

Spoiled 661

Chapter 661: Mr. Ross

The amusement park was crowded with people, a few children clung closely to Charlotte Thompson and Jordan Thompson.

After buying the tickets, the children cheerfully entered to play.

Jordan, though fond of fun, never liked these kinds of attractions. So, he aimlessly sat down in the pavilion, head down, engaged with his phone.

Not far off, Charlotte was taking the kids on a carousel ride, her face filled with beaming smiles.

Jordan lazily yawned, then lifted his phone and took a photo of them.

The radiant smiles captured in the camera, he bowed his head to edit his friend circle, selected the photo, and typed a few lines of text.

"Everyone seems so happy while I, the multitasking workhorse, designated handsome chauffeur, sit alone in the pavilion, bored to death but looking very fine."

Once he finished editing, he hit post.

His WeChat did not have many people, only a few likes after releasing the post for over ten minutes.

Jordan refreshed and found a new comment.

Henry Hudson posted a smiling emoji below and commented, "Enjoying yourself?"

While casually liking the comment, Jordan turned off his phone and then bit the blue straw in his cup of ice-cold beverage.

When they came down from the carousel, Charlotte was a bit dizzy. She pressed her forehead, telling the children to go find Jordan in the pavilion while she went to a nearby shop to buy cold drinks for them.

Cyrus Thompson nodded first, and the kids followed suit leaving, but Chad Thompson and Jack Thompson paused simultaneously as if they saw something behind.

Cyrus, Hank Thompson, and Grace Thompson were ahead and did not notice they had stopped.

They slowly lifted their heads to look at the middle-aged man in front of them. His old face carried a somewhat stiff expression, showing signs of time spent.

But his sharp gaze, piercing at heart, was unchanged.

Just as Charlotte turned her head as if recalling something. She turned back to find some men with unfriendly gazes standing before her kids.

Her heartbeat skipped as she hastily moved a few steps forward reflexively, placing herself between the children and the men.

Seeing this, the oldest man stood up straight. He was wearing a black coat, and his cane tapped rhythmically on the ground.

Charlotte squinted, suddenly finding his face familiar.

She stepped back cautiously, then asked, "You are...?"

The bodyguard beside him was about to reply, but the old man slowly raised his hand to stop him, then spoke in a deep voice, "I am the head of the Ross Family, Adam Ross's grandfather."

No wonder.

No wonder he looked so familiar.

Charlotte's face showed no fear as she nodded slightly, smiling politely and said, "Mr. Ross, what brings you here?"

On hearing this, Mr. Ross flashed an almost imperceptible smile. His gaze passed over Charlotte and fell on the two children standing behind her.

"If my guess is right..."

He pointed, "These two children will be the descendants of the Ross Family, right?"

On hearing that, the reason for Mr. Ross's visit became instantly clear to Charlotte.

The Ross family dynamics were complicated, and Adam Ross was pressured by his grandfather to take custody of his children. Now that Mr. Ross had personally come, he surely intended not to leave without the children.

Charlotte's expression hardened, her voice turned cold.

"Mr. Ross, did you follow us here?"

At this, Mr. Ross chuckled, but the laughter didn't reach his eyes.

Chapter 662: Kidnapping in Broad Daylight

"Miss Thompson, the Ross Family has eyes everywhere. I can easily know your whereabouts."

He paused slightly, gesturing to the bodyguard, then continued, "I understand Miss Thompson must be busy and my father is not a chatty man, so let's cut to the chase, the child is from the Ross Family..."

Mr. Ross lifted his eyes, his gaze intense.

"Therefore, he must return to the Ross family!"

As soon as his words fall, the bodyguard, expressionless, steps forward bypassing Charlotte, ready to grab the child.

With quick reflexes, Charlotte moves to block the bodyguard and fiercely knocks away his hand. Her eyes grow cold.

The sudden disturbances leaves the two children in shock, their eyes wide on Charlotte shielding them.

Charlotte lifts her eyes, gives a scoffing laugh, but there's no humor in her gaze, "Mr. Ross, I respect you as an elder, but the actions you are taking now, belie my respect."

At her words, Mr. Ross eyes her displeased, saying, "Miss Thompson, are you unwilling to return the child?"

