

## **Only For Her 321**

### Chapter 321

“You're so calm, Uncle Tristan! That being said, you're so cool like this!” said Ysabelle earnestly.

However, was it not normal to want the person you liked to remain with you at all times?

“Mr. Tristan, I know you must be suffering deep down. You needn't put on a brave front for our sake,

really. Why not take a look?” No matter how magnanimous one wanted to appear, a man could not be

this calm knowing that a rival wanted to confess their feelings for the person they fancied.

“There's no need. Plus, they are not to be disturbed,” said Tristan, shooting them a warning glare.

Charles and Sean shared a look.

Tristan's current behavior was foreign to them. After all, if Tristan liked something in the past, the rest of

them could barely sneak a second glance.

The fact that Tristan even allowed this to happen was beyond their expectations.

In the meantime, Sophie had gone to see Sunny.

When Sunny saw Sophie, he anxiously confessed, “Sophie, I'm not the one who needs to see you. It's

actually Mark. He's got something to tell you.”

Sunny knew he could not hide it anymore, thus he decided to come clean.

Sophie knitted her brows in response.

“Sunny, enough is enough! You've been messing around all night!” Sophie could be quite terrifying

when she became serious.

Immediately, Sunny began to try and appease her.

“Sophie, I'm not messing around! Is what I'm saying so hard to believe?” Sunny was, in fact, being

truthful the whole time. Why did Sophie think he was messing around?

“I don't know what's so great about Mr. Tristan! Are you getting mad at me because of him?”

Upon hearing this, Sophie could not help but let out an exasperated sigh.

If she had to be honest, Sunny was no longer a child.

Why is he behaving so childishly?

“Fine. I'm sorry, Sophie. I know I messed up. But Mark really needs to see you. Why don't you go to

him?”

“I understand. Just tell me where he is, and I'll go. That should settle things.” Regardless, they had

been her teammates for some time. One could say that they represented her redemption.

As such, she had always taken extra care of The Wheelers, given that they had never done anything to hurt her.

“Sophie, I knew you were the best! You wouldn't have stayed angry at me for long! You're so kind!”

Without further delay, Sunny told Sophie where to find Mark.

When Sophie arrived, Mark was sitting at the piano, playing one of her favorite songs.

Sophie decided not to bother him, instead choosing to listen to the song quietly.

Mark was concentrating on playing the piano, but something was different about him today. Instead of his usual demeanor, Mark seemed more striking and handsome than before.

Sophie waited until Mark finished playing before walking over and joining him on the bench.

“Let's play a song together!” Sophie was not too adept at playing the piano, but she knew the basics.

“Okay.” Mark had always fulfilled Sophie's requests. Playing a tune on the piano could not hurt.

“Let's play a song by Chopin,” said Sophie mildly.

Mark said nothing. He obediently performed a duet with her, the two of them being in perfect sync with each other.

If anything, Mark truly felt that he knew Sophie the best.

Regardless of what the task was, Mark thought they both made a good team.

Surely his desire to come clean about his feelings was not all that strange?

He was never one to complicate things, but Sophie was a different matter altogether. Mark was worried

that things were going to change. If he confessed, would they have ceased being friends too?

Or perhaps Mark's fault lay in caring too much. Why else did he feel so worried?

Soon, the duet came to an end.

Sophie merely sat there, making no indication that she was about to leave.

"Sunny said you have something to tell me, so I came over." No matter how uncomfortable it was,

Sophie had to face it. The same applied to Mark.

Mark sat there, motionless, seemingly in quiet contemplation. He then turned to look at her with an

earnest expression.

"Sophie, I think you can feel this too." She should have been able to feel the extent and depth of how

much he cared for her. It should have been obvious enough.

After hearing what Mark had to say, Sophie knew she made the right guess. He was going to say it.

“I like you, Sophie. I like you the way a man likes a woman. I want to take care of you for the rest of your life. I used to think you were still young, with so much lying ahead of you, but I can't hold back now. I'm just scared that if I don't say it now, I'll never have the opportunity again.”

Mark could only tell her how he really felt. The rest was out of his control.

Sophie felt sorry for Mark, seeing him in this current state. He only seemed to care about her right now.

He never wanted to kick the hornet's nest and cause Sophie any distress.

However, Mark had already started the ball rolling. Similar complications were what led to Sophie taking a break from The Wheelers the last time.

It was because she cared too much about their friendship that she chose to leave for a while.

When his confession was met with nothing but silence from Sophie, Mark became even more anxious.

He could vaguely sense the direction in which this conversation was heading, but why was he so intent

on holding on? Or was he so hell-bent on giving it a go that nothing mattered?

After all, he had a crush on her for three whole years.

“Sophie,” said Mark hesitantly. “Do you feel the way I do?”

Sophie gave him a gentle smile.

“Mark, regardless of what happens, I've always treated you as a sibling. You're like a brother to me.

Nothing is going to change that.”

As much as Sophie did not want to hurt him, she had no choice.

Alas, it was exactly as he imagined.

Mark knew that she was going to reject him, and he knew that Sophie fancied someone else. However,

hearing her say this to him in person had wounded him much harder than he expected.

Mark looked a little crestfallen.

Anyone who saw him in this state would have felt bad.

However, there was nothing Sophie could do.

This was how tricky love could be. One could not force another to like them, and there was no way

around it.

“Don't look at me like that, Sophie. I'm fine.” After all, had Mark not already anticipated this from the

start? Mark had been afraid of confessing his affection for her, which was why he kept them hidden for

so long. The reason why he even confessed at all was that he did not want to regret not telling her how

he felt.

“I'm sorry, Mark.”

“What are you apologizing for? You did nothing wrong. There's no need to apologize. You have your own desires to pursue, so don't worry about me. I'll be fine.”

Even up to this point, Mark still wanted to comfort Sophie.

He did not want Sophie to feel sad for his sake.

“We're still friends, right? We'll be friends forever.” Mark had no desire to forsake this friendship. “Don't worry. I'll keep my feelings in check,” said Mark reassuringly.

Sophie then nodded in response.

“I guess... I'll be off then.” Mark then turned around to leave, seeming like he wanted to escape from this scenario.

Regardless of how cold he looked before, the current Mark seemed like quite a pitiful soul.

Sophie sat by herself in front of the piano. With both hands on the keys, she started to play a tune.

This time, she played one of Mark's favorite songs.

Even though she did not want to hurt him, the damage was done. In truth, Sophie had no desire to see him this way.

A while later, Tristan came over to see Sophie, but he saw Mark leave the area with an extremely grim expression on his face.

Without eavesdropping, Tristan could deduce what had happened there.

## Chapter 322

Tristan did not feel like consoling Mark since the latter had been eyeing his girl, and he was mad about it.

Mark was relieved that Tristan had come to look for Sophie.

No matter how capable Sophie had become, Mark still thought of her as the little girl whom others would abandon—just like what had happened to her years ago.

Sunny could somewhat predict the outcome when he saw Tristan coming alone.

He walked over and patted Mark's shoulder.

“It's all right, Mark. I know you're very fond of Sophie, but trust me, you'll meet a girl who's more extraordinary than Sophie. And you'll hold a special place in her heart.”



At that point, Mark felt he had no regrets. At least I've confessed my feelings for her.

He said to Sunny, "Come on. Let's get the others and go for a drink."

Sunny was relieved to see Mark's response. Without hesitation, he went to call the rest over.

All the members could not help but sympathize with Mark upon noticing how heartbroken he was for he had yet to start a relationship with someone.

Meanwhile, Tristan went to look for Sophie, who was playing the piano.

He walked up to her and sat beside her to keep her company.

Seeing how close Sophie was to Mark made him unhappy.

After playing the last note of the piece, Sophie tilted her head to look at him. "What are you doing here?

