

Spoiled 891

Chapter 891: Where Did This Madman Come From

Emily Allen was kicked squarely in the chest.

Ryan Richard's kick was delivered without a shred of mercy, making Emily feel an oppressive pain in her chest. Her slender frame couldn't bear the force, and she staggered backwards.

"Ryan! How can you not recognize me? Have you forgotten what you told me in the past? You clearly said you loved me the most!"

Emily's somewhat disheveled wailing failed to bring forth even a hint of sympathy in Ryan Richard's heart.

"Get lost, you lunatic!"

As Ryan spoke, his gaze stealthily shifted to the two bodyguards behind him.

Initially, Ryan had considered using the opportunity with Emily, who had willingly shown up, to send these two bodyguards away.

However, seeing the bodyguards unmoved and even beginning to look displeased, Ryan felt a thud in his heart and hurriedly tried to distance himself from Emily.

He was currently at the mercy of Miss Anne, and these two bodyguards were tough nuts to crack; any trick he tried was bound to be seen through. What if he truly angered the two bodyguards in front of him?

Moreover, Emily Allen, now disfigured and her family in ruins, couldn't compare to Miss Anne.

So, after much thought, Ryan still believed he should cling tightly to Miss Anne's side.

Emily was no longer of any use to him.

But these ruthless words from Ryan left Emily in disbelief.

Emily's temperament was very much like Ethan Allen's.

Moreover, having been spoiled by the Allen family since childhood, she had long developed a sense of entitlement akin to a princess's.

Though she hadn't cared much for Ryan in the past, his good looks had been somewhat reassuring to her.

She was convinced she would eventually cling to a powerful figure and rise to stardom in the entertainment industry, so there was still a touch of arrogance about her.

Ryan, too, had intended to use Emily to make money and thus had indulged her.

But times had changed.

Emily had fallen from the clouds straight into the mud.

Essentially, they were two greedy souls devouring each other; now that reality had forced them to face each other, the ugliness hidden beneath those facades was laid bare.

"Lunatic?"

Emily shook her head, Ryan's cold words cutting deep, and she fixated her trembling pupils on his face,

"Who are you calling a lunatic!"

Then she shifted her gaze to the two bodyguards standing behind Ryan.

Ryan was no longer the aloof scion of the Richard Family. How could he possibly have bodyguards with him when he went out?

Emily was no fool and quickly thought of a possibility. She straightened up and grabbed the hem of Ryan's clothes.

"Ryan Richard, did Charlotte Thompson pay you off? Did you pocket all that money for yourself?"

Emily naturally learned online about her father and mother's incarceration, a shock that was not slight for her.

Seeing Ryan so smug now, she thought that perhaps the Richard Family had risen once more.

Considering the Richard Family and the Allen family were similarly situated, and her parents had been sent to prison by Charlotte Thompson, yet Ryan seemed unscathed—could it be that Ryan had used some scheme behind the scenes?

Remembering the words Ryan had said to her that day, Emily's expression turned frosty.

"You used the photo album to threaten Charlotte Thompson, didn't you!"

Emily's mind was somewhat delirious, certainly blurting out whatever came to mind.

However, the mere mention of the photo album caused a slight change in more than just Ryan's expression; the two bodyguards behind him exchanged glances as well.

Chapter 892: Dog Eat Dog

Before, in the private room, their young miss and this Ryan Richard had a conversation, which the bodyguards had overheard quite a bit of, and knew that Ryan Richard now held leverage over Charlotte Thompson.

However, they had not expected Emily Allen to also be aware of this leverage.

And in his heart, Ryan Richard had already cursed Emily Allen thoroughly.

He had originally wanted to find some other items to deceive the two bodyguards in the rental.

After all, the album was of great importance to him, and he naturally did not want to hand it over to Zoe Anne.

But now Emily Allen had directly mentioned the album.

What was he to do now?

"How much money did Charlotte give you! We had agreed to split the money equally!"

Now Emily Allen didn't care about anything else, she just wanted to get the money, then go to the plastic surgery hospital to get her face fixed so she could make her return to the entertainment industry.