"Return?" Charlotte laughs in disbelief.

She extends her hand to point at the bodyguard who had just come to grab the child, asking, "Mr. Ross gives orders to snatch the child without a word, but still doubts my willingness to return him. Then may I ask, Mr. Ross, from what standpoint, from what angle do you demand this of me?"

There is not a shred of trembling fear in her voice, Charlotte presses on relentlessly.

"Mr. Ross, you now wish to reclaim the child, claiming he's of the Ross Family's bloodline, but isn't it just your ploy to keep the Ross Group intact?"

She has already heard most of the story from Justin.

Adam Ross has no children, the Ross Family branches have long coveted Ross Group, using this as an excuse to pressure Adam and Mr. Ross.

The solution to all this lies in the two children.

But how could Charlotte bear to let these two small children bear the burden of these family grievances?

Her words elicit a dangerous squint of the eyes from Mr. Ross, his voice considerably colder, "Miss Thompson, if you insist on your opposition, we may have to resort to force."

Charlotte's pupils dilate slightly. Before she can react, the bodyguards strides forward and grabs the children. The children freeze for a moment in shock, then look at their grabbed hand and start crying out in fear.

Clenching her teeth, a degree of determination flashes in Charlotte's eyes.

Despicable!

Her fists tighten as she looks over, her voice icy cold, "Mr. Ross, are we resorting to public kidnapping?"

She pauses slightly, then chuckles coldly, saying, "Is the renowned man who singlehandedly brought up Ross Group this base and disgraceful?"

Without any hesitation in her voice, Charlotte counters ferociously.

She can be pushed around, but if it's about her children...

Absolutely not!

Just as she's about to step in, she hears a familiar yet slightly high-pitched voice coming from not far away.

She turns her head to see Adam Ross approaching with a stern face.

Adam Ross stands still in front of Mr. Ross, signals the bodyguard to make way, and then pulls over the children.

Looking up at Mr. Ross, Adam Ross frowns, "Father, what are you doing?"

At his words, Mr. Ross snorts coldly, saying, "You're indecisive and can't make a firm decision, wasting all my years of hard teaching. Since you can't bring yourself to it, then let this old man play the bad guy!"

Anxiously, Charlotte picks up the child and takes a step back, watching Adam Ross and Mr. Ross warily.

Adam Ross and Mr. Ross have slightly similar eyes and brows. Adam Ross's eyes darken, "Father, why do this?"

Chapter 663: They are the bloodline of the Ross Family

"Adam Ross!"

Mr. Ross's cane stomped hard on the ground, his aura suddenly becoming icy cold.

"The situation in the Ross family is increasingly disadvantageous to you. I'm saying all this for your good!" He paused then continued, "Moreover, this child is indeed a descendant of the Ross Family.

There is no precedent in our family history for letting our bloodline be lost. Why is it that when it comes to you, it should be cut off?"

As his words fell, a touch of obscurity flashed through Adam's eyes. He then looked up at the old man, his voice mixed with emotions, "Mr. Ross, if the child doesn't want to, are you going to force him to go back?"

Behind him, the two children clenched Charlotte's clothes in panic, tears still glistening on their faces.

Charlotte gently patted their heads in a calming manner, whispering reassurances, "Don't worry, mommy won't let anyone take you away."

As her words fell, her eyes suddenly reddened, and her voice slightly trembled.

The clever children suddenly understood. The unusual behavior of Charlotte the day before was probably due to this matter.

After a few seconds of silence, Chad seemed to have made a decision. He looked up at his younger brother.

Jack understood his intentions, his eyes determined as he nodded firmly.

Feeling her clothing gripped even tighter, Chad looked down to see the two children lifting their heads to look at her, speaking in unison.

"Mommy, we've decided. We won't leave. We want to stay with you forever."

At their words, Charlotte stared down at their determined faces, her heart melting into a soft puddle.

On top of that, Mr. Ross's icy gaze shot towards her, seeing past her disguise.

He narrowed his eyes slightly, sneering coldly, "Miss Thompson, what kind of potion have you fed these children that they refuse to leave with us?"

"Potion?" Charlotte scoffed lightly, gripping the children's hands tightly, taunting, "There is no potion, only the difference between genuine affection and insincere performances. Do you think they are too young to distinguish between care and exploitation?"

