

## **Spoiled 70**

Chapter 70: The Porridge He Cooked

Sophie Allen stood stunned.

Why does she feel that Justin Battleson has simmered this white porridge for her?

"You're not allowed to go anywhere tonight," he said.

He turned around, his deep dark eyes gazing at her intensely.

Sophie could only feel chills down her spine. She gritted her teeth and said, "I must go back to the Blue Tone Club. Apart from ditching work, this uniform is from Blue Tone, and my stuff is over there."

"Plus, Justin Battleson, what does it matter to you where I go?"

"Not allowing me to leave is called illegal confinement!"

Justin Battleson's face darkened, his eyes were as icy as a cold pool, spreading a deep and gloomy light.

He gripped her wrist forcefully, his voice deep, "Do you value your life?"

"This has nothing to do with you," Sophie retorted.

"I'm your husband," he said coldly.

"You..." Sophie's clear eyes widened, "You must be crazy!"

"Our marriage certificate is at Stardust Garden. Do you want to see it for yourself? If you want to, I don't mind having someone send it over." His voice was cold, explaining the matter slowly and patiently.

Feeling that he was just being unreasonable, Sophie bit her lip hard. "No need!"

There's no need for her to see any marriage certificate. They were getting divorced soon anyway.

"Gurgle, gurgle ..."

A sound came from the pot.

Justin Battleson looked at her steadily, then turned around and turned off the gas stove.

When he lifted the lid, a refreshing aroma of rice greeted them.

Upon smelling it, Sophie couldn't help but lick her lips, clutching her contracted stomach.

She wanted to eat.

The man turned around, placed a bowl of the well-prepared white porridge in front of her, and said somberly, "Eat in the dining room."

Looking at the rich and pure white porridge that was warm and comforting, Sophie hesitated.

But...

This was Justin's rice and Justin's porridge.

This man had deceived her, caused her to lose her childhood friend, Evelyn Curtis, and made her life a mess.

She had dignity!

She didn't want to accept his stuff.

"I don't want it," Sophie gritted her teeth and refused.

"If you don't listen to me, pay me back immediately."

This was a command.

With wide eyes, Sophie reached out, took the bowl of white porridge, and walked out of the kitchen without a word.

Sitting at the dining table, she pecked at few spoonfuls of white porridge and felt much more comfortable.

However, she frowned at the sight of the man busy in the kitchen.

Did Justin Battleson have a fetish for tormenting others?

Furthermore, she had discovered that not only did he love to torment others, he also liked to give a sweet jujube after the torment.

Like now!

...

"Slurp, slurp..."

As Justin Battleson approached, he heard this young woman slurping the porridge.

Without a shred of elegance.

Yet, his heart ached inexplicably.

She must have been starving.

"Mr. Battleson, is there any more porridge?"

Sophie knew he had come over and turned to look at him.

"There's more in the pot," he replied.

Sophie stood up, holding her bowl, walked into the kitchen and filled herself another full bowl of porridge.

When she was really hungry, eating anything else but porridgemight upset her stomach.

After finishing two bowls, she licked her lips with satisfaction, only to see the man sitting across from her, looking at her deeply.

"Mr. Battleson, I appreciate your kindness. Can I leave now?"

Sophie drank the porridge obediently just to get rid of this man as soon as possible.

"Go to sleep," he commanded.

Sophie knitted her brows, asking back "Are you asking me to sleep here?"

"Hmm."

"Justin, do you even consider Evelyn, your fiancée? You're letting me sleep in your apartment, are you out of your mind?"

