

Spoiled 821

Chapter 821 Let's go find her now!

"We've pretty much discussed everything, that role should be yours."

Mr. Jacob answered somewhat impatiently, but his hands had already started to fidget and tear at Emily Allen's clothes.

"Slow down..."

Emily Allen wrapped her arms around Mr. Jacob's neck, throwing her head back in a flirtatious manner.

However, just at this critical moment, the door was suddenly pushed open, startling the two people inside the room.

"Emily Allen!"

Ryan Richard stood at the doorway, looking at the scene inside the room with disgust.

"You... how could you..." Emily Allen gritted her teeth.

Mr. Jacob, who was interrupted, glanced at Emily Allen, his tone full of displeasure, "What is this about?"

However, at that moment, Ryan Richard charged forward like an arrow, grabbed Mr. Jacob's collar, and shoved him to the side.

Mr. Jacob's bulky body slammed against the corner of the desk, causing him to wince and grimace in pain: "You..."

"Get out!" Ryan Richard shouted loudly.

"Filthy whore."

Mr. Jacob's face darkened as he spit in Emily Allen's direction, straightened his clothes, and stormed out, slamming the door behind him.

"Mr. Jacob!"

Emily Allen cursed under her breath, staggering as she tried to catch up, but Ryan Richard grabbed her wrist and pulled her back abruptly.

"Ryan Richard, have you lost your mind? Do you know what a great opportunity you just cost me?" Emily Allen turned and accused Ryan Richard.

Ryan Richard's eyes were bloodshot as he stared intensely at Emily Allen, "Opportunity, you call sleeping with that old man an opportunity? Emily Allen, how could you degrade yourself like this?"

Emily Allen forcibly broke free and shook off Ryan Richard's grip. She adjusted her slipping clothes, her lips curling into a sarcastic smile.

"Degrade? Ryan Richard, what's laid before me is an opportunity! I'm about to become famous! I already have a lead role, and with just a little more effort, I will make it big!"

Saying that, Emily Allen pushed away from Ryan Richard.

She now had to quickly comfort Mr. Jacob; otherwise, her role would be gone.

However, there was no way Ryan Richard would simply let it go; he grabbed Emily Allen by the shoulders and said, "Emily Allen, wake up. With all those disgusting things you're doing, you'll never make it big in your life!"

On hearing this, Emily Allen's expression changed instantly, "Ryan Richard, what did you say?"

"Emily Allen, if anyone wanted to support you, they would have done so already. They just treat you as a toy to play with."

Without waiting for Emily Allen to react, Ryan Richard continued,

"Isn't Charlotte Thompson your sister? She now has the support of the Thompson Family. With their backing, what resources can't she access?"

Ever since Ryan Richard found out that Charlotte Thompson was the heiress of the Thompson Family, a plan had been simmering in his mind.

Now, one reason he was still with Emily Allen was because of Charlotte.

Only by leveraging the Allen Family's relationship with Charlotte could he get close to her.

"Charlotte Thompson?" Emily Allen blinked.

"Yes, Charlotte Thompson. With her status and wealth, even though she was raised by your family, now that the Allen family is in jeopardy, it wouldn't hurt her to shell out some money to help, right?"

The more Ryan Richard spoke, the more agitated he became, his face flushing as he tightened his grip on Emily Allen's hand.

"And who knows, she might even be able to help you in the entertainment industry. Isn't she currently filming some show?"

"Yes, she could help me, and I could also join the show."

Emily Allen nodded, excitement flashing in her eyes, "Let's go find her now!"

Chapter 822 We Are All Good Kids

At that time, Charlotte Thompson didn't know that she was about to have quite a few troubles to deal with. She and Justin Battleson had just returned to Stardust Garden, preparing to pick up the children.

The butler, who came to greet them at the door, immediately showed a joyful smile upon seeing Justin Battleson and Charlotte Thompson.

"Young Master, Young Mistress, the old lady was just talking about you, and here you are," he said.

As he spoke, the butler led Justin Battleson and Charlotte Thompson into the villa.

As soon as Charlotte entered, she saw several children playing joyfully in the living room. She looked around but did not see Jasmine Clarkson, then she raised her eyes towards the butler.

