

Spoiled 38

Chapter 38: Choose One

Having said that, Sophie Allen turned to leave.

"One hundred thousand!"

The piercing voice rang out.

Sophie Allen paused, but only chuckled softly.

"I'll give you one hundred thousand! Delete the video of Ryan and transfer the formula of this perfume to me, one hundred thousand is already a lot, you should be content!"

Wendy Matthews's luxurious makeup was smeared, her hair was wet, and her snarling appearance was extremely embarrassing.

One second, two seconds, three seconds...

Sophie Allen did not turn around for a long time.

Wendy Matthews became anxious and cursed, "How much money do you actually want? Isn't one hundred thousand enough to satisfy your ambition? Sophie Allen, you're really cheap, you're taking advantage of the situation!"

Sophie Allen finally couldn't help but laugh.

She turned around and calmly looked at the middle-aged woman who was just a few steps away.

"Auntie Wendy, can you afford the price I'm asking?"

"You... say..." Wendy Matthews clenched her teeth.

"One hundred million." Sophie Allen said with a faint smile.

"You... you must be crazy! One hundred million? Why don't you just go rob a bank?" Wendy Matthews's face turned Tyrian, completely disregarding her image, she started shouting and gesticulating wildly.

She raised her hand towards Sophie Allen; Sophie Allen reacted quickly and grabbed her wrist, stopping the impending slap.

Wendy Matthews was unwilling to give in and raised her other hand, only to be blocked by Sophie Allen again.

"Auntie Wendy, you asked me to name my price, and now you want to hit me because you don't like it? Even if a deal can't be made, there is still respect. There's no need to resort to violence?" Sophie Allen sneered.

The angry Wendy Matthews's face was flushed and her whole body was trembling. She shouted, "Sophie Allen, let go of me!"

"Today, I will teach you a lesson on behalf of my deceased mother. You, who have been following Scarlett Watson, a rude country woman, have learned all bad habits, you don't even have basic morals."

"Slap" was heard.

The sound of a resounding slap.

The middle-aged woman's persistent insults abruptly ceased.

Wendy Matthews covered her burning cheek, shocked into stillness.

"Ah—Sophie Allen, how dare you hit me! I am your elder—" Wendy Matthews recovered, crying out with indignation.

"Elder?" Sophie Allen harshly threw her other hand away.

Wendy Matthews, wearing high heels, unexpectedly had to step back a few steps, then twisted her ankle and fell heavily to the ground.

She quickly covered her face.

If this cafe wasn't so empty, she would have been utterly humiliated!

"Auntie Wendy, before our appointment, you were always a respectable elder to me, but ..."

Sophie Allen's pretty face was filled with iciness, voice even colder, "You not only insulted me, but also my mother and Aunt Watson, you are simply not fit to be a human being!"

Wendy Matthews scrambled up from the ground, her eyes bloodshot, glaring furiously at the girl in front of her.

She snarled, "Sophie Allen, you wait and see. I gave you face, but you don't want it. I will never let you go—"

"Auntie Wendy, I now only offer you two choices." Sophie Allen ignored her threatening words, her voice was still very calm.

"What choices?" Wendy Matthews stared at her menacingly.

"First, if you choose to produce the perfume, I will release the video of Ryan Richard and Jessica Taylor."

"Second, if you choose to protect your son, then Richard Corporation is not allowed to continue producing the perfume."

"I don't want your money, choose one, please make a choice."

Sophie Allen curved her lips, smiling at Wendy Matthews, as if she was just discussing an interesting matter.