

## **Spoiled 671**

Chapter 671: I am the Ringleader

Who can clearly make sense of everything?

Oliver Hudson chuckled quietly, the tone of his laughter giving away nothing, but Charlotte Thompson could feel his resolve and fiery determination.

"Miss Thompson, you may not understand."

He shook his head with a bitter smile, "I am the instigator, I am the source, and I am the one who ultimately created this situation."

"If I had abandoned them when they were most in need, I would never be able to forgive myself in this lifetime."

Charlotte momentarily froze before turning around to inspect the man behind her more closely.

Oliver was dressed in a simple dark casual jacket, with a hint of paleness under his eyes, and clear signs of fatigue in his gaze, reflecting the strain he had been under lately.

However, what surprised Charlotte was that there was more to Oliver than just an obvious aura of despair. There was now a hint of the tenderness and steadfastness she had never dared to hope for from Oliver, which Annie Anne needed.

It was in this very moment that Charlotte was momentarily stunned.

She couldn't deny that in less than half a year, the sharp edges around Oliver had been completely smoothed out. Head to toe, he seemed like a completely new person.

He bore little resemblance to the ruthless, merciless man he used to be.

Sighing faintly, Charlotte disposed of her empty soda can, the hot wind continuously blowing, lifting her hair slightly.

After a few seconds, Charlotte pursed her lips, let out a soft sigh, and said.

"Mr. Hudson, I'll remember your words. I hope you'll keep your promise."

After speaking, she walked straight back to the living room.

The light-blue curtain in front of the balcony window rose with the wind, blending with the few potted plants in the corner, creating a pleasing view.

The man stood by the window for a long time, unconsciously blending into the scenery, as if he were a figure in a painting.

On the couch, Charlotte Thompson placed the soft pillow in Annie Anne's arms, carefully tucking her in, then gently leaned over to take her shoes off.

Looking at Annie's furrowed brow even in her sleep, Charlotte felt a pain in her heart, she sighed, and murmured softly, "Annie, when will this love-hate entanglement end?"

With that, Charlotte stood up, thought for a moment, and decided to go to Grace Thompson's room.

As she expected, when she opened the door, Charlotte saw the two little girls sound asleep by the corner of the desk.

Grace could sleep anywhere, anytime, but it was rare to see Olivia Thompson sleeping at this hour.

A pang of sympathy passed through Charlotte's eyes.

This child must be truly exhausted.

She gently approached and carried the two children to bed. Looking at the serene, soft faces of the little girls, Charlotte's heart felt like it was lightly brushed by something.

She pulled a chair over and sat down, watching the children peacefully sleep in the warm afternoon breeze.

...

In the living room.

After standing on the balcony for a while, Oliver Hudson was finally able to suppress the overwhelming emotions in his eyes and made his way back to the living room.

On the couch, Annie showed no signs of waking up. Oliver sat down next to her, and seemingly on a whim, reached out to smooth her furrowed brows.

As his cold fingers came into contact with the woman's warm forehead, Annie Anne's creased brows relaxed slightly.

Oliver caressed her forehead for a moment, but finally, albeit reluctantly, lifted his hand.

Just as he lifted his hand, he was met with the woman's cold gaze.

Chapter 672 I will hate you forever.

Stunned for a moment, a ripple of panic flashed in Oliver Hudson's eyes.

He quickly squashed down his erratic heartbeat, his voice relaxed and gentle, "Awake? Thirsty? I'll get you a glass of water."

Without waiting for Annie's response, he turned away to pour a glass of water from the table.

Annie sat up on the couch, and the blanket on her body slipped a little with her movements. She put the pillow in her arms onto her knees without looking at Oliver Hudson.

She chuckled slowly after a while, looking at him with a hint of mockery in her voice. "Oliver Hudson, I beg you, stop pretending."

As if expecting her to say this, Oliver Hudson's face didn't reveal any emotion.

He gently pushed the glass forward and whispered, "It's hot outside, drink more water."

Annie looked down at the glass, her eyes briefly pausing.

Just as Oliver's gesture had been held for almost a few minutes, a massive wave of hatred flashed in her eyes, and she knocked over the glass.

The glass hit the ground and immediately shattered.

