

Spoiled 941

Chapter 941: It's for You

Charlotte Thompson never expected that one day she would witness Justin Battleson looking embarrassed.

The president of Riley Group, Justin Battleson, who dominated the business world, was actually learning to fold paper stars with several children.

However, for Justin, a task as simple as this, which one could learn almost immediately, naturally did not pose a challenge.

But watching Justin's distinctively jointed hands pinching a colorful little star, Charlotte always felt that such a scene was quite amusing.

"How is it, Miss Thompson, are you satisfied?"

Justin handed over the star, and a smile spread across his handsome brows and eyes.

"So-so," Charlotte replied with a beaming smile.

Justin simply smiled without saying anything.

Time flew by quickly, and Justin Battleson and Charlotte spent some time playing with the children before coaxing them to go to sleep.

"Goodnight, my darlings," said Charlotte gently as she tucked Jack Thompson in.

"Mommy goodnight," the children responded one after another.

After shutting off the room light, Charlotte quietly left the room.

Charlotte finally breathed a sigh of relief and tiptoed away. When she returned to her room, she saw Justin sitting on a chair, flipping through Jack's drawing book.

But he seemed to have seen something that made him look a bit stunned.

It wasn't until the sound of Charlotte closing the room door that Justin snapped back to reality.

"Are the kids asleep?" Justin rose and walked over.

Charlotte nodded, then took a step forward and leaned into Justin's embrace, looking somewhat lazy.

She nearly placed her entire weight on Justin, and like always, her hands instinctively found their way into the pockets of Justin's pajamas.

Suddenly, Charlotte seemed to touch something in Justin's pocket.

And at that moment, Justin realized, but Charlotte had already taken the thing out of the pocket.

It was a paper-folded heart, lying quietly in Charlotte's palm.

Charlotte couldn't help but look up at Justin with curiosity. "Did you fold this?"

But Justin shifted his gaze away in advance, although the slight reddening of his earlobes betrayed his feelings.

"Mhm," Justin coughed softly.

"How did you learn to fold this?" Charlotte asked as she turned the red heart over, considering Justin used to be someone who couldn't even fold a star.

"I glanced at Grace's origami book," Justin answered casually.

Actually, Justin didn't know what came over him; upon seeing that page in the origami book, he had learned it on a whim.

He indeed had thought about giving it to Charlotte, but upon looking it over, he felt it was somewhat childish.

So he carelessly slipped it into his pajama pocket, never expecting that Charlotte would discover it.

"So this is for me?" Charlotte hadn't thought Justin would do something like this.

Justin pursed his lips, suddenly reaching to press Charlotte's head against his chest.

"It is for you."

Justin spoke dryly, feeling for the first time a bit at a loss in front of Charlotte.

Charlotte wrapped her arms around Justin's waist and pressed her cheek against his chest, feeling his strong heartbeat.

"I seem to hear something..."

Charlotte was smiling with her lips pursed, but before she could finish, a quiet voice came from above her head.

"It is saying it loves you."

Charlotte blinked, feeling the warm hand around her neck, and a gentle smile rippled through her eyes.

"It seems... it truly does."

Chapter 942: Because It's About You.

"Charlotte."

Justin Battleson brought Charlotte Thompson to the bed and then knelt on one knee in front of the bed, looking up at her.

"Thank you."

Justin whispered softly, "Thank you for staying by my side, and thank you for bringing these lovely children into my life."

Even after many years, Justin Battleson felt an added sense of gratitude when he looked at Charlotte Thompson beside him.

Thankfully, he had not chosen to let go of Charlotte's hand back then.

And thankfully, his dreadful self had not tired Charlotte out.

Justin Battleson realized he was a greedy person.

He did not want to miss a thing about Charlotte.

"When did Mr. Battleson become so sentimental?" Upon hearing Justin's words, Charlotte's eyes sparkled as her fingertips glided slowly across the palm of his hand.

"Because it's about you."

