

Spoiled 841

Chapter 841: Repentance

Ethan Allen's expression was pitiful, his hoarse voice making people's scalps tingle.

It was the prime working hours, and the Allen Family members gathered here naturally attracted many curious eyes.

"I know you've been hating me all these years, Dad realizes his mistakes, Dad came here today to apologize," Ethan Allen began.

Seeing this, Emily Allen also quickly spoke up, "Yes, after all, we are family."

But while saying this, Emily Allen's gaze towards Charlotte Thompson was full of jealousy.

Charlotte Thompson was wearing the latest design from a luxury brand, something she had always wanted.

"Ethan Allen, I've already said this long ago, after you caused Aunt Watson's death, our father-daughter relationship was severed," Charlotte's face was cold.

She would never forgive the deeds done by the Allen family.

"Charlotte, I truly realize my mistakes, I repent for what I did, but this doesn't change the fact that we have a blood relationship!"

Ethan Allen naturally noticed the coldness in Charlotte Thompson's eyes and hastened to defend himself.

"Blood relationship?"

As if hearing a ridiculous joke, Charlotte Thompson took a step forward, her eyes scrutinizing Ethan Allen.

"Blood relationship? No, I don't have a cold-blooded father."

Charlotte's words were aggressive, causing Ethan Allen to become somewhat at a loss; he looked towards Emily Allen with a panicked gaze.

"Sister, surely you won't deny your own family for an outsider?"

Upon hearing Emily Allen's words, Charlotte Thompson's brow furrowed deeply, "Outsider? I was raised by Aunt Watson since I was little, aside from mom, she was my only kin, yet you killed her! Have you no remorse after all these years?"

Compared to Aunt Watson, these people in front of her were more like strangers.

Charlotte Thompson no longer wanted to recall those things; those memories only added pain to her heart.

"Charlotte, your uncle and aunt already realize their mistakes, why must you continue to be so harsh and unwilling to forgive them?"

Ryan Richard put on a pretense of benevolence to persuade at this moment.

"Isn't what you want to return to the Allen family and reclaim your status as Miss Allen? Isn't this the opportunity placed right in front of you?"

"You know? Emily Allen is already dead, dead from your cold-hearted ruthlessness."

Charlotte Thompson's lips curled into a cold, mocking smile, "If not for the Thompson Family finding me, I would already be nothing but bones right now."

"So Charlotte, isn't our coming to you now meant as a way to make amends? Why must you be so unrecognizable?" Mia Stewart also fittingly spoke up.

"If I truly were unrecognizable, all of you should be in jail atoning for your sins right now."

If it weren't for the fact that she still shared Ethan Allen's blood, how could she let these villains continue to roam free?

"Charlotte..." Ethan Allen struggled to say something more.

But Charlotte Thompson, already out of patience, interrupted him, "I don't know you, please leave quickly, and stop bothering me."

"Charlotte! Could it be that now, having returned to the Thompson Family, you look down on us? You used to be such a well-behaved child, why have you become so mercenary?"

Ethan Allen deliberately raised his tone, wishing he could use a megaphone to broadcast his words to everyone watching in the entire hall.

Charlotte Thompson had completely lost her patience and even directly pulled out her phone from her bag,

"If you don't leave, I will call the police immediately. As for the explanations, you can discuss them with the people in the police station, perhaps you could even confess your past crimes."

"Charlotte!"

Chapter 842 Ugly

Emily Allen screamed, "How could you do this? Is this how a daughter should act?"

"Then what should I do?"

Charlotte Thompson cast a glance their way. "Or are you suggesting that I should cough up millions to support you?"

Sure enough, a glint of light flashed through their eyes at the mention of money.

"Charlotte, you know the Allen family is really struggling right now. Dad doesn't expect you to come back to the Allens, he just hopes you can help him out a bit."

Ethan Allen rubbed his palms together, his greedy face barely managing to muster a smile.

