

Spoiled 281

Chapter 281: Mr. Ross is Really a Good Man

Adam Ross is truly ingenious, throwing so much variety into the mix.

Is he afraid she'll escape without paying the bill?

Charlotte inwardly complained while her phone suddenly vibrated in her hand.

She glanced down. It was a message from Jack Bryant.

She let out a long sigh of relief. At last, she had an excuse to leave, if she stayed any longer, she feared she'd injure herself from holding back.

"Mr. Ross, my chauffeur arrived to pick me up. I'm going to pay the bill and leave. I'm sorry for my undue suddenness last night. Let's reconnect if fate allows," she said.

Charlotte flashed an excessively cheerful grin, giving the impression that she could hardly contain her elation.

"In that case, Miss Thompson, allow me to escort you out. After all, a favor shared is a nod spared, it wouldn't be right to let you leave alone."

"No need for that," seeing his outstretched hand, Charlotte veered off, attempting to slip out through the door.

But Adam didn't give her the chance. He remained close on her heels. Charlotte sighed inwardly.

This Adam Ross was not to be underestimated.

Just as Charlotte approached the cashier intending to pay the bill, she was informed that it had already been taken care of.

She turned back and saw Adam, a self-satisfied grin on his face, standing not far away. That's when she understood.

The stunt Adam pulled was just a prank, but luckily, she got his bluff.

So he was just having a laugh, what's the worst that could happen?

"Mr. Ross, that really wasn't necessary. I intended to treat you. You catching the bill makes this situation rather awkward," she said.

Charlotte looked at Adam, her face apologetic and her smile forced.

"It was only a joke. Besides,"

Adam paused, leaning towards Charlotte.

She stared at the magnified handsome face and her mind went blank for an instant.

"Besides, this restaurant is owned by the Ross family. The boss dining here can surely eat without paying."

Adam's languid voice was like a rope, pulling Charlotte into confusion.

He chuckled amusedly, as though mocking her naivety.

Charlotte took a deep breath, holding back her anger.

She chanted in her mind, "Don't argue with him."

Suppressing her anger, she looked at Adam with a smile,

Charlotte spoke, "Mr. Ross, you are truly benevolent, thinking to help me save money. If you need help in the future remember to call me, I'll gladly lend a hand."

Charlotte blurted this out as if it was a rehearsed speech.

"Of course," Adam said in a casual tone, as if he was really dependent on her.

Charlotte saw her car and waved at Jack Bryant.

Then she turned to Adam Ross, "Then Mr. Ross, we'll talk another day. For now, I'll take my leave."

Without another word, Charlotte fled from the restaurant.

Once in the car, she slumped back into her seat, looking as if she'd returned from some traumatic ordeal.

Jack Bryant was the one driving. He glanced at Charlotte wanting to say something but stopped himself at the last moment.

"Mr. Ross, news of your recent incident just broke. Our PR team has begun responding, take a look..."

Adam Ross watched the receding silhouette of the car. Absorbed in thought, he opened his phone to see a message from his assistant.

Chapter 282: What's going on with you and Adam Ross?

"What happened?" He answered a call from his assistant.

"Your photos with Miss Thompson at dinner somehow got taken and even made it to the news."

The assistant carefully said at the other end.

The CEO's attitude towards Miss Thompson always baffled him, and now it seemed even stranger.

"Trending?"

Adam Ross grinned, seemingly unworried about the situation. He found it quite amusing instead.

"Yes, the PR team is on it, but right now, Miss Thompson receives more hate comments."

The assistant conveyed to Adam Ross an honest outlook of the news.

"Well then, you guys don't need to do much."

Adam Ross looked at the intimate-looking photo of him and Charlotte Thompson on his tablet.

He hadn't noticed before, but Charlotte's hand was actually touching his hair.

"Alright."

The assistant wanted to say something else but not after sensing the CEO's lax attitude towards the matter.

"Charlotte Thompson? Sophie Allen? Haha, this is getting more and more interesting."

Adam Ross slowly zoomed in on the photo, a sickly smile on his handsome face.

Meanwhile, at Charlotte's end.

The car was speeding down the road.

She had breathed a sigh of relief as soon as she got into the car. Looking at the hair in her hand, she couldn't help but curse inwardly.

Adam Ross sure is a tricky one.

Charlotte looked at the small plastic bag in her hand and fell into deep thought.

