

## **Spoiled 831**

Chapter 831 So Ruthless!

"Sister! How can you be so heartless!" Emily Allen called out unwillingly to Charlotte Thompson's departing figure.

However, Coco had already stepped forward to block the somewhat crazed Emily Allen.

"Miss Allen, if you don't leave now, I might have to call security."

Coco had no kind expression toward the Allen family members.

She was well aware of the true reason Emily Allen came to acknowledge kinship with Charlotte.

"Why! Charlotte is my own little sister!" Emily Allen spoke up unhappily.

Seeing Emily behaving in such a persistent and unreasonable manner, Coco could only curse inwardly at her shamelessness.

Immediately, Coco turned to look at the director not far away; although she said nothing, her attitude was already very clear.

The director had long wanted to curry favor with Charlotte but had yet to find the opportunity. Now seeing this, he naturally wanted to earn a good impression in front of Charlotte.

He summoned an assistant and said, "From now on, don't let irrelevant people who have nothing to do with our variety show enter casually."

The assistant nodded and hurriedly called a few people to approach Emily's side.

But at first, out of politeness, they still gestured for Emily to leave.

However, could Emily possibly heed them? She turned and glared at the director.

"What irrelevant people? I'm Charlotte's sister. Is it wrong for me to visit the set?"

The director laughed upon hearing this, "Miss Allen, I think it's better for you to leave early to avoid affecting our variety show's filming."

"What do you mean by that!" Emily said, dissatisfied.

"Miss Allen, you're a public figure after all. I hope you won't act this way. It won't look good for you if you're dragged out of the TV station."

Hearing this, Emily's expression suddenly changed. Although she was unwilling, she could only leave angrily now.

Those around who were watching the commotion discussed as they watched Emily's retreating figure.

"I feel like Charlotte's actions are a bit too much. After all, Emily is her own sister."

"Didn't you hear what Charlotte said just now? If the Allen family really cared for Charlotte, why would she act this way?"

"Let's not discuss too much about someone else's business."

Now that the person of interest had left, the remaining people dispersed after chatting idly for a while.

Back in the dressing room, Charlotte sat on the sofa alone, her complexion somewhat unsightly.

And Coco looked indignantly on the side, "Emily really went too far."

Charlotte merely lowered her eyelashes slightly without saying a word, but her eyes carried a hint of sadness.

The familial affection she had once yearned for had turned out like this.

Moreover, Charlotte knew the Allen family members would definitely not let things rest.

If today Emily had come to the set to find her, tomorrow it might be someone else pestering her nonstop.

Charlotte was also clear on their motives.

But the Allen family was not the same as Evelyn Curtis.

As Emily had said, after all, she shared a blood relation with the Allen family.

She couldn't bring all the members of the Allen family down with her.

Thinking of this, Charlotte couldn't help but take a deep breath, the furrow in her brow signifying a headache forming.

What should she do about the Allen family?

Noticing Charlotte's expression, Coco became worried, "Sister Charlotte..."

It was at this moment that Charlotte came to her senses and shook her head at Coco.

There was still a baseline that she reserved for the Allen family.

If, in the end, the Allen family really went too far,

Then she would have no need to tolerate it anymore.

Chapter 832 Sophia Thompson

Emily Allen left the television station with a dejected look and immediately got into a car parked by the roadside.

"That bitch Charlotte Thompson! She really thinks she's something special."

Seeing her, Ryan Richard couldn't help but ask, "How did it go? Did you see Charlotte Thompson?"

"Of course I saw her," Emily Allen snorted coldly.

Upon hearing this, Ryan's eyes glinted with a touch of eagerness, "So, did she agree to give you the money?"

"What money? Do you have any idea how that bitch humiliated me?"

Just thinking about Charlotte's face filled with indifference and sarcasm made Emily's hands clench into fists, the knuckles turning somewhat pale.

"How could that be, you are her own sister after all." Ryan's tone held a mix of emotions.

