

Spoiled 871

Chapter 871 Thank You

"Annie, since you're living here alone now, why don't you move in and live with us?"

Thinking of this, Charlotte voiced her proposal.

She knew Annie must miss Olivia dearly, so living together would also allow her to see Olivia every day.

However, while patting Olivia's back, Annie shook her head, "Let's not. If I really moved in with you, I probably wouldn't need to eat at all."

"What do you mean by that?" Charlotte was completely puzzled.

Annie couldn't help but cover her mouth, hiding the smirk at the corner of her lips, "Because I'd have to endure your and Justin Battleson's lovey-dovey acts every day."

Realizing Annie was joking, Charlotte couldn't help but glare at her reproachfully.

"But I've thought about moving nearby earlier, so I could frequently visit you and the kids," Annie said.

Charlotte nodded, "If you really plan on doing that, then I'll keep an eye out for you."

"Thanks," Annie said in appreciation.

"Why say things like that between us?" Charlotte shook her head.

After Olivia had fully calmed down, Annie, noticing it was getting late, worried about Charlotte and Olivia staying too late, so she didn't keep them.

Charlotte also knew that Annie had just been discharged from the hospital and needed rest, so she prepared to leave with Olivia.

As they were leaving, Annie grabbed an umbrella next to the shoe cabinet.

"It's going to rain outside, take the umbrella with you."

There were no signs of rain outside yet, but since Annie mentioned it and Charlotte hadn't checked the weather forecast, she accepted the umbrella without refusing.

"Then I'll take Olivia home first, and I'll bring the kids to see you in a couple of days," Charlotte said.

"Alright, be careful on your way back," Annie instructed.

"Mommy goodbye, Annie will miss you," Olivia gave Annie a hug before leaving.

Annie affectionately kissed Olivia's cheek, "Mommy will always miss you."

After the mother and daughter said goodbye, Annie saw them out the door.

What Charlotte didn't know was that the moment she and Olivia turned around, the gentle smile that had hung on Annie's face instantly vanished completely.

Her clear eyes also became hollow.

As Charlotte and Olivia passed through the corridor heading towards the parking lot, they unexpectedly encountered someone.

It was Oliver Hudson.

However, Charlotte wasn't surprised to run into Oliver Hudson.

"Mr. Hudson," Charlotte nodded to him.

Oliver Hudson pressed his lips together and returned a smile to Charlotte.

He also noticed Olivia beside Charlotte, his throat moving slightly, "Are you here to see Annie?"

"We couldn't find a chance to visit when Annie was discharged, so we took the opportunity today and brought Annie along," Charlotte nodded, her voice neutral.

Having not seen Oliver Hudson for a long time, she seemed to have slimmed down quite a bit.

But his affairs had nothing to do with her.

"Daddy."

Holding Charlotte's hand, Olivia softly greeted Oliver Hudson.

"Annie..." Oliver Hudson looked at Olivia tenderly, but Olivia took a half step back behind Charlotte.

Oliver Hudson naturally knew Olivia's reluctance towards him, yet hearing Olivia call him dad filled his heart with satisfaction.

"Thank you for always taking care of Annie."

After a moment's hesitation, Charlotte still spoke out.

Chapter 872: Sit down and keep me company.

But Oliver Hudson took a step back and shook his head.

If it had not been for him, Annie Anne wouldn't have ended up like this.

Every time Charlotte Thompson thought about Annie Anne's previous mention of wanting to forgive Oliver Hudson, she couldn't help feeling uncomfortable upon seeing him now.

The two weren't very acquainted, only having a brief chat about Annie Anne when unexpectedly, the rain outside grew heavier.

Charlotte Thompson felt relieved; thankfully, Annie Anne had asked her to bring an umbrella before she left.

Just then, a familiar car drove up, Charlotte Thompson initially thought she was seeing things until Justin Battleson got out of the car.

Charlotte Thompson hadn't expected Justin Battleson to actually come to pick her up.

With an umbrella in hand, Justin Battleson approached Charlotte Thompson and after a glance at Oliver Hudson beside her, he greeted him.

"Why are you here?" Charlotte Thompson asked with a hint of surprise.

