

Pursuing 341

Chapter 341

“Why are you still standing there? Take the photos! Let the fans of The Wheelers take a look at what kind of trash they've fallen for,” Clayton said to his assistant.

Once his assistant snapped back to his senses, he quickly took recordings of the scene.

When that was done, Clayton began kicking and punching Sunny.

“Little sh*t, did you think you were capable of going up against me? You're a hundred years too early for that!”

With that, Clayton kicked Sunny to the ground.

Sunny lay on the floor, on the verge of unconsciousness.

Yet, he did not want to admit defeat.

He was going to go all out against Clayton.

However, it took little for Clayton to step on Sunny's hand and twist his foot.

Crack!

The agonizing pang of pain shot up Sunny's arm, and he passed out.

Clayton's assistant hurried over.

“Clayton, I doubt he'll be able to perform with his hand anymore.”

Clayton then asked his assistant to hand him a piece of tissue, which he used to clean his hands.

“Call Mark and get him to come over and pick this guy up. I have zero tolerance for traitors,” Clayton ruthlessly said.

His assistant bobbed his head instantly before calling Mark.

“Let's go. Something has happened to Sunny,” Mark said as he leaped to his feet after ending the call.

The four people then entered the car and drove to Sky Media to look for Sunny.

The moment they reached Sky Media's building, they found Sunny unconscious.

“This is too much! They've crossed the line, Mark. I don't care about anything anymore. I'm going to kill Clayton today!”

“He's right. They're crossing the f*cking line!”

Knowing that they had arrived, Clayton stepped out of the building. After letting his gaze rake over Mark and the others, a sneer manifested on his face.

“Mark, do you see this? This is what will happen to you if you betray me,” Clayton uttered in arrogance.

Mark tightened his fists.

“Clayton Zales,” Mark hissed as he stood up and grabbed Clayton's collar, “you've gone overboard!”

Clayton grabbed his hand.

“So what if I pick on you? What can you do? Come on, hit me!”

Clayton's assistant was ready with his phone by then.

If Mark were to punch Clayton, The Wheelers' misdeed would be all over the internet and media.

“Mark, come over here! Sunny can't hold on any longer!” That was the only thing a band member could say to stop Mark from doing something irreversible.

Moreover, their priority was to send Sunny to the hospital. They could settle the score with Clayton another time.

Hearing that, Mark let go of Clayton.

“Just you wait, Clayton. I'm not done with you yet,” Mark snarled. He then darted over to carry Sunny into the car and drove straight to the hospital.

Jonathan arrived at the hospital after the members of The Wheelers.

All he could think when he saw the grievously injured Sunny was, How is this going to be resolved? Clayton has crossed the line. Sunny's still in the emergency room, so no one knows what's going to

happen. Plus, Sunny's hand has been hurt badly. Who knows if he can still play the drums after this?

“Jonathan, don't tell Sophie about this for now.” After all, at the end of the day, it was their private matter, and he was going to deal with it in his own way.

However, Jonathan could not be at ease at Mark's demeanor.

“Mark, I know that you're on close terms with Sunny. We're all upset to see Sunny like this, but you mustn't do anything rash, got it?”

The members of The Wheelers were talented, but their tempers were bad.

Even though their time in the entertainment industry forced them to learn to hold themselves back, this was something they found extremely difficult to tolerate.

Right then, the three other teammates angrily voiced out their opinions. "Jonathan, you know that the only thing we want to do is perform, but they just won't let us go. If that's the case, there's no point for us to keep holding ourselves back. Nothing horrible is going to happen. At most, we'll stop being in the entertainment industry."

"That's right. We can't keep tolerating things like these!"

"We're going to beat Clayton into a mush right now!"

Each member seemed more agitated than the other, and it seemed like none of Jonathan's words could change their minds.

It was the first time he had encountered something like this, and he had no idea how to resolve it.

"Calm down. None of us knows the details of this issue. If we do anything rash, we'll only be giving Clayton another chance to strike us down," Jonathan pointed out.

Mark remained quiet the entire time.

Regardless of what Jonathan said to them, this was something they were not going to stay silent about.

They were young men. How could they possibly keep their cool after encountering something like this?

