

Only For Her 421

Chapter 421

“Would you care to repeat that? What do you mean by an ambiguous relationship? I agreed to Sophie and Tanny's relationship!” How can she talk about Sophie like that?

“Who do you think you are, Grandpa? Do you think everything will work out with your approval? Does the Lombard family agree? They've been together for so long but have you met with any one of the Lombard family members?”

Anger was rolling though Josiah in waves at Willow's ignorance.

“Are you done talking, Willow?” Sophie said, unable to continue listening to her. “Whatever happens between Tristan and I is our problem. What does it have anything to do with you?”

“Exactly! Your problems with Tristan are your issues, so my engagement with Clayton is our problem.

What right do any of you have to intervene in my problems?” They're being such hypocrites!

“Sophie, can you talk to your grandpa? I don't think there's an issue with Willow's engagement with Mr. Zales.” Yale truly thought Willow and Clayton's union was perfect.

“Grandpa, just leave her be and let her do whatever she wants.” Every choice she makes is on her.

Regardless of the consequences, she'll have to bear them. After all, Willow is already an adult.

Josiah merely shook his head at Willow's stubbornness.

"All right. Pretend I never said anything today. I only hope you don't regret the choices you made today.

Clayton is not a good man." Since she's unwilling to listen, there's no point trying to persuade her anymore.

"Naturally, everyone I meet is bad. You already branded me as being wrong in your mind, so every move I make is wrong." Willow let out a bitter laugh before running out of the house.

Charmaine immediately chased after her.

Why did things have to turn out this way? No matter what, the engagement is supposed to be good news.

"See what you've done, Dad! Why do you have to make everyone unhappy?" Yale truly didn't understand what was going on in Josiah's mind.

"Get out! I don't want to see you." Look at the child he raised.

Yale nibbed his nose.

"Willow is right, Dad. You're too biased." Yale whirled around and left after that. I need to get some

fresh air. Being in this house is suffocating me.

“I—•” For a moment, Josiah couldn't catch his breath due to his overwhelming anger.

“Don't be angry, Grandpa. Rest assured. I'll send Clayton to jail before the wedding.” Sophie raced over to calm Josiah down.

Josiah finally relaxed after a while.

After a long silence, Josiah said, “Soph, I'm sorry! They all think I'm biased toward you, but they have no idea about the hardships you have to go through to carry the weight of the entire Tanner Group on your shoulders.”

The person I owe the most to is my favorite granddaughter! Yet none of them understand this.

“You didn't wrong me in any way, Grandpa. I'm the one who wants to manage Tanner Group, so don't overthink things.”

It seems like Clayton is at his wit's end for him to get engaged to Willow. This must be his last-ditch effort.

Josiah merely sighed, unwilling to elaborate on the subject.

“Go on with your work! We can only talk about this matter once Clayton is incarcerated.” Willow won't listen to anyone's opinion at the moment, so it's pointless to say anything further.

“Okay, Grandpa. Go get some rest.”

Sophie helped Josiah to his feet.

Almost immediately, Morgan was there.

After she and Morgan helped Josiah up the stairs to his bedroom, Sophie left the house.

“What should we do now, Ms. Sophie? Ms. Willow has crossed a line!” How can she accuse Old Mr.

Tanner of such things?

“It's fine, Morgan. Please take care of Grandpa for these few days.” Clayton is like a ticking time bomb.

He must be eradicated at all costs.

“Rest assured, Ms. Sophie. I won't let anyone harm Old Mr. Tanner with me here,” Morgan promised.

Even if I have to risk my life, I won't let any harm come to Old Mr. Tanner.

“I'll be leaving then. Call me if anything happens.”

The person she was most concerned about was Josiah. However, Tristan had arranged for two of his men to work in the Tanner residence, so their presence there eased some of her worries.

Before she left, she found the two bodyguards.

“Is there a problem, Ms. Sophie?”

“Don't let anyone take Grandpa out of the house recently, even if they're one of the Tanner family members. Understand?”

She was certain Clayton wouldn't leave things be, so she had to be prepared.

“Yes, Ms. Sophie. Don't worry. Old Mr. Tanner will be fine with us here.” The two bodyguards tapped their chests with clenched fists as an assurance.

“I'm not as worried since you both will be here.” She had practiced with them before and knew their skills were pretty good.

“Also, no matter what happens, call me.”

After leaving another set of instructions, Sophie finally left the Tanner residence.

Meanwhile, Charmaine had coaxed Willow to return to the house, and they ran into Sophie on her way out.

Charmaine stopped Sophie when she saw the latter was leaving.

“Soph, your grandpa listens to you. Can you tell him what's done is done, and it's useless even if he objects? I don't want his health to deteriorate from his rage,” Charmaine said.

Sophie found her words hilarious.

“What's done is done? Even a married couple can get divorced, let alone an engaged pair,” Sophie answered.

Willow couldn't bear to listen to Sophie any longer.

“You're just jealous of me, Sophie. Are you scared that I'll live a better life than you do? I didn't see Mr.

Tristan proposing to you despite your relationship having been going on for a while. What? Are you planning to stay as his girlfriend forever? Can he stay single his whole life?” Willow taunted.

Sophie didn't rebuke her mockery.

“What's wrong? Cat got your tongue? You know I'm speaking the truth, don't you? You're nothing more than a toy in Mr. Tristan's eyes, yet you're always so full of yourself!”

“I was the one who didn't want it!”

Tristan had wanted to propose, but she thought having the status of his wife was too troublesome.

“Haha! You're good at lying to yourself!” Willow absolutely refused to believe Sophie's words.

What is this joke? Is there any girl who doesn't want to be the wife of someone prominent?

“Whatever! I'm done talking to someone like you on this topic.” Sophie was done wasting her breath on Willow.

It's better to leave.

“You're nothing but a toy, Sophie!”

Coincidentally, Tristan was there to pick Sophie up and heard Willow's shout. Getting out of the car, he walked over to Sophie.

“What toy?” Tristan questioned. It was the first time he was looking at Willow directly.

Willow averted her gaze, feeling guilty.

A gaze like that is too scary.

“You must've heard wrong, Mr. Tristan. There was no mention of any toy.” Charmaine hurriedly tried to smooth things over.

“Are they bullying you?” Violence flashed across his eyes. Nobody can bully my woman. I don't care if they're her mother or sister.

Sophie glanced at Willow, and Willow took a step back.

Even though Willow was currently Clayton's fiancée, she was still scared of Tristan. There was probably no one in the whole of Jipsdale who was unafraid of him.

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"That's enough. Let's go. Nobody can bully me," Sophie said. Besides, it's just Willow. What can she do to me?

"All right. Let's go!"

Tristan wrapped an arm around Sophie's shoulders and opened the car door to let her get inside first.

Then, he turned around and declared in a stern voice, "This is a warning. Nobody here has the right to criticize my woman!" Tristan would not stand for people trying to hurt his girl.

Willow fumed with indignance when she heard him.

Unlike Tristan, Clayton had never sided with her like that.

Besides, Tristan would never believe anything others said about Sophie. It was virtually impossible to sow discord between them.

Tristan only got into the car after making his statement.

If not for the fact they were Sophie's mother and sister, he would have lashed out long ago.

“Why are you so angry? I'm not even that mad at them. Don't get all worked up because of those people. It's not worth it,” Sophie said after Tristan entered the car.

“It's not that. I just don't want them to hurt you. Why don't we also get engaged?” If keeping their relationship in the dark would put her through all this, Tristan would rather they make it public for everyone to know.

Sophie shook her head right away.

“Forget about it. Classes are starting soon. We'll talk about this after I graduate from university.” Sophie knew she would be the talk of the town, garnering unwanted attention and trouble if she went to the university as Tristan Lombard's fiancée.

Even though she could not care less about what others thought of her, she loathed dealing with unsolicited troubles.

“Well, everyone thinks that I'm the one who's refusing to acknowledge our relationship when it's you refusing to make it official,” Tristan grumbled.

I'm more than willing to acknowledge our relationship.

Knowing making it official would spell trouble for them both, Sophie was in a bind.

