

Spoiled 921

Chapter 921 Vincent

Charlotte Thompson looked up at the sound of the voice and was met with a handsome face.

"Vincent?"

Surprise was also evident in Charlotte's voice.

After calling out the name, the golden-haired, blue-eyed man in front of her smiled even more broadly.

Doctor Vincent steadied Charlotte's arm, his beautiful eyes sweeping across her cheeks, but then his expression grew a bit worried.

"What brings you to the hospital? Are you feeling unwell somewhere?"

"No, I'm here to pick up a medical check-up report." Charlotte shook her head repeatedly, taking a step back to steady herself.

When her gaze fell upon the white coat Vincent was wearing, Charlotte spoke up, "You're dressed like this... Weren't you at a hospital in Ashton?"

Indeed, this Vincent was originally from Ashton, an internist at a renowned hospital, and even held a bit of fame in the medical field.

Previously, when Charlotte was pregnant and often feeling unwell, she had stayed in the hospital for a while, where she had by chance met Vincent.

Perhaps because of shared interests, they had struck up a friendship.

Catching Charlotte's implication, Vincent straightened his back and nodded with a smile, "I've been assigned as the attending physician at this hospital. I was initially reluctant, but now it's a different story."

"What, are they paying you more here?" Charlotte teased with a chuckle.

Vincent just looked into Charlotte's eyes and laughed silently.

"I never expected to run into you again in Druarus." Charlotte straightened the outer garment that had slipped a little in her earlier movements as she spoke.

"I consider it a very fortunate event," Vincent enunciated every word carefully.

He had studied in Druarus before, so his Mandarin was very standard. He could easily converse with the people of Druarus, and Charlotte had been surprised when she first heard him speak it.

"I heard you had returned to Druarus, but you never got in touch with me afterward. You didn't forget about your friend, did you?"

Vincent sighed, his face showing a touch of grievance.

He was handsome, his features not as angular and bold as typical Ashton men, but instead carried a softer appearance.

Now, as he frowned slightly, he looked somewhat pitiable.

Perhaps deliberately to tease Charlotte, he even exaggerated by clutching his chest, feigning sadness with downcast eyes, "I feel deeply hurt."

Charlotte couldn't help but smile, "Alright, alright, it's my fault. I'll treat you to a meal some other time."

Only then did Vincent lower his hands, speaking softly, "Did you get the medical report? I can help you pick it up."

Reminded by Vincent, Charlotte also remembered the purpose of her hospital visit.

"I've already got it." Saying that, Charlotte glanced down at her watch.

The children would soon be out of school.

Not wanting to linger, she waved goodbye to Vincent.

"Then I'm off now, I'll treat you to a meal when I have the time."

"I'll send you..."

Vincent had started to follow Charlotte, but a young nurse stepped out of the department and hurried over when she saw Doctor Vincent.

"Doctor Vincent, there's a patient here who needs to see you."

"You go ahead," Charlotte said to Vincent.

"Be careful, and send me a message when you get home."

Vincent watched as Charlotte walked away, a flicker of regret in his eyes, but he turned to take the file folder from the nurse's hand.

"This patient previously..."

The nurse whispered to Vincent, but his thoughts had drifted elsewhere.

Chapter 922: Picking Up the Child

Charlotte Thompson left the hospital and immediately went to pick up the little ones from kindergarten.

Because she had met Vincent at the hospital, Charlotte arrived at Stardust Garden a few minutes late.

By the time Charlotte got there, the children were playing games in the kindergarten under the teacher's supervision.

Charlotte had an apologetic look on her face as she hurried over.

Cyrus Thompson was the first one to see Charlotte, and a joyful smile instantly spread across his face.

"Mommy!" Cyrus called out, then ran towards Charlotte.

The rest of the children also looked up upon hearing Cyrus's voice.

Except for the most composed Cyrus Thompson, the other children all ran to Charlotte's side.

"I'm so sorry, my dears, Mommy is late today."

Charlotte hugged the children to her chest, stroking their soft hair one by one, her expression full of guilt.

"We've all been waiting nicely for Mommy," Cyrus said with a cheerful smile.