"Own sister? She's now Miss Thompson, how could she possibly think highly of me?"

Emily's face gradually twisted with resentment, "Isn't she just lucky to be born into a good family? If it weren't for the country finding her, what would Charlotte Thompson count for in front of me?"

"No way, we can't just let this go," Ryan said indignantly.

No matter what, they had to cling tightly to Charlotte.

"What can we do now?" Emily turned to look at Ryan.

"You and Charlotte are half-sisters with the same father; she might not recognize you, but how can she possibly not recognize her own biological father?"

A cunning smile spread across Ryan's lips.

"Yes! Hurry back to the Allen family."

Emily exchanged a glance with Ryan, instantly understanding what he was thinking, and hastily urged him on.

Without any hesitation, the two of them rushed back to the Allen family home, where they could hear the sounds of arguing before they even entered the door.

"Ethan Allen! Do you still want to live this life or not!"

"If you don't, get out!"

Then came a woman's heart-wrenching cries, and on hearing such sounds, Ryan's expression turned sour, but Emily walked in nonchalantly, pushing the door open.

"What's with all the crying, has someone died?" Emily said with impatience, looking at Mia Stewart sitting on the sofa wiping her tears.

These days, Emily had been living quite comfortably, which made her even less willing to return to the Allen residence. Mia had called her several times, but Emily had always brushed her off.

Ethan Allen was still his usual sloppy self. Since the last time he saw Charlotte, he had become even more deranged, drowning his sorrows in alcohol daily and sometimes caressing an old photograph, muttering to himself.

Mia had always been curious about what that photograph was, and today, while cleaning, she sneaked a peek at it.

To her shock, the woman in the photo turned out to be Sophia Thompson!

In an instant, Mia felt as though she had been betrayed beyond measure.

Deep down, Mia still cared a tiny bit for Ethan Allen, which is why she had not chosen to leave him.

However, upon seeing that photo, Mia didn't know how to describe the turmoil inside her.

And just then, Ethan Allen came in. He went crazy trying to snatch the photo from Mia's hands and babbled curses at her to get out.



Those words ignited the anger Mia had accumulated over time, resulting in an outburst.

She started arguing with Ethan Allen.

That's when Emily came back.

Chapter 833 Charlotte Thompson is your biological daughter

"Daughter, how did you come back?"

When Mia Stewart saw Emily Allen, tears streamed more fiercely down her face. She stepped forward, trying to grab Emily's hand, but Emily dodged her outright.

Mia's hand awkwardly froze mid-air, but the next second, she wiped the tears off her face.

"Daughter, I know your career is going quite well right now, so how about I move in and live with you?"

She really didn't want to stay by Ethan Allen's side anymore.

For Mia, Emily was now her only hope.

However, Emily outright ignored Mia's words and walked straight up to Ethan Allen. She intended to call him 'Dad,' but as she got close, the foul smell of alcohol overwhelmed her, making her stomach churn.

She frowned deeply and said, "I met with Charlotte Thompson today."

Ethan, who had been drinking from a bottle, finally reacted. It had been a long time since he had groomed his hair and beard, which now almost covered his eyes.

He suddenly looked up sharply at Emily.

"You said you met with whom?"

"Charlotte Thompson," Emily took a deep breath and said.

To Emily's utter surprise, Ethan suddenly stood up, his abrupt movement knocking the chair behind him to the floor.

His steps were unsteady, and he struggled to keep his balance.

Through his long hair, his grim gaze fixated on Emily's face.

Startled by Ethan's look, Emily involuntarily stepped back and was about to say something else when Ethan violently smashed the bottle on the ground.

The shattering sound was piercing, and the fragmented glass, along with the remaining alcohol, splattered everywhere, some even slashing Emily's shins.

Emily screamed and staggered backward. She was wearing high heels and twisted her ankle. If Ryan Richard hadn't quickly supported her, she likely would have fallen to the ground.

