

Only For Her 31

Chapter 31 Feisty

Seeing how Tristan was taking care of Sophie, Ysabelle panicked even further. She got so worried that she lost her appetite.

“What’s wrong? I thought you said you were hungry earlier?” Felix asked caringly.

Ysabelle put down her fork.

“Are you full now, Soph? Let me take you out on a stroll,” she said. I should avoid letting Soph meet Uncle Tristan in the future. I really like her, and I don’t want to lose a friend like her.

“Mm-hmm.” Sophie nodded.

“I’ll be taking Soph out on a stroll now, Uncle Tristan!” Ysabelle informed before dragging Sophie outside.

“What’s up with her?” Tristan asked Felix.

“She’s afraid you’ll snatch Sophie away.” Felix could tell Ysabelle really liked Sophie.

Tristan didn’t ask about it further.

“Oh yeah, the Lane family has been getting restless recently. Find something for them to do to keep

them busy.” Tristan put his fork down, raised the wineglass next to him, and gently swirled the wine within.

“You mean the Lane family who kidnapped Ysabelle?” Felix’s expression darkened when he heard that.

“Yes. Don’t worry; leave it to me.” Sean didn’t like to talk, but he was efficient and reliable when it came to work.

“Oh yeah, did you hear about Jason?” Charles suddenly asked.

“What about him?”

“None of you knew his law firm is under investigation? I thought you two were the ones who did it.”

“I was going to!” Felix didn’t expect that to happen. Who did it? Who else dislikes Jason?

“Someone anonymously reported Jason’s law firm. That someone also sent evidence of his tax evasion to the relevant authorities.”

Tristan raised his eyebrow. That’s quite a direct and brutal tactic. Jason won’t even have the chance to struggle. Who’s the one behind this?

“Let’s go swimming, Soph!” Ysabelle suggested. There were a lot of things in the resort, including an excellent outdoors pool.

"I didn't bring a swimsuit with me," Sophie informed.

"You can find anything here! Follow me; I'll take you to buy one."

Ysabelle brought Sophie to the swimming pool by taking the shuttle bus.

Before they went in, they headed to the shop to buy swimsuits.

Ysabelle was very excited when she saw the skimpy swimsuits on display.

"Wear this, Soph." She grabbed one of the skimpy swimsuits and gave it to Sophie. "You have a wonderful figure, so you'll definitely look good in this! Wear this one, okay, Soph?"

As she spoke, she stared at Sophie's chest lewdly.

"You're a woman too, Ysabelle! Can you not be that indecent?" Sophie put the swimsuit back and picked a far more conservative one.

"You're too unadventurous, Soph! Those who come to swim will use the opportunity to show off their bodies!" Ysabelle picked a two-piece swimsuit.

She, too, didn't have the guts to wear a one-piece swimsuit.

After Sophie handed the swimsuit to the owner of the shop, she pulled out a bank card.

“There’s no need for that, Soph. This entire resort belongs to Uncle Tristan!”

“It’s fine. I have money.” Sophie didn’t have the habit of taking advantage of others.

She paid for the swimsuit before both of them went to the swimming pool.

The weather was still hot despite the fact that it was October already. Therefore, a lot of people were swimming in the pool.

The two women changed into their swimsuits in the changing room before exiting with a towel around their shoulders.

They both had slender legs and fair skin. Even though there were already plenty of sexy women in the swimming pool, they still stood out.

The moment they showed up, a lot of people’s attention shifted toward them.

It was also then that Casey saw Sophie.

He had been busy with his competition, which was why he hadn’t gone to find her recently. Little did he expect to see her at the pool.

“What are you looking at, Casey?” one of Casey’s teammates asked.

“A friend I know. I’ll go and greet her.” When Casey finished, he ambled toward Sophie. My body looks

pretty good. I bet she'll like it! Girls like six-pack muscles, right?

"I'm surprised to see that you're here too, Sophie! Are you here with a friend?" Casey smiled brightly.

"Who are you?" Sophie didn't want to interact with him.

He didn't mind her attitude. "Why aren't you both swimming? Do you not know how to swim? If you

don't, I can teach you. My swimming skills are pretty good."

When he saw the two women sitting by the pool and kicking the water instead of swimming, he thought

they didn't know how to swim.

"No need."

"Sophie, since you're already here, why not swim and have fun?"

Sophie stood and stared at Casey. "Are we familiar with each other?"

When Casey's friends saw the two beautiful women next to him, they approached as well.

"Hey, beautiful! How about we teach you how to swim, too?" one of Casey's friends offered.

"No need," Sophie replied indifferently.

"Show me some respect, Sophie! A lot of my friends are here!" Casey uttered in a low volume with a

darkened expression. Sophie is going overboard with her act, even though I'm treating her nicely!

"Do you have any dignity?" Sophie spoke with slight disdain and pulled Ysabelle away with the intention of leaving.

Seeing how Sophie was about to leave, Casey grabbed her shoulder.

"Stop messing around, Sophie." His expression had darkened completely.

Sophie really didn't like people touching her.

"Let go," she warned for the final time.

"These are my friends, Sophie. Show me some respect here," Casey muttered.

In the next second, Sophie turned around, grabbed his arm, and threw him over her shoulder.

"Don't touch me." She spoke with contempt. Who does he think he is, touching a woman after being warned not to?

"Woah..."

"Oh my gosh!"

"D*mn, she's so feisty. I like it."

Many people in the pool opened their mouths wide when they saw that.

After being thrown to the ground by a woman, Casey crawled up awkwardly.

“Sophie.” There was a threatening tone in his voice. “How dare you hit me!”

He had always been admired and fawned over by women. That was the first time he was humiliated by one.

“So what if I hit you?” Sophie replied coldly. “If you don’t want it to happen again, you better stay far away from me when you see me.”

Ysabelle wanted to scream out loud. It was only then she realized her potential to be a brainless fan.

Casey’s friends helped him up.

One of them asked, “Are you all right, Casey?”

Casey’s face remained dark. He didn’t expect a small woman like Sophie to be capable of throwing a 1.8-meter-tall man like himself over her shoulder so easily.

It utterly embarrassed him.

When Sophie and Ysabelle attempted to leave, Casey’s friends blocked their path.

“Do you think you can leave after hitting our friend? We aren’t dead, you know.”

Sophie turned to face the man who spoke up. “Then what do you want?”

“You all better stop causing trouble! If you refuse to listen, I’ll have you all kicked out of here.” Casey’s

friends were all of a similar height to him. They were also very burly, which made Ysabelle worry about

Sophie.

“Get us kicked out? Who do you think you are?”

“You—”

“Kneel and apologize to Casey. I have to warn you, I have no qualms about hitting women,” one of

Casey’s friends threatened.

Sophie pulled down her towel as malice entered her cold eyes. “Well, then. If I don’t teach you all a

lesson on behalf of your parents today, you’ll never understand that there are people better than you.”

“Hah! You talk big, missy. Just don’t cry later.”

Casey had fallen only because he had been caught off guard. However, they were now prepared.

There was no way they were going to let a woman get the best of them. Additionally, the man who

spoke to her knew how to fight very well, so he wasn’t afraid.

Chapter 32 Support

“Are you sure?” Sophie gave him one last chance.

“Come on, then! I’ll teach you how to act properly today, missy. A woman shouldn’t behave so wildly,”

Casey’s friend dared.

Meanwhile, Tristan and Felix exited the building after they finished their meal. They then learned

Sophie and Ysabelle had gone to the swimming pool from a receptionist.

“Do you want to head over there?” Felix was definitely going because he was worried about Ysabelle getting herself into trouble.

“Mr. Tristan, Ms. Ysabelle has started a fight with someone at the swimming pool.” A person approached the two men and reported.

When Felix and Tristan heard that, they immediately rushed over to the swimming pool.

Casey stopped his friend. “Forget about it.”

