

## **Pursuing 241**

### Chapter 241 Fight

“What are you doing? Where is my dad? Where did you bring him to?” Yale was genuinely anxious at that instant.

The secretary shoved Yale aside.

“Stay away from me in the future.” That man is none other than Tristan Lombard. An instruction from him is sufficient to ruin my life.

Dumbstruck, Yale slumped to the floor.

Am I really doomed? Have I truly lost all my chances and possessions?

Meanwhile, at Tristan’s mansion, Sophie took a nap inside Tristan’s room.

However, she did not sleep soundly. Resting in a hypnagogic state of consciousness, she immediately woke up when Tristan entered the room.

“Is my grandpa awake?”

Tristan walked to the side of the bed and helped her brush her stray strands of hair.

“Yes. Old Mr. Tanner is awake, and he’s having his afternoon tea. Let’s go. We’ll accompany him to have his meal.” Tristan was there to invite Sophie to join Josiah.

“Okay.”

She got up and followed Tristan out of the room. Josiah was very contented at the amicable sight of the couple approaching him together.

They are indeed a match made in heaven. I can honestly rest assured with Tristan by Soph's side.

"Did you rest well, Grandpa?" Sophie asked concernedly.

"I had a good rest. Come over here and join me for a meal. Let's have some food and go back home, so the others are not worried."

No matter what, Josiah would demand an explanation from Yale because of what the latter did. Josiah was not letting that matter slide.

"Okay."

Tristan and Sophie sat beside Josiah and accompanied the old man to have his afternoon tea. Josiah's appetite was good as he consumed a considerable amount of food.

Still, Sophie was worried that overeating would affect his health, so he stopped eating after she persuaded him.

"Let's go."

Josiah tried his best to put up a more relaxed appearance but to no avail.

After all, anyone would be furious after experiencing something like that.

Sophie went to help Josiah up.

“Don’t be mad, Grandpa. Getting too worked up is bad for your health.” She was ready to assist her grandpa in executing whatever was necessary after he made the decision, so there was no need for him to be angry.

“Soph, this is a problem I must take care of. I hope you can understand that there are some matters I cannot let you handle entirely.”

Yale is my son, and part of the reason contributing to his current vile behavior is my failure to educate him.

“Okay. I promise you. I will support whatever decision you make.” Ultimately, Josiah was the head of the family.

“I’ll tag along.” Tristan wished to stay by Sophie’s side and face the situation with her when dealing with that predicament.

“Tanny, I know you are a kind boy, but this is still the Tanner family’s matter. Therefore, there’s no need for you to be there.”

Josiah wished to preserve the last of his pride and dignity.

Tristan grasped Sophie’s hand.

Grandpa still thinks of him as an outsider. It seems like there is still room for improvement for Tristan.

“That’s right. You don’t have to go. I’ll take care of this.” Sophie blamed herself for allowing Yale to take Josiah away. This time, I’ll make sure to protect Grandpa well.

“All right. Allow me to send you back then. Remember to contact me no matter what happens. I’ll be there at any time.”

Tristan was actually quite delighted because Sophie had thought of him when that incident occurred.

He hoped that she would always be reminded of him regardless of the circumstances in the future.

Josiah did not refuse Tristan's offer since the latter was just going to send them back to the Tanner residence.

Tristan personally drove to send Josiah back to the Tanner residence. Upon their arrival, Sophie opened the car door and helped Josiah to get out of the vehicle.

Morgan was already waiting outside the house at that moment after he received a call from Sophie in advance. He felt guilt-ridden for losing Josiah.

Hence, at the sight of Josiah, Morgan hastily jogged up to him.

"Old Mr. Tanner, I'm sorry. This is all my fault." After serving the Tanner family for so many years, Morgan could not believe he would commit such a blunder, so he was not able to forgive himself for the error.

"Morgan, this is not your fault. You don't have to feel guilty." Josiah was sure that his incapability to handle his family matters led to the incident, so Morgan had nothing to do with that issue.

"Old Mr. Tanner, you—" Morgan knew Josiah was upset, but he did not know how to comfort the latter.

Yale did cross the line this time. His actions have really disappointed us greatly.

Morgan helped Josiah to enter the house, leaving only Sophie and Tristan outside.

"You should go back now. I'll call you later." Sophie could not spare her attention entertaining Tristan at that moment because she had her family matter to attend to.

"Remember to call me once you've settled everything."

In fact, he yearned to go into the house with her, but he knew she would forbid him from doing so. As a result, Tristan had no choice but to leave.

“I got it. Drive safely on your way back.”

As long as Josiah was safe, Sophie was not afraid of anything else and had the confidence to deal with the ongoing situation.

Tristan gave her a gentle hug.

“Bear in mind that you are not alone. I’ll always have your back,” he uttered emotionally.

“Okay.”

Sophie’s eyes gleamed as she gazed at him. He’s so kind. I think that I am very fortunate and blessed to have met with him.

“Go back to your car. I’ll enter the house after I see you off.”

Tristan nodded. He turned around, got into his car, and drove away. Sophie watched him leave before spinning on her heel and walking into the house.

Charmaine immediately ordered the housekeeper to prepare a cup of tea when she saw Josiah had returned safely.

“Dad, are you all right?” Charmaine asked looking all concerned.

That unexpected event caused everyone in the family to feel very worried.

Josiah merely nodded in response.

Willow was also present, standing beside her mother.

“Grandpa, did my dad really kidnap you?” Willow was still in disbelief up until that moment.

Charmaine nudged Willow with her elbow. What is wrong with her? How can she ask a question like this now? I wouldn’t have told her these things if I had known her insensibility.

“Willow, go upstairs. You’ve got no business staying here.” Charmaine had no choice but to ask Willow to excuse herself from the scene.

Just then, Sophie showed up. Catching sight of Sophie, Willow took a seat on the couch at once.

“Mom, if she can be here, why can’t I stay? Am I not your daughter?” Willow had the urge to compete against Sophie in everything the latter did.

“Willa—” Charmaine warned her. Can’t you see that your grandpa is at the limits of his patience?

Willow went upstairs reluctantly and threw a tantrum in her room. All of them only have Sophie in their eyes. They are all neglecting me. How can they do this to me?

Sophie sat beside Josiah and poured him a cup of tea.

Yale did not seem to be home at that moment. Therefore, even if Josiah wanted to settle the score, he had to wait for Yale to come home.

Nevertheless, Josiah was determined to reprimand Yale no matter what.

At that moment, the two people hired by Tristan had also arrived, but they appeared no different from an average Joe.

“Ms. Tanner, Mr. Tristan sent us here. From now on, we will take care of Old Mr. Tanner’s safety.”

“You two will need to prove your worth and abilities to me before you are qualified to protect my grandpa.” Although Tristan had assigned the two men, Sophie wanted to be more cautious as they would be responsible for Josiah’s security.

“How do you wish for us to show you then? Do we have to face you in a one-on-one fight?” However, the two bodyguards did not feel it was appropriate for them to bully a girl like Sophie.

## Chapter 242 Threatening With Death

“Dad, I really don’t know what happened! Please believe me this time!”

At that, Josiah became so angry he almost passed out.

Morgan hastily supported the elderly man as he thought, Yale is really a fool!

“In that case, there isn’t anything we can talk about anymore. Leave. I’ll pretend that I never had you as my son and take it that you’re dead.”

Josiah did not wish to waste any more of his breath on Yale. There was nothing they could discuss anymore.

Sophie then took out a bottle and shook out a pill for Josiah.

“Grandpa, take this.”

“Soph, I’m fine. I don’t need to take the pill,” Josiah reassured her as disappointment and despair crashed into him. It was only at his elderly age did he feel that he was a failure. That feeling was horrible, but there was nothing he could do about it. He was the one who did not teach his son well, so who could he blame but himself?

“Dad, I’m sorry! I know I’ve done wrong now! I only ask the secretary to take you out, but I just wanted to scare Sophie. I really didn’t plan to do anything to you. Please trust me!”

“Leave now,” Josiah repeated, looking away from his son.