Indeed, after all this time of moral blackmail, they finally showed their true colors.

"The troubles of the Allen family are the fruits of your own actions, and they have nothing to do with me." Charlotte didn't want to waste any more words and turned to leave.

Seeing Charlotte so indifferent, Ethan Allen immediately sat on the ground and started to make a scene.

"Charlotte, how can you be so heartless? The Thompson family took care of you, supported you, and now that you've made it, you refuse to recognize your own father, feeling ashamed by him!"

Mia Stewart also started wailing next to Ethan Allen, her loud cries resembling those of a fishwife.

Charlotte was annoyed by these people, and her last bit of patience was worn thin.

Just then, Justin Battleson's voice came from behind Charlotte.

He stretched out his hand to hold Charlotte in his arms and looked at the Allens with a dark expression.

He had just finished a meeting when his assistant told him that the Allen family was causing trouble, so he came over immediately.

And he indeed, saw the scene before him.

"Who let them in?"

Justin swept his gaze around. The security guard, who had been at the door and was now full of regret, hurriedly approached Justin.

"Mr. Battleson, I'm really sorry... they said they were Miss Thompson's relatives, so I let them wait in the lobby..."

The security guard's voice grew weaker as he spoke, and he began to resent the householders.

If he lost his job over this, what would he do?

As soon as Emily Allen saw Justin arrive, her eyes widened. She couldn't help but step forward, feigning a delicate tone, "Mr. Battleson, we just wanted to come and see my sister..."

Now that Charlotte was so defiant, it wasn't just because of the Thompson family supporting her, but Justin Battleson was protecting her too. If she could win Justin Battleson's favor...

Yet, Emily didn't think her idea was absurd at all, even somewhat eagerly thinking about latching onto Justin's arm.

However, Justin didn't even spare her a glance and directly spoke to his assistant behind him,

"Throw them out, and never let them in again."

The assistant responded and immediately went to do so.

The Allen family members didn't expect Justin to actually take such action, after all, although Charlotte seemed impatient, she never actually kicked them out herself.

But Justin did not give them the slightest face.

"Justin Battleson, you..."

Ethan wanted to argue something, but Michael Richard couldn't care less to listen to his nonsense. He even pulled aside a newspaper and stuffed it into Ethan's mouth, forcefully making him shut up.

The Allens were unceremoniously thrown out of the company, becoming the laughingstock of others.

"It's okay now," Justin said, looking down at Charlotte whose complexion didn't look good, and said softly.

Charlotte remained silent.

She wasn't afraid of today's events, just a little weary at heart.

"I'll handle this," he said.

Hearing his words, Charlotte pressed down on Justin's arm and shook her head at him.

"What's wrong?" Justin's brow furrowed slightly.

"Forget it, why waste time on those people?" Charlotte wasn't being soft-hearted, but rather felt it unnecessary.

The Allen family members weren't worth Justin Battleson's trouble.

Besides, after today's lesson, she thought they wouldn't bother her anymore.

However, Charlotte underestimated the Allen family's vileness.

Chapter 843 Melissa Tanner

Charlotte Thompson returned to her office and was immediately greeted by Coco who had been waiting, "Sister Charlotte."

"Sorry, I got held up by something just now," Charlotte apologized as she took off her coat and draped it over a chair.

Coco had heard about the incident in the company lobby, but she didn't bring it up and instead handed Charlotte the documents she was holding.

"Sister Charlotte, there are several brands that want to invite you to their fashion shows."

The month was considered fashion week in the fashion world, with many brands holding shows at this time. As a well-known designer, Charlotte naturally received many invitations from brands every year.

Charlotte responded with a nod and took the documents from Coco. They were from several renowned brands in the fashion world, though a few were more niche.

"Sister Charlotte, are you going to attend?" Coco asked.

Charlotte hesitated for a moment before placing the documents aside and shaking her head,

"Let's skip it. I've attended these brands' shows many times before, and besides, the company is busy launching new products now. I still have a few designs I haven't finished."

