

Spoiled 741

Chapter 741: Hush Money

It had been a long time since Emily Allen had been home, as she had been practically living on set, so she was unaware of the change her father had undergone.

On the couch, Mia Stewart was talking about their father, causing Emily to choke up, but she did not forget the purpose of her visit, a good opportunity for their family to turn things around.

Mia held Emily's hand and asked, "By the way, you said you came back today to talk to your father about something. What's it about?"

Emily paused for a moment, gestured Mia to lean in, and whispered, "Charlotte Thompson is Sophie Allen. Ryan Richard told me."

Emily told her mother the news, but Mia showed no signs of surprise, she just nodded quietly, prompting Emily to ask: "Aren't you surprised? Or did you know it early on?"

Mia didn't kept it from her anymore and said bluntly, "Your father recognized it long ago."

Emily was stunned. How could it be? Ryan managed to figure it out, turning over every detail meticulously. Her father, Ethan Allen, also caught on quickly, yet she struggled to see the connection between Charlotte Thompson and Sophie Allen.

Mia Stewart noticed her surprise, sighed, and recalled: "When your dad first saw that person named Charlotte Thompson on TV, he initially just thought she was familiar. But the more he watched, the more she reminded him of Sophie. You know what happened next?"

Having teased out half of the story like a guessing game, Mia waited for Emily to catch up, who could only nod her head in order to indicate that she was following along.

Mia continued: "Then Justin Battleson publicly announced his former wife, who turned out to be Charlotte Thompson! Justin has had only one former wife, and that's Sophie. So, your father confirmed his hypothesis, Charlotte Thompson is Sophie Allen."

Emily was utterly stunned by the news.

When Ryan told her that Charlotte was Sophie, she thought it was a coincidence. She hadn't imagined that there would be so much meaning behind it.

In a timely manner, Ethan Allen descended from upstairs. His footsteps seemed like they could dent the floor.

Without a word, Emily Allen and Mia Stewart turned their gazes upward to see Ethan wobbling down the stairs. Mia hurried over to assist him.

He was impatient, a cigarette clutched in his mouth, "Where's Emily Allen? what does she want with me?"

Mia held onto him and gestured in Emily's direction, "There she is, slow down."

Ethan stumbled, not fully sober, while Emily just stood there, transfixed on him.

Up close, Ethan eventually collapsed on the couch, slouched over, devoid of his usual decorum.

"Speak up, what's on your mind?"

Emily hesitated but got straight to the point: "Since you already knew that Charlotte Thompson is Sophie Allen, why haven't you asked her for money?"

Upon hearing these words, Ethan seem to sober up a bit, shaking his head, "I won't."

Emily shot up from the couch, "Why won't you? Look at the state of our home, do you think she'd refuse to help?"

Emily couldn't understand why, but she had the feeling that Ethan has become wary of Sophie. Could it be that he was afraid of her current power?

Emily wasn't going to let it go, grasping onto Ethan and insisting sternly, "Regardless of Sophie Allen being Charlotte Thompson now or whatever, you're Sophie's biological father! What's wrong with asking her for money? If she doesn't want any further drama, she can pay a settlement."

Chapter 742: Cannot Afford to Offend

Emily Allen wasn't sure if her changed perception was due to Ryan Richard's influence, but everything seemed right to her.

Upon seeing the tension between father and daughter, Mia Stewart hurriedly interrupted, "Let's discuss the matter calmly, we're all family."

Ethan Allen dismissed the suggestion with a wave of his hand, "There's no need for discussion. Why do you think I've held my tongue all these years? I'll tell you, Emily, you'd better stick to your acting and not mess with her."

"Otherwise, we're doomed!"

But Emily Allen was not someone easily dissuaded by words, she insisted on asking: "Why? Why can't I go?"

Ethan Allen held his tongue and refrained from lashing out at Emily.

"If you dare to provoke her, then you're no longer my daughter."

That was the only threat Ethan Allen could make, even as Emily stared back defiantly.

Mia Stewart was torn between the two, unsure of how to respond.

She could only temporarily hold Emily back, reassuring her, "Sophie, go back first. I'll take care of it and talk to your father, okay?"

Emily simply stood still, glaring at Ethan Allen, "So you're going to be a coward, curling up forever in your study, drinking your life away, is that it?"

From Emily's perspective, Ethan Allen was simply resistant to any change because of his laziness, even his fear was just a result of his ignorance.