Mr. Ross couldn't stand to hear such words, anger flashing across his face. He was about to say something when Adam, who had been silent, interrupted him.

The man lowered his gaze, his expression obscure, "Mr. Ross, let's call it a day."

"Austin."

His tone paused. At the same time, a bodyguard standing next to him bowed slightly in agreement, respectfully answering, "Present."

"Mr. Ross is tired, take him back."

Mr. Ross shot a piercing stare at him. At the same time, Jordan Thompson quickened his steps to catch up, nodded at Adam, and then stood next to Charlotte, bending down to pick up Jack, and with his other hand, led Chad away.

Charlotte looked at this farce before her one last time, hiding her inner turmoil, and then followed them out.

Watching them leave, Mr. Ross snorted coldly, glaring at Adam, "One day, your soft-heartedness will kill you."

"Mr. Ross."

Adam spoke in a flat tone. "Chad and Jack are my own flesh and blood. I would rather they never return to the Ross family than have you force them using such despicable methods."

He turned around, walking away while throwing back a comment filled with unidentifiable emotions.

"Austin, take him back."

Mr. Ross stormed away in the background, stamping his cane in frustration. Despite his unwillingness, he had no choice but to return to the old house.

After all this turmoil, Charlotte had lost the mood to continue playing, so Jordan considerably drove them away.

Chapter 664: Always Stay By Mommy's Side

Chad and Jack leaned thoughtfully against the car window, eyes full of speculation.

On the passenger seat, Charlotte, upset, absent-mindedly scratched her hair, then turned her eyes to the bustling freeway outside the car window.

The emotions she'd suppressed for a long time nearly burst out, but she could only divert her attention in a frustrated and confused state.

The appearance of Mr. Ross had sounded a warning bell for her, indicating that he would continue to intervene and would not give up until he achieved his goals.

And just like a moment ago, Adam Ross could stop Mr. Ross once, but he wouldn't always be able to come to her rescue every time.

Leaning tiredly against the car seat, she closed her eyes, rubbed her aching eyebrow, showing the evident pain and confusion in her eyes.

Jordan Thompson cast a glance at her, wanting to say something but hesitated. In the end, he just sighed deeply and said nothing.

Arriving back at the apartment, after changing her shoes, Charlotte went straight back to her room.

When she fell onto the soft bed, her suppressed mood finally felt a bit better.

Outside the door, in the living room.

Chad looked into Charlotte's bedroom with some concern, then pursed his lips, mumbling: "Mommy must be really upset."

A thought flashed through his mind, his eyes filled with determination as he looked at Jordan Thompson.

The latter was munching on an apple with a crisp sound, seemingly unconcerned about his appearance.

After a few seconds of hesitation, Chad asked, "Uncle Jordan, can we borrow your phone?"

At his words, Jordan paused, almost instantly understanding what the two kids were after.

A complex emotion flickered in his eyes before he finally sighed.

"Are you certain?"

At his side, Jack nodded firmly.

With satisfaction in his eyes, Jordan reached into his pocket and after fumbling for a moment, he took out his phone. After unlocking it, he handed it to Chad.

Following that, Chad wasted no time in opening the contact list, found the contact identified as "Mr. Ross," and dialed the number.

Meanwhile, at the Blue Tone Club.

After leaving the amusement park, Adam Ross felt frustrated and ended up at the Blue Tone Club alone. Of course, there was another person who was equally frustrated - Justin Battleson.

The two of them sat in silence, neither of them initiating a conversation. Yet their occasional exchanges of looks seemed to convey their feelings.

Just as Adam was downing a drink, he heard his phone vibrating on the couch.

Pausing his gaze, he put down the glass and picked up the phone.

It was a call from Jordan?

With a sense of realization in his eyes, he answered the call. After a few moments of silence, he recognized the familiar voice coming from the other end of the line.

"Dad."

It felt like Adam's softest spot in his heart was gently nudged, and he instantly felt a wave of tenderness.

He tightened his grip on the phone, asking, "Chad, what's wrong?"

There was silence on the other end for a few seconds, then Chad's muffled voice came through.

"Dad, that grandfather is too harsh. He also bullied mommy. Mommy cried because of Jack and me, and she accidentally drove drunk once."