Charlotte pursed her lips into a smile and when she saw the teacher approaching, she nodded her head in gratitude.

"Thank you for your trouble, teacher."

Upon hearing this, the teacher shook her head repeatedly: "Miss Thompson, you exaggerate, your children are both smart and well-behaved, I really envy you for having so many adorable children."

Compared to the other mischievous children in the kindergarten, the Thompson Family's six children were exceptionally well-behaved, and each and every one of them was also very beautiful, so they were always adored by the kindergarten teachers.

Behind the scenes, how many kindergarten teachers were discussing these children, feeling very envious of Charlotte.

"Well then, I'll take the children home now."

Charlotte lowered her head, "Babies, say goodbye to the teacher."

"Goodbye, teacher!" the children obeyed Charlotte and said in unison, waving their little hands at the teacher.

"Goodbye," the teacher nodded her head.

After Charlotte had driven away, the teacher couldn't help but shake her head and stand there muttering to herself.

"When can I have such adorable children too... but six is too many, just one is enough for me."

...

In the car, the children were eagerly sharing with Charlotte the fun things that had happened in kindergarten today.

Charlotte listened carefully, her expression tender and full.

Upon returning to Stardust Garden, Jasmine Clarkson had been waiting for the children's return, giving each one a hug.

Ever since the children arrived, Jasmine's life in Stardust Garden didn't feel dull, and her face held many more smiles.

"Grandma, here is your physical examination report," Charlotte said as she walked over to Jasmine, taking a stack of reports out of her bag.

Hearing this, the children gathered around, scrambling to see, concerned that their great-grandmother, whom they cherished, might be feeling unwell.

Luckily, Jasmine's health was very good and there was no cause for concern.

Remembering how Grace Thompson had a nosebleed the day before, Charlotte couldn't help but feel worried.

She held Grace in her arms and asked softly, "Grace, did you feel unwell today? Did your nosebleed again?"

Grace grabbed Charlotte's hand and shook her head, "Mommy, you don't need to worry, Grace is very healthy. The nosebleed yesterday was only because I bumped my nose."

Looking at Grace's smile, Charlotte couldn't resist pinching her cheek, "You need to be more careful in the future; don't be so careless again."

Just thinking about yesterday made Charlotte feel a rush of fear.

"Okay."

Grace laughed and then reached out to hug Charlotte around the waist.

Chapter 923: The Little Chubby Kid

Because Justin Battleson had an important collaboration to discuss today, he notified Stardust Garden in advance that he might return somewhat later.

Therefore, dinner didn't wait for Justin Battleson, and Jasmine Clarkson and Charlotte Thompson started the meal with the children.

"Great-grandma's food is really delicious," Hank Thompson was a little food enthusiast from birth, his mouth stuffed so full that his words came out somewhat muffled.

"Eat more slowly; don't choke," Jasmine's face was full of smiles as she served Hank another chicken drumstick.

Hank's face glowed as he ate happily, but then he noticed that the food on Grace's plate next to him hadn't diminished at all.

Hank couldn't help frowning as he asked, "Grace, I've noticed you've become a bit picky with food lately."

Grace was stunned for a moment then turned to look at Hank, "Second brother, you're talking nonsense; I'm not picky."

"Eating so little and still claiming you aren't picky," Hank said seriously.

Grace's eyes flickered before she said, "Girls need to maintain their figures, unlike you, second brother—you've gotten fat recently."

"That's not true!" Hank immediately retorted.

"Big brother, don't you think so?" Grace moved closer to Cyrus Thompson.

Hearing Grace's question, Cyrus glanced at Hank next to him and said hauntingly, "Indeed."

"Yeah, second brother, your face has gotten round," Chad Thompson added mercilessly at that moment.

Hank put down the drumstick in his hand and started indignantly, "I'm growing, that's what's happening."

"Big brother doesn't eat as much as you but is taller than you," Grace said with her cheeks propped in her hands, giggling.

"I..."

Hank was at a loss for words for a moment, his gaze stealthily shifting to Cyrus, and then eventually to his own plate.

Initially, Hank and Cyrus had not differed much in height, but lately, Cyrus kept growing taller, while Hank's height seemed to plateau, and even Jack Thompson was subtly catching up.