Annie looked at him coldly, punctuating each word, "Oliver Hudson, everything you are doing now looks like a joke to me, did you know that?"

The latter was silent, looking at the broken glass on the floor.

He chuckled lightly, then his voice choked up, each word squeezed out painfully, "Are U angry? Are U aggrieved now?"

She laughed, her eyes red unconsciously, "The pain I have suffered because of you is far beyond this. Oliver Hudson, I don't love you anymore, but always remember ... "

"I will hate you forever."

In her voice, she barely concealed her trembling, where no one could see, Annie's hands clenched tightly.

Her nails dig into the palm of her hand, the sharp pain helping her stay awake, reminding her that Oliver Hudson was never worth forgiving.

She looked upward and took a deep breath, her voice quieting down, "Oliver Hudson, please leave, never show up in front of me again."

The man in front of her remained silent.

A few seconds later, Annie looked down and tried to speak, but her words stuck in her throat.

Her eyes widened slightly, looking in shock at the scene in front of her.

This man, who had been proud for more than twenty years, was half kneeling on the ground, bowed to pick up the shattered glass pieces from the floor.

The sharp edges sliced his slender fingers one after another, and crimson blood seeped out, staining the transparent glass.

The blood red was startling.

Annie's eyes were practically splitting, she clutched the pillow on her knee almost screaming, "Oliver Hudson, what are you doing?"

At her words, the man's back stiffened slightly, but then he carried on picking up the pieces as if nothing happened. He laughed lightly, his voice gentle and casual, "I'll get you some green bean soup later, you cannot eat too much cold food because your body's not well."

Annie grabbed her hair in anguish, her eyes red and terrifying, but she managed to hold back her tears.

She opened her mouth, her throat burning as if it was on fire, and she found herself speechless.

She watched the man's movements in silence, hysterically screaming, "Oliver Hudson, how many times do I have to say it? Please leave! I don't want to see you anymore, just leave!"

After that, the man continued as if he hadn't heard her and threw the last piece of glass into the trash. He then took a piece of paper from the table and soaked up the water on the floor.

Blood and water were soaked into the paper, but Oliver didn't care. He stood up, throwing the paper into the trash can, and said with a light smile, "I'm going to get you green bean soup, be good, and wait for me to come back."

With that, he walked away.

This time, even if you push me away ten thousand times, I will tirelessly find an excuse to stay.

#### Chapter 673: Visiting the Child

Perhaps it was because of the heat, Charlotte Thompson fell asleep unknowingly in the kids' room.

When she woke up, it was already evening. At first, she gazed blankly at the slowly setting sun, then yawned like someone waking from a dream, and got up from the chair.

She opened the door and tiptoed into the living room. Stopping suddenly, she saw Annie Anne lying sideways on the sofa, her face obscured, betraying no expression.

Oliver Hudson was sitting at the other end of the couch, immersed in thought, his eyes filled with questioning and hesitation.

Charlotte's gaze shifted and fell upon the mung bean soup on the table.

The disposable spoon remained unopened; nobody had touched it.

A complex emotion flashed across her eyes, then she walked towards Annie, sat down, and asked gently, "Feeling better, Annie?"

Only after her question did Annie stir.

She turned her head slightly to face Charlotte, a slight smile appearing on her lips as she whispered, "I'm fine, what about Annie and Grace..."

At her words, Charlotte sighed in relief. Patting Annie's hand, which was clutching a blanket, she reassured her, "Annie and Grace got tired and are sleeping, don't worry."

Meanwhile, Annie sat up from the sofa, a faint sheen of sweat on her face, loose hair sticking to it.

Charlotte reached out, tidying Annie's hair, then said softly, "Take a rest, I'll cook dinner, it will be ready soon."

With that, seeing Annie nod in agreement, Charlotte Thompson went into the kitchen.

In the quiet living room, Jordan finally woke up. He walked straight into the living room in his slippers.

He coughed lightly and sat at the other end of the sofa. In the eerily quiet atmosphere, he picked up the remote control and turned on the TV.

Before he could change the channel, an animated film was playing, at least making some noise.

Accordingly, the three twenty-somethings, without speaking a word, tuned their attention to the television screen in a tacit understanding.

