

Spoiled 321

Chapter 321: Six Children

Hank Thompson, seeing that acting cute had no effect, immediately started winking vigorously at Grace Thompson.

She was usually the best at acting cute, and Charlotte Thompson was most easily swayed by this.

Grace Thompson instantly understood her brother's intentions and hurriedly approached Charlotte Thompson, flashing a sweet smile.

Then, extending her little claws, she began to lightly shake Charlotte's arm, while burying her head in Charlotte's bosom.

She moved her nose, smelling the pleasant rose fragrance on Charlotte's body, and murmured in a sweet voice, "Mommy, don't be angry, okay?"

"Grace and the brothers all know we did wrong. Mommy, please forgive us..."

There was simply no one who could resist Grace's soft and sweet voice.

Listening to her, Charlotte could only feel a sudden softening in her heart.

If it weren't for the fact she was used to Grace's coquettish behaviour, she might have given in already.

Even so, the children's behaviour today was really too audacious.

She couldn't withhold the necessary lesson.

Charlotte suppressed the softness in her heart and continued to show a stern face.

After she had retrieved the key, she stood upright, evading Grace's incessant pampering.

She opened the car door and shoved all six adorable children into it.

After they had all buckled up, she slowly began to speak.

"Did you eat lunch?"

Upon hearing her words, Hank Thompson promptly shoved the lollipop he was holding into his mouth and mumbled, "No."

Charlotte glanced at the chocolate stains around the corner of his mouth and shook her head helplessly.

Then, she handed him a napkin.

Charlotte got into the driver's seat, reminding the children to fasten their seatbelts.

She then started the car and drove to a Western restaurant near the hotel.

Charlotte led them into the restaurant and only after each of them had carefully ordered their meals did she finally sit up straight and proper.

One adult, six children.

They stared at each other in silence, with no one speaking a word.

The children obviously felt somewhat guilty, as they briefly looked at Charlotte then began to evade her gaze.

Despite their cleverness, how could they compare to 25-year-old Charlotte Thompson?

After all, while they might be little foxes, Charlotte was a seasoned wise fox.

Their psychological defense had already been broken, it was time to get to the main point.

Clearing her throat, Charlotte asked, "Who brought you here?"

This direct question caused all the children opposite her to jolt in surprise.

How to answer this?

Hank Thompson was about to answer when his hand was squeezed tightly by Cyrus Thompson.

Cyrus Thompson was indeed ruthless. The pain caused Hank's eyes to well up with tears instantly.

It hurt, but he couldn't cry out, or even shed a tear.

He could only bear the pain silently.

He glared at Cyrus, only to see him calmly say, "Mommy, we bought our own tickets to get here."

True to his role as the eldest brother, he lied with a straight face, calmly and coolly.

Hank Thompson instantly forgot about the pain from being pinched and began to admire Cyrus.

Charlotte gave him a stare and passed him a freshly poured glass of lemonade.

She then poured juices for Hank and Grace Thompson, Coca-Cola for Chad and Jack Thompson, and handed a can of milk to Olivia Thompson.

After performing all these actions, she began speaking slowly, "Hmph, tell the truth about who brought you here, otherwise, after eating, I'm going to send you all back."

Came here by buying tickets themselves?

Children indeed, lies not even well-planned.

Charlotte would certainly never believe such a story.

Chapter 322: Disobedient

After hearing Charlotte's words, Hank Thompson, who just took a big gulp of juice, suddenly became theatrical.

His eyes turned red in an instant and he spoke in a pitiful tone, "Mommy, don't you trust us? Don't you trust your babies?"

Charlotte's lips twitched at the sight of his performance.

"Do you think I'm a little kid you can fool? Tell me the truth!"

Charlotte remained serious, scanning over the children in front of her.

Chad and Jack didn't dare to meet her gaze from the very beginning.

These two children weren't as cool-headed as Cyrus, nor as mischievous and lively as Hank and Grace.

They were more of the honest type.

They broke character easily.