This puzzled Hank; he ate plenty every day, so why wasn't he growing taller?

Could it really be because he ate too much, causing him not to grow in height but only in weight?

Thinking this, Hank quietly set down the drumstick in his hand and turned to see what Cyrus was eating.

Unlike Hank, who loved meat, Cyrus's tastes were as light as Justin Battleson's.

Seeing Hank's actions, Charlotte couldn't help but smile and pinched his chubby cheeks.

This pinch made Hank even more unhappy; he even rubbed his own belly and looked up at Charlotte.

"Mommy, am I eating too much? Will I become a little fatty in the future?"

"What's wrong with being a little fatty? It's quite adorable," Charlotte said with a smile as she looked at Hank.

"But being a little fatty isn't handsome! I don't want to be a little fatty; I want to grow taller!" Hank clenched his palm.

Charlotte observed him, her smile growing even wider.

This little guy was quite young but had plenty on his mind.

"Alright, alright, Hank will grow taller," Charlotte assured Hank, wondering what kind of fixation her little treasure had with growing tall.

"But if I want to grow taller, I need to eat more, and I don't want to become a little fatty, so what should I do?" Hank said in distress.

Jasmine heard this, turned her head to look at Charlotte, and both burst into laughter without coordination.

Charlotte pinched Hank's little nose, "What are you imagining? Your appetite isn't that big at all, how could you become a little fatty."

Chapter 924: That Awkwardness

"Really?" Hank Thompson looked up at Charlotte.

"Of course."

Charlotte nodded and said, even if Hank could eat a lot, it was just the appetite of a child; she wasn't worried.

Reassured by such comfort, Hank finally relaxed, thinking he might have to go without chicken legs for a while.

"My dear great-grandchildren, you all need to eat more."

At that moment, Jasmine Clarkson was serving extra dishes to the children, wishing she could fatten them up nicely.

"You don't resemble your father at all. Justin was so picky about food when he was young." Jasmine seemed to have remembered something, so she began to speak.

The topic of Justin Battleson immediately caught the children's attention, and Jasmine shared some stories about his childhood, with Charlotte listening in.

Perhaps due to his family, Justin had been somewhat distant since he was young, but even so, he was just a child at that time. Thus, when he had first been brought to Stardust Garden, he had been nervous, though he still pretended to be indifferent.

"That awkward stubbornness, it's funny to think about now." Jasmine reminisced, picturing the childish face of Justin Battleson and recalling his mother.

This inevitably made Jasmine sigh lightly.

Charlotte noticed Jasmine's gesture, her lips instinctively pursed.

However, Jasmine didn't want the children to know anything unpleasant, so naturally, she shared some amusing stories; many of these fun tales came from Justin.

Just over the course of one dinner, the grand image of Justin Battleson in the children's minds had undergone quite a change.

After dinner, Charlotte spent some time playing with the children.

They were originally waiting for Justin Battleson to come back together, but in the end, the children had all fallen asleep, and Justin had not returned.

Upon returning to her room, Charlotte started to organize some documents she had previously researched.

These were all about the design brand Melissa Tanner that Charlotte had taken an interest in.

Since Melissa Tanner's head, Zara Ward, was currently busy preparing for an upcoming fashion show, Charlotte didn't have much time to connect with Zara.

Thus, their discussion about the collaboration was temporarily postponed until they found some mutually free time to negotiate.

Looking at the design drafts by her side, Charlotte couldn't help but smile.

With Melissa Tanner's help, Charlotte was sure this collaboration with XTZ would be perfect.

Charlotte sorted through the documents in her hand, only noticing the time when her gaze fell on the clock.

It was so late. Why hadn't Justin Battleson come back yet?

Just as Charlotte was contemplating whether to call Justin Battleson, she heard the sound of a car entering downstairs.

It must be Justin Battleson coming back.

Charlotte quickly tidied the papers on the table, but after waiting for a while, Justin Battleson still hadn't come upstairs.

Suddenly curious, Charlotte left her room.

Descending the stairs, she saw the lights were on in the living room, and Justin Battleson was sitting on the sofa, his head slightly bowed, making it hard for Charlotte to see his face.

