

Spoiled 381

Chapter 381: It Turns out to be Charlotte Thompson

"Friend?" Justin Battleson raised an eyebrow; he took a sip of his tea and a vision of an impatient little lady, Charlotte Thompson, floated in his mind.

"Harper, wait a little longer." Oliver Hudson glance at Harper Gibson and spoke in a plain tone.

"Sorry for being late." Charlotte Thompson rushed in, originally planning to explain things to Annie Anne, but froze when her eyes met the person sitting there.

"Charlotte, you're finally here." Annie Anne quickly got up and walked towards Charlotte Thompson with a soft murmur.

"Yes, the road was blocked for a while." Charlotte Thompson said with a faint smile, pulling Annie's hand and gesturing to the Exit.

Annie Anne understood, and then turned to address the crowd.

"My friend needs to use the restroom. King Samuel, Help yourselves."

Oliver Hudson looked at Annie Anne and, noticing the unhidden joy in her eyes, he nonchalantly nodded his head.

Charlotte Thompson pulled Annie Anne into a hidden corridor and whispered a question.

"Annie, why did you suddenly want to get back together with Oliver Hudson?"

Upon hearing Charlotte's words, Annie Anne immediately began to explain.

"Actually, I..." Annie's face gradually flushed, she lowered her head, tilting it as she spoke softly.

"I've always liked him." Annie Anne seemed lost in her memories.

A layer of faint joy added to her eyes. It was so tender one couldn't help feeling sorry.

"I understand that our statuses are different, getting back together would mean facing many issues in the future, but I think..." As Annie spoke, her voice grew softer, her eyes glimmered, and her dimples deepened at the corners of her mouth.

"You want to give it another try." Charlotte Thompson understood, gently patting Annie's head sympathetically.

After a long time of not seeing her, Annie's complexion looked much rosier than before.

Not only did sorrow and despair fade from her eyes, but joy also grew on her face.

"Charlotte, eventually you'll understand. There is always someone who is worth everything. You will give everything you have to him and in exchange, you will harvest happiness and joy from this love."

Annie Anne held Charlotte Thompson's hand, her voice cheerful.

Happiness? Joy?

Charlotte Thompson looked at the smiling Annie Anne in front of her, unable to bear it.

She dared not imagine the situation - if Annie Anne regained her memory and remembered the harm she'd endured from Oliver Hudson, what could she do then?

"Annie." Charlotte's voice was tinged with a trace of bitterness and she wanted to cry, but decided to bury the secrets and questions inside her heart.

"Charlotte, why do you look like you were crying?" Annie Anne looked puzzled.

"I'm actually happy for you, it's just I heard that Oliver Hudson is a dark and scheming person. If he ever bullies you, I'll definitely sort him out."

Charlotte Thompson gripped Annie Anne's hand tightly, her beautiful eyes full of determination.

Justin Battleson smiled at the thought of how surprised Charlotte Thompson looked when she saw him.

His slender finger intermittently tapping against the table, a hint of amusement in his narrow, phoenix-like eyes.

He picked up his teacup and slowly took a sip, his lips glistening from the tea, was quite tempting.

"Huh, I didn't expect Annie Anne's friend to be Charlotte Thompson."

Adam Ross's one hand played with the lid while stirring the tea leaves in the cup.

His other hand held a slim cigarette stick, a cloud of grey smoke wafted from his thin lips; he looked at Justin Battleson through the layers of smoke and deliberately said it.

Chapter 382: Miss Thompson, What a Coincidence.

"Was that woman just now named Charlotte Thompson?" Harper Gibson paused while picking up his food.

After some thought, he eventually realized she wasn't on his list of romantic pursuits.

However, that fleeting glance did give him a rough impression of her appearance, which seemed quite pleasing.

"She looks quite attractive; should I give it a try?" Harper sipped his wine nonchalantly. Unbeknownst to him, he was met with two deathly stares.

Feeling a bit uneasy, Harper rubbed his nose and awkwardly took a few bites before shifting the conversation to Oliver Hudson.