"Mommy, we really did come here on our own. You do know about big brother's hacking skills, right? And the internet is so developed now, big brother is so smart, clever like a monkey, he bought us airplane tickets, and then we came here."

Hank, not wanting Charlotte to continue with her suspicions, was putting a lot of effort into explaining.

"Yes, yes, Mommy, we all came here with big brother, and you haven't contacted us for so long, we missed you so much, so we thought of coming over."

As soon as Hank finished speaking, just like passing the baton, Grace chimed in too.

The siblings were conversing back and forth, just like a comic dialogue.

This excuse seemed decent, but it didn't work with Charlotte.

"You can trick others with those words, but I am your mother! You didn't even tell me when you decided to come here on your own, what would you do if something happened?"

Charlotte widened her eyes, looking back and forth at her children.

She looked serious and somewhat reproachful.

Despite her appearance, the children were obedient and knew in their hearts that she wasn't really angry.

"Mommy, we know we were wrong. We won't dare to do it again. We definitely won't make you angry. We promise to be obedient. If you tell us to go east, we definitely won't head west."

Hank quickly pouted, pulling Charlotte's hand obediently with a serious face making countless promises and apologies.

His cuteness resembled that of a little kitten very much.

"Alright, don't act spoiled here. You guys don't let me feel at ease."

As soon as Charlotte finished speaking, she saw the waiter bringing the dishes.

Soon, the table was filled with various dishes, an array of delicacies that whet one's appetite.

The children had eaten before they came out, but it had been so long that they were hungry again.

They were all swallowing hard, and Charlotte saw it.

"Okay, let's eat first."

Charlotte didn't say anything more; she just let them eat first.

With Charlotte's permission, the children naturally picked up their utensils, and started stuffing food into their mouths.

Seeing them wolfing down the food, she couldn't help but sigh.

Did these children really come on their own? They're this hungry?

"After eating, you all go back to the hotel and stay there."

Cyrus looked up when he heard Charlotte's words, looked at the vegetable salad in front of Charlotte, and frowned slightly.

"Mommy, aren't you eating?" Cyrus asked out loud.

"I don't have much appetite. You guys eat slowly, don't rush." Charlotte said, noticing the sauce at the corner of Grace's mouth, she picked up a napkin to wipe it off.

Then she furrowed her brows: "Didn't I tell you to eat properly before I came to Druarus? Aren't you all ignoring me?"

The children kept their heads down and continued eating, without any response.

Chapter 323: No Children

"It seems when I'm not around, your meals are no longer regular."

"I don't know how Henry, your eldest brother takes care of you all, sigh."

"What if some kind of trouble occurs?"

But after giving it some thought, Charlotte knew that Henry was often too busy managing company affairs to fully attend to these kids.

And the kids, being mischievous as they are, sometimes simply not listening to what the nanny at home had to say.

Feeling the rambling talk from Charlotte, Cyrus promptly and sensibly hurried to immerse his little head into his food.

"You'll be staying at my hotel with me tonight, and tomorrow I'll have your uncle arrange your flights back."

As she said this, Charlotte stuffed a fruit into her mouth.

Scolding these kids had left her a bit dry in the mouth.

"What?" Hank hurriedly raised his head with an aggrieved expression, the food in his mouth suddenly not tasting so good.

His doe eyes so sparkling and pitiful, even more so than a girl's.

Oh, how they softened Charlotte's heart!

However, despite being soft-hearted, Charlotte decided to stick to her plan, prioritizing the bigger picture.

She came to Druarus for an important matter, and the problem had yet to be dealt with. Staying here was inconvenient for the children.

Besides, after she gained fame from the jewelry competition, she noticed a lot of media reporters from Druarus were trailing her.

If they got pictures of these children, it could stir up a controversy.

Moreover...

Charlotte glanced at Cyrus, whose face was a carbon copy of Justin Battleson's, which only solidified her plan to send them back.

She's seen the ruthless tactics of the Druarus media. While she could bear the public scrutiny, the children couldn't.

"Mommy, why do you have to send us back so soon? We haven't even..."

