

Only For Her 91

Chapter 91 If Only They Could Take Me Down

The Lincoln they traveled in was taking them to the hotel.

Throughout the journey, Sophie coughed several times.

Tristan took out a flask, unscrewed the cap, and passed it to her. "Here. Drink some warm water."

Sophie did not know how to react as she had never shared another person's cup before!

"Drink some warm water, Soph! You're not down with flu, are you?"

"Nope."

"It's a new cup, don't worry," Tristan assured her.

Once again, Sophie was at a loss for words. It's not that I mind. It was just a matter of habit.

"Yeah! Don't worry, Soph. My uncle is not sick!"

Upon hearing that, Tristan shot daggers at Ysabelle. Is she trying to step on my toes on purpose?

Ysabelle immediately zipped her mouth.

Under Tristan's watchful eyes, Sophie accepted the cup and took a sip.

The man continued staring at her, leaving her with no choice but to take another sip.

When their Lincoln car arrived at the hotel, Felix got down the vehicle and opened the door.

He reached out his hands to help Ysabelle get out of the car, but the latter ignored him and hopped down from her seat.

Tristan also extended his hand to Sophie.

Sophie did not turn down his offer. She held his hand and came out of the car.

A handsome gentleman and a beauty getting out of the car was quite a sight to behold.

The passersby standing by the road and observing their interaction were all fangirling and screaming internally.

“Thank you.”

The moment they stepped into the hotel, the manager came out to greet them, “Are you Mr. Tristan?”

Tristan nodded and responded with a deep grunt.

“We’ve prepared two presidential suites for you, and they’re ready for check-in.”

Meanwhile, Sophie went to the front-desk counter with Ysabelle to check in.

“I want to share a room with you, Soph.”

“Sure.”

“Oh, yeah. Isn’t Cecelia joining us too? Why isn’t she here?”

Ysabelle liked Cecelia very much because they were about the same age. She also looked up to Cecelia because she was an award-winning actress.

“She can’t make it because she’s busy with filming.”

The achievements Cecelia attained were not results of an overnight success. She had always been a professional actress who worked hard in all her films. Throughout her career, she had never hired a stunt double.

She would pour her heart and soul into a project as long as she found the script inspiring.

That was why Cecelia was a breath of fresh air when the entertainment industry was full of snobbish and arrogant celebrities.

“Oh, that’s such a pity! I thought of asking her for her autograph.”

“I’m sure you’ll get a chance to do so. She’ll be releasing her latest film soon. I’ll take you to the premiere.”

Before this, Sophie had promised Cecelia she would attend her premiere but did not get a chance to do

so. Now that they were in Jipsdale, she had no reason to turn down her invitation again.

“Mr. Tristan, what should we do since the girls have decided to share a room?”

“You have a problem with that? Do you want to share a room with Ysabelle? How dare you.”

“That’s not what I had in mind, Mr. Tristan!” Felix immediately denied it. What did I do to make him think

I’m a pervert?

“Mr. Tristan, I’m just a little curious. Ms. Tanner is such a gorgeous lady. Don’t you have any thoughts about her?”

Tristan shot a murderous glare at Felix, forcing him to shut his mouth.

After checking into the hotel rooms and changing into fresh clothes, Sophie heard a knock on their door.

She opened the door and saw Tristan standing outside. “Yes, Mr. Tristan? How can I help you?”

Sophie was still wearing the hotel’s bathrobe. She probably had just come out of the shower since her hair was still wet. Her rosy cheeks were exceptionally seductive.

“I just want to give you this.” Tristan then gave her a bag.

Sophie looked into the bag and saw bottles of pills in it. "I don't need this. I'm not ill." Why should I take these medicines? Can't he see I'm not sick?

"Didn't you have a sore throat? These pills can relieve your discomfort. Well, they're not exactly medicines but lozenges."

Sophie eventually accepted the bag. "Is there anything else?"

"Nope. Let's have dinner together later!"

"Sure, but Ysabelle is still in the shower. I'll text you when she's ready." Sophie did not allow Tristan to enter their room. She thought it was inappropriate for him to come in when Ysabelle was still in the bathroom. It's just not right for him to be around even though they were related.

Tristan could not help but chuckle at how hard-hearted she was when shutting him out.

Soon, Ysabelle got out of the bathroom with a towel wrapped around her body.

"Who was it? Ms. Lineker? I'll be ready in a minute." Ysabelle was thrilled as she had looked forward to this trip.

"Take your time, don't worry."

Ysabelle started putting on makeup. As a nineteen-year-old, she was particular about her looks. She

could do anything she wanted to flaunt her beauty since she was away from school.

While she went to the restroom to do her makeup, Sophie lolled on the couch in the hotel room, even though her hair was still wet.

Her phone rang, and she answered the call.

“Phantom, are you in Koandria? Please do me a favor.” Butterfly sounded irritated.

“What is it?” Sophie was annoyed by the call. Lately, she had not been enthusiastic about anything.

“Wings of Light has recently accepted a project, but we’re at our wits’ end. We’re wondering if you could help us out.”

“You mean all of you can’t settle the project?”

As the founder of Wings of Light, Sophie was responsible for ensuring the success of the projects they accepted.

“All right.”

Butterfly might be twenty-five years old, but when she was with Sophie, who was only in her teenage years, Butterfly behaved like an elementary school pupil.

“Got it. Email me the details, and I’ll take it from there.”

“Phantom, I know you’re confident in yourself, but you ought to be careful. They’re not easy to deal with.”

Wings of Light was a legendary organization, and many people had the utmost respect for it.

But some people also wanted Wings of Light to fall from grace.

Many hackers were eager to expose Phantom’s identity. By doing so, they could become the world’s number one.

That was why whenever Phantom accepted a project, countless hackers would try to get through her firewalls, hoping they could expose her identity.

“You worry too much.” I’ve yet to identify a worthy opponent.

“Phantom, I know you’ve great skills, and nobody can defeat you. But now, the hackers in Anglandur have formed an alliance to find out who you are.”

“Well, I’ll be more than willing to kneel before them and concede defeat if they could take me down,” Sophie uttered condescendingly.

Butterfly sighed. Despite knowing Phantom was invincible, Butterfly was still worried about her.

After all, hackers were not civic-minded and law-abiding citizens.

Meanwhile, Ysabelle, who had completed her makeup, had changed into a beautiful purple skirt.

When she saw Sophie was still wearing the bathrobe, she pulled her over.

“Excuse me, Ms. Tanner! Why are you still in your bathrobe? We’re leaving soon! Quick, get changed.

I’ll help you with makeup.” It would have been a waste if Soph didn’t doll herself up. She’s such a beauty!

“That won’t be necessary. I’ll just change into something casual.”

“Nope. I bought this same dress for you. Since I’m wearing it, you have to wear it too.”

Sophie glanced at Ysabelle’s purple skirt and was not a big fan of it. It’s so inconvenient to walk in that skirt!

“Please, Soph? We’re besties, right?”

“All right. Fine!”

Ysabelle gave Sophie a big hug. Yay! Soph’s the best!

Chapter 92 I Want To Have Meat Too

The dress that Ysabelle bought Sophie was from the same brand as her own, but it gave off a different

vibe. The dress Ysabelle wore made her look like a princess in a fairy tale, whereas Sophie's made her look like a celebrity.

Sophie looked so great in the dress that even Ysabelle whistled when she saw her.

"Wow! You look really pretty!"

Sophie simply shrugged and flashed her a smile in response.

This dress does indeed look nice and suits my style really well, but it's really inconvenient. I have to be careful when I sit down or I might expose myself without even realizing it!

"Come here, Soph! I'll help you with your makeup!" Ysabelle had recently gotten into makeup and even bought some from Transfix Cosmetics.

"No, thanks. I don't like that stuff on my face."

"Ms. Tanner, have you forgotten that you are now selling cosmetics? How will the customers have faith in the product if you don't use it?"

"They can just not use it."

Applying makeup is a real hassle and takes way too much time. Don't even get me started on how

troublesome the makeup removal process is...

“Come on, Soph! Let me give it a shot! You know how I’ve gotten into makeup lately!”

Jeez... I have got to choose my friends more carefully...

“Ms. Lombard, is it possible for me to end our friendship?”

“Sorry, but it’s too late for that now!” Realizing that she had given her consent, Ysabelle quickly sat her

down at the dressing table and went to town on her face.

Thanks to Sophie’s naturally beautiful face and Ysabelle’s amazing skills, Ysabelle got the makeup

done in less than ten minutes.

Using the same technique she saw in videos and tutorials, Ysabelle then braided Sophie’s hair and

said, “See? You look even prettier than Cecelia!”

She’s clearly very proud of her handiwork...

“Come on, let’s go for dinner,” Sophie urged her as it was already six in the evening.

“Okay!” Ysabelle replied with a smile.