"Ethan Allen, what on earth are you doing?" Mia shouted at Ethan, her voice loud and piercing.

"Who told you to go find her?"

Ethan pointed at Emily and yelled, his voice harsh and gravelly, making one's scalp tingle.

It took Emily a while to find her voice again, but she still looked apprehensively at Ethan,

"I'm her sister. It's my right to seek her out."

"Nonsense!" Ethan roared.

"How is that nonsense? Aren't you her biological father?"

Emily retorted defiantly, her words somewhat aggressive.

"Dad, look at the state you're in now. Do you know who's to blame for all this? It's all because of that despicable Charlotte! She's out there living the high life every day. Has she ever cared about us, her own family?"

"She, she belongs to the Thompson Family..." Ethan's fierceness faltered slightly.

"Pah!"

As if hearing something ludicrous, Emily spat harshly.

"So what if she belongs to the Thompson Family? She still has the Allen family blood running through her veins. That is something Charlotte can never change, no matter what."

Saying so, Emily took a step closer to Ethan.

"Dad, this is the only chance for our Allen family now. Charlotte is your biological daughter. If you just implore her and play on her sympathies, she can't possibly ignore you."

"You mean to say..."

Ethan's tone finally showed some wavering, but in the next second, he denied himself.

"No, it won't do."

#### Chapter 834 Exposure

Ethan Allen couldn't forget what he had experienced the last time he went to find Charlotte Thompson.

He now felt full of guilt towards Charlotte.

If only he had been nicer to Charlotte earlier, would things have turned out differently?

"Why not? Is Charlotte someone you adopted from an orphanage?" Emily Allen couldn't help but interject sarcastically.

Ethan Allen immediately retorted, "Nonsense, Charlotte is the biological daughter of Xia Qing and me, how could she be adopted from an orphanage!"

"If that's the case, is there a problem with a biological father asking his daughter for some money?" Emily Allen said with her arms crossed.

"Dad, Charlotte has become somewhat of a public figure now. If she refuses to give us the money, we can totally expose this affair."

Even if Charlotte didn't care, Emily believed that the netizens online would care a lot.

If word got out that Miss Thompson, in her pursuit of fame and fortune, had abandoned her own biological father, it would be a huge sensation.

With that thought, Emily quickly gave Ryan Richard a look, signaling him with her eyes. Ryan, understanding her cue, also stepped forward to try persuading Ethan Allen.

"Sophie is right, Uncle. The Thompson family has such a big business; they could easily support both the Richard family and the Allen family," Ryan said.

"We can't waste this great opportunity. As long as Charlotte is willing to help, our Allen family will surely make a comeback," Emily said with conviction.

Finally, Ethan Allen's turbid gaze cleared up somewhat, as he glanced at Emily Allen beside him and slowly began to speak.

"I know, Charlotte has always been soft-hearted. She definitely can't bear to see us like this."

Having finally persuaded Ethan Allen, Emily let out a sigh of relief.

"We shouldn't delay. Let's go find Charlotte right away," she urged.

Perhaps Charlotte was still at the television station. A place swarming with media; if they made a scene there, it would certainly cause a big stir.

"No, no, I need to get ready first," Ethan Allen waved his hands.

"Get ready for what?"

Emily looked disapprovingly at Ethan Allen, "Isn't the way you look now even more of a testament to our family's plight? Mom, you should make yourself look more miserable too."

"Do we really need to do that..." Mia Stewart's face showed some hesitation.

Although their current domestic situation was rather downcast, Mia was still accustomed to living a life of luxury. The clothes she was wearing were out-of-season, but they were still luxury brand names she had purchased in the past.

The thought of dressing up like Ethan's unkempt appearance was worse to her than being killed.

"How can we not?"

Emily interrupted Mia sharply, "The more pitiful you look, the easier it is to gain other people's sympathy, understand?"

Mia's expression was still unsightly.

"What? You don't want the money?" Emily directly questioned her.

Hearing this, Mia quickly shook her head, "No, no!"