Charlotte's brows furrowed as she walked over.

"Justin?"

Charlotte called out softly, reaching her hand to touch Justin Battleson's arm, but unexpectedly, Justin grabbed Charlotte's wrist and suddenly looked up.

Justin's fair face was tinged with a light blush, but his gaze was cold, and his lips were tightly pursed.

Only when he saw that it was Charlotte did the iciness in his eyes slowly fade, replaced by confusion.

Chapter 925: Mysterious Text Message

"Charlotte?" Justin Battleson murmured softly.

"It's me." Charlotte Thompson nodded, this was the first time she had seen Justin like this.

But Justin seemed somewhat uncertain and called out again, furrowing his brows, "Charlotte..."

Patently Charlotte responded, intending to turn around and pour a glass of water for Justin, but unexpectedly, he pulled her into his embrace.

The faint scent of alcohol mixed with the fresh mint smell from Justin invaded Charlotte's nostrils, competing for her attention.

Charlotte felt Justin's arms tighten around her.

Yet this made Charlotte vaguely feel that something was off with Justin.

"Charlotte..." Justin, with his head lowered, buried his cheek in the nape of Charlotte's neck, whispering softly.

"Mhm."

Charlotte replied quietly, "What's wrong..."

Before Charlotte could finish her sentence, Justin spoke softly in her ear, "Let me hold you for a while."

Charlotte rested her palm on Justin's back, remaining silent.

The room was brightly lit, illuminating the silhouette of the two embracing figures.

After a while, Justin slowly released Charlotte.

Charlotte looked up at Justin's cheeks, her fingertips sweeping over his slightly blurred eyes and eyebrows from the effects of alcohol.

The warm touch on his skin made Justin feel a bit ticklish, and he grabbed Charlotte's fingers, rubbing them gently in his palm.

The living room fell silent again, Charlotte pursed her lips, and finally looked up at Justin and asked softly, "What happened?"

Charlotte rarely saw such vulnerability on Justin's face.

However, Justin did not answer Charlotte. Charlotte raised her cheeks, intending to kiss Justin's lips, but he turned his head to avoid her.

"I smell too much like alcohol, I don't want to stink you up."

Justin caressed Charlotte's cheek, saying softly, "I'm going to take a shower and change clothes."

Charlotte nodded and returned to the bedroom with Justin.

While Justin showered, Charlotte hung his suit jacket to the side, but then, the phone that had been pressed beneath Justin's outerwear lit up.

Charlotte glanced at it, a message.

"Justin, I didn't expect to see you today."

The number wasn't saved in Justin's phone, and Charlotte, looking at it, frowned slightly.

Who... is this?

The phone's screen soon dimmed, and Charlotte stood there, guessing that Justin's odd behavior today might have something to do with the person texting.

Just then, Justin came out of the bathroom, and Charlotte's train of thought was interrupted.

"You..."

Charlotte was about to turn around when Justin wrapped his arms around her waist, and a warm kiss landed on her neck.

"Charlotte."

Justin's voice was slightly hoarse as he whispered in Charlotte's ear.

He held her and brought her to the bed.

Charlotte's body was a bit stiff, but Justin did nothing more than just quietly hold her in his arms.

Lying against Justin's chest, Charlotte was anything but calm.

She had to admit, she cared about that message.

The thoughts she had suppressed were now resurfacing, and Charlotte couldn't help but wonder who this person was.

"Charlotte, tomorrow... is the anniversary of my mother's death."

This revelation from Justin left Charlotte slightly stunned. She looked up while in Justin's arms, only to find his eyes were closed.

"Come with me to see her, will you?"

Remembering Justin's mother, Charlotte felt a twinge of pain in her heart. She raised her hand smoothing out the furrow in Justin's brow.

"Okay."

Charlotte said softly.

Chapter 926: It's All Because of You!

Perhaps it was because her thoughts were in disarray, but Charlotte Thompson leaned into Justin Battleson's embrace, not knowing how long it was before she finally drifted off to sleep.

In her dream, however, she returned to her childhood, to the time she lived with Aunt Watson.

Aunt Watson looked at her gently, and vaguely in the background, Charlotte seemed to see her mother's figure.

