

## **Spoiled 971**

Chapter 971: Little Tricks

"Big brother..." Charlotte's voice was somewhat choked up.

Henry Thompson realized this and softened his voice even more, "Little princess, don't cry, don't worry, I'm here for everything."

Listening to him, Charlotte let out a soft acknowledgment from her throat.

Feeling the presence of family behind her was truly comforting.

Henry Thompson then asked about Grace Thompson's condition and consoled Charlotte for quite some time. When her emotions had stabilized, he ended the call.

Charlotte let out a sigh of relief but turned around to find Vincent standing beside her.

Having not noticed Vincent's arrival, Charlotte genuinely got a shock.

Seeing Charlotte's momentarily panicked expression, Vincent cleared his throat softly, "Sorry, did I scare you?"

Charlotte shook her head, "It's already so late, why are you still at the hospital?"

It was well past the hospital's closing time.

"I'm worried about Grace, so I stayed behind just in case anything happened and I could help you," Vincent said kindly.

"How can I trouble you further, and you said that Grace's condition has stabilized and there shouldn't be anything to worry about," Charlotte spoke up.

Vincent's smile didn't fade, "I'm your friend, and being able to help you makes me happy. I have already contacted the hospital so if they find a heart match for your daughter, they will contact me immediately."

After saying this, Vincent looked around and asked in confusion, "Isn't Mr. Battleson here?"

"He took the children back home," Charlotte replied frankly.

Vincent turned his head to gaze at Charlotte, letting her reflection fill his beautiful eyes.

"Is he... the biological father of your children?"

"Yes," Charlotte replied.

She had no intention of hiding it, especially since she and Justin Battleson had already made their relationship public.

"But I seem to have heard that you haven't remarried? Why is that?" Vincent asked curiously.

At this question, Charlotte looked a bit dazed, and her gaze shifted away, "Because of some reasons of mine..."

Out of the corner of his eye, Vincent spotted someone coming around the corner and subtly curved his lips upward.

"Ouch."

Just as Charlotte was lost in thought, Vincent suddenly yelped in front of her, and when Charlotte turned, she saw him covering one of his eyes with his hand.

"What happened?" Charlotte asked worriedly.

"It seems a little bug flew into my eye, Charlotte, can you help me check it out?"

Saying this, Vincent stepped sideways right in front of Charlotte, his hand bracing against the wall while he slightly bent over due to his height.

"Let me see."

Charlotte's gaze stayed fixed on Vincent's eye, but she didn't notice how ambiguous their position looked to others.

It was as if...they were kissing.

"You..."

Just as Charlotte was leaning in closer to Vincent, a hand abruptly clamped down on her arm and yanked her away.

Charlotte stumbled and fell directly into a firm embrace, looking up to see only Justin Battleson's tightly pursed lips and icy demeanor.

"What are you doing?"

Justin Battleson was holding back the rage in his heart.

He was worried about Charlotte so he hurried back from Stardust Garden to the hospital, only to see her chatting happily with Doctor Vincent here.

And the next moment, they were apparently "kissing"!

Chapter 972: Did Nothing?

"Justin..."

Charlotte was somewhat pained by Justin Battleson's grip, her expression also a bit unsightly. She placed her fingertips on Justin's joints, gently touching him, but Justin remained unmoved, showing no intention of letting her go.

"Mr. Battleson, you seem to have hurt Charlotte."

Noticing Charlotte's expression, Vincent pointed at the spot where Justin was holding Charlotte and spoke softly.

"What were you two doing just now?"

Justin turned his head and stared at Charlotte's cheeks. Although he had been restraining himself from showing his anger in front of Charlotte, he had to admit that what he had just seen had agitated him.

He now only wanted to hear Charlotte's explanation.

"We were doing nothing." Charlotte, sensing Justin's emotional turbulence, did not know what had caused it.

"Doing nothing?"

Justin clenched his molars; he couldn't believe he'd received such a response.

Justin's throat moved slowly, and as he turned his head, he met Vincent's seemingly smiling eyes.

"Justin..."