“Morgan, you’ve always been by my father’s side, and in a way, you’ve watched over me since young. Please talk to him on my behalf!” Yale uttered in a helpless tone. He did not want to be kicked out of

the house.

“Morgan, ask some men to kick him out. From now on, no one’s allowed to let him in without my permission. Whoever lets him in will be kicked out just like him!” Josiah had finally made up his mind to teach his son a stern lesson.

“Mr. Yale, you heard him. Please leave,” Morgan said as he walked over to Yale.

Morgan had no idea why Yale was still spouting pointless words there when Josiah was evidently still angry.

At that, Yale turned to look at Sophie before turning to look at Charmaine. Both women were standing near him, but they never said a single word the entire time.

“Charmaine, are you not going to say anything at all?” Yale did not know what benefit she could possibly have if he, her husband, was kicked out of the house.

“I have nothing to say.” Perhaps Charmaine could have put in a good word for him for something else, but this matter was not something she could bring herself to plead for mercy on his behalf. It was simply too shameful. How can he do such a thing?

In response to that, Yale shoved the others away and rushed to the third floor.



Josiah could not help but furrow his brows at his son's action. What else is he trying to do now?

"Old Mr. Tanner, Mr. Yale's about to jump off the building!" one of the housekeepers cried out in a trembling voice when she saw Yale on the rooftop.

Why does this rich family have so many troubles? I can't believe he' wants to jump off the building!

When Josiah took a few steps back, he finally saw Yale on the rooftop.

The moment he saw his son, he became even more disappointed.

He could not understand how he had an irresponsible son like Yale.

"Don't worry, Old Mr. Tanner. I'll be heading upstairs to get Mr. Yale down." Morgan knew that Josiah's blood pressure could spike, so he was genuinely worried about the elderly man at that moment.

However, Josiah shook his head.

"I've never regretted anything I've done, but today, I..." he mumbled, not knowing how to express his feelings at that moment.

It was simply too complicated to be described by words alone.

Charmaine was dumbfounded by the sight as well.

She never thought her husband would be someone like that.

"Yale, what are you doing? Can you grow a spine? So what if you're kicked out of the Tanner family? Are you telling me that there's no way for you to survive without the Tanner family? How can you be like this?"

Yale could not feel any emotions other than despair at that moment.

He yelled, “You make it sound so nice, don’t you? People are going to ignore me once I’m out of the Tanner family. I don’t see why I shouldn’t jump if even my own father won’t believe me!” Yale truly never thought of hurting his father.

“Y-You useless man!” Charmaine shouted. It was the first time she ever said something like that to him, for he used to be the head of the family. However, his earlier actions had let her down.

Sophie gave the pill to Josiah and said, “Grandpa, you should rest first. I’ll take care of things here.”

She knew that Yale did not have the guts to go through with his threats. People like him were the most selfish individuals.

He could kidnap Josiah to threaten her, but he would definitely not have the courage to jump off the building.

Death, after all, needed immense courage that Josiah did not have.

“All right, I’ll go in then. Soph, I’ll leave this to you. You don’t need to stop him if he insists on dying.”

With that said, Josiah went into the house with Morgan.

Morgan was right—Josiah’s blood pressure was spiking a little.

Meanwhile, Yale had threatened to jump off the building to scare his father into relenting, but alas, Josiah did not even want to stick around to find out what would happen to him.

Furthermore, Charmaine remained quiet, and Sophie continued to stand at the side, eager to watch the scene pan out.

Only the housekeepers seemed anxious as they looked at him.

Hence, Yale could not bring himself to keep up with the act anymore.

“Mr. Yale, come down quickly! Let’s have a proper talk with Old Mr. Tanner instead. Family members should be able to talk to each other and come to a compromise!” one of the housekeepers said, trying to convince him to get down.

“Sophie, you must be dying for me to jump. If I jump, I’m sure you’ll be the happiest person here. There’s no way I’m going to grant your wish!”

With that said, Yale moved away from the ledge and went back downstairs.

He did not want to die. If he really had the courage to die, he would not have wanted so many things for himself.

Charmaine pursed her lips and narrowed her eyes at that.

After Yale came down from the rooftop, he hastily scurried away.

Sophie then went back into the house to keep Josiah company again.

“Is he gone?”

Despite the fact that Josiah had entered the house earlier, he was actually worried about Yale. He never thought that his son would do something as childish as that.

“Don’t worry, Grandpa. He doesn’t actually have the guts to kill himself.” There’s no way someone as selfish as Yale would actually want to die.

“Okay.”

Sophie did not comment on Josiah’s curt response.

“Grandpa, I have another mansion in Jipsdale if you don’t want to stay here. Why don’t you move there instead?” she suggested, realizing that the place seemed terrible for her grandfather’s mental well-being.

“It’s fine, Soph. I’m old, and I don’t like running all over the place. All you need to do is to come back more often to visit me.”

“All right, Grandpa. I’ll always be by your side.”

At that, Josiah held her hands.

“Soph, you don’t need to do anything special for me. I know you’re a smart kid. Isn’t International Medical Association hoping that you’ll join them? Go on. Do what you want to do. There’s no need for you to care about what others think. There’s also no need for you to spend so much effort on Tanner Group.”

Josiah knew that he had to let nature run its course instead of forcing things to work according to his preferences.

“I understand, Grandpa.” Indeed, Sophie knew all that—she just wanted to spend more time and stay by her grandfather’s side.

He was old, and she knew he did not have that much time left to spend with her.

“Okay, run along now. I’m tired, and I’m going to rest now,” Josiah said, having felt tired the moment he found out that Yale had come down from the rooftop.

“Mm. Got it.”

Sophie only left the Tanner residence after sending Josiah to rest. Just as she stepped out of the compound, she noticed Tristan's car was still around. Has he been here the whole time?

In fact, he never even once called and disturbed her.

## Chapter 243

Sleeping Together Once Tristan saw her exiting the house, he hurried out of the car and opened the car door for her. After she entered the car, he asked, "Are you okay?" Tristan had been outside of the car until a moment ago, so he had seen Yale standing on the rooftop. Nevertheless, it seemed like Sophie knew Yale well, for the latter never ended up jumping. "Were you here the entire time?" Didn't I ask him to go back to rest first? Why is he still here? "I was worried about you," he replied. It was that simple. He was worried about her, and that was why he could not just leave her there by herself.

"There's nothing you need to worry about," she mumbled. Didn't I tell him I can deal with it fine? As Tristan kept one hand on the steering wheel, he reached out to hold her hand with the other. "I know you can handle it well, but I just don't want you to be alone during the process. Even though I have to be a distance away from you, I still wish to stay until the end with you." Sophie was moved, but she did not know what words she could use to express what she felt. In the end, she leaned forward and kissed him. Tristan was delighted to see her initiate the kiss. After a bout of passionate kissing, Tristan drove Sophie back to Wisteria Apartments. "It's been a tiring day, so head in and rest. We'll eat after you wake up or would you like to eat now?" he asked upon noticing how exhausted she was. "Let's sleep together," she said. She knew that he had a tiring day too. "What did you just say?" Tristan whispered, unable to believe what he just heard. Instantly, Sophie's face turned bright red. Like him, she could not believe what she had just said. "I-I didn't mean that!

I just wanted to ask you to take a nap too." However, Tristan ignored her second sentence. "Since you'll feel lonely, I'll keep you company." With that said, Tristan lifted her into his arms and carried her into the room bridal style. Then, he placed her on the bed and took off her jacket for her. When he was about to take off his clothes for her, Sophie's heart thumped loudly as if it was going to fly out of her ribcage. Still, Tristan did not take off all of her clothes; a piece of black garment remained on her. "Sleep now." Tristan stayed dressed in his coat as he lay by her side trying hard to not let his desires take over his

rationality. She was tucked under the blanket, and he was lying beside her in his coat. At the same time, he was holding her hand tightly. "Won't you feel uncomfortable?" she asked, for she knew how uncomfortable it would be to wear a coat to sleep. "Take off your coat.