"I saw it was raining outside, so I came to pick you up," Justin said as he reached for Charlotte Thompson's hand, noticing her fingertips were a bit cold.

"Get in the car," he said with concern.

Charlotte Thompson nodded and then picked up Olivia Thompson.

Olivia Thompson waved to Oliver Hudson, said goodbye, and then got into the car with Charlotte Thompson.

Oliver Hudson stood at the end of the corridor, raindrops from the eaves splashing on his shoulder, but his feet remained rooted to the spot.

"I really envy you," Oliver Hudson spoke faintly towards Justin Battleson.

A slight frown formed between Justin's eyebrows.

"You really look like a family of three."

A self-mocking smile rippled through Oliver Hudson's dark pupils, but he soon lowered his gaze and restrained himself.

Justin Battleson was at a loss for words, unsure of what to say to Oliver Hudson in that moment.

The two exchanged a silent look and then, as if by a tacit agreement, they each turned and walked away.

Justin Battleson took Charlotte Thompson and Olivia home, while Oliver Hudson went to visit Annie Anne.

When Oliver Hudson entered the room, he found Annie Anne sitting on the balcony, the windows slightly ajar, allowing a few raindrops to sprinkle in occasionally.

She just sat there blankly, listening to the sound of the pattering rain.

Seeing her like this, Oliver Hudson felt a twinge of pain in his heart. He quickly approached and draped a blanket over her.

"Don't catch a cold."

Oliver Hudson said tenderly, holding Annie's palm only to find it extremely cold, so he took her in his arms from the balcony.

However, this time Annie Anne didn't reject Oliver Hudson's touch as she usually did and even leaned her head gently against his chest.

This made Oliver Hudson pause, his movements stiffening and a trace of panic surfacing.

He carefully laid Annie Anne on the couch, knelt before her, and tucked the blanket around her.

"I'll get you a cup of hot water to warm your hands."

As Oliver Hudson rose to stand, Annie Anne unexpectedly grabbed his fingers.

"Don't go."

Annie Anne looked up, her soft hair cascading down her shoulders, her voice light yet clear enough for Oliver Hudson to hear every word.

"Sit with me for a while."

Oliver Hudson didn't understand his feelings at that moment; Annie Anne's fingertips were ice-cold, but the touch made his skin feel as if it were being scorched by fiery flames.

It had been so long since Annie Anne had spoken to him with such a calm tone.

Oliver Hudson softly responded with a "Yes," and sat beside Annie Anne, adjusting the blanket that had slipped from her.

His initial impulse to hold her close, however, was halted mid-action.

But this time, Annie Anne leaned into him of her own accord.

"Oliver Hudson."

He listened as Annie Anne murmured his name.

Chapter 873 We Can't Go Back Anymore.

"I am here..." Oliver Hudson began to respond.

He just wanted to freeze time at this very moment.

All he wanted was to hold Annie Anne gently like this.

Oliver Hudson also let Emily Allen come closer, letting her press those scissors against his chest.

He had seen it coming.

"Won't you dodge?" Annie Anne asked silently.

"I will not."

Oliver Hudson's throat moved, and these three words flowed from his mouth.

But as Annie listened, it felt incredibly ironic, her hand pushed down, and the sharp tip of the scissors instantly tore through Oliver Hudson's shirt, stabbing into his skin.

Blood beads burst forth, blooming into a garish flower on his chest.

However, this sting was nothing compared to the slight pain in Oliver Hudson's heart right now.

In that moment, he even wished that Annie would truly thrust the scissors in.

"Oliver Hudson, I am going to kill you."

Annie Anne spoke softly, yet her voice became heavier and heavier.

Oliver Hudson simply reached out and embraced Annie Anne, not resisting her actions, just letting her come closer to himself.

But the next second, Annie Anne forcefully broke free from Oliver Hudson, she lifted her eyes to look at him, tears streaming down her face.

She had thought if she forgave Oliver Hudson, might she obtain the life she wanted?

But the moment she faced Oliver Hudson, the moment he embraced her, all Charlotte Thompson felt was endless pain.

It was like countless slender needles densely pricking her body.

