

Spoiled 991

Chapter 991: The Greatest Hope

"Grace now has plenty of top doctors by her side," Oliver Hudson said. "I believe everything will definitely be fine. I know you are anxious right now, but talking like this isn't good for your own health."

Annie Anne sighed. She and Charlotte Thompson had been good friends for many years and naturally knew Charlotte's temperament well.

Knowing that Grace Thompson had contracted such a disease, Charlotte would likely become even more anxious and worried.

"I know my own limits," Charlotte replied softly.

There was silence on the other end of the phone before Annie spoke slowly, "By the way, Charlotte, I've decided to return to the entertainment industry."

"Return to the entertainment industry?" Charlotte had not expected Annie to make such a decision.

If Annie loved acting and the entertainment industry, Charlotte would understand her return, but Charlotte knew clearly that Annie had no love for the entertainment industry at all.

The profession of an actor was not that important to Annie either.

Moreover, the entertainment business was a mixed bag, and given Annie's current mental and physical health, she was not very healthy, which made Charlotte worried.

"Why go back?"

"I feel that I've recovered quite well, and it's boring to stay at home anyway. It's better to go out and find a job," Annie explained earnestly.

"Plus, I've always worked in the entertainment industry before, and there's nothing wrong with that. With Oliver Hudson's help, my return to the entertainment industry will go smoothly."

Hearing this, Charlotte's eyes slightly drooped.

"What about you and Oliver Hudson?"

Annie chuckled on the other end, "Charlotte, don't you think the current situation seems familiar?"

Charlotte was startled.

The current situation...

"Annie," Charlotte's voice trembled slightly.

Annie, who had amnesia, was also in the entertainment industry, wasn't she?

"Charlotte, I know what you're worried about, but I think the current situation is quite good. Since I want to accept Oliver Hudson, let's just start over," Annie explained.

"Dwelling on what happened in the past is pointless; it only adds to the worries of everyday life."

"Now that I have my own daughter, watching her grow up happy and joyful is my greatest hope."

Annie's voice was very calm, betraying no hint of agitation.

However, Charlotte felt a persistent sense of oppressing gloom in her heart—things should not be this way.

"Annie..." Charlotte's voice was dry.

Annie laughed on the other end, "I'm sorry, I shouldn't have told you this at this time."

"It's nothing," said Charlotte, shaking her head even though she was still holding the phone.

"This is your choice, Annie, and no matter what happens, I will always be by your side."

Annie stared at the flowers on the windowsill, her fingertips gently brushing over the soft petals.

"Thank you," Annie said softly into the phone.

Because the flowers had just been watered, there were droplets on the petals that wet Annie's fingertips.

She looked up towards the window, at the bustling streets and neon lights.

Yet only a single cold, clear lamp was lit in the room, casting a chilly light on her.

Annie hung up the phone and slowly walked over to the sofa, picking up a stack of scripts from the coffee table.

"Looking back on the past, the young man's joyful song, now all that's left are tears stains on my face..."

Annie murmured the lines from the script, almost involuntarily starting to hum them.

Chapter 992: The Conspiracy Descends

Inside the hospital ward, the man stared at the person who had his back to him, his facial expression somewhat apprehensive and uneasy.

"Everything has been done just as you said; there shouldn't be anything for me to worry about now, should there?"

The man's voice was very hoarse, seemingly strained because of excessive tension.

The ward remained silent for a long time, before a low voice finally emerged.

"Of course."

That voice caused the man's tense shoulders to gradually relax.

He wiped the cold sweat from his forehead and heaved a sigh of relief.

"Do you have any idea how much trouble it was today? I almost got caught..."

The man babbled on, but the person with his back to him did not make a single move.

As if realizing he had spoken too much, the man suddenly fell silent.

The surrounding silence returned as before, and the man's eyes scanned the area before he seemed to summon great courage to speak slowly.

"Shouldn't you also transfer the final payment to me now?"

"Although you did the job today, my goal wasn't achieved," the shadowed figure spoke somberly.

Hearing this, the man's complexion turned somewhat unpleasant.

"What does your goal not being achieved have to do with me? I've done everything you asked of me, both today and in the past..."

The man was getting emotional but before he could finish his words, he felt a chill race up his spine.

He looked up to see that the figure with his back to him had already turned sideways.

The room was unlit, save for the moonlight streaming through the window and illuminating his face.