I don't mind," she feigned nonchalance despite how her face had turned red from what she said. Indeed, it was uncomfortable to sleep in a coat. Hence, he stood up and took it off. Then, he turned around to look at her. At that, Sophie thought, There's no way I can sleep with him staring at me. "Mr. Tristan, why don't you turn around?" Sophie said, hoping that he would accept her request. "No. I want to look at you like this forever," he rejected. Sophie was speechless, but there was nothing she could do about that. In a way, she could only blame herself for the situation. No one had asked her to invite him to sleep with her. Yes, there's no one I can blame but myself for this. When Sophie's eyes flitted toward the thin garment he was wearing, she began to worry that he might be feeling cold. Hence, she pulled half of the blanket toward him. "Let's share the blanket." Tristan could not hold himself back at the sight of her cuteness, so he pulled her into his arms. Sophie was embarrassed by his hug, and her face heated up even more. "Mr. Tristan—" "Hush. Don't speak. Sleep now." With her in his arms, he had to summon even more willpower to stop himself from being taken over by his desire, so he would rather have her stay silent. Therefore, Sophie closed her eyes and tried her best to ignore his presence. Yet, he was a man who commanded people's attention, so she could not pretend he did not exist at all. In the meantime, Tristan patted her shoulder rhythmically as if he was coaxing a child to sleep. Still, it was not as if Sophie could say anything about it, so she closed her eyes and rested.

At the start, she thought it would be impossible for her to fall asleep. Yet, not long after, she fell asleep in his arms. Tristan curled his lips as he studied her beautiful face. For Sophie to have fallen asleep in his arms meant that she did not have her guard up around him. Is this something I should be happy about? By the time Sophie woke, it was way past eight. Her stomach growled. Just as Sophie opened her eyes, Tristan woke up. The man was frighteningly sensitive about his surroundings. "What's the matter? Are you hungry?" came his concerned question right away. "Yes, I am hungry." "Then, let's go. Ysabelle and the others should still be in Blossom Garden, so let's head over there and join them for a

meal." They had planned to have a meal together, but what happened to Sophie earlier affected his plan of joining them. They must be done by now, right? "Let's not go then. They must have finished their meals by now. It'll be strange for them to watch us as we eat." Regardless of everything, Sophie felt ill at ease at the thought of eating while everyone stared at her. "What do you want to eat, then?" Her place was close to Jipsdale Premier High, and there were a lot of student cafés in that area. However, Tristan did not know how good the food was in those cafés.

"Don't look at me. I am used to eating in student cafés, but it's now the winter holiday, so they're all closed." Right then, Tristan stood up and put on her jacket for her. "Wear this first. I don't want you to catch a cold." Just as Sophie was adjusting her jacket, Ysabelle called. "Soph, what are you doing? I called you a dozen times!" Isn't this just the start of the holiday? And I already have problems contacting

her? "I was sleeping earlier. What's up?" "Sleeping? Is my Uncle Tristan around?" Ysabelle suddenly asked. Sophie glanced at the man beside her and replied, "He is. What's the matter? Are you looking for him?" What's going on? Are these two together now? Ysabelle was silent for a moment before she asked, "So... you're telling me that you're sleeping with my uncle?" Now, it was Sophie's turn to fall silent. She wanted to tell the other woman that nothing happened, but she was almost sure that Ysabelle would not believe her words even if she were to try explaining. When Tristan saw the look on Sophie's face, he took the phone from her. "What's the matter? Do you have a problem with that?" "No, no! Uncle Tristan, hurry and come over! Isn't Sophie going to Harington tomorrow? We're all at Ms. Blossom's place right now, so bring Sophie over quickly." Ysabelle was upset every time she thought about how she would not be seeing Sophie for a few days soon, and the people had gathered at Blossom garden to send Sophie off.

"Have you not eaten yet?" "The lead character isn't here yet, so how can we possibly start eating? Hurry up and come now!" Ysabelle said. Ysabella had been cursing away earlier, but the moment she found out that Sophie was with Tristan, her tone immediately turned polite. After the call ended, Tristan said, "They're all waiting at Blossom Garden, but we won't go if you don't want to go."

## Chapter 244

Burden "Let's go then. Since I'm leaving Harington tomorrow, it's good to meet them one more time before I take off." Initially, she didn't want them to wait for her, but since they hadn't even had their meals for the sake of waiting for her, she figured she should go and meet them. When Tristan and Sophie arrived, it was already half past eight. Ysabelle ran up to Sophie when she saw her.

"Sophie! You're finally here! I missed you so much! This is the first time I have hated holidays so much because I couldn't get the chance to see you." I think it's better when we still have school. I get to see Sophie every day at school. Now that it's the holidays, it's hard to meet up with her! "Wow? For the first time in forever, our dear Ms. Lombard wants to go to school!" Felix couldn't help teasing her. Hearing that, Ysabelle shot him a glare. "Shut up, Felix. What's wrong with me missing the days when we had to go to school?" Just you all wait. I'm going to leave Jipsdale after the university entrance exam, so by then, it will be difficult if they want to see me. Sophie went over to Ysabelle and sat down beside her. "Didn't we just meet?" "I missed you, okay? How about this? I'll go to Harington with you tomorrow. It's boring to be in Jipsdale alone, anyway." We should all go together! "I'm not going there for fun. I've some matters that I need to attend to, so it's a little inconvenient to bring you along. What about next time? I'll take you there to have some fun next time."

"What? Are these matters you mentioned dangerous?" Ysabelle was worried because these matters had to be dangerous for Sophie to say that it was inconvenient to bring her along. Seeing how worried Ysabelle was, Sophie smiled. "It's nothing. Besides, there's no way a high schooler like me could be

involved in some shady and dangerous affairs. Don't worry." Ysabelle asked, "But why do I get the feeling that everything you do is dangerous?" After all, Sophie did not look like an ordinary high schooler. In the meantime, Felix couldn't help but sigh. It seems like Ysabelle is finally thinking straight for once. There's no way Sophie is as simple as she appears to be! "You're overthinking things," Sophie answered. The food was served as soon as Tristan and Sophie arrived. "Let's enjoy the food."

Sophie quickly changed the topic. She was going to Horington to deal with some matters in the past, so she wasn't lying when she said it was inconvenient to bring Ysabelle along with her. Ysabelle immediately pouted. "But I really do want to go with you!" "If you're really that bored, you can ask Felix to take you somewhere else." Besides, she's not done with her courses. Upon being mentioned, Felix bobbed his head profusely and uttered eagerly,

"I could take you out tomorrow if you want to." The university entrance exam was just around the corner. He did not know what would happen after the exam. Now that they were still in high school, there weren't that many temptations yet. However, he couldn't be sure the situation would remain the same after Ysabelle entered university, where there were lots of attractive young men. Ysabelle, however, bit her lip reluctantly. But I want to go with Sophie... "What's wrong? You don't feel like going anywhere? Forget it then." Felix was quite upset. I'm considered an attractive young man, right? I wonder why she isn't interested in me at all! "That's not it. I'll come with you," Ysabelle replied. She would do anything to stay away from home and avoid seeing her father. "Mr. Tristan, are you really not going with Sophie?" Charles dared not believe his ears. He, for one, knew how much Tristan cared for Sophie, so there was no way Tristan would let Sophie face the dangers alone.

"Yes. That's right." Tristan was busy putting food on Sophie's plate. After spending some time with her, he managed to learn about her preferences when it came to food. Charles was rendered speechless. He did not believe what Tristan said, but Tristan showed no intention of explaining anything else. "Oh, right. Clayton has finally stopped messing around. Phantom had him pretty roughed up this time around!" Felix was excited at the mention of Clayton. "You're right. He's pretty messed up now. I wonder what Clayton did to Phantom that had Phantom toying with him like that." Sean, too, chimed in, "That's right. Phantom is literally toying with him. Clayton is absolutely powerless in the face of Phantom." The fact that a quiet man like him broke his silence indicated that he was also interested in Phantom. Felix added, "Do you guys think Phantom is taking revenge on Clayton because Clayton discovered Wings of Light's headquarters last time?" Yet, something didn't add up. Meanwhile, Sophie remained silent as if she heard nothing while serving Tristan a bowl of soup. "You should eat as well."

