

## **Spoiled 681**

Chapter 681: Anne Group

The latter took a few slow steps and positioned herself in front of her.

The frustration in her sinister eyes was seen by Charlotte Thompson more than once.

With a tight grip in her hand, Zoe Anne looked her in the eye and scoffed, "Charlotte, you may not know me, but rest assured, I know very well who you are."

Upon hearing this, Charlotte's eyes narrowed, her face masked in confusion.

She wrestled her hand free from the grip, her fair wrist now turned red from the pressure. She flexed her hands, her eyes maintaining composure.

"Miss Anne, I do know who you are - the dream girl of countless men and the newly debuted starlet Zoe Anne."

She turned her look to Zoe, a faint smile on her lips, "You're best known for your role in the recently popular TV drama 'Endless Summer', right?"

It wasn't so much that she had time to review the background information of her guest, but rather that Jordan Thompson had enjoyed watching the show on TV recently, especially the finale which left him in a melancholic mood for some time. This TV drama was none other than "Endless Summer", featuring Zoe in a starring role.

However, the surprising thing for Charlotte was that Zoe would drop all her other commitments to participate in a variety show.

Even though "The Birth of Beautiful Clothes" has provided a launchpad to fame for a number of actresses, Zoe, at the height of her popularity, should not have participated in this kind of show under normal circumstances.

With a probing glance at the athletic woman standing in front of her, Charlotte softly pursed her lips as if she realised something, she said, "You came to this show for me?"

That is, to target her.

Upon hearing this, a trace of sarcastic laughter surfaced on Zoe's face, she clicked her tongue, "So, you're not as stupid as I thought... but you don't know that, apart from being an actress, I have another identity."

She clasped her hands across her chest in a leisurely manner, the sense of aggression radiating from her unaltered.

"I am the heiress of Anne Group, real name, Emma Anne."

Anne Group?

Charlotte was slightly startled, a surprise flashed in her eyes.

No wonder she felt so familiar the first time she saw her on TV. After all, Anne Group was also considered a big enterprise in the city.

During Ashton's time, Henry Thompson had cooperated with Anne Group on several occasions and Charlotte, as the personal assistant to the president at the time, always accompanied him.

She still remembers that during one such serious meeting, a girl suddenly barged in wearing a light-colored floral skirt, her hair neatly laid over her shoulders, with a pale green hairpin beside her ear.

According to the introduction by Anne Group, this was the daughter loved by the Group's Chairman, Emma Anne.

Although they only had a brief meeting, looking at Zoe now, she was surprisingly different from the lively and animated girl from a few years ago.

Zoe chuckled lightly, saying with disdain in her eyes, "The Anne Group and Ross Group are old-time allies, surely you know that?"

In response, Charlotte honestly shook her head.

She indeed knew about the Anne and Ross Groups, but she wasn't privy to the information about their long-time alliance.

The complex relationships and stakes tangled within the business world were something her older brother always discouraged her from getting involved in. The farther away from this, the better.

Upon seeing this, Zoe's eyes widened in exasperation, "If you don't even know this, then what do you actually know?!"

Charlotte raised slight eyebrows.

Although she had met her before, judging by her current behavior, it was very likely that Zoe had never seen her.

Chapter 682: The Relationship of Jointly Raising a Child

Charlotte Thompson lazily lifted her eyelids, stepping aside, she drawled, "I know there's only forty minutes left until the observation ends..."

She turned her head towards Zoe Anne with a sly wink, stating with a cheshire grin, "Miss Anne is pretty well-off, so maybe you don't care about the competition results, but me, as the poorest designer in the industry, I have to be extra reliable and trustworthy."

She waved her hand, speeding up her pace, "I also need to feed my family by this show, so I can't chat with you anymore."

Watching the woman's receding figure, Zoe Anne's eyes widened. The hand gripping the strap of her backpack tightened, and after a few seconds of processing, she quickly ran after her.

Charlotte kept a helpless expression on her face as they went, with Zoe Anne prattling nonstop in her ear.

However, after a long talk, Charlotte finally understood what she meant.