Charlotte called Justin's name again, trying to pull her hand from his grip.

Noticing Charlotte's movement, Justin immediately loosened his grip.

Just as Justin was about to speak, Vincent unexpectedly chuckled first.

Vincent's laughter was hearty, but it also seemed somewhat baffling.

"Mr. Battleson must be misunderstanding something," Vincent calmed down but his eyes still curved in amusement.

"Just now a bug flew into my eye, Charlotte was helping me clear it out."

Charlotte then realized that she indeed appeared to have Vincent encircled in her arms just before.

"Yes, I was helping him remove the bug," Charlotte hurriedly nodded.

Justin listened, his furrowed brows did not relax, he lowered his head to look at the light clothing on Charlotte and spoke somberly.

"Isn't there a resting partition in the hospital ward? Why did you come out? What if you catch a cold, don't you know I would be worried?"

If it were any other time, Justin would have draped his coat over Charlotte immediately, but this time, he openly pulled Charlotte into his embrace.

This movement evidently startled Charlotte, and she buried her head in Justin's chest, unsure of what to do next.

"You two are really a loving couple, it's enviable."

Just then, having turned into the third wheel, Vincent made an awkward comment.

Justin, finding Vincent greatly annoying, glanced over at him and said, "It's so late, Doctor Vincent, why are you still in the hospital?"

"Perhaps there are still patients in the hospital who need my care," Vincent responded with a glowing smile.

"Then perhaps Doctor Vincent should get busy, don't waste time here," Justin's tone was clearly pointed.

Vincent shrugged his shoulders, turned, and prepared to leave, but in the end, whether intentionally or not, he turned his head to glance at Charlotte.

"Charlotte, if you need anything, contact me right away."

Before Charlotte could react, Justin's palm was already pressing on the back of her neck, forcing her to remain nestled in his embrace.



After hearing Vincent's words, Charlotte could only mutter a muffled response.

Vincent's brow lifted as he turned and left.

"Can we go now? He's gone."

Hearing the footsteps fading, Charlotte tapped Justin lightly on the side of his waist and spoke.

Chapter 973: Sweet Torture

However, Justin Battleson had no intention of letting Charlotte go, even lowering his body to rest his chin on Charlotte's shoulder.

"Who allowed you to get so close to him?"

Justin asked, his warm breath tickling the side of Charlotte's neck, causing a tingling itch that made her involuntarily shrink her shoulders.

Charlotte rolled her eyes and said, "I've already said, a bug flew into his eyes."

"Doesn't he have hands to remove it himself?" Justin retorted without hesitation, "Are you very familiar with this Vincent?"

The thought of Vincent calling Charlotte by a single name was something Justin simply could not feel comfortable with.

"We've known each other for a few years."

Leaning in Justin's arms, Charlotte replied softly, "When I was unwell and pregnant in the hospital, he took care of me the whole time."

However, this truthful statement from Charlotte was like pouring oil on the fire for Justin.

Justin clenched his back teeth, while his palm on the back of Charlotte's neck gently pinched the soft flesh there.

"Is he an internist or an obstetrician-gynecologist?"

All Charlotte could feel right now was as if she was steeping in jealousy, soaked in sourness all around.

"Do you know how hard it is to be pregnant? And with triplets at that," Charlotte said solemnly, leaving Justin speechless.

The time Charlotte perhaps least wanted to recall was her pregnancy.

That period was nothing short of a "sweet agony" for her.

"Vincent and I are just ordinary friends; he's from Ashton, a place where the way of interacting with people tends to be somewhat more intimate," Charlotte explained.

But since Justin minded, it was fine for her to maintain a certain distance from Vincent.

"Charlotte..."

Justin looked down at Charlotte's cheeks, clearly seeing the exhaustion in her eyes.

Charlotte was quite frightened today by Grace Thompson's incident, even experiencing intense emotional stress, and there he was, not trusting her over this matter.

Justin felt nothing but self-reproach swelling in his heart.

"Charlotte, if you're tired, take a rest, you can rely on me, I will always be there for you," Justin said softly.

