

Spoiled 851

Chapter 851: Still Holding Leverage

Slap!

The crisp sound echoed, and Emily Allen incredulously covered her face.

"Charlotte Thompson, you actually dare to slap me!"

However, hearing these words, Charlotte Thompson sneered and slapped Emily Allen another hard slap.

"What are you? Why shouldn't I dare to slap you? Emily Allen, you actually dare to touch my daughter!"

Charlotte Thompson's two slaps were forceful, causing Emily Allen's face to swell up instantly with two distinct handprints on her skin.

Behind Charlotte Thompson, Cyrus Thompson had already pulled Grace Thompson up, reaching out to pat the dust off Grace Thompson's clothes.

Grace Thompson's eyes reddened with grievance, but she still worriedly looked towards Olivia Thompson.

At this moment, Charlotte Thompson stood in front of Ethan Allen.

"Ethan Allen, let go of my daughter."

Ethan Allen, somewhat scared, took a step back and looked at Charlotte Thompson with a stiff neck, "What? Charlotte Thompson, do you really want to hit me too? I'm your biological father!"

"Charlotte Thompson! Your heart is too cruel, isn't it? You disown your own father, and now you even refuse to let us see the kids?" Mia Stewart stepped forward and pointed at Charlotte Thompson.

However, Charlotte Thompson just gave her a cold glance, and without saying a word, Mia Stewart was so scared that she couldn't speak.

"Ethan Allen, my patience with you has its limits," said Charlotte Thompson gravely, her voice as cold as the ice water of the harshest winter month.

At that moment, Annie bit Ethan Allen's hand, freed herself from his grip, and ran straight towards Charlotte Thompson.

Charlotte Thompson immediately embraced Annie, comforting her by patting her head, "Annie, don't cry, Mommy is here."

"Charlotte Thompson, you're forcing my hand!" Ethan Allen threatened as he glared at Charlotte Thompson.

"Forcing you?"

Charlotte Thompson said a phrase into her phone, then sneered at Ethan Allen.

"This is the path you've chosen, Ethan Allen."

Ethan Allen's pupils shook violently, and he gritted his teeth, letting out a low growl from his throat:
"Charlotte Thompson, I am your biological father!"

"You don't deserve to be," replied Charlotte Thompson, lifting her gaze.

Just then, Jack Bryant arrived with a group of people, and when he saw Ethan Allen standing in front of Charlotte Thompson, a chill flashed across his eyes.

"Miss Thompson," Jack Bryant spoke respectfully by Charlotte Thompson's side.

Charlotte Thompson nodded, then, holding Annie who had finally calmed down, she walked over to Grace Thompson.

"Babies, get in the car first and wait for Mommy."

Cyrus Thompson was the first to take Annie's hand, nodding at Charlotte Thompson.

"Mommy, don't worry, I'll take good care of my brother and sister."

"Cyrus, you're such a good boy," Charlotte Thompson said with relieved approval.

After seeing the children get into the car, the tenderness on Charlotte Thompson's face disappeared in an instant. She turned, pointing at Ethan Allen in front of her, and spoke solemnly,

"Take them away, and make sure they never show their faces in Druarus again!"

"Yes."

Jack Bryant spoke respectfully, then gestured for the people behind him to apprehend Ethan Allen and the others.

Faced with such a presence, Ethan Allen panicked, his legs trembling as he shouted at Charlotte Thompson in a final struggle, "Charlotte Thompson, you wouldn't dare!"

"Compared to what you've done, there's nothing I wouldn't dare to do," Charlotte Thompson answered coldly.

She had generously left him a shred of dignity, but Ethan Allen had only grown more presumptuous.

This time, Charlotte Thompson would not show any more mercy.

Charlotte Thompson couldn't be bothered to listen to Ethan Allen's wails anymore; she turned to head back to the car to check on the kids.

However, just then, the apprehended Ryan Richard suddenly shouted out loud.

"Charlotte Thompson, don't forget! You still have a weakness in my hands!"

Chapter 852: Let Go?

Ryan Richard's voice plunged into Charlotte Thompson's ears, causing her to stop in her tracks just when she was about to turn and leave.