Justin lifted Charlotte's hand and pressed it against his cheek, his eyes sincere and clear.

"Charlotte, it was only after meeting you that I realized life could be so beautiful."

Charlotte was like a rich, vibrant color, adding brightness to his originally dark and gloomy world.

It was something Justin Battleson longed for deeply yet was cautious not to touch.

"I am also grateful to have met you."

Charlotte's lips moved gently as she uttered these words tranquilly.

If it weren't for that marriage replacement back then, her life might never have crossed with Justin Battleson's.

Would she have always been the somber Sophie Allen of the Allen family?

Justin leaned over and gently kissed Charlotte's lips, reverently as if touching a treasure.

A night of charm.

...

The next day, upon arriving at the company, Charlotte Thompson immediately submitted all her design drafts and called a meeting to summarize the work, even praising the designers of Group A.

Elijah Walker, who had been extremely worried, finally felt relieved when Charlotte didn't bring up anything about yesterday.

But it wasn't long before Charlotte opened a slide presentation with an image of a design draft.

"By the way, whose design draft is this?" Charlotte asked, prompting everyone present to turn their attention to Florienna Ellis.

Instantly, all expressions involuntarily paused on Florienna Ellis's face.

Florienna shifted her eyes and immediately spoke, "Designer Walker, I remember this is your draft, isn't it?"

Hearing this, Elijah Walker straightened up immediately, "Florienna, you..."

"Miss Thompson, is there a problem with this draft?"

A designer, who was usually on good terms with Florienna, asked, "Could there be some sort of mistake?"

"There's no problem at all. I brought out this draft because I thought it was exceptionally good. I was planning to give a reward but wasn't sure which designer it was from," Charlotte explained.

However, as soon as Charlotte finished speaking, Florienna raised her hand swiftly, fearing someone else might claim it first.

"Miss Thompson, this design draft is mine," Florienna stated cheerfully as she stood up.

Initially, when Florienna saw this design draft, she noticed that the pattern on it hadn't been altered according to Charlotte's requirements, so when Charlotte asked about it, Florienna thought she was looking for trouble. However, it turned out Charlotte was actually impressed with the draft.

"But I thought I heard you say earlier that this draft was Mr. Walker's," Charlotte couldn't help but turn her gaze toward Elijah Walker.

"Miss Thompson, you must have heard wrong. This design draft is indeed in my style and completely different from Team Leader Walker's," Florienna quickly added.

However, such an act made others around them even more despise Florienna.

Chapter 943 Temporarily Classified

"Are you sure?" Charlotte Thompson stared at Florienna Ellis's cheek and slowly inquired.

For some reason, Florienna always had a vague feeling, yet the Charlotte before her eyes was just all smiles.

But once she thought of the reward, Florienna naturally cast aside that thought and nodded repeatedly, "Of course I'm sure. How could I get this wrong?"

"Alright, then." Charlotte nodded.

Florienna's face lit up with pleasure, and seeing that Charlotte was about to conclude the meeting, she quickly stood up.

"Miss Thompson, may I know what the reward is?" While she spoke, Florienna enunciated the word "reward" very clearly, as if afraid that others might not hear it.

In reality, for such matters, the staff could completely refrain from inquiring, but Florienna was who she was—she just had to show off in front of everyone.

"That's a secret for now." Charlotte watched Florienna's high and mighty attitude and curved her lips slightly.

However, that expression from Charlotte was enough to make Florienna's imagination run wild.

"Alright, everyone go back and continue with your work." Charlotte turned off the projector and left with her computer.

And the moment Charlotte walked out of the conference room, indignant voices began to spread within it.

"This is just too unfair. It was the team leader who made the final modifications to the design draft. How come Florienna gets all the benefit? She didn't do anything!"

"Exactly, Team Leader, how can you tolerate this? You should explain the situation clearly to Miss Thompson."

A few junior employees couldn't help but whisper among themselves, feeling injustice on behalf of Elijah Walker.

