

Spoiled 751

Chapter 751: I'm Not Afraid.

Seeing Justin Battleson came in, Charlotte Thompson quickly composed herself, pretending to be busy with work.

She didn't want Justin to know about these things, let alone worry about her.

The moment Justin's face tightened, he had heard some things mentioned by the receptionist downstairs, so he knew that Charlotte was pretending to be strong.

He moved closer, gently wrapped his arms around her shoulders, and slowly planted a kiss on her forehead.

Charlotte's heart was filled with joy. She smiled at him playfully and rubbed her nose against his.

"Busy with work?" Justin asked gently. Pulling a face, Charlotte hurriedly opened the file in hand and uttered, "Mm."

Justin didn't pry any further; he knew that if Charlotte didn't want to tell him something, he naturally wouldn't press her.

The best relationship is where each maintains appropriate distance at the right time, allowing each enough privacy and space.

Should they expose each other's vulnerability at this moment, all they'd meet is embarrassment.

He helplessly sat on the sofa and said lightly, "Alright, you work. I'll wait for you to have dinner together."

Charlotte just responded, though in truth, she didn't feel like eating at all.

But she didn't want to disappoint Justin's good intentions.

She can't focus on the densely packed words on the document, and there's a feeling of uneasiness in her heart as if bugs are crawling in it.

Finally, she couldn't hold it in anymore and started sobbing at the desk,

Seeing this, Justin quickly put down the newspaper, walked over to her, and embraced her tightly in his arms.

He comforted her softly, "Don't be afraid. Whatever happens, I'm by your side."

Charlotte could hold it in no longer. She clung to his shoulders and began to cry.

How could she tell him that her father had come to see her, the same father who had caused her mother's death and later let Mia Stewart mistreat her?

Justin didn't ask, just offered the solid arms she could depend on.

The wind blew in from the window, taking away only the residual body heat, while the warmth in their hearts was from their mutual reliance.

Charlotte sobbed heavily, taking a long while to finally stop, but her eyes were extremely red.

Seeing her in this state, Justin couldn't help but feel sorry for her.

His slender fingers gently traced her forehead, the warmth lingering in his fingertips slowly soaking into her body, stirring up a sense of warmth.

Looking at his wet clothes, she felt guilty, "I'm sorry for getting your clothes wet."

Justin regarded her, his love intensified at this moment, thinking to himself that despite her own worries, she was still considering him.

He held her tighter in his arms and said sternly, "Charlotte, as long as I'm here, no one will dare to bully you."

Touched, Charlotte sobbed for a while, knowing Justin was a person she could trust.

"Ethan Allen came to see me."

Even though that man was her father, his attitude changed after her mother passed away and drove her out of the house. Could she still be alive today without Aunt Watson's help?

Perhaps she would have starved to death when she was small.

But in the end, Ethan Allen is her biological father who shares the same blood with her.

Justin cradled her head and said in a deep voice, "I will handle it."

Charlotte put her finger quickly to his lips, signaling him not to say anything.

Justin had done enough for her behind her back, this time, she wanted to handle it herself.

Moreover, it's not just about blood relations, but also the lives of her mother and Aunt Watson.

Justin was puzzled, "People like them will threaten you and be very shameless. I'm afraid you'll be wronged."

Justin was worried, with memories of Ryan Richard's threats to Charlotte still fresh in his mind, unable to let her face it all by herself.

Charlotte shook her head, "I'm not scared."

"Really?"

"Mm-hm."

Helpless, Justin knew well Charlotte's obstinacy.

Once she decides to do something, nobody can stop her, including him.

Chapter 752: Lost Sanity

They remained in a stalemate for a while.

Finally, Justin Battleson conceded, looking at the woman before him.

A woman who endured deep vengeance yet still bravely confronted it. He often forgot, she was just in her twenties, yet she possessed a maturity beyond her age.

He stared into her determined eyes, which revealed unparalleled clarity, and felt some regret. He regretted not having met her earlier in life, causing her to suffer so much pain in the days when he wasn't around.

