

Spoiled 271

Chapter 271: Does Miss Thompson still remember me?

Hearing this, Jordan Thompson looked at them in surprise, catching the bored expressions on their faces.

"Didn't you just say you really wanted to go to the amusement park? You're ready to leave after just one activity?"

Hank Thompson sneered when he wasn't watching, waving his bangs in a showy manner.

"I just... suddenly forgot how boring the amusement park can be."

If it hadn't been for the critical situation just now, he wouldn't have come up with such an outlandish excuse.

They didn't like places like amusement parks; none of the attractions suited them.

"Oh no, it's not fun. Let's go home, uncle, we can still catch dinner."

Hank Thompson was nagging and pushing Jordan Thompson towards the exit. They couldn't bear to stay for another moment.

On their return, these rascals had them running around in circles.

Jordan Thompson was a bit dazed, feeling that something was not quite right.

But he couldn't quite pinpoint what was off, something just felt odd.

They were the ones who wanted to come to the amusement park, and they were the ones who said it was boring. They seemed to have covered all angles of the conversation.

Before he could think about it further, he found himself being pushed towards the exit, without any room to refuse.

Alright, alright, whatever these little brats say goes. He wouldn't dare to refute them, would he?

He'd have to report to the old man later. He'd still end up being the one in the wrong.

Seeing him not asking any more questions, the kids all breathed a sigh of relief. They had managed to dodge the bullet.

Charlotte Thompson was unaware of Ashton's situation; she was still swamped with drafting designs and dealing with Cindy's mocking sarcasm.

Especially since this Cindy, after having been put in her place last time, wasn't provoking her as openly.

Handling such cunning was even more exhausting for Charlotte Thompson.

Charlotte Thompson held back from responding to her, pouring all her efforts into her design drafts, feeling utterly worn out.

Finally, it was time to clock off work.

Coco had finished her work and came to say goodbye before leaving.

"You've worked hard. Get some rest early." All of Coco's contributions were seen by Charlotte Thompson who didn't hesitate to express her gratitude.

However, Coco seemed somewhat taken aback and quickly gestured that this was all part of her responsibilities.

Charlotte Thompson truly changed her perception of designers.

In her mind, designers were all incredibly arrogant.

But Charlotte Thompson was exactly the opposite. She never gave anyone a hard time and was very good to her subordinates.

Being able to work for such a wonderful person straight out of college was what Coco considered a stroke of great luck.

Charlotte Thompson gave her a gentle smile. She didn't think that showing gratitude to an assistant was something to be embarrassed about.

Every job is worthy of respect.

Moreover, she really liked Coco.

And she had always been fair and square. If she did well, she deserved to be thanked.

Once Coco had left after packing up her things, that left Charlotte Thompson contemplating whether to continue working hard.

She had stayed up late chatting with Diana Smith the night before and had woken up early that morning.

At this point, Charlotte Thompson was struggling to keep going, her spirits beginning to flag.

A yawn ambushed her, and she ultimately decided to go back and get some sleep. She'd fight again tomorrow.

Just as she paused to pack her things, her cellphone at the corner of her desk started ringing.

Picking up her cellphone and frowning, she saw an unfamiliar number. Charlotte Thompson had no recollection of it whatsoever.

"Does Miss Thompson remember me?" The flippant voice she knew so well resonated in her ear through the phone.

The image of Adam Ross' wickedly charming face came to mind. Almost instantly, Charlotte Thompson connected the voice to the face.

Chapter 272: The Child's Origins

Charlotte Thompson was fingering the back cover of her phone.

She didn't know why he had her contact information or why he had taken the initiative to contact her.

"Of course I remember, how could I forget Mr. Ross," Charlotte concealed her confusion and answered back with a jest.

Such a remarkable tone, even if she wanted to, it would be hard to disregard.

Joyous laughter floated from the other side of the phone, indicating Adam Ross was in a good mood.

"Just got off work, I guess. I'm downstairs in your company building, inviting you for dinner," he informed decidedly and confidently, giving Charlotte no room for discussion.

A dinner invitation? Or a trap?

