

Spoiled 641

Chapter 641: Recognizing Ancestors and Returning to the Clan

Just as she sent the message, an almost immediate response came from the opposite side.

It was a straightforward single word reply.

"Okay."

Charlotte put her phone down and leaned back contemplatively. The place had been tidied up by Justin Battleson. He rose from the ground, wiped his hands with a piece of tissue, and sat down beside Charlotte, slipping his hand around her slender waist without a word.

His chin, slightly stubbled with bluish green bristles, brushed against her neck.

Charlotte tickled, instinctively shifted away, he seemed to have predicted her reaction, slowly caught her shoulder while his voice sounded a bit worn-out.

"Don't move, just let me lean on you."

There was a lot going on at the company recently; he had to put in extra hours every day. The only thing he looked forward to was seeing Charlotte after work.

Charlotte hesitated for a few seconds, then gently patted his back, showing the patience of lulling a child to sleep.

Sweet dreams.

The next day, Charlotte dropped the kids off at the kindergarten, and then sent an address to Adam Ross. After she took a seat at the restaurant and ordered a juice, she sat there waiting.

Adam Ross arrived shortly, looking travel-weary.

Upon seeing Charlotte, he paused briefly but hid the understanding in his eyes. He walked up and sat down on the chair opposite of Charlotte.

She was gently sipping a glass of juice, its crimson liquid staining her lip corners, unbeknownst to her.

Adam Ross suppressed his complex feelings. Before he could say anything, Charlotte put down her glass and started slowly.

"Mr. Ross, where did you take the kids yesterday?"

Taken aback slightly, he responded, "To the amusement park and then we had dinner at a restaurant...any particular reason why?"

As they were talking about their children, Charlotte did not wish to beat around the bush and expressed her worry directly, "The kids seemed a bit down when they returned yesterday, they wouldn't tell me why."

Upon hearing this, Adam Ross pursed his lips.

He seemed to have an idea why.

He paused for a moment, rubbing his hands over his knees, then cautiously looked at Charlotte's expression, pondered over his words, and finally started talking.

"Charlotte, I have a favor to ask, I am not sure if you would agree."

His words were very subtle, unlike his usual straightforward manner.

Knowing the seriousness of whatever he was about to say, Charlotte dabbed her mouth with a tissue, straightened her expression as a signal for him to continue.

He softly touched his lips and said: "I want to take Chad and Jack back, to live with me."

His words were greeted with an anticipated silence.

The smile on Charlotte's face gradually faded; her eyes were clearly filled with surprise. After a long pause, she managed to find her voice and asked with difficulty,

"Why?"

Adam Ross closed his eyes, understanding her.

This was hard for Charlotte to accept.

He paused, his voice heavy: "My grandfather sent someone to investigate the whereabouts of the children, found Chad and Jack, and is pressuring me to bring them home... to acknowledge their lineage."

The memory of that day still fresh in his mind.

When the old man found out that he has known about this matter and kept it from him, he got extremely angry. The entire hall of the old house fell into a silence, and the servants were frightened and shrank back.

Chapter 642: Want to Be with Dad and Mom

Adam Ross sat in the chair, his expression slightly brooding.

Seeing his stubborn obstinacy, the old master finally lost his temper. He disciplined him strictly, and at last, threatened him with his own life, laying down an ultimatum.

"How could the blood of the Ross family be scattered abroad? Adam, bring the children back. I can overlook the reckless things you have done. But if you do not agree, my life would be in vain."

So he had no choice but to reclaim these two children, whom Charlotte regarded as her own.

Her hand clenched into a fist on the table. Charlotte lowered her eyes. She had a lump in her throat which she couldn't swallow or vomit out.

She faltered, suddenly at a loss for words.

Charlotte understood that, although she had raised the children for so many years, they were connected by blood to Adam. No matter what she did, she wouldn't be able to keep them.

She forced herself to look up at Adam and gave a strained smile. "This is a decision that I don't have the final say on... we should listen to what the children say."

