

Spoiled 591

Chapter 591: Something I Want to Tell You

Hearing Cyrus' wronged voice, a wave of reluctance swept over Justin Battleson. He pursed his lips and hugged Cyrus tightly.

This child's character echoed his temperament when he was young, always calm and aloof.

Justin Battleson gave Cyrus an intense look, a pang of heartache flashing in his eyes.

Perhaps it was time for him and Charlotte Thompson to find a resolution to their relationship.

"Cyrus, you should go to bed first. Dad will find a solution to his relationship with mommy," he whispered to Cyrus.

Usually astute, Cyrus didn't feel anything else in that moment other than being moved by his father's words. He obediently nodded, seemingly accepting Justin's words.

Charlotte released a sigh of relief upon seeing Cyrus nod. She bent down to lift Cyrus into her arms and carried him to their room.

The lights were dim, she patted Cyrus' quilt, her movements gentle. Cyrus was still wide-eyed, seemingly free from the grasps of sleep.

"What's wrong?" she asked, lightly stroking Cyrus' cheek.

"Mommy, I wish daddy could stay here forever," Cyrus murmured, plunging Charlotte into a dilemma.

"Mommy, I have always been a good boy, I never asked for anything, but..." Cyrus began.

"Cyrus," Charlotte interrupted in a low voice, noting the longing for a father's love in his eyes.

Though her children had always grown up doted on, they had never been overly spoiled, nor developed any bad habits. Yet, Charlotte also felt indebted to them.

"Mommy, if you're feeling forced, it's okay. Cyrus can manage without daddy," he assured, glancing up at Charlotte's troubled face.

With a look of relief in his eyes, he didn't wait for her to say anything and obediently closed his eyes.

His pretty, childish face appeared even more adorable under the warm light. The tremble of lashes on his ponty nose betrayed the secret in Cyrus' heart.

Sighing, Charlotte realized that Cyrus was the most sensible and well-behaved among her children. He rarely made any requests.

After adjusting the temperature of the air conditioner for Cyrus, she quietly left the room. When the door closed, Cyrus slowly opened his eyes, clear yet filled with sadness.

By the time Charlotte stepped out of the room, the moonlight was hazy. She noticed that Justin was no longer in the living room, assuming he had gone to sleep in the guest room already.

Charlotte breathes a sigh of relief.

She had given their relationship a careful thought, but there were yet many matters demanding her attention.

Emotional affairs had been pushed aside in her list of priorities. If not for occasional reminiscence, she would have never touched upon them.

"Knock, knock, knock.

A crisp sound interrupted Charlotte's daydream. Startled, she glanced at the door and went to open it after a moment of confusion.

The moonlight was cold, and in it, Justin stood silently at the doorway, as if he had been waiting for a long time.

"You... why are you waiting here instead of sleeping?"

It took Charlotte a while to respond, her words spoken hesitantly and with some deep, unspoken meaning.

"I have something to tell you."

Chapter 592 Let's Get Back Together.

Justin Battleson didn't mince his words and looked straight at Charlotte Thompson in front of him, his dark eyes appearing to hold a lot of tenderness, staring at Charlotte with profound intensity.

The name stuck in Charlotte's heart, and for a moment she didn't know how to respond.

Before she could react, the man arrogantly stepped forward, subconsciously closing the wooden door behind him. His handsome gaze rested quietly on Charlotte, his actions so smooth that it suggested this had been a long-considered move.

In Charlotte's room, the warm light was turned on, casting a soft glow. This light gently illuminated Justin's face, lending a softness to his flawless and exquisitely handsome features.

His demeanor turned softer and so did his voice subconsciously.

Justin Battleson had always prided himself on being detached, viewing many things in the world with indifference.

As the heir to the Battleson family, people always taught him to hide his feelings and preferences behind an impassive mask.

If anyone knew his true feelings, it might mean he would lose control over his own emotions.

That was until he met Charlotte Thompson, a girl who always wore a bright smile.

It was as though his heart had become calmer, and he realised that no one could be indifferent forever.