Charlotte Thompson was playful, suddenly poking at his chest, "What are you doing? Suddenly staring at me."

Justin Battleson chuckled bitterly, clutching his chest, but his face was sweet as honey. He said, "What's wrong with looking at something beautiful?"

Charlotte felt shy, but Justin's presence had dispersed much of the gloom in her heart.

Yes, she was very grateful to have met him, a man who would do anything for her.

She raised her head and pecked at his lips like a chick pecking at food.

She admitted that she might have gone a bit overboard, causing Justin to hiss in pain.

But she really wanted to claim him as her own.

"I'm sorry."

Faced with Justin's icy gaze, she quickly apologized. After all, this move had always worked before.

Watching Charlotte act silly in front of him, Justin was at a loss for what to do.

Reluctantly, he leaned into her ear and threatened, "Wait until we get home."

Charlotte felt an unprecedented pressure. Seeing the ferocious look on Justin's face, she knew she was in trouble.

If only she hadn't been so reckless... But Justin was too attractive.

Those deep eyes, the tall nose, and those soft lips...

Thinking about it all, she suddenly felt rather lustful.

However, when her fingertips inadvertently brushed against his lips, she finally realized something was wrong.

Justin swiftly picked her up and sat down, then placed Charlotte on his lap.

Charlotte was shocked. This kind of move, happening in an office of all places, was rather scandalous.

What was going on with Justin? He actually...

She panicked, trying to wriggle free.

But Justin suddenly held her tightly and smirked, his voice becoming raspy:

"I might not be able to wait until we get home."

Charlotte stared at him, her whole body rejected the idea.

How could this be?

This was her office, where such a thing couldn't possibly happen. This was too embarrassing.

"No, we need to go home." She firmly rejected.

But Justin's hand had already slipped around her back and held her tightly in his arms.

The difference between the temperature of his fingers and her skin caused her to shiver uncontrollably, shifting the atmosphere into one of growing intimacy.

With Justin's low panting, he even asked, "I won't go too far, ok?"

Charlotte's cheeks turned beet red. Looking at the man in front of her, she found herself unknowingly nodding in agreement.

Afterward, she doubted her own sanity, wondering if she had been drugged. How else could she have lost her senses like that.

"Alright."

Having Charlotte's consent, Justin finally let loose.

His fingers untied her blouse from the back...

He naturally kissed her, and she reciprocated.

The two of them resonated with each other, filling the air with their sizzling chemistry.

"Bang!"

The door was suddenly knocked open. Before Charlotte could stop her, Coco rushed into the room.

Charlotte rose from Justin's lap and asked, embarrassed, "What's up?"

Justin Battleson tactically rubbed his forehead, pretending to be calm.

Coco took one look at the situation and suddenly realized something was amiss.

But it was too late to back out now.

Chapter 753: Charlotte Thompson is Sophie Allen!

Coco felt awkward and could only lower her head, pretending not to see the two of them.

"I didn't mean to intrude, I'm sorry, I'm sorry." She was about to leave when she realized she had business to attend to.

She turned around and made eye contact with Charlotte Thompson's flushed face, both of them feeling a bit embarrassed.

Without minding anything else, Coco quickly explained, "Sister Charlotte, something has happened. The incident at the cafe was captured, and it's all over the internet now."

At this, Charlotte Thompson frowned and quickly went online to check.

She knew that meeting Ethan Allen in public would result in being secretly photographed, but she didn't expect the follow-up to happen this abruptly.

Continuing her report, Coco said, "We contacted the newspaper that posted the story, but they insist on not deleting the video."

Justin Battleson comforted Coco and indicated her to step outside; they would handle the situation.

Seeing Justin Battleson there as well, Coco felt reassured and finally left, closing the door behind her.

He turned his head and saw Charlotte Thompson staring intently at the computer, her brow furrowed. He spoke seriously:

"Don't worry, I'll handle this."

Charlotte Thompson didn't respond. The internet was flooded with topics about her.