“When did you become such a p*ssy, Casey?” his friend questioned.

Casey shook his head.

At that moment, Tristan and Felix arrived.

Tristan could already see Sophie’s alluring legs in the distance.

He approached her and asked, "What's going on?"

"They want to beat Sophie up, Uncle Tristan," Ysabelle immediately replied.

When the manager was informed about Tristan's arrival, he immediately rushed over to their location

and asked, "Is everything all right, Mr. Tristan?"

He quickly wiped the cold sweat on his forehead away.

"Get them out of here. From today onward, they are forbidden from stepping into any properties

belonging to the Lombard family," Tristan ordered. Those who mess with my people will pay the price.

"All of you, please leave!" the manager shouted as he summoned a few security guards.

"Do you know who I am?" Casey's friend, the one who knew how to fight, still wanted to duke it out.

"I don't know who you are, but the person standing in front of you is Mr. Tristan," the manager informed.

That information was enough to deter Casey's friend. After all, it didn't matter who he was when the

entire place was owned by Tristan.

Those who could afford a vacation at the resort were rich people. No one had seen what Tristan looked

like before, but they knew he owned the resort. Since the manager had vouched for Tristan's identity,

then there was no mistaking him for someone else.

When Casey's friend knew who he had messed with, his legs turned into jelly.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Tristan. I didn't know they were your people." He immediately tried to beg for mercy.

Tristan didn't even look at him.

"What's your relationship with him, Sophie?" Casey didn't want to give up because he still liked Sophie.

"It's none of your business." Sophie couldn't be bothered to deal with him. I'm glad Tristan's here. This

swimsuit, while not at all skimpy, would make it difficult for me to fight.

"I really like you, Sophie."

"I'm sorry, but I really don't like you."

After that incident, Sophie lost all interest in swimming.

The security guards chased Casey and his friends away without mercy.

"Ysabelle." Tristan turned his attention to Ysabelle.

Ysabelle pretended to play with her fingers. "We didn't go looking for trouble with them. They were the

ones who wanted to bully Sophie."

The look in Tristan's eyes turned even colder. Seems like I didn't punish those punks hard enough.

Sophie approached him, pulled his arm, and headed outside.

His aura was so dominating that it was going to chase the other guests away from the pool.

"I'm sorry. I shouldn't have caused a scene in your territory." Sophie wasn't sure if he was angry about that.

"Don't you want to swim? I'll ask the staff to clear the pool." Tristan glanced at her. She's wearing too little. I already couldn't take it when she wore that ultra-short skirt and high-waist shirt, yet now she's wearing a swimsuit. I really don't like other men looking at her.

"No, I'm going to change back to my clothes." She had lost the mood to swim.

Tristan grabbed her hand and pulled her back. "You're free to fight if you want to. Just make sure you don't get hurt." Even if you injure or kill someone, with my support, there's nothing you need to worry about.

While that was happening, Felix had already pulled Ysabelle out.

"Let go of me, Felix! Why are you pulling me out? It's too dangerous for Soph to be inside there alone!" she shouted.

Felix was rendered speechless. “Are you worried your uncle’s going to eat her whole? I think you should just focus on taking care of yourself.”

She pouted as she felt aggrieved. “Aren’t you sick of looking at me all day? Why do you keep clinging to me?”

“Who says that I’m sick of looking at you?”

“I do.” Ysabelle rolled her eyes before entering the shuttle bus headed back to the hotel.

Felix immediately followed her into the vehicle. Just what did I do this time to piss her off? A woman’s thoughts are too hard for me to guess.

When Sophie exited the changing room, she saw Tristan waiting for her. She approached him before both of them left together.

Charles and Sean had other things to do, so they left first.

When Tristan and Sophie returned to the hotel, they saw Felix standing outside of Ysabelle’s room.

It didn’t matter what Felix said – Ysabelle refused to open the door.

“What’s wrong with her?” Sophie asked while shooting Felix a sharp look.

“I don’t know.”

She knocked on the door. “Ysabelle, are you in there? Can I come in?”

When Ysabelle heard Sophie’s voice, she opened the door.

Sophie saw her friend’s red eyes and asked, “What’s wrong? Did Felix bully you? Do you want me to teach him a lesson?”

“No. I don’t know what’s going on with me either,” Ysabelle answered.

“It’s good that you’re fine.”

When Monday rolled around, it was time for the monthly exam. Sophie got up from her bed, put on her uniform, and went out.

She bought two buns on her way to school.

Before Sophie could eat them, Willow got off a car and faced her. It would appear that Willow had been waiting for her.

“Why do you live in Wisteria Apartments?” Willow asked. Even though Wisteria Apartments wasn’t a mansion district, the housing price was still ridiculously high due to its unique geographical location.

Back when she wanted to attend Jipsdale Premier High, she had asked her father to buy her a house

there. Her father had declined her request.

Sophie's expression darkened too, as she didn't want to meet someone she disliked so early in the morning. "Why does it matter to you where I'm living?"

"You should know your place, Sophie. I'm here today to tell you that Dad doesn't want you to take Grandpa's shares."

"Is it him or you who doesn't want that to happen? Are you feeling really scared now, Willow? Afraid that you won't have everything you want in the palm of your hands?" Sophie taunted.

"What do you mean?" While Willow was infuriated and upset, she still pretended to be fine on the surface.

"Then again, how can you lose something that was never yours to begin with?"

Willow's expression changed in response to Sophie's words. Why does she look like she has everything in her control? I hate that look!

She tightened her fists, looking as though she wanted to tear the disguise on her face down. "Don't act so smugly, Sophie! You don't have the right to take the shares from me when your reputation is in

shambles!”

“Oh! I almost forgot if you hadn’t mentioned it. What happened five years ago isn’t over yet!”

“What do you mean?” Willow was sure she had not left any evidence behind five years ago.

“You’ll know when the time comes! Also, your current image is that of a top student, correct? If I do better than you, will your precious daddy still love you?”

“Do better than me? You’re overestimating your abilities, Sophie. Ever since I entered high school, I’ve always been one of the top three students in my year! What about you? All you know is to fight. Who cares about the truth regarding what happened five years ago anymore? Aren’t you just a piece of trash now?”

“Is that so? I’ll take back everything you hold dear, Willow!” Sophie didn’t feel like talking to her anymore.

As Willow watched her leave, she began to panic.

“Don’t worry, Ms. Tanner. There’s no way she’ll surpass you. You’ll get whatever you want,” the Tanner family’s driver comforted.

Chapter 34 Picking You Up

"How were the exams?" Yale asked.

Sophie raised her eyebrow. Does he really care about my grades?

"Don't you know I don't like studying? Are you asking me that question to make me feel awful?" She

had no intention of showing him a good attitude.

"No matter what happens, I'm still your father, Sophie. You look ill-mannered like this." Yale frowned.

"Stop spending your time hanging outside of the school. You should follow your sister's example by

learning how she studies and interacts with the world."

He couldn't understand why there was such a big difference between his two daughters.

"Learn from her? Is she even good enough for me to do that?" Sophie sneered.

Her sneer would make people uncomfortable and terrified.

"Let's cut to the chase. You aren't allowed to take the twenty percent shares your grandfather is giving

you." That was the main reason Yale was there.

"Since Grandpa is giving it to me, I will take it." Sophie was giddy when she saw her father's pissed-off

expression.

"Sophie." His voice began to sound like he was warning her. "I'm telling you not to take the shares. If

you refuse to listen, don't blame me for what I'll do."

It didn't matter who he was dealing with. As long as that person was a threat to him, he would show no mercy.

The only person he loved the most in the world was himself.

Sophie pushed the door open and exited the vehicle. "I'm sorry, but the shares aren't the only thing I want. I want the whole company."

The more desperately her family wanted to keep something to themselves, the more she wanted to take it away from them, even if she couldn't care less about having it.

