

## **Spoiled 77**

### Chapter 77: The Last Chance

She hasty opened it to find all her stuff inside, including her phone.

"Your clothes are on the couch." Justin Battleson added.

Sophie Allen furrowed her brows, questioning, "Justin Battleson, what are you trying to say?"

Given that he took all her stuff, the manager, Mr. Chen, would undoubtedly believe that she quit.

"Blue Tone doesn't suit you." His voice dropped a bit, his face somewhat gloomy.

It doesn't suit?

Sophie sneered, "Justin Battleson, what rights do you have to intervene in my life?"

The man frowned, his dark pupils shining with a cold light, "Sophie, I'm doing this for your own good."

Sophie's face was indifferent, too lazy to argue with him.

In her eyes, Justin Battleson was a lunatic.

She picked up the silver spoon, bent her head and drank the porridge in large mouthfuls. In no time, the bowl of porridge and a glass of orange juice were gone.

Carrying her bag, she stood up, "Mr. Battleson, there's no need for you to take me to the hospital. Just open the door, and I can leave on my own."

Justin Battleson quickly gripped her wrist, dragged her to the living room, picked up a shopping bag from the sofa, and handed it to her.

"Go get washed up and change into them."

Sophie was taken aback, finally realizing her disheveled appearance; she hadn't even bathed.

In her haste to leave, she had not paid any attention to these matters of appearance and hygiene.

Assuming her clothes were in the shopping bag, she grabbed it and rushed into the bedroom.

This room was a guest room with an independent bathroom. After putting the shopping bag on the bed, she hurried into the bathroom.

After a quick shower, Sophie, wrapped in a towel, stepped out.

After bending down to take out the clothes from the bag, she was taken aback.

They were not her clothes, but a brand-new knit dress.

The price tag was visible, she picked it up and gasped at the string of numbers on it.

She put the dress back into the bag, neatly folding it, and chose to put the Blue Tone uniform back on instead.

Coming out of the room, she saw Justin Battleson standing on the open-air balcony of the living room.

"Open the door."

Sophie spoke.

The man turned around, leaning casually against the railing. However, his eyebrows twitched unintentionally when he saw that she was still dressed in her uniform.

After waiting for a while and not seeing him coming over to open the door, she had no choice but to rush towards him.

"Justin Battleson, am I not allowed to leave?" Sophie's face was filled with anger.

"Why didn't you change the clothes?" Justin Battleson leaned down, bringing his handsome face close to hers.

Looking at him, Sophie couldn't deny that this man had flawlessly perfect features.

But he was undoubtedly a pervert.

"Don't like it?" Justin Battleson held her gaze, his eyes faintly paused.

"I can't afford such expensive clothes, I still owe you a million." Sophie lowered her gaze, biting her lip.

This debt was like a mountain weighing down on her, leaving her breathless.

"I told you not to pay me back, didn't you understand?"

His eyes unintentionally raised; he was emitting a cold aura, his countenance displaying a form of discontent.

"Understood, but I will still repay it. I don't want to owe you."

I don't want to owe you, a person like you, anything.

Justin Battleson's face grew darker, he straightened, chuckling lightly, "Then let's continue our deal, bring the perfume to my company."

"One perfume for a million, I can buy your other formulas."

Sophie took two steps back, her voice firm, "Mr. Battleson, I will pay you back. Please, let me leave!"

"Once you leave here, there won't be any opportunities for regret,"

He threatened: "Now, is your last chance."