He had wanted to ask his question earlier, but waited until Annie left the room. Now that only the four of them remained, it seemed an appropriate time to ask Oliver about it.

"Brother, why did the two of you suddenly reconcile? Let alone anything else, can you really let go of your hatred? And also..."

Harper's tone faltered, thinking of Annie's disheartening situation earlier, he unconsciously continued.

"You were so ruthless back then, nearly driving her to death. She forgave you despite your brutal past?"

Harper had noticed something unusual about Annie earlier. She seemed different from the last time he saw her.

Oliver's face suddenly turned cold, his chin tensed, a threatening gleam flashed in his eyes as he glared at Harper.

"Stop bringing up these issues in front of Annie."

Harper was momentarily at a loss for words. He heaved a sigh and continued eating his food.

Oliver sat upright, his gaze far-reaching and profound.

He skillfully added some sugar to the milk in Annie's glass, his lips pursed slightly, the words Harper had just said floated in his mind.

Forgive him?

Oliver glanced at the closed door of the private room, experiencing a ripple of emotion in his heart.

Perhaps even the heavens could not stand to see his twisted fate with Annie, so she ended up with memory impediment.

Sometimes, she would forget things.

Like forgetting the pain he once caused her, forgetting their intense confrontations in the past.

Since she could forget, why should he remain fixated on these illusory hatreds?

In the future, he merely wanted to take good care of Annie and start afresh.

He wished to rewrite their story. He believed there would be changes between them.

The door creaked open, Annie walked in with a smile, holding Charlotte's hand.

"Sorry for being late, I was having a long chat with my friend. Let me introduce you, this is my good friend, Charlotte Thompson."

Annie, unaware of the affairs between Charlotte, Justin Battleson, and Adam Ross, cheerfully introduced Charlotte to them.

Charlotte nodded at them, deliberately ignoring Justin when her gaze fell upon him.

Justin paused, his face darkened slightly.

"Charlotte, I saved a seat for you."

Coincidentally, Annie had arranged for Charlotte to sit next to Justin.

Charlotte's face showed a hint of displeasure, but for the sake of Annie, she didn't say much.

"Miss Thompson, what a coincidence," Justin Battleson said, sounding somewhat anxious.

Sweat dotted her fair forehead, highlighting her creamy complexion, her lips lightly pursed, the neckline of her clothing accentuating her elegant contours.

Her clear and bright eyes were gazing at him in silence.

Charlotte responded coldly, "Nemesis are bound to meet, what's so coincidental?"

Justin Battleson chuckled softly, handing the cup of milk next to him to Charlotte.

Unexpectedly, Charlotte poured herself a drink in her cup.

Chapter 383: It's Really a Calamitous Affinity

A hint of displeasure flashed across Justin Battleson's face as he watched Charlotte Thompson pick up the wine glass in front of her and take a deliberate sip.

The red wine accentuated the seductive appeal of her red lips.

Justin couldn't help but chuckle; he instinctively leaned in closer to Charlotte, lowering his voice.

"Charlotte, we truly are fated."

Charlotte seemed resistant to Justin's sudden intimacy. On hearing his words, she couldn't help but chuckle.

"That's some dreadful fate."

Stung by her retort, Justin's face darkened. He picked up his own glass of red wine and drained it in one gulp.

"Miss Thompson." Adam Ross slightly leaned in, his slender fingers lifting the stemmed glass, gesturing towards Charlotte across the table.

Adam deliberately ignored the icy stare of Justin, his face carrying a faint smile, looking quite warm and friendly.

Charlotte didn't refuse, she curved her lips slightly and nodded at him.

"Now that everyone is here, let me briefly explain the purpose of this banquet."

Oliver Hudson glanced at Annie Anne, who was sitting quietly in front of him. Giving her a smile, his voice was clear and crisp as he began to speak.

"Annie and I have come a long way, and we have gone through a lot. Since we need to keep moving forward, I plan to reconcile with Annie, and we will arrange an engagement in due course."

Annie blushed as she pinched Oliver's hand. Oliver looked at her and chuckled softly.

Harper Gibson swallowed some wine, wanting to say something, but Charlotte had already spoken in a crisp, cool voice.