His voice was like magic, truly relaxing Charlotte's tense spirit.

Leaning against Justin's chest, Charlotte heard the sound of his heartbeat, like a lullaby inducing sleep, allowing her to fall into a slumber within the warmth of his embrace.

Looking at Charlotte's peaceful sleeping face, Justin couldn't help but kiss her on the corner of her lips.

It tickled slightly, and she struggled a bit, but such effort was utterly insignificant.

Justin gazed down at Charlotte, who was clearly asleep, yet the frown on her forehead did not ease in the slightest.

"Charlotte, don't push yourself too hard, I'm right here with you," Justin said in a low voice.

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"Charlotte Thompson! I am your biological father! How can you be so cruel to your father? You unfilial daughter!"

"Charlotte Thompson, you wretch! You should be under my feet, who allowed you to stand above me!"

"Charlotte, I was your boyfriend once, I know quite a few of your secrets!"

Voices seemed to come from nowhere, piercing into Charlotte's ears one after another, confusing her mind.

In pain, Charlotte covered her ears to shut out the anger, but eventually, one by one, vile faces emerged before her.

They continued to accuse Charlotte, driving her to the edge of rationality.

Jump down, or stay here and be devoured.

Charlotte's expression was dazed, yet as she hesitated, a little girl with a ponytail appeared before her.

"Mommy, Grace is hurting so much, what should I do, it hurts... Mommy, please save Grace..."

Chapter 974: Justin, Thank You.

"Grace!"

Charlotte Thompson's pupils constricted as she rushed forward.

But no one expected that in the next second, Charlotte Thompson would switch places with Grace Thompson, who had stood in front of her, and the hand she had stretched out to grab Grace became the hand that pushed her down.

And so, in front of Charlotte Thompson, Grace was swallowed by the endless darkness.

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"Grace!"

Charlotte Thompson woke up from the nightmare to find herself drenched in cold sweat.

She rubbed her sore eyes, but when she closed them, she felt a dry pain in her eyes.

"You're awake? Why not sleep a little longer?"

Just then, Justin Battleson pushed the door and came in, also giving Charlotte Thompson a start.

Charlotte Thompson responded haphazardly and fumbled for her clothes on the side, also remembering that she was now in the hospital's private resting room.

"I went to buy breakfast, have some," Justin Battleson said, placing the bag he was carrying in front of Charlotte Thompson, "I've already notified Michael Richard to get you a new set of clothes."

Justin Battleson was wearing a suit, obviously about to head to the office. He looked up at Charlotte Thompson's movements and walked over to tickle the bridge of her nose.

"What are you thinking about that has you so distracted?"

Charlotte Thompson, now a bit more collected, lowered her head and didn't say anything.

"Charlotte, you've been overworking yourself lately. If you continue like this, your body won't be able to take it," Justin Battleson said, half-kneeling in front of the bed, his voice filled with concern.

"Don't worry, I'm fine," Charlotte Thompson shook her head, giving Justin Battleson a smile.

"Charlotte Thompson!"

Justin Battleson's hands were propped on either side of Charlotte Thompson's body as he called out her full name, "Look at me."

Charlotte Thompson slowly looked up at Justin Battleson, but the next second Justin had already grasped her chin and kissed her.

This move was unexpected for Charlotte Thompson, but she also failed to struggle free.

After the kiss, Justin Battleson rested his forehead against Charlotte Thompson's, their breaths nearly entwined at that moment.

"If Grace recovers well enough today, we can take her back to Stardust Garden this evening."

"Really?" Charlotte Thompson asked, somewhat anxiously.

"The doctor says that Grace's current condition is very good, and over at Stardust Garden, they've prepared a full set of medical equipment. There won't be any issues," Justin Battleson reassured, always keeping an eye on Charlotte Thompson's unease, ready to do anything in his power to ease her concerns.

"As for the heart issue, I've got people looking into it, and the doctor the Clarkson Family hired is arriving soon. When they do, we can have them examine Grace, perhaps there will be other treatment options."