"You talk big for an incompetent girl." Yale didn't want to argue with her any further. After all, in his eyes, she was just a senior student without any notable skills or academic achievement. He didn't believe she would cause much trouble for him.

When Sophie arrived back at the Tanner residence, everyone except for Caleb was already there.

When Yale and Charmaine saw Sophie, their expressions darkened. They could scarcely believe she had the guts to take the shares that Josiah had the nerve to hand out.

“Come and talk with me, Sophie. The lawyer hasn’t arrived yet,” Josiah said.

“Dad, this twenty percent is far too important to Tanner Group. Are you really going to give it to her that easily?” Yale refused to give up.

Josiah ignored his son because he had the right to decide to who he wanted to give his assets.

“Dad, Soph is still young. If you give her such an incredibly valuable thing, you may end up hurting her instead of protecting her.”

“Why would I be hurting her? You know, it breaks my heart to see neither of you cares for her.”

“Tanner Group doesn’t only just belong to our family now, Dad. There are other shareholders paying attention to what you’re doing! If you give those shares to a girl like her, we won’t be able to protect her if the other shareholders come after her!” Yale knew the struggle for power had always been like that.

Josiah remained silent. Obviously, he knew about that as well after spending many years in the business world.

“Soph is your daughter. If you two dare to touch her, I won’t let any of you get away with it.” He knew he

didn’t have long to live. Soph will only have herself to depend on once I pass. She has to get stronger.

“Are you scared, Soph?” he asked.

Sophie held her grandfather’s hand. “I’ve never been afraid, Grandpa.”

If they were talking about facing the struggles of growing up, then she really was unafraid of facing them.

Josiah was glad. I can see my younger self in her.

“Think about it carefully, Sophie.” The look in Yale’s eyes turned cold.

It was then the lawyer arrived.

“Are you sure about this, Old Mr. Tanner?” Terrence Baldwin, the lawyer, was also worried about whether Sophie could keep the shares Josiah was giving her.

“No need to be afraid, Soph. Even if, in the end, you throw away the shares I give you, I still won’t regret my decision. Consider it as me giving you your tuition fees.”

“Please put your signature here, Old Mr. Tanner.” Terrence didn’t say anything else because he knew Josiah wouldn’t change his mind.

“Please sign here, Ms. Tanner.” He pointed at a spot on the paper.

Once Josiah and Sophie put their signatures down, the lawyer declared, “Okay. The shares now belong

to Ms. Tanner.”

Josiah then sent Terrence out.

“Now that Sophie has inherited my shares, she’s considered one of Tanner Group’s shareholders.

Don’t disappoint me, Sophie,” Josiah uttered before heading upstairs.

He was getting old, which was why he left, as he didn’t want to witness such a sullen atmosphere in his home.

Sophie was about to leave after obtaining the shares.

“You’re still young, Soph. We’re just thinking about your well-being. Let your dad keep hold of your shares first. You’re our daughter, so we won’t hurt you,” Charmaine coaxed.

“Yeah! I’ll help you manage your shares first. Once you get married, I’ll return the shares to you untouched,” Yale added.

Sophie couldn’t help but chuckle. The world has always been like this. People’s loyalties are where their interests lie. It’s so sad to see my parents put up an act like this in order to obtain my power and fortune.

“What are you laughing at? Am I not looking after your best interest? Do you know how to take care of a company?” Yale’s smile faded as he questioned like a commanding father.

“Does it matter if I don’t? I just need to take the dividends, isn’t it?” Sophie retorted.

“You—” Yale was so angry that he couldn’t speak further.

“Think about it carefully, Soph. The other shareholders in Tanner Group are all vicious schemers. A girl like you isn’t their opponent.” Charmaine acted as though she was a kind mother.

“I’d rather die in their hands than in you two’s!”

“You...” Charmaine was pissed off as well.

“Fine. Now that you’re all grown up, I can’t control you anymore. You better protect your shares well and don’t let them slip out of your hands. Don’t come and beg us for help when you have nothing left.”

“Even if I have nothing left, I won’t come and find you both.” Sophie grabbed the document, turned, and left.

“How did I give birth to a piece of trash daughter like her?” Charmaine was so angry that she smashed the cup on the table.

Willow had been staying silent at the side. It was then that she spoke politely. “She won’t be able to

gloat for long, Mom.”

“That’s right. She won’t be. That twenty percent share is nothing when you marry into the Laird family.

When that time comes, you can get whatever you want,” Charmaine assured. After all, Mrs. Laird likes

Willow and has been nurturing her as a daughter-in-law.

“Yeah.” When Willow thought about Mason, she felt a little giddy. So what if Sophie likes Mason? In the

end, I’m the one who’s going to marry into the Laird family.

Sophie grinned as she stared at the document in her hand outside of the Tanner residence. So this is

all they have been pining for, eh?

Instead of calling for a taxi, she wanted to go on a stroll. Every time she found herself in the Tanner

residence, her worldview was shattered.

“Do you want me to stop, Mr. Tristan?” the driver asked. Isn’t Mr. Tristan here to meet Ms. Tanner?

“No need. Just follow behind her slowly.”

The driver silently drove the car slowly. He would occasionally stop for a few seconds before

proceeding just to keep the car a safe distance from Sophie.

He wondered what she was thinking that prevented her from noticing the car had been following her for a long time.

It wasn't until it started raining that Sophie stopped.

"Stop the car." Tristan stepped out of the vehicle, strolled toward Sophie, and swept her into his arms.

When she raised her head, she saw his handsome face.

"Why are you here?" she asked.

"To pick you up."

By the time Tristan carried her into the car, they were already soaked from the heavy rain.

"Head to Wisteria Apartments," he ordered.

Chapter 35 Addicted To Hugging You

When they arrived at Wisteria Apartments, Tristan filled the bathtub with hot water and added a few drops of essential oil before carrying Sophie into the bathroom.

"Don't you think you've been getting a little too familiar with carrying me, Mr. Tristan?" Even though

Sophie said that, she still wrapped her arms around his neck.

Tristan let her down once they were inside the bathroom. "I'm happy to serve you. If you don't feel like

moving, I can even help you with—”

“No need.” She immediately pushed him out and leaned against the door. It’s a little worrying that the great Mr. Tristan is willing to do so much for me.

“Guess I’ll stay inside longer.” The weather changed very fast. Even though it was just rain during fall, the weather was already quite cold.

She took off her clothes and entered the bathtub.

Upon immersing herself in the warm water, Sophie let out a satisfied moan.

Tristan was someone who enjoyed the finer things in life, which was why he had bought a tub that would keep the temperature constant. The water would remain warm for as long as she wanted to stay inside. There was no need to worry about it going cold.

Outside, he took a simple bath and changed into a casual outfit.

When he got out, he heard Sophie’s phone ringing.

Since she hadn’t left the bathroom yet, he picked up the phone.

There was a string of numbers on the screen without a name.

Tristan didn’t answer the phone and simply knocked on the bathroom door. “You got a call. There’s no

name listed on the screen.”

“Okay. I’ll answer it after I get out in a moment,” Sophie answered.

“Don’t spend too much time inside. Otherwise, you’ll faint.”

“Mm-hmm.”

Sophie only left the bathtub and changed into a casual outfit after she heard the door closing.

Then she glanced at the phone and saw it was from Butterfly.

“What’s up?”

“You finally picked up the phone. I thought something had happened to you.”

“What can possibly happen to me? Oh yeah, Captain Sheppard brought Dr. Yarren back. He asked me for your number, saying he wants to thank you.”

“That’s good to hear. There’s no need to give him my number, though. You know, Captain Sheppard is quite a good talker at Jipsdale. It won’t hurt you to know him better.”

“No need.” Sophie was used to being alone. It was just by coincidence that she formed Wings of Light.

“Gosh, what am I going to do with you? Fine, do what you want.”