"Deciding to get engaged hastily, Mr. Hudson really seems to have Annie's best interests at heart."

This comment was as startling as a bolt from the blue, adding a hint of tension in the private room.

Justin paused, his hand holding the wine glass, and looked at Charlotte in surprise.

She, however, continued to swirl the wine in her glass without a change of expression, her eyes full of defiance.

Oliver Hudson looked at Charlotte with slight annoyance.

This woman he had heard about from Annie - Charlotte Thompson of the Thompson Family in Ashton, a woman with a strong personality.

Just because Annie liked Charlotte's personality didn't mean he would not be disturbed by Charlotte's self-assumed wisdom.

Oliver's expression fluctuated, but nevertheless, he looked at Charlotte with a calm demeanor, his voice nonchalant.

"I have discussed this with Annie earlier. Since we have reconciled, I have also decided to take care of her for the rest of my life."

The sentiments expressed by Oliver were quite touching, but Charlotte found it laughable.

She stared at Oliver, as if wanting to tear off his genteel facade to expose his degenerate heart.

"Annie used to be in the entertainment industry. Mr. Hudson, have you thought about how to deal with online violence if Annie's fans found out that she was engaged after you suddenly announced your reconciliation?"

Charlotte spoke gently, a smirk on her lips. On hearing her words, Annie's heart skipped a beat.

Charlotte always thought things through for her, and she was very meticulous.

Annie had not yet informed her agent about reconciling with Oliver.

But if this news burst out, it would probably cause a lot of trouble.

Oliver Hudson's eyes narrowed, his thin lips emanating a hint of coldness.

He gently patted Annie's cool palm, as if comforting her and setting her mind at ease. Then, in a grave tone, he spoke again.

"Naturally, I have considered this matter. Annie is not just an actress but also my woman, Oliver Hudson's woman. No matter what happens, I will take responsibility for her. I will never let her sustain even the slightest hurt."

Chapter 384: What Do You Want to Do?

Charlotte Thompson chuckled coldly, who wouldn't be able to paint rosy pictures?

But in reality, the person who truly inflicted great harm on Annie Anne was none other than Oliver Hudson.

"Anyone can talk big, but whether they can actually follow through, I'm afraid only they themselves know the truth."

Charlotte's words were pointedly sarcastic towards Oliver Hudson.

Before Oliver Hudson could respond, Justin Battleson, who was standing beside him, could not hold back any longer.

Charlotte's pinpoint attack and attitude towards Oliver Hudson was inconsistent with how a friend should act towards another friend's boyfriend.

Justin Battleson glared at Charlotte with a grim expression. However, Charlotte seemed indifferent and continued to gaze at the wine in front of her.

Harper Gibson looked at Charlotte, who was not far away, with amusement.

Although he was a bystander to the affairs between Oliver Hudson and Annie Anne, he still knew a bit.

Even though he felt sorry for Annie Anne amidst their circle's complex network of interests, he also cared for Oliver Hudson.

But as a bystander, he wasn't in a position to say much.

However, the meaning behind Charlotte's recent words was clear; she wanted to upset Oliver Hudson.

This girl, she's really something.

"Did you discuss the engagement with your family?"

Adam Ross asked casually, breaking the silence.

Oliver Hudson didn't respond. Instead, he held Annie Anne's hand tightly.

He had made his decision and anything anyone else said was useless.

"Let's eat, let's eat. You can make your own decisions even though you called us here. It seems like you really wanted us all to enjoy some good food,"

Harper Gibson tried to defuse the situation Charlotte did not have the desire to continue, she raised her brow, a smile appearing through the haze of smoke as she looked towards Adam Ross.

Her smile instantly made Justin Battleson's face look grim, with his eyes exuding an icy chill.

Charlotte winked at Annie Anne, signaling that she was going to the restroom, Annie responded with a smile.

Charlotte stood up and walked towards the restroom.

Unexpectedly, the moment she stood, Justin Battleson downed his drink and followed her out the door.

Adam Ross, watching their retreating figures, couldn't help but smirk, a trace of amusement flashed in his eyes.

