

Spoiled 331

Chapter 331: Wayward Youth

One room, three beds, six children.

This sight warmed Charlotte Thompson's heart.

She covered each of them with a small quilt, turned up the air conditioning, and then stealthily exited the room.

It used to be like this in Ashton.

Unconsciously, she had been in Druarus for two months now, and it had been a long time since she had spent time with her children like this. She couldn't describe the feeling in her heart.

Just as she was stepping out of the room and the door quietly closed behind her, her phone, not far away, began to vibrate.

She went over to pick it up, her gaze falling on the flashing name, "Jordan Thompson."

Even through the screen, she could sense Jordan's urgent mood.

Charlotte couldn't help but smile, leisurely answering the call.

As expected, a pitiful, pleading voice came from Jordan through the phone's receiver.

"Sister, I really was wrong. I won't sneak around and do things without telling you anymore."

Jordan, on the taxi, was in tears and remorse, causing quite a spectacle.

The taxi driver, glancing through the rear-view mirror, thought he was a troubled youth.

"You mustn't touch my collectibles nor tell our parents the real reason behind my trip to Druarus..."

"Otherwise, you'll be fishing for your little brother in the ocean tomorrow!"

As he spoke, Jordan wiped his tears. His grief-stricken appearance was somewhat exaggerated.

However, he didn't feel his performance was too out of place. In fact, he felt it was... sincere.

"Then let it be so. It's not like you're my biological brother. If you end up in the ocean, I'll just ask my uncle and aunt to have another child," Charlotte shrugged, looking unfazed.

Hearing this, Jordan became even more anxious. "Really, sis! My dear Sister Charlotte, how could you be so cold-hearted?"

"Alright, alright. I don't have time to argue with you. You get back here quickly. I have some work matters to attend to. Just come to the hotel and claim your precious collectibles."

Hearing Charlotte say this, Jordan finally eased up. His darling sister was probably just putting on a show.

"Young man, there's still plenty of beauty in life. You don't need to cry your heart out over a little mishap."

Waiting at the red light, the taxi driver handed over a tissue, looking sympathetically at Jordan.

This sudden display of care warmed Jordan's heart.

As he wiped his tears, he calculated how much extra tip he should give the kind-hearted taxi driver.

"Thank you, sir."

"It's no big deal. I've seen many disillusioned youths like you. They're all the same," the driver reassured Jordan.

Hearing these words, Jordan, who was wiping his face, faltered, feeling as if a group of crows had just flown over his head.

A disillusioned youth...

Isn't he just like this in front of Charlotte?

But it would be hard to explain that to a stranger.

After all, the Thompson Family's indulgence towards Charlotte had reached an almost perverse level. Those not in it wouldn't understand.

Jordan glanced at the sympathetic look on the driver's face, opened his mouth to justify himself, but didn't know where to start.

After hanging up the call, Charlotte placed her phone aside.

She sat down at her desk, pulling out some old company documents to look over them.

Lately, she had been coming up with some great ideas, but they existed only as fragmented inspirations.

She had been busy lately and hadn't had time to sort them out.

Finally today, she could take a lazy day, and enjoy this leisurely comfort.

Chapter 332: Pretty Sister, You are More Important

A spark of inspiration came again, and Charlotte Thompson knew that she could not miss it this time, so she started sketching on the paper.

The scene shifts to Riley Group.

Justin Battleson had been waiting in the office for a long time, and didn't receive a call from Charlotte.

In theory, once Charlotte took those kids to the police station, she should have called to inform him.

But there was no call until now.

He glanced at the yellow clouds outside, and a wave of inexplicable emotion flashed through his mind.

The teasing words of Adam Ross echoed in his mind.

At this thought, he rose to head towards the door.

At the same time, at the entrance of BK Hotel.

Jordan Thompson gets out of the taxi and gives the driver an extra hundred-dollar bill, expressing gratitude that was beyond ordinary.

After shutting the car door, he ran at full speed towards the hotel room.

His frantic demeanor was nothing like his sunny and humorous youthfulness of old. Instead, he looked as though he was being chased by a ferocious hound.