Noticing the puzzled look on Charlotte's face, the butler quickly explained, "The old lady is in the kitchen right now."

"The kitchen?"

Charlotte looked somewhat surprised and couldn't help but turn to look at Justin Battleson at her side.

Just then, the children in the living room, seeing Justin and Charlotte, put down their toys and ran over to them.

"Mommy!" Several little ones flung themselves into Charlotte's arms.

Charlotte bent down to look at the children in front of her, a tender expression on her face, "During your time at great-grandmother's house, did you two cause any trouble for her? Were you both well-behaved?"

"Of course, Mommy, we were very obedient," Hank Thompson said, tilting his little head up.

"Yes, yes, we are good kids," Grace Thompson added from next to him.

"Is that so?"

Watching Hank and Grace Thompson's banter, Charlotte couldn't help but rub their little heads, her tone carrying a hint of inquisition as if she was deliberately teasing the two little ones.

Upon hearing this, Grace immediately placed her hands on her little hips, "Mommy, don't you believe us?"

Then she rolled her eyes, suddenly turning dramatic, and covered her cheeks with her hands, pretending to be hurt, "Didn't you once say I was a good kid, Mommy? How come you don't believe me now? Mommy, you're hurting my feelings."

"You little cheeky girl, alright, Mommy knows you are the best behaved," Charlotte said with a radiant smile, feeling helplessly fond of this clever little girl.

"Charlotte's back." Just then, Jasmine Clarkson walked out of the kitchen, seemingly carrying something in her hands.

Charlotte stared and noticed Jasmine Clarkson was holding a lot of desserts.

"I just made some sweets for the kids, come and try some, Charlotte."

Charlotte had not expected Jasmine Clarkson to personally make something for the kids. She quickly went up to her, "Grandmother, you..."

But before Charlotte could finish, Jasmine Clarkson had already gathered the kids around her.

The children wore smiles as they gathered around Jasmine, eating pudding and chatting excitedly to Charlotte.

"It's fantastic, it's pudding! Mommy, great-grandmother made delicious pudding."

"Yes, yes."

Seeing the children eating happily, Jasmine showed a kindly smile, then handed the remaining puddings to Charlotte.

"Try my cooking skills too, Charlotte."

"Grandmother, this... how could you..." Charlotte was somewhat astonished.

Seeing Charlotte didn't move, Jasmine spoke up, "What, you think this old lady can't cook? When I was younger, I used to make desserts for Justin all the time."

Hearing this, Charlotte quickly waved her hand, "No, no, if the children want sweets, we could just buy some. Wouldn't that be less tiring for you?"

Chapter 823: The Greatest Wish

As she spoke, Charlotte Thompson turned her head to look at the children enjoying their food and thought that they must have had their fill of Jasmine Clarkson's pastries during their time at Stardust Garden.

A slight frown creased Charlotte's brow, she knew Jasmine loved these children dearly, but she shouldn't have to work so hard.

"Have you little ones been making your great-grandmother work too hard?"

Taking care of these six little ones was already a handful, and now Jasmine had to personally make pastries for them.

Upon hearing this, the children put down their spoons one after another.

They too picked up on the meaning behind Charlotte's words.

The darlings turned to look at Jasmine with expressions of guilt on their faces.

"I'm sorry, it's our fault for being thoughtless," Grace Thompson was the first to apologize.

Although she thought the great-grandmother's pastries were delicious, on second thought, from preparing the raw materials to the finished product, it was all the great-grandmother's hard work. They enjoyed the pastries but hadn't helped great-grandmother at all.

Olivia Thompson immediately went over as well and squeezed Jasmine's arm, "Great-grandmother, please don't work so hard anymore."

"From now on, we won't eat pastries, we don't want you to strain yourself for us."

"Yes, we are all sensible children."

Upon hearing this, Jasmine turned to look at Charlotte and shook her head slightly,

"Charlotte, why are you scolding the children? If it weren't for them keeping me company, I wouldn't know how dull my life would be. It's just making a few pastries, how can that be considered hard work? Since the children enjoy them, then I'm happy to make them."