Charlotte, head down, was washing her hands. The clear water washed away the fatigue in her heart. The restroom lighting was somewhat dim but carried a warm feel.

She glanced at her wristwatch; it was getting late. If she'd known she was going to be chatting with Annie, she would've left early and not endured the discomfort of those faces.

The faint light reflected on Charlotte's face, making her vision slightly blurry.

She looked in the mirror and touched up the faded lipstick at the corner of her mouth.

Perhaps it was the dim lighting that allowed her to notice a man standing at the door.

A man in the women's restroom?

Charlotte squinted her eyes, trying to see more clearly.

But before she could utter a word, that man was already walking towards her.

Moving closer step by step, Charlotte felt a spark of unease.

She took a few steps back, but before she could say anything, she was trapped by Justin Battleson.

The sudden encroachment of a man's presence left her paralyzed. Charlotte widened her eyes; her seductive red lips appeared incredibly attractive.

Justin Battleson lowered his head, his face revealing a sense of curiosity.

His captivating eyes underneath the long lashes emitted a hint of dangerous charm.

"Justin...Justin Battleson, what are you doing?"

Charlotte, looking impatient, swiftly waved her hand, trying to free herself from Justin Battleson's hold.

But Justin Battleson held her even tighter, as if trying to meld her into himself.

"What am I doing? I would like to ask what you were trying to do at the dinner just now."

Justin Battleson's voice was low, like the deep sound of a cello gradually echoing in Charlotte's ears, making her slightly nervous.

In the dim light, the figure of Justin Battleson leaning over the large sink was magnified in Charlotte's eyes.

Chapter 385: You are really shameless.

Charlotte Thompson's eyes widened, her red lips slightly ajar, and the faint scent of rose dew emanating from her brought some tranquility to Justin Battleson's chaotic heart.

"What does it matter to Mr. Battleson what I do?"

Charlotte raised an eyebrow and spoke provocatively. Her eyes, clear and bright like a fawn's, seemed to be filled with stars beneath the light.

"Charlotte." Justin softly called her name, then chuckled lightly, the sound resonating like a pebble dropped into Charlotte's heart.

"What?" Charlotte instinctively turned her face away, looking elsewhere with some unease. Her small hand kept trying to break free from Justin's grip.

The next second, Justin forcefully turned Charlotte's face back and planted a dominant kiss on her lips.

"Mmm..."

Charlotte's eyes flew open in shock, forgetting to breathe, entirely engulfed by Justin's presence as if she was wrapped in him.

Justin tried to pry open Charlotte's teeth, the scent of the rose dew slowly melting him, like morning dew bathed in warm sunlight.

"Slap!"

Charlotte gave Justin a hefty slap. Justin's face turned to the side, visibly reddening.

Charlotte's heart trembled, and she subconsciously hid her trembling hand behind her back.

Justin rubbed the slapped part of his face and chuckled without holding himself back.

Charlotte had tears in her eyes, her lips swollen, inducing a sense of compassion in Justin's heart.

"You're utterly shameless."

Charlotte quickly turned around and started furiously rinsing her mouth with water. But no matter how thoroughly she rinsed, the mint freshness of Justin was still lingering in her mouth.

"Immoral?" said Justin in an extremely light voice, yet carrying an undertone of authority.

"I..."

Just as Justin was about to say something, he was interrupted by a voice behind him. It was Adam Ross.

"How interesting."

Justin looked at Adam with an impatient expression. However, he found Adam standing at the door with a smile, his tall and handsome figure exuding an aura of sheer elegance.

"Did not mean to interrupt." Adam said, his voice held no apology but instead contained a certain playful undertone.

Charlotte was irritated and didn't want to deal with these two men any longer.

Justin's kiss still left her feeling rattled. Now that it's over, the only feeling left was fatigue.

"I have some matters to attend to." Charlotte said in a low voice, instinctively wanting to escape from the place.

Her wrist was grabbed, and when Charlotte looked down, to her surprise, both Adam Ross and Justin Battleson each held one of her wrists.