The loud knocking on the door pulled Charlotte back from her thoughts. She stopped sketching, slightly furrowed her brows.

She glanced at the room where the kids were sleeping. It was quiet. All seemed well.

Then, she stretched lazily, reaching for the cup to take a sip of water.

She turned her head towards the window, looking at the sunset.

The furling and unfurling of the clouds emitted a seductive golden glow, gentle and delicate.

It was dusk before she realized it.

It seemed that the knock on the door should belong to that rascal, Jordan.

A smile tugged at Charlotte's lips, prompting her to rise and walk towards the suite's door.

She stood at the entrance, looking through the peephole and sure enough, it was him.

Jordan was standing at the entrance, his handsome face looking slightly anxious, with visible sweat on his forehead.

It seemed he ran all the way here.

Clearing her throat first, Charlotte leaned against the doorframe and teased him through the intercom: "So, you've finally decided to come back?"

Upon hearing Charlotte's voice, Jordan perked up immediately. He pressed his face against the door trying to peep through the peephole but couldn't see anything.

After a moment, he gave up and pleaded carefully, "Sis, I know you're in here, but I forgot the password to this room, can you open the door for me?"

Jordan tried to sweet talk her into helping him while plastering on a sheepish smile. He even leaned in closer, fearing his "help" might not be heard.

Listening to his flattering voice, Charlotte laughed silently in her heart. She cleared her throat: "What password? Sorry, I didn't catch that."

"Oh come on sis, don't tease me, please help..."

Jordan shamelessly coaxed Charlotte.

They've been siblings for so long, who cared about losing face!

"I heard your phone conversation, it sounded lively. Why did you come back suddenly? What about your hot friends and pretty girls, aren't they waiting for you?"

As Charlotte teased, she was brimming with amusement. She always enjoyed teasing Jordan and wouldn't miss out on the opportunity when it presented itself.

What 'liveliness'? Jordan was confused, he had clearly taken the call in the fire escape!

But he had no time to figure out what Charlotte meant by lively, he just kept on begging her to open the door.

"Oh my dear sis, open the door for me please. Pretty girls? who cares? They are not as important as you. Plus, which girl can be prettier than you? Please, open the door, let me in!"

"Hey, don't try to flatter me, how can I with my plain face compare to your pretty girls? You're so busy, the minute you landed in Druarus, off you went to the nightclub..." Charlotte was more and more amused by the teasing, leaving Jordan speechless.

Chapter 333: Don't Drag Me Down with You

The fun had had its run. Hearing no more sounds from outside the door, Charlotte Thompson peeked through the peephole again.

Jordan Thompson was scratching his ears and rubbing his cheeks, his anxious demeanor was just too funny.

Charlotte deliberately waited a bit longer before opening the door.

As soon as she opened the door, she found Jordan lying in an extraordinarily sleazy posture at the door.

He looked both hilarious and pitiable.

At the sound of the door opening, Jordan turned his head like a stray cat upon hearing its owner, his eyes full of hope.

"Sis, I knew you wouldn't leave me behind." Jordan pouted his lip, his pitiable look was just too much!

Charlotte couldn't help but shiver, letting out a hiss.

"Alright, alright, stop it. People might think I've kicked you out, come in now."

Charlotte said, making some room for him.

However, Jordan just stood there, his big eyes looking at her with a pitiful expression.

In an instant, Charlotte understood what he was implying and let out a sigh of helplessness: "I've moved your precious stuff to the next room. I booked it for you."

This little brother of hers was really a handful.

"Alright, thanks sis." Jordan exaggeratedly tried to bear hug Charlotte.

Charlotte sidestepped swiftly, avoiding the awful hug and knitting her eyebrows.

"Go take a shower, the smell on you is about to knock me out." Charlotte handed him a bottle of water, feigning disgust.

"Certainly, the clubs back home are way more fun. I'm so hyped, felt like I was about to fly. Sis, you have no clue about the times I had today..."

Reading Charlotte's expressionless face, Jordan finally shut his mouth, lowered his head, and quickly admitted his wrong: "I'm sorry, I shouldn't have left those little ones in the hotel."

Jordan quickly got closer to Charlotte, shaking her arm, wagging his body like a little puppy.

