

Spoiled 37

Chapter 37 Bear the Consequences

In Charlotte's eyes, Wendy Matthews had always been gentle and refined.

She had never seen this vicious virago persona of Matthews before.

"Auntie Wendy, you mean to say that it was you who allowed, even... led, Ryan Richard to exploit my perfumery skills?" Sophie Allen maintained an emotionless composure in front of the middle-aged woman.

Matthews laughed coldly, "Then what? Your true worth is right here, you're really self-overestimating!"

"I know you filmed Ryan and that Jessica Taylor girl. How much do you want to delete the footage?"

This was why Matthews sought Charlotte out.

While the Richard family is not particularly wealthy or well-known, they do have a small reputation.

And they would never allow improper videos of their son to be spread around.

Charlotte couldn't help but raise her lips into a smile, calmly asking, "Auntie Wendy, how much are you willing to pay?"

"Ha! I knew you would ask for money. In consideration of your mother, I can give you a ten thousand dollars," scorn dripped from Matthews' expression.

She knew very well the dire living conditions Charlotte and Scarlett Watson were living under, therefore, she was confident that even a sum of ten thousand dollars would be happily received by Charlotte.

Quite certain!

Charlotte gazed at her silently, repeating her question, "Auntie Wendy, my mother once said that you were her best friend. Is that true for you too?"

"Ha." Matthews couldn't help but chuckle.

She gave Charlotte a vicious glare before saying, "You mention your mother to make me give more money, right? Fine, name your price, clearly, you're going to make outrageous demands!"

"Auntie Wendy, please answer my question," Charlotte's voice was cool and clear, it sounded soft on the surface but brimmed with firmness.

Matthews was taken aback, then laughed uncontrollably, "Of course not. Your mother was never my best friend. I merely used her from the beginning."

"Just as we used you to develop Richard Corporation's new scent!"

"All for our own gains. It was only you and your mother who took our relationship seriously."

"Sophia Thompson was so foolish, it's no wonder her husband was stolen from under her, knocking on doors with an illegitimate child in tow... her own daughter left to live in such destitution..."

"Tsk tsk tsk!"

Matthews wore a contemptuous expression, smacking her lips arrogantly.

Charlotte clenched her fair small hands into fists under the table.

Squinting her eyes, she reached out, picked up the glass on the table and splashed its contents onto the woman in front of her.

"Ah--"

Matthews jumped up screaming, wiping her face and stomping her feet, all sense of refinement lost.

Charlotte looked up at her, a faint smile playing on her lips.

"Charlotte, you damned girl, you dare splash water at me! Do you still want money?" Matthews pointed at her, cursing.

"Auntie Wendy, do you know the market price for a scent I mix?" Charlotte stood, took a few strides to close the gap between them.

Her delicate fair face bore a stubbornness, lips curved into a slight smile, brimming with innate confidence.

Observing the girl, Matthews wavered momentarily.

Before her stood a girl reminiscent of the young Sophia Thompson, her calm demeanor masked a latent pride beneath even the plainest of garments.

The mother and daughter were like two peas in a pod.

"You? You're not even a professional perfumer, just an under-grad student. Nobody would want your concoctions!" Matthews was boiling with anger running red through her veins.

She felt as if she was being demeaned by a mere girl as Charlotte.

Charlotte stood there as if she held authority over her.

"Auntie Wendy, the perfume I've developed, I would never just give it to you for free. If you were to market it..."

Charlotte leaned into Matthews, a smirk on her lips: "You would bear full responsibility."