Noticing Charlotte's reaction, Ryan became even more agitated. Finally, he tried to break free from the bodyguard's grip beside him, but Jack Bryant didn't give him the chance, still having him tightly restrained.

"Charlotte, if you take me away, it won't be long before your secret is made public!"

Ryan's gaze remained fixed on Charlotte's face, seemingly with a confident resolve.

The photos in his possession were his final bargaining chips.

Ryan had already planned that if he could get money from the Allen family through Charlotte this time, it would all be over; if not, he would expose the fact that he was Charlotte's ex-boyfriend.

With those photos in his hand, just a bit of exaggeration would definitely allow him to make a hefty sum from Charlotte.

After all, he and Charlotte had been together for several years; he knew some things.

"Secret?"

Charlotte's look was somewhat inscrutable. She took a step forward, intending to approach Ryan. Jack Bryant looked worried, but Charlotte gestured with her hand that it was alright.

Charlotte bent down, looking down imperiously at Ryan, who knelt on one knee.

"Ryan, do you think you can threaten me?"

"Charlotte, you should know in your heart that no one understands your past better than I do," Ryan raised his head, his facial expression growing more fierce and triumphant.

"So you can't touch me."

He knew what Charlotte feared and anticipated seeing a panicked expression on her face as he spoke.

A flicker of coldness passed through Charlotte's eyes, then she took a step back and gently shook her head, "Ryan, you can't do this."

Seeing this, Emily Allen thought there was a chance and quickly spoke up, "Charlotte, if you don't want everything now to be destroyed, you should know what to do."

Emily had been angry upon finding the album Ryan kept of Charlotte, but now it seemed to be something very important.

Charlotte took a deep breath, seemingly hesitated for a long time before slowly saying, "Jack, let them go."

Jack was stunned, his expression anxious as he looked at Charlotte, "Miss!"

If it weren't for Charlotte's order, Jack would have been eager to deal with these people immediately, but now Charlotte was asking him to let them go.

Charlotte shook her head and said, "I don't want to see you guys again."

Although Jack couldn't swallow his pride, he still obeyed Charlotte's command to let the people go.

Ryan seemed to regain his composure, stood up, and dusted off his clothes, "Charlotte, you've always been smart, you know what you should do."

Charlotte's face remained cold, and she said nothing.

"I said you..." Emily started to speak unwillingly, but Jack stepped forward.

"Aren't you going to disappear from the miss's sight this instant?"

Emily was intimidated by Jack's gaze, couldn't help stepping back a few steps, and muttered under her breath, "Just Charlotte's lapdog, huh?"

"Charlotte, I'll be waiting for you."

Believing that he had successfully threatened Charlotte, Ryan left with the Allen family members.

Charlotte watched as their figures gradually disappeared, her expression stoic.

Finally, Jack couldn't hold back anymore and blurted out, "Miss, how could you let them go so easily?"

Then he thought perhaps the miss was still mindful of the blood relation with the Allen family.

Indeed, the miss had always been so soft-hearted.

However, Charlotte's brow raised as she glanced at Jack.

"Who said I was going to let them off?"

Chapter 853: How Could I Let You Go

Jack Bryant was startled for a moment, "But you..."

He didn't finish his sentence, but Charlotte Thompson already clearly understood what he was trying to convey.

Charlotte casually gathered her wind-tossed hair and spoke solemnly, "I want them to see hope before plunging into despair."

Every time she showed mercy, it only led to the Allen family members intensifying their harassment. Since Ryan Richard intended to threaten her, why not lend them a hand?

She was curious to see what kind of trouble Ryan Richard and the Allen family members could stir up now.

Seeing Charlotte displaying such an expression for the first time, Jack Bryant was a bit slow to respond.

Meanwhile, the little ones sitting in the car had been observing the events unfolding outside.

"Why would Mommy let those bad people go?" Cyrus Thompson saw Ethan Allen and the others leaving and spoke up, feeling indignant.

"Yeah, how could they get away with bullying Annie so easily!"

Grace Thompson held Olivia Thompson, looking at her reddened arm with distress.

"Big brother, we have to avenge Annie," said Chad Thompson, unable to hold back any longer.

