

Spoiled 771

Chapter 771: Annie is Really Beautiful.

"Chad! You're so naughty! You said you wouldn't betray us!"

Hank Thompson was the first to lose his patience, facing the camera, chiding Chad for abandoning his teammates.

"What are you guys up to, making video calls in secret?"

Charlotte Thompson was asking, but her tone was full of indulgence, without any blame.

"Grace said she was hungry, and asked when Mommy would be back." Hank was the first to raise his hand.

In a blink of an eye, he seemed to be on the same page as Chad.

"Second Brother, you're hungry, too, and you even snuck some snacks."

Grace humphed. She was a lively and quirky child, which sometimes left Hank at a loss for words.

"I'm sorry, babies. Mommy has been busy with work all evening. I'll come pick you up shortly, and then we'll have a big meal together, okay?"

Grace clapped her hands and pulled Olivia Thompson up to jump around.

"Yay! We're having a big meal!"

Olivia, quiet by nature, did not say anything though she held Grace's hand tightly, but the joy on her face was unmistakable.

Not to mention Hank, who was just as lively, on the other side.

After hearing the cheers of the children, Charlotte hurriedly ended the video call. As it came to an end, Hank seemed to still have something more to say, so he stopped Cyrus from trying to turn off the video.

"Then Mommy, come back quickly with Jack and Chad. We're waiting for you!"

Although Cyrus on the side looked somewhat helpless, his gaze was always on Charlotte.

"Alright." Charlotte nodded repeatedly.

After the call, she reached out to take Jack and Chad's hands and walked out with Justin Battleson.

When Charlotte returned to the villa, the kids had already changed their clothes and were sitting obediently on the sofa.

Seeing Jack and Chad return, Hank was the first to run over, causing quite a ruckus.

"Mommy! Do you think Annie looks pretty?"

Grace took Olivia's hand and led her in front of Charlotte.

Upon closer examination, Charlotte noticed Olivia was wearing a yellow dress, with pretty flowers scattered around the hem, and white shoes, revealing her cute and well-behaved side.

Raising her head, Olivia looked at Charlotte with her clear eyes, and though she seemed shy, she couldn't hide her anticipation.

"Annie, you are really pretty."

Charlotte didn't skimp on compliments, and saw Olivia broke into a brilliant smile.

In an instant, Charlotte saw a glimpse of someone else in her.

Annie Anne.

Almost overlapping.

She was like a warm sun, deserving of bright colors, yet the end was just a hopeless, pale sadness.

Charlotte felt as if her heart was suddenly being tightly clutched.

She always thought Olivia looked very much like Annie Anne, but now it seemed that the only similarity was their tender and modest personality.

"Mommy, don't have Uncle bring us clothes shopping in the future, his taste is so bad. Thank goodness I picked this dress for Annie."

Jordan Thompson had enthusiastically offered to buy clothes for the kids. The clothes he picked for the boys were liked by all, but when it came to the two little girls, it was a different story.

Grace, a discerning child due to Charlotte's influence, was particularly picky, and she didn't like any of the dresses Jordan brought back.

Grace's words pulled Charlotte back from her thoughts. She reached out and hooked Grace's small cheek and turned to the rest of the boys.

"Let's go, we're going to dinner."

Justin had already reserved a restaurant, and Charlotte led the children directly to the private dining room.

But Charlotte didn't expect that she would meet another person here.

"Mr. Hudson."

Chapter 772: How is Mommy's Health?

Oliver Hudson's eyes also showed a hint of surprise, but he quickly composed himself, nodding his head towards Charlotte Thompson.

"Miss Thompson."

His gaze fell on Olivia Thompson, who was standing behind Charlotte. Complex emotions rippled in his grey-black eyes.

Grace Thompson had been whispering to Olivia from the back until she noticed Olivia's sudden stunned expression, causing her grip on Olivia's hand to tighten involuntarily.

Despite Grace's usually quirky and eccentric personality, she had a delicate and sensitive mind. She didn't know what had happened between the adults, but she noticed the change in Olivia.

Ever since Olivia had returned from visiting Auntie Annie.