"Charlotte," the man's voice was faint but deep and pleasant, which snapped Charlotte out of her daze. She looked at Justin in bewilderment, her heartbeat speeding up involuntarily, beating so fast that she couldn't control it.

"How about... we get back together?"

There was a slight tremor in Justin Battleson's voice. Even when he was negotiating deals worth hundreds of millions, he had never been this nervous. Today, while saying these words, he seemed like a naive young boy.

His heart was as unsettled as choppy seas, and his nervousness caught even him by surprise.

"Get back together?" Charlotte echoed in a low voice. Her voice held a hint of coldness, and a touch of indifference appeared in her eyes.

"It's not just what Cyrus wants, but what I've been thinking of all along," Justin replied.

His large hand rested on the door handle made of sandalwood and inlaid with crystal jade. The handle was polished smooth to the touch. The cool jade under Justin Battleson's palm, which was hot from tension, calmed him a great deal.

His expression remained placid, and his deep eyes flashed a thoughtful look even he could not quite grasp. He looked directly at the girl in front of him, his heart filled with gentle ripples.

"You must have noticed over the past few days."

"Noticed what?" lost in thought, Charlotte seemed a bit confused by Justin's words. Suddenly, the realization came and she lightly replied. As their eyes met, she saw the deep affection in his gaze.

She felt incredibly moved, her chaotic heart seeming to calm down the moment he began to speak. She looked forward to hearing what Justin would say next.

"My feelings for you and our child."

Before he had finished speaking, he instinctively wanted to embrace the woman in front of him. She was soft, and her fragrance was intoxicating when he held her in his arms.

"Justin Battleson." Hearing his words, Charlotte felt a little lost. She stared at him with wide eyes and her lips slightly parted.

This was her habit. When she was thinking, her upper lip would bite her lower lip. Her cute demeanor lacked the usual coldness, causing his heart to race uncontrollably.

"Let me think about it."

Charlotte was also conflicted. She knew that Justin Battleson would be a good father and a good boyfriend.

Chapter 593: The Most Beloved Woman

Think about it more?

Justin Battleson didn't really want to wait anymore.

"Don't you think what I said makes sense?"

Justin Battleson looked at the person in front of him, his eyes faint, and his expression became more indifferent. It seemed that what was happening was within his expectations.

Charlotte Thompson didn't say anything, she just silently looked into the distance, her eyes were faint, and the turmoil in her heart seemed to jump out, forcing her to confront it.

"Charlotte, do you believe in me?"

Justin didn't let Charlotte answer any question, but suddenly asked her such a question. Charlotte's face flushed, and she silently looked into the distance.

"Why are you asking this?"

Charlotte's voice was indifferent, but there was a hint of anxiety in her tone. The conflict and struggle suddenly rushed into her heart, making her feel uncomfortable, unable to guess any answer.

"If you are willing to believe me, I will be a good father."

Justin's gaze was faint, with an unspeakable depth of deep emotion in his eyes. At this moment, he had no extra emotions in his heart, he just wanted to know Charlotte's answer.

Charlotte did not know what to say, she just looked at the person in front of her, a smile slipped into her words.

For some reason, when she heard Justin speak to her, her heart beat so fast that it was almost jumping out of her chest, leaving her unsure of how to face it.

"Justin Battleson, I've always believed in you. It's just that when you suddenly asked me like this, I couldn't figure out what the answer is."

Charlotte turned her gaze away with a hint of alienation. A complex feeling that she could not articulate suddenly welled up in her heart, leaving her unsure of how to voice her feelings as if she was faced with the most challenging decision.

Her heart was in a constant state of flux, and the hesitation in her eyes made Justin's heart tremble involuntarily. He reached out and touched Charlotte's head, her hair flowing through his large hand, it was a unique sensation.

"Charlotte, do you know what the most unique thing about you is?"

Justin's voice was faint, as if he had thought of something, he suddenly asked this question. For a moment, Charlotte was a little stunned. She spoke with a faint glimmer in her eyes, as if what was happening in front of her left her somewhat dazed.

