

# CHANGING ONLY FOR HER (SOPHIE AND TRISTAN)

## Chapter 14 I Am In Love With Her

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“Didn’t you want to go to the restroom? Or are you hoping I’d carry you there?”

“I can do it myself.” Sophie instantly tried to take the bag of IV solution.

However, Tristan did not let her take it; he forcibly accompanied her to the restroom.

“Mr. Tristan, can you please leave? With you around, I...”

I’m a young woman! How am I supposed to relieve myself with him around?

It was only then Tristan finally gave her the bag of IV solution.

If he continued teasing her, she might actually get mad.

“I’m right outside, so call for me whenever you need any help.”

Sophie nodded. Once she saw Tristan leave the ward, she let out a sigh of relief.

Then, she entered the bathroom with the bag of IV solution. When she came back out, she had a

relieved smile on her face.

Sophie then hung the bag on the hook and got onto the bed. She planned to play a few games to kill

time, but unexpectedly, someone knocked on the door.

“Who is it? Is it Tristan?” It’s unlikely him. He’d never knock.

“Come in.” Sophie could not guess who was outside, so she had no choice but to allow them entry.

The moment the door opened, she was greeted with the sight of Cyro Gaucher entering with a large bouquet of fresh roses.

Upon realizing that he was the one knocking on the door earlier, Sophie frowned. What is he doing here? Was my message not clear enough?

“Ms. Tanner, do you still remember me? I heard that you’re sick, so I came right away to visit you! Are you okay?”

When Cyro was on his way to send Queenie to school, he heard from Queenie that Sophie was sick.

Hence, he immediately sent someone to find out which hospital Sophie was at.

“Who do you think you are?” Sophie scoffed. She did not even bother with being courteous to people like Cyro.

“I’m Cyro Gaucher from the national team!” Cyro proudly replied. “I heard that you’re in the hospital alone, so I took leave to come and keep you company.”

“I don’t need it. You can leave now.” How can someone who’s in Queenie’s social circle be anyone good?

“Sophie, I’ve fallen for you at first sight. Please give me a chance to prove my feelings.”

Sophie furrowed her brows, feeling disgusted at the man.

“Aren’t you Queenie’s boyfriend? Don’t you find it disgusting to say such things to me?”

“Queenie’s the one who has been clinging on to me. You have no idea how cheap she is. Don’t worry.

I’ll clear things up with her.” Woman like Queenie paled in comparison to a beauty like Sophie.

“That’s your problem. It has nothing to do with me.”

“Sophie, I’ll prove it to you.”

“You should leave now,” Sophie impatiently responded.

The more indifferent Sophie acted toward him, the more interested Cyro became of her. She’s simply

fascinating!

Just as Cyro left, Tristan returned. When he saw the roses by the bedside table, he frowned.

“Was someone here?” I just went out to take a call, and someone has already come and given her

roses?

“Just a piece of trash,” Sophie uttered. She was not at all interested in Cyro.

“Oh.” Hearing that, Tristan walked over to take the bouquet of roses and threw it into the trash can.

Sophie did not mind at all.

By noon, Sophie was done with her IV therapy. She then had a talk with the doctor, who told her that she may leave the hospital.

When Tristan saw that she truly did not want to stay in the hospital, he talked to the doctor about the things she needed to be mindful of before settling the procedures for her discharge. Then, he sent her back to Wisteria Apartments.

Meanwhile, once Ysabelle found out that Sophie had been discharged, she rushed to Wisteria Apartments.

“Soph, are you really all right now?” Ysabelle was still worried. What happened to Sophie the day before had genuinely frightened Ysabelle.

As Sophie lazily leaned back on the couch, she replied, “I’m really fine.”

Ysabelle then served Sophie like she was the queen, for she felt that Sophie only ended up in that predicament because of her.

In the afternoon, Tristan ordered lunch from The Crown, and lunch for Sophie was bland as usual.

After all, the doctor had advised her to eat blander food for now.

Ysabelle took out the dishes, set up the table, and served the food.

Sophie did not have much appetite, so she only ate half a bowl of oatmeal.

“What’s the matter? Do you not like it?” She ate so little.

“I’m not hungry.” Sophie had always had a small appetite.

“You’re too skinny. Eat more.” Tristan’s heart ached. Despite Sophie’s height, she felt extremely petite in his arms.

Ysabelle bobbed her head in agreement.

“Yes, Uncle Tristan’s right, Soph. You should eat more. Look at me. I’m only a hundred and sixty

centimeters tall, but I’m chubbier than you. It’s not great for a girl to be too skinny. It won’t felt good to hug you.”

Sophie was speechless at that.

Why should I be good to hug?

“I’ve hired a housekeeper for you. She’ll come and clean the place up and make lunch and dinner.”

“Uncle Tristan, you’re indeed meticulous!” Ysabelle felt like applauding Tristan.

“Okay. How much would that be? I’ll pay for it myself.” Sophie did not like taking advantage of others.

“Sure.” Tristan did not insist otherwise.

After Queenie received Cyro’s call, she deliberately put on nude makeup and carefully selected a purple dress to go with it.

Then, she went to the hotel they agreed to meet at. The moment she entered the building, she

launched herself into Cyro's arms.

"Cyro, I missed you so much!" It was afternoon, and Queenie did not mind doing unspeakable things with him there.

However, Cyro seemed disinterested.

Instead, he pushed Queenie away from his arms.

The look in his eyes alarmed Queenie. She then inched closer to him and wrapped her arms around

his neck before sending her red lips close to him.

Again, Cyro avoided her by turning sideways.

Queenie ended up kissing his cheek.

"Cyro, what's the matter? Are you upset?"

"Queenie, let's end things on good terms." Cyro had always been a member of the basketball team.

Moreover, he was tall and handsome, so he never lack pretty girls flocking after him.

"What are you talking about? Cyro, you're joking with me, aren't you?"

Queenie tried to squeeze a

smile onto her face, but the smile looked ugly. "Why?"

"What do you mean why? I just don't like you anymore," Cyro ruthlessly said to her.

Queenie inched closer to him.

"Did I do anything wrong? Tell me, and I'll change."

“There’s no need for you to do that. You’ll find someone better than me in the future.” Cyro was not

giving her any chance, and he did not want to waste any more time on her.

Queenie ran over to stop him from leaving.

“Cyro, I love you. I really do,” she said to him, for he was the first person she had fallen in love with.

“But I don’t love you anymore.” Cyro’s patience completely vanished at how she was making a scene

and refusing to let go. “Don’t come and look for me anymore.”

“Is it because of Sophie? She seduced you, didn’t she?” Queenie spat out of her gritted teeth.

Cyro arched a brow at the sight of her resentful expression. She looks like a madwoman.

“That’s right. I’m in love with her,” he said. He did not think that it was something that should be kept a

secret.

“Do you know what kind of person she is? She moved in with someone in eighth grade, and she even

aborted a baby because of that man. She’s nothing but a promiscuous woman!”

Cyro slapped Queenie.

“That’s enough, Queenie. Why are you so vicious at such a young age?”

With that said, he shoved Queenie aside.

By then, Queenie's makeup was ruined from her continuous bawling, and she looked terrifying.

As Queenie climbed to her feet, she angrily hissed, "Just you wait, Sophie. I'm going to make you regret coming back to Jipsdale!"