Just like the dark, cold that could seep into any corner, it had long devoured everything about her.

She could not forget.

Annie Anne clearly knew that after she began recalling those memories, her psyche had already collapsed.

Her room was decorated this way because the doctor advised Oliver Hudson to prevent her from performing any impulsive acts.

Annie Anne used to feel like a bird with wet feathers in a rainstorm, believing that one day she would return to the embrace of the sky.

But now Annie Anne realized that her wings had already been broken, gruesomely revealing that thing called reality.

She could not fly anymore.

"Oliver Hudson, my head hurts so much," Annie Anne's voice choked up a bit.

Since returning from the hospital, Annie Anne's body had regained health, but she'd developed problems, feeling excruciating headaches whenever it drizzled.

This was why, despite weather forecasts indicating no rain, she still asked Charlotte Thompson to carry an umbrella.

"I am here, Annie, I've always been here..." Oliver Hudson held Annie Anne tightly in his arms, his voice deep and hoarse.

Annie Anne leaned her jaw against Oliver Hudson's shoulder, slightly tilting her face up to whisper in his ear.

"Oliver Hudson, do you still remember the first time we met?"

Oliver Hudson's expression seemed a bit dazed.

How could he forget?

The little girl in the yellow dress, clearly timid in her eyes, had still lifted a radiant smile towards him.

She could have been as glorious as the rising sun.

Oliver Hudson's arms continuously tightened, but eventually, Annie Anne pushed him away with ease.

Annie Anne slowly extended her hand, touching the corner of Oliver Hudson's eye, her fingertip gliding down his brows and eyes, eventually resting on Oliver Hudson's lips.

Like placing a kiss.

Annie Anne withdrew her fingertip.

"Oliver Hudson, we can't go back."

Annie Anne's lips parted and closed, using the gentlest tone but speaking the most brutal words.

"Everything has already happened."

Ryan Richard, who originally wanted to grasp Annie Anne's wrist, paused in mid-air.

Chapter 874: Happy Birthday

The heavy rain had stopped by the time Justin Battleson and Charlotte Thompson returned to the villa.

It was already getting dark, so there was no sight of the sun breaking through the clouds to clear the sky.

Along the way, perhaps because she had seen Annie Anne and then Oliver Hudson, Olivia Thompson was somewhat downcast, and both Charlotte Thompson and Justin Battleson noticed.

"Annie must be tired today, too. Mommy will take you back to rest," Charlotte said tenderly as she stroked Olivia's head.

Olivia responded with a sound and then obediently held Charlotte's hand as they went upstairs.

However, when they opened the door to the children's room, it was pitch black inside.

Olivia felt a bit scared and involuntarily tightened her grip on Charlotte's hand.

But then she thought that she might have come back late, and her brothers and sisters were already resting, which made Olivia feel a bit guilty, as her return would surely disturb them.

Just then, a few faint lights appeared from the corner.

"Happy Birthday to you, Happy Birthday to you..."

The other children came over with a cake toward Olivia.

At that moment, Charlotte also turned on the lights in the children's room and found that the room was already decorated to celebrate Olivia's birthday today.

"Happy Birthday, Annie!"

Grace Thompson stepped forward, put a little crown on Annie's head, and then led her to the cake held by Cyrus Thompson.

"Annie, make a wish!"

Olivia was still reeling from the surprise and looked somewhat dazed.

Seeing this, Hank Thompson couldn't help but urge from the side, "What's wrong, Annie? Didn't you always say you wanted to grow up quickly before? Now that you're a year older on your birthday, you seem to be a little uncomfortable."

Olivia pouted her lips, then clenched her fists in front of her, closed her eyes, and made her wish.

Annie wished that we could always be together.

Then Olivia opened her eyes and blew out all the candles in one breath, the children clapped their hands, and then rushed to pass the gifts they had prepared for Olivia.

"Open mine first!"

"No, open mine first!"

"I'm older than you!"

"My gift is even bigger than yours!"

The children babbled in front of Olivia, each stuffing their gifts into her arms.

Olivia, holding these gifts, was somewhat unsteady on her feet.