Olivia looked at Oliver Hudson's handsome face, took a few steps forward, and softly called out.

"Daddy."

Watching this, Charlotte couldn't help but feel a heartache over Olivia's obedience.

She often wished that Olivia wouldn't be so obedient.

She was just a four-year-old child, yet she had to withstand so much.

Oliver Hudson's body shuddered in an instant, his hand that was hanging at his side clenched involuntarily. He bent down and delicately touched Olivia's soft hair.

A virtually inaudible grunt emitted from his throat as he realized that his hand was cold, so he pulled it back from mid-air.

"How is mommy's health?" Olivia asked, her tiny face tilted up to look at Oliver Hudson.

Oliver Hudson swallowed, standing up slowly as his clothes emitted a faint rustling sound.

"The doctor said mommy is slowly recovering. She should be able to be discharged from the hospital soon."

Oliver Hudson's voice was slightly hoarse, as though microscopic bits of gravel were rubbing together, deep and husky.

Olivia blinked, turning to look at Charlotte beside her.

Charlotte understood, she bent down and took Olivia's hand.

"Do you miss mommy, Olivia?"

For some reason, Olivia seemed to hesitate before finally nodding her head.

"Yes."

"If that's the case, I'll take you to see mommy in a bit. Would you like to keep her company?"

Charlotte understood all too well, the complex emotions Olivia harbored towards Annie Anne.

After all, blood is thicker than water.

Olivia hugged Charlotte and agreed to her suggestion in her ear.

"Then, let's have dinner first, Olivia. After we finish, we'll go see mommy." As Charlotte spoke gently, Olivia nodded her agreement, and together with Grace, who had been waiting nearby, they finally entered the private room.

Charlotte turned to look at Oliver Hudson, who was standing a few steps away. His gaze remained fixed in the direction where Olivia had been standing.

"They look alike, don't they?" Charlotte broke the silence.

Oliver hesitated for a moment, then slowly nodded.

Seeing Olivia standing before him just now, he felt as though he had returned to the past.

Seeing the little girl timidly looking at him, then running up to him, a sweet smile spread across her face.

"How is Annie doing now?"

Charlotte had been wanting to ask this question for a while, but never found the right time.

Mentioning this, a crease appeared between Oliver Hudson's brows.

Seeing his expression, Charlotte didn't need him to speak to know the answer.

Annie Anne had suffered a significant shock, and her mental health had long since collapsed. Moreover, she had chosen to regain her memories after losing them. The impact on Annie was even greater, and recovery would be far from easy.

Charlotte knew that with Oliver's ability, finding the very best psychiatrist in the world to treat Annie would be easy.

However...

Chapter 773: Isn't Everything Fine Now?

Charlotte refused to give it any more thought.

She was afraid that she would grow to detest the man standing in front of her even more.

"You can go back first. I will bring Annie to see her later."

Charlotte turned around, not even asking why Oliver Hudson was here. She put her hand on the door handle of the private room, her fingertips touching the cold edge.

"I'm sorry."

Oliver Hudson's voice came from behind, causing Charlotte to pause.

"Mr. Hudson, there's no need for you to say these two words to me."

Saying that, Charlotte opened the door and walked in.

Justin Battleson looked at Oliver Hudson, a hint of helplessness in his calm eyes.

He wanted to say something, but in the end felt it was inappropriate. He just patted Oliver Hudson's arm.

When Justin Battleson entered the private room, the children were enjoying their meal.

He also noticed the extra amount of food piled up on Olivia Thompson's plate.

Olivia Thompson was laughing heartily, on the other hand, Charlotte seemed a bit lost in thought.

Justin Battleson filled a bowl of soup for Charlotte, sat down next to her, and touched her cheek lightly.

"Why isn't little Charlotte Thompson eating? Waiting for me to feed you, huh?"

Justin Battleson teasingly whispered into Charlotte's ear, and saw her cheeks instantly turn a charming shade of red.

She nudged him in the waist with her elbow, throwing him a playful glare.

"What are you talking about, the kids are here."