Ethan Allen said nothing, he didn't care what Emily thought of him, he had already given up on himself.

Feeling wronged, Emily pointed an accusing finger at Ethan Allen, "You're such a coward."

She then took a pack of cigarettes from her bag and began to smoke on the sofa, crossing her legs casually.

Mia Stewart tried to snatch the cigarettes away, but she was helpless against Emily.

Ethan Allen jumped up in anger, slapping Emily hard on the face.

"Look what you've become."

Emily simply held her cheek, feeling the sting of the slap.

She raised her head defiantly and stared back at Ethan Allen, retorting, "And what about you?"

Ethan Allen felt guilty at her accusation, he slumped down, covering his face as he broke down in tears.

"Sophie, it's not that I don't want to help you, but do you remember how our family went bankrupt?"

Emily shook her head; she only knew that the Allen family offended someone but didn't know who.

Mia Stewart gently patted Ethan Allen's back, trying to soothe him.

Ethan Allen raised his head, his eyes filled with sorrow: "Charlotte Thompson's current success, who's backing her, we can't afford to offend them. Do you want the Allen family to suffer even more?"

Ethan's words were filled with sorrow, however, Emily barely took them in. Clenching her teeth tightly, she said, "Regardless, we're miserable enough as it is, worst-case scenario, we get drawn into a lose-lose situation. I don't believe Justin Battleson is completely aware of Charlotte's past, and I'm sure we can find a leverage on Charlotte."

Seeing Emily's persistence, Ethan slapped his thigh and sighed, "There's another reason I don't want to confront Charlotte."

Emily frowned, showing her contempt as she asked, "What reason? You didn't raise her, are you afraid she'll come to you for payback?"

Ethan spat, "You don't know the reason? Do you remember how you and your mother drove Aunt Watson to her death? Do you need me to remind you of that?"

Ethan's brows furrowed in frustration, seething with anger.

If it weren't for the guilt they bore towards Aunt Watson's death, he would have asked for money from his biological daughter, Charlotte Thompson, the moment he confirmed her identity.

He was too worried that seeking out Charlotte would remind her of them, the things from the past, and she would retaliate against them again.

They had already suffered enough; he did not wish to be targeted again!

Chapter 743: Don't worry, I'm here.

At the shoot.

After the tabloid reporter was taken away, Charlotte Thompson began packing her things to finish for the day.

Just as she was exiting the set, she saw Justin Battleson.

He was standing under a tree across the street, hands tucked in his pockets, standing straight as an arrow, aloof from the world, appearing even more robust than the camphor tree next to him.

A wave of indescribable sentiment washed over Charlotte, her face naturally broke into a smile, dispelling the fatigue of the day.

Seeing this, Coco tactfully retreated and said, "Sister Charlotte, I'll leave first with the driver."

Charlotte waved goodbye to her, turned around, and her gaze met Justin's.

He came to pick her up after work. Had he learned about today's event? Charlotte wondered.

A car whizzed past them, and when Charlotte looked again, Justin was no longer in sight.

A touch of panic surged within her. Scratching her head, she started to wonder if she had just imagined him being there.

But the very next second, he was by her side, inserting her hand into his coat pocket, and gently clasped it.

Charlotte felt an immediate warmth in her hand, but a chill crept up her heart. As she tried to pull her hand back, Justin took a firmer grip of it.

She stopped struggling, walking silently alongside him.

Speechless.

Leaves were slowly drifting from the trees along the street, landing quietly on the ground. Everything was so silent that one could almost hear the sound of leaves kissing the earth.

After a while, Justin halted.

Charlotte tried to free her hand, only for him to put the other one into another pocket.

"Your hand is cold."

As their eyes met, Justin said softly.

"I have pockets of my own," Charlotte retorted, pulling her hand back once again, as their positions made it awkward to move forward.

"Let's take a break."

Ugh, Justin could be too domineering.

And so, they continued to stand at the corner of the crossroads, his hands cherishing hers, slowly heating them.

Charlotte, feeling awkward, asked, "Is... Ryan Richard really taken away by your people?"

"Yes."

He didn't feel guilty at all. In his eyes, he had done the right thing.

A pang of anxiety hit Charlotte, "He doesn't deserve... you shouldn't..."

Seeing Charlotte's concern, Justin stared intently at her, his eyes revealing genuine worry.

"He's not worth it." After saying this, he smiled, took Charlotte by the hand, and led her towards home.

