

Spoiled 521

Chapter 521: Solved Another One

Entering the living room, Charlotte Thompson watched as Justin Battleson was practically inseparable from Grace Thompson, and could not help but say in exasperation, "It's getting late, aren't you going to head back home?"

Hearing this, he lifted his gaze to her, a flicker of surprise flashing in his eyes: "Did Adam leave already?"

Charlotte nodded noncommittally in response.

However, Justin did not ponder on it for long. Lifting a single brow indifferently, he said, "I'm not leaving. Grace wants me to tell her stories."

Hearing this, Grace who was cradled in his arms, looked at him with a clueless expression. Just as she was about to say something, she caught her father shoot her a covert wink.

Grace glanced at Charlotte then at Justin, her intelligent little mind finally catching on. She laughed, patting Justin's arm heartily as she told Charlotte, "Yeah, Mommy, I still want to hear so many more stories."

A hint of a smile tugged at Charlotte's lips. Unable to bear exposing their charade, she proceeded straight to the kitchen instead.

The pot still held the soup she had painstakingly prepared as well as the individually packed dishes. Even though Henry Hudson's injury was slowly healing, his nutrition naturally needed to keep pace.

Serving the soup and packing it away, she gathered the meal boxes into a bag. Once she had made certain there would be no spills, she picked up the bag ready to head out.

With sharp eyes, Justin observed her actions and asked, "Where are you going?"

Upon hearing this, Charlotte paused, "To the hospital."

"Is it for Annie Anne's visit?" Standing up, Justin quickly walked over to Charlotte, effortlessly taking the bag from her hands, "I'll drive you."

Charlotte sighed, resigned to her fate and calmly clarified, "I'm going to see Henry."

At her words, Justin visibly froze. Yet, he quickly smothered the momentary discomfort flicking through his eyes. Swallowing down whatever misgivings he had, he carried the bag and stubbornly opened the door, "Let's go."

Charlotte eyed Justin step out first. She gave instructions to the children and then followed him out.

Justin had already reached the bottom of the stairs. Seeing Charlotte slowly descending, he pulled open the passenger door for her considerately. However, Charlotte frowned and laughed, "Mr. Battleson, it's inappropriate for me to sit in the front, isn't it?"

Hearing her words, he retorted with a playful smile, "How is it inappropriate? Sooner or later, you're bound to sit here."

The mention of 'future' left Charlotte with a complex surge of emotions. She gave Justin a deep look and finally boarded the passenger seat without further fuss.

They embarked in silence. As if remembering something, Justin suddenly asked, "What did you say to Adam?"

Hearing him, Charlotte leaned lazily against the car window and replied, "It's none of your business."

Justin didn't seem annoyed. A mysterious light flickered in his eyes and then he dropped a bombshell with, "Did you reject him?"

His lips turned up slightly, a hint of playfulness teasing his smile, he continued softly, "I'm a few years older than Adam, and I've watched him grow up. Therefore, I know, he is not the type to accept defeat willingly."

Otherwise, how did Adam Ross get to where he was today?

Only because he refused to back down, never giving up, even if he became the target of many, he always managed to survive within those cracks.

Hearing this, Charlotte glanced at him, slightly taken aback. Realizing she couldn't keep it from him, she cleared her throat and confessed what she had just spoken about with Adam.

Her frank and honest words raised no suspicions in Justin, who simply nodded thoughtfully and said no more.

Enjoying the peace, Charlotte closed her eyes, pretending to rest.

Out of her sight, a faint smile curled on the lips of the man behind the wheel.

Another one dealt with.

Chapter 522: Visit

By the time they arrived at the hospital, darkness had fully set in. Charlotte Thompson yawned, blinking away sleep, and when she turned her head, she met the man's playful gaze.

She rubbed the corners of her eyes, picked up her stuff, and got out of the car. As if remembering something, she looked back at him with a sly flash in her eyes, "Aren't you coming upstairs with me?"

Justin Battleson, who couldn't even bother to get out of the car, paused, looking at Charlotte Thompson with surprise. Then, raising an eyebrow, he thought for a few seconds and replied, "Well, if you want me to come with you, who am I to decline your invitation?"