Charlotte's eyebrows knitted tightly, sensing trouble.

"Miss Thompson, I have something to discuss. Do you have time?"

Adam was the first to speak, neither humble nor arrogant, effectively making an invitation while keeping her in control.

"Adam, we were here first. We're not done talking."

Justin didn't fall for his game, his low voice indicating his insistence on keeping Charlotte by his side.

"So it's a matter of who came first? Then again, people should ascertain what's urgent. I believe my business is more important than yours. How about this?"

Adam paused momentarily, then shifted his gaze onto Charlotte and suggested playfully.

"Why don't we let Miss Thompson decide who she wants to leave with?"

Charlotte thought for a moment. If she continued to linger with Justin, it probably wouldn't end well for her. She didn't have the strength to continue dealing with this man, so she spoke directly.

Chapter 386: Abandoning the Child

"I suppose, Mr. Ross must have something crucial to discuss with me, otherwise he wouldn't have barged into the women's restroom. Mr. Battleson, it's off work now and I don't think you have the right, as a superior, to order me to stay," she declared.

Having voiced her stance in a gentle tone, Charlotte stared at Justin whose face turned slightly grim.

Justin's expression hardened, a flash of anger passing through his eyes. He subconsciously loosened his grip on Charlotte's wrist.

Without any hesitation, Charlotte firmly pulled her hand from his grasp and followed Adam Ross out of the restroom.

Watching Charlotte leave, Justin's narrow eyes turned a shade of red and he clenched his fists tightly.

"Mr. Ross, what's the hurry?" she asked.

As soon as they exited the restroom, Charlotte pulled her wrist away from Adam's grip. She faced him with a calm expression and asked.

No one knew whether Adam's appearance was premeditated or spontaneous, but she was not in the mood to dawdle with him at the moment.

"Miss Thompson, shouldn't you thank me?" Adam asked lightly, his tone slightly triumphant as if he was proud of rescuing her from Justin's clutches.

"Hmm?" Charlotte seemed to hesitate. She pondered for a moment before sincerely uttering a word of thanks.

Adam smiled and his face relaxed. Leaning against the marble wall, he tilted his head upwards, the contours of his face growing clearer. He eyed Charlotte before speaking in a soft voice.

"Miss Thompson, surely you don't plan on adopting children for everyone, do you?"

"What?" Charlotte frowned, her heart pounding alarmingly. She understood what Adam meant, but she refused to admit it.

"That's right, there's no need for Miss Thompson to thank me. I should be the one thanking Miss Thompson for taking care of my child," Adam continued, deciding to cut to the chase. He knew Charlotte was astute and had come here today with the intention of discussing the issue of custody.

"I don't know what Mr. Ross is talking about," Charlotte retorted, masking her displeasure with an expression of innocence.

Her eyes lit up with amusement and she smiled radiantly at Adam, momentarily captivating him.

"Miss Thompson is so smart, why wouldn't she understand what I meant?"

"Why don't I put it this way. Thanks to Miss Thompson taking care of them, two Ross children receive the care that they need."

"However, I now need to take back those two children. It's not only my responsibility as a father, but also the responsibility of the head of the Ross family." Adam asserted seriously.

"Huh..." Charlotte scoffed, rage flickering in her eyes as she gazed at Adam. Her words were laced with frost as she retorted,

"Mr. Ross, you really have a sense of humor. Wanting their custody now? Why did you abandon them in the first place if you knew this day would come? What's the point of wanting their custody if you could abandon them initially?"

Charlotte retaliated without a hint of her emotions. She had known all along that Adam would eventually confront her about this.

But things had changed and she absolutely wasn't going to hand over the children to Adam without a fight.

She couldn't count on a father who couldn't even take care of his children.

Adam, anticipating Charlotte's willingness, gave a small smile.

Chapter 387: I am the biological father of the child

"Miss Thompson, I think you misunderstand."

Adam Ross retracted his indolent posture, and looked at Charlotte Thompson earnestly, a sense of determination adding to his resolute features.

"Misunderstand?" Charlotte raised her lip slightly, the indifference in her eyes clear. She casually looked at the man in front of her, the slight annoyance concealed within her eyes framed by a soft mist.