Revealing one icy eye.

"What did you say?" The person's voice was slow and flat, as if he simply asked the question.

However, the man could not help his trembling legs, nervously swallowing as he took a step back.

"Nothing, nothing at all."

The man's voice had little conviction and was wavering.

His purpose for coming today was indeed to get money, but facing the person before him, he found he could not utter the rest of his words.

"The money, I certainly won't shortchange you a single dime," the man under the moonlight uttered the words as if he could read minds.

Despite hearing this, the man did not breathe a sigh of relief.

"Go back. I'll transfer the final payment to your account," the person in the moonlight continued.

The man hastily nodded, daring not to linger, and turned to leave. In his panic, he bumped into a nearby trolley, almost knocking all its medications to the floor.

"Tsk."

An evidently dissatisfied sound echoed in the room, and the man, even more terrified, did not dare to right the items and hurriedly made his exit.

After the man closed the door, the person beneath the moonlight let out a light sigh.

He turned and walked toward the trolley, carefully righting and restoring the bottles and jars to their original places.

"Really, these people only cause me trouble," the man murmured softly, his fingertips caressing one of the medicine bottles.

Then, he turned back to gaze at the crescent moon outside the window.

"I didn't want to waste so much time with you, but it seems that's no longer possible."

The moonlight poured in, revealing his complete face at last.

Doctor Vincent.

Afterward, he coughed, an impatient look crossing his face.

Chapter 993: It's Actually That Person

In the evening, Charlotte Thompson put the children to bed. Initially, the children wanted her to stay with them, but ultimately, Justin Battleson put a stop to their scheme.

After telling them stories and making sure they were all sound asleep, Charlotte left the room.

She cautiously closed the door behind her and then straightened up.

"You've worked hard," said Justin Battleson, who was waiting outside the door. When he saw Charlotte coming out, he embraced her waist.

Charlotte shook her head.

Now that it was just the two of them, Charlotte leaned into Justin's embrace, placing all her weight on him.

Justin lifted Charlotte horizontally and carried her back to their room.

He gently laid Charlotte on the bed and softly caressed her eyebrows and eyes.

However, just then, Charlotte's phone on the table started vibrating again. Charlotte intended to get up and reach for it, but Justin pressed her shoulders back down to the bed.

Charlotte looked up at Justin, somewhat puzzled.

Justin sighed softly, "Look at how worn out you've been lately. Rest well, I'll take care of your work."

"It's nothing urgent," Charlotte shook her head.

"Listen, go take a shower and then get some sleep," Justin spoke in a tone that brooked no refusal, filled with tenderness.

Sitting on the bed, Charlotte blinked pitifully.

Justin bent down, propping his hands next to Charlotte, "If you don't feel like moving, I can help you."

Hearing this, Charlotte quickly sat up straight, "I can manage by myself."

With that, she rushed off into the bathroom.

Justin walked over to the desk and glanced at Charlotte's phone, noticing that it was Coco.

He sent a message to Michael Richard, asking Coco to relay any necessary information to him.

It didn't take long for Michael Richard to reply.

Justin looked at the information on his phone, his eyes flickering slightly.

He hadn't expected it to be that person.

"Keep an eye on it, and get those new products out soon. As for that one, just keep it," Justin texted Michael Richard instructions.

Shortly thereafter, Charlotte came out of the shower.

She was drying her damp hair with a towel and saw Justin sitting on the bed reading. Curious, she walked over.

"Is that Italian?" Charlotte asked.

Recognizing the text on Justin's book because she knew a phrase or two in Italian.

Justin nodded, then turned his head and saw Charlotte draping the towel over her head.

Having just showered, Charlotte's cheeks were slightly flushed and her eyes appeared somewhat misty from the humidity.

Drops of water dripped from the tips of her hair but were soon absorbed cleanly by her bathrobe.

"What is the book about?"

Charlotte's attention was still on Justin's book while he had already stood up, took the towel from Charlotte's hand, and handed her the book.

Hearing Charlotte's question, Justin hesitated for a moment before slowly responding, "It could be considered a fairy tale."

"A fairy tale?" Charlotte blinked in surprise.

But when Charlotte turned her head again, Justin had already come over with a hairdryer.

"You even read fairy tales," Charlotte couldn't help but smile.

She intended to take the hairdryer, but Justin showed no intention of handing it over.

Chapter 994 I Love You

"The story is warm and the ending is happy, isn't this just a fairy tale?"