For Jasmine, having these six children by her side was an immense fortune.

The phrase "family joy" perfectly described her current life, not to mention making pastries — she'd willingly do anything for them.

"Do you really think these old bones can't handle making some pastries?"

"Grandma, you know that's not what I meant," Charlotte quickly explained, afraid that Jasmine would be upset.

Jasmine pulled Charlotte's hand over and patted the center of her palm.

"Good child, you don't need to worry about me. I love these children, and all this is what I want to do. Besides, if I truly felt it was too tiring, I'd just let the butler buy some ready-made pastries instead of making them for the children."

In the past, Jasmine always felt life held little excitement, after all, an old person alone in Stardust Garden, even though the younger generations often visited, how many of them were truly heartfelt?

She was born into a prestigious family, spending the first half of her life in competition, and now in her old age, she had to witness the grievances and entanglements of the younger ones — Jasmine had long been weary of it.

Now that Charlotte had brought over six such adorable children, it suddenly made Jasmine's life colorful again.

"Looking at these children, I feel as if I've returned to the old days," Jasmine couldn't help but say.

"Charlotte, I'm really thankful to you, you've given me so much to look forward to in life. Now, my biggest wish is to see these children grow up."

"Grandma..." Charlotte couldn't help but tighten her grip on Jasmine's hand.

"We'll always stay by great-grandmother's side," Olivia Thompson stepped forward and took hold of Jasmine's arm, gently shaking it.

"Yes, that's right," Grace Thompson nodded in agreement.

"We just hope great-grandmother won't find us too noisy," Cyrus Thompson spoke softly.

Upon hearing this, Jasmine quickly beckoned the children over, "Oh, my well-behaved great-grandchildren, when have you ever caused trouble for great-grandmother? I couldn't be more pleased to dote on you."

Chapter 824: The Trace of Evelyn Curtis

"Great-grandmother, rest assured, when I grow up, I will definitely buy you your favorite things and take good care of you," Evelyn said.

Hank Thompson straightened up quickly, patting his chest as he spoke.

"Yes, yes, once we start earning money, we must repay our great-grandmother well," Justin added.

"I want to buy great-grandmother lots of beautiful clothes, and Grace wants to learn to make pastries to serve to great-grandmother later," Charlotte chimed in.

"Whatever great-grandmother likes, that's what we'll buy for her."

"Great-grandmother needs to stay healthy," Charlotte declared.

Jasmine Clarkson hastily nodded, responding to the children one-by-one, a bit overwhelmed, "Okay, great-grandmother will wait for you, wait for you to buy nice things for her."

"We all love great-grandmother the most," Grace Thompson said, clinging to Jasmine and speaking coquettishly.

"And great-grandmother loves you little ones the most too," Jasmine nodded, suddenly as if she remembered something, she turned her head to glance at Charlotte and couldn't help but laugh,

"So, compared to mommy, who do you love more, great-grandmother or your mommy?"

Upon hearing this, Charlotte Thompson also paused, turning to see the children somewhat flustered by Jasmine's teasing.

She shook her head slightly in resignation, recalling those scenes when she had spent time with Jasmine.

Grandma still had that frame of mind.

"We love both great-grandmother and mommy the most."

"Yes, yes, great-grandmother is just as important as mommy."

The little ones gathered around, pulling on Jasmine's hands and hanging onto Charlotte's arm.

This made Justin Battleson beside them seem a bit lonely.

Suddenly recalling his own childhood, Justin looked at Charlotte and the children with eyes full of tenderness.

Sensing Justin's gaze, Charlotte turned her head, their eyes meeting in the air, reflecting each other's faces.

Charlotte then grabbed Justin's hand, smiling at him tenderly.

All was serene.

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Jasmine found it hard to let the children leave and hoped Charlotte could leave the children with her for a few more days.

The children, naturally fond of staying with Jasmine, were also polite and worried about disturbing her rest, but their eyes still held a hint of hope as they looked at Charlotte.

Unable to resist Jasmine and also having quite a bit of work at hand over the next few days, Charlotte might not have enough time to look after the children, so she nodded in agreement.

"Yay, we can stay with great-grandmother again," Grace Thompson clapped her hands in excitement.