She should go to the hospital for a check-up tomorrow, the earlier the DNA test, the better.

Thinking of the kids' innocent little faces, Charlotte cursed Adam Ross again in her heart.

"Miss Thompson, are we heading to the hotel now?"

Jack Bryant, the driver, noticed Charlotte's troubled expression and asked subconsciously.

"Let's just go home. Oh, and come pick me up tomorrow morning, I need to go to the hospital."

After she finished speaking, Charlotte comfortably leaned against the car seat.

Looking at the fleeting scenery outside the window, she somehow thought of Justin Battleson's face.

"This guy, his shadow sure lingers."

Charlotte grumbled a bit, revealing some impatience.

"Oh, by the way, Miss Thompson, Mr. Battleson called you several times today. It looked like he needed to talk to you."

The bodyguard's words made Charlotte's mood inexplicably restless.

"He was looking for me?"

Charlotte was really puzzled. Why didn't she know he had called?

She suddenly remembered that she might have taken the wrong phone today, so, of course, he couldn't reach her.

"What's wrong, Miss Thompson?"

Jack Bryant noticed the change in Charlotte's attitude and couldn't help asking.

"Nothing much, drop me at the hotel and then you can go home. Come pick me up at the hotel tomorrow morning."

Jack Bryant nodded and didn't say anything more.

As soon as Charlotte got out of the car, she hurried back to her hotel room at the fastest speed.

She had just lain on the bed when she received a call from Justin Battleson.

She accepted his call reluctantly as if holding a hot potato.

"Hello?" Charlotte's tone contained a hint of detachment.

"Finally picking up."

"I was busy today. Do you need anything? If not, I'm hanging up."

Charlotte was somewhat absent-minded. As she was about to hang up, Justin Battleson's slow voice came through.

"What's going on between you and Adam Ross?"

Facing Justin Battleson's suspicions, Charlotte missed a beat in her heart, feeling a bit annoyed.

"What do you mean 'what's going on'? Mr. Battleson, do you need anything? If not, I have things to do, and I won't waste time chatting with you."

Chapter 283: Losing Temper

Having said that, Charlotte Thompson wanted to hang up the phone.

Charlotte cursed under her breath at how strange Justin Battleson was acting.

"Look at the news for yourself. What are you trying to do? Why are you causing trouble with Adam Ross?"

Justin Battleson, momentarily caught off guard, didn't know what kind of person Adam Ross was, but as his brother, he knew all too well.

She was going out of her way to mess with him as if she had a death wish.

Feeling baffled, Charlotte opened the Weibo app on her phone and clicked on the trending hashtag.

Her and Adam Ross's names were glaringly ranked first on the trending list.

When she looked inside the topic, she found that it was filled with comments bashing her.

Insults like 'green tea bitch' and 'shameless' were flung at her. Charlotte found it all very bewildering.

She had only gone out for a meal, how could the media spin it as her seducing someone.

"Did you see it? What's really going on between you and Adam Ross?"

While Charlotte was engrossed in reading the comments, Justin Battleson's deep voice came through the phone.

You could tell he was in a bad mood.

It seemed as if he was trying to hide something.

"What's going on? What are you talking about? Mere friends sharing a meal, is there something wrong with that, Mr. Battleson? Or are you implying there's something more between him and me?"

Charlotte scoffed, her tone brimming with nonchalance.

It seemed like she considered the news unworthy of her attention.

Justin Battleson was infuriated, his brows twitching with a hint of unease and anger.

"You..."

"Mr. Battleson, aren't you free? Did you call just to talk about this?"

"If you're like those paparazzi, wanting to know some exclusive scoop, let me tell you directly: Mr. Ross and I have nothing going on."

"We simply had a meal together. Anything you've misunderstood or heard has nothing to do with me. I'm tired today. Goodbye."

Having said that, Charlotte hung up the phone abruptly, not wanting to waste another word on Justin Battleson.

She clicked on the image in Weibo and realized it was a sneaky shot of her and Adam Ross having a meal in a private room.

Her face was blurred in the photo and no one could identify her.

The angle of the shot was tricky and it made it look like she was throwing herself at Adam Ross.

Only Charlotte knew that she had to get close to Adam Ross to get hold of a strand of his hair.

Now, she had got what she wanted, and she had nothing to worry about.

She found the media's speculations insignificant and knew they couldn't affect her.

At that moment, Justin Battleson, having been hung up on abruptly, was filled with suppressed anger.