"You can't be serving me all the time." Tristan had always been like that whenever they were having a meal. He would always put food on her plate, forgetting the fact that she was not a child and could take care of herself. "Thank you." Tristan did not turn down her kindness. In fact, he was rather happy. Meanwhile, Charles and Sean both exchanged a glance. As a matter of fact, Tristan never lacked women around him. The women would always try to butter him up, but he had always been unfazed by their



efforts. But now, they could sense how happy Tristan was when Sophie merely served him a bowl of soup.

Is this the power of love? So even the almighty Mr. Tristan is defeated by the power of love, huh? “Charles, I think that young man from the Seymour family is pretty decent. He’s a good match for Winter in every aspect. You should try bringing this up to Old. Mr. Quigley.” Charles was at a loss for words. Is Mr. Tristan trying to find a boyfriend for Winter? It wouldn’t matter much if Winter is not in love with Mr. Tristan, but the problem here is she’s very much in love with him. I can’t imagine how devastated Winter might be if she knows her crush is trying to find her a boyfriend, and one she couldn’t say no to at that. “Uncle Tristan, since when are you so kindhearted?” “It doesn’t matter if it’ll work out between them or not. But Charles, you need to let Winter know that I’m not interested in her.” Back then, Winter was someone inconsequential in his life. Where she went or what she did didn’t matter to him. However, things were different now. Sophie was of utmost importance to him, and he wouldn’t let anybody hurt her. It was that simple. Charles nodded in response. In actuality, he had been telling Winter things would not work out between her and Tristan, but she just wouldn’t give up. I told you so, Winter. Meanwhile, Sophie tossed Tristan a look. To be honest, he didn’t have to do that. Winter is never a threat to me. I can’t even be bothered about her. After the meal, Charles suggested they have a drink at Nocturnal. Since the finals were over, Tristan voiced no objections to the suggestion. With that, the group left for Nocturnal. Tristan and Sophie were the only ones in the car when they departed. “Mr. Tristan, I’m well aware of the relationship between the Lombard family and the Quigley family. You really don’t have to do this just for my sake.” Sophie, for one, was aware of the connection between the four prominent families. That was how prominent families worked. They were

always entangled with each other in terms of profits and gains behind the scenes. Aside from that, Charles was Winter’s brother. Sophie did not want to make things difficult for Charles. “Sophie, as long as you’re still with me, you don’t have to worry so much. If Winter even dares to lay a finger on you, I’ll see to it that she is punished. I will not let anyone bully my woman!” What right do I have to pursue her if I can’t even keep her safe? “But I honestly don’t think there’s a need to do that. I could have taken care of her myself if she even dared to provoke me.”

Sophie insisted he did not have to go to such an extent for her. She did not want to be a burden to anyone.

## Chapter 245

Naughty Things Hearing that Tristan did not say anything. Instead, his car rolled to a stop in a quiet alley. The street lamps were broken, rendering the surroundings incredibly dark. Sophie was clueless. She couldn’t understand the purpose of his actions, for she didn’t think she said anything wrong. However, Sophie was never a talkative person, so she kept quiet since Tristan remained silent. All of a sudden,

Tristan was filled with frustration and anger. He had done almost everything within his capabilities for her, but no matter how hard he tried, she still seemed nonchalant. It was as if she didn't even care. She kept telling him that he did not have to do anything for her, as if he was an outsider who had never once walked into her heart. The helplessness that was engulfing him annoyed him to no end.

"Sophie Tanner, what am I to you?" Though he knew he had to be patient and give her more time, he found himself unable to do so. He desperately wanted her to acknowledge that he, Tristan Lombard, weighed some weight in her heart. On the other hand, Sophie, too, knew Tristan was special to her as well, but she was bereft of words upon hearing his question. "Mr. Tristan, I—" Seeing her reaction, Tristan sighed out loud. He realized that impatience would do him no good, for his beloved woman was obviously still clueless. With a swift motion, he pulled her into his embrace. "It's okay. Who can I blame for falling in love with you?" With that said, he leaned forward and planted a kiss on her forehead. Forget it. There's no point in being impatient. She's still young, and so am I. There's still time. We can take it slow, and I'll make her willingly open her heart to me one day. Meanwhile, Sophie's mind was a mess because of Tristan's confession, even though the latter had just kissed her. His lips felt soft when he pressed them against her forehead. She could feel her heart skipping a beat, pounding hard against her rib cage. In the face of the man's charm, she was utterly defenseless. In response, she bit her lower lip. That seductive move of hers fueled the desire that was burning within Tristan. He pinched his chin, stopping her from hurting her lip.

"Your lips are mine. I won't allow you to abuse them like that." Sophie immediately snapped out of it and stop biting her lip. Her lips were beautifully shaped, and the glossiness of her lips was alluring. Seeing this, Tristan could no longer control himself. He leaned over and planted a kiss on her lips. When they both arrived at Nocturnal, Ysabelle quickly noticed the odd redness on Sophie's lips. Initially, she was a little confused but quickly knew what had happened. When she realized what had happened, she hurriedly dragged Sophie to the side and whispered, "The trip is less than half an hour!

Sophie, did Uncle Tristan bully you on your way here?" Ysabelle pointed at Sophie's lips. At that instant, Sophie did not know how to respond to that. I won't exactly say he bullied me because I kind of enjoyed that kiss just now, too. "Soph, what was it like? What does it feel to share a kiss with a man?" As Ysabelle asked that question, she felt rather upset. I'm already nineteen, and my first kiss is still with me. "I wonder when will I be able to find the man I love?" Hmmm... The feeling of first kiss, huh? "How should I put it?" Sophie recalled that feeling. When Tristan kissed her, her mind was completely empty. Her heartbeat accelerated and she couldn't help panting. It also felt quite comfortable! Moreover, she didn't mind Tristan touching her. In the past, she hated it when men touched her, but Tristan was different. "Come on! Tell me!" Ysabelle had a look of anticipation on her face. She longed to fall in love, too. Alas, she just couldn't find the right man. Suddenly, Felix interrupted, "What are you guys talking about?" "We're talking about the kiss that Sophie shared with Uncle Tristan.

Stop disturbing us! Go away!” Ysabelle reproached. However, as her voice was rather loud, everyone present could hear her. In the meantime, Sophie feigned a calm look as if she was not the one that shared a kiss with Tristan. Nevertheless, Tristan noticed that her ears were red from embarrassment despite her calm expression. That’s how she always is. She’d pretend to be calm, but whenever she’s shy, her ears would turn red. “I’m sorry, Sophie! I didn’t mean to!” It’s all Felix’s fault! If he hadn’t shown up all of a sudden, I wouldn’t have said that out loud! At the side, Charles and Sean exchanged a glance. It was just like what they expected. Judging by how Tristan and Sophie showed up late, they had done some naughty things on their way here. Right then, Tristan grabbed Sophie’s hand,

seemingly calm and unruffled. I love her, so it’s no big deal that I kissed her. Besides, this is something between the two of us. So, we don’t need to mind what others think of us.

It was also at this moment when Winter showed up. She was there with her friends that day. Given that she would often visit the bar with Tristan and the others back then, the manager greeted her enthusiastically and informed her that Tristan and the others were also around. Winter immediately ditched her friends and went to Tristan and the lot. Charles’ expression changed drastically the moment he saw her sister’s appearance. Didn’t I tell her not to show herself around Tristan anymore? Can’t she just heed my advice? “Winter, aren’t you here with your friends? Now that you’ve greeted Mr. Tristan, you should return to your friends!” Charles grabbed Winter by her arm and dragged her away without giving her a chance to speak. Mr. Tristan is already angry. He will never accept Winter’s love for him, and nor is he willing to. So, she has to give up no matter what! “Hey! Charles, what are you doing? I used to visit the bar with everyone. Besides, I’ve known Mr. Tristan way longer than Sophie does.” Winter was indignant. She didn’t know why everyone treated her like that. I’m closer to Mr. Tristan because I’ve been acquainted with him for a long time! “Winter, you should know what you should and shouldn’t say!” Sean warned. Why can’t she tell how much Mr. Tristan adores Sophie? Why can’t she see that? Either way, they had watched Winter grow up. To Sean, Winter was just like his sister. “Sean, I—” Winter tried to say something, but she swallowed her words upon catching a glimpse of Tristan’s gaze. “Enough.