In the video, Ethan Allen, as the weaker party, was reproached by Charlotte Thompson's dominant aura. Anyone unfamiliar with her story might think that, as a daughter, she was acting too excessively.

But Charlotte Thompson was indeed Sophie Allen. And no matter how you put it, she became the focus of the news - it's no wonder the newspaper refused to delete the video.

Considering the popularity, they wouldn't easily let go, not caring about the impact it would have on those involved. They only cared about their own benefits.

After reading so much, Charlotte Thompson could not avoid being stung by the malicious words thrown at her, her heartache.

She leaned on the table, trying to comfort herself a little bit.

However, it seemed to be of no use, she felt wronged.

She was clearly the victim, but those keyboard warriors were judging her based on that one video, accusing her.

Justin Battleson had apparently come closer and patted her back gently.

"It's okay, I'm always here."

He glanced at the comments casually, and with a "click" sound, he turned off the computer.

He told Charlotte Thompson, "The voices of the world are only for your reference, if you don't like them, we won't consider them."

As Charlotte Thompson hugged Justin Battleson's waist, tightly leaning against him.

At the moment, she hadn't figured out a solution yet, but let her be fragile for a while.

Although there was a quiet space left for Charlotte Thompson, it was as if the world outside had turned upside down.

In the school, the students gathered together. At this moment, exams were not the only topic they were discussing.

"Do you know, Charlotte Thompson is actually Sophie Allen!"

"Ah! Who is Sophie Allen?"

"If you don't know Sophie Allen, do you know Emily Allen? The Z-list actress who was accused many times for getting favors, that Emily Allen?"

Young faces chatted away, surprisingly good at gossiping.

Listening to the revelations made by one of the students, others not only admired her extensive knowledge but also sighed at the complexity of the entertainment business.

"Ah, so she is the one, Sophie Allen and her..."

"Yes, Sophie Allen is her sister. That means the renowned designer JOY is the little sister of Z-list actress Emily Allen."

In a blink, not just Charlotte Thompson's information but any individual associated with her had come under scrutiny by gossip mongers and reporters.

This included Emily Allen.

Chapter 754: More Cunning than Her Sister

A "Emily Allen" trend suddenly appeared on Weibo.

Once clicked, everybody could see all kinds of unbearable photos and words about Emily's private life. Luckily, Emily was not famous yet, otherwise, her whole life would have been thoroughly dug up, and each part exposed would have been a shocking story.

Although no one got hurt by this round of manipulation, at least in the case of Emily's current level of fame, given the number of her hardcore fans could be counted on two hands, she wasn't going to create any uproar. However, as the current sister of Charlotte Thompson, her personal fame did increase considerably.

Emily, lying in the arms of Ryan Richard in front of her phone, laughed wildly.

Ryan was slightly surprised, "Did your dad get the money? Why has it been exposed so quickly?"

Emily brushed it off, laughing in delight at the increasing comments under her Weibo post.

"I don't know, I'll ask him when I get home." She shrugged carelessly, giggling at her phone.

But this displeased Ryan. If Charlotte was exposed like this, what could he use to threaten her? How could he get the money?

He held Emily's shoulder and patiently asked for the last time: "Go ask your dad now if he got the money?"

Watching Ryan frenzy like this, Emily got a little impatient.

Regardless of whether Ethan Allen got the money or not, her current "fame" had increased, not leaving her empty-handed.

She shook off Ryan's hand, held her phone proudly, "Get lost, it's none of your business. I'm going to be famous, do you know?"

Ryan felt she was acting like a madwoman. He snatched her phone from her, pointed to the abusive words on it, and shouted, "What kind of fame is this? They're all cursing you! Can't you see?"

Emily froze momentarily, attempting to snatch her phone back.

Of course, she knew, but what they were calling her was right. She was willing to abandon everything for the resources, for the aim to rise to the top, she was promiscuous, she was vulgar!

But what of it, if she hadn't been this way, she wouldn't have had the chance to even shoot that lousy movie till now.

Ryan was firm and did not give her mobile phone back.