Both Tristan’s and Felix’s eyes lit up when the two girls showed up in front of them.

“Well? What do you think? I might actually consider becoming a stylist in the future,” Ysabelle asked

with her head held high.

Felix was still in awe as he looked at her from head to toe.

“You look beautiful, Belle!”

Due to him being a blunt and dense guy, “beautiful” was the only compliment he knew.

Ysabelle let out a proud snort and said, “I know, right? I think I look amazing too!”

“Sophie looks better,” Tristan commented.

It’s no secret that Sophie looks extremely beautiful. She stunned me with her appearance once at

Ysabelle’s birthday party, but this evening gown gives her a different kind of charm!

Ysabelle fell speechless when she heard what he said.

“I don’t care what you say about Sophie. I think Ysabelle looks way better!” Felix said.

“We’re going out for dinner, aren’t we? Come on, let’s get going! I’m starving!” Sophie quickly ended

the topic.

Tristan nodded. “Let’s go.”

The two of them then walked out the door together.

“You really want to become a stylist?” Felix asked while fiddling with Ysabelle’s braid.

He was well aware of her recent interest in makeup.

“Do you think I have the talent for it?”

“I think you do, but it’s way too much work.”

“Let’s continue this conversation some other time. I’m not too sure about it myself just yet.”

The four of them then made their way into a Koandrian barbecue restaurant and sat down at a large table.

My goodness... I never knew Tristan could make something as mundane as grilling meat look so good!

Felix thought to himself in shock when he saw Tristan work the barbecue.

Tristan added some vegetables to the meat when grilling it, which resulted in a really appetizing combination.

When the meat was thoroughly cooked, Tristan placed it on a piece of lettuce and asked Sophie,

“Anything else you would like to add?”

“I can help myself to the food, so you don’t have to worry about serving me,” Sophie replied while grabbing her own lettuce.

Tristan simply kept quiet as he dipped it in some sauce and held it up to her mouth.

Dozens of girls in the restaurant were looking at them at that time.

Sophie shot Tristan an annoyed glance but opened her mouth anyway.

Tristan fed her the perfectly grilled, bite-sized piece of meat that he had wrapped in the lettuce.

“Well? What do you think? Not too bad, huh?”

“It’s really good.”

A satisfied smile formed on Tristan’s face when he heard that.

The girls’ eyes were filled with admiration and envy as they watched from their tables.

“That’s Ms. Sophie’s boyfriend, right? He’s such a sweet guy!”

“I know, right? Not only does he look ridiculously good, but he also treats her so well!”

“D*mn... I want him to be my boyfriend!”

“You? Forget it! Those two are a perfect match for each other!”

Tristan and Sophie looked great together in terms of both their appearance and the aura they exuded.

Ysabelle shifted her gaze between the meat that Tristan and Felix grilled.

“Hey, Felix! You’ve been hanging out with Uncle Tristan for a really long time, so why haven’t you learned anything from him?”

Felix, too, wrapped a chunk of grilled meat in a piece of lettuce and held it up to her mouth. “Here you go.”

“Forget it!”

Ysabelle wrapped another chunk of meat and ate it herself instead.

Tristan was so focused on feeding Sophie that he didn’t really eat much himself.

Is he not hungry? I’m almost finished with my portion here!

With that in mind, Sophie wrapped a chunk of meat in a piece of lettuce and held it up to his mouth.

“You should eat some too.”

Tristan was not expecting her to feed him at all, so he got a little too excited and bit her finger by accident when she shoved it into his mouth.

The two of them exchanged glances for the briefest of moments before Sophie pulled her hand back.

Despite her maintaining a calm expression, she felt a strange sensation building up inside her chest.

The finger that he accidentally bit felt numb as though it had been shocked by electricity.

That was when Tristan realized he was more interested in having her instead of grilled meat.

When they were almost done eating, Wilma poured herself a glass of wine and stood up as she said, “I really want to thank you for what you did today, Ms. Sophie! Honestly, I would’ve given up on Transfix Cosmetics if it weren’t for you. Now, I know I will never think about giving up ever again! I’ll be sure to work harder from now on!”

Wilma then downed the entire glass in one go after that.

Sophie, too, poured herself a glass of wine and replied, “Don’t mention it, Ms. Lineker. I should be the one thanking you instead. Cheers, everyone!”

She stood up and chugged her drink down in one go as well.

Felix couldn’t help but wince at the sight of that.

What has happened to girls nowadays? Are they all that hardcore?

The dozens of girls stood up with their glasses raised and filled to the brim.

“We’re not good with words, but we promise to work just as hard! Thank you for everything, Ms.

Sophie! With you on our side, I’m sure we’ll be able to afford to eat meat like this every day!”

Felix fell speechless after hearing that.

What the heck? Did Sophie become their CEO or something?

Sophie smiled at how adorable their behavior was. "Very well! I will do my best to help you all out!"

It was already eight in the evening by the time they were done with dinner. Seeing as everyone was a little tired, Sophie decided to have them head back and get some rest.

The barbecue place wasn't far from the hotel, so they walked back instead of hailing taxis, as it would help with digesting the heavy meal.

Tristan and Sophie were walking in the back of the group at that time.

"I'd like to have some meat too, Ms. Sophie," he said all of a sudden.

Sophie paused in her tracks. Wait... What did I just hear?

"I want to have meat too. Will you help me out with that?"

Sophie found herself blushing when she heard that.

Is this guy flirting with me right now?

"I'm pretty sure you can afford to have meat anytime you want, Mr. Tristan," Sophie replied and carried on walking forward.

“You know what I’m talking about.” She’s a smart girl, so there’s no way she doesn’t get what I mean!

Chapter 93 I Look Amazing Without Clothes

Later that night, Sophie waited till Ysabelle had fallen asleep before helping Butterfly and the others solve their problem.

Since she had a phone call with Arius that lasted over an hour after that, she only managed to get four hours of sleep.

As such, Sophie looked incredibly tired when the group had breakfast at the hotel dining hall the next morning.

“What’s wrong, Sophie? Are you feeling unwell? Do you want to go back to your room and get some rest?” Ysabelle asked worriedly.

“I’m fine. I just didn’t sleep well, that’s all,” Sophie replied.

She grabbed some random food items and a glass of warm milk before returning to her seat.

Tristan sat down in front of her with his breakfast and asked, “Are you all right?”

“I’m fine.”

Why is everyone asking me the same thing?

Worried that she could be starving, Tristan transferred a lot of his food onto her plate.

He had been doing stuff like that so often that Sophie had gotten used to it at that point.

“You should eat more.”

Since she wasn’t a model, he couldn’t stand seeing her being skinnier than actual models out there.

“Do you have a problem with my figure, Mr. Tristan?” Sophie asked lazily.

“Yeah. You’re a little too skinny.”

“Oh, please! I only look skinny because of the clothes that I wear! I’ll have you know that I look amazing without them!”

Tristan kept quiet and stared at her chest before nodding in agreement.

It wasn’t until a few seconds later that Sophie realized what she had said and blushed really hard.

What the f*ck? I can’t believe I actually said that to a guy!

“You can prove it to me when we have the time,” Tristan whispered suggestively.

I would gladly verify that statement of hers myself!

Their little intimate moment was interrupted when Ysabelle came over and asked, “What are you two

talking about? Your face looks really red, Soph! Are you actually feeling unwell?"

"I'm fine..." Sophie mumbled as she shoved a grape into her mouth.

"Oh, by the way, what were you doing on the computer last night?" Ysabelle asked.

She had gotten up in the middle of the night and seen Sophie working on her computer.

Thinking that she was probably busy with something, Ysabelle didn't want to disturb her and went back to sleep.

"I was gaming."

"That sounds fun! I want to join you the next time you play!"

"Sure."

"Phantom has struck again last night, Mr. Tristan," Felix whispered with a depressed look on his face.

Being a huge fan of Phantom, he had always wanted to know who Phantom was but never had the chance to find out.

"Got it."

Tristan was equally curious about Phantom's identity. He wanted to recruit a talented individual like that.

Sophie shot them a glance when she heard them talking about Phantom, but she carried on eating as if she didn't know anything about it.

After finishing her food, Sophie was about to put the plate away when Tristan stopped her.

"Leave it here. I'll take care of it along with my own plate later."

As Sophie was having a stomachache at that time, she did as told and ran off to use the bathroom.

The group had planned on having a fun day at the beach later, so Wilma and the others were going to get their stuff from their hotel rooms.

That was when Wendy accidentally bumped into a woman dressed in fancy clothes, knocking her handbag to the floor in the process.

"Are you blind or what? Why don't you watch where you're going?" the woman yelled angrily while shoving Wendy off her.

Upon noticing the branded stuff the woman had on, Wendy apologized as she knew she couldn't afford to mess with her. "I'm sorry! It was an accident!"

