

Spoiled 110

Chapter 110: Overconfidence

"Your sister is quite interesting," Adam Ross chuckled, his sharp gaze amusingly locked on Sophie Allen.

Sophie remained silent, feeling a little unnerved under his stare and she stepped back.

"Mr. Ross, I've delivered the wine, I have other things to take care of, so I'll take my leave now. Have a good time."

With that, she turned to leave.

Just as she turned around, she felt a sudden force on her wrist. It was startlingly cold.

Sophie's brow furrowed as she instinctually pulled her hand back, "What is Mr. Ross trying to do?"

Her startled reaction amused Adam even more. He leaned in closer, looking down at her, "How much can you make from part-time jobs? Keep me company, I can pay."

With that, he casually pulled a wad of cash from his pocket and, after waving it in front of Sophie, dropped it nonchalantly on the table.

The graceful fingers gestured towards the money, "See that? It's all yours."

Sophie shot a glance but remained unmoved. She found his action childish.

But on second thought, it seemed typical of Adam.

He was raised in wealth and never experienced hardship; naturally, he thought money could solve everything and that the poor were beneath him.

Seeing Sophie's scornful smile, Adam Ross smirked, "What are you laughing at?"

"I see, you're speechless from the ecstasy of seeing so much money."

Adam grinned mischievously, opened a bottle of wine, and downed a cup.

"Mr. Ross, I need money, but not like this," Sophie said politely yet insincerely.

Adam nodded as if understanding, "Ah, clinging onto Justin Battleson will give you easier access to money."

Clinging onto Justin?

This guy really couldn't make himself clear.

"Mr. Ross..."

"Hold on, don't speak. Let me guess!"

Adam interrupted Sophie, placing his index and middle fingers on his temple and closing his eyes in contemplation. Soon, he opened his eyes, the look in them unreadable.

The smirk on his lips grew wider, as if he had discovered something amusing.

"Sis, I think for a poor person like you, marrying into the Battleson Family and clinging onto Justin is the best move. Why are you so eager to get a divorce?"

"Besides, you even take part-time jobs to return his money and clear off your dues."

"Tsk, ts, it's rare to see someone as dumb as you."

Sophie was speechless. This man must have lost his mind after a few drinks.

Seeing no response from Sophie, Adam mumbled to himself again: "I see."

Understood?

Understood what?

Sophie's interest was piqued by him. Her eyes shone with anticipation for what he might say next.

"Feigning insouciance while desiring to capture one's heart!"

This... outrageous!

"You're deliberately hanging Justin on, making him believe that you are different from others, that you don't admire vanity, so as to secure your place in the Battleson Family."

"Isn't that right?"

Sophie sighed discreetly, thoroughly disappointed.

"People say Mr. Ross is very confident. Now it seems he's overly confident."

"Huh?"

"I have other things to do. Thanks for gracing me with your company, Mr. Ross. May I leave now?"
Sophie's tone was unusually polite.

Perhaps due to the couple of drinks she'd had, Sophie's voice sounded soft and mellow in his ears. Under the influence of his buzz, Adam didn't insist on keeping her around.

He gestured for her to leave.