Hank started speaking but abruptly stopped, turning to look at Cyrus beside him.

Seeing his brother pause, Hank swallowed hard, inexplicably nervous.

He was on the verge of letting the cat out of the bag.

"Haven't what?" Charlotte took a sip of her lemon water, looking at Hank.

Her gaze conveyed the shrewdness of someone who could see through everything.

Hank was recklessly stuffing meat into his mouth, his cheeks puffing out adorably.

She couldn't help but laugh and said, "Eat slowly, no one's going to steal your food."

Seeing they were almost finished eating, Charlotte glanced at her wristwatch and stood up to go pay the bill at the front desk.

After she left, Grace finally grabbed Cyrus's sleeve.

You could tell just by looking at her face the little girl had never lied before, visibly nervous, she opened her mouth.

"Big brother, should we tell mommy the real reason why we came back?"

The real reason, huh? Should they tell her?

Cyrus stuffed a piece of meat into his mouth, not saying a word.

"Big brother, I can't keep lying. You know I can't keep secrets. I almost slipped just now when Hank mentioned it."

Grace furrowed her tiny brows and pouted her plump pink lips, looking extremely adorable.

Cyrus carefully chewed his food and swallowed, then gently wiped his mouth with a napkin.

He then responded without any haste, "If you can't hold it in, eat."

After saying this, he nudged his chin towards Hank, who was in mid-feasting, as an example. "Like your second brother."

Grace looked at Hank, the very next second she looked disgusted.

"Like Hank? I don't want to eat like a crazy person. I'll gain weight."

Cyrus didn't say anything, but in his mind, he was replaying the phrase "no kids" spoken by the receptionist earlier.

Chapter 324 Little Uncle, I'm Sorry!

He thought that the four words "no children" from the receptionist's mouth must have been verbatim from Justin Battleson.

So, in the heart of a father like him, they, his children, simply didn't exist.

Or rather, he wished they didn't exist.

With this thought, he inadvertently clenched the napkin in his hand.

His eyebrows slightly furrowed, his face cold, his eyes stared blankly at a certain spot.

The childish face conveyed a sense of estrangement, as if the words "Keep out, strangers" were written across it.

Hank Thompson was sipping from his water cup.

Unfortunately, his eyes happened to catch Cyrus' appearance, and he couldn't help but swallow hard.

Oh no, would his big brother hit him with that kind of expression?

The saying 'a guilty mind is never at ease' was indeed true. Hank, aware that he almost let slip a moment ago, was now afraid of being hit.

"Alright, let's head back after we finish eating. I've already booked a suite for you," said Charlotte, glancing again at her phone.

She wasn't sure why the hotel was so crowded today.

All the suites next to her room had been booked, so she had to settle for a larger presidential suite downstairs.

Hearing Charlotte mention the booked room, Grace didn't seem to care. She chewed her food and swallowed before starting to babble, "No need, we have a room. Uncle booked it for us."

"Uncle?" Charlotte quickly picked up on the most crucial clue in Grace's words, and her eyebrows slightly furrowed.

She looked at Grace with a scrutinizing gaze.

Grace couldn't keep secrets, of that she was more aware than anyone else.

"Grace, be honest with Mommy, did Uncle Jordan bring you over?"

After some thought, Charlotte surmised that only Jordan could spoil the kids like this.

Grace's heart skipped a beat, "Oh no, I was too carried away while eating..."

She made some noises with her mouth, then looked at her second brother who was helplessly rubbing his head.

What should she do? Her second brother hit the brakes, but she...

Forget it, sorry little Uncle!

After some internal struggle, Grace finally surrendered under Charlotte's gaze.

Gathering her courage, she raised her head, opened and closed her mouth, "Yes, Mommy, we all missed you. We were afraid that you would be... bullied in Druarus."

Grace almost let the words "by Daddy" slip out, but this time her brain caught up with her mouth.

"My brothers and I discussed and decided to come find Mommy. Little Uncle was worried about our safety and was initially reluctant to bring us here. We begged little Uncle."

