-mindedly picking at their food a few times, they soon put down their chopsticks.

Adam gazed upon them with a deep look in his eyes. Finally, without saying anything, he let out a sigh and suggested, "Let me take you home."

After dropping the children off at Charlotte's apartment, Adam was just turning around when he bumped into Charlotte, who'd just gotten off work.

Behind Charlotte, Justin Battleson followed. Upon seeing Adam, he raised an eyebrow in surprise.

Adam gave a slight nod, a smile playing at his lips. "Second Brother," he greeted.

The latter nodded in return. Charlotte glanced at the two children standing by the door.

It had indeed been quite a while since the children last saw Justin, so taking them out for a day was understandable.

Charlotte smiled, switching her bag to the other hand, and asked, "Won't you come in for some dinner?"

Chapter 640: Feeling Gloomy

Adam Ross' thin lips curled slightly, looking at Charlotte Thompson with a hint of realization, he politely shook his head and said, "I've just eaten outside, and I still have things to handle at the company, so I won't stay for long."

Having said that, he made a clean break, walking past the two and leaving.

Watching the black car driving off, Charlotte looked at Chad Thompson, chuckling lightly, "Chad, Jack, let's go in."

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After dinner, Charlotte lounged on the couch. The room was slightly dimly lit. Justin sat down beside her, casually took her hand, and caressed it off and on.

The woman's hand was pale and soft, irresistibly enticing to the touch.

Charlotte wrinkled her nose, and with a slightly annoyed sound, she pulled her hand out, her gaze unintentionally catching the two children at the end of the sofa.

Chad and Jack were ostensibly focused on the TV screen, but it was clear that their minds were not really on the program.

After a few seconds, Chad pursed his lips, reaching out to grab a cup from the table. Just then, his hand trembled and the cup slipped from his fingers and hit the floor.

With a loud clatter, the cup shattered, fragments scattering on the floor.

Heart leaping, Charlotte quickly got up, rushing forward in two steps to kneel down in front of Chad, nervously inspecting his hand.

"Is everything okay, Chad? Did you get hurt anywhere?"

At her words, Chad hesitated, looking down at her for a moment before shaking his head and murmuring, "No."

Charlotte furrowed her brow.

She knew her children better than anyone else. She could guess, by their gloomy appearances, that Chad and Jack must have something on their minds.

What could it be, though?

A flicker of concern crossed her gaze as she sat next to Chad, delicately looking into his amber eyes and asked softly, "Sweetheart, do you want to tell mommy what's up with you and Jack?"

From the moment they returned, both children had been unusually distracted.

Hearing this, Chad seemed torn between speaking or remaining silent. In the end, he shook his head, his long eyelashes casting shadows over his eyes. There was a heavy look in his eyes as he murmured, "Mommy, we are fine."

Sighing, Charlotte reached out and gently touched Chad's fluffy little head. She then turned and squeezed Jack's soft little cheeks and said softly, "Go to bed, I'll clean up."

At her words, both children obediently stood up and walked with hung heads towards their room.

Jordan Thompson went to bed early after dinner, Cyrus was playing in his room with Hank, and Grace, clutching her stuffed bear, excitedly ran into her room.

Only Charlotte and Justin remained in the living room.

Charlotte knit her brows, looking confused, "Ever since Chad and Jack returned with Mr. Ross, they've been like this. I don't know what happened."

As she spoke, she bent down to pick up the shards of glass scattered on the floor.

Before she could touch them, her hand was gently pushed aside by another.

The man squatted down leisurely and started to pick up the pieces, throwing them into the trash can. After some thought, he suggested, "Well, maybe we can ask Adam about what happened?"

Upon seeing his action, a trace of tenderness flashed in Charlotte's eyes. She nodded slightly, picked up her phone from the side of the couch.

After unlocking it, she scrolled down to Adam's number and sent him a message.

"Are you free tomorrow? Let's meet."