"Mr. Ross may not be aware, I always believe what I see with my own eyes. I am curious, what reasons drive Mr. Ross to persistently want to regain the custody rights?"

Within a few words, Charlotte had deftly turned the conversation back onto Adam Ross, her tone icy as she addressed him.

Upon hearing her words, Adam Ross altered his normally careless demeanor, his eyes filled with melancholy.

"I..." His voice faltered a moment, sadness etched upon his brow, slight redness apparent in his narrow, attractive eyes. He seemed very fatigued.

"I can explain this." The hand hanging by his side clenched slightly.

He looked down at Charlotte, the gaze in his eyes intense.

"Explain?" Curiosity sparked in Charlotte's eyes.

She raised her eyebrows to meet Adam's thoughtful gaze, her clear and bright eyes filled with disdain.

"Perhaps Mr. Ross should spare himself the effort, I am very tired today, and I do not wish to hear any more lengthy speeches from Mr. Ross. Anyone can tell a story, but the listener is not in the mood for one today."

Charlotte forcefully shook Adam's arm off her and walked forward, her face filled with irritation.

Adam Ross stretched his long legs and within a few strides had managed to block Charlotte's path.

He swiftly grabbed Charlotte's arm, his voice clear and cool as he spoke.

"Miss Thompson, I was unaware of the existence of those two children."

Charlotte froze, his words echoing in her heart like a thunderbolt.

Dazed, she looked up at Adam Ross, his eyes appeared subdued, his normally distinct features now had an added depth of thoughtfulness.

"What do you mean, Mr. Ross?" Charlotte frowned, clearly baffled by his words, her face filled with doubt.

"I wasn't aware of the existence of those two children initially. The Thompson Family is a prestigious family and, like all families, it has internal disputes. At first, I thought they were dead."

Adam Ross paused, his face filled with grief. His gaze faltered, the usual indifference replaced with a touch of humanity.

He let out a sigh and continued in a soft voice that carried traces of regret. He touched his eye as memories unfurled.

"I had arranged for someone to take care of them, but I lost contact with that person. All this while, I've been trying to find them, hoping to find them as soon as possible."

"I am their biological father, bound by the strong bonds of kinship. They mean the world to me, so I will not give up on them. Miss Thompson, can you believe me?"

The man's voice was very low, almost pleading. Charlotte had never seen Adam Ross like this before.

In her eyes, Adam Ross was indifferent and detached, never letting anyone or anything affect him, as if he was a god immune to worldly matters.

But now, Charlotte looked at him intently, his once hawk-like eyes now bloodshot.

He seemed very tired, his thin lips pressed tightly together with a hint of stubble on them.

His brows furrowed, his rugged face now seemed less stern and more gentle.

Chapter 388: Best of Both Worlds

"So, what does Mr. Ross mean by that?"

Charlotte was rendered speechless, her voice tinged with unease. His words had somewhat affected her.

She lifted her eyes to look at Adam Ross. The dim lighting cast fluctuating shadows across his face, his gaze somber.

"Just as Miss Thompson has in mind, if Miss Thompson is willing to do me this favor, I hope she can return the custody of the child to me."

Adam Ross appeared calm. He was looking intently at Charlotte, who was not showing the disdain she was earlier. Instead, she now looked somewhat relieved.

"Mr. Ross, it's simply your word against mine for now. However, I can arrange for you to visit the children,"

"Really?" Adam Ross seemed barely able to believe it, his voice filled with surprise, as if he had not anticipated such a straightforward agreement from Charlotte.

"Mr. Ross, to be honest, I initially didn't think you were a good father. But what you just said made me think maybe I was wrong. If you want to see your children, I can arrange that."

Charlotte said faintly, raising her eyes to look at the man in front of her.

Upon hearing her words, the distress on his face was immediately replaced by relief.

With a smile in his eyes, he reached out, unable to resist grasping Charlotte's hand.

The sudden warmth from his cool hand caught Charlotte off guard.

She reflexively withdrew her hand, a faint, unnatural smile flickered across her face.

