

Spoiled 781

Chapter 781: We Will Remarry, Won't We?

"Don't any of you care about the new design I'm introducing? I'm so heartbroken. I've poured my heart and soul into this design."

Charlotte Thompson's seemingly aggrieved expression instantly inspired a feeling of guilt among the netizens tuned into her live stream.

"Who said we're not interested in your design?"

"I absolutely love this design. I truly share Riley Group's aesthetic taste. Whatever you design, I simply adore."

"The concept of this design is really amazing!"

Unbeknownst to them, Charlotte had skillfully steered the topic of the live discussion to a completely new direction.

With this, Charlotte secretly heaved a sigh of relief and picked a few questions to interact with her audience.

However, what she hadn't noticed was the convolution in Justin Battleson's gaze as he watched her from the side.

Due to time constraints, the live stream ended quickly, leaving the audience wanting more. Particularly those with a taste for gossip were unsatiated and could only search for juicy bits in the replay.

#CharlotteThompsonJustinBattlesonLive#

This hashtag immediately trended as number one on Weibo, with a sustained high volume of discussions.

After the interview formally ended, Charlotte finally relaxed, intending to get herself a cup of coffee. As she turned to ask Justin if he wanted a cup, she found herself lightly embraced from the waist and pulled into a firm chest in the next moment.

Charlotte paused for a moment, feeling Justin resting his chin on her shoulder.

On instinct, she put down the cup in her hand and laid her palm on the pair of hands encircling her waist.

"Charlotte."

Justin Battleson was murmuring softly next to her ear. His tone was filled with endless affection that made Charlotte's heart slightly tremble.

"I'm here."

Charlotte responded softly, only to feel the grip on her waist tighten.

Sensing something, a shadow of confusion crossed Charlotte's eyes: "What's the matter?"

"Charlotte, we will remarry, right?"

Justin was testing the waters with his words, but he could distinctly feel her body stiffen in his arms.

"I..."

Charlotte's voice sounded a bit hoarse as she struggled to find the right thing to say next.

Justin heard her and felt a pang of pain in his heart.

He had always planned on remarrying, but there had been so many things happening that he hadn't found the right moment to bring up the topic.

However, today's live stream made Justin slightly panic.

He didn't miss the fact that Charlotte was avoiding the topic of remarriage.

Withdrawing her hand from around her waist, Charlotte turned to face Justin.

Such an unexpected move left Justin at a loss.

Out of a certain cowardice, he averted his gaze, afraid to see any discontent or indifference in her eyes. A sense of inexplicable discomfort filled his heart.

Justin inadvertently tightened his grip.

However, Charlotte was looking at Justin in surprise.

This was the first time she had seen such an expression on Justin's face.

Awkwardness, sadness, and an air of extreme carefulness filled his face.

In Charlotte's memory, Justin had always been a strong and confident man.

But the Justin she was seeing now was completely different.

He looked like a child who had done something wrong.

"Ahem... I'm sorry, Charlotte. I was too hasty."

The look on Charlotte's face had left Justin feeling somewhat at a loss. He regretted his impulsive words earlier.

After clearing his throat, Justin composed himself again, reaching for the coffee cup by Charlotte's hand.

Seeing this, Charlotte reached out her hand and hooked Justin's fingers.

Chapter 782: Must be Punished for Making a Mistake

"This is my fault," said Charlotte Thompson in a whisper, a worry crease forming between her brows.

There were some things she had always chosen to run away from.

For reasons unknown, Charlotte felt as though she hadn't quite moved on from her past.

The word 'marriage' felt a little too heavy for her.

Or maybe it was because the man in front of her was still the same Justin Battleson from back then, but her identity and status are now entirely different from what they once were.

It seemed like there was always an inexplicable barrier in front of her.

Even though she could shatter it with just a reach of her hand, Charlotte Thompson was very hesitant.

Justin held onto Charlotte, his other hand gently brushed away her frown.

"Don't say that, Charlotte," he said.

