

Spoiled 73

Chapter 73: I Was Impulsive

808...

These three numbers constitute the nightmare of her life!

Sophie Allen's face turned as white as paper.

"Thump, thump, thump, thump, thump..."

At this moment, a call interrupted Justin Battleson's interrogation.

He frowned, let go of the woman in front of him, and got up to answer the phone.

"Where have you been, Justin? Am I interrupting something by calling you now?" The caller was the third-ranked Harper Gibson.

He chuckled twice.

It seemed that being part of the entertainment industry had turned him into a gossip-monger.

"Beat it!"

Justin Battleson snapped, his expression grim.

He had thought Harper had something important to say!

"Damn, did I actually interrupt something? Justin, did you get close to a lady? You've got a keen eye. The girl you took away just started work today, maybe she hasn't been corrupted yet..."

Harper's continuous chatter annoyed Justin Battleson who ended the call abruptly.

The room was eerily quiet.

However, when he turned around intending to continue questioning the woman, he found the chair empty.

"Sophie Allen?"

He called out.

No response.

"Damn it!"

Having no idea where she had run off to, he immediately left the dining room and went to the living room to look for her.

Not finding her anywhere in the entire apartment, he had no trace of Sophie Allen.

He had bolted the door of the apartment, there was no way Sophie could have escaped.

Justin's handsome face was full of gloom, the woman had disappeared under his very nose!

No, she must still be in the apartment.

Justin took out his phone and switched to the surveillance footage. In such a short span of time, the woman had disappeared.

He immediately zoomed in on the dining room's surveillance feed.

The scene that unfolded before him left him stunned...

The woman looked terrified, her face full of fear. Her frail body had crawled under the table.

No wonder... he couldn't find her.

As it turned out, she was still in the dining room.

Stepping forward, Justin crouched down, only to find Sophie Allen sitting on the floor. Her hands wrapped around her legs, her moist apricot eyes were colorless.

Looking at her like this, she reminded him of a discarded rag doll. Justin felt as if his heart was being tightly gripped.

"Come out."

He extended his hand towards her.

Sophie did not look at him, nor did she respond.

She never thought that Evelyn would tell Justin Battleson about that incident. This man had been bullying her, perhaps because she was easy to bully.

After all, she was the one who experienced such a thing and didn't even report it to the police.

So, he would take advantage of her more and more.

Just like that kiss earlier.

She trusted Evelyn as a friend, but who would have thought that Evelyn would betray her privacy.

The feeling of being stabbed in the back and front probably felt like this.

"Let me go!"

Sophie Allen, with her eyes wide open, glared at the man in front of her, clenching her teeth, struggling not to shed tears.

But, she couldn't control it.

Seeing her tear-streaked face, Justin Battleson furrowed his brows.

"Sophie Allen, I just want you to rest here well."

His eyebrows knitted, and he said solemnly, "Sorry about just now, I was impulsive."

"The only reason I did it was that you seem familiar. I wanted to confirm if we've met in Cornelia..."

"Justin Battleson!" Sophie Allen covered her ears and cried out, "Stop talking! I don't want to hear you speak anymore. I want to leave, I want to go back to Blue Tone!"

His face turned gloomy, he reached out his hand, gripped her wrist, and yanked her from under the table.

Her tiny body was hoisted easily in the air...