"Don't worry, mommy, we will all be very well-behaved, and we have big brother to help too," one of the children assured.

To the children, Cyrus Thompson was a pillar of reliability.

Cyrus nodded towards Charlotte, "Don't worry, Mom, I won't let Leon and the sisters cause any trouble for great-grandmother."

"Don't worry, Mom," Charlotte gently touched Cyrus's head, then looked up at Jasmine, "Grandma, I'm leaving the kids in your care."

"Look at you, talking like we're strangers; I wouldn't mind keeping them here forever. They're all so well-behaved and sensible, they couldn't possibly cause any hassle. You and your husband go enjoy your time together," Jasmine said, waving her hand dismissively.

By then, dinner was ready, and Justin and Charlotte stayed to eat before leaving.

However, as soon as Charlotte got in the car, she received a call from the Thompson family.

It was Henry Thompson calling.

Charlotte was surprised that her older brother was calling at this time.

"Big brother, what's happened?" she inquired.

"Charlotte, we've located Evelyn Curtis," Henry's deep voice conveyed from the other end of the phone.

Upon hearing the name "Evelyn Curtis," the hand Charlotte had resting on her lap involuntarily tightened.

Seeing Charlotte's reaction, Justin, who was driving, frowned.

Chapter 825: Brother, I'm Coming Back

If it hadn't been for the call from Henry Thompson, Charlotte Thompson would have almost forgotten about Evelyn Curtis.

"Where is she now?" Charlotte asked urgently.

"A few days ago, we discovered her traces near Cethuira, but we didn't manage to locate her exact whereabouts."

Henry Thompson's mood hadn't improved, having spent all this time searching for Evelyn Curtis since her disappearance. They had never expected that someone who had escaped from prison could remain hidden for so long.

Moreover, Justin Battleson had been searching for her as well.

The Thompson Family and the Battleson Family, with their capabilities, yet now unable to locate a mere Evelyn Curtis.

This was certainly thought-provoking.

"Cethuira..." Charlotte murmured softly.

"Charlotte, since we've located traces of Evelyn, I believe it won't be long before we find out exactly where she is, you don't have to worry," Henry assured her.

Henry immediately sensed the worry in Charlotte's voice and quickly reassured her.

Charlotte pursed her lips, "Big brother, I trust you."

"As soon as there is any news, I'll contact you immediately," Henry's words served as a reassurance for Charlotte.

After hanging up the phone, Justin Battleson saw the worried look on Charlotte's face and asked, "Is it news about Evelyn Curtis?"

Charlotte nodded, "Big brother said they found Evelyn appeared near Cethuira."

"Cethuira?" Hearing this, Justin Battleson fell into deep thought.

But the next second, he took Charlotte's hand and comfortingly said, "Don't worry, I definitely won't let Evelyn harm you or the children."

As he spoke, a hint of coldness flashed through Justin Battleson's eyes.

It was his negligence that had allowed Evelyn to escape before, and he was determined not to let such an oversight happen again.

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Late at night.

Justin Battleson frowned at the unknown caller on his phone, hesitating before deciding to answer.

His number was private and never disclosed.

The person who could be calling him...

As Justin Battleson pondered, a familiar voice came from the other end of the phone.

"I thought you might not answer."

Justin instantly recognized the caller, his brow furrowing, his voice chilling to the bone.

"Leon Battleson?"

Justin had never expected the caller to be him.

Apparently surprised that Justin had suddenly mentioned his name, a hint of surprise tinged the voice on the phone.

"I thought after all this time you would have forgotten me, brother."

Leon emphasized the last word as if worried Justin wouldn't hear it.

Justin remained silent, though memories began to surface in his mind.

He leaned against the window, the cold moonlight casting on his shoulders, wrapping his presence with a layer of sternness.

Not hearing a reply from Justin, Leon's voice seemed somewhat aggrieved.

"What's the matter, brother, don't you have anything to say to me?"

However, Leon didn't really care about Justin's response and continued speaking.

"Brother, I have good news—I'm coming back."

"What did you say?" Justin parted his thin lips slowly, releasing these words.

"After all these years, I should visit the Battleson Family again."