Since she’s here, I’ll make things clear right now. Winter, the young man from the Seymour family is a decent man. I think you’re quite compatible with him, so you should find a suitable time to meet him.” Tristan figured that since she had nothing else to do, he would find something to keep her busy. That way, she wouldn’t have time to annoy him. Winter was at a loss for words when one of her arms was still grabbed by her brother. She couldn’t believe Tristan was so cruel toward her. He knows how much I loved him! How could he try to matchmake me with someone? “Mr. Tristan, do you have any idea how much I’m in love with you?” Winter couldn’t be bothered to watch her mouth anymore. She had to say

what was on her mind, and she refused to accept her defeat. “How could you do this to me just because of Sophie Tanner? She’s not good enough for you! I, Winter Quigley, am the only woman in this world

who is qualified to be your significant other! Do you know how much I've sacrificed just so I could be worthy of you?"

## Chapter 246

Straight To Alendor Winter's heart was well and truly shattered. How could it not be when the one who she fancied regarded her as nothing more than a nuisance? "Winter—" Charles immediately stopped her. Why is she doing this? Must she really force herself into a point of no return? Taking a step back, Winter directed a finger toward Sophie. "Do you know what sort of person she is, Mr. Tristan? The sort that had a pregnancy terminated while she was still in middle school. Are you going to reject me in favor of such a woman?" Coming to that point, Winter was no longer able to contain the rage she felt inside, and that was evidently reflected in the degree of viciousness in her words. The entire place fell into complete silence once she was done talking.

Tristan had a terrifying look in his eyes and at that very moment, those who were closest to him instinctively knew what that expression on his face meant to convey. Tristan had already done his best to restrain himself, but he had already been pushed past his breaking point. "I think you might as well forget about meeting up with that Mr. Etienne, as there won't be any place left for you in all of Jipsdale." "Haha. Right now, I really do have to wonder what exactly it is that this woman has done to you to have you turn out this way, Mr. Tristan." "Stop it, Winter." Outraged by the way Winter spoke about Sophie, Ysabelle could no longer remain silent. "Someone is obviously out to hurt Sophie by spreading these malicious rumors, so you shouldn't repeat them like that." "Am I simply running my mouth? Have none of you heard any of these things concerning Sophie that has been circulating around within Jipsdale? As the most trusted people around Mr. Tristan, all of you are just being willfully ignorant. Only I really have Mr. Tristan's interest at heart, because everything I said is the truth." "Are you done yet, Winter?" Charles slapped Winter's face. Does she even realize what she's doing? Has she not noticed what sort of mood Mr. Tristan is already in?

"Aren't you in the middle of expanding our operations in Alendor, Charles? Just send her straight over there!" Tristan did not even bother to cast an eye in Winter's direction. "Mr. Tristan —" In spite of

everything, Winter was still his sister. Thus, Charles was still hopeful for Tristan to show her some clemency. "Mr. Tristan is already being considerate enough of your position, Charles," said Felix, speaking up on Tristan's behalf. "Also, don't think too highly of yourself, Winter. All along, it has been wishful thinking on your own part. With that being the case, what right do you have to blame it on anyone else? Mr. Tristan has never said that he liked you!" "Not you too, Felix! I've been together with you guys for so long, so all of you must know how much I love Mr. Tristan." "Could that even be considered love?" Charles was rendered speechless. "I'll send her home first, Mr. Tristan." There was little more he could do if Winter really did have a death wish. It was as Felix described; Tristan was

already being merciful, or what awaited her would surely be a fate far worse than exile. "I don't want to go back home, and I don't want to go to Alendor either." With that, Winter charged toward Sophie. "Today, I'm going to rip that mask off your face and show everyone who you really are!"

Winter then went on to try and tussle with Sophie. All the while, Sophie had tried to ignore Winter's unreasonableness, but with things coming to a head, she was no longer going to continue turning a blind eye to it. Seizing Winter by the wrist, she then tugged her over forcefully. "You—" Winter had not expected that Sophie would turn aggressive in front of everyone else. "Don't piss me off. Don't you know what I can do to you if you offend me?" At that very moment, Sophie did not look like someone that could be trifled with. The look on Tristan's face was one of severity. "How dare you, Winter. Trying to hurt her in front of me," Tristan raged. "I'm so sorry about this. She merely acted rashly, Sophie, so please, allow me to apologize to you on her behalf." Knowing that Tristan was truly upset now, Charles immediately spoke to intercede. With a light shove, Sophie sent Winter flailing into Charles' arms. "Let this be the end of it. If you ever let me catch you mentioning my name again, I'll rip your tongue out." "See to it that she's sent to Alendor within three days, Charles." "No. I don't want to." Winter was still struggling away. "I'm the one who has grown up alongside you, so how could you guys do this to me? For how long have any of you actually known Sophie? You have been brainwashed by her, all of you." Charles straight up had Winter hauled out and at that moment, she seemed to have completely lost her

sense of propriety to her own shrew-like conduct. As Tristan was still seething, Sophie went and fetched him a piece of fruit. "There's no need to be upset anymore, so just calm down now."

We're just dealing with a person of no real significance. Since that has already been sorted out, there's no more reason to continue to be upset! Tristan, who was still throwing a fit, instantly calmed down because of that one gesture from her. "I'm sorry that you had to go through all that." He could only make such a decision on the account of Charles. "But don't worry. From now on, Winter will no longer be able to monkey around in front of you. Ten years. I'd definitely have her retained in Alendor for ten years." "Actually, Mr. Tristan, it doesn't matter where she is." She was never going to allow Winter to affect her. However, being aware of the ties between the Lombards and the Quigleys, she had some concerns about how sending Winter off to Alendor would impact the relationship between the two families. "That, you don't have to worry about at all. Charles is not an unreasonable man." On top of that, he himself had already made a considerable compromise. "As far as I can tell, you don't seem to be bothered by Winter at all, Sophie." He was actually hoping that the presence of other women would rouse at least a bit of jealousy from within her. "Bothered? Why should I be?" she asked. She's just a nobody. "Good. That's good to know." On the other end, Charles handed Winter over to the Quigley family's driver. "Send Ms. Winter straight home. I'll explain everything else to Old Mr. Quigley myself tomorrow." As Walter was very fond of Winter, Charles would have to get through him first if he wanted to have her flown out to Alendor. "Would you plea with Mr. Tristan on my behalf, Charles? I don't want to go to Alendor. I don't want to." If she was really sent out there, she knew that would effectively put her out of contention in the future. "You should understand Mr. Tristan's temperament, Winter." Once Tristan had spoken, there would be no getting out of it. Winter grabbed Charles by the arm. "I'm your

sister, Charles, so don't tell me that you're going to take Sophie's side as well? You know that you will stand to gain from me being together with Mr. Tristan too!" Winter simply could not understand why Charles was so unsupportive of her. "You still don't get it, do you? This has nothing to do with anyone else, to begin with. Even without Sophie, there'll still be others. You didn't lose to her. You lost to the fact that Mr. Tristan just doesn't fancy you!

Now send her back!" Not willing to continue this banal exchange, Charles got the driver to take her away. It was only after the Quigley family's vehicle disappeared from view that Charles returned back inside. When Charles saw that Tristan was not beside Sophie, he wondered where Tristan went off to as he approached her. "I'm sorry, Sophie. Please allow me to apologize on Winter's behalf. She has simply been spoilt rotten!" Pouring himself a glass of alcohol, Charles went on to empty it in one gulp. "It's okay. I didn't take it to heart," replied Sophie, demonstrating her magnanimity. Sophie's reaction prompted Charles to say, "Now I finally understand why Mr. Tristan is so fond of you!" "And why is that?" It was a question that even she was unable to answer for herself. "Because you really are something special."