"Okay, don't scare your sister," Charlotte said as she took the things from Olivia's arms and set them aside, then placed her own gift there as well.

She bent down and kissed Olivia on the forehead.

"Happy Birthday to our Annie."

Olivia bit her lip, her little nose slightly reddened, and her beautiful eyes, like glimmering glass, started to fill with tears.

"Don't cry, baby; birthdays are meant to be happy," Charlotte wiped the tears from the corners of Olivia's eyes.

"Annie, don't cry, if you cry I might cry too," Grace said as she hugged Olivia, her voice carrying a hint of distress.

Olivia shook her head: "Annie is not crying, Annie is happy."

The displeasure she had felt earlier was now comforted away.

"Come on, let's open the gifts," Grace said, cracking a smile as she led Olivia to where the gifts were piled.

As Charlotte watched Olivia, surrounded by the children, she felt a pang of sadness.

Olivia knew very well who her biological parents were, yet she couldn't be by their side.

For a child of only five, that was the cruelest thing.

Chapter 875: Public Opinion Onslaught

Because it was Olivia Thompson's birthday, the kids were all up very late, and finally, Justin Battleson and Charlotte Thompson teamed up and, by threatening that they still had to go to kindergarten tomorrow, managed to coax the children to bed.

Justin Battleson and Charlotte Thompson finally relaxed and went back to their room to rest.

The next morning, Charlotte received a call from Jack Bryant while she was on her way to work.

"Madam, there has been progress regarding the matters from back then."

"Keep investigating." A fierce look flashed in Charlotte's eyes.

The incident Charlotte had Jack Bryant investigate was precisely Aunt Watson's affair.

She was well aware that Aunt Watson had been killed by Mia Stewart, but back then had had to release Mia due to insufficient evidence.

Afterward, due to various experiences, Charlotte never had the chance to investigate the truth of this matter.

This was now the first step in bringing down the Allen family.

Suddenly, Charlotte's phone received a notification.

She glanced at it and recognized her own name prominently displayed.

"Famous designer Charlotte Thompson actually did such a thing to her biological father..."

Charlotte felt a wave of disgust at this clickbait article.

But now, since she had continually refused the Allen family the day before, Charlotte was curious to see what Ethan Allen could come up with next.

Another reporter from a news agency uploaded a video, which was precisely the one where Ethan Allen had caused a scene at the nursery school gate, and subsequently, Charlotte had him disciplined.

However, the video did not show Ethan Allen's actions toward the children but only Charlotte ordering her bodyguards to seize the Allen family members.

The video was not only secretly recorded but had also been edited, and overall, it portrayed Charlotte as bullying the Allen family members and being cold and harsh to her own biological father.

This video was far more damaging than the few words Ethan Allen had posted on Twitter the day before, and netizens began a frenzied discussion.

Those who were originally skeptical were now switching sides, accusing Charlotte of being unfilial.

Moreover, someone had dug up a video from the time Lucas Allen went to find Charlotte in a café, showing Charlotte having security drag Ethan Allen away.

This undoubtedly added a heavy blow to the situation.

Public opinion on the internet started to lean heavily one way, and traffic skyrocketed within an hour.

What modern netizens loved most was watching drama unfold.

"I feel like these past few days, I've been like a monkey in a melon field, jumping all over the place."

"So is this melon ripe then?"

"The video has already been released; this is totally a knockout."

"I used to support her, but now I've turned against her. I never thought she would be this kind of person."

However, a few of Charlotte's fans still chose to support her, and there were also some onlookers who were watching.

The last time Twitter was this busy was a few months ago.

It seems that was also due to something related to Charlotte.

Just as netizens were preparing their popcorn and drinks for the show, the media had already blocked the entrance to Charlotte's company at the Riley Group.

Charlotte sat in the car, watching the eager reporters from afar, with no intention to get out.

Justin Battleson looked up, his expression carrying a hint of displeasure.

Soon, security from the Riley Group came to clear out the reporters. Although the reporters were reluctant, they were still intimidated by the power of the Riley Group, and a few who tried to sneak in or blend in were stopped successfully by the security.

Yet, at this time, Charlotte walked boldly through the main entrance of the Riley Group, while the reporters could only watch from a distance.