"Okay, okay, calm down. I promise you that I'll give you a satisfactory result for this case," Jonathan continued reassuring them.

“Jonathan, I know you have it hard because no one can go up against Clayton in this industry.”

“I'm sorry for being so powerless. I couldn't protect you guys...” Frankly, Jonathan wished he could act less cowardly, but they were nothing but ants to be squashed in the face of the powerful.

“Jonathan, I know that you've done your best. Don't come with us anymore, okay?” That was the first time Mark had said something along those lines.

“Mark, what are you talking about? Do you think I'm worried about myself? I'm worried about you all. All of you have bright futures. You shouldn't be stopping here.” Indeed, Jonathan had been asking them to hold themselves back so that their dreams could be fulfilled.

“That isn't what I mean, Jonathan. I just want to tell you that I'm not going to let Caleb go this time. I

don't want to drag you into this mess, so leave now.”

“You—”

Jonathan sighed in exasperation. Still, he could understand their fury.

They then waited outside until the doctor wheeled Sunny out. It was only after the doctor's continuous reassurances that Sunny's life was not in danger did Mark and the others relax.

After that, they stayed by Sunny's side.

Sunny did not have any family in the city, so they were the only ones who could take care of him.

Terrified that the members of The Wheelers would do something reckless, Jonathan discreetly made a call to Sophie.

It was almost midnight when Sophie received the call.

When she saw Jonathan's name on the screen, she did not hesitate to pick up the call.

“Jonathan, it's quite late. Is something the matter?” Sleepiness was already lacing Sophie's words.

“Ms. Tanner, I know I shouldn't be disturbing you at this time, but I've run out of ideas. Please come quickly. Something bad has happened to Sunny!”

“All right, I got it. I'll be there right away.”

With that, Sophie climbed out of her bed and changed before leaving her room.

The moment Tristan heard the sound of the door, he rushed out of the bedroom.

“What's going on? Why are you going out so late in the night?” Tristan questioned. Knowing that Clayton was a despicable man, he wanted to know where Sophie was at all times.

“Jonathan said Sunny has been hurt! I'm going to go and take a look,” Sophie replied, the panic evident in her voice.

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It was Tristan's first time seeing her in that state, and that worried him.

“Stay calm. I'll get changed, and we'll leave together.”

How could he be at ease with letting her go by herself at a time like this?

“Okay, go and get changed. I'll wait for you in the living room.” At that, Sophie forced herself to calm down. What has happened has happened. The only thing I can do now is resolve the issue. Anyway, what's most important at this moment is to ensure that Sunny's fine.

Meanwhile, Tristan darted into the room to change before driving Sophie to the hospital.

On their way there, Sophie was exceptionally silent. Even though he knew she was physically beside him, he could sense that her mind was far from him.

With one hand on the steering wheel, Tristan then reached out with his other hand to pull her hand to his lips.

“Hey, it'll be fine.”

Sophie glanced at him.

“Mr. Tristan, Clayton must have a death wish, right? How dare he lay a finger on my people? I'm going to make his life a living hell!”

In the past, Sophie had been contented with simply teaching him a lesson.

It looked like she had been too merciful toward him. In a way, her kindness was the cause of Sunny's suffering.

If she had dealt with Clayton back then, Sunny would not have had to go through this pain.

“Okay. I'll support you no matter what your decision is. Even if you're planning to end Clayton's life, I'll help you.”

Sophie said nothing to that.

Nothing she said could be of any use.

Silently, she made up her mind to never let anyone have the chance to hurt the people around her again.

When Sophie and Tristan arrived at the hospital, Mark and the others were outside. Upon seeing Sophie, Mark shot a glance at Jonathan.

Jonathan could only pretend to not notice that.

It was desperation that drove him to call Sophie.

Regardless of everything, Sophie had Tristan's support. As long as it was a matter concerning Sophie, Tristan would surely intervene.

"Sophie, why are you here? Go home. Sunny's fine," Mark lied, not wanting her to worry.

The four of them would be enough to stand guard by Sunny's side.

"How is Sunny?" she asked, ignoring Mark's words.

Mark was forced to answer, "The doctor said that he's not in any mortal danger."

"I want to take a look at him," she replied. There was no way she could be at ease unless she saw Sunny herself.