Meanwhile, Elijah's gaze was straight and unwavering, as if he hadn't heard the voices around him.

"Team Leader Walker! Team Leader Walker!" It was only when someone reached out and touched him that Elijah came back to his senses.

"What?" Elijah answered, taken aback.

"Team Leader Walker, it was you who helped Florienna with the design draft. How can all the credit go to her now?" The little employee spoke discontentedly.

But before Elijah could say anything, someone knocked on the desk.

Everyone looked up to see that the one knocking was none other than the one who was usually closest to Florienna—Lola.

"What nonsense are you spouting? That design draft was originally Florienna's work. What does it have to do with certain people?"

As she spoke, Lola crossed her arms and swept her gaze over the faces of everyone present.

"Besides, instead of wasting time gossiping behind people's backs, it would be better to focus on your work. If you can't come up with a good design on your own, all you do is sit here and be jealous of others."

"Forget it, Lola. Why bother arguing with these people? Maybe soon I won't have the chance to work with them anymore," Florienna said, casually examining her newly done nails.

"Right, who knows? Maybe this time you could become the head of the design department, Florienna." Lola leaned in beside Florienna, smiling obsequiously.

The remaining employees initially wanted to add more, but Elijah Walker just waved them off, signaling that they should go about their work.

Elijah's gaze, however, couldn't help but fall on Florienna's face.

If it weren't for yesterday's incident, he would probably truly feel bitter inside.

But now...

At this thought, Elijah couldn't help but sigh.

Yet, this action of his caught Florienna's attention. She stood up and walked over to Elijah.

"Team Leader Walker, you don't blame me for the issue with the design draft, do you?" Florienna put on a quite innocent expression.

"After all, you know that we are independent designers, and the designs belong to the individual designer. Even though you helped me revise the draft, the design ultimately came from my hand."

Chapter 944: The Old Fox

"Are you done talking?"

However, Elijah Walker wasn't in the mood to pay attention to Florienna Ellis. He gathered the materials at hand, speaking slowly.

And such a reaction, in the eyes of Florienna Ellis, was simply him throwing a tantrum.

Florienna Ellis blinked her eyes; she stepped forward and suddenly looped her arm through Elijah Walker's.

Elijah Walker never expected Florienna Ellis to make such a move, which startled him, causing him to dodge abruptly.

"What are you doing..."

But before Elijah Walker could finish his sentence, he saw Florienna Ellis falling daintily to the side and then putting on a look of considerable grievance.

"Team Leader Walker, what are you doing? If there is something about me you dislike, you can tell me. Why are you treating me like this now..."

Elijah Walker was nearly scared to death by Florienna Ellis's sudden change of face, and the commotion between the two also drew the attention of many onlookers.

In Team B, many people knew Florienna Ellis's true colors, but designers from other teams were oblivious, and with Florienna Ellis radiating a strong air of the "green tea" type, she had already deceived quite a few male designers in the design department.

Although the onlookers didn't know the whole story, seeing Florienna Ellis's pitiful expression naturally led some to immediately think that she was being bullied.

"Elijah Walker, what are you doing!" someone called out.

And Elijah Walker felt so frustrated he was nearly choking on his own blood; he quickly backed away, clutching his materials and hurriedly left.

If he couldn't provoke, couldn't he still avoid?

Florienna Ellis twirled a lock of her hair, finally casting her gaze towards Charlotte Thompson's office.

...

Meanwhile, Justin Battleson, looking at the documents Michael Richard handed to him, understood implicitly, "You found something?"

Michael Richard nodded and said aloud, "It's Mr. Miller."

Hearing Michael Richard's words, Justin Battleson couldn't help but let out a cold laugh.

This was something he had not anticipated.

"Should we take direct action..." Michael Richard tentatively asked.

But Justin Battleson dismissed the idea with a wave of his hand, "No need, I'm actually curious to see what other tricks this old fox can play."