She bit her lower lip lightly, her voice faltering a little, "Can you give me a bit more time?"

"Charlotte."

Justin cupped her cheeks. His warm fingers trailed her skin, taking in the delicate contours of her brows and eyes.

"No matter how long it takes, I will wait for you."

Charlotte felt a distinct dampness at the corner of her eyes.

The man in front of her was always the one to grant her the most forgiveness.

She nestled in Justin's embrace to the rhythmic beat of his heart.

The September wind seemed to become the embodiment of the season's gentleness, filling every corner of their surroundings, even their room seemed to be filled with warmth.

With eyelashes fluttering like butterfly wings, Charlotte Thompson looked up at Justin.

"Thank you for being so patient with me."

However, as soon as Charlotte finished speaking, Justin, who had his arms around her waist, tightened his grip and hoisted her up.

Charlotte let out a startled gasp and instinctively held onto Justin's neck.

Justin placed Charlotte on the table right behind him, bringing her eye level with him.

Charlotte didn't expect this move from Justin, her eyes were filled with panic, like a frightened bunny.

"What are you, umm..."

But before she could finish her sentence was consumed by something else entirely.

Warm lips intertwined with breaths, alluringly entangled.

It was as if Justin wanted to imprint Charlotte into his very bones. His actions were gentle but contained an irresistible authority.

Justin's hands were braced on either side of Charlotte, pulling her even more securely into his embrace.

Charlotte's palm was soft as she tried to push him away, but all she made contact with was his heart that felt as if it were trying to break free from his chest.

After what seemed like an eternity, Justin finally withdrew from Charlotte, though somewhat reluctantly.

Charlotte was panting heavily, her face flushed. She looked at Justin innocently, her foggy eyes adding a dash of charm to her appearance.

Justin swallowed hard, the expression in his eyes deepened for a moment.

"What are you doing?"

Charlotte bit her lower lip as if she could still taste the remnants of his distinct scent on her mouth.

"Didn't I tell you before? Stop thanking me," Justin said slowly, his tone sincere and resolute.

Looking at her own reflection in Justin's eyes, Charlotte felt a wave of warmth coursing through her heart.

Justin's finger touched her lips, and he spoke ambiguously into her ear.

"Well then... if you make a mistake, you need to face the consequences."

"Justin Battleson!"

Charlotte realized too late Justin's plot. Her protests and cry of surprise were drowned out by the amusement in Justin's eyes.

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Chapter 783: The Descendants of the Thompson Family and the Battleson Family

When Justin Battleson and Charlotte Thompson return home that night, their live stream from the afternoon still firmly sits at the top of the Weibo hot search list.

The discussion around their relationship never ends.

Many paparazzi have published photos they've taken of the two together in the past.

Charlotte wouldn't have minded it being just her and Justin, but some of the photos include the children.

Ever since Charlotte admitted she was Miss Thompson, the kids have increasingly been in the spotlight.

Not to mention how each of these little treasures have inherited all of their parents' good looks.

More importantly, these little ones are the descendents of the Thompson and Battleson Families.

The reveal of their identity has been overwhelmingly dominating.

Everyone online is curious about these children, and naturally, some audacious netizens and paparazzi have tried to look into them.

"Wow, when was this photo taken? Why do I look so ugly in it?"

Jordan Thompson was sitting on the sofa, squeezing in with Hank Thompson, both rifling through a page about the children on a certain forum.

"Save me, this paparazzo's photography skills are abysmal."

Jordan was originally curious about what the paparazzo had captured regarding the children, but his attention ultimately focused on himself who appeared in the photo by chance.

"I think this paparazzo's photography skills are pretty good."

Hank Thompson nods and laughs on the side, only to receive a scrutinizing look from Jordan Thompson, prompting him to quickly speak up.

"Uncle, you just aren't photogenic."

"Of course, my elegance is not something a regular camera can capture." Jordan brims with self-confidence as he smooths his hair.

"Wow, uncle, you're so narcissistic." Grace Thompson comments from the side.