Emily simply gave up and smirked: "So what? A notorious fame is still fame, haven't you heard of that? As long as there is traffic, the market will notice me, and then I will have movies to shoot."

Looking at Emily's twisted worldview, Ryan didn't know what to do.

The phone slipped from his hand and was picked up by Emily. She continued to look at those mixed comments and laughed out loud.

This internet public opinion war did not end there. As Emily's issues were dug up, Charlotte couldn't avoid it either.

Those comments were so harsh that they all, one by one, appeared before Charlotte's eyes.

"You folks think Charlotte is any good, must be just like her sister, just better at hiding it."

"Now it makes sense. Her sister sleeps around while she's selective, see how Justin has been totally controlled by her?"

"Pfft, if she wasn't pregnant before the wedding, do you really think the Battleson family would want her? Didn't they divorce previously? Who knows what happened that now they're together again, could it be for the child?"

"Who disagrees, these wealthy families care most about lineage, surely it's because of the baby that she could stay with Justin!"

"In this view, her schemes are indeed much more sophisticated than her sister's."

...

For a while, all sorts of speculations emerged on the internet, and it even escalated to personal attacks.

Coco, on the other side, simply couldn't handle it, if this event continued to ferment, it certainly would impact Charlotte's career.

The situation was becoming more and more tricky, Charlotte sat in front of the computer, her face turning pale.

She never wanted to move her past to the spotlight, to be watched and discussed by so many people.

Chapter 755: Charlotte Thompson, the BK heir

Thankfully, Justin Battleson always stood by her side, silently comforting her.

"I'm fine." Charlotte Thompson would still pretend that she's okay, but the constantly updated comments on-screen were enough proof of her inner turmoil.

She wasn't bothered by the groundless comments from strangers, but a solution for this situation must be found. Otherwise, it could not be allowed to ferment continuously.

Moreover, Ethan Allen wouldn't let her off so easily.

However, before the issue came to an end, someone had suddenly blurted out Charlotte Thompson's true identity in a thread.

#DesignerJOY's Real Identity#

#Ashton'sHeiress_Charlotte Thompson#

These two topics suddenly topped the trending list, with unparalleled discussion rates.

Coco ran in hurriedly again, shouting, "We have another problem."

As she entered and saw them both, she scratched her head awkwardly.

"I'm so sorry."

As she intended to leave again, Charlotte Thompson quickly stopped her.

"What is it now? Just tell me," Charlotte sounded desperate. At this stage, she could not believe there could be anything more daunting.

"Ahem..." Justin Battleson coughed twice, indicating her to speak.

Coco quickly explained, "Something happened, someone revealed that Sister Charlotte is Miss Thompson of the Thompson Family."

"What?" Charlotte immediately stood up and slapped the table.

Upon opening her phone, as expected, trending searches filled the screen.

Terms like "Designer JOY's Big Reveal" and "Charlotte Thompson BK Heir" instantaneously entered Charlotte's vision, inducing a series of sharp pains.

The comments below were even harder to stomach:

"Nonsense, are they guessing based on her last name? So, does that mean everyone with the Thompson surname is from the Thompson family!"

"Impossible, being the heir of BK, that would mean owning a lot of assets? She must be pretending!"

"Definitely, if she was indeed the heir to BK, she wouldn't seduce Justin Battleson, must be pretending to be a rich white woman. It's all an act!"

"Damn, she must've changed her name and is not stopping at anything to achieve her goal!"

...

Unable to bear it any longer, Charlotte shut off her phone.

Justin Battleson came over and hugged her, tightly shielding her as he suggested, "Let's call it a day, it's not a good day for work."

Charlotte looked up at him and firmly said, "How could I? I couldn't care less."

Although she said so, Justin knew that she was definitely upset.

So he advised her, "Let's call it a day. You won't be in the mood to work here anyway."

Charlotte hesitated for a while, thinking that he was right. So, she started gathering her belongings, preparing to leave with Justin.

As soon as they reached the company's ground floor, they were surrounded by a pack of reporters.

"Miss Thompson, do you have any explanation for the comments online?"