"It's persistence."

Justin's voice was soft as he whispered this to Charlotte.

"Persistence?"

Charlotte was a little dazed, as if she did not understand the meaning of his words. She looked up at Justin. His gaze was soft, and at that moment, as he was gazing at her, her heart was all aflutter.

"It's the same with people and things."

Justin lifted his gaze, his eyes full of tenderness that made him seem even more gentle. He was always a stern person, but now confronted with the woman he loved, his expression softened.

"So, I hope that one day, you can place your persistence on me."

Justin was gently touching Charlotte's long hair, as if he wanted to merge her into his very bones.

"Charlotte, agreeing to someone is not difficult."

Justin looked up, his voice very low and gently soothing. When he deeply looked into Charlotte's eyes, her thoughts became confused.

She felt as if she was sinking into a deep mire, slowly being enveloped by the gentle affections that Justin bestowed upon her, unable to escape.

But all of a sudden, her thoughts stopped abruptly.

Chapter 594: Charlotte, I love you.

She subconsciously took several steps backward, but Justin Battleson didn't give her a chance to retreat. He reached out, wrapping his arm around Charlotte Thompson's waist, and in the next moment, he pulled her into his embrace.

Their breaths entwined, the temperatures between them gradually rising, as if wrapping her up.

"We... we actually never really had the chance to get to know each other."

Charlotte looked at Justin and spoke quietly.

There was no hidden meaning in her words. It just seemed that what was happening far exceeded her day-to-day thoughts. She was only stating a fact.

"We met five years ago, even though it was merely by accident, and we never had the opportunity to continue getting to know each other. Our current situation is just due to our recent interactions. Thus, I hope we can have another chance to get acquainted."

"I am not someone who acts recklessly—you should know this. Whether it's dealing with feelings or people, I always consider things carefully before making a decision."

"If today, Mr. Battleson, you start something with me just out of minor interest, but later give me up for other reasons..."

Charlotte's expression became distant, as if she was gaining control of the situation. She felt more at ease, and her tone became a bit more relaxed.

"What do you think I would do?"

Her words seemed to be pushing him, but her tone was light, as if she were having an ordinary chat.

Her eyes were gentle, focusing on him as she spoke. If it weren't for the slight awkwardness, Justin might think she was telling him that they still have a chance to be together.

However, at this moment, it felt like she was offering him a consolation prize, making him feel a bit downcast.

"Charlotte, trust me."

Justin became a bit impatient. He was usually calm, but when it came to Charlotte, he seemed anxious. This warmed Charlotte's heart.

She hadn't finished what she was saying, but seeing Justin so distraught, she felt like taking her time.

"Mr. Battleson, how about this, I've actually considered being with you."

Charlotte's words were like those of a deity pulling Justin out from his confusion. His eyes were deep, full of surprise as he looked at her.

"Really?"

"I never lie."

Charlotte's face was expressionless, her eyes gentle, but a hint of indifference was also present. For a moment, she felt much lighter.

"So..."

Justin felt a leap of excitement in his heart. His gaze was deep; endless tenderness filled his eyes beneath his sharp features, full of soft emotions.

Charlotte had seen many sides of Justin, but not this side of him, as tender as the waves of the sea, tapping gently at her heart, causing it to tremble involuntarily.

"Charlotte, I love you."

Justin pulled Charlotte into his embrace, gently laughing. The sudden hug made Charlotte unable to suppress her joy.

For a moment, she was also delighted. The entire atmosphere melded into rare romance that one couldn't help but be drawn into.

"Justin Battleson, thank you."

Charlotte slowly closed her eyes, the fluttering of her eyelashes signalling her excitement. She ran her hands over Justin's broad back, warmth, and happiness filling her heart.

This was a happiness she had never experienced before.

The moonlight, like a white veil, gently shrouded them, adding an ambiguous touch.

"It's getting late. I should go back."

Charlotte patted Justin's shoulder, sounding somewhat tired as she spoke.