Since it was for money, Mia resolved to go through with it.

At this moment, Ryan, who was standing beside them, suddenly said, "We'll go find Charlotte tomorrow."

"Why?" Emily asked right away.

"You just went to the television station to find Charlotte today and got thrown out. If you go again now with more people, who would sympathize? They'd all know you're just there to extort money," Ryan explained.

Hearing Ryan's words, Emily still looked somewhat hesitant.

Because she was desperate to get the money.

"I know you're anxious," Ryan said, noticing what was on Emily's mind and placing a hand on her shoulder.

Chapter 835: I'll Listen to You

Who among them didn't desire wealth and status, Ryan Richard was even more anxious than Emily Allen.

Moreover, his identity wasn't just any relative of Charlotte Thompson—he was Charlotte Thompson's ex-boyfriend.

Ryan Richard had fantasized countless nights about Charlotte returning to his side, and him becoming the son-in-law of the Thompson Family, rapidly rising through the ranks.

However, every time he awoke from his dreams, he could only see Emily Allen beside him and the dilapidated house around him.

How could Ryan Richard be content with that?

Sometimes, he even regretted, if he had focused on Charlotte back then, would the outcome be different now?

"Since you know I'm anxious, we should go find Charlotte even faster,"

Emily Allen's words cut through Ryan Richard's reminiscence.

He lowered his head to look at Emily Allen's anxious expression, his mind involuntarily recalling Charlotte's cool and beautiful visage. He even felt a sense of revulsion as he retracted his hand from Emily Allen's shoulder.

"It's only one night. We can wait, and besides, we can think about what to say when we see Charlotte tomorrow,"

Emily hesitated for a moment, seemingly persuaded by Ryan Richard's words, and finally nodded, "Alright, I'll listen to you."

Ryan Richard's lips curled into a smile.

The thought of soon returning to the days of being the young master of the Richard Family made Ryan Richard's heart surge with excitement.

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"Sister Charlotte?" Coco looked at Charlotte Thompson in front of her with a hint of surprise.

It was only then that Charlotte Thompson snapped back to reality, "What's wrong?"

"Sister Charlotte, you ask what's wrong—if that was hot water, what would have happened to your hand?"

As she spoke, Coco turned off the water dispenser while Charlotte just realized that the cup she had been filling was already full, and even the cold water had started to spill over.

"I was lost in thought and didn't notice," Charlotte coughed lightly.

"Sister Charlotte, ever since you came back from the TV station, you have been distracted. Are you still thinking about Emily Allen's matter?"

Coco had noticed that Charlotte's mood had been off since she saw Emily Allen at the TV station.

"It's not all about Emily's issue,"

Charlotte took a paper towel from the side, dried the water droplets off her hands, and sat down at the table.

"Actually, I'm still considering the cooperation with XTZ,"



"I remember you contacted the designer there before, right? Is there any problem?" Coco inquired.

"You could say it's a matter of different beliefs and cultural differences," Charlotte's brow furrowed.

The cooperation wasn't merely between two brands but two countries.

Charlotte had considered many plans and drafts before, which were also rejected during the chat with XTZ's designers.

Upon reflection, it was Charlotte herself who had overlooked something. She was intent on incorporating her own country's culture into the designs, but she had forgotten a crucial premise of this project.

Cooperation.

They could not stray from XTZ's original style, but this led to a weird clash when the two very different styles met.

This had been troubling Charlotte for the past few days.

How to maintain XTZ's original style while integrating their elements?

While Charlotte was pondering this, Coco had already spoken up.

"Sister Charlotte, you should wait until tomorrow to think about this. It's time to get off work now," Coco said.

Charlotte glanced at the time, then turned her head to look at Coco, who was busy packing up, and asked with suspicion.

"Why do I feel like you've been very eager to leave work lately?"

## Chapter 836: Saying I Love You

When Charlotte heard Coco's question, her cheeks instantly turned red.