"You know how quirky they are. You brought them to Druarus and didn't even look after them properly. If I wasn't at the company today, we would have been in serious trouble."

Listening to Charlotte's words, Jordan obediently nodded his head, looking as if he had seriously taken the rebuke to heart.

In the midst of all this, he conveniently handed his lecturing sis some sweet, delicious juice.

"Alright, stop hovering around. Weren't you saying after coming back home you're planning on forming a band? How's that coming along?"

Charlotte took the juice Jordan offered, casually throwing the question his way.

"Yes! Sis, let me tell you, I've got it all planned out. When the time comes and I manage to set it up, you just wait and watch how my band rocks Druarus, setting the whole east ablaze."

Spewing these words, Jordan was waving his arms in excitement, almost knocking over Charlotte's lamp on the table.

"Be careful! I bought this, not some standard hotel equipment. If you break it, you're footing the bill." Charlotte promptly protected her lamp, reprimanding Jordan irritably.

Jordan immediately ducked. "Alright, I'm sorry."

However, while his face showed apology, he muttered under his breath: 'Paying isn't an issue; it's not like I'm broke.'

Suddenly feeling Charlotte's gaze, he instantly wilted.

Charlotte carelessly waved her hand about, suddenly thinking of something.

"You secretly brought the kids over to Druarus, no one back home knows, not even your Uncle and Aunt about your plan of forming a band, right?"

Jordan nodded.

"Let me tell you, I can only help you hide this for a while, what happens after that is up to your own luck," Charlotte raised her eyebrows, "But remember, don't drag me into this mess."

Chapter 334: The Status of Being Doted on by the Group

Of course, Charlotte was only kidding with that statement.

With her status as the darling of the Thompson Family, even if she were to cover for Jordan, her uncle would never take out his anger on her.

Jordan was well aware of this. He smirked, shrugged his shoulders, displaying a completely nonchalant demeanor.

"Hey, wait a second, what are you trying to imply? You're not expecting me to help you out, are you?" Charlotte squinted at him, suspicion written all over her face.

Jordan let his eyes squint into slits as a slight curve formed at the corners of his mouth.

Just with that expression, Charlotte immediately saw through his little plan.

"Don't even think about it!"

Charlotte flatly refused.

While she is the family's favorite, she's not the type to put others in difficult situations.

Her uncles and aunts treat her so well that she wouldn't dare stand in their way of disciplining their children.

Jordan's smile froze on his face. He made a wry face for a moment and then sighed.

"Ah, it's fine, come on. You know how it goes. Every time I try something new, they will always scold me. They don't actually do anything, though. I'm not afraid, hehe!"

Jordan said with a grin, perfectly exemplifying the saying 'a pig doesn't fear scalding water'.

All Charlotte could do was roll her eyes at him and remain silent.

"Right, where are the kids?"

Jordan changed the topic and started to look around.

Generally, these kids should be up and about by now. He had been back for a while and had yet to see a single child, which was quite unusual.

"They're asleep. Druarus and Ashton have a time difference, so they haven't adjusted yet. They're all exhausted from messing around so much."

Only then did Jordan nod his head in understanding. "Oh, right, my bad, hehe."

"Hmph, so you know it's your fault! If there's a next time, I definitely won't let you off easy!" Charlotte pretended to be stern and scolded him.

The latter lowered his head, not daring to say anything more.

Charlotte looked up at the clock on the wall. It was already seven.

"It's about time. I'm going to wake them up. I'll make dinner later."

She headed towards the children's room, but was stopped by Jordan.

"No need, I'll wake them up. I have a surprise for them."

Observing Jordan's excited skipping, Charlotte couldn't help but shake her head and chuckle.

Indeed, he was still like an overgrown child.

She entered the kitchen in the suite.

Normally, suites in the BK Hotel did not have kitchens, but Charlotte's did.

She didn't want to eat hotel-prepared meals every day, nor did she like takeout.

In her words, they lacked "a sense of daily life."

Compared to a life of luxury without lifting a finger, Charlotte preferred to take matters into her own hands.

So, this kitchen was specially designed for her by the manager of BK Hotel before she came to Druarus.