Chapter 876 Are You Ready?

However, all netizens were waiting for Charlotte Thompson's response to this incident.

What no one expected, however, was that Charlotte Thompson kept silent, and with the reporters at the entrance of Riley Group driven away, no one now knew what exactly Charlotte was up to or whether she would give her own explanation.

This wave of silence from Charlotte Thompson not only made the netizens extremely anxious, but the Allen family folks were like ants on a hot pan.

"It's already been two days, what on earth does Charlotte want to do!"

Ethan Allen paced back and forth before angrily sitting down on the sofa.

Could it be that Charlotte hasn't seen these messages?

He had thrown out all his trump cards, what on earth was Charlotte doing?

However, the more Ethan Allen thought about it, the more panicked he became, could it be that Charlotte had already figured out some countermeasure?

Emily Allen, looking at her own scars in the mirror on the side, felt the resentment in her eyes growing stronger.

If she didn't get the money for treatment soon, she would miss the best opportunity.

"No way, it can't go on like this," Emily Allen spoke up.

"What else can we do? There hasn't been any reaction from Charlotte's end at all," Ethan Allen retorted discontentedly.

"Charlotte must be freaking out right now, wondering how the Thompson Family is going to handle this matter."

Saying this, Emily Allen picked up a mobile phone from the side and made a call.

"I need you to do me a favor."

...

"Charlotte was raised by me, maybe I was a bit neglectful when she was small, but she is my biological daughter, after all, I had no idea it would come to this," Ethan Allen said through tears in a television interview.

Watching the interview on TV, Charlotte Thompson couldn't help but curl her lip.

She finally knew whom Emily Allen had inherited her poor acting from.

Ethan Allen on the TV continued to weep and play the victim, but Charlotte Thompson was already too tired to watch.

She had long understood Ethan Allen's true colors inside and out.

"Not bad, he finally got the media involved,"

Charlotte Thompson took the coffee that Justin Battleson handed her and said casually.

When the video of her "tormenting" Ethan Allen had leaked online, Charlotte Thompson chose to remain silent because she felt the public outcry had not reached its peak.

Only when Ethan Allen himself stepped forward would the impact be maximized.

Charlotte Thompson had even thought about contacting the media for Ethan Allen, but fortunately, they made the move first, saving Charlotte a lot of trouble.

"Is everything ready?"

Justin Battleson sat down beside Charlotte Thompson, reached an arm around her shoulders, and pulled her into his embrace.

"Of course, I've been waiting for this moment for a long time,"

Charlotte Thompson said to Justin Battleson with a pursed-lip smile.

The real show was finally about to begin.

Just as Charlotte Thompson was about to make a move against the Allen family, an unexpected piece of news followed closely.

"Sis, you need to come back fast, Mr. Ross has brought people over,"

It was the first time Charlotte Thompson heard such urgency in Jordan Thompson's voice, which made her stand up immediately.

"What did you say?"

"The Ross Family wants to take Jack and Chad away."

Upon hearing this, Charlotte Thompson's body wavered, and seeing this, Justin Battleson quickly steadied her.

"I need to go back right now."

Charlotte Thompson shook her head, left the company without hesitation, and departed.

...

"Really, I've been squatting here for days and I still haven't seen a glimpse of Charlotte Thompson,"

In a dead corner of the Riley Group's underground parking lot, there was a van with two people sitting inside.

Chapter 877: Take the Child Away!

The man in the passenger seat was quite young; distractedly scrolling through his phone, he finally broke down.

"I've been up for several nights now, why don't we go back?" After saying this, the man couldn't help but let out a big yawn.

"Hang in there a bit longer. I barely managed to get someone to help us sneak into the parking lot, and we've already boasted so much about this. If we go back empty-handed, the boss will definitely chew us out. I also don't know why the boss suddenly decided to get involved in this kind of thing."

The man in the driver's seat was somewhat chubby and squinted unconsciously as he spoke.

"I'd rather be criticized at a meeting than suffer here. Plus, do you know how scary the parking lot is at night?"

The young man complained, then he rubbed his somewhat messy hair and leaned back in his seat, arms crossed.

