

Spoiled 701

Chapter 701: Heat Stroke

"Hang in there a bit longer, we're almost out,"

Justin Battleson's voice echoed in her ears, trembling slightly with anxiety.

Charlotte Thompson tried to support herself and let go of his strength, but her body was too weak to do so; she could only give up.

"Slow down a bit." Sensing Justin's nervous hastiness, she gently rubbed the back of his neck, indicating that she was fine.

Yet the sound of hurried footsteps never ceased; Justin was too engrossed in dragging her towards the exit to tend to anything else.

"We're here."

Charlotte strained to open her eyes, the sunshine was a bit dazzling. She tried to shield her eyes with her hand, but the sun's rays still managed to sneak through the gaps between her fingers.

"How did you find the way out?" Charlotte didn't hear Justin's response, and she fainted.

The sunlight remained blinding, now completely enveloping the two of them, radiantly warm.

Justin's face was covered in sweat. He immediately picked Charlotte and carried her towards the parking lot.

Inside the hospital, the scent of disinfectant irritated Charlotte's olfactory senses.

When Charlotte woke up, she was feeling much better and noticed the foreign object in the back of her hand. She glanced at the IV drip hanging beside her.

"Where's Justin?"

Just as she was wondering, she heard the voices of the doctor and Justin outside the door.

She pricked up her ears, holding her breath, afraid of missing any details.

"Doctor, is she okay?" Justin asked anxiously.

The sound of the doctor flipping through her medical records was followed by a very relaxed voice, "It's not a big deal, she just had a sunstroke. She'll be completely fine after the drip and some good rest."

"Ok, thank you, Doctor," Justin finally relaxed, thanked the doctor, and headed for the door.

Hearing the sound of Justin opening the door, Charlotte quickly pulled the blanket over her head.

At this, Justin's previously knitted brows relaxed.

Looking at the mysterious bundle on the bed, the corner of his mouth quirked up, trying to suppress his laughter.

Charlotte remained motionless, pretending to be asleep.

Seeing this, Justin gently tried to pull back the blanket, but found it tightly held by her.

"Charlotte?" he cooed gently.

The blanket moved as if Charlotte underneath was squirming, seemingly rejecting his visit.

Helplessly, Justin sat by her bed and sighed.

"You heard it all right?"

"Mm-hmm." Feeling embarrassed and not daring to face Justin, Charlotte replied softly.

"It's fine, you just had a sunstroke. I was also feeling really hot if it's any consolation," Justin comforted her, even demonstrating it himself.

Charlotte remained self-conscious, shaking her head to show her disbelief.

At a loss, Justin suddenly had an idea. Like comforting a child, he said, "It's all because of that stuffy chamber. It was so hot in there; anyone would have had a sunstroke. It's not your fault, okay?"

After being comforted, Charlotte finally became less resistant.

Capitalizing on the moment, Justin cautiously pulled back the blanket. Charlotte was still covering her face with her hand.

"Such a big girl and you don't even know when you've had a sunstroke. That's really embarrassing," she pouted and observed Justin's reaction through her fingers.

All Justin did was smile, smoothed out the stray hair on her forehead, held her face very affectionately and said, "It's not embarrassing. I'm the only one who knows."

His deep voice seeped into every inch of Charlotte's skin, making him so very irresistible.

The cool breeze blew through the window just as he kissed her lightly.

"Doesn't feel so hot now, does it?" Justin teased.

Sure, the saline solution was still dripping into her body one drop at a time. But how could the heat dissipate so quickly?

Charlotte froze, stunned into silence.

Chapter 702: Trending Again

"Silly girl." Justin pressed his forehead against hers, making sure it was just as warm as his own.

"Move on, otherwise, I'll get a heatstroke again soon." Luckily, Charlotte's mind was clear and she swiftly pushed him away.

Rejected mercilessly, Justin, was left hands suspended in mid-air, thinking of Charlotte...Adorable.

"Mommy, what's wrong? Mommy, we have come to see you!"

Following that, there was a clamor outside the door. Charlotte, looking terrified, saw a group of kids charge into the room.

"Mommy, what's wrong? Uncle said you fell ill." Grace was the first to rush in and seeing Charlotte on the bed, she hurriedly hugged her.

Olivia stood nearby, tears welling in her round eyes.

Charlotte quickly called her over: "Annie, come to mommy."

"I knew mommy was fine." Hank crossed his arms, looking at his younger sisters with a sidelong glance, but there were clearly visible beads of sweat on his neck.