He held his phone tight in his hand.

Frustrated that he hadn't received a satisfying explanation, he thought his heart rate quicken.

Charlotte would be the death of him someday.

Thinking thus, Justin Battleson swept all the files off his desk.

The files fell with a loud crash.

Michael Richard, in the midst of his work, was frightened and silently prayed that the boss wouldn't call him.

But who knew, the next second, Justin Battleson summoned him into his office.

"You go find out what exactly Charlotte and Adam Ross were doing today."

Michael Richard instantly understood that the boss's bad mood was all because of Miss Thompson.

"Understood, Mr. Battleson. Also, you have a video meeting with the senior management soon, so you see..."

Chapter 284: I Can't Afford to Play?

Justin Battleson furrowed his brows, thereby postponing the meeting.

After giving these instructions and seeing Michael Richard's retreating figure, Justin got up from his seat.

He opened the door and headed straight to Charlotte Thompson's hotel.

As he drove, he ran several red lights, almost as if he wanted everyone to know his mood was far from good.

In the hotel room, Charlotte was about to take a bath and go to sleep when she noticed her door seemed to move.

Charlotte was somewhat surprised.

The security at this Druarus hotel was not good? She had just locked the door and it was pushed open already?

She stood by the door with a stick in her hand and was about to swing it at the intruder when her arm was seized.

Charlotte was stunned, she looked up only to encounter Justin's inquisitive gaze.

"What are you doing?"

Charlotte was somewhat exasperated, staring at the man in front of her who dared to break into her room.

"Nothing much. Since an employee of my company dared to hang up on their boss, what should I do about it?"

Justin's face was filled with anger, his eyes revealing a trace of dissatisfaction.

Charlotte knew this was a sign of Justin's impending wrath.

However, she was not afraid of him now.

"Mr. Battleson, you have a great sense of humor. I'm just a common employee. Why trouble yourself to come and check on me personally?"

Charlotte paused for a moment before continuing, "If I remember correctly, the company has not stipulated that employees must accompany the boss during their off-work rest time."

Charlotte maintained her cool as she looked at the man in front of her, yet her hands were nervously sweating.

She leaned against the cupboard by the door, the abrupt sensation against her spine forcing her to confront the man in front of her.

"True, there's no such rule. However, you are an employee of my company so I have the right to know who you're dating."

Justin knew he was somewhat wrong, and even more, he also knew his inexplicable behavior at this moment was somewhat baffling.

But when he saw Charlotte leaning on Adam Ross in the picture, the rage in him was ignited almost instinctively.

He hadn't felt this uncontrollable emotion in a long time.

He felt as if he was being manipulated by someone. His emotions were so heightened that he almost wanted to rush over and demand to clarify Charlotte's relationship with Adam Ross.

"Mr. Battleson, you really have jokes. I work diligently during office hours and I deserve to enjoy my life after work. I can be with whoever I want, be it Mr. Ross or anyone else. As long as I like it, it's my freedom, and you have no right to interfere."

Charlotte stared hard at the man in front of her, her eyes revealing her impatience.

"Charlotte, you should know, since you chose to work for me, you're my employee. If the person you're seeing is someone who may harm the company's interests, as your boss, I feel that it's my responsibility to advise you to stay away from Adam Ross. He is not someone you can afford to play with."

Justin knew all along what kind of person Adam Ross was. He could deal with anyone, anyone but Charlotte.

"Can't afford to play? Mr. Battleson, let me remind you for the last time, this is my free time. I can date whomever I want. If you invade my privacy again, I'll call the police."

Exasperated, Charlotte reached for her phone to dial 911.

Who knew that the next second, Justin would come over, snatch the phone from her hand, and pull her into his arms.

The move was suggestive, the lighting dim.

All Charlotte could feel was like her head was covered by a shadow that fluctuated between brightness and darkness, and her heartbeat began to race uncontrollably.

Chapter 285 You are Sophie Allen

"You... let me go." Charlotte Thompson realizing it, quickly pushed away Justin Battleson's hand, standing aside with a red face.

This Justin Battleson, seizing the opportunity to take advantage of her.

Justin Battleson's eyes were deep, surrounding her like the dark night, then he began to speak.

"Charlotte, I'm warning you for the last time, stop hanging out with Adam Ross."

Charlotte narrowed her eyes and looked up at Justin Battleson, there were some things she had been keeping to herself for a long time.

