

Spoiled 911

Chapter 911: Being a Daughter-in-law of the Ross Family is Quite Good Too.

Zoe Anne's smile slowly faded, her lips trembling, but she could no longer utter a single word.

She stumbled backward, her calf striking the nearby sofa, which caused her to lose her balance completely and crash heavily to the floor.

Indeed, in the heat of the moment, she had only thought about getting back at Charlotte, without considering the consequences. Whether true or false, what impact would revealing this secret have?

The Anne family had good relations with the Ross family, and Zoe Anne knew well the kind of upbringing the Ross family provided.

Mr. Ross of the Ross family was highly concerned with face. The information she held was not just leverage against Charlotte; it was a death warrant for her own family, the Anne family.

Thinking back to Mr. Ross's visit just a moment ago, Zoe Anne felt a chill rising continuously from her feet.

"Zoe, you should grow up and stop being so capricious," her father said as he looked at the disheartened Zoe Anne on the ground, finally shaking his head with a sigh.

Zoe Anne bit her lower lip hard. Eventually, she looked up only to see her father's departing figure and the firmly shut door.

"What did I do wrong..."

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"Mr. Ross, why did you need to make the trip yourself?"

Back in the Ross family car, the man looked at the resting Mr. Ross and couldn't help but speak.

Mr. Ross didn't make a move, and only after a moment did he slowly say, "If I hadn't gone myself, who knows what trouble this clueless girl from the Anne family might have stirred up?"

"The young master's issues..." the man began, but he stopped mid-sentence.

"That damn brat is always causing me trouble," Mr. Ross snorted coldly, reopening his eyes.

What she hadn't expected, however, was the Thompson girl.

...

In the hospital room, there were only Mr. Ross and Charlotte Thompson.

"Is what you're saying true?"

Mr. Ross looked at Charlotte in front of him. Though his expression was calm, the palm resting on the wheelchair's armrest had slightly tightened.

"The Anne and Ross families have always been close; it wasn't hard for Zoe Anne to ferret out some matters," Charlotte spoke indifferently.

His expression grew more serious at her words, and while Mr. Ross huffed, he never said another word.

"Mr. Ross, I suppose you wouldn't want the matter concerning Jack and Chad to be exposed,"

With internal strife within the Ross family, Mr. Ross had only just found Jack and Chad, two potential heirs, who were still quite young. If their status were exposed, countless eyes would be watching them.

Although Mr. Ross could provide protection, when all was said and done, it was not as secure as the protection from Charlotte's Thompson family.

"The Ross family lineage, I will naturally protect," Mr. Ross said with a deep gaze at Charlotte.

"Thank you, Mr. Ross," Charlotte bowed deeply to Mr. Ross.

Though Mr. Ross was short-tempered, Charlotte knew that he would certainly not deceive such a junior like her.

"I can't accept such a deep bow," Mr. Ross said in a deep voice, slowly, "Those who bow to me are from the Ross family."

Charlotte raised her head, hesitating momentarily in her action.

"Our family's Adam Ross, in looks, heritage, and abilities, is surely not inferior to the Battleson boy, right?"

Suddenly, Mr. Ross mentioned Adam Ross.

This conversation confused Charlotte, feeling that things were getting a bit off track.

"Being a daughter-in-law in our Ross family isn't too bad either."

Chapter 912: Must Protect Well

"Mr. Ross..." Charlotte was startled by Mr. Ross's words and found herself at a loss for words.

"What, you think you're too good for the Ross Family?" Mr. Ross raised an eyebrow.

In fact, upon closer consideration, Charlotte's appearance and background did indeed make her a match for Adam Ross.

And with Jack Thompson and Chad Thompson as her children, Mr. Ross had already begun to scheme, thinking maybe by some stroke of luck he could bring Adam and Charlotte together.

Seeing the look in Mr. Ross's eyes, Charlotte felt a chill run down her spine and shook her head repeatedly, "No, that's not it."

"After all, you and Justin Battleson aren't married, you're single right now, aren't you?" Mr. Ross said casually.

Charlotte really didn't know how to respond, and feeling a bit frustrated, she pinched her palm before finally saying, "Mr. Ross, I should take the kids back now."