"Mom..."

Charlotte tried to get up and run over, but in the next second, that figure disappeared, replaced by the hideous faces of Ethan Allen and Mia Stewart.

And Aunt Watson, who had been behind her, was also gone.

"Emily Allen! Emily Allen!"

It was like the voice of a ghoul echoing incessantly in Charlotte's ears, threatening to devour her everything.

"It's all because of you! Everything is because of you!" Ethan Allen's face gradually twisted until it became something Charlotte couldn't even recognize.

Charlotte was forced to retreat, but when she turned her head, she saw Justin Battleson.

"Justin..." Charlotte murmured the name of Justin Battleson, who also reached out his hand to her.

Charlotte stepped forward, intending to grasp Justin Battleson's palm, but to her surprise, Justin suddenly withdrew his hand, and what awaited her next was a deep abyss.

"No!"

Charlotte abruptly opened her eyes, and Justin Battleson's face still loomed before her.

Justin Battleson's fingertips were on Charlotte's brow, trying to smooth her furrowed brows.

"Had a nightmare?" Seeing Charlotte's somewhat helpless gaze, Justin Battleson asked.

The warmth of his fingertip permeated her brow, gradually dispelling the chill around and also slowing Charlotte's rushing thoughts.

That's right, it was just a nightmare after all.

But Charlotte still remembered the cold look in Justin Battleson's eyes just now, which made her instinctively reach out and embrace Justin Battleson's waist, snuggling her entire body into his embrace.

"Justin..." Charlotte's voice sounded muffled, as if carrying a hint of grievance.

"What did you dream about?"

Justin Battleson brushed the strands of hair on Charlotte's cheek and planted a kiss on her forehead.

Charlotte lifted her eyes and looked up at Justin Battleson, "I dreamed that..."

Charlotte hesitated to speak, but Justin Battleson leaned down and kissed her, sealing the rest of her words.

His fingers threaded through Charlotte's, interlocking their hands tightly.

The lingering, passionate kiss seemed to blend Charlotte into his very bones.

It was a long time before Justin Battleson reluctantly let go of Charlotte.

He looked into Charlotte's shimmering eyes with a gentle voice, "Charlotte, no matter what happens, I will always be with you."

"Forever?" Charlotte murmured these two words.

"Until death do us part," Justin Battleson's gaze was extremely sincere.

Charlotte bit her lip, reaching out to wrap her arms around Justin Battleson's neck, gently rubbing her face against his shoulder like someone coaxing a pet.

"Me too."

Charlotte softly spoke, intending to get up, but Justin Battleson showed no sign of moving away.

"Get up," Charlotte pinched Justin Battleson's arm.

"Don't move," Justin Battleson pressed his palm gently on the soft crown of Charlotte's hair, "Let me hold you a little longer."

But Justin Battleson's words, although he said he wanted just a moment longer, his actions were far from that simple.

Feeling Justin Battleson's hand sliding on her lower back, Charlotte gave him a glare, "Stop it."

Yet Justin Battleson was pushing his luck even further.

"Justin Battleson!"

Charlotte's cheeks turned red with Justin Battleson's teasing, and her body involuntarily struggled a few times in his embrace, causing her loose nightgown to open even wider, revealing a captivating view.

Justin Battleson, who had intended to let go of Charlotte, darkened his gaze at the sight.

Chapter 927: Most in Need of Parental Accompaniment

Charlotte, however, hadn't noticed as she originally intended to push Justin Battleson away, but he ended up catching her wrist directly instead.

"This is what you brought on yourself."

Justin said in a low voice and ultimately his kiss swallowed up Charlotte's exclamations.

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"It's all your fault."

Charlotte looked at Justin with a coy gaze, her eyes and brows filled with flirtation.

Justin's throat moved slightly, and seeing this, Charlotte, fearing that Justin might do something more, hurriedly wrapped herself in a blanket and ran into the bathroom.

By the time the two of them came downstairs fully dressed, the children had already gathered around the dining table.

The kids had waited for Justin the previous evening without him returning, and upon seeing him this morning, one after another they gathered around him.

"Dad, why did you come home so late last night?" Grace tugged at Justin's sleeve, and Justin, seeing this, picked Grace up into his arms.