For some reason, seeing Justin's face made her want to vent everything out all at once.

"Justin Battleson, when will you be done, if you have so much free time, why don't you go for a walk, can you stop bothering me?"

With that, she tried to push Justin Battleson away.

But the next second, what Justin Battleson said stopped her in her tracks.

"Charlotte, do you know that when you get angry and lose control, you look just like someone?" His voice was deep, pressing in on her like a fisherman waiting for the big fish to bite.

"What?" Charlotte frowned, looking up at the speculative gaze of Justin Battleson.

She had not yet responded to what he had said.

"No, I shouldn't say 'like'. Maybe I should call you by another name, more accurately, your real name, Sophie Allen."

Justin's voice was low and mellow, yet resounding.

As if a timed bomb went off on the carefully arranged field of Charlotte, leaving her momentarily speechless.

"You..." Charlotte's voice was somewhat hoarse, never expecting Justin Battleson to reveal such information.

"You are Sophie Allen, so what is your real purpose in approaching me under the disguise of Charlotte Thompson?"

Justin Battleson didn't give Charlotte a breath's respite, he grabbed her arm.

He held her in his arms, staring straight into her eyes.

Her eyes were bright, sparkling as if there were tiny stars inside.

It was impossible not to get lost in them.

Justin's pressing made Charlotte Thompson gasp for breath.

She had just wanted to provoke Justin Battleson with words to make him leave, but she did not expect him to say such things.

"What? Not saying anything? So you admit it?"

There was a complex look in Justin's eyes, he had long noticed something strange about Charlotte.

And a strong intuition told him that this woman was definitely not as simple as she seemed.

Only when he saw the real background of Charlotte Thompson that Michael Richard had brought to him did this suspicion have more foundation.

"What joke are you playing, who is Sophie Allen, I've said it before, I don't know her, Mr. Battleson, if you continue being unreasonable like this, I might have to call for help."

Charlotte subconsciously looked elsewhere, her face showing a trace of discontent.

Justin looked at the woman in front of him with ease and found it somewhat amusing.

"Are you waiting for me to bring evidence to prove your false identity, and then admit your real identity, Miss Allen?"

Hearing the mockery in Justin's tone, Charlotte bit her lip tightly.

Her red lips, bitten by white teeth, appeared charmingly attractive.

"I am Charlotte Thompson, and I will say it for the last time, Mr. Battleson, if you have some free time, go rest. If you continue to talk nonsense, I won't hesitate to call the mental hospital."

Charlotte was somewhat embarrassed, looking straight at the man in front of her.

The handsome man's face revealed a few more traces of investigation, his guess was indeed correct.

The heiress of Ashton BK, Charlotte Thompson, with a prominent background, was even more calm and self-controlled.

Chapter 286: Fake Identity?

With such a distinguished family background plus her own excellence, there's no way she would need to work for someone else.

Even if Charlotte herself was willing, her family wouldn't agree.

"Miss Allen, it seems that you want me to admit to your fake identity only after I bring back the talent from the Thompson Family in Ashton?"

Charlotte didn't expect Justin Battleson to be so relentless in his pursuits.

It seemed that he wouldn't stop until he forced out a result.

"What do you want?" She looked up at the tall man in front of her, her face revealing her impatience and annoyance.

"Miss Allen, your impatience might require polishing before you attempt any serious acting."

"You!" Charlotte was furious, but she calmly stated her reply.

"That's right, I'm Sophie Allen. Are you here to expose my identity just to make fun of me?"

Sophie glared at him, leaving the man in silence.

Upon hearing her words, Justin Battleson unconsciously released his grip, slowly retreating.

Looking at her, he detected an unusual meaning in her eyes.

"Sophie Allen?" Justin repeated in a low voice, adding a trace of deep meaning that was hard to discern.

"Yes, I indeed am Sophie Allen."

Charlotte looked at the man in front of her and remained calm.

"You're very smart, but you've guessed one thing wrong - Charlotte and Sophie Allen are the same person."

"Since you admit it, what's the real purpose of you getting close to me?"

Justin Battleson lowered his head and stared at her. The woman in front of him was petite, yet her face held a deep intention.

"Purpose?" Charlotte sneered, her eyes now firm, not shying away as they did before.

"You're so smart, can't you guess my motives for approaching you?"

Charlotte's words left Justin speechless, he silently watched the woman in front of him, as if waiting for the next part of her story.