Yes, he's not worth it. How could he not know? She should have known he's the kind of man who has a sense of propriety.

That night.

"Five million, and give me the perfume project. Or else, I'll expose you! I'll let everyone know that you are Sophie Allen!" Ryan Richard laughed hysterically, looking outrageously mad.

"No, no!" Charlotte shouted in denial.

But Ryan Richard paid no attention. Spreading around the files filled with past pictures of Charlotte, she cried out. However, those documents had already reached many people, who began laughing and pointing fingers...

"No! Stop!"

Charlotte awoke in a cold sweat, struggling to realize that she had just had a nightmare.

Panting heavily, she noticed Justin, who had just emerged from a shower, looking at her anxiously.

He walked to the bedside and asked with concern, "What's wrong?"

As soon as he finished speaking, he tried to embrace Charlotte.

Charlotte startled and trembled like a frightened kitten.

He embraced her tighter, faintly feeling her trembling and shivering.

"It's okay, I'm here," he reassured in a whisper, resting her head against his chest.

For a moment, a whirlwind of past events stormed through Charlotte's mind.

Chapter 744: Justin Battleson is Behind Her

Seeking revenge on Justin Battleson, giving the Allen Family Members a good show... that was her goal before.

Before returning to the country, and even when she just returned, she was incredibly firm in her purpose, unwavering in the slightest.

She wanted to see the surprise on Justin Battleson and Allen Family Members' faces, she wanted to see them worried like clowns at her return.

But what she didn't expect was to eventually find herself deeply trapped in Justin Battleson's tender whirlpool.

As she looked at Justin, Aunt Watson's image surfaced in her eyes.

Aunt Watson was ultimately killed by Emily Allen and her mother, as she clearly remembers.

Remembering the disgusting faces of Emily Allen and her mother from the past, she grippingly clenched the bedsheet, declaring to herself that she would never let them off in this life.

But Aunt Watson, she missed her so much.

All of this was thanks to them!

Charlotte Thompson fell onto Justin Battleson's shoulder and started to cry all of a sudden.

She was full of hatred and swore that she would make the Allen family pay the price!

Justin Battleson gently patted her back, using all his strength to give her a sense of security.

...

The Allen Family.

Upon hearing Ethan Allen mention the name Aunt Watson, Emily Allen staggered, but was fortunately caught by Mia Stewart.

Ethan Allen once again plopped onto the couch, humming, "What do you think, will Sophie Allen forgive us? Impossible."

Ethan Allen rejected the thought himself, otherwise, how could he possibly give up on Charlotte Thompson and her worth now.

Sophie Allen was dumped in the countryside since she was little and was brought up step by step through the hardships of Aunt Watson.

Their bond was as deep as a mother and daughter, dependent on each other for survival. Who in the world would forgive the murderer of their own mother?

But Mia Stewart didn't think so. She comforted the two, deceptively saying, "She was just a servant after all. You are still her biological father, how can she not recognize you?"

When they heard this, Emily Allen instantly gained confidence and echoed, "Yeah, she was just a servant. She wouldn't mind, you're her biological father."

Ethan Allen looked at them both, they seemed blinded by money.

Nevertheless, he licked his lips, somewhat tempted.

Yes, the one thing in the world that can't be erased is the bond of blood.

However, he couldn't help but sigh.

Emily Allen quickly sat down beside him, to comfort him, "Dad, what are you still worried about?"

Ethan Allen sighed again, "Do you still remember five years ago, how hysterical she was before she disappeared at the banquet? There was no affection in her eyes back then, and also... eh."

Having considered it over and over again, Ethan Allen was still somewhat reluctant.

Emily Allen quickly explained, "Back then, Sophie Allen was nothing, naturally, she could disregard everything. But it's different now, she's Charlotte Thompson, how could she possibly not acknowledge her blood relations, right, dad?"

Emily Allen revealed a mischievous smile, scheming against her own sister, she was very good at it.

Mia Stewart also chimed in, "I think it's feasible. After all, as long as she gives us money, we won't make things difficult for her. She wouldn't risk losing reputation for money, would she?"

Ethan Allen, seeing their simplistic views, quickly interrupted, "Did you two forget? There's still Justin Battleson! Justin Battleson is behind her! If we upset him, it would mean total destruction for the Allen family!"

Ethan Allen, shaking, rose from his seat, finally making a firm decision.