The little boy pursed his lips and continued, "So, Dad, we don't want to live with you anymore. Mommy worked hard to raise me and Jack, and we want to be with mommy forever."

Upon hearing this, Adam's pupils dilated slightly.

At first, his eyes showed loss, then satisfaction.

The fact that the two children were so understanding and grateful proved that Charlotte had taught them the right values.

He should be happy about that.

His lips were pressed into a straight line, and his fingers that rested on the armrest of the couch curled up slightly. For once, Adam Ross felt conflicted.

Chapter 665: The Best Method

Watching his silence, Justin Battleson across the table raised his eyebrows slightly, similarly waiting for him to go on.

Finally, a hint of hesitation appeared in Adam Ross's eyes. He stuttered for a moment and then let out a sigh as if making a compromise.

"I understand. Let your mother take the call."

On the other end of the speakerphone, Chad Thompson subconsciously glanced at Jordan Thompson upon hearing this. Jordan nodded slightly before swiftly grabbing the phone and striding towards Charlotte Thompson's bedroom to knock on the door.

His voice was slightly deep.

"Charlotte, come out and take this call."

Inside the room, Charlotte lifted her head from the pillow in a daze. After a few seconds, she realized what was happening, hurriedly got out of bed and shuffled to open the door wearing her slippers.

After she opened the door, Jordan glanced at her silently before passing her the phone.

She lowered her head to look at the phone interface, slightly startled before finally taking the call and held it to her ear.

"Hello?"

On the other end of the line, hearing the familiar voice, a touch of bitterness welled up in Adam's heart.

He hooked up the corner of his lips and let out a bitter smile saying: "I'm sorry, about what happened earlier..."

"It's not your fault." Charlotte lowered her gaze, and asked, "What's the matter?"

Getting straight to the point, Adam looked up, hesitated for a few seconds, and then said, "I've made up my mind. You can raise the children."

Upon hearing this, a hint of surprise flashed in Charlotte's eyes. She gripped the phone tightly, her voice incredulous and trembling slightly, questioning: "What did you say?"

On the other end, the man's deep and pleasant voice sounded in her ears: "You heard correctly, the two children can stay by your side. But they are, after all, part of the Ross Family. The Ross family hopes that they can spend at least two days a week living with the Ross Family."

The two children had already been standing at the bedroom door listening, Charlotte lowered her eyes and looked at them and asked as if implying something: "What do you think?"

The two children pondered for a few seconds, then promptly nodded their heads.

This was the best solution so far.

Charlotte pursed her lips, with her tongue lightly touching the roof of her mouth, she softly said, "The kids agree, I have no objections either, this is the best way."

Hearing this, Adam nodded and then said, "As for your concerns about the Ross Family's heir, you can rest assured. I will seek their opinions on this matter after they come of age, I won't force them."

Upon hearing this, a sense of relief flashed in Charlotte's eyes.

Mr. Ross was right; Adam had indeed softened.

But these are his own flesh and blood, if even this wasn't an exception, then what is a human?

She let out a heartfelt sigh, then leaning against the doorframe with a hint of a smile on her lips, she softly said, "Thank you."

On the other end, a hint of a smile floated in the man's eyes. After understanding, his voice also relaxed a lot. His tightly clenched fingers loosened slightly, he bent over and took a sip from his wine glass, saying jokingly, "You can't just thank me verbally, what about the actual action?"

As soon as his words fell, he felt Justin's penetrating, icy gaze shooting straight at him from across the table.

Adam innocently shrugged his shoulders. In the moment their eyes meet, a glint of mischief flashed in his eyes.

On the other end of the line, Charlotte laughed cheerfully and then joked: "Of course, I will treat you to a meal some other day."

Adam purposely switched to speakerphone, the woman's light and cheerful voice echoed from the phone. On the other side, Justin Battleson's hand tightened around his wine glass as he looked at Adam, his face visibly darkened at an alarming speed.

He gave Adam a warning look, then lunged forward in three steps to take the phone from Adam's hand.

Chapter 666: Give me a chance for redemption

Adam Ross uttered an 'ah', but didn't rise from his seat. He just leisurely watched his movements.