Where are Ysabelle and the rest?"

"Don't worry about them. They're having fun in the club."

Tristan then grabbed her hand. "Sophie, you're full of surprises. I didn't know you could play the piano!

Could you play me a song?"

"Sure. What do you have in mind?"

“How about Marriage of Love?” Tristan was eager to listen to this piece.

Sophie had no problem playing it. She took out her phone to look for the score of “Marriage of Love.”

After placing her phone on the stand, she said, “I've never played this piece of music before, so don't make fan of me if I screw up.”

Sophie could not play the piece well as she was unfamiliar with it. In addition to that, she also did not major in piano.

“Of course, I won't. To me, you're perfect.” Tristan would enjoy listening to everything she played.

Sophie started running her beautiful fingers on the keys and dedicated “Marriage of Love” to Tristan.

Tristan sat next to Sophie while watching her quietly. She looked very different when playing the piano, and Tristan was pleased to see her in such a calm manner.

At that point, he felt the urge to protect the girl.

During the second part of the piece, Tristan placed his fingers on the piano keys and started playing alongside Sophie.

Sophie could not resist looking at the man. She did not know Tristan could also play the piano.

Apparently, Tristan had taken piano lessons for two years when he was still a child, but he had not

touched the instrument for years.

Nonetheless, his eidetic memory had helped him remember the skills he had acquired in that two years.

Moreover, “Marriage of Love” was not a difficult piece to play on the piano, to begin with.

That was why the two of them could play well together.

After ending the last note, Tristan and Sophie exchanged glances and smiled at each other.

Despite not having any rehearsals, they managed to work flawlessly together.

“You've taken piano lessons before?” Sophie thought a man like Tristan would never waste time on such a skill.

“Yes. I'd taken piano lessons for two years.”

“Just two years?”

“Yes!”

“You're gifted in music, Mr. Tristan. You would have become a professional pianist had you continued practicing.”

“I have no interest in becoming a pianist. Come to think of it, I guess the only interest I have is making money.” Tristan still preferred a life that focused more on important matters.

Sophie nodded in agreement. “I thought so too. Had you continued playing the piano, there wouldn't be an influential Mr. Tristan in Jipsdale anymore.”

After sitting in front of the piano for a while, Tristan got up and extended his hand.

“All right. Your time with them is up. You belong to me now.”

Tristan accepted the idea of dining with the others because he did not want to interfere in her life, but now, she was his exclusively.

Sophie raised her brows. “I told you I'm not celebrating my birthday, right? We're just having dinner as usual.”

To Sophie, there was no point wasting so much time on a birthday celebration.

“Don't think of it as your birthday. Let's consider today as your coming-of-age ceremony. You're officially an adult now!” Tristan said affectionately. “You'll encounter many uncertainties in the future, and I want to be by your side.”

“Mr. Tristan—■” Sophie's heart started racing upon hearing his words.

Suddenly, her heart, which had remained dormant for years, came to life and was almost in her mouth.

"Come on. Let's go!"

Tristan and Sophie walked out and only saw Ysabelle, Felix, Charles, and Sean.

"Where are Mark and the others?" Sophie asked.

"Mark said something cropped up, and they had to leave first. Oh, he left you a gift." Ysabelle took out a gift box from the back of a chair.

Though Sophie had said she did not want to celebrate her birthday, the others still prepared gifts for her.

Sophie took over Mark's gift.

Upon recalling the disappointment on Mark's face, she felt she had let him down.

"Don't worry about it, Sophie. There's nothing you can do since you have no feelings for him. I'm sure

Mark won't blame you for rejecting him. After all, you two had been friends for many years, right?"

Ysabelle consoled her.

"Yeah," Sophie replied.

“Here. This is my gift to you. Sophie, I know my gift doesn't hold a candle to that stone, but I hope you'll still appreciate it.” Sophie held a special place in Ysabelle's heart, so she wanted to get something special for the birthday girl. Yet, Ysabelle could not find the gift Sophie wanted. In the end, she bought her a diamond instead.

“Thank you.” It would be inappropriate for her to insist on not celebrating her birthday since they all had brought her gifts.

In the meantime, Felix, Charles, and Sean also handed their gifts to Sophie.

There were so many gifts that Sophie began to feel overwhelmed.

Tristan had to step in to help her carry some.

“Well, it's time for us to leave now,” Ysabelle said with a chuckle. It's Sophie's coming-of-age ceremony.

I'm sure Uncle Tristan has a lot of things to talk to her about! The four of us should leave quietly instead of becoming a bunch of third wheels.

After realizing Tristan was casting her a glare, Ysabelle immediately held Felix's hand and was ready to go. Before leaving, she could not help but remind, “Uncle Tristan, Sophie might have entered adulthood, but she's still a young girl.”

Despite knowing she was not in any position to make that remark, Ysabelle still decided to say what was on her mind. She liked Sophie so much that she did not want anyone, including Tristan, to hurt her.

“Ysabelle, are you mad? How dare you talk to your uncle like that? Come on, let's go. He knows what he's doing.” Felix was so worried for her that he nearly broke out in a cold sweat.

Chapter 323

When only the two of them remained, Tristan opened the car door and beckoned her in.

After putting all the gifts into the trunk, he then started the engine and drove to the car dealership.

The store should have already been closed by now.

Yet, it remained lit at their arrival, and the manager welcomed them personally.

“The car you ordered has arrived, Mr. Tristan. I'll lead you to it at once.”

With a nod, Tristan held Sophie by the waist and followed the manager.

As they made their way to the showroom, the employees then removed a piece of cloth to unveil what was underneath it: a crimson sports car.

The fiery red vehicle looked especially sleek and magnificent. Judging from its appearance alone, it had to have cost a ton.

Tristan was rather pleased with the car too. He firmly believed that only something like this was worthy of being driven by Sophie.

"What do you think? Do you like it?"

"I thought I told you I don't need a car, Mr. Tristan." Besides, this is way too expensive! A ride like this must cost tens of millions!

"Mr. Tristan had this car designed especially for you a month ago, Ms. Tanner," the manager explained.

"It's the only one available in the whole country."

Is she playing hard to get? Mr. Tristan's giving her such a nice car, and she says she doesn't want it?

Does she have any idea how many people come here just to buy cars for their girlfriends or partners?

There hasn't been any girl who isn't happy to receive one —except for her, that is. Heck, even I'd want something like this!

"Okay. You can all leave." Tristan didn't want to talk about such things with Sophie in front of other people.

"Yes, Mr. Tristan."



The manager left with the other staff members.

“Hop in and give it a go.”

In any case, Sophie was an adult now, so having a car would be extremely convenient for her.

Well aware that she couldn't say no, the woman hopped onto the driver's seat as Tristan took the passenger's seat.

She then took the car for a spin. Its performance certainly matched its appearance, and she felt comfortable driving it.

After going on a drive around Jipsdale with Tristan, Sophie was ultimately satisfied with her new ride.

“Thank you,” she said as she drove back to Wisteria Apartments. Just as she thought the day was over,

Tristan called out to her.

“Let's go. I have another gift for you.”

“There's more? But I think you've been more than generous enough with this car, Mr. Tristan!”

“I have something else for you. This car is also for my benefit. I hope you can come and pick me up when I'm busy at times, so we'd save some time and I'd get to see you sooner.”

Sophie didn't know how to respond.

Tristan took over the steering wheel.

The rain had stopped by now, and the weather began to clear.

One could even see the stars in the sky now.

Tristan took her to the observatory.

“What did you bring me here for?” Sophie couldn't understand why they were heading to such a place

at this hour. Wouldn't it be closed by now? Then again, no place seems to be closed as long as he

wants to go there. But still! Why is he taking me to the observatory, of all places?

As they arrived at the observatory, Tristan presented her two certificates.