This Jackson Miller was someone who had followed Justin Battleson's grandfather, holding shares in many of the Battleson Family's enterprises, and Justin had made him a shareholder in the Riley Group out of respect for his grandfather's wishes.

After all, for Justin Battleson, Jackson Miller was an elder, and he naturally held respect for him.

"Keep a close watch on him, see who he has been in contact with lately," Justin Battleson instructed while propping his cheek in his hand.

On reflection, this Jackson Miller had not agreed with the decision for Justin to inherit the Battleson Family business from Oliver Battleson's hands.

Michael Richard acknowledged Justin Battleson's instructions and then turned to leave.

Justin Battleson's gaze inadvertently drifted to the window.

The somewhat glaring sunlight made Justin's eyes feel a bit sore; he narrowed them slightly, his mind recalling those cruel words.

"I hope his life, his future, everything about him, would be like a snowy night, forever buried beneath endless cold."

The veins in his neck tensed, and the palm that had been resting on the desk started to clench ever tighter.

Eventually, Justin Battleson chose to take deep breaths to calm the raging anger in his chest.

...

On the other hand, Coco was accompanying Charlotte Thompson to Melissa Tanner's studio.

Charlotte Thompson had decided to meet with Zara Ward.

When Charlotte Thompson arrived at the location Zara Ward had sent her, she looked up at the towering building in front of her.

"This is Melissa Tanner's studio? Wasn't it said to be just an obscure small brand..."

Standing next to Charlotte Thompson, Coco couldn't help but exclaim first.

Chapter 945: Like it Here

"This high-rise building looks just as grand as ours at Riley Group." Coco looked around before speaking.

Charlotte Thompson was also somewhat surprised because when she had chatted online with Zara Ward, Zara had mentioned their studio was very small.

Charlotte didn't think that this entire building belonged to Melissa Tanner.

But judging by the style of the decor, the Melissa Tanner studio couldn't be too shabby.

Looking at the message she had sent to Zara, Charlotte felt an inexplicable sense of nervousness.

They often chatted online, but in fact, they had never formally met each other.

Now that Charlotte was on her way to discuss a formal collaboration with Melissa Tanner's studio, she couldn't shake off the feeling that she was about to meet an internet friend.

"Miss Thompson?"

Just then, a tentative call came from not too far away.

Charlotte looked up upon hearing the voice and saw a radiant woman walking towards her.

She was dressed in an indigo cheongsam, her long hair partially tied up, and as she walked towards Charlotte, it made Charlotte feel as though the woman had stepped right out of an ancient painting.

Since the Melissa Tanner brand wasn't well-known, therefore there were no interviews, Charlotte also couldn't find out what this founder of Melissa Tanner looked like.

However, during their chats, Charlotte had always thought of Zara Ward as a very gentle, bookish woman from the south of the Yangtze River through her way of speaking.

Yet, Charlotte truly hadn't expected the real Zara to be so...

Strikingly beautiful.

"Miss Ward?" Charlotte blinked, and although she was already sure of her thoughts, she couldn't help but ask.

"Hello."

The corners of Zara's lips curved into a smile. "I never thought I would one day meet the famous Miss Joy."

"Miss Ward is quite beyond my expectations too," Charlotte nodded politely to Zara.

However, Zara had anticipated such a response, which merely made her lips purse into a smile: "Many people are surprised when they first see me, come with me."

Charlotte nodded and followed Zara's footsteps.

Even though she had prepared herself in advance, Charlotte was still surprised to follow Zara through the dim service elevator on the side of the building.

"I'm sorry, due to limited funds..."

Zara coughed lightly, reached out, and pressed the elevator button for the fourteenth floor. However, the button didn't respond at first, causing Zara to press it several more times.

"I just wasn't expecting this kind of decor in this building," Charlotte said.

"The whole building was supposed to be completely renovated, but this place was overlooked by the construction team because it's partitioned off from the main building, if not, our studio might have had to move out from here."

Zara explained softly as the elevator shakily arrived at the designated floor.