Looking at Charlotte's radiant rose-like cheeks, Justin Battleson chuckled in satisfaction and eagerly spooned some soup, carefully extending it towards Charlotte's mouth.

"Ah...", said Justin Battleson coaxing her to eat.

"Justin Battleson!"

Charlotte lowered her voice but her cheeks were already blushing a deep red, she even noticed Hank Thompson's gaze from the side.

Hank and Jack bumped elbows, then Hank tapped his chopsticks and turned to Cyrus Thompson.

"Big bro, I can't reach the food over there. Could you help me pick some?"

Cyrus glanced at Hank, taking in his pitiful expression, then ruthlessly refused him.

"Get it yourself."

"So heartless."

Hank Thompson snorted, picking up a piece of meat and placing it into Olivia's bowl.

"Annie, why aren't you eating?"

"Second bro, I can't eat anymore." Olivia rubbed her stomach, looking truly stuffed.

"Look how thin you are with not even a bit of flesh on your face."

Hank squeezed Olivia's cheek, his gaze flicking towards Grace.

"Look at Grace, she can eat so much."

"Second bro, don't talk nonsense!" Grace shot Hank a furious look, then pulled Olivia into her arms.

"Annie, did you forget what little uncle said today? Second bro's clothes all look small on him, it seems like he's gained a lot."

"That's because I'm growing, OK?" Hank retorted defiantly.

A smile crept onto Grace's lips as she turned to whisper something to Olivia.

Charlotte took in the scene of the children quarreling playfully.

"No need to worry."

Justin Battleson spoke quietly by Charlotte's side, knowing full well what was on her mind.

Charlotte's eyes flickered as she looked at the innocent faces of the children. Yet, for some reason, an indescribable bitterness stirred in her heart.

Olivia, Jack, and Chad, all three children had found their families, she wondered how long they could still remain by her side.

"Mommy, this is delicious. You should try it!"

Jack ran over to Charlotte, proudly presenting the food held in his hand.

"Bro! That was clearly my choice." Chad also came over.

Of course, Hank, sitting with them, didn't miss the chance to join in on the fun.

Even the typically reserved Cyrus was serving food to Charlotte, becoming somewhat embarrassed when he noticed her looking at him.

Charlotte looked down and smiled.

What was she being so sentimental about?

Wasn't everything just fine as it was?

Chapter 774: Regard as a Stranger

"After dinner, Charlotte Thompson initially only planned for Olivia Thompson to visit Annie Anne alone, but in the end, all the kids wanted to visit their godmother. Unable to deny the children, Charlotte led them all to the visit.

When Charlotte entered the ward, Annie happened to be sitting by the window.

She was somewhat surprised to see the children and a smile crept up on her lips.

Charlotte swept her gaze across the room, noting fresh lilies placed by the bedside. However, even the strongest scent of the flowers could not mask the smell of the disinfectant.

"You look much better."

Charlotte walked to Annie's side, placed her hand on her shoulder, and the first thing she felt was Annie's lean shoulder bones.

"The doctor said I could be discharged after another week."

Annie stood up. She pushed open the window in front of her. The sky outside had darkened, and the air carried a hint of dampness, indicating rain was coming.

"Actually, I thought I was fine last week, but the doctor insisted I should stay in the hospital for observation. This prolonged my stay here."

"Being stuck in the ward every day is suffocating. If not for you bringing the kids to visit me, I feel like I would have gone mouldy."

Annie's voice was gentle, but carried a hint of complaint.

"Godmother, if you feel bored, you can call us. We will come and keep you company right away."

Grace Thompson approached Annie's side, grabbing at her sleeve as she spoke.

"Grace, you are a good girl." Annie smiled with pursed lips.

"Yes, if you feel bored, you can call me as well." Charlotte handed over a jacket to her, worried that Annie might catch a cold.

"I'm not that delicate." Annie shrugged, but sat next to Charlotte, holding her hand.

"But I heard that Miss Thompson is quite famous online, making me, a third-class little star, very envious."

"Stop teasing me." Charlotte sighed a troubled sigh.