Indeed, at this point, Emily Allen was still harboring her grand dream of becoming an overnight sensation in the entertainment industry.

"What money!"

Ryan Richard was really getting tired of Emily Allen's pestering.

But Emily Allen was still unrelenting, "Charlotte must have given you money! Give it to me! Give it!"

Saying so, Emily Allen suddenly straightened up and reached out to tear at Ryan Richard.

Ryan Richard immediately dodged with a cold expression on his face.

However, the two bodyguards behind Ryan Richard were already losing their patience and couldn't help but urge, "Hurry up and take out the item!"

Watching this scene, the bodyguards couldn't help but wonder if Ryan Richard and Emily Allen were acting out a scene here, deliberately stalling for time.

Ryan Richard was scared into a cold sweat by the bodyguards' looks, and his anger towards Emily Allen accumulated further.

He grabbed Emily Allen's outstretched wrist and pulled it back forcefully.

"Didn't I tell you to scram? Can't you hear? Emily Allen, who do you think you are, daring to make a scene here with me? Better ask your parents in the prison for money!"

As he spoke fiercely, Ryan Richard seemed to feel that wasn't enough to vent his anger and without mercy, he slapped Emily Allen across the face again.

Emily Allen felt her head buzzing with pain from the slap and glared at Ryan Richard with clenched teeth, her eyes bloodshot.

"Don't let me see you again, or next time I'll definitely beat you to death!"

Ryan Richard, while holding onto Emily Allen's hair and sneering mockingly, then kicked her aside like throwing out trash and no longer paid any attention to her, instead he directly opened the door and walked in toward the two bodyguards.

The sound of the door closing was deafening, as a disheveled Emily Allen struggled to get up, reaching out to pat the room door.

"Ryan Richard! Open the door for me! Open it!"

Without getting the money, Emily Allen couldn't possibly just let it go.

She was now completely crazed, money filled her thoughts and vision.

In the room, Ryan Richard, who was searching for the album, was very displeased after hearing the knocking.

He turned his head and saw the two bodyguards behind him and immediately said, "Brothers, this lunatic is really making a lot of noise, it's annoying for you to listen to as well, so why not... "

Ryan Richard didn't finish his sentence, but the two bodyguards had already understood his implication.

The two had always been bodyguards for Zoe Anne and had thoroughly investigated Ryan Richard's situation, naturally, they also knew what kind of person Emily Allen was.

Seeing Ryan Richard in this state, they were filled with irony.

However, Emily Allen's noise outside was also irritating them, and after exchanging a glance, they seemed ready to "solve" the problem outside.

"Find that thing quickly and don't try any tricks." Having said that, the two bodyguards walked out.

Ryan Richard listened as Emily Allen's wailing outside abruptly stopped.

Chapter 893: Back Together Again

Ryan Richard's heart couldn't help but quake with fear.

These two couldn't have killed Emily Allen outright, could they?

Ryan Richard's heart pounded like a drum as his grip on the album unconsciously tightened.

After he handed over the album, would those two people simply silence him for good?

With such thoughts racing through his mind, Ryan Richard moved closer to the door, eager to see what was happening outside.

But he had barely reached the door when the bodyguard had already turned back, opened the door, and was facing Ryan Richard.

Ryan Richard was so scared that he nearly lost his nerve on the spot.

However, the bodyguard couldn't care less about his dramatically changing expression and asked bluntly, "Where's the item?"

"This, this..." Ryan Richard, trembling, handed over the album.

The bodyguard glanced at it before taking it and then said, "Let's go."

Ryan Richard couldn't find any sign of Emily Allen outside the door, but he dared not ask further and simply followed the two bodyguards.

The bodyguards brought Ryan Richard back to the place where Zoe Anne was and handed her the retrieved album.

Zoe Anne casually flipped through the photos in the album, her lips curving into a cold smile.

Now, Charlotte Thompson had just given her the leverage she needed.

"Miss Anne, I've already given you the album, do you think maybe..."

Ryan Richard hesitated, but his message was crystal clear.

