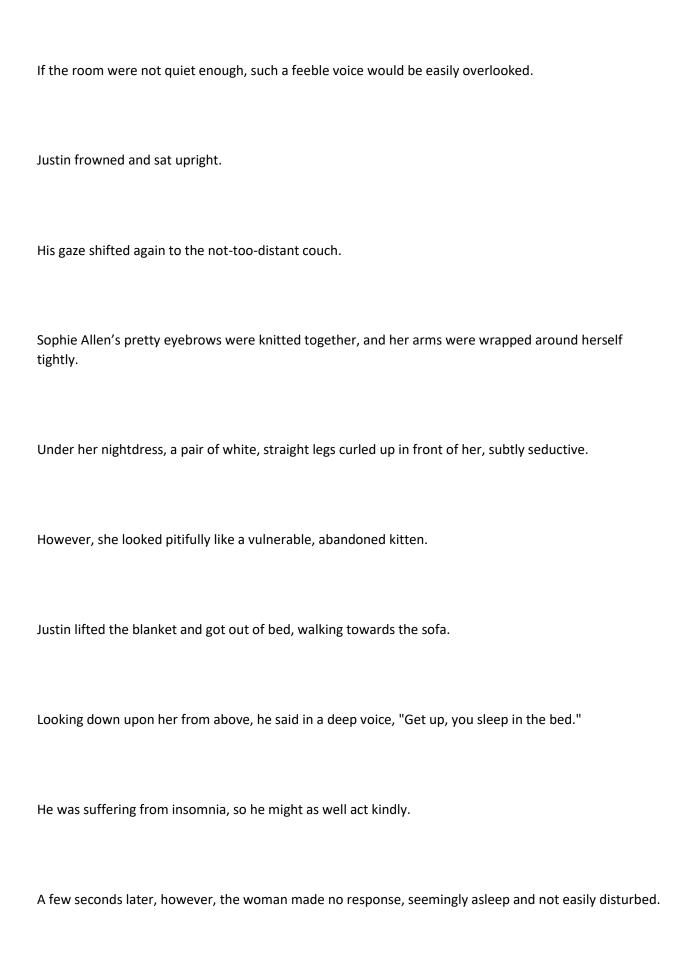
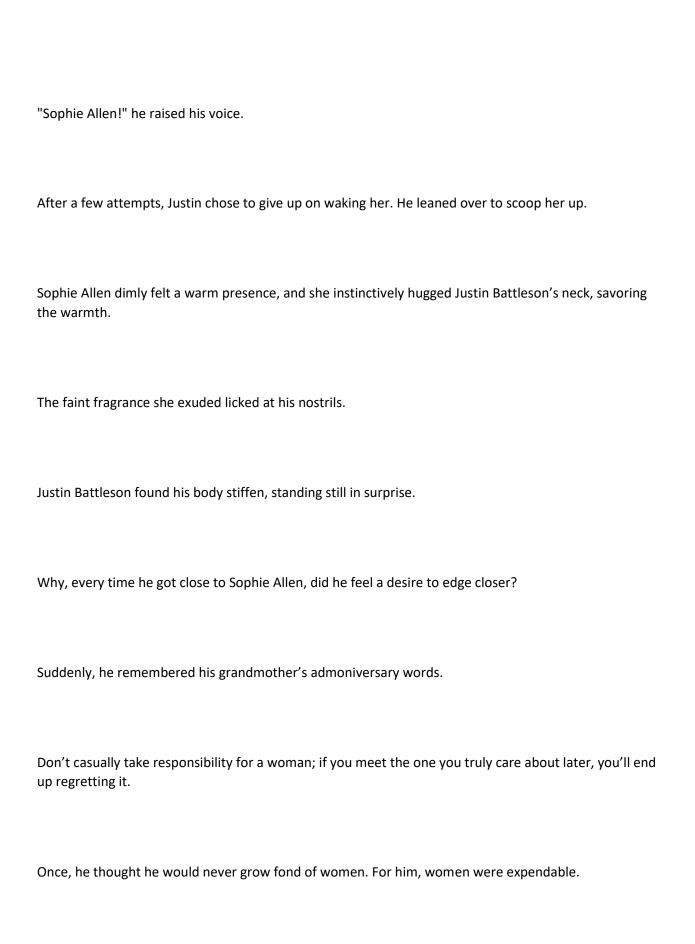
Spoiled 48

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.





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 wellbehaved.
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.