"Who knows, you are now the winner in life, pampered by those uncles and brothers from the Thompson Family, having such adorable children, and even..."

Speaking of which, Annie's gaze shifted to the door.

Justin Battleson did not disturb Charlotte and Annie's conversation. He happened to be handling some company business outside the door.

"Annie."

Seeing a hint of melancholy in Annie's eyes, Charlotte pulled her into an embrace.

Grace, who was holding Olivia's hand, did the same.

The children refrained from speaking, allowing the silence to permeate the room.

Outside the door, Justin's gaze swept across the scene, finally landing on the man down the hallway.

"Aren't you going in?"

Justin looked at Oliver Hudson, his tone gentle.

Oliver brushed away a lock of hair from his forehead, revealing a furrowed brow.

He leaned against the cold wall and laughed softly.

"She's finally a bit happy. I'd better not disturb her."

Or perhaps he didn't want to see the silent look in her eyes when she looked at him.

Justin walked up, his figure upright in his suit, in stark contrast with the somewhat dejected Oliver next to him.

Justin turned his head to look outside through the corridor window.

"It's going to rain."

Oliver's pupils suddenly dilated, as if he had thought of something then cleared his throat.

"Sometimes, I wish he would hate me forever."

Justin listened, not fully understanding.

"Instead of treating me like a stranger now."

Chapter 775: Her Whole Life, She Has Suffered Too Much

Now, Annie Anne resembles a puppet, with her once sparkling eyes now devoid of emotion.

Beneath her beautiful skin lies only scars and bruises.

Oliver Hudson had never known the heart could ache in such a way.

Annie's aloof gaze cut through his heart like a sharp blade, leaving it mangled and bloody.

He would rather have Annie hit or scold him, at least then she would be alive.

Just then, the door to the sickroom slowly opened and Charlotte Thompson emerged with the children.

Justin Battleson turned his head and saw that Charlotte Thompson was standing in front of him.

"Annie needs some rest, we should head back as well."

Having said that, Charlotte also noticed Oliver Hudson standing nearby. After some thought, Charlotte decided to speak to him.

"I hope you will take good care of her."

Oliver nodded. He understood that even if Charlotte hadn't said it.

"Annie asked that Olivia stays with me for the time being. I will take her home with me." Charlotte was holding Olivia's hand.

Oliver glanced at Olivia and smiled faintly at her.

"I'll leave it to you," Oliver said to Charlotte.

Charlotte nodded. Seeing Olivia with nothing to say, she led her away.

...

When Charlotte and Justin got home, it was already raining outside. Charlotte decided to soothe them to sleep.

As she watched the children sleeping soundly, she was about to quietly leave the room when a little hand suddenly grabbed her wrist.

The tassels by the bed swayed faintly when Charlotte paused.

She turned her head and, in the darkness, she saw Olivia's eyes glistening.

Fearing that she might lose grip, Olivia's small hand tightened its hold.

Charlotte returned to the bed, Olivia climbed up and snuggled in Charlotte's arms.

Like a little kitten, she leaned meekly in Charlotte's crook.

Olivia didn't say anything. She just quietly embraced Charlotte.

The rain outside was pattering down, like scattered pearls hitting the windowpane, emitting a soft muffled sound. It was soothing to some, but to others, it only heightened their restlessness.

"Mommy..."

Olivia's voice came softly, sounding a little shaky. Charlotte suddenly felt a touch of dampness on her sleeve.

"I'm here," Charlotte gently stroked Olivia's hair, whispering comforting words in her ear.

Charlotte suddenly remembered how Olivia would cry whenever it rained, back when she was only a few months old. No amount of comforting would help.

Only after Olivia learned to walk and talk, did this stop happening.

Charlotte somehow didn't dare to recall this anymore.

Feeling the slight tremble in the small body in her arms, Charlotte felt her own heart painfully twisted.

"Mommy..." Olivia's voice, as thin as a mosquito's hum, was crystal clear in the quiet room.

Her tear-stricken voice cruelly seeped into Charlotte's ears.

The rain outside gradually got heavier, blotting out the bleak, cold night.