Her voice was faint, her expression composed.

Adam Ross' reaction left her no choice but to confirm his genuine concern for the children.

"Thank you, Charlotte, thank you."

It was rare for Adam Ross to show such emotion in public.

He sighed, seemingly surprised that Charlotte would give him this opportunity.

A hint of amusement flashed through Charlotte's eyes. She pursed her lips slightly.

In the dim light, she seemed to see a mischievous smile on Adam Ross's face.

But it was only momentarily, Charlotte blinked, trying to see him more clearly, only to find that the grateful look was all that remained on Adam Ross's face.

"Let's do this, Mr. Ross, I will get the children's opinions, and once we've determined the time and place, I'll let you know, okay?"

Charlotte was exhausted, her voice light and soft.

"Of course, as you know, if you're willing, you can always be the mother of the kids," Adam Ross's face showed consideration, he seemed very pleased with Charlotte's current attitude.

As if she'd given him another chance to get close to the kids.

"We'll see," Charlotte responded lazily, her smiling face somewhat distant. She was ready to leave.

"Would you like me to see you home?"

Adam Ross asked with a smile. He turned towards her making it look as if he was embracing her from others' point of view.

"Hmm?" Charlotte felt a little uneasy about Adam Ross's sudden overture. She smiled, shook her head.

Feeling somewhat unsettled by Adam Ross's sudden change of attitude, Charlotte was not used to.

Then, she heard Adam Ross chuckle under his breath, "Actually, there's no need for all the hassle. I have a perfect solution."

Adam Ross grinned mysteriously, which aroused Charlotte's vigilance.

"Oh? Mr. Ross, do you have some other plan?"

"Of course," Adam Ross said with a smirk. "We could be together. I would be the children's daddy, and you their mommy. That sounds perfect to me. Why not?"

Chapter 389: Do You Take Me for a Fool?

Upon hearing Adam Ross's words that are laced with a hint of humor yet solemn undertones, Charlotte Thompson's eyes dramatically widened, and she stumbled back a step.

Her back collided unexpectedly with the wall, the cold sensation seeping into her from the stone surface. Almost instinctively, she raised her voice in denial.

"Shameless!"

"Adam Ross! Do you even know what you're saying?"

The soundproofing in the safe corridor was excellent, and not a sound from outside could be heard, so Charlotte didn't need to worry about eavesdroppers.

As her words fell, silence filled the room, so quiet that you could hear the sound of breathing.

Charlotte glared fiercely at the man, her furrowed brows adding an air of innocence to her otherwise elegant demeanor.

In contrast, he merely raised an eyebrow upon hearing her words, a slight smirk playing at the corners of his mouth at her irritated appearance.

He advanced a step closer, cornering Charlotte.

Startled, she instinctively stepped back further, but was met with the harsh reality of the wall; there was nowhere left to run.

In an effortless move, Adam Ross secured her in his hold. Their faces were so close that they could see every small fuzz on each other's faces.

Stunned for a moment, Charlotte instinctively turned her head away. Her hands were pinned, and her attempts to free herself were fruitless.

She gritted her teeth, her voice trembling slightly, "Adam Ross, mind your manners."

"Manners?"

Adam Ross leaned in closer, his gaze, teasing and invasive, swept slowly over the length of her delicate neck.

He chuckled lightly, "How interesting. This is the first time someone has told me to mind my manners."

Pausing for a moment, he suddenly looked up at the woman in front of him.

The beauty of her profile was just inches away from his face, her fair cheek appeared flawlessly delicate.

The silence in the room was deafening as Adam Ross slowly spoke.

"But Miss Thompson, surely you know, these manners are defined by people."

Adam Ross stood up straight without loosening his grip, and a wave of pain surged from her wrist.

Charlotte looked expressionlessly at her own wrist.

The now harshly red skin on her fair wrist was alarming.

Turning her head, her eyes met his amused gaze and she maintained her poker face.

"Adam Ross, you didn't invite me here for a debate, did you?"

Adam Ross did not respond, his deep black eyes hid emotions too complex for others to understand.