Moreover, since getting inspiration last time, Charlotte had been working hard on her design drafts.

"Alright, Sister Charlotte, I understand," Coco replied, ready to take the documents back.

As Charlotte sat down at her desk, her gaze suddenly caught something.

"Hey, wait a minute," Charlotte pressed Coco's hand.

"Is there a problem?" Coco paused, puzzled.

Charlotte shook her head, pulling out the bottom sheet of the document stack.

"Melissa Tanner?"

Reading the brand name on the document, Charlotte murmured it out loud.

Coco, following Charlotte's gaze, also looked and realized, "Right, that brand has also invited you."

"This brand named Melissa Tanner, how come I've never heard of it?" Charlotte asked with curiosity.

Hearing this, a wry smile lifted the corners of Coco's mouth.

"It's rare for Sister Charlotte not to know a brand. After I received their invitation, I immediately checked, and it turns out this is a brand that's been established for less than two years."

If it was just another emerging brand, there wouldn't be anything special; after all, new brands are common. But fashion brands mainly need to cater to the fashion world's taste, which is why even niche brands follow the current trends.

Yet, Melissa Tanner's main focus is ancient-style clothing.

Actually, when it comes to ancient styles, quite a number of people really like them.

But such liking is limited to a small group of people, only a small domestic audience, without any chance to break into the fashion circle.

That's why even after nearly two years since its launch, the brand has achieved little to no recognition.

"Melissa Tanner..."

Charlotte mused aloud, then searched the brand on her computer, which surprisingly delighted her.

"Coco, I've decided to attend Melissa Tanner's fashion show," Charlotte said decisively.

"I was just saying, such a brand... What did you say, Sister Charlotte?"

Coco initially thought Charlotte was only making a casual comment about the Melissa Tanner brand; she never expected that Charlotte actually wanted to participate in their fashion show.

"Sister Charlotte, I didn't hear you wrong, did I?" Coco asked again.

Charlotte shook her head, "You certainly didn't hear wrong."

Chapter 844: Treasure

"Why don't you want to participate in their fashion show? This brand has no visibility at all." Coco looked at Charlotte Thompson with a lack of understanding.

Upon hearing this, a hint of skepticism appeared on Charlotte Thompson's face, "Have you ever seen a brand that became world-famous from the moment it was created?"

"But..." Coco hesitated, wanting to say more but stopping herself.

"Do you know why I chose this brand?" Charlotte Thompson asked with a smile.

Coco quickly shook her head, if she knew, she wouldn't have asked Charlotte Thompson such a question.

"Because their main focus is traditional style," Charlotte Thompson patiently explained.

After securing a collaboration with XTZ, Charlotte Thompson had been wanting to integrate our country's culture with this brand, but she found herself severely lacking knowledge in this area.

In the end, no matter how much she designed, the patterns and motifs were limited, and even online research left Charlotte Thompson feeling confused.

And now, the Melissa Tanner brand suddenly appeared before Charlotte Thompson.

Charlotte Thompson had just browsed their recent clothing releases online, and she even struggled to find the right words to describe them.

It was completely out of step with the current fashion scene, like a boldly unique existence, which perfectly matched Charlotte Thompson's current design philosophy.

If she participated in the Melissa Tanner fashion show this time, she would definitely gain a lot.

"You see, aren't these clothes beautiful?" While saying this, Charlotte Thompson turned the computer screen towards Coco.

Looking at one displayed outfit after another on the computer, a look of amazement could not help but appear on Coco's face.

"They really are beautiful."

Coco couldn't help but exclaim, "How has such a treasure gone undiscovered?"

This was also something that puzzled Charlotte Thompson; perhaps the brand's promotional efforts were insufficient?

However, Coco's next question immediately enlightened Charlotte Thompson.

"But... Sister Charlotte, wouldn't these clothes be a bit odd to wear out?"

"You're right," Charlotte Thompson said, unable to suppress a smile.