"But, he is our maternal grandfather, Mommy's dad. Maybe Mommy is... because of this relationship, so..." Olivia Thompson said softly.

Her emotions had stabilized quite a bit, but there was still a trace of timidity in her expression.

However, she understood these feelings all too well.

She didn't like her own dad either.

But after all, he was her relative.

Hearing Olivia Thompson's words rendered the children silent.

"So you're just going to take that bullying lying down?"

Grace Thompson's voice grew firmer, "I don't have such a maternal grandfather! He is just a bad man! Why is Mommy so biased toward him?"

Grace Thompson couldn't understand why Charlotte Thompson would let Ethan Allen go. The more she thought about it, the more aggrieved she felt, and tears started swirling in her eyes.

"Grace," called Cyrus Thompson.

However, Grace Thompson mistook Cyrus's call as a rebuttal, "Big brother, don't tell me you're also taking that bad man's side?"

"No," Cyrus Thompson denied immediately.

He was clear in his mind that Charlotte Thompson couldn't have any affection for Ethan Allen, so there must be a reason for her actions.

But Grace Thompson hadn't thought that far, "Then why are you..."

Before Grace Thompson could finish her sentence, Charlotte Thompson had already opened the car door.

She immediately checked on the children and saw Grace Thompson crying with aggrievement, which made her heart tighten.

"Grace, what's wrong? Are you hurt anywhere?"

The thought of Grace Thompson being pushed by Emily Allen made Charlotte Thompson's face turn very grim.

Just about to instruct Jack Bryant to drive to the hospital, Grace Thompson grabbed her hand.

"Mommy, why did you let those bad people go?"

Grace Thompson had always been blunt, so if something was on her mind, she would certainly ask directly.

The other children were also puzzled by Charlotte Thompson's earlier actions, but after hearing Olivia Thompson's words, they too couldn't help but direct their inquisitive gazes at Charlotte Thompson's face.

"Bad people?"

Charlotte Thompson was surprised for a moment before realizing whom Grace Thompson was referring to; she then reached out to gently wipe the tears from the corner of Grace Thompson's eyes.

"Mommy has no intention of letting the bad people off the hook."

"You're lying, Mommy!"

Upon hearing this, Grace Thompson pushed Charlotte Thompson's hand away with grievance, "You clearly told Uncle Jack to let those people go."

Chapter 854: Lion's Big Mouth

"Those bad people not only bullied you but also bullied Annie."

Not just Grace Thompson, all these children were young, yet they had the ability to discern right from wrong already.

In their eyes, a bad person was a bad person, and a bad person must be punished.

Moreover, Ethan Allen had already made a fuss online, and all the children were aware of this.

The children also had some understanding of Charlotte's past, which is why they were sure that Ethan Allen was a bad person.

This was the reason why Grace felt so wronged when she saw Charlotte let Ethan Allen go.

"Grace," Cyrus Thompson's brows twitched slightly.

Normally, Grace was full of mischief, but it was the first time she had shown such aggrievement.

Charlotte couldn't stand to see Grace cry and quickly held her in her arms.

"My dear Grace, Mommy knows they are bad people, Mommy didn't let them go to forgive them but to give them a more severe punishment."

Charlotte spoke to comfort her, and upon hearing these words, Grace looked up, dubious yet hopeful.

"Really?" she asked with a sob.

"Of course, when has Mommy ever lied to you? They bullied you, and Mommy definitely won't let them off lightly," Charlotte said.

Even if she had someone drive Ethan Allen and his people out of Druarus, it still allowed them the opportunity to spread rumors at will.

What she needed to do was to deal a heavy blow to Ethan Allen and his group, to ensure they could never hold their heads up again.

"But... isn't he our grandfather..." Grace murmured, looking down.

"He is not," Charlotte said without a moment's hesitation.

Grace hung her head and finally spoke in a soft voice, "I'm sorry, Mommy, I was being temperamental just now."

Hearing Grace's apology, Charlotte showed no sign of rebuke, she kissed Grace's little cheek and spoke gently,

"Mommy knows you are all worried about her, you are Mommy's most treasured possessions, so Mommy won't let anyone bully you."