After finishing, Grace quickly covered her mouth, "Oh no, I've said too much!"

After saying this, she lowered her head in somewhat aggrieved manner, seemingly very distressed.

The best she could do now was to completely exonerate Jordan.

Charlotte was starting to understand. She took a deep breath and said, "So, the person who bought your tickets, brought you over, and even booked a room for you was Jordan, right?"

Although it was a question, Charlotte's tone sounded more like a statement.

Charlotte then turned her gaze to Cyrus. Seeing him hang his head, it seemed like he was admitting to her understanding.

This child, though seemingly indifferent, was very honest and hardly ever lied.

From the very beginning, when they were all stammering, she knew something was wrong.

None of the children dared to utter a word, each hanging their heads.

"Ha, how wonderful!" Charlotte's voice unconsciously became louder, "Each of you wants to fly high, do you think you've grown wings?"

Chapter 325: Getting Angry

Charlotte Thompson had never been this angry at them before.

Upon seeing this, the children were genuinely scared.

What truly annoyed Charlotte was that they came over without informing her, sneaking off to Riley Group.

If she hadn't been in Justin Battleson's office and overheard the receptionist's phone call to him, if she hadn't had that strong sixth sense and went down to check!

They would have been at the police station by now.

Truth be told, it would have been better if they were at the police station at least that would be safe.

But if they had been targeted by the Thompson family's enemies, the consequences would be unthinkable.

Thinking about such a scenario, Charlotte could not help but feel her heart race.

She was not usually one to overthink, but for these children, she couldn't help but let her mind wander.

Olivia Thompson approached, her petite, fair hands tugged lightly on Charlotte's clothes.

Her pair of big, bright eyes evoked a sense of compassion, and her small mouth opened slightly, "Mommy, don't be mad, okay?"

Charlotte's heart felt like it was being nourished by a clear spring, cool and soothing.

No matter how gigantic her anger was, at this moment, it diminished significantly.

The other children also had a keen sense of perception.

When they noticed Charlotte's anger starting to dissipate, they joined their small hands together, anxiously stepping forward to approach her.

The children stood in a row, heads bowed, after exchanging glances, they pleaded in unison, "Ma'am, please calm down, we understand our mistake."

They paused for a while and then, all of them raised their heads together.

Their eyes looked innocent and pure, like little deer in the spring forest.

Clear and bright, irresistibly adorable.

"What am I going to do with you all?"

Charlotte knitted her brows slightly, her words carrying a hint of helplessness.

Oh well, they always said children were debts from a past life, they must have owed them in their previous lives!

This issue will be put on hold for now.

Charlotte brought them to the BK Hotel, leading six children into the hotel which caught many people's attention.

Once back in their rooms, Charlotte settled each of them down and promptly called Jordan Thompson on the phone.

Meanwhile, Jordan was having a blast with his friends at a bar.

He has long forgotten about his adorable nephews and nieces.

"Jordan, your phone's been buzzing for a while."

A friend elegantly pulled out Jordan's phone from a pile of clothes soaked in alcohol and handed it to Jordan, who was swinging to the beat.

"What now?" Jordan took the phone, slightly sloshed, squinting, and shaking his head.

However, as soon as Jordan saw the caller ID on his phone, he couldn't help but scream out loud.

"Oh no."

He swiftly made his way through the crowd, ran to a quiet fire exit, and took a deep breath.

Then, closing his eyes, he reluctantly picked up the call.

As he expected, a cold voice from Charlotte echoed from the other end of the line.

"Who told you to bring these little ones back from abroad without letting me know? Are you aware of the grave situation that you've created?"

"Hold on sis, let me explain," Jordan said as he wiped his cold sweat, his brains working at top speed to come up with a plausible explanation.

One that could convince his sister.

"Hmm, I give you three minutes to explain where have you been. Through the phone itself, I can smell the alcohol on you," Charlotte's voice was icy-cold, sending shivers down his spine even through the phone line.

This terrified him so much that he subconsciously looked around.