After thinking for a few seconds, the latter clumsily started, "Charlotte, it's still early. How about..."

Before he could finish, there was an immediate busy signal from the receiver.

The call was hung up on.

There was a deadly silence in the air.

The drink Adam Ross had just sipped nearly sprayed out of his mouth before he could swallow. Holding his forehead, he burst out laughing, his entire body shaking with laughter.

Justin Battleson's face turned completely green, oddly resembling a color palette.

He put down the phone, gave Adam Ross a deadly glance and muttered something under his breath before he strode out.

The room was quiet, and only Adam Ross's suppressed laughter could be heard.

After a while, the man tilted his head back and took a swig of his drink, his laughter ceased, revealing the loneliness in his eyes.

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The following morning.

In the hospital.

It was a weekend. Olivia Thompson sat with her sky-blue backpack on the chair. In front of her, there was a desk just about her height.

She was lightly drawing something on the table. No one disturbed the silence in the room.

A few seconds later, the little girl looked at Annie Anne with perplexity in her eyes and softly said, "Mommy, I miss my aunt, brother, and sisters."

In the bed, Annie Anne was lying sideways. A visible smile could be seen on her pale cheeks. Her mood had stabilized and she had been smiling a lot more these days.

Upon hearing this, she piled up her pillow, propped herself on the bed, and leaned back.

Before she had a chance to speak, the door of the ward was suddenly opened.

The smile that was on Annie Anne's face quickly faded. The man walked in with a basin of water and stood in front of her.

She turned cold eyes on him and then turned away, refusing to look at him.

Noticing her actions, Oliver Hudson paused for a moment, and then continued to pick up the warm towel as if he were accustomed to this.

Annie Anne leaned back a little. The hand gripping the bedsheet tightened, her slender and fair knuckles turning white.

She glanced at Olivia Thompson, who was still busy writing, then lowered her voice to speak.

"Oliver Hudson, I don't want to argue with you in front of Annie. I'm telling you, leave now. Let's leave with some dignity."

Upon hearing these words, there was a flicker of pain in Oliver Hudson's eyes, but his actions did not pause, he took Annie Anne's hand and started wiping.

She struggled to pull her hand back, retreated a little like a frightened bird, hatred was uncontrollable in her eyes.

"Oliver Hudson! What do you want to do!"

There was a visible tremble in her voice.

"I beg you, let us be, mother and daughter. We will never appear in front of you again."

Oliver Hudson looked startled. The hand holding the towel awkwardly froze mid-air.

The woman's hateful and fearful gaze was like one sharp invisible knife after another, stabbing deep into the softest part of his heart.

Each knife was wet with blood, leaving countless wounds.

Oliver Hudson gave a bitter laugh, he lowered his gaze, his voice held a subtle plea.

"Annie, be good, give me a chance to atone. Okay?"

"Atone?"

Annie Anne sneered, her eyes filled with an unfathomable chill.

She lowered her gaze, laughing, "It's too late, Oliver Hudson. You have not experienced what I have. How can you empathize?"

Her voice softened, she looked up at the man in front of her. The deepest memory in her heart was awakened. No matter how she tried to let it go, reconciliation was not possible.

She whispered softly, "Oliver Hudson, let me go, let yourself go as well."

Chapter 667: Want to Go to Godmother's House

Annie looked intently at the man in front of her, searching his face for a hint of change in his expressions.

But there was none.

The man laughed softly, withdrew his towel, and spoke softly, "It's still early, so stay with Annie. I'm going out to buy breakfast."

Having said that, he turned around and went out again with the towel basin.

As she watched him, unruffled and even showing an exceedingly humble demeanor, Annie's pupils suddenly dilated. She loosened her tense grip on the quilt, gritted her teeth and called out in a low voice, "Oliver Hudson!"

The steps of Oliver Hudson paused for a second, but he didn't turn around. Instead, he resumed his pace and left.

Only when the man's figure had completely disappeared from the entrance of the ward did Annie lean back weakly, take a deep breath, and steadied her emotions.

From the other side, Olivia seemed to have noticed her change in emotions. She hastily put down the pen in her hand, got up, and hurried over to sit on the bed, holding Annie's hand worriedly.

"Mommy, what's the matter?"