Witnessing Ryan Richard's pitiful state, a hint of sarcastic amusement flickered in Zoe Anne's eyes.

Zoe Anne casually set the album aside and then reclined slightly in her chair, speaking nonchalantly.

"Why did you break up with Charlotte in the first place?"

Ryan Richard was caught off guard by Zoe Anne's question and found himself at a loss for how to recount what had happened before.

After all, it was him...

His eyes darting about, he intended to pin some random charge on Charlotte, but Zoe Anne had already spoken.

"I'll give you a chance, maybe you and Charlotte can get back together, how about that?"

Upon hearing this, Ryan Richard's pupils quivered with excitement.

"What, what do you mean?"

"Exactly what it sounds like," Zoe Anne said with a smile that curled her eyebrows. She crossed her legs, propping her chin in her palm, elbow resting on the table.

"Maybe I can help you win Charlotte back."

...

Meanwhile, Charlotte had no idea what was about to happen.

Thanks to Charlotte's company, Chad Thompson was recovering very quickly; he was already clamoring to go home with Charlotte even before leaving the hospital bed.

Worried about her son, Charlotte had called a doctor to run a full check on Chad Thompson. After confirming there was nothing wrong, she informed the Ross Family and proceeded with the discharge.

Charlotte had wanted to hold both Jack Thompson and Chad Thompson close, but the considerate elder brother Jack let only Chad be held by Charlotte, while he politely followed behind.

Charlotte had already informed Justin Battleson about Chad Thompson's situation. Justin had wanted to come immediately, but Charlotte asked him to comfort the other children waiting anxiously back at the villa.

She had not returned to the villa for the entire night; those little ones must be worried.

"Charlotte."

Mr. Ross approached Charlotte in his wheelchair.

Charlotte respectfully turned her attention to Mr. Ross.

Both Jack and Chad greeted Mr. Ross properly by Charlotte's side.

Mr. Ross's gaze rested deeply on the two children, and after a moment, he slowly gestured for Chad to come closer.

Chad, being reserved by nature, hesitated upon seeing Mr. Ross's gesture, and the hand clutching Charlotte's dress tightened.

Chapter 894: They Are My Sons

But Jack knew very well in his heart. He took the initiative to reach out and grab his brother's hand and then approached Mr. Ross.

"Grandfather," Jack began, calling softly.

Seeing this, Chad also called out.

Mr. Ross's pupils trembled slightly, and his lips were almost pressed into a straight line.

After a long silence, he gave up what he wanted to say and just reached out to touch the tops of the two children's heads.

The love Mr. Ross felt for these two children was genuine, but in his heart, he felt even more a sense of guilt.

Mr. Ross had always been a man of few words, only maintaining a stern face, which made Jack and Chad invariably feel afraid.

Charlotte also understood that Mr. Ross didn't want to part from the children. As she was about to speak, Adam came over.

"Good thing I made it on time." Adam exhaled slowly and handed the gifts to the two children, bending down to speak.

"Remember to share with your brother and sister when you get back."

After all, Jack and Chad were just kids at heart, and seeing the toys naturally filled them with joy, as they both nodded eagerly.

Charlotte watched the elated children, feeling naturally happy herself.

"Thank you," Adam stepped forward, closing the distance between him and Charlotte.

Charlotte turned her head, not knowing where Adam's thanks came from. She pursed her lips and said nothing, waiting for more of what Adam would say.

"If it weren't for you, these kids couldn't possibly be living so carefree and happy."

Adam couldn't help expressing his admiration and felt even more apologetic to the children.

Charlotte raised her eyebrows and gave him a look but seemed to think of something, her hand tensing slightly at her side.

However, Adam didn't notice the movement of Charlotte's hands, only turning to look at the side of her face.

"Having you take care of the children puts my mind at ease," he said.

"Of course, they are my sons." Charlotte responded as she slightly lifted her gaze to see Chad had approached Mr. Ross to talk with him.

Sometimes, Charlotte was genuinely curious about what sort of person the mother of Jack and Chad could be.

She had known Adam for no short amount of time, and she had got the measure of his personality.