"Changing the subject," Mr. Ross said as he looked at Charlotte, then waved his hand impatiently.

Charlotte let out a sigh of relief and quickly left.

...

"Mr. Ross?"

The voice beside him pulled Mr. Ross out of his reverie. He shifted his gaze and gave his instructions.

"The identities of Jack and Chad must be well protected."

"Yes, Mr. Ross," the man nodded seriously.

Mr. Ross turned to look out the car window at streetlights flashing by, creating a beam of light that split his reflection in the window.

His eyes were deep, as if lost in thought, and the sigh he eventually let out was swallowed by the sound of the car moving.

By the time Mr. Ross returned to the Ross Family's residence, Adam was still in the living room. Upon seeing Mr. Ross being wheeled in, he promptly stood up to meet him.

But Mr. Ross pressed his hand down, signaling to Adam not to bother.

"Mr. Ross, still going for walks so late in the evening?" Adam always had a casual demeanor, even when speaking to Mr. Ross, the most senior member of his family.

As expected, Adam was met with a roll of Mr. Ross's eyes.

"What walk? It's all because of your mess," Mr. Ross said.

Adam's expression turned surprised; he pointed to his own nose, "Me? I'm not the one trending today."

Thinking of how Ryan Richard was trending on social media as Charlotte's ex-boyfriend that day, Adam couldn't help but wonder what had caused Charlotte's taste to elevate dramatically, from Ryan Richard to Justin Battleson.

"Don't give me those useless talks here," Mr. Ross said sternly, tapping his wheelchair.

Adam immediately sat up straight, listening attentively to Mr. Ross.

"The matter concerning Jack and Chad must not be known by anyone, including those with the last name Ross, understand?" Mr. Ross instructed.

Adam thought for a moment, his brow furrowed, "Is it Zoe Anne? Does she think Jack and Chad are mine and Charlotte's children?"

Although there was some doubt in Adam's voice, having mentioned it, he was about eighty percent sure of his guess.

Mr. Ross glanced at Adam.

Despite Adam's usual carefree appearance, his thoughts were in fact very meticulous.

Today, after seeing the hot search of Zoe Anne and Ryan Richard, Adam had conducted a brief investigation and discovered there seemed to be a party that day, which Charlotte also attended.

Knowing Zoe Anne's character, Adam was certain she would do something to Charlotte.

Plus, hearing that Mr. Ross had visited the Anne family that evening, Adam could somewhat guess what was going on.

Although he and Charlotte were raising Jack and Chad together, outsiders who were unaware of the situation would definitely assume there had been something between him and Charlotte.

Chapter 913: Charlotte, let's meet.

Thinking of this, Adam Ross couldn't help but pinch the bridge of his nose, realizing he had let his guard down regarding the existence of Zoe Anne.

"You are clever indeed," Mr. Ross snorted coldly, yet Adam's cleverness might not necessarily be applied in the right place.

"It's all thanks to Grandfather's excellent teaching," Adam said with a chuckle.

"If you were truly clever, you would marry Charlotte Thompson for me."

Mr. Ross spoke his mind, which nearly caused Ryan Richard, who was drinking water, to choke to death.

Ryan kept coughing, his face turning red, but he couldn't hide the astonishment on his face.

"What are you saying, Grandfather?" Adam doubted if there was something wrong with his ears.

"Stop playing dumb with me," Mr. Ross shot a glance at Adam and continued solemnly, "Don't think I can't see that you've taken a fancy to that Thompson girl."

Mr. Ross was an extremely astute man who had single-handedly established the Ross Group in the business world, and even at his age, he was still the pillar holding the Ross Family upright.

Mr. Ross had experienced everything in all these years, and in his eyes, Adam was nothing but a young man, no matter how clever.

And Mr. Ross could see right through his little schemes.

Adam set his tea cup aside and nervously touched his nose, "Those were past affairs, and now I have no thoughts about Charlotte."

Moreover, he had already pursued Charlotte once, and the result of that pursuit was crystal clear to him.