"Saying sorry isn't going to help! Do you have any idea how much this handbag costs? Someone like

you couldn't possibly afford it!"

"I'm really sorry!"

The woman's temper flared when she heard her apologize again.

She slapped Wendy so hard that blood came out of the corner of her lips.

As Wilma was walking in the front of the group, she didn't realize the trouble Wendy had gotten herself

into until she heard the slap.

"Hey, Ma'am! I don't know what happened, but you shouldn't have hit her like that!" Wilma got angry

when she saw the woman bullying her subordinate.

"She should consider herself lucky that a slap is all she got! Do you even know how much this handbag

costs? It's a limited-edition item!" the woman snapped back at her.

It pained Wilma to see Wendy's face all swollen up. "Wendy, are you okay?"

Despite how aggrieved she felt, Wendy didn't want to cause Wilma any trouble, as they were in

Koandria.

"I'm fine, Ms. Lineker..." she mumbled.

"Apologize to me properly and compensate me for my handbag! Until then, none of you are leaving

Jinrich Island!”

Koandrians like her often looked down upon Chanaeans.

I really want to tear this woman a new one, but we can't afford to cause trouble now that we're in a foreign country...

With that in mind, Wilma asked, “How much do you want?”

“Ten million!” the woman replied shamelessly.

“I don't have that much money, Ms. Lineker!” Wendy was on the verge of crying.

“Ma'am, your bag fell on the floor. How can that possibly cost ten million?” Wilma tried to reason with her.

“My bag is dirty now, so I don't want it anymore,” the woman replied arrogantly.

Everyone in the hotel knew she was the wife of the local business conglomerate, so nobody dared intervene at all.

“You...”

Sophie had just returned from the bathroom when she saw them being surrounded.

“What’s going on here?” she asked as she made her way over.

“Ms. Sophie!” Wendy burst into tears the moment she saw her savior.

Wilma gave her a brief summary of the situation, and Sophie narrowed her eyes after hearing her explanation.

Those who were close to Sophie knew that look meant she was about to screw someone over, but the woman was still mouthing off at them.

“How about this? Since you’re all so poor, I’ll be kind enough to let you all off the hook if you all apologize to me sincerely.”

“You...”

Wilma was on the verge of exploding with anger at that point.

“It’s fine, Ms. Sophie!” Wendy said as she didn’t want to get them all in trouble.

“How much did you say this handbag is worth?” Sophie asked.

As no one had ever dared stand up to her, the woman was completely fearless even when faced with someone like Sophie.

“Ten million.”

“All right. Fetch me a pair of scissors.”

Fearing that she would offend the woman further, Wilma tried to talk her out of it. “Ms. Sophie—”

“I said, fetch me a pair of scissors,” Sophie repeated herself.

Wilma had no choice but to do as told and returned with a pair of scissors in hand.

Sophie then handed the scissors over to Wendy without saying a word, much to her confusion.

“What are you girls planning on doing, huh? You’re in Koandria right now! Do you even know who I am?”

“Shut up!”

Sophie shot her a cold glare, causing the woman to go silent instantly.

She turned toward Wendy as she continued, “This handbag is worth a lot of money, right? Cut it.”

This handbag is worth ten million, though! Are we seriously going to cut it?

Wendy glanced at Wilma with an uncertain look in her eyes.

“Just do it!”

With trembling hands, Wendy knelt down and began cutting the handbag in front of everyone.

The woman was livid with rage when she saw that.

It was really hard for me to get my hands on that handbag! I had to pull so many strings just to get it,

and these people are just cutting it to pieces?

She got so mad that she wanted to kill them all on the spot. “You b*tches—”

“While we can afford to pay you ten million for destroying your handbag, it’s clearly a fake worth only

ten thousand. Wilma, pay her ten thousand,” Sophie said with her arms crossed.

Wilma did as told and handed the woman ten thousand in cash.

“Bullsh*t! Don’t give me that cr*p!” The woman refused to believe that she had spent ten million on a

counterfeit handbag.

Chapter 94 A Truly Swollen Face

Sophie didn’t want to waste any more of her time and energy on that woman.

“We’ll know for sure by having someone appraise it. You may not know whether your handbag is

authentic, but you did slap my colleague across the face.”

The woman fell silent instantly.

“Tell me, how much do you think you should pay us for the slap?” Sophie pressed on.

“Heh... I knew it! You lot are trying to con me of my money! Have you Chanaeans forgotten where you are right now? How dare you try to con me in my own country?”

“I think you should forget about it, Miss. She’s the wife of a business conglomerate.”

Unlike in other countries, business conglomerates were incredibly powerful in Koandria.

“I am not going to let this slide!” Sophie insisted.

The woman pulled out a ten thousand note from her purse and threw it at Wendy.

“There, is that good enough for you? That’s ten thousand for a slap!”

Sophie got so angry that she actually felt a little amused. This woman sure is something else! I can’t believe she actually managed to anger me!

“Oh... A slap is only worth ten thousand to you, huh? Since you like hitting people so much, I’ll play a little game with you!”

She stepped forward and slapped the woman repeatedly across the face.

Those slaps were so hard that they left the woman stunned with her ears ringing.

It took her every ounce of strength she had just to remain on her feet.

“How many times did I hit her?” Sophie asked.

“Ten times,” Wilma replied.

Sophie took the purse from Wilma and threw ninety thousand at the woman’s face.

“You want to make more money? I’d be happy to keep oblige if you do, but my hands are a little tired, so I’ll pay someone else to do it for me.”

“You... Just you all wait and see!” the woman spat those words out before fleeing the scene.

“Are you sure it’s okay to do that, Ms. Sophie? Business conglomerates hold a great amount of power

here!” Although it was incredibly satisfying to put that woman in her place, they were still worried about the potential repercussions of their actions.

“Don’t worry! I’m here with all of you!” Sophie reassured them.

I wouldn’t have done that if I were afraid of the consequences! Besides, a business conglomerate from

Jinrich Island is nothing compared to me!

Tristan, Felix, and Ysabelle came running over when they noticed the commotion.

“What happened?” Ysabelle asked.

“It’s nothing. Some idiot just tried to bully us, that’s all.”

Sophie refused to let anyone make a fool of her.

Fearing that Sophie would get into trouble because of her, Wendy said apologetically, "I'm sorry, Ms.

Sophie! I really didn't mean for this to happen!"

Tristan glanced at Wendy's face and said, "Felix, get a doctor over here."

"On it!"

After hearing that Sophie had slapped someone ten times, Tristan held her hand and examined it as he

asked, "Does your hand hurt?"

According to the law of action and reaction, it would make perfect sense for her hand to be hurting after

hitting someone that many times. Honestly, she shouldn't even have to get her hands dirty like this.

Sophie and everyone else fell silent upon seeing his behavior.

"Next time, let me do the hitting."

"All right, I'll keep that in mind."

Everyone else then returned to their rooms while a doctor tended to Wendy's injury.

After hearing the doctor declare that she was all right, they headed over to the beach as they had

originally planned.

The girls were quick to forget the unpleasant incident from earlier the moment they saw how beautiful the scenery was.

However, it wasn't in Tristan's nature to forgive and forget like that.

"There is no longer any reason for that woman to exist now that she has offended me. Have Sean take care of this."

"You sure are protective of Sophie, Mr. Tristan!"

"Of course. She's mine, and I'm not about to let anyone bully her."

Felix fell speechless upon hearing that.

Given how powerful Sophie is, I highly doubt anyone has what it takes to bully her!

As Ysabelle found Wilma pleasant to hang out with, she decided to befriend her and said, "Let's add each other on WhatsApp, Ms. Lineker! From now on, you may feel free to contact me if you ever need anything. I may not be as powerful as Soph, but I might just be able to help out!"

Naturally, Wilma was well aware of Ysabelle's capabilities.

Having taken a liking to her personality as well, Wilma agreed to her suggestion readily, "Sure thing!"

Since the weather was great that day, Sophie decided to get off the chair and go for a stroll.

She took her shoes off and walked along the beach with her feet in the water.

“I believe I’ve made myself clear enough, yes?”

“Don’t worry, Mr. Tristan! Just leave it to me!”

After all, making a mere business conglomerate go missing was a piece of cake for them.

When Tristan shifted his gaze toward the sea, he found himself mesmerized by how beautiful Sophie looked playing in the water.

While making his way toward her, he paused in his tracks and took a picture of her on his phone.

A boundless blue ocean in the background, and a beautiful goddess with long hair that blows freely in the wind... This picture is perfect!

Satisfied with how great the picture turned out, Tristan put the phone away and continued making his way toward her.

Instead of walking alongside her, Tristan simply followed behind her and admired the view.

Sophie paused in her tracks and turned around to face him all of a sudden, but Tristan just kept walking toward her without breaking his stride.

He didn't do or say anything strange in particular, but Sophie found her heart beating faster as he got closer to her.