“You told me the last time that you wanted the stars in the sky, so I bought you two of them.”

Sophie was rendered speechless.

“I... I was kidding.”

How did he actually buy two stars?

She glanced at the certificates and saw that he had bought two stars that were next to each other.

One had been named Sophie Tanner, and the other was Tristan Lombard.

“I'd been keeping a lookout ever since you told me that, and it just so happened that someone discovered these two stars, so I bought them and named them after us.”

He had once told her that he would do everything in his power to get her whatever she wanted.

Evidently, he meant it.

"Mr. Tristan..."

It looks like I can't run my mouth around him anymore, or he'd actually take me seriously!

“Don't worry. It didn't cost all that much. Come, let's take a look.” Tristan led her over to the telescope and guided her on how to view the stars.

"Well? Do you see them?"

Sophie nodded.

She could clearly see the two stars shining in the dark sky.

"They're beautiful."

How could she not feel touched?

To have someone listen to every word you say and make your wishes come true, to have a man treat you this way—who wouldn't be moved?

After viewing the stars, Sophie turned around and gave Tristan a hug on her own initiative.

“You're just like those ancient kings who moved mountains for the women they loved, Mr. Tristan.” She wasn't even serious when asking for the stars, but he had made it happen anyway.

“Not exactly. The difference between them and me is that I won't suffer the same miserable fates that they did.”

The woman fell quiet.

Then, Tristan leaned closer and kissed her on the lips.

A large cluster of stars could be seen right above their heads, and it was at this very moment that the two kissed ever so passionately.

Even Sophie couldn't help but reciprocate the kiss. She had truly fallen in love with this man who was capable of just about anything, and this love certainly wasn't one-sided. Because of everything he did for her, she wanted to protect him and care for him the same way he did.

When they were done, Sophie lay her head on his chest, her heart still beating wildly.

Tristan rested his chin on the top of her head, quietly hoping their moment of intimacy would never

pass.

“Happy birthday, my girl,” he said lovingly as the clock struck twelve. “I hope to be able to celebrate all your birthdays with you from now on.”

Sophie glanced up at him. As she gazed into his eyes full of affection, she couldn't resist tiptoeing and pecking him on the lips.

"Thank you."

So, this is what it feels like to have someone pour their heart into you and care about you every second of the day.

Every gift he prepared for her had been well-thought-out and amounted to exorbitant prices.

Yet, those weren't important; what mattered most was that he truly loved her.

She also knew too well that someone like Tristan was born to be served by others, and for him to try and please her was an absolute privilege many others could only hope for.

Tristan deepened the kiss.

“There's no need to thank me. Everything I do for you, I do it willingly. What I ask for in return is your future.”

As a businessman, he would never invest in anything that resulted in a loss.

Despite having been kissed until she was now in a daze, Sophie's head remained clear when it came to his persistence and love toward her.

It was past midnight when they headed back to Wisteria Apartments after gazing at the two stars that now belonged to them.

"You should just stay here tonight. It's late," the young woman offered, her eyes twinkling so brightly that it was as though anyone who looked into them would be charmed instantly.

Chapter 324

Tristan naturally couldn't have asked for more.

Sophie stepped aside to allow him in and closed the door.

"It's way past bedtime. Go take a shower and sleep." Daylight would soon come if they waited any longer.

"Okay. You too."

Sophie had offered to let Tristan stay the night simply because she figured that it would be far too late by the time he arrived home.

She had no other motive behind her decision.

The two went to shower separately. When Sophie had come out and was in the middle of drying her hair, Tristan walked into her room.

Her heart couldn't help but leap at the sight of him in her room.

Clad in nothing but a robe that wasn't even properly fastened, the man was the epitome of seduction.

Sophie paused in her tracks.

“Why are you still awake? Is something the matter?” she asked dubiously.

Tristan took the hairdryer from her and began to help her dry her hair.

“I don't want to part with you yet.”

The woman didn't know what to say in response.

Never had she imagined this man to behave in such a way before she got to know him better.

He's just so charming. Oh, God. My heart's racing.

“Are you aware that you're seducing me, Mr. Tristan?”

Hearing that, Tristan curled his lips into a smirk.

“Tell me, then. Are you tempted?” Was that not what mattered most?

“Fine! I admit it. I mean, look at you! There's no way anyone wouldn't be tempted, right?” Sophie

remarked candidly. She had nothing to hide.

“Hmm. So, I guess there is some advantage to looking as good as this.”

All this while, his looks had only brought him loads of trouble.

“Yup. You're absolutely my type.”

Regardless of how good someone looked, it didn't matter if the person they liked didn't find them

attractive. Thankfully, Tristan's looks suited her taste perfectly; in her eyes, he was flawless all around

and had absolutely no shortcomings.

“I'm glad.”

Sophie's hair was dry by now, so Tristan put the hairdryer down. As the woman leaned against the wall

behind her, he placed one hand on her waist and pressed the other against the wall.

He looked especially alluring when maintaining that posture.

Sophie remained silent as she gazed up at him, unaware of how captivating her eyes looked.

Tristan shifted his hand from the wall to hold the young woman's chin before leaning in to kiss her lips.



While pinned against the wall, Sophie readily returned the deep kiss.

After a brief but passionate moment, the man let go of her face, picked her up, and pressed her against the wall once more. His breathing grew rapid.

"It's late, Mr. Tristan. You should go to sleep." Sophie finally found her voice again after a long while, but she was astonished by how lustful she sounded.

"I know. Let me hold you a little longer."

He just didn't want to let go of her. It was as though time could stop for as long as he continued to hug her.

"But it's getting really late. I'm tired." The woman was truly exhausted from having spent the day eating and receiving so many gifts-

Hearing that, Tristan picked her up.

Sophie had long grown accustomed to his embrace, so she looped her arms around his neck without a second thought.

He then put her down on the bed gently and tucked her in.

“All right. Since you're tired, you should hurry up and get some rest.”

“How can I fall asleep while you're here? You should go to sleep too.”

“Okay.”

Tristan leaned closer and pecked her on the forehead before turning to leave.

Even after hearing the door shut, Sophie felt her heart continue to race.

She placed a hand over her chest.

Seriously! How is it so easy for him to make my heart race? But then again, how could I ever stay calm

when I'm dealing with a man like him?

“Stay calm, Sophie!” The young woman patted her own cheeks in an attempt to calm herself down

before glancing at her phone. It was already five in the morning, and the sun would be up soon.

A call from Arius came at that moment.

Sophie answered her phone.

“Do you have any idea what time it is here, Mr. Gullifer? Why are you calling me now?”

“You're so mean, Sophie. I'm calling you because I remember your birthday!” Although the man was

unable to return to the country, he still hadn't forgotten her birthday gift.

“Ha. Sorry, but my birthday was yesterday.”

“That's not important! It's just a day later.” He was so busy that he had forgotten to call her yesterday.

“Anyway, I've mailed you your gift, so be sure to receive it when it reaches your doorstep.”

"What is it?"

Arius had always been like that. For the past few years, the man would always mail her some unusual things on her birthday.

“It wouldn't be a surprise if I told you, would it? Anyway, why are you even still awake? What are you up to?”

After her birthday, she had officially become an adult.

“I'm just about to sleep.”

“Who were you just with? Was it Mr. Tristan?”

Arius couldn't remain calm at the mention of Tristan.

“Let me give you a reminder, Sophie. I get that you're eighteen now, and that makes you a grown

woman. But no matter what, you're still young, so don't do anything you might regret.” He just couldn't

trust Tristan, who excelled at flirting.

That guy's just way too smooth. There isn't a woman on this earth who wouldn't fall for him.

"If you have nothing else to say, I'm hanging up. I need to get some sleep before the sun comes up."