Yet the temperaments of the two little fellows, Jack and Chad, didn't quite resemble Adam's.

The children were docile and composed, completely unlike the Mr. Ross of the Ross Family.

But Charlotte knew deep down that there were some things that didn't need to be asked.

After all... they weren't very honorable.

Both lost in thought, the atmosphere fell into silence for a while until Mr. Ross spoke up, drawing both of their attention.

"Charlotte."

Mr. Ross cleared his throat and said slowly, "Since the discharge process is already complete, don't stay here anymore. Take the children and go back."

"Alright," Charlotte replied, nodding her head.

The two children also ran up to Charlotte's side, each holding the gift Adam had given them.

"Mr. Ross, please arrange for someone from the Ross Family to come and pick up Jack and Chad this weekend."

This was a promise between herself and the Ross Family, and Charlotte naturally intended to honor it.

However, Charlotte hadn't expected Mr. Ross to speak up at that moment: "Let's skip this weekend."

Charlotte turned her gaze to him, but all she saw was Mr. Ross's back.

Charlotte looked at Adam, puzzled.

Adam's eyes fluttered slightly: "The old man feels guilty."

"Guilty?"

The word was not unfamiliar to Charlotte, but it was indeed surprising to hear it used in relation to Mr. Ross.

Chapter 895: Let's Go Home

Adam Ross gathered his thoughts and said in a low voice, "Chad's illness has actually worried Mr. Ross a lot."

Although Mr. Ross was serious and unfeeling about certain things, he had a soft spot for the two children.

"Now our Mr. Ross realizes the consequences of forcefully taking custody at your place, and if he keeps the children at the Ross family home this weekend, they probably won't be happy. It's better to let them stay with you," he said slowly.

Adam continued, "In fact, it's just that Mr. Ross values these two children too much, and with his personality being as it is, so..."

Adam did not finish his sentence, but Charlotte understood clearly in her heart.

Charlotte had always harbored grudges against the Ross family, especially after Chad fell ill.

She could never understand how the Ross family members could be so... heartless, only placing their interests first and foremost.

When Mr. Ross found out that there were two children from the Ross family left outside, he had nearly used all the family's influence to locate Charlotte and demanded the children be returned to the Ross family.

Disregarding the fact that Charlotte had already formed a mother-child bond with Jack and Chad that was inseparable by others.

Even Jasmine Clarkson had said that among the major families, theirs was the coldest and most ruthless.

Furthermore, with the internal chaos of the Ross family, returning the two children would be like presenting targets to those with ulterior motives.

Charlotte did not have much fondness for Mr. Ross, except for the respect due from a younger generation to an elder.

But now, as Charlotte watched the retreating figure of Mr. Ross, she felt a certain pity for him.

The infighting in other noble families was also commonplace, but after all, it was within controls.

In contrast with the Ross family.

Torn apart by internal strife, Mr. Ross—at his advanced age—was still desperately supporting the outwardly prosperous but inwardly in shambles Ross family.

Mr. Ross's illness had also been worn away by these troubles over just a few short years.

"Adam, what are you standing there for? Hurry up and catch up!"

Mr. Ross's voice interrupted Charlotte's reflections. Adam looked pleadingly at Charlotte, pinched Jack and Chad's little cheeks, and, with hands in pockets, walked towards Mr. Ross.

Charlotte couldn't help but sigh softly, but her eyes were unusually determined.

In her heart, Jack and Chad were her children first, and only then the bloodline of the Ross family.

She would do everything in her power to protect their safety and happiness for life.

"Mommy, let's go home," said Jack, tugging at Charlotte's hand and gently swaying it.

Charlotte smiled warmly and left the hospital with the two children.

They had barely reached the parking lot when a crisp shout rang out.

"Mommy!"

Charlotte turned around and saw Grace Thompson and several other children running towards her, causing her to freeze in amazement.

How did these little treasures get here?

Charlotte looked at the children who had gathered around and finally, her gaze landed on Justin Battleson standing beside the car.

He held a coat in his arm and walked over to Charlotte.