“Is there anything else?”

“Can’t I chat with you for fun?”

Silence was the response Butterfly got.

“I still got things to do, so I’m going to hang up now.”

After Sophie dried her hair and exited the room, she saw the food that the staff from Pegasus Pavilion

had delivered.

“You haven’t eaten yet?” She wondered why Tristan hadn’t eaten yet even though it was already late.

“Nope. Come and eat with me!” In actuality, Tristan had already eaten. He knew she hadn’t yet, which

was why he ordered people to deliver food to them.

Sophie sat across from him and ate. They remained silent as they enjoyed their meal.

He only had a few bites before he kept putting food on her plate. Not only that, he even poured her a

bowl of mushroom soup.

She ate a lot over the course of the meal.

Once it was over, she took on the task of cleaning up the table.

Tristan didn’t stay around for long as he left after the meal was over. It was as though he was only

there to share a meal with her.

While the physics exam the next day involved a lot of calculations, Sophie was still able to finish them easily.

There was half an hour left when she handed her paper in.

For her Ustranasion paper during the afternoon, she took her time writing her answers down on the answer paper. She really didn't understand why people were saying the exam was hard.

Once the exam was over, everyone gathered around to discuss it.

Ysabelle sat on the bench in front of Sophie and turned around to face her friend.

"How well did you do, Soph?" Ysabelle was really worried about her friend's grades.

"Fine."

"Can you pass the physics paper?"

"I can."

Carrie just so happened to pass by both of them then.

She snickered when she heard what Sophie said. "If you can pass without ever paying attention in

class, what are us teachers for?”

“We’ll know once the results are out. There’s no need to rush, Mrs. Fletcher. I always keep my promises. If I don’t pass this time, I’ll quit school voluntarily.” Sophie smiled coldly.

“Soph...” Ysabelle was worried because the physics paper had been really hard. I’m pretty sure half of the class won’t even pass! Why is she acting so confidently?

“Is that so? I look forward to your results, then. Hmph.” It was obvious Carrie didn’t believe Sophie.

When Sophie and Ysabelle went out for a meal, they encountered Willow and her posse.

“How well do you think you’re going to do this time, Willow?” Willow’s friend asked.

“Well enough,” Willow replied.

“You always say that, and you always get into the top three!”

Another one of Willow’s friends chimed in, “That’s right! Willow is just that awesome! She’s good-looking and smart! Whoever she marries in the future is going to be very lucky.”

“Tsk.” Ysabelle couldn’t help but click her tongue when she heard Willow’s posse praising Willow.

“What do you mean by that, Ysabelle?” One of Willow’s classmates spoke up sullenly.

Even though what Willow’s classmates said was true, they were actually really jealous of Willow.

"I don't mean anything else by that. This isn't your home, so why do you care what I'm saying?"

Ysabelle retorted.

"You!"

"Forget about it. There's no need to waste our time talking to a bunch of awful students like them! Any

one of the students in our class can crush them easily," one of Willow's classmates mocked.

It was true that Senior Class 1 students would utterly stomp on Senior Class 8 students.

"You—" While that was the truth, it still pissed Ysabelle off. "So what if you're all good at studying?

That's the only thing you nerds know how to do!"

"Who are you calling a nerd, huh?" A girl in glasses pushed Ysabelle back.

"So what if I'm calling you all nerds?" Ysabelle refused to back down.

The girl in glasses wanted to hit Ysabelle, but Sophie caught her arm.

"Keep your hands to yourself," Sophie warned.

"You think you're untouchable just because you won against Queenie? So what if you're good at

basketball when your grades suck? What's there to be proud of?"

Sophie sneered, "Is intelligence the only thing you're proud of? In that case, just you wait until the results for the monthly exam comes out."

Once she finished her sentence, she left with Ysabelle.

"How are her grades, Willow?" the girl in glasses asked. Sophie sounded as though she was confident she'll be getting good grades for the exam!

"Nothing impressive," Willow answered.

"Good. We'll see how long she can act so smugly."

Inside the offices of Jipsdale Premier High, the Chanaean teachers were already marking the papers.

There were around thirty teachers using the internet to mark their papers.

Suddenly, a teacher jumped up. "Oh my god! This is the first time I've seen an essay like this in all my years as a teacher!"

"What's wrong?" The other teachers surrounded their colleague when they heard that.

"Read this."

A few teachers read the essay at the same time and quickly realized it was the most perfect essay they had ever laid their eyes on.

It was flawless in every aspect.

“Which class does this student belong to? Why didn’t we notice this student before?”

“I don’t know. It doesn’t seem like it’s written by someone in our class.”

“Is this a student from your class, Ms. Reynolds?” Ripley Reynolds was the Chanaean teacher for

Senior Class 1. Since that class consisted of the best students in the grade, it was only natural for them

to assume the essay was written by a student in that class.

Ripley glanced at the essay and shook her head immediately. “The handwriting is too neat. No one in

my class writes like this.”

“Then who is this black horse?” The teachers around were all very curious about the author of the

essay.

Chapter 36 Flatter

For the physics paper, most of the students of Jipsdale Premier High had no idea how to answer the

last question, leaving that question blank in the end.

“The questions for the physics paper this time are just too difficult. I only completed the paper after an

hour.” Not only were the questions difficult, but there were also a lot of calculations too. More than half

of the students in Senior Class 1 had a breakdown from it.

Carrie kept silent the whole time. She had also tried the paper but had no idea how to answer the last question either. Even Aaron Elswick, the physics teacher from Senior Class 1, took an hour to complete the paper.

“What do you think, Mrs. Fletcher? Were you able to complete the calculations for the last question?”

Aaron asked.

“I did. I don’t think it was that difficult,” she said, not wanting to embarrass herself for not being able to answer the question.

“Haha...” The man knew that she wasn’t that skilled, so her words were just a joke to him.

Carrie knew that he was making fun of her, but she dared not stand up against him head-on. She wasn’t as good at physics as he was, after all.

“No way! One of the students actually managed to answer this question. Not only are the steps for the calculations correct, but their answer is too!”

“Really? Then, it must be a student from Senior Class 1.” Among all of the classes, Senior Class 1 was

the most capable.

“Should be. When it comes to physics, who could ever compare to Bailey Dixon from your class?”

Bailey was the top student of Jipsdale Premier High and had been placing first ever since he started attending the school.

Looking over, Aaron noticed that it wasn't Bailey's handwriting on the paper.

“The student's not from my class.”

Everyone froze upon hearing that. Who else could it be if it's not Bailey? Is there another scholar like him here at Jipsdale Premier High?

On Friday night, they made reservations at Sky Hotel to celebrate Josiah's eightieth birthday.

Since he did not like crowds, only a handful of relatives came to have dinner with him, taking up only two tables.

“Did you let Soph know?”

When Josiah saw that Sophie had not arrived even though it was almost six in the evening, he asked Charmaine, who was sitting next to him.

“Don't worry, Dad. I've already let her know. But you know how her temper can be. I don't know if she'll

come.” The woman just couldn’t bring herself to like Sophie.

Even though they were both her daughters, Willow was obedient, while Sophie was always arrogant and would never listen to her.

“I don’t think she will be coming, Grandpa. I saw her leaving with a delinquent when school ended.”

“Forget about her, Dad. It’s your eightieth birthday today. There are so many relatives here. Why should we let others make a joke out of us if Sophie comes?”

Hearing that, Josiah slammed the glass he was holding on the table.

“A joke? Who would dare do that? Whoever here who doesn’t want to eat with our Sophie can leave,”

he retorted. No matter what he did, they still had such an attitude toward his granddaughter.

“What’s wrong?”

Yale came over instantly when he heard such a big commotion.

“Notify Sophie. No one can start eating if she doesn’t come.”

All he wanted was to have a happy family dinner. How could he start dinner if Sophie wasn’t here?

