

Spoiled 49

Chapter 49 Sleeping Together

The sun was subtly making its presence known.

All Sophie Allen could sense was the warmth around her as she opened her eyes in a daze.

"Ah—"

A shriek ripped through the sky.

The next second, a large palm muffled her lips.

Sophie's eyes widened, staring in disbelief at the groggy man in front of her.

It was Justin.

No, it was Justin Battleson.

How did she end up sleeping with Justin Battleson?!

"Shut up, do you want to attract people?" The man's voice, husky from the early morning, chastised.

Sophie quickly shook her head, small pale hands tugging at his wrist.

Justin Battleson let go of her.

Sophie sat up abruptly, pulling back the covers to check herself, discovering her sleepwear remaining intact.

She turned her head to regard the man next to her, clad in dark navy silk pajamas, his collar slightly open, and a whiff of masculine pheromones wafting towards her.

Sophie hastily averted her eyes, her mind blank and still in a state of disarray.

But confirming that nothing untoward happened between them, her anxious heart finally settled..

"Justin Battleson, what's going on?" She did not look at Justin, but asked, looking down.

She was familiar with this room, since it was her marital room with Ryan Battleson, so she asked Justin for answers.

Hearing her use his real name, Justin Battleson narrowed his eyes a tad and counter-asked, "So you know who I am now?"

"I looked up Riley Group's data, you're not just Justin, you're Justin Battleson. I thought I misheard when Evelyn first mentioned your name." Sophie replied.

What Justin Battleson wanted to ask wasn't about the name.

But about his dual roles.

But Sophie's response showed that she didn't know.

She only realized the concealment of his name.

Seeing his silence, Sophie questioned, a little bit annoyed, "Mr. Battleson, can you explain why you are in my room? And why you are sleeping...in my bed?"

She bit her lower lip out of feeling ashamed.

Even if they hadn't done anything beyond the boundary, sharing a bed was already a step too far.

"You're Evelyn's fiancé!" She reminded, teeth gritting.

"Last night, it was you who took the initiative."

The man spoke up, interrupting her constant protests.

"What!?"

Sophie was dumbfounded.

She took the initiative?

How could she have taken the initiative?

"Justin Battleson, you can't slander me! Just because we made a deal and I took your money, doesn't mean you can...." Sophie's face reddened with anger.

His hand with visible knuckles clamped on her chin, his cool voice slowly said, "Would you like me to repeat your actions from yesterday?"

"You....." Sophie glared at him, her lower chin being pinched, her lips pouted high.

She looked like a pouting little frog.

"Hm?"

The man quirked his brow.

"Need, needed, move your...hand away..." She found it hard to speak, mumbling incomprehensibly.

Justin let go, Sophie gasped for breath.

"You don't remember anything?" His dark eyes boring into her.

Sophie furrowed her eyebrows, trying hard to recall. She remembered having a dream about her mother.

Maybe it was because she was immersed in the dream, she really didn't know what had happened.

However.....

"Didn't I sleep on the couch last night?" Sophie points in the direction of the sofa.

Then, she pulled her hand back and pointed at the man in front of her, asking confusedly and angrily,
"And where's Ryan?"

"Wasn't Ryan the one sleeping on the bed last night? Why are you here? Answer me first!"

"The person who slept here last night, has always been me."

Justin Battleson said in a melancholic tone, "You were the one who climbed onto the bed."

Sophie was utterly baffled, "???"