After a few seconds of thinking, she moistened her lips, took her cell phone out of her bag and made a call to Jack Bryant.

The man on the other end picked up instantly, his voice becoming increasingly steady: "Miss."

After a pause, Charlotte spoke gently: "Can you do me a favor? Could you get Chad and Jack from the kindergarten? I'll send you the address."

On the other end of the line, Jack nodded as he got up from his chair: "Understood, Miss. I'll be there soon."

After hanging up, Charlotte gazed blankly at the bright red juice in front of her for a while.

The two shared a silent glance. Adam looked at her sympathetically for a few seconds and then turned away.

Charlotte has never felt the wait to be as long as it was now.

Thumb over the smooth surface of her glass, she watched absent-mindedly as the two children bounced cheerfully into the restaurant. Jack Biden nodded slightly towards Charlotte before turning and leaving.

Charlotte smiled and gestured to the two children to sit in the chairs next to her.

With his backpack on, Jack's bright eyes twinkled as he sat down, glancing at Adam before turning to Charlotte and asking curiously, "Mommy, what's going on?"

Ordering drinks for the two, Charlotte didn't immediately respond. Instead, she inserted straws into their drinks, handed them over with a smile and said softly, "You two are big kids now, you have your own opinions, right?"

Upon hearing this, Chad and Jack looked at each other and then nodded vigorously. Chad looked at his mother and affirmed, "Yes."

"That's good." Charlotte murmured, and then began with a soft tone, "Sweetie, your daddy is here now. Would you like to go home with him and live with him forever?"

For some reason, Charlotte found herself unable to continue speaking.

Just as when she had returned Olivia to Annie, it felt like a dagger twisting in her heart.

Her eyes suddenly welled up; her voice choked as she spoke.

"At daddy's, there will be many new and exciting things. You will find it much more interesting there."

She exhaled deeply and forced a smile, "Would you like that, my loves?"

Hearing this, both children froze. Then, they fell silent.

Chad softly pressed his lips together and murmured, "Mommy, I suddenly feel like I'm just a little kid who doesn't have his own opinions."

On the other side, Jack's eyes reddened. He shook his head and said, "We want to be together with mommy and daddy. We don't want to leave daddy, and we don't want to leave mommy."

Chapter 643: Drinking Alone

With a hint of fear in his eyes, Jack Thompson desperately shook his head, murmuring, "Mommy, we don't know how to choose, we don't want to leave you either."

Charlotte Thompson tilted her head, knowing very well the dilemmas her two children were facing. Her eyes started to well up with tears.

How could she bear to let them go?

To her, all her children were like her own flesh and heart. Losing them was equivalent to having a piece of her heart ripped out alive.

Charlotte lifted her head, fighting to hold back the tears welling up in her eyes.

The air went extremely quiet. Adam Ross, sitting opposite to them, didn't know what to say. Silently, he watched the mother and her children with an indescribable agony in his eyes.

Jack extended his little hand to tug on Charlotte's sleeve. His eyes were red and he couldn't utter a single word. Uncontrolled tears began to fall like broken beads, incessantly pouring down.

An overwhelming pain surged in Charlotte's heart. She quickly wiped Jack's tears with a tissue, choking back her sob as she hugged him. "Don't cry, darling. If you can't choose, then don't. Mommy is always here for you."

Chad Thompson surreptitiously wiped a tear drop, too. Overwhelmed by the sadness in the place, Adam rubbed his temples. His lips, slightly pale, were now a thin, straight line.

The two children were inconsolable. Charlotte requested Adam Ross to give her and the children some time to think. She returned with her children.

Left alone, Adam sat there, feeling a crushing pain in his chest.

Only after a long time did he look up, paid the bill, and left the restaurant, absent-minded.

Opposite to the restaurant was a place he often visited—the Blue Tone Club.

It was afternoon. He suppressed the irritability in his eyes and entered the club. While the outside world was bathed in sunshine, the club was as dim as night.