Tristan came to a halt when he was about a step away from her.

Despite having so much power at his fingertips, he chose not to abuse it by forcing himself on her.

Instead, he believed that she would someday take that step toward him of her own accord.

"Hey, Felix... I think I might be homosexual... I don't know why, but seeing Uncle Tristan together with

Sophie makes me sad. Do you think I might've fallen in love with her?" Ysabelle mumbled as she

observed their interaction from afar.

"Ysabelle, are you serious right now?" Felix couldn't believe his ears.

Don't tell me my rival in love is a woman...

"But they look so good together!" Ysabelle protested.

Felix glanced in their direction and saw what she meant.

It's true that those two look great together. In fact, it's such a beautiful sight that I feel like I'm watching

some romantic Koandrian drama. However, it wouldn't be as beautiful if one of them turned out to be

my love rival!

Unable to withstand her boredom any longer, Ysabelle ran up to them and grabbed Sophie by the arm.

“Let’s have a competition!”

“What kind of competition?” Tristan asked.

Since he was rarely open to such suggestions, Ysabelle wasn’t about to let such an opportunity slip her

by. “Since we’re at a beach, it only makes sense that we play a game of beach volleyball! What do you think?”

“I think that sounds great. Come here, Belle! You and I are on the same team!” Felix pulled Ysabelle aside.

Naturally, Sophie and Tristan were teamed up with each other.

Wilma and the girls gathered around after seeing what they were doing.

“You can do it, Ms. Sophie!” the girls chanted in unison to cheer her on.

“You sure have a lot of fans.”

“Eh, it’s all right.”

Hmm... Looks like I still have a long way to go if I am to become the only one who matters to her.

“Since this is a competition, we should have a wager to keep things interesting! Wouldn’t you agree,

Mr. Tristan?” Felix suggested.

Tristan arched an eyebrow at him in response. Does Felix think he can beat me? Isn’t he

overestimating himself a little too much here?

With that in mind, he asked, “Do you really think you can win?”

“Every competition will have winners and losers. Besides, I don’t think I’m bound to lose!” Felix replied

with a chuckle.

“That’s where you’re wrong. You’re guaranteed to lose if you compete against me.”

“You...”

Felix was irritated by Tristan’s unbelievable arrogance, but there wasn’t much he could do about it.

“How about this? If I win, I’ll trade places with Sophie!”

He was truly going all out at that point.

Chapter 95 Go To My Room

Thinking she had misheard him, Ysabelle dug at her ear and asked calmly, “What did you say? Can

you repeat that?”

"I said, I want to share a room with you!" Felix was determined to spend more time with her at all costs.

"You hear that, Uncle Tristan? Your friend here wants to bed me!" Ysabelle said.

Felix fell silent upon hearing that.

Wait... Did she get the wrong idea or something? I said I wanted to share a room with her, not share a bed with her!

Noticing that Tristan had narrowed his eyes menacingly, Felix raised his arms in a surrendering motion and exclaimed, "That's not true, Mr. Tristan! I've never thought about that at all!"

Sophie picked up the volleyball and stepped forward as she said, "Don't worry, Ysabelle! He can't possibly win!"

"Hey, Mr. Tristan! Your girlfriend is bullying me!" Felix exclaimed.

"That's fine. I'll help her bully you in a bit!" Tristan replied with a smile.

Just like that, what should've been a fair volleyball match ended with the three of them ganging up on Felix.

Unhappy with his loss, Felix grumbled when he was alone with Tristan, "Hey, Mr. Tristan! Don't you

want to be in the same room with Sophie? I actually thought you were going to help me out earlier!”

“I’m warning you, Felix. Ysabelle is still very young!”

What the f*ck? Does he really see me as a heartless pervert?

“I just wanted to spend more time with her, d*mn it! Why must you all bully me like this? You’re such a meanie, Mr. Tristan!” Felix lamented.

“I won’t stop you once Ysabelle turns twenty, so stop your whining.”

What? I have to wait till she’s twenty? There are tons of kids out there who start dating as early as the age of ten!

“Twenty? A-Are you going to wait till Sophie turns twenty too?”

“Yeah.”

Felix had never thought he would hear that reply from Tristan.

What the... Since when did Mr. Tristan become such a gentleman?

Wilma had always assumed that Tristan was some kind of unreasonable thug that would abuse his powers. Being a huge fan of photography, she had taken a picture of him and Sophie with an instant camera when they were standing next to each other earlier.

Noticing that Tristan was standing by himself, she walked up to him and handed him the photo she had taken.

“You must really like Ms. Sophie, huh? You two look so perfect together!”

Tristan couldn’t help but admire how great the photo looked.

He and Sophie were looking at each other with the former lowering his head and the latter raising hers slightly. Her skirt was billowing in the wind, and the boundless blue sea made a perfect background for the two of them.

“Thanks. Feel free to come to me if you ever need anything,” Tristan said.

Felix saw him staring at the photo when he came back.

“What is it?” he asked as he tried to get a peek, but Tristan put it away before he could see anything.

Oh, come on! It’s just a photo! Would it kill him to let me have a look?

Sophie was feeling a little tired due to the lack of sleep, but she didn’t want to stop Wilma and the others from having a great time. After giving it some thought, she decided to just text them the location for dinner instead.

As Ysabelle and Felix were nowhere to be found, she went back to the hotel with Tristan.

Upon arriving outside her room door, Sophie realized she had forgotten her keycard.

She was about to go back and get it when Tristan grabbed hold of her arm.

“Why don’t you go to my room instead?”

Sophie arched an eyebrow at him in response.

“I’m not suggesting anything, okay? I just think it’s too much of a hassle to go all the way back there for a keycard. Besides, you’re tired, aren’t you?”

“I didn’t say anything,” Sophie mumbled as she followed him to his presidential suite.

“Go ahead and take a nap. I’ll wake you up when it’s time for dinner.”

“Okay.”

As she had only slept for four hours the night before, Sophie soon drifted off into a very deep sleep.

Tristan decided to get some work done on his computer outside to kill time. The general manager of Lombard Group started whining the moment Tristan answered his video call.

“When will you be coming back, Mr. Tristan? Please come back as soon as you can!”

My goodness... Our CEO sure is something else! How on earth does he get so much work done so

effortlessly? I can barely get a few hours of sleep every day!

Tristan frowned, as he had only been gone for a few days. "What's wrong? Just keep up the good work.

I'm sure you can handle it."

"I..."

The general manager was on the verge of crying at that point. D*mn... I can't believe he's out there

enjoying his vacation while I'm working my a*s off here every single day!

"Is there anything else you wish to report? If not, I'm going to hang up and go take a nap. I'm a little

tired after playing volleyball all morning."

The general manager could only sigh at his fate as he reluctantly got back to work.

Tristan quietly returned to the room after ending the video call.

Sophie was lying on the huge, white bed with the blanket covering her from the waist down.

Her long, brown hair was spread across the bed, and her skin looked even fairer in contrast to the dark bed sheet.

Tristan sat down on the floor and rested his head on the bed as he stared at her.

Sophie looked so pure and vulnerable when she was asleep that he felt like protecting her in his embrace forever.

Due to her staying up so late, she was still asleep by the time Ysabelle and the others returned.

Ysabelle went looking for Sophie in her room when it was time for dinner but found no one inside.

“Sophie isn’t in her room, Felix.”

“Hmph! In that case, she must be in Mr. Tristan’s room!”

Unbelievable! He’s such a jerk for practicing double standards!

“Are you serious? I can’t believe Uncle Tristan would go for it so soon!”

Although she liked Sophie a lot too, she found it a little more acceptable if it was her uncle who dated Sophie.

Felix headed over to Tristan’s room with Ysabelle and knocked on the door.

Tristan frowned when he opened the door and saw the two of them standing outside.

“It’s time for dinner, Mr. Tristan!”

“You two go on ahead. Sophie is still asleep, so I’ll stay here with her. Tell Wilma and the others that she won’t be joining them and that they can eat whatever they want because it’s on me.”

Ysabelle gasped in shock. "She's still sleeping? Uncle Tristan, Soph is still very young! How could you..."

I knew it! Men are all sc*mbags!

She was going to continue yelling at him, but Felix had dragged her away before she could do so.

Tristan simply ignored her and shut the door after they left.

"Why did you stop me, Felix? Can't you see that my uncle has gone too far?"

"She's just sleeping..."

"Shut up! How could you say such a thing?"

"Hey, I'm not the one who slept with her, Belle! Why are you taking it out on me?"

What? Does he want to sleep with Sophie too? Ysabelle shot him a fierce glare and asked, "You want me to go tell my uncle about that?"

Felix quickly grabbed her by the arm.

"I'm sorry, okay? I didn't mean it like that! Are you trying to get me killed?"

Mr. Tristan will have my head on a silver platter if he finds out about this!