Beyond the occasional children's song from the TV and the sound of chopping in the kitchen, no one said anything.

An hour passed, and the smell of food started to waft out from the kitchen. When Charlotte Thompson put the last dish on the table, the doorbell rang.

She wiped her hands on a handkerchief, taking off her apron as she walked to the door.

"Jordan, call the kids, I'll get the door."

At her words, Jordan, who had been sitting around idly, got up and went towards the kids' rooms.

With the doorbell still ringing, Charlotte Thompson took her apron off, placed it on the side rack, and went to open the door.

With a faint sound, she opened the door. Upon seeing the familiar face of the man outside, a subtle jolt passed through her eyes.

Her grip on the doorknob slightly tightened. She frowned at the man in front of her, "What do you want?"

At her words, the man's lips curled into a smile. He chuckled, "Just checking on the kids...well, it's the weekend."

The man was none other than Justin Battleson.

It was nearly evening. The man leaned against the doorway, basking in the golden glow of the setting sun, which traced the details of his silhouette in a pointillist halo of light.

His usual harsh profile softened under the lyrical light.

Charlotte Thompson's breath hitched, her long eyelashes casting a beautiful silken shadow across her eyes.

She pursed her lips, hesitating for a few seconds.

She could reject all of Justin Battleson's requests, but there's one she couldn't refuse -

His request to see the kids - she couldn't argue, nor could she bear to refuse.

Chapter 674: Still Angry with Me?

With a soft sigh, she stepped to the side to make a path, her voice sultry, "Come in."

Upon hearing that, a flicker of joy passed through Justin's eyes and he quickly stepped inside.

After closing the door, Charlotte Thompson also followed in.

Jordan Thompson woke up the children, who were still half-asleep, to eat. They rubbed their eyes one after the other as they sat down at the table.

Grace Thompson still had the remnants of sleep on her ruddy little face. The little girl yawned and then turned her pink mouth to look at Olivia Thompson.

The latter sat quietly, but it wasn't hard to see that she was extremely excited.

Catching a glimpse of Justin, who had just entered through the door, Grace's eyes lit up. She immediately ran to him, hugging his leg.

The man's eyes softened. He squatted down and patted the girl's head, which was tied up in a tiny bun, and spoke warmly, "Grace, you're such a good girl, let's eat."

With that, he stood up, holding Grace's soft little hand and walked towards the table. All the others took their seats, and a sudden lightness seemed to fill Charlotte's heart.

It seemed like for the first time all these people were able to sit together for a meal.

Although the atmosphere was tinged with a strange awkwardness, luckily, the vibrant children and Jordan's quick-witted chatter prevented the situation from becoming cold.

After the meal, since it was already dark and Annie was still hospitalized, she couldn't stay out for too long. She stood up, looking somewhat reluctantly at Olivia.

Then she looked at Charlotte Thompson, her voice filled with yearning.

"Charlotte, it's getting late, I have to go back," she pursed her lips and continued, "Annie will stay with you for a few days, we will come to get her some other day."

As she finished speaking, Charlotte sighed softly and said, "Don't worry, I will take good care of Annie. You should take care of your health too."

Hearing this, she nodded and took a few steps forward to give Charlotte a light hug.

Even though she was dressed in a heavy coat, you could still clearly feel the chill of her body.

Perhaps what was colder than her body was her heart.

After a few moments, Charlotte Thompson patted her on the back, laughed softly, and said, "Okay now, it's not as if we're parting forever. Take care of yourself and be careful on the road."

With that, she looked up at the man standing behind Annie Anne. King Samuel gave a slight nod before he left first.

After watching the two of them leave one after the other, and seeing that the children were eagerly dragging Olivia back to their room to play, Charlotte sat down on the sofa, a sense of loss in her heart.

At the other end of the sofa, Justin's gaze faltered for a moment before he discreetly moved a few steps towards Charlotte.

The atmosphere between the two became even stranger.

Unable to bear the suffocating atmosphere any longer, Jordan stood up in a huff and announced to Charlotte, "Sis, I'm going to walk the dog. I'll be back later."

At this, Charlotte was taken aback and then asked in confusion, "What dog?"