Everyone in the club was either rich or powerful. Given Adam's status, the waiters were especially respectful. He ordered a few bottles of wine and leaned back on the soft couch.

The waiter brought the wine. He closed his eyes, picked a glass of wine and poured it straight down his throat. The spicy taste stimulated his throat and every nerve in his brain.

A few seconds later, he slammed the empty bottle on the glass table. The irritability and perplexity in his eyes almost overflowed. He closed his eyes, drained of energy.

After a momentary lapse in focus, he picked up another bottle of wine to continue drinking. However, before he could lift it to his mouth, a sudden force tightly grabbed his wrist.

Adam tried reflexively to shake it off. His mouth was burning.

But annoyingly, he couldn't shake it off. The grip on his wrist moved down and snatched the bottle of wine from his hand.

Furrowing his brows, Adam opened his eyes, ready to vent his anger. But when he saw the cold eyes of the man before him, all the harsh words were stuck in his throat.

He furrowed his brows, then said, "My dear brother? What brings you here?"

The successful snatcher, Justin Battleson, sat down on the couch next to him. The club's faint blue light fell on his face.

Justin looked at the bottle with a smile that wasn't quite a smile. He placed it on the table and said, "Just here for some business."

As if he had just remembered something, he crossed his arms casually. Watching Adam, who had sunk into the couch with a tired face, Justin raised his brows slightly and said, "It's unlike you to drink alone and in silence."

Chapter 644 Help Me Persuade Her

Adam Ross said nothing, just raised the bottle and took a swig.

After forcing down enough drink, he hung his head, his voice a bit downcast.

"I saw her just now."

Justin Battleson knew exactly who the "her" Adam Ross was referring to, so he wasn't surprised. He shrugged and waited for Adam to continue.

Adam suddenly looked up, a hint of drunkenness in his eyes and said seriously, "I want to take Chad and Adam home."

Justin cocked an eyebrow slightly in surprise, he frowned, about to ask something.

However, before he could speak, Adam laughed bitterly, "I can't bear to see the kids' and her struggles and difficulties... But Justin, our old man knows about it."

Both of them understood that whatever their old man announced, he meant to carry it out.

A spark of hope ignited in his eyes as he placed his bottle. Adam's eyes lit up slightly, he turned to Justin Battleson, pleading for the first time.

"Justin, I know you guys are dating right now, she should listen to your advice." He paused briefly then continued, "Can you do me a favor and persuade her for me?"

After hearing this, Justin Battleson remained silent for a few seconds.

The importance of Chad and Jack Thompson to Charlotte Thompson - he understood it best.

From a relatively objective viewpoint, Justin Battleson frowned, his lips forming the words.

"Adam, you're aware of her character, you understand that this matter is difficult for anyone."

The latter remained silent, a dark mist seemed to cover him.

After considering for a second, Justin sighed, "I can promise you, but you have to be prepared. I don't know if she will agree."

At his words, Adam looked up at him, nodded weakly, his voice filled with obvious fatigue.

Wanting to say something comforting, Justin Battleson looked at Adam Ross, suddenly thought of something, he stood up and patted Adam on the shoulder, laughing, "Adam, don't be so down, it's not like you."

With that, he pushed the wine in front of Adam forward a bit, gave him a sign, and chuckled, "If you want to drink, then drink freely. I have some things to take care of in the office, I'll be going first."

Adam nodded slightly, watching him leave, suppressing the feelings in his eyes. With a headache, he leaned back, massaging his aching temples.

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After work, thinking of Adam's words, Justin Battleson went home to pick up Charlotte Thompson, and took her out without explanation.

When she got in the car, her mind was still in a state of confusion.

When he leaned over to help her fasten her seatbelt, she finally began to process what was happening.

Her face slightly flushed, she asked curiously, "Where are we going?"

"To dinner," Justin Battleson replied with a slight smile, "We need some private time too... And don't worry about the kids, I've already ordered the food."

Arriving at the restaurant, it was evening. The setting sun bestowed its full measure of light on the earth and its cold golden light scattered over Charlotte Thompson's white coat.