"You should go home, Sophie. Sunny's asleep right now. Your presence will only disturb his rest," Mark patiently told her.

Yet, Sophie was not going to listen to him.

There was only one reason for them to behave this way: Sunny was badly hurt.

Sophie pushed open the door.

The moment she saw the grievously injured Sunny, she clenched her fists.

Clayton. Zales.

Sophie closed her eyes. How long has it been since I've felt such anger? Clayton is really making my blood boil.

Meanwhile, even Tristan, a man who had seen much in his life, had inhaled sharply upon seeing Sunny on the bed.

Clayton's too unbelievable. I can't believe he has the guts to do this to one of my men!

"Sunny, I'm sorry. I couldn't protect you, but don't worry, I'll definitely make Clayton pay ten times the price for this!"

They did not leave after that, for they could not bring themselves to do so until they saw Sunny was awake.

At the same time, Tristan remained by Sophie's side, never once leaving her alone.

Around three in the morning, Sunny finally opened his eyes.

When he saw the group of people in the ward, he held his breath.

Did I trouble them again?

Hence, the first thing he said was, "I'm sorry."

"Sunny, how could you be so impulsive? Didn't I tell you that you can rely on me, your team leader? You didn't need to worry about this!"

"I can't believe you went to look for Clayton alone and ended up like this. Do you know how worried we were?"

Initially, Mark did not wish to mention such things, but he could not hold himself back when he saw Sunny open his eyes.

"I'm sorry..." Sunny repeated, his eyes dim.

It felt as if he was utterly useless—as if the only thing he knew how to do was to create trouble for someone else. Sunny, too, was irked by himself.

"Mark, that's enough. Let him rest first. I'll deal with the rest. None of you should do anything recklessly anymore."

Sophie's heart had finally descended from her throat back to her chest when she saw that Sunny was awake.

"Sophie, I'm really—"

"It's fine, Sunny. You don't need to say anything. I understand."

I understand that Clayton's a wicked man.

"Sophie, they even took videos of this. This..."

They were the ones who would suffer from the incident, for Clayton had the upper hand and would only benefit from the exposure of the incident.

“Okay, I got it,” Sophie responded. It did not matter what Clayton had in hand. Sophie was certainly going to make Clayton pay for what he did.

“Sophie, don't cross Clayton because of me. That man is too horrifying.”

Mark's heart ached terribly when he heard Sunny say those words. Like Sophie, he had made up his mind; he was not going to let Clayton go just like this.

“Sunny, no matter what kind of decision I make, it isn't completely because of you, so don't feel pressured about this.” Sophie knew Sunny had always felt guilty about it, and she could guess that this incident had happened because he did not want to drag her into the mess.

“All right, the one and only thing you should be doing right now is to rest well. Don't fret over other things.”

“Okay, I understand. Go home now; it's late,” Sunny said, not wanting Sophie to stay up all night by his side.

“Okay.”

“Let's hire a caretaker for him. All of you should head back to rest. Everything will be fine with the caretaker around.” By then, Tristan had already made arrangements for the best caretaker to come to Sunny's ward.

“He's right. Go home and rest. I'm fine. I just need to rest for a few days.”

This is all my fault. I don't even know what other issues The Wheelers are going to face because of me, Sunny thought, feeling ashamed.

“Go on. I'll stay here to take care of Sunny. You guys can come and take my place tomorrow,” Mark said to the other three.

“Mark, I'll stay.”

“No, go home. Everyone's tired,” Mark insisted.

No matter what happened, he was not going to let Sunny stay in the hospital alone. The Wheelers' members were close, so they would never blame each other for anything. They were a team, after all. They were bound together for better and for worse.

Sophie was quiet the entire time, from when they left the hospital until they entered their car. The silence was a sign of how furious Sophie was.

“You have my support in everything you do. It's time for Clayton to get out of our sight,” Tristan snarled. How dare Clayton do this despite knowing that The Wheelers are my people? I'm not going to let him off the hook for this!

“Mm, I know.” Similarly, Sophie was going to settle the score with Clayton.

Unsurprisingly, the video of a member of The Wheelers hitting someone trended the next morning.

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There might not have been any evidence to back those accusations up previously, but this time, there was a video of Sunny hitting someone.