"Who wouldn't be enthusiastic about clocking out?" Coco said.

However, Charlotte smelled something unusual; she propped up her arm and leaned in a bit closer to Coco.

"If it's just about clocking out, why the blushing? Let me guess, has something good happened to you recently?"

"Not at all!"

Coco immediately objected, but she met Charlotte's inquiring and curious gaze.

Finally, Coco gave in, she twirled her long hair and said a bit embarrassed, "Actually, someone has been pursuing me lately."

"Really?" Charlotte's eyes lit up.

No one is uninterested in gossip, not even Charlotte.

"Confess generously, or resist firmly. When did you meet him?"

"Oh, Sister Charlotte, don't ask anymore, nothing is set in stone yet." Under Charlotte's curious questioning, Coco was really embarrassed.

Seeing Coco's face flushed unusually, Charlotte couldn't help but curve her lips.

"Alright, alright, I won't tease you anymore. Since it's time to leave, let's hurry on. In case I interrupt your date, that would be my fault."

"Then Sister Charlotte, I'll go ahead!"

As she spoke, Coco was already eager to grab her small bag and walk out the door.

Charlotte nodded her head, then stealthily walked to the office's floor-to-ceiling window, very curious to look downstairs.

She seemed to be looking for the person pursuing Coco.

Perhaps because her attention was all on the downstairs, Charlotte didn't notice someone entering the office.

Not until her waist was embraced and her back leaned against a warm chest, did Charlotte snap back to her senses.

"What are you so engrossed in watching?" Justin Battleson rested his chin on Charlotte's shoulder and also looked downstairs following her gaze.

"Gossip." Charlotte chuckled.

"Hmm?" Justin listened, his tone slightly puzzled.

Laughing, Charlotte started, "Coco has a boyfriend."

"Instead of caring about your subordinate's gossip, why don't you pay some attention to me?" Justin said softly.

Upon hearing this, Charlotte turned around and wrapped her arms around Justin's neck, "What does CEO Justin need caring for?"

"There are many aspects of me that need caring for, like whether my work is exhausting, who I am thinking about right now, and..."

As he spoke, a meaningful look flashed in Justin's eyes and slowly brushed past Charlotte's ear, whispering something that made her cheeks instantly flush with red.

"Justin Battleson! What are you saying?"

Charlotte glared at Justin, her eyes soft and tender, but just one look had half paralyzed Justin's heart.

"Saying I love you."

Justin leaned down and pressed a kiss on Charlotte's lips.

But this touch made it somewhat difficult for Justin to restrain himself, who could blame him when everything about Charlotte was soft and sweet.

Noticing Justin's deepening gaze, Charlotte quickly placed her hand on Justin's chest and moved her body back a bit, trying to create some distance between them.

"Alright, stop it, we should head back now."

"Okay."

Justin affectionately kissed the top of Charlotte's head, then grabbed her hand as they walked out of the office together.

The pair still returned to Stardust Garden, joining the children and Jasmine Clarkson for dinner.

## Chapter 837: The Gate to the New World

Charlotte had been thinking about bringing the children back, but since she learned of Evelyn Curtis's news yesterday, Charlotte had become somewhat worried.

For the safety of the children, Charlotte then decided to let the kids stay at Stardust Garden for a while.

After all, the Clarkson Family was one of the oldest and most prestigious families in Druarus, with unmatched wealth.

Today was the fifteenth, so after dinner, Justin Battleson and Charlotte did not hurry to leave, instead, they stayed at Stardust Garden.

Plus, they hadn't spent much time with the children these past few days, so Jasmine Clarkson suggested Justin Battleson and Charlotte spend the night.

Charlotte, indeed missing the children, agreed.

After dinner, the kids crowded together to play, and Charlotte watched fashion shows on her tablet to the side, thinking she might find some inspiration from the styles of these brands.

"This is so pretty."

"I think it's really cute, too."

"Right? Right? Our taste is definitely the best."