Justin Battleson, holding her hand, led her into the restaurant and found a free table.

After casually ordering a bunch of Charlotte's favorite food, her slightly downcast mood finally began to improve somewhat.

Chapter 645: I Can't Bear to Let Go.

For spending so much time with Justin Battleson, Charlotte Thompson wasn't as surprised as she used to be at his sudden burst of action. She sighed softly as she accepted the menu from the waiter, casually ordering a few dishes before returning it.

Watching her turn, her soft profile tugged at the depths of Justin's heart, a pang of heartache rising from nowhere.

Despite being just a young girl, she had managed to endure many things that she should not have been able to handle.

This restaurant was very efficient, it didn't take long for all the dishes to be served. Charlotte lowered her head, scooped a mouthful of white rice into her mouth, and then saw Justin placing a spare rib into her bowl. Her brows rose slightly, and a faint smile graced her lips.

"Thank you."

Justin laughed in response, though his eyes betrayed the fact he was distracted.

Seeing her finally relaxing in his presence, he found it hard to broach the topic.

After Charlotte struggled to swallow a mouthful of green vegetables, she inadvertently raised her eyes to meet Justin's gaze. She couldn't help but laugh a little at the intensity of his focus.

"What are you looking at?" She paused her meal to touch her face, blinking a few times before asking, "Do I have something on my face?"

In response, Justin shook his head fondly, pressing his thin lips together in a straight line. After a moment's consideration, he spoke, "Charlotte, I know you went to see Adam today."

Her hand, which had just picked up her chopsticks again, halted for a moment. Yet it only took a few seconds for Charlotte to return to normal. She nodded nonchalantly, asking, "What about it?"

Justin opened his mouth to respond, hesitated and then sighed. "Charlotte, let it go, let Chad and Adam..."

"Acknowledge their lineage."

A wave of darkness drowned Charlotte's eyes, her expression suddenly freezing onto her face.

Despite feeling reluctant, Justin continued, "After all, they're the Ross Family's descendants. They bear the responsibility of their lineage. The Ross family will protect and nurture them."

After a slight pause, Justin reached over to hold Charlotte's now trembling hand. "Charlotte," he said softly, "for the sake of the children, going back to the Ross Family... it's the best choice for them."

The years she had spent with them had been dynamic, but would only be a small episode in their lives.

Even after all he had said, Charlotte remained silent, not once lifting her gaze.

His gaze was complex as he watched her, understanding the turbulent emotions that must be surging in Charlotte's heart.

However, even if she was reluctant to accept it, this was something Charlotte had to face.

After a while, the woman across from him let out a bitter laugh, put down her chopsticks and raised her head to look at Justin. "You know I can't bear to let them go," she said hoarsely.

Can't bear to...

Countless fragmented memories began flooding back, slowly piecing together into numerous recollections in her mind.

When Charlotte first met the children, in swaddling cloths, their tiny faces crimson from crying, Chad Thompson braved the rain to rush them to her villa. After days of relentless care, the children, who had been weak, gradually regained their vitality. But Charlotte was never complacent, entrusting the others to the care of a nanny while she rushed Chad and Adam to the best hospital under the Thompson Group, where the best medical equipment kept the children hanging on to their lives.

Chapter 646: You've disappointed me too much.

She didn't know if it was divine intervention or plain luck, but her two children were finally able to grow up cheerful and normal, just like any other child.

What Charlotte Thompson would never forget was the year they turned two.

A sudden illness caught the entire family off guard. Even Jordan Thompson, who spent his days in bars, unusually went to the hospital. Their elder brother shelved all his overseas work and rushed back home.

The shock was so great it almost knocked their grandfather unconscious.

The children were infected with an unknown virus. Their skin was peeling off and rotting. They lay unconscious in the intensive care unit, their vital signs fading till they were almost invisible.

Finally, the day of the surgery arrived. Charlotte collapsed crying outside the operating room. But the heavens were merciful, and the children narrowly escaped death once again.