Meanwhile, Sophie had woken up and come out of the room to pour herself a glass of water.

Noticing that she was walking barefooted, Tristan came over and scooped her into his arms.

“Mr. Tristan, I think you’re getting a little too used to carrying me lately,” Sophie commented with an eyebrow arched.

“Why didn’t you put some slippers on?” Tristan asked as he set her down on the bed.

I know that the presidential suite has a carpet on the floor, but it’s still quite chilly! She should at least put some slippers on!

“I got thirsty.”

Tristan got up and poured her a warm glass of water when he heard that.

“Ysabelle and the others must’ve returned by now, right? It’s about time we head out for dinner.”

As Sophie had just woken up, she had a lazy vibe about her when she spoke.

Chapter 96 I Cannot Wait

“They left after they came back and saw you sleeping,” Tristan uttered calmly.

“Oh.” Sophie made nothing out of it. Since they’ve already left, I guess I’ll just eat with him alone.

“Wait for me. I’ll wash up, and we’ll have dinner together.”

Tristan was elated when he heard her say “we.”

Sophie went to the bathroom and washed up. After wiping her face dry, she tied her hair up into a ponytail before going out.

Tristan got up from the couch right away when he saw her coming out.

The two then went out for dinner.

By the time they were done with dinner, one hour had passed.

The moment she got back into her room, Ysabelle dashed toward her. “Soph, Uncle Tristan is a...”

Ysabelle opened her mouth to speak, but she hesitated. Uncle Tristan is a monster! Do I even have words to describe him?

“What’s up with your uncle?” Sophie didn’t know what Ysabelle was trying to say.

“Soph, I’m sorry. You wouldn’t have known Uncle Tristan if it had not been for me.” Ysabelle was filled with guilt.

“Why are you apologizing to me?”

Ultimately, Ysabelle asked, “Soph, did Uncle Tristan take advantage of you?”

Despite being a calm and collected person, Sophie couldn’t help but feel surprised. As a result, she

kept quiet for a while.

“See! I knew it! Since you guys were already sleeping together, there’s no way Uncle Tristan could keep his hands off you. This is all Felix’s fault. If I hadn’t gone out with him, you wouldn’t have...”

Ysabelle was on the verge of crying.

“Ysabelle, your imagination has run wild, hasn’t it? I forgot to bring my keycard out with me, so I slept in your uncle’s room. That’s all,” Sophie answered. Who would’ve thought Ysabelle would have these dirty thoughts in her mind? She seems so innocent!

“Are you sure?” Ysabelle wasn’t convinced.

Sophie nodded, and she couldn’t be bothered if Ysabelle believed her or not.

“That’s good, then. I was so scared.”

Sophie was rendered speechless. What’s so scary?

The trip to Koandria lasted for three days and two nights.

Since Sophie and Ysabelle were still students, they had only applied for three days’ leave of absence.

Although they were reluctant and wished to stay longer, they had to pack up and leave.

While they were waiting at the airport, Wendy approached Sophie with a present in her hands.

“What’s this?” Sophie asked.

“Thank you, Ms. Sophie.” Wendy gave her the present. Wendy was very grateful to Sophie because

Sophie stood up for her.

At that time, Wendy was utterly frightened. Hence, she felt touched when she saw Sophie defending

her bravely.

Sophie received the present with both hands. “Thank you.”

Upon hearing that, Wendy blushed. Ms. Sophie is awesome!

She then cheerily went to sit with Wilma and the others.

“Mr. Tristan, it seems like you have another competitor! Ms. Sophie is capable of charming both males

and females!”

“Of course! Sophie is that appealing,” Ysabelle chimed in.

Tristan was rendered speechless.

Sophie proceeded to keep the present Wendy had given to her in her luggage.

“Wendy, what did you give Ms. Sophie? Don’t tell me you’ve fallen for her.”

“Stop speaking nonsense, you guys!” Wendy blushed.

Wilma just shook her head upon hearing the conversation. Well, Ms. Sophie is very capable of making people fall for her.

By the time they arrived at Jipsdale, it was already past eleven at night, and Tristan personally sent her back to Wisteria Apartments.

“Go to sleep early tonight,” he said.

“Okay.”

In fact, Tristan was reluctant to leave. Although we’ve spent the past three days together, I want more.

If only I could have known her a few years earlier.

“Goodnight.” With that, Sophie was about to head inside.

Tristan reached out and held her hand. When she turned around, he pulled her into his embrace.

“Sophie, I can’t wait for you to grow up.”

The next day, at noon, Sophie hailed a taxi and went to the hospital after school.

However, she found out that Josiah wasn’t in the ward anymore.

Upon asking around, she was told that Josiah had already gone home.

Sophie was feeling utterly helpless. This old man doesn't listen, does he?

Sophie then hailed a taxi to go to the Tanner residence.

When Charmaine saw her come home, she immediately got the housekeeper to pour Sophie a glass of water.

"You're back, Soph! Drink some water first. Your grandpa is in the study!"

Due to how well Transfix Cosmetics was doing, there was a big possibility that Sophie would end up becoming the CEO of Tanner Group. Hence, Charmaine's attitude toward Sophie changed drastically.

No matter what, Sophie was still her daughter. If Tanner Group were to end up in Sophie's hands,

Charmaine would still need Sophie's help in the future.

"I'm not thirsty." Sophie went straight to the study, only to find Josiah practicing calligraphy.

Upon seeing her, Josiah put his pen aside and asked concernedly, "You're back! Have you eaten?"

"Grandpa, why didn't you listen to me? Didn't I tell you to stay in the hospital? I've just been away for three days, and you went home all by yourself." Sophie was displeased.

Still smiling, Josiah replied, "Calm down, Soph. I'm fine, really. I'm doing fine."

Sophie was speechless because she didn't know how to handle Josiah.

"By the way, Transfix Cosmetics is doing well, right? Keep an eye on your dad, okay? It seems like he has not given up yet."

"Grandpa, I've said it before. Since you've already decided to let me manage Transfix Cosmetics, you should leave it to me."

"It's not that I don't trust you. It's just that your dad... He's..."

Josiah was upset when he mentioned his only son.

"I'll get you a few bodyguards," he added. Of course, he did not hope anything happened to Sophie that might require the bodyguards' help, but they could keep her safe if Yale were to do something to her.

Sophie was also well aware of what the despicable Yale was capable of doing.

"Don't worry, Grandpa! I can take care of myself."

"I can't help it, Soph. Do you blame me? If it were not for me, you wouldn't be in danger."

Indeed, it was selfish of him to let an eighteen-year-old girl deal with such matters.

"Grandpa, I would never blame you."

After lunch, the driver sent Sophie and Willow back to school.

“You’re happy now, aren’t you, Sophie?”

Since there were only the three of them in the car, Willow didn’t bother putting up an innocent front.

Besides, she knew the driver was on her side.

Sophie had her eyes shut and ignored her.

“Sophie, do you hear me? So what if you’ve saved Transfix Cosmetics? What’s so impressive about that? If someone were to give me an opportunity like that, I can also achieve what you’ve achieved,”

Willow added.

Finally, Sophie opened her eyes, and she shot Willow a look casually. “You should request to manage a company that’s on the verge of bankruptcy, then. That way, you’ll stop complaining.”

In response, Willow scoffed and retorted, “What’s so difficult about that? It’s just that I’m never given such an opportunity. Grandpa doesn’t even want to hand anything down to me.”

“In that case, perhaps you should stop whining in front of me. Do you know how pathetic you look when you do that?”

“You!”

Sophie never liked to argue. However, Willow was no match for her once Sophie took the fight seriously.

No matter what Sophie does, she'll never be able to marry Mason. Suddenly, Willow chuckled. "You're feeling smug, aren't you? Let's see how long that will last. Mason is coming back soon. The moment he arrives, we're going to get engaged."

"Mason?" Sophie hadn't heard that name in ages. In fact, she had almost forgotten about that person.

Chapter 97 Make The First Move

"You'll never have the chance again," Willow said with utter satisfaction because that was the first time she thought she was one up on Sophie ever since Sophie came back.

"Well, if you're so eager and happy to rely on men, be my guest. Perhaps you feel proud about that, but I don't want any of it."

"You don't? Oh, please. You're just being jealous!" Willow answered. There's no way the Laird family would accept a woman with such a terrible reputation like Sophie.

Sophie merely sneered in response and ignored her. Talking to Willow is such a waste of time. It seems like she's always living in her own world.

When they arrived at the school, Sophie opened the car door and got out of the car without sparing

Willow a single glance.

Upon seeing that, Willow was annoyed. Although I have one up on her, why do I not feel a sense of superiority?

Ever since Sophie's return, things were gradually changing, and Willow was getting unsettled.

Unfortunately, there was nothing she could do about it.