"Why did you bring the children here?" Charlotte couldn't help but ask.

Justin Battleson draped the coat over Charlotte's shoulders and held her hand in his palm, frowning slightly when he touched her cool fingertips.

"The kids said they wanted to come and have a look; you know how they are," Justin said, but his worried eyes were fixed on Charlotte.

From the beginning, when he learned that Charlotte had gone to the hospital, he had wanted to come over, but Charlotte insisted he stay home to look after the children.

When he heard that Chad was sick, Justin's heart also clenched.

Chapter 896 That Old Fool Steven Ross

Similarly, Justin Battleson could imagine how distraught Charlotte must have felt at that time.

"Chad, do you feel uncomfortable anywhere else?"

"Big brother Chad, what did the doctor say?"

"Chad, let's stay in the hospital a bit longer."

At this moment, the children had all gathered around Chad, each of them asking about his condition with concern.

"Did someone bully you!" Grace blurted out as if something had occurred to her.

The children shared an unspoken understanding.

Previously, the Ross family had forcefully taken Jack and Chad, and then they had heard that Chad had fallen ill.

Despite being so young, the children couldn't help but be suspicious about the connection between these events.

Initially, Hank wanted to continue speaking based on Grace's comment, but Cyrus nudged him with his elbow and gently shook his head.

Hank stopped himself mid-sentence.

Seeing this, Chad quickly shook his head, then puffed out his chest and declared, "I'm fine, you don't need to worry, it's just a common cold."

After speaking, Chad looked over at Charlotte, then walked over and took her hand.

"Mommy, you've been taking care of me since yesterday without proper rest, let's go home soon. Don't get sick, Mommy."

His obedient appearance softened Charlotte's heart, and she bent down to ruffle Chad's hair, speaking tenderly, "As long as you're fine, Mommy is relieved."

Charlotte would rather bear the illness herself than let her children suffer through it.

Just thinking about how haggard Chad looked when she saw him yesterday made Charlotte's heart ache.

"Let's go home, your great-grandmother has been very worried about you."

Justin spoke at the right moment, and the children, hand in hand, got into the car.

Justin's fingertip grazed Charlotte's cheek, looking at her with a touch of heartache, "You don't have to wear yourself out like this in the future, you still have me."

Charlotte clasped Justin's hand in return and nodded at him.

Justin drove, taking Charlotte and the children back to Stardust Garden, while Jasmine Clarkson had been waiting outside Stardust Garden for some time.

As the children got out of the car, she hurried forward.

"Let great-grandma take a look at you, how did you get sick?"

Jasmine beckoned to Chad, and when he approached her, she quickly pulled the child into her embrace.

She had only learned yesterday that Steven Ross from the Ross family had actually gone straight to Justin and Charlotte to take the two children back to the Ross Mansion.

Jasmine was so furious she nearly stormed over to the Ross Mansion herself.

Seeing Chad's slightly pale face and the needle marks on the back of his hand intensified the fire brewing in Jasmine's belly.

"That damn old man Steven Ross, how dare he treat my precious great-grandchildren like that! It infuriates me!" Jasmine ranted, unable to contain her anger.

The children had never seen their usually amiable great-grandmother so irate and gathered around to comfort her.

Chad, being closest to Jasmine, quickly stretched out his hand, pretending to help smooth Jasmine's energy.

"Great-grandma, Chad is all right, see, I'm standing right before you, healthy and well. It's just a common cold, you don't need to worry."

However, these few comforting words did little to lessen Jasmine's fury. She gently stroked the back of Chad's hand, fearful of causing him pain, her face showing nothing but tenderness.

"If anything serious happened to you, great-grandma would never forgive those people of the Ross family!"

While saying this, Jasmine's mind was already pondering other thoughts silently.

Chapter 897: The Best Method

With the events of the past few days, there was no way the Ross Family could take Jack and Chad back now!

"My dear child, no one will be able to bully you while you're here with your great-grandmother," Jasmine Clarkson said.

Chad nodded repeatedly as he listened, "Great-grandmother is the best, it's a bit cold outside, let's go inside."

"Such a good boy."