When Xandra woke up early in the morning, she initially planned to execute her public relations plan, only to come across that video.

Thus, she had no other choice but to drop everything in hand and phone Sophie at once.

“What's going on, Sophie?” Right then, the video of Sunny hitting someone was trending on various major video streaming websites. Many of The Wheelers' fans had also gone silent, utterly disappointed in their idol.

“I'm already at the office. Come to the conference room.” After going back that night, Sophie only slept for a while.

When Xandra arrived at the conference room, she saw that Sophie was already there.

“How's Sunny?”

“He's severely injured and will have to stay in the hospital for quite some time.”

“Jeez, he really shouldn't have been so impulsive and created such a mess at this critical juncture.”

Sheer exasperation inundated Xandra.

“There's no use saying such things now. The only thing we can do is to figure out a way to minimize the damage.”

“I know.” I can only halt the initial plan for public relations, or it'll become a forced whitewashing in the eyes of fans.

“I'll send you some information later. I have faith in your capabilities.”

That remark had Xandra feeling very much helpless.

“Since you've already said as much, can I gainsay you?” Seeing that I've already allied myself with her, I've got no choice but to travel down the path to the very end.

Meanwhile, Jonathan had also arrived at the company. When he learned that Sophie was in the conference room, he instantly headed over to seek her out.

"Clayton contacted me, Ms. Tanner."

"Hmm?"

What else does he want for him to contact Jonathan at such a time?

"He wants to see you."

Jonathan knew that he shouldn't allow Sophie to meet with Clayton, but there was really no other way then.

"Just ignore him, Sophie. I can handle this," Xandra declared confidently.

"Set up an appointment with him."

Even if he hadn't sought me out, I would've sought him out. Since he made a move against someone close to me, I'll never let this matter slide!

"Sophie." Xandra shot Sophie a disapproving look. Clayton is downright reprehensible, so she'd only be on the losing end if she were to meet with him.

"Don't worry, for I'll be fine."

Conversely, Sophie didn't fear Clayton at all.

Clayton set the venue of the meeting at an exceedingly refined café.

He was positive that Sophie would agree to meet him, so he had been waiting there eons ago.

As soon as he spotted her, he got up from his seat with a bright smile on his face.

To be honest, she's indeed a stunning beauty. No wonder Tristan likes her. Even I am a touch enthralled by the sight of her!

Striding over, Sophie pulled out a chair and sat down.

"In truth, Sophie, I didn't want to see things getting to this. Sunny was really too impulsive. Anyway, I was only defending myself. Are you sure you want to invest so much money into such a band? I'm

genuinely worried on your behalf," Clayton remarked sincerely.

"What do you mean?" At that moment, Sophie was gripped by the urge to pin him to the ground and pummel him to death. Still, she was calm and unruffled on the surface. I shall see what trick he's up to since he specially asked me out.

"Well, here's what I think. Since you want to have some fun in the entertainment industry, why don't we team up?"

As long as she's willing to collaborate with me, all the problems The Wheelers are facing right now will no longer be of any issue. Seeing as I've got the capability of making such a fuss, I'm naturally capable of suppressing everything. Right now, it all hinges on her choice. In all honesty, The Wheelers can really make money. How could I possibly be willing to lose such a profitable band?

"How do you want to team up?"

At that question from Sophie, triumph flooded Clayton. Sure enough, she's still a little girl! Now that she has encountered such a problem, she must be at a total loss. As expected, she's willing to collaborate with me obediently.

"It's simple. Sky Media acquires your company, and I'll give you ten percent of the shares."

Hearing that, Sophie couldn't help sneering. He really takes me for a fool, huh?

Her motive in meeting him that day was to teach him a lesson, so she asserted, "You shouldn't have treated Sunny in such a manner, Clayton. I'd never team up with you. But I'm very much interested in the acquisition proposal you mentioned. How about this? If you go on your knees and beg me now, I'll

begrudgingly acquire Sky Media."

Clayton had never expected her to answer in such a way. When he had gathered his wits about him, he scoffed, "Have you never heard that the real world is dangerous, little girl? To be this arrogant, do you even have the capabilities to back it up? And you say you want to acquire Sky Media?"

How delusional of her!