Justin Battleson spoke softly and had already turned on the hairdryer, carefully drying Charlotte Thompson's hair.

The warm breeze patted her ears as Charlotte sat obediently on the bed, looking down at the book in her hands.

However, she didn't know much Italian, and from this whole page of text, she could only make out a few sentences or words.

"What does this book talk about?"

Charlotte flipped through a few pages, then turned back to where Justin had placed his bookmark, curiously asking.

"It's about a minstrel who experienced different things in different places," Justin patiently replied.

His delicate fingers passed through Charlotte's soft hair strands, still carrying a faint fragrance, making Justin unable to let go.

Charlotte's hair was fine and silky, also well-maintained, almost like satin.

Justin particularly liked how Charlotte looked with long hair.

However, Charlotte found maintaining long hair rather cumbersome, so she often opted for a haircut, which kept her hair neatly shoulder-length.

After gently and patiently drying Charlotte's hair, Justin tenderly embraced her from behind.

Charlotte then handed over the book, "Tell me about it."

"So Miss Thompson also needs a fairy tale before sleeping," Justin lightly laughed as he took the book from her hands.

"Why, you don't want to?" Charlotte looked up at Justin.

"How could I?" Justin bent down and kissed her forehead, then flipped the book back to the first page.

Seeing this, Charlotte found a comfortable position within Justin's embrace.

Usually, Justin was severe and reticent, only showing all his tenderness in front of Charlotte.

His voice, cool and light, pierced gently into Charlotte's ears.

Previously, when Justin had told bedtime stories to the children, Charlotte had listened too. Still, back then, she had been watching Justin's expressions rather than noticing his voice.

Now, as the story was narrated close to her ear, Charlotte felt an unusual emotion sprouting continuously in her heart.

Like a gentle wind, it kissed the scars upon her heart.

Charlotte squinted her eyes, quietly leaning in Justin's embrace.

Suddenly, Justin's voice stopped, which left Charlotte somewhat puzzled as she lifted her head.

She saw Justin lifting her fingertips and placing them on a line of text.

More accurately, on a single word.

Charlotte blinked, not understanding.

"Do you know what this word means?" Justin softly inquired.

Charlotte blinked and scrutinized closely. Although somewhat familiar, she still couldn't recognize it completely, "I..."

Charlotte tilted her head, but ultimately, she couldn't figure it out.

"I love you."

Justin's voice resonated in Charlotte's ear, causing her initial movement to pause.

She turned her head to meet Justin's gaze, which was as brilliant as the Milky Way.

"I love you," Justin repeated.

Charlotte then snapped back to reality, her lips curving into a smile, then she propped up her upper body slightly, closing the distance between them.

"I know, I love you," Charlotte said softly.

In Justin's eyes emerged a radiant smile, and he embraced Charlotte's waist, planting a devout kiss on her tender lips.

Outside, the moonlight seeped through the window, thickly scattering across the carpet, enveloping a corner of the bed.

Chapter 995: Grace, Mommy is worried about you

The next morning, after the children had woken up, Charlotte Thompson checked on Grace Thompson's condition.

Grace's condition was actually not very good.

But she still lifted a radiant smile in front of Charlotte, "Good morning, Mommy!"

Charlotte looked at her affectionately, then hugged her and kissed her little cheek, "Good morning, Grace."

The children also got ready and sat down together for breakfast.

After breakfast, Stardust Garden sent someone to take the children to school. Charlotte was worried about Grace's health and wanted to stay home with her, but Grace refused Charlotte's company.

"Mommy should go to work. Great-grandmother is here with me, along with the aunties. I'll be fine," Grace said sweetly.

"Grace, Mommy is worried about you," Charlotte said, frowning slightly as she looked at Grace.

However, Grace reached out with her warm fingertips to smooth the furrow between Charlotte's brows.

"But Mommy, your look of concern is worrying Grace too. Grace doesn't like to see you frowning all the time."

"And Grace knows that you spent all of yesterday with me and missed a lot of work because of it."

"Grace, how can you be so understanding and thoughtful?"

Charlotte drew Grace into her arms, really wishing that Grace would act spoiled and insist on keeping her by her side.

She's not even six years old.

"If Grace were still in the hospital, then Grace would definitely act spoiled and make Mommy stay no matter what, but right now, Grace is with great-grandmother, and Grace knows that Mommy has a really important collaboration going on right now."