"Little girl, how can you talk about your uncle like this? Is this narcissism? It's called having the goods."

Jordan pinches Grace Thompson's cheek, her cute little face turned into a scowl as she glares at him.

Upon seeing Charlotte, who is bringing out some fruit from the kitchen, Olivia Thompson even winks at him.

Charlotte gives him a look of helplessness, staying silent and just placing the fruit on the coffee table.

This makes Grace Thompson chuckle in mockery on the side.

"How's the thing you were dealing with?" Charlotte asks while looking at Jordan.

Jordan holds a finger in front of his lips, coughs, and gets serious.

"Sis, rest assured, no one will be able to find out anything."

Every child has groups on the forum trying to uncover their identities, but the Thompson family, hoping to ease Charlotte's worries, have already assigned people to intercept the news.

Moreover, even if the Thompson family doesn't act, Justin Battleson has already prepared for this.

So, other than the photos of these little treasures secretly taken by the paparazzi, no other information is known online.

However, the crease between Charlotte's brows doesn't relax in the slightest.

She has always wanted to keep a low profile, but now not only has she become famous, the kids have also attracted public attention.

What can she do if the aggression from these people negatively impacts the children's lives?

"Mommy, don't worry, Jack Bryant and Liam Bryant uncle will protect us well."

Hank Thompson says at Charlotte's side.

Charlotte strokes Hank's head without saying anything.

Actually, one of the reasons she doesn't want the children to receive too much attention is because of Jack Thompson, Olivia Thompson, and Chad Thompson.

The backstory of these three children involves several prominent families.

Some issues can't be thoroughly investigated.

So Charlotte should make every effort to protect them.

Looking at the clock, today is the day to record "The Birth of Beautiful Clothes".

Charlotte stands up and speaks to the other children in the living room.

"You all behave at home and listen to your uncle. Mommy might come back a bit late."

Chapter 784: So Many Lovely Children

"Ah, mommy, are you going to work so late?" Hank Thompson looked up at Charlotte Thompson.

Charlotte affectionately pinched Hank's little nose, teasing him, "Of course! If mommy didn't go out to work, how would we feed you little fellows, huh?"

Hank's little face fell instantly, and he clenched his fists in front of Charlotte.

"Mommy shouldn't have to work so hard, I'm going to grow up fast!"

A warmth filled Charlotte's heart upon hearing it, but before she could react, Grace Thompson already spoke up.

"Yes, I also want to help mommy! Mommy shouldn't have to work so hard to raise us."

"Me too!"

"And me!"

"And Annie too!"

Rest of the few little kids also raised their hands, clustering around Charlotte.

Cyrus Thompson even stood directly in front of Charlotte, holding his tablet, "Mommy, although I can only code some simple programs for now, I can earn some money too. I'll work hard."

Hearing these words, Charlotte was somewhat torn between laughter and tears.

Meanwhile, Jordan Thompson couldn't help placing his hand on his forehead.

"I don't seem to have a fever, so how could I be hearing things? Is the grand BK Thompson Family really incapable of supporting a few kids?"

Charlotte looked at the thoughtful little ones in front of her and bent down.

"Babies, mommy isn't tired at all. Mommy considers meeting you as her greatest happiness."

Grace hugged Charlotte's arm, her little face lifted up. When she smiled, a small dimple creased her cheek, making her look obedient and cute.

"Then we also want to stay with mommy forever."

"We want to be with mommy forever." Jack Thompson and Chad Thompson said in unison.

However, in the next second, Jordan Thompson spoke up without hesitation, shattering the warm atmosphere.

"Enough with this prime-time sentimentality, sis, you're going to be late if you don't leave now."

Charlotte glanced at the time on her watch and ruffled the soft hair on the children's heads.

"Then mommy's leaving, you all be good."

"Goodbye, mommy." The kids wave their hands simultaneously.

As soon as Charlotte stepped out, Coco arrived to collect her in a car.