The foot Jordan had lifted mid-step stiffened in mid air. He then facepalmed and said, "I guess I'll go take myself for a walk."

With that, before Charlotte could say anything, he went straight out of the living room.

After the sound of the door slamming shut, the living room reverted back to silence.

Charlotte pursed her lips, picked up a cup from the table at a leisurely pace, and said slowly, "You saw the children leave too, aren't you planning on going?"

At her words, the man beside her smiled, his tone slightly teasing,

"Are you still mad at me?"

Chapter 675 Charlotte, forgive me.

As soon as these words were said, Charlotte Thompson looked up at him, expressionless, and quickly responded, "Angry?"

She snickered, a laugh that never reached her eyes, "Why would I be angry?"

Charlotte Thompson raised her hand, pointing to the door, saying, "It's getting late, please leave as soon as possible, I need to get some sleep."

Hearing this, a trace of helplessness flashed through Justin Battleson's eyes.

Wasn't she still speaking out of anger?

He stood up, walked towards Charlotte's direction, and sat beside her.

Leaning back, Justin's lips curved into a smirk, "Since you're not upset anymore, I see no reason to leave."

Hearing this, Charlotte's eyes widened a bit in anger as she stared daggers at him, standing up from the couch.

Pointing at the man's shameless facade on the couch, she said angrily, "Justin Battleson, I will sue you for trespassing!"

The words fell, and Justin's face didn't change. He shrugged, a hint of leniency in his eyes, "I am the father of the child, how can you sue me?"

The sound paused a bit, and his lips became a thin line, as if he was retreating.

"Charlotte, I was wrong. I shouldn't have spoken those words you didn't want to hear and pressured you into doing what you didn't want to do."

"Even the mighty Justin Battleson can be wrong? Don't sulk because of me."

Charlotte's heart skipped a beat, but her face still maintained a cold mockery.

He looked up at the woman standing in front of him with her arms crossed, a cold gaze on her face. He swallowed his pride and sincerity was all over his voice.

"Charlotte, please forgive me."

What answered him was silence.

After a while, Charlotte averted her gaze and hid the strangeness in her eyes, her voice devoid of any obvious emotion, "I need time, you should go."

Hearing this, Justin's eyes tightened, he wanted to say something but eventually just sighed, remaining silent.

Knowing that if he continued to stay here, she would only get angrier, he stood up and nodded, "I'm leaving now. You should think about it."

After a few seconds, a soft closing sound came from outside the door.

Charlotte took a deep breath, sat down on the sofa, drained.

...

The next day.

Before Charlotte had awoken from her dream, she heard the door being knocked on heavily, accompanied by Jordan Thompson's loud voice.

"Sis, stop sleeping, we have good news!"

Woken up by the deafening noise, Charlotte unstintingly rubbed her eyes, and got out of bed against her will.

Walking in slippers towards the door, she scratched her hair and grouchy opened her eyes to look at Jordan Thompson who was in his pajamas outside the door.

"What's going on?"

Her voice had a nasal tone not yet cleared from sleep, revealing Jordan's displeasure.

As soon as he heard this, Jordan excitedly raised his phone screen in front of Charlotte.

"Take a look, it's already trending on Weibo."

Upon hearing this, Charlotte looked doubtfully at the phone screen.

The screen displayed Weibo's hot search list, and the first hot search was the official debut of the variety show "The Birth of Beautiful Clothes".

The temperature kept rising and had firmly occupied the top spot on the hot search. The official Weibo release also bombarded by netizens.

The reading volume had already passed hundreds of thousands, with likes and comments exceeding ten thousand.

Following right behind the first hot search came these:

"The amazing guest lineup of 'The Birth of Beautiful Clothes'."

"Charlotte Thompson appears on a new variety show, and popularity surges."

In addition to this, there were also official and several large Vs who mentioned Charlotte Thompson in their Weibo posts.

Most of the variety show invited extraordinary actresses and designers, made even more appealing due to the post-production editing and special effects.

Chapter 676: Charlotte Thompson, Get Out of the Judges' Seat!

The accelerated release on various platforms resulted in the show's ratings soaring through the roof.