Leaves drenched by the sudden downpour fluttered onto the windowsill. They clung to the window, seemingly longing for the warmth inside.

"Is it because Annie won't listen... why don't you want Annie... even forgot about Annie..."

Olivia sobbed softly, her face buried in Charlotte's bosom, muffling her voice a bit.

"Annie, nobody abandoned you. You have Mommy Charlotte, and Mommy Annie. We all will love you forever. You will always be our most precious baby."

Charlotte gently patted Olivia's back, gently comforting her.

"Annie, your mommy had no choice, her whole life... she's been in too much pain..."

Chapter 776: Then Just Kill Me

"I'm sorry... I'm sorry..."

"... I know I was wrong... I'm sorry..."

"It's all my fault..."

In the hospital room, Annie Anne is curled up on the bed in pain, her hands clutching her head. She's like a bird with broken wings, squawking in helpless pain.

Oliver Hudson, who'd been standing guard outside the door, hurried in. Seeing Annie's pale face on the bed, it felt as if his heart was being torn apart.

He rushed forward and hugged Annie tightly in his arms.

"Annie, it's okay, it's all over now!"

However, Annie kept struggling in Oliver's arms. She looked up in a daze and recognized the face of the man in front of her through the blur of her tears.

Suddenly, her body began to shake violently, and she couldn't utter a complete sentence.

"Let... go of me... let me go!"

Annie threw her head back in pain, the veins in her neck straining against her pale skin, trickling down to the pit of her damaged heart.

Just like this night, the rumbling thunder, and the biting rain swallowed Annie and tore her body apart, leaving only her weakly pounding heart.

In a daze, she was back in that cold and narrow place, her arms and legs shackled.

She curled up in the corner.

The tears had dried long ago, replaced by hollow pain.

...

"Annie, look at me!"

Her body was embraced, but it couldn't warm Annie up at all.

"Oliver, I know I was wrong... I'm sorry, it's all my fault... all of it... I'm sorry..."

Annie seemed to have fallen into a terrible nightmare, repeating the same words over and over.

"Annie, it's okay, it's all past now..."

Oliver held Annie's face, feeling the hot tears that almost burned his palm.

"It's all my fault, but it's okay now."

"Let me go..."

Annie's voice hoarse, she wanted to break free from Oliver's embrace.

She put her head down and bit Oliver's arm hard, tasting the nauseating taste of blood.

Oliver remained composed, allowing Annie to vent on him.

After awhile, Annie finally calmed down.

Oliver's lips were compressed, a faint redness in his eyes.

"Oliver."

After an uncertain time, Annie, tired of the sound of the rain outside, slowly breaks the silence of the room.

Oliver's throat moves, he dares not let go of Annie, afraid that he would see her cold, silent eyes once he lowers his gaze.

But he just gently holds Annie, letting her escape easily.

Annie stood up and started laughing looking at the man in front of her.

Her lips were like a tragic flower, so piercing it hurt one's eyes.

Oliver reached out to touch Annie's face, only to be slapped away by her.

Crash!

The vase at the head of the bed with the fallen petals fell in an awkward tumble, breaking the desolation of the long night.

Love grew wildly like a vine, unsuspecting, until the thorns dug deep into the heart, turning it into a bloody mess, where sorrow and past foolishness intertwined.

"Oliver, if you don't want to let me go, then kill me..."

Annie stood helplessly on the ground, disheveled strands of hair clinging to her pale cheeks.

The light in her eyes was shattered by the rain droplets reflecting off it.

Just like those memories Oliver never wanted to touch.

She looked at herself, clutching her chest.

"Oliver, you know, I'm always scared of pain..."

Chapter 777: Nightmare

"No!"

Charlotte Thompson startled awake in her bed, eyes flying open.

Outside, the soft morning light was seeping in, casting a fragmented shadow through the glass; it danced before Charlotte's eyes, leaving her dizzy.

It felt as though her vision was still a vivid red.

"What happened?"

Justin Battleson pulled Charlotte into his arms, finding her complexion slightly off and his gaze filled with concern.