"I'm sorry, I have nothing to say."

Charlotte refused, but the reporters thrust the microphones towards her more vehemently, interrogating more directly, "Miss Thompson, are you really Sophie Allen? Or are you Miss Thompson from the Thompson Family? What's your response to getting married to Mr. Battleson and having a child?"

"Shut up!" Justin deflected the reporters and shielded Charlotte behind him.

As the reporters continued to grumble, Justin silenced them with a look.

He warned those present, "Without evidence, I would advise you to think thrice. Otherwise, I'll make each one of you pay for your actions."

The reporters, frightened, retreated. Justin pulled Charlotte closer, shielding her as they left.

Chapter 756 I Don't Care

After getting in the car, Justin Battleson turned to look at Charlotte Thompson in the passenger seat, brushing her tousled hair from her cheek.

Charlotte still looked a bit pale.

A pang of distress surged in Justin's heart, he softly said, "Don't worry about that mess anymore."

Charlotte shook her head, the persistent inquiries from the reporters still vivid in her mind.

Although she had anticipated this outcome before leaving the company, she was still taken aback when faced with it abruptly.

Charlotte shook her head again, "It's okay, I don't mind."

Justin could see Charlotte's distress, and so he held her hand in a comforting gesture.

"Really, I have already seen a lot of those rumors on the internet. I am just worried that the kids might feel upset if they saw it."

The children are always the ones closest to Charlotte's heart.

She wanted to give the children a peaceful life by returning as Charlotte Thompson. However, it seemed that she was attracting more and more trouble.

When she fainted from heatstroke and it was reported by BIT news, the children had already intervened. She didn't want them involved in this kind of situation again.

Just thinking about their sweet innocent faces made her heart incredibly tender.

She decided to shake her head and look at Justin.

"Let's not talk about this anymore, the kids are waiting for us at home, let's go back," she said.

Listening to her, Justin nodded and fastened her seatbelt for her.

"I will handle the online stuff."

As Justin spoke, his warm breath gently brushed Charlotte's cheek, causing a ticklish sensation.

Looking into Justin's resolute gaze, Charlotte felt a warmth surge in her heart.

She blinked, then leaned forward lightly, planting a kiss on Justin's cheek.

"Justin, thank you."

With Justin by her side, Charlotte felt incredibly at peace.

Justin was momentarily startled, then a smile spread across his face.

"Is that all you're thanking me for?"

Charlotte blushed as she caught the meaning behind Justin's words, and she playfully glared at him, pushing lightly against his chest.

"We'll talk more when we get home."

This playful side of her made Justin's heart flutter, so he moved even closer, a conspiratorial grin on his face.

"What are we going to do when we get home?"

Justin's fingers traced Charlotte's soft cheek, unable to stop touching her supple skin.

The mood in the car turned ambiguous, and Charlotte could feel the temperature around her rising.

Trying to avoid Justin's gaze, she only found herself more drawn to him.

Charlotte paused, then seriously said, "Quit it or I will ignore you."

"So adorable."

Justin's smiling voice echoed in her ears.

Charlotte felt a light peck at the corner of her mouth. When she realized what happened, Justin had already straightened in his seat.

Charlotte lightly touched her slightly burning cheek, casting a flustered look out the window.

Why was she turning so shy in front of Justin?

Watching Charlotte's reactions, Justin was in high spirits. He started the car and took her home.

"We're back."

As soon as Charlotte opened the door, she was surprised to see only Jordan Thompson sitting on the sofa watching television, even munching on the snacks she had bought for the children.

"Where are the kids?"

She looked around. Typically, the children would have already run over to greet her.

Chapter 757: When the Child is Quiet, Mischief is Certainly Going On

Justin Battleson took the coat from Charlotte Thompson's hand and hung it nearby before saying, "They're probably playing in their rooms."

Jordan Thompson, who was sat on the sofa munching on chips making crunching noises, spoke somewhat indistinctly.

"Yes, all those little rascals are in their rooms."