"If you want to suffer, you can keep at it. As for me, I'm going to sleep."

"You're really going to sleep?"

The plump man glanced at his partner, his expression wavering. Just as he was considering whether to drive back, suddenly a figure hurriedly emerged from the elevator.

Startled, the chubby man quickly tapped the young man beside him: "Hey, wake up! Take a look!"

"Ah, what's up? Did you see a ghost or something!" The young man opened his eyes impatiently.

"It's Charlotte Thompson! It's Charlotte Thompson!" The chubby man urged anxiously.

Charlotte emerged from the elevator, seemingly on a phone call, but her face looked extremely worried.

However, for the paparazzi, such a state was a goldmine.

The young man reacted swiftly, immediately pulled out his camera, and started frantically snapping photos of Charlotte's side.

Justin Battleson, always half a step behind Charlotte, seemed to notice something and cast his gaze directly toward the direction of the van.

This scared the chubby man and the young man so much that their hearts nearly leapt out of their chests.

The two quickly ducked their heads.

When they looked up again, Charlotte had already left with Justin Battleson in a car. The young man hastily took a few more shots of the back of the car.

Even though Justin's look just now had left them quite shaken, the next second they were thrilled to have successfully captured Charlotte on camera.

"Heaven rewards the diligent, we finally caught Charlotte!"

Unable to contain himself, the chubby man spoke out in admiration, then he leaned over to the young man, as they checked the photos they had just taken.

"Why is Charlotte in such a rush, where could she be going?" the chubby man asked.

"What else could it be? It must be something about the online drama. You see, she could be contacting the Thompson Family now."

The young man looked up, satisfied, and then carefully set his camera aside.

This certainly felt like a big scoop.

However, Charlotte had no idea that her earlier reaction had been captured by the paparazzi, but she was indeed in a rush to get back to the villa.

Many cars were parked outside the villa. As Charlotte pushed the door to enter, she heard a stern voice.

"Just a minor member of the Thompson Family, and you dare to be so insolent in front of me? Take the child away!"

Hearing this, Charlotte's pupils contracted, and she immediately strode forward: "I'd like to see who dares touch my child!"

Charlotte scanned the room and saw Jordan Thompson sheltering several children behind him, but several intimidating bodyguards stood in front of him.

"Sis!"

Upon seeing Charlotte return, Jordan, although relieved, didn't dare to relax his vigilance immediately.

"Mommy!"

Several children called out to Charlotte, fear evident on their faces.

Chapter 878: Justifying the Means by the Name

Charlotte glanced over and met Mr. Ross's gaze directly.

"Grandpa Ross, what do you intend to do?"

Charlotte had never expected the Ross family to actually barge into her home like this.

Mr. Ross looked at Charlotte and snorted coldly, "Of course, to take my grandsons back home."

Recently, the news about Charlotte had been blown up online, and when Mr. Ross saw it, he had almost shattered the rosary beads in his hands.

How could such a woman, who coldly retorted even to her own father, properly look after Jack and Chad, who were not her biological children?

Therefore, Mr. Ross took action right away to come over to the villa to take the two kids away, not expecting to find Jordan Thompson here.

"Grandpa Ross, we had clearly agreed before to bring the kids back to the Ross family on the weekends, but it does not seem to be the weekend now."

With Jack and Chad protected in her arms, Charlotte faced Mr. Ross unflinchingly.

"Weekend? Starting today, Jack and Chad will come back to the Ross family with me. They need not return here."

Mr. Ross was not asking for Charlotte's opinion but issuing an outright command.

"Impossible!" Charlotte refused without hesitation.

"Charlotte, don't get ahead of yourself," Mr. Ross's face darkened completely.

Charlotte's hands at her sides clenched tighter as she took a deep breath and said slowly, "Mr. Ross, as we had clearly agreed before, the two kids would continue to be raised by me..."

Before Charlotte could finish, Mr. Ross interrupted her, "You continue to raise them, what gives you the right?"

"Because I am the mother of the two children!" Charlotte declared resolutely.

This, however, was met with a cold scoff from Mr. Ross.