His expression was teasing, with an ironic half-smile as he made a show of getting out of the car.

Charlotte quickly cut him off, "Never mind, just wait here."

If he truly accompanied her upstairs, who knows what trouble he might cause for Henry Hudson.

Justin crossed his arms and watched as she headed towards the hospital with her things, only sighing softly once she was out of sight, a complex emotion flickering in his eyes.

Outside the ward, Charlotte changed hands to carry the bag, freeing her other hand to knock on the door.

Before she could knock, a few suppressed coughs sounded from inside.

At the noise, Charlotte pushed the door open and entered.

Henry was at the bedside table pouring water, a thin layer of fog on the glass cup. The hand holding the kettle was trembling slightly.

Charlotte quickly set down the items in her hands, rushed forward, and helped Henry put the kettle down. Then she wiped the water that had accidentally splashed onto the bedside table with a tissue.

She cooled the cup by blowing on it a few times, and only handed it over to Henry when it was not too hot to touch.

The man accepted it with a soft laugh, "Thank you."

"It's nothing." Charlotte helped him sit down, her eyes gleaming, her voice filled with obvious excitement, "How have you been feeling these past few days?"

Henry gave her a warm look, and chuckled, "I'm recovering quickly. I've regained my mobility today. It's hard to imagine how not too long ago, I needed a crutch and wheelchair to go anywhere."

At his words, Charlotte felt a surge of genuine happiness.

Suddenly remembering something, she stood up, opened the bag and took out the still warm food. After carefully opening each box, she handed Henry the chopsticks, saying with a smile, "Henry, I've moved today. This meal is specially prepared for the housewarming. Let's eat before it gets cold."

She set up the foldable table to make it easier for Henry to eat.

As soon as she finished speaking, Henry stared for a few seconds, then a surprised smile appeared in his eyes, "So soon... But it's good, it saves future trouble."

With that, he set the warm cup on the table, picked up his chopsticks, and started eating.

After swallowing his first bite, his eyes brightened, and facing Charlotte's expectant gaze he praised, "Charlotte, you've indeed made a name for yourself in design, but I never imagined your cooking would be equally remarkable."

Charlotte rubbed her nose shyly after hearing his words, "My culinary skills are barely passable."

She served a bowl of soup in front of Henry and said with a smile, "You must've been eating too plainly recently. I consulted with your doctor this morning, and you can now eat whatever you like. Drink more soup to replenish your energy."

Hudson accepted graciously, finishing his meal with Charlotte's incessant chattering in the background.

Chapter 523: Never Seen Such a Charlotte Thompson

Henry Hudson put down his chopsticks, an unintentional glance out the window caught his eye. It wasn't completely dark yet, the dim nightfall faintly painted the entire sky, the horizon was adorned with misty clouds, it was beautiful.

After cleaning the table, Charlotte Thompson heard Henry say unexpectedly, "Charlotte, let's take a walk."

Upon hearing his words, a slight surprise crossed her face. She followed his gaze to the outside and slightly grinned, nodding in agreement.

Elsewhere, outside the hospital.

The man leaned back in the driver's seat. Despite the cool weather, he was feeling inexplicably irritable.

He tried to calm down his mood. Justin Battleson looked at his wristwatch, his attractive eyebrows slightly furrowed.

Charlotte Thompson had been inside for nearly an hour now.

Was delivering a meal supposed to take this long?

Especially when he was waiting for her outside.

A lingering uncomfortable feeling arose within him. He clenched his fists, the knuckles turning a shade whiter.

With half-lidded eyes, Justin Battleson emanated a deep and profound light, as if making a certain decision. He got out of the car and stepped into the hospital.

The dusk hadn't fully settled, yet the lights in the hospital had begun to flicker on. The warm yellow light reflecting off the off-white floor was strangely pleasing to the eyes.

The corridor was incredibly spacious. Every now and then, patients would emerge for a casual stroll. The soft footsteps were particularly evident in the quiet air.

Justin Battleson stepped into the elevator, pressed the button for the floor he needed. Before long, he was at Henry Hudson's room.