"I don't have the interest to guess your motive for approaching me."

"If that's the case, then why is Mr. Battleson wasting his time here?"

Charlotte spoke calmly. Since she admitted her identity, she could guess what would happen next.

But now she didn't feel much complication in her heart.

Instead, she felt a sense of relief in admitting that Sophie Allen was her.

No need for pretense anymore.

"You entered the company under a fake identity, as your superior, I can sue you at any time for fraud. Think clearly about what you would face."

Justin Battleson threatened, though his sixth sense had been very accurate and he could guess that the woman in front of him had ulterior motives.

False identity? Could it be that Justin Battleson had not figured out that Charlotte was in fact her other identity and that she had been... pretending?

"What I would face?"

Charlotte scoffed. For a moment she didn't know whether to laugh at herself or Justin's desperation.

"Mr. Battleson, have you ever thought about it? How could I borrow Charlotte's identity and keep playing it till now without anyone in the Thompson Family exposing me?"

Charlotte looked at the warm yellow light in the distance. Her eyes softened, and she smiled.

Since Justin thought that way, she played along.

"Mr. Battleson, as a businessman, you value benefits the most. The fact that the Thompson Family could give their beloved daughter's identity to me - can't you figure out what is behind this?"

Justin Battleson didn't respond, he just stood to one side, silently waiting for what Charlotte would say next.

In his opinion, the woman in front of him was mysterious and unpredictable, becoming increasingly impenetrable.

Chapter 287: Room 808 of the Holiday Resort Hotel

"If Mr. Battleson really wants to know something, or suspects me of stealing the company's trade secrets, why not send an attorney letter to the Thompson family instead of threatening me here?"

Charlotte slowly walked to the bar cupboard with an air of curiosity and poured herself a glass of red wine.

The liquid appeared lively red and sweet. Charlotte took a slight sip, the wine's rich flavor filled her mouth. Her enchantingly attractive eyes made Justin's heart skip a beat.

"Do you want me to send a message to the Thompsons?"

Justin spoke with a hushed demeanor.

"I have no such intentions. You are better aware of the intricacies of these business matters, Mr. Battleson."

"Besides, if Mr. Battleson really wanted to deal with me, why wait until now? As soon as I approached you pretending to be Charlotte Thompson, you would know who I really am."

Charlotte now realized, Justin had been investigating her all along.

this man's underhanded deceit was unimaginable. He had been keeping up this act for so long.

Denying him an Oscar would be such a waste of his acting talent.

"I know who you are, but I don't know why you approached me."

Justin's tone was a mix of despair. Even though he had figured out Charlotte's real identity.

But why would a woman, not interested in wealth or power, approach him? Could it be for love?

Justin suddenly lifted his head, catching Charlotte's calculating eyes.

Her eyes were indeed beautiful, with a sprinkle of eyeshadow, making her look like an enchanting pixie.

"What? You don't know why I approached Mr. Battleson?"

Charlotte's mesmerizing eyes under the warm light, her smile was heart-stirring.

"How would I know your intention?" Justin's voice revealed a hint of annoyance.

"Huh." Charlotte chuckled lightly, she was tired of all this tireless roundabouts with this man.

She placed the wine glass heavily on the table, thus generating a "sliding" sound. The liquid spilled out, staining the white carpet. The red and white colors, the purest in the world, interwove, as if creating a giant net that ensnared them both.

"Why did you ask me about the room 808 of the resort hotel in the first place?"

Charlotte methodically brought this issue up. It was her nightmare, something that she didn't want to think about.

However, once she voiced it out, she realized her heart was lighter than she expected.

"808?"

Justin furrowed his eyebrows. A few fragmented memories flashed across his mind.

He looked at the woman in front of him and his words got stuck. He wanted to say something, but didn't know how to tell.

"Yes, why did you ask me that?"

Charlotte was inexplicably nervous. Her strong intuition told her that the man in front of her must know something.

Even if it's a fragment, for her, it might lead to the answer.

"Why are you suddenly asking this?"

A thought flashed through Justin's mind. Hesitating, he questioned her, a hint of suspicion echoing in his voice.

Charlotte silently looked at the man in front of her for a long time before speaking.

"Mr. Battleson, if we discuss the order, I asked you this question first. So shouldn't you first tell me why you asked me this question?"

The matter of that hotel room has always been an unresolved knot in Charlotte's heart, that she could neither untie nor get around.