After Justin Battleson had invited her for a meal, wearing her out completely, was it now this man's turn?

Charlotte, after a tiring day, felt listless.

She just wanted to curl up in her warm bed, she had no interest in dining out with him.

As she was about to refuse him, her words were preemptively cut off by him.

"Miss Thompson wouldn't say no, would she?" His rhetorical question left Charlotte thoroughly speechless.

Adam Ross seemed to be more than a privileged young man, and rather clever at that.

Having been pressured so, refusing would make her appear ungracious.

Charlotte's mind suddenly cleared considerably.

Well, let's just do it for the sake of Chad and Jack. As her mind recalled her children, she decided to bite the bullet.

Justin had last time confused matters before she could even probe into Adam's situation.

This time things must go smoothly, if she could get a strand of Adam's hair that would be even better.

A DNA test would determine if there was any relation, saving her from fishing for information elsewhere.

Years ago when the children were abandoned at the hospital, about to be transferred to a welfare institute, Charlotte had seen them.

Though they were infants bundled in cloth, they'd smiled brightly at her.

Just having given birth to triplets, Charlotte was brimming over with motherly love.

Upon seeing this, how could she bear to not take them in? So, she ultimately decided to adopt the children.

During this time, she did consider finding the children's biological parents and returning them to their real home.

But the mother of the children could not be found with any information whatsoever.

Seeming to have vanished into thin air, with only the children as proof of her existence.

No news about the biological father either, all information about the children was handled by a middle-aged man.

Everyone even suspected this middle-aged man of being the biological father, even though he vehemently denied it.

Before Charlotte had a chance to thoroughly investigate his identity, the man died in a car accident, the clues ended there.

As the kids grew older, they began to seem familiar to Charlotte.

As though she had seen them somewhere before, but she couldn't quite place it.

Finally, when she saw Adam Ross after returning to the country, the familiarity fell into place.

She'd only met Adam Ross twice before, five years ago. No wonder she found it hard to remember.

To ascertain the children's origin, Charlotte decided to sacrifice her precious sleep and bear with the situation.

"Alright then, Mr. Ross, please wait for me a moment," Charlotte sighed helplessly, steeling herself for what was to come.

She gathered all her documents to ensure she hadn't left anything behind before leaving her office.

As she approached the office door, she stopped, suddenly remembering something.

After some contemplation, she decisively pulled out her phone to call Henry Thompson, she had important business to entrust to him.

Several rings later, someone finally picked up the phone on the other end.

"Charlotte, graceful enough to give your brother a call today, huh?" A smile surfaced on his usually stern face upon seeing Charlotte's incoming call.

Chapter 273: Biological Father

They actually didn't want Charlotte Thompson to return to Druarus, they could better take care of her if she stayed in Ashton.

But there was no use, Charlotte's stance was firm, she insisted on going.

Her doting family members have always been helpless against her wishes, and so they had no choice but to agree.

"Brother, could you help me investigate that middle-aged man's information again? Especially his connections, who he used to interact with and so forth, the more detailed the better."

Pressed for time, Charlotte stumbled out her words.

"Why do you suddenly want to investigate him again?" Henry Thompson was somewhat perplexed, not understanding the change in her behavior.

Even though she hadn't mentioned a name, Henry immediately knew who she was talking about.

After the man passed away years ago, they had promised to keep this matter buried within their hearts, never to be mentioned again.

One reason was to prevent the child from feeling inferior for being adopted.

The second reason was that they had the capability to raise two children.

Now that the two children had grown smarter and more endearing with age, everyone tacitly refrained from bringing up the topic.

"I suspect I've found the child's biological father." Charlotte paused briefly before dropping this bombshell.

Hearing her say this, Henry was shocked.

They had searched for so long back then without any leads, yet Charlotte stumbled upon one as soon as she returned.

Henry's fingers began to fidget.

Another reason they had given up searching was that they couldn't bear to return the child if they did find the biological family.

If they truly confirm the identity of the child's biological father, they cannot stop them from returning to their true home.

A trace of melancholy appeared in Henry's eyes as he sighed, his heart truly cared for all his children.