The hallway was still eerily quiet. Justin Battleson stepped out of the elevator, facing the room placard and partially ajar door.

It was indeed the right room.

Justin Battleson furrowed his brows slightly.

The room was dark, devoid of any voices.

He advanced with quick strides, pushed the door ajar and scoped the room, confirming that there was no one around.

From behind came the silent sound of footsteps. He turned his head around.

A nurse, carrying a tray of medicine, passed by him.

"Miss nurse." Justin Battleson spoke with a tinge of urgency in his voice, "Do you know where the patient from bed 34 went?"

Upon hearing his question, the nurse turned her head thoughtfully. After a few seconds, she seemed to understand, "Are you talking about Mr. Hudson? I saw a young girl helping him towards the garden."

"The garden..."

He muttered to himself, quickly realising, and then with a bitter smile, stated, "I understand, Thank you."

With that, he immediately turned around and headed downstairs.

They seemed to be at leisure, taking a stroll in the garden at such an hour.

There was indeed a garden within the hospital premises, for the patients to get some sunlight and take a walk.

Already familiar with the path, a few minutes later after taking a few turns, Justin Battleson stopped at the entrance. He looked up and his sight landed on the scene before him causing his pupils to shrink abruptly.

From where he stood, he was able to clearly see not more than ten meters away, in the centre of blooming flowers, Charlotte Thompson with a gentle smile on her face, carefully assisting a man in his walk. Her eyes curved in joy, filled with an unbelievable tenderness.

Justin Battleson had never seen this side of Charlotte Thompson.

Though he was a little distance apart and couldn't hear what was being said, he could hear Charlotte's laughter. Each laugh, each moment was a harsh reminder to his eyes. His hands clenched as they hung by his side. He looked away, closing his eyes.

His eyelashes cast a shadow playing a melancholic pattern below his eyes. His expression couldn't be seen clearly.

He paused for a moment, took a deep breath, and turned away.

The loneliness and desolation in his departing figure were overwhelming.

Chapter 524: What's Wrong with You?

The sky had completely darkened, shadows of the night thickly rolling in. The comfortable evening breeze now carried a trace of chilliness, causing Charlotte Thompson to pull her thin coat closer to her, her right hand gently supporting Henry Hudson.

Henry was already able to move freely, but he hadn't walked this much in a long time, thus his legs were naturally feeling a bit sore. He thus slightly leaned towards Charlotte, looking for a slightly comfortable walking posture.

Charlotte wrinkled her nose, looking at the garden lamps that were gradually lighting up, gently spoke, "It's late, Henry, let's head back."

Upon hearing this, he slightly turned his head. His face could not be seen clearly in the backlight, he nodded, lifted his foot and agreed, "Let's go."

After helping Henry into his sickroom, Charlotte only felt at ease after seeing him lying in bed. She turned off the light on her way out, quietly shutting the sickroom door.

The recovery of Henry's health was, without a doubt, the best news she received recently.

The gloomy cloud in her heart was swept away, making her steps lighten as she descended the staircase. A smile tugged at her lips, bouncing out of the sickroom door.

Not too far away, a black Rolls-Royce quietly parked. The streetlight spilled a clear moonlike glow onto the road.

A man half-leaned against the car, a cigarette tucked between his index and middle finger, his upright figure seemed inexplicably desolate.

Charlotte's steps slowed down, she touched her nose in surprise and questioned, "Why haven't you left yet?"

Hearing this, she glanced at the man's downcast eyes, her hand that was hanging by her side was nervously gripping her skirt. She carefully asked, "Have you been waiting for me here the whole time?"

Charlotte was clearly aware of how long she had been away and had planned to call Jack Bryant while coming downstairs.

But to her surprise, Justin Battleson had stubbornly waited till now.

This was indeed surprising.

This was unexpected.

He turned his head to look at Charlotte, his eyes were complicated, periodically flashing a spark, and his lips were tightly pressed together.

He was acting stubborn like a child.

His gaze was complex. He opened his mouth to speak but in the end, only sighed. He said quietly, "Get in the car, I'll take you home."