Yale’s expression turned dark in an instant.

“How old are you, Dad? Sophie’s being immature, but are you going to be the same as well?

Everyone’s waiting! Everyone here is of seniority, so what if a younger one doesn’t come? Why should we make everyone wait for her?”

Right then, Sophie pushed open the door and entered.

In truth, she had not received a call from Charmaine, but she knew that it was her grandfather’s birthday that day. It had not been a difficult task for her to find out where they were having dinner to celebrate it.

“I’m here, Grandpa.”

Josiah finally looked at ease at the sight of his granddaughter.

“Soph! Come here.”

Sophie walked over and sat beside him.

“There’s no need for you to get angry, Grandpa. It’s your eightieth birthday, so how could I not come?”

Hearing that, Josiah couldn’t stop himself from smiling. As expected from my Sophie.

Patting her head, he said, “Oh, Soph! What would you do if I wasn’t here anymore?”

“You’re still in great health! Don’t worry too much.”

“All right. Since everyone is here now, bring the dishes over!”

Yale had a grim expression on his face, but he said nothing else. After all, it was his father’s birthday today. He couldn’t make it an unhappy day for him.

“Willa, your monthly exam just ended, right? How was it?” Willow’s maternal aunt, Yara, asked.

“It was all right, Aunt Yara.”

“I heard from our Taylor that the papers this time were really difficult. You’re really lucky, Charmaine,” she continued to flatter.

Charmaine was delighted when everyone turned their attention to Willow. She had spent so much time and energy on her daughter, after all.

“Taylor is really well-behaved too. I’m sure she did well in her exams.”

“I’d probably do better than Sophie,” Taylor replied with a smile.

“Watch what you’re saying, Taylor.”

“I was just telling the truth, Mom! No one here is a match for Willa.”

A smile surfaced on Willow’s face when she heard the compliment, but she stayed silent.

Nonetheless, she really liked hearing praises like these.

“Don’t mind her, Soph. Taylor is still young, so she doesn’t know any better.”

“I don’t mind!” Sophie had never cared about irrelevant people like her.

“Soph, now that you’re back in Jipsdale, you have to study hard. Stop with the nonsense you did in the past.”

“What did I do in the past that was so nonsensical, Aunt Yara?”

Hearing that, Sophie raised a brow. These two are here to stir up trouble on purpose, aren’t they?

“Since when is it your turn to tell me what to do with my life?”

“Watch your words, Sophie! She’s your aunt!” Charmaine scolded as she glared at Sophie.

“This is how I’ve always spoken. Don’t you know that I have no manners and am a delinquent?

Besides, I’m holding back today since it’s Grandpa’s birthday. Don’t blame me for being too hard on you next time I hear you saying something like this again.”

Sophie couldn’t help but feel disgusted at how they were flattering her mother while trampling over her.

“That’s enough. Are we still eating or not?”

No one dared to utter another word when Josiah spoke up.

“Don’t mind their words, Soph,” he said, his heart aching for Sophie.

After their meal, everyone got up and gifted Josiah with the presents they brought.

“I’ve also prepared something for you, Grandpa.”

Willow stood up and took out a red velvet box.

“I bought this emerald ring from an auction for two million. I hope you will like it, Grandpa.”

“What a filial child you are, Willa. Two million!” Yara’s eyes lit up. Two million was not a small number for an ordinary family.

“I used the money I’ve saved up since I was young, and the gift is nothing too expensive. I just hope that you will like it, Grandpa,” Willow said gently. Would Grandpa still like Sophie as much now?

“Sophie, Old Mr. Tanner gave you his twenty percent of the shares. Did you not prepare anything for him on his birthday?” Yara asked, not wanting Sophie to have an easy time.

“What I gave Sophie is just a gift to her as her grandpa. I am almost dying soon. Why should I need any more gifts?”

“Please calm down, Grandpa. I’ve also prepared something for you.” The only reason she was late was

that she had gone to get her grandfather's gift.

"Oh? What is it?" Josiah's interest was piqued.

At that, Willow's expression turned ugly. Why is Grandpa always favoring Sophie? He only took a glance at my present before he called for a housekeeper to take it away. Yet, here he is, being so interested in Sophie's gift.

I have to see for myself just what kind of gift she prepared.

Chapter 37 I Will Teach You

"I know that you really like Edward Hopper's paintings, Grandpa. That's why I searched for one of his paintings for you. I hope that you'll like it."

"What? Edward Hopper's painting? Are you dreaming, Sophie? Do you know how expensive his paintings are? At least come up with something more believable if you're going to lie."

Right then, the door to the private room opened.

Then, a man in a suit walked in with a 1.5-meter wooden case in his hands.

"Is Ms. Tanner here?"

"Here."

Sophie stood up, and the man handed her the case.

She opened up the case and pulled out the painting from inside.

Then, she held it up so that Josiah could have a look at it.

He was indeed very fond of Edward Hopper's paintings. It was to the point where he was obsessed with them.

The man smiled in an instant. He quickly put on his reading glasses to carefully study the painting before him.

"I really like this painting, Soph. But where did you get so much money?" Edward Hopper's paintings were extremely expensive, after all.

"How is it possible that an eighteen-year-old girl like her would be able to buy an authentic painting, Old Mr. Tanner? This must be a fake," Yara ridiculed. "There's not an ounce of sincerity in her."

"Who said that it's fake? This is an original painting of Mr. Hopper. I even have the documents to prove it," the man in a suit said as he took out the documents.

"Then, the documents must be fake too!" Yara said, still refusing to believe it.

"I wish you a long life with great prosperity, Grandpa."

Sophie had put in a lot of effort in order to get the painting. However, everything was worth it as long as

Josiah liked it.

“Do you really believe that it’s real, Grandpa?” Even though Willow knew nothing about art, she didn’t

believe that Sophie was capable enough to get one of Edward Hopper’s paintings.

“It’s real.” He had been analyzing the art for so many years. There was no way he wouldn’t be able to

tell if it was real or fake.

Everyone was shocked at his words. How on earth did you get your hands on it, Sophie?

Sophie only left the Tanner residence after she sent Josiah back.

“Stop right there, Sophie.”

Hearing that, she halted her footsteps.

Willow immediately made her way toward her.

“Where did you get the painting? It’s fake, isn’t it? How can you lie to Grandpa?”

“Everything I own is authentic. Anything that’s fake is just worthless to me.”

Is anything she can’t get fake to her?

“The man who drove the Lamborghini gave it to you, didn’t he? How shameless of you, Sophie. How dare you use your body in exchange for something! Nonetheless, he’s only interested in you for now.

Once he loses interest, do you think you’d be able to marry into a wealthy family with that reputation of yours?”

Willow did not want to admit that she was getting anxious. It’s fine. It’s just a painting. The Tanner family can buy it too, so this is nothing.

“Marry into a wealthy family?”

“I will definitely marry into the Laird family. Do you still remember Mason? The one you had a crush on for two years? He’s going to return soon.”

Sophie turned around at her words.

“Is that so? Then, let me congratulate you in advance. Willow, you set me up back then all because of Mason, didn’t you?”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

“You don’t know? I’m sure you’ll know what I’m talking about soon.”

Then, Sophie left, leaving Willow alone.

Mason is going to return soon. I have to take advantage of this chance.

Meanwhile, Charles invited everyone to have dinner at Azure Club to celebrate his sister, Winter, getting third place in a perfumery competition.

Winter had always liked Tristan. She had been preparing to marry him ever since she was in middle school.

Now, she was quite famous in the perfume industry and even had her own fragrance company.

I'm worthy of being with Tristan now, right?

"Time passes so quickly. The snotty Winter from back then is now all grown up," Felix teased.

"What are you talking about, Felix? When was I ever snotty?"

"I'm not spewing nonsense. I remember that you liked following the four of us around, and you'd always cry your eyes out at the littlest things."