Charlotte opened the fridge and quickly glanced at the ingredients inside.

It would be enough if she was alone, but now with Jordan and six kids...

Obviously, they would need more food. It seemed that she would need to ask Jordan to go shopping later.

Charlotte started to cook by washing some rice.

Meanwhile, with the children...

Jordan, wearing a bear mask, tip-toed into the children's room.

He felt grateful that Charlotte had put all the children to sleep in the same room.

Quietly, he lifted the children's blankets.

There was Cyrus, rubbing his sleepy eyes, groggily getting up.

Chapter 335 Not Cute at All!

Jordan Thompson quickly went up close to him upon seeing this, making a "rawr" sound.

However, he saw Cyrus Thompson looking at the bear head in front of him with a speechless expression, and then shifted his gaze away.

Afterward, Cyrus stood up, putting on his shoes, walked out of the room, and shut the door.

This series of actions was done in one stretch, and Cyrus's indifferent attitude left Jordan feeling a strong sense of defeat.

Jordan first sighed, then turned to look at the other children still sound asleep.

Heh heh, no problem.

Being the eldest brother, Cyrus was more mature than the other children and wouldn't be afraid of this.

Perfectly normal!

After comforting himself a bit, Jordan once again became playful.

So he ran to where Hank Thompson was sleeping and quietly brought the bear head closer.

Hank suddenly opened his eyes, looked at the bear head in front of him, and showed no response.

Then he turned away as if not seeing it, adjusted his position, and fell back asleep.

What... What's this all about?

Even Hank isn't scared?

Jordan felt utterly baffled.

These kids have no innocence left! They aren't the slightest bit scared when they see such a large bear head!

Just as he was walking toward Grace Thompson full of hope, she was already sitting up with her eyes open, smiling sweetly at him.

Jordan couldn't "rawr" this time. Faced with Grace's soft and cute demeanour, he just couldn't do it. He could only perform a few cute actions to make her laugh.

However, Grace watched him more and more with a look of disgust on her face.

"Why are you so ugly? You're not cute at all!"

What?

Jordan was now twenty-three years old and this was the first time somebody had called him ugly!

Before he could retort, Grace continued, pondering deeply.

"Tell you what, stop trying to be a bear. Be a human! I have an uncle who's uglier than you. Don't worry, once you become a human, he'll be uglier than you. You don't have to be scared."

Grace's childish and sincere tone made Jordan feel like crying but having no tears.

People say kids speak without any filters. Grace's words certainly made him feel completely defeated.

Helplessly, he took off the headpiece, looked at Grace, and said with a dejected face: "Grace, is this how you're supposed to talk about your uncle?"

Grace knew it was him playing the trick all along. She deliberately spoke those words.

Looking at Jordan's dejected demeanor, Grace couldn't help but chuckle behind her hand.

Olivia Thompson woke up too. She excitedly pounced into Jordan's arms, a happy look spread across her face, her innocent little face was warm and joyful, warming Jordan's heart.

"Uncle."

Hearing her baby-like voice, Jordan finally felt a bit better.

He held Olivia in his arms, took out a piece of chocolate from his pocket, unwrapped the aluminum foil, and was just about to put it into Olivia's mouth when it disappeared!

Jordan didn't know when scamp Hank had run over from his bed and even reached out and grabbed the chocolate!

Jordan was too shocked to say anything.

All he heard was a muffled grunt from Hank, "Uncle, you cheat, not giving me food first."

Jordan glared at Hank, exasperated. Suddenly a thought struck him. He pretended not to care, and said, "You go ahead, eat as much as you want, I just remembered that this chocolate is expired. Help yourself."

After saying that, he held Olivia and walked cheerfully towards the door, all the while talking.

"Good girl, Uncle will take you to eat yummy cookies. No more hanging around with these stinky kids."

Chapter 336: Sir, who are you looking for?

Hank Thompson looked at the retreating figure of Jordan Thompson and felt stuck with the chocolate in his mouth — he didn't know whether to swallow it or spit it out.

His uncle had said it was expired, but it tasted perfectly fine to him.