Chapter 288 That Night

Although she had used Charlotte Thompson's identity for more than just this reason, now that Justin had seen through her guise.

She didn't have much to fear anymore.

"Is that room also related to you?"

Instead of answering her question, Justin posed another one.

He looked at the woman in front of him. For some reason, he suddenly felt as if he was back on that night.

It was quiet yet fiery to the point of restlessness. Intense desires were completely unleashed that night.

Like the last rose of high summer, it burned their hearts.

"Why does Mr. Battleson want to know about 808?"

After a long silence, it was Charlotte who finally broke it with a nonchalant question.

Justin pursed his lips, the usually icy expression on his face showing a rare hint of emotion.

He silently watched the woman in front of him. His eyes, as dark as the dead of night, flickered with emotion.

The gentle lighting wasn't glaring and yet it reminded Charlotte of that wild night that had almost suffocated her.

"I always thought it was Evelyn Curtis that night."

Charlotte couldn't tell if it was her imagination, but she seemed to hear a faint sigh from Justin after he finished the sentence.

She couldn't help but feel the irony.

The night that she loathed so deeply was, in his mind, spent with another woman.

"Since Mr. Battleson already has an answer, why do you want to question me?"

A hint of resentment flickered in Charlotte's eyes. She hid it well, but her slightly trembling lips betrayed her momentary emotions.

Justin thought for a moment, took a long while before he finally spoke.

Perhaps because he was voicing a secret he had held onto for so long, his tone was slow and his voice low.

"I only had that one night with her. I still can't figure out why I drank so much."

"All this while, all the resources and finances I invested in her were to make up for the harm I did to her that night."

"I brought up the issue of the vacation hotel room number 808 to tell you this. I want to have a proper talk with you."

Justin's eyes were deep, like the night sky spreading out in the lonely late-night darkness.

Maybe it was because he was speaking so slowly, Charlotte was momentarily dumbfounded.

But she quickly gathered herself and walked slowly to Justin.

The high heels clicked on the floor. Each step was alluring, yet devoid of seduction.

"What do you want to talk about? Does Mr. Battleson want to narrate the story of you and your rumored girlfriend to me?"

Justin didn't know if Charlotte knew about it or not.

But in his view, clarification of the issue was paramount now.

After all, all this time, his feelings hadn't been clear and that had led to so many events unfolding.

He had always considered that night a mistake.

If it hadn't been for that hazy night, he might not have had to spend five years getting to know his own heart.

"In fact, I've always been aware of my feelings for Evelyn Curtis."

Justin slowly spoke. He didn't know whether Charlotte knew about all these things.

But he felt that if he wanted to be honest now, he had to tell Charlotte about his feelings.

Charlotte listened to his words calmly, as if she were listening to a spectator's tale.

There was a smile on her lips, but her eyes were frosty cold, devoid of any trace of warmth. Instead, they emanated a chilling aura.

"What's the purpose of telling me all this, Mr. Battleson?"

Chapter 289: Unbelievable

Facing Charlotte Thompson's somewhat shocked expression, Justin Battleson assumed that she didn't know about what happened earlier, so he patiently explained much to her.

But he didn't expect her next words to totally confuse him.

"Mr. Battleson, are you telling me all this to build an image of a man deeply in love in front of me?"

Despite Justin's seemingly clear explanation, Charlotte still had doubts, believing he wasn't telling the truth.

She thought all his actions were just a drama he put on with Evelyn Curtis.

"What do you mean by that?"

A chill was detected in Justin's tone. He thought he had made everything clear, but he hadn't expected her to think that way.

"What do I mean, how could a smart man like Mr. Battleson not know?"

"If all Mr. Battleson wanted to do today was to explain this incident, let me tell you, I am not interested in your matters. If Mr. Battleson is extremely bored, I wouldn't mind suggesting that you tell your story under the bridge."

Charlotte said indifferently as she turned her back, a fleeting look of panic crossing her face.

To say she wasn't shocked would be a lie.

Justin seemed so serious while speaking, almost as if, she'd been mistaken for his loved one since the beginning, and that's why he'd been so concerned about Evelyn Curtis.

However, can she make clear what's true and what's not through his belly?

Evelyn Curtis is cunning and full of tricks while Justin comes off as dark and brooding.

Perhaps the two of them were together just to tease her. The thought brought a sarcastic smirk to Charlotte's face.

These two were indeed putting a lot of effort into it, but what did they want from her?