"Is that so? I actually think Charlotte would be a good match for our Ross Family," Mr. Ross said aloud.

"How so? You shouldn't forget that Charlotte is someone who would even dare to talk back to you. If I were to marry her, with your stubborn temper, could you stand being talked back to a few times?" Adam spoke nonchalantly.

"You little rascal, are you asking for a beating again?" Mr. Ross's tone rose at the end of his question.

Upon hearing this, Adam quickly backed down, "Grandfather, you want Charlotte to marry into our family for the sake of Jack and Chad Thompson, don't you? The kids haven't turned their backs on the Ross Family, there is no need for you to worry."

"But even when they return to the Ross Family, don't they still have their hearts set on Charlotte?"

"Grandfather, you shouldn't forget that she has three biological children with Justin Battleson."

Adam's gaze wavered, and eventually, the corners of his lips curled into a helpless smile,

"Besides, she has already made her choice."

Mr. Ross gave Adam a glance and gestured for his attendants to wheel him away.

Adam's fingertips gently stroked the warm teacup, and then he sipped the tea, his brow furrowing.

The cooled tea was truly bitter.

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Although the incident on the internet was still fermenting, it was, after all, about two individuals without much popularity, so it faded overnight, replaced by other news.

But that level of attention was sufficient for Charlotte.

Just as Charlotte was preparing to visit Stardust Garden to see the children, she received a call from an unfamiliar number.

However, the voice on the other end was not unfamiliar to Charlotte.

"Charlotte, let's meet up," said the voice.

It was Zoe Anne.

Charlotte listened and after hesitating for a few seconds, agreed to it.

Zoe Anne on the line immediately informed Charlotte of the time and place, and Charlotte confirmed she would be there.

Justin Battleson was fixing his cuffs when he turned his gaze towards Charlotte.

"Zoe Anne wants to meet with me," Charlotte said as she approached and picked up the tie prepared on the side, starting to put it on Justin.

At the mention of Zoe Anne's name, Justin's brow furrowed deeply.

Chapter 914: Continue with the fuss, I'll accompany you.

"Don't worry, she won't pull the same tricks again," Charlotte could tell from Zoe Anne's voice that something was different about her.

Justin Battleson wrapped his arms around Charlotte's waist and planted a kiss on the top of her head.

"Make sure to contact me if anything happens, okay?"

Leaning against Justin's chest, Charlotte nodded her head.

After being affectionate for a while longer, they each headed toward their respective destinations.

Zoe Anne had chosen a rather secluded café to meet Charlotte, and she was sitting by the floor-to-ceiling windows. Charlotte saw her from outside even before entering.

She was wrapped up so tightly, her sunglasses and mask nearly covering her entire face to the point that if not for her designer clothes and the small bag beside her, Charlotte might not have recognized her.

Charlotte walked in and quietly sat down opposite Zoe Anne.

"I thought you weren't going to come," Zoe Anne said, even though there was a cup of coffee in front of her that seemed to have gone cold, untouched.

"Am I very late?" Charlotte asked, looking down at the menu.

"Charlotte, I'm going to Cethuira," Zoe Anne spoke solemnly.

Charlotte paused slightly but it was fleeting.

She propped her cheek with her hand and looked at Zoe Anne, saying, "So, why did you want to meet me today? Don't tell me you're hoping I'd come to see you off."

With a slap, Zoe Anne's palm hit the table, causing the spoons next to the cups used for stirring to make a clinking sound.

This drew looks from several people around, immediately making Zoe Anne flusteredly cover her face.

"Charlotte, I've always hated you."

Only after the surrounding glances had dispersed did Zoe Anne speak again.

"Hate me?"

Charlotte leaned back slightly, watching Zoe Anne with anticipation for her next words.

"Yes, why would Adam Ross fall for you? In what way am I inferior to you?" Zoe Anne said with resentment.

She and Adam were childhood sweethearts, with both families saying she would marry Adam one day, and over time Zoe Anne grew to like him.

But later on, Adam became increasingly frivolous, always the playboy.

Still, her feelings did not change.

Until...

Charlotte slowly raised her head, and even through the sunglasses, she could feel Zoe Anne's envious gaze.