"Some work wasn't completed yesterday, so I was late." Justin responded tenderly.

It was only in front of Charlotte and the children that Justin would show such a side of himself.

"Dad, you work so hard." Grace wrapped her arms around Justin's neck and whispered softly.

"Grace is really good, daddy isn't tired at all." Justin smiled as he looked at Grace.

"Then I want to grow up fast, earn money when I'm older to support dad and mommy, so that dad and mommy can stay with us every day and won't need to go out to work anymore."

Grace said, but hearing her words, Charlotte suddenly froze with what she was doing.

She pursed her lips tightly, turned to look at the other children, yet a wave of bitterness surged in Charlotte's heart.

Her children were really too well-behaved and sensible.

Clearly, this was the age when they most needed their parents' company.

After getting back together with Justin, Charlotte thought that the kids finally had their father's companionship, believing that what they lacked in their lives was naturally replenished.

But now, Charlotte realized it wasn't the title of 'dad' or 'mom' the children were missing, but the genuine care from their parents.

And yet she was still busy with work, with very little time to spend with the children.

She truly owed her children far too much.

While Charlotte was thinking this, a small hand hooked onto her finger.

"Mommy, what's wrong? Is there something upsetting you?"

Olivia looked up at Charlotte with a worried expression on her clean, naive face.

Hearing her tender voice made Charlotte's heart completely melt.

Charlotte crouched down, touched Olivia's cheek and said, "No, mommy was just thinking about taking you to the amusement park in a few days with daddy."

Charlotte's words attracted the attention of the other children, their eyes sparkled with excitement. Although they didn't speak, they were already inquiring with Charlotte continuously.

Feeling Olivia's grasp on her palm tighten slightly, Charlotte looked up to meet Justin's gaze.

"We will go to the biggest amusement park and play everything you want."

Justin put Grace back on her chair and spoke out, "Dad and mom will go with you."

"Yay!" The children clapped their hands in high spirits.

"Let's have breakfast."

Charlotte took Olivia by the hand to the dining table and stroked her hair.

The children obediently ate up the breakfast that was prepared.

Perhaps because they had just heard the news about Justin and Charlotte taking them to the amusement park, the children couldn't hide the excitement on their faces.

Chapter 928: She Will Be Very Happy to See You.

Justin Battleson also knew that what the children wanted the most was his and Charlotte Thompson's companionship, and upon careful reflection, he realized that he had indeed never taken the children out for fun with Charlotte.

After breakfast, Justin Battleson and Charlotte Thompson took the children to kindergarten together.

"Mommy will pick you up tonight, and we'll go to the hospital for a checkup," Charlotte told the row of children standing in front of her.

The children nodded obediently before being taken away by their teacher.

Watching the backs of the children, Charlotte couldn't help but sigh.

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It was already a gloomy day, with a dense mist hanging in the sky, pressing down on one's mood.

By the time Justin and Charlotte arrived at the graveyard, a light rain had begun to fall, its threads landing on their cheeks, the cold seeping into their skin.

"Mom, I'm here to see you," Justin said as he placed a large bunch of white roses in front of the tombstone.

These were his mother's favorite flowers.

He hung his head slightly, looking at the photo on the tombstone.

Charlotte, standing beside Justin, also saw the gentle smile in the photo.

This was Charlotte's first time seeing a photo of Justin's mother.

She was a serene and beautiful woman, whose features could be found in Justin's eyes.

Charlotte couldn't imagine how desperate the woman must have felt at that time to have...

Charlotte's heart felt like it was being viciously clenched by a large hand, and she took a step forward to stand shoulder to shoulder with Justin.

"Auntie, I'm Charlotte Thompson," Charlotte murmured softly, her eyes beginning to moisten.

Justin reached out and hooked onto Charlotte's somewhat cold fingertips, his voice a bit hoarse, "She would have been very happy to see you."

The roses in front of the tombstone bloomed, and raindrops rolled into the heart of the flowers, diffusing a cold fragrance.

Knowing her place, Charlotte stepped away, aware that Justin must have a lot to say to his mother.

Looking at Justin's back, an aching sourness surged in Charlotte's heart.