"Remember what I just said. Don't act like you didn't hear anything, you got me? I'm saying this for your own good." Seriously, she just can't stop making me worry.

"Okay, I'm hanging up." What a load of nonsense.

Sophie ended the call abruptly.

Arius was alone back in Anglandur.

There was nothing he could do no matter how concerned he was.

At the end of the day, Sophie was an independent person who had her own opinions. He could hardly make any decisions for her.

"Please be happy, Sophie."

It was only after uttering those words that Arius carried on with his research.

The man truly wanted the best for Sophie no matter what.

After all, if he had to choose between Nicholas and Tristan, he would still take the latter's side.

Nicholas was an absolute deviant, after all.

He's been looking for me just so he could use me to threaten Sophie.

Arius' head hurt at the thought of how despicable Nicholas was.

He obviously can't give her happiness, so why does he still bother going after her? Does he really like

her? When will he ever give up?

Chapter 325

Due to having gone to bed so late last night, Sophie unexpectedly overslept.

It was past ten in the morning by the time she woke up.

The young woman thought Tristan would have left by now.

Yet, she stepped out of her room after washing up, only to see the man learning how to cook from

Susan.

"You're up, Ms. Tanner!" Susan exclaimed with a smile. "Have a seat at the dining table. Mr. Lombard's

making you breakfast!"

"Really?"

Sophie walked over curiously, and true enough, the man was cooking for her.

“Why aren't you at work?”

Isn't today a working day?

“I overslept, so I decided not to go. Go sit over there. Breakfast will be ready soon.” It was rare for

Tristan to cook. Given his background, he was never obligated to do such chores.

However, from the moment he saw Susan preparing Sophie's breakfast, he suddenly had the urge to

cook up a meal for the latter.

Fortunately, he was agile and a fast learner, so it didn't take Susan much effort to guide him. They just

weren't sure how the food would taste.

Sophie sat at the dining table obediently.

Before long, Tristan and Susan brought all the food to the table.

“Mr. Lombard is amazing! I can't believe this is his first time cooking. Not bad, huh?” Susan couldn't

resist praising.

A lot of rich men think they can get everything they need with money, so all they think about is

splurging on their girlfriends instead of actually putting in any effort. Mr. Lombard must really like Ms.

Tanner to willingly make breakfast for her! And he looked so happy doing it too.

"Right? Mr. Lombard's the best in anything he does. There's nothing in this world he can't do."

Having slept well, Sophie was in a good mood. Thus, she agreed with Susan and spared no effort in complimenting the man.

"Okay, enough with the compliments. Give it a try first. It's my first time doing this, so I don't know how it would turn out."

Despite having spent the whole morning trying to make breakfast, he didn't want her to eat it if she didn't like it.

Sophie picked up her cutlery and gave the food a try as Tristan stared at her in anticipation.

"How is it? Is it edible?"

He looked just like a child waiting to be praised by a teacher.

Even Susan couldn't help but feel envious.

They're a match made in heaven!

"Well? Is it okay? You don't have to eat it if it's not. We can grab some food outside."

In any case, he didn't want her to suffer.

Sophie took a mouthful of the oatmeal in front of her.

“Don't worry, Mr. Tristan. I won't give myself a hard time. To be completely honest, the food tastes good.”

It wasn't just because he had the heart to make her breakfast; he genuinely did a good job.

“You should try some too!”

He must've been so busy all morning that he hasn't eaten.

“Have fun, you two. I'll be heading back now,” Susan didn't want to be a third wheel. “You don't have to clean up when you're done, okay? I'll come back and take care of it later.”

“Thanks, Susan.”

Sophie was pleased with the housekeeper Tristan had hired.

She cooks really well, and most importantly, she knows what questions to ask and what not to ask. It's nice interacting with her.

After Susan had left, only the two of them remained in the dining room.

Sophie scooped Tristan a bowl of oatmeal.



The man tasted some, and to his surprise, it didn't taste bad at all.

After trying the other dishes he had made and realizing that none of them tasted weird, the man finally breathed a sigh of relief.

"I'm not as good of a cook as Mark is, but I'll be sure to practice."

Sophie was bewildered.

What is he thinking? Why is he comparing himself to Mark? Everyone's talented in their own way!

There's no need to compare.

"You don't need to compare yourself to Mark, Mr. Tristan. You're you," she reminded sincerely.

Besides, he's a busy man. He doesn't have to waste his time doing such things.

"But I'll cook for you as long as you like it." Work was important, but it was still necessary to spend some time enhancing one's life.

"I do like it. How about we cook together next time?" That would mean so much more, wouldn't it?

"Sure! Let's do that." Yet, how could he ever allow that? Those hands of hers were too precious to cook. They were meant to perform surgeries and save lives.

It was eleven o'clock by the time they finished breakfast, so technically, the meal they just had felt more

like lunch.

“Are you going to school this afternoon?” No matter how brilliant Sophie was, she was still a student — one in senior year, at that — so she had to put a lot of effort into her studies.

“I have to.”

“Then, I’ll drop you off before heading to Lombard Group.”

“There’s no need for that. School is just ten minutes away!”

You’ve already spent way too much time on me!

“But I want to, even if it’s only five minutes away.” Isn’t it normal for men to give their girlfriends a ride?

He wanted to be like those men too.

“Fine. If that’s what you want.”

She had nothing to say about this as long as he was happy.

Since they had both woken up late, they ended up laying on the couch and watching Mark’s concert instead of taking a lunch break.

“Why are we watching this again? Didn’t we already watch them live?” Tristan couldn’t understand what

she was up to.

“We did. The Wheelers are super popular now, but since I intend to start a management company, I want to take them to the next level and turn them into the most famous band in Aploth.” Although this was her goal, she had never shared it with the band members as she didn't want to put them under any pressure.

In truth, she didn't understand the entertainment industry very well, but she could learn anything she wanted.

Now, the woman's task was to spot any of The Wheelers' shortcomings and address them so she could turn them into the perfect, invincible band.

"You can do it."

Lombard Group had no part in the entertainment industry, but he could venture into it if that was what she wanted.

“By the way, I'm thinking of signing Ysabelle. Do you think your brother would go after me if I did that?”

Lincoln didn't want his daughter delving into showbiz, after all.

“Do you think Ysabelle has what it takes?” Ysabelle was certainly talented, but Tristan was concerned

that the complicated entertainment industry wouldn't be a good fit for someone like her.

"She does. Most importantly, she really likes singing."

Ysabelle's always wanted to sing, so I hope I can help her realize her dreams.

Chapter 326

"Okay. You can do as you please. As for Lincoln, you don't have to worry about that because I'll deal with him."

In Tristan's opinion, getting exposure to the entertainment industry wasn't bad.

The Lombard family already had a few capable figures to inherit the family business, so Ysabelle was free to pursue her interest.

Sophie wrapped her arms around Tristan's and leaned on him.

"Mr. Tristan, why are you so nice?" His promises had eliminated all her doubts and worries.

"Now that you know I'm nice, you'll have to treasure me in the future, all right?" he said jokingly.

"Okay."

"In this case, am I considered your boyfriend now?" He realized she had never officially confirmed his status.

That thought took him by surprise because he never knew there would be a moment when he would yearn for another person's acknowledgment.

Sophie was amused.

"Okay. I agree. I allow you to be my boyfriend," she uttered magnanimously.

Although Tristan had always known they would end up together, he could not help feeling happy after listening to her response. A contented sense of being acknowledged by her filled his chest.

Taking in his elated demeanor, Sophie's mood brightened as well.

"By the way, do you require capital for your agency? Let me know if you do." He could provide her with resources in terms of both monetary and labor if she needed them.

"I don't need it for now." The amount of money in her possession was sufficient to fund an entertainment company.