Justin Battleson continued, his words serving as a much-needed reassurance for Charlotte Thompson.

Charlotte Thompson nodded.



"Alright, eat your breakfast. You don't need to go to the office today; I will handle the important matters for you."

Charlotte Thompson's most pressing concern was Grace Thompson's wellbeing, and naturally, Justin Battleson would not oppose her staying at the hospital.

Charlotte Thompson's eyes regained a bit of their brightness as she got out of bed. As Justin Battleson was about to leave, she called out to him.

"Justin, thank you."

Charlotte Thompson's fingertips hooked onto Justin Battleson's tie, and on her tiptoes, she planted a kiss on his lips.

"Miss Thompson, are you trying to make me late for work on purpose?" Justin Battleson said, wrapping his arms around Charlotte Thompson's slender waist and asking in a deep voice.

"I didn't, I didn't, I don't know," Charlotte Thompson instantly denied thrice, a sly look in her eyes.

Justin Battleson's eyebrows raised slightly as he kissed the corner of her eyes and whispered in her ear, "I'll deal with you when I get back."

Chapter 975 Grace Is Really Good.

Charlotte Thompson's ears turned a shade of pink as she reached out to push against Justin Battleson's chest.

After their intimate moment, Justin left, and Charlotte took breakfast to Grace Thompson's hospital room.

It was still early, and Grace seemed drowsy and half-asleep.

Though her eyes were not yet open, upon sensing Charlotte's arrival, she stretched out her arms in a whiny gesture, seeking an embrace.

"Mommy..." Grace's voice was soft, like sweet cotton candy.

Charlotte approached and hugged Grace, affectionately scratching her little cheek.

"Grace, how are you feeling? Is there anything that's uncomfortable?" Charlotte asked softly.

Finding a comfortable position in Charlotte's arms, Grace rubbed her eyes and mumbled unintelligibly, "There is..."

At that, Charlotte's tone instantly became anxious, "Where?"

But then Grace extended her plump hand, pointing under herself at the bed, "Here, I don't like this bed, I want to go home."

"You nearly scared me to death."

Relieved, Charlotte took the breakfast that had been prepared by the caregiver sent from Stardust Garden and began to feed Grace personally.

"If today's check-up goes well, Mommy will take you home," she promised.

"Does that mean I can go to the amusement park to play?" Grace suddenly perked up, sitting on her knees on the bed, straightening her back.

Charlotte paused in her actions, and though she said nothing, her response was clear.

Grace's little face fell, "Mommy, you said once I'm discharged, I can go play at the amusement park."

Stroking Grace's hair, Charlotte softly consoled, "Very soon, Grace will be able to go to the amusement park."

"How soon is very soon?" Grace took Charlotte's hand, asking seriously.

Charlotte was somewhat at a loss for words.

Seeing this, Grace wrapped her arms around herself and nodded with a forced patience, "Well then, I'll just wait patiently a little longer."

"Grace is such a good girl," Charlotte said.

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After eating, Charlotte stayed by Grace's side, telling her stories and playing games with her.

However, this mother-daughter time made Charlotte feel somewhat dazed.

It had been so long since she last played with her child like this.

Because of the Thompson Family's care, after giving birth and adopting children, Charlotte had started studying and striving for her goals, severely limiting the time spent with her children.

She really was an incompetent mother.

"Mommy? Mommy?" Seeing Charlotte space out, Grace reached out her little hand and waved it in front of her face.

"Hmm?" Charlotte looked at Grace in her arms.

"What are you thinking about?" Grace asked gently.

Indeed, today was the happiest day for Grace.

Even though she was in the hospital, Mommy could be with her the whole day.

"Mommy is thinking about how you were all wrinkled when you were just born, and now you've grown so pretty," Charlotte reflected.

At that moment, Charlotte was firm in her resolution to spend more time with her children.

She pinched Grace's little cheek, the smooth skin irresistibly endearing.

Grace was born beautiful, inheriting all the best features from both her and Justin, especially those almond-shaped eyes which were incredibly lovely when she smiled.