After getting in the car, Coco noticed the smile on Charlotte's face and asked curiously,

"Sister Charlotte, why are you so happy? I've never seen you smile like this when you go to record variety shows before."

On her way to pick up Charlotte, Coco was unhappy, thinking about the prejudiced crew at the station had made her feel annoyed.

"Of course it isn't because of the variety show."

Charlotte looked down casually, fiddling with a string of beads hanging next to her bag.

This was given to her by Grace and Olivia long ago for her birthday, Charlotte has kept it until now.

Noticing Charlotte's action in the rearview mirror, Coco got the point and couldn't help but exclaim,

"Sister Charlotte, I really envy you, having so many adorable kids."

As Charlotte heard and looked up, Coco couldn't help but lament.

"Forget about kids, I don't even have a boyfriend right now."

Thinking about how Charlotte was with Justin Battleson every day, the sight made Coco envious to the point of bringing up the bile.

"You'll meet yours too." Charlotte's lips stretched into a gentle smile.

She turned her head to look at the rapidly passing scenery outside the car window, her fingertips gripping the bead string unintentionally tightened.

Those who she cherished, she would definitely protect, not letting anyone harm them.

Chapter 785: Upgrade in Treatment

Soon, Charlotte Thompson and Coco arrived at the recording venue, only to notice quite a few people were already waiting outside the broadcasting hall.

Charlotte paused for a moment, thinking to herself that she wasn't late. So why were so many people standing outside the broadcasting hall? The deputy director of the variety show was even present among the crowd indoors.

Charlotte furrowed her brows, wondering if there was an issue.

Just as Charlotte was contemplating this, the people outside the broadcasting hall spotted her and made their way towards her.

"Miss Thompson, you are finally here."

The deputy director was the first one to approach Charlotte with a pleasant smile on his face, the wrinkles around his eyes were all piled up.

"Deputy Director, is there a problem?" Charlotte asked, scanning the few people at the front before pausing for a moment.

"No, no, how could there be? Please proceed to the makeup room, Miss Thompson, we will call on you if needed."

The deputy director kept shaking his head, signaling a junior assistant to lead Charlotte to the makeup room.

"No need for all the fuss, I can find my own way there." Charlotte felt that the deputy director was being a bit too enthusiastic.

She gestured with her hand, ready to head towards the makeup room, but the deputy director stopped her.

"Miss Thompson, your makeup room isn't over there. Come with me."

The deputy director promptly explained, then turned around to guide the way.

Charlotte, with a mind full of confusion, clearly remembered the direction of her previous makeup room.

But upon second thoughts, she hadn't been to the broadcasting hall for a month and suspected there might have been changes in the layout and decor.

Charlotte then followed the deputy director but her brow furrowed as she walked into the makeup room she was directed to.

The room was visibly carefully arranged, nothing like the makeup rooms she had used before when participating in shows, even going as far as to say it was distinctly different.

Not only was there a sofa, but there was also a separate sleeping room with a variety of fruits and drinks placed on the table.

"Miss Thompson, you can wait here," the Deputy Director said with a smile.

But standing at the doorway, Charlotte gave no indication of wanting to enter. She turned her head, her cool gaze sweeping over the deputy director's face.

"Why haven't I seen other judges? Am I the only one yet here?"

A hint of embarrassment appeared on the deputy director's face: "Not at all, the other mentors are resting in their makeup rooms."

"Then please, Deputy Director, accompany me."

Charlotte spoke in a soft voice, even smiling politely at the corner of her mouth.

She wore light makeup today, but to match her dress, she chose a deep-colored lipstick which made people feel an irresistible sense of dignity when looking at her.

The deputy director felt a chill running up from the bottom of his feet as he looked at her.

"In fact, I have some questions for the other judges," Charlotte said with a light laugh.

"This..."

The deputy director showed some hesitation on his face.

"Is there another problem?"

By this time, how could Charlotte not understand the intention of the show staff?

The special treatments were just because of her identity as Miss Thompson from Thompson family, right?