After that, Charlotte poured all her energy into these two children.

The doctors had warned that these surrogate twins were not like ordinary children and needed extra care.

After treading carefully through the worst times, Charlotte came to a sudden realization, some things had passed her by so quickly.

She bowed her head, trembling, and covered her cheek with her hand, almost falling apart. "You wouldn't know, that saving these two kids from death's door was all me. They're not my biological children but in my heart, they are."

Charlotte choked back her tears, her voice breaking, "They will always be..."

Justin Battleson licked his lips and turned his head away, heaving a sigh that seemed unwilling. He bent down slightly, pressing both of his hands on Charlotte's shoulders, trying to give her strength.

He whispered, "Charlotte, I understand."

He understood her torment through countless days and nights, understood her tears, understood her love for the children.

But, they all had to bow to reality.

His voice faltered a bit, Justin said softly, "But Charlotte, you know it better than anyone else, right?"

He paused a bit and continued, "Chad and Jack want to go back, they must return to their family roots."

When he finished, Charlotte completely broke down. She looked up at the man in front of her, her eyes completely hollow.

She laughed bitterly, "Nice phrase, return to family roots."

She paused and said, "I've heard this phrase more than once today. The so-called return to roots is nothing but sending the two children back to be groomed into becoming the perfect heir for the Ross family, right?"

She lift her head slightly, her eyes red and swollen, "You are forcing this on them, Justin. Since they are not your biological children, do you dislike them too? Are you planning to help Adam Ross take the children away at any cost?"

"You know what the children need most is love, yet you insist on burdening them with so-called responsibilities at this tender age, isn't that cruel?"

Charlotte's eyes were full of disappointment. She picked up her bag, stood up from the chair, and shook her head, "You have let me down."

Just as she was about to walk past Justin and leave, he instinctively reached out and grabbed her.

"Charlotte, listen to me, it's not like that..."

Charlotte brushed off his hand emotionlessly, stepped away without hesitation, leaving a lonely figure behind.

Justin hurriedly followed her, but no matter what he said, Charlotte did not utter a single word to him.

Chapter 647: Upset

The next day, early morning.

None was in the CEO's office when Charlotte Thompson wearily walk in her high heels inside. She slightly pursed her lips, her face cold, standing in front of her desk to pull out the draft papers she needed.

She looked down for a second to make sure all the documents were there and then took a pen out of the pen holder, ready to leave with her stuff.

The longer she stays, the more she remembers Justin Battleson's advice from yesterday, and the hotter her temper gets.

Just as she turned around and looked up, she unsuspectingly met the man's deep eyes at the doorway.

Justin Battleson, dusting off an imaginary speck of dust on the cuff of his sleeve, froze in place when he was about to step into the office. Seeing Charlotte gathering her files and about to leave, he was slightly taken aback.

"What is this?" He asked.

"It's none of your business." She replied.

Charlotte lowered her eyes and coldly responded, ready to step out.

As she passed Justin, he subconsciously reached out and grabbed her wrist, looking somewhat helpless, "Are you still angry?"

Justin was obviously asking a rhetorical question.

"Angry?" Charlotte sneered, slowly pulling her hand away, her voice slightly cold, "I am just a designer after all, how dare I be mad at you."

After her words fell, she slightly turned her body, deftly bypassing Justin, and headed out towards the corridor.

The sound of keyboard taps sometimes echoed in the design department downstairs. Charlotte tried her best to walk lightly through the hallway, but still people looked up, their expressions faltering when they caught sight of her.

Charlotte simply walked on, pushing open the door to her former office, ignoring these out-of-place gazes.

Outside, a sleepy woman wearing a work badge perks up when she sees Charlotte returning to the office. She rubbed her eyes, watching as the office door closed.

After a good while, she thoughtfully nudged the person next to her, her voice teasing, "Our great designer Ms. Thompson is not exclusively allowed to work in the CEO's office, isn't she, she also doesn't attend meetings in the design department? Look at her now..."

