

CHANGING ONLY FOR HER (SOPHIE AND TRISTAN)

Chapter 13 Flirting

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“I can walk on my own.” While he was carrying her, their faces got closer to each other. If she looked

up, her lips would brush across his chin.

Her heart began to beat out of control, and her ears began to grow hot.

Ysabelle was stunned. She had never seen Tristan treat anyone so well. Even at home, he was always

cold, and even his grandfather was annoyed at him for it.

Tristan didn’t give Sophie the chance to refuse. He gently put her on the hospital bed, then checked on

her infusion tube.

“Okay. It’s time for your evening self-study,” Tristan said to Ysabelle.

“Uncle Tristan, I don’t want to go. If I hadn’t brought Sophie to the pasta outlet, she wouldn’t end up like

this. I’ll stay and accompany her.” Well, it wouldn’t matter if I missed one session of self-study.

Tristan looked at her and didn’t speak.

“Uncle Tristan.” He looks so scary.

“I’m okay now, Ysabelle. I’ll go back after the infusion.”

“No!” Tristan and Ysabelle exclaimed in unison.

“I’m really fine.”

“Sophie, it’s all my fault. You must stay in the hospital and get well. Otherwise, I will feel very guilty.”

“You should recuperate in the hospital. I’ve already informed the school that you’re taking the day off.”

Tristan declared. How could she be so calm even after her surgery?

Tristan stopped forcing Ysabelle to go to class. If Ysabelle is here to accompany her, she should feel

more at ease.

The VIP ward Tristan arranged for Sophie was a suite equipped with a bathroom and a kitchen.

At half past nine in the evening, Felix came to pick up Ysabelle.

“Uncle Tristan, I won’t be going home tonight! I want to stay with Soph. I don’t want her to be alone in

the ward. It’s sad.”

Whenever Ysabelle was sick, her parents and grandparents would stay by her side.

However, Sophie didn’t have anyone close to her, which was really sad.

“Felix will take you home. I’ll get someone to look after Sophie.”

Ysabelle looked at Sophie aggrievedly.

“I’m fine. I like to be alone.” Sophie couldn’t help but laugh. To her, Ysabelle’s reaction was adorable.

Ysabelle seemed to have more to say, but Felix dragged her away.

At half past ten, Tristan was still there with Sophie, but Sophie didn't care much about it and played games in her bed.

When it was half past eleven and Sophie noticed that Tristan hadn't left. She raised her head to look at

him and said, "Mr. Tristan, you may go. I don't need anyone to take care of me." It was just a minor

surgery. Besides, I can already get out of bed and walk.

"Don't worry about me. Sleep if you're tired."

"What do you mean?"

"I'll stay here and accompany you."

"What?" Sophie doubted her ears. Tristan, the man who could cause Jipsdale to tremble with one word

wanted to stay and accompany her.

"Are you hungry?" Sophie hadn't eaten anything yet, and Tristan was worried that she might be hungry.

"I'm good." Sophie didn't have much appetite.

Tristan took that as a yes, and called someone to deliver oatmeal from The Crown.

The oatmeal arrived in a thermal insulation container instead of a takeaway box.

Tristan filled a bowl with oatmeal, sat beside Sophie, and put the spoon near her mouth.

"Ahem!"

Even Sophie, who had always been calm, was stunned at that moment.

Tristan, the head of the Lombard Group, a prominent character in Jipsdale, was feeding her oatmeal.

“Mr. Tristan, I can eat by myself.” She didn’t know how to deal with Tristan’s behavior.

Tristan knew that she wasn’t used to it, so he didn’t insist.

Besides, he wasn’t in a hurry. He wanted to give her time to get used to his existence.

Hence, Tristan handed her the bowl and spoon.

Sophie took a bite and felt that it tasted pretty good. Hence, she slowly finished the bowl of oatmeal.

“Want some more?”

“I’m good. Thank you.”

Sophie felt pretty awkward when Tristan, a person unrelated to her, cared for her this much.

“Mr. Tristan, you may go. This is a hospital. It’s very safe.”

“Sleep! I don’t mind sleeping on the couch for one night.” Tristan covered her with a blanket and lay

down on the couch. He wasn’t planning to leave at all.

“Mr. Tristan?”

Sophie had never shared a room with another man. Although it was a ward instead of a room, she still

felt awkward about it.

“What’s wrong? Are you not tired yet?”

Sophie remained silent.

Fine. I saved his life before too. Maybe the Lombard family is really serious about gratitude.

The ward was quiet, and only the alternating sound of their breathing could be heard.

A long while passed and Sophie fell asleep in a daze.

When Tristan heard her faint breathing and knew she was asleep, he got up and walked to her side.

Sophie looked vulnerable while asleep, just like a baby. It made him feel like protecting her no matter

what so she would never get hurt.

The following morning, Tristan's assistant delivered breakfast to the ward for the two of them.

Not only did Tristan help Sophie with her breakfast, he also catered to her every need.

The assistant's jaw almost dropped. Is this really the oppressive and ruthless Mr. Tristan?

After breakfast, the nurse came over to administer an infusion.

"Mr. Tristan, you have a meeting today in the morning with the SF Corporation in Anglandur's—" The

assistant began.

"Postpone today's meeting until tomorrow."

The assistant was momentarily stumped and was rendered speechless.

Tristan shot him a glance, and the latter nodded immediately.

After giving out some instructions, he finally said, "You may leave now."

His employee immediately packed up and left. That girl on the hospital bed must be someone

important! That was the first time I saw Mr. Tristan treating a young lady that way and even neglecting

his work for her.

"Mr. Tristan, you can go if you have work to do. I can manage." To Sophie, having the prominent Mr.

Tristan take care of her was highly unbelievable.

"Work is never finished. Do you feel any discomfort? Should I slow it down?"

Tristan adjusted her

infusion tube.

"It's okay."

When he had the time, Tristan would sit on the couch and work. He would also look up at the infusion

bottle and press the bell to call the nurse in time to change the IV drip.

Due to her infusion, Sophie needed to go to the bathroom. Hence, she got up and wanted to walk to

the bathroom with the infusion bottle by herself.

However, Tristan had already walked over. He took off the infusion bottle from the stand and carried it.

He even wanted to carry her up.

Sophie immediately extended both her arms to stop him. However, she accidentally rested her hands

on his chest.

He was wearing only a white shirt, and he also took off his tie and unbuttoned the first two buttons on it

the night before.

At this moment, Sophie was directly touching his skin.

Sophie quickly retracted her hands as if she had been electrocuted.

“I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to.” Tristan’s expression looked as if she had deliberately took advantage of

him.

Although it was said that all the socialite from the upper echelon wanted to touch Tristan, they never

had the chance nor the courage. However, Sophie truly didn’t mean to touch him.

“I won’t mind even if you did it on purpose. I was even slightly hopeful for it to happen.”

Sophie was dumbfounded. Did he just flirt with me?