

Spoiled 24

Chapter 24 The Scent on You

Sophie Allen shrank her neck in fright.

The manuscript slipped from her hands, scattering all over the floor.

She hurriedly crouched down to pick up the papers, but unexpectedly, the man also bent down, and both their heads bumped together.

Feeling the pain on her forehead, Sophie instinctively reached for the spot where she had knocked, and in the midst of confusion, when she looked up, their eyes met.

The man had a slight frown, his dark eyes flashing with an inscrutable light, leaving one unable to discern his thoughts.

Sophie was taken aback for a moment.

Why did she feel like she had seen him somewhere before?

During her moment of distraction, Justin Battleson had already bent down and picked up the papers from the floor, starting to read them earnestly.

"Have you written all these by hand?" he squinted, a hint of surprise crossing his eyes.

"Ahem." Sophie coughed into her hand and hastily asked, "They're mine, is this evidence enough?"

She didn't want her hard work to be exploited by Ryan Richard's greed, so she showed her manuscript to Justin, in hopes of preventing his investment in Richard Corporation.

"It can prove, but..." Justin Battleson scoffed.

Sophie furrowed her brows, her heart suspending itself, her delicate face turned towards the man in front of her.

"But you're still planning on investing in Richard corporation, aren't you?" she muttered, asking.

The perfect plan from Richard Corporation could indeed attract many large corporations.

Even if Justin did not invest, someone else would, right?

Sophie took a sharp intake of breath, no wonder Emily Allen called her stupid, she was indeed stupid, being used and exploited by others without getting any benefits.

She stumbled backwards a few steps, her pale face was like a daisy swaying in the wind and rain.

Justin Battleson looked at her, a flicker of compassion surged in his heart.

"I am not interested in small companies like Richard Corporation." He stated coldly.

Sophie was taken aback, she raised her head sharply, her eyes meeting his. She felt as though she were being sucked into his whirlpool-like dark eyes.

His eyes were devouring.

"Richard Corporation's plan this time is good, but that doesn't necessarily mean I am interested in investing in them."

Justin Battleson took a few steps forward, handing a stack of manuscripts to the woman in front of him, his voice deep, "As far as I know, your major at Emperor University is Media."

"Yes, it promises a good career." Sophie nodded.

When she chose her major back then, all she wished for was to find a job as soon as possible after graduation and start earning money to provide a comfortable life for Aunt Watson.

However, she had never expected Aunt Watson to suffer such a severe illness.

Sophie sighed lightly.

"There's over a month left of the summer vacation, would you have the energy to create a new scent?" the man asked.

Sophie raised her head and saw the man had already sat down on the sofa, his long legs crossed, appearing extremely relaxed.

"Mr. Battleson, what do you mean?" She was puzzled.

Justin Battleson slightly raised his dark eyes, a glimpse of darkness passing through them.

He liked the fragrance he smelled on Evelyn Curtis that night at the resort, which had a calming effect on him.

However, the scent Evelyn was using was brand perfume, which was strong and pungent, entirely different from the refreshing fragrance he had smelled that night.

Perhaps, his sense of smell was off that night, or maybe a chemical reaction produced the scent when mixed with other odors.

Either way, he had not found a similar fragrance since that night, until he met Sophie Allen.

"Very simply, if you can create a scent I am satisfied with, it can directly offset the one million you owe." He said with interest.

Sophie's eyes widened, she blurted out, "Really?"

"Mr. Battleson, what kind of scent would you like?" She hurriedly asked.

Justin Battleson answered in a deep voice, "The scent on you."