"You can regard it as a joke, but let me tell you that you'll soon learn I'm not messing around with you." Sophie stood up from her seat. Then, she continued, "Anyway, that's something for the future. I only came today to help Sunny teach you a lesson. No one had ever managed to escape unscathed after having made a move against someone around me."

In response, Clayton inexorably snorted. "Hah! And here I thought Tristan liked someone utterly extraordinary, but you turned out to be nothing special, merely looking pleasing to the eyes."

She wants to deal with me? Even Tristan doesn't dare utter such an arrogant statement!

Sophie then marched toward him.

"Defending yourself? Are you kidding me? You almost beat Sunny to death, yet you're telling me that you were merely defending yourself!"

Walking right up to him, she pushed him hard.

Again, Clayton hadn't anticipated her to be so violent that she would get physical with him.

He stumbled back a step from the force.

Following that, he frowned dangerously as he stared at Sophie in front of him.

"Why, do you also want to get laid up at the hospital for a week?" At long last, he no longer acted civilly with her.

So what if she's beautiful? Does she really think that I'd indulge her?

"Come, let's fight!" Sophie was unbelievably haughty when she said that.

However, that was her true self.

"You're sure you want to fight with me?" I've never fought with a woman, to be honest.

Flexing her wrists, Sophie hooked a finger at the man.

"Cut the crap and just fight me." Ugh! I hate all this yakking.

Clayton didn't bother taking the woman before him seriously.

Unexpectedly, Sophie threw him over her shoulder as soon as she made her move. That aside, she didn't hold back at all, for he felt as though all the bones in his body had shattered.

Only then did he realize that she was serious.

He climbed up from the ground, his gaze turning frightfully menacing. Since she wants to play, I won't

show her any mercy!

"I hope you don't regret it." Today, I'm going to teach her a lesson in humility. Otherwise, someone else will deal with her sooner or later if she continues acting so condescending.

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"What did you just say?" Tristan was initially sitting behind his office desk, working, but he immediately shot to his feet after listening to Felix's words.

"You heard me!" Clayton is really gutsy that he dares to ask Sophie out for a meeting.

Promptly getting up from his chair, Tristan snagged his jacket and strode out.

"Where are you going, Mr. Tristan? Don't worry, for Sophie will definitely be fine, considering her capabilities!" After all, she can even defeat mercenaries.

"Shut up."

No matter how capable Sophie is, she's still a young girl at the end of the day. But what about Clayton? Everyone knows of his vicious methods as he has been through ups and downs in the business world for many years.

At Tristan's obstinacy, Felix could only follow him despite feeling certain there wouldn't be any problems.

Meanwhile, Mark flew into a rage upon learning that Clayton asked Sophie out alone.

“Hadn't I told you this, Jonathan? We'll handle this matter ourselves! Are you not aware of the kind of person Clayton is? Yet, you allowed Sophie to meet with him alone? Do you know what would happen?” Verily, he didn't dare imagine what he would do if something were to befall Sophie when Sunny was already laid up in the hospital.

Jonathan kept silent, saying nary a word.

Truly, I had no choice either! Besides, she's a girl. No matter how despicable he is, he probably won't stoop so low as to hit a girl, right?

“Don't panic first, Mark. No matter how evil he is, he won't go as far as hitting a girl!”

“Do you really not know the kind of person he is?” After saying that, Mark marched right out.

Left with no other recourse, Jonathan could only chase after him.

“Where are you going, Mark? You'd ruin things if you were to go over now.”

Alas, Mark didn't care about all that.

Ultimately, he merely wanted to go and protect Sophie right then.

I'll never allow anyone to hurt her, no one!

Tristan and Mark arrived at the café at almost the same time.

When they arrived, there was no one in the café but Clayton's subordinates.

At that situation, Mark's heart jolted.

Clayton is a veritable degenerate! Please don't tell me he has done something to Sophie. If something really happens to her, I'll never forgive myself for the rest of my life.

“Where's Sophie?” he demanded tersely.

The instant Clayton's subordinates saw that Mark had arrived, the entire group of them came out.

“You'd best not go in and disrupt Mr. Zales, Mark! Otherwise—”

Before the bodyguard had even finished speaking, he took a punch from Mark.

