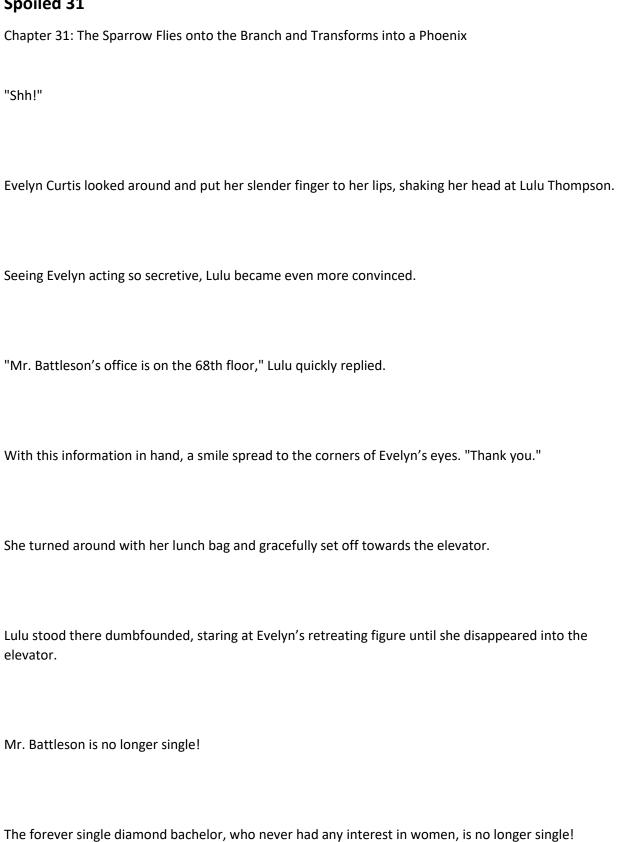
Spoiled 31



This news was simply too shocking.
Lulu immediately pulled out her phone to share this news with her friends.
CEO office.
The cool-toned decorations exuded a low-key luxury.
Justin Battleson put down his pen and glanced at his watch, only then realizing it was already noon.
He had participated in an auction for a suburban land plot in the morning, and had been busy with work since he got back.
He suddenly remembered that Sophie Allen should still be in the lab. As she was not an employee of the Riley Group, she wouldn't be able to get access to the cafeteria without a staff card.
Justin frowned slightly and made a call within the company: "Jones George, send lunch to the laboratory on the 18th floor."



"Why are you here?" Justin slightly furrowed his brow.
Evelyn's heart skipped a beat, and she feigned disappointment: "Justin, I can't I come?"
"Why didn't you give me a heads up?" Justin didn't berate her much, but expressed slight discontentment.
He admitted he owed her, so he tried his best to make it up to her.
However, he didn't like it when people interfered too much in his life.
"I'm sorry, Justin, I just wanted to surprise you I didn't know you wouldn't like this, I'm sorry" Evelyn lowered her eyes, tears flowing down her cheeks.
She turned around, choking back sobs, "I won't bother you next time, I'll leave now."
"Wait."
Realizing he was slightly harsh, Justin stopped her.

Evelyn's eyes sparkled, her face lit up with joy, but when she turned around, she resumed her pitiful and aggrieved look.
"Justin." She controlled her tears.
Justin felt somewhat helpless, and said coldly, "Bring it in."
Evelyn feigned hesitation, "Justin, this lunch was made by me If it doesn't taste good, you don't have to eat it~"
She then put the bag on the office table, took out the lunch box, and quickly untied the lid.
In fact, she was not very good at cooking.
Despite growing up in the countryside, she never did any manual labor.
From a young age, her goal was to marry a wealthy man. Every time her mother asked her to work, she would say that she needed to maintain her delicate hands.
No rich lady would have rough, calloused hands.

Her parents were quite greedy, hoping their daughter would marry into wealth. As she was also very beautiful, they never forced her to do housework or farm work.
The lunch she prepared this time may seem simple, but she put a lot of thought into it.
A serving of fried rice, two vegetables dishes - scrambled eggs with chives and boiled broccoli, and a mutton soup.
While the ingredients may seem common, she didn't just randomly pick them.
She had specifically researched and found that these ingredients all had the same benefit — to boost vitality.