Luckily, Mason is coming back soon. Once I'm engaged to him, everyone in Jipsdale is going to be so jealous of me. As long as I can marry into the Laird family, Sophie will be incomparable to me.

"Ms. Willow, go on! Class is starting soon," the driver urged.

Willow only went to class after hearing that.

Sophie was barely paying attention to the class that afternoon because she already knew everything that was being taught. This is such a waste of time. However, since Grandpa wants me in school, I shall do as he wishes.

Sophie didn't want Josiah to get upset.

Finally, her teacher left after the school bell rang.

The moment her teacher left, Ysabelle went to look for Sophie, and she said, "Let's go for dinner! We still have an exam later in the evening!"

Ever since becoming senior-year students, their schedules were packed with exams.

Sophie saw Victor when they stepped out of school.

"I'm here, Sophie!" Victor waved his hand in the air when he saw her.

Sophie pretended like she didn't see him and kept walking.

Victor then walked up to her and stopped her.

"What are you doing?" Sophie was irritated.

How is this person so annoying? Not only is he dressed in fancy clothes, but he just has to come and annoy me.

"Why do you hate me so much, Sophie? Don't you think I look good today?" Victor was dressed in a flashy red suit.

Sophie kept mum.

Since Sophie was ignoring him, Victor turned toward Ysabelle and asked, "Hey, young lady. What do

you think?"

Ysabelle shook her head. "I don't think it's nice in any way. Buzz off."

"This young lady is feisty!" Victor uttered.

"What are you doing here, Victor?" Sophie asked.

The students nearby noticed them, and they started talking among themselves while staring at the three of them.

"Nothing much, actually. Under your leadership, Transfix Cosmetics has been a success, so I've come to congratulate you." Victor was very interested in Sophie.

"Thank you." With that, Sophie held Ysabelle's hand and continued walking.

Refusing to give up, Victor reached out his hand to grab Sophie's shoulder.

Sophie frowned. He's pushing it!

Sophie turned around, grabbed Victor's hand, and threw him over her shoulder. Victor was heard letting out a groan when he fell to the ground with a loud thud.

"Argh!"

Victor didn't know Sophie was capable of doing that. Thus, her action caught him off guard.

The onlookers were stunned when they saw that. Well, Sophie is indeed the new "boss" in Jipsdale

Premier High. She's not to be messed with. She had just thrown the tall and well-built man over her shoulder!

"Mr. Victor, are you all right?" Victor's assistant rushed over instantly.

Victor was still on the ground, and he was blushing. This is so embarrassing! I've been beaten by a young lady.

"Let's go!" Sophie uttered coldly and brought Ysabelle away.

"I'm going to teach her a lesson, Mr. Victor," the assistant said. How dare she bully Mr. Victor? She must have a death wish!

Right then, Victor grabbed him and stopped him. "What do you think you're doing?"

"I'm going to avenge you!"

"You are sick of living, aren't you?" Victor kicked his assistant and asked, "Don't you find her interesting?"

The assistant's lips twitched when he heard that. "Do you enjoy being tortured, Mr. Victor?"

Do all the rich people nowadays have weird kinks? Do they like being tortured? Or is it because they're asking for it?

"You're so cool, Soph!" Ysabelle exclaimed in admiration.

"Don't be so impressed. You can do it as well. I'll teach you when I'm free." In fact, it was essential for girls to learn some self-defense techniques.

"Sure!"

Prior to that, Felix had offered to teach Ysabelle, but she wasn't interested. However, she was willing to learn from Sophie.

That night, Willow didn't attend her self-study session. Instead, she went to the Laird residence and accompanied Constance to the airport to fetch Mason.

Before Willow went to the Laird residence, she had put on some makeup and donned an elegant skirt.

Constance was very satisfied with how Willow looked when she saw her. "Let's go! It's about time.

Mason is going to stay this time around, and he's not going back, Willa. You must take full advantage of the opportunity, okay?"

“Got it, Mrs. Laird.”

“Also, don’t be shy. That’s just how Mason is. If he doesn’t take the initiative, you just have to make the first move.” Compared to Sophie, Constance liked Willow a lot more.

The Laird family’s driver then sent both of them to the airport.

Upon arriving, Willow was nervous. After all, she hadn’t seen Mason for three years.

I wonder how he is now. Does he still remember me? Does he have a girlfriend abroad?

Constance noticed her nervousness, so she patted her hand and said, “Everything’s going to be all right. You’ve saved Mason’s life, remember? Didn’t he treat you nicely back then?”

Willow nodded.

Indeed, everyone in the Laird family thought Willow was the one who had saved Mason, and that was why they treated her very nicely.

No one knew the truth, and no one bothered to find out.

Right then, they saw Mason walking toward them from afar. After three years, his innocence had vanished, and he looked mature.

He was dressed in a white shirt with a blue sweater on the outside, and he looked very handsome.

Willow couldn't help but blush when she saw him once again.

Willow suppressed the shyness and greeted, "You're back, Mason!"

"Yes," Mason replied coldly.

"What's with you? Do you not have anything else to say? Why are you being so cold?" Constance liked

Willow a lot, and she was hoping that Willow would be her daughter-in-law.

"It's okay, Mrs. Laird. I bet Mason is just tired. After all, he has just been on a long flight," Willow uttered.

"All right. Let's continue at home. We should find someday to have your parents over for a meal."

Constance had already made up her mind.

"Sure, Mrs. Laird." Willow was absolutely obedient to Constance.

When they were on the way back, Mason suddenly asked, "Oh, right! Is Sophie back from Horington yet?"

As soon as his words fell, the atmosphere in the car turned cold.

"Why did you bring her up?" Constance asked unhappily. "Someone like Sophie should never come

back.”

Mason couldn’t help but frown. “Mom, you have too much prejudice against Sophie.”

“What do you mean? Has she done anything that’s worthy of my fondness?” Constance argued.

While listening to the conversation, Willow clenched her fists so hard that her nails dug into the flesh of her palms.

Chapter 98 Mason Is Mine

On Sunday, the Laird family and the Tanner family were meeting at Pegasus Pavilion. Yale had already brought his family there early in the morning. Josiah wasn’t feeling well that day, so he stayed at home.

Seeing that the Laird family wasn’t there yet, Yale reminded, “Willa, take full advantage of this opportunity, okay? With the Laird family’s support, we will surely gain control of Tanner Group.”

Considering how well Transfix Cosmetics was doing, Yale was really worried that he could lose everything.

“I know, Dad.”

“Let’s go! The Laird family should be here soon. Let’s go out and welcome them.” Yale had always been trying to get on the Lairds’ good side.

Upon hearing that, Charmaine and Willow followed him out.

The moment they got out, Mason and Constance arrived.

Yale immediately went to welcome Constance when he saw her.

When Constance saw them waiting outside, she couldn't help but say, "What are you guys doing outside? Since you guys have arrived first, just wait for us inside."

"We got bored, so we came out to see if you guys have arrived! Mason is looking even more dashing now," Yale praised, buttering Mason up.

Mason kept a straight face and behaved coldly.

In fact, that was how he had always treated the Tanner family.

"Mason, why are you not greeting Mr. Tanner? What's wrong with you?" Constance wasn't happy with Mason's attitude.

"Where's Sophie? Is she not here?" When Mason decided to speak, the first person he asked about was Sophie.

All of a sudden, it felt as if the surrounding air had turned colder.

Even Yale had no idea how to respond to that question.

“I thought I heard Sophie is back? What’s going on? Is she not a part of the Tanner family?” Mason queried.

“Mason, you’re aware of Soph’s temper, right? We asked her to join us, but she didn’t want to.” Despite how upsetting it was for Willow, she didn’t dare to express her feelings in front of Mason.

“Oh, I see!” Mason stopped pursuing that subject and walked right in.

Upon seeing that, the others breathed a sigh of relief.

“Willa, don’t mind him, okay? That’s just how he is. I like you the most,” Constance uttered.

Willow smiled and answered, “Mrs. Laird, I didn’t take it to heart. That’s just how Mason is. He’s so nice to everyone.”

Constance was satisfied with Willow’s magnanimity. That’s how the future lady of the house should behave.

Mason was cold and distant throughout the meal, and it seemed that he wasn’t interested in anything at all.

However, he couldn’t help but furrow his brows when he heard Constance and Willow’s parents talking

about the engagement.

Finally, he responded, "Engagement?"

"Yes! Aren't you and Willa a couple? Now that you're back, you guys should get engaged!"

Willow stared at Mason nervously.

Did he recall something? Otherwise, why would he be treating me coldly?

"Mrs. Laird, perhaps we should take things slowly. If Mason doesn't want to get engaged, it's all right,"

Willow said.

"What are you on about, Willa? Mason and you are definitely getting engaged!" Yale immediately

stopped Willow from saying anything further.

"But—"

"No buts! I'll get someone to set the date. I'm definitely having you as my daughter-in-law," Constance

voiced assertively.