"No collaboration is more important than you," Charlotte voiced out.

"Grace knows, but Grace also knows that Mommy has put a lot of time and effort into this job, and Grace's condition is not that bad right now; look, I can even walk around the room. So, Mommy, don't worry, okay?"

Grace's big eyes blinked sincerely and innocently.

"My brothers and Annie are also worried about Grace's health, but they still went to school, right? It makes Grace feel bad to see Mommy worrying all the time."

"Other children are trying all sorts of ways to keep their parents by their side, but you, on the other hand, are actively pushing me out the door."

Charlotte pinched Grace's nose with a tone full of helplessness.

"People also want to keep you by their side, but they don't want to see Mommy worried," Grace said, hugging Charlotte's arm and speaking with spoiled affection, "This distressed look on Mommy's face will make Grace feel guilty."

"You truly are Mommy's good child. Mommy will come back early. Tell Mommy what you want, and I'll bring it back to you when I return," Charlotte said, hugging Grace tightly.

"Got it, Mommy. Work with peace of mind, don't worry about Grace. Grace will be just fine at home."

Grace spoke very obediently, then stood on her toes to kiss Charlotte on the cheek.

"Mommy is leaving now."

"Goodbye, Mommy," Grace held Charlotte's hand, accompanying her to the front gate.

Only when Charlotte's car had driven away did Grace turn around.

And Jasmine Clarkson had been standing by Grace's side the whole time.

"Great-grandmother."

Grace reached out and took Jasmine's hand, "Can Grace watch some cartoons?"

"Of course, of course, Grace can do whatever she wants," Jasmine said, leading Grace back into the villa.

Chapter 996 Too Special

Charlotte glanced in her rearview mirror, watching as Grace Thompson was escorted back to the villa by Jasmine Clarkson, but Charlotte's heart remained tense.

She took a deep breath, unable to suppress the pain in her mind.

After everything that happened yesterday, she had nightmares all night and barely rested.

Thinking of Grace's pale cheeks lifting into a smile for her sake made Charlotte's heart ache even more.

While waiting for the light to turn red, Charlotte glanced at a message on her phone.

It was from the Thompson family.

Ever since the people from the Thompson family learned that Grace needed a heart transplant surgery to treat her congenital heart disease, they immediately took action to find a suitable donor heart.

But as the diagnostic doctors had said,

Grace was simply too young; they couldn't find a match.

Grace's condition was too rare, and it was unknown when she might have another episode.

Although the doctors had said they would try to extend Grace's life, the thought alone filled Charlotte with dread.

If they couldn't find a suitable donor heart, would they have to keep Grace confined in the villa indefinitely?

Charlotte exhaled a heavy breath.

She couldn't help but rub her throbbing temples, not noticing the green light had changed, prompting a chorus of impatient honks from the cars behind her.

This snapped Charlotte back to reality, and she quickly drove off toward the company.

After arriving at the company, Charlotte headed to her office.

Along the way, many employees greeted her.

"Good morning, Miss Thompson."

However, Charlotte's mind was still in a daze, and she didn't hear any of the greetings.

Charlotte, in a daze, got on the elevator. As the elevator doors closed, the junior employees who had greeted her gathered together and quietly started discussing.

"What's up with Miss Thompson today, she seems so distracted?"

"Did you see how pale she looks?"

"And she didn't come to work yesterday either, could it really be those rumors about Miss Thompson and our CEO having a fallout?"

...

When Charlotte arrived at her office, Coco was tidying up files at her desk and hurried over when she saw Charlotte.

"Sister Charlotte."

It wasn't until Coco blocked her path that Charlotte snapped out of it and nodded at her.

"Oh my, Sister Charlotte, why do you look so pale? Are you sick?"

Coco, noticing Charlotte's complexion, asked with concern.

Charlotte had not come to work yesterday, and her tasks had been redirected to Justin Battleson.

Coco had been worried that something had happened to Charlotte, and seeing her like this today only increased her concerns.

"I'm fine, just a bit of a headache,"

Charlotte shook her head and walked into her office, "I missed work yesterday, so I've fallen behind on a lot. Send me everything later."

"Yesterday's work has already been handed over to Mr. Battleson. Sister Charlotte, if you're really not feeling well, you should take a day off."

Having been with Charlotte for so long, Coco had never seen her in such a state.

