

Spoiled 41

Chapter 41: A Smart One

"What did you say!"

Sophie Allen's face was full of astonishment, accusing, "Are you crazy?"

"You're Evelyn's fiancé, how could you say such ridiculous things!"

Justin Battleson wasn't angry. He leaned on the table with his elbows, his pose languid, and his ink-black eyes alternately bright and dark.

The man radiated an expensive aura.

He looked just like a painting.

"I only said I'm interested in what you were saying to her," he added in a cold voice.

Sophie was stunned for a moment, her face rapidly turning red from embarrassment.

She started to grumble in a low voice, "Mr. Battleson, could you clarify your words all at once? Otherwise, the person...would feel very...embarrassed."

The person here naturally referred to herself.

"You didn't let me finish," Justin Battleson raised his dark eyes, displaying a completely unbridled attitude.

"Fine, it's my fault for being impulsive," Sophie could only admit her mistake.

However, she always found this man's personality strange, not knowing how he and Evelyn Curtis fell in love.

Whatever, it's none of her business how others are.

Evelyn Curtis has her own ideas. As long as they're happy, it's fine.

"Tell me, how did you threaten Wendy Matthews?" Justin Battleson demanded in a deep voice.

Sophie thought about it. Perhaps Justin was so concerned about this matter because he was worried about his identity being revealed.

She quickly said, "Don't worry, Mr. Battleson. I didn't reveal your identity, nor did I reveal our deal."

"I have a video of Ryan Richard and another woman in a compromising situation, so I was able to threaten Wendy Matthews."

Sophie simply explained the ins and outs.

"A video? It's indeed a smart move." Justin Battleson rather admired her method.

With absolutely no power, absolutely no support, yet she, as weak as an ant, could contend with Richard Corporation.

Before, he thought she was naive, but now he changed his opinion.

Not naive at all.

Sophie didn't know whether he was mocking or praising her, so she simply remained silent.

After a long time, the room was extraordinarily quiet.

Sophie couldn't hold back any longer and broke the silence, "Mr. Battleson, I'm going to go blend fragrances now."

"Hmm." Justin Battleson responded lightly.

Sophie nodded and quickly left the office, finally exhaling a long sigh of relief.

Staying with this man really felt very oppressive.

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The night was slightly cool.

Sophie put away the results of the day into the cabinet and hurriedly left the building.

She intended to take a taxi to the hospital, but it was rush hour and she still had to queue for an order.

Sophie quietly stood by the side of the road, waiting for her turn.

"Beep beep!"

At this moment, a honking sound echoed in her ears.

Very close, it was not from passing vehicles.

She put down her phone, looked up, and saw a black luxury car parked in front of her.

The window of the back seat rolled down slowly.

A familiar stern face appeared in front of her.

"Get in," he said in a cold voice.

Sophie was stunned.

Then, she lifted her phone to his face and hurriedly said, "Thanks, Mr. Battleson, but I've already called a cab."

"Cancel the order."

Another icy remark.

Sophie forced a smile, "Mr. Battleson, there's no need to trouble you. We're not heading in the same direction. I'm going to the hospital, not Stardust Garden."

"Riain Hospital is on the way."

It was again that tone which didn't leave room for refusal, revealing a hint of coldness.

"Well then, thank you, Mr. Battleson."

Sophie had no choice but to reluctantly agree.

However, she had to think on the bright side. At least, she saved a taxi fare.

Sitting in the spacious and comfortable back seat, she felt relaxed initially, but an inadvertent glance made eye contact with the man sitting by her side.

Sophie was restrained, flustered, and fiddled with her hair.

"Has your foster mother had her surgery?"

The man asked unexpectedly.