Miss Anne entered the entertainment industry for the sake of love, but the object of her affection had turned to pursue someone else instead.

What was more heartbreaking was that the man didn't even care about whom he was pursuing was a devious mistress.

Charlotte, who was at the center of the public's attention, couldn't bear Zoe Anne's incessant talking anymore. She halted abruptly, throwing up her arms in surrender.

Turning towards the woman beside her with a weary look, she said, "Miss Anne, Mr. Ross was just playing around. My relationship with him is completely innocent, just pure comradeship in raising a child together."

Yes, the Anne and Ross families were old friends. Zoe Anne and Adam Ross had grown up together, two children as close as siblings.

Similarly, in the cliché plot of a novel, Zoe Anne had been openly in love with Adam Ross for eight years. However, it was a one-sided love, like a flower tossed onto the flowing river, ignored by the very water it adored.

Adam Ross hadn't shown genuine love for any woman, not even Zoe Anne, who had been heartbroken by him.

Having heard about the scandalous affair between Adam Ross and Charlotte a while ago, Zoe Anne had been so angry that she had thrown countless objects around. Only now had she seized an opportunity to meet Charlotte.

Hearing this explanation, Miss Anne's eyes widened in anger and she burst out, "You've already co-parented a child, there's no such thing as pure comradeship. I know you are eager to climb up to my brother Ross, to get onto Ross Group."

At her words, Charlotte's lips twitched, at a loss for what to say.

Not far away, the camera was set up. Because the second episode of the show had created a lot of new ideas, the highlights were unpredictable, so it was broadcast live.

Charlotte glanced up at the camera pointing at them, lazily yawning, "Miss Anne, they are broadcasting live there. If we keep standing here, the audience will suspect that we are not doing our job..."

Before she could finish, Charlotte's returning gaze suddenly halted. Her breathing quickened slightly as she quickly pushed Zoe Anne away.

The latter, caught off guard and pushed with such force from Charlotte, staggered back a few steps, falling heavily to the ground.

With a cry of surprise, Zoe Anne's shocked gaze flickered, she raised her eyes, "You actually dared to push me..."

Meanwhile, the staff behind the camera was also dumbfounded.

This was being broadcast live.

From a distance, they could clearly see the scene of Zoe Anne being pushed.

The netizens in the live chat were also stunned. After a few seconds of silence, they crazily hit their keyboards, sending strings of question marks on the screen.

"??? Speechless, told the platform to change the host. My little sister Zoe is bullied like this in public."

"Charlotte is really ex, I feel sick just looking at her."

"Tsk tsk tsk, ugly people doing shit, I curse Charlotte to die a horrible death!"

In contrast to the live chat, Zoe Anne lifted her eyes.

As soon as her words fell, after seeing the scene in front of her, a shiver ran down her spine.

Chapter 683: Serpent

Her pupils shrank suddenly, she opened her mouth in dumbfounded shock, unable to utter a word.

She sat stunned on the ground, the soft, moist grass beneath her saturated her shoes and socks with dew.

A flash of fear crossed her face, causing her to scramble back a couple of steps on the ground.

Charlotte Thompson frowned at the snake writhing in her hand. With a hint of irritation, she used her other hand to secure its head.

She lifted her gaze to a particularly sturdy bamboo shoot in front of her, her expression thoughtful.

Catching sight of Zoe Anne's frightened face out of the corner of her eye, a faintly mischievous grin crossed Charlotte's face.

She slowly crouched down, thrusting the snake in her hand towards Zoe Anne.

The pampered Miss Anne, who had never been subjected to this kind of shock, was trembling all over like a leaf in the wind, her shock momentarily overriding her capacity to react.

Charlotte curled her lips in a mocking smile, "What are you scared of, Miss Anne? This adorable creature here?"

She paused for a moment, then continued with a smirk, "I almost forgot to tell you, this snake's head was about to crawl into your collar. If it hadn't looked like it was about to bite, I wouldn't have pushed you away."

Charlotte casted a glance at the snake she had managed to subdue, licking her lips, "Such a cute creature, it'd be a wonderful experience if it had managed to crawl into your shirt."