Charlotte, pursed her lips and then got in the car.

The car quickly started and left the spot. During the ride, both remained silent, neither attempting to break the tranquillity in the air.

Charlotte wound down the car window, glanced at the bustling night scene outside, she contemplated for a few seconds before cautiously asking.

"What's the matter?"

The man kept his eyes on the road, but Charlotte could still clearly feel a drop in the pressure around her.

It seemed he was suppressing some uncontrollable emotions.

On hearing Charlotte, Justin's gaze lowered. His hand, which was on the steering wheel, gradually tightened, veins popping on the back of his hand.

But that only lasted for a few seconds, he managed to hide the complex emotions in his eyes and remained silent.

The scene of the two supporting each other and walking in the garden repeatedly played in his mind at a slower pace.

Seeing that Justin had no intention of speaking, Charlotte turned her head and fell silent again. Then, the eerie and elongated silence returned, broken only by the rustling wind.

Charlotte leaned back, feeling a bit confused.

Was she actually concerned about Justin Battleson?

She exhaled a hot breath, irritated. She was even surprised by her own question to herself moments ago.

Chapter 525: Not Going Home Until Drunk

Outside the apartment, the car slowed to a halt. Charlotte Thompson pursed her lips and glanced at the man in the driver's seat. Her mouth opened slightly.

"Thank you."

The man nodded slightly, watching as she unbuckled her seatbelt and got out of the car.

The wind stirred Charlotte's clothing. She raised her hand to smooth her coat, nodded slightly and stood in place for a while, until the car completely disappeared from sight.

Somehow, Charlotte found herself sighing and her eyes welled up with complex emotions. After a long pause, she turned and walked toward her apartment building.

On the other side, Justin Battleson floored the accelerator but didn't head towards his mansion, instead he headed straight to the bar.

The bar was noisy with a crowd of people, numerous men and women were shaking their bodies on the dance floor. In this moment, all that existed in this world of glaring lights and vivid colours was pure madness.

Justin sat on a sofa, in front it was filled with alcohol. He nodded slightly, his eyes looked contemplative, like a hawk prowling in the dark.

His eyes slightly darkened and his slender fingers gently brushed a wine glass. It felt as if he was trying to trace the exquisite pattern on it.

A shadow suddenly enveloped him from the front. He paused, instinctively looking up.

A familiar face was standing before him.

Justin withdrew his gaze and watched as the man sat across from him. "What brings you here?" he asked.

"Are you pretending not to know, big bro?" Adam Ross let out a self-deprecating chuckle as he took a gulp of his drink, "But I must admit, I'm quite surprised to see you here."

Justin Battleson remained silent.

"Something's definitely wrong with you," Adam remarked, a hint of mockery in his voice, "Let me guess... are you out of the game too?"

Setting his glass on the table, he teased, "Care to share?"

At these words, Justin finally reacted. He threw back his head and drank deeply, the spicy liquor burning his throat, giving him a rush of exhilaration.

Adam frowned slightly, stepped forward, and snatched the glass from his hand, clearly irritated. "You're going to drink yourself to death at this rate."

As Adam spoke, a glimmer of confusion appeared in Justin's eyes, followed by a bitter smile. "After you left, she and I went to the hospital."

Neither of them mentioned Charlotte's name, yet both understood who was being referred to. Perhaps, it was an intuitive connection fostered over years of friendship and shared experiences.

Adam raised an eyebrow, asking, "And then?"

"I saw her and Henry Hudson taking a walk in the garden." Justin paused and gave a bitter smile. "They were so close to each other. It was a scene I'd always dreamed of sharing with her. It looked so perfect, but I had to admit, that man she was with... wasn't me."

Already slightly drunk, he murmured, "Adam, tell me, what should I do?"

Every time he thought of the scene he had witnessed, his heart ached as if it was being cruelly squeezed by an invisible force, so much that he could barely breathe.

After hearing this, Adam remained unusually silent for a few seconds.

After a while, he looked at Justin's dispirited figure, his eyes full of complex emotions.

"You're drunk."