The other children also hugged Charlotte, bringing warmth to her heart.

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On the other side, Emily Allen and Ryan Richard were smiling as they returned home.

"I thought Charlotte was all that, but now she's obediently listening, isn't she?" Emily said with a sneer.

"That's all thanks to my doing."

Ryan looked quite pleased with himself, pondered for a moment, and then looked at Emily,

"The money that'll come later, the Allen family and I will split it sixty-forty."

"What did you say?" Emily's expression changed immediately upon hearing this.

"Ryan Richard, that's quite a large bite you're taking, isn't it?"

"I'm being very generous giving the Allen family forty, after all, without my threat today, how could Charlotte possibly have let us go?" Ryan was still self-satisfied in his delusion.

"Ryan Richard, that money Charlotte intends to give is out of respect for my dad, if it weren't for the Allen family taking you in, where would you have found Charlotte?" Emily couldn't help but mockingly retort.

Then she slowly extended two fingers, "I'll give you twenty percent of what we get."

"What a joke, Emily Allen, didn't you hear a single word Charlotte said earlier? She has long since disowned the Allen family, with the Thompsons now, in her eyes you are nothing more than some pitiful beggars."

"Ryan Richard!"

Upon hearing this, Emily immediately stood up, her voice sharp,

"You are nothing more than a discarded dog of Charlotte's, so why the arrogance here?"

Chapter 855: Arrogant

Emily Allen now hates nothing more than the name Charlotte Thompson.

But, annoyingly, whether it's Ethan Allen or the Ryan Richard in front of her, they always bring up Charlotte Thompson in her presence.

This only fuels Emily's resentment. In terms of looks and talent, what does she lack compared to Charlotte Thompson?

Why does she no longer carry the title of the Allen family's young mistress, and why should she settle for Charlotte's leftovers?

Every time she thought of Justin Battleson's face, Ryan Richard seemed even more sleazy to her.

Emily's words were like a sharp stab into Ryan's wounds, instantly turning his gaze icy cold.

However, the jealousy in her heart made Emily increasingly unable to control herself as she folded her arms and looked down on Ryan Richard with disdain.

"With the way you look now, even if you kneeled before Charlotte, she wouldn't bother with you, and compared to Justin, what are you, anyway?"

Emily's tone was incredibly sharp and harsh.

"Although the Allen family is no longer what it used to be, at the end of the day, I'm still Charlotte's biological elder sister. But what about you? The Richard family has nothing now, and you think you can cozy up to Charlotte with that laughable ex-boyfriend status?"

"Emily Allen! Shut up!"

Veins stood out on Ryan's neck, his complexion turning red.

"Shut up? I think you should be the one to shut up, Ryan Richard. You should have some self-awareness. It's us, the Allen family, who pity you! If it weren't for the fact that you're still of some use, why would I still be associating with you?"

Truth be told, Emily had wanted to get rid of Ryan Richard for a while now.

She did love Ryan once, but that pitiful love had been eroded away by his growing greed.

Now, Emily found Ryan more and more unbearable to look at.

The only redeeming feature he had left was probably his face.

Having mingled in social scenes for so long, accompanying numerous executives—each greasier and older than the last—Ryan still had a decent appearance.

But today, Emily saw Justin Battleson, and for the first time, she was that close to him.

Suddenly, her heartbeat went out of control.

Both were CEOs, but why did Justin Battleson have to be so captivating?

"So, Ryan Richard, you're in no position to make terms with me," Emily glanced at Ryan with contempt.

That statement was like a fuse, instantly igniting the rage in Ryan's heart. Without hesitation, he raised his hand and struck Emily's face.

The sound of a stinging slap echoed, and Emily felt her ears buzzing.

"Ryan Richard!"

Emily screamed loudly, clutching her face—today, not only had Charlotte slapped her but Justin dared to hit her too!

Her eyes wide with anger, she grabbed a vase nearby and smashed it hard against Ryan's head.

There was a crack as the vase shattered over Ryan's head, droplets of water trickling down his face mixed with fresh red.

Seeing Ryan bleed made Emily panic for a moment, but the throbbing pain on her face reminded her of what Ryan had just done.