Just then, a voice came to Charlotte's ears, "Who are you?"

Startled, Charlotte turned her head to find a middle-aged man standing beside her.

He was dressed in a black suit, his demeanor stern and authoritative. Although his face was marked by the years, it wasn't hard to see that he had been handsome in his youth.

His gaze, complex, landed on Charlotte's face, evoking an inexplicable sense of familiarity in her.

She was certain she had never seen the man before.

However, as the middle-aged man fully made out Charlotte's features, his brow furrowed abruptly, his fist pressed to his mouth as he started to cough with restraint.

Charlotte involuntarily took a step back.

"Are you Charlotte Thompson?" the middle-aged man seemed to recall something, his expression becoming clear.

"Do you know me?" she replied almost reflexively, but immediately regretted it.

She should have distanced herself from such a peculiar man immediately.

"As the Miss of the Thompson Family, of course I know you," the middle-aged man said after Charlotte acknowledged him.

Her hand clenched at her side, Charlotte's lips pressed together lightly, "Sir, have we... met before?"

Charlotte thought she might have collaborated with this man in the past.

Yet the middle-aged man did not answer Charlotte's question; instead, he shifted his gaze from a short distance away and then spoke slowly.

"Did you come here with Justin Battleson?"

Charlotte tensed up, and without any hesitation, she turned and started to walk away.

The middle-aged man seemed surprised by Charlotte's strong reaction and reached out to try to stop her.

"Wait a minute, I am..."

But before the middle-aged man could finish, Justin Battleson's cold voice interrupted.

"Why are you here?"

Chapter 929: Father and Son Face to Face

Justin Battleson guarded Charlotte Thompson behind him, his face covered with frost.

Charlotte Thompson turned her head in surprise, not expecting Justin Battleson to actually know the person before her.

Upon seeing Justin Battleson, the middle-aged man's movements stiffened, he clenched his extended palm tighter, and eventually withdrew it to his side.

"I... came to see how she was..." The middle-aged man's throat tightened slightly, and his voice weakened.

But upon hearing these words, a cold smirk overflowed from the corners of Justin Battleson's mouth, "Don't come here to sicken my mother."

Charlotte Thompson looked up and upon seeing the expression on Justin Battleson's face, she couldn't help but be startled.

She had never seen Justin Battleson with such an expression before.

Ice-cold hatred.

Charlotte Thompson then turned her head to look at the middle-aged man in front of her, a speculation emerging from her heart.

Could this man be...

"Justin, no matter what, I am your father," the middle-aged man's voice came through.

Listening to this, Charlotte's pupils shook violently.

No wonder she found the middle-aged man before her so familiar.

He was actually Oliver Battleson.

However, Justin Battleson reacted as if he heard something absurdly ridiculous, and snorted coldly, "You say you are my father? But my father is long dead."

Charlotte Thompson lowered her eyes, feeling Justin Battleson gripping his own palm tighter, his knuckles turning faintly white.

Charlotte reached out and took hold of Justin Battleson's wrist, gently prying open his palm, and interlocking their fingers.

"You!"

Oliver Battleson did not expect Justin Battleson to say such words.

A fire of anger was smouldering in his chest, but when he looked up at Justin Battleson, he still managed to suppress it.

He nibbled his lips, and finally spoke faintly, "Justin, I know you've always hated your dad, and the things that happened in the past were my fault, but..."

However, Justin Battleson did not want to face Oliver Battleson. He turned with Charlotte, intending to leave.

Seeing this, Oliver Battleson naturally stepped forward to follow, "Justin Battleson! You..."

"Stay away from my mother."

Justin Battleson's eyes flashed a hint of crimson, his tone devoid of any emotion, "If I find you here again, don't blame me for being rude."

The person before him, Justin Battleson would never forgive in this lifetime.

Every time he saw him, he would be reminded of that bloody scene.

His heart felt as if it was being gouged by a knife, the wounds ground and crushed.

No wonder he saw him yesterday.

Because today was the anniversary of his mother's death.

Justin Battleson looked at Oliver Battleson's expression and almost couldn't help but sneer.

After so many years, who was this pretentious repentance for?