"That's not what I meant. I just don't want to get you into trouble," Sophie mumbled.

Tristan relented and said, "Okay. We'll talk about this after you graduate from university." After all,

they'd have to wait until after her graduation anyway.

"Thank you for being so considerate." Sophie took his hand in hers, grateful that he was willing to

respect her wishes.

Sophie vowed she would not forsake his unconditional love.

Meanwhile, Charmaine led Willow into the house.

"Willa, you'd better apologize to your grandpa. At the end of the day, he is still your grandfather. It's

really not wise to sour your relationship like this," Charmaine said, trying to talk sense into her

daughter.

"Why do I have to apologize? I don't think I've done anything wrong. Since he only has eyes for Sophie,

what does anything I do have got to do with him?" Willow replied stubbornly.

After all, she was Clayton's fiancée now.

There was no need for her to take all this crap anymore.

“Then please don't stir trouble for Sophie again. Please, you have enough to worry about as it is,”

Charmaine pleaded.

“Mom, why are all of you siding with her? Why don't you guys ever consider how I feel?” Willow

rebuked.

Charmaine furrowed her brows.

“Willa, I am on your side and always have been. How heartless of you to say that.”

Willow let out a derisive snort.

“Forget it. I'm tired, so I'm going upstairs to take a rest. I've got a date with Clayton later!” Willow

uttered in a huff, disregarding everything that her mother just said.

She truly thought that she had married into a wealthy family.

In the evening, Tristan brought Sophie to Nocturnal to have drinks with their group of friends. Even

though Ysabelle was all tuckered out from work at TS Entertainment, she still joined them.

“Soph, what's up with Clayton? Does he really have feelings for Willow?” Ysabelle asked in an

incredulous tone, still unable to believe it. "Why do I somehow feel like he's got some hidden agenda?

Willow must be really dumb to not suspect anything," she continued.

"Ysabelle, I've got to say that you've become smarter after spending time with Sophie," Felix teased.

Ysabelle glared at him in response.

"Felix, what are you getting at? Are you trying to aggravate me? I've always been smart, okay? You've

just never realized it," Ysabelle refuted. How could he say that? I have my pride.

"I'm sorry for pointing out the truth," Felix said with a shrug.

Rendered speechless by her fury, she chose to ignore him.

Felix was someone who could make one have very polarized feelings for him. Sometimes, one would

pity him when he was bullied. More often than not, however, his words were infuriating.

Charles was left speechless at their interaction.

Felix had a crush on Ysabelle, and yet he wasn't showing her any mercy with his snark.

How long is he going to take before he succeeds in making Ysabelle his wife? He's been around her

for so long, and yet the girl's realized nothing about his feelings.

On the other hand, Sean picked up a glass and took a sip of his liquor, seemingly uninterested in their conversation.

Willow had not left much of an impression on him.

All he cared about were his cases.

Well, the friends sitting before him were also an exception.

“What are you thinking about?” Tristan asked when he noticed Sean keeping quiet. “You have to stop being a social hermit. Go and make more friends. Even better if you manage to snag a girlfriend.”

Given Sean's age, people would start to question his sexual orientation if he did not get himself a girlfriend soon.

“It's not like I have the time,” Sean replied.

There were mountains of cases piling up at the firm, and he had to deal with them one by one.

It didn't help matters that only major cases would make it to his firm.

“Sophie, could I ask you for a favor?”

Everyone was taken aback by Sean's question.

“Sean, are you in trouble? You know you can always tell me if you encounter any problems,” Charles

hurriedly said. Sophie is just a high school graduate. What help would she be to Sean?

“You won't be able to help me. Only Sophie can,” Sean answered. He had recently been struggling to solve a very tough case.

Sophie raised a brow curiously.

She never expected that a cold and distant man like Sean would ask her for help.

Well, he did help out a lot with Sunny's matters previously, so I should return the favor this time.

“Fire away,” Sophie said.

“Not today. Could you come to my office tomorrow when you're free? This is not a good place to talk about it,” Sean replied.

Charles grew even more curious.

“Sean, what problems did you get yourself into? Can't you even tell us?” The fact that Sean was going to tell Sophie but not them made him feel somewhat bitter.

“You won't be of help even if you know about it. So, what's the point?” Sean refused to dwell on the subject.

Besides, it was quite a dangerous favor to ask of Sophie.

Sean decided that he would seek for her consent in the matter first before proceeding. He wouldn't force her to do anything she didn't want to do.

Tristan was getting curious as well.

Has Sean really encountered trouble? Why does he need Sophie's help?

"That's my girl! Even Sean is asking a favor from you," Ysabelle declared, feeling proud for having a friend like Sophie.

"Right, Soph, so what are we going to do with Willow? She's a Tanner as well. I don't think it's going to do the Tanners any good if she keeps doing things that will humiliate your family," Ysabelle commented.

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"Don't worry. I've already figured out how to deal with this issue," Sophie answered. It's just an engagement. She'll never be able to marry Clayton in the end.

"In my opinion, Willow isn't a good person. Since she wants to be with Clayton so badly, we should just

let her be. Clayton will deal with her!" Felix uttered bluntly.

Ysabelle nodded, concurring, "That's true. Willow is such a bad person! We should just leave her to her fate."

Even if we were to help her, it's not like she would be appreciative. It's completely unnecessary for us to make a move.

"All right, now. Stay out of it, you guys," Sophie stated, not seeing the need for the others to brood over it.

Right then, Clayton and Willow showed up.

Upon seeing them, Ysabelle immediately shut her eyes as she thought she had imagined things.

Speak of the devil!

She then gradually opened her eyes. Sure enough, she still saw them.

Clayton brought Willow over because he thought that no matter what, the group would show her some respect since she was Sophie's older sister.

"Hey, Mr. Tristan! What a coincidence!" Clayton arrived in front of the group and wanted to take a seat.

Seeing that he was about to sit down, Sophie uttered, "Who said you're allowed to sit here?"

The young woman did not see the need to pretend to be cordial toward people she disliked.

Willow was utterly dissatisfied with Sophie's attitude toward Clayton, so she complained haughtily,

“Soph, what's the matter with you? We're going to be family soon! Why must you act this way?”

In her mind, she thought it was completely fine for sisters to help each other out.

“I'm sorry, but you're not my family,” Sophie retorted. I don't have such a shameless sister.

“You—” Livid, Willow was about to lose her temper but held her tongue when she saw Tristan sitting next to Sophie.

“Soph, don't you think you should behave yourself in Mr. Tristan's presence?” She reminded Sophie.

“Hah. This is how I am. Why should I change? I'm not a pretentious person!” Sophie did not mince her words.

“Exactly! Uncle Tristan likes Sophie for who she is. What's wrong? Are you jealous? Didn't you try to seduce Uncle Tristan back then? How shameless of you!” Ysabelle chimed in ungraciously.

“Ysabelle, don't spew nonsense. Since when have I tried to seduce Mr. Tristan?” Willow panicked. She was in disbelief that Ysabelle dared to make such a false claim in the presence of Clayton. “I've never

done that, Clayton!" she explained, turning to her fiancé.

Anger surged in Clayton's heart. Have I become a nobody?

"Clayton, we're not cut from the same cloth. Perhaps you should bring your fiancée to another table."

Since Sophie and the rest did not own Nocturnal, they would not chase Clayton and Willow out of there.

However, if Clayton were to try to blend in, none of them would show him respect, which was unfortunate for him.

At that moment, Clayton's expression was grim.

"Clayton, we—" Willow wanted to say something but dared not finish her sentence when she saw his countenance.

As a matter of fact, she was terrified of Clayton.

She knew he was not genuinely into her, though it did not matter to her.

After all, she would have a chance as long as she could stay by Clayton's side, and all she wanted was a chance like that.

"Well, I'm sorry for intruding on your gathering, then!" Clayton said. However, he was even more

mortified because everyone ignored him.

Yet, he could not afford to lose his temper at such a moment. In the end, he had no choice but to bring

Willow away silently.

“Don't be angry, Clayton. That's just how they are. They think they're all that,” Willow comforted him.

Clayton lashed out at her. “Didn't I tell you to fix your relationship with Sophie? What have you done?”