"I know Adam Ross better than anyone. Charlotte, don't deny it; if Jack and Chad aren't yours and Adam's biological children, why would the Ross Family let you take care of their kids?"

To this day, Zoe Anne was convinced that Adam and Charlotte had children together.

"I don't have to tell you the reason, but Adam and I are just friends, nothing more."

Charlotte responded calmly, "It was true before, and it will remain true in the future."

"You're lying!"

Zoe Anne's emotions surged suddenly, and she even made a motion as if to stand up.

"Charlotte, it's come to this, and you're still pretending here? Right, you're afraid of what Justin Battleson might think, scared he might see you as a woman who's been with everyone..."

However, before Zoe Anne could finish her venomous words, she was met with Charlotte's icy gaze.

"If you're still unsatisfied with your current situation and want to continue causing trouble, I'm up for it."

Charlotte, resting her cheek in her hand, glanced at the wait staff busy elsewhere and ultimately chose not to call her over.

"You!"

Charlotte's retort left Zoe Anne choked, unsure of what to say.

Chapter 915: It is Impossible Between Us

"If you're here to say goodbye, I wish you a good life," Charlotte Thompson smiled at Zoe Anne.

"A good life?"

Zoe Anne's eyes sharpened as she stared hard at Charlotte Thompson, "I used to have a good life, but in the end, you completely ruined it!"

"I dare not take the credit for that accusation."

Charlotte Thompson looked at Zoe Anne before her, suddenly unable to reconcile the image with the radiant, sunny girl she remembered from before the camera.

Charlotte always used to think Zoe Anne's acting was poor.

She had been careless.

It turns out Zoe Anne could perform a false persona so convincingly,

"Zoe Anne, you ruined your own life, and it has nothing to do with anyone else," Charlotte enunciated each word clearly and seriously.

"Have you ever heard the saying, 'harm set, harm get'?"

"Shut your mouth!"

Zoe Anne hissed, then she picked up the coffee cup in front of her, seemingly intending to throw it at Charlotte.

However, just as she lifted the cup, someone pressed her wrist down.

"What are you doing?"

Adam Ross, straining his eyes to see through the near-armored appearance, finally recognized the person as Zoe Anne.

At the sight of Adam Ross, Zoe Anne's body trembled slightly, then she lifted the corners of her lips, "See, still think you have no connection? Adam Ross, it turns out you do protect someone."

Adam Ross straightened up and tapped Charlotte's arm with his finger, "Let's talk."

Charlotte couldn't care less why Adam Ross happened to be here, but she really didn't feel like talking to Zoe Anne anymore.

She nodded, rose to her feet, and walked towards the counter, her eye on a small cake she'd been wanting for a long time.

Adam Ross propped his hand on the table, watching Charlotte's retreating figure.

"Do you like her that much, Adam Ross?"

Zoe Anne's words brought Adam Ross back to the present, he crossed his legs and leaned against the table, then spoke, "Is that so? I didn't know."

Zoe Anne said nothing, but the knuckles pressed against the table were already turning white.

Adam Ross glanced at her and, taking advantage of his height and long legs, leaned a few inches closer to Zoe Anne.

"Covered up like this during broad daylight, are you not wearing makeup?"

Adam Ross said, reaching out to hook off the sunglasses from Zoe Anne's face.

Adam Ross paused, he'd expected Zoe Anne to dodge.

After removing the sunglasses, Adam Ross saw a pair of slightly swollen eyes, which made his brows furrow.

Seeing Adam Ross's reaction, Zoe Anne snatched the sunglasses back and put them on again.

"Zoe Anne, I remember telling you long ago that there was no chance between us."

Adam Ross sighed lightly, then turned to sit on the sofa.

"Why?"

Zoe Anne bit her lower lip; she didn't know how many times she had asked this question, nor how many times she had received the same answer.

"We are not alike, Zoe Anne," Adam Ross said softly, "If it were possible, I would have married you a long time ago, wouldn't I?"

Zoe Anne opened her mouth to say something, but Adam Ross already interrupted her.