It seems that this was indeed the problem with their brand.

The elements, aesthetic, and design were all reflected in their clothing but were not very everyday.

Many of their designs were more suited for photo shoots, and unless one was completely devoted to traditional styles, not many people would actually purchase them.

Moreover, since the brand had chosen to design clothing based on traditional styles, it should not cater only to a small niche market.

Charlotte Thompson thought, maybe she could collaborate with them, which would definitely be a great opportunity.

"It's settled then, I've decided to join their fashion week. You go contact their manager," Charlotte Thompson nodded at Coco.

Although Coco was still somewhat puzzled, since Charlotte Thompson had spoken, she had no objections.

...

Meanwhile, in the Melissa Tanner brand's studio, there was a gloomy atmosphere on everyone's faces.

"What should we do? Can we proceed with our fashion show? Quite a few people have already declined the invitation." a pretty young lady spoke up.

"But if we don't go ahead, wouldn't all our hard work over such a long time be wasted?" someone countered.

"What do you think, boss?"

The young lady turned to see a woman standing beside her, her expression grave.

The woman was dressed in a dark green cheongsam, which made her skin look exceptionally fair, and an obscure snake was embroidered along her waist and back, stunningly mesmerizing.

Chapter 845 Excitement

Zara Ward's hand tightened continuously on the table, her beautiful and delicate face darkening, her eyebrows furrowed tightly.

This fashion show had nearly drained the lifeblood of everyone in the studio. If they didn't go ahead with it, wouldn't all their long efforts be in vain?

But their current situation... was utterly unsustainable.

Some had even handed in their resignation letters to her, leaving her with no chance to gamble again.

Thinking of this, Zara Ward couldn't help but sigh. She didn't speak, but the others already understood what she meant.

A cold atmosphere began to permeate the studio, and after a long while, Zara Ward finally spoke softly, "Alright, everyone can leave for the day."

However, just at that moment, the studio door was suddenly flung open.

"Steven Taylor, what are you doing? You scared me."

The young girl closest to the door exclaimed, quickly patting her chest.

But Steven Taylor, the young man now entering, was too distracted to apologize; he looked very odd as he approached Zara Ward.

"Boss, it's all over."

"What do you mean by that? What's all over?" Zara Ward was startled and confused by Steven's demeanor.

"No no no, not like it's over, well, it is over!"

Whatever he had experienced had clearly disordered his ability to speak, as he frantically patted his mouth.

"Steven, can't you speak clearly?" His behavior was just tantalizing and it terrified everyone else in the studio.

"Boss, do you know who I just got off the phone with?"

Steven took a deep breath, trying hard to calm his nerves. However, when he spoke again, his heart still couldn't help beating rapidly.

That time, Zara Ward didn't respond, just quietly waiting for Steven to finish speaking.

"What? Did Riley Group call you wanting to poach you?" The young girl, while packing away her things, spoke nonchalantly.

"Damn, you're quite the prophet," Steven snapped his fingers, then turned back to Zara Ward.

"Boss, Riley Group's Joy agreed to our invitation, she's coming to our fashion show."

However, as soon as he said this, no one around him shared Steven's excitement, and someone even placed their palm on his forehead.

"Hey, what's this? Why aren't you guys reacting at all?" Steven, not understanding the lack of enthusiasm, slapped his hand away.

"I think you must have been confused during your nap. We never sent an invitation to Joy," his colleague said, the look in their eyes somewhat teasing.

In an instant, Steven's expression turned weird, "Then why would I receive a call from Joy's assistant? Damn, are scammers really this professional now, knowing exactly who to impersonate?"

Thinking this, Steven felt a surge of anger burst through his chest.

"No! I must call back, the scammers are too audacious nowadays. Do you know how excited I was just now?"

While saying this, Steven pulled out his phone.

"Alright, alright, let's all disperse," someone waved their hands dismissively.

