

## **Spoiled 78**

### Chapter 78 You Look Like My Grandmother

"I don't need the opportunity you're offering."

Sophie Allen chose to leave resolutely.

Justin Battleson's face turned dark and stern; the stubbornness of the woman in front of him was somewhat infuriating.

He used his long legs to stride over to the apartment door, switched it on, and reached out to open the door.

At the moment when the door opened, Sophie didn't wait for him but ran away like she was trying to escape.

Watching her swiftly disappearing figure, the man's face was full of anger.

He retracted the foot he had extended to step out.

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Sophie Allen took a Taxi to the front door of Blue Tone.

As soon as she got off the car, she rushed hurriedly towards the stairs, given the high steps in front of the door.

With a "bang—"

In her hurry, she missed a step and fell flat on the steps like a humiliating face-plant.

Luckily, she held onto the steps and didn't roll down.

Sophie gasped for air and prepared to clumsily get back on her feet, but before her eyes appeared a pair of shiny leather shoes.

She looked up and saw a half-blood boy dressed in a punk-style black jacket standing in front of her.

Then, he bent down and offered his hand to her.

Sophie looked into his eyes with smoky makeup and light brown pupils, which felt somewhat mixed-blooded.

However, there was something about his gaze that felt inexplicably familiar; it made her somewhat dazed.

"Miss, get up! What are you doing lying there?"

Without waiting for Sophie's agreement, the boy straight away grabbed her hand and pulled her to her feet.

Sophie took a few breaths before she could balance herself.

"Do you work here?" The boy measured Sophie up and down, his eyes showing surprise and disbelief.

"Sort of. I work part-time. Thank you just now." Sophie nodded in reply.

As she looked at the boy, she noticed a look of disbelief as he stared at her.

Could it be that he recognized her?

"Miss, what is your name?" The boy rubbed his eyes, blinked several times, and continued to stare intently at Sophie.

"My name is Sophie Allen, do I know you? Have we met somewhere?" Sophie was somewhat puzzled.

"Hey, I'm Jordan Thompson, everyone calls me Owen." Jordan, wide-eyed, extended his hand towards her.

The boy's hand was adorned with several bracelets and so was his neck, completely exuding the rock 'n' roll style.

Sophie hesitated for a second but as her mind reeled trying to confirm if she knew this person, she decided to shake his hand out of politeness.

However, when she wanted to withdraw her hand, the boy was still blinking in disbelief.

"Miss, you look a lot like my grandma." Jordan blurted out, still looking surprised.

Sophie: "..."

Is this the newest pickup line these days.

"Miss, you really, really, really look like my grandma, if my grandma were alive, she would be eighty this year." Jordan seemed to be talking to her, but also seemed to be muttering to himself.

"Sorry, I'm married!" Sophie quickly pulled her hand back in fear and turned to run.

Just got rid of one weirdo, and here comes another.

Watching Sophie turn tail and run, Jordan quickly covered his mouth.

Did he seem too excited just now?

He hurriedly took out his phone, opened the chat interface, located the account labeled "Big Brother," and sent him a call request.

The call was quickly received.

"You little rascal, don't you realize there's a time difference between us?" The deep voice at the other end was extremely magnetic.

"Big Brother, I just saw grandma!!!"