Leon chuckled softly, his voice sinister like the hiss of a snake, eerily echoing from the phone.

Justin huffed coldly and hung up the phone.

After all these years, Leon Battleson was actually coming back.

Justin lightly rubbed his fingertips, his arms crossed, his gaze fixated on the photo on the cabinet, slightly lost in thought.

Chapter 826: Making an End

Perhaps it was because she had received news of Evelyn Curtis, Charlotte Thompson was rather anxious and hadn't slept well at night.

She seemed to have dreamt again of the moment Evelyn Curtis ferociously lunged at her, wanting to kill her.

But now, behind her, stood her children.

Charlotte startled awake from the nightmare, only to find that Justin Battleson was not sleeping beside her, which made her even more uneasy.

She turned on the bedside lamp, and the dim yellow light cast upon her somewhat pale face. She was just about to get out of bed when the door was opened, and Justin Battleson walked in quietly, only to discover that Charlotte was awake.

"Charlotte, did I wake you?" Justin Battleson quickly approached, but he noticed that Charlotte's complexion was off.

He reached out and pulled Charlotte into his arms, touching her cold fingertips, his face full of concern.

"Charlotte, what's wrong? Do you feel unwell anywhere?"

Charlotte leaned against Justin's chest, where his strong heartbeat seemed to give her some courage. She shook her head, sighed, and said softly,

"No, I just had a nightmare."

"Evelyn Curtis?" Justin guessed immediately what Charlotte might have dreamt about.

Seeing Charlotte nod, Justin gently stroked her cheek.

"Charlotte, I suspect Evelyn's disappearance has something to do with Leon Battleson."

"Leon Battleson?" Upon hearing the name, Charlotte felt somewhat unfamiliar, but she soon realized who he was.

"This..." Charlotte found herself at a loss for words.

"Leon is returning to the country," Justin spoke slowly, "He has been in Cethuira for many years. If Evelyn really appeared in Cethuira, it's very likely they could have come into contact."

"How could that be?" Charlotte blinked.

Leon and Evelyn Curtis were completely unrelated individuals.

"Even though he has been in Cethuira all these years, he couldn't possibly be unaware of the Battleson family matters," Justin said, his face growing dark.

After his mother's death, he was taken away by his grandmother, Jasmine Clarkson, and had lived in Stardust Garden ever since, unaware of the Battleson family matters.

Yet Justin could never forget the time when he left the Battleson family, how warm that family of three was,

his own father, the man who had driven his mother to her death, wouldn't even spare him a glance back then.

His eyes had always been on Leon.

But what Justin hadn't expected was that in the end, the position of head of the Battleson Family didn't go to Leon but was handed to him. And since then, Justin had heard nothing about Leon.

It wasn't until later when Justin sent people to investigate that he found out Leon had been sent to Cethuira.

However, Justin knew very well what kind of person Leon was.

He didn't believe Leon would spend his entire life in Cethuira, especially considering that Justin thought the reason Oliver Battleson sent Leon to Cethuira was probably to protect him.

After all, the incident with Ella White had caused quite an uproar, and both his grandparents had always disliked her and Leon.

Now that Leon dared to come back from Cethuira, he must be fully prepared, and his ultimate goal was surely to claim the head of the Battleson Family.

And now, Evelyn Curtis might just be a pawn in Leon's hands.

"Are you implying..." Charlotte paused, hesitant.

If Evelyn truly was rescued by Leon, it was possible that Leon would learn quite a bit about Justin through Evelyn.

"Don't worry, nothing will happen."

Chapter 827: Do Not Smile at the Camera

Justin Battleson shook his head at Charlotte Thompson, "It's time to also put an end to things with Leon Battleson."

Charlotte raised her eyes to meet Justin's gaze, noticing the profound depth in the pupils of his eyes, and couldn't help but reach out to softly caress his eyebrows and eyes.

She pressed her fingertips against the corner of Justin's eyes with a heartache, her movements tender, as if she wanted to soothe the scars on his heart instead.

Charlotte knew that, compared to Evelyn Curtis to her, the name Leon seemed to be a knot in Justin's heart.