Within the Thompson Family, none of them treated the children any differently because they were adopted.

Every child received the same treatment, the love for the two children never diminished.

"Alright, I won't tell the children. I'll have someone start the investigation immediately, and I'll inform you as soon as there's news."

This was a serious matter, and Henry responded gravely.

A glint of reluctance flashed in his eyes, although he was deeply resistant, He knew they owed the children the truth.

No matter if they finally chose to stay or leave, they would support their decision.

If they did not wish to leave, no one could take them away, the Thompson Family was not to be trifled with.

"Let's not tell the children about this for now, I'm afraid they'll overthink it," Charlotte sighed.

The two children were both sensitive and would definitely overthink things if they found out.

Henry understood her concerns and only replied with a grunt.

Henry hung up the phone with hesitation and heaved a heavy sigh.

Just as he was about to have his assistant investigate the man's information.

He turned around and was rooted to the spot. Speechless, not knowing what to say.

Two pairs of pure, innocent eyes stared at him, a hint of sadness in their gaze.

He had just been lost in thought, not noticing that they had already appeared behind him. He was struck with surprise.

"Uncle, was Mommy just talking about our biological father?" the two children asked him tentatively.

Their sincere gaze made it impossible for Henry to lie. He pursed his lips, at a loss for words, not knowing how to explain to them.

They had already heard the whole conversation. They just couldn't believe it and wanted to confirm it once more.

Their small hands clenched together slowly. The children couldn't accept this news.

Chapter 274: Are You Really Not Going to Abandon Us?

How they wished they hadn't shown up and heard that conversation unexpectedly. At least that way they could've continued living in blissful ignorance.

With those four eyes fixed so intently on him, Henry knew he couldn't conceal the truth any longer.

He could engage in calm and collected conversations with outsiders, but he found it impossible to tell a lie to these children.

"Your mommy met a man in Druarus who might be your biological father."

Regardless of how cruel it was to say it, he still had to inform them of the truth.

You can trick them now, but you can't keep the truth from them forever. If they were deceived, they would not be able to accept it when the truth came out later.

At his words, tears welled in the children's eyes. A second later, they fell to the carpet, disappearing into the fabric.

They didn't cry or throw a tantrum. They just silently shed their tears.

This made Henry's heart ache even more. He couldn't bear to see them hurt.

He gathered the two children in his arms, patting their backs, silently comforting them.

Being a man of few words, he didn't know how to console them. All he could do was silently stay by their side.

He knew very well how damaging this news could be to them. That's why Charlotte and he chose to hide it.

Yet they still overheard the news, it turned out to be impossible to hide.

"We don't want to find our biological father, who abandoned us. We just want to be the children of the Thompson family."

Chad's tear-filled words brought a lump to everyone's throat.

"We are Mama's children, we are the children of the Thompson family..."

The other uncles came over after hearing the commotion, and those were the words that first greeted their ears.

They all were clever enough to figure out what had transpired without the need for further explanation.

"Is Mama going to abandon us?" Jack's innocent face crumpled up, tears streaming down his face.

Seeing the usually obedient and sensible child crying was enough to melt the hearts of these tough guys.

"No way, your mom loves you too much to send you away," Joshua came over, reassured them in a soft voice.

"Right, as long as you guys don't want to leave, no one can take you away," Felix chimed in.

"She just wants to find out the truth about your birth father. Don't overthink it."

The adults huddled around them comforting them persistently, while gently wiping the tear stains away with their sleeves.

Who could bear to send them away?

After all, they had cared for them for so long that they had grown attached to them too.

The children were still crying so hard they could hardly breathe, and they began to hiccup, making everyone wince.

"You really won't abandon us?" They were desperate for reassurance.

They looked at their uncles with hopeful eyes.

Melting at their innocence, the tough men tenderly caressed their soft faces.

"I swear, as long as you guys don't want to leave, the Thompson family will always be your home," Henry raised his hand and vowed, wanting them to believe his words.

"If you guys don't want to leave then we won't let you go. Our family can surely afford it."

"Who cares who he is? Even if he's the president, he won't be able to take you away. If anyone dares to snatch you, we'll fight him," they all chimed in.