"Get out! Who do you think you are to hit me?" Emily yelled loudly.

Blood seeped into Ryan's eyes, making them red and sore.

Anger overtook pain and completely consumed his rationality. Ryan let out a roar and grabbed Emily's hair.

"You slut who's been ridden by thousands! Who are you ordering around here?"

How dare this bitch talk to him like that?

How many times had he been cuckolded for her, and how much had he tolerated?

And now she had the audacity to be so arrogant with him?

Chapter 856: Whose Child Is It?

"Get away from me!"

Emily Allen writhed in pain, her nails scratching Ryan Richard's face, leaving behind bloody marks.

However, Ryan seemed no longer capable of feeling pain, unleashing all the pent-up anger he had harbored for so long upon Emily.

He continued to beat her mercilessly, cursing her without restraint.

What started as Emily's initial attempt to retort had turned into hysterical screams.

Ryan's eyes turned bloodshot, and he seemed caught in a miasma, unable to discern who exactly was before him.

Gradually, it appeared to him that the person before him had turned into Charlotte Thompson.

This caused his pupils to constrict, and a hideous smile spread across his lips.

He pressed Emily down on the bed, frantically tearing at her clothes.

"Harlot! You harlot! You are mine! Don't think you can leave me!"

"You said you loved me, said you'd always be with me. Were you lying to me all along?"

Emily felt pain all over her body, her nails digging deep into Ryan's skin, "Let me go! Release me!"

Her voice was already hoarse, even the strength to struggle was diminishing.

Now, she could do nothing but endure the continuous insults from Ryan.

Blood mixed with tears kept flowing, making everything around them even more disheveled and pathetic.

Pain, Emily felt as though she was being torn apart.

At that moment, however, Emily heard Ryan whispering that name into her ear.

"Charlotte Thompson, never leave me."

In an instant, Emily's pupils constricted, and she stared at Ryan on top of her, her teeth gritted.

"Charlotte Thompson... Charlotte Thompson..." But Ryan was still oblivious, continuously calling out Charlotte's name.

Emily felt as though her heart was being gnawed by countless ants, a wave of nausea surging from her stomach.

She suddenly found the strength from somewhere, pushed Ryan away, and then crawled to the edge of the bed to retch.

She hadn't eaten much today, and all that came out was stomach acid.

Ryan, too, came to his senses at that moment, sitting dazed on the bed and then slowly began to speak.

"Are you pregnant?"

Still nauseous, Emily froze completely upon hearing this, her palms tightening on the edge of the bed.

Ryan, because of Emily's gesture, reached out and grabbed her arm, forcing her to face him.

"You are pregnant!" he accused loudly, unlike the other times, when he had always been careful during their intimate encounters.

If she really was pregnant, then the child...

"No, it's not true..."

Emily's expression was full of panic as she shook her head and moved backward, but her miserable state garnered no sympathy.

She had just assumed she was feeling unwell recently because she had drunk quite a bit and that was why her period hadn't arrived on time, causing her nausea.

It was definitely not for any other reason.

However, even she didn't believe such thoughts.

"Whose child is it?" Ryan's gaze was fierce, like an angry beast staring at Emily.

"It's not true, absolutely not!" Emily retorted loudly.

"Whether it is true or not, we'll know once we go to the hospital and check!" Ryan suddenly stood up, grabbed Emily's hand, and started dragging her off the bed.

"Let me go! Let me go!"

Chapter 857 My Face Cannot Be Ruined!

Emily Allen struggled incessantly, she couldn't go to the hospital, she couldn't go to such a place!

"Ryan, nothing happened! Ryan, I want to be alone for a while, please, don't you know to go find Charlotte?"

Emily's attitude finally softened, she knew she was utterly filthy, mired in a quagmire.

But there were things she didn't want to be brought into the open.

However, Ryan Richard's patience had been worn down to nothing. The wound on his forehead still throbbed with pain, and on top of that, knowing such things, they rushed into Ryan's mind haphazardly.

"Enough!"

Ryan shouted, flinging his hand away. Emily was sitting on the edge of the bed, and now with that swing from Ryan, she fell directly onto the floor.