"Mother? You are nothing but the boys' stepmother! You have not a drop of blood relation to them. They carry the blood of the Ross family, and by that alone, I can take the custody of the children!"

"Mr. Ross!" Charlotte's pupils constricted.

"Ignoring your own biological father, how can I expect you to wholeheartedly care for these two stepsons?" Mr. Ross opened with scorn.

Yet, Mr. Ross's words were like a heavy hammer, striking harshly in Charlotte's mind.

How could she have forgotten about this?

She had been so focused on delivering a fatal blow to the Allen family. Yet, she had forgotten that her silence could have such an impact.

The outside world did not know the truth, let alone Mr. Ross. With his determination to take Jack and Chad back, wasn't the situation with the Allen family the leverage he needed?

Seeing Charlotte speechless and out of words, Mr. Ross immediately motioned to his men to take the children away.

"Grandpa Ross, this is not quite right, is it?"

Justin Battleson stood firmly in front of Mr. Ross, his expression indifferent.

"Not quite right?" Mr. Ross took a deep breath and coughed out a laugh,

"I am rightfully reclaiming the Ross family bloodline. Justin Battleson, not even your grandmother can say anything about this!"

"Mr. Ross, I can explain this..." Charlotte, who had finally snapped back to her senses, stepped forward immediately.

"Save your explanations for the public outside," Mr. Ross said impatiently. Then he turned his gaze to Jack and Chad, who were hiding behind.

However, Mr. Ross's serious and stern look frightened the two little ones terribly.

Chad's little face scrunched up, and he clumsily grabbed a nearby toy and threw it towards the bodyguards.

"I don't want to leave Mommy! Don't want to go back! I don't like you! You're a bad man!"

Chapter 879: Take Away

This statement instantly enraged Mr. Ross, who banged his cane heavily on the ground, glaring at Charlotte Thompson.

"Good for you, Charlotte Thompson, what have you been teaching the children to make them not even recognize me, their own grandfather!"

Now, in Mr. Ross's mind, everything Charlotte did was intentional.

"No, it's not..."

For the first time, Charlotte felt so helpless, her voice almost hoarse.

"Not? Do you think I'm an old fool with dim eyesight and failing ears? I heard it all clearly just now!"

Mr. Ross was so angry that he started coughing, and the man standing next to him hastily patted Mr. Ross's back to help him catch his breath.

Then the man looked up and cast a sharp glance at Charlotte Thompson, "Miss Thompson, I hope you can make some right choices."

Charlotte bit her lower lip tightly, her fingertips trembling. She slowly shifted her gaze to Jack Thompson and Chad Thompson by her side.

"Mummy..."

Chad had been crying so hard that he hiccupped; Jack, his older brother, was only pretending to be strong, but tears had already flooded his eyes.

The children's tears were like knives, painfully carving into Charlotte's heart.

But now it seemed Charlotte had no choice at all.

Justin Battleson also saw the pain Charlotte was in and was about to speak, but the man beside Mr. Ross beat him to it.

"Miss Thompson, have you decided?"

Charlotte's nails dug so deeply into her flesh that her knuckles turned white, almost completely shattering.

She bent down and embraced Jack and Chad into her arms, "I'm sorry, children, it's all mummy's fault."

"Mummy, do you really not want us anymore?" Jack's face showed a hint of fear.

Chad clung tighter to Charlotte, refusing to let go.

"No, how could mummy not want you? But now you need to go back to the Ross Family with grandfather for a while."

Charlotte didn't know with what strength she managed to say those words; she bit down on her teeth, her eyes feeling sore and swollen.

In fact, she could have forcefully kept the children with her.

But by doing so, she would have broken the relationship between the children and the Ross Family.

Mr. Ross was right; they were children of the Ross Family, with the Ross Family blood running through their veins.

"Mummy, I don't want to go back, I don't want to..." Jack couldn't help but cry bitterly.

"Mummy, don't let Jack and Chad go, Grace doesn't want them to go!"

Grace Thompson also started to tug on Charlotte's clothes and then turned to look at Justin Battleson at the side.

"Daddy, think of something, don't let Jack and Chad go."

"Don't go! Don't go!"