Mason merely scoffed in response and said nothing.

Hearing that, Willow felt relieved.

However, she couldn't understand Mason. Why does he look like he doesn't want to get engaged to

me?

After the meal, both the families got out of the private room and bumped into Sophie on the way out.

Willow instinctively took a step backward when she saw Sophie there. Why is she here? Is she still not giving up on Mason?

Yale frowned when he saw Sophie. F*ck. What is Sophie doing here?

At the same time, Constance also frowned slightly when she saw Sophie.

Charmaine immediately walked up to Sophie and whispered, “What are you doing here? Soph, it’s your sister’s important day today. Don’t cause any trouble, okay?”

At that, Sophie couldn’t help chuckling. Does Pegasus Pavilion belong to the Laird family? Why can’t I be here?

“Soph—” Charmaine was just about to distract her.

“I don’t care what you guys are doing here today, so you should just leave me alone as well,” Sophie interrupted.

With that, she ignored Charmaine and strode forward.

Tristan and the rest were just in a private room nearby.

When she walked past Mason, he reached out and grabbed her hand.

“I was told that you don’t wish to see me. Is that right?” Mason’s tone was indifferent, but there was a hint of warmth in his gaze.

Willow’s heart sank when she saw that.

Sophie raised her brows. What does he mean? Who does he think he is?

“Is there a need for me to see you?”

Willow heaved a sigh of relief when she heard Sophie’s words.

However, Mason uttered in the next second, “Don’t be so willful, Sophie. What’s your phone number?”

He was going to contact her in the future.

“Mason, let go of Soph.” Willow walked up to Mason. I am his girlfriend, not Sophie.

Sophie pulled her hand away from his. “Don’t touch me again! Otherwise, you’ll regret it!”

Upon seeing Sophie’s reaction, Mason furrowed his brows. She wasn’t like this before.

“Mason!” Constance gritted her teeth and yelled.

She was furious because what Mason was doing was embarrassing her and the Tanner family.

“I’ll look for you tomorrow.” With so many people around, Mason didn’t want to dwell on the matter further. He then left the scene with Constance.

“Sophie, I’m warning you. Mason belongs to Willa. Don’t you dare harbor any funny thoughts!”

Sophie was speechless. Do I look like I want Mason?

At the same time, Willow was also glaring at Sophie in jealousy. “Sophie, I can let you have everything but Mason. No matter what, I’m keeping Mason for myself.”

“Ms. Tanner, may I know what you mean by that? What are you giving me?” Sophie was amazed by Willow’s shamelessness.

“I can give you everything that belongs to the Tanner family, but I’m not letting you have Mason,” Willow answered.

Those who didn’t know better would probably think that Willow loved Mason deeply, and they might point an accusing finger at Sophie.

“First, everything that belongs to the Tanner family isn’t yours to give, and I don’t need you to go easy on me as well. Second, I don’t care about Mason. If you want him so much, go get him. I have nothing

to do with that. Hence, don't try to stir up trouble."

With that said, Sophie went straight into the private room.

"Mom, do you see what she did?" Willow looked at Charmaine with a pitiful expression.

Charmaine caressed her face. "There, there. Mrs. Laird has already made up her mind, and she wants

you. All you need to do now is make Mason feel the same way toward you. The Laird family is not

going to accept Sophie who has an unspeakable past."

The upper-class society cared about their reputation a lot.

"Let's go send Mrs. Laird out."

Right then, Yale couldn't help but look in the direction Sophie had gone to. I wonder who Sophie is

mingling with. There are only so many people allowed in that particular private room in Pegasus

Pavilion.

"Mason, things are not going to work out between you and Sophie. Willa is the girl meant for you."

Constance was certain that Mason and Willow would make a good couple.

Chapter 99 Look Into Him

"Mom, don't meddle in my personal matters," Mason retorted coldly.

Constance was enraged. "I'm your mother! If not yours, whose private matters am I supposed to meddle in? Don't you know about Sophie's bad reputation? I'm warning you. Stay away from Sophie. Otherwise, I'll donate everything the Laird family owns and leave nothing for you."

Mason knew all along how much his mother hated Sophie. "Okay. I have things to attend to. Find your own ride home."

Mason still wanted to have a private talk with Sophie.

"Don't you dare look for Sophie! Otherwise, you'll be surprised by what I'm capable of." Constance had resorted to threatening Mason.

"Mason, where are you going? I can keep you company." When Willow came out, she heard Mason saying that he was leaving. Right away, she offered to accompany him.

"That's not necessary. Go home!"

Willow then queried indignantly, "Mason, did I do anything wrong? Why are you giving me the cold shoulder?"

"You did nothing wrong." Mason was annoyed when he saw her expression.

“Let’s go, Willa.” Constance wanted her to leave because she didn’t want to see Willow getting mistreated.

When Sophie got back to the private room, she sat in her initial seat.

“Is everything okay? Why were you gone for so long, Soph?” Ysabelle was just about to go look for her.

“I’m fine.” Sophie didn’t want to reveal much.

Dissatisfied, Felix asked, “Belle, are you serious? Sophie had only gone to the restroom. Why would you want to follow her there?”

“What does it have to do with you? It’s none of your business.”

Felix was hurt. What do you mean it’s none of my business? I’m concerned about everything you do!

After the meal, they left the private room.

Sophie and Ysabelle were standing by the roadside while waiting for Tristan and Felix to bring their cars around.

“Soph, the final exam is coming up. What are your plans after the final exam?” Ysabelle asked.

Although it’s just a short break, it’s better than none!

“I’m going back to Horington.” Sophie had unfinished business in Horington. I’ve promised to pay

Wings of Light a visit, and I haven't done that yet. Come to think of it, I still have a lot of things to attend to over there.

"What are you going to do in Horington? Can I tag along?" Even though the winter break would only last for less than a fortnight, Ysabelle was unwilling to separate from Sophie.

"Sophie, we need to talk." Suddenly, Mason showed up.

Sophie couldn't help but frown when she heard his voice. Why is he still here?

Ysabelle looked at Mason curiously. This man is quite good-looking. Upon a closer look, he looks quite similar to Uncle Tristan. However, they possess different auras. This man is gentle and elegant, while Uncle Tristan is domineering and ruthless.

"Mason, we don't have anything to talk about," Sophie said. We should just let bygones be bygones.

"Sophie!" Mason thought Sophie was just throwing a tantrum.

Right then, Tristan arrived in his car, and he shot a glance at Mason.

"Soph, Uncle Tristan is here," Ysabelle uttered.

"Okay."

Mason saw Tristan in the car, and he kept sizing Tristan up. Who's this man? What's his relationship with Sophie?

"Sophie, we need to have a talk in private," Mason repeated.

"Mason, I have nothing to do with you, so there's nothing to talk about. I'm leaving." Sophie opened the car door and was about to hop in.

All of a sudden, Mason grabbed her hand and refused to let her leave.

Tristan was infuriated when he saw that. He wants to lose his hand, doesn't he?

"Must you do this? No matter what, we're still friends, aren't we?" Mason asked.

"I'm your friend? I'm not worthy of being your friend, Mr. Mason Laird." Sophie pulled her hand away from him aggressively.

"Don't ever look for me again! You're disgusting!" After saying those vicious words, Sophie got into the car and closed the car door.

By then, Felix had also arrived, so Ysabelle got into his car as well.

After that, both the cars drove past Mason and left.

Upon seeing that, Mason narrowed his eyes.

Indeed, five years ago, I wavered because of the rumors about her, but I regret it now. Throughout my three years in Anglandur, there wasn't a single day gone by that I didn't think of her. In fact, the memories seemed even clearer as time goes by.

That was why he came back, and he was determined to hold on to her this time around. However, how can I forget about how unforgiving Sophie is? Surely, she's not going to just accept me so easily. Also, I need time to deal with my relationship with Willow. Basically, this time around, I'm not going to believe a

word anyone says. I'll stand by Sophie's side and not let anyone hurt her.

Sophie was silent as they drove back.

Meanwhile, Tristan was also focused on the road, and neither of them said a word to each other throughout the journey back.

When they finally arrived at Wisteria Apartments, Tristan refused to leave.

"What's wrong?" Sophie spoke at long last.

"May I go in and have a glass of water?" Tristan knew how lame his excuse was, but he couldn't be bothered.

Since she hasn't agreed to be my girl, I can't ask her to tell me anything if she doesn't want to do that.

Nonetheless, he was still reluctant to leave.

He simply wanted to stay by her side.

Sophie scanned her fingerprint, and the door opened. As she was walking in, Tristan was following closely behind.

Tristan never thought he would be acting so cautiously in front of a girl.

Sophie then poured him a glass of hot water. "Here."

Tristan took the glass and took a sip.

"Isn't the water hot?" she asked puzzledly when she saw him drinking it right away.

"It's hot."