At these words, the corners of Annie's mouth curved slightly. She reached out to pat Olivia's head and then laughed softly, "Mommy is fine... By the way, Annie, were you thinking of your godmother just now?"

As soon as she finished speaking, Olivia puckered her small mouth and nodded.

Annie chuckled and continued, "That's great, Mommy is so bored in this hospital bed that she's about to turn moldy. I'll take you to your godmother's house later, okay?"

At her words, Olivia's previously low mood seemed to have brightened instantaneously. She grinned widely in agreement and immediately settled down to chat leisurely with Annie at the bedside.

It wasn't clear how much time had passed before Oliver Hudson returned to the ward, carrying some things. He immediately took notice of the chatty mother and daughter.

His lips curved into a faint smile as Oliver Hudson put down the breakfast and asked jokingly, "What's the fun topic that's making you two so happy?"

Annie instantly retracted her expression without even batting an eyelid, and then fell silent.

A silence ensnared the air for a moment as Olivia pursed her lips somewhat regretfully, finally speaking up, "We're going to visit her godmother."

At her words, a hint of surprise flashed through Oliver Hudson's eyes, but that only made his smile wider.

He handed a cup of soy milk to Olivia and squatted down to pinch the little girl's fair cheeks gently, murmuring, "Then Daddy will take you two there a little later, okay?"

After his words echoed, Olivia fell silent for a few seconds.

Firstly, she looked over to the expressionless Annie, her mind filled with deliberation.

Indeed, Annie's condition had only just stabilized and no one knew if there'd be any unexpected turn of events. It would be safer if Oliver Hudson was present.

With these thoughts, Olivia wrinkled her little brows slightly. Then, under Oliver Hudson's anticipatory gaze, she opened her small mouth and nodded in agreement.

Seeing this, Annie's eyebrows knitted together slightly.

But since Olivia had agreed, she didn't want to say anything more and just sighed lightly, her emotions complex.

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Inside an apartment.

Having just cleaned up the dining table, Charlotte washed all the dishes and wiped her hands. She picked up her mobile phone from the kitchen table and went into the living room.

Jordan's card had been frozen by the old man. Unable to spend the money freely, he had no choice but to stay at home, hoping that the old man would change his mind and extend his support.

Currently, with one hand supporting his chin and the other holding the remote control, he was flipping boredly through the channels. After watching an entire season of a TV series, he was utterly restless.

Charlotte sat down at the other end of the sofa. He quietly put down the remote, shuffling a few steps closer to her.

Then, leaning in with caution, he made a funny face and asked, "Sis, are you in a good mood?"

Chapter 668: Can I still call you Mommy?

With Chad and Jack's matters all sorted, Charlotte's mood was naturally high.

She looked away from her phone screen, only to jump in surprise at the sight of Jordan's zoomed-in face.

She crossed her arms and looked at Jordan with an unhurried air like she could see right through him, "Spit it out. What do you need from me now?"

Upon hearing this, a look of delight crossed Jordan's face. He replied with a playful grin, "Sis... The old man froze my card again, could you maybe talk to him for me? He certainly would listen to you."

Charlotte glanced sideways at him, recognizing the scheming look in his eyes, and lazily replied, "Why don't you just keep quiet for a while? Give it some time, and the old man will surely show you some leniency."

As she spoke, an aggrieved look appeared on Jordan's face. Just as he was about to say something, the doorbell rang, interrupting him.

Putting her phone down, Charlotte stood up and walked over to answer the door.

Upon seeing the familiar face at the door, she paused in surprise.

Not until Olivia excitedly called out to her and then rushed over to hug her, did she react and regain her composure.

She bent down, picked up Olivia, and looked towards Annie Anne. She was dressed in a khaki trench coat and her mid-length hair was carelessly tied up in a low bun. Her complexion seemed paler against her high neckline.

Charlotte's voice filled with excitement, "Come in quickly before you catch a cold out there."

When they had all entered, Charlotte closed the door and rejoined them.

Seeing the visitors, Jordan's eyes flashed in obvious surprise. Back in Ashton's country, he had met Annie Anne a few times, but now seeing her again, she looked like a completely different person.

Olivia clung tight to Charlotte, which naturally made her very happy. So she took Olivia by the hand and sat down on the sofa.