## Chapter 976: What Deal?

"All wrinkled up?"

Grace Thompson apparently hadn't expected Charlotte Thompson to describe her like that and immediately pouted, "Ah, I was actually that ugly when I was little."

"Of course, a girl changes a lot as she grows up, mommy guarantees, my sweet Grace will definitely become a beautiful lady," Charlotte said with a laugh.

Grace rolled her eyes and then, hugging Charlotte's cheeks, gave her a loud kiss, "Because mommy is pretty, and Grace is mommy's daughter, so Grace is pretty too."

Hearing Grace's words, Charlotte felt as if a jar in her chest with a chipped corner was oozing sweet honey.

Indeed, her darling daughter was much more affectionate than her two sons.

Especially the ever-active Hank Thompson.

At that moment, as Hank Thompson was chewing on a small biscuit, he sneezed without warning, prompting Cyrus Thompson to silently scoot a bit further away.

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Meanwhile, at Riley Group

"Miss Thompson didn't come to work today, did she?" In the tea room, several employees took this break to chat.

"Usually, Director Charlotte always comes to the company with Mr. Battleson; lately, how come we only see Mr. Battleson alone?" A female employee whispered, holding her cup.

"Maybe she's taken a sick leave."

"What if they've broken up?" As soon as this was mentioned, it immediately drew everyone's attention.

"That can't be possible, can it?" Some were naturally skeptical.

"What did Mr. Battleson say online about what relationship he has with Director Charlotte?" The female employee paused deliberately, playing coy, "Director Charlotte is his ex-wife."

"So what?" asked a younger employee, puzzled.

"They've been openly together for so long, why haven't they gotten remarried yet? There must be some issues," she said.

"Now that you mention it, it does make sense."

Flattered by others, the female employee grew more complacent, "I think, they're together just for the sake of the kids, there's really no love..."

"And here you are slacking off during work hours?" Just then, Florienna Ellis walked in, glancing at the few people chatting in the tea room as she spoke.

The employees looked at each other and then hurried out of the tea room.

"They really think they're some big shots just because they're backed by their backgrounds."

"Don't let her hear you."

Ignoring the whispering behind her, Florienna Ellis stirred her coffee, her thoughts still lingering on the conversation she had just overheard.

"Justin Battleson and Charlotte Thompson really might have broken up..."



Florienna sipped her coffee, suppressing a smirk.

However, the two rumored to have broken up were now speaking on the phone as sweetly as if they were mixing oil with honey.

"Grace is doing very well, I asked the doctor, and he said she can be discharged tonight," Charlotte said softly.

"Then I'll pick you up tonight, and the kids can stay at Stardust Garden for the time being," Justin Battleson spoke.

Charlotte acknowledged, and at this moment, Grace came over to join in the fun, speaking into Charlotte's phone.

"Daddy, I'm coming home tonight, you can't go back on your promise," she said.

"Of course not," Justin's lips couldn't help but curve up at the sound of his daughter's voice.

On the other hand, Charlotte was left confused by this father-daughter duo's secret exchange.

"What deal have you two struck without my knowing?" Charlotte teased, hooking Grace's little chin.

Grace twisted her head, "Secret!"

Chapter 977 I Miss You

Charlotte looked on, amused and exasperated, as Grace scampered off, letting out a slow sigh.

"What, Charlotte, are you dying to know?"

Justin Battleson's deep, pleasant laugh sounded from the other end of the phone, sending a shiver down Charlotte's spine.

"If Charlotte really wants to know, I can tell her."

"No, I don't want to know."

Charlotte knew from Justin's tone that he was definitely up to no good, so she decisively refused.

"Charlotte, how can you reject me so bluntly," Justin's voice carried a hint of grievance.

"Falling for the same trick twice isn't my style."

Reminiscing about a certain incident, Charlotte couldn't help but puff up her cheeks.

Just thinking about that day made the tips of Charlotte's ears turn red.

"Charlotte, I miss you."

Justin's voice came through the phone, filled with a touch of helplessness, but Charlotte's lips were already curling into a smile.