"It's unrelated to others because it's my own choice. But Zoe Anne, why then did you end up making such a choice?"

"I..."

Charlotte Thompson lowered her head slightly, placing her hands on her thighs, then spoke in a muffled voice.

"I don't know, Adam Ross, I didn't want this either, but... I really like you a lot..."

"I'm not worth it." Without any hesitation, Adam Ross flatly rejected Zoe Anne.

Zoe Anne looked up, her face hidden from view.

Chapter 916: The Agreement at Fourteen

Charlotte sat at the bar eating a small cake. In fact, she didn't like sweets much, but who could resist when the cake looked so tempting?

Charlotte even took a photo, and when she looked up again, Zoe and Adam had finished their conversation, and Zoe stood up.

It must be about time to leave.

Just as Charlotte was thinking about packing some cakes to take home for the kids, Zoe was already walking towards her.

"Charlotte."

Zoe still called out Charlotte's name in that familiar, unabashed way.

Charlotte turned around on her chair and looked up at Zoe.

"I want to apologize for what I've done, I'm sorry," Zoe said earnestly.

This time, it was sincere.

Charlotte was a bit curious what Adam had said to Zoe to make such a proud young lady lower her stance and apologize.

Without waiting for Charlotte's response, Zoe had already straightened up and then turned to leave.

Such a carefree departure.

Charlotte shook her head; whether it was the Allen family or others, all these schemes and struggles were now over.

"Look, I've helped you out of a big mess."

Adam came over and sat down next to Charlotte, naturally, glancing at the cake on her plate.

"A big mess?"

Charlotte gave Adam a side glance and, supporting her face, said, "I seem to remember that this trouble started because of someone, right?"

"I don't care, one way or another you have to treat me to a meal," Adam said with a smile to Charlotte.

Charlotte involuntarily raised an eyebrow as Adam twirled his signet ring and said, "By the way, I originally wanted to talk to you about Jack and Chad, so I followed Zoe here."

Hearing the names Jack and Chad, Charlotte paused while forking her cake.

"Mr. Ross and I have discussed it, and the boys should stay with you until they are fourteen."

Actually, Adam knew that Mr. Ross was reluctant to part with the children, but Mr. Ross also hoped they could grow up in a good environment.

By the age of fourteen, the children would certainly be sensible, and then they could come back to the Ross family and face those issues.

Charlotte would surely give them a happy and fulfilled childhood with her loving care.

"Fourteen years old..." Charlotte murmured, but her expression had already grown heavy.

After all, they were not her biological children and couldn't stay with her forever.

Thinking about the eventual farewell in the future, Charlotte felt a sour ache in her heart.

Adam, of course, noticed Charlotte's unease. He sighed, knowing that saying nothing now was for the best.

The two sat side by side in the café, surrounded only by soothing music and the murmur of other customers.

After a while, Charlotte stood up, stretching her somewhat stiff upper body, and turned to look at the pastries in the display case.

"Come help me choose, what should I take back for the kids?"

"You want me to pick out cakes?"

Adam pointed to himself, a little unsure of what to say at that moment.

Looking at the various small cakes in the glass showcase, Adam seemed indeed a bit overwhelmed.

He touched his nose, then straightened up to speak to the attendant: "Just give me one of each."

Charlotte looked at Adam in astonishment, standing with her arms folded beside him.

"I say, Mr. Ross, you're really generous."

"And you really know how to make things difficult for someone, asking me to pick out these things?" Adam shot a glance at Charlotte.

Charlotte casually shrugged her shoulders, unaware that in a distant corner, the sound of a camera shutter was clicking away.

Chapter 917 Charlotte Thompson's Masterpiece

Justin Battleson was dealing with the documents in his hands when Michael Richard had already knocked and entered.

Justin scanned him and noticed that Michael's expression was somewhat peculiar.

"What is it?" Justin furrowed his brow and asked.

Only then did Michael come back to his senses and respectfully replied, "Mr. Battleson, please take a look at this folder."

As he spoke, Michael handed over the tablet to Justin.

Justin received it with some confusion, only to discover that the folder contained several photos, and the people in them were none other than Charlotte Thompson and Adam Ross.