## Chapter 247

You Smell So Good "What's the matter? Did I say something wrong?" To be honest, because of the place Sophie held in Tristan's heart, all of them tended to tread very cautiously around her, even with the words they spoke. "No. You're overthinking," Sophie replied calmly. What is this disappointment that I am feeling? Shouldn't it be a good thing that he likes me because I am special? Charles refrained from saying anything more when he saw how she reacted and walked over to sit down beside Sean instead. "What exactly is love, Sean? How could it bring about such a dramatic change in a person?" Mr. Tristan must have reached the state where he is completely infatuated with Sophie, hasn't he? "If a man who surrounds himself with women all day long could not understand it, then how would someone like me who is only capable of tackling court cases know any better?" If he was honest with himself, he found love to be something that was quite intimidating.

That got him wondering what would become of him should he one day encounter a woman who could bring him onto his knees. "Honestly, I quite envy Mr. Tristan. He's just so outstanding in every respect." To him, that sort of man was simply the stuff of envy. "Yeah, you got that right!" For someone who is as busy as Mr. Tristan is to meet a girl that he could fall instantly in love with within such a turbulent society, doesn't that make him enviable? Charles raised his glass to clink it against Sean's. "To us then. A toast to the single dudes!" Sean did not respond to that as he did not really consider that to be anything worth celebrating. Every time he arrived alone at home after a long day at work, Sean had very much wished to be in the company of someone who understood him. "What's wrong?" Ysabelle immediately felt something amiss the moment she saw Sophie drinking. If Winter wasn't even able to affect her, what could it be this time? "Have one." Sophie passed a glass along to Ysabelle as well. "Why? Are you in a bad mood? Seriously, Sophie, you shouldn't care what Winter says because I like you very much."

Ysabelle received the alcohol Sophie passed along and took a sip from it. Finding the taste to her liking, she went on to take in another mouthful. "No. I wasn't bothered by Winter." An

awkward silence ensued. "Great!" Our Soph is simply that unflappable, but Winter might probably throw a fit if she heard her say that.

Though Winter was aching to kill Sophie, Sophie herself could not care less about her. "What's troubling you then?" Having known Sophie for so long, she was naturally able to sense when the former was out of sorts. "It's nothing." She merely felt a little restless inside. "Well then! Since you don't really want to talk about it, let's just drink away. I'm already old enough to do that anyway." Sophie clinked glasses with her. Truth be told, drinking was not something that she particularly enjoyed, but on the odd occasion, she did feel that a little drop could help take the edge off. "What's up with Sophie? Hasn't Mr. Tristan forbidden her from drinking?" Felix got a bit of a shock when he saw Sophie and Ysabelle knocking it back. Mr. Tristan had just gone to the restroom, and Sophie is already drinking. He thus wondered whether they would receive the blame for not keeping an eye on her when he returned. "She's already a grown person, so what harm can a bit of booze possibly do to her? Stop overreacting." Charles clinked glasses with Felix once more. By the time Tristan returned, Sophie and Ysabelle had already finished half a bottle of whiskey. He glared at the three grown men at the side in reproach for their inaction toward the two girls who were guzzling away in front of them. "It's not that I didn't care to do anything, Mr. Tristan! You know Sophie yourself.

Even though she's such a pretty little thing, she could be rather scary sometimes when she starts shooting those icy daggers with her eyes." Fine! Felix had to admit that he deliberately allowed Sophie to drink some alcohol. Seeing how composed Sophie usually was, he was curious to see how her behavior might change when under the influence of alcohol. Wouldn't that be beneficial to their relationship as well? I'm doing this completely out of consideration for Mr. Tristan! "That'd better be the case." When Tristan went over to Sophie and saw that she showed no inclination to stop, he could only pour a glass of whiskey for himself. "Why the sudden urge to drink? Did someone tick you off?" "Nope!" Sophie clinked his glass. "Chill out! I can hold my liquor quite well." Tristan was stumped. Is that even the point? What he really wanted to know was why she was drinking in the first place. Nevertheless, since he was around, he thought that it would be fine for her to imbibe. Albeit just a little. Initially, it was

just the three of them, but when Felix and company saw Tristan joining in, they too, shifted themselves over to partake in it. Ysabelle, who was less seasoned than the rest of them, hit her limit after only a few glasses. The drunken Ysabelle was relatively sedate. Seeing how sweet and docile she looked, Felix could not help but prod at her cheeks with his fingertip.

"Her dimple is huge! Why is she drunk just like that?" D\*mn this girl! Since she is so eager to fall in love, why is it that she doesn't notice me at all? Many socialites and ladies within Jipsdale did clamor for

Felix's attention, but it was a pity for them that he had only eyes for that girl before him. Sophie knocked back another glass. In spite of drinking as much as she did, there was nary a flush on her cheeks. "We should be heading back!" seeing that Ysabelle was already drunk, Sophie whispered softly into Tristan's ears. "Yeah." Owing to the amount of drinking he and Sophie did, Tristan opted to leave the chauffeuring to the driver. The others, too, called the drivers from their own families. "Take care of Ysabelle." Tristan entrusted her to Felix. "Don't you worry, Mr. Tristan! She's always the one who picks on me, and not the other way around." Felix was somewhat exasperated at how things played out, as he had initially wanted to take Ysabelle out to catch a movie. He never expected her to become intoxicated. When the driver brought the car over, Tristan opened the door for Sophie to get in first before he followed after her. "Where to, Mr. Tristan?" The driver was unsure where Tristan wanted to go. "To Wisteria Apartments." Tristan leaned his head onto Sophie's shoulder the minute he got in, causing Sophie to glare at him. "What's up with you?" "Got a bit of a headache." Sophie was stumped because she knew Tristan to be someone who could hold his liquor well.

He didn't even drink that much tonight, so how could he have gotten drunk? "Let me rest for a while, and wake me when we arrive." When he was done speaking, Tristan adjusted himself to find a more comfortable position on her body. "Okay." Sophie did not want to press him with regard to whether he was actually inebriated, but she was not averse to lending him a shoulder if he was tired either. "You smell so good, Sophie," whispered Tristan suddenly into her ear. That caught Sophie off guard a little, and the warm breath that tickled against her sensitive earlobes caused her to squirm. Is he doing this

on purpose? Tristan was extremely alluring that way, and as such, could somehow lead one's imagination to run amok. When Sophie blushed, Tristan could not resist nibbling at her earlobe. "Mr. Tristan—" Sophie cast an eye at the driver in front, but it would seem that the driver had already raised the screen that separated them. This driver is almost too self-aware. "Huh?" Tristan lifted his head to cast at her an irresistible gaze. "What's the matter?" he asked the obvious. "It's nothing. Go ahead and sleep for a bit!" "But I'm not tired anymore. What should I do then?"

## Chapter 248

Cannot Wait Much Longer When confronted with Tristan's frivolous overtures, Sophie pretended to be calm. "Then don't sleep." Shouldn't women be the ones who typically get drunk first? Probably nobody would believe Mr. Tristan if he told anyone that he got himself drunk today. Seeing her that way, Tristan could not resist a chuckle. "All right. I won't mess with you anymore." That was because it was usually him who could no longer take any more of it after such attempts.

The car eventually rolled to a halt outside Wisteria Apartments' parking lot. Sophie opted not to wake Tristan when she saw him leaning against her shoulder with his eyes closed, for she quite enjoyed that moment of serenity. It was the sort of tranquility that one would want to lose themselves in, forever and



ever. Tristan, however, chose an opportune time to open his eyes. "We've arrived, I see." "Yeah." Tristan opened the door to alight, as did Sophie. "Rest early." Since it was late after sending her there, she thought he might as well head straight back and get some rest. "You don't have to come and see me off at the train station tomorrow." This time, Sophie had chosen to travel to Horington by rail. Due to the punctuality of the train schedules, she found that to be preferable over air travel as the latter was very much dependent on the weather. "All right then. You should rest early, too." Tristan did not ask to go up because he no longer trusted himself to keep his own impulses in check. Considering the inebriated state he was in, it only made it harder for him to keep his own yearnings under control. "Sophie..." Just as Sophie was about to leave, Tristan called out after her. "Yes?" When Sophie turned around, she did not even have time to finish her question before Tristan caught her by the hand and pulled her into his arms. "Would you grow up faster?