“You're aware of Sophie's temper too, Clayton. She's so haughty that no matter what I do, she'll always be high and mighty.” Despite feeling aggrieved, Willow could only endure it.

“I don't care how you do it, but I want you to reconcile with Sophie.” He ignored her after saying that.

Willow felt miserable when she saw Sophie being on friendly terms with the top elites of the upper-class society while she had to accept Clayton's unreasonable demands.

D*mn you, Sophie! You should've died in Horington. How did you make your way back to Jipsdale?

Ever since you returned, my life has been tough. I'm praying for you to die every single day. That way, everything will then return to normal!

“Did you hear what I said to you? Why are you in a trance? Let me tell you this—I hate fools. If you

want to stay by my side, you ought to be alert!" Clayton scolded.

I wouldn't have gotten engaged to this woman if it weren't because I wanted to make Sophie show me mercy. Honestly, nothing about Willow is attractive to me.

"I understand, Clayton." Willow nodded.

However, reconciling with Sophie was mission impossible for her.

Meanwhile, Ysabelle said excitedly to Sophie, "By the way, we'll be able to check our results for the university entrance exam by midnight! Should we wait for it together?"

Regardless of the outcome, it was considered the beginning of a new journey for them.

"We can check our results when we wake up tomorrow morning. Why should we stay up just for a score?" Sophie disagreed.

Frankly, it's not worth the wait!

"What do you mean it's just a score? You have no idea how many people are going to have trouble sleeping tonight, Sophie!" Ysabelle exclaimed.

It's definitely not just a score! It represents hope for countless people!

"To me, it really is nothing but a score," Sophie replied. I'm not losing sleep over that.

"It's all right. If she doesn't want to accompany you, I'll keep you company while you wait," Felix

immediately uttered.

Ysabelle shot a glance at him.

"Forget about it! This sort of thing should be done with people who matter the most to me. Why should I

do it with you?" she said, turning him down right away.

"Since you're so excited to see your score, I'll accompany you." Sophie did not want to disappoint her.

"Really? Does that mean I get to stay over at Wisteria Apartments tonight?" In truth, Ysabelle was

looking forward to sleeping the night at Sophie's place instead of checking her score.

Sophie nodded in agreement.

Seeing that, Felix was rendered speechless.

How is it possible that Ysabelle has such a strong attraction for a pretty girl like Sophie? If this goes on,

I might even begin to suspect that she's actually in love with Sophie!

"I'll keep you both company, then!" Felix suggested. The man humbled himself because he wanted to

be by Ysabelle's side at such a crucial moment in her life.

“Felix, you can't be like this. You ought to allocate some time to find a girlfriend, you know? You're not getting any younger. If you don't get a girlfriend soon, you might be single forever!” Ysabelle said.

“What do you mean, Ysabelle? Are you saying I'm old? How am I old? My age is just right!” Felix retorted.

Unfortunately, he experienced what it was like to be disdained by someone he was crushing on.

It was a suffocating feeling.

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“You're old! You must admit it!” Ysabelle replied. Felix was thirty, while she was only nineteen.

Compared to her, he was indeed old.

Felix was dumbfounded by those words.

Meanwhile, Charles, who was gloating over his discomfiture, could not help but laugh. “Felix, you are old. There's no escaping reality; you have to accept it!”

“Have you forgotten about the fact that we're the same age? If I'm old, it applies to you as well!” Felix grumbled. Is he serious? How dare he laugh at me?

Upon hearing that, Charles fell silent.

Fine! He's no fun.

When the group left Nocturnal, they bumped into Clayton and Willow again. Why do they keep showing up in front of us?

Needless to say, all six of them ignored Clayton and Willow as if they were invisible.

Initially, Clayton wanted to greet them, but he could only remain silent upon seeing their reactions.

If I greet them now, they'll surely disregard me. When that happens, we'll still be the ones who are humiliated.

Since everyone in the group drank alcohol that night, they got drivers to send them back. Just then,

Tristan and Sophie entered their car first.

Immediately, Ysabelle wanted to follow them into the vehicle, but Felix grabbed her hand.

"Come with me, okay? You can't keep being the third wheel. Mr. Tristan isn't going to like it," he said.

Ysabelle was displeased by his remark. He and I are both third wheels!

"Felix, that's Uncle Tristan we're talking about. He won't do anything to me!" As soon as those words

fell from her lips, Tristan's car drove off. Her uncle did not bother to wait for her.

Ysabelle was on the verge of crying when she saw that. How could Uncle Tristan do this to me? That's mean! He went overboard!

“Do you see that? He didn't even hesitate!” Felix was thrilled. Mr. Tristan is giving me a chance!

Ysabelle harrumphed in response.

Who cares about that? Next time, I have to make Uncle Tristan look bad in front of Sophie. I must show him I'm not someone he wants to mess with.

Felix opened the car door for her and said, “All right. I'll give you a ride since you seem so pitiful!”

I must be the kindest man alive, considering that I can't bear to watch her suffer!

His words left Ysabelle speechless.

Fine! In that case, I'll just accept his offer.

Once Ysabelle got into the car, Felix followed her, and they left immediately after that.

With that, Charles and Sean were left standing at the roadside on their own. At the sight of those four leaving in pairs, Charles sighed and lamented, “Seeing that they've found partners, it makes me want to be in a relationship as well!”

At his age, it was about time for him to date someone.

“What? It's best if you don't hurt young women,” Sean uttered. It's impossible for him to give up on the ladies!

Charles was left speechless for a moment before he said, “Sean, as I've said before, there's nothing I can do about the fact that ladies swoon over me. There's only one of me. I don't want them to be heartbroken.”

“Nonsense!” Sean was bereft of speech upon hearing Charles' reasoning. “Anyway, you ought to be careful! Don't die on a woman's bed one day.”

Charles was caught off guard by his words.

That's a cruel thing to say, no? No matter what, we're still close like brothers. How could he say such a thing?

Sean ignored him after that.

When the driver got out of the car to open the car door for him, Sean hopped in straightaway. “It's just a word of caution. You can choose to ignore it.”

With that, he told the driver to start driving.

Charles could not help but curse under his breath.

They are all prejudiced against me! What else should I do in the prime of my life if not date someone? I

can't possibly start dating only when I'm older and the ladies like me for my money.

Although Ysabelle said she wanted to wait for the release of their scores with Sophie, she fell asleep

on the couch shortly after arriving at Wisteria Apartments.

"Felix, please carry Ysabelle upstairs and lay her on the bed," Sophie said in resignation. She was the

one fussing about checking our scores together, yet she ended up falling asleep first.

Meanwhile, Felix was heartbroken when he saw the state Ysabelle was in. "Sophie, Ysabelle has been

pampered throughout her life, so please cut her some slack in her training. Look at how tired she is."

Even though he would support Ysabelle regardless of the choices she made, his heart still ached when

he saw how drained she was.

"If she wants to debut as an artiste, she must train. It's necessary. In fact, it'll only get tougher from now

on," Sophie replied.

Ysabelle has no choice but to train. Otherwise, how is she going to achieve success if she doesn't work

hard?

Words failed Felix. Can't she just tell a white lie?

“Enough of that. Ysabelle chose to undergo these things willingly. Do you think your objections can change anything? If you can't stand it, you can dissuade her from entering the entertainment industry.”

Tristan was fed up with Felix's attitude.

Hearing that, Felix went completely speechless.

I didn't even say anything! Must Mr. Tristan be so protective of Sophie?

“I'll carry her upstairs, then,” Felix uttered. They've tired her out.

He laid Ysabelle on the bed but did not go back downstairs even after a long time. Instead, he stayed by the side of the bed and watched her with an affectionate gaze.

When will she understand my feelings for her? Jeez, there's nothing I can do with her. She could've enjoyed an easy life as the daughter of a prominent family, yet she chose to enter the entertainment industry. Must she tire herself out like this?

Only Tristan and Sophie were left sitting on the couch. The young lady was leaning against the cushion because she was tired from the constant rehearsal in the past few days.

“Are you still going to wait for your score?” Tristan asked.