At this remark, the latter laughed bitterly and shook his head. "I've never been more sober than I am now."

Adam let out a deep sigh, curled the corners of his lips into a smile and said, "Seems like we are both in the same boat tonight."

He raised his glass towards Justin and said, "Big bro, let's escape from reality for now. Tonight, we drink until we drop."

Justin half-closed his eyes to look at him, and suddenly laughed. He picked up his glass to clink with Adam's, and chuckled.

"Drink till dawn."

Chapter 526: Techniques of Fish Farming

They both gulped down a glass of booze after clinking them together. Their eyes met, showing similar defiance and unhidden ambitions.

No one noticed the glances coming from the neighboring table.

"Hey, look at those two men over there, they look familiar." one woman said, grabbing the hand of the woman standing next to her, her glance filled with meaning as she watched Adam Ross and Justin Battleson having a drink.

Hearing this, the standing woman slinked down into her seat and followed the other's gaze. After a few seconds, a smirk formed on her heavily made-up face—a hint of intrigue playing on her lips.

She hooked her finger, picked up her phone.

The woman sitting next to her leaned in and asked, "What's up?"

"A sensational piece of gossip." After a few clicks, she inspected the photos in her gallery and leisurely started typing, posting it online. She tossed her phone on the table and faced the other woman, letting out a seductive laugh, "What's the world coming to? That's love rivals getting along quite well. Smart move."

The other woman understood her intentions and let out a chuckle, taking out her phone to scroll through.

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Back at the apartment, Charlotte Thompson had settled down for the night after the kids had fallen asleep, but she was restless. She grabbed her phone and unlocked it.

As soon as she did, she saw that her notification bar was overflowing with news from the trending section.

A nagging feeling crept into her mind, Charlotte raised an eyebrow and checked the trending news.

The top story was a long post with several accompanying photos.

Charlotte squinted and read the post; then, with a start, she sat up in bed.

"Ran into two handsome men at the bar today. If my guesses are correct, we all should know their relationships. Have to say, for being two fish in the BH pond able to live harmoniously and even drink together, BH's fish breeding technique is really clever. Why not start an online course and let us all learn? Oh, and Evelyn Curtis, who is currently missing, probably doesn't know her fiancé is being kept as a spare by someone."

There were a couple of smiling emojis at the end, each word dripping with irony, and a clear reference to Evelyn Curtis.

The number of comments had skyrocketed at an alarming speed.

"I can't understand the habits of the rich, a woman playing with two men."

"I agree with the poster, if BH actually starts a course, I would pay big money to attend!"

"What a shame, two heartthrobs of the city being kept on the hook, huh?"

Netizens were astonished, they typed away at their keyboards expressing their shock.

Charlotte's face darkened slightly; she clicked on the photo and immediately recognized the two men.

As she had expected, it was indeed Adam Ross and Justin Battleson.

Her heart skipped a beat. That 'BH' in the post stood for her.

BH, short for Charlotte.

But more than that, what bothered Charlotte was that within an hour of leaving, Justin Battleson went to a bar to drink.

And also that Adam Ross was there too.

This happened when the two gentlemen got together.

Charlotte sucked in a breath, preventing the risk of a heart attack, she scrolled through the contacts and found Justin Battleson's number.

What's that saying again?

'You could be minding your own business, but trouble will still find you.'

Chapter 527: You're Not Like You Used to Be

The phone started to ring and was answered in a matter of seconds.

Charlotte Thompson pressed her brow gently, got up from the bed with her phone, poured herself a glass of water, and walked to the balcony.

It was late at night now, with a slit open in the window. A chilly breeze blew in, bringing a touch of sober coolness.

Charlotte Thompson nodded slightly, there was no sound on the phone, she tentatively spoke: "Justin Battleson?"

Only after a few seconds, a somewhat hoarse word came from the other side.

"Hmm?"

Charlotte Thompson sighed slightly and said, "Are you in a bar?"

On the other side, Justin Battleson was caressing the half-empty glass in his hand. After hearing her question, he was slightly stunned and asked, "How did you know?"

Charlotte Thompson took a sip of water, moistening her throat, her eyes showing a clear tiredness.