Chapter 326: Ancestors, I Beg You

After making sure it was safe, he finally managed to speak out in a manner as if he bore a great grudge, "Dear sister, this is a long story. Please let me explain at length."

Charlotte Thompson interrupted Jordan Thompson's desire to tell a story, coldly saying, "Just cut to the chase, I don't have time for you to go on at length. Spit it out!"

Jordan grudgingly started to speak.

"It's just that these little devils missed you so much, and I happened to have a rock concert in China, so I thought, why not bring them back with me..."

Jordan paused for a moment, his desire to survive overwhelming, "And besides, it's been a long time since you saw them. I thought I could surprise you. Isn't everything I'm doing for you?"

Charlotte directly ignored Jordan's pleading, coldly spat out, "A surprise for me? It's more like a scare!"

"A scare? How could that be? Sister Charlotte, aren't you happy to see the kids?" Jordan frowned, not quite understanding.

"Do you know where they went?" Charlotte's voice dropped, she asked.

Jordan blinked, a strange tremor in his heart.

They had only sneaked out for a few hours. Surely these little devils didn't blow up the hotel.

Although they all looked well-behaved and cute, their energy was no less than that of most kids.

Not to mention, each of them was smart with a mind sharper than average kids. Could it be that they really...

Thinking about it, he broke out in a cold sweat and stuttered, "Did... Did they go and blow up the hotel?"

"Ha..." Charlotte was driven to laughter by her anger, but the lump in her chest was hard to dissipate.

"They didn't cause any legal trouble."

Upon hearing this, Jordan breathed a sigh of relief, "That's good then, isn't it? Since they didn't, Sister Charlotte, don't be angry anymore!"

"However, they went to Justin Battleson's company and claimed he was their father." After finishing, Charlotte glanced at the six happy children who were playing nearby.

Helplessly, she held her forehead.

"What?" Jordan was startled. His mouth was so wide open that one could... stuff a duck egg into it.

"They might as well have blown up the hotel!"

Who is Justin Battleson?

Though the Thompsons weren't inferior to the Battlesons, back then, Charlotte had married and divorced him under her alias Sophie Allen. It would be better to have nothing to do with the man for the rest of her life.

These clueless brats!

However, before Jordan could ponder further, Charlotte spoke again.

"Alright, I won't bother arguing with you anymore. I'm giving you half an hour to get back here."

Half an hour?

Half an hour is not enough at all!

"No, Sister, Sister Charlotte you..."

"No discussion. Or else, I'm throwing your luggage into the sea. You can go be your little mermaid."

Upon hearing Charlotte's threat, Jordan didn't even dare to negotiate.

"No, please, I beg you! You can kill me. Just don't touch my luggage. You know that stuff is all my..."

Before Jordan could finish his sentence, the cold tone of the hang-up met his ears.

"Help!"

The desperate plea echoed down the empty security corridor.

He pocketed his phone, slumped back into the booth.

"Everyone, come here."

After hanging up the call, Charlotte walked sternly to the children.

Seeing her, the children quickly put down their toys and lined up.

Each of them looked apprehensively at Charlotte standing in front of them.

Chapter 327: One can only plant their own seed!

"I've already scolded your little Uncle. I warn you now, if you sneak off and wander about again, I'll throw you all into the sea." Charlotte Thompson's face held a stern expression, brooking no argument.

Knowing they were wrong, the children hung their heads in silence.

Even though they understood that Charlotte was just flying off the handle, none of them dared to talk back.

After a while, the tense atmosphere was somewhat eased by the innocent voice of a child.

"Mommy, we know we were wrong. We absolutely won't dare do it again."

Hank Thompson had the best sense of reading the room, observing that Charlotte's "anger" wouldn't last very long, he secretly rejoiced.

He brazenly approached Charlotte's face and began to throw a tantrum. As he spoke, he suddenly knelt on the ground with a 'thud'.

Charlotte was shocked by his sudden 'thud'.

This boy, where did he learn to apologize like this?