I think I won't be able to wait much longer." The voice in her ear was filled with such a seductive quality that it caused one's heart to start racing. Tristan left a peck on her forehead before he let her go. "All right, go on up! I'll watch you enter the elevator before I go." "Okay." Sophie turned to leave, still seeming as nonchalant as ever. Only she herself knew how furiously her own heart was thumping

against her chest. Immediately after Tristan reached home, he made a video call to Sophie who, fresh out of the shower, looked extremely delectable to him when she answered. The sight of that gorgeous face displayed on the phone's screen led Tristan to swallow hard. "Hurry up and go get washed up!" Sophie's placid voice conversely sounded rather appealing to him. "Okay, but don't hang up." With that, Tristan left the phone on the table and went off to take a shower. Sophie was dumbstruck. What was he trying to do making me stare at the ceiling while he is away? She wondered. Though Sophie thought about hanging up, she kept what he last said in mind and pliantly left her own phone at the side. Then, she went on to boot up her laptop to attend to her own affairs.

After Tristan exited the showers, he toweled off his hair while he went to check on his phone. He smiled when he saw that the video call was still connected. Hmm. My little Sophie is surprisingly obedient. Tristan was quite satisfied with how obediently she behaved. Back and forth, her fingers danced rapidly over the keyboard while she busied away on her laptop. All the while, she did so with extreme focus. Having nothing better to do after he had dried his hair, Tristan simply sat there silently to keep Sophie company. Sophie only realized that the video call was still active when she finally closed her laptop. Picking up her phone, she immediately saw Tristan's ridiculously handsome face on it. "I'm sorry. I forgot that we are still on the line." She had always been very cautious about handling her business with Wings of Light. "Nah. It's fine. What were you busy with?" She should have wrapped up whatever was on her hands, so what's she so preoccupied with? Having eaten and drunk outside with everyone else today, shouldn't she be taking the time to get properly rested? "It's nothing. I'm just helping out a friend with a small favor." "I see!" She seems to have quite a number of friends. "I guess that's that. It's about time I turned in." She still had a train to catch at around nine the following day. "Okay." In spite of that, neither one of them hung up.

"I think I'm missing you already." Over those past couple of days, Tristan was almost like a prince charming, uttering passionate sweet nothings every so often. Is this what it feels like to be in love? "Can I ask you something, Mr. Tristan?" Sophie finally said. "What is it? I will answer your question if I am able to, no matter what they might be about." Between them, there wasn't anything they couldn't

discuss. After some consideration, Sophie asked, "You're obviously surrounded by an assortment of beautiful women, so how did you come to fancy me?" It was not a lack of self-confidence that prompted her to ask that sort of a question, but a genuine inquisitiveness to find out the answer to it. Tristan had not seen such a curve ball coming, and it got him thinking hard about how he might be able to best answer it. It then occurred to him that that could be the nature of love. No one really planned for it to happen, and there was no particular reason why one would be attracted to another. "That's a tough one, Sophie. There aren't many questions that I can't answer before today, but I really don't know how to address that. I guess that it's just a feeling. You meet one person and want to be her, and you instinctively want to protect and care for her." At least that was exactly how he felt. Although aware that Sophie was very capable of fending for herself, he still could not refrain from worrying about her. Sophie fell silent.

Even though she was the one who started that conversation, she had no idea how to continue it. "Are you satisfied with such an answer? If not, I'll go back and think it over. Maybe I can write you a dissertation about love or something." In spite of not having extensive experience in romances, he supposed that he could give that a shot if that was what she wanted. Sophie did not know how to respond to that. "All right. You should just go and rest up now!" What use would I have for a dissertation like that? "Good night." Such a simple greeting, but it sounded so seductive and tantalizing when it came off his lips. Sophie could not help but shake her head. What's gotten into me? She could not understand why every word that Tristan uttered would bring about such wild imaginations in her. "Good night." His sensual voice still echoed inside Sophie's head after she ended the video call, and it took her a fair bit of tossing and turning to get herself to sleep. Sophie roused around eight the next day. Even though it was just a trip to Horington, she had chosen to travel light.

All she had with her was a black backpack on her shoulders and a matching baseball cap over her head. Though the clothing on her was not fanciful in any way, it still looked fantastic on her, proving

once more that she was a walking mannequin. Sophie hailed a ride to the station, but before she even stepped inside, she received a call from Arius.

The Secret Of Sophie As soon as the call was connected, Arius' anxious voice drifted out of the phone. "I heard that you're going to Horington?" Argh! Why is she just so disobedient? Why is she going to Harington out of the blue? That man is already investigating Harington, yet she wants to go there? Isn't she just offering herself up on a silver platter? "Yeah. What about it? Is there a problem?" I'm just making a trip to Harington. Does he need to make such a huge fuss out of it? "Let me tell you this solemnly, Sophie—that man never gave up looking for you

You'd better behave. It's pretty safe to remain by Mr. Tristan's side," Arius warned in exasperation. I know she's fearless because she's highly capable, but this matter really isn't that simple! "All right. Don't bother about this matter anymore. Why are you always concerning yourself with such trivial matters when you're a good-looking young man?" Sophie grew impatient. This is nothing, so why is he all frantic? "What? I'm serious, Sophie! Anything that has to do with your safety is no trivial matter. Listen to me!" Gah! She never changes, forever carefree and nonchalant! This simply won't do! "That's enough. I'm going to enter the train station, so we'll talk another time. Just worry about yourself." Not in the mood to yak with him further, Sophie hung up directly. In fact, she outright turned off her phone to avoid having him continue hounding her.

Arius, on the other hand, phoned Sophie again. When he heard the familiar female mechanical voice telling him that the number he had dialed was temporarily unavailable, the urge to seize Sophie and skin her alive gripped him. Why is she just so worrisome? Does she not know the gravity of this matter? Meanwhile, the man who had been looking for Sophie immediately set out from Anglandur after receiving news that she was in Horington. "Are you really going personally, Boss?" his assistant inquired hesitantly before he departed. "Yes." How could I possibly not go when I've finally gotten news of Sophie? "This time, I'll definitely capture her myself!" After I've done so, she can never leave again! I'll never give her the chance to do so! "But Boss, it's too dangerous for you to go to Chanaea right

now." Many people in Chanaea wanted to take his life, so it was undoubtedly irrational for him to go back. "I can't be bothered about that anymore."

As long as it was something to do with Sophie, he could never remain calm. "Boss!" "Okay, that's enough. There's no use trying to dissuade me further. The plane is taking off soon!" Since the man was secretly returning to the country, he didn't make a grand affair of things by using his private jet. Instead, he took a commercial plane like everyone else. At the same time, Sophie had already boarded the train. She bought a premier-class seat, so it was exceedingly spacious. After getting onto the train, she took out her phone and started handling some of Wings of Light's matters without noticing that the person sitting beside her was a man she hadn't seen for some time—Eustace. Only when she had finally snapped out of her thoughts did she realize that it was Eustace beside her. Behind them sat Danny and a few SWAT team members. Seeing that she had finally finished her work, Danny exclaimed excitedly,

"I didn't expect to meet you here, Sophie!" They were pretty close as Danny sought Sophie's help the instant the SWAT team encountered any problems. For that reason, Danny was particularly enthusiastic to see Sophie. Faced with that bright smile on his juvenile face, Sophie merely replied curtly, "Indeed, it's quite the coincidence." "All right, sit down," Eustace said to Danny, who was standing up. Danny sat back down, but he still wanted to talk to Sophie. "Where are you going, Sophie? Horington?" They were heading to Horington as well, and he had heard that she used to study there. "Yeah." "In that case, let's have lunch together after we arrive in Horington!" Danny suggested earnestly. "I'm going there on business, so I might not be able to have lunch with you all." "Zip it, Danny! Captain Sheppard is upset!" Can't he be more tactful when Captain Sheppard has finally gotten to meet her? How could Captain Sheppard have an opportunity if he's yapping away here? Finally, Danny realized that his captain was looking rather grim. He instantly made a zipping motion across his mouth and went silent. At the sight of that, the middle-aged man beside him couldn't help chortling. Young people nowadays are really something else. But Captain Sheppard is almost thirty years old now, so it's time he gets himself a girlfriend when he's such an outstanding young

man. Sophie is indeed pretty good. Besides, they're somewhat bound by fate since they boarded the same train and bought adjacent seats. Isn't this destiny?