If she wanted to wait for it, he could accompany her.

Sophie shook her head in response.

“No. I'll just check it tomorrow. I'm so sleepy!” All she wanted at that moment was sleep. As for her score, she had zero interest in finding out about it.

“Sure! Let's go take a bath before going to bed!” Tristan said.

He then rose to his feet and pulled her up from the couch.

“Can you still walk?” he inquired.

Sophie immediately nodded. Of course, I can! Is he kidding me? I can't possibly let him carry me up the stairs!

However, Tristan suddenly scooped her up in his arms the next second.

“Since you're so tired, I'll carry you upstairs!” he offered.

That baffled Sophie.

I didn't even say I was tired!

“Actually, I'm fine!” she exclaimed.

“You're not fine. My heart aches when I see how tired you are,” Tristan replied. His woman was indeed

very capable, which was probably why she was so tired.

Sophie felt rather blissful when she heard his words.

Hence, she no longer stopped him from carrying her up the stairs. Well, this isn't too bad.

It was not until they arrived in her room that he put her down and headed to the bathroom to run a bath

for her.

All of a sudden, Sophie struggled to find the words to describe the man before her eyes.

How does he manage to attend to all of my needs? What did I do to deserve such a man? He treats me

so well. If he ever leaves me, I'm going to be very sad.

Tristan came out after running a bath and caught her spacing out on the bed. He then walked up to her

and sat next to her.

“What's on your mind?” he asked.

“I'm thinking about our future!” That was the first time she had ever looked forward to the future. I think

we'll surely have a blissful life together!

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“What did you think of?” Tristan asked curiously.

Sophie leaned on his shoulder and continued, “We'll probably be very blissful.”

“You can be bolder and remove the word 'probably' in the sentence. As long as I'm here, you'll have a blissful future,” he said, confident in himself. “All right. It has been a tiring day, so take a bath and go to bed.”

“Okay!”

It was eight in the morning when Ysabelle woke up the next day. Darn it; I forgot to set my alarm last night! There's no way I'll be able to reach TS Entertainment in half an hour's time. Mr. Tannen's a strict teacher. He hates tardy people! I'm so doomed.

Anxious, she scrambled out of bed and quickly washed up. In fact, she did not even have the time to put on any makeup, rushing out of the room immediately afterward.

At the sight of her hasty demeanor, Sophie said, “Slow down. I've already helped you take a leave of

absence for today, so there's no need to rush."

It was only then Ysabelle let out a sigh of relief. My goodness, that had been a frightening moment.

"Sophie, you're the best. You're the savior of my life. How am I going to live without you?" she then voiced.

Sophie did not show a big reaction to her words.

"We have to go to school after checking our scores, so I applied for a leave for you."

It dawned on Ysabelle then. "Oh, I see. Right, we still need to go to school for our university application." I thought we wouldn't need to go to school anymore.

"By the way, have you checked your score? Sorry. I was too tired last night, so I fell asleep," Ysabelle added sheepishly. She was the one who insisted on checking their scores together, yet she ended up falling asleep. There was no doubt that she felt embarrassed.

Sophie was nonchalant about it. "It's fine. It'll be the same even if we check now." It was not as if their scores would change overnight, after all.

"Okay." Ysabelle then took out her phone to log into the website.

"How did you do?" Sophie asked. If she can't get into Jipsdale University, her dad might give her a hard

time.

“Hold on. The website lagged out,” Ysabelle said, holding her breath. Truth be told, she felt that she had done well in the exam.

Still, there was no telling what score she would get.

Finally, the page loaded.

“D*mn!” Never in her wildest dreams did she imagine she would be able to get a score such as that.

“How is it?” Sophie asked worriedly. After all, Ysabelle was not academically talented to the point that her score would remain stable regardless of the papers' difficulty.

“It's six hundred eighty-nine!” Even Ysabelle herself was in disbelief. Her scores in the first few mock examinations had only been around six hundred fifty, so getting six hundred eighty-nine was beyond her expectations.

“Mm, not bad!” Tristan was quite pleased after hearing her result. Ysabelle's efforts had not gone to waste.

“Sophie, you really are my savior! I've only encountered good things ever since I met you!” Ysabelle

exclaimed in excitement.

I'm sure my dad has nothing to say now!

“This is all thanks to your hard work; it doesn't have much to do with me,” Sophie replied. She did work very hard right before the exams too.

“Of course it does! In the last few days, you taught me how to solve all the questions I didn't know how to answer.”

At the same time, Ysabelle thought that Sophie would make a good teacher.

For the concepts she failed to understand even after their teacher taught them, she understood right away when Sophie explained them to her.

It was like a miracle.

Ysabelle chirped, “What about you? You must have scored above seven hundred!” There's no way

Sophie is going to have any issues with the university entrance exam. Even if she's not one of the high achievers, she'll still get an impressive score.

“I'm not sure. I haven't checked it yet,” Sophie responded.

“Aren't you curious about your score? Hurry up and check it! I'm sure Old Mr. Tanner wants to know it

as well!"

Sure enough, right after those words fell from Ysabelle's lips, Josiah called.

"Soph, have you checked your score yet? What did you get?" Josiah blurted out.

He seemed even more excited than his granddaughter.

"I haven't checked it yet. I'll tell you once I do," Sophie promised.

Josiah urged, "Why aren't you eager to see your score? Hurry up and check it! I've already invited your teacher to our house to consult about the universities you should apply to!"

"What? You invited our teacher to our house?" There's no need for that!

"Of course. In any case, this is an important matter! How can I not invite your teacher for a consultation?" Josiah stubbornly said.

He fretted much over all matters pertaining to Sophie.

"Even if you don't need the consultation, Willow would need it. All right, I'm not going to chat with you for long. Come home once you've checked your score," he said at the end.

"Your teacher is waiting for you at home!" went unsaid.

"What's going on?" Tristan asked in concern upon noticing Sophie's expression. "Did something happen to Old Mr. Tarnier?"

Sophie shook her head and answered, "He's totally fine."

"Then what's with that look on your face?"

"He invited our teacher to our place, saying that he wants to consult the teacher about my university application." Why did he have to do that? I can decide by myself which university I want to study at...

"All right, don't look so somber. Old Mr. Tanner's doing this for your sake," Tristan comforted her. To an old man, a teacher would seem more experienced in making major life decisions like this.

"I know," Sophie replied. She would never get mad at her grandfather.

"Sophie, you should check your score first," Ysabelle entreated, eager to know how much her best friend had scored.

"Okay."

Since they all seemed very enthusiastic about her score, Sophie decided to check it right away.

After keying in her registration number and password, she stared at her phone screen in stunned silence.

“What score did you get?” Ysabelle queried, wondering why Sophie had a look like that on her face.

“There isn't any score on the screen.”

“What? What's going on?” Ysabelle was baffled. How is that possible? Sophie should have a score above seven hundred!

Tristan then took Sophie's phone to look at its screen and discovered she was right—there was no score on the page.

“You're right. It didn't display any score!” Ysabelle exclaimed.

She was still in disbelief but was forced to accept reality after checking the screen of Sophie's phone.

“How can this be? You should have filled in the correct registration number, right?”

“It must have been hidden,” Tristan commented.

As it turned out, he was familiar with that scene.

Back then, Tristan and Sean could not check their scores for the university entrance exam too. Then, when it was finally released, the former was revealed to be the top scorer, while Sean was right behind him.

“Wow! Only the high achievers will have their scores hidden. I knew it. Sophie never disappoints,”

Ysabelle praised in amazement.

Sophie was at a loss for words. That might not be the case.

“All right. In that case, I'll have to take a trip home,” she voiced. Her grandfather had invited their teacher to the Tanner residence, after all. She had to make an appearance there.

“I'll come with you,” Tristan offered.

“It's fine. You should do what you need to do instead.” Sophie rejected his offer as she knew he had been quite busy recently. There was no need for him to keep her company at all times.

“It's okay. I'll send you there, greet Old Mr. Tanner, and leave.” No matter how busy he was, he would always have time to drive her around.

“Well. I'll head to TS Entertainment, then. I haven't mastered the dance I learned,” Ysabelle chimed in.