Jasmine, relieved, then called the other children and entered the villa with them.

Dinner had already been prepared at Stardust Garden, and everyone gathered around the table to start their meal.

Now that both Jack and Chad were back, this meal naturally became a joyful family reunion dinner.

"Eat more, have a bit more," Hank picked the biggest chicken leg from the plate and placed it into Chad's bowl.

"Chad just came out of the hospital; you really need to replenish your strength," Olivia added vigorously.

"This is your favorite."

Even Cyrus, who was usually calm and steady, kept serving food to Jack and Chad.

Seeing the mountain of dishes in front of him, Chad pursed his lips; he didn't touch his chopsticks, and his eyes seemed to waver.

Seeing his reaction, Hank worried that Chad might be uncomfortable and quickly asked, "Chad, what's wrong? Do you have a headache?"

The rest also put down their chopsticks and turned their attention to Chad.

Chad quickly waved his hands and sniffled due to his cold, his voice slightly hoarse, "No, no, I'm perfectly fine. I'm just really happy..."

Mr. Ross's demand that day truly scared Chad, and with Charlotte ultimately letting the children be taken away by Mr. Ross, Chad had thought for a moment that Charlotte really didn't want him anymore.

Back at the Ross' place after that, Chad was terrified and kept crying.

Fortunately, he was now back with Justin Battleson and Charlotte, and this feeling was indescribable for Chad, so he found it hard to contain his emotions when the other siblings showed their concern.

"I'm just so happy to see you all again..."

His words, tinged with a nasal tone, sounded somewhat coquettish.

Hank immediately extended his arm, wrapped it around Chad's neck, and pulled him closer.

"What are you talking about, we're always here with you."

"Yes, brother, we're all here," Olivia smiled and nodded.

Charlotte, observing the harmonious and warm scene, couldn't help but purse her lips into a smile, turning to exchange a glance with Justin.

Yet Cyrus noticed Grace's somewhat dazed expression and asked in a low voice, "What's wrong?"

Grace looked up at Cyrus, appeared slightly bewildered, shook her head, and then smiled, "Nothing's wrong."

However, Cyrus's gaze fell on the untouched dish in front of Grace.

But in the next second, Grace was already reaching out with her chopsticks to serve food to Jack and Chad.

Cyrus's gaze deepened.

"The children should stay here at Stardust Garden for these few days," Jasmine suggested after dinner.

Jasmine wanted to spend time with the children, but she was also concerned that the Ross Family might come to cause trouble for Charlotte again.

Hearing this, Charlotte nodded.

She had indeed been thinking about sending the children to Stardust Garden for a while.

Given that she and Justin Battleson were extremely busy with their work, and with Jordan starting his concert tour, they might not have enough time to look after the children.

Therefore, sending them to Jasmine was the best solution.

Chapter 898: When Will They Remarry?

"The children have been quite a trouble for Grandma lately," Charlotte Thompson said aloud.

Jasmine Clarkson curled her lips towards Charlotte, "You're still being polite with me, child?"

Looking at Justin Battleson again, Jasmine seemed to think of something and continued, "By the way, when do you two plan to remarry?"

Upon hearing this, Charlotte, who was arranging Hank Thompson's clothes, paused in her movements.

Justin's gaze naturally fell upon Charlotte. Seeing her purse her lips, he quickly spoke up before she could.

"Grandma, there's no rush to remarry. Besides, Charlotte and I have already gotten back together," Justin said.

Justin indeed wanted to remarry Charlotte, but he knew she was not ready yet, and he was willing to give her time.

Helped to her feet by the butler's hand, Jasmine walked towards the couch, saying, "Being back together is one thing, but you two are still not in a marital relationship, are you? It's better to remarry sooner rather than later."

Jasmine wasn't the type to hold old-fashioned beliefs, but considering Justin and Charlotte's special circumstances, she hoped Charlotte would become Justin's wife again.

Otherwise, the media's incessant rumor-mongering was just too irritating for her to watch.

Of course, Jasmine respected Justin and Charlotte's choices; her comment was just an offhand remark, not an insistent push.