"Do you know? I do wish that you would depend on me." Sophie could do well in every aspect of her life, so Tristan felt his existence wasn't at all essential to her, and that caused him to feel slightly insecure.

“Okay. I promise I'll let you know if I need your help.”

“All right.”

At two o'clock in the afternoon, Tristan personally sent Sophie to the entrance of Jipsdale Premier High.

“We're here. Since this is a school, you don't have to walk me in.” She halted before the front gate.

“Okay. Let's have dinner together.”

“That won't do. I've already agreed to meet up with Mark and the others.” They were about to release a new album, so many details were pending confirmation.

Tristan fell silent. Am I getting neglected right after we officially established our relationship?

“Didn't we stay together for the whole night yesterday?”

“Fine. Give me a call after you're done with your work. I'll pick you up.” He had no choice but to concede because he knew she was an opinionated person and wouldn't entirely obey him.

Right after Ysabelle got out of her car, she saw Sophie and her uncle. Then, she immediately jogged toward them.

“Sophie, you didn't attend the classes in the morning. Tell me. Where did you go, and what did you do last night?”

Although Sophie had come of age yesterday, she was undoubtedly still young. There were some things she shouldn't be doing yet.

Tristan disregarded Ysabelle's words. He bade farewell to Sophie and turned around to leave.

"Uncle Tristan is so heartless. He completely ignored me just now!" Ysabelle was mad because Tristan had acted as if she was invisible earlier. Is my sense of presence that weak?

"That's enough. Let me tell you some good news. Your uncle has given you the green light to enter the entertainment industry."

Tristan was a competent and almighty person, so he definitely had the ability to realize his promise.

Ysabelle grabbed Sophie's arm and asked excitedly, "Are you serious?" My Uncle Tristan really said yes! I thought I would be forced to leave Jipsdale. As long as Uncle Tristan can convince my dad, I'll be able to continue staying here.

"I'm serious."

Ysabelle embraced Sophie while smiling radiantly.

"Sophie, you're indeed my lucky star. Everything in my life is smooth sailing with you around."

Sophie did not reply.

She allowed Ysabelle to hug her while she looked at the latter affectionately.

“Still, no matter what, although my Uncle Tristan had done me a great favor, you must remember you're still young. Wait a few more years and keep an open mind. We're still in the springtime of our life, and there are endless possibilities of how our future will pan out, so don't offer yourself to any man yet.

What if you don't like my Uncle Tristan anymore in the future? Am I right?”

Ysabelle was risking her life to give that advice to Sophie. If Uncle Tristan hears me saying these things, he'll choke me to death. But I can't help it because I like Sophie so much, so I don't want to see her getting hurt.

Sophie felt helpless.

“Ysabelle, we are of similar age. Why are you counseling me like an old woman? I know what I'm doing, so don't worry.”

She knew Ysabelle had her best interest at heart, but she was truly aware of her own actions and decisions.

“I'm glad to hear that. You spent the night with Uncle Tristan, right? Did you two do it?” Ysabelle asked



straightforwardly.

Sophie glanced at her. Now I see. She's worried about this matter.

“Nope. You can rest assured!”

As that period was the final semester of senior year, there were plenty of things to do at school and frequent examinations inserted into their schedule. Sophie had her Ustranasion language test that day.

After she was done with her examination in the afternoon, Sophie brought Ysabelle to meet with Mark and the others.

When Sophie and Ysabelle arrived, Mark and his band were practicing the song Sophie had composed.

Ysabelle still loved the song very much regardless of how many times she had heard it.

Moreover, different emotions filled her chest every time she listened to the tune, causing her to feel energized and motivated.

At that moment, all five members of The Wheelers were performing that piece.

Watching them practice was like enjoying their concert. Ysabelle fell into a daze as she enjoyed the

brilliant show.

Taking in her friend's demeanor, Sophie could not help but grin. As I expected, she genuinely likes singing and is obsessed with everything related to it.

Mark noticed their arrival, so he took a break after they were done rehearsing that song.

“Do you want to come up the stage and give this a try?” Mark said to Ysabelle.

She stared at him in utter disbelief.

“Are you talking to me? Can I really do that?” She had never imagined she would have a chance to collaborate with The Wheelers.

The band members could not contain their amusement when they saw her stunned and adorable reaction.

Sunny stretched out his hand at her.

“Come on! Come up on the stage and give it a try. Don't you like singing?” Sunny's warm and gentle voice was motivational.

Ysabelle got on the stage without realizing how she had done it. However, when she stood in front of the microphone, listening to the accompaniment behind her and tapping her hand according to the

beat, she immersed herself in the moment.

Her voice was pleasant and sweet, giving an entirely different vibe to the song as she sang.

Nonetheless, the music was still a treat to the ears.

“Ysabelle is quite gifted. I believe she'll become a popular female singer in the future once she receives professional coaching.” Mark approved of her talent.

Sophie nodded.

“That's right. I think so too. Aren't you all recording for the new album now? Help me to give her some pointers.” Only by participating in the process of recording an album in person could Ysabelle know how to become a singer.

That way, she wouldn't be so clueless and frantic when it was her turn to record an album.

“Okay, no problem. Leave this matter to us.”

The band members of The Wheelers would diligently carry out any tasks assigned to them by Sophie.

Besides, Ysabelle had a friendly personality, so it was relatively easy for them to get along well.

After finishing performing one song, Ysabelle felt highly exhilarated. She got down from the stage and

strode over to Sophie.

“Sophie, I love this feeling so much. I think I like to be on stage, and I enjoy myself when I'm up there. I

want to become a singer. Therefore, I will persevere no matter what.”

Chapter 327

“I got it. Rest assured, you'll be like The Wheelers in the future.”

Sophie was somewhat aware of Ysabelle's career plan.

“Go and hang out with the others for a while longer. Mark and I still have some matters to discuss.”

“Okay.” Ysabelle was obviously more than glad to hear that.

She readily approached the other band members. As they hung out, Sunny and the rest taught her how

to perfect her singing skills.

Ysabelle paid full attention.

When she grew exhausted, she sat down below the stage with sweat beading on her forehead. Sunny

then handed her a tissue.

“Sunny, how is Mark feeling?” Mark must've confessed to Sophie last night! But there probably isn't a

good outcome since the person Sophie likes is Uncle Tristan.

“Let's not talk about that. I'm sure Mark will meet a girl who loves him wholeheartedly in the future.”

Sunny did not ramble on that topic since he thought there was nothing anyone could do to change how one romantically felt toward another person.

“He must be feeling horrible, isn't he?” She asked that question purely out of sheer concern. After all, Mark was her favorite singer.

“He seems fine on the outside, but he probably doesn't feel that great deep inside.” The members were well aware of Mark's feelings toward Sophie.

How can he possibly not be heartbroken after getting rejected by the girl he loves? It's just that he probably doesn't want anyone of us to worry for him since he has always been taking up the task of caring for us.

“So, does he hope for Sophie to completely disappear from his life?”

Sunny stared at her as if he was looking at a lunatic.

“What are you thinking? Sophie is also a member of The Wheelers. How can she possibly leave?”

There's no way Mark will think that way. Even if there's no love between them, there's still friendship.

"I'm just worried that Mark will be upset when he sees Sophie."

"He'll probably feel more upset if he doesn't get to see her."

Ysabelle did not quite know how to react to that.

After all, she had never dated and barely had any personal experiences.

Meanwhile, Sophie briefly looked through the eleven songs in the new album.

"What do you think?" The band had been diligently making preparations while abroad, and included inside the album was a fair share of creation by every member.

"It's pretty good, but there are some parts that still need to be perfected."

"Don't worry. We're still making some changes. It isn't the finalized version." This is the first album we're releasing after parting ways with Clayton's company. It must be a success.

"Anyway, what do you think of your agent? Do you want to change to another one? I'll begin looking for other potential candidates if necessary."