Grace Thompson saw right through him, gave a chuckle and said, "Just swallow it, Big Brother. The worst that expired chocolate can do is give you a stomach ache, it won't kill you."

Hank peevishly glanced at Grace, still finding it difficult to swallow.

It's not that he was afraid of dying. It was just that having experienced a stomach ache before, he knew it was arguably more uncomfortable than death itself.

"Alright, quit dawdling. Let's get up and have a meal. I think Mommy will cook for us. It's been a while since we've tasted her dishes."

Grace patted Hank's shoulder, then got out of bed and walked out on her own.

"Jordan, go buy some groceries. We're running low on food supplies here. I've sent you a list of what to buy on your phone."

Charlotte Thompson took Olivia Thompson from Jordan's arms and softly said the above to Jordan after taking a glance at her phone.

Caressing his beloved Olivia's hand, Jordan was slightly against the idea: "Sis, can't you just order some takeout instead of making me run this errand?"

"We need fresh ingredients. Go and pick some out. Besides, the supermarket is not far. Are you really that lazy?" Charlotte complained with a frown.

"Alright alright, I'll go. Are you happy now?" Reluctantly agreeing, Jordan nodded and then asked, "Can I buy a little more wine?"

As soon as Charlotte heard the word "wine", she gave him a fierce look and slapped his hand while holding Olivia's.

That was her answer.

Just as Jordan was on his way to the supermarket from their apartment, Justin Battleson had left his office and was on his way to see Charlotte.

He had overthought it today and played out many scenarios in his mind.

But he concluded that it would be better to meet Charlotte in person and clarify things.

He hesitated for a while in front of the wooden door before preparing to knock.

However, he had only just raised his hand when he heard a man's voice from behind.

"Who are you?"

Justin Battleson turned around and saw a handsome man in casual clothes.

The man had two large bags full of groceries in his hands. It appeared he had just returned from the supermarket.

Upon seeing Justin's face, Jordan was initially surprised, but his face betrayed no emotion.

How could he not recognize Justin Battleson? He would recognize him even if he had turned into ashes!

Today, the children had visited the office, and now he was standing at Charlotte's doorstep...

Jordan couldn't help but grow suspicious and cautious.

After all, he was well aware of the nonsensical marriage between Justin Battleson and Sophie Allen five years ago.

After their divorce, the members of the Thompson family hoped that Charlotte would have nothing to do with Justin Battleson.

Jordan stood in front of Justin Battleson in a defensive posture and asked with a certain hostility, "Sir, who are you looking for?"

Justin Battleson thought the man in front of him looked quite familiar, but he couldn't remember where they'd met.

He answered indifferently, "I'm looking for Charlotte."

So he was indeed here for Charlotte!

Jordan had been hoping that Justin had made a mistake.

"What do you want with her?" Jordan frowned, scrutinizing Justin.

Jordan's persistent questioning, coupled with the scrutinizing gaze, made Justin Battleson feel slightly uncomfortable.

He narrowed his brows and said, "I am her boss, and I need to discuss some matters with her."

A flash of impatience flickered across Justin Battleson's face as he spoke.

Chapter 337: Are you Jordan Thompson?

Then he turned around to face the door.

In his view, all ordinary mortals were unworthy of dialoguing with him.

The Jordan Thompson standing before him was just such an ordinary mortal.

Justin Battleson's defiant manner was stirring up Jordan's anger.

After all, he was a member of the Thompson family. When had he ever been treated with such disdain, even by Justin Battleson?

"Oh? The boss?"

Jordan Thompson looked at Justin Battleson with a hint of playful mischief, intentionally asking in a rogue-ish manner.

Speaking, he deliberately walked over and stood in his way.

The more Justin Battleson ignored him, the more he decided to obstruct his path.

Of course, this was also for Charlotte's sake, because he presumed that at this moment, she wouldn't want to see Justin Battleson.

Furthermore, for the sake of the kids...

Watching the man in front of him, Justin's heart was filled with a growing sense of familiarity. Yet the man's behavior was pushing his patience.

"What are you doing? Could it be that you're here for Charlotte too?" Justin's deep voice bore a bit of chilliness.