Because they both had to go to the office the next day, Justin and Charlotte didn't stay at Stardust Garden after dinner but instead returned to their villa.

Charlotte was silent the entire way, until they arrived at the villa, where she took a long time to choose her words before she finally said slowly, "Justin, I..."

"I know," he interrupted.

Justin had already guessed what Charlotte was thinking. He held her hand in his palm and whispered to her with a gentle smile.

Charlotte bit her lower lip and then leaned gently into Justin's embrace, "I'm sorry, I just haven't decided yet."

Now that she and Justin understood each other's hearts, remarrying seemed like a simple matter.

Yet, for some reason, Charlotte felt like something was holding her back.

Previously, Charlotte thought she still had to avenge her mother and Aunt Watson, so she didn't spare a thought for remarrying Justin.

Now that those matters were resolved, the thought of remarrying still felt awkward to Charlotte.

Indeed, Charlotte found her own current thoughts somewhat inexplicable.

Maybe it was because of her past with Justin that made her resistant to the idea of marriage.

"There is nothing to apologize for," Justin said.

He pinched Charlotte's nose, "As long as you are by my side and we're together, that's all that matters. The rest isn't important."

"Give me some more time," Charlotte looked up from Justin's embrace.

"Instead of thinking about unimportant things, why not consider the present?" Justin wrapped his arms around Charlotte's waist.

"The present?"

Charlotte blinked, not grasping Justin's words, only to see his lips already curving into a quiet smile.

Bending down, Justin whispered something into Charlotte's ear, instantly causing her entire ear to flush red.

Charlotte reached out to push against Justin's chest, but he caught her wrist and kissed her fingers instead.

"Consider it compensation."

"You!"

With her face blushing, Charlotte was at a loss for words and ended up burying her head in Justin's chest.

This reaction naturally pleased Justin. He scooped Charlotte into his arms and headed upstairs.

Chapter 899: Apology

The next morning, the two of them sweetly finished their breakfast. Charlotte Thompson was off to record a variety show at the TV station, while Justin Battleson headed to his company.

When Charlotte arrived at the TV station, Coco was already waiting for her at the front of the building. Seeing Charlotte, she quickly walked over and handed her the hot coffee she was holding.

"Thank you," Charlotte said, smiling at Coco.

"This little thing? It's no trouble at all, I am your assistant after all," she said.

"Compared to the celebrities participating in the variety show, you're much easier," Coco stated as she shook her head, recalling the stars' assistants she had just seen arriving one after another at the TV station.

She really didn't understand where those minor eighteenth-tier celebrities got their confidence from, parading around so arrogantly.

"I'm not a celebrity," Charlotte shook her head.

"Sister Charlotte, do you know? Zoe Anne re-joined the recording today."

The two of them walked side by side into the TV station, heading toward the recording hall.

Upon hearing this, a hint of surprise flashed in Charlotte's eyes, turning to look at Coco.

Although Charlotte didn't know Zoe Anne very well, she felt that with Zoe's personality, she probably wouldn't rejoin the recording of the show.

But upon further consideration, since Zoe hadn't completely left the entertainment industry, participating in the show to regain her fans was more important.

"I heard that the last episode of the show had investment from the Anne family, and that's why Zoe Anne could return," Coco relayed the gossip she had heard that morning to Charlotte.

Charlotte listened, but didn't take these matters to heart.

When she and Coco entered the makeup room, they saw Zoe Anne sitting in a corner with a few people chatting with her.

Although Zoe Anne had been involved in a scandal, at the end of the day she was still the daughter of the Anne family. Many people wanted to cling to such a background.

Charlotte merely glanced over and then sat down at her spot, letting the makeup artist apply her makeup, waiting for the recording to start.

Unexpectedly, Zoe Anne walked over to her.

"Charlotte Thompson," Zoe Anne started, standing next to Charlotte.

Charlotte responded, but as the makeup artist was applying her eye makeup, she only slightly tilted her head, not daring to make any abrupt movements.

This prevented her from noticing the coldness that flashed through Zoe's eyes.