"There's no need. Jonathan has been with us since our debut. I think he's pretty good."

"Jonathan is indeed a nice guy. He's even willing to leave Sky Media for us." Sophie's company had yet to begin operations, and no one knew if things would work out. Nevertheless, the fact that Jonathan

was willing to give up Sky Media was a testament that he was emotionally attached to The Wheelers.

“I'm done with the contract. I'll email you a copy tonight. You guys can have a look at it.”

She believed they should raise any requests they had since they were friends.

“Sure.”

“Since it's almost time, let's go and have a meal together if there's nothing else.”

“All right, everyone. Let's pack our stuff and head out for a meal,” said Mark to Ysabelle and the other members who were in the middle of practice.

With that, the group of seven went to a restaurant nearby.

The big group decided to dine at a pizza place.

They ordered around ten pizzas because Mark and the other guys in the group had a huge appetite.

Not only that, Mark had also ordered many meat dishes.

“Aren't you guys worried about your body figure?” Ysabelle was a little taken aback at the sight of the amount of food they ordered.

People in the entertainment industry, regardless of their gender, were generally particularly conscious

about their body figures.

Barely anyone would indulge in a feast like that.

“Ysabelle, how dare you claim that you're a huge fan of ours when you don't know about this? Do you

think there's a need for us to watch our diets given our figure?” Sunny proudly stated.

We love to sing, but that doesn't mean we have to give up enjoying our life, right?

“Are you sure about that, Sophie? Are you sure you want to sign the contract with a band that does

whatever they please?”

Mark scooped a bowl of soup for Sophie.

“Finish this. What's wrong with you? Why does it seem like your appetite has gotten smaller?” She's

eating way too little.

Mark was evidently not satisfied with Sophie's diet.

If truth be told, he did not know how to cook in the past.

However, since Sophie joined the band, he had gradually learned how to whip up dishes after learning

about her poor diet. It eventually came to a point where he no longer ordered takeout.

Now that he saw how little Sophie was eating, he had the urge to cook for her again.



“I'm fine. Isn't it normal for girls to have a smaller appetite?” She had a poor appetite and could not eat much despite the table of delicacies in front of her.

“You know what, Sophie? You're skinny enough and have a good body figure. There's no need for you to lose any more weight.”

Ysabelle also nodded her head in agreement with Sunny's statement.

“Just look at Ysabelle! She looks so healthy.”

Sophie lifted the bowl of soup and took a sip.

Fine. They all have an issue with my diet, huh?

“Sophie, I think Mark is actually a pretty amazing man.” Anyone could tell that Mark meant well for Sophie.

“Ysabelle, that's enough, okay?” She could not find a response to Mark's words and hence did not see the need to continue with the topic as that would only make things awkward for everyone.

“All right, I got it. Don't worry; I won't bring this up again.”

Walking out from the private room, they ran into Clayton.

At the sight of Mark and the others, Clayton walked toward them with a sneer on his face.

“Isn't this The Wheelers? How are you guys doing after leaving Sky Media? There probably aren't any jobs for you guys, huh?”

The band didn't appear on any program broadcasted on the various television channels during the festive season.

Back then, Clayton was extremely dissatisfied when he learned of The Wheelers' intention to terminate their contract. Nonetheless, he ultimately had no choice but to contain his anger and accept the fact because of Tristan.

Naturally, he could not hold back from adding fuel to the fire now that he ran into The Wheelers again.

“Look, Sky Media is still doing fine after you left us!”

Sky Media even debuted another idol group after The Wheelers' departure.

That idol group was immensely popular now.

“You guys wouldn't be so pathetic if you chose to stay back then.”

Fury boiled within Sunny at the sight of Clayton.

“Even if we die of hunger, we won't want to stay with your company. What kind of company is that? It's

totally a bloodsucking company!”

The company had always overworked them and was unbothered whether the members' bodies could take it. They wanted a band that was both obedient and profitable to the company.

“You're still putting on a tough front at this point? You guys are currently no different from being blacklisted. Mark, do you believe that no company will want you guys?”

Clayton was a narrow-minded person. It was obvious The Wheelers had completely offended him.

Hence, he was bent on not letting The Wheelers rise to fame no matter what kind of price he should pay.

Chapter 328

Mark glanced at Clayton as he sneered. “Is that so? We are about to release a new album. I'm sure we can compete with that new idol group of yours by then.”

“Who is so foolish enough to release an album for you guys? Isn't that person afraid of ending up with no profits at all?” Clayton retorted straightforwardly, “One word of advice from me. Don't think of surviving in the entertainment industry after leaving Sky Media! I will never give you guys a chance to start again!”

Clayton's assistant, Wilbur Lynch, chimed in as well, "Yeah! Do you guys think you are outstanding?

What a bunch of ungrateful pricks! You guys won't even reach where you are today without Sky

Media's help!"

Even though The Wheelers brought in an abundance of profits that helped to fund the company, they

were rebellious and disobedient. They had always caused trouble. All Sky Media wanted was profit-

making machines, so they didn't care about the dreams and goals of The Wheelers.

Sunny grabbed Wilbur's collar in a fit of rage. "What's your problem? Do you want to fight? I've always

disliked you. Who do you think you are? You're nothing more than a rabid dog!"

The Wheelers had always been the target of Wilbur's bullying back in the days when they were still in

Sky Media.

Now that we have left the company, I can't believe he has the audacity to lecture us!

"Heh. Try to lay your fingers on me, and we shall see what will be the news headline tomorrow."

Wilbur knew The Wheelers were public figures, so they didn't dare to do anything out of the line. He

had them wrapped around his little finger.

If they hit me now, their career would be over.

When Sunny raised his fist, Sophie grabbed his hand and said, "That's enough. Let's not create a fuss."

They were celebrities, so fighting in public places was not acceptable.

Meanwhile, Clayton focused his gaze on Sophie. He had always been interested in her, but he didn't have time to bother her since he was really busy lately.

"Sophie, we meet again. What do you say? Should we get a drink together?" Clayton smiled.

He had recently been bested by Tristan, so he had the urge to mess around with the latter's girlfriend as an act of revenge.

"You!" Upon seeing what Clayton was trying to do, Sunny's temper flared again. How dare he mess with Sophie? "Get away from Sophie, or I will not let you off the hook."

Unable to suppress his rage, he no longer cared if anyone caught or recorded him acting violently today.

Clayton didn't bother sparing Sunny a glance, for he didn't think of the latter as a threat at all.

It's my freedom to do whatever I want. What right do The Wheelers have to stop me?

Sunny could no longer stand it anymore. "Mark, Clayton needs a good beating. Since that's the case, I

will teach him a lesson today.”

“Sunny, I've told you not to get yourself involved in this. Mark, please take them away.”

Sophie knew Clayton was nothing more than a loser. There was no reason for them to get worked up over him.

“Sophie...” Mark was not willing to leave her behind. Clayton was a shameless and despicable man, and the way he looked at Sophie made Mark extremely uneasy.

Clayton made it his business to provoke The Wheelers to no end. “You heard her. She asked you to leave.”

He badly wished that The Wheelers would resort to violence and hit him. Once they did that and someone recorded the whole incident, The Wheelers would be blacklisted in the entertainment industry for good.

“D\*mn you!” The one thing that Sunny couldn't stand was someone messing with Sophie.

“Sunny, I told you to head to the car first.” A stern expression appeared on Sophie's face. Every time she put on a solemn demeanor, Sunny would have no choice but to obey her.

Thereafter, Mark led the rest of The Wheelers toward the car.

Clayton was disappointed when The Wheelers didn't take the bait. However, he wasn't too worried about it. The man had plenty of tricks up his sleeve to stop The Wheelers from releasing their album.