"I'm here for her..." Jordan unconsciously held back what he was about to say next.

What should he say?

He furrowed his brow, finding Justin Battleson increasingly irritating. Suddenly an idea came to him:
"Yes, I am here for her."

Justin Battleson narrowed his eyes slightly, and a touch of coldness flashed in his hawk-like gaze. His cool lips then voiced a few words.

"What are you looking for her for?"

"Why should I tell you? Who are you anyway?" Jordan gave Justin Battleson a roll of his eyes, arrogantly reaching into his pocket to find his keys to unlock the door. Unfortunately, he realized he hadn't brought them.

Damn, he forgot it was a code lock.

If he were to input the code now and Justin saw it, the game would be over.

He awkwardly tapped his forehead, then raised his hand to knock on the door.

Before his hand could touch the door, Justin Battleson's cold, arrogant voice came from behind him.

"Are you Jordan Thompson?"

Although it sounded like a question, the tone was brimming with certainty.

This kind of absolute arrogance made Jordan feel as if his cards had been seen through. Being manipulated this way was infuriating.

Well, since Justin Battleson wasn't pretending to be oblivious, then he didn't need to pretend not to know him either.

"Are you Justin Battleson? Aren't you just Mr. Battleson from that lousy company, acting all high and mighty. What are you doing here looking for my sister?"

Jordan lifted his face, his posturing full of arrogance, like a reckless patrician lad who refused to be controlled.

Justin Battleson, however, disregarded his stance.

He even found Jordan's clumsy provocation amusing.

He had seen this man online before.

To be precise, he had come across him while investigating the Thompson family.

Five years ago, Sophie Allen had a male friend in his late teens, who seemed to be none other than Jordan Thompson.

The young master of the Thompson family, with a dissolute character but no interest in business; rather he was fond of music.

Particularly of rock music.

Upon meeting Jordan now, Justin realized that a comment he had read online rang true.

This young master of the Thompson family, despite his sunny and lively face, seemed more like a...greenhorn.

He subconsciously thought about the identity of the real Charlotte and then decided that today he would ferret out some information from this greenhorn young master of the Thompson family.

He would find out whether his sister's surname was Thompson or Allen.

"I'm her boss. Coming to see her today is naturally work-related. Why, Young Master Thompson, am I not welcomed?"

Justin Battleson spoke with his usual icy tone, only with an unusual hint of mockery in his voice.

Chapter 338: Am I Close to You?

"What's all this welcome about? Are we close?" Jordan Thompson sneered disdainfully.

"Huh, aren't you supposed to be at work at this time? Why are you barging in on a young lady out of the blue?"

Jordan Thompson clicked his tongue and continued to babble incessantly.

From his intense disgust, it was clear he was extremely displeased with Justin Battleson's sudden arrival.

"You seem to care a lot about Charlotte Thompson. But is she really your sister?"

Justin Battleson, considering Charlotte Thompson's identity, couldn't help but laugh and ask, with a hint of inquisitiveness in his tone.

"What do you mean by that?" Jordan Thompson was somewhat at a loss.

What did he mean about whether or not she was really his sister?

What was he doubting?

Jordan Thompson pondered with fear and slightly squinted his eyes.

Watching Justin Battleson, his eyes filled with caution against potential danger.

At the same time, he couldn't help but think of the words Cyrus Thompson said to him on the plane.

"Uncle, I've done my research. I think Justin Battleson is my father."

When he heard Cyrus Thompson say this, Jordan Thompson felt a jolt in his heart.

From what he understood about the past, Williams Charlie was supposedly the biological father of these three children. How did Justin Battleson come into the picture now?

Jordan Thompson remained silent, waiting for Cyrus Thompson to continue.

"In fact, I've compared the pictures of Justin Battleson on the website to my own. We look exactly alike."

Exact duplicates? Jordan Thompson was stunned once more.

"This time when I go to Druarus, I also want to understand the truth about this matter. Mommy never told me who our father is. If I were an ordinary child, maybe I would believe her when she said that my father is a superhero who went to save the universe, but I'm not. So Uncle, could you keep this a secret for me? I want to find the answer myself."