Chapter 595 Lull You to Sleep

"Tired?" Justin Battleson lowered his head to look at the woman in front of him, noticing her hair was a little messy, and her exquisite petite face showed signs of fatigue.

"A little, I want to go back and sleep first."

Her voice was lazy, with a hint of delicate affection that can hardly be expressed in words.

"I'll take you."

As Justin spoke, he effortlessly picked up Charlotte Thompson. She was soft in his arms, her heady scent wavering, adding an air of intimacy and subtlety.

"Wha...what are you doing holding me."

The hint of affectation in Charlotte's voice as she pounded lightly on Justin's chest added a touch of shy charm.

Seeing Charlotte willing to show this girlish shyness in front of him put Justin in a great mood.

In his presence, Charlotte had always displayed a strong, cool and elegant demeanor, but now seemed somewhat spoiled and delicate.

"Charlotte, let me put you to bed."

Justin's tone held a steadfastness that was not up for discussion. Holding Charlotte tightly in his arms, an action he'd longed for, filled him with profound emotion.

He felt like he was holding his most precious possession.

"Justin, you're very different from your usual severity and seriousness."

Charlotte whispered in Justin's ear. There was a touch of indifference in her voice and her eyes.

"So in your eyes, I'm usually serious and solemn."

Justin couldn't help but smirk, there was a hint of amusement in his eyes. He gently placed Charlotte on the bed, thoughtfully tucking her in before speaking in a soft voice,

"Go to sleep, I'll leave once you're asleep."

Justin's voice was gentle, and the tenderness in his eyes filled Charlotte with warmth.

She tugged lightly at Justin's sleeve and spoke in a soft voice.

"Good night."

Justin curled his lips slightly, nodding. His handsome face looked incredibly attractive under the moonlight. He reached out to caress Charlotte's hair.

He spoke in a soft tone,

"Good night, sweet dreams."

Charlotte woke up in the warm sunlight. She glanced at the alarm clock - it was still early, but the kids would probably be up soon.

She got up, casually tied up her long hair. As the playful sunlight fell on her face, it gave her a gentle and unforgettable charm.

She put on a jacket, opened the door, and was about to make breakfast for the kids when she suddenly smelled something delicious.

Charlotte furrowed her brow, unconsciously thinking it couldn't possibly be her brother Jordan bored enough to cook his disastrous food again. She quickly walked into the kitchen, opened the door, and was surprised to see it was Justin, dressed in comfortable home clothes, skillfully cooking eggs.

His long hand discarded the eggshells into the trash bin. The yolk spread across the pan and the alluring scent spread. Charlotte raised an eyebrow.

She was completely unaware that Justin could cook.

Indifferently, Charlotte watched as Justin placed the bread on top of the egg, the heady smell becoming stronger, which whetted Charlotte's appetite. A sense of relief filled her eyes as she spoke gently,

"Why are you still cooking? What is this, it smells so good."

"Breakfast. Here, want to try?"

At his words, Charlotte was filled with anticipation.

She opened her mouth to eat the food Justin fed her, chewed, and then her face, full of anticipation, froze instantly.

"How is it? Tasty?"

How was she going to reply to this?

Charlotte tried to swallow it down, but she couldn't help it. After a moment, she spat out all the food in her mouth.

Justin understood. His cooking had failed.

"I thought Jordan was terrible enough in the kitchen, but it turns out both of you are equally bad. The only difference is, your cooking still appears appetizing, while his is horrendous."

After saying that, Charlotte chased Justin out of the kitchen.

Chapter 596 Boyfriend-Girlfriend Relationship

Oh my!

For a person like the boss of Riley Group, he should stop doing things that are beneath his dignity.

Cooking, an activity fitting for a good wife and loving mother, is something Charlotte Thompson is more suited for.

Having toiled away for the whole morning, Charlotte, with her apron tied around her waist, brought the freshly made soy milk into the kitchen and painstakingly poured it into cups before setting them neatly on the table.

The kids were sitting on the sofa watching the television. Grace Thompson was struggling to keep her eyes open, seemingly on the brink of falling asleep.