"Yes! The Thompson family doesn't take things lying down."

All the uncles echoed his sentiment.

They were ready to fiercely defend the children, making them feel even more moved.

They felt fortunate to have found such a good family at that age and appreciated the warmth and kindness that was constantly shown to them.

Filled with gratitude for their upbringing, they were resolved to repay this kindness to the best of their ability when they grew up.

This was another reason they refused to acknowledge their biological father.

Chapter 275: I'll Take You There

After much comforting, the two children finally calmed down slowly.

However, their small shoulders still twitched with hiccups.

The other children heard about it too but it did not change their attitudes toward them.

They did not look at them any differently because of this incident.

This made the children more determined in their decision not to leave.

With such loving family and siblings, who would want to leave?

Jordan Thompson had been out in a meeting with the band about the next tour, and sensed something amiss in the atmosphere when he returned home.

The excessive hush was unusual for the house, and it made him smell something different.

Before he could ask about it, Henry Thompson pulled him aside, scaring him.

Why did they like to treat him like this all the time?

Both the children and his older brother took him for a puppet.

However outwardly he kept a smile, even though he was seething inside.

In contrast to his laughter, Henry Thompson was serious, looking upset.

He outlined the situation to him, and after hearing it, Jordan Thompson felt downcast.

No wonder the house lacked laughter and joy today. It was all because of this matter.

He put aside his distractions to spend time with the children, wanting to comfort them to keep their minds from wandering.

"I agree with the other uncles. Our children don't need anyone else to raise them," he said.

In their hearts, the children were part of the Thompson family and nothing could change that.

Jordan Thompson's words touched Cyrus Thompson, and the hope he thought was extinguished once again ignited.

Perhaps he could probe him, and ask him to take them to Druarus in search of their mother.

"Little uncle, I want to discuss something with you." Cyrus Thompson was serious, as if discussing a national matter.

Jordan Thompson hadn't taken it seriously at first.

But his sudden seriousness made him pay attention.

"Tell me about it." He did not reject him immediately. Jordan Thompson was always democratic.

He would always patiently listen to the children's opinions and help them make the best choice.

"We want to go to Druarus in search of mom. Can you take us there?" His guarded gaze betrayed his uneasiness.

He had no certainty whether Jordan Thompson would agree; it was a shot in the dark.

Seeing Cyrus's request, Jordan Thompson wasn't surprised - he had expected it.

Charlotte Thompson hadn't been away from the children for long before, except for this time when she went to Druarus, thousands of miles away.

Cyrus Thompson nervously watched his expression, afraid he would disagree with them.

Spotting the calm look on his face, Cyrus Thompson sighed with relief, suddenly feeling hopeful.

"I'll take you!" Having thought it over, Jordan Thompson looked at them determined, just like a child, one of them in heart.

The children didn't do anything wrong. It was the adults who made the mistakes that caused them to feel insecure.

Upon hearing his agreement to take them to Druarus in search of their mother, the children who usually hid their feelings cheered joyfully.

"But big uncle and others will definitely disapprove once they know." Cyrus Thompson took a step back, frowning and sighing.

However, he kept stealing glances at Jordan Thompson, anxiously awaiting his response.

Agreement from just Jordan Thompson wouldn't be enough.

The big uncle and the other uncles were still a hurdle they couldn't bypass.

If they want to leave the Thompson family unhindered, they can only rely on Jordan Thompson.

All their hope was pinned on him now.

Chapter 276 Andrew Richard

"I'll cover for you with my big brother, so don't worry," Jordan Thompson didn't fail to rise to their expectations, making a solid promise with a thump of his chest.

He clearly understood what the children were worried about, and with him as their shield, they were sure to get past the big brothers' hurdle smoothly.

Since he had promised to take them away, he had to see it through.

If anyone held him responsible, he would bear it all alone.

Those two children were also quite pitiable.

Abandoned at such a young age, they must be severely hurt now and urgently needed Charlotte's comfort.

Jordan was able to understand their forward-thinking, which is why he had agreed to help them without any hesitation.