“Dance? You dance?” Tristan blurted, bewildered to hear that his niece was learning to dance.

“What's wrong? Is it that surprising?” Ysabelle retorted. As she knew some basics of dancing, all that was left for her to do was practice diligently.

“I am. You gave up the last time because of how hard it was.” Tristan never thought that Ysabelle could

persevere through it then.

Chapter 426

“Don't they all say that interest is the best teacher you can get? I really like singing right now, so I don't mind learning how to dance as well. Don't worry, Sophie. I won't let you down,” Ysabelle announced.

Sophie bobbed her head.

“To be honest, you don't need to stress yourself out too much,” she exhorted.

Without a doubt, she was capable of letting Ysabelle rise to fame. Besides, it was her decision to have the latter debut as an artiste.

Therefore, regardless of how things would end up, she would never blame Ysabelle.

Touched by Sophie's words, Ysabelle declared, “I'll never let you down!”

“Ysabelle, no matter what you do, the most important thing is never disappointing yourself,” Sophie advised. There was a problem with Ysabelle's earlier viewpoint.

“You're so nice to me. How can I bear to disappoint you?”

“You—•” Sophie could not knock some sense into Ysabelle, but it did not matter. With them around, it

would be impossible for the latter to fail.

Tristan, without a doubt, was glad to see the close-knit relationship between the two young women, for that meant that Sophie would have someone to talk to when she married into the Luther family.

Hmm, but honestly, I doubt Sophie will have any trouble making friends anywhere. Doesn't Sarah like Sophie too?

After sending Ysabelle to TS Entertainment, Tristan drove Sophie to the Tanner residence.

Unsurprisingly, Josiah was in the middle of a conversation with the school teacher when Tristan and Sophie arrived.

Winston Woods, the teacher who came, taught mathematics in Senior Class 8. While his classes were mediocre at best, he had always been an arrogant person.

Josiah called out, "Soph, come here. I've invited Mr. Woods here today. Hurry and say hi to your teacher."

Hearing that, Sophie walked over.

She then greeted, "Hello. Mr. Woods."

“Soph, come here. Take a seat beside me,” Josiah said, beckoning her to sit beside him.

"Okay."

"Take a seat too, Tanny "

Winston had not seen Tristan before, but it was clear at first glance that the latter had the bearing of a big shot.

“Old Mr. Tanner, this is...” Winston asked tentatively.

“Oh, he's Sophie's boyfriend!” Josiah answered.

“Oh, I see! Where's Willow? I don't see her around. She must have scored well, too, right?” Winston had only come over because Willow's boyfriend was Clayton.

Everyone in Jipsdale knew about the Zales family. Like the others, he wanted to curry favor with them.

The second Winston mentioned Willow, Sophie figured out why he was there.

It's really as I've expected.

“Charmaine, where's Willow? What's going on with her? Wasn't she informed about the teacher's visit?

Hurry up and get her to come downstairs,” Josiah instructed. He had invited the teacher over to consult him about Willow's and Sophie's university applications.

“Okay, I’ll go and get her right now. I saw that she was in the middle of a call when I went upstairs

earlier,” Charmaine replied.

“There’s no need to rush her. She must be on a call with Mr. Zales right now,” Winston hurriedly chimed

in. How can we disturb her at a time like this?

Sophie glanced at Tristan upon hearing her mathematics teacher’s words.

“I told you not to come,” she whispered. This is what you’ll see if you come.

Tristan reassured, “It’s fine.” It was not like he had never seen people like Winston.

Hence, he did not find it strange to encounter such an occasion.

After all, few in Jipsdale had seen him in person, so it was no surprise that Winston did not recognize

him.

At the same time, Josiah was starting to get displeased.

What’s going on with Mr. Woods? Is he so eager to butter Clayton up?

Right then, Willow came down the stairs.

Seeing that Tristan and Sophie were present as well, she naturally had to be careful with her words.

“Will, your grandpa has invited Mr. Woods over to consult about your university application. Have you checked your score?” Charmaine asked.

“I have, and it isn't great,” Willow confessed. In truth, she was not satisfied with her score.

“How much did you get?” Charmaine was eager to know.

Willow's currently in a relationship with Clayton. If she manages to get into Jipsdale University, I'm sure she'll be able to stand tall by his side.

“It's only six hundred fifty,” Willow replied. It was a little difficult to enter Jipsdale University with that score.

“Willow, you did a great job. Mr. Zales should be able to find a way around this if you really want to be admitted into Jipsdale University.”

“Yeah,” was all Willow answered.

Feeling bitter, she asked, “What about you, Sophie? What's your score?”

“I don't know yet.”

“What do you mean by that? It's fine if you don't want to tell me, but you didn't have to lie,” Willow snapped.

“Soph, what's going on? Have you not checked your score yet?”

“I have, but I don't have a score,” Sophie revealed.

“How can that be? Could it be that you've underperformed this time and are too embarrassed to tell us?” Hah! Don't you think highly of yourself all the time? Why don't you have the guts to tell us your score now?

“Yes, Sophie, no matter how you've done on the exam, you must tell us about it so that we can think of a way to deal with this,” Winston quickly chimed in.

Sophie was speechless.

Why won't they believe me? Well, it's not as if it matters.

“No, thanks,” she answered, her patience running thin.

“Soph, how can you not have a score? Did you flunk the exam? How can you be so irresponsible?”

Charmaine grumbled.

The university entrance exam is a significant event in everyone's life! How can she be so thoughtless about it?

Sophie was at a loss for words.

“Isn't it just a university entrance exam? I know what I've done.”

Regardless of the score she obtained, she would accept it readily. There was no need for them to worry about it on her behalf.

“Sophie, I know that you had good grades, but it's nothing unusual for high achievers to underperform.

You don't need to feel ashamed,” Winston casually pointed out. “Well, Willow's still the best. She has never let her teachers worry about her. What a good girl she is.”

His praise made Willow smug.

Right then, the housekeeper entered.

“Old Mr. Tanner, there are a few men in suits looking for Ms. Sophie outside,” they reported, musing about how the men had seemed unfriendly.

“Who are they?” Josiah asked.

“I think it's the chancellor of a university.”

“The chancellor of a university?” Josiah was baffled, for he had never encountered something like that before. “Morgan, invite them in!” he then instructed.

No matter what, he could not let them wait outside.

Willow was confused as well.

Why is a university's chancellor here?

Meanwhile, Tristan had been dissatisfied with Winston since arriving at the Tanner residence because

he felt uncomfortable with the latter's attitude toward Sophie.

"I don't really like your math teacher," he said to Sophie.

"Why would you need to like him? You just need to like me," she responded. To them, other people

were insignificant.

"Okay."

Still, Tristan could not shake off the feeling that Winston had insulted Sophie.

At that moment, a bespectacled scholarly-looking man in his fifties entered with a few men behind him.

"May I know who is Sophie Tanner?"

Tristan knew who that man was, and evidently, so did the middle-aged chancellor.

"Why are you here too?" the chancellor asked, taken aback by Tristan's presence in the Tanner

residence.

Chapter 427

“What are you doing here?” Tristan asked.

When he saw Christopher Olsen, the chancellor, he figured out Sophie was a high achiever on the university entrance exam.

Every year, Christopher would personally visit the houses of high achievers and attempt to recruit them to Jipsdale University.

“You know what? Never mind. I don't have time to catch up with you,” Christopher said.

He then ignored Tristan and shifted his gaze toward Sophie. Smiling, he uttered, “Greetings, Sophie.

My name is Christopher Olsen. I am the chancellor of Jipsdale University. I understand that the scores for the university entrance exam have been released. Have you ever considered enrolling in Jipsdale University?”

Winston was flabbergasted at his words.

What? What's going on here? The chancellor of Jipsdale University is now in the Tanner residence to

recruit Sophie in person? She must've done really well on the exam, then!

Josiah was overjoyed when he heard Christopher's words as well.

I knew it! Sophie is a genius! She would never let me down.