He held onto Charlotte's relatively cold fingers, offering what comfort he could.

It took Charlotte a while to find her voice.

"I'm fine, just a... a bad dream..."

She pressed her hand against her eyes, her voice laced with exhaustion.

"Probably just due to working too much recently."

Charlotte brushed the incident off with a vague excuse, not wanting to discuss it further.

Justin Battleson's brows furrowed tightly. He didn't press her when he saw her reluctance to talk.

He planted a kiss on top of Charlotte's head before standing and heading out.

"Rest a little more. I'll go prepare breakfast for the kids."

Sitting on the edge of the bed, Charlotte looked up at Justin – already dressed. She emitted a soft response.

She had spent the entire previous day consoling Olivia Thompson, whose pent-up grievances seemed to tumble out all at once.

Charlotte stayed with Olivia until late into the night.

After Justin Battleson's departure, she also got off the bed and pushed the window open.

Thanks to last night's downpour, the outside air was fresh. The damp mist was gradually evaporated by the sun, as the birds in the trees flapped their wings, disappearing in the distance.

However, the beauty of this peaceful dawn brought no consolation to Charlotte.

Her fingertips, resting on the window sill, tightened.

Charlotte was reminded of her dreadful dream.

In the dream, she saw Annie Anne dressed in a wedding gown, standing in front of her looking radiant.

Annie said, "Charlotte, I have made my choice."

She couldn't utter a word in her dream, only watch as her friend turned back to walk towards a sea of enshrouded flowers.

There was someone waiting for her there.

But in the blink of an eye, flower petals started to scatter and fall onto, staining her chest a vivid red.

It was a chilling scene.

Annie fell amid the tender flower petals, soaked in her tragic beauty.

Feeling a chill run through her, Charlotte slightly bowed her head, averse to recalling the scene from her dream.

"Charlotte, are you mad? Annie is perfectly fine. She is about to be discharged."

Massaging her throbbing temples, Charlotte muttered to herself.

Just then, a sound came from the door. As Charlotte turned to look, she saw Grace Thompson peeking through the gap in the door.

Upon noticing Charlotte turn to look at her, Grace ran over.

Charlotte squatted down and pulled Grace into her embrace.

"Mommy." Grace Thompson hugged Charlotte, rubbing her little head against her neck in a show of affection.

"Why did you suddenly come over here? Has everyone else woken up?" Charlotte held Grace steady, asking in a soft voice.

Grace shook her head, her voice sweet and childish: "No, Grace was the first to wake up."

With that, Grace stretched out her little hand and cradled Charlotte's face.

Charlotte watched Grace's clean, adorable face, unsure of what the child was trying to do.

The next moment, Grace puckered her lips and kissed Charlotte on the cheek.

"Mommy, Grace is giving you a kiss! All the bad things will fly away!"

Grace said seriously.

Charlotte was taken aback for a second, then reached out and affectionately touched Grace's little nose.

"Did Daddy tell you to do this?" Charlotte could vaguely guess what might have happened.

Chapter 778: Live Interview

Grace Thompson giggled, carefully shaking her head.

"Grace saw Daddy when she came out today. Daddy said that Mommy was upset, so Grace came to comfort Mommy."

Burying her face in Charlotte Thompson's neck nook, Grace's voice had a touch of levity.

"Why is Mommy upset? Did someone bully Mommy?"

"Nobody bullied Mommy, Mommy just had a bad dream, which scared Mommy a little."

Charlotte stood up, took Grace's little hand, and was about to leave the room with her, but noticed that several other children were still standing at the door.

"What are you all doing here?"

Charlotte looked desperately at the children in front of her, complaining silently that Justin Battleson had actually called all the children here.

When Charlotte and the children went downstairs, Justin Battleson had already prepared breakfast.

After breakfast, Charlotte and Justin took the children to kindergarten and then went to the company together.

Ever since Justin Battleson and Charlotte officially reconciled, they no longer occasionally avoided each other like before.

Today, a magazine was doing a feature interview at Riley Group. In addition to interview Justin Battleson, Charlotte was also invited.