Yes, on the television, there was this idol drama that Jordan Thompson was currently following, being shown forcibly. He was sitting at the other end of the sofa, completely absorbed in it, a satisfied grin occasionally flashing across his face.

Hank Thompson being forced by his youngest uncle to shift his attention to the TV. Even though he could not understand what was happening at all, he just listened to the profound dialogues between the hero and the heroine, his gaze blank.

Of course, his way of watching the TV was simply staring blankly at the screen, not even comprehending how the characters looked.

Justin Battleson was sitting on this side of the sofa, a good distance away from Jordan. Thankfully neither of them spoke, and the formerly tense atmosphere was gone. The quiet air, now filled with the dialogues from the television, felt quite nice.

Charlotte blinked her eyes, placed the last dish on the table, raised her voice a little, and called out, "Stop watching, come and eat."

Hearing that, Hank, smiling from ear to ear, glanced at Jordan and, letting out a sigh of relief, said, "You heard her, uncle. Let's stop watching and go eat."

At this, Grace's little head finally woke up. She trotted over in her slippers and sat excitedly on her exclusively pink chair.

In a few minutes, everyone had gathered at the table. Charlotte picked up her chopsticks and was first to serve Grace a piece of sweet and sour spare rib. Only then, she observed Grace, looking like she was in heaven, open her mouth wide and devour the rib.

Perhaps it was because Justin was there, even Jordan, who was usually the most lively at the table, was uncharacteristically quiet. The atmosphere grew somewhat strange.

It appeared even Grace noticed the change as the sound of her chewing had also significantly lessened.

After wrestling with her thoughts for a few minutes, Charlotte put down her chopsticks, took a few seconds to collect her thoughts, and prepared to speak out.

"There's something that I wish to announce."

After pausing for a few seconds, she pursed her lips and said, "Starting from today, Justin and I... we are in a relationship."

"We are dating."

Hearing this, everyone at the table, except for Justin, froze mid-action with their chopsticks.

Jordan took a sip of soy milk and, upon hearing the news, it got stuck in his throat. He forgot to swallow and started coughing violently.

This startled Charlotte who immediately passed him a glass of water, and patted him on the back tentatively.

On the other side, Hank and Grace glanced at each other, then turned to look at Cyrus Thompson. Their usually reticent big brother had an unusual pleased expression on his face.

Hank curled his lips and saw Grace cheering out loud.

Sitting next to them, Chad Thompson and Jack Thompson paused slightly. Even though they were surprised and taken aback, they still managed a smile.

Although their own father was not with their mother, if their mom was happy, this man... was pretty good too.

Living together for a few days now, the two kids had completely changed their view on Justin Battleson, their relationship was almost like a biological father and his children.

It took more than ten seconds for Jordan Thompson to recover from his coughing fit. He turned, face all red and panting slightly, to Charlotte, his eyes filled with indescribable astonishment.

Chapter 597: Be Mentally Prepared

Complete silence surrounded them, Jordan Thompson staring in disbelief, his eyes widened as he directly looked at Charlotte Thompson.

Seeing her like this, Hank Thompson quickly and quietly put down his chopsticks, then covered his ears, squinting his eyes towards Jordan.

The next second, he saw his own young uncle stand up directly from the front of the chair, pulling the chair backward with his movement, making a harsh, unpleasant elongated sound.

Charlotte helplessly rubbed her forehead, reaching out to pull at his clothes, her face full of helplessness, "Jordan, what are you doing? Sit down."

With these words, Jordan fiercely glared at her, his voice sounded frustrated, "Sister, do you know what you're doing?"

He pointed at the man diagonally opposite him who was casually sipping his soup, his face full of disbelief, "You actually plan to be with him!?"

As his voice fell, Charlotte coughed awkwardly and glanced at Jordan, "Is there a problem?"

"There's a big problem!" Jordan was so annoyed he stomped his foot. His suppressed cough from earlier erupted, his face and neck turning red as he coughed, then turned and rushed into the living room, pouring himself a large glass of water.