Cyrus Thompson spoke clearly and concisely, his expression firm.

Jordan Thompson could think of the uncharacteristic sorrow and burdens on Cyrus Thompson's youthful face, as well as the glimmers in his dark pupils. He couldn't help but feel sorry for this four-year-old child.

At the time, Jordan Thompson merely nodded in response and said nothing more, resting with his eyes closed.

In fact, after hearing Cyrus Thompson's words, he secretly looked up photos of Justin Battleson.

Although he had seen him five years ago, it had been five years, so it was normal for him not to remember clearly.

However, when he found Justin Battleson's photo, he indeed got a huge shock.

Justin Battleson and Cyrus Thompson's faces looked as if they had been carved out of the same mould.

No wonder!

Jordan had always found Cyrus Thompson's little face strangely familiar, but he could never remember where he had seen it before.

Turns out it was Justin Battleson!

So did that mean, back then, it wasn't Williams Charlie who was the culprit, but the person who really hurt Sister Charlotte was Justin Battleson?

On this trip, Jordan Thompson came with these questions, just that the fun with friends in Druarus made him set this matter aside.

As Jordan Thompson was deep in thought, a deep voice suddenly brought him back to reality.

"For the Thompson family's Miss, is her name Sophie Allen or Charlotte Thompson? Mr Jordan Thompson, as a member of Thompson family, you should know better than me, a stranger, right?"

Justin Battleson vaguely sensed that Jordan Thompson knew something. His eyes were flickering terribly. There was no way he would believe that Jordan knew nothing.

Chapter 339: Don't You Have a Girlfriend?

The Thompson Family holds significant influence in Ashton and has a certain degree of power in Druarus.

However, they always remained very mysterious, like a dragon only revealing its head and not its tail.

He spent considerable energy investigating but didn't uncover much.

The only thing he found out was that, five years ago, the Thompson Family's rarely seen heiress, Miss Charlotte, made her first appearance at the BK Group.

After which, she disappeared again for a year.

Her next public appearance was three years ago, at a grand fashion design competition in Ashton.

A designer named Joy, a newcomer, unexpectedly won the competition crown.

Justin Battleson noticed from the competition photos, that this Joy was indeed Charlotte Thompson.

The timing of Charlotte's appearances roughly matched with the time when Sophie Allen disappeared.

However, what he didn't understand was, where did Charlotte disappear to for that year in between.

But all this, Charlotte would clearly never disclose to him.

If Justin Battleson wanted to unravel the mystery in his heart, he had to approach Jordan Thompson, who seemed naïve and guileless.

"Mr. Battleson, I don't know how to respond to that. Of course, the Thompson heiress is called Charlotte. Why, can't you even figure out such a simple question?"

"Also, you must have an idea about the power of the Thompson Family. You should know what questions are appropriate to ask and which are not."

"The Thompson Family's affairs are not the Battleson Family's business, wouldn't you agree?"

A smirk appeared at the corner of Jordan's mouth, he suddenly changed his usually carefree demeanor and became serious.

At this moment, he seemed a different person compared to the young boy from earlier.

"I apologize, I overstepped," Justin Battleson was momentarily surprised by Jordan's change of attitude.

But the moment passed quickly.

"I was just kindly reminding you. Mr. Thompson generally doesn't worry about family affairs, so I was just asking on behalf of your sister, please forgive me."

Justin Battleson feigned an apology. He stepped back but hoped that Jordan Thompson would not just let it go.

"You..." As expected, Jordan Thompson was instantly infuriated.

He was still too young to recognize Justin Battleson's cunning tactics, akin to those of an old fox.

"Who are you to ask questions on behalf of my sister? Don't you have a girlfriend?"

The phrase "have a girlfriend" made Justin Battleson unconsciously furrow his brows.

"Justin Battleson, don't you go too far! Are you trying to have your cake and eat it too? Coming to see my sister while you have a girlfriend. Does your girlfriend know? Let me tell you, even someone who rarely watches the news like me sees your girlfriend in the news every day."

Jordan Thompson rattled on endlessly.

It's not that he had to confront Justin Battleson, but keeping Charlotte's identity safe was more crucial at the moment.