She had seen a lot of flattering and bootlicking people, but this was the first time someone treated her like this.

Seeing that the deputy director made no move, Charlotte just nodded at him and exchanged a glance with Coco before making her way to the original makeup room.

It was then that the deputy director came to his senses and followed her hastily.

Chapter 786: Miss Thompson is really prestigious

When Charlotte Thompson entered the makeup room, Asher Howard and Amelia Forbes were already there, along with several other judges.

Due to changes in the competition format, the production team had added a few new judges this time.

"Miss Thompson."

A younger designer in the room nodded at Charlotte and quickly approached her, acting as if he was quite familiar with her.

With someone breaking the ice, the remaining designers in the makeup room also flocked to Charlotte's side.

Even Amelia Forbes couldn't help but glance over a few times.

Only Asher Howard, seated in the corner, remained impassive, not even bothering to glance in Charlotte's direction.

Although Charlotte was helpless about this, she still maintained a polite smile on her face.

After a while, the production team finally came to announce the start of the recording, allowing Charlotte to let out a breath of relief.

Prepared to head to the recording site, she heard a cold snort in her ear just as she was leaving.

"Miss Thompson, you sure have quite the air about you,"

As Charlotte turned around, she saw Bright Lucas standing not far away, her hands crossed and a sarcastic smile on her face.

Charlotte simply gazed at Lucas without responding to her provocative words.

However, seeing Charlotte's attitude, Lucas felt a sense of discontent. She stepped forward and blocked Charlotte's path.

"Charlotte, who are you trying to impress with your haughty attitude? If not for the Thompson backing you, who would pay any attention to you?"

"Miss Lucas, I'm not Miss Thompson here, but Designer Joy. If you want to ask about my design, I'd be happy to share. If it's about other matters..."

Charlotte shifted her gaze away.

"Please excuse me, Miss Lucas. The recording is about to start. We can't be late."

"Just wait, Charlotte!"

Lucas glared fiercely at Charlotte before turning around to leave.

"Why is she like that?" Coco murmured in Charlotte's ear.

"Don't say that, let's go."

Charlotte helplessly smoothed her hair at her temples.

She hasn't done anything, so why is she attracting such hatred?

Charlotte wondered if she should find time to have her fortune told.

The show was now in its final stages. After the first two rounds of sketching inspiration, it was finally time for the contestants to design actual garments.

Of course, for the sake of the show's entertainment effect, the production team had set challenges to obtain the materials needed for making the clothes.

However, considering the celebrities participating in the show already had some following, the production team was not too harsh.

Charlotte glanced over the materials prepared by the team. Apart from fabrics from high-end fashion brands, there were also some common ones.

Leaning back slightly, a faint smile appeared on her lips.

Compared to the previous two episodes, the difficulty level in this one was even higher.

Draft sketches are the product of a designer's imagination, but the production of actual clothes is a whole different matter.

Moreover, many of the contestants had drawn high-end gowns, which required very specific materials.

If they didn't find the appropriate material, it might be impossible to achieve the desired effect.

Even the top contestant from the first round might lose simply due to the choice of fabric.

Even more so since the contestants had to make the dresses themselves. How many of them had hands-on experience?

That's why more designers were invited onto the show this time around, to assist the contestants in the later stages of garment construction.

Charlotte tapped the table with her fingernail. Lincoln Smith's planning was truly excellent. It certainly ramped up the competitive atmosphere of the show.

Chapter 787: The Palace Struggle Drama

However, the initial selection process had very little to do with Charlotte Thompson and the other judges.

Having read the script in advance, Charlotte knew that once the selection process ended, the remaining contestants would be divided into various groups. Each of the four judges would lead a group, and the final competition would take place after all the finished garments were completed.

But such an arrangement quite bothered Charlotte.

She really wasn't good at these leadership tasks.

And...

Charlotte couldn't help but cast her eyes on the contestants on the stage.

Zoe Anne had already won the first round of competition, earning the right to choose first.