She had been house hunting and moving all day today, and she also had to squeeze time to run between Annie Anne and Henry Hudson's hospitals.

After all the hustle and bustle, her body was about to fall apart.

She rubbed her eyes, with a tired voice said, "You guys have been photographed, causing a storm on the Internet, even involving me. If it's convenient for you, handle the news."

Although the usage of the word "involving" sounded a bit odd, she didn't want to gloss it over with any other tone words.

Indeed, she was originally staying away from it all. It was their repeated so-called liking that kept dragging her into the whirlpool, even affecting her personal life.

When her words fell, Justin Battleson's somewhat fuzzy eyes finally cleared up a bit. He leaned back and frowned, responding in a low voice.

After hanging up the phone, he lowered his head to check the news, his own gossip had actually topped the trending list.

Adam Ross, who was on the other side, also heard it. He raised his eyebrows in surprise, and then teased, "Are you going to clarify?"

Hearing this, Justin Battleson looked at him like an idiot and asked, "Or what?"

"I'm curious about how you're going to clarify." Adam Ross took a sip of his drink, becoming a bit drunk, "The thing about being rivals in love, is indeed true."

To put it bluntly, they are both rivals who have been dumped.

Justin Battleson was also getting drunk. He created a Weibo account. While editing the Weibo post, he typed for a while. After several minutes, he squinted his eyes and clicked send.

At the same time, Adam Ross also saw the clarifying Weibo post he sent out.

After watching for a few seconds, he suddenly laughed out loud, looking at Justin Battleson on the other side who was continuously pouring down drinks.

"You're drunk."

Then, meeting the man's bewildered gaze, it was fleeting, he chuckled bitterly, "You have said this before."

As his words fell, Adam Ross glanced one last time at the more explosive Weibo post sent by Justin Battleson, then turned off his phone, raising an eyebrow.

"If you're not drunk, then you must be crazy." Adam Ross gave a faint laugh, "This Weibo post, it doesn't suit your style."

Previously, Justin Battleson never dragged things out when dealing with issues, there were only two steps for him to deal with viral news.

One, suppress the trend.

Two, withdraw the news.

But now, he bothers to open his Weibo account which he hasn't used in centuries, even went to the extent of registering an account, himself, to post a long statement for clarification.

Not to mention the content of his post, just this act alone made Adam Ross a bit confused about him.

Justin Battleson didn't speak, he was silently drinking.

Adam Ross squinted his eyes slightly and muttered, "Justin Battleson, you're nothing like the old you."

Who this sentence was for, nobody knew.

The man on the opposite side paused briefly while holding his glass, with a thin line for a lip, soon after, he closed his eyes and laughed.

"So what?"

Chapter 528: Stand up Against Injustice

On the other end, Charlotte Thompson hadn't even put down her mobile phone when she felt it vibrating like crazy.

A sense of foreboding, even more ominous than before, arose from the depths of her heart.

She moved her fingers and clicked on the latest news notification.

A user verified as Justin Battleson had posted a lengthy clarification.

"As everyone can see, Adam Ross and I are not only brothers, but also rivals in love pursuing Miss Thompson. However, everyone is mistaken. Miss Thompson has never engaged in the so-called 'playing the field' behavior that is rumored. Only after both of us were rejected did we drink together, insisting on getting drunk."

In the comments section, almost everyone was mentioning Charlotte Thompson, accompanying their comments with far nastier words than before.

"@Charlotte Thompson, can't you see? He is still speaking up for you. Don't you feel any guilt?"

"Wow, I am really jaw-dropped. For the first time, I see Mr. Battleson posting on social media, and it's to clarify things for a woman. If possible, please give me lessons on how to make other men do this for me @Charlotte Thompson @Charlotte Thompson @Charlotte Thompson."

The Internet was blown up, and more shockingly, some users had clipped screenshots from previous interviews Justin Battleson had given.

"Everybody take a look. On the same day a while ago, @Justin Battleson revealed that @Charlotte Thompson was his ex-wife. Then, @Charlotte Thompson announced that she and @Henry Hudson are boyfriend and girlfriend. And finally, Mr. Ross was also dragged into this. Gosh, the entertainment circle is really a mess."