Sophie begin, "I might—"

"You don't have to give me an answer right away, Sophie. I will grant you the freedom to pick any

course you like if you join Jipsdale University. I'm sure you're well aware of Jipsdale University's

standing here in Chanaea, right? Well? What do you think of this arrangement?" Christopher

interrupted. He was really worried that she would choose some other university.

Winston's jaw dropped in shock.

She gets to pick any course of study she wants? Isn't that going a little too far?

"Will you please help me out here, Mr. Tristan?" Since Christopher and Tristan had known each other

for a long time, the former was hoping that he would lend a hand.

"Mr. Tristan?" Winston muttered.

Is Mr. Olsen referring to the legendary Mr. Tristan, the man we've heard rumors about, but none of us

have ever seen in person? Oh, my goodness! I can't believe I said all those horrible things in front of

him earlier!

Winston was losing his mind as he slowly realized what was going on. Willow, however, was displeased when she saw him freaking out.

What's wrong with him? He came here in the first place because my fiancé is Clayton, didn't he? Why is he getting so worked up after finding out that Sophie is dating Mr. Tristan? What's so great about that? Sophie is an insignificant person to Mr. Tristan! He'll dump her as soon as he gets tired of toying with her, and she'll be a nobody.

"Sorry, but my words do not hold weight before my girlfriend. In our relationship, she's the one who calls the shots," Tristan replied smilingly.

Both Sophie and Christopher felt speechless when they heard that.

The chancellor, especially, was annoyed. What the heck is going on with this brat? Does he have to react like that when all I did was ask him for a small favor?

Winston kept quiet as he thought about how he would make up for his rude behavior earlier.

"I'm serious, Sophie. Jipsdale University is the best university in all of Chanaea. You won't regret

choosing to join us!” Christopher declared confidently.

“Jipsdale University is the best in Chanaea? Says who? Have you forgotten about Capston University?”

said Joseph Newman, the chancellor of Capston University, as he showed up with a few of his vice-chancellors.

They, too, were eager to recruit talented students like Sophie into their university, which ranked first in the country.

Other universities wanted to recruit her as well, but alas, they were no match for the two universities.

Christopher let out a huge sigh when he saw his rival.

“What the heck is your problem? Why are you following me everywhere I go? Do you find it fun?” he exclaimed in exasperation.

Winston was utterly dumbstruck at that point.

The chancellors of the two most prestigious universities in Chanaea are here in person? I never thought something like this was possible! Just how high is Sophie's score on the university entrance exam?

“I did not follow you here!” Joseph immediately retorted. Turning to Sophie, he said, “Sophie, I arrived a

little late because I was still in Anglandur when I received the news, but I came over right away! I hope

this shows my sincerity in inviting you to join Capston University.”

The young lady darted a glance between the two chancellors.

In truth, she was not too happy about the situation at hand. “Why would you two come all the way to my

house? I need some more time to consider which university to attend, so please head back for now!”

“Mr. Olsen, Mr. Newman, Sophie’s score is hidden, right? Just how did she do in the exam?” Josiah

was more concerned about that matter.

“Oh, Sophie’s amazing! With a score of seven hundred forty-nine, she has the highest score among all

the candidates for the past and current university entrance exams! The only subject she didn’t get a full

score for was Chanaean. The examiner was a perfectionist and decided to deduct one mark from her

paper,” Christopher replied.

He was clearly dissatisfied with the examiner’s decision as he believed Sophie’s answers deserved a

perfect score.

Yale was frozen in shock. Even Caleb didn’t score that high when he took the university entrance

exam! Sophie truly is a genius! I can't believe I looked down on her before! I really regret my past actions!

Josiah beamed with pride and satisfaction, which was something he had not done in a very long time.

"As expected of my granddaughter!" he exclaimed proudly.

"Yeah, Sophie is the most talented student I have ever seen! With the exception of Chanaean, she got perfect scores in every other subject! This is the first time I've seen a student perform so well on the university entrance exam!" Christopher agreed.

Josiah's eyes were sparkling with delight. "I knew Sophie would never let me down!"

"You can rest easy knowing that the Tanner family is in good hands, Old Mr. Tanner." The Tanner family could entrust Sophie with Tanner Group in the future.

"You should come to Capston University, Sophie! I'll let you pick any course of study you prefer if you join us!" Joseph expressed his stance as well.

Since he was only a little late to the party, he had no intention of backing down without a fight.

With high stakes riding on Sophie's decision, he had to give it his all to persuade her.

As Sophie had yet to make up her mind on which university to enroll in, she said, “I acknowledge the offers that you are both making, and I will consider them thoroughly.”

“Well, I think you two should head back first, Mr. Olsen and Mr. Newman,” Tristan piped up. He, too, felt

they were overstaying their welcome.

“All right. I'll be taking my leave now. Don't put pressure on yourself. You won't go wrong with choosing Jipsdale University. Perhaps you could visit our campus to get a better idea of what it's like over there. I assure you—the environment at our university is first class!” Christopher implored on his way out.

“You have to consider Capston University, Sophie! If you choose to attend our university, I'll let you stay in the condominium for doctoral students! That way, you can focus on research wholly!” Joseph, too, continued his attempt to win Sophie over.

“I'll buy you a house!” Christopher was going all out in order to compete against Joseph in getting talents to Jipsdale University.

“Mr. Olsen...” The vice-chancellor standing next to him was utterly dumbfounded.

I admit that Sophie is an incredibly talented individual and all, but there's no need to go that far for her!

A house in Jipsdale would cost a bomb! Only professors at Jipsdale University are entitled to receive such benefits!

“I mean what I said, Sophie. Please think long and hard about this. Anyway, we'll get going now. Let's have a meal together sometime!”

Chapter 428

The chancellors of the two most prestigious universities in the country were considered bigwigs, yet they had gone out of their way to compete for Sophie.

Josiah looked at Yale and instructed, “Yale, see Mr. Olsen and Mr. Newman off.”

The latter nodded and walked the two chancellors out the front door.

Back in the house, Josiah was thrilled.

“You did a great job, Soph! Let me know what you want as a reward, and I'll be sure to get it for you!”

he promised with a huge smile on his face.

I've always known that Sophie is very talented, but I never thought she'd be this amazing!

“I don't need anything right now, Grandpa. All I want is for you to take good care of your health.” That was probably the best gift Sophie could ever ask for.

“No, Sophie. You're the pride of the Tanner family, so I must treat you to something!” Josiah insisted.

This calls for a celebration! I can't just sit by and do nothing!

Willow did not take too kindly to how everyone seemed to be making a fuss over Sophie.

Why is Sophie getting all the good stuff in life? I'm engaged to Clayton now, yet it still couldn't change a thing!

With that in mind, she went upstairs quietly.

At that moment, she could not bear to stick around and witness Sophie's glory.

Unbeknownst to everyone, Willow wished Sophie would flunk the exam.

However, what happened was the exact opposite.

Charmaine felt a little worried when she saw Willow's response, so she followed her up the stairs.

“Willa, why did you walk away when we're about to go celebrate? Your grandpa won't be happy if you leave just like this.”

Willow turned around and said, “I'm the one who isn't happy right now, Mom. I couldn't care less what everyone else feels!” Her voice was not soft.

“You can't behave like this, Willow. Regardless of what you feel, Sophie is still your younger sister. Her

excellent performance in the university entrance exam will bring great pride to the Tanner family. Who knows, she might even be able to help you out someday!" In Charmaine's opinion, there was no need to make things ugly.

"Her success has nothing to do with mine. She will never help me!" Sophie has never shown me respect, and that didn't change when we were at Nocturnal the other day.

Charmaine shook her head and said in resignation, "Forget it. Nothing I say is going to change your mind. Just remember not to make an enemy of Sophie."

She, too, had recently realized that nothing good would come out of messing with Sophie.

Unable to stand talking about Sophie any longer, Willow went upstairs without saying another word.

Is Sophie really that amazing? I don't think so! She just got a little lucky, that's all! There's nothing impressive about that.

As for Charmaine, she went back downstairs to carry on celebrating Sophie's success with the rest of the family.

"Grandpa, if there's nothing else to do here, I'll get going now as I need to head over to school later in

the afternoon,” Sophie voiced.