On the floor were the shards of the vase that had been smashed earlier, and Emily fell right onto them.

Her body struggled with the momentum, and the shards of the vase directly pierced her skin.

But in the current situation Emily had no time to react to what exactly had happened to her face. Pain also began to gnaw subtly at her lower body.

She curled up on the ground in agony, clutching at her abdomen, as if something was continuously slipping away from her body.

Emily lowered her eyes, but all she could see was a swath of blood red.

Her throat was hoarse, and the voice she squeezed out from her throat sounded like there were grains of sand constantly rubbing together, like a ghoulish creature climbing up from the abyss, shrieking its pain.

Tears crazily streamed down Emily's cheeks, and finally diffused around the wound on her face, the sensation of stinging suddenly intensified.

She had no time to attend to what was happening to her body. In her panic, she reached out but only embedded the shards in her face deeper.

"My face! My face!"

Emily staggered to her feet, she rushed to the vanity and saw her own ghostly reflection in the mirror.

And on her left cheek was deeply embedded a piece of vase shard.

"No... It can't be like this..."

The feature Emily loved the most was her complexion, without this face, how could she flatter those executives? How could she climb to the top of the entertainment industry?

Even now, Emily was still lost in a pipe dream.

She had always believed she could become a star, someone others looked up to.

Ryan Richard had already dressed himself. Upon seeing this, Emily hurriedly flung herself in front of him.

Ryan was startled and quickly dodged.

"My face! It can't be like this, my face can't be ruined!" Emily clutched desperately at Ryan's pants leg, and her expression was so ferocious that her wound kept tearing.

Ryan was so frightened by Emily's appearance that he retreated several steps in horror.

"Get the hell away from me!"

Having said that, Ryan left without any mercy.

Even after closing the door, he could still hear Emily's shrill screams inside the room.

Just thinking about that scene made Ryan's skin crawl, and he left in a hurry.

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When Charlotte Thompson returned home with the children, Jordan Thompson was also there, but they discovered that the children all seemed dejected.

Turning her head, she noticed that both Grace and Olivia Thompson had red-rimmed eyes, and a frown creased Jordan's brow in an instant.

"Sis, what happened?"

Charlotte shook her head, but she did not speak.

Seeing this, Jordan's expression became very serious: "Sis, are you trying to keep something from me?"

Charlotte was startled, then said, "I ran into the Allen family members today."

Hearing this, the hands by Jordan's side immediately tensed, "Did the Allen family members bully you?"

Chapter 858: As Long as Grace is Happy

"These indecipherable bastards."

Jordan Thompson snorted coldly, "Sis, leave this matter to me."

Normally, Jordan might seem unreliable, but when it comes to Charlotte Thompson, it's a different story entirely.

A common trait among the Thompson family members is their protectiveness.

After the Thompson family acknowledged Charlotte as one of their own, they looked into her past experiences and naturally developed a disdain for the Allen family.

But out of consideration for Charlotte, they hadn't made a move against the Allen family members.

Otherwise, how could Ethan Allen still manage to keep a factory, and Emily Allen enter the entertainment industry?

"No need, I can handle this matter too." Charlotte's hand rested on Jordan's arm as she shook her head at him.

"Sis!" Jordan looked at Charlotte disapprovingly.

"If I had wanted to deal with the Allen family, I could have done so long ago," Charlotte reasoned.

"Sis, don't tell me you've gone soft?" Jordan said somewhat indignantly.

Upon hearing this, Charlotte quickly shook her head, "I will never go soft on the Allen family again, I have my own way of handling this—you don't need to worry."

"How can I not worry! Those shameless people from the Allen family keep harassing you, and now they've even started bullying my nephews and nieces! It's absolutely despicable."

While speaking, Jordan crouched down to look at the two little girls whose eyes were swollen like walnuts, feeling incredibly distressed.

"This won't happen again," Charlotte's voice was ice-cold.

Jordan looked up, "Sis, just give the word, and I'll take care of it. The Thompson family is not to be trifled with."

Seeing Charlotte nod, Jordan turned back and gently rubbed Grace Thompson's little head, initially aiming to comfort her—but who would have thought it might upset Grace even more.