This is a dog-eat-dog world! You guys want to continue thriving in the entertainment industry after betraying me? No way!

"Sophie, let's have a drink together." Clayton smiled. "Even though there's a misunderstanding between The Wheelers and me, it has nothing to do with you. I still very much admire your talent."

She is Tristan's girlfriend. I can't wait to see the look on Tristan's face when I make her mine.

The mere thought of getting back at Tristan made Clayton ecstatic.

Wilbur threatened, "Let's go, Ms. Tanner. It's just a drink. Let me tell you this. Mr. Zales does not have much patience. If you don't listen to him..."

Sophie was rendered speechless by his ultimatum.

Little did I expect to run into an insane person like him when I just came out for a meal. It seems like Clayton still hasn't learned his lesson. Otherwise, he wouldn't have the time to cause a ruckus here.

Sophie answered arrogantly, "I won't accept any invitation from a person I despise."

“Hey, what's wrong with you? Do you know how many women want to eat with Mr. Zales? How dare

you throw the chance away when you finally got it? Do you know who he is?”

What a country bumpkin!

“I don't want to eat with you people. What's wrong with that? I get nauseous when I see your face.”

Wilbur flew into a rage. “Let me tell you this—Mr. Zales does not hit women, but I do!”

“Oh, is that so? It depends on whether you have the capability to do so!” Sophie sneered.

Who does he think he is to taunt me like this?

Initially, Clayton condoned Wilbur's action of trying to frighten Sophie. However, when he noticed that

the woman was unfazed by Wilbur's threat, he growled, “Who allowed you to spew nonsense? Get

lost!”

Wilbur rubbed his nose sheepishly before retreating to the side.

“Sophie, I mean no harm. I invited you out of sheer admiration for your talent.”

“Don't waste my time any longer.” Sophie was unwilling to waste another second talking to someone

like Clayton.



"Let's go!" Sophie said to Ysabelle beside her.

Ysabelle, too, despised Clayton.

What the heck? How dare he make a move on Sophie? I must inform Uncle Tristan about this so he can teach Clayton a lesson. Uncle Tristan has to put this man in his place.

"Mr. Zales, I'll go after her and bring her back to you. Don't worry! We have a dozen of bodyguards with us this time around. Just one word from you, and we will bring her to you!" Wilbur stated. After observing for a long time, he knew what was going through Clayton's mind.

Sophie is too arrogant. However, I'm sure she will be obedient once she is tied up and thrown on Mr.

Zales' bed. Yes, she's a lot prettier than other women, but she still has to listen to Mr. Zales once she is restrained. All that matters is that Mr. Zales is fond of her.

Clayton watched as Sophie left. He voiced, "Do you know who she is? She's Tristan's woman. Do you still have the courage to kidnap her after knowing this?"

"What? Mr. Tristan's woman?" Wilbur didn't expect Sophie to be Tristan's girlfriend.

Chapter 329

"Clayton, we don't need to be scared. If you like her, you can make her yours even if she is Mr. Tristan's

women.”

Wilbur was, naturally, terrified of Triston too.

After oil, the mere mention of Triston's name was intimidating enough. There was no way he wouldn't

be scared of Triston.

“Is that so?” Cloyton glanced at his assistant. Is he trying to get me in trouble?

He continued, “It wouldn't be a problem if she comes with us of her own free will, but do you think Mr.

Triston will let the matter slide if you force Sophie to come with us?” Why am I always surrounded by

incompetent people? What a good-for-nothing.

Wilbur kept mum, not daring to say anything else.

I should just shut up. After oil, we would suffer too if we make Mr. Zoles upset.

However, unbeknownst to Cloyton, those actions of his would once again bring him bad luck and keep

him busy for a long while.

Sophie didn't feel like dealing with the man face to face, but she had countless tricks up her sleeve to

cause him misery behind his back.

Amusingly, Cloyton still had no idea what was going on even when he was about to be tormented by

Sophie. It was pathetic of him.

As they headed outside, Ysabelle grabbed Sophie's arm. "Sophie, this man is way out of line. I can see that he has ill intentions. Should we tell Uncle Triston about this?"

Cloyton had a nasty reputation in Jipsdole. He would do anything in his power to get the things he wanted. Countless women had already suffered at his hands.

Ysabelle went on, "It's evident that he's targeting The Wheelers, and they're going to release their new album soon. It would be hard for things to go smoothly if Cloyton pulls the strings from behind."

Since Uncle Triston and Sophie are in a relationship now, it's no big deal for her to ask for Uncle Triston's help, right?

"Ysabelle, you've been really smart lately," Sophie joked as she caressed her friend's head.

"Sophie, I'm being serious, okay? Cloyton is not an easy man to deal with. He has many dirty tricks up his sleeves. I know you are a capable woman, but we are nothing compared to someone like him."

Some people preferred to deal with their enemies behind their backs instead of going up against them straightforwardly. That was what made them so terrifying.

Sophie chuckled when she saw how worried Ysabelle was. "I'm serious, Ysabelle. You don't need to worry about these things. I don't care if they do something to me behind my back or to my face. Either way, I'm not scared, okay? Don't worry!" "Clayton, we don't need to be scared. If you like her, you can make her yours even if she is Mr. Tristan's woman."

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It was impossible for Ysabelle to relax. She retorted, “Sophie, why are you being so difficult? Listen to me, okay? Let Uncle Tristan handle this. He will definitely be able to deal with it. You have to believe in him. Now that he is your boyfriend, how can you not ask him to help you? I know you are an independent girl, but it’s okay to rely on your boyfriend once in a while.”

Besides that, I’m sure Uncle Tristan would want Sophie to rely on him.

“Ysabelle, to me, having a boyfriend does not mean I have to depend on him. Plus, this is something that I can handle. Why would I want to trouble him? He already has his hands full.”

Ysabelle didn’t know how to explain the situation to Sophie upon hearing the latter’s words.

Does she have to be so rational while being in a relationship?

“Sophie, can I ask you a question?”

“Ask away!”

“Do you really fancy Uncle Tristan? No, wait. Do you really love him?”

If Sophie really loved Tristan, she wouldn't have considered herself a trouble to Tristan.

“I do.” Sophie had nothing to hide, for she really did love Tristan.

Ysabelle was confused. “Your way of being in love is different from the people around me.”

“Ysabelle, you've never been in a relationship before. How do you know how it feels to be in love?”

People have different personalities, so their way of loving one another naturally varies.” Even though

dating Tristan was Sophie's first official relationship as well, she didn't see anything wrong with how she handled it.

“All right, then,” Ysabelle gave in. After all, she had never been in a relationship before.

The two of them got into Mark's car.

When Sunny saw Sophie, he asked worriedly, “Sophie, are you okay? You don't have to compromise

for us. We don't want to be a burden to you. We are not afraid even if Clayton wants to do something to

us. However, if anything happens to you, we'll feel bad for the rest of our lives!"

Clayton was a vile man, and there was nothing that he wouldn't do. Besides, the look in his eyes when he stared at Sophie was too aggressive.

"Sunny, I'm fine. You can relax! He wouldn't dare to do anything to me. He doesn't have the time to do anything to me either."

Knowing that they were worried about her, Sophie patiently explained the situation to them, which was something she seldom did.

After a long moment of silence, Mark spoke. "Sophie, you don't have to hold back for us, okay? We're not afraid even if we lose everything."

The Wheelers were aware of Clayton's character after working under him for a long time.

Sophie said, "It seems like Clayton had traumatized you guys. However, you guys can relax. I won't hold back because of you. I will only become stronger for your sake!"

Sophie was satisfied with her current state.

If this had happened in the past, she would be helpless when her friends were bullied.

However, it was different now. At present, Sophie could confidently tell her friends that she could



protect them while keeping herself safe and unscathed at the same time.