"Justin, everything in the past was my fault, I...I..."

Oliver Battleson clenched his teeth tightly, but the words of apology just couldn't come out.

He was always a proud, even arrogant man, never willing to admit his mistakes.

Oliver knew himself well, and so did Justin.

He glanced at Oliver, his eyes full of irony.

A person who couldn't even utter an apology, where would he realize his mistake?

His father had died twenty years ago, his smile fading away with the tragic past.

Justin Battleson no longer looked at the expression on Oliver Battleson's face and simply turned and walked away.

Charlotte looked at Oliver Battleson one last time, feeling equally unhappy in her heart.

A man who drove his wife to death didn't deserve forgiveness.

The wind outside was cold, chilling the face and causing uncontrollable shivering. Charlotte got into the car with Justin, only then realizing her palm had been squeezed numb by Justin's grip, her joints reddened.

"Sorry, I hurt you," Justin Battleson said hoarsely, intending to let go of Charlotte, but she held on to him instead.

Chapter 930: I Will Not Forgive Him.

Charlotte did not speak, and simply leaned gently against Justin Battleson's chest.

Right now, nothing was better than silently being by his side.

Justin pressed down on Charlotte's hair, his gaze unconsciously drifting out of the window, seeming somewhat ethereal.

"I won't forgive him," Justin murmured softly.

Charlotte understood clearly, she could also comprehend Justin's feelings.

Just like Ethan Allen.

Charlotte didn't speak again, and the car also fell into silence.

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The two returned to the office. Charlotte, sitting in her office, immediately called Henry Thompson.

Due to the time difference in Ashton, Charlotte had only remembered that it must be late at night there after she made the call.

Charlotte couldn't help feeling annoyed, she meant to hang up, but Henry had already answered.

"Charlotte? What's wrong?" Henry's side was very quiet.

"I'm sorry, big brother, did I disturb your rest?" Charlotte's voice carried an added note of apology.

"I still have some documents to deal with and haven't rested yet. What's happened that you're calling all of a sudden?" Henry asked gently.

Hearing Henry's voice, Charlotte felt increasingly guilty; her fingertips pressing against the desk surface, she couldn't help but soften her voice.

"It's nothing..."

In the end, Charlotte swallowed the words she intended to say, "I just miss you all, miss my uncles and grandfather."

"What, has someone been bullying you in Druarus?" But to the overly protective Henry, this took on another meaning.

"Could it be that Justin is treating you poorly? Are the Battleson Family members bullying you!"

"No, no... that's not it, Justin is very good to me," Charlotte explained hurriedly, finally cutting off Henry's words.

"I just simply miss you all, nothing else. My life here is good."

"Life is good?" Henry chewed over those words, "I do see you trending on social media quite often."

Charlotte was taken aback by Henry's retort, unsure of what to say.

"Charlotte, you have the Thompson Family behind you, you have your brothers, just tell us directly whatever the issue is; the Thompson Family has the full capability to smooth everything over for you," said Henry, unable to help sighing.

This reminded him of a question Mr. Thompson had asked him a few days ago.

Was sending Charlotte away from the Thompson Family and having her return undercover to Druarus right or wrong?

Being the treasured princess of the Thompson Family, yet constantly getting framed or paid to trend by someone.

And then there was the matter of Evelyn Curtis, missing - something that Mr. Thompson would become terribly angry about each time he thought about it.

"Brother, I know," Charlotte began,

"But all of this was my own choice, and if something really happens, I would contact you all immediately."

"Of course, we won't interfere with your decisions," Henry said with a light laugh.

But those who lacked foresight, the Thompson Family still needed to teach them a lesson.

The Thompson Family primarily operated in Ashton, but that didn't mean that their little princess could be bullied in Druarus.

"Brother, it's already late there, take care of your health and rest early. I will call Grandfather tomorrow," Charlotte couldn't help but admonish.

"Alright, I will seriously heed Charlotte's advice, rest early. Those guys would probably be so jealous if they knew," Henry laughed.

Charlotte pursed her lips and then hung up the phone.

She stared at the documents on her desk, eventually letting out a sigh.

As for the Battleson Family's issues, we'll talk about them later.