The moment he saw the photos, Justin's face darkened.

The two stood shoulder to shoulder, chatting about something with smiles on their faces.

"Who sent these? Have they been identified yet?" Justin asked coldly, lifting his gaze.

"It was a paparazzo, but the ID keeps changing; we're still searching and investigating," Michael replied nervously, swallowing his saliva.

Justin's eyes swept over each photo, his pupils dark as ink, filled with a solemn chill.

"What else was said?"

Justin's lips parted, and his voice slowly emerged.

Michael could already feel the low pressure emanating from Justin and internally cursed the inconsiderate paparazzo fiercely.

However, he still pulled up the paparazzo's initial email to show Justin.

The message was clear; they wanted money.

They wanted to see how much Justin thought these few photos were worth.

Justin snorted coldly; he hadn't expected that even paparazzi would dare to threaten him now.

He placed the tablet aside, slightly reclined back in his chair, and his gaze fell on the cellphone that reflected a faint light at the side.

Who would have thought that the lock screen of the esteemed CEO of Riley Group would be a picture of a toy?

However, this toy was something Charlotte had somehow found and stuffed into his hands.

Charlotte even said that the toy looked like him.

Justin was speechless.

He couldn't see how this ugly thing, which looked neither animal nor human, resembled him at all.

Was Charlotte complimenting him or mocking him?

But since it was something Charlotte had given, Justin naturally kept it.

As for the lock screen of the cellphone...

Of course, that was Charlotte's doing.

Justin picked up the phone, just about to dial Charlotte's number.

But Michael had already located the paparazzo.

It was a newcomer, which explained the boldness.

The irony was that the paparazzo still had no clue even when Michael contacted them, even brazenly threatening with the photos.

Justin glanced at it and found it annoying; this trivial matter could be directly handed over to Michael to deal with.

Justin loosened his tie and then stood up, hooking his suit jacket over his armrest.

As he was about to call Charlotte, Michael had already caught up with him.

"Mr. Battleson, are you still going to meet that person?"

Hearing this, Justin's advancing steps suddenly stopped.

His eyes trembled slightly, and his brow was tinged with displeasure and even irritation.

Yes, how could he forget about that person?

"Let's go," he said, taking a deep breath, Justin pocketed his phone and spoke solemnly.

Throughout the journey, Justin's mood was not good, and Michael, driving the car, felt a sense of trepidation.

It had been a long time since he had seen Justin in such a foul mood.

After a while, the car steadily pulled up in front of a luxury hotel. Justin had only glanced at it, and his gaze instantly sank.

Chapter 918: Half-Brother with the Same Father

It seemed that the staff at the door already knew Justin Battleson would arrive, and they immediately showed him the way upon seeing him.

The elevator went directly to the top floor, where there was a separate room.

Justin spotted the man standing in front of the floor-to-ceiling window immediately.

It seemed he also heard the elevator's sound, as the man at the window turned around, revealing a handsome, youthful face.

His facial features bore some resemblance to Justin, but when he smiled, his phoenix eyes curved slightly upwards.

Unlike Justin's sternness, this man radiated a pleasant demeanor, appearing easy to get along with.

"Long time no see, big brother."

Indeed, this person was Leon Battleson, Justin's half-brother from the same father.

He wore a black suit with a red tie at his chest.

It was like blood, winding down from his neck.

Leon stepped forward, opening his arms as if he wanted to embrace Justin. Justin initially wanted to step aside, but ultimately, he did not move.

This gesture brought an even brighter smile to Leon's face.

One would think they were very close brothers, not knowing their true relationship.

"Please, have a seat."

Leon gestured for Justin to sit in a spot that had been prepared in advance, "Big brother it's been many years since we've seen each other, right? I have a lot to talk to you about."

Facing Leon's enthusiasm, Justin, who was usually cold, unusually curled his lips into a smile.

Leon was slightly taken aback by this reaction.

Justin leaned back, crossing his arms in front of his chest.

"Indeed, it has been many years since we last met."

Leon snapped his fingers, and the pre-prepared drinks and dishes were served one after another.

"Since that's the case, we as brothers should really have a good catch-up."