"Grace, what's the matter?" Jordan anxiously inquired.

"Uncle, you messed up the braids Mommy made for me," Grace's grape-like eyes tearfully looked at Jordan.

Jordan's actions abruptly stiffened, then he tried to smooth down a few strands of Grace's hair that were sticking up.

"How about Uncle braids a new one for you, okay?"

Though he said so, Jordan didn't really understand these things—it was just that seeing Grace so upset, he instinctively tried to comfort her.

But the result can be guessed.

"Uncle made it uglier," Grace sniffled.

"Uncle, I've realized you really don't know how to comfort girls," Hank Thompson commented from the side.

Jordan internally clenched his teeth.

Their family was all tough guys; when have they ever had to coddle such a delicate little girl?

So when they found out they had a daughter in their family, everyone was thrilled.

"Grace, don't cry. Tell Uncle what you want, and Uncle will agree to anything, okay?"

Jordan carefully hugged Grace in his arms, the little girl being so soft that Jordan was afraid of hurting her by pressing too hard.

However, it seemed Grace was just waiting for Jordan to say this. She blinked, "Grace wants to braid Uncle's hair."

She had been eyeing Jordan's hair for a long time, and as for Grace's other brothers, naturally, none had escaped.

"Ah?" Jordan was stunned.

So that was why he saw Hank with a small braid the other day, wasn't it?

"Didn't Uncle say that he would agree to anything Grace asks for?" Grace wrapped her arms around Jordan's neck.

Jordan helplessly shook his head, realizing he couldn't escape today.

"Alright, as long as Grace is happy, that's good."

Chapter 859: Handling Personally

Jordan Thompson had prepared dinner by the time he arrived, and after everyone finished eating, he took the children back to the playroom.

Charlotte Thompson also returned to her room and briefly dealt with the messages in her inbox.

A while later, she heard the sound of a car driving in downstairs; knowing it was Justin Battleson returning, she went downstairs, arriving just as he opened the door.

"You're back."

Charlotte originally intended to reach out and take Justin's coat from him, but Justin stepped back, avoiding her gesture.

Charlotte was momentarily stunned.

Seeing her reaction, Justin quickly explained, "I attended a social event this evening and had a bit to drink. I'm carrying the scent of alcohol, which is rather unpleasant. I don't want it to get on you. I'll go take a bath first."

Justin knew that Charlotte always disliked the smell of smoke and alcohol.

Charlotte nodded, but Justin's expression appeared a bit aggrieved.

His own wife had personally come downstairs to greet him, yet not to mention a kiss, not even a hug was acceptable.

Thinking to himself, Justin decided to attend such social events less in the future if possible.

"Wait for me, sweetheart. I'll be out clean in no time," Justin said, his lips curving into a gentle smile.

Though it was a plain statement, it somehow sounded strange when it came from Justin, Charlotte thought.

Putting those odd thoughts out of her mind, Charlotte, on her way back to her room, received a call from Jack Bryant.

"What's the matter?" Charlotte answered.

"Emily Allen has gone to the hospital."

Since picking up the children from kindergarten, Charlotte had instructed Jack to keep an eye on the Allen family and Ryan Richard. She hadn't expected to receive news this very evening.

"What is she doing at the hospital?" Charlotte asked, puzzled, pausing in the act of opening her door.

"Emily Allen is wrapped up very tightly. She's still at the hospital. I've already sent people to investigate," Jack replied truthfully.

"And Ryan Richard?"

Charlotte thought that Ryan and Emily should be living together by now.

"Not long after Ryan Richard returned home with Emily Allen, he left by himself," Jack informed her.

"Continue watching them," Charlotte said slowly.

The relationship between Ryan Richard and Emily Allen had likely reached a freezing point by now, but it still wasn't enough for Charlotte.

She wouldn't mind adding a bit more frost to their snow.

Just as Charlotte hung up the phone, an arm encircled her waist from behind, and she was pulled into a warm embrace.

"Who were you on the phone with? Jack Bryant?"

