

Spoiled 69

Chapter 69 His Apartment

"Let go of me! Let go!"

Sophie Allen struggled with all her might, but she couldn't beat the strength of this man.

Pulled ahead by him, her low weight was obvious, she had not eaten dinner, thus after putting in all her efforts, her complexion worsened.

It was when Justin Battleson led her into the lift that he noticed her pallid, bloodless face.

"You should take care of yourself at times like these." His brows nearly knitted together, his face extremely sullen.

Sophie felt sick to her stomach, the intermittent cramps made her clutch her belly and moved to the corner.

To keep her distance from this man.

"You don't have a place in Emperor City do you? When you aren't at Stardust Garden, you sleep in the hospital?" He glared at her deep in thought, cornering her and leaving her no place to run.

Sophie clamped onto her lips, but did not reply.

"The tonics I sent over, you didn't have them?" His voice seemed a few degrees colder.

Sophie still kept quiet, she would not consume his things.

"Ding dong".

The elevator door slowly opened.

Justin Battleson's face had turned extremely ugly, he directly lifted her up and carried her across the lobby, going out of the Blue Tone's front door.

"Let me go, I am still working!" Sophie panicked, her small legs flailing about.

Justin Battleson ignored her words, placed her in the passenger seat, locked the car door, then drove away quickly.

"Where are you taking me?" Clear, small face filled with rage and helplessness.

The man still didn't answer.

His car sped along, Sophie did not dare to make fun, she held onto the handle in fear.

It wasn't until the car was parked in an underground parking lot, she was led out, hunched over, her stomach turning, yet nothing to throw up.

But she felt like dry retching.

Yet again, Justin Battleson lifted her up, Sophie by this point, was too worn out to resist.

Finally, she was brought to a large flat.

Viewing from the living room, one could see the Emperor City illuminated by neon lights, a picture of prosperity and peace.

However, the room was filled with cold air.

She found herself on a grey sofa which was too soft, it felt as if she was sinking in.

"Justin Battleson, what exactly are you trying to do?" She struggled to sit upright.

"Quiet."

He responded with a word, then turned on the lights.

Originally dim room instantly lit up.

The low-key luxurious decoration revealed a strong sense of quality.

Like any rich man, he had properties everywhere.

By the time Sophie came back to reality, a cup of hot water was presented in front of her.

"Drink."

Simple and concise.

Sophie eyed the glass of water in his hand, and the water in the glass steaming and rippling slightly, suspiciously.

"It's not poisoned."

Justin Battleson forcefully placed the glass in her hand.

Sophie was very thirsty so took a small sip of the hot water.

Feeling the hot water going down, her stomach cramps eased a bit.

She took a few more sips.

Seeing her no longer rejecting, Justin Battleson turned around and walked into the kitchen.

Sophie had no idea what he was up to, having finished the cup of hot water quietly, she stood up from the sofa.

She needed to get back to the Blue Tone Club!

Today was her first day at work; she couldn't be absent.

Sophie walked toward the exit, reached out to grip the doorknob, intending to leave right away.

But after trying a few times, she couldn't open the door to the apartment at all.

"You might as well rest here, don't bother."

The man's deep voice came from somewhere not far away.

Hearing his voice, Sophie hurried over to demand answers, only to find him busy with something in the kitchen.

"Justin Battleson, I need to get back to Blue Tone, let me go." She walked towards him.

The moment she stood next to him, she saw that he was boiling porridge in the pot in front of him.