Tilting his head back to gulp it down, he felt much better and sat on the sofa to calm down for a few seconds, doubting life for a moment.

His usually rational sister had made such an absurd decision today, to be with Justin Battleson?

While he was the children's biological father, could his past actions just be dismissed out of hand?

At the dinner table, Charlotte watched Jordan rush out for water, looking concerned. After a few seconds, she returned her gaze, clearing her throat awkwardly and looking at Justin, "Jordan is naturally overly dramatic. You'll get used to it."

At those words, Justin Battleson nodded, eating his meal casually, appearing to completely disregard Jordan's reaction.

Charlotte looked somewhat upset.

From today onward, it seemed that their home would not be quiet for a while.

It was a few minutes before Jordan returned to the dining table, but he didn't seem to have any appetite, just heaved a sigh, "I understand now, sister, who you want to be with is your freedom, I have no right to interfere, I respect your decision."

"But..." Jordan's words turned, a complex emotion flashing in his eyes, "I will inform our elder brother and grandfather, sister, you should prepare yourself..."

He glanced inadvertently at Justin, his voice obscure: "Don't even talk about me, even our elder brother doesn't think well of him. At that time, who knows what kind of commotion he will cause in the Thompson family."

At his words, Charlotte looked a little awkward, she turned away unnaturally, "Don't worry, I will handle it."

"There's one more thing." Jordan looked unusually serious, let out a sigh, "What about Henry?"

At those words, Charlotte's chopstick-holding hand clenched tightly, then paused, a complex emotion flashing in her eyes, and she let out a bitter laugh.

Towards Henry Hudson, her heart was filled with gratitude and guilt.

He had always played the role of a guardian in her life, always helping her out in her most difficult times, without any expectations in return.

In the end, she felt sorry for him.

Jordan pursed his lips, "Sister, I can see that Henry has feelings for you, you can't..."

Chapter 598: Breaking Through This Defense Line

"Stop talking."

Jordan Thompson's voice was intercepted by a cold tone.

Jordan Thompson was cut off in his speech, and following the voice, he saw the person speaking was Justin Battleson.

In the meantime, the man had finished his meal and was leisurely wiping his hands with a napkin, his pale and slender fingers were extremely pleasing to the eye.

Charlotte Thompson also glanced over.

After a few seconds, Justin Battleson raised his eyebrows and looked at Jordan Thompson with a smile that was not quite a smile, and asked, "Henry Hudson?"

At his words, Jordan Thompson gave him a wary look and asked, "What are you up to?"

"I heard you're very supportive of Henry Hudson being with your sister..." Justin Battleson smiled unconcernedly, "But do you know why your sister and I have crossed that line and confirmed our romantic relationship?"

Charlotte Thompson pursed her lips, knowing what he was about to say.

After considering for a long time what Henry Hudson had said to her on the phone that night, she had told Justin Battleson about it.

Charlotte Thompson took a sip of soy milk with a distracted mind, looked at the children who were obediently eating, and Grace Thompson, who was struggling to chew a piece of greens in her mouth, also looked up at her.

In the meeting of their eyes, Charlotte Thompson saw in her own daughter's eyes the same sense of helplessness she felt.

Jordan Thompson furrowed his brow, looking at Justin Battleson with a mix of suspicion and belief.

He was also puzzled. Charlotte Thompson's attitude had always been firm, how could she suddenly have a change of heart?

A hint of amusement flashed in Justin Battleson's eyes. He threw the napkin in his hand into the trash can at his feet and lightly opened his mouth: "Your sister being with me, is Henry Hudson's decision."

At these words, Jordan Thompson was dumbfounded.

He opened his mouth, took a long time to react, and there was an obvious bewilderment in his eyes, then he looked towards Charlotte Thompson.

"Sister, is what he is saying true?"

At his words, Charlotte Thompson gave a bitter smile and nodded.

Upon seeing this, Jordan Thompson's brain completely shut down, and he was unable to process it for a long time.