Leon's smile was brimming as he propped his cheeks with his hands and looked up at Justin.

"It's been years, big brother, and you've really changed a lot, hardly resembling that gloomy person you once were."

"Unfortunately, you haven't progressed at all," Justin said nonchalantly.

At these words, Leon's smile stiffened slightly.

"Leon, I'm very clear about why you've returned; we don't need to waste time beating around the bush here."

"Big brother, saying that truly breaks my heart," Leon said pretentiously, though his hand hidden under the table was clenched tight.

"Then there's nothing more to say," Justin's fingertips lightly tapped the stem of the wine glass beside him, producing a crisp sound.

"I'm also curious why our father didn't hand over the inheritance of the Battleson Family to you."

As he spoke, Justin closely watched Leon's expressions.

"Perhaps father thought I wasn't suited for business, so he let me live my life happily instead."

Leon squeezed these words out through his teeth, "By the way, father said he misses you a lot and wants to see you."

As if touching a raw nerve, Justin stood up and spoke impassively.

"If you brought me here just to say this, then there really isn't much time."

After saying this, Justin turned around to leave.

"Big brother, after all the time I spent preparing all this, and you're leaving so soon?"

Justin halted, turned his head, and spoke, "Leon, have you forgotten what you said before? You said you didn't recognize me as your brother."

Watching Justin's departing figure, the smile on Leon's face was instantly shattered.

He clenched the wine glass, and forcefully smashed it to the ground.

"Justin Battleson! Who do you think you are!"

Chapter 919: I Have Long Been Dead

"Sir, why get so angry? It's not worth it," she said.

Just then, a woman emerged from the shadows, holding a glass of red wine and refilled a cup for Leon Battleson, handing it over to him.

Leon Battleson snorted coldly. He did not take the wineglass from the woman but instead grabbed her cheek.

The woman seemed frightened, but her terror was fleeting, and she quickly resumed a shallow smile.

However, this time, Leon Battleson coldly scolded her.

"Don't smile. You've known her for so long, don't you know what she's like?"

The woman's gaze trembled, and she didn't speak again.

Leon Battleson seemed to be inspecting a piece of merchandise, looking at the woman's cheeks from side to side before finally releasing his hand.

The woman knelt on the ground slightly, gently massaging Leon Battleson's leg.

"How does it feel to meet again?" Leon Battleson half-closed his eyes and asked softly.

The woman pondered for a moment before finally speaking softly, "I don't know."

Such an answer made Leon Battleson suddenly laugh, grabbing the woman's chin and making her lift her head to look at him.

"No rush, you'll see him soon. But with a face like that, you'd probably be reluctant, wouldn't you?"

"If it weren't for you, sir, I would have been dead long ago, so now it doesn't matter who I am," the woman said submissively.

Listening to this, Leon Battleson couldn't help but shake his head, "Someone as submissive and beautiful as you, I'm almost tempted myself."

"Really?" A flicker of hope flashed in the woman's eyes.

"Of course."

Leon Battleson moved closer to the woman, "After all ... this is Charlotte Thompson's face."

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Elsewhere, Charlotte Thompson brought the packed mini cakes back to Stardust Garden, where the children gathered around, each taking a bite.

Charlotte Thompson charged her phone and then realized that Justin Battleson had called and texted her after her phone had powered off.

Just as Charlotte Thompson was about to call back, Justin's car drove into Stardust Garden.

When Justin saw Charlotte, a gleam passed through his eyes.

"My phone was dead, so I couldn't reply to your messages," Charlotte indicated her phone on the side, and Justin glanced over and responded with a sound.

"Dad, you're back!"

Grace Thompson ran up to Justin first, taking his hand.

"Mommy brought us back lots of mini cakes, Dad, come eat with us."

As she spoke, the other children also gathered around Justin.

However, upon seeing the cakes, Justin couldn't help but recall the photos taken by the paparazzi, feeling somewhat displeased.

But Justin didn't show it on his face.

Charlotte casually picked up a piece and forked some to offer to Justin, "I didn't expect their mini cakes to be so tasty."