Perhaps because of the adulation from the crowd and her first-place standing, Zoe had a smug expression on her face.

Many live audience members, including some of Zoe's fans, waved at her, adding to her smugness.

Zoe shifted her gaze, spotting Charlotte at the judges' table, and absently fussed with her fringe.

Charlotte took a deep breath, feeling an ominous premonition.

She was merely here to participate in a reality show, but now it felt like she was part of a palace drama.

Soon, the upper half of the recording ended amid Charlotte's anxiety, and she prepared to return to her dressing room.

"Who knows what the grouping will be like in the second half."

Coco, following Charlotte closely, looked forward with anticipation.

Coco had been watching the competition on stage as well.

Since the competition and rules were very novel this time, the atmosphere in the first half had been excellent. From Coco's reaction, Charlotte knew that the viewing figures for this episode would only increase compared to the previous ones.

"Whatever happens, I hope it's easier for me," Charlotte rubbed her temples, becoming nervous about her future.

Seeing Charlotte's expression, Coco seemed to realize something, muttering quietly behind her.

"Hope we don't get Bright Lucas and that Zoe in your group, Sister Charlotte."

Upon hearing Coco's words, Charlotte shook her head helplessly. Still, as she rounded a corner, someone bumped into her.

Charlotte stumbled back a step, Coco quickly catching her. "Sister Charlotte, are you okay?"

Charlotte shook her head and looked up to see a young girl who had just bumped into her.

"I'm sorry! I didn't do it on purpose, I'm sorry!"

As she apologized to Charlotte, she bent down to pick up the scattered documents.

Charlotte bent over to help pick up the papers and, once they were sorted, handed them back to the girl.

"Are you okay?"

The girl in front of her was flushed, pushing at her glasses without daring to look up at Charlotte. It seemed like she'd had quite a shock.

"You should be careful when walking."

Charlotte noticed the girl's nervousness, so she softened her voice.

"Tha-thank you..." The girl, still flustered, took the documents from Charlotte and finally looked up.

This allowed Charlotte to get a better look at her.

The girl had an innocent face and looked quite young, possibly a college student just starting professional life. She had a fair complexion and wore a pair of exaggerated thick glasses.

As she met Charlotte's gaze, her expression turned into one of surprise.

"You! You're Joy..."

But before the girl could finish her sentence, a furious voice echoed from behind.

"Peach Goodman! What are you doing!"

Chapter 788: Give Another Chance

The few people present turned their heads at the sound, only to see the assistant director hurrying over, loudly chastising a young girl named Peach Goodman.

"How dare you bump into Miss Thompson? Apologize to Miss Thompson now!"

Peach Goodman, startled by the assistant director's shout, turned to Charlotte Thompson and started bowing and apologizing continuously.

"I'm sorry, Miss Thompson, I really didn't do it on purpose."

For Charlotte, this was just a minor affair. But before Charlotte could open her mouth, the assistant director spoke up.

"If you can't even do this right, don't bother coming to work tomorrow!"

Peach Goodman's complexion instantly turned pale. She looked up at the assistant director, her voice carrying a hint of pleading: "Please don't fire me."

"Get out of here, I don't want to see you again."

The assistant director curled the script into a tube, not sparing even a glance at Peach Goodman, but instead turned and looked at Charlotte with an expression entirely different from his previous ferocity.

"Don't be angry, Miss Thompson, our new employee just doesn't understand the rules."

"I really didn't mean to, I know I was wrong, but I can't lose this job."

Peach Goodman looked pitifully at the assistant director, reaching out to pull at his sleeve, only to have him wave her off without mercy.

"Do you want to get thrown out by security?!" The assistant director shouted loudly.

"But..." Peach Goodman's eyes started to tear up.

Charlotte, watching from the side, didn't relax her furrowed eyebrows one bit.

Where on earth did Lincoln Smith find this kind of director's team?

Their mood swing was worse than the last.

"Assistant Director." Charlotte turned her head.

"Do you have any instructions, Miss Thompson?" The assistant director immediately asked.