In the end, he was her flesh and blood, and Charlotte couldn't help but soften.

"What are you doing? A man's knee has gold, who lets you kneel?" Charlotte furrowed her brows, pulling him up.

"No, no, no, we have done something wrong, we should kneel for Mommy, it's okay."

Hank's little face was full of stubbornness, insisting on not getting up until Mommy forgave him.

Seeing this, the other kids also rushed to join in, trying to appease Charlotte.

Even the youngest, Olivia Thompson, shuffled about and obediently poured a glass of water for Charlotte.

Then, she moved over to her side and in a babyish voice said, "Mommy, we know we were wrong, forgive us please."

Cyrus Thompson quietly walked in front of Charlotte with an apologetic look on his face and said, "I know I was wrong, Mommy."

Seeing these children taking their apologies so seriously, Charlotte couldn't help but sigh.

They were only four years old. Although a little cleverer than others, they were still just children.

"Your Mommy is just worried about you, you know? Even though you are all such little smart alecks, you are still little children!"

"This is your first time in Druarus. You don't know your way around and you've run off suddenly. What if a bad person targeted you?"

"What if something happened to you, your Mommy would breakdown."

The children just listened, obediently nodding their heads.

They all understood what Mommy was saying.

They also knew that what they did before was wrong.

Seeing the children's positive attitude in admitting their mistakes, Charlotte didn't have the heart to scold them any further.

Seeing the way they hung their heads low, she couldn't help but shake her head with helpless resignation.

She then got up, turned around and fetched the extra biscuits she had bought earlier from the room.

She had actually bought them for herself because she had a craving, and just happened to have bought more than she needed. With the kids here now, it worked out just right.

She handed the biscuits to them, poured some drink for them, and sat with them as they quietly ate their biscuits.

The atmosphere in the room became exceptionally warm for a while.

Hank Thompson cheekily winked at Charlotte, "Mommy, you wanted us to come, didn't you?"

"Huh?"

"Otherwise, why would you have prepared so many little biscuits?"

As he spoke, Hank squeezed his eyes shut, exuding cleverness just like Charlotte.

"Exactly, exactly, Mommy just missed us." Grace also came over and said in a soft, cute voice.

Charlotte did not refute, just ruffled the kids' hair and laughed.

These kids, really knew how to take the pulse of the room.

Just a moment ago, she was angry and they all looked so pitiful.

And how quickly did that change? As soon as they got something delicious, their spirits lifted.

Sometimes, she just didn't know what to do with them.

Oh well, they were her kids after all, and she wouldn't have it any other way!

Chapter 328: Related to the Child?

Riley Group.

After dealing with a wave of documents, Justin Battleson closed his laptop and shut his eyes to rest.

For some unknown reason, once he was quiet, he couldn't stop thinking of Charlotte Thompson.

Images of Charlotte leaving kept flashing in his mind.

He always felt that her haste to leave was because of those children.

Children? Was Charlotte interested in children?

Although Justin didn't understand, he couldn't help but feel a strong curiosity about the child.

He pressed the call bell on his desk, and soon, Michael Richard appeared before him at light speed.

"Mr. Battleson, how may I assist you?"

"Bring me the surveillance footage from the lobby earlier."

"Yes!"

Although Michael didn't know Justin's intentions, he had no choice but to obey.

Immediately obeying Justin's instructions.

Michael was always efficient and soon brought a USB drive containing the surveillance footage to Justin's desk.

As the USB stick was plugged into the computer, the video appeared on the monitor quickly.

Due to the limited angle of the surveillance footage, he could only see the scenes after Charlotte left.

Justin meticulously slowed down the video, staring at the screen slowly, fearing to miss any details.

Even though she just said she would go downstairs to take the children to the police station, were those hands holding hands?

It seemed normal, but he felt something was off.

For some reason, Justin felt the relationship between these children and Charlotte seemed a bit intimate.

He furrowed his brow, enlarging the faces of the two children in front of the camera, only to realize they looked incredibly similar to Adam Ross.