She held his gaze, her expression unyielding.

She almost forgot who this man was.

Adam Ross, the young master of the Ross family, once played the top executives of Ross Group's side branch like a fiddle, and made a name for himself in the business world at a young age.

As the Ross family underwent a major reshuffle, amidst the whirlwind of family feuds, the position of young master Adam Ross, not yet thirty, remained unshakeable.

Adam Ross walked away from the business battlefield seasoned with battles and soaked in blood, his decisiveness and ruthlessness unmatched.

Such a man, could he truly be trapped by love?

The answer is no.

Or perhaps in Charlotte's heart, Adam Ross never fit the image of a sentimental person.

For him, feelings cannot be eaten as a meal, they are real obstacles.

Charlotte's eyes were cold and clear. She suddenly curled her lips into a smile. Her voice was warm, but brought with it a hint of iciness.

"Adam Ross, you must take me for a fool."

She smiled as she struggled to free her hand, Adam Ross slightly raised an eyebrow, and his grip on her finally loosened.

Charlotte pulled her hand away, gently massaging the red swelling on her wrist, her face remained unruffled.

Chapter 390: Marry Me

After a few seconds, Charlotte Thompson looked up at the man across from her, gently parting her red lips.

"Adam Ross, you've always sat back and enjoyed this farce. Why are you compelled to get involved only now?"

The real victor is one who has a clear grasp of the entire situation, effortlessly retreating after achieving their goal.

With no hint of concern, Adam shrugged, "Miss Thompson, you seem to have always been prejudiced against me. Going back to our discussion earlier, since both children were raised by you and I am their biological father, it seems only rational for us to embrace this decision."

"Marry me."

He extended his arms slightly, as if to embrace her, but hesitated.

With his back against the light, a perfectly placed shadow spread beneath his eyebrows due to the dim light, giving him an air of increasing mystery.

Charlotte crossed her arms and gazed at him with a cold stare. After a long while, she spoke slowly and decisively.

"Adam Ross, I can't believe how similar you are to Justin Battleson in thinking you are inherently superior, with the same shamelessness."

At her words, Adam showed no annoyance. Standing there, a hint of amusement crossed his face, an amusement that comes from the anticipation of a sure victory, from the pleasure of watching prey struggle like a fool in the dark.

"Miss Thompson, you judge one-sidedly. Get to know me better before making your final judgment." He grinned and leaned in slightly, "Like, for instance, marry me."

Charlotte gave a slight smirk.

She clearly knew what Adam was after.

Leaning back slightly, her eyes, filled with cunning yet pure brilliance, narrowed into slits.

However, the next second, she swiftly raised her hand, delivering a resounding slap that echoed in the restroom.

Smiling at Adam's rare look of astonishment, she said casually, "Mr. Ross, as an employee of Riley Group, I've heard you're a friend of our boss. I'm going to take liberties now and wake you up on his behalf. The method might seem aggressive, but it's effective, right?"

Charlotte tilted her head, revealing an innocent smile like a child, "I trust that Mr. Ross won't hold this against me."

A few seconds later, she glanced at her wristwatch and exclaimed, "Oh, I'm so sorry, Mr. Ross. It's late, I need to get back and get my beauty sleep."

She started to walk away before Adam could react, her high heels clacking on the restroom floor.

Only after the sound had faded completely did Adam snap back to reality. He raised his hand and touched his stinging cheek, a flash of depth in his eyes, a slow smile curving up the corners of his mouth.

He chuckled softly and murmured to himself, "No wonder Justin Battleson set his sights on her."

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The sky had completely darkened, with a few intermittently glowing stars dotting the night sky. The cool breeze brushed against Charlotte's bare arms, but she didn't feel the cold.

After a few minutes, a black Rolls Royce pulled up in front of her. Jack Bryant rolled down the window and said with a smile, "Miss Thompson, get in the car."

Charlotte nodded slightly, opened the passenger door, and got in.

As the car started, she leaned her head against the car door. With the window halfway down, she caught the captivating night view of the city outside.

In many parts of this city, their stories of love and hate, affection and resentment were still being played out.