"Then Mr. Battleson will have to endure for a few more hours, maybe you'll see me tonight."

Justin chuckled, as if he was about to say something, but alas, the sound of knocking interrupted him, and both had to hang up the phone.

Charlotte set the phone aside, only to discover that little Grace was staring at her intently.

"What's wrong? Is there something on Mommy's face?" Charlotte touched her own cheek.

"Mommy, you looked really happy talking to Daddy on the phone," Grace said with her hands propping up her jaw.

"Because..."

Charlotte smiled, "Daddy is Mommy's favorite person. Talking to someone you like always makes you happy."

"Grace likes Mommy, and talking to Mommy makes Grace happy too," Grace threw herself into Charlotte's arms.

"Mommy likes Grace too."

Looking at Grace's radiant smile, Charlotte's lips curved into a smiling embrace.

She was determined to cure Grace.

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"Got it, I've arrived, I'll be back in a bit."

Adam Ross leaned against his car, casually responding to the voice on the phone, his gaze fixated on the kindergarten's entrance.

He ended the call and immediately spotted Chad and Jack Thompson horsing around as they came out.

Adam stepped forward just in time for Jack to turn his head and see him.

"Daddy!" Jack blinked and ran towards Adam.

Adam would usually go to Charlotte in the evening to pick up Jack and Chad, so coming to the kindergarten himself was indeed a first.

"Kid, how come it feels like you've gotten chubbier since I last saw you?" Adam lifted Jack into his embrace.

Clearly, Mr. Ross wasn't experienced in holding children, almost letting Jack slip from his grasp.

Fortunately, Jack was quick and grabbed onto Adam's collar in time.

"Cough, you trying to strangle me?" Adam hastily put Jack back on the ground and loosened his collar.

"It was you who almost dropped me, Dad." Jack steadied himself on his feet.

Meanwhile, Hank politely greeted Adam with an "Uncle Ross" upon seeing him.

Chad and Jack had come out first, followed by Olivia leading little Cyrus and Hank.

When Chad saw Adam, he quickened his pace and stood properly in front of him, calling out obediently,

"Daddy."

"Yeah, I'm picking you guys up to go back to the Ross Family today. Charlotte told me about the amusement park trip, I'll take you both tomorrow," Adam spoke, but noticed the children's expressions weren't as thrilled as he expected when they heard 'amusement park'.

Chapter 978: Are You Sure You Want to Be Discharged?

"Dad, we're not going to the amusement park anymore," Jack Thompson spoke up.

Before Adam Ross could even ask why, the butler from Stardust Garden came to pick up the children.

"Mr. Ross."

The butler naturally recognized Adam Ross, nodded toward him, "You came to pick up Mr. Jack Thompson and Mr. Chad Thompson?"

"Yes, then I will take them back."

Adam Ross nodded, his glance inadvertently sweeping around, but he discovered something amiss.

"Where is Grace?"

As soon as these words came out, all the children present fell silent.

"What's going on..."

Adam's brow furrowed, but before he could finish, his coat was tugged by Chad.

"Dad, Grace is sick, in the hospital, can we go see her?"

"Sick?" Adam had not expected such an answer.

"Yes, we agreed to go see Grace after school," Olivia Thompson also spoke up.

Hearing this, Adam took off the sunglasses he was about to put on and clipped them back to his shirt collar, then turned his head toward the butler from Stardust Garden.

"Butler, I will take the children to the hospital then."

Hearing this, the butler pondered for a moment, looked down at the time on her watch, and murmured, "It's indeed a bit early..."

Then she looked at Adam Ross and nodded, "Then I'll trouble Mr. Ross."

"It's no trouble at all, please send my regards to Miss Clarkson," Adam said with a light chuckle, and seeing the butler nod, he snapped his fingers at the children.

"Get on the car, little guys."

"Thank you, Uncle Adam," Cyrus Thompson respectfully regarded Adam Ross.

Looking at this face that greatly resembled Justin Battleson's, Adam pressed down the corners of his mouth trying not to smile, then reached out and pinched Cyrus's cheek.