"I'll always be by your side," Charlotte's eyes were full of determination.

No matter the past, she was sure she would stay by his side in the future.

"I know," Justin's palm covered the back of Charlotte's hand, looking deep into her affectionate eyes.

He gently leaned down, his forehead resting against Charlotte's, their noses almost touching.

Justin whispered softly, his voice carrying endless affection.

"To have a wife like this, what more can a husband ask for?"

Charlotte paused, then passed her arms under Justin's armpits, embracing him tenderly yet firmly.

She rested her chin on Justin's shoulder, her lips moved slightly, as if she wanted to say something, but in the end, she did not speak.

Just wait a little longer, she thought to herself.

The two of them just held each other quietly in the room, not speaking by mutual consent, but their hearts were slowly drawing closer together.

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The next day, Justin personally drove Charlotte to the set of the variety show.

Charlotte sat in the passenger seat and took out her makeup mirror from her bag to check her face.

Perhaps because she hadn't rested well the previous day, her complexion was somewhat off.

"Look, do I have dark circles under my eyes?" Charlotte blinked and turned to point under her eyes, speaking to Justin.

Justin glanced at Charlotte and said indifferently, "No, you look beautiful."

"That's not true, my dark circles have almost reached my chin," Charlotte muttered softly after glancing at Justin.

But the next moment, Justin, who had stopped the car, hooked Charlotte's chin and turned her face toward his.

Before Charlotte could react, Justin's kiss had already landed on her lips.

Charlotte was startled, extending her hand to push against Justin's chest, but Justin showed no sign of wanting to let her go.

Charlotte was kissed by Justin to the point of almost running out of breath, her breath being nearly drawn out of her lungs.

It was only then that Justin reluctantly let her go.

"What are you doing?" Charlotte pursed her lips and gave Justin an annoyed look.

"Now, your face looks much rosier," Justin said into Charlotte's ear, his thumb brushing over her lips, smearing some of the lipstick.

His voice was low, with a hint of playful mischief in his eyes.

Upon hearing this, Charlotte couldn't help but punch him on the arm.

"Justin Battleson!"

Why did she feel that Justin was getting more and more... improper?

Justin simply grabbed Charlotte's fingertips and lightly kissed them.

"Do you know how beautiful you look every day?"

Before, Charlotte was always at the company, and he could see her anytime, but these days she had been busy with the variety show.

The thought of Charlotte smiling gently at those people in front of the camera made Justin's heart sour.

"You're not allowed to smile at the camera anymore," Justin spoke out, unable to help himself.

Chapter 828: Really a Heartless Little Girl

"I'm on a variety show, how can I keep a straight face?" Charlotte Thompson blinked innocently.

"Can't you play it serious and formal?" Justin Battleson reached out and pinched Charlotte Thompson's face.

Charlotte Thompson dodged Justin Battleson's hand with a laugh, then pinched her own nose and fanned in front of her face, "Sour."

"Charlotte?"

Justin Battleson murmured Charlotte's name, and upon seeing the sorrow in his eyes, Charlotte was about to unbuckle her seatbelt and slip out of the car.

But how could Justin Battleson let Charlotte go so easily? He grabbed her wrist and teased her until her eyes were faintly red.

Looking at Charlotte's eyes, which seemed to contain autumn waves, Justin Battleson pulled her into his arms and beside her ear, he bit down hard,

"Really, such a heartless little girl."

He wished he could keep Charlotte by his side every day, enclosed in his embrace, not allowing others to gaze at her at all.

Seeing Justin Battleson behave so childishly for the first time, Charlotte poked his chest with her finger and muttered softly, "How am I heartless..."

Then she lifted her face and lightly kissed Justin Battleson's cheek.

"Okay, I got it."

Only then did Justin Battleson let go of Charlotte in satisfaction, "I'll come to pick you up after it ends."

Charlotte nodded and finally got out of the car.

Justin Battleson only started the car and left after watching Charlotte enter the television station building.

But now, Justin Battleson's expression was completely cold, entirely devoid of his earlier tenderness toward Charlotte.

"How is the investigation I asked you to do?" Justin Battleson called Michael Richard.