“Get out of my way!” Not a single word was getting through to Mark at that moment.

“Calm down, Mark!” Felix could only urge the man to compose himself as he watched at the side.

Truly, Sophie will be fine. Right now, they should be worried about Clayton instead!

“Buzz off!” Tristan likewise hadn't the time to yak there. Right then, he wanted to be by Sophie's side.

How could she agree to meet Clayton alone? Didn't I already tell her that I want to bear everything with her at all times? Why didn't she tell me about this? Anyhow, all this isn't important at present. The most important thing now is to take her away from here safely.

Needless to say, the few bodyguards refused to allow them entry.

In a flash, the two parties went up in blows.

Both Felix and Mark were trained in combat, so they had no problem handling a few bodyguards.

Naturally, Jonathan had also come over. At the sight of the current situation, he acted as well.

D*mn it! No matter what, we can't allow Sophie to be picked on for nothing! Enough is enough!

While both parties were fighting in full swing, Sophie walked out from inside.

Glimpsing such a crowd outside, she was inexorably stunned.

"Why are you all here?"

All that aside, she appeared perfectly fine, still as beautiful as ever without a hair out of place.

"Are you okay?" Mark asked as soon as he caught sight of her.

"Do I not look fine?"

Hurrying over to her, Tristan wrapped an arm around her waist.

"Why didn't you tell me before coming over, you little imp? Don't you know that I'll worry?"

Sophie knew that he was really worried about her, so she didn't argue with him.

"It was merely an insignificant matter, so I didn't tell you guys."

"Okay."

"Let's go!" Sophie said to the others.

The few bodyguards were promptly worried when they saw no signs of Clayton.

At once, they charged in to look for the man.

In a private room in the café, they found Clayton, who had been beaten to a pulp.

“Clayton!” They all swiftly rushed forward.

“Where's she?” Clayton questioned in aggrieve. Never had I imagined that I'd be pummeled so badly by a girl!

“She has been taken away, Clayton. What happened to you?” The few bodyguards didn't dare say that it was their first time seeing the man in such a pathetic state.

“Who took her away?” At that very second, Clayton was seized by the urge to rip Sophie into a thousand pieces.

“Mr. Tristan and Mr. Northley.” They're both people we can't afford to offend!

Immediately, words eluded Clayton.

“What should we do now, Clayton?” That was Mr. Tristan! Who would dare go against him? We really couldn't do anything about it!

“D*mn it!” Argh! Tristan is always going against me! One of these days, I'd definitely have him wishing

he were dead!

“Oh God, are you all blind? Hurry up and send me to the hospital!” Clayton had been beaten up so badly that even his mouth was bleeding.

The few bodyguards quickly helped Clayton up to take him to the hospital.

When they stepped out of the café, Tristan and the others were still there.

At the sight of Clayton's sorry state, Felix couldn't help sucking in a breath.

Is Sophie really a woman? How could there be such a savage woman in this world? This is simply horrifying!

It went without saying that Mark likewise caught sight of Clayton's condition.

Unbidden, he stole a glance at Sophie.

Was it really her who beat him up? Indeed, he's in a pretty pathetic state.

Xandra, on the other hand, had started handling the public relations crisis. Her capabilities were naturally top-notch.

She brought The Wheelers' treatment back when they were in Sky Media to light.

It included a lot of evidence, including the incident in which Sunny sustained an injury.

Additionally, she leaked how Sky Media had been oppressing The Wheelers this time, their despicable action of internal purchase to make their songs top hits, and the like.

In the blink of an eye, Sky Media's reputation plummeted sharply. Even their share prices dropped significantly.

At this time, Clayton was still lying in the hospital.

When Willow learned about all that, she instantly went to the hospital to visit him.

Her eyes turned red-rimmed when she saw that he had been beaten up so badly.

“Are you okay, Clayton?”

In response, Clayton rolled his eyes. D*mn it! Is she blind or what? Do I look as though I'm fine right now? I'm not okay at all!

“Get out. I don't want to see any woman with the family name of Tanner presently.” Verily, he was incandescent.

At that, Willow was entirely bewildered.

“Did I do something wrong, Clayton?” I merely came over to visit him!

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“Do you still not know what you've done wrong? Listen up, then. Your existence alone is a huge mistake! Happy now?” Clayton retorted.