Mentioning this unfolding scandal sparked heated discussions among netizens, and many dug up news about Henry Hudson defusing the situation.

Rumours flooded the Internet and it was getting completely out of control.

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The next day, in the hospital corridor.

Two nurses, each holding medications, walked down the hallway, chatting in low voices.

"Hey, have you heard about the two hot news stories from last night?"

"You saw them too?" The other nurse turned her head, glanced at her with surprise, and teased, "I thought you weren't interested in gossip."

"I just happened to see it. It's all over the place, so it's hard to miss. But the comments from netizens are really ugly." She paused slightly, her eyes wandered for a moment, and her gaze accidentally landed on the hospital room next door. "This is me. You go ahead."

With that, the other nurse nodded lightly and continued down the hallway with the tray.

The door to the ward was pushed open, and the nurse took the IV from her hand. After efficiently inserting the needle into Henry Hudson's vein, she began to slowly tidy up the trash with her head bowed.

As if recalling something, she looked up at Henry Hudson, seemingly wanting to say something but hesitating.

Henry Hudson smiled at her and said, "Do you have something to say?"

The nurse's heart warmed, yet she sighed.

Such a good man, why would he choose Charlotte Thompson as his girlfriend?

She couldn't help but sigh again, saying, "Mr. Hudson, you might not know it yet, but news about Miss Thompson caused quite a stir online last night."

Hearing this, Henry Hudson was taken aback, looking confused, "What news?"

As the nurse finished putting away the alcohol swabs, she said resentfully, "Mr. Hudson, it's really unfair to you. Miss Thompson already has such a good boyfriend like you, but she still flirts with other men."

She pulled over a chair and sat down, continuing, "Mr. Hudson, you should get a clear picture. If Miss Thompson really is committed to you, she wouldn't be 'playing the field' as those netizens are saying."

Chapter 529: Is it worth it?

The nurse kept muttering to herself as Henry Hudson leaned back against a soft pillow, managing to ascertain the gist of her words.

He glanced at the infusion bottle dripping medication through a tube and listened to the nurse discussing Charlotte Thompson, allowing a complex emotion to envelope his eyes.

"Miss Nurse." Henry interrupted gently, "That's not the case."

The nurse made an 'ah' sound, lifting her head to look at him. She then sighed deeply, commenting, "Mr. Hudson, everyone accepted what was on Weibo, you're just being too soft-hearted."

She pursed her lips, stopping her words, then continued, "I don't mean to defame Miss Thompson, but all the facts are clear..."

"They are only part of the story." Henry smoothed his bed sheet, a soft laughter escaping his lips. His face still bore a spring-like smile, but it was mixed with an indefinable bitterness.

"I am not her boyfriend, just a close friend. I only stepped forward to shield her from some rumors when it was necessary."

Though his words were casual, the nurse sensed a complex emotion in his eyes.

Hesitating in her actions, the nurse didn't know how to respond. She simply stared at Henry for a few seconds before asking, "Mr. Hudson, I know your feelings for Miss Thompson are not simple, but... is it worth it?"

Upon hearing this, a brief moment of confusion clouded Henry's eyes.

Is it worth it?

The girl's sunny smile from five years ago suddenly resurfaced in his mind. Although Charlotte had never brought up the past, he had silently chosen not to ask about it.

Perhaps, she was just being herself.

Henry pondered seriously for a few seconds before lifting his gaze to meet the nurse's eyes, uttering resolutely and confidently-

"It is."

Anticipating his determined answer, the nurse didn't say anything more, simply instructing, "Mr. Hudson, your health has improved greatly. If you're ready, you can consider being discharged from the hospital soon."

Henry nodded subtly, responding, "Alright, thank you."

After watching the nurse walk out and disappear from sight, Henry reached out to pick up his mobile, expertly dialing a number.

In a few seconds, a woman's slightly husky voice flowed from the other end of the call.

"Charlotte, how are you doing?"