In truth, Sophie and Eustace overheard every single word of the conversation behind them. Nonetheless, neither of them were perturbed by it. Eustace stole a peek at Sophie beside him. By then, she had already turned off her laptop. She didn't seem as though she was inclined to start a conversation either, acting even more aloof than him. In the end, he was still the one to break the silence. "Is something the matter that you're going to Horington? Just say the word if you need any help. We're also going to Horington this time." Although we're going in an official capacity this time, she has helped me several times, so I'll certainly help her without hesitation if she really needed it. "It's okay. I don't have anything that requires your help when I'm only a high schooler, Captain Sheppard." Words eluded Eustace. That's true. I generally deal with major cases involving murder and smuggling, so it's indeed inauspicious to require my help. "That wasn't what I meant." For the very first time, he felt embarrassed. "Captain Sheppard, you're meant for great things, so go ahead with your work.

There's no need to bother about me." Sophie wore a faint smile on her face. In response, Eustace nodded. He had always had the golden touch, never once failing at anything he did. However, he had one weakness—he really didn't know how to interact with girls. It was a two-hour train ride. Throughout it all, neither of them said anything. Sophie was busy on her laptop while Eustace alternated his gaze out the window and at her. She seems to have a lot of secrets, but I couldn't find anything about her. When someone existed, there must be some information on the person. However, Sophie's background was too easily available. As such, it appears rather fake. Her computer skills were better than his technicians, and she could even defuse bombs. Thus, he couldn't help being curious about her. When the train pulled into the station, Sophie put her ultra-thin laptop into her backpack. Shouldering it, she walked out with everyone else. While alighting from the train, Eustace followed closely behind her and didn't allow anyone to jostle her. On the whole, he was really gentlemanly.

## Chapter 250

Smacking Jack With A Fly Swatter All of them left the train station together. When Danny noticed that Sophie was about to leave without showing the slightest inclination to have lunch with them, he promptly rushed over to her. Captain Sheppard indeed has no problems solving cases, but he totally flopped in pursuing a lady! He's spent over two hours in her presence, yet he didn't even manage to ask her out for a meal. Well, it looks like he needs me to lend him a hand!

Sophie eyed the man who was blocking her path, having no idea about his intentions. At once, Danny flashed her a bright smile. "Sophie, we're considered friends, right? Look, it's lunchtime now, so why don't you have lunch with us all? Don't decline! I know you've got something important to do, but no matter how important it is, you've still got to eat, no?" Look how glib I am! That aside, I've got reason backing me up. Just as he was certain that she wouldn't turn him down, Sophie shook her head. "I'm sorry, but I've got a date with someone else, so I'll pass this time." Moreover, I've only helped them out a couple of times, so I'm really not that close with them. Danny wanted to convince her further, but Eustace held him back. "A car is coming to pick us up. Where are you going? We'll give you a lift," Eustace offered. Danny was wholly flabbergasted. Good Lord! It turned out that the long speech I delivered earlier was of no use at all! Captain Sheppard is too dense!

"It's okay. I'll be leaving first." Hailing a taxi, Sophie climbed right in. "She's pretty cool," one of the SWAT team members remarked. Eustace watched as Sophie left blithely with a smile playing on his lips. "Right? She's indeed pretty cool and candid." "Aren't you the least bit tempted when she's so cool and candid, Captain Sheppard?" There are many beautiful women around him, but none of them are as impressive as Sophie! "Danny, I know you idolize her, but you can't mix things together. Let's go. We should get down to business." They were there on official duty, not on vacation. "Fine, then." I'm not the one pursuing her, so it isn't going to do any good even if I'm frantic on his behalf. In the meantime, Sophie had the taxi drop her off at her previous residence. Her lease hadn't ended yet, so the house

remained in the same condition as before she left, and no one had been there. She took a small bottle from the house and stuffed it into her backpack.

Then, she swept a glance over everything there before whirling around to leave. No sooner had she stepped out of the house than the ring on her ring finger lit up. The moment she noticed that the ring had lit up again, she inexorably sneered. "Are you really that eager for me to go back?" Why can't this d\*mn man stop? Aren't things pretty good now? "Unfortunately, you're dumb. Even if you want me to go back, it still depends on whether you've got the capability to make me do so!" Ignoring the ring, Sophie hailed a taxi and went to an alley, planning to get herself a plate of pasta from a vendor there.

Mere moments after she had taken a seat, Percy's son, whom she beat to a pulp back then, appeared. He had a dozen ruffians following behind him, all looking like delinquents who were the scum of society. "Sophie, you've finally returned after I've waited for you for so long. I thought you didn't have the guts to come back." Sophie ignored him entirely but continued scrolling through her phone, paying him no mind. The young man slammed his hand onto the table. She's showing me blatant disrespect! "Hey! Our boss is talking to you! Are you deaf or mute?" Even so, Sophie remained calm and unruffled. She didn't appear to be angry at all.

"D\*mn it! Look, she's still as insolent as ever!" Jack declared crassly. Sophie remained silent. Upon seeing that someone was kicking up trouble there, the shop owner didn't tarry after serving the pasta. Instead, he swiftly retreated to the kitchen. Sophie took a fork from the cutlery container and got ready to eat. "I'm talking to you, Sophie Tanner! Do you not hear me? Why, weren't you arrogant in the past? What's with the sudden cowardice? Well, that doesn't matter. I won't blame you even if you've lost your courage. As long as you crawl between my legs, I'll forget everything that happened in the past." Jack had been resentful ever since she transferred schools. He merely came out that day to have some fun, but he unexpectedly bumped into her there. "Haha, that's true! She's a girl, so how could she have any courage, Jack?" "Hear, hear! Jack, have her crawl between your legs, and I'll take a video for you. We'll have the whole of Horington know the kind of person she is." "Don't you find it irritating that the lot of you keep yakking here?" Ugh!

This group of people are really affecting my appetite badly by being here! Sophie had been missing the pasta there since she left Horington and especially went there when she returned this time. Alas, she bumped into a group of idiots, ruining her mood for pasta. "What did you just say? Guys, was I hearing things? What did she say earlier?" Jack wore an incredulous expression. "D\*mn it! How impertinent! Jack showed you mercy, but since you're ungrateful, we don't need to be courteous with you anymore." One of the ruffians stalked forward. They weren't acquainted with Sophie and had no idea how terrifying she was. Finding his hand utterly annoying, Sophie picked up a fork nonchalantly and stabbed it right into his palm. In a flash, it punctured both his hand and the table. "Ahh!" At the sight of his bloody hand, the ruffian wailed at the top of his lungs. Jack's face went as black as thunder. She isn't showing me the slightest respect! "Do you really think that Horington is your territory? I—" Before he had finished speaking, Sophie shoved the table before her. Jack never expected her to do such a thing. Nevertheless, the others quickly held the table back. That was only to be expected, for they depended on him for a living. Naturally, they had to protect Jack. However, the few men were no match for Sophie's strength. Sophie pushed the table right against the wall, trapping the ruffians and Jack between the wall and the table.

After doing that, she took a new fork and started eating. She had just taken a bite when her brows inexorably furrowed. As the pasta had been left for too long, it had already turned lumpy and tasted awful. She shot a glare at Jack and his underlings. Such fear struck them that they all shivered violently. "What do you want, Sophie? Let me warn you that it's Horington here. If you hurt me, you won't be able to leave this city!"

Propping her hands on the table, Sophie got to her feet before snagging a piece of wet tissue and wiping her hand. "Are you really not afraid of death, Jack?" Her voice was still as airy as ever, but it caused one to shudder inexplicably. "What are you doing, Sophie? Let me tell you that my father is now the director! If you dare hurt me—" Sophie snagged a fly swatter from another table and swung it right at Jack's face. "What did you just say? I didn't hear you clearly."