He was burning with so much anger that it was nearly impossible for anyone to get through to him.

“Your sister beat Clayton up so badly, yet you still have the cheek to show up,” Clayton's assistant chimed in angrily. “Have you come here to laugh at us?”

“What? Are you talking about Sophie? Clayton, I honestly had no idea. I've never been on good terms with her, so I don't know what she gets up to,” Willow hastily explained. Argh! How dare this wretched Sophie drag me into this mess! It took so much effort for me to get close to Clayton.

“That's enough. I know you have nothing to do with this matter, but in any case, you should head home first,” Clayton snapped.

Oh, I won't forget what I've had to put up with today. This matter is far from over!

Just then, Sky Media's public relations manager barged in. “Bad news, Clayton. Something's happened.”

“What is it? Why are you in such a panic?” Clayton replied, still feeling highly irritable. “You've worked with me long enough and been in all kinds of sticky situations. Must you still lose your cool like that?”

“Things aren't looking good, Clayton. TS Entertainment leaked news and evidence that were unfavorable to us, and our share prices have been falling since,” the manager muttered.

As a matter of fact, he was already at his wits' end. Otherwise, he wouldn't have sought Clayton for help.

The next second, the manager handed his tablet to Clayton so the latter could check out the scandal brewing online.

Sure enough, fans of The Wheelers were all attacking Sky Media.

Not only had they brought up the time Clayton released rumors about the band members abusing drugs, but they were also commenting on how The Wheelers had been bullied and coerced during their time in Sky Media.

“Have you hired ghostwriters to try to sway public opinion?” Clayton asked.

If this goes on, the entire public will turn against us. It also doesn't help that our stocks have already fallen very drastically...

“I have, but it's useless against The Wheelers' fans.”

Interestingly enough, it was only two days ago when rumors about The Wheelers had reduced their fans to silence. They were disappointed with their favorite band and even believed they had been blind to support them.

However, things were different now.

As soon as they learned what The Wheelers had had to endure in the past, the fans began to chastise themselves instead for doubting the band members.

After all, The Wheelers were the best in their eyes and could never have committed any misdeeds.

Moreover, they also finally understood why Sunny had gotten into a fight. How could he not when he had been mistreated and played for a fool? Anyone in his shoes would've done the same thing.

Naturally, the fans continued to comment on the online discussion boards: Sky Media is a bloodsucking company! How dare they treat The Wheelers so poorly!

Exactly! They've gone too far! If I ever run into Clayton Zales, I'll make sure he pays for what he's done.

Easier said than done, my friend. Aren't you aware of Clayton's reputation? He might land you in the hospital if you make one wrong move.

Having seen how badly Sunny was beaten up, it was understandable that fans would feel and think that way.

Clayton, however, had seen enough and threw the tablet aside in a fit of anger.

"You are my public relations manager, for goodness' sake. Why aren't you handling this problem? What's the use of showing me these comments?"

"I'm trying to, Clayton!" the manager replied with a helpless look. "But the other party's too good, and I'm at my wits' end! If this scandal continues blowing up, Sky Media will be doomed."

"D*mn it. I'm sure Tristan's the mastermind! Why must he always pit himself against me?"

Meanwhile, back in TS Entertainment, Sophie was satisfied with how Xandra had handled the matter.

"So? Have I put your mind at ease?" Xandra asked with a chuckle.

"Of course. Haven't I said before that I have complete faith in you?" Sophie quipped. With Xandra around, she hadn't felt worried since the incident occurred.

She was, however, angry with herself.

If she had protected Sunny better, he wouldn't have gotten so seriously injured.

"This matter isn't over yet. I want you to continue keeping an eye on it. Let me know if you need more evidence," Sophie instructed.

As it turned out, one of the reasons Xandra had carried the plan out so beautifully was that Sophie had provided her with a mountain of evidence.

Therefore, no matter how many ghostwriters Clayton tried to hire, they'd never be able to refute the evidence available.

"Well, carry on with your work, and don't worry about the company. I'll help you keep an eye on it," Xandra stated.

She can trust me with this, can't she?

"All right, then. I'll head back first."