"Mr. Tristan, are you all right?" That was the first time she had seen him being so absent-minded.

"I'm all right."

Tristan put the glass on the coffee table and said, "Go to sleep early tonight, okay? Your final exam is around the corner. Study hard." In the end, Tristan left Wisteria Apartments without asking her

anything.

Sophie wasn't fazed by Mason's appearance at all. After surfing the internet for a while, she went to bed to sleep.

The moment she got into bed, she received a text from Ysabelle.

Ysabelle: Soph, who's the man we saw earlier today?

Sophie: He's an ex-classmate.

Ysabelle: Is that all he is? It doesn't seem like it, though!

Ysabelle's interest was piqued.

Sophie: I'm not saying anything anymore. I'm going to sleep.

Ysabelle: Soph! Satisfy my curiosity, will you? That man is quite an eye candy! Were you guys romantically involved with each other?

It seemed that she wasn't going to get any sleep if she failed to get answers from Sophie.

Unfortunately, no matter how many times she texted Sophie, Sophie left her text messages unread.

That was because Sophie had already put her phone aside and gone to sleep.

That night, Felix asked Tristan doubtfully, "Are you okay, Mr. Tristan?"

Tristan took a sip of his whiskey and slowly put his glass aside.

“Think of it this way, Mr. Tristan. That guy from the Laird family is neither more handsome, richer, nor taller than you. There’s no way Soph is going to fall for him.”

“That guy from the Laird family? Mason Laird?” Charles had heard of that name before.

“Should we look into him?” Sean questioned.

What’s the fuss about? We’ll know everything about him after we’ve looked into him.

Chapter 100 Take Off Your Clothes

“No need to do that. Don’t look into it!” That was Sophie’s private matter, and if she did not want to talk about it, he would not look into it.

“Why, Mr. Tristan!” The man was baffled. It was something that could be easily solved, but Tristan had chosen to drink away his sorrows instead.

“It’s basic respect. I don’t want to learn about her past from anyone else but her. I want her to tell me about it herself.”

If I can’t even earn her trust, what right do I have to be with her?

“Okay. Anyway, I won’t be able to hold myself back if Belle has someone else in her heart.”

At that, Charles said, “Did you think that you’re the same as Mr. Tristan?”

Sean replied, “Absolutely not.”

“Sh*t, you’re all bullying me. Am I that easy of a target?” Felix was speechless. He wanted to leave them—he wanted to leave that group of people who were all mean to him.

Meanwhile, Yale brought Willow to the Laird residence, hoping that Mason would be able to help him take back everything that belonged to him.

“Mason, I’ve only come because I’ve run out of options. The shareholders’ meeting is about to start. I hope you can help me out.”

After hearing his explanation, Mason finally realized what was happening.

“Don’t worry, Mr. Tanner. I know what you mean. I have something to settle right now, so I’ll be leaving first.”

The etiquettes that had been instilled in Mason since young made him a gentleman, and he was polite to everyone he talked to.

Upon hearing Mason’s reassurance, Yale became at ease.

“Mason, I knew that you’d help me out. All right, go ahead. I won’t disturb you any further,” Yale replied smilingly.

When Willow saw Mason heading out, she hurried over to him.

“Thank you, Mason.” Willow felt that Mason had agreed to her father’s request because of her.

However, Mason did not even spare her a glance.

“Is something else the matter?”

At that, Willow gripped the hem of her skirt, unsure of what to say to him.

“If there’s nothing else, I’ll be off now.”

Mason walked off, leaving Willow with tearful eyes.

All of a sudden, Willow felt discouraged. Will Mason really get engaged with me?

At Jipsdale Premier High, Willow went to look for Sophie after class.

The moment Ysabelle saw Willow, she turned sullen. Why is she appearing in our line of sight again?

“Willow, don’t you know when to quit? Soph doesn’t want to entertain you, so scram aside!”

There are always people who keep coming back despite the obvious signs of rejection. They’re maddening!

“Sophie, Mason, he...”

“Willow, you’re really annoying. Didn’t I tell you to stay out of my sight? Whatever happens to you and Mason is your business and yours alone. It has nothing to do with me, and I’m not at all curious about what is happening between the two of you.”

Sophie decided to make herself clear one last time to stop Willow from coming to her again.

“Is that so? I hope that’s the case. Sophie, don’t be a b*tch and appear anywhere near Mason.”

Hearing that, Ysabelle could not hold herself back anymore.

“Willow, you better filter your words before you say them, or else you’re going to get it from me,”

Ysabelle snarled as she stood in front of Sophie and shielded her.

Willow sneered.

“You look stupid,” Willow insulted.

Ysabelle only became angrier.

“Willow, believe it or not, but I’m going to tear that mouth off your face,” Ysabelle snapped, about to go mad because of Willow.

“No one’s stupider than you, Willow. You’re here talking nonsense to me because you’re not confident about winning Mason over. You’re scared that he won’t love you. That’s why you’ve come to me.”

Sophie had hit the nail on the head, and it infuriated Willow.

“What’s the matter? Are you still hoping to return to Mason’s side?” Willow bellowed.

Mason’s mine, and no one can take him away from me!

“Am I going to steal him from you?” Sophie laughed, a tinge of nonchalance and slyness apparent in her voice. “Do I need to steal him from you? I don’t even need to do anything, but Mason will do everything he can to get my forgiveness.”

At that, Willow turned so furious she could not even come up with a response.

That was how it was in the past too. Sophie could easily gain everyone’s attention without needing to do anything.

On the other hand, no matter how hard Willow tried, she would still end up with nothing.

Life was simply unfair.

“Take a deep breath, but don’t choke and die. You won’t even be able to hold me accountable for that.”

Sophie had initially wanted to ignore her, but Willow just kept coming to her.

In that case, Sophie saw no need for holding herself back anymore.

Meanwhile, Ysabelle had a look of admiration on her face.

Soph just destroyed her with just a few sentences! As expected of my dear Sophie.

“Let’s go.”

Sophie then walked away from Willow, and Ysabelle hastily followed Sophie.

Finally, Willow could not keep control of her emotions anymore. She dashed toward Sophie and tried to push her.

“Soph, watch out!”

Sophie was walking down the stairs, and if Willow succeeded in pushing her, the consequences would be dire.

Desperate, Ysabelle sped over to shield Sophie.

“Ah!”

In the end, Ysabelle was the one who was pushed down the stairs. The moment Sophie saw Ysabelle landing at the end of the stairs, fury overcame her.

“Willow, you’re f*cking asking for it!”

However, Willow remained standing in the same spot as she looked condescendingly at the two other young women.

“Remember this. Don’t cross me. I’m not someone you could afford to mess with.”

Sophie was still seething in rage, but she ran toward Ysabelle to check on her.

It was then she realized that Ysabelle had several red marks on her.

“Ugh, it hurts so much!” Ysabelle was terrified of pain, and her eyes had turned red-rimmed by then.

“Soph, my leg hurts!”

“It’s okay. I’m here.”

Sophie then lifted Ysabelle up like how a prince would carry a princess before running toward the school’s infirmary, ignoring the gazes of the other students.

Bailey spotted them on his way up the stairs, and he instantly went after them.

“What happened? What’s going on?” he anxiously asked.

Sophie ignored him.

“Sophie, let me carry her instead!” Bailey offered. She’s a girl. It must be tiring for her to carry another

girl!

"It's fine."

Sophie brought Ysabelle straight to the infirmary without breaking a sweat.

"Leave," Sophie coldly ordered when she realized Bailey was still around.

"I can help you out."

"I'm about to give her a body checkup. Are you going to stay and watch?"

At that, Bailey rubbed his nose and slunk out.

Sophie then locked the door.

"Take off your clothes."

Even though they were both girls, Ysabelle could not help but blush in embarrassment at Sophie's

flirtatious-sounding words.

"Soph, I'm fine. It's just a few scrapes."

Nevertheless, Sophie remained silent as she stared at her friend.

Left without a choice at the intense stare, Ysabelle took off her school uniform.

Then, Sophie briefly checked her body and found a few spots with severe grazes.

Once Sophie was done finding all the spots, she went to the cabinet to grab a few bottles of medication.

After studying them for a while, she finally applied them to Ysabelle's wounds.

"Soph, I'm really fine. Let's go back to the classroom."

Frankly, Ysabelle was happy. Sophie had always been the one to take care of her, but she was finally able to do something for her friend in return.

"I'll get Mr. Tristan to bring you to a checkup."

Although Ysabelle seemed fine, Sophie still wished that the former would be able to undergo a thorough body checkup.

"No, it's okay. I'm really fine. Soph, Willow's so scary. You really have to stay away from her in the future."

"Okay. Ysabelle, don't intervene if a similar thing happens again. She's no match for me."

"Soph, I just want to help you out. Although I'm a little hurt, I'm fine as long as you're fine."