She chuckled, asking, "Don't you think so?"

The other woman shrank back, her face expressing both fear and disgust. She turned her head slightly, her voice trembling, "Stay away from me..."

With a weak effort, she got up from the ground. At that moment, there were footsteps sound coming from behind them.

Charlotte lazily lifted her eyelids to look over, her eyes devoid of any hint of surprise.

Asher Howard, with his bag slung over his shoulder, confidently strode across the grass towards them. Upon seeing the snake in Charlotte's hand, a faint hint of surprise flashed across his face.

He stepped forward, bent down and took a closer look at the pitch-black snake. A playful smile rose to his lips.

"This snake is non-venomous, you can release it."

Hearing his remarks, Charlotte nodded in understanding, then gently let go of the snake.

The freed black snake slithered off into the grass, causing Zoe Anne to immediately jump to her feet and scamper over to Charlotte's side, as frightened as a bird startled by the twang of a bow.

Asher looked appreciatively at Charlotte and a wild smile flicked at the corners of his lips, "I didn't expect Designer Thompson to be so brave."

At his words, Charlotte smiled modestly, "You flatter me, Designer Howard. It's nothing but a non-venomous snake. If it was venomous, I wouldn't dare touch it even if I had ten times the courage."

Having said that, she glanced at her wristwatch.

Having dealt with the snake for so long, it was almost time to go.

She pursed her lips and said, lowering her gaze, "We're running out of time. Let's go."

She looked at Zoe Anne, who had tightened her grip on her own clothes, her face full of helplessness. "Miss Anne, the snake is gone now. Could you please let go of me?"

Hearing this, Zoe Anne looked down at her hand in confusion, then she stepped back as if she'd got an electric shock, an unnatural expression flashing across her face.

"It's just a snake. You're making it sound as if I was really scared."

Charlotte's lips twitched slightly in response.

Indeed, who was the one frightened out of her wits just now.



With a resigned shake of her head, Charlotte sighed softly as she started to walk away, "Alright alright, Miss Anne, you're the bravest... If you don't want to come across any more unknown creatures, we better pick up the pace."

After they left the bamboo forest, many guests had already started to arrive. Among them, a woman who was over-dressed was the most pitiable sight. She had opted to wear a skirt and high heels in order to maintain her appearance.

Chapter 684: Ways to Pacify People

The result was that her white dress turned gray, and her black heels were covered in mud.

She rode back to the set, and after the judges and guests took their seats, the filming continued.

The creative drafts were still laid out in front of the guests, but this time, the countdown timer on the big screen was extended significantly.

Leisurely uncapping a bottle of mineral water and having a few sips, she found herself bored idle in her chair for a while. Time flew by quickly, and it was soon lunch break.

As filming had just ended and before she could leave, a man dressed in a suit suddenly appeared on the set.

He seemed unfamiliar, but he was carrying bags full of stuff, distributing them to whoever he came across.

The guests and crew who received the items turned their heads to look at Charlotte Thompson, their eyes filled with curious expressions.

Charlotte was a little taken aback, her eyebrows furrowing in confusion.

That wasn't all. Next, more than a dozen catering trucks, dessert carts, and beverage carts arrived in succession, too many to count.

By her side, Coco handed Charlotte a small cake, exclaiming with delight, "I must say, the producer's cooking skills are amazing, he can even make a simple little cake taste heavenly."

Coco savored a bite of the cake, only then noticing the bustling food trucks not far away.

She was surprised, "Sis, how come I don't know we have these in our program?"

Upon hearing this, Charlotte was also puzzled and shook her head, "I didn't know either."

The next moment, Coco couldn't contain her desire for gossip. After swallowing the cake in one bite, she darted over to find out more.

After a few minutes, Coco came back looking astonished, still unable to comprehend what was going on.

Seeing Charlotte, her eyes were full of bewilderment.

"Sis, I asked those guys, they said... all these things were prepared by you and sent over."

Upon hearing this, Charlotte's eyebrows furrowed in confusion.

When was it that she prepared these things?

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Inside one of the catering trucks, a man in a suit leisurely took out his mobile phone and answered a call.