Charlotte followed Zara around a corner and reached the end of the hallway, where she finally saw the two characters "Melissa Tanner" outside a door.

The calligraphy was very beautiful, a delight to the eyes.

"This is our studio," Zara said as she pushed open the door to the studio.

A faint, pleasant fragrance greeted Charlotte as she entered—the sight naturally falling on the incense burner emitting wisps of white smoke at the side.

Beyond that, there was also a green bitterness of tea in the air, its scent relaxing.

From the very first step inside, Charlotte fell in love with the place.

Chapter 946: Formal Cooperation

But it was precisely because the studio was small that it could be arranged like this.

The area where the studio members worked was quite cramped, with almost every desk tightly connected to the next.

It was the middle of the workday, and all the employees were in the office area. When they saw Charlotte walk in, they all turned to look at her.

"My gosh, is that Joy? She looks so much better in person than on TV!"

"Help, why isn't she a star in the entertainment industry?"

"I'm done for—I'm going to become her fan now."

A few employees were huddled together, whispering among themselves.

Their voices weren't loud, but because the studio was really small, even this level of discussion could be heard.

Zara glanced over, and the employees quickly returned to their own spots.

Zara then led Charlotte into her own office, which, like the outside, was decorated in a traditional style.

Charlotte sat down in a chair, and Zara skillfully brewed her a cup of tea.

Looking at the tender leaves slowly unfurling in the teacup, Charlotte suddenly felt that her modern attire was completely out of place with everything around her.

"Good tea."

Charlotte took a small sip from her cup and her eyes lit up.

Mr. Thompson was very fond of drinking tea, and previously when Charlotte was with the Thompson family, she learned quite a bit about tea ceremony from Mr. Thompson.

"If Miss Thompson likes it, I can give you some to take back," Zara offered.

"Thank you," Charlotte responded without declining.

Charlotte nodded, set down her teacup, and said, "I came here today to discuss our collaboration.

"I wonder how Miss Thompson would like to proceed with the collaboration. Should our side produce some designs for your side to modify?"

When it came to collaborations involving clothing and brands, Zara wasn't too familiar and could only tentatively ask.

"That's about right."

Charlotte pondered for a moment, then nodded and said, "However, I'm not the only one collaborating with Miss Ward."

"What?"

Charlotte's statement did leave Zara somewhat bewildered.

Could it be that Charlotte had also introduced Zara to other collaborations?

Seeing Zara's confused gaze, Charlotte turned her head, and Coco took out a contract from her bag.

Charlotte received it and then handed it to Zara.

"This time, I am formally proposing a collaboration with Miss Zara's Melissa Tanner studio on behalf of the Riley Group."

"Oh, it's the Riley Group..."

Zara nodded, her expression calm as she took the contract from Charlotte.

However, the next second, Zara finally realized what was happening and abruptly looked up.

"The the the Riley Group!" Zara's mouth hung open, momentarily at a loss for words.

"I think I mentioned it to you before," said Charlotte, not expecting Zara's reaction to be so intense.

"I thought you were just saying you're the director of the Riley Group..." Zara suddenly felt very parched.

She murmured softly to herself, but her gaze was fixed on the contract on the desk.

Zara still couldn't believe that one day she would actually be collaborating with the Riley Group.

"Right now, this is not only a significant opportunity for your Melissa Tanner studio but also for the Riley Group and even the fashion industry in Druarus."

Charlotte's hands were clasped under her chin, her gaze seriously fixed on Zara in front of her.

"Compared to the popular fashions that cater to the general public, what I want people to see more of is beauty."

Chapter 947 Brocade Clouds

And as for the national style, it embodied the character of beauty to the utmost.

"Can I...really do it?" Zara Ward asked with some doubt.

"Of course."

Charlotte Thompson said with a beaming smile, "My judgment is never wrong."

Zara Ward pursed her lips, feeling her heart so excited, it was about to leap out of her chest.

"And the theme for this design has also been decided, the most ordinary Four Seasons," Charlotte spoke softly.