The arrival of esteemed guests and the participation of hot-topic personality Charlotte Thompson instantly propelled "The Birth of Beautiful Clothes" into the spotlight as the catchphrase of the year.

Charlotte, eyes half-closed, widened them slightly at the surge in popularity.

Under Jordan Thompson's sigh-filled gaze, she lazily yawned and then looked up at the eagerly awaiting Jordan.

Her lips lightly parted, her eyes full of sleepiness.

"Is that it?" she asked.

Afterward, she took a step back, pulling the door closed behind her, saying, "It's still early, I'm heading back to bed. Don't call me unless it's important."

With a loud thud, the door shut right under Jordan's watchful eyes.

His hand, holding his cellphone, was frozen mid-air. A complex look filled his eyes as the corner of his mouth twitched.

He looked down at the soaring popularity in the corner of the screen, his eyes filled with surprise.

"Is ... is that it?" he mumbled.

But upon second thought, it made sense.

When Charlotte first returned to the country, she made it onto the trending list and gained a wave of fans from just one design competition.

Thereafter, because of drama from Evelyn Curtis, Charlotte ended up on the trending list about five times. Naturally, she wasn't surprised or alarmed anymore.

In her room, Charlotte was tossing and turning in her bed, evidently not sleepy anymore.

The sunlight cheerfully streamed in from the window, filling the room with a bright glow.

Charlotte reluctantly sat up in bed, leaning back on the chair behind her, before reaching for her phone on the bedside table.

It was not yet seven o'clock.

She thought for a moment, then proceeded to tap on the Weibo app, which she hadn't opened in a long time.

She refreshed the app and her phone immediately started vibrating like crazy as numerous messages washed in like a tidal wave.

Suddenly, the screen blacked out and crashed unexpectedly.

Charlotte: "..."

Slightly rubbing her forehead, she restarted her phone and found that it ran a lot more smoothly than before when she opened Weibo.

On her personal page, her fan count had gone up by hundreds of thousands in just a few hours. The direct messages were nearing their capacity.

Charlotte slightly squinted her eyes and opened her inbox.

Most messages were full of praises, but as she scrolled further down, there were also a great number of hate comments filled with harsh criticisms.

She raised an eyebrow. Intrigued, she clicked to have a look.

After reading through a few messages, she had a rough understanding of the situation.

She had given low marks to Liana Adams on the show, and of course, Liana's fans were not pleased.

"Why did you give our sister such a low score? She tried so hard to learn design when she never had any prior experience. Her output is already really good."

"Someone like you, lacking compassion, actually gets to be a judge? Laughable. People like you who waste others' efforts don't deserve our attention."

After reading those messages, Charlotte's eyebrows raised a little.

No compassion?

She laughed, shaking her head at the same time.

In design, what good is compassion?

Great design is comprised of heart and devotion, not something that can be achieved with a smidgen of pity.

Not only that, Liana's fans launched a large-scale attack on her, collectively protesting under the official Weibo page.

"I imagine the director is the most prestigious person in the industry? I can't believe he chose Charlotte Thompson to be a judge... Watch as the show flops."

"If the production team doesn't change persons, then I'm going to stop following this show."

"I demand that the production team replace Jordan. How could my sister Xi be wronged under his watch?"

The number of protestors increased dramatically, and another Weibo trending topic made it into the top ten—it was a popularity event assembled by Liana's fans.

"Get Charlotte Thompson off the judging panel!"

Charlotte frowned, took a glance at the time in her notification bar.

The second episode of "The Birth of Beautiful Clothes" was scheduled to start filming tomorrow. The production team intentionally aired the first episode a day ahead to ride on its popularity.

Charlotte closed her eyes and turned off her phone, contemplating her next steps.

Chapter 677: Recording

The second episode was about to start filming. Charlotte Thompson had taken a few days off, and early the next morning she changed her clothes and hurried to the set.

Almost everyone was there, the parking lot filled with cars.

Coco arrived ten minutes early and saw Charlotte, excitedly waving to her, "Sis, over here!"

Charlotte raised her eyebrows slightly, closed the car door, and walked towards Coco in high heels, her bright red skirt flouncing in the wind.

The two walked side by side into the dressing room, only to find someone already inside when they pushed the door open.