On the other end, an office brightly lit.

Justin Battleson held a phone to his ear, an anticipation in his voice that he himself couldn't detect, "How did it go? How did she react?"

The man standing next to the catering truck was none other than Michael Richard, who was trying not to be noticed by Charlotte.

The man snapped his fingers, and then said with a raised eyebrow, "Mr. Battleson, I just had someone check on how Miss Thompson's shoot in the bamboo forest went. It seems everything's going smoothly, so there's no need to worry."

Upon hearing this, the anxiety in Justin's heart gradually subsided. He nodded, leaned back, a hint of contemplation in his eyes before he asked, "Michael, do you think... she will forgive me if I do this?"

Upon hearing this, Michael's corner of the mouth twitched a bit.

The renowned Mr. Battleson was trying to earn his wife's forgiveness by bringing in more than a dozen catering trucks, dessert and beverage carts, and providing various thoughtful services under Charlotte's name.

This tactic of advertising herself as the generous benefactor came as quite a shock to Michael at first.

If it were the old Justin, Michael would never believe he could do such a thing.

But ever since Charlotte came into the picture, Michael felt that whatever Justin does is not surprising when it comes to her. No matter how uncharacteristic, he would regard it as normal.

Only after instructing him over and over again on the phone, did Justin hang up.

Chapter 685: To Please

After listening to Coco's lengthy account, Charlotte Thompson fell silent for a few seconds, with a glimmer of uncertainty flashing through her eyes.

On the other hand, a woman with a work badge around her neck plopped down in a chair, casually picking up a glass of juice on the table for a sip.

With her legs crossed and her face plastered with thick makeup, it seemed like the powder would fall off in chunks every time she moved her mouth.

She smacked her lips, glanced down at the few ice cubes left at the bottom of her juice glass, a smirk in her eyes.

Setting the glass aside, she slowly straightened out her uniform, and then leaned back against the chair.

Folding her arms across her chest, she looked at the woman across from her in the same uniform and scoffed, "It's really eye-opening how this Charlotte goes out of her way to please the crew and guests."

Upon hearing this, the woman across laboriously tied her loose hair into a low ponytail and casually responded, "Who knows what she's planning, I just looked at the replay of the live stream in the bamboo forest."

She flashed a look of disgust in her eyes and stated, "Zoe Anne was pushed so far back by her, falling flat on her butt. Even though I was a bit far away, it was painful to watch."

"Yeah right." another woman leaned in and continued conspiratorially, "I came in a little earlier this morning, and Zoe Anne even asked me where Charlotte Thompson's dressing room was."

"I kindly pointed her in the right direction."

She paused slightly and laughed, "Then she seemed to have marched up to Charlotte's dressing room with her assistant. The two likely had a disagreement, that's why Charlotte was so annoyed and took it out on Zoe Anne in the bamboo forest."

Full of cold drinks and desserts taken from the car on the table in front of them, the woman sarcastically said while eating, "Maybe Charlotte only realized the scuffle was live after ending the stream, that's why she's doing all this to appease us?"

"Moreover, like Zoe Anne, who always lives in luxury, would she accept such a thing? I think Charlotte's tricks are not going to work this time."

They looked at each other knowingly, all seeing mirrored cynical feelings in each other's eyes.

The air was quiet for a few seconds, the previously sipping staff member codependently mentioned, "I'm now even more curious about what's going to happen. Although Charlotte has the title of a designer, the name Joy is only considered legendary in Ashton."

She paused for a moment and ambiguously smiled, "In Druarus, this name is considered to be quite obscure. Compared to Zoe Anne, a hugely popular star with a rich background and resources, how can a plain Jane like her stand up against Zoe Anne?"

Each person's voice was filled with mockery and amusement as if they sincerely looked forward to seeing Charlotte's ensuing drama unfold.

The laughter subsided, an older staff member chuckled and said, "Get back to work once you've had your fill, otherwise, if we keep talking, we may end up in hot water with producer Smith."

They all knew how protective Lincoln Smith was of Charlotte.

They grumbled in response, then collectively rose from their seats.