In fact, at first, Charlotte had thought of many novel themes, but in the end, she settled on the Four Seasons.

Because this time Charlotte wanted to create a fusion of tradition and novelty, she chose a common theme. Only by succeeding with such a theme could it be considered innovative.

"Each season will have two sets, from jewelry to clothing..." Charlotte briefly shared her previous plans with Zara Ward.

After listening to everything, Zara Ward's face revealed an excited smile.

"As for the Four Seasons, I had ideas enough to fill an entire truck. Now, I finally have the opportunity to use them," Zara Ward said joyfully.

Hearing this, Charlotte too couldn't help but let go of her worries.

Indeed, interacting with someone so intelligent always feels comfortable.

"By the way, how is your preparation for the fashion show going?" Remembering that the fashion weeks of various major brands were just around the corner, Charlotte asked.

Upon hearing this, Zara Ward stood up. "It's almost ready, only a few items of clothing are still in production."

"Can I have a sneak peek, to satisfy my curiosity?" Charlotte blinked at Zara Ward, "You don't have to show me everything, just one piece will do, after all, I still plan to attend the fashion show."

"Okay, follow me."

Now, Zara Ward saw no reason to refuse any request from Charlotte.

After all, Charlotte had helped her immensely.

Saying so, Zara Ward lead Charlotte out of the office and into another room.

Although this room was not large, it contained dozens of rows of racks, which held a variety of clothing.

Charlotte quickly scanned the room and identified several pieces she had seen in the documents, which must have been designed by Zara Ward and displayed at fashion shows before.

"This one."

Zara Ward pulled back a curtain to reveal a lone skirt being worn by a model behind it.

The skirt was styled in an ancient fashion, made of dark red fabric, with intricate gold threads embroidered around the waist and hem, shimmering brilliantly under the lights.

Charlotte couldn't help but admire it just by looking.

And such craftsmanship could not be achieved by machines.

"Is this pure handwork?" Charlotte blinked, curiously asking.

"This is brocade," Zara Ward confirmed with a nod.

"Brocade," Charlotte murmured, familiar with the term from her research. It was indeed more precious than many high-end fabrics.

But the craftsmanship was astoundingly exquisite.

Charlotte couldn't resist and reached out to gently touch the hem of the skirt, her fingertips meeting something very soft.

"Because it's a formal outfit, there is also a top, but it's still being rushed and hasn't been completed," Zara Ward said, as she saw the look of amazement on Charlotte's face, her voice carried an unmistakable pride.

As if something dawned on her, Charlotte turned her head in shock.

"Don't tell me, this is your final showstopping piece."

Chapter 948: You Should Know Me, Right?

Zara Ward nodded.

Charlotte Thompson had thought that Zara Ward would show her a regular show dress, and hadn't expected to directly see the finale outfit.

"If we can't bring out full sincerity, how could we get Miss Thompson to trust and collaborate with us?" Zara Ward's eyes sparkled.

Listening, Charlotte extended her hand toward Zara Ward, "Then, here's to a pleasant collaboration!"

"A pleasant collaboration." Zara Ward smiled.

Suddenly, it seemed that Zara Ward had thought of something and snapped her fingers, "Oh, there's one more thing."

Zara Ward then hurriedly turned around, seemingly looking for something.

After a while, Zara Ward brought over a notebook, which made Charlotte wonder if it was some valuable journal?

"Ahem, Miss Thompson, could you please..."

Zara Ward stood in front of Charlotte, flipping open the notebook in her hand.

Charlotte listened attentively and looked at the notebook, but what she saw was a blank page.

Just as Charlotte felt puzzled, Zara Ward handed her a pen.

"Help me sign this."

...

After leaving Melissa Tanner's studio, Charlotte looked through the booklet in her hands, which was a gift from Zara Ward, featuring clothing and accessories designed by the studio.

Each page of the booklet was made of embroidery, which made Charlotte respect Zara Ward even more.