"Don't worry."

Charlotte curved her lips into a smile and sat down at her desk, "Just make me a cup of coffee."

Coco looked at Charlotte worriedly, but ultimately, she followed her instructions and went out to make her a cup of coffee.

Chapter 997: Rumors About Me?

Charlotte Thompson originally planned to organize the files on her computer, but she clicked through the folders over and over, unable to find what she was looking for.

Then Charlotte somehow began opening web pages, searching for information about congenital heart disease.

The more she read, the worse her complexion became.

Her chest heaved with heavy breathing, and her eyes grew increasingly dizzy, which made Charlotte involuntarily recall that shattered dream.

Her sister Grace stood at the edge of the abyss, and she herself had become the one who pushed her sister into it.

Ever since learning about Grace's congenital heart disease, Charlotte had been deeply troubled.

She always attributed the ultimate reason for this issue to herself.

Looking at the few video segments on the webpage, Charlotte couldn't help but tear up.

Suddenly, Charlotte stood up.

This startled Coco, who was holding a cup of coffee nearby.

"Sister Charlotte, what's wrong? Are you feeling unwell? I'll go and tell Mr. Battleson right away."

Coco looked at Charlotte anxiously.

Just now, when she had gone to make coffee for Charlotte, Michael Richard from Justin Battleson's team had told her that if anything seemed amiss with Charlotte, she must immediately inform Justin.

Now that Coco had witnessed such a scene, of course, she intended to tell Justin.

Upon hearing the words "Mr. Battleson," Charlotte's expression faltered, and she absentmindedly raised her hand, accidentally knocking over the coffee Coco had just placed beside her.

The scalding coffee spilled onto the back of Charlotte's hand, instantly turning her skin bright red.

However, it was this pain that snapped Charlotte back to reality, causing her to involuntarily gasp for air.

"Sister Charlotte!" Coco exclaimed in shock, hurrying to find some tissues to wipe Charlotte's hand.

Afterward, she ran to get an ice pack from the medicine cabinet and applied it to Charlotte's hand.

"Sister Charlotte... how could you be so careless." Coco looked at Charlotte's reddened skin, her brow furrowed with concern.

"It's okay, it's okay." Seeing Coco's tearful expression, Charlotte suddenly felt uneasy.

If she hadn't been so distracted just now, how could she have caused such a flurry for Coco?

Holding the ice pack to her hand, Charlotte looked at Coco with a remorseful expression: "I'm sorry for worrying you, it's my fault for not paying attention just now."

Coco looked up at Charlotte, her lips trembling slightly as she braved herself to ask after thinking of the recent workplace rumors.

"Sister Charlotte, did you really have a fight with Mr. Battleson?"

"What?" Charlotte was taken aback for a moment, seemingly not expecting Coco to ask such a question.

"Sister Charlotte, I know I shouldn't meddle in some things, but seeing you like this really upsets me. Please don't take those rumors in the company to heart."

"Rumors in the company?"

Charlotte hadn't expected such things were being said, prompting her to inquire further, "Are they rumors about me?"

Realizing she had misspoken, Coco quickly clammed up.

But now that Charlotte was aware, she couldn't just let it go.

"What exactly are the rumors? You might as well tell me."

Remembering Coco's question from before, Charlotte narrowed her eyes, "Is it about me and Justin Battleson?"

Coco nodded upon hearing this and finally whispered: "I don't know when or where it started, but there have been rumors about the relationship between you and Mr. Battleson..."

Coco's voice grew fainter and fainter until at the end she didn't finish her sentence and just gestured with her hands to indicate something breaking apart.

"You know Sister Charlotte, with so many people in the company, rumors like that only become more far-fetched as they spread."

Chapter 998: There's Nothing Between Him and Me

Coco murmured softly, her mind filled with the absurd versions of rumors she'd heard, and couldn't help but to marvel at the boundless imagination of people.

At first, Coco didn't believe these rumors at all. After all, she was Charlotte's first assistant, and she'd had her fill of their affectionate displays.

Moreover, when Justin instructed her to pass on Charlotte's work to him, Coco was even more skeptical of those rumors.

But seeing Charlotte in such a state today made Coco's beliefs waver somewhat.

Now it seemed, Charlotte probably hadn't had a falling out with Justin.

"There's nothing wrong between him and me," Charlotte said with a wry smile after hearing Coco's words.