Coco held the door, slightly puzzled, and took a step back to look at the room number.

The dazzling characters on it read: Charlotte Thompson.

After seeing it clearly, she took a few more steps forward, peered inside, and asked in confusion, "Isn't this my sister's dressing room? You are..."

A woman was sitting on the leather couch inside. She lifted her eyes at the sound of the voice, her eyes flashing with surprise, and then she chuckled lightly.

A hint of scorn flashed in her eyes. Before she could speak, her assistant, dressed professionally, interrupted.

"This is amusing."

The assistant's scornful gaze fell on Coco, and she sneered, "Our Zoe can be anywhere she wants. What does it have to do with you?"

Upon hearing this, Coco's eyes widened slightly.

She had never seen such a brazen person before, somebody who could occupy someone else's room so unashamedly.

She pointed at the door sign, "Of course it has to do with us. Did you see the characters on it?"

Her tone paused, "They're my sister Charlotte's name, okay?"

"So what?" The assistant sneered, "Do you know Zoe's status? The number of her fans on every platform is nearly ten million. Even if she were to buy this dressing room, who would dare to say no?"

Features hardened in disbelief, Coco futilely clenched her tight fist at her side, eyes flitting over to the woman lounging on the leather sofa.

She had seen that woman on TV before, named Zoe Anne, a rising star, whose excellent face and acting skills had made her a fresh wave in the entertainment industry.

However, Coco never expected such a fuss from her.

Not only Zoe, her assistant was just like her.

Charlotte nodded slightly, eyes narrowing.

The entertainment industry was a muddy water, and people like Zoe, who had a fan base, would certainly take advantage of it.

Meeting her gaze, Zoe sipped the coffee from her cup, put it down slowly, then stood up and casually walked towards Charlotte.

Coco watched her warily, stepping in front of Charlotte and asked, "What are you doing?"

The latter stood still before her, hands crossed over her chest, then gazed at her, scoffed, "Who do you think you are, daring to stand in my way?" The woman's tone was audacious.

Charlotte furrowed her brow, stepped forward, pulled Coco behind her, and met the woman's domineering gaze.

She lifted her eyelids indifferently, her voice devoid of emotion: "Miss Anne, you are free to stay in this dressing room, but please, watch your manners."

The woman in front of her was provoking her non-stop.

"You're just a designer, where do you get the courage to teach me how to act?"

Upon hearing that, Charlotte wasn't angry or annoyed. She lifted the phone in her hand leisurely, shook it in front of Zoe.

This was the recording interface.

She chuckled lightly, pressed the play button, and Zoe's voice began to echo slowly in the air.

Chapter 678: Bowing 90 Degrees

"Who do you think you are, daring to stand in my way?"

The words resonated clearly in her ears, and all expression on Zoe Anne's face stiffened instantly.

Charlotte Thompson watched her reaction contentedly, then paused the recording leisurely, a faint smirk gracing her lips. "Miss Anne, 'Do not harm unless harmed.' But you've said such unsavory things to my assistant, what do you suppose..."

Her lips curled into a derisive smile, "...if this recording were to be made public? I wonder if your image as a gentle, intelligent, pure, and virtuous lady would be able to endure."

At her words, Zoe Anne's eyes widened in surprise, reflexively reaching for Charlotte's phone.

But Charlotte was one step ahead.

She tucked her phone into her bag. Panic completely overtook Zoe Anne. She gritted her teeth, glowering at the woman before her.

"You..."

Apparently realizing her current situation, she attempted to soften her tone desperately.

"What exactly do you want me to do for you to delete that recording?"

At her words, Charlotte let out a soft chuckle, a hint of coldness flashing in her eyes. "Miss Anne, being responsible for one's own actions is the least one could expect. I have no intention of targeting you."

She paused momentarily, stepping aside, her tone casual. "You insulted my assistant, you ought to apologize."

Then, she added, "Ideally, a 90-degree bow would show sincerity."

With that, Anne Zoe's hands, hanging by her side, clenched tightly in response.

Apologize...

In all her life, she had never apologized to anyone, let alone an insignificant assistant?

Seeing her hesitation, Charlotte's voice grew cold. "If Miss Anne feels wronged, then there's no need."