But none of them noticed that a man had just flitted past behind a pillar not too far away.

Michael Richard leaned against the pillar, a slight frown creased his brow as he heard the discussion. He then took out his phone, going through his call history to dial a number.

Chapter 686: Lose the wife and the troops

Elsewhere, Justin Battleson was lackadaisically flipping through documents. When he heard the ring of a phone, he quickly put down the documents and looked over.

He swiped the screen to answer the call, placing the phone by his ear, even before he could speak, a heavy sigh from the other end, Michael Richard, greeted him.

"Mr. Battleson, it seems we've lost both the battle and the woman."

At these words, Justin paused a moment before replying, "Quit beating around the bush and spit it out."

Michael shrugged and continued, "I just eavesdropped on some staff here, who, while they were eating what we'd brought them, were speculating about Miss Thompson's intentions."

He groaned faintly, then added, "They were saying Miss Thompson is trying to please Zoe Anne."

Upon hearing this, Justin's expression froze momentarily, then a hint of anger rose in him. His hand on the desk clenched slightly and he quirked an eyebrow, then ordered, "Handle those gossipers..."

Halfway through his directive, he paused for a few seconds.

Charlotte Thompson had already made it clear that she didn't want him to intervene in her matters. If he took action for her regardless, Charlotte would definitely be upset if she came to know about it.

His gaze dropped and Justin became lost in anguished silence.

If Charlotte got upset at him again over this, wouldn't all he was doing be in vain?

His lips gradually straightened, then he finally released a sigh. His hand gripping the phone tightened and he subdued the frustration in his eyes, murmuring softly, "Forget it... let's just wait and watch. Since the food has already been delivered, just come back."

After hanging up, Justin rubbed his forehead, caught up in a dilemma. His phone buzzed again before he could do anything else.

He glanced at the caller ID, his expression shifting slightly.

The screen displayed a simple name: Charlotte.

As soon as the call connected, a slightly annoyed female voice came from the other end, "Justin Battleson, did you arrange for the things here at the production team?"

At the sound of her voice, Justin leaned back, admitting reluctantly, "Yes, it was me."

"Can you stop getting involved in such trivial matters from now on?"

On the other end of the line, Charlotte sat down on a chair, activated speakerphone mode, and casually picked a bottle of mineral water from the edge of her table and unscrewed the cap.

After taking a quick sip, she sighed exasperatedly, "You don't have to bother with these things."

At her words, Justin nodded subtly, a hint of hidden heartache flashing across his eyes.

After a few seconds of silence, he said thoughtfully, "I know you're feeling wronged by the production team, Charlotte. If you don't like it, you don't have to participate in the show. I could invest in a new program for you if you wish."

His voice spoke traces of a nearly undetectable concern.

At his words, Charlotte unusually fell silent for a few seconds. She avoided his gaze and let out a nearly imperceptible sigh. "Stop taking matters into your own hands. I have my own measure, and I'm not the kind to silently endure anything."

She paused briefly, knowing that a number of staff and guests had been discussing her in private.

But she didn't care that much.

Participating in the program wasn't about what others said about her. As long as she did what she was supposed to do, why should she be concerned about other people's opinion?

Thinking too much about it might eventually trap her in her own prison.

She bit her lip and her voice unconsciously softened, "I've got filming soon, so let's leave it here... bye."

Chapter 687: Show Your Face

Staring at the disconnected call, Justin Battleson was initially taken aback, but soon a barely detectable hint of amusement flashed through his eyes.

Slowly exiting the call log, he pulled up Michael Richard's number without hesitation, and his slender, fair fingers swiftly typed out several words on the screen.

"Let's show ourselves around."

With a click of the send button, the short message appeared in their chat box.

On the other end, the phone hidden in the pocket suddenly vibrated. Michael Richard, who was already in the car preparing to return to the office, paused before leaning to the side to remove his phone from his pocket.

Unlocking the phone, he saw an unread message displayed on the screen.

The sender was simply two words, "Boss", and the content was visible at a glance.

Finished reading, there was no surprise in his eyes, and the corners of his lips curled slightly.