"Besides some ordinary information, there's nothing else," answered Michael Richard's voice from the other end, also quite serious.

Michael Richard had been with Justin Battleson from early on, so he had heard a bit about the Battleson Family's affairs.

However, he had never heard Justin Battleson mention Leon Battleson until yesterday when he suddenly received an order from Justin to investigate, which had already surprised Michael.

What was even more unexpected to Michael was the information he uncovered about Leon Battleson in Cethuira, which was very peculiar and clearly prepared by someone in advance.

Hearing this, Justin Battleson's hand tightened on the steering wheel.

Indeed, Oliver Battleson had sent Leon Battleson to Cethuira to protect him.

"Keep an eye on his every move," Justin Battleson ordered coldly.

However, thinking of his father whom he hadn't seen for many years, Justin Battleson felt a sense of irony in his heart.

"Yes," Michael Richard replied respectfully.

Justin Battleson drove to the company, and Charlotte Thompson began recording the variety show.

Perhaps it was because the matter had been clarified in the parking lot, but this time Nina Adams did not deliberately approach Charlotte.

And in this episode of the variety show, Zoe Anne had not participated.

As for the reason, everyone present was well aware, and the directorial team, who had always been ingratiating themselves with Charlotte, also became much constrained.

Just when Charlotte thought today would be a calm day, trouble arrived.

During the break, Charlotte was heading back to her resting room when she heard someone calling her name from behind.

"Charlotte!"

It seemed intentional to shout so loudly at the end of the recording break, and since the staff hadn't immediately dispersed, the voice naturally attracted their attention.

Charlotte turned around, and upon seeing the figure approaching her, her brows slightly furrowed.

Why is Emily Allen here?

Chapter 829: Making a Scene

"At last, I finally get to see you," Emily Allen immediately stepped forward and stood in front of Charlotte Thompson, her face brimming with a joyful smile.

People nearby, witnessing such a scene, couldn't help but whisper amongst themselves.

"Is that Emily Allen? Why is she here?"

"Does Charlotte Thompson know Emily Allen? How could the two of them have any interaction?"

"Have you forgotten? Charlotte Thompson used to be known as Sophie Allen, Emily Allen's sister."

Most of the people present were celebrities, and some of them knew about Emily Allen. Seeing her arrive, expressions of disgust and disdain immediately surfaced on their faces.

Even though most people in the entertainment industry have their own secrets, they still pretend to be virtuous and flawless on the surface. Therefore, they naturally look down on someone like Emily Allen, whose reputation in their circles had long been tarnished.

However, Emily Allen didn't notice the looks from the people around her as she had already taken her place in front of Charlotte Thompson.

"Seeing you now is harder than reaching the heavens, little sister."

As she spoke, Emily Allen tried to affectionately take Charlotte Thompson's hand but was directly avoided.

This movement left Emily Allen's hand hanging stiffly in mid-air, yet there wasn't the slightest trace of embarrassment on her face.

"Why are you here?"

Charlotte Thompson spoke dispassionately, but one could easily hear the cold indifference in her voice.

Upon reflection, it had been a long time since she last saw Emily Allen.

Besides, she had heard bits and pieces about Emily Allen's affairs.

"I haven't seen you in so long, and I've missed you," Emily Allen looked up at Charlotte Thompson with an expression that seemed very sincere.

However, Emily Allen's poor acting skill only made Charlotte Thompson couldn't help but curl her lips, her sarcasm merciless,

"Emily Allen, you've played so many roles, but why haven't your acting skills improved at all? Why bother putting on a facade of insincere emotions with me now?"

Charlotte Thompson had no desire whatsoever to mingle insincerely with Emily Allen.

After all, Emily Allen once wished to see her dead.

And Charlotte Thompson didn't need to guess why Emily Allen had come looking for her.

"Little sister, what do you mean by that..."

Seeing Charlotte Thompson's expression, waves of hatred surged in Emily Allen's heart, but her face portrayed great hurt and innocence.

"Little sister, are you still blaming me, aren't you?"

Emily Allen bit her lip lightly,

"I know I did many things in the past that I owe you for, but I genuinely realize my mistakes now. That's why I've come to apologize to you. I don't expect you to forgive me, but..."

