

## **Spoiled 48**

Chapter 48: Can You Please Don't Leave Me?

Justin Battleson had always had excellent eyesight.

Even under dim lighting.

Sophie Allen's brown hair lay against her right cheek, her left cheek pressed against the sofa cushion. Her attractive lips were slightly pursed as she slept, giving her an adorable appearance.

Justin watched her silently.

By the time he came back to his senses, he didn't know how much time had passed or how long he had been watching.

He retracted his gaze and laid back down.

"Cold..."

Suddenly, a faint whisper was heard.

If the room were not quiet enough, such a feeble voice would be easily overlooked.

Justin frowned and sat upright.

His gaze shifted again to the not-too-distant couch.

Sophie Allen's pretty eyebrows were knitted together, and her arms were wrapped around herself tightly.

Under her nightdress, a pair of white, straight legs curled up in front of her, subtly seductive.

However, she looked pitifully like a vulnerable, abandoned kitten.

Justin lifted the blanket and got out of bed, walking towards the sofa.

Looking down upon her from above, he said in a deep voice, "Get up, you sleep in the bed."

He was suffering from insomnia, so he might as well act kindly.

A few seconds later, however, the woman made no response, seemingly asleep and not easily disturbed.

"Sophie Allen!" he raised his voice.

After a few attempts, Justin chose to give up on waking her. He leaned over to scoop her up.

Sophie Allen dimly felt a warm presence, and she instinctively hugged Justin Battleson's neck, savoring the warmth.

The faint fragrance she exuded licked at his nostrils.

Justin Battleson found his body stiffen, standing still in surprise.

Why, every time he got close to Sophie Allen, did he feel a desire to edge closer?

Suddenly, he remembered his grandmother's admonitory words.

Don't casually take responsibility for a woman; if you meet the one you truly care about later, you'll end up regretting it.

Once, he thought he would never grow fond of women. For him, women were expendable.

Regarding Evelyn Curtis, he felt mostly guilt and a sense of obligation. He didn't harbor any affection for her.

But now, he found himself staring at Sophie Allen and losing focus on several occasions.

Carefully, he placed her on the bed and tucked her in with a soft silk quilt.

Lifting his eyes, he sees her innocent face. He hears her even breathing; she looks so cute and well-behaved.

Justin quickly straightens up and roughly runs his fingers through his hair.

Out of sight, out of mind, he turns around, planning to rest in the guest room.

"Don't leave me, okay?"

A fair hand reaches up, wildly grabbing at the air.

Without any explanation, Justin Matcheson reaches out, allowing that small hand to naturally take hold of his large one.

Her hand looked very delicate, but in reality it was soft and fleshy, seemingly boneless.

"Don't leave me, don't leave me..." The woman murmured in her sleep.

Her lips were slightly parted, her eyebrows furrowed. The look on her face was particularly pained.

Justin Battleson felt his heart quiver, curious, he couldn't help asking aloud, "Sophie, who don't you want to leave you?"

It was after the question that he realized something.

When had he become so nosy?

Sophie Allen just broke up, was even cheated on, perhaps she was beckoning to that Ryan Richard guy from her dream.

Thinking along this line, Justin Battleson couldn't help but felt unwell.

"Mom, don't leave Charlotte, Mom..."

Sophie Allen was dreaming, it could be considered both a dream and a nightmare.

She was dreaming of when her mother took her out to play, dreaming of her mother buying her ice cream, and finally, dreaming of her mother's disappearance.

Justin Battleson knelt down and watched as a tear rolled down the woman's cheek.

He was left stunned.