"I'm sorry."

Zoe Anne said with her head down, "The incident online before was all my fault, and I hope you can forgive me."

Charlotte naturally knew what Zoe was referring to, and since Zoe apologized, she saw no reason not to acknowledge it.

"It's nothing," Charlotte bent a corner of her mouth, but her attitude remained somewhat distant.

"I..."

Just as Zoe Anne was about to say something more, the director's voice interrupted her.

The people in the makeup room began moving towards the studio, and as a contestant, Zoe naturally had to go immediately.

Coco, looking at Zoe's retreating figure, muttered quietly next to Charlotte,

"Now she thinks of apologizing..."

Charlotte glanced at Coco and shook her head.

Coco immediately shut up, looking around cautiously.

She knew that if the wrong person heard what she'd just said, it could easily be misconstrued.

"Alright, let's go," Charlotte said, checking her watch, picking up the script, and standing up.

Charlotte was in a good mood, and it certainly wasn't because of Zoe's earlier apology, but because today was the final recording of "The Birth of Beautiful Clothes."

Chapter 900: Paparazzi

Charlotte Thompson felt a sense of relief at the thought of finally not having to force a business smile in front of the camera.

Perhaps it was really because the Anne family had joined the investment, Charlotte felt that the scale of this final episode was somewhat different.

Furthermore, what made Charlotte even happier was the final mentor grouping for the competition. Although the group she was leading weren't people she was very familiar with, the absence of Bright Lucas and Zoe Anne was the best possible outcome for her.

The program recording went very smoothly, and the winner was an actress who had been in the entertainment industry for a few years.

Charlotte remembered that this actress was preparing for a comeback these days, and this variety show had indeed helped boost her popularity.

After the recording ended, Charlotte wanted to leave immediately but was stopped by the assistant director.

"Is there anything else?" Charlotte asked, facing the assistant director.

"Miss Thompson, there's a celebration party after the final."

The assistant director was explaining, but seeing Charlotte about to refuse, he quickly added, "Which also needs to be recorded."

Upon hearing the word "recorded," Charlotte had no reason to refuse.

The show "The Birth of Beautiful Clothes" was a prime production from the start, and now with the Anne family's investment, the celebration party was bound to be grand.

Charlotte got into the car and headed for the address given by the director. Of course, there were crew members filming and asking questions along the way to be used as extra footage in the show.

Soon, Charlotte arrived at the venue of the party.

The autumn night was cold, and Charlotte, wearing a dress, couldn't help but shiver as she got out of the car.

Next to her, Coco noticed the situation and turned to look at the car: "I think I brought a coat."

After saying that, Coco turned around and stopped the car that was about to drive away.

Charlotte rubbed her arms and looked around, but out of the corner of her eye, she caught a glimpse of two sneaky figures in the corner.

The next second, the two figures separated, and Charlotte was surprised when she recognized one of them.

If she wasn't mistaken, wasn't that Zoe Anne's assistant?

While Charlotte was puzzled, Coco ran over with a coat, and a person wearing a newsboy cap accidentally bumped into Coco.

The two were not far from Charlotte, which allowed her to notice the man in the cap protecting something.

"Sorry," Coco apologized.

However, the man in the cap didn't respond to Coco at all. He just pushed his cap down further and hurriedly walked towards the hotel entrance.

This behavior puzzled Coco, who walked up to Charlotte and handed her the coat.

"Why the rush?" Coco muttered casually.

Because it was a paparazzo.

Charlotte draped the coat over her shoulders, but she did not voice what she was thinking.

Though not from the entertainment circle, Charlotte was quite familiar with these paparazzi,

and she was absolutely certain that this man was the one who had been talking with Zoe Anne's assistant in the corner earlier.

This was also why Charlotte did not alert the staff to detain him right away.

Why would Zoe Anne's assistant actively contact a paparazzo?

Recalling the investigation she had asked Jack Bryant to conduct, Charlotte suddenly understood.

So that's how it was.

"Let's go."

With clarity in her mind, Charlotte saw other celebrity guests arriving and walked into the hall with Coco.