As he was about to say something to Charlotte Thompson, Cyrus Thompson thumpingly ran down the stairs and went straight to Jordan Thompson's front.

"Uncle, you've been sneaking my snacks again!"

Jordan's response was to adeptly sidestep Cyrus, then he teasingly held the bag of chips up high.

"How can a scholar's actions be considered stealing? The snacks were laid opportune on the coffee table, they just made their way into my mouth."

Jordan's justification was so rational that Cyrus couldn't help but inflate his cheeks in frustration.

In the end, Jordan had a very aggrieved expression on his face.

"I wonder who it was that said they wanted to play games with me just now, only to leave me waiting while they have now vanished."

Jordan even playfully wiped his eye corner with a sleeve.

"Indeed, as children grow up, they have their own little secrets and even want to isolate me, their uncle."

Charlotte looked at Jordan about to retort when she saw a few children coming down the stairs.

"Mommy, you're finally back!"

Grace Thompson ran to Charlotte for a hug, followed by Olivia Thompson calling out sweetly too.

Charlotte kissed both Grace and Olivia on their faces. Seeing their radiant smiles made all her sullen feelings dissipate.

"Uncle, your acting skills are simply too bad."

Grace, holding Charlotte's hand, turned to look at Jordan, who was still engaged in a stare off with Cyrus.

"Compared to you guys, my acting skills are very good."

Jordan, looking shifty, sidled over next to Charlotte.

"When children are quiet, they are up to mischief", I saw these little guys sneaking around earlier, whispering about something, then they all went back to their room."

Cyrus immediately retorted, "We weren't being sneaky, we were helping mommy..."

But before Cyrus finished speaking, Hank Thompson, who had just come down the stairs, accidentally stepped on Cyrus' foot, stopping him from continuing.

"Sorry, I wasn't paying attention just now."

With a serious look on his face, Hank Thompson looked at Cyrus, who seemed to understand something and immediately stopped speaking.

There was no way Charlotte could miss the anxious looks on Grace and Olivia's faces when Cyrus was about to spill the beans.

She put down the two little girls and scanned her gaze scrutinizingly over all the children's faces.

Only Hank Thompson, with his calm composure, spoke up, "Mommy, I'm hungry, let's eat."

"Yes, Mommy, my little tummy is already starting to rumble."

Grace quickly tugged at Charlotte's sleeve and gently swayed it.

Even Cyrus and Olivia echoed in chorus. Charlotte read something from the children's behavior and she speculated something.

But she didn't say anything at the moment. Instead she just stood straight and said, "Hank, take your siblings to wash their hands and come back for dinner."

Hank immediately nodded and the other three children obediently followed him.

Watching the backs of the four children, Charlotte's smile suddenly faded a bit.

The children must have done something because of her again.

Chapter 758: Make them apologize to Mommy!

"Sis, don't take those rubbish posts on the internet too seriously."

Jordan Thompson had also seen the trending news online and wanted to comfort his sister Charlotte as soon as she returned, but he was interrupted by the kids.

"Don't worry. I'm not bothered by it." Charlotte shook her head.

The kids returned after washing their hands, and Charlotte settled them down.

After finishing their meal, Charlotte was about to clean up the dishes when Cyrus led the other children to stand in a row before her.

Looking at their drooped heads, Charlotte couldn't help but smile as she shared a glance with Justin Battleson.

"What's going on? Why the long faces?"

As Charlotte inquired, Grace was the first to step forward, hooking her finger to Charlotte's hand adorably.

"Sorry, Mommy. We know we were wrong."

"Mommy, we didn't fulfill what we promised you. It was my fault."

Cyrus stepped forward, very responsibly shielding Hank and Annie behind him.

"I brought up the idea initially, so I'm also at fault."

Hank quickly chimed in.

Seeing the children eagerly apologizing, Charlotte reached out and held them in her arms.

"If you knew it was wrong, why did you do it?" Although she asked this question, there wasn't a hint of reproach in Charlotte's voice.

She could never bear to be harsh with her babies.