He knew it. Justin Battleson would never be someone who would suffer in silence and keep a low profile. His current action was just a warning to those who discussed him behind his back.

"Okay." Michael Richard put away the phone, yawned, unbuckled the safety belt and got off the car. He casually said, "Another task has come up."

The cars following behind him stopped one after another. Michael Richard stepped forward and knocked on the driver's window.

After a few seconds, the car window slowly rolled down, revealing a bodyguard dressed in a suit sitting on the driver's seat.

Michael Richard chuckled lightly and nodded slightly, "Everyone, get out of the car. We have a new task."

The man in the driver's seat also didn't ask anymore, immediately got off the car, and knocked on the windows of the cars behind him.

Not too long after, all the passengers got out of their cars and loosely followed Michael Richard towards the back stage of the show.

It looked quite like a squad prepared for a gang fight.

Backstage.

After Charlotte Thompson casually ate something, she was invited by Lincoln Smith to discuss the show's effect. Just as she sat down in the chair, and before she could start talking, chaotic footsteps sounded from outside the backstage.

It sounded like a lot of people.

Charlotte glanced over at the door in confusion, and she immediately spotted Michael Richard, who was walking in.

She caught her breath, her mouth twitching slightly.

What was Justin Battleson up to this time?

Michael Richard had been with Justin Battleson for many years, and many backstage workers including Lincoln Smith knew him. Seeing him, Lincoln Smith raised his brow in surprise, then laughed, "Mr. Richard, what brings you here?"

At his words, Michael Richard stopped walking, standing less than a meter away from Charlotte Thompson. He glanced at her, then smiled cryptically, "I was asked to deliver something, and didn't want to lead to misunderstandings, so I showed my face... Oh, I wonder if everyone enjoyed the meal?"

As soon as his words fell, the staff members exchanged glances. Everyone understood.

Michael Richard had always worked exclusively for the Battleson Group. This 'request', was most likely from Justin Battleson.

Understanding the implications, one of the older staff members chuckled, "Thanks to Mr. Battleson for the reward. Rest assured, Mr. Richard, we will definitely take good care of Miss Thompson while she's on the show."

"Yes, yes." A woman fiddling with a camera nearby, smiled brightly, "Besides, Miss Thompson has talent, we can't say anything."

At their words, Michael Richard finally nodded in satisfaction, politely greeted Charlotte, then left with his entourage in tow.

After making several rounds in the field, making sure all the guest soldiers understood, they finally left the set in their cars.

Chapter 688: I'll listen to you.

Backstage, Charlotte Thompson stifled a cough and looked at Lincoln Smith, sounding a bit embarrassed, "I think you're teasing me, producer Smith."

Upon hearing her, the man who spoke just before chimed in courteously, "But surely there's nothing wrong with having a boyfriend who spoils a woman like Miss Thompson."

Afterward, Charlotte had to endure the jokes from the oblivious staff, all of whom were complimenting and marveling at her relationship with Justin Battleson.

Feeling overly embarrassed, she was relieved to have finally finished the afternoon shooting. Like a survivor after a disaster, she dragged Coco and sprinted towards the break room.

Outside the door of the break room, she finally took a deep breath and, drained of all energy, she said to Coco, "Coco, I can't bear to be here anymore, I better get out of here and pack up my stuff since the shooting is finally over."

She turned around, making moves to push the break room door.

"Hey, wait a minute..."

Before the words could completely leave her lips, Charlotte had already pushed the door open. As she was walking in, she looked back at Coco, somewhat puzzled, "What is it?"

After saying that, she turned her head and without thinking, raised her eyes to look in; she immediately froze.

Right in front of her was a magnified handsome face.

Charlotte: "..."

She knew what Coco was trying to say.

Behind her, Coco covered her face with her hand, almost crying, and then sensibly turned around and left.

With a slight twitch at the corner of her mouth, within seconds Charlotte had composed herself. She nonchalantly walked past Justin Battleson and into the break room.

"What on earth are you trying to do?"

She sat down on the sofa and asked in a resigned tone.