Raising an eyebrow slightly, she smiled, "However, I can't promise that this recording..."

Before she could even finish, the woman in front of her glared at her resentfully, took a deep breath and interrupted, "Fine, I apologize."

With that, she took a step back, bending deeply in a 90-degree bow, speaking through gritted teeth, "I'm sorry, I spoke harshly earlier."

Across from them, Coco looked at Charlotte in shock.

Charlotte responded with a reassuring smile, then said: "Miss Anne, I won't make it difficult for you any longer. Let's proceed with our original plan."

With that, she reached out to lead Coco into the lounge.

Inside, the arrogance previously visible on Zoe Anne's assistant's face had completely disappeared. They were taken aback by this unforeseen reversal as well as the stifled look on Zoe Anne's face.

Zoe Anne's resentful gaze rested on Charlotte for a few seconds, then she closed her eyes, turned around, and left in embarrassment.

Watching her leave so abruptly, her assistant's face held embarrassment, he hurriedly followed her out.

Coco was still in a state of shock as they settled onto the couch.

She looked blankly at the unfazed woman across from her, a stunned expression in her eyes.

Then, she asked, somewhat dumbfounded, "Charlotte, what made you think to record it?"

At that, Charlotte lifted her gaze, tilted her head in thought, and said, "Reflex, I guess."

Catching hold of others' weaknesses would enable a more effective counterattack.

Zoe Anne's fame was her armor, as well as her weakness.

Without her fans and reputation, she would be left with nothing.

Coco seemed thoughtful, nodding in agreement, then she glanced at her wristwatch.

They had less than twenty minutes until the shoot began.

She moistened her lips, looked up and said, "Charlotte, you should prepare. Shooting will begin soon."

Upon hearing this, Charlotte nodded, stood up from the couch, and said, "Let's go check out the set first."

#### Chapter 679: The Production Team Requests a Replacement

Having gone through the filming of the first episode, the journey to the set was quite familiar now.

Upon arriving at the set, Charlotte Thompson had just sat down at the judges' panel when a crew member came around distributing bottled water.

The girl appeared young, wearing a goose-yellow long skirt and khaki vest, with her long hair flowing freely over her back. All of her hair on the right side had been tucked neatly behind her ear, revealing a delicate, pale earlobe.

Around her fair neck hung an identification card.

When she reached Charlotte, the girl looked at the name in front of the table and paused briefly, then looked up at Charlotte largely, a strange flicker in her eyes.

She hesitated for over ten seconds, holding the water bottle in mid-air without putting it down.

Coco, who was standing behind Charlotte, noticed it too. Although the crew member was slightly bending over, her positioning completely blocked Charlotte's view from where she was seated.

Knotting her brows, Coco spoke in a rather pleasant tone: "Miss, could you please step aside a bit?"

The participants on the stage were all in position, and the first impression was usually quite important.

On hearing the words, the crew member finally reacted, a very slight smile curving up the corners of her lips.

She put the bottle of water heavily on Charlotte's table. Charlotte, sitting close by, could clearly make out the meaning of that smile.

It was disdain and provocation.

Coco's eyes widened in rage: "What kind of attitude is this..."

"Let it go, Coco," Charlotte tugged at her sleeve, maintaining a serene smile on her face. "The programme is about to start, let's watch it together."

There were now five minutes left until the start of the show.

All the staff members were ready, adjusting cameras off to a corner, everyone in their respective positions.

It was not very far off, and the judges' panel could clearly hear the conversations occurring over there.

The voices had not been intentionally lowered and could be easily heard.

"My Weibo account exploded today, loads of netizens mentioned me demanding a change in the show's lead, threatening to stop following otherwise."

"Same here, there were comments on my daily posts too, which made me delete them."

"I heard that the platform was planning to do that, but the producer, Smith, disagreed. He said if they're replacing Designer Thompson, he would stop working too."

Meanwhile, in the office.

Lincoln Smith was holding a stack of papers in his hand, just about to get up when he was stopped by the man in front of him.

"Producer Smith, have you thought it over? What if our viewer ratings take a nosedive after we insist on featuring Charlotte Thompson in the second episode?"

The man in front of him was middle-aged, almost forty, dressed in an immaculate suit without a hint of a crease.