Zara Ward sighed softly, she actually wished the news was true.

However, just then, a voice came languidly from the corner.

"Um... maybe Joy really did agree."

Chapter 846 Cooperation

All eyes turned toward the source of the sound, a young girl who appeared somewhat uneasy as she looked around at everyone present, her anxiety prompting her to fidget with her glasses.

"I think I sent an invitation to Joy," the girl's voice was very soft, even timid.

She did indeed, following Zara Ward's instructions, send out invitations to some designers and celebrities, but she accidentally included Joy. Never did she imagine that Joy would actually accept.

Just then, Steven Taylor's phone call connected.

"Hello?"

Steven Taylor's heart skipped a beat, and he swallowed the curses that were on the tip of his tongue, then quietly switched on the speakerphone.

"May I ask if you are designer Joy's assistant?"

Not just Steven Taylor, now everyone in the studio turned their gaze to the phone.

"Yes, may I ask what you need with Miss Joy?" The other end of the phone spoke with Coco's patient reply.

"Are you sure?"

Steven Taylor asked with some skepticism, only to receive a cold stare from Zara Ward the moment he finished speaking.

"Of course, I have no need to lie. Who am I speaking with, and what is the matter?" Coco's tone carried a hint of confusion—had she encountered some scammer?

Zara Ward immediately approached, signaling for Steven Taylor to step aside, and started speaking.

"Hello, I am the person in charge at Melissa Tanner Studio. We have just received a notification that Miss Joy has agreed to take part in our fashion week, and I'd like to confirm this matter."

Hearing this, Coco stood up, knocked on the door, and entered Charlotte Thompson's office.

"Sister Charlotte, Melissa Tanner Studio is calling for you."

Charlotte had instructed Coco shortly after her previous call that if Melissa Tanner Studio called again, she should transfer it directly to her.

Charlotte quickly set down the design sketch in her hand and took the phone.

"Hello, I am Joy."

Charlotte's voice resonated through the handset throughout Melissa Tanner Studio, bringing expressions of both shock and joy to everyone present.

"Ahem..."

Zara Ward quickly adjusted her voice and cautiously inquired, "I am in charge of Melissa Tanner Studio. My name is Zara Ward."

"Hello, Miss Ward."

Charlotte responded politely, and though she hadn't met this person in charge, through the voice on the phone, Charlotte could tell this must be a very beautiful and gentle woman.

"Miss Joy, I'm curious why you agreed to participate in our fashion show?"

Zara Ward was extremely puzzled. Considering Joy's current status, numerous top luxury brands would invite her, so why would she choose them instead?

"Didn't your studio send me an invitation? Why are you now asking why I agreed?" There was a hint of amusement in Charlotte's tone.

But Zara Ward felt a thrill of fear, quickly explaining, "That's not it. I just didn't expect it at all."

"I do have a particular reason for attending your fashion show," Charlotte began.

This statement didn't surprise Zara Ward too much; after all, with her type of brand, it was hard to find a reason why Charlotte would attend.

"I want... to collaborate with your brand."

Charlotte spoke very seriously, but the line fell into silence and stillness.

It was so quiet that Charlotte wondered if the call had been disconnected.

Chapter 847: Pie in the Sky

"Hello?" Charlotte Thompson called out tentatively.

Suddenly, an incredibly excited voice came through the phone, "You! You're not joking, are you?"

Charlotte quickly pulled the phone away from her ear a bit.

She withdrew her initial thought that the woman on the other end of the call must be gentle.

"Of course, I am not joking." Charlotte said aloud.

"But we are just a brand with absolutely no fame," Zara Ward's expression was full of disbelief at the moment.

This feeling was like when she played scratch-off lottery tickets at a street stall and ended up scratching off a prize worth millions.

"Why should I care about your brand's fame? I am a designer; all I care about is the design of your brand. To be honest, I really like the style of your brand, so I want to collaborate with you."

Charlotte's tone was very sincere; no matter what, she would not give up this opportunity.