"That's good, that's good," Coco heaved a sigh of relief. "In the future, if I hear anyone spreading nonsense, I won't let them off easily."

"Forget about it. These things aren't a big deal. There's no need to take them to heart."

Charlotte had heard plenty of ludicrous office gossip, so she didn't pay much attention to it.

"But, Sister Charlotte, why do you look so pale?" Coco's lips quivered before she finally voiced her concern.

Hearing this, Charlotte walked over to a chair and sat down, speaking softly, "Coco, my daughter... Grace, she has congenital heart disease."

Charlotte chose not to hide this from Coco.

"What! Congenital heart disease!" Coco was visibly shocked upon hearing this.

Even her hand, which had been tidying up the coffee, paused.

Coco had once seen Charlotte's daughter, Grace Thompson, by chance. She was such a bright and clever child and didn't seem like someone who would have congenital heart disease.

"Sister Charlotte."

Coco called out hoarsely, trying to offer comfort. "With today's advanced medical technology, even heart disease can be cured."

Charlotte had heard similar sentiments over the last few days, but the concern for her daughter was a constant lump in her throat, always bringing sorrow whenever she thought about it.

"There are some matters today that don't need to be passed onto Mr. Battleson; you can hand them to me," said Charlotte, letting out a sigh as she decided to revitalize her spirits and continue working.

"There isn't much," Coco said as she finished cleaning up the table and handed over the day's schedule to Charlotte.

As the head designer, Charlotte didn't have too many things to take care of; most of her job involved reviewing the drafts from other designers.

Looking at the design drafts in her hands, Charlotte paused and looked up at Coco.

"Have the initial batch of designs for the clothing and jewelry been completed?" Charlotte inquired.

Coco nodded in response. "The production was completed the day before yesterday. As Mr. Battleson instructed, they were released this morning, and the company has also held a new product launch."

"What about the design by Florienna Ellis?" Charlotte quickly checked the company's official website.

"Mr. Battleson has already instructed that Florienna Ellis's design had issues and was not released for sale."

Charlotte nodded in acknowledgment.

Florienna Ellis's design was a complete act of plagiarism, and if it had been introduced in the new product launch, Charlotte couldn't imagine the impact it would have on Riley Group.

The reason Charlotte still kept Florienna around was to allow Justin to find out who was behind her.

Now that Justin had gone ahead with the product launch, it indicated that he must have already concluded his investigation.

"I understand."

Charlotte nodded, then glanced at the calendar on the corner of the desk and noticed that today's date was circled.

Chapter 999: The Child Isn't Justin Battleson's?

Charlotte Thompson just couldn't remember what she ought to do today.

Sighing, the ordeal with Grace Thompson had left her with no heart to work.

Glancing at her watch, it was now lunchtime, so Charlotte planned to finish the documents in her hand and then go look for Justin Battleson.

Meanwhile, in another office within the company, the sound of a commotion could be heard.

"What's the matter? Why isn't my design showing up in the new product lineup?"

Florienna Ellis meticulously browsed the company's website, her expression filled with dissatisfaction.

Aria Wilson, who usually got along well with Florienna, quickly leaned in and spoke.

"Maybe the number of new products is already sufficient for this release, and your design will be included in the next one."

"The next one?"

Florienna let out a cold laugh, her face showing clear displeasure,

"Weren't our design team's drafts specifically for this new product launch? Why was mine the only one removed?"

Seeing Florienna's demeanor, Aria originally wanted to pat her on the shoulder but thought better of it and decided not to provoke her further.

"Why not ask Team Leader Teddy what's going on?"

Usually, at the mention of Team Leader Teddy, Florienna would've been the first to go ask, but this time, she just sat in her chair, not making a move.

Her fingertips pressed against the table, as if to manifest her current inner unrest and irritation.

She couldn't go to Teddy Carter again.

The draft she submitted to the company had been stolen from Teddy, and it had been quite an effort to extricate herself from him.

Bringing this up again might invite him to entangle her in his affairs.

"What's the use in asking him? He leads Group A, and we're in Group B now; he has no jurisdiction over us," Florienna retorted.

"Could it be Elijah Walker's doing? Maybe he deliberately suppressed your design."

Hearing Aria's words, Florienna's gaze shifted.

How had she not considered Elijah Walker?

Previously she had him help modify a draft, and the next day she was praised while Elijah couldn't have been pleased about it.

It must've been him, taking his revenge in secret.