He sat stiffly on a chair, and after a few seconds, he started to silently pick up his chopsticks and push his food around.

Charlotte Thompson pursed her lips, thought for a few seconds and then said, "I'm going to Henry's place tonight, you should come too."

The latter stayed silent for a while then nodded his head.

The meal took a long time. After Jordan Thompson's dramatic tantrum, Charlotte Thompson also lost her appetite.

After cleaning up the dining table, she sat down on the couch and the phone on the table conveniently rang.

She signaled Justin Battleson and took her phone to the hallway to answer the call.

It was from Annie Anne.

Charlotte Thompson raised an eyebrow, somewhat surprised.

It's been a while since she had visited Annie after sending her daughter to the hospital to accompany her and occasionally receiving calls from Oliver Hudson.

On the other end of the phone, Oliver Hudson's voice finally seemed more cheerful, which was presumably due to Annie's improved mental state since she had been accompanied by Annie and her level-headed periods were getting longer.

Before Charlotte Thompson could open her mouth to speak, she heard the woman on the other side sound quite cheerful.

"Charlotte, are you busy?"

At her words, Charlotte Thompson smiled and responded, "Just finished eating, what's up?"

On the other side, Annie Anne was hugging Annie. Although her face still looked pale and sickly, her eyes finally had some vitality.

The little girl obediently watched her, her big eyes full of expectation.

Annie Anne glanced at her and then spoke with a smile to Charlotte Thompson, "Annie misses you guys."

Chapter 599: No Matter What

At these words, Charlotte felt a stir in her heart.

Her grip on her phone tightened, and she smiled slightly, "We miss her too... speaking of which, are you feeling better, Annie?"

As she finished speaking, Annie slowly smoothed down Olivia's hand, her pale, almost translucent fingers combing gently through Olivia's hair. She shook her head and chuckled, "Charlotte, don't you know me yet?"

She paused slightly, pressed her lips together, a clear sparkle of determination flashing in her eyes before she whispered, "Charlotte, I haven't even watched Olivia grow up yet..."

"Don't worry, no matter what, I will get better."

Not just for herself, but for Olivia.

Annie found that Olivia was too mature for her age, far more than any young girl her age should be.

Even her thoughts were so steady that it broke people's hearts.

As she continued talking, her voice choked up a bit, sounding slightly hoarse.

"Charlotte, thank you."

Thank you for standing by me all this time and taking such good care of Olivia.

Upon sensing Annie's emotional change, Olivia clutched her hand anxiously, her tiny palm surprisingly warm.

Next to them, King Samuel cleaned up the items on the bedside table, looked up at Annie, a slight emotion in his eyes.

He had completely understood all this time.

During the time he spent with Annie, all his past sharpness and prickliness have been ground smooth by his remorse.

He delegated his company business entirely to Henry to manage. Taking care of Annie and Olivia was his only goal.

Meanwhile, Charlotte leaned back and contemplated for a few seconds, then smiled, "Annie, don't thank me. As long as you're doing well, that's all that matters."

"By the way," she seemed to suddenly remember something, and asked, "I don't have anything planned today, so how about I bring the kids to visit you?"

Upon hearing this, Annie was overjoyed, and promptly replied, "Come over, we haven't seen each other for a long time."

After sharing a few pleasantries and laughter, Charlotte hung up the phone and returned to the living room.

She moved to the right and took a seat next to Justin Battleson, speaking softly: "I'm going to take the kids to visit Annie at the hospital later, do you want to come?"

As her words fell, Justin Battleson lowered his gaze and replied, "I have some work at the company. How about I drive you guys?"

"It's okay," Charlotte quickly refused.

Justin Battleson hadn't been back to the company for several days, it seemed indeed, the pile of work accumulated in the company would definitely make him extremely busy.

"I can drive the kids there later," she looked up, smiled, "You better hurry to the company."

The atmosphere between the two finally lost its previous stiffness.

Charlotte's lips lifted in a smile.

It seemed quite good.

Justin Battleson's lips twitched upward, he lifted a hand to gently tousle her hair, hummed in agreement, stood up and said, "I will leave first then, be careful on the road."