Justin quickly screenshotted the image and sent it to Adam Ross.

Unable to wait for Adam's reply, he dialed him eagerly.

The call was picked up quickly.

"I remember you told me before that you had two children, but they're no longer here."

Justin stated straightforwardly, which left Adam a bit puzzled.

"What's the matter?" Adam asked, his tone unchanging, but his heart somehow beating faster.

"Look at the picture I sent you." Justin stared intently at the surveillance footage, his tone full of seriousness.

Adam slowly opened the photo, finding it oddly familiar.

"Do the kids in the photo look like you?"

Adam squinted his eyes, carefully scanning the picture before speaking.

"Indeed, where did you get this photo?"

Adam noticed the figure of Charlotte in the corner of the picture, causing an indefinable emotion to arise in his heart.

He had always felt something was amiss when Charlotte kept inquiring if he had a child.

"Today, a few kids came to my office building, saying that I'm their father, but Charlotte went downstairs to meet them."

Justin briefly described the day's events.

Adam raised an eyebrow slightly, his gaze deep and thoughtful. With that, he started speaking at a measured pace.

"Now that you mention it, I recall Charlotte hinting at something when she invited me to dinner, could it be related to this child?"

"Dinner with you?" There was a hint of inquiry in Justin's voice.

"The one that went viral." Adam toyed with the pen in his hand. The smooth body was cool to the touch, exuding a certain chilliness and reflecting a greater depth in his eyes.

"So this child couldn't possibly be yours and Charlotte's, right?" Justin blurted out, his voice inevitably filled with bitterness and anger.

Chapter 329: Starting from Charlotte Thompson

He had to admit, when he saw those two kids that looked strikingly similar to Adam Ross when he was young, a bold suspicion had crossed his mind.

Additionally, Adam's recent lukewarm tone suggested something about Charlotte Thompson, not to mention the trending news that had infuriated him.

The two of them were very intimate. If the child was really...

Justin Battleson instinctively clenched his phone, neither confirming nor denying his speculation, but he was praying that it was not true.

"What's the matter?" Adam Ross smiled, leaning against the leather couch, lazily lounging like a cat, but his eyes were sharp as a hawk's.

"Are you jealous?" Adam asked playfully, a curve appearing at the corner of his mouth.

Thinking about Charlotte's gorgeous face and beautiful figure made him find the situation incredibly amusing.

However, nothing was more amusing at the moment than the person on the other side of the phone.

He could almost taste the sour tang of jealousy coming from across the screen.

It seemed that apart from Sophie Allen, the only other person who could get under Justin's skin was Charlotte.

"So is the child yours or not?" Justin Battleson interrogated Adam Ross, his tone full of anger.

"Judging by the child's age, they should be five or six. Five years ago, I hardly saw Charlotte and never even held her hand. Surely you don't think the children were conceived through the air?"

Adam Ross detected Justin's anger, so he stopped teasing him and answered seriously.

"Bro, even if I had any magical powers, I wouldn't be able to reproduce asexually."

Saying this, Adam broke out into laughter at his own joke.

His deep laughter had a mischievous quality.

"Is that really so?" The frown eased from Justin's face.

He straightened up and looked at the surveillance video, suppressing his strong sense of jealousy and anger.

"If you don't believe me, there's nothing I can say. But Charlotte is indeed beautiful. If she were the mother of my child, I wouldn't mind."

Adam Ross spoke jestingly. He could only imagine Justin's outraged reaction to his comment.

"Don't even think about it."

"However, sadly, my children are no longer here," said Adam Ross, a sudden cold glint flashed through his eyes.

It vanished as quickly as it came.

"Enough, I won't tease you anymore. These kids are indeed unusual. We should focus on investigating them. Perhaps..."

Adam broke off, glancing at the picture in front of him. A mischievous smile appeared on his face.

"Perhaps this could lead us to the answers we both are seeking. What do you think about teaming up? We might get answers sooner if we do."

Justin Battleson didn't respond to Adam's words, merely studying the photo more closely.