The man turned around and boldly proclaimed, "Didn't you tell me not to do boring things behind your back? Fine, I listened to you."

While speaking, he fully opened the half-ajar door, strutted over and sat on the chair, smirking: "Now, I'll proclaim my actions to the world with pride and honor."

With the help of the bold interruption by Michael Richard a few hours ago, the news of the relationship between Justin Battleson and Charlotte Thompson successfully spread throughout the production team.

Feeling somewhat exasperated, Charlotte was at her wit's end to deal with the irrevocably childish man in front of her. She chuckled awkwardly, not knowing what else to say.

But what she didn't know was...

—Four hours later, at night.

Charlotte sat on the sofa idly scrolling through her phone. Suddenly her phone vibrated. A hot news alert was pushed through.

Pulling down the notification bar reflexively, she took a glance.

It was a shocker.

After reading the content, Charlotte's eyes widened, she stood up from the sofa, her jaw was about to drop.

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In Jordan Thompson's bedroom.

Like Charlotte, Jordan had also just seen the news alert. He immediately spat out the water he had just sipped, coughing several times, and wiped the water stains from the corner of his mouth.

After reading the entire news piece, his eyes also widened, finally, he muttered a curse.

The news was all about Justin Battleson, who generously gifted the production team in the name of Charlotte. The article painted a vivid picture of their fairy tale romance, so moving, it couldn't help but touch its readers.

Not only this, but the internet again began to indulge in the sweetness of H&H, the news went viral in no time, and was hot on various social media platforms.

Photos of Charlotte participating in the program were extracted and edited together with photos of Justin Battleson attending the press conference by many netizens, making it look like a wedding photo.

Because of this, the second episode of the variety show was getting hotter and hotter, attracting a lot of attention from the netizens.

Chapter 689: Rogue!

Coming to terms with the reality, Charlotte Thompson helplessly sank into the couch.

Not long after, the doorbell rang.

She glanced towards the door, a flicker of confusion in her eyes.

Who could it be at this hour of the night?

As a suspicion started sprouting in her mind, the doorbell rang more insistently. With a headache brewing, Charlotte rubbed her temple and went to answer the door in her slippers.

A thought flashed in her mind; she turned the doorknob and sure enough, she was greeted by a familiar face.

Once the door was opened, the man outside swiftly walked in with his luggage and nonchalantly changed into the pair of slippers at the doorway.

Charlotte's hand remained on the doorknob, not having the chance to pull back. By the time she registered what was happening, the man had already made his way into the living room.

Visibly flustered, she closed the door and hurriedly followed him into the living room, only to see Justin Battleson walked straight into the guest room where he had previously stayed.

Purely confused, she trailed after him to find that he had already started unpacking his suitcase.

Leaning against the door frame, her face mimicked an expression of utter disbelief.

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

At her words, the man paused his actions and lifted his eyes to look at her, a hint of a smile playing on his lips. "You must have seen the news. I thought it would be reasonable to move in with my publicly acknowledged girlfriend," he stated calmly.

It was then that her fogged mind started processing the situation. She gripped the door frame tighter, her almond eyes glaring at him with resentment. "Had you not mentioned it, I would have conveniently forgotten... Did you leak the news?" she demanded.

Without hesitation, Justin nodded to confirm her suspicions. After putting away his belongings, he nonchalantly settled down on the bed. His amused gaze fell on Charlotte as he quipped, "I am preparing to sleep. You have two options: first, close the door and leave; second, close the door and join me."

He raised an eyebrow, and to her surprise, his usual cold demeanor was nowhere to be found.

Her mouth twitched uncomfortably, "Pervert!" she scolded before lightly clearing her throat and abruptly shutting the door behind her.

Standing in front of the door for a few seconds, Charlotte helplessly resigned to her fate and went to freshen up for bed.

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It seemed like Justin truly planned to stay for an extended period. In addition to his frequent bantering and shameless behavior, everything returned to its normal routine. If not for Charlotte's brother, Jordan Thompson, constantly running out of insults for Justin, their life seemed surprisingly peaceful and ordinary.

After filming the pre-recorded segments, the producer mercifully granted a few days off for all the judges and guests.