However, before Emily Allen could finish, Charlotte Thompson cut her off, "Since you don't expect forgiveness from me, I also don't wish to see you right now. Emily Allen, please leave."

Charlotte Thompson said with a smile, leaving Emily Allen speechless.

After speaking, Charlotte Thompson simply turned and walked away.

"Charlotte Thompson, how can you be so heartless?" Emily Allen called out loudly, looking at Charlotte Thompson's retreating figure.

"After all, the Allen family took care of you for so many years, and you're my blood sister."

It seemed that Emily Allen wanted the onlookers to overhear her, wishing she could grab a megaphone and shout into it.

"Yes, now you're the esteemed young miss of the Thompson family and look down on us, the humble Allen family. You have thousands of admirers now, a happy family, but have you ever thought about the Allen family? How could you be so cruel and watch indifferently as the Allen family has become what it is today!"

Chapter 830 Allen Family Members

Emily Allen's voice was pitiful, seemingly accusing something.

The onlookers who heard this couldn't help but flash a trace of inquiry in their eyes.

After all, the Allen family used to be considered wealthy, but now they had fallen into ruin.

"Take care?"

Charlotte Thompson laughed as if she had heard some kind of joke. She turned around, her gaze landing on Emily Allen's face, with a hint of sarcasm in her expression.

"Emily, so in your eyes, all those things you did to me were acts of care?"

As she spoke, Charlotte lowered her gaze, advancing step by step towards Emily.

"Is the so-called care from your Allen family forcing my mother to death? Making me kneel in the snow in the dead of winter? Is it killing Aunt Watson, the only person who ever cared for me and was good to me?"

Remembering everything she had experienced in the Allen household, Charlotte felt as if her heart was being ruthlessly stirred by a curved knife.

She would never forget her mother's pale smile, nor could she ever forget Aunt Watson's body, emaciated from illness.

But back then, there was nothing she could do.

She could only live humbly in the Allen household, praying they would show her some mercy.

Yet in the end, she still lost that little bit of hope she had.

It had been personally destroyed by the Allen family members.

If it weren't for the Thompson Family finding her, Charlotte felt she would have lost all hope of living.

So, when Ethan Allen came looking for her back then, there wasn't a trace of sentiment in Charlotte's heart.

The Allen family had made her lose everything she cherished, so why couldn't she make the Allen family pay a price?

Now, seeing Emily's face before her, Charlotte found it laughable.

"Sister..."

Charlotte's demeanor made it difficult for Emily to breathe, and she subconsciously took a few steps back.

"Don't call me sister, Emily. I certainly don't have a sister like you," said Charlotte, unmercifully.

"No, you can't do this, Charlotte, how can you be so heartless?"

Emily clenched her teeth, and seeing Charlotte was about to leave, she suddenly reached out and grabbed Charlotte's sleeve.

"Charlotte! No matter what, I am related to you by blood, even if you don't recognize me as your sister, you should at least acknowledge our father," Emily said, seeming to want to argue further.

Charlotte's palm tensed, her fingernails digging into her flesh.

This was the one point she couldn't deny.

Ethan Allen was her biological father.

Seeing a flicker of uncertainty in Charlotte's expression, Emily quickly continued, "Charlotte, please go see him. Dad really misses you. What kind of harshness and fault could outweigh blood ties?"

No matter what, Emily would not give up entangling Charlotte.

After all, Charlotte had now become Miss Thompson, and for Emily, this could be a huge money tree.

She wanted money, a wealthy future, all of which Charlotte could give her.

"Enough," Charlotte cut Emily off directly, withdrawing her hand and speaking indifferently.

"Didn't all the members of the Allen family think I was the family's disgrace? You were the ones who drove me out of the Allen family. Why bother saying these things now?"

Charlotte took a deep breath, her tone unwittingly revealing a sense of desolation she hadn't noticed.

"If I weren't Miss Thompson now, would you still recognize me as your sister?"

"I would! Of course, I would!" Emily responded without hesitation.

However, all Charlotte saw in her face was eagerness and desire.

How laughable.

Charlotte was no longer willing to waste words with Emily, and she turned around to leave.