Josiah was elated. “All right, go do what you have to do. You'll definitely be a successful person in the future!”

Tristan was still following her around after they left the Tanner residence.

“Hey, didn't I tell you to head to Lombard Group?” Sophie asked, wondering why he was still staying by her side.

“It's fine. I'll drop you off at school,” Tristan replied.

“In that case, let's pick Ysabelle up at TS Entertainment before heading over.”

“No need for that. Felix is already on the way to pick her up.” The man in question had been putting in a lot of effort to pursue Ysabelle lately, but nothing seemed to be working.

“All right. We'll go straight to school, then,” Sophie said at the end.

When Tristan dropped her off at the front gate of Jipsdale Premier High, sure enough, he saw Felix's car parked by the side. Apparently, Felix had arrived with Ysabelle quite some time ago, and they had been waiting for Sophie outside.

It was only when Ysabelle spotted Tristan's car that she got out of Felix's vehicle to meet with Sophie.

"Come on, Sophie! It's about time."

"Okay!" Sophie replied as she got out of the car.

"You boys can head on back. Our class is having an event tonight, so you don't need to pick us up from school." Their classmates decided to have a gathering before everyone went their separate ways in life.

After all, they had been studying together for a long time.

"Is it a gathering?" Felix asked with a frown.

I don't really like gatherings such as this... Couples tend to get broken up during the event.

"Yeah, Bobby said we should have a gathering before we all part ways," Ysabelle replied, finding it perfectly normal.

"Oh, I see. Can I come along?" Felix asked because he remembered that some of the boys in their class had a crush on her.

A gathering that acted as a farewell party was a perfect opportunity for them to confess their feelings to her.

He would not let them have a chance to do so.

Ysabelle stared at him in disbelief. "Felix, this is a gathering for our classmates. You don't know any of them, so why would you want to join?"

"I know you and Sophie. Isn't that good enough?" Felix did not think it was necessary for him to know everyone else.

"I don't think you should come along. We're all students here. It'll be awkward for us to have a working adult around."

Ysabelle's remark rendered him speechless.

"What are you planning on doing at the gathering, Ysabelle? Why won't you let me come with you?"

"What do you mean by that?" she asked in puzzlement. What else could I possibly do?

"Be honest with me. Is there someone you like? Are you planning on confessing your feelings to him at the gathering?"

Ysabelle glared at him.

"What does that have to do with you? Who I like and when I decide to confess my feelings are none of your business. Stay out of it."

Unable to stand how noisy they were being, Tristan chided, "That's enough, you two!"

The two of them fell silent instantly.

“They're both adults now. They can make their own decisions in life,” Tristan added. It was pointless for Felix to try to control Ysabelle.

Since neither of them was on his side, Felix did not feel like saying another word.

“Don't worry; I won't let anyone take advantage of her!” Sophie reassured him when she saw how worried he looked.

Felix nodded and said in resignation, “All right. Thanks, Sophie.”

Sophie simply flashed him a meaningful smile in response.

“Just ignore him, Sophie! Come on, let's go!”

Ysabelle then dragged Sophie into the school while Felix stood there gloomily.

Still feeling worried, he asked, “Mr. Tristan, aren't you worried about this at all? Sophie is really pretty,

after all!” He figured things would be different if Tristan attended the gathering with him.

“Why would I be worried? I know she won't settle for average guys,” Tristan replied calmly.

Felix let out a helpless sigh as he realized he was the only one feeling worried.

Tristan comforted him by saying, "Come on, quit sulking. Ysabelle will eventually be yours if you two are fated to be together."

"I didn't know you believed in fate, Mr. Tristan."

"Why wouldn't I?" Tristan questioned in return.

He believed it was fate that allowed him to meet Sophie in life.

"I thought you always believed in hard work instead."

"Of course, I also believe that hard work is also required." Sophie and I wouldn't have gotten this far if it weren't for me putting in all that effort.

"Exactly. That's why I have to continue working hard."

"That doesn't make it okay for you to attend a gathering for students!" Tristan commented bluntly.

"I can't help it! I'm worried about her!" Felix protested.

He, too, did not want to attend a gathering in which he would not fit in, but he did not know what else he

could do.

“Stop worrying. Nothing happened between you and Ysabelle yet, right?”

“I'm worried precisely because nothing happened,” Felix said. You won't feel anxious because you've confirmed your relationship, but my situation is different!

“Okay! I admit I'm pushing a bit too hard, but I'm running out of ideas! Ysabelle is such a ditz! How can she not notice my feelings when I've been so nice to her?”

“Because you have a foul mouth!”

Although he was indeed nice to Ysabelle, how he spoke to her was also very infuriating.

Words eluded Felix.

I suppose he's right... Is it because of my foul mouth that I ran into such a problem?

“Reflect on yourself! Don't blame others for your problems. Since there's an issue, it must be because of how you handled things.”

Felix felt a little dejected.

However, it sure seemed that he was part of the problem, for he didn't tell Ysabelle directly that he liked her and even teased her constantly.

His behavior was, indeed, not quite well-received.

Sophie and Ysabelle arrived at Senior Class 8. Their classmates were all curious as to how much she had scored.

“Sophie, what are your scores?”

“749.”

She gave a direct reply when her classmates asked, for she saw no reason to hide it.

“D*mn, Sophie! You're insane! You scored 749, which means you got full marks for three of the subjects!”

Is she even human at all? The questions this time aren't that easy! Most of them are incredibly difficult!

Yet, she still managed to earn such a high score!

“Does that mean you're the highest achiever in Jipsdale for this year's university entrance exam?” They didn't think anybody would be capable of getting full marks.

“Maybe.”

“Which university are you going to enroll in?” It was about time for them to come up with a decision, so her classmates assumed that she must've already made up her mind.

"I'm not sure."

"She would have her pick of universities. I heard that the chancellors of Jipsdale University and Capston University had both paid visits to her home!"

"Really?"

"Sophie, you really are the ace in Senior Class 8!" Although they had had some disagreements, those no longer mattered, considering their impending graduation.

"Yeah! Hasn't Senior Class 1 always been cocky? With the ace in our class now, I bet they can no longer afford to boast!"

"How did everyone do?" Ysabelle was also concerned about her classmates.

"Not bad. Our class did brilliantly!"

"Indeed! Our class has achieved so much ever since Sophie's arrival! If it hadn't been for you, I wouldn't have been able to score so highly!"

For a moment, the students from Senior Class 8 all got emotional.

Their homeroom teacher arrived with a radiant smile. After all, that batch of students had gotten the

best results out of all the students he had taught.

He was happy for them from the bottom of his heart.

Although attending university wasn't the only option for their future, the scores they obtained meant

their hard work during the past three years was worthwhile, regardless of their future plans.

“You will be going your separate ways from now on. I wish all of you will be able to pursue the things

you're passionate about!”

That was his one true wish.

As the homeroom teacher spoke, tears rolled down his cheeks uncontrollably.

“Oops, I've got sand in my eye!”

"Haha!"

Initially, they were all feeling rather melancholic, but his humor livened up the atmosphere once again.

“Don't worry, Teach! A lot of us will be staying in Jipsdale. We'll visit you!”

“Yeah! You're the best homeroom teacher I've ever had! We'll never forget about you!”

After that, someone tucked a flower bouquet into Sophie's arms.

“Sophie, give this bouquet to our homeroom teacher on our behalf!”

Sophie stood up. She agreed that they had a great homeroom teacher. To him, no mistake was so grave as to be unforgivable.

No matter what his students did, they would be offered a second chance.

He seemed to never run out of patience.

Sophie approached him with the flowers in her hand.

“Teach, your next batch of students will be even better!” said Sophie cheerfully.

The teacher took the flowers from Sophie.

“You're the most outstanding student that I ever had, Sophie! You have a bright future ahead of you. Be of use to society in the coming years.”

Many would commit crimes with the knowledge they possessed despite their academic prowess.

Thus, his only wish was for her to make good use of her expertise and benefit humanity instead of stirring up ruckuses.

After all, there was a fine line between being a genius and a madwoman.

Sophie let out a chuckle.