“Why don't you send us back to Wisteria Apartments first?” It was late, and it was pointless to go for night tuition since it would end in another half an hour.

Mark then personally drove them back to Wisteria Apartments. After they reached the underground parking lot, Sophie and Ysabelle got off.

“Okay. You guys can head home now. Rest early. We'll be busy for the next couple of weeks, so you guys better prepare yourselves mentally.”

Even though Sophie didn't want to be a capitalist, one had to work at a fast pace in the entertainment industry, for newcomers tended to replace old-timers rapidly.

“Sophie, you got to remember this. If Clayton comes looking for you, you have to let us know. No matter what happens, we will protect you!”

Sophie was the only woman in The Wheelers. She was like a kid sister to them, and they treated her like a princess. None of them wished to see her getting hurt.

Sophie was exasperated, for she didn't understand why they didn't trust her after everything she said.

"Okay. I got it. If anything happens, I will call you guys." Is this answer enough to satisfy them?

"All right." Sunny finally felt relieved upon hearing Sophie's response.

Mark remarked, "Go on into the elevator first. Call us once you step into the apartment, and we'll leave after that."

"Okay." Sophie didn't object as she went up with Ysabelle.

When they got upstairs and entered the unit, they found Tristan sitting on the couch. On the tabletop was the takeout he ordered.

Chapter 330

"Uncle Triston, why are you here?" Not to mention, he's eating takeout food. Why does he look so pitiful?

Triston looked up and glanced at them.

"What's the matter? Am I not allowed to be here? If you can be here, why can't I?"

Ysabelle was stumped and didn't dare to say another word. I can sense his intense resentment! It seems he's pretty displeased because Sophie didn't invite him to tag along for the meal.

"Soph, my stomach is hurting a little. Perhaps I ate too much for dinner. I need to go to the toilet."

Ysobelle immediately come up with an excuse to leave the scene as she decided not to stay there as the third wheel.

With that, she hostilely ran off. Before she left, she even shot Sophie a look, as if wordlessly saying to the latter, "Good luck."

However, Sophie wasn't afraid. She changed into her slippers before approaching Triston and sitting beside him. Then, she glanced at his takeout food.

"Why did you buy this instead of asking Susan to cook for you?" It's not like we don't have a maid at home, so I think his piteous pretense is a little uncalled for.

"She has some family matters to attend to, so I allowed her to go back. Besides, it'll be troublesome to cook for just one person since I'll be having my meal alone. That's why I simply bought some food to fill my stomach."

Sophie was rendered speechless.

"I see!"

She lifted the container and fed him the food.

"How's the taste?"

She's just feeding me like anyone would, so why does she look so attractive at the moment?

"It's yummy!"

The originally blond-tasting dish suddenly stimulated his taste buds like exotic delicacies because

Sophie was personally delivering the food to his mouth.

"Are you done with all the work related to the new album?" The process of recording and producing on

album was lengthy and complicated. In addition, she was also holding the position of Tonner Group's

CEO, so her schedule had been jam-packed.

"Yes. Everything is ready and planned." The only thing left to do would be the actual recording, then

she would have to address the issues related to the official announcement of the new album release.

Hence, her busy lifestyle would likely remain as hectic as before for the following period.

"By the way, the university entrance exam is around the corner. Have you decided on your career

pathway?"

With her grades, entering Jipsdole University would be a walk in the park for Sophie. The question was

whether she was willing to choose that option or not.

Naturally, Tristan did not forget what Arius previously said. The people from International Medical Association are still waiting for her to join them.

Moreover, he was confident Borney wasn't joking around, and the latter genuinely intended to train Sophie to become his successor.

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successor.

She has never been lacking in terms of her career options. There are just too many routes for her to

choose from.

"We'll discuss this after the university entrance exam since this is not urgent." After all, it was

compulsory for her to take the university entrance exam as a senior-year student.

Besides, some universities abroad were also independently seeking students to join their campus, so

that could also be an alternative for her to consider.

"Do you wish to join the International Medical Association?" That was a question he had wanted to ask

her for a long time, but he waited until that moment to express his curiosity.

Sophie fell silent. She felt her head aching from all the decisions she had to make.

"Why are you behaving like Arius? Didn't I mention I'm still clueless about what I wish to pursue in the

future? I don't know what choices I'll make either."

With that said, she didn't have definite answers to all their questions.



"Okay, I got it. Don't worry. I'm just asking. You have my full support no matter your decision."

"Mr. Tristan, do you lack confidence in yourself? Are you worried about our relationship turning into a long-distance romance if I choose to go to Anglandur?"

Most people were not fond of long-distance relationships.

No one could be certain what would happen in the future due to the many temptations in society.

Tristan wrapped his arms around her.

"There are many opportunities and possibilities lying ahead in your future because you're still so young.

Still, just because we are together now, I won't ask you to give up on anything for me."

That's right. The age gap between us is too significant. Things may seem fine now, but more

remarkable people will surround her after she enters university. More importantly, these outstanding

people will be her peers. They will have more common interests and topics to discuss, so will she still

like me by then?

He had considered all those problems.

Even though he was the high and mighty Mr. Tristan in others' eyes, he was still an insecure man in

this romantic relationship.

Alas, this is all because I've fallen in love with such a superb young lady. Not only is she extraordinarily gorgeous, but she's also so exceptionally competent. She's still young at the moment, but once she gets a little older, she'll be a stellar existence on par with me. A little girl as fine as her will undoubtedly garner the attention of countless brilliant men.

"Mr. Tristan, I like you."

Sophie had to admit that her heart ached badly when she took in his unconfident mien. He's obviously such a perfect man, so why is he still worried about these trivial matters?

"Say that again?"

Tristan was agitated after listening to her remark, as that was the first time she had confessed to him so straightforwardly.

Seeing the way he craved her affirmation like a little child, her heart instantly turned to mush.

She gently cradled his head, pulled him close, and repeated the words, "I like you, and I like spending time with you. No matter how our future may be, at the very least, my affection for you at this moment is real and without a hint of deception."

Hearing that, Tristan lost control of himself.

He flipped over, pinned her against the couch, and kissed her lips. His kiss was filled with all tenderness as if Sophie was the most precious of his prizes.

He didn't dare to exert more force, fearing that the delicate girl in front of him would vanish into nothingness if he kissed her harder.

Sophie wrapped her arms around his waist and reciprocated his kiss.

Ysabelle had returned to the living room for the sole purpose of retrieving her bag. Moments ago, when she returned to her room, she realized her phone was still in her bag, and she had left her bag in the living room.

She honestly didn't expect to stumble upon such an erotic scene. At that instant, only a single thought surfaced in her mind. I can't believe my uncle Tristan is such an aggressive man. Also, Sophie is seriously coordinating with him. This is why I'm sure uncle Tristan has secured a place in Sophie's heart. Otherwise, she wouldn't have immersed herself in the kiss. To my recollection, Uncle Tristan has always maintained a graceful and chivalrous appearance, much like a member of the noble aristocrats.

Yet he's behaving like a completely different man in front of Sophie. I have to give Sophie credit for

successfully enticing Uncle Tristan with her allure.

Presently, Ysabelle was caught in an awkward situation. She wondered if she should proceed to take her phone or return to her room silently.

In the end, at the thought of how her uncle would react if he saw her, she decided to go back to her room quietly. After all, it seemed a wiser and better choice for her to not play with her phone for one night than to suffer a horrible death.

However, after returning to her room, she couldn't get the image of Tristan and Sophie kissing out of her mind.

"D\*mn it. What's wrong with me? This won't do. I need to find a boyfriend when I enter university.

Otherwise, I'll turn crazy if this situation drags on."

I'd also like to showcase my relationship to others in the future after being forced to witness these public displays of affection constantly. When will I finally find love?