At this moment, Charlotte noticed Grace Thompson and Olivia Thompson huddled together, shoulder to shoulder, murmuring and discussing something, growing more and more excited until the two little ones even gave each other a secret high-five.

Curious, Charlotte put down her tablet and walked over to the two little girls.

Apparently still immersed in their own world, the girls didn't notice Charlotte approaching.

The two girls seemed to be looking at a book, but with their little heads together, Charlotte couldn't see clearly what it was.

"I like this one; it looks so cool."

"I think it would also look really good in purple."

Charlotte quietly bent down, which also caught Grace's attention.

Grace's eyes lit up, and she waved over at Charlotte, "Mommy, come see if you think this doll is pretty?"

As she spoke, Grace pushed forward the object in her hand, the very fashion magazine she and Olivia had been looking at.

Perhaps it really was hereditary; Grace had a natural keen sense for fashion trends.

Furthermore, with Charlotte's current job as a designer, Grace often flipped through fashion magazines.

Initially, Charlotte thought it was just a child's nature to like pretty things, but later, to Charlotte's surprise, Grace began to express her own opinions and insights.

Following the direction of Grace's tiny hand, Charlotte looked over and was slightly startled.

This page featured a luxury brand's new fall line, yet what Grace and Olivia had been discussing was the doll in the model's hand.

It was a cat-shaped doll, which ordinarily if shaped into a cute animal would have a fluffy and endearing appearance, but this cat doll conveyed a sense of patched-up decay.

Especially the clash of black and gold seemed odd at first, but upon closer inspection, there was an indescribable harmony.

It was as if two extremes had been sewn and glued together.

"Mommy, don't you also think this doll is cool?" Grace looked up with her little face, somewhat anticipating Charlotte's response.

Charlotte looked more carefully at it.

This thing didn't match her aesthetic from head to toe, but under Grace's questioning eyes, Charlotte involuntarily nodded her head.

It was as if a new world had opened its doors to Charlotte.

Suddenly, as if something collided in Charlotte's mind, she looked a bit stunned.

Chapter 838: Too Many Inspirations

However, Grace Thompson and Olivia Thompson did not notice Charlotte Thompson; instead, they continued to discuss the toy.

"Extreme... collision..." Charlotte murmured softly, her eyes suddenly lighting up.

"Yes, how did I not think of that?"

Charlotte tapped her own palm. Her designs had always followed her own aesthetic and ideas, never breaking new ground.

That's why, initially, Charlotte thought that collaborating with XTZ would be tricky because such a style was a domain she had never explored before.

Charlotte blinked with a hint of joy. Perhaps the two brands' styles were just like the toy Grace had described.

This moment of epiphany made Charlotte unable to help but smile. She reached out and hugged Grace and Olivia, kissing each girl on the cheek.

"You really helped mommy a lot."

However, Grace and Olivia did not understand and looked at each other. But seeing how happy Charlotte looked, they also became cheerful.

"Being able to help mommy is the best thing."

"Absolutely right."

Charlotte smiled joyfully, "As a reward, mommy will definitely buy this toy for you."

It was now Grace and Olivia's turn to be surprised. The two children hugged Charlotte, sweetly saying,

"Thank you, mommy!"

"Alright, mommy has to go to work now. You girls go play."

Now, Charlotte's mind was filled with inspiration; she wished she had a printer connected to her brain to directly print out all these ideas.

Charlotte hurried towards the study but as she started climbing the stairs, she nearly bumped into Justin Battleson at the corner.



Justin Battleson, seeing Charlotte's jubilant expression, was genuinely startled.

"What's going on? What makes you so happy?" Justin enveloped Charlotte in his arms.

"I figured out what to do with this collaboration with XTZ." Charlotte blinked excitedly.

Justin was somewhat surprised, recalling how Charlotte had sighed over the collaboration in the past few days: "Really?"

"Of course, I'm going straight to draw the design sketches now."