"Did this girl commit any serious mistakes?" Charlotte looked at a sobbing Peach Goodman and asked quietly.

The assistant director was taken aback, fidgeting anxiously with his palm.

"I really don't know why we recruited such a person in the first place, clumsy and even bumped into you, Miss Thompson."

His expression towards Peach Goodman held a trace of disdain.

In this program, there were many stars of varying fame, but none of them could compare to the background of the Thompson Family that Charlotte currently has.

Although the Thompson Family doesn't develop on the side of Druarus, their influence was not to be underestimated.

Not to mention, there was also the not-so-shallow relationship between Charlotte and Justin Battleson now.

"If she hasn't committed any serious mistakes, why wouldn't you give her another chance?"

When Charlotte looked at Peach Goodman, she seemed to see a shadow of her former self.

As Sophie Allen, she had experienced many things: betrayal, deception, and the night she met Justin Battleson.

Charlotte often wondered why no one helped her when she was struggling the most, no one to pull her out of the mire.

After being recognized by the Thompson Family, Charlotte led a star-studded life. She had her grandfather, uncle, and brothers, but Charlotte never forgot those hard times.

So looking at the girl in front of her, Charlotte could not help thinking about how she suffered so much without anyone's help in the past.

Now that she had quite a bit of power, helping others couldn't be wrong, right?

"Miss Thompson, do you mean..." The assistant director looked a bit surprised.

Peach Goodman also looked up, her tear-filled eyes flickering with a hint of hope.

Charlotte turned her head to look at Peach Goodman.

"Your name is Peach Goodman, right?" Chapter 789: Help

Peach Goodman's face turned bright red in an instant.

She lowered her head, twirling her fingers nervously, her voice as light as a mosquito's whisper: "Yes..."

"Lady, you need to be more careful when walking, don't be careless again," said Charlotte as she turned to look at the assistant director.

"Mr. Assistant Director, would you be so kind as to give Peach another opportunity? Please do not fire her this time."

Peach's pupils shuddered; she had never imagined that Charlotte would stand up for her.

After she secured her job, she was particularly cautious. Initially, Peach had her own selfish reasons; after all, working in the entertainment industry would often lead to encounters with many stars.

However, once she started working, Peach realized that not everything is as it appears on the surface.

The glamour and brilliance were merely false facades behind which lay secrets they did not want to be discovered.

The assistant director also seemed surprised. He turned to Charlotte, momentarily at a loss for words.

"Is that possible?" Charlotte asked earnestly.

Only then did the assistant director snap back to reality, hastily nodding at Charlotte.

"Since Miss Thompson has spoken, I see no reason not to agree."

He glanced at Peach standing next to him, who was standing still. He nudged her with his hand.

"What are you waiting for? Thank Miss Charlotte quickly."

"Thank... Thank..."

Perhaps Peach was overly nervous, finding it hard to articulate her words after hemming and hawing for a while.

Charlotte shook her head and walked away.

However, just a few steps away, she heard Peach's voice behind her.

"Miss... Miss Thompson!"

By the time Charlotte turned to look back, Peach had already run to Charlotte's side.

"Didn't I tell you not to be so handsy with me?" Charlotte said with a smile, a gleam of light dancing in her beautiful almond eyes.

Peach blushed, stepping back, and covered her face with her hands, not knowing what to do.

"I...I..."

Seeing her all flustered and at a loss for words, Charlotte thought she looked quite adorable. It seemed like a long time since she'd seen someone so shy.

Peach took a deep breath and finally gathered up the courage to say out loud: "Thank you, Miss Charlotte, thank you for your big help. I don't know how to thank you."

Compared to her hesitation earlier, she was now able to utter her words in one breath.

Placing a hand on her lips, Charlotte finally couldn't help but laugh out loud.

"You are so adorable."

Maybe because she had spent time with the children in the studio, she couldn't resist reaching out to touch Peach's hair.

Coco, standing to the side, couldn't help but twitch her mouth corners.