"Felix—"

Winter was so embarrassed to be talked about like that in front of the person she liked.

She glanced at Tristan, who was sitting in front of her. How can he be so handsome?

Right then, Ysabelle arrived with Sophie. Having found out that the rest of them would be hanging out here, the former insisted that they come, and she was adamant that the latter accompany her.

Felix instantly went to welcome them when he found out that they were here.

“Why are you here and not sleeping, Ms. Lombard?” Even though he had asked the question, he was quite happy that she was here.

“Is there a problem with being bored?”

Ysabelle was too lazy to be bothered by him. She stepped in once the waiter opened the door.

“Congratulations, Winter. I heard that the perfume you concocted for the competition was really special.”

Upon seeing Sophie, Tristan stopped drinking and got up to pull out a chair for her. Then, he gestured for her to sit down.

“Have you eaten yet?”

“Yes.”

“Then, have some juice.” At that, Tristan called for a waiter and ordered two glasses of fruit juice for Sophie and Ysabelle.

"It was all right," Winter replied to Ysabelle. Yet, she kept her gaze on Sophie.

"Let me introduce her, Winter. This is my classmate, Sophie Tanner."

"Hello, I'm Winter Quigley," she said with a smile.

"She's Charles' sister. You'll have a lot of opportunities to meet each other in the future," Tristan

whispered in Sophie's ear.

"Hi. Sophie Tanner."

She got up and shook Winter's hand.

"You guys should skip class tomorrow. We'll go have some fun," Felix suggested.

"Sure! It's been a long time since I last went out to have fun," Ysabelle answered, feeling excited.

"Where are we going?" Charles asked.

"We're at a club right now. What can't we do here?" Tristan was planning to send Ysabelle and Sophie

home by eleven at night later.

"That's true."

Then, the group headed to the game room next door.

Winter grabbed onto Ysabelle, and the two of them walked at the back of the group.

“Ysabelle, your uncle’s treating Sophie so differently. What’s their relationship?” As a woman, Sophie was being too big of a threat to her.

“What do you mean, Winter? Sophie is just a classmate. Besides, there’s a huge age gap between them. Sophie wouldn’t see him that way.”

“You silly girl! Is there a woman on earth who wouldn’t want your uncle?”

Any woman would dream to be with a man like Tristan. Who would care about the age factor?

“Sophie is different.”

Other women couldn’t wait to have him for themselves the moment they laid eyes on him.

However, Sophie was different from them.

“I hope so.” What am I thinking? She’s just a high school student. Even though she is beautiful, I’m sure her looks are all she has.

“Let’s play pool,” Charles suggested. He knew that his sister liked Tristan, but the man did not see her that way. However, he still wanted to create opportunities for her since Winter was good at playing pool.

“Sure!” she replied instantly.

Winter always wanted to show her best self when she was with Tristan.

“Do you know how to play, Sophie?” Ysabelle asked. She wasn’t as interested in pool.

“Nope,” Sophie answered. She wasn’t interested in the game either.

“It’s fine. I can teach you,” Tristan said as he walked over to where she was.

Once they entered the room, he said, “You guys go ahead and play first. I’ll teach Sophie and Ysabelle how to play.”

Chapter 38 My Disciple

Tristan arranged the balls on the pool table and explained the rules of the game to Sophie and Ysabelle.

However, Ysabelle wasn’t interested in it at all.

“Can I not learn, Uncle Tristan?” she asked as she didn’t like the game.

“Sure. Why don’t you find something else to play with?”

After that, he guided Sophie on what to do, and the latter nodded as she listened to the rules.

“Do you remember everything?” Tristan asked.

“I’ll try.”

As she spoke, she picked up the pool cue to give it a go. Leaning over the table, Sophie aimed at the balls just as the man had instructed.

Seeing that her posture wasn’t correct, Tristan walked over and helped correct her.

With the position they were in right now, their bodies would press against each other even if only one of them were to move slightly.

Sophie wasn’t used to being so intimate with a grown man, and she couldn’t stop herself from getting distracted.

“Focus.”

Tristan was just as distracted, but he quickly calmed himself down.

I can’t let my imagination run wild. She’s only eighteen. I can’t think about those things.

I can wait for her to grow up.

“Okay.” Sophie tried her best not to let the man’s breath affect her.

“Aim at the balls. Your left hand should be this way, and your right like this. Yes, that’s right.”

“Tsk, ts. I’ve never seen Mr. Tristan so patient before.”

Tristan could get a hang of things he was learning very quickly. However, not even Ysabelle, who was most loved by the Lombard family, had gotten such a hands-on class from him before.

Obviously, Winter also saw it, and she couldn't help but clutch tightly onto her pool cue.

Charles patted her shoulder and said, "Winter, you're my sister. There's no man out there that you can't get. Come on, let's not think about him anymore. I'll introduce someone good to you in the future." He had been friends with Tristan for so many years. Naturally, he knew how the man's temper was.

Winter smiled bitterly at that.

"I'm fine, Charles."

She's just a little girl. Maybe Tristan is just taking care of her as if she's his little sister.

After all, no matter how you see it, a girl like her isn't worthy of someone like Tristan.

However, Winter herself had never been so intimate with him before.

Meanwhile, Sophie got the hang of the game with just a few tries.

"Let me try it on my own." Just like Tristan, she could learn things really quickly. In just a short while, she felt that she had already gotten the hang of it.

He let go of her hand, and the feel of her skin lingered on his palm.

Tristan secretly heaved a sigh once he let go of her.

The girl's impact on him was getting bigger. He didn't seem to want to let her go once he grabbed hold of her.

Sophie gave it a try on her own. She knew the rules and also the postures, so it wasn't difficult for her.

"Do you know how the game works now?" Winter came over and asked. Turning to Tristan, she added,

"Why don't you let me teach her, Tristan? It'd be better since I'm a woman too."

"It's fine. I'll teach my own disciple. Why? Are you doubting me?"

He didn't want to have Winter getting so intimate with Sophie.

"I don't mean anything else. It's just that Sophie is a girl, so she might feel uncomfortable if you stick so close to her."

"Are you feeling uncomfortable?" he turned to ask Sophie.

Sophie walked over to the other side of the pool table. She only looked up at him once she had scored one of the balls.

"I'm all right."

"It's fine if she's okay with it. Go ahead and play with them, Winter. Didn't you want to play?"

Winter bit her lip, but she kept a smile on her face.

Damn it! Are you doing this on purpose, Sophie?

How do you know how to seduce people when you're so young?

Tristan stopped bothering with Winter when he saw that Sophie's posture was wrong again. He quickly walked over to correct her.

Lowering his head, he saw that the top of her breasts was showing because she was leaning forward.

Tristan's eyes darkened at the sight of this. This little vixen always manages to seduce me even without the knowledge of doing so.

He quickly looked away and corrected her posture.

"Don't wear clothes like this from now on."

Sophie straightened up and looked down at her clothes.

"What's wrong with it?" This shirt is really normal!

"The collar's too low."

The two of them were acting as if there wasn't anyone next to them, and Winter's face paled.

Charles instantly walked over to drag her back to their table.

"All right. Stop looking." What can she do even if she continues? No one can control what Tristan thinks or does.

Winter bit her lip.

"Charles, Mr. Tristan's treating her so well."

"No one knows what's on his mind. Just mind your own business. Don't mess with her, understand?"

It seems like Mr. Tristan has already taken the girl under his wing. That means he won't tolerate anyone who messes with her.

"I know."

How could she not know his temperament? Nonetheless, she liked him and, thus, couldn't stand seeing him treat other women so well.

Sophie finally got the hang of it after practicing more.

"Not bad," Tristan said, giving her a rare compliment.

"Our Soph is that great! She can do anything."

Ysabelle couldn't help but feel proud herself when she heard Tristan complimenting Sophie.