The Allen family had already become what it is now and can't withstand any more shocks.

Emily Allen was stubborn, still expecting that lucky chance, "What if he doesn't help her... who knows..."

"Shut up!"

Ethan Allen was unwavering this time, giving Emily Allen and Mia Stewart a roll of the eyes.

He said, "From now on, no one is allowed to mention this matter again!"

Having said that, he went upstairs.

Emily Allen and Mia Stewart looked at each other, unable to do anything but sigh.

Are we really just going to let Charlotte Thompson off the hook?

Are we really letting go of this opportunity to make money easily?

The less Emily Allen thought about it, the less reconciled she felt.

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In the hotel bed, the air after the act between man and woman was still filled with a strong ambiguous atmosphere.

The curtains thickly covered the outside light, making the room feel like night.

Emily Allen shifted her body, trying to get up,

"What are you doing?"

"I'm going to turn the light on."

Ryan Richard held her back, "It's alright like this."

Emily Allen didn't resist. She allowed Ryan Richard to pull her back under the blanket and started to kiss her passionately.

After that, they lay on the bed panting.

Ryan Richard asked, "How's the thing that I told you about?"

Chapter 745 I've Really Had Enough!

Emily Allen lay on Ryan Richard's chest, and sighed when she heard his question.

She lightly pat his chest and complained, "It can't be helped, he dare not go."

Upon hearing this, Ryan was shocked and began to sit up, looking at Emily with surprise, "Why?"

Emily was startled by his reaction, looking back at him blankly.

He immediately realized his mistake, thinking he couldn't let Emily think he was using her.

So he quickly lied back down, pulling her into his arms again and kissing her forehead.

"No, I was wondering, if we finalize this quickly would we both be rich?"

Emily was a bit skeptical, but she didn't argue with him, and said, "You do know who Charlotte Thompson is working with now, it's Justin Battleson! If he finds out we're threatening Charlotte behind her back, there'll be hell to pay. That's why dad won't go."

Justin Battleson, again Justin Battleson?

Ryan Richard fell into deep thought, he clearly remembered how Justin Battleson beat and humiliated him last time. Otherwise, he wouldn't have come to find Emily Allen.

However, Justin Battleson is still the stumbling block here. Does he really have to give up?

The answer is no, he will never compromise!

Seeing Ryan quiet, Emily curiously asked, "What are you thinking?"

Realizing, Ryan quickly softened his expression, and with a smile, he pulled Emily into his arms again.

He delicately asked, "Did you try to ask? There might be some room for a turnaround. Think about it, so much money, it's not something we can earn in this lifetime, right?"

Emily's eyes flickered, she couldn't give up, but what could she do? Her father Ethan Allen's concern was not groundless, and she couldn't ignore Justin Battleson's influence.

She pushed Ryan away, and helplessly said, "We can't make that kind of money, but Charlotte has it, and she has Justin Battleson supporting her. What can I do?"

Ryan Richard wasn't willing to give up, and continued, "It's okay, you can go back and persuade your uncle again. Maybe if Charlotte really values family affection, she will be willing to settle with money!"

Emily was moved.

After all, she could despise her mother and her for Aunt Watson, which showed she did care about family relations. Perhaps Charlotte would care more about her relationship with her biological father Ethan Allen.

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At the Allen family, after Emily left, Ethan Allen continued to drown his sorrows in his study.

Mia Stewart couldn't stand it anymore, and brought up the matter about Charlotte Thompson again when she came to serve him fruit.

"I can't go on living like this, relying on your small factory for a living. Taking care of your daily needs is tough enough. Now that it's conclusively proven that Charlotte is Sophie Allen, I don't care.... if you don't approach her for money..."

Mia put on her old airs and began to threaten Ethan Allen.

Ethan is not one to be messed with, he smashed his glass and roared, "Whoever wants to go, just go! I won't do it. Do you know who Justin Battleson is? I'd be courting death if he found out."

Mia didn't give up and said cunningly, "You could go quietly, without letting him find out?"

Ethan looked at her, hesitating.

He knew the fate of the Allen family was in his hands, and he wasn't willing to let the family decline.

"Ethan, you know I married you, gave birth to Emily, and have I ever led a happy life...?"

"Initially we were doing well, but then that wench Sophie Allen humiliated us at Emily's birthday party, and then some unknown power destroyed our company, what kind of life have we lived these past five years?"