Cyrus did not expect this gesture and froze in place.



This reaction made Adam laugh out loud.

He ruffled Cyrus's hair carelessly and spoke, "You really look too much like your brother Justin."

Cyrus pressed down the tuft of hair that stood up on his head, his expression somewhat bizarre as he looked at Adam Ross.

Adam coughed and swiftly ran to the driver's seat.

Indeed, the son of Justin Battleson, that look was just like his father's.

Adam then asked about the hospital where Grace Thompson was, and seeing that the five children were sitting neatly in the car, he started the engine and drove toward the hospital.

Meanwhile, at the hospital, Charlotte Thompson was accompanying Grace Thompson during her last examination.

"Are you sure you want to let Grace be discharged?"

Vincent rushed over after hearing the news from Charlotte that she wanted to discharge Grace Thompson.

"I've inquired with several doctors, they said it's possible," Charlotte replied.

The main reason Charlotte wanted to take Grace home was to have the doctors summoned by Jasmine Clarkson examine Grace properly, possibly finding alternatives to a heart transplant.

After all, the risks involved in a heart transplant are indeed too significant.

"Make sure to watch her diet, and don't let Grace become stressed," Vincent briefly instructed, and Charlotte listened attentively.

Turning his head to see that the examination for Charlotte and Grace had ended, Vincent smiled at Charlotte, "Contact me if you need anything."

"Alright, thank you," Charlotte responded, then turned to meet Grace.

"Mommy, mommy, can we go home now?" Grace asked excitedly.

"Of course, your dad will pick us up in a little while," Charlotte nodded.

However, the next moment, someone in the hallway called out Grace Thompson's name.

Chapter 979: How did you get here?

Charlotte turned around and saw Olivia running towards them. She wanted to give Grace a big hug, but in the end, she hesitated and then carefully embraced her.

"Annie, did you come to pick me up?" Grace said happily, holding Olivia's hand.

Charlotte naturally assumed that Justin Battleson had picked up several kids from the kindergarten and brought them back home with Grace.

But Olivia shook her head, looking in the direction she came from: "It was Uncle Adam who brought us here."

At that moment, Adam Ross also came over with the remaining children, bent down to ruffle Grace's hair, and said softly, "Long time no see."

"Hello, Uncle Adam," Grace replied with a bright smile.

"Good girl."

Adam nodded and then straightened up to face Charlotte.

"How come you are here?" Charlotte asked with confusion, especially since he'd picked up all these children as well.

"Tomorrow is Saturday, I came to pick up Jack and Chad," Adam said casually, but when his gaze landed on Charlotte's face, his brow furrowed imperceptibly.

"I'd forgotten."

Charlotte realized after hearing Adam's words.

"What happened, your complexion looks so bad?"

Adam truly saw Charlotte looking this pale for the first time, "I heard the kids say Grace is sick, what illness does she have?"

He had also observed Grace just now, and she seemed in good spirits and looked well, not like she was suffering from a serious illness.

Yet when Adam asked this question, Charlotte's expression darkened.

Adam's heart sank.

"The doctor said Charlotte has congenital heart disease," she said slowly.

"Heart... cough, cough, cough..."

Adam was choked by his saliva, coughing uncontrollably, his face turning bright red before he finally recovered.

"Congenital heart disease? Your Grace must be five years old by now, only finding this out now?" Adam asked, disbelief evident on his face.

"The doctor said... Grace's case is unique," Charlotte said, her complexion very poor.

Adam saw the concern in her eyes and coughed once more to clear his throat: "I don't understand all these diseases and symptoms, but since the doctor said it, did he mention how to treat it? Grace is still young, there must be a way, right?"

After asking this, Adam immediately regretted it, because he saw Charlotte's expression worsen.

Current medical advancements made it hard to believe there was no cure.

As Adam was contemplating this, Charlotte's voice came softly.

"There might be other ways, but right now, the best recommendation from the doctor is a heart transplant surgery."

"What kind of joke..." Adam's words got stuck in his throat.