Reaching the last page, Charlotte somewhat reluctantly closed the booklet.

"Oh, did you find what I asked you to check on?" Charlotte inquired.

Coco nodded repeatedly. "It's all checked, that draft was indeed plagiarized."

This answer was within Charlotte's expectations, and she lightly nodded.

"I can't believe there's such a despicable person in the company."

Unable to hold back, Coco spoke out, "But Sister Charlotte, why isn't such a person immediately dismissed, yet kept around?"

"It's, of course, to lay a long line to catch a big fish," Charlotte said nonchalantly.

Coco listened, somewhat understanding.

The two returned to the company, Coco went to park in the underground garage, and Charlotte, unwilling to take the long route, got out early, intending to enter through the main entrance.

However, before Charlotte could even enter the company, she felt a gaze constantly on her back.

Charlotte's brows furrowed, almost instinctively turning her head. She saw a man standing not too far away.

The man was wearing sunglasses, making it hard for Charlotte to see his face.

No matter who this person was, as Charlotte stared at him, it gave her a chilling feeling.

Feeling uneasy, Charlotte began to retreat. Just as she was about to turn and leave, the man took off his sunglasses, revealing a familiar face.

It was Oliver Battleson, whom she had seen not long ago.

Charlotte paused, was Oliver Battleson here waiting for Justin?

While Charlotte hesitated, Oliver Battleson stepped forward.

"Charlotte, you... You know me, don't you?"

From Oliver Battleson's expression, it wasn't hard to tell that he was somewhat nervous.

Charlotte looked at Oliver Battleson; although she didn't have a good impression of him, he was after all an elder, and she wouldn't neglect the proper manners.

"Mr. Battleson." Initially, Charlotte wanted to call him uncle, but on second thoughts, she changed it.

Fortunately, Oliver Battleson wasn't particular about the form of address; he coughed, shifting his gaze away.

Assuming that Oliver Battleson was there to see Justin, she quietly observed him, waiting for him to continue speaking.

Chapter 949: Want to Talk to You

However, Oliver Battleson then spoke words that caught Charlotte Thompson by surprise.

"I... want to talk to you."

"Me?"

Charlotte had not expected that Oliver had come looking for her this time.

"What's the matter?"

In front of the younger generation, Oliver still maintained a stern and imposing demeanor, and naturally, the matter he raised was not open to refusal.

"At that café over there."

Charlotte followed the direction of Oliver's pointing and then nodded her head.

She sent a message to Coco, but Charlotte hesitated for a moment and ultimately did not inform Justin about this.

She followed Oliver, and they entered the café one after the other, with Oliver choosing a corner away from the light to sit down.

Charlotte sat opposite Oliver but stealthily surveyed him.

Oliver should be about Ethan Allen's age, only instead of the bloated figure from constant indulgence like Ethan Allen, Oliver was considerably lean, which, however, made him appear old.

Perhaps it was also because of his graying temples.

Despite this, Oliver's sharp eyes were chilling.

His expressionless face made Charlotte momentarily see a resemblance to Justin.

"You certainly have a calm demeanor."

The two sat in silence for a long while, finally broken by Oliver.

"I didn't expect the Allen family had raised such a fine daughter over these years."

"I don't know what Mr. Battleson would like to discuss."

Charlotte was aware that Oliver's request for a talk was probably not to praise her.

"Miss Thompson, this identity does match well with Justin. Were you still part of the Allen family, I would never have allowed you to be with Justin no matter what."

At these words, Charlotte's brows slightly furrowed.

Oliver gazed at Charlotte's face and finally sighed, "Actually, I have been investigating you and your children these days."

Hearing this, Charlotte's hand tightened sharply on the table.

Although her expression remained unchanged, her gaze turned cold as she looked at Oliver.

"I understand that you have no other motives." Oliver slowly shifted his gaze away, "I just wanted... to see my grandsons."

By the end, Oliver's voice had nearly disappeared.

But it was enough for Charlotte to get the gist.