Saying this, Charlotte left Justin's embrace and walked towards the study.

Rarely seeing Charlotte this happy, Justin felt pleased for her in his heart.

However, it wasn't long before Justin couldn't feel happy anymore.

"Charlotte, why are you still drawing design sketches?"

As Justin entered the study, he found that Charlotte was still working.

"There are just too many ideas."

Charlotte responded vaguely, not even lifting her head to look at Justin.

Seeing this, Justin's brow furrowed slightly. He stepped forward, one hand grasping Charlotte's wrist while the other took away the thick stack of design drafts in front of her.

"Huh?"

Charlotte was stunned, looking up into Justin's eyes, filled with concern and sympathy.

"Charlotte, you've been working too long; you need to rest a bit."

Charlotte used to complain that he was a workaholic, but now, Justin felt that Charlotte was more like one.

"Just a few more sketches to go. I'll be done very soon." Charlotte blinked, looking at Justin.

However, Justin showed no sign of wanting to return the design sketches to Charlotte.

"We can talk about this tomorrow." Justin firmly refused Charlotte.

"But..."

Charlotte was about to say something, but Justin's lips already silenced her incessant talking.

Chapter 839: Throwing Oneself into One's Arms

"There's nothing that can be done."

Justin Battleson looked solemnly at Charlotte Thompson, "Charlotte, it pains me to see you working so hard."

"But what if I suddenly lose my inspiration? I'd be very upset."

Charlotte pouted, and seeing that Justin remained unmoved, she stealthily reached out and tugged at his sleeve.

"Just one more sheet, the very last one, okay?" Charlotte looked at Justin expectantly, even with a hint of coquetry.

Justin looked down, gaze locked on Charlotte's watery eyes, and finally gave in.

"Agreed, but after the last design sketch, you must go rest straight away, understood?"

"Understood, boss."

Charlotte smiled, then tilted her head up and gave Justin a light kiss on the cheek.

Justin sat down next to Charlotte: "I'll stay with you."

Charlotte ignored him, and Justin began concentrating on drawing the design.

However, as she drew, Charlotte felt something was amiss.

"What are you doing?"

Charlotte pressed against Justin's palm that had crept to her waist, and turned to glance at him.

"I'm not doing anything, carry on."

Justin said without a change of expression, but his fingertips mischievously rubbed against Charlotte's skin.

Charlotte awkwardly tried to dodge, but found it was too late, she didn't know when she had been encircled in Justin's arms.

Charlotte turned and glared at Justin, and the rogue still looked unperturbed, even bending down to glance at the design Charlotte was drawing.

"Not bad."

However, Charlotte no longer had any mind to listen to such noncommittal comments, as the warm breath on her neck and ear made her shiver.

"Stop it..." Charlotte sniffled, her voice much softer than before.

"How am I messing around? Aren't I just helping you with your design?"

Justin's lips gently brushed Charlotte's ear, eyes glinting with amusement as he watched her blushing neck.

"Then sit further away, don't interrupt my inspiration." Charlotte bit her lower lip.

"Inspiration is in your mind, where I sit shouldn't affect that, should it?"

Justin's voice was hoarse and delectably suggestive.

Charlotte could only feel his fingertips burning, almost too much for her to bear.

She gently pushed at Justin, but such effort was almost negligible for him.

"Justin Battleson!"

Finally, Charlotte couldn't stand it anymore and pulled away from Justin's arms.

"What's wrong?"

Justin still looked utterly innocent, as if he wasn't the one who had just been up to no good.

"You..."

Charlotte found herself at a loss for words, then directly grabbed Justin's collar and kissed him.

For Justin, who enjoyed the unexpected embrace of a beauty, he naturally delighted in it. He wrapped his arms around Charlotte's waist and pulled her onto his lap.

"So, have you finished with the design yet?"

Justin slightly tilted his head back, his clothing a bit disheveled thanks to Charlotte's antics, revealing his handsome collarbone and robust muscles.