For some reason, he had the feeling that if they found these children, he would finally get the answer to the question that had been plaguing him.

He held onto the phone tightly, forcefully suppressing the emotions surging within him.

"I do have an idea." Adam's voice was relaxed. His slender fingers tapped rhythmically against the smooth marble table, a rich baritone resonance filled the room.

"To untie a knot, you need the one who made it. I think, we can start with Charlotte."

"What do you mean?" Justin Battleson's brows slightly furrowed, a contemplative tone entering his voice.

"Since the kids are with Charlotte, that's where we should start,"

Chapter 330: You Can't Grasp It

Adam Ross slightly curled his lips, he thought about how Charlotte had deliberately teased him to test him earlier, he found it very amusing.

That little woman, really has some nerve.

"I get what you mean, I will go and find the answer from Charlotte." Justin Battleson murmured.

He will go find the answers?

Adam Ross lightly curled up his lips, another round of playful schemes.

"Bro, I think I could also go and find the answer, after all, you are busy, and I..."

Adam Ross's words were cut off by Justin Battleson before he could finish.

"You start by contacting the private detective, that's more your thing. Charlotte was in Ashton before, there will certainly be signs of her living there."

Justin Battleson slowly said, and then added another sentence: "Charlotte is wild, you can't control her."

Upon hearing this, Adam Ross chuckled inwardly.

Is he subtly hinting that only he, Justin Battleson, can control this little wild cat, Charlotte?

Even though Justin Battleson expressed it subtly, Adam Ross clearly knew what he was thinking.

He assigned the tasks this way, just because he didn't want him to contact Charlotte.

Before Adam Ross could express whether he agreed or not, Justin Battleson hung up the phone.

As he listened to the busy signal on the phone, Adam Ross moved the phone away from his ear.

Staring at the phone screen for a while, he again laughed softly.

It seemed that the incident at the bar last time had left quite a shadow in his mind...

Oh, big brother, are you falling for her?

Meanwhile, in the suite at the BK Hotel.

After playing around for a day, the children had their fill of fun and food, they finally appeared drowsy.

One by one, they all had no energy left.

Olivia Thompson and Grace Thompson, the two sisters, hand in hand, took their little blanket to go lie down on the soft, plush bed.

Cyrus Thompson sat on the couch, resting with his eyes closed.

Chad Thompson and Jack Thompson were dozing halfway.

Only Hank Thompson was busily playing with his Lego with keen interest.

But even his sleepiness was visible, his occasional rubbing of his eyes didn't escape Charlotte's eyes.

"Alright little ones, you've played for a whole day already, it's time to rest a bit. Look, Annie and Grace are already asleep. Jack, Chad, you should go to bed, and Cyrus, you should stop pushing yourself."

Charlotte shook her head, looking doting, as she came into the room and saw this scene.

As Jack Thompson and Chad Thompson were called, they instantly woke up, and rubbing their still droopy faces from sleep, held hands and went to bed.

Cyrus Thompson reluctantly opened his eyes, got up from the couch and walked towards the bed.

However, Hank Thompson kept persisting.

"Hank, why don't you go to sleep now? You can play with your toys anytime. Just go and have a rest first." Charlotte said, as she walked to Hank Thompson and ruffled his little head.

"Mommy, I'm almost done with this." Hank Thompson shook his sluggish head, and looked up and said sleepily.

Hank Thompson never easily gives up, and Charlotte knows this better than anyone else.

She just smiled and sat next to Hank, quietly waiting.

Soon, Hank's "project" was completed, only then did he stretch his back with a sense of accomplishment.

"Hehe, Mommy, look, now I can have a good rest." Hank said with a pure, bright smile.

Charlotte was infected by her child's innocent and bright smile, and she also couldn't help but smile.

She stretched out her hand and gently stroked his fuzzy head: "Yes yes yes, our Hank is really excellent, let's go, mommy will take you to rest."

Hank dutifully lay on the bed, maybe he was too tired, after a while, the room was filled with his even breath sound, and he deeply fell asleep.