Charlotte said nothing.

"I can see that Justin cares a lot about you."

Oliver spoke solemnly, "So there are some things he probably should have told you."

Charlotte slightly lowered her head, her eyes reflecting a complex emotion.

At this moment, the coffee ordered by Oliver upon entering was brought to their table by the waiter.

The bitter taste immediately filled the space between them, and even with pleasant music playing in the café, it could not alleviate the awkward atmosphere between Charlotte and Oliver.

Oliver picked up his coffee, gazing at the rising, curling steam, and finally squeezed out a sentence from his hoarse throat.

"How much do you know about Justin's mother?"

Charlotte had never anticipated that Oliver would ask such a question; her fingertips twitched on her lap, losing their warmth in just a moment.

Before Charlotte had any chance to respond or react, Oliver continued, "So my girl, in your eyes, what kind of person am I?"

Chapter 950: Regret for a Lifetime

"You are a father."

Charlotte Thompson's lips parted slightly as she uttered these words.

However, such a response was completely beyond Oliver Battleson's expectations, and he couldn't help but furrow his thick brows.

Yet the words that Charlotte spoke next caused Oliver's face to stiffen.

"Just like my father."

He had killed his own wedded wife and abandoned his own flesh and blood.

Charlotte, for her part, hadn't anticipated that, deep down, she and Justin Battleson were so similar.

"Nonsense!" Oliver could not help but retort.

The Allen family's affairs had already caused a sensation, and Ethan Allen was now seen as a villain by everyone.

Charlotte watched Oliver calmly, her beautiful eyes like a pool of cold water that extinguished the last bit of hope in his heart.

Suddenly, Oliver's shoulders slumped a little: "Indeed, Justin must have told you everything."

"Mr. Battleson, if there's nothing else, I think I will take my leave now. Besides, Justin would be angry if he knew I met with you."

In truth, Charlotte didn't want to spend any more time facing Oliver because looking at him always reminded her of Ethan Allen.

"Yes, Justin has hated me for a long time..." Oliver murmured to himself.

As Charlotte turned to leave, Oliver's voice came from behind her.

"What if all that happened back then was my fault, all a misunderstanding?"

Charlotte's footsteps halted.

"It was I who misunderstood Mia, I who believed that bitch, Ella White..."

Caught in some painful memory, Oliver brought his hand to his head, his expression becoming contorted.

Charlotte slowly turned to look at Oliver, her furrowed brow showing no sign of easing.

A misunderstanding?

"In my life, I, Oliver Battleson, have done countless things, but I've only made that one mistake, and it's enough to make me regret it for a lifetime."

Oliver's voice was somewhat hoarse, and even Charlotte could clearly see his eyes beginning to redden.

"Why was I so foolish back then? I didn't trust my wife but believed those photos from God knows where..."

Oliver seemed lost in his memories; he wasn't recounting old stories to someone but was muttering to himself.

He could never forget that final, despondent expression on Mia White's face.

Like a rose wilting away, she fell into a lament of profound sorrow.

Oliver could no longer even recall what Mia smiling looked like.

The only image he remembered whenever he thought of her was that pale face.

He had professed his love countless times, yet he ultimately let that fragile figure fade away amidst that so-called love.

It was a cage full of iron chains.

"...It was Mia who saved me, but Ella White seized everything, deceiving me for decades!"

Oliver clenched his teeth, bitterly savoring the name Ella White, as if he wished he could tear into the flesh of that person right then and there.

Charlotte didn't interrupt Oliver but listened as he relayed the events of the past in fits and starts.

Yet, instead of shock, what Charlotte primarily felt was pity.

All because of a misunderstanding, Justin Battleson had such a tragic childhood.

Somehow, Charlotte felt a sting at the tip of her nose, her teeth clenched tightly as her hand by her side squeezed fiercely.

It turned out that it was because of this very incident that Oliver had handed the inheritance of the Battleson Family over to Justin.

If Justin knew the truth, what would his reaction be?