With that, Sophie made her way out, only to find Tristan and Mark still waiting for her. Unsurprisingly, Mark also hadn't expected things to turn out the way they did.

"Don't worry, Mark! I got this," Sophie reassured.

Of course, Mark knew how capable she was. She had gotten everything under control in less than a day, so how could anyone not have faith in her?

"Yes, I know," Mark replied.

Ah, I'm just worried about her. After all, she's going up against Clayton, the most despicable sc*mbag there ever was!

"Please be careful, Sophie. I don't wish to see you get hurt because of us," Mark added, voice laced with concern.

"You have nothing to worry about! No one can harm me. Besides, I have Tristan by my side. He won't let anyone hurt me either!" Sophie answered. Mark may not believe my capabilities, but I'm sure he can trust Tristan!

Upon hearing that, Tristan beamed with joy.

After so long, he finally had a spot in her heart.

"I know, I know," Mark mumbled.

I know the two of them are very capable, but I still can't help but worry about Sophie, can I? Isn't that what it means to like someone? Even though I'm aware she doesn't have romantic feelings for me, it doesn't mean I'll ever stop caring for her...

Eagle-eyed as always, it wasn't hard for Sophie to tell that Mark was still feeling uneasy. My goodness. Could I have scared him? Is that why he's so worried?

"Trust me, Mark. I'm not a weakling. Please don't worry."

"Yes, I understand. Anyway, I'm going to the hospital now. Do you want to come along?"

"No. I still have some matters to tend to. I'll visit Sunny later."

"Okay."

With that, Mark turned and left all by his lonesome.

For some reason, the sight of him invoked a feeling of sadness in Sophie.

When Tristan caught her staring at Mark's retreating figure, he walked up to her and wrapped an arm around her waist.

"What's wrong?"

"I seem to have made him very worried," Sophie muttered. That had never been her intention, and she hated how things had turned out.

To her surprise, Tristan snorted.

"You've made me very worried too! Do you know how awful I felt when I heard you were meeting Clayton alone? Sophie, can you please not do something so reckless again in the future? I was so scared that my heart almost leaped out!"

"I know, I know. I promise not to scare you like this in the future. Is that enough?" Sophie was exasperated as she did not do it on purpose.

She merely thought Clayton was a nobody and went to solve the problem herself.

On the other hand, Tristan was completely speechless about what had happened.

Forget it. I can do nothing about her anyway.

Even though TS Entertainment had done an excellent job managing public relations, he knew it was not enough for Sophie. The matter was not over yet, as Clayton had attacked Sunny. "So what are you going to do now?"

"I'll take my time and play with him, making him suffer physically and mentally." Sophie thought it would be boring to take Clayton down instantly. To her, it was always better to take things slowly at such a critical moment.

She was not in a hurry anyway.

"As long as you're happy with it." Tristan would deal with Clayton once Sophie had had enough.

He could never forgive Clayton for trying to make a move on Sophie.

In the afternoon, Sophie had to return to school because of some commitments.

As soon as Ysabelle saw her, she asked, "Sophie, how's Sunny doing?"

"Don't worry. He's fine." The girls chatted as they strolled. Suddenly, Willow appeared and blocked their way.

Ysabelle rolled her eyes when she saw Willow.

This girl is so annoying! Both of us don't want to have anything to do with her, yet she still keeps showing up and challenging the limit of our patience.

“Sophie Tanner! You have a death wish, don't you? Even if you have one, please don't drag the Tanner family into your mess. Don't you know what kind of person Clayton is? How dare you beat him up like that? Can you bear the responsibility if he retaliates against the Tanner family?” Willow was boiling with anger. Unfortunately, she was no match for Sophie. If she could defeat Sophie, she would have beaten Sophie to death to stop her from dragging their family into the mess.

“I know what I've done. There's no need for you to lecture me here.” Sophie was not courteous toward her in the slightest.

“You...” Willow was so enraged that she was trembling from head to toe.

“You've messed up big time, Sophie. There's no way the Zales family will let you off. Do you really think Mr. Tristan would turn his back on Clayton because of you?” In truth, Willow was delighted to see Clayton being in such a sorry state because of Sophie.

When she thought Sophie would be in deep trouble and she herself would be the only center of attention in the Tanner family, she was secretly