"Are you up for a game, Sophie?" Even though Winter had a smile on her face, what she felt toward the girl before her had completely changed.

"Winter," Charles warned. He knew that she wanted to show off her skills, but Sophie had only just learned the basics. He could not believe that his sister was shameless enough to challenge a beginner.

Yet, Winter ignored him.

"It's just a game. You won't lose anything! You wouldn't mind right, Mr. Tristan?"

"Are you okay with it?" Tristan asked Sophie. It'll be fine even if she doesn't want to play.

"Of course!" Sophie said as she slowly picked up the pool cue.

Ysabelle got up from her seat in an instant. She knew that Winter was picking on Sophie on purpose.

"That's not cool, Winter." As the youngest of the Lombard family, Ysabelle didn't hold back her words.

She liked Sophie, so naturally, she wanted to protect the latter.

"It's just a game, Belle. Why are you making it sound like I'm bullying her? I won't force you if you don't want to, Sophie."

“It’s fine. It’s just a game, so it doesn’t matter who wins.”

Rolling her wrist to stretch it, Sophie added, “You can go first.”

“It’s okay. You’re new, so you go ahead,” Winter said.

I’m the best among the other women when it comes to playing pool. As a beginner, how dare she tell me to go first? She’s really overestimating herself.

“Are you sure?”

“Yes. Mr. Tristan, is your disciple as good as you are? Can she score all the balls in one go?”

Tristan ignored her words. To him, Winter was just Charles’ sister.

Sophie started the game. Her moves were a little rusty, so she could not get the game off to a good start.

Seeing this, Winter smirked inwardly. I’ll have to show Tristan that there’s nothing more to a little girl like her. I have to show him just how vulnerable she is.

I’m the only one worthy of being with Tristan.

It doesn’t matter in what aspect—I’m the best suited to be with him!

Sophie looked up and smiled at her.

“I’m sorry. I’m still a bit rusty.”

Then, she continued. Leaning over the table, she aimed and hit, scoring three red balls in one go.

“What great luck,” Winter sneered. It’s her first time. She just has beginner’s luck.

Chapter 39 Wait For You To Understand Me

Alas, Sophie’s following actions merely served to increase Winter’s fury.

The final ball soon rolled into the hole. Winter had lost the game without even getting a chance to play.

Seeing that, Charles, Felix, and Sean could barely hide their shock.

Is this her first time playing this game? She’s too good!

Ysabelle flung her arms around Sophie.

“Oh, that was amazing. Soph, you’re my idol!”

Tristan scoffed. “She has a great teacher, that’s why.”

“Mr. Tristan, you’re indeed amazing. I can’t believe you taught her this well in a short time!”

What are they talking about? No wonder Mr. Tristan treats her differently. She’s indeed different from what I expected.

Winter’s expression turned dark when she heard everyone lavishing praises on Sophie.

"It's getting late. I'll give them a ride home. You can continue with the game." Tristan spoke up.

Sophie and Ysabelle were both twelfth-grade students, so they couldn't stay up late.

"I'm taking my leave, too. Mr. Tristan, I didn't drive here. Can you give me a ride home?" Winter asked.

Tristan was leaving, so there was no reason for her to stay behind. The new perfume was about to be released soon, so she was pretty busy with work.

"It's not convenient," Tristan rejected her without hesitation.

Winter nearly popped a vein in frustration. Isn't it obvious that I have a crush on him? Can't he see it?

How could he be this heartless?

"Charles, she's your sister. You brought her here, so take her back home yourself."

"Mm. I'll do that."

"I'll give Ysabelle a ride home. Her house is right beside mine, anyway," Felix offered.

"Sure. Uncle Tristan, make sure Sophie gets home safely, all right?" Ysabelle implored.

"Let's go. No one will be stupid enough to dare to harm her if she's with Mr. Tristan." Felix dragged her out.

Winter wasn't about to give up just yet, but Charles didn't give her any chance and pulled her away.

"Charles, why did you drag me out? I can walk myself!" she huffed angrily.

Charles sighed.

"Winter, you're my sister. I know you're smart, and our family has always been proud of you. However,

you have to remember you can't win someone else's love just because you're smart. Tristan doesn't

love you. No matter how much you work hard, he won't notice you. In fact, if you weren't my sister, you

wouldn't even get to be in the same room as him."

How does someone as smart as her become a fool when in love?

"Charles, I don't want to hear that. I want nothing more than to be with him. You'll help me, right?"

Winter whined. I'm the daughter of the Quigley family, and Charles is a good friend of Mr. Tristan.

Everything is in my favor, so I can't give up just yet!

"Be good. I can help you elsewhere, but this is beyond my capabilities," Charles said. He wanted

Winter to listen to his advice and give up, for her crush was fated for a bad ending. "Don't do something

that you'll regret."

Winter hung her head low and insisted, "But I worked hard. I can be his perfect partner!"

Charles shook his head. "Whether or not you are a suitable partner for Mr. Tristan depends on his preference. No one else can make up his mind for him."

Tristan was born into an influential family, so he didn't need a wife to elevate his status.

All he wanted was a woman who he loved.

Tristan drank that night, so he didn't drive. His driver was already waiting outside.

After spotting them, the driver got out of the car and opened the door for them.

Tristan gestured for Sophie to enter the car before him.

The driver then closed the door and returned to the driver's seat.

He didn't need any orders, for he already knew where they were headed.

"Mr. Tristan, are you all right?" Sophie asked. He seems pretty downcast today.

"I'm fine. My head's throbbing a bit, that's all."

"Then ask the driver to give you a ride home first." She didn't mind going home a bit later.

Tristan leaned on her shoulder and shut his eyes.

"I'm fine. I think I drank too much tonight," he responded.

Sophie stiffened the moment his head landed on her shoulder.

The man implored, "Let me lean on you for a bit."

Can I say no? Obviously not, since he's already leaning on me.

When the car rolled to a stop at the underground parking at Wisteria Apartments, the driver didn't wake them up. He left them alone and went out to smoke. As he didn't know whether Tristan wanted to stay here, he decided to wait till Tristan woke up.

Sophie didn't wake Tristan up either. She remained in her seat and allowed him to rest.

"We've arrived?"

Tristan's eyes snapped open, and the first thing he noticed was her attractive eyes.

Reaching out, he caressed her cheek.

"It'll be great if you can be this good at all times," he lamented with a chuckle.

Tristan had always been indifferent to others. However, the sight of his warm smile caused Sophie's heart to soften.

"I've always been good," Sophie retorted. She would only attack those who provoked her. If someone had the guts to invoke her wrath, she would definitely teach that someone a lesson without holding

back.

“Do you need help with Tanner Group?” As of now, Tanner Group was no longer a threat in Jipsdale.

“No need. I can handle it myself.” She had to do this herself to savor the joy of accomplishment.

“Mm. Be careful. Don’t hurt yourself.” He wouldn’t allow anyone to lay a hand on her.

“Don’t worry. I’m not that weak.” Tanner Group was about to hold its annual board meeting soon. As

one of the directors, Sophie thought she should show her presence at the meeting. Otherwise, they

would think she was no longer alive.

“Do whatever you like. Don’t worry.” She can do anything she likes with Tanner Group.

“Mm.” Sophie nodded. Willow wants Tanner Group for herself, so I’ll take it from her.

Tristan sat up.

“You don’t have to see me off. Wisteria Apartments is perfectly safe,” Sophie said.

He was feeling unwell and should head back home to rest.

“Let’s go.” Tristan pretended not to understand her rejection. As he was already here, he would have to

send her to the door of her house safely. Perhaps he wanted to spend a few more minutes with her.

“Why don’t you spend the night here instead of going home?” she suggested.

“What?”

Sophie explained, “Don’t take me wrongly. This is your home, and I’m staying here temporarily. You

have your own room here, too.”

“There’s no need to explain anything.”