She smacked her lips, her eyes meaningful.

The woman nudged by her looked up at her, they exchanged a glance and burst into laughter, "You're still saying? There's definitely a chance, she seems to have a crush on him but got dumped, she really thinks she's all that."

"It's really funny, to see her rise is one thing, to see her fall now is another. I bet that arrogant attitude of hers has no chance to show off now, let's see how she shows off in the future."

The two people lowered their voices, but Charlotte's office door wasn't closed properly and the insulation wasn't good, so the sound of the discussion outside could easily be heard.

That's how it is in the workplace, people had been ass-kissing one moment and changed direction the moment they caught a hint of something different.

Their language even became harsh.

Charlotte casually placed the thin stack of files on her desk, grabbed some tissues from the table, and cleaned her slightly dusty chair before sitting down.

The curtains weren't drawn on the window, the scorching sun was shining through, making the solid wood desk hot.

The noise outside was getting louder, but Charlotte simply carried on with her work, completely unaffected.

At noon, the sun was getting bigger.

Charlotte had to stop her work and get up to draw the curtains. The khaki-colored curtains that were somewhat heavy instantly blocked out the harsh sunlight. She touched her cheek which was sunburned and felt more restless.

The light became dim, she suppressed her displeasure, strode back to her desk, sat down, and began to look over the designs.

Chapter 648: What kind of tricky operation is this?

On the other side, in the conference room.

The routine meeting proceeded as usual, Justin Battleson was the last to arrive, and he glanced around the room.

Everyone had arrived on time, only the chair next to the main seat was still empty.

Justin Battleson's gaze lightly skimmed over the vacant chair, his eyes pausing briefly for a few seconds, then he reached out and took a hefty stack of documents from Michael Richard's hands.

Placing them on the table, he signaled the start of the meeting.

Everyone exchanged glances, all eyes eventually settling on the lone empty seat.

On the other side, a man with glasses spoke with some confusion, "Mr. Battleson, Designer Thompson..."

Before he could finish, Justin Battleson raised his hand to signal him to stop, then spoke in a deep voice, "Designer Thompson won't be coming today. Let's begin."

As his words fell, the man beside him nodded slightly, then stood up and pushed a bundle of proposals to Justin Battleson, adjusting his glasses as he continued, "Mr. Battleson, these are all the design proposals from the design department this quarter. I've sifted through them all, and what's left are relatively the better ones."

He paused briefly, saying, "Mr. Battleson, please have a look."

At this, Justin Battleson nodded and picked up the topmost file. After giving it a cursory glance, he placed it to one side, a few seconds later, he opened the second file.

Lowering his gaze, he saw a few large characters on the first page.

Designer: Charlotte Thompson.

A slight pause, a hint of an indefinable look flashed in his eyes, and then he closed the document with a flick of his slender fingers.

Without even a glance, he bypassed this proposal.

Opposite, the design department manager raised his eyebrows slightly, looking somewhat surprised at this action.

He had seen Charlotte's proposal. It was definitely the most exquisite and outstanding amongst the stack of documents.

But in seeing just a name, Justin Battleson had skipped over it entirely.

Of course, as the newly appointed design department manager, he was not in a position to say anything and was only left watching Justin Battleson flip through file after file, a hint of impatience crossing his eyes.

Charlotte's proposal sat separately, with a gust of wind blowing in from outside, the document cover turned over, revealing Charlotte's name within sight of everyone.

Anyone with decent eyesight could see these few words.

Not long after, Justin Battleson had finished reviewing all the proposals. He nodded, signaled for Michael Richard to pick up the documents, and said, "These proposals can all pass."

Just as he finished speaking, he paused slightly, his gaze falling on the lone proposal of Charlotte's on the table, he pondered for a few seconds before saying, "This one still has some shortcomings, take it back to the original designer for revision."

At his words, the design department manager paused, speaking up largely out of reflex, "Mr. Battleson, this is Designer Thompson's proposal."

Having said that, the man made a slight quizzical raising of his eyebrows, speaking, "I know. And?"