Even Hank Thompson, who was always strong, couldn't help but wipe away his tears.

Chad Thompson beside him had his brows locked tightly together, showing that his fists by his sides were trembling continuously.

The children were crying in a heap, causing Charlotte's heart to wrench.

She took a deep breath and slowly stood up, "Mr. Ross, I will clarify the matters on the internet, and I will prove to you that I am qualified to raise the two children."

"Then I'll wait for you to sort out your trivial matters," Mr. Ross said sarcastically. "Can I take the children away now?"

"Jack, Chad, mummy is sorry for the wrongs she's done, but rest assured, mummy will bring you back soon. You will always be mummy's dearest treasures."

As she touched the heads of the two children, Charlotte's eyes were full of reluctance.

"Mummy isn't lying to us, right?" Chad's voice trembled.

Chapter 880: Sue in Court

Charlotte Thompson looked at her children's red, swollen eyes, feeling her own heart so pained that she could hardly breathe.

"Mommy never lies to you, right? We've made a pinky promise. Whatever I promised you, Mommy will do it."

Charlotte extended her trembling finger.

"Pinky promise..." Chad sobbed.

However, Jack didn't reach out his hand. Instead, he threw himself into Charlotte's arms.

"Mommy, you must come and get us, we'll wait for you."

Just then, Charlotte's tears could no longer be held back and slipped from the corners of her eyes, scalding hot as they fell onto the back of her hand.

Seeing this, Mr. Ross's furrowed brows didn't relax in the slightest as he spoke directly, "Take the children away."

With no one else obstructing, the bodyguards directly carried Jack and Chad away.

The two children looked back at Charlotte with longing, crying messily.

Charlotte took deep breaths, her vision blurred as she watched the two children's figures receding into the distance.

Finally, Charlotte could no longer hold on, leaning her face into the palm of her hand and weeping quietly.

Justin Battleson took Charlotte into his arms, and, as if finding a release for her pent-up emotions, Charlotte clutched Justin's clothes and broke down in tears.

"It's all my fault... It's all because I kept choosing to delay; otherwise, the Ross family wouldn't have taken the children away... It's all my fault..." Charlotte kept blaming herself.

"It's okay, Charlotte, once we deal with the Allen family's issue, we'll be able to bring the children back, right?" Justin's voice was somewhat hoarse.

"I clearly could have kept the children from leaving me...." Charlotte choked up.

Justin's warm palm cupped Charlotte's face, chilled from her tears, his fingertips tracing her eyebrows and eyes before kissing the tears from her cheeks.

"It's okay, we will sort out the Allen family's issue right away, and then we will bring the children back immediately."

Charlotte, cherishing the warmth of Justin's palm, looked down in silence.

"Mommy, don't cry, don't cry," Olivia tugged at Charlotte's clothes and then shook her head.

"Mommy, let's just pretend it's the weekend, and we're letting Jack and Chad go back to the Ross family to see Mr. Ross. Once the weekend is over, we'll bring them back."

Cyrus stood beside Charlotte and said seriously.

"Yes, Mommy, Jack and Chad will be back soon."

"The weekend will be over quickly."

The remaining children also spoke to comfort Charlotte. She squatted down, her gaze full of relief as she looked at the children spread before her, her heart's pain gradually easing into warmth.

"Don't cry, Mommy. You don't look pretty when you cry."

Grace wiped the tears from Charlotte's face, even though she herself looked tearful.

But Charlotte nodded. She kissed Grace's palm and said,

"Okay, let's pretend it's just the weekend. Mommy will bring Jack and Chad back very soon." The children all nodded, their tears turning into smiles.

Charlotte steadied her emotions and stood up, her eyes now filled with resolve.

She would add up all these grievances to the Allen family's account.

Charlotte immediately contacted Jack Bryant, instructing him to prepare all the information they had gathered before.

Meanwhile, Ethan Allen remained oblivious to the brewing storm, still weeping in front of the media about his own misery while continuing to demand money from Charlotte in private.

At the same time, the photos of Charlotte that the two paparazzi had taken in the parking lot were published online.

Just as people online began to denounce Charlotte, she finally responded.

But instead, she took the Allen family to court.