After all, he'd witnessed how desperate Sophie Allen was to divorce him five years ago.

He also knew how much Sophie Allen had suffered back then.

He was always fawning over Charlotte like a puppy, because he loved his sister who was two years older and had drifted around since childhood.

He might have not known about it before, but now nobody would dare bully her.

"Mr. Thompson, I think you misunderstood."

Justin Battleson said calmly.

"Oh? Misunderstood? Well, Mr. Battleson, why don't you tell me what I misunderstood?"

Jordan Thompson sneered with undisguised disdain in his eyes.

"I have nothing to do with Evelyn Curtis."

When he finished speaking, Jordan Thompson wanted to say something in response.

But then he heard the door opening from inside.

He had barely regained his composure before he heard Grace Thompson's sweet voice shouting, "Uncle Jordan!"

Chapter 340: Bad Uncle

The voice instantly made Jordan's back stiffen, his nerves tightening in an instant.

He quickly turned around and stuffed the things in his hand through the crack in the door, hoping to follow through himself.

However, as soon as he began to make his move, his arm was suddenly grabbed by someone.

Feeling the strength on his arm, he looked back disdainfully, only to see Justin's handsome face revealing a hint of curiosity.

Jordan instinctively pushed Grace, who had popped her head out, back, his eyes full of caution towards Justin.

"Is there something else you need, Mr. Battleson? If not, please leave."

Confronted with Jordan's impatient eviction, a hint of coldness flashed across Justin's face.

His gaze fixed on the small head that Jordan had pushed back into the suite, he asked with a cold tone:
"Who is Grace?"

Grace...

Oh no, he accidentally called Grace by her name just now.

Jordan felt a lurch in his heart. This was disastrous!

He was stunned for a few seconds but quickly regained his composure, looking expressionlessly at the man before him.

"What does it have to do with you?"

Annoyance flashed across Jordan's face, his brows furrowed as he subconsciously tried to free himself from Justin's grip.

"It does. It's very important."

This remark, which slipped out, even caught Justin by surprise.

He had no idea who this "Grace" was, but intuitively, he felt a need to find out. He thought it was important.

Despite his pride, Justin found himself repeatedly trying to negotiate with Charlotte, which was quite uncharacteristic of him.

But Jordan didn't buy it.

"What does it have to do with me whether it's important to you or not? You, the CEO, aren't supposed to be standing outside our hotel suite. Justin Battleson, my patience has limits. If you continue to stay here, I will call security."

"Even if you are some CEO, it doesn't give you the right to harass people, does it?"

Jordan was truly out of patience. His words were filled with annoyance, and now he even mentioned "security".

Mostly because he felt he could no longer keep his composure. If he didn't quickly get rid of Justin, who knew what revealing words he might end up saying.

Inside the suite, Cyrus noticed Grace huddled by the door, sneakily peeking outside, and arched his brow curiously.

He walked over, crouched down beside Grace: "What's going on? What are you looking at?"

Grace glanced at Cyrus, took out a lollipop from her pocket, unwrapped it, and put it in her mouth.

She squinted her eyes, muttering softly: "It's that bad uncle. Uncle is arguing with that bad uncle."

Cyrus furrowed his brows, slightly confused.

Bad uncle?

He peeked through the crack at the doormat, only saw Jordan's tall figure, who was blocking the door completely. However, through the gap, he could see that man.

That face was very familiar to Cyrus.

"Brother, do you want to eat something? Mommy's cooking will probably take a while."

Seeing Cyrus in a daze, Grace, who was next to him, began fumbling through the stuff that Jordan had bought back, and pulled out a few snack bags, offering them to Cyrus.

But Cyrus didn't take them. His deep eyes were still staring intently at the man standing at the door.

"Brother?" Grace tugged at Cyrus's sleeve, softly calling him.

It was as if Cyrus didn't hear. He reached out and opened the door a little more, preparing to go out.

Just as Grace was about to stretch out her hand to stop Cyrus, she saw an annoyed Jordan turning his head back.

After seeing Cyrus's face, he quickly let go of his hand that Justin was holding and with his other hand, he pushed Cyrus back into the suite.