During this break, Justin didn't insist that Charlotte go to work. The necklace for the Duchess of Ashton was already designed and in production, reducing her workload significantly.

One morning after breakfast, Charlotte cleaned up the dishes and stretched her neck before settling down on the couch in her slippers.

The weather was excellent, and she was dressed in a thin house robe, making her look soft and approachable.

As it was the weekend, Adam Ross had arrived early to pick up Chad and Jack Thompson, taking them back to the Ross Family's house. Meanwhile, Jordan, unable to tolerate Justin's presence any longer, had taken Olivia and his other four kids out for the day as soon as Adam left.

Charlotte, however, had no desire to go out. She decided to do a thorough clean-up in the afternoon.

Chapter 690: Loved Evelyn Curtis

Just as she was about to grab the remote control to take a break, she saw Justin Battleson hurriedly emerging from his room, grabbing his coat as he walked out.

"Charlotte, there's an emergency at the office. I need to step out and we can start the big cleaning when I return at noon," he said, pausing slightly with a hint of a smile spreading across his face, "together."

And without waiting for Charlotte Thompson's response, he walked away on his own.

It was only when she heard the door shut did she ponder his words, picking up the remote to turn on the TV, her lips curving into a smile she didn't even realize she was wearing.

Unconsciously, she found herself glued to the television on the sofa for several hours, only realizing it was inching toward the afternoon.

She rubbed her sore neck, yawning and covering her mouth with her hand.

Justin Battleson was still not back.

After a few seconds of contemplation, Charlotte decided to not wait any longer, she pulled on her slippers, left the sofa, and began to clean.



She hadn't been living in the apartment for a long time, so cleaning wasn't too much of a chore. After tidying up the children's rooms, she pulled on her facemask and moved on to Justin's guestroom.

The guestroom was spotless. But she still meticulously cleaned it. As she was on a stool, dusting off the topside of the cabinet, she reached out to pull her arm back, but accidentally bumped into something.

With a soft noise, something came tumbling down from above.

Taken by surprise, she looked down.

There lay a creamy jade pendant attached to a simple red cord.

A flicker of surprise in her eyes, Charlotte got off the stool and put the dustcloth down, and squatting down to pick up the jade pendant.

She hadn't placed anything here before, so, this jade pendant must belong to Justin.

Gently rubbing the cold jade pendant in her hand, Charlotte couldn't help but smile.

The sharp edges of the pendant had been worn down quite significantly, which meant it had been fondled quite a lot.

She had not expected him to have such a habit.

Her fingertips brushed unintentionally against the back of the jade pendant, feeling an uneven texture. She paused for a moment, then flipped the jade pendant over.

There was indeed engraved writing on it but it was somewhat difficult to decipher due to its age. Charlotte took quite some time to identify the lettering on it after she picked up the jade pendant and stood up.

Upon recognizing it, she froze for a moment.

More precisely, there was one Chinese character, and one English letter.

"蕊" (Rui).

R.

A complicated look flashed in her eyes, and Charlotte's hand that held the jade pendant shivered slightly but noticeably.

In an instant, the image of that monstrous woman flashed through her mind, the woman's curse seemed to ring in her ears once more.

"蕊", Evelyn Curtis.

R, the initial letter of Rui, the Riley Group.

Pain shot through her heart, as if someone had plunged a sharp object into it, the pain was unbearable, sapping her strength.

The force of her grip on the jade pendant tightened, Charlotte closed her eyes, hiding the astonishment in them. When she opened them again, they were clear.

Hesitating for a few seconds, she stood up and put the jade pendant back in its original place on the tip of the stool, she wasn't sure how she had managed to accomplish it all so calmly.

After cleaning up, Charlotte took a bath. Then, exhausted, she sat on the sofa. Just then, the door opened.

Justin Battleson had keys to the apartment.

Her eyes cold, Charlotte glanced downwards but couldn't suppress the complex emotions welling up within her.

The characters engraved on the jade pendant constantly replayed in her mind, reminding her over and over again-

Justin Battleson was once in love with Evelyn Curtis.