Zara glanced at the employees in the studio and waved at them to calm down before she continued speaking to Charlotte.

"But our brand has very significant limitations..."

Previously, the brand was somewhat famous when it was first established, but when she decided to seek collaborative designs, she was rejected time and time again.

The reasons given by those brands and designers were almost the same.

Attractive, but simply not part of the fashion circle.

Because the target audience was just too small.

"Actually, this is also something I want to talk to you about. I think the clothes your brand makes are impeccable in every aspect, but why not expand the range a bit?"

Upon hearing this, Zara was taken aback; she clearly understood the meaning behind Charlotte's words.

"Miss Charlotte, not to hide it from you, I am not just confined to that one area. I have also tried some breakthroughs and innovations, but the result..."

At this point, Zara paused.

She was well aware of the limitations of her brand, and after all, she wanted to run a fashion brand. She also frequently followed what was popular for the year.

But when combined with her brand, it ended up looking very out of place.

"You can probably guess that if we're talking about the ancient style alone, I think there are few who can match me. But when it comes to blending with current trends, that is something I am completely not good at."

"Well, I think that's quite fortuitous, because I am not too familiar with these ancient styles, and that's also one of the reasons I chose to collaborate with you. What do you think, Miss Ward?"

Charlotte asked, her voice carrying a hint of expectancy.

"Of course!"

Zara wasn't a fool; how could she refuse such a golden opportunity falling into her lap?

"Our studio is very honored to collaborate with Miss Charlotte."

Hearing the cheerfulness in Zara's tone, Charlotte felt much better.

"Since that's the case, I am very much looking forward to your brand's fashion show."

"Rest assured, Miss Charlotte. You will not be disappointed," Zara replied repeatedly and then hung up the phone.

She stood in place, took a deep breath, and then announced to everyone in the studio, "Seafood barbecue—it's on me today!"

"Long live the boss!"

The air was bursting with excitement at that moment. When they heard Zara's words, some even jumped up with excitement.

That was a collaboration with Charlotte, and behind her were not only the Riley Group but also BK Thompson Family.

This was not just a pie in the sky—it was raining gold from above.

Chapter 848 Thank You for Charlotte's Reward

After hanging up the phone, Charlotte Thompson thought of looking up the fashion shows previously organized by Melissa Tanner, just a quick look, and she discovered that they had only put on a fashion show once in two years.

And... that one show had included quite a few bizarre items in its collection.

Charlotte looked at it, and this probably was what their person in charge referred to as the fusion of ancient styles and popular trends.

It seemed that Miss Ward indeed didn't have a thorough understanding of current trends.

So, Charlotte, after comparing and researching, finally found several suitable elements.

By the time she finished these tasks, it was already time to leave work.

Charlotte tidied up her desk and thought that this was the perfect time to pick up the little ones from the kindergarten.

Thinking thus, Charlotte went to Justin Battleson's office, and when she entered, she found Justin still dealing with some business matters.

"You're here."

Justin looked up and saw Charlotte enter; he stood up and took her hand, pulling her over.

Charlotte glanced at the thick stack of documents on Justin's desk, her expression filled with worry, "Do you still have a lot of work to deal with?"

"Not much, just that recently we've had a few new partners, requiring a lot of negotiations," Justin shook his head, obviously not wanting Charlotte to worry.

"You've worked hard."

Charlotte pressed down on Justin's shoulders, making him sit back down, and then reached out to rub his temples.

Justin's body leaned back slightly, and he hooked Charlotte's wrist, easily pulling her into his embrace with a bit of strength.

"Since you think I've worked hard, maybe Charlotte should reward me a bit?" Justin asked while embracing Charlotte's waist.

Cool fingertips traced Justin's brow, finally resting at the corner of his eyes. Charlotte, looking into his smiling eyes, leaned down and planted a kiss on his lips.

It was as brief as a dragonfly skimming water, yet it made Justin itch for more.