"Because they were saying bad things about you, Mommy. It's annoying." Grace grumbled.

That night, the children were waiting for Charlotte and Justin to return from work.

However, Hank was the first to see the trending topic online, and the rest of the children saw it too.

"It's too much! How could they say things like that about Mommy?"

Hank was scrolling furiously on his tablet, creasing his little face in anger.

Grace grabbed the tablet and stomped her foot indignantly.

"Mommy is so nice. Why didn't they speak of Mommy? And Mommy never lied. Mommy's last name is indeed Thompson."

She puffed her cheeks and then leaned against Cyrus. "Big brother, you have to think of something."

Cyrus didn't respond, his expression quite solemn.

His mature demeanor naturally made him the backbone of the group.

Then Hank had an idea: "What if we do the same thing like last time?"

Grace agreed enthusiastically: "Yes, yes, like last time with that BIT media, we made them apologize to Mommy!"

"Would that work...?" Annie hesitantly spoke up, looking doubtful.

Grace ran up to Annie and poked her cheek: "Annie, are you planning to betray us?"

"No, no!"

Annie shook her head vigorously in denial, her face started to redden while she defended herself.

Although she was also eager to settle scores for Mommy Charlotte, she hadn't forgotten what happened last time.

"Didn't Mommy forbid us from doing such things privately? She was angry last time."

Grace looked unsure.

"But if Mommy sees those things, will she be happy?" Hank stood up, his expression completely sincere.

"I don't want Mommy to be sad."

"Yes! We should protect the best mommy in the world!" Grace agreed, and Annie immediately grabbed her hand, not saying anything but showing her agreement with her actions.

All three children looked at their big brother expectantly.

At this point, Cyrus lifted his head, his back straight.

"I've already hacked into several accounts and muted them."

The children immediately looked at him with admiration.

Big brother is invincible!

Chapter 759: Truly Realized the Mistake

Looking at her children humbly confessing in front of her, Charlotte Thompson couldn't help but sigh.

It was not due to disappointment or any other reason.

Instead, a wave of indescribable joy surged within her.

She felt a hint of sourness in her nose.

Charlotte didn't know what she had done in her previous life to deserve so many angel-like children by her side now.

Compared to the days of betrayal and ridicule when she was Sophie Allen, Charlotte felt that her current life was like a dream.

She was greedy for such a beautiful dream.

Charlotte was even afraid that she would suddenly wake up to see the gloomy and cramped factory room.

Now she had her own family, her lover, and these lovely children.

Charlotte felt her heart filled by them, heavily thumping against her chest, making her constantly feel the vibrancy and beauty of life.

However, the children didn't understand Charlotte's sigh.

This made them even more uneasy, to the extent that Grace Thompson sobbed outright.

Olivia Thompson, standing behind Grace, was naturally sensitive, and couldn't help but join in when Grace started crying.

The two young girls cried together, hand in hand.

Watching this, Charlotte felt a pang in her heart and hurriedly embraced the two girls, trying to comfort them.

"Mommy....you, you...don't be angry with us....we...are truly sorry...."

Grace's voice was intermittent because of her sobs. She cried pitifully, her tears pouring down like strings of pearls, making her eyes shine brightly.

Cyrus Thompson and Hank Thompson, the two boys standing aside, were still young children after all. Seeing their sisters cry so heartbroken, even usually steady Cyrus could not help but show tears in his eyes.

Charlotte gently patted Grace's back,

"When did mommy say I was angry with you?"

"But...but mommy sighed just now...."

Grace's little face was full of tears. She didn't even dare to lift her head to look into Charlotte's eyes, fearing to see disappointment or reproach on her mother's face.

"Mommy..." Cyrus slowly spoke, looking at Charlotte.

In their everyday life, Cyrus was usually calm, but now his pitiful appearance extraordinarily touched Charlotte's heart.

Charlotte's heart was completely softened by her children. She hugged them and stroked their soft cheeks.

"Mommy sighed just now not because I was blaming you. Mommy feels that I am really happy right now."

