

Spoiled 103

Chapter 103 The Root of all Evil!

Sophie Allen stood desolately in the rain.

She allowed the rain to beat down on her, thinking it might help her maintain some lucidity.

Despite exposing Ryan Richard's video, disrupting Emily Allen's birthday banquet, and witnessing the loss of face of both the Richard Family and Allen family, she ...

Drew no satisfaction from it at all!

She didn't feel gratified in the slightest.

This retribution for the evildoers was so insufficient, so trivial.

Suddenly, she felt as though something was blocking the rain from falling on her.

Upon regaining her senses and turning her head, Sophie was immediately stunned.

It was him ...

"Mr. Battleson, are you here for Emily's birthday banquet?" Sophie asked with a bitter smile, "Just a kind reminder that the banquet is about to end."

She really wanted to stay and see how the Allen family would handle everything, but she knew she couldn't linger.

The consequences of staying would only leave her vulnerable.

Leaving when she did was the best decision.

"I'll drive you home." Justin Battleson furrowed his brows, his voice cold and clear as he took hold of her wrist.

Mr. Garrett was at the banquet scene, and had live-streamed it to him; she was aware of what she'd done.

Lowering her gaze to the distinctively boned hand, Sophie quickly shook it off and frowned in disgust, "Don't touch me!"

He and Evelyn Curtis were associates, both enemies to her.

Had it not been for Evelyn Curtis telling Emily about Mr. William's affairs, Aunt Watson would not have been lately agitated to death by Mia Stewart's revelation of the incident...

All of these people were the root of this disaster!

"Sophie, what you need to do now is rest," Justin Battleson admonished sternly, his eyebrows furrowing deeper.

Bending down, he forcefully lifted her into his arms and walked toward his vehicle, strapping her into the back seat.

Sophie lacked the strength to resist; her struggle had worn her out. Leaning against the back seat, she breathed weakly, looking extremely frail.

Her green dress was a strapless number. When she leaned to one side, her chest area tantalizing as it played peek-a-boo.

As Justin Battleson stooped to get into the car, his gaze landed squarely on her chest. In the dimly lit space, her pale skin seemed to emit a glow. Her well-defined collarbones were bewitching.

He found himself unable to look away.

Deliberately turning his head, he closed the car door and instructed the driver, "Let's go."

"Mr. Battleson, where to?" the driver asked.

Justin frowned, turning his gaze back to the woman beside him. Her eyes were empty, her expression blank, resembling a lifeless porcelain doll.

"Sophie, give me your address." Justin asked in a deep voice.

Sophie didn't answer; she remained absolutely still. Had her eyes not been open, he would've assumed she had fainted.

"Sophie, if you don't tell me your address, we're going to my apartment," he threatened coldly.

At his words, a flicker of life returned to Sophie's eyes, her dull gaze sparking.

Sitting upright, she responded indifferently, "Breeze Garden."

This was Henry Hudson's apartment address; she was intending to stay the night there.

Tomorrow, she would need to find a new place to rent.

"Driver, to Breeze Garden," Justin ordered without much thought.

The vehicle departed from the Emperor Hotel and began its journey to their destination.

Neither of them spoke during the drive.

Upon reaching Breeze Garden, the driver pulled up to the entrance.

Sophie opened the door from the other side and got out without saying a word. After closing the door, she lifted her dress and made her way into the complex.

Gazing at Sophie's desolate figure, Justin's expression darkened. He got out of the car and followed her ...