As she pieced together the situation, Florienna slammed her hand on the table with realization.

Aria jumped with a start but then quickly said,

"I think, since his design didn't get any praise and yours did, he was jealous inside. So he resorted to these underhanded tactics behind your back. To think, Elijah Walker looks so decent, yet he has such a small-minded heart."

"How dare he plot against me," Florienna bit out angrily.

Seeing that Florienna's mood seemed to have eased somewhat, Aria moved closer.

"Have you heard the rumors going around the company lately?"

What rumors? Florienna adjusted her freshly curled waves.

"About our president and the Miss Thompson," Aria said softly.

"Oh?" Florienna responded, spinning her eyes around,

Although she had already heard some things, she still put on a somewhat skeptical look and turned to Aria.

"Yesterday, Charlotte didn't come to work, and today, many people saw her enter the office with a very pallid face. It seems like Charlotte must be having quite the conflict with Justin Battleson."

Aria lowered her voice and shared with Florienna all the gossip she had heard over the past few days.

"They say Charlotte has always been using the child to threaten Justin's side, but it seems that child isn't even Justin's."

"The child isn't Justin's?"

Chapter 1000: Having Six Children

Florienna Ellis straightened up when she heard this, finally feeling curious, and even sat up straighter.

Aria Wilson looked around, then leaned in closer to Florienna and whispered mysteriously,

"I have a relative who's a paparazzo, do you know what he dug up recently?"

"Stop beating around the bush, just tell me what's going on already," Florienna urged, growing impatient.

Seeing her reaction, Aria quickly said, "I heard that Charlotte Thompson might have six kids."

"Six!"

Florienna couldn't help but exclaim when she heard the number, but the next second Aria quickly covered her mouth, signaling her not to make too much noise and attract the attention of others.

Florienna pushed Aria's hand away disgustedly and patted her clothes.

"Is that even true?" Florienna raised an eyebrow.

"My relative is a paparazzo, and if he got a hold of this information, I think it's pretty accurate," Aria said, clucking her tongue.

All the people knew about Charlotte being Mr. Battleson's ex-wife, and they all started investigating their past, but they found nothing.

"Who can have six kids all at once? They must have been together for at least a decade to have so many kids," Aria said with an exaggerated expression.

Naturally, Florienna also didn't believe that Justin Battleson and Charlotte could have been together for ten years.

"So what you're saying is..."

"Some of those kids might not even be Justin's at all. Charlotte could have deceived Justin, making him raise another man's children," Aria said with a sneaky laugh.

Florienna's eyes darted around.

"I never expected Charlotte to be that kind of person. Didn't Charlotte have some rumors circulating with that young master from the Hudson family before? Maybe Charlotte's kids are his."

The more Aria talked, the more excited she got, "I always felt Charlotte was no good. If it weren't for her status as Miss Thompson, would she be where she is today?"

"What are you talking about!"

But Florienna suddenly interrupted her, her gaze returning from the doorway,

"Spreading such baseless rumors could lead to all sorts of gossip if overheard. Don't talk about this stuff anymore."

Aria was stunned for a moment, as Florienna always used to speak ill of Charlotte in front of her. Why was it that now when Aria said those things, Florienna got angry?

Florienna glanced at Aria and spoke disinterestedly, "Don't you still have a lot of work to do? If Elijah Walker sees you chatting here instead of working, he'll definitely penalize you. I remember you got your pay docked last month."

Aria's face showed embarrassment, but the look she gave Florienna was loaded with deeper meaning.

She knew very well why her salary was docked last month, and yet Florienna was being sarcastically critical now.

If Florienna didn't have someone powerful backing her, how could she possibly be so obsequious and flattering around her every day?

Someday she would step over Florienna.

However, unlike the unresolved feelings in Aria's heart, Florienna's heart was already beating fast.

After Aria left, Florienna hastily tidied up her desk, looked around, and then picked up a small bag and headed to the restroom.

Stashed inside the bag, though, was a strappy mini dress.

Florienna quickly changed into the dress in a restroom stall, but she also wore her current outer coat on the outside.

After changing, she stood in front of the bathroom mirror.

Florienna took out makeup from her bag and started to touch up her face in front of the mirror.

Pleased with her reflection, Florienna finally spritzed some perfume behind her ears.

If Justin Battleson and Charlotte had had a quarrel, wasn't her chance coming up?