Perhaps because he had just finished bathing, Justin's body carried a hint of mist, and the scent of his shower gel slowly made its way to Charlotte's nose—it was her favorite fragrance.

Leaning into Justin's embrace, Charlotte nodded her head, "I asked Jack to keep an eye on the Allen family."

Hearing this, a glint flashed in the depths of Justin's eyes, "I've already deployed people to deal with the Allen family."

Justin too had heard about today's events, and so he had long harbored the desire to wipe out the people from the Allen family.

Hearing this, Charlotte, somewhat panicked, grabbed Justin's wrist, "Don't!"

Clearly, Charlotte disagreed with Justin's approach, which caused his brows to furrow in displeasure, "Charlotte."

At that moment, Charlotte felt a sense of helplessness. She had finally wanted to deal with the Allen family herself, yet the Thompson Family and Justin were already planning to take action.

"That's not what I want, Justin. I want to handle this matter personally," Charlotte said, turning around in Justin's embrace, her tone gentle.

"Charlotte, dealing with such people is simply sully your hands."

Seeing that Charlotte wasn't against the idea, Justin's tone softened slightly.

Chapter 860: They Must Atone

Charlotte Thompson shook her head, "Justin, so many years have passed, I think it's time for me and the Allen family to make a clean break, and I must take action personally."

Fingertips gently caressed Charlotte's cheek, warm fingertips tracing her brows and eyes one by one.

"Charlotte, I hope you can rely on me."

Justin Battleson wanted Charlotte to know that he was her support.

"I've always been relying on you," Charlotte said, reaching out to embrace Justin Battleson.

"Ethan Allen is my biological father, and I will take back everything the Allen family members did to my mother and to Aunt Watson," she declared.

Justin Battleson wanted to say something when he saw that, but Charlotte's fingertips were already gently pressed against his lips, preventing him from speaking.

"I don't want to let them off so easily," she stated.

Charlotte was well aware of Justin's methods, yet she felt that this would let the Allen family members, who were utterly unscrupulous, off too easily.

"I want them to spend the rest of their lives living in remorse, to atone for what they did to my mom and Aunt Watson!"

Justin Battleson looked down at Charlotte, a smile curling at the corner of his mouth.

Moonlight filtered through the window, casting a mysterious, dark silver veil along Charlotte's hairline.

Justin leaned down and kissed Charlotte on the lips, "Charlotte, I truly love this side of you."

He preferred the current Charlotte to her former gentle and kind self, like an enchanting rose flaunting its beauty, yet with deadly thorns hiding among its leaves and stem.

This was his Charlotte, the love of his life.

Justin's eyes were filled with deep affection, yet it was like poison, slowly seeping into and corroding Charlotte's heart, leading her into a gradual downfall.

Charlotte stroked Justin's cheek, responding to his movements.

The room was filled with romance.

...

However, the sea before a storm would not always be calm, and the next morning, Charlotte received a text message on her phone.

"Charlotte, as we discussed before, just transfer five million to me, and I won't release those things I have."

Judging from the tone, it must have been sent by Ryan Richard.

But Charlotte showed no interest in dealing with it; she even blocked the number outright.

Charlotte curled her lips, as expected, things had fallen out with Ryan and the Thompson family.

That morning, Ethan Allen had called her asking for money, and now Ryan was sending messages independently.

However, this made Charlotte even more curious – what exactly happened between Ryan and Emily Allen yesterday?

After breakfast, due to yesterday's incident, the group owner originally didn't want to send the children to kindergarten and was thinking of asking for a few days off.

But the children weren't afraid, and in the end, they managed to persuade Charlotte to take them to kindergarten.

Afterward, Charlotte went to work as usual. Nothing happened in the morning, aside from hanging up on several calls from the Allen family.

Unlike with Ryan, Charlotte didn't block the Allen family's calls.

But Charlotte knew well that the Allen family members were probably becoming impatient.

No sooner had lunch passed than Jordan Thompson's call hurriedly came through.

"Sis! That trending topic must be their doing, the Allen family's handiwork!"

"Yeah, I saw it," Charlotte responded indifferently while checking a few trending topics on the computer, looking as if these issues were unrelated to her.

"But there's less than I expected."