

## Chapter 7

The next morning, Sophie returned to the office.

However, she didn't expect to run into Luke and Helen while getting on the elevator.

Seeing the woman who had claimed to be so unwell the day before, Sophie couldn't help but sneer.

Luke also clearly remembered the excuse from last night, and his face was filled with embarrassment.

He hesitated for a moment, then quickly moved to stand next to Sophie, offering the bag in his hand in a flattering manner.

"Sophie, have you had breakfast? I brought you your favorite cake."

Sophie hadn't had time to eat yet, so she casually took the bag without saying a word of thanks.

As she watched Luke carefully trying to please her, Helen's eyes flashed with jealousy.

She shot a glance at Luke and couldn't help but mutter resentfully, "Sophie, Mr. Shaw had to drive half an hour to get you this. Don't you think it's a bit ungrateful of you not to even say 'thank you'? Doesn't this seem like you're taking Mr. Shaw's kindness for granted?"

Upon hearing this, Sophie smiled mockingly and turned her gaze toward Luke.

"Luke, do you need me to thank you?"

Seeing that she had accepted the breakfast, Luke was so happy that he didn't even dare to ask for her thanks.

He turned to Helen, frowning slightly, and said in a low voice, "Enough. I bought breakfast for Sophie because I love her. I'll do anything for her. You have no right to say anything. Don't forget the agreement between us. You're not in a position to speak about Sophie."

Hearing these words, Sophie looked at Helen with a meaningful smile.

Helen was furious, her eyes filling with tears. She looked at Luke with a pitiful expression.

"Mr. Shaw, that's... that's not what I meant..."

Luke gave her a cold glance and said sternly, "From now on, don't interfere in matters between me and Sophie."

Helen nodded obediently, but as she lowered her head, a flash of resentment appeared in her eyes.

Soon, the elevator doors opened.

Sophie couldn't be bothered to deal with the two behind her and quickly walked to her office.

However, when she looked toward where she usually kept her drafts, she found it completely empty.

A chill ran down her spine, and an uneasy feeling rose in her chest.

Sophie hurriedly rushed out and loudly questioned, "Has anyone been in my office these past few days? Who moved my things?"

The people in the office exchanged looks, all denying that they had entered.

Luke quickly followed her and asked with concern, "Sophie, what's wrong? What happened?"

The drafts were Sophie's inspiration and initial sketches, her hard work accumulated over a long time.

Now that they were suddenly gone, she felt as though her heart was bleeding, and her voice became choked.

"My drafts... they're all gone..."

Luke's expression changed. Having been with Sophie for many years, he naturally knew what mattered most to her.

He glanced coldly around the office and said in a deep voice, "Who has been in Sophie's office? If you return them now, I'll overlook this matter."

The office began to murmur, and only Helen stood quietly in the back, saying nothing.

At that moment, a new employee raised her hand and said quietly, "The day before yesterday, I saw Helen standing outside the Ms. Lord's office, but I'm not sure if she went in."

Sophie had already suspected Helen, because most of the employees in the company followed her lead and wouldn't easily touch her things.

She quickly walked up to Helen, extended her hand, and said coldly, "Where did you put them? Hand them over right now!"

Helen's face turned bright red, and she quickly explained, "No, I didn't take them. It wasn't me..."

Seeing the two women each sticking to their own story, Luke's expression became complicated. After a moment's pause, he spoke carefully, "Sophie, could there be some misunderstanding? Did you possibly put them somewhere else and forget?"

Sophie's voice trembled with disappointment and a hint of anger as she replied, "Luke, do you really think I'm the kind of person who would lose track of things? After everything, are you still making excuses for her?"

Luke's face turned a little pale at her outburst in front of everyone, but he still lowered his voice and tried to calm her down.

"Sophie, don't be mad. I'm not defending anyone. But yelling like this is affecting everyone's work."

"I promise I will look into this and get your drafts back, okay?"

It was more waiting.

The accumulated frustration and forced compromises finally made Sophie completely break down.