Justin didn't take the cake; instead, he hugged Charlotte from behind, his chin resting on her shoulder.

"Who did you see today?" Justin asked quietly.

"Didn't I tell you this morning? Zoe Anne," Charlotte replied offhandedly, unaware of the darkening look in Justin's eyes.

Why she had seen Adam Ross but hadn't told him.

Justin silently tightened his arms around her while Charlotte hooked one of Justin's fingers and turned to ask,

"What's wrong?"

Charlotte always felt that Justin had been acting strangely since he returned.

Hearing that, Justin spoke softly, "I saw Leon Battleson today."

"Leon Battleson?"

Charlotte's expression shifted slightly, her concern evident as she asked, "What did he say to you? Or did he do something to you?"

Chapter 920 Nosebleed

"He's not capable of doing much," Justin Battleson shook his head.

Charlotte pursed her lips and then asked softly, "Then... have you seen Evelyn Curtis?"

If Leon Battleson really had a relationship with Evelyn Curtis, then when Leon returned to Druarus this time, he would surely bring Evelyn along.

After pondering for a moment, Justin shook his head: "I didn't see anyone with Leon. Moreover, given the current circumstances, even if Evelyn was really with him, he might not let her out."

"That's true," Charlotte nodded, but the mention of the name Evelyn Curtis still gave her heart palpitations.

"Don't worry, everything is under control," Justin reassured her, noticing her concern.

Charlotte curved her lips into a smile.

However, at that moment, a cry of alarm came from where a few children were.

"Grace, why are you getting a nosebleed?"

Hearing this, Charlotte quickly looked over. Grace seemed a bit perplexed as well; she touched under her nose and indeed saw fresh blood.

"Grace!" Charlotte was startled and hurried over.

Cyrus Thompson quickly passed some tissues over to stop Grace's bleeding.

"What happened?" Jasmine Clarkson saw this and was also worried.

Grace shook her head, indicating that she was fine.

Charlotte took Grace to get cleaned up. Fortunately, the nosebleed stopped quickly, but Charlotte was still worried and intended to take Grace to the hospital for a check-up.

However, Grace tugged at the hem of Charlotte's clothes: "It's okay, Mommy, maybe I just bumped my nose earlier. And look, I'm not bleeding anymore, right?"

Grace's smile blossomed beautifully across her face.

Seeing that Charlotte's brows were still furrowed with worry, Grace stepped forward and gently smoothed Charlotte's forehead with her warm fingers.

"Mommy, don't frown; frowning makes you less pretty."

With her hands on her hips, Grace lectured Charlotte in a very matter-of-fact manner.

Charlotte pinched Grace's soft cheek and said with a smile, "I got it, my little princess, go play."

Grace beamed with joy and nodded, then she went back to the other children.

Watching her leave, Charlotte still planned to find time soon to take the children for a health check-up.

Suddenly, as if remembering something, Charlotte turned to Jasmine.

"Grandma, I remember you went to the hospital a few days ago. Have your test results come back?"

Reminded by Charlotte, Jasmine smacked her palm, "I totally forgot; I didn't ask the butler to fetch them."

"Perfect, I'll get the report for you, Grandma, and I can also take a few of the kids to get checked out," Charlotte said with a smile.

"Grace is okay, right?" Jasmine asked, recalling Grace's nosebleed.

"She says she doesn't feel uncomfortable anywhere, so I believe it's nothing serious." Charlotte turned and looked at Grace playing happily, smiling tenderly.

...

The next day, Charlotte went to the hospital to retrieve Jasmine's medical report and scheduled various check-ups for the children. She planned to pick them up from the nursery afterward and take them directly for the examinations.

"Miss Thompson, here are all the test results."

The nurse handed over a stack of papers to Charlotte, who thanked her and began to flip through a few pages, but she wasn't paying attention to where she was walking.

The next second, Charlotte seemed to bump into something, stumbling backward. Fortunately, someone quickly grabbed her wrist, preventing her from falling.

"I'm sorry, I wasn't watching where I was going..."

Charlotte had barely started to apologize when a delighted voice came from above her head.

"Is it really you, Charlotte?"