Seeing that Charlotte was about to leave, Justin pinched her chin directly.

"That's not enough of a reward."

With that, Justin kissed Charlotte again. He held her waist with one hand, and slid the other from her chin to the back of her neck in a possessive gesture, not giving Charlotte any chance to escape.

After the kiss, Justin finally released the panting woman.

Charlotte's cheeks were flushed, and she leaned on Justin's shoulder, feeling as if her heart was thumping like a little rabbit on the loose.

"Thank you for the reward, Charlotte," chuckled Justin.

Charlotte bit her lower lip, looking up at Justin, "You!"

She paused, then muttered softly,

"Always bullying me..."

"It's simply because you're too cute, Charlotte," Justin's voice was husky, filled with flirtatious charm.

His warm breath on Charlotte's face and neck caused ripples of strange feelings in her heart.

"Stop teasing, I still have to pick up the babies."

Charlotte broke free from Justin's arms, looked down at her somewhat disheveled clothes, and glared at Justin, a little annoyed, before turning to tidy up.

"Charlotte, are you really that heartless, not to comfort me a bit? I work very hard every day," said Justin, hugging Charlotte from behind, his chin resting on her shoulder.

"Well, you've worked hard; I'll have Michael Richard make you a cup of coffee later," Charlotte said with a smile, turning around.

Who needs Michael Richard.

Justin thought with distaste.

And outside the office, Michael Richard suddenly sneezed.

Chapter 849 Grandfather

"Alright, I'll go pick up the kids now, don't work too hard."

Charlotte gave Justin Battleson another kiss on the corner of his mouth for comfort.

"Be careful on the road."

Justin nodded and instructed, "I might be back late today."

After talking for a while longer and realizing time was pressing, Justin let go of Charlotte reluctantly.

Once Charlotte had left the office, Justin took a deep breath and sat back down at his desk. He pinched the bridge of his nose and continued with the tasks at hand.

It was then that his phone began to ring.

Looking at the number on the screen, Justin's brows furrowed tightly.

...

Charlotte hadn't expected there to be some congestion on the road; she glanced anxiously at her watch, tapping her fingertips irritably on the steering wheel.

Eventually, the road cleared, and Charlotte hurriedly made her way to the nursery.

At the same time, in front of the nursery, six little friends who had finished school stood side by side. Grace Thompson stood on her tiptoes, then peered into the crowd for her mommy, but to no avail as she was too short to see anything.

"Why hasn't Mommy come today?" Hank Thompson asked puzzledly.

When Charlotte came to pick them up before, she had never been late like today.

"Mommy has been really busy with work recently, so she might be a bit late," Chad Thompson said.

"We're too young to go home by ourselves, otherwise, it wouldn't be such a hassle for Mommy," Jack Thompson sighed.

After the other children at the nursery had left, the teacher turned to see the six little ones still standing at the door and hurried over.

"Haven't your parents come to pick you up?"

Grace shook her head and replied, "Mommy will be here soon."

"Then you guys wait here at the nursery. The teacher will prepare some toys and snacks for you." The teacher began to bring the six children back into the nursery.

"Wait, wait a minute."

Suddenly a voice came from outside. Grace turned around excitedly, thinking it was Charlotte, but instead, she saw several people standing not too far away.

And these were none other than Ethan Allen and his family, who had caused a ruckus at Charlotte's company that morning.

"You are..."

The teacher looked at Ethan with some confusion but stepped forward to stand in front of the children.

Ethan coughed and quickly explained, "Teacher, don't get me wrong, I'm not a bad person; I'm Allen... I'm Charlotte's father, and these children's maternal grandfather."

"You're Miss Thompson's father?" The teacher's eyes were somewhat surprised.

"Yes, teacher, I have no reason to lie to you," Ethan said with a smile, "Today, my daughter had many things to attend to at her company and couldn't get away, so she asked me to take the kids back to the Allen family."