Charlotte squinted her eyes at the man before her.

"Mr. Battleson, you've said so much about Miss Curtis. Is your purpose just to make me believe that, you're interested in Miss Curtis?"

Justin Battleson has always been the one to dominate the business world, speaking decisively without leaving people room to rebut.

He didn't think that he'd be at a disadvantage in front of Charlotte today.

His thin lips twitched, a fleeting look of displeasure on his handsome face.

He seldom talked about his private affairs with others.

But in front of Charlotte, things were different.

Would the outcome be different now if he had realized his feelings sooner?

"The only reason I'm telling you all this is to let you know one thing."

Justin looked at the woman before him, he tried to reach out and touch her shoulder. She looked much like the woman from five years ago.

Her features were striking, her eyes shining, she looked extraordinarily beautiful under the light.

If he hadn't seen himself waking up in Evelyn's bed, he would instinctively believe it was her that night.

"What a pity," Charlotte dodged his touch, leaning back against the wooden table.

"Unfortunately, I don't believe a word Mr. Battleson said today. What does your love and hate with Evelyn Curtis have to do with me? If there's nothing else, Mr. Battleson, you may leave. I still have work to do."

A cold light flashed in Justin's eyes. His mood was subdued. He had conscientiously explained his feelings to Charlotte according to his original intentions.

But this woman did not believe it.

Chapter 290: Do you want to be my woman?

He tightly clenched his hand, subconsciously making a fist, but there was nowhere to exert his strength.

Charlotte Thompson furrowed her eyebrows at the man in front of her. For some reason, after hearing his explanation regarding Evelyn Curtis's matters, she felt strangely relieved.

"Sophie Allen, I have made it clear. I fully understand everything about Evelyn Curtis now. Why don't you understand?"

Justin Battleson felt helpless. He didn't understand why he was standing here.

He didn't know why he charged into her hotel in anger after seeing the news about her and Adam Ross.

"Now, it's my turn to ask you. What's your relationship with Adam Ross?"

Charlotte Thompson sneered at the man in front of her. It was getting more and more interesting.

If Evelyn Curtis knew that the man she tried her best to get close to only cared for her out of guilt, what would she feel?

When this thought struck Charlotte Thompson, she couldn't help but smile. But after hearing Justin Battleson's words, she couldn't help but retort.

"Mr. Battleson, I have explained my relationship with Mr. Ross already. If you're still confused, I suggest asking him since he's your friend."

After saying this, Charlotte Thompson tried to get up, hoping to send the man before her away.

The bright light at the moment was blinding.

Perhaps due to the sudden moodiness, Charlotte felt a slight headache.

She needed to find an opportunity to let Justin Battleson leave as soon as possible. If she continued arguing with him, she would probably die of anger.

"Sophie Allen." There was an uncharacteristic seriousness in Justin Battleson's tone, seemingly laden with some emotions that Charlotte Thompson couldn't fathom.

But she didn't have the mood to figure it out anymore. Brow wrinkled, she rubbed her temples, feeling too tired to stand and on the verge of collapse.

However, Justin Battleson's next words almost had her tripped and fall.

"Would you be my woman?"

Justin Battleson's eyes softly lingered on the woman before him.

His calm voice echoed in the vast room, striking at Charlotte Thompson's heart like a rock.

Charlotte Thompson abruptly raised her head, plunging into a realm of profound darkness.

The air was dry, and the lights were bright.

Just a few steps separated him from her, yet Charlotte Thompson felt as if she were plunged into a deep, dark abyss.

"What did you say?" Charlotte Thompson asked in a weak voice, feeling her voice turn hoarse, her breath labored.

"Would you be my woman?" Justin Battleson repeated his question calmly.

It was as casual as asking whether they should have dinner together tomorrow.

Charlotte Thompson repressed the urge to slap him.

She took a deep breath, standing before him with a cold smile.

"Mr. Battleson, you really have a good sense of humor."

Narrowing her eyes, Charlotte Thompson felt a small flame rising from inside her heart like it was about to explode its containment.

"Sophie Allen, do you think I'm joking?"

A hint of annoyance marked Justin Battleson's tone. He had always been proud and never bowed down to anyone, but he had made himself very clear for this woman.

And yet she thought he was joking.

With such a thought, he stepped forward and embraced Charlotte Thompson in his arms. Her body was soft, and with just a little effort, he held her in his embrace.