Hearing this, Lincoln Smith scoffed, "The initial purpose of making this programme wasn't about viewer ratings or popularity, it was just for the love of it."

He paused briefly before continuing, "Moreover, Miss Thompson is the first person of such a young age with such ample talent that I have ever come across. Her reviews are very helpful and also greatly assist in the ratings you mentioned."

Lincoln Smith's grip tightened minutely on the papers he was holding. "Mr. Carter, I have one thing to say: the person is my invitee, insisting on replacing her is a slap to my face. Hence, if she goes, I go; if she stays, I stay."

Without waiting for Mr. Carter to say anything else, he left abruptly after throwing down one last sentence.

"The programme is about to start shooting, I should go to the set."

Not long afterwards, when Producer Smith rushed to the set, the programme had already begun filming.

The second episode of the programme incorporated numerous unique elements, and after the host had briefly introduced them, the film crew's vehicles were all waiting outside.

Chapter 680: Do You Have a Grudge Against Me?

Next, they needed to go outdoors.

At that location, everything they saw was the inspiration for this episode of the show.

After driving to another venue, Coco and Charlotte Thompson got out of the car one after the other, and both paused in bemusement at the sight before them.

Not just them, a series of surprised gasps came from the others who got out of the car one after another.

"What kind of place is this, why would we come here?"

"It looks sinister inside, it doesn't have wild animals, does it?"

Charlotte looked up.

Not far away was a dense bamboo forest. If she was not mistaken, this should be a wild bamboo forest on the outskirts of the city.

It was desolate and remote, with only the bamboo forest in front of them thriving and flourishing undeniably.

It had just rained, everyone grimaced as they stepped on the soft muddy ground and glanced at their shoes.

Many guests were wearing high heels, which made it very difficult to walk on this muddy road.

Fortunately, the production team had prepared sneakers for everybody. After changing shoes, there was a ripple of complaints and suddenly a quiet chuckle echoed in the air.

Then followed a cold male voice.

"This show was never as comfortable as you imagined, if you can't bear this slight hardship, go home and get comfortable."

Charlotte looked up and immediately spotted Asher Howard, fully ready to enter the bamboo forest.

After hearing this, Charlotte looked rather surprised.

Although Asher Howard had always been sitting next to her, she didn't know much about him.

The man's temperament was similar to Adam Ross, but on closer inspection, not quite so.

Adam Ross, emanated a profound depth, his thoughts and actions were difficult to predict.

However, Asher Howard was different, the most obvious traits on him were wildness, defiance, and rare intrepidity.

Charlotte chuckled lightly, tightened her shoelaces, and followed by stepping in.

The ground was covered with dense soft grass and numerous footprints.

To ensure the guests' safety, the crew had surveyed the site multiple times and only when sure that there were no dangerous animals, they let everyone in.

With the camera setup in place, the lush green bamboo forest became their second shooting site.

In an hour, they had to find a design theme from the bamboo forest, that is, to draw inspiration from nature.

Needless to say, Charlotte appreciated this theme.

From ancient times to the present, if there is something most spiritual, it must be nature.

Stepping on the grassy ground, it didn't take long before Charlotte could keenly feel the sound of footsteps beside her.

Zoe Anne seemed to have walked over to her side at some point.

Out of politeness, Charlotte nodded slightly at her and was about to speed up.

Naturally, the judges had to observe more than the guests, otherwise they wouldn't be able to stick to the theme.

Unexpectedly, as she lifted her foot, Zoe Anne suddenly reached out and grabbed her.

Zoe Anne's hand was seemingly forceful, but Charlotte wasn't a fragile person.

She turned her head, slightly puzzled, "Miss Anne, what...."

Zoe Anne sneered, "Charlotte, it's just the two of us, what are you pretending for?"

Hearing this, Charlotte subconsciously furrowed her brows.

She had never met her before, let alone had any grudges.

However, she always felt that this Zoe Anne was out to get her.

Hesitating, Charlotte calmly shook off Zoe Anne's hand, squinted her eyes, laughed lightly, but the smile didn't reach her eyes.

"Miss Anne, do we know each other... or, do you have a grudge against me?"