The thing Charlotte cared about most now was these kids. If he could control the children, he wouldn't worry about Charlotte not giving him money, would he?

In fact, Ethan didn't want to use these children to blackmail Charlotte, but her current actions had completely backed him into a corner, leaving him no other choice.

"Kids, do you recognize me? I'm your maternal grandfather," Ethan stooped down and showed a kindly smile to the children, the wrinkles at the corner of his eyes bunching together. His smile made him appear even older.

The children looked at each other, and no one spoke.

Seeing this, Ethan became anxious and urged, "Let's go, your grandfather will take you home."

Chapter 850 You Are the Bad Person

Emily Allen, standing nearby, was growing impatient. She glanced at Grace Thompson and took a step forward, trying to grab Grace's hand.

Grace was startled, while Cyrus Thompson quickly stepped in front of her.

"What do you think you're doing?" Cyrus's voice was somewhat chilling.

Looking at Cyrus, who seemed to be a carbon copy of Justin Battleson, Emily involuntarily took a few steps back.

But Emily quickly realized that she had been scared by a child.

"I'm your aunt, of course I'm taking you home," Emily spoke.

"Yes, come home with Grandpa," Ethan Allen also nodded his head and reached out his hand toward Hank Thompson.

Cyrus's brows furrowed as he stared intently at Ethan Allen and eventually said, "You're not our grandpa, you're a bad man."

Hank seemed to recall something as well, suddenly jumping up, "You're the bad man who harassed Mommy in the coffee shop before!"

"Don't talk nonsense, kids. How am I a bad man? I am your mother's biological father," Ethan Allen retorted with displeasure.

"Just take the kids away," Ryan Richard said.

Ethan Allen had already entertained such thoughts; he did not want to waste more words on these children.

Cyrus stood in front of his younger siblings, then turned to the teacher beside him and said.

"Teacher, we don't know these people; they're bad people, please call the police."

"What are you talking about, kid?"

Upon hearing this, Ethan Allen immediately objected, "Regardless of whether you recognize me or not, we're related by blood, I am your grandfather."

The teacher nearby, upon hearing this, quickly gestured for the children to go inside the kindergarten.

Seeing that he was about to take the children away, Ethan Allen wasn't about to fail at this point; having even one child in his hands would be enough to threaten Charlotte Thompson.

Thinking this, he swiftly stepped forward and grabbed Olivia Thompson, who was closest to him.

Olivia couldn't evade and was immediately frightened, tears welling up in her eyes on the spot.

Grace Thompson, who was about to run into the kindergarten, saw what was happening and immediately turned back.

"Annie! Bad man, let her go!"

The rest of the children also ran towards Ethan Allen, and seeing this, Ryan also tried to grab Hank Thompson.

"What are you doing!"

It was then that Charlotte Thompson's voice came from behind; without hesitation, she threw her bag at Ryan Richard.

Ryan cried out in pain and released Hank's hand.

"Mommy!"

The children turned and saw Charlotte Thompson, quickly starting to speak in distress.

Charlotte rushed over to see Ethan Allen still pulling on Olivia.

The little girl was terrified, her face covered in tears, as she reached her hand out towards Charlotte.

"Mommy!"

"Ethan Allen! What do you think you're doing! Let go of my daughter!"

Charlotte had never expected Ethan Allen to find his way to the kindergarten.

"Charlotte, I'm these children's grandfather, of course, I have a reason to see them," Ethan Allen said.

"Ethan Allen, I told you to let go!" Charlotte's gaze was ice cold.

She regretted not having dealt with these people back at the office.

Ethan Allen was startled by Charlotte's gaze and stepped back a few paces, and during this moment, Grace seized the opportunity to rush forward, trying to pull Ethan Allen's arm to rescue Olivia.

Emily reacted and shoved Grace, causing her to fall backward with a tumble.

"Get out of my way!"

A hint of blood red flashed in Charlotte's eyes as she stepped forward and slapped Emily across the face.