“You have nothing to worry about! I won't do anything illegal.” She figured that should be every teacher's wish for their students.

“Yeah. That would be great. To be honest, you're my pride even though I haven't taught you for a long time.”

“You're our pride too, Teach.”

All of a sudden, many of the students from Senior Class 8 cried.

Even Ysabelle was bawling her eyes out.

Truth be told, they really did have the best homeroom teacher.

“Okay, stop crying, guys. Just remember to visit me. You don't need to bring any presents. Just a visit would suffice.”

As Willow walked past Senior Class 8 and noticed how dazzling Sophie seemed while being surrounded by her classmates, the former felt shameful and inferior when compared to Sophie.

After all, Willow used to be the center of attention.

At that point, however, she had become dull and inconspicuous.

“Hey, isn't that Willow? What happened? She got so arrogant after being engaged to Clayton and also

did poorly in her university entrance exams!"

"Yeah. She thought she could rely on men when they were the flimsiest ones! Hey, Willow, we're from the same school, after all. So, we want to know what you were thinking when you got engaged to

Clayton, who is in a dire situation himself. What exactly are you after?"

The media had made a big splash out of Willow and Clayton's engagement, so eighty percent of the students in Jipsdale Premier High were aware of it.

"First, it was Mason. Then, it's Clayton. It's obvious that her goal is to marry into a rich family!"

The students from Senior Class 8 truly despised Willow.

Her arrogance was loathed by many.

Willow didn't say a word after sweeping a glance at them. At that point, she no longer enjoyed the same status in Jipsdale Premier High as before.

"I have something to talk to you about, Sophie." Willow's remark was directed at Sophie, who was in the classroom.

"I don't understand, Willow. Do you think it's fun to always find fault with Sophie?" Ysabelle was

befuddled.

"I'm not here to find fault with her. Besides, I'm her sister! What I do has nothing to do with you!" Willow

retorted. Ysabelle is the outsider among us. What right does she have to act all superior?

"Of course it has something to do with me! I'm involved in everything that's got to do with Sophie."

Ysabelle was persistent.

"That's enough, Willow. I won't agree to anything you want to ask from me." Sophie didn't want them to argue, so she gave a straightforward answer.

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If this had happened in the past, Willow would have immediately thrown a tantrum. However, upon recalling Clayton's request, she dared not lose her temper.

At that moment, her anger boiled over, but in order to continue being with Clayton, she had no choice but to please Sophie.

"Sophie, I really have something important that I need to talk to you about."

Everyone began whispering among themselves when they saw Willow behaving in a self-abasing

mainer.

“Sophie, just ignore her. She must have some ulterior motives,” Ysabelle declared.

“Yeah! She's always acted like a condescending princess. This is the first time I've seen her like this.”

“A princess? Bullsh*t! She must have a severe case of princess syndrome!”

Willow's expression soured when she heard how the students of Senior Class 8 ridiculed her. How can

they say that about me? Very well. I'll let it slide for now. When I become Clayton's wife, I'll make sure

to teach them a lesson they won't forget. I will trample on their dignity someday in the future.

“Soph, I truly don't harbor any ill intention. As you know, I'm always concerned about you, but I'm just

bad at expressing it. No matter what happens, we're sisters after all.” Willow managed to lie through

her teeth without batting an eyelash.

“What do you want? Stop beating around the bush already!” What exactly is on her mind? Why can't

she just cut to the chase?

“I—” All of a sudden, Willow truly had no idea how to get into Sophie's good books. “I think there's been

a misunderstanding between us.”

“A misunderstanding? What's there to misunderstand? Can you swear that you've never tried to harm me?” It had happened in the past, and since it was such a long time ago and Sophie was not someone who quibbled over every little thing, she had not sought to settle the score with Willow. So why is she whining about it now?

Willow was rendered speechless.

“Sophie, I've never tried to hurt you. It truly was a misunderstanding!” Willow pleaded. Caught between a rock and a hard place, that was the only thing she could say.

When the others saw how shameless Willow was acting, they didn't know what to say.

“How can you be so shameless? I swear you're the most shameless person I've ever met.” Ysabelle was pissed. I bet she wants something from Sophie, or she'll never act like that!

“Okay, okay! You should just leave, Willow.” The students of Senior Class 8 could no longer bear to watch the scene. Willow may have forgotten the things she had done, but Sophie's classmates remembered them clearly.

Seeing how Sophie was completely ignoring her, Willow was at a loss for what to do.

“Let's talk next time,” she murmured.

"Get lost!"

The students from Senior Class 8 no longer wanted to entertain Willow.

"Sophie, can you help me decide which academy I should choose? My score is low!"

When the students of Senior Class 8 knew that Sophie excelled at information technology, they requested her help to analyze their test results in order to determine the best university for them to apply to.

Sophie was good at data analysis. In just mere moments, she provided her classmates with a list of applicable universities.

By the time they left school to attend a gathering, it was around six o'clock in the evening. Sophie received a phone call from Tristan on the way there.

"Don't eat spicy foods and watch out for your stomach," Tristan reminded her worriedly.

"Mr. Tristan, I'm a capable adult. Don't worry. Moreover, the place we're going for the gathering is hygienic."

"Okay, I get it. I've always known that you're an independent person, but I just can't help worrying about

you.” Tristan could not control himself either. He often found himself thinking about her and having the urge to call her. At the same time, he couldn't stop being concerned about her well-being.

“Call me when you're finished. I'll go pick you up.”

“No, you don't have to! It will be pretty late by the time we finish. Also, we'll probably head someplace else after the gathering.” After all, it's the last time we're together as a class.

Though she wasn't that interested, she must still attend because Ysabelle had been looking forward to it.

“I'm at Wisteria Apartments and not too busy at the moment. Just call me when it ends. It's not safe for the two of you to return home on your own.”

Not safe? Am I just a weak little girl in his eyes? Did he forget that I've once defeated mercenaries in a fight?

“What's wrong? Did I say something wrong?” Tristan ventured cautiously when Sophie did not reply.

“Nothing. But I do feel like you don't know me at all, or perhaps, you only know me superficially.”

Perhaps the Sophie he was in love with was someone he had made up in his mind.

“What do you mean by that?” Tristan was flustered.

“Nothing much. Okay, we've reached the place. I have to hang up now. Talk to you later.” Ysabelle had already alighted from the vehicle and was already waiting for her outside.

Tristan lost his cool when he heard the beeping of the phone. Don't know her? What does that mean?

Felix was also at Wisteria Apartments at that moment. He had insisted on following Tristan because he assumed that the latter was going to see Sophie, and he wanted to tag along.

“What's wrong, Mr. Tristan?” asked Felix in confusion when he saw the look on Tristan's face.

“Sophie said that I don't truly know her.”

“Huh? Did you guys fight?” Why would she say something like that otherwise?

“No,” Tristan replied. He had always devised strategies and navigated difficult matters with ease, but when it came to matters related to Sophie, he often found himself at a loss.

“Don't worry too much about it, Mr. Tristan. You can ask her about it when she returns. A girl's thoughts are often hard to discern.” That's just how girls are.

Tristan remained silent. What did I do? Have I done something to annoy her?

Felix could only shake his head upon seeing how perplexed Tristan was.

Even an almighty man like Tristan had been reduced to this state when it came to the girl he was in love with. Other people would only have it worse.

Love was indeed something powerful enough to make one lose oneself.

The gathering was held at a famous BBQ restaurant in Jipsdale. By the time the two girls arrived, everyone else was already there.

Everyone found a spot to sit.

When the homeroom teacher saw Sophie and Ysabelle, he waved at them.

“Sophie, Ysabelle, get over here! I'm so bored all by myself.” As their homeroom teacher, he also attended the gathering. However, none of the students sat with him.

Ysabelle shook her head. “Teach, come on, please spare us!”

“What do you mean by that? I'm harmless! Why won't the two of you sit with me? I knew it. I shouldn't have come.”

“That's not true! Teach, don't overthink it. We love you!” Ysabelle exclaimed.

Sophie sat down next to the homeroom teacher. It was only a casual meal, so it did not matter where she sat.

We can't let Teach sit all alone! That's so cruel.