"Uncle, you're too kind," the children, touched, flung themselves into his embrace, tears gleaming in their eyes.

This display made Jordan even more resolute.

He sternly decided in his heart that he would safely bring them to Druarus to meet Charlotte.

In a place where he wasn't paying attention, a triumphant smile spread across Cyrus's face.

As expected, their uncle was softhearted. Their plan was half successful; now they were just waiting for him to take them away.

With Jordan's help, everything seemed so easy. The children's nerves, taut with tension, finally relaxed.

Over in Druarus, Charlotte had already met up with Adam Ross, and the two were sitting in a restaurant.

Sitting in her seat, Charlotte clenched her bag nervously.

She hoped that this time Justin Battleson wouldn't intervene.

Adam maintained his nonchalant demeanor, leg cocked and lip curled as he glanced inscrutably at Charlotte seated across from him.

"I thought Miss Thompson would decline my kind gesture," he teased with an interested smile.

The curiosity in his eyes made Charlotte feel uneasy, as if he was trying to peer into her soul.

"How could I spurn Mr. Ross's kindness?" Charlotte gave a light laugh and skillfully turned his words around.

Her smile didn't reach her eyes, making her appear insincere.

All this pretending with Adam while feeling run down, how could she really laugh?

Adam shrugged noncommittally.

Indeed, not many people dared to reject him.

Charlotte didn't seem like the type to shy away from things, so this reason didn't really hold up with Adam, but he was happy to hear her false words.

Charlotte hadn't figured out how to ask him about the events of the past and fell silent.

Absentmindedly pushing around her food, with no appetite, all she was thinking about was how to ask the question.

"Does the food not suit Miss Thompson's taste?" Adam, setting down his chopsticks, wiped the corner of his mouth and turned his attention to her face.

He could tell at a glance that she was not interested, but she didn't have to make it so obvious, and the atmosphere instantly became tense.

Realizing her behavior was too strange, Charlotte quickly gathered her thoughts and offered him an apologetic smile.

"Sorry, I haven't been able to get out of work mode yet."

Charlotte's fleeting glance returned to the dining table, and forced by circumstances, she focused on eating her meal.

Adam stayed silent as if he had simply invited her out for a meal.

This made Charlotte uncertain about how to broach her topic.

The dinner was about to end, and if she didn't ask now, she would lose her opportunity. Charlotte could only push forward resolutely.

"I wonder if Mr. Ross is acquainted with a man named Andrew Richard?" Charlotte asked casually, trying to hide her inner turmoil.

Underneath the table where Adam couldn't see, her hands clutched together tightly.

Chapter 277: Reverse Scale

Charlotte Thompson wasn't sure what she could get out from his mouth.

She anxiously awaited his answer.

The look in Adam Ross's eyes suddenly became sharp.

No wonder she was so off today, she had been musing on these things just a while ago.

"What do you want to say?" His eyes were filled with gloom, staring at her intently, his face also began to look unpleasant.

Where had she heard of Andrew Richard?

He had been dead for years, and besides those close to him, few would know of him.

To him, Andrew Richard was like a father figure, who had taken care of him since he was young, a sensitive topic for him.

In contrast, his relationship with his biological parents was not good because he hadn't experienced familial love from them.

That was also the reason for some of his twisted character traits.

The pain hidden in his heart being suddenly mentioned, how could he be calm?

In fact, Adam Ross did not know that the child back then was actually born, he had always thought it had been thoroughly dealt with.

No matter how much he wracked his brains, he would never know that his two biological children had been living with Charlotte for so many years.

Seeing his expression, Charlotte also made some speculations in her heart.

The two must have known each other.

Not only did they know each other, but they must also have a deep relationship. Otherwise, Adam wouldn't have reacted as he did upon hearing the name.

Just when she wanted to ask more details, she was directly cut off by Adam.

"If you want to ask about him, I'm afraid I can't say anything." At this moment, his face had a trace of anger.

What Adam Ross hated the most in his life was when others pried into his personal matters.

Unless he was willing to speak, nobody could know.

The atmosphere suddenly dropped to its lowest point.