"Ethan Allen! I've had enough!"

Mia suddenly started crying and whining, and Ethan was heartbroken.

He admonished her a few times, but the buzzing in his ears made him uncomfortable.

After Mia left, Ethan sat at his desk, itching to do something.

Regarding Charlotte's current position, if he could mend the relationship, he could rise with the tide.

But, would Charlotte really forgive the Allen family? He was uncertain.

After considering for a long time, he slapped the table and made up his mind.

Chapter 746: I'm on My Way

Since I've already got nothing left to lose, I'd rather take a risk. Who knows, it might actually work.

If all goes well, wouldn't I get rid of my current misery and become Justin Battleson's father-in-law in one fell swoop?

Not only could I spite my enemies, but I'd also be able to wipe the shame off my face - and show those who kicked me when I was down.

Mia Stewart was feeling terrible while bustling about in the kitchen.

Ever since the Allen family fell from grace, it's been years since they've had a maid, so she had to handle every little thing, and Emily Allen seldom came home.

Whenever Emily did come home, her body was always covered in wounds.

As for Charlotte Thompson, who frequented television screens, her life was nothing but lavish and comfortable.

She couldn't understand why as daughters of the same father, her Emily was much less fortunate than Sophie.

She dashed the dish angrily, seething inside.

A sudden voice echoed from upstairs, "Mia, bring me a shirt."

Was that Ethan Allen's voice? Mia Stewart had some doubts, thinking she might have misheard.

After all, Ethan Allen, whenever he was home, was always drinking.

After waiting for a moment without hearing a reply from Mia, Ethan hastily descended the stairs.

"Didn't you hear me? Where is my shirt?"

Ethan Allen, now mostly sober, was a little cross with Mia Stewart who was still in the kitchen.

Mia Stewart shook the water off her hands, somewhat taken aback.

She asked, "Aren't you off work today? Where are you off to?"

Ethan Allen sighed impatiently, "You... isn't it your idea that I should visit Charlotte? I'm on my way."

Mia Stewart was astonished as if she just heard some shocking secret.

"Hurry up."

Ethan Allen hurried her, and Mia Stewart cheerfully went to fetch his shirt.

Standing before the mirror, Ethan Allen examined himself, feeling something was off.

Noticing Mia Stewart just behind him, he quickly ordered her, "Get me my razor."

"Oh...I thought you liked to keep some stubble," Mia Stewart muttered under her breath.

Ethan Allen struggled to ignore her, impatient.

"You know, I'm going to see my daughter, shouldn't I at least dress comfortably?"

Mia Stewart obliged. If it wasn't for his slight relevance, she wouldn't even bother talking to him.

"How do I look?" Ethan Allen stood in front of the mirror, feeling very pleased with himself. He even adjusted his shirt collar and was very confident.

Mia Stewart took a look and couldn't help but tease, "Not bad, you didn't even put this much effort when we got married."

Upon hearing this, Ethan Allen was not pleased. "What nonsense. I'm leaving."

So, Ethan Allen left with his briefcase - a sight not seen for a long time. It was the first time he left the house looking so formal.

In his words, he was trying to leave a good impression on Charlotte. He wanted others to know that having him as a father was something to be proud of. This would also make it easier for him to associate with her relatives.

At the foot of the Riley Group building, Ethan Allen kept adjusting his clothes, something always seemed off.

"Did that woman Mia not iron it well?" He grumbled to himself, using the complaint against Mia to relax a bit.

Looking up at the towering skyscraper, he exclaimed, "My daughter works here!"

Yes, Charlotte is no longer an Allen, yet she's now the daughter Ethan Allen always mentions.

Remembering how he could have expressed indifference even if Charlotte died in the past, the old saying, "money talks," seems very useful indeed.

After hesitating for a while, Ethan Allen finally stepped inside.

Chapter 747: I Am Her Father

The suit he hadn't worn for a long time looked out of place on him, time had indeed left marks on him, his shaky figure could be seen from behind.

Upon entering the company building, Ethan Allen seemed rather awkward.

People around him were giving him curious looks, Ethan Allen responded uncomfortably, hastily moving towards the reception desk.

"Hello—how can I help you today?" The receptionist was polite, kindly asking Ethan Allen.

"Hello."

Ethan Allen observed his surroundings and cautiously returned the greeting.