"Wonder what good deeds mommy had done to have such lovely and obedient children like you."

"Really?" Grace lifted her head.

"Of course, my little princess."

Charlotte cradled Grace's face, gently wiping away the tears on her face.

"You are all mommy's most precious darlings. Mommy is so occupied in loving all of you, how could I possibly blame you?"

Charlotte sat on the sofa with her children and knelt in front of them, speaking gently to soothe them.

"The things on the internet have indeed upset mommy, but they are all strangers, they have nothing to do with mommy. Whatever they say won't affect me."

"But mommy didn't want you to see those things, so I told you not to do such things clandestinely."

"Mommy, I'm sorry." Cyrus held Charlotte's hand, apologizing sincerely.

Charlotte stroked his hair and slowly responded,

"Cyrus, you don't have to apologize to mommy. The ones who should apologize are those people on the internet. They spouted nonsense and angered my darlings. They made my darlings feel so sad, they must be harshly punished."

Chapter 760: You Worked Hard in the Past

When she heard Charlotte Thompson not blaming him, Hank Thompson immediately rose in spirits, jumping down from the sofa.

"We blacklisted all the comments with the highest likes this afternoon, so they won't say those things anymore."

"My babies are the best."

Charlotte Thompson complimented, as Grace Thompson and Olivia Thompson finally broke into laughter. They ran to Charlotte's side, explaining how they stood up for Charlotte.

Charlotte listened attentively, her lips wearing a tender smile.

The summer night breeze was warm, carrying the outside moonlight and squeezed through the window, scrambling to soak in the warmth of the family.

The children had been running around all afternoon and their emotions fluctuated greatly, so it wasn't long before they began to feel tired.

Charlotte and Justin Battleson then put the children to bed, soothing them to sleep.

"Mom is the best..."

As she clung to Charlotte's fingers, Grace finally fell into sweet dreams, with a smile lingering on her lips.

Justin rose to his feet and walked over to Charlotte, who gestured to him to quiet down. They tiptoed out of the children's room.

Only after carefully closing the door did Charlotte breathe a sigh of relief.

Justin wrapped his arms around Charlotte's waist, half-craddling her in his arms, and planted a tender kiss on her forehead.

"You've worked hard."

Since they started living together with the children, Justin also began to help with childcare. He finally realized how hard it was to take care of the children.

Whenever he thought about how Charlotte had to take care of six children alone in the past, Justin's heart was filled with regret and grief.

Charlotte rested most of her weight on Justin, shaking her head and said, "I never thought taking care of this child was hard."

The children were very well-behaved and never caused trouble for Charlotte.

"Alright, let's go back..."

Charlotte was just about to speak when Justin suddenly picked her up. This unexpected movement made her cry out in surprise.

But remembering they were outside the children's room, Charlotte immediately covered her mouth.

She couldn't speak, but her eyes shot Justin an accusing glance.

Justin suppressed a smirk and carried Charlotte back into their bedroom.

"You scared me to death just now."

Charlotte, now on the bed, playfully hit Justin's chest, but he grabbed her fingers, placed them on his lips and lightly kissed them.

He looked into her eyes. His gaze was sticky, gradually wrapping around Charlotte's heart.

Justin's lips glided down her skin, landing lightly on her arm.

The tingling sensation on her skin made Charlotte want to flinch, but Justin held her wrist tight.

Now as Charlotte tried to pull away, it seemed more like an invitation to Justin.

Justin drew Charlotte into his arms, kissing her tantalizing lips and gently laying her on the soft bed.

He savored Charlotte's sweetness carefully, until the woman beneath him softly protested, and then he reluctantly let her go.

"You..."

Charlotte was panting slightly, unable to say a word. A layer of mist clouded her eyes as she tilted her delicate neck slightly, displaying a graceful curve.

Every move she made, every breath she took, could make Justin lose his mind.

He loved Charlotte.

His love for her was deep in his bones.

Justin intertwined his fingers with Charlotte's, gently murmuring a name in her ear - a name he wished he could etch in his heart.

"Charlotte."