The design department manager was taken aback.

Who is Designer Thompson Charlotte? She is the Joy of Ashton, the ceiling of the design industry.

Even if there were people who didn't like her in the past, no one ever doubted her design talent.

Yet now, Justin Battleson was approving all the other proposals while blocking Joy's.

What kind of move was this?

The design department manager was left at a loss for words, only able to pick up the proposal and nod, his voice resigned, "Alright Mr. Battleson, I will have Designer Thompson revise it."

Not just him, the eyes of the people all around possessed different reactions, each beginning to guess at what was happening.

Firstly, Charlotte was absent from the meeting, and then there was Justin Battleson targeting her proposal.

Could it be that there was some friction between these two?

People peered with probing eyes at the man seated in the main seat, his face revealing no emotions as if nothing had happened, leaving them baffled.

Chapter 649: There are Never Any Flaws.

The meeting had just ended, and the Design Department Manager packed up thoughtfully, stealing a glance at Justin Battleson as he closed the files.

The expression on Justin's face remained the same, still showing his typical indifferent attitude to everything.

The Design Department Manager was extremely worried.

He tightened his grip on Charlotte Thompson's design proposal, unable to resist opening it for another look.

Every detail inside was perfect, and any alteration would only be gilding the lily.

How was he supposed to ask Charlotte to make changes?

With a sour face, he packed up his stuff and walked out holding the proposal. As he walked, he was forming the words in his head.

On the other side, inside Charlotte Thompson's office.

The office door was gently knocked. Charlotte rubbed her sore neck and looked up. Noticing the office door wasn't tightly shut, she leaned back and said casually, "The door isn't locked, come in."

As the words fell, the person outside hesitated for a few seconds, then pushed the door open and entered.

Seeing who it was, Charlotte raised her eyebrows slightly.

She had seen this man a few times while organizing her proposal. He was the new Design Department Manager, about thirty years old, and a returnee from studying abroad.

Originally, he applied for the position of deputy manager but he was indeed talented. He had won several competitions overseas and his design concept was in line with Vanguard Jewelry's needs. So, Justin immediately appointed him as the manager.

The Manager walked in. His gaze flickered with hesitation.

Charlotte put down her pen and stood up, giving him a slight smile, motioning towards the couch. "Manager, please, take a seat," she said politely.

Hearing this, the manager's eyes flickered with even more hesitation. After contemplating for a few seconds, he said gently, "Designer Charlotte, I won't sit."

He pursed his lips slightly, glanced at Charlotte, gently put the file in his hand on the table and after thinking for a while, he said, "Designer Charlotte, Mr. Battleson reviewed your proposal and found it slightly lacking, so he..."

"Manager."

Charlotte chuckled and looked at the man in front of her, whose eyes were somewhat evasive, and she couldn't help but laugh.

She turned to pick up the proposal, casually flipping through it. "May I boldly guess, Mr. Battleson didn't even look at it, did he?" she continued.

She understood Justin and believed in her own abilities.

Justin wouldn't lie just for the sake of lying. There was only one possibility, he didn't look at it at all.

Hearing this, the Design Department Manager's eyes flashed with surprise, and then he sighed, "Maybe Mr. Battleson was not in a good mood..."

Laughing lightly, Charlotte said, "Manager, I understand, I will revise the proposal... also, could you do me a favor?"

As her words fell, the guilty Manager quickly nodded his head in agreement, "Just say it, there's no need to be polite with me."

Charlotte nodded slightly, her hand subconsciously rubbing her warm lips. After pondering for a few seconds, she asked, "Can you help me invite everyone in the design department to a private party at Red Dream Clubhouse?"

"Of course." The Manager nodded his head, then said, "If there's nothing else, I'll go now."

Charlotte thanked him and watched him leave the office.

She was aware that her position in the design department was awkward. If she were to invite everyone personally, not many people might show up.

But the manager was different.

As long as he gave the order, everyone in the design department would at least make a token appearance, even if they were unwilling.