Looking at Annie Anne, Charlotte couldn't conceal her joy, "Annie, how have you been lately? Are things improving?"

Upon hearing, Annie Anne couldn't contain her happiness and replied, "Indeed, things have improved a lot. Annie mentioned missing you, and I was feeling rather restless in the hospital, so we decided to come over."

On the other side, King Samuel sat down beside Annie Anne. Though he didn't speak, his gaze unintentionally fell on Annie Anne.

A look of affection appeared on his face that Charlotte hadn't ever seen before.

Her eyes lingered on the two for a few seconds before she could say anything, she felt a light tug on her clothes.

She was taken aback for a second and looked down at Olivia.

The girl seemed hesitant and then looked up at Charlotte, cautiously asking, "Can Annie still call you 'mommy'?"

She paused before adding sadly, "I know I am supposed to call you Aunt now, but... I still want to call you mommy."

At her words, Charlotte wavered for a moment. She turned to look at Annie Anne, who had a faint smile on her lips and a look of relief in her eyes.

Charlotte understood Annie Anne's intentions, so she softly replied, "Of course, darling. Annie will always be mommy's precious child."

She bent down and planted a kiss on the little girl's cheek with a smile, saying, "Annie is such a good girl."

All of a sudden, the sound of the door opening reached them. Grace peeked out and her face lit up in joy when her eyes met Olivia's.

The little girl ran over excitedly, took Olivia's hand, and said mysteriously, "Annie, come with me. I have something really cool to show you."

Chapter 669: I Owe Her Too Much

After watching Grace Thompson mysteriously whisk Olivia Thompson away, Charlotte's gaze turned to Annie.

A slight smile hung on the latter's face, her gaze lingering on Olivia even after the children were out of sight. The warmth in her sight was clear.

But Charlotte seemed to see another emotion in that gaze.

It was more of guilt and love.

Charlotte leaned back, and on the other side, Jordan, knowing they might have something to talk about, turned off the TV and yawned to Charlotte, "Sis, you guys go ahead with your chat, I'll go back to my room for a nap, won't disturb you."

Charlotte glanced at him and nodded in understanding.

Soon, only the three of them were left in the spacious living room. No one spoke in the quiet air; they could only hear each other's shallow and steady breathing.

Charlotte moistened her lips, deciding to be the one to break the awkward silence.

She pushed the water on the table forward and smiled, saying, "Annie, it's been a while since we last met. Why don't we have dinner before you leave?"

She paused slightly, a hint of teasing in her voice, a flash of nostalgia in her eyes, then continued, "After all, the last time you had my cooking was quite a while ago."

Upon hearing her words, a faint smile appeared on Annie's slightly pale face.

She nodded slightly, her eyes filled with a familiar smile, as if sparkling with tiny shards of light.

"Okay," she agreed, touching her lips and her tone falling slightly, "Annie has indeed been having a hard time staying with me recently. Charlotte, why don't we let her stay with you guys for a while?"

Annie tilted her head back with a bitter smile, "I owe her so much. I want to make it up to her slowly, but suddenly I feel like there's so much I can't do."

She had missed out on four years of Olivia's life when she needed her most, and even though her own life was now a mess, she still held on to the idea of longing for and making things up to Olivia.

Annie had to admit now that she was still selfish.

Upon hearing her words, Charlotte felt a mix of emotions.

How many experiences must one have to express guilt like Annie did, unnoticeable yet extraordinarily poignant?

Annie was a girl with a hard life, tortured by those she had loved.

In her most painful moments, she chose to forget in order to protect herself, thereby missing out on Olivia's growth over four years.

Now that her memory had returned, wasn't it filled with nothing but scars?

Thinking of this, Charlotte's eyes were tinged with a hint of bitterness, silently regarding Annie.

After speaking, a hint of pain flashed in Annie's eyes. She coughed a few times into her fist, her eyes turning red unconsciously.

"Charlotte, I owe her too much, too much."

Her coughing intensified. Charlotte, worried, handed her a glass of water. Oliver Hudson, who was beside her, reacted quicker. He leaned down to smooth her breathing after his pupils contracted slightly.

His movements were gentle and soft.