Charlotte, provoked by his appearance, bit her teeth in irritation. She pressed down on Justin's shoulders, trying to stand up.

"Then I'll continue to..."

But before Charlotte could finish her statement, Justin abruptly picked her up.

Charlotte exclaimed in surprise, her hands instinctively wrapping around Justin's neck.

Justin's eyes gleamed with a hint of danger, but Charlotte had no escape.

"You're the one who threw yourself into my arms, where are you planning to run off to?"

Chapter 840 No Pleasant Expression

The next day.

Justin Battleson had left early for the company due to some work matters, so it was just Charlotte Thompson on her own taking the six little treasures to kindergarten,

"You must be good and listen to the teacher when you're in kindergarten, alright?"

Charlotte Thompson looked at the row of little ones standing in front of her and seriously advised.

"Of course, Mommy, we are always the most obedient."

"The teacher even praised me yesterday."

"Me too!"

Charlotte Thompson's lips curved in relief; they were outside the kindergarten where the children were met. Teachers also walked toward Charlotte Thompson.

"Miss Thompson," the teacher nodded to Charlotte Thompson.

Ever since the incident where the information of the six treasures was leaked by someone with ill intentions, the kindergarten had quickly addressed the issue and even found more professional teachers.

As for the teacher involved before, it had been Justin Battleson's side that dealt with it.

"Thank you for looking after them," Charlotte Thompson smiled.

Hearing this, the teacher quickly waved her hand, "Miss Thompson, all these treasures are very well-behaved and sensible. Sometimes, I really envy you."

"Alright, go inside with the teacher. Your great-grandmother is coming to pick you up in the evening," Charlotte Thompson said, patting Olivia Thompson's little head.

"Babies, say goodbye to your mommy," the teacher added.

"Goodbye, Mommy," the little ones said in unison.

It was not until the children lined up and entered the kindergarten that Charlotte Thompson drove to the company.

The company had its own underground parking garage; after parking the car, Charlotte Thompson took the elevator up to the company lobby.

Charlotte Thompson glanced at the time on her wristwatch, about to head to her office, when suddenly a group of people surged toward her.

"Charlotte, you're finally here!"

This somewhat familiar voice caused Charlotte Thompson to look up. Upon closer inspection, she saw that it was Ethan Allen walking toward her, followed by Emily Allen, Mia Stewart, and Ryan Richard—it was quite the full family ensemble.

Charlotte Thompson took a deep breath. No wonder she had a twitch in her right eyelid all of yesterday; they were here waiting for her.

However, Charlotte Thompson had no intention of acknowledging Ethan Allen and blatantly ignored his call.

Seeing Charlotte Thompson's attitude, Ethan Allen became even more anxious and quickened his steps, finally stopping hastily in front of her.

"Charlotte, I'm your father. Don't you recognize me?"

Ethan Allen wore a white-worn old shirt, but Charlotte Thompson could tell at a glance that the shirt didn't suit him—probably bought from somewhere.

A quick glance at his companions revealed the same.

The corners of Charlotte Thompson's mouth lifted in a mocking smile.

Not even trying to look the part.

But as for them, Charlotte Thompson had no pleasantries to offer.

"What do you want?"

Charlotte Thompson's indifferent attitude seemed to sting Ethan Allen, causing his body to tremble. He wiped his sweaty palms on his pants, trying to dry them off, then swallowed to moisten his dry throat.

They didn't know when Charlotte Thompson would come to work, so they had been waiting at the company since early morning.

It was the end of summer, and the weather was at its hottest, the sun unbearable. Yet, afraid of missing Charlotte Thompson, they hadn't even thought about buying water, let alone moving from their spot.

Finally, it was after some persuasive talk that they were reluctantly allowed into the lobby by the security guard at the entrance.

Fortunately, as the saying goes, heaven rewards the diligent; they had finally managed to wait for Charlotte Thompson.

"Charlotte, don't you recognize your father anymore?"