Slightly nodding, Charlotte watched him leave, unblinkingly, until his figure completely disappeared, she came back to her senses.

Turning around, she locked eyes with Jordan Thompson, who seemed to be holding back what he wanted to say.

Knowing he was about to harp on again, Charlotte reluctantly opened her mouth, "I'm going to take the kids to see Annie at the hospital later, are you coming?"

At her words, Jordan Thompson absentmindedly shook his head and replied, "Why would I join the hustle and bustle?"

After that, he added, "Right, sis, I'm going to Henry's house first, you can head straight there when you're done at the hospital, I'll wait for you there."

Chapter 600: May you be happy.

Charlotte didn't say anything more, nodding in agreement.

Knowing that they were going to meet Annie, Grace was so delighted that she was nearly jumping up and down, she said to Charlotte without bothering to change her clothes, "Mom, let's go right now."

Hearing this, Charlotte chuckled, "Grace, change out of your pajamas, I'll go downstairs and wait for you."

At her words, Grace's eyes lit up, she nodded heavily, then turned and scampered back into her room to change.

...

In the hospital.

Charlotte held Grace's hand and took the lead into the ward, with the boys obediently trailing behind them.

Hearing the door pushed open, the three people in the ward turned almost simultaneously to look towards the door.

Charlotte put down the flowers in her hand, walked to the bedside meeting Annie's surprised gaze, and gave her a gentle hug.

Annie's body had a faint scent of medicine and she had lost much weight. She was so frail that it seemed a gust of wind could blow her away.

Charlotte patted her back comfortingly, saying, "It's been a long time."

Upon hearing this, Annie chuckled and said, "Indeed, please take a seat."

On the other side, Grace happily took Olivia's hand and they sat down in the corner of the ward, the two little girls had so much to talk about, they started confiding in each other with laughs.

Grace would animate wildly while talking, Olivia, on the other hand, was different, she had a happy glow in her eyes, and was gently gazing at Grace with an upturned corner of her mouth.

Charlotte helplessly chuckled and shook her head.

If someone didn't know better, they might think that Olivia was the elder sister.

Dragging her gaze away from the two children, Charlotte pulled up a chair and sat down next to the sickbed, making some small talk with Annie.

She hesitated for a moment, her gaze filled with worry, "You've lost weight."

The person in front of her still retained the soft aura, but it seemed to be overlaid with frailty.

She was like a delicate porcelain doll.

Upon hearing this, Annie chuckled lightly and said, "It doesn't matter, I've been wanting to lose weight and couldn't."

Knowing that she was trying to lighten the mood, Charlotte felt a bit disoriented in her heart, all she could do was sigh and not say anything else.

When they left the hospital, it was already dusk. Grace reluctantly waved at Olivia and then turned around to follow Charlotte down the stairs.

Remembering what Jordan had said, Charlotte drove straight to Henry Hudson's villa.

The person who opened the door was still Henry, only this time the roles were different.

Henry stepped aside to let them in, a slight smile playing at the corner of his mouth, at the same time suppressing a trace of bitterness.

After going upstairs, Jordan was still sitting on the couch, his posture unusually upright, only this time he wasn't watching TV.

Charlotte also sat down, accepting the cup of water handed to her by Henry.

The warmth from the warm cup continued to flow into her body. Charlotte sipped her lips, watching Henry sit down across from her.

After a few seconds of thought, she clenched her hand and finally decided to speak up.

"Henry, I....."

Her words were cut off abruptly.

A hint of amusement flickered at the corners of Henry's mouth, "Charlotte, I know what you're about to say."

He paused for a moment, then quietly continued, "You're together with Justin Battleson, aren't you?"

Charlotte swallowed back her words and nodded.

There was a silence in the air for a few seconds until Henry's soft laughter broke it.

The man gently raised his eyes, tender warmth in his gaze, the curve of his smile perfect as always, but it was tinged with bitterness.

"Charlotte, this is good."

"You two...be happy."