Charlotte could clearly feel the change in his mood.

He is usually nonchalant, but when he gets serious, he is quite terrifying.

Charlotte's lips moved, but the words stuck in her throat were not spoken and were forcibly swallowed down.

Meanwhile, Adam was cross-armed and scowling across from her, visibly upset, as if contemplating something.

It had been many years since anyone had mentioned Andrew Richard in front of him. Charlotte's question took him by surprise.

It made him wonder what her true motive was. It couldn't just be about investigating Andrew Richard.

His mind was in chaos, his heart was confused too, he was irritated and scratched his head but had nowhere to vent his frustration.

Looking at this scene, Charlotte was certain that he had some relationship with Andrew Richard.

"Sorry, I was just suddenly reminded of this person." As she spoke, she was observing the changes in Adam's expression.

By then, Adam had calmed down and no longer appeared as agitated, but he was still a bit upset.

There wouldn't be such great coincidences in the world. After this scene, Charlotte was somewhat confident that the child was Adam's.

Believing that Adam intentionally abandoned the child, she decided not to tell him about adopting the child for the time being.

She didn't have any evidence to prove her suspicions and needed further investigation and verification to avoid any misunderstandings.

The meal ended in this tense atmosphere.

Charlotte asked Jack Bryant to pick her up, and Adam did not offer to give her a ride.

Perhaps the topic bothered him so much that he wasn't able to let it go?

After leaving, this matter stayed in Charlotte's mind.

Whether she was showering or eating, it was always on her mind.

Even as she slept, it was on her mind, to the point that she overslept the next day and almost came late to work.

She was a bit absent-minded after a day of work.

This won't do, she would hardly feel at ease until this matter was resolved.

Chapter 278: Are We Meeting Him Today?

While she was thinking, Charlotte Thompson was overcome with fatigue and prepared to go to the pantry to brew a cup of coffee.

However, when she turned around, she saw Adam Ross sitting at a desk not far away.

How did he get here?

No matter how he got here, it was certainly a good opportunity.

Taking advantage of the fact that it was noon and her colleagues had gone off to rest, Charlotte plucked up her courage.

Charlotte walked straight over and greeted Adam Ross, "Good noon, Mr. Ross."

"Good afternoon, Miss Thompson." Adam Ross responded leisurely.

Seemingly noticing the confusion in Charlotte's eyes, he spontaneously explained, "My second brother had asked me to sign a contract. I just finished signing it, and I will rest a bit before leaving."

So that was it.

Regardless, she merely nodded.

However, judging by his tone, it didn't seem like he was bothered by what happened last night.

This made things easier.

"Are you free tonight, Mr. Ross?" Charlotte glanced at Adam across from her, a faint smile on her face.

"Oh? Does Miss Thompson have any plans?" Adam Ross' lips curled up, his eyes fixated on Charlotte in front of him.

Like a predator eyeing a prey readying to make a move.

"I was rather abrupt last night. Naturally, I should treat you to a meal as an apology. I don't know if Mr. Ross could honor me with his presence?"

Charlotte felt extremely uncomfortable under his stare, but thinking of those two children, she put on a nonchalant face and made conversation.

"Oh?" Adam Ross' eyebrow quirked up, hinting at a languid tone.

He leant back in his chair, examining Charlotte in front of him with an air of pretending.

This woman was really interesting.

They had a fallout over dinner last night, and yet she was asking him out today?

"Having dinner huh..." Adam Ross fiddled with the fountain pen in his hand, the lustrous surface of the pen felt strangely chilling in his hand.

"What, does Mr. Ross think I can't afford it?" Charlotte glanced at him and chuckled.

Catching his playful expression, Charlotte couldn't help but grumble to herself.

This man is way too frightening. After this matter is finished, I absolutely must not get entangled with him anymore.

"It's not that. I was just considering which place would be suitable for Miss Thompson to host."

Adam Ross smirked maliciously, his gaze settled on the fountain pen in front of him, his tone hinting at a languid air.

Yet this languidness made Charlotte feel a little suffocated.

Adam Ross! Would you like to have dinner or not?

