

Spoiled 89

Chapter 89: You, the green tea!

Watching Evelyn Curtis's pretentious behavior, Emily Allen felt like vomiting.

"What are you playing at? Don't think I can't see through your green tea act!"

With her hands on her hips and a derisive sneer, Emily asked, "Don't you want to take down Sophie Allen? I heard it all, your boyfriend, what's his name, Justin, he's the young master of the Clarkson Family, right?"

"I don't know why you chose such a sickly individual. However, he is now legitimately Sophie Allen's husband!"

"But, I have a plan to chase Sophie Allen out of Stardust Garden, what do you think? Want to collaborate with me?"

A muscle in Evelyn Curtis' cheek twitched; she gave Emily a disdainful glance.

In her mind, she cursed Emily: Idiot!

Sickly?

Justin Battleson was fine, how was he sickly?

This Emily Allen, she couldn't even get the basic information right.

Evelyn Curtis laughed coldly, casually examining her delicate, manicured nails. She said with interest, "Excuse me, but you are the ones begging me now, understand?"

The afternoon sun shone directly on her hand, expensive watches and bracelets adorned her wrist, and a diamond ring the size of a pigeon's egg sparkled on her middle finger, dazzling Emily's eyes.

Especially Evelyn's superior attitude, which made Emily grind her teeth. Emily could only swallow her pride and forced a smile: "Miss Curtis, we're birds of the same feather, wouldn't it be good if we worked together?"

"That sounds more like it." Evelyn Curtis withdrew her hand and said leisurely: "Mr. Williams is 42 this year, I used to be his subordinate; he's greasy, short, fat and dull."

Upon hearing this, Emily immediately showed a schadenfreude expression, "Who would have thought, Sophie Allen was actually seduced by such a man...hahaha..."

While laughing, she took out her phone and dialed Mia Stewart.

"Mom, are you in that old man's ward? We'll be right over," Emily said.

Mia Stewart snorted coldly: "Yes, I don't know where Sophie Allen has gone, didn't you go find her? Did you?"

"I have some good news for you. The old man probably doesn't even know about it himself," Emily raised her eyebrows and grinned, "Sophie Allen used to work part-time at the Cornelia Hotel and was slept with by the manager there."

"Really?" Mia Stewart's eyes lit up, she said laughingly: "Hurry over, with this news, Sophie Allen will definitely give the perfume project to Ryan earnestly."

"We'll be right over." With her eyes full of laughter, Emily hung up the phone.

She exchanged contact information with Evelyn Curtis, and then, holding Ryan Richard's hand, avoided Sophie Allen and went upstairs via another staircase.

As soon as they arrived at the door of the ward, they saw Mia Stewart who looked panicked, rushing out. Seeing them, she anxiously pulled them along.

"Mom, what happened?"

After rushing out of the hospital gate, Emily shook off Mia's hand and asked urgently.

Mia Stewart's heart was pounding, her face pale: "I just casually mentioned this news to the old man and threatened her a bit, but who knew she would get so agitated and now she seems to be unwell..."

"What!"

Both Emily and Ryan Richard were startled.

...

All this while, Sophie Allen was crouched in a corner of the staircase.

Not until she heard Nurse Emily Wood shouting, "Miss Sophie Allen, Miss Sophie Allen, where are you —"

Sophie Allen wiped her tears quickly and ran towards the voice.

"Nurse Emily Wood, I'm here, what's the matter?"

"Aunt Watson is in critical condition, follow me to the operating room now!" Nurse Emily Wood grabbed her hand.

Sophie Allen was stunned; her voice trembled: "What did you say? Aunt Watson...what happened to her?"