Charlotte, cool yourself!

Realizing her actions, Charlotte quickly retracted her hand.

"I'm sorry."

Peach blinked and looked up to see Charlotte.

Charlotte was stunning, with a chill beauty that could intimidate people when she wasn't smiling. That's why people who first met Charlotte tended to think she was unpleasant.

Peach had thought so too.

But seeing Charlotte's smile today completely overturned her assumptions.

"Miss Thompson...you...you're beautiful."

Upon realizing her words might sound inappropriate, Peach quickly covered her mouth.

"No, no, not that... "

"Thank you for the compliment. You're beautiful too. Be more confident. The show is about to start, I need to go now."

Charlotte nodded. The break was over; she needed to get back to the studio.

Chapter 790: Mr. Battleson's Sweet Talk

She waved at Peach Goodman and left under the urging of Coco.

Peach watched the back of Charlotte Thompson, her eyes filled with a touch of envy.

She lowered her head and silently took out her phone to post a tweet.

"Starting from today, I am Miss Thompson's only fan!"

Charlotte didn't know that her unintentional actions had already won her a fangirl.

When Charlotte hurried back to the studio, it seemed that everyone there was waiting for her.

Charlotte's gaze swept across the faces of the people in the room, each with different expressions, and then turned to the director.

"Sorry, I'm late."

"No problem, no problem. Since Miss Thompson has arrived, let's start filming."

Under the order of the director, the filming officially began.

Fortunately, the second half didn't have much to do with the judges; just saying something casual when prompted was enough.

Charlotte's variety show sense wasn't that great, but compared to Asher Howard next to her, she was still slightly better.

After all, the cold jokes Asher occasionally blurted out were a bit difficult for people to handle.

Strangely yet, Asher seemed to be oblivious to this, and his bizarre humor unknowingly added a touch of hilarity to the scene.

So much so, that now every time Charlotte saw Asher's stern face, she couldn't help but want to laugh.

Soon, the recording of the second half came to an end. After the director reshoot a few shots, the filming ended, but the time for the next session was still undecided.

Charlotte moved her somewhat stiff neck, and glanced at the time on her phone, the next second, a call came in from Justin Battleson.

Charlotte answered the call while walking toward the lounge.

"Finished shooting?" Justin's voice came from the other end of the line, seemingly tinged with a deep laughter.

"How do you know?"

Charlotte curiously asked, but upon thinking about it, Justin could easily find out about her participation in the variety show.

Unexpectedly, Justin laughed and answered, "Perhaps it's telepathy."

"Mr. Battleson, I've noticed that you've been getting more and more eloquent lately."

A hint of helplessness flashed in Charlotte's eyes, but it couldn't hide the smile that was already curling up at the corner of her lips.

"But I clearly saw you laugh."

These words made Charlotte pause, she couldn't help but stop in her tracks.

Looking up, she saw Justin standing not far away.

He was wearing a black coat, hands in pocket, standing tall and straight. His attractive stance was enough to draw the eye.

The corners of his lips were lightly raised into a warm smile, his gaze remained fixed on her, not moving away for a moment.

Charlotte hung up the call, and couldn't help but quicken her steps towards Justin.

Justin opened his arms, and took Charlotte into a full embrace.

"What brings you here? Didn't you have a meeting this afternoon?" Charlotte lifted her head from Justin's embrace and blinked.

"The meeting was moved up, so I thought I might as well come pick you up." Justin had rearranged many of his tasks today just to pick up Charlotte.

Feeling sweet inside, Charlotte let go of Justin, turned her head to the silently munching Coco, and said, "You may go home now, be careful on the road."

Of course, Coco who wasn't willing to bear the torture of this couple's sweetness any longer, immediately left.

However, she was immensely envious inside. When would her boyfriend come to pick her up from work?

Justin naturally took Charlotte's hand, and the two walked side by side out of the building.

Just as they were about to reach the underground parking lot, Charlotte suddenly paused as if she remembered something.