Just when Charlotte had mentally cursed all of Adam Ross' family members, Adam finally spoke leisurely.

"Why not go to Friac? I presume Miss Thompson must be more familiar with it than me."

Friac!

An alarm bell went off in Charlotte's heart and a trace of alertness flashed in her beautiful eyes.

This man probably has doubts about whether she is Sophie Allen or not.

The light in his eyes was both probing and sly.

After all, the restaurant she liked the most in the past was Friac.

Moreover, it was Justin Battleson who took her there for the first couple of times, and the experiences were really good.

"Mr. Ross, you are so funny. I haven't been in Druarus for long, how could I be familiar? As for my meals, they have always been pretty casual. Nevertheless, since Mr. Ross would like to go there, I have no objections."

"I have some work here, so tonight at eight. Mr. Ross, you can't be late."

Charlotte subtly changed the subject and then turned to leave.

As Adam Ross watched Charlotte's retreating figure, he couldn't help but compare it with the silhouette in his mind.

Leaning back in his chair, he shifted his gaze to the bustling buildings outside the large floor-to-ceiling window, a smirk curling his lips.

This situation was becoming more and more interesting.

Chapter 279: Intentional

Eight o'clock in the evening, Friac restaurant

Charlotte Thompson arrived early.

To avoid letting Adam Ross catch on to anything, she deliberately waited outside the door.

She intended to let Adam Ross make all the decisions for ordering food, she only needed to find an opportunity to get a hair strand from his head.

"Miss Thompson is really early, it seems you're quite familiar with this place."

Adam Ross spotted Charlotte waiting by the door as soon as he got out of the car and couldn't help but smile.

The tall and slim man was rarely seen in casual clothes, a white shirt with black pants.

It made him look rather youthful, his eyes were as vibrant as before, and he had red lips and white teeth.

"Mr. Ross is really good at making jokes, I don't come here often, hence, I'm waiting here for you to lead the way,"

Charlotte gave a light smile. Luckily she was prepared and obediently followed behind Adam Ross.

Adam Ross tacitly approved of her behavior, as soon as he pushed the door open, someone came to greet him.

"Mr. Ross, how do you have the time to come over today?"

Adam Ross chuckled, pointing at Charlotte behind him, "I brought someone over today, please arrange a decent private room."

The manager nodded and made arrangements for Adam Ross and Charlotte to be escorted to a first-class private room.

As soon as Charlotte sat down, she started thinking of ways to get a strand of Adam's hair.

"Mr. Ross, we agreed that I would treat you to dinner, so you get to pick the dishes first,"

Charlotte stood up with the menu in her hand and got close to Adam Ross.

As she eyed Adam's hair, that was so close, she was about to reach out when her menu was suddenly taken from her.

As she lowered her gaze, she ran into Adam's playful and examining sets of eyes, making her feel quite embarrassed.

"Miss Thompson, your way of inviting someone to dinner is rather unique,"

Adam Ross took over the menu, took a careful look.

After casually picking out a few dishes, he handed the menu to the attendant.

Charlotte pursed her lips, didn't say a word, but just took an awkward sip of her water.

Her eyes were quite round and sneaky, scrutinizing Adam Ross who was in front of her.

"Why, is there something on my face?"

What Adam Ross didn't find being stared at discomforting, in fact, he found it enjoyable, his eyes were playful as he looked at Charlotte.

"Nothing really, just that Mr. Ross resembles a friend of mine, thus I took a few more glances."

"What a coincidence, but I'm quite curious, who is this friend of Miss Thompson's, I wonder if I would know them."

Adam Ross brought the cup to his mouth, his lips crooked into a light smile as he said a few words.

Those words almost made Charlotte spit out the water in her mouth.

This Adam Ross was just too weird, she needed to get his hair quickly.

Instead of answering him, Charlotte looked towards the entrance.

Subtracting the time, the food should be coming out soon.

As expected, the waiter came with the dishes.

Seeing this, Charlotte quickly stood up, attempting to take the dishes from the waiter.

But Adam Ross didn't give her the opportunity, he directly caught hold of her arm, looked at her, and lightly smiled.