Charlotte was initially surprised, but she quickly realized that, given the collective was about to launch the autumn limited edition series, it would be reasonable for a magazine to interview her since she was the chief designer of the series.

However, the interview was somewhat sudden, and Charlotte was not prepared for it.

She quickly had Coco inquire about the general procedure.

There was a dedicated office for interviews in the company. Charlotte checked her outfit and found nothing inappropriate.

The interviewer sat down in front of Charlotte. She sorted out the manuscript in her hand, asked if they could start, and then signaled the cameraman to start shooting.

"Miss Thompson, could you share with us the style of the limited edition collection that the company is about to launch?"

Charlotte was already aware of the questions, so her answers were smooth.

"In addition to jewelry, this autumn limited edition is paired with a perfume. This collection's theme is 'remembrance'. Hence, the first impression of this perfume will be a familiar feeling from memory. I don't want to reveal too much, but everyone can make their own guesses from the released teaser."

"Can you tell us where your inspiration for this limited edition collection comes from? Is there an unforgettable experience?"

Hearing the reporter's question, Charlotte looked up. The camera was still rolling, capturing every subtle expression on Charlotte's face.

A smile rose from the corner of her mouth, her hands folded on her lap.

"Rather than being unforgettable, I'd say it is more nostalgic."

The reporter nodded and continued with a few more questions, Charlotte answered each of them earnestly.

The interview ended quickly, and Charlotte let out a sigh of relief.

As she turned her head, she found that Justin Battleson was standing not too far away, smiling at her.

Charlotte gave him a smile, knowing that he was here for the interview. She was about to get up and walk away when the reporter stopped her.

"Miss Thompson."

"Do you have any other questions?" Charlotte paused.

"No, we have a live interview coming up, and Miss Thompson as the chief designer, you need to participate." The reporter quickly shook her head.

"A live interview?" Charlotte blinked.

"Didn't they say that the live part would be handled by the second design department? I don't have to participate."

Chapter 779: Interview Together

Charlotte Thompson glanced at Coco who was standing nearby, holding some documents. Seeing the awkward expression on Coco's face, she realized that the girl must have forgotten about the whole thing.

"I'm sorry, Sister Charlotte."

Coco guiltily touched her nose, she received the news about this while handling yesterday's files and completely forgot about it.

Right then, Justin Battleson walked over and sat next to Charlotte.

"Why didn't anyone inform me about the live broadcast beforehand?" Charlotte asked Justin in a low voice.

"Well, you're hot property at our company at the moment. I need your popularity to boost mine," Justin chuckled lightly in Charlotte's ear.

Charlotte knew this man must have done this intentionally.

However, looking at the gossiping expressions of the nearby reporters, it seemed their focus was not on the limited-edition release they were promoting this time, but rather on she and Justin.

Soon, the live broadcast started after all the preparations were completed.

This live broadcast was quite unexpected, and since it wasn't pre-announced or for a new product reveal, Charlotte initially thought it wouldn't attract much audience.

But, as it turned out, she had underestimated the influence of the company.

More specifically, she had underestimated Justin's influence.

Who doesn't know that the chief of Riley Group, Justin Battleson, is not only rich and handsome, but also topped the "most handsome face" list one year, even outshining many entertainment circle stars.

Now, the number of followers Justin has on Weibo even surpasses some of the most popular celebrities.

A number of fangirls on Weibo entered when they saw the Riley Group's live broadcast, and were greeted by a double surprise.

Because Charlotte was there too.

"Oh my god!! Am I seeing things?! My ship is in the same frame!"

"I thought it was going to be a regular live interview, who would have thought Mr. Battleson and Charlotte would both be there!"

"This happiness has come too suddenly!"

Charlotte watched in shock as the viewer count in the live broadcast room skyrocketed.

Charlotte had seen live broadcasts by celebrities before, but the audience number had never escalated so dramatically.

Seeing the rapidly emerging comments, Charlotte was a little dumbfounded and turned to look at Justin beside her.

He couldn't have bought the viewership, could he?

A certain Miss Thompson clearly doesn't realize how big her influence is even now.