He turned to look at Grace, who was having a happy conversation with Olivia.

"Such a young child, how can she undergo a heart transplant surgery? Even finding a matching heart would be difficult."

Whether it was Grace's illness or the proposed treatment, Adam found it all absurd upon hearing it.

If he hadn't known Charlotte for quite some time, he would have doubted whether Charlotte was being deceived.

Charlotte did not speak.

"Why not take Grace abroad? Many countries have advanced medical facilities; maybe they can find a different method," Adam suggested.

"Grandma has indeed invited many doctors from abroad, and returning to Stardust Garden this time is to have Grace examined once more," Charlotte said.

Chapter 980: Wanting Mommy to Sleep with Me.

"Really... sigh."

After hearing this, Adam Ross couldn't help but let out a sigh.

He thought Charlotte and Hank were healthy, so why did something go wrong when it came to Grace?

"Alright, let's not talk about that anymore, but don't worry, Grace will definitely get better. If there's anything you need, just tell me, I'll definitely help you."

Adam stood beside Charlotte, speaking softly,

"As for Jack and Chad, they can stay with you guys this week. These two kids are also worried about Grace."

Upon hearing this, Charlotte turned her head to glance at Adam.

"Nothing to worry about with the old man, there won't be a repeat of the last incident." Sensing Charlotte's gaze, Adam guessed that Charlotte was concerned about her own father.

Charlotte, however, curved her lips into a smile, "I've known you so long, this is the first time I feel like you're actually reliable."

"What do you mean 'actually'? I've always been reliable, okay?" Adam straightened the hair on his forehead, his peach blossom eyes appearing even more charming.

He winked at Charlotte, teasing, "So, do you want to dump Justin Battleson and throw yourself into my arms?"

"What do you think Justin's reaction would be if he knew what you said?" Charlotte raised an eyebrow.

"No, no, no, just kidding. I still want to live a long life," Adam patted his chest, "Having Jack and Chad here will reassure me until they return to the Ross Family."

He then spoke casually, "Do you want me to take you guys back?"

"No need, Justin should be arriving soon," Charlotte replied.

Adam gave an OK gesture, "Then I'll head out first. Just in time to catch the evening's game."

Afterwards, he greeted the kids, then turned and left.



However, no sooner had Adam left the hospital and reached the parking lot than Justin Battleson got out of his car.

Adam, who was busy on the phone, did not notice Justin.

"Why is this kid here?"

Justin withdrew his gaze from where Adam's car had disappeared and headed towards Grace's ward.

At that moment, in the ward, the children's faces were filled with joy upon hearing that Grace could be discharged.

"That scared me, I thought you were going to be stuck in here forever," Jack let out a relieved breath.

Sometimes, probably because he had grown a bit, Charlotte could see a hint of Adam in Jack.

"Sister, weren't you scared staying here by yourself?" Chad approached Grace's window, smiling and blinking.

"Daddy and Mommy stayed with me last night, I wasn't scared at all," Grace replied, looking up with small dimples appearing on her cheeks as she smiled.

"I want to sleep with Daddy and Mommy too," Chad's face immediately showed a look of envy.

Seeing this, Grace got out of bed, walked over to Charlotte, took her arm, and began to shake it back and forth.

"Mommy, can we all sleep together tonight? Let's all sleep in the same bed with Mommy!"

Charlotte paused, and before she could say anything, the other children, as if they had suddenly conspired, gathered around her.

"Mommy! I also want Mommy to stay with me when I sleep."

"Can we, pretty please, Mommy?"

"Mommy's the best, you'll definitely agree."

The little ones took turns being cutesy, leaving Charlotte a bit flustered.

Charlotte hastily looked towards Cyrus, who sat quietly to one side, hoping her highly respected eldest son would restrain his younger siblings.

However, Cyrus sat up straight, behaving impeccably, and looked at Charlotte.

"Mommy, I think the suggestion from my brothers and sister is worth considering."

Seeing the corner of Cyrus's mouth lift, Charlotte couldn't help but feel stunned.

Where on earth had Cyrus picked up such bad habits?