Besides the sound of coughing, there was also Oliver's softened voice in the air, "How are you feeling? Is your throat hurting?"

After speaking, he nodded slightly to Charlotte and reached for the cup to feed Annie water.

The latter was still coughing uncontrollably, but she ignored his actions and instead moved away from him.

Charlotte watched their movements, a hint of sigh flashing in her eyes.

Despite rejecting Oliver, Annie did not get angry. On the contrary, he leaned in close to her, blew gently on the warm water, and softly said, "Behave, drink water."

Their movements were somewhat affectionate. Oliver's hand reaching out for the water went around the back of Annie's neck. From Charlotte's perspective, it looked like a hug.

The man's cold breath rushed into her nostrils, and Annie closed her eyes. Suddenly, an incredibly real image surfaced in the depths of her mind.

Chapter 670: Why Isn't It You Who Dies?

At that time, thunder and lightning were flashing outside the villa.

The man strode into the living room, loosely knotting his black tie, his eyes simmering with frightening bloodlust and hatred.

Annie Anne was curled up in the corner, her face sickly pale. A sudden flash of bright lightning tore through the sky, illuminating the entire room through thick curtains.

A moment as bright as daylight.

Annie Anne would never forget the expression on the man's face.

Disgust, loathing, and bone-deep hatred.

His ordinarily clear, attractive eyes were now fierce with bloodlust.

In the depths of the night, amidst the tearing, entangling, dead-like pain, Annie Anne's mind was terrifyingly clear.

On the messy bed, the man casually put on his clothes, then leaned over her from behind, his thin lips slightly arched, his voice devoid of warmth.

Just like a demon's whisper.

"Annie Anne, why isn't it you who's dead?"

...

It was not until she was handed a cup of hot water that Annie Anne snapped back to reality.

She jerked away as if electrocuted from the man's almost touching hand, and then backed away as if she had seen something filthy.

This was the nightmare that she could not escape since her memory had returned.

Seeing the terrified look on Annie Anne's face, a hint of concern flashed in Charlotte Thompson's eyes. She quickly stepped forward, blocking Annie Anne from Oliver Hudson's view, and then gently patted the woman's thin back.

"Annie, don't be afraid, I'm here."

At this moment, Annie Anne seemed like a startled rabbit, seeing enemies in every direction, unsure of where to go, not knowing where would be the safest place.

Upon hearing Charlotte Thompson's voice, Annie Anne's scattered pupils slowly refocused.

Only when her emotions gradually stabilized did Charlotte dare to sit up straight and sit down next to her.

Behind her, Oliver Hudson glanced at Annie Anne, an unspeakable pain in his eyes.

Annie Anne, like a terrified bird, leaned against the sofa back for a long time before she finally closed her eyes in utter exhaustion.

Pulling a blanket over her, Charlotte Thompson carefully stood up and began to leave. When she passed Oliver Hudson, she paused, considered for a moment, and then murmured, "Come with me."

At her words, the man hesitated a moment, but ultimately nodded, getting up to follow her.

It was now midday, the sunlight outside was brilliant, and the fierce sun was hanging high in the sky.

Charlotte Thompson, leaning against the railing on the balcony, felt the dry hot breeze blowing on her face.

She opened the pull-tab can in her hand with a soft sound, casually flicking the tab into the trash can.

Behind her, the man stood with his brows lowered, his hands in his pockets. He lifted his head and complicatedly glanced at Charlotte Thompson.

Charlotte said nothing. After a while, she tilted her head back and took a sip from the can, then asked in a low voice, "What are you going to do?"

Naturally, she was talking about Annie Anne.

Nowadays, everyone could tell that Annie Anne's condition was triggered by a switch. When Oliver Hudson was in the room, the switch could easily be turned on.

And what Annie Anne faced was the haunting past; memories she wished to forget due to the unbearable pain were returning anew.

Again and again, tormenting her relentlessly.

At her words, Oliver Hudson remained silent for a few seconds, before replying slowly, "I said I'd stay by her side, atone for my sins."

Atone for sins.

This phrase sounded ironically comical coming from Oliver Hudson's mouth.

"Atone for sins?"

Charlotte Thompson chuckled lightly, her voice filled with complexity, "You know what Annie Anne and her mother fear the most."