A slight smile curled at the corners of her lips, and Charlotte took a glance at the file on the table before giving out a quiet laugh.

"Revise?"

"Joy's designs are always flawless."

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In the evening, thanks to the manager's support, the process went incredibly smooth. After work, the members of the design department left in great numbers, taking a car if they had one, walking if they preferred, all heading towards the same destination.

Chapter 650: I had a cold war with Charlotte Thompson.

-- Red Dream Clubhouse.

It was quite vigorous. Michael Richard came down and took a look, and a flash of surprise passed through his eyes when he saw what was happening.

Is there going to be a group fight?

After some discussions and enquiries with the neighboring design department, he finally understood what was going on.

The young man from the adjacent department said with enthusiasm, "Mr. Richard, I bet you don't know. This afternoon we heard that Miss Thompson from the design department next door invited everyone to the Red Dream Clubhouse. Their cheering was loud enough to be heard over here."

He touched his thinning hair, which was the result of overworking, and sighed, "I wish I was in the design department, I don't want to work myself to the bone anymore!"

When the words fell, Michael Richard nodded thoughtfully, then turned around and went upstairs.

Outside the president's office, he paused slightly and then knocked on the door.

A cold voice came within.

"Come in."

Michael Richard pushed the door open, and strode in to stand in front of the desk.

The office was very quiet, and Michael Richard was choosing his words.

Justin Battleson looked up at him, and the two stared at each other.

Putting down the document, Justin Battleson frowned, "What's wrong?"

"Mr. Battleson," Michael Richard cleared his throat and decided to straight away, "Miss Thompson took everyone in the design department to book out the Red Dream Clubhouse."

As the words fell, Justin Battleson's pupils flickered.

Red Dream Clubhouse?

Booked out?

He gritted his teeth slightly, put down the document in hand, stood up from the desk, looked at Michael Richard, and asked, "When did they leave?"

"Just now."

As his words fell, Michael Richard looked up and saw Justin Battleson calmly taking his coat from the back of the chair and striding out.

While going downstairs, Justin Battleson dialed a number.

After a few seconds, a lazy voice came from the other end, "Second Bro, what's up?"

Justin Battleson didn't beat around the bush, he said while walking into the elevator, "In half an hour, gather Harper Gibson, go to the Blue Tone Club."

The other end paused for a second, and then agreed.

He hung up the phone, standing straight in the swiftly descending elevator, the corners of his mouth slightly upturned.

The Red Dream Clubhouse is just across from the Blue Tone Club. Such a high-profile move, it's clear she wants to cross swords with him.

...

Half an hour later.

Adam Ross put away the car keys and followed Harper Gibson in striding into the club.

The club had already been booked out by Justin Battleson. At a glance, they could easily recognize a familiar figure on the suede sofa.

Harper Gibson gave a small smile, sat down on the sofa opposite Justin Battleson, and looked at the beer bottles on the table. The smile on his face widened a few degrees.

He leaned back, lazily playing with the ring on his pinkie, the cool touch constantly transmitting to him.

Adam Ross also sat down, crossed his legs, looked at the man in front of him, his eyes slightly deep.

After a few seconds, Harper Gibson laughed lightly, and said with a smirk, "Second Bro, you seem troubled."

At these words, Justin Battleson put down the bottle in his hand, casually raised his eyebrow, and said slowly, "Indeed, something's up."

Their gazes rested on him, and the latter paused for a few seconds, speaking with rare distress in his voice.

"I'm having a cold war with Charlotte."

Before the two could speak, Justin Battleson went on to tell the whole story. In the end, he glanced at Adam Ross coldly, "I'm actually trying to help you."

Adam Ross, sitting across from him, almost laughed out the sip of beer in his mouth. After barely swallowing it down, his eyes were full of uncontrolled amusement.

"I'm really sorry, but allow me to laugh a little longer."

He laughed out loud without any restraint, turned to look at Harper Gibson, said, "Third Bro, have you ever seen our Second Bro in this state?"