“I didn’t mean anything else,” she insisted. After all, she wasn’t an easy woman.

“A young lady’s reputation is important. I don’t want others to slander you,” Tristan told her.

Sophie isn’t afraid of me, but I’m afraid I might do something to her. She can affect me greatly. If I

spend the night with her, I might lose control over myself. I respect her too much to tarnish her

reputation.

Tristan accompanied her to the door and watched as she entered the house before leaving.

“Mr. Tristan, thanks.”

Tristan turned at his shoulder. Suddenly, he had the urge to stay behind.

He gave her a gentle hug.

“Don’t thank me. I don’t need your gratitude.”

“What do you want?” Sophie lifted her head to look at him. She had nothing but gratitude to offer him.

Tristan pressed a kiss to her forehead.

“I’ll wait for you to grow up and understand me.”

She was still too young, and her life was full of possibilities. He was willing to give her more time to get

what she wanted before getting together with him.

Chapter 40 Full Marks For Physics

Monday arrived in the blink of an eye. The students arrived at their classroom and immediately started

chatting about the monthly exam.

“I’m doomed. The parent-teacher conference will be held after the results are released.”

“Yes! My mom will kill me.”

“What should I do? The results should be out by now. I can’t bring myself to find my results. When you

find out yours, help me find mine, too.”

Those who did badly in the test dared not find out their results.

“Soph, don’t be nervous. Even if you failed your physics paper, you don’t have to leave Jipsdale

Premier High. If you leave, I’ll leave with you!”

Sophie had said nothing after arriving at school, so Ysabelle assumed she was worried about her results.

“There’s no need for that.”

“What? Soph, I’ll go wherever you go. I’m your fan!” Ysabelle enthused.

No matter what Sophie did, Ysabelle would side with her willingly.

“Class is going to start soon. Go back to your seat!” Sophie didn’t feel like talking. She preferred silence, and her classmates were too noisy.

“Mm. Don’t worry! I’m here, and I’ll protect you,” Ysabelle promised.

Right then, Carrie entered the classroom with the answer sheets. She could barely believe her eyes when she saw the physics results of the students.

Slam! She slammed the answer sheets onto the table loudly.

“I thought you were merely students with bad grades, but at least you had good characters. To my utter shock, something this serious happened in Jipsdale Premier High, in Senior Class 8! How embarrassing is this?”

Carrie started yelling the moment she stepped into the classroom. The students were confused by her action.

Bobby finally stepped out to ask, "Mrs. Fletcher, what happened? You've been yelling at us for some time, but we still don't know what's going on."

He couldn't hold it in anymore. Carrie had never liked their class, and it was unreasonable for her to yell at them for no reason.

Carrie stopped her lecture.

"Before explaining the matter, I shall announce everyone's physics exam marks."

Carrie then proceeded to announce everyone's marks. There were thirty-six students in total, and only six managed to pass the test. The rest scored around forty to fifty marks.

The students fell silent after hearing their results.

Their physics weren't good to begin with. This time, the physics test was too difficult. Thus, they assumed it was natural for Carrie to yell at them.

"Did you forget my marks?" Sophie inquired.

"Sophie, shut up. Don't you know that you suck?"

“Yes! Our class was the second last in physics. Now that you’re here, we’ve fallen to the last place!”

“Soph, calm down,” Ysabelle urged.

She was worried that Carrie would fly into a fit of rage as the latter was glaring at them angrily.

“Mrs. Fletcher, before Sophie came, our class’ physics results used to be second last. You should be

blaming Sophie!” Lenora chimed in.

“Lenora, shut the f*ck up!” Ysabelle hissed. She wanted nothing more than to rip Lenora’s lips apart.

“Your physics suck. Am I to blame for that?” Lenora was one of the six who passed her physics test.

Her results were always good, so she was pretty smug about herself.

“How much did I score?” Sophie asked calmly.

“Sophie Tanner, full marks.”

“What?”

“Mrs. Fletcher, have you gotten it wrong?”

It was practically impossible for a student to score full marks for the physics test this month. Even

Bailey from Senior Class 1 couldn’t achieve this feat.

“Really?” Ysabelle blurted excitedly.

Indeed, Soph can do anything easily!

“Sophie, stand up,” Carrie ordered.

“Mrs. Fletcher, you wanted me to pass the test, and I scored full marks. Isn’t that enough?” Sophie no longer wanted to show any respect for Carrie.

“Mrs. Fletcher, she must’ve stolen the test paper prior to this. No one could possibly score full marks!”

Lenora uttered.

Ysabelle retorted, “Shut the f*ck up, Lenora!” She would forever be supportive of Sophie.

“Be honest with me. How did you get the test before this?” Carrie was of the opinion that Sophie had cheated too.

Hearing that, Sophie snorted icily.

“Is it that hard to acknowledge someone else’s ability?”

“Sophie, I’m being calm right now. If you refuse to say anything, I’ll have to bring the matter to the principal,” Carrie warned.

“Whatever.”

Sophie wasn't about to entertain Carrie when the latter was being unreasonable.

Carrie declared, "All right. Just you wait. Jipsdale Premier High can tolerate students with bad results, but we'll definitely expel those who cheat!"

Jipsdale Premier High had this policy all along, so Sophie wouldn't be the exception.

Furious, Carrie marched out of the classroom and slammed the door shut in her wake.

The students of Senior Class 8 fell silent for a few moments before bursting into an uproar.

"D*mn it. Mrs. Fletcher has always been mean to us. If we score badly in our physics test, she has to bear some sort of responsibility too, right?"

"That's right! She often answers calls and plays games on her phone during class. Does she have a powerful background? Otherwise, why would she get to teach here?"

The students of Senior Class 8 had been unsatisfied with Carrie for a long time. She had gone too far with her actions today.

"All right. Everyone, calm down," Bobby announced. He went to Sophie and asked, "Sophie, you didn't cheat, right?"

“Bobby!” Ysabelle huffed.

“No,” Sophie responded nonchalantly.

Lenora snorted.

“Sophie, even if you were to cheat, you shouldn’t copy everything and get full marks. Be smart. Do you think anyone will believe you’re capable of getting full marks?”

“Sophie, if you did cheat, be honest. We can talk to the principal together. Mrs. Fletcher was rude, so I believe the principal won’t blame you after he learns about her attitude.”

“I said, I didn’t cheat!” Sophie’s patience was at its limit.

Right then, the principal’s assistant showed up.

“Sophie Tanner, the principal wants to see you at his office.”

Sophie got to her feet and zipped her uniform up.

“Soph, I’ll accompany you!” Ysabelle offered.

She meant what she said. If Soph gets expelled, I’ll leave the school with her!

“No need. I can handle this myself.”

In the principal’s office, Carrie was still complaining about Sophie.

“Mr. Langston, Jipsdale Premier High has been an elite school for decades. We can’t let one student ruin our reputation. It’s unacceptable that this has happened in Jipsdale Premier High!” Carrie raged.

“Sophie? Come, have a seat,” Andy said warmly.

Sophie padded over and sat on the couch across from Carrie.

Andy parted his lips to say, “I heard you scored full marks for your physics test this time, Sophie.”

Sophie inclined her head.

“But Mrs. Fletcher doesn’t think you’re capable of doing that, so she thinks you cheated. What is your explanation?”

“I didn’t cheat,” came Sophie’s answer.

Carrie sneered, “You were expelled from Horington High School but scored full marks for your physics test. Don’t you think your lie is too much of a stretch?”

“Mrs. Fletcher, please mind your words,” Andy reminded.

“Mr. Langston, I’m merely stating my doubts.”

Right then, Sophie asked, “Mrs. Fletcher, do you have evidence to prove that I cheated during the

test?"

"No. I refuse to believe that you can score full marks, though."

"Mrs. Fletcher!" Andy said, and there was a finality to his tone that warned her to stop talking.

Carrie is too rude to her students.