"Miss Thompson, you wouldn't be going back on your word, considering you're the one who said you'll treat me to dinner."

Charlotte had to suppress the urge to punch the innocent smiling Adam Ross, instead, she waited helplessly.

Seems like, she had to use a big move now.

Charlotte handed a glass of wine to Adam Ross, her eyes and eyebrows smiled, "Of course not, Mr. Ross, here's a drink for you."

Adam Ross smiled, stretched out his hand to take the glass when Charlotte suddenly pretended to slip and spilled the wine on his clothes.

The perfect and delicate face of Adam Ross visibly showed his annoyance.

He had a cleanliness obsession.

Chapter 280: Even Able to Abandon One's Own Child

Upon seeing the situation, Charlotte hurried over, pretending to wipe his clothes with a piece of paper, apologizing, "I'm sorry, I'm sorry..."

With that said, she frees one hand, stealthily trying to pluck a few strands of hair from Adam Ross's head.

Charlotte held her breath, feeling apprehensive that Adam Ross might notice if she moved too slowly.

Luckily, before he had a chance to notice, Charlotte had already adeptly stuffed the hair into her pocket.

It was done in one swift movement.

She let out a great sigh of relief. Looking at Adam Ross in front of her, she couldn't help but apologize again, "Mr. Ross, I am really sorry."

Adam Ross suppressed his temper and slowly replied, "It's alright."

Charlotte barely sat back down before she sent a message to Jack Bryant as fast as she could.

"Meet at the Friac Hotel now."

She managed to obtain some of Adam Ross's hair, she needed to get back quickly.

Adam Ross was a terrifying man who could abandon his own child.

Just thinking about how adorable her siblings, Chad and Jack Thompson, were, intensified her desire not to waste another second with him.

"Looks like dining with Miss Thompson is still quite a physical task." Adam Ross, wiping the stain on his clothes, said with a smirk.

Charlotte subtly glanced at her phone before slowly responding.

"I'm really sorry, Mr. Ross. Perhaps I'm not feeling well today, causing me to be slightly clumsy."

Adam Ross gave Charlotte a once-over, but she looked healthy to him.

She didn't seem ill, as she'd suggested.

"Perhaps I was thoughtless. How about this, after we finish dinner, I'll take Miss Thompson to the hospital for a check."

Adam Ross put down his chopsticks and pensively looked at Charlotte.

His serious demeanor made Charlotte dread what might come next.

What she didn't realize at the moment was that the news of her having dinner with Adam Ross had already been leaked by an unscrupulous media and was now making headlines online.

The headlines of the news were full of sensationalism.

"Young heir of Ross family spotted dining with a mystery lady."

The comment section was full of insults directed towards Charlotte.

Adam Ross always had a good public image and his reputation as the eligible bachelor had long fascinated many young girls.

The news of his love triangle with a designer named Charlotte had already been quelled, and no one was discussing it further.

So, when this absurd rumor suddenly exploded, the public found it hard to swallow.

In addition, they brazenly speculated that this woman had pursued him aggressively.

But the angle the journalist used to shoot Charlotte's picture was not flattering, distorting her appearance.

Unless acquainted with her, one might have difficulty recognizing her at first glance.

At this point, an oblivious Charlotte was still struggling to cope with Adam Ross.

"You don't need to worry about me, I just have a headache, and a good night's rest will be enough. Please take your time with dinner, Mr. Ross."

As Charlotte spoke, she tried to get up, she needed to go call Jack Bryant and urge him to hurry over.

But Adam Ross didn't give her the chance as he promptly got up with her.

The immense suite seemed to close in on her, the towering figure cast a shadow over her, making her feel suffocated.

"I... I need to use the restroom."

Charlotte said with an awkward smile, but her flushed face betrayed her.

Adam Ross responded with a smirk, eyeing her with deep interest.

He leaned against the door like a cat playing with a mouse, blocking her way out as if he was enjoying it.

"Miss Thompson, you need to keep your word. With the food here so delicious, I don't want to taste it alone."

Inwardly, Charlotte could only roll her eyes.