On the other side, Charlotte Thompson sat up from her bed with big dark circles under her eyes. Rubbing her eyes and still somewhat sleepy, she asked, "What happened?"

"I heard about everything online," Henry paused, then continued after choosing his words carefully, "I'll try to suppress the noise for now. You just remain low-profile during this time."

The moment his voice fell, Charlotte was visibly taken aback.

She opened her mouth, her voice tinged with guilt.

"I'm sorry for dragging you into this again," she paused for a few seconds, then added, "Let me handle it. You rest up. Trust me."

At her words, Henry didn't know what else to say. As if suddenly remembering something, he laughed, "There's actually some good news. I plan to be discharged tomorrow and convalesce at home. It's too stuffy in the hospital."

With that, a pleasantly surprised voice came from Charlotte, "Really? That's great, the smell of disinfectants in the hospital is too strong. It would be good for you to go home and breathe some fresh air."

Her tone held a hint of teasing, but Charlotte was genuinely happy for him.

Speaking again, Charlotte added, "I will pick you up tomorrow."

Hearing her words, Henry couldn't refuse. He simply hummed in agreement and laughed.

Chapter 530: It Brings Me a Lot of Trouble

Charlotte Thompson hung up the phone, her spirits finally lifted from rock bottom. With great effort, she staggered out of the bed like a broken marionette and groggily went to wash up.

After freshening up, she sat on the couch, and her phone on the table started to vibrate like mad again.

With pursed lips, she picked up her phone.

More DMs on the Weibo, a barrage from Internet users; her inbox was bursting with nothing but insults.

Though not the first time dealing with such a situation, the abusive comments from the haters this time carried not an iota of mercy, the words grotesquely unpleasant.

It even triggered some of Evelyn Curtis' fans who had previously calmed down.

Charlotte rubbed her aching eyebrows, re-checking Justin Battleson's Weibo post from the night before.

As expected, the clarifying statement from the person involved had garnered exponentially more attention than the original Weibo post, moreover, it came from a verified account.

She pursed her lips again, and dialed Justin's number.

On the other side, a villa.

In the quiet room, an irritating vibrating noise rang out. The man in the bed finally stirred, reaching for the phone buzzing on the bedside table. Without a glance, he answered the call.

The familiar voice came through.

"Justin Battleson, what exactly are you trying to do?"

Her words woke him up instantly. He sat up in bed, the covers sliding off to reveal his dishevelled shirt and the visible top of his collarbone.

He squinted slightly, leaning back with a residual hangover headache.

"What happened?" His voice was hoarse. "I've already posted a clarification on Weibo."

At his response, Charlotte's grip on her phone slightly tightened. She closed her eyes, leaning her head back, stating, "It's precisely because of your Weibo post, the situation has escalated instead of de-escalating. Your handling method has caused me great distress."

If the online backlash was targeted only at her, perhaps the situation wouldn't be as bad, but it had now implicated Henry Hudson.

She already owed Henry Hudson too much, she could not let him be caught in a dilemma because of her.

After calming herself, she continued, "Justin Battleson, I've decided to resign, no longer working for the Riley Group."

Upon hearing her, Justin looked up in surprise, seemingly finding it hard to believe. He said into the phone, "What did you say?"

"The purpose of my returning to work was to seek the truth." Charlotte paused, her voice steady. "Now everything has been revealed. Evelyn Curtis has received her deserved punishment. Even Chad and Jack finally know their biological father. Besides, Annie's memory is almost fully restored."

She closed her eyes, her voice strained, "Everything has settled down, I have no reason to stay anymore."

As her words faded into silence, the line remained quiet. Justin was silent for a few seconds, his voice trembling.

"I disagree."

Panic flitted across his eyes, barely noticeable. As he got out of bed, he said into the phone.

"Not enough reasons to stay?" A dull ache clutching his heart, as if a piece has been gouged out, his voice low, he whispered, "Can't you... stay for me?"

His voice was so soft, Charlotte couldn't quite catch it.

She was slightly taken aback, instinctively asking, "Huh?"

Justin, buttoning his shirt, picked up his jacket and hurriedly left, a complex storm brewing in his eyes.