"Mommy." Cyrus just let out a sigh, relaxing a bit.

"Quick, everyone come to mommy. My dear children, mommy is fine." Charlotte suddenly felt overwhelmed, touching each child on their heads, feeling absolutely content in her heart.

Justin standing at the side, spread his arms, as he watched his position at Charlotte's side being seized by these kids. It was a slight struggle for him, yet he found himself helpless.

After all, in Charlotte's heart, these little troublemakers were far more important than him.

"Mommy, what's wrong with you? Where does it hurt? Why are you getting an infusion?" The clever Grace spouted a series of questions, as all the other kids eagerly waited for her response.

"Uh..." She smacked her lips, looking toward Justin for help.

But Justin shook his head, looking completely indifferent.

Left with no choice, Charlotte told them: "Mommy is alright. She just got—heatstroke."

After speaking, Charlotte scratched her head, trying to cover her embarrassment. Justin was right next to her, trying not to burst into laughter.

"Heatstroke?" Hank seemed a little confused, "Do adults also get heatstroke?"

Cyrus looked disgusted, lightly hitting him on the head, "Idiot, does heatstroke differentiate between ages? When it's hot, it's easy to get a heatstroke."

Grace and Olivia looked at Cyrus, their eyes full of admiration. Hank felt indignant, shooting Cyrus a glare.

"Now I know. It must be because daddy didn't take good care of mommy, isn't that why mommy got heatstroke?"

Grace suddenly redirected the blame toward Justin, startling him.

"That's not—" he waved his hands in denial, but the children were not about to let him off so easily.

"Daddy, quickly tell us, did you really take care of mommy with full attention?" Hank seized the opportunity, standing up with the authority of the second brother.

The kids chimed in one after another, leaving Justin unable to refute.

Watching him lose face, Charlotte let out a mischievous laugh, much like his, only moments ago.

Justin heaved a sigh, resigned to his ill fate.

The atmosphere was still pretty good, except for Justin being chased around by the kids.

"Ahem—All wrapped up still got a heatstroke, and even made it to the trending searches?" Jordan sauntered in from outside, carrying some fruits in his hand.

"Cyrus, good job, brought your brother and sisters to find mommy." After speaking, he gave Cyrus a high five.

So, it turned out that he brought the kids to the hospital entrance and went to buy fruits, then asked Cyrus to bring them up first.

"Trending searches?" Charlotte was particularly sensitive to these two words.

Her spirit perked up from being half dead.

She sat up on the bed and immediately grabbed her phone.

Opening Weibo, as expected, the comments were diverse and plentiful.

"Charlotte, remember to rest well. It's the hottest season, no need to stay in the sun! Muah, love you."

"Boo hoo, my heart aches." Aside from these hardcore fans' concerns, there were some less sympathetic comments.

"Designer JOY, is this all you can handle in the heat?"

"Indeed, after marrying into a rich family, her body also becomes used to the luxury too!"

Chapter 703: So Obedient

Charlotte Thompson looked at those not-so-friendly comments, sighed, and her just relaxed brows furrowed again tightly.

Realizing her child was around, she forced out a smile quickly, and then threw her phone far away, as if this could distance her from those nasty comments.

Before she could open her mouth to hide her emotions, Jordan Thompson had already brought a stool to sit down and even washed some grapes for himself.

He said, "Stop looking. Why bother about what these internet trolls say? Some of them don't even know who you are, and yet they feel free to criticize you online."

The kids puckered their little mouths and looked confused when they heard what Jordan said.

"What's wrong with mommy?" Grace Thompson asked softly, but Hank Thompson nudged her arm to signal her to be quiet.

Grace couldn't help but cry, "Ouch, bro, why are you nudging me?"

Her pitiful little baby voice and her pouty lips were too adorable.

"Don't say anything for now." Hank being the older brother understood more and signaled Grace.

Grace was confused, but Olivia Thompson pulled her away to keep her from bickering with Hank.

On the other side, Cyrus Thompson swiftly reached for Charlotte's phone by the bedside and started to look through it.

Charlotte was startled and before she could prevent him, Cyrus had already unlocked her phone. She could only call out in resignation, "Cyrus!"

"Bro, what's on mommy's phone?" The kids quickly gathered around.

Hank glanced at it and couldn't hold back any longer, rubbing his hands in anticipation and muttering about taking care of those people.

"Someone online is slandering mommy," Cyrus summed it up after seeing the siblings looked somewhat understanding.

His serious look was exactly like Justin Battleson's, who was standing to one side barely holding back his laughter.

"Who is it? Let me and big bro beat them up!" As soon as Grace heard this, she was as restless as her second brother.

The sight of the little girl puffing up with rage, not even able to put down her doll she brought from home, was hard not to laugh at.

Olivia couldn't control these two, while Cyrus just stood there, unmoved.

In his view, Hank was like a kindergartener who hadn't grown up yet, and he wouldn't be able to stop Grace. So he simply folded his arms and watched to see what storm they could stir up.

Seeing the kids causing a ruckus, Justin and Jordan set into motion quickly. Each of them tackled Grace and Hank first, then they let Charlotte calm down everyone.

Charlotte laughed so much that she couldn't close her mouth until Justin called her: "Charlotte, quick, make them stop. They only listen to you."

Jordan's voice came from the other side: "My dear sister, please get my nice nieces and nephews to keep quiet. My ears are about to explode."

Thus, upholding the philosophy of 'saving a person's life is more meritorious than building a seven-storey pagoda', she utilized her parenting trick. On her order: "Kids, back to your seats, now."

The next second, the kids stopped running and making noise instantly. The ward suddenly became tranquil, accompanied only by Charlotte's triumphant laughter.

Jordan and Justin looked at each other, each hanging their heads in defeat and sighing.

Next, the kids scrambled onto Charlotte's bed. Some massaged her shoulders, some her feet, and some gave her a full massage.

Seeing Charlotte's special treatment compared to his and Justin's, Jordan was instantly deflated.

"Gosh, sis, show me the 'potion' you've been giving them sometime; I have to go buy some for myself."

Charlotte didn't quite understand, and the kids were equally confused, wondering if their uncle had taken the wrong medicine.

"What he means is that you've drugged the kids, otherwise how come they are so obedient," Justin poured Charlotte a glass of water and explained.

Finally, Charlotte understood: "Get outta here!"

She gave Jordan a couple of mock thrusts, showing her disdain.

Chapter 704: Harmony and Joy

Jordan Thompson stood up, pretending to be upset, but there was always a smile on his face, "Fine, it seems I am superfluous, I'm going out."

"Where are you going?" Justin Battleson asked.

Jordan Thompson turned his head back, with a long face, "What else could I be doing? The housekeeper has delivered some food, I'm going to get it."

Charlotte Thompson chuckled at his look of complete dejection.

"Rest up, my little darlings." She pulled Grace Thompson onto her lap, gently kissing her forehead.

Olivia Thompson stood beside, showing her deep concern, "Mommy, don't mind those people on the internet, we will always be with you, no matter what."

Hank Thompson and Grace Thompson both nodded in agreement, even Cyrus Thompson said, "Mommy, the innocent need not fear."

All of a sudden, she felt an overwhelming affection for her children, hugging them tightly in her arms.

Especially Olivia Thompson, the youngest, was much more sensible than Grace Thompson.

"Mommy is fine, those are just immature people. As long as I have you guys, that's all I need." She was so touched by her own words she started choking up.

Justin Battleson stood off to the side, unable to interject. In fact, the next second, he was once again the focus of the kids.

Grace, who was always in the lead, was the first to bounce off the bed, hurriedly caught Justin Battleson. Her small hand could hardly hold Justin's arm. Eventually, it was Justin who begged for mercy: "Little Miss, spare Daddy, OK?"

At this moment, Jordan Thompson just happened to come in from outside, carrying a lunch box in his hand, and setting his own entrance to music "Ta-da-da! Delicious food is here!"

Hank Thompson was the first to rush over: "Uncle, let me, let me!"

Seeing Hank Thompson's eager eyes, Jordan Thompson sidestepped.

"Porridge, it's for your mommy, do you want some?"

Hank Thompson was a bit disappointed, but still agreed with a nod, hinting at his mother on the bed, "Then let's give it to Mommy, she's the one who's sick."

Jordan Thompson laughed wickedly, giving Hank's arm a playful twist, "I knew you'd understand, your Mommy didn't spoil you for nothing."

"Give it to him!" Charlotte Thompson interjected, after all, it's not like she was severely ill, why should she let her child give up his meal for her.

Seeing Grace Thompson loosen her grip, looking around, Justin Battleson quickly took the lunch box, saying, "Don't refuse, you're the priority today, you drink. There is plenty of soup for the kids to have later at home."

Grace Thompson considered this, ran in front of Justin Battleson, put her finger on his nose and said, "Then daddy, in order to redeem yourself, you can feed mommy!"

Charlotte Thompson promptly refused on hearing this: "Grace, be obedient, Mommy can drink it herself."

To avoid further embarrassment, Charlotte Thompson quickly signaled Justin Battleson to pass her the porridge with her eyes.

"No, Mommy, daddy will feed you!" Grace Thompson intervened, looking at Justin Battleson, "Daddy, hurry up!"

Seeing Grace Thompson about to lose her temper, Justin Battleson quickly turned his head to look at the other three kids, sending a distress signal.

Cyrus Thompson was the first to turn his face away. "You two sort it out yourselves." He really had the air of a big brother.

Before Justin Battleson could speak, Hank Thompson made his position clear: "I think Grace has a point."

Justin Battleson could only hope for support from Olivia Thompson, only to hear her say, "I don't really get it."

A helpless Justin Battleson braced himself, "So it's just feeding porridge, huh?"

Grace Thompson was delighted, holding her head high like a little princess, oblivious to the fact that her mother on the bed had already turned beet red with embarrassment.

"Uhm—I'll go over there." Jordan Thompson quickly excused himself, unable to bear the harmonious scene unfolding before him.

Chapter 705: Let Daddy Feed You

Charlotte looked at Justin in front of her, feeling shy. "Maybe I should eat by myself?" she suggested.

Her proposal was immediately vetoed by Grace, "No, no, mommy, let daddy feed you."

Indeed, kids love to see drama unfold.

Justin chuckled from time to time, "Just feeding porridge, there's nothing to be shy about."

Unexpectedly, her first spoon of porridge almost led to her choking by Justin's performance.

Having finally managed to get through that ordeal, Charlotte felt the urge to pee.

"Sweetie, mommy just needs to go to the bathroom." As she prepared to get off the bed, Hank held her back.

Grace ran quickly, "Mommy, wait for me."

The result was her bringing Justin into the room, their eyes met.

"What are you up to?" she asked.

"Mommy, let daddy carry you to the toilet!" Grace was like a miniature boss, orchestrating Justin's actions.

Charlotte's refusal brought on a wave of cajoling from the children.

In the end, it was Justin who carried her to the bathroom, and Charlotte felt like she'd lost all face.

As for the sentimentality she'd felt earlier about her kids' understanding, it was completely exhausted now.

Unable to withstand the torment of the children any longer, she called Jordan from the bathroom in secret.

His voice came over the phone, "Sis, are you done showing off your love with Justin? If you are, I'll come back."

The call made her roll her eyes. She thought how this was not something she chose to show off, it was clearly a difficult situation for her.

So she said, "Just come back and take these children away quickly, otherwise..."

Jordan laughed heartily, "Or else what? They are just worried about you."

Charlotte leaned against the wall, her eyes fixed on the entrance, afraid that Grace would barge in and discover her.

"I don't care, just come and take them away quickly." Charlotte hung up the phone.

Upon exiting, she finally didn't have a bunch of children surrounding her and sheaved a sigh of relief, clutching her chest.

Out of nowhere, Justin appeared, "Looking for me?"

Caught off guard, Charlotte gasped.

She patted his back, taking deep breaths, "Where are the children?"

Her question left her uneasy.

Justin shrugged and shook his head.

Charlotte was relieved, "Did Jordan take them?"

Justin nodded, a smile on his face.

The pair was worn out from just a short period of dealing with the kids.

Afterwards, Justin took Charlotte for a check-up, and once confirmed that everything was okay, they went home.

In the car, in the passenger's seat, Charlotte rolled down the window wide, "This is so comfortable, I won't get a heatstroke now!"

The cool night breeze swept over her neck, carrying the scent of roadside plants and wildflowers, very refreshing.

However, her good mood came to a halt as the car window slowly rolled up.

Charlotte was a bit annoyed, frustration showing on her face.

She glared at Justin's nonchalant profile, expressing her inner dissatisfaction.

Justin stifled a laugh, turned his head, and with a touch of irreverence, explained, "I'm afraid you'll catch a cold."

Charlotte's chest heaved with a lack of words to utter.

Since she couldn't enjoy the view, she thought she might as well surf her phone.

She proficiently opened Weibo, only to find her name in two trending hashtags.

#Joyheatstroke#

#CharlotteSingletRystingBossbehindcloseddoors#

"What's going on?" puzzled, Charlotte clicked on the Weibo post.

After seeing the pictures, her anger peaked.

Turns out, her kiss with Justin in the closet was secretly photographed and exposed.

Chapter 706: I'll Still Be There If The Sky Falls.

She couldn't help but rub her temples. She had just begun shooting a variety show and had only recently fostered a public figure's sense of privacy.

But now, it seemed that she was still too naïve, the paparazzi were everywhere.

Glancing at the Internet, she saw the online trolls had started to wreak havoc again. Their comments were nothing but distasteful:

"Joy really knows her game. Did she actually seduce her boss?"

"What good are these so-called designers? In the end, they all walk the same path - marrying into wealth."

"It's really not proper for public figures to be kissing in public, isn't it? So shameless!"

"Looks like an old hand at this. Who knows how many she has had."

"What do you mean by 'how many'? Didn't she also have a thing with the Ross's Young Master, Adam Ross, before?"

"Don't forget, there was also a doctor!"

"Right, right! I remember too, this Joy is really no good."

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Growing angry at the comments she read, Charlotte Thompson decided to turn off her phone, mumbling under her breath, "Once I create an anonymous account, I'll give these people trashing me a piece of their own medicine!"

Justin Battleson took the phone, scanning through it briefly. He understood what had happened, his gaze turning cold for a moment.

He then responded to Charlotte's remark, "You can set it up. I'll fund your anonymous account, fatten it up so you can let loose on those people. We'll curse these people with the dirty mouths until they question their very existence. They should learn that they're not the only ones who can dish it out."

Justin spoke passionately while angrily hitting the steering wheel in front of him.

Seeing Justin Battleson in this state was unusual. Despite the feeling uncomfortable, Charlotte Thompson couldn't help but smile.

"Sure, we will curse them together. As the saying goes, 'Give them a taste of their own medicine.'" After saying this, she seemed to have let go a lot of her stress.

However, when she calmed down she felt a bit upset, "Justin, could you roll down the window? I want some fresh air."

This time, Justin Battleson didn't refuse. He gave her a gentle look and, although a bit hesitant, ultimately provided her with the freedom she desired.

Charlotte Thompson slumped in her seat, she handed her phone to Justin Battleson, almost like she wanted to bid farewell to all the unpleasant things. She let out a sigh, "Ah, how did they manage to get a shot of us?"

The next moment, her phone rang, "Who's this?" she wondered. Who could it be at this unfortunate moment?

She answered the phone and recognized her assistant's voice, "Coco, what's up?"

Emma stared out the window, her eyes sometimes deep, sometimes drifting away. The wind blew up her collar, sticking it tightly to her neck, making her feel itchy.

Coco's voice came from the phone, "Sister Charlotte, are you listening? Did you see the trending topic? The production team wants to know how we're going to handle it. What should we do?"

Charlotte was lost in thought, and the phone by her ear just seemed like a decoration.

How great it would be if people were like trees. Growing in wind and rain, shining in the sunlight, not competing for strength or height. However you grow, that's how you survive.

All of a sudden, she started pondering about this.

Justin Battleson next to her reached out and gently patted the back of her hand, indicating her to answer the call.

"Sister Charlotte, are you still there?"

"I'm here." Charlotte answered quickly.

Coco sighed with relief and repeated, "The team is asking about our solution."

Charlotte glanced at Justin Battleson and replied firmly: "There's no solution."

In response to Coco's surprised voice, she continued, "It'll blow over once the fuss dies down."

As soon as she finished, her phone shut off.

After finally getting home, she was still somewhat upset before entering the house.

Justin Battleson quickly wrapped his arms around her shoulders and comforted her, "Don't worry, I'll be here if the sky falls."

After saying this, he affectionately rubbed her nose.

Chapter 707: Be strong, regardless of wind or rain.

Charlotte's mood improved considerably, and the thought of her lovely children at home made her feel that she could overcome anything.

Before entering the house, she encouraged herself, "Yeah, I'm like a big tree, no matter the storm, I need to stay strong."

Justin, amused by her mutterings, couldn't help but chuckle, although he didn't make a sound.

But upon seeing that there was no light coming from the window, he quickly took a hold of Charlotte's hand and said, "Hold on, the kids might be asleep. Let's keep it down and get some good rest tonight, okay?"

He cupped her cheek and gently kissed her forehead.

The occasional chirping of crickets from the bushes in front added further tranquillity to the night.

The embrace of the two not only warmed each other, but also warmed the night.

They quietly opened the door and took out their slippers. Suddenly, the living room light came on, and their children stood in a line in front of them.

Charlotte was taken aback, as her children grinned at her. Her eyes shifted towards Jordan, "You must be behind this, right?"

Jordan shook his head frantically, implying it was the children's doing, but Charlotte was far from convinced.

Jordan had come up with so many mischievous ideas in a single day that Charlotte was practically immune to them by now.

As Charlotte was about to head upstairs to rest after changing into her slippers, the children, as if trained, blocked her way.

"One, two, three, four...hey, where are the other two?" Charlotte turned towards Jordan, who anticipated her question and answered confidently.

He said, "Adam called to say that Jack and Chad are staying at the Ross' tonight and won't be coming home."

Grace started acting cute at Charlotte's knee. Charlotte stroked her head and sighed, "That's fine, they give me a break from taking care of them when I'm mentally drained."

"Right, Cyrus, could you charge my phone for me?" Charlotte said, and Cyrus let go of his sister's hand.

Charlotte picked up Grace and rubbed their noses together, scolding her affectionately: "Why are you still awake at this late hour, huh?"

Grace, being playful, her eyes shimmering like stars, said mischievously, "I was waiting for you, Mommy. I didn't want to sleep without you being back."

Hank, overhearing her, tugged at Charlotte's hand and blurted out, "That's not true. She just wanted to eat something."

He then pointed to the dishes on the table, exposing Grace's real intentions.

"No, that's not it!" Grace quickly denied, and then pointed at the other children, saying, "You guys are awake too, aren't you? Aren't you all waiting for Mommy? Humph, why am I the only one being called out?"

Charlotte laughed at their antics, pinching the little princess's nose affectionately, "No more arguing, okay? Let's all eat dinner together."

"Yeah!" The children all raised their hands in agreement.

During dinner, Charlotte was a bit gloomy. Cyrus, who had gone to retrieve the charged phone, handed it directly to her.

"Mommy, your phone is all charged," Cyrus stood straight, his voice exceptionally steady.

Charlotte didn't want him to be so mature, but it was simply his nature and she couldn't change it. All she could do was feel moved. "Be good, go eat."

Cyrus walked away calmly. Charlotte sighed, preparing to check her phone, when suddenly, a hand reached out from nowhere.

She looked up in surprise, catching Justin's gaze. He said coldly, "You can check it after dinner."

Charlotte glanced at the food on the table and implored, "But I don't have any appetite."

Justin surveyed the table: a dish of eight-treasure tofu, red-braised fish, spicy chicken wings... these were all Charlotte's favorite dishes, indicating that Jordan had put in the effort.

Jordan put down his chopsticks, casting a resentful glance at Charlotte. She felt the hit and sensed imminent disaster.

Chapter 708: Making Mommy Happy

She quickly differed: "It's not that the food isn't good, my appetite is just off."

Feeling Charlotte's apology, Jordan wasn't really angry and joked immediately, "Have a chicken wing, nothing that a meal can't solve, if it does ..."

Jordan shifted his gaze to the children.

"Then two meals!" Fortunately, Hank picked up his cue.

He immediately made the children burst into laughter, and Charlotte couldn't help but ask Jordan, "Did you teach them this?"

Jordan acted innocent, pointing to Hank and explained: "Not me. This rascal must have learned it from somewhere, but he does resemble me when I was younger."

The two clicked instantly. Hank quickly ran over and high-fived him, "Uncle Jordan!"

"Hey, my dear nephew!"

The two of them bantered back and forth like a stand-up comedy duo.

Grace laughed till she was breathless, finally, she couldn't hold herself back, she quickly pulled Olivia up.

"Mommy, look at us, we also have a performance to give." Grace, acting out her little princess persona, successfully stopped Hank's show and attracted the attention of Charlotte and Justin.

Olivia was a bit shy but Grace dragged her along, "Olivia, don't be afraid, we'll do this together."

Hank, who loved to interrupt, took this chance to tease them: "Hey, where have you seen people whispering on stage? Grace, you're so unprofessional!"

Grace didn't care, she just stuck her tongue out at Hank. To prevent his son from messing up, Justin quickly pulled him to the front and set him straight.

Then, Grace and Olivia locked eyes, "One two three, let's start." Grace counted the beat.

"I'll give you a little star, offer you a flower, you are the most beautiful touch in my life. You are my angel, guiding me all the way..."

Under the dazzling white lights, the two children shared line after line, their immature voices accompanied by their shyly adorable faces, sang their way into Charlotte's heart.

The song ended to applause.

Grace laughed like a blooming flower: "Mommy, how did Olivia and I do?"

She quickly sought praise.

Charlotte generously gave them a thumbs up, and hugged both kids, "When did you learn this? You were amazing!"

Meanwhile, Justin took his eyes off Hank for a moment and the boy ran off like a wild horse.

He tumbled on the floor doing something similar to a flip, instead of applause, he was met with awkward stares from everyone.

He got up, dusted off his hands seeking consolation: "How about that? My new street dance moves?"

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Suddenly, the room fell into an oddly quiet state, and then the next second, Grace burst into laughter, "Hahaha, Hank, are you an idiot?"

Hank was embarrassed, "Grace, shut up!"

Olivia rarely spoke up, "Hank's street dance was good. How about performing one for mommy?"

Cyrus usually kept to himself, lost in his own thoughts quietly, found it surprising when he was called out.

Charlotte was surprised and asked with a smile, "Oh? Cyrus, will you dance for mommy?"

Since things had come to this, Cyrus wasn't shy anymore. After signaling Jordan to play some music, he began moving on the floor.

Shaking, floor wave, carp dive... He executed every high difficulty move perfectly.

Everyone was clapping, cheering, except for Hank of course.

Hank was disdainful, especially after Grace stuck her tongue out at him, he watched Cyrus's street dance with a sidelong glance.

He looked at Grace, sneered and said, "Hmph, what's there to be proud of, I can do it too."

Chapter 709: The Little Devils' Plan

Alright, the show is over.

The kids said they still had a surprise for Charlotte who couldn't help but laugh, wondering what kind of surprise they had prepared.

When Grace took away her hands that were covering Charlotte's eyes, Charlotte saw the laptop brought to her by Cyrus.

When Charlotte looked at it, she was pleasantly surprised to see that the trending topics about her on Weibo had been removed, and the comments under her own Weibo posts were quiet as well.

However...

She immediately turned her suspicious gaze towards the little devils, finally stopping on Cyrus and Hank, "Tell me, did you guys do this?"

Each child exchanged a smile and nodded.

Jordan laughed out loud and lovingly looked at the kids, "These children are really amazing!"

Charlotte ruffled each kiddo's head one after the other. Who would deny it? They were her precious little ones.

"Since you all have been so well-behaved today, how about mommy rewards you with a gift? Would you like me to tell you a bedtime story?"

She thought that the kids would be jumping for joy but there was no reaction, which left Charlotte feeling a bit disappointed.

Just as Justin was about to have a word with the children, Cyrus chimed in, "Mommy, you've been working hard lately. We don't need a bedtime story, it's more important that you rest."

The children unanimously nodded in agreement, making it seem like Charlotte was the one being taken care of.

Grace somehow managed to sneak behind Justin and gently patted his bottom, "Daddy, can you carry mommy to bed, please?"

Grace blinked her eyes, this time her tone sounded like a request.

Seeing that all the kids had been so understanding, Justin was left without any reasons to refuse.

"Alright!" Just after he agreed, without waiting for Charlotte's approval, he picked her up.

"Mommy's going to bed now, you guys should rest too," Justin reminded them before leaving.

The children quickly lined up under Cyrus's lead, "Yes, sir!"

They even mimicked the formal response.

Charlotte couldn't help but laugh again, burying her head into Justin's chest.

Leaving Jordan with the kids, they high-fived each other, "You little devils! Alright, time to get ready for bed."

Hank looked up, disdainfully said, "That's not it, we still need to make our parents as sweet as the couples in idol dramas."

"Yes, yes, yes!" Grace was everywhere, truly a number one fan.

Jordan sighed and led the children upstairs in a line, urging them, "Hurry up, it's bedtime."

When Jordan left their room, the kids started whispering to each other.

Their room was a luxurious children's room, the beds were arranged by age from one to six. The fourth and fifth beds were left empty as Chad and Jack were not there.

Grace began, "Big brother, what if I can't fall asleep?"

Hank coldly responded, "Just go out and dig."

Grace ignored him and continued to bother Cyrus, "Big brother, who did bully mommy?"

Olivia added, "It's hard to find out on the internet since everyone posts anonymously."

Grace sounded disappointed, sighed.

"BIT." Cyrus suddenly said.

Grace sprung up from bed, very energetic, "What's BIT? Are they the ones who bullied Mommy?"

Cyrus coughed twice, nodded and added, "I found out that they are a media company. They were the ones who published things about dad and mom."

"Really? They really are horrible! We can't let them go!" After saying this, Grace hopped off from the bed, planning to summon Hank and Olivia to discuss the matter, only to find both of them had fallen asleep.

All she could do was run to Cyrus's bedside, pleaded, "Big brother, we can't just let Mommy get bullied like this. We need to think of something."

Cyrus slowly got up, put on a coat for Grace and asked, "What will we do?"

Grace rolled her eyes and whispered something into Cyrus's ear. Both of them quietly got up to take a laptop from the drawer.

"Brother, I found it."

"Me too."

The two siblings exchanged information, and soon the dirty laundry of BIT was published online. The two finally lay down happily, waiting to watch the show unfold.

Chapter 710: The Children's Reciprocal Gifts

When she woke up the next day, there was a barrage of indecorous rumors about BIT on social media, with no sign of Charlotte Thompson's name in the trending topics.

No one knew it was the Thompson kids' retaliation, not even Charlotte herself was aware of it.

That is until she got a phone call from a man's voice: "Miss Thompson, I am terribly sorry about what happened yesterday, could you please spare us BIT?"

Charlotte, abruptly getting up from the bed, rubbed her hair in confusion.

"You have the wrong number." She responded, intending to hang up.

The man on the other end pleaded, "No no no, Miss Thompson, I dialed the correct number. About trending topics, could you please grant us mercy?"

Meanwhile, Justin Battleson woke up, and gently wrapped his arms around Charlotte's waist, murmuring, "Who is it?"

Charlotte gently put down the phone and softly asked Justin, "Was it you?"

Justin shrugged and shook his head, equally bemused, "I wouldn't have done anything without your consent."

Feeling the silence on the other end of the line, the man cautiously asked again, "Miss Thompson, are you still there? Miss Thompson..."

Charlotte immediately logged into her social media account only to find all those BIT issues, clarifying things.

She quickly pinched her nose to imitate a somber voice: "Let me think about it."

Finally, the man on the other end seemed relieved. "Alright, then Miss Thompson. Please keep in touch when you have a response, I am the owner of BIT. Just call me when you are ready." His tone was obviously ingratiating.

After hanging up, Charlotte looked at Justin, still puzzled, "Are you sure it wasn't you?"

Justin shook his head and pulled her closer, "Why do you think it was me." The two became affectionate once again.

During breakfast, Charlotte was still pondering over the event, she hadn't much appetite and seemed somewhat distracted.

"So who exactly did this?" she asked Justin, unable to understand as she looked at him in puzzlement.

Justin served her a sunny-side-up, and despite the kids' presence, gave her a gentle kiss, "Let's not think about it now. Whoever it was, they seem to be on our side."

Grace Thompson suddenly suppressed her laughter while Cyrus quietly dug into his food bowl. Hank Thompson, on the other hand, had no qualms about laughing openly.

Charlotte looked around, perplexed, "What's so funny?"

"Nothing, nothing at all." Olivia was the worst liar and instantly blushed.

Grace pulled her to sit down but Olivia was still a bit off.

Seeing Olivia's reaction, Charlotte had a revelation. She glanced at the kids, inferring their mischief.

Fearing the turn of events, Grace quickly ran to Charlotte and tugged at her sleeve, "Mommy, I'm sorry."

Hank stood up accusingly, "Grace Thompson, you traitor!"

Grace made a face at Hank, her mischievous nature surfacing.

Charlotte confirmed her guess, and couldn't help but crack a grin. Their kids were truly resourceful.

Eventually, Cyrus stood up, "Mommy, don't blame Olivia and Grace, this was all my idea." He reassured her, patting his chest and shouldering responsibility.

"Mommy, I was involved too!" Grace jumped down from Charlotte, stood at attention, and admitted her culpability.

Hank and Olivia also stepped in to shield Cyrus and Charlotte couldn't hold back her laughter anymore.

"Mommy, so you're not angry?" Grace blinked her big eyes in confusion, asking.

Justin came to Charlotte's rescue, understanding her perfectly. He pulled the kids closer and said, "Mommy wouldn't blame you guys, you did the right thing this time!"

"Really?" Hank bounced with excitement. But upon seeing Charlotte's expression, he deflated.

Charlotte cleared her throat, pointing at the kids' noses, "But in the future, don't act on things without consulting me first, understood?"

The kids nodded their heads repeatedly, eliciting a satisfied response from Charlotte.

She then sent Coco a message to reassure BIT's boss that this wouldn't happen again, because her kids are overly protective!