Noticing Charlotte's gaze, Justin looked up to meet her surprised expression and couldn't help but curve his lips into a smile.

However, Justin's smile stirred up everything, making the whole live broadcast room explode.

"Help!! Mr. Battleson's smile is too charming!"

"They haven't even said a word yet, why is this so sweet!"

"My ship is real!!!"

Netizens lamented while the reporters watched the skyrocketing viewer numbers, their smiles growing wider.

The interview opportunity that their press office had fought so hard for was totally worth it.

"Well, let's begin the official interview. We are honored to have Mr. Battleson from Riley Group and Chief Designer Miss Thompson with us today."

The reporter started the official interview after giving a brief introduction.

The reporter asked appropriately, and Justin Battleson answered effortlessly.

With just a few questions, almost everyone's attention was now focused on the new product being released.

"Great, thank you Mr. Battleson for sharing. I am also really looking forward to the new product from Riley Group."

Saying that, the reporter turned his head towards the live broadcast screen.

"I wonder if our online viewers have any questions? Would Mr. Battleson and Miss Thompson mind answering a few?"

Chapter 780: The Matter of Remarriage

Upon hearing that they would be answering fan's queries, the netizens' gossip-loving spirits were immediately ignited.

The two persons live-streaming were the most attention-grabbing individuals online now. Since they weren't like celebrities who were frequently interviewed, this opportunity was rare and precious.

With that, the netizens were typing their questions tens of times faster than usual.

"Sorry, I may be crude, but can I ask for some gossip here?"

"Yes, but, I really want to know what happened between Mr. Battleson and Miss Thompson."

"This suddenly reminds me of that famous live stream from years ago."

"The person above! Are you talking about that live stream where Mr. Battleson announced Miss Thompson was his ex-wife? It shocked my whole family."

Seeing a screen filled with gossip questions, Charlotte felt a bit helpless.

"Mr. Battleson and Miss Thompson, select a few questions and answer them."

The journalist could not wait to shoot all her questions at once.

However, due to professional ethics, she stayed silent on the side.

But watching the drama at the scene was quite amazing.

When Charlotte was browsing through the questions, Justin spoke.

"Um, our relationship is a love relationship."

Justin glanced through the barrage questions, and responded casually.

"It's not because of any other reasons."

Saying so, Justin turned to Charlotte and said softly, "I love her very much."

The voice came across like a whisper across the years, shaking off all his yearning.

Justin's voice was faint, but every word was full of firm resolution.

It seemed this was not the first time Charlotte had heard Justin confess his love for her.

But, it felt somewhat different now.

Charlotte turned her gaze to Justin.

"Oh no, Miss Thompson wouldn't think I'm deceiving her with sweet talk, would she?"

Justin's tone carried a hint of laughter, as bright and clean as the autumn sun.

Charlotte did not answer Justin's question but merely returned her gaze to the camera.

They were silent, but their interlocked gaze had already confirmed the answer.

Charlotte's face faintly blushed.

She couldn't be as open as Justin putting everything out in front of the camera.

"Help! I just had lunch, and yet I can still eat such a large bowl of dog food [web slang: display of affection]?"

"This atmosphere is just too sweet; I feel like all my teeth are falling out."

"Everyone, make some room, don't step on my head."

"It's too sweet, they're not a real couple, I must be dreaming."

"Brother, they are a real couple; they have already officially announced it."

"So, when exactly are you guys planning to remarry?"

"I second that, please remarry soon."

With such a start, the following comments were asking about when Justin and Charlotte were going to remarry.

Seeing the barrage of comments, Charlotte was taken aback.

Remarry.

Those two words made Charlotte somewhat dumbfounded. She had never thought about remarrying, even though she and Justin had cleared up all the misunderstanding and got back together.

Neither Charlotte nor Justin ever mentioned it.

Now being asked plainly like this, it felt like someone was trying to pry open her sternum to reveal her heart's deepest thoughts.

That shock though, only flickered in Charlotte's eyes for a moment. She resisted the emotion, straightened her back, and put on a slightly aggrieved expression.