Finally unable to hold back her curiosity, the receptionist looked at him strangely. Ethan Allen did not beat around the bush and said directly: "I'm here to see your boss, Charlotte Thompson. I'm her father."

The receptionist was almost stunned, looking at him blankly.

Feeling as though he was being doubted, Ethan Allen was somewhat annoyed and attempted to take the phone, saying: "I'll call her myself."

The receptionist had no choice but to protect her phone.

"I will call for you, I will call for you." During this, she couldn't help but keep looking at Ethan Allen with suspicion.

On the other end, Coco picked up the call, looking somewhat nervous.

She glance at Charlotte Thompson, who was in a meeting in the conference room, and said: "Please appease him first, Sister Charlotte is in a meeting."

On the other end, Coco finally hung up the call, but her unease did not fade.

She clenched her phone, hoping for the meeting to end soon.

The phone rang again. It was the receptionist urging her to hurry, clearly unable to handle Ethan Allen.

Coco had no choice but to reluctantly enter the conference room.

"Sorry." She interrupted everyone's conversation, facing Charlotte Thompson's surprised gaze, she walked over to her.

She whispered something in her ear, till Charlotte Thompson's face turned pale.

After a long while, she said: "You can leave first. I'll come over when I'm done."

After Coco left, Charlotte Thompson was still taken aback, holding her chin with both hands, looking terrified.

The employees of the design department looked at her, glancing at each other uneasily, not knowing what to do.

As soon as the meeting was over, Charlotte Thompson hurried back to her office.

"He should have left." She looked at her phone, saw no calls from Coco, and assured herself.

The next second, Coco rushed in anxiously: "Sister Charlotte, he won't leave. He insists on seeing you."

Charlotte Thompson's gaze hardened, and she couldn't help but sneer.

He had rather given up on her and not acknowledged her at all, and now he had come on his own, uninvited.

"What should we do? Sister Charlotte, shall I call security to send him away?"

After hesitating for a moment, Charlotte Thompson finally decided. She knew she had to face the fact that he was her father.

She looked at Coco and compromised: "Tell him to wait for me at the café, I'll meet him."

Coco didn't understand and objected: "Sister Charlotte, that man looks strange, he might do something to you..."

"It's okay, go ahead."

Charlotte Thompson was firm, there must be a reason why Ethan Allen dared to come himself. If she didn't go, he would surely create more trouble. It was better to solve it sooner.

Coco understood and quickly called the receptionist, arranging for Ethan Allen to meet at the café next to the company.

Charlotte Thompson sighed, stood up, and got ready to leave.

Coco looked nervous and tried to stop her, "Sister Charlotte, if you don't want to go, we can tell Mr. Battleson, he will surely have a way..."

Charlotte Thompson was calm, gently pushing Coco's hand away. Some things, she had to solve herself.

"It's okay, Coco, don't tell him yet."

Coco wanted to say something but was silenced by Charlotte Thompson's gaze.

When they got downstairs, the receptionist quickly came over to report, "Sister Charlotte, the meeting is set. He has gone to the café and insists that he won't leave until he sees you."

Chapter 748: Don't Call Me Charlotte

"Alright, I got it," Charlotte Thompson answered, returning her cellphone to her bag.

Truth be told, she was feeling clueless herself, but had no choice but to face it.

The receptionist worriedly followed behind her, "Be careful, Sister Charlotte. He didn't look like a nice person."

"Okay, okay, I got it."

Charlotte was in a hurry and dismissed the receptionist and rushed to the coffee shop.

When she arrived at the entrance to the coffeehouse, Charlotte hesitated.

She was standing outside the window when she abruptly spotted Ethan Allen.

He had chosen a seat by the window, and his face looked perturbed.

The server approached, asked softly, "Good day, sir, are you ready to order?"

Surprised, Ethan's face grew even more tense, he replied, "I'm alright, I'm waiting for someone. I'll order once they arrive."

Seeing his servile smile, Charlotte unwittingly felt a tug at her heartstrings.

Few years ago, he wasn't like this. He used to be a well-known perfume tycoon in the city, who everyone respected.

But time had left traces on his face. The man she had called father for so many years was now showing signs of age.

Unwillingly, her eyes moistened, and Charlotte swiftly wiped her tears away.

She couldn't sever family ties, but couldn't completely forget their past actions either. She wasn't large-hearted enough to embrace her ancestry wholeheartedly.

All she knew was, good would be rewarded with good and evil with evil. It was just a matter of time.

Now, Ethan Allen was looking frail and old, but this couldn't absolve him of what he'd done to her and her mother.

Since he didn't fulfill his paternal duties, she had every right to abandon him now.

Remembering all this, her mother Sophia Thompson, Aunt Watson, Charlotte's gaze became stern. She knew she had bigger things to live for this time.

She wanted to vindicate her mother's honor and seek justice for Aunt Watson's death.

She straightened up, brought up all the hatred, suppressed her soft-heartedness and walked into the coffeehouse.

"Hello, what can I get you?"

The waitress walked up. Charlotte barely noticed her and ignored her outright.

Hearing the voice, Ethan cast a glance in that direction.

Charlotte stared at him with a cold expression, motionless for a long time.

Indeed, he seemed to have aged quite a bit, even the wrinkles around his eyes were visibly more, crinkling as he laughed.

She had heard that his later life was miserable, he was a chronic drinker. Emily Allen was disobedient and enjoyed goofing off, leaving him to manage a dilapidated factory, just to make ends meet.

But who was to blame? Charlotte chuckled sarcastically.

Without waiting for him to greet her, Charlotte walked over to him without changing her expression.

She sat right in front of him. She could feel his intense gaze, but she didn't intend to acknowledge it.

Ethan rubbed his palms together, seeming quite uneasy.

Trying to initiate a conversation, he halted, then finally called the waitress over.

"Charlotte, do you want to..."

"Don't call me 'Charlotte,' we're not familiar," Charlotte suddenly shouted, standing up.

The waitress was startled, looking back and forth between the two.

Ethan was embarrassed and quickly persuaded Charlotte to sit, "Okay, okay, I won't call."

"Two lattes," Ethan sent the waitress away.

Charlotte didn't do him the courtesy, crossed her arms, and didn't even look at Ethan.

Ethan sighed, unsure of how to begin the conversation.

Forget it. Charlotte picked up her bag, ready to leave, "If you don't need anything, I have things to do, so I'm leaving."

"Wait!" Ethan hurriedly held her back. He had risked everything to find her and couldn't return empty-handed.

Chapter 749: Utilization Value

Charlotte Thompson had made up her mind not to have any entanglements with him, yet Ethan Allen was unwilling to let go.

For him, this was the lifeline, the golden treasure. Thus, how could he easily give up?

In the presence of everyone, he began to burst into tears.

"Charlotte, you know, I wouldn't have disturbed you if I didn't have no other choice. After the company went bankrupt, my life has not been easy either..."

As Ethan suddenly started playing the victim, attracting curious gazes from the others, Charlotte Thompson wasn't swayed, and pushed him away directly.

She spoke coldly, "What does the state of the Allen family have to do with me? I am Charlotte Thompson, not Sophie Allen, stop playing the victim here."

"I just wonder who could be so dead-set on seeing me?"

What does the Allen family's experience matter? Who knows how much more desperate the betrayal and abandonment she had experienced beforehand were, and who was it thanks to?

Ethan Allen didn't want to give up and clung onto her, "I'm sorry, I was wrong...I failed your mother back then. It was my fault Mia Stewart and Emily Allen could harm you and Aunt Watson. I'm sorry, I now realize my mistake..."

Ethan earnestly regretted, tearfully admitting his errors, yet in Charlotte's eyes, he seemed ridiculous.

Would Ethan have this realization if she weren't Charlotte Thompson? If she had died or fallen to rock bottom after the previous betrayal and hurt, or wasn't the designer JOY, would he?

The answer is no.

She knew Ethan best—he was a man who would abandon everything for his own gain.

No matter how much Ethan played the victim or how much the surrounding people sighed and tried to incite her to forgive the elderly man before her.

But Charlotte Thompson just lived for herself now and did what she believed was right. Moral coercion only gave evildoers infinite opportunities to exploit loopholes.

She would never give such a chance again.

She pulled Ethan up, giving him a false impression that she was going to forgive him.

Then, she clapped her hands. Seeing her actions, Ethan's face stiffened.

Not until Charlotte spoke up: "Stop it. I just want to ask one thing, if I were still a poor girl needing your aid, hiding in a corner, would you still come to me?"

Charlotte Thompson glared at him, as if interrogating Ethan Allen.

Ethan trembled, but still forcefully managed to say: "Of course!"

"Bullshit!" Charlotte Thompson slammed the table, startling Ethan. It appeared that he was too old to withstand such a fright.

Ethan trembled continuously, his disconcertion evident on his face after his intentions had been revealed.

Charlotte Thompson brushed her fingers over the table and continued her sarcasm: "Come to me? If I were of no use to you, you would wish I were dead and out of your sight, right? Ah, such is your attitude toward your very own daughter, isn't it?"

Watching Charlotte Thompson sneer, Ethan felt a chill down his spine.

He wanted to refute, but could only stutter, "No...Charlotte, you misunderstood me."

"I've told you to stop calling me; you don't have the right."

Ethan was once again rendered speechless. He looked at the assertive and aggressive Charlotte Thompson in front of him and strangely felt her unfamiliar.

As expected, she deserved to be renamed Charlotte Thompson, she really was not the Sophie Allen from before.

Seeing the retreating Ethan, Charlotte showed no signs of softening. She was clear about his ulterior motives. If she didn't give him a piece of her mind at the moment, he might really think that she was naïve enough to offer him something.

Chapter 750: My life is too miserable, too hard!

"Let me tell you for the last time, this is my last visit to you, and as for all those apologies of yours, don't bother to mention them in the future, I'm not interested."

"Moreover, in this world, all the mistakes you've made can't be completely erased with a simple sorry."

Ethan Allen was dispirited, he should have known early on, how could Charlotte possibly forgive him?

However, since he had already made his plans, it proves that what he wanted was never her forgiveness, as long as there was money, everything else could be solved.

The waiter brought over two cups of latte, "Here you are, your coffee."

"Thank you."

Charlotte paid and prepared to leave, not even sparing Ethan Allen a glance.

But Ethan Allen wouldn't let go. Since his scheme couldn't get Charlotte's forgiveness, don't blame him for a desperate fight.

He didn't cling to Charlotte, but simply sat down on the ground. In these years, he often used this trick to avoid debt, which had always worked for him most of the time.

"Oh, this is my good daughter. When she was little, I raised her up with all my might. But now she is rich, changed her name, and doesn't recognize me! Poor me, life is so hard!"

Charlotte stopped, just looking at him quietly, without any intention to compromise.

Several office workers drinking coffee nearby were discussing the scene. Someone with a kind heart walked around Ethan Allen to Charlotte's side: "Hurry up and go, you can't beat this kind of person."

Faced with a stranger's concern, Charlotte just gave a faint smile as a thank you.

However, she wouldn't just leave Ethan Allen here to cause trouble for others, to make things easier for herself.

Others were discussing why Charlotte was treating her father this way. After all, they were all educated people. One friend hurriedly stopped her, "Don't say it. Every family has its own problems. Who knows what this father has done."

Charlotte crossed her arms, just watching him, "Get up or I'll call the police."

Upon hearing Charlotte's words, Ethan Allen laid flat on the ground and started to throw a tantrum.

"What sins have I committed! My daughter wants to send her father to the police station. What's the world coming to, this is absurd!"

Charlotte rolled her eyes, didn't leave, and took out her phone from her bag.

"What are you doing?" Ethan Allen was a bit scared, thinking that Charlotte was really going to call the police.

Charlotte didn't speak, just listened until the call connected, saying, "Could you come over here, I have some issues to deal with."

After checking that they weren't the police, Ethan Allen relaxed quite a bit and continued to wail on the ground.

The coffee shop manager tried to pacify things several times, but Ethan Allen just stayed put.

Charlotte quickly apologized, "Sorry for hinder your business, I will compensate for it, I will immediately get someone to solve this."

Everyone watching was impressed by Charlotte's polite and decisive handling of the situation and started siding with her.

Instead, it was Ethan Allen, who was lying on the ground making a scene, that everyone criticized and was planning to expose his actions online.

Although Ethan Allen was regretful, he had no reason to get up now. He could only brazen it out and watch how Charlotte would solve this.

In the end, two men in black arrived. Upon receiving Charlotte's instructions, they directly lifted Ethan Allen up.

Ethan Allen was panicked and shouted, "Let me go, what are you doing, let me go!"

Charlotte turned back and bowed to the people in the coffee shop, "I apologize for the disturbance."

The voice of Ethan Allen faded into the distance, indeed, the way to deal with someone depends on what kind of person they are.

In the office, Charlotte was in a sullen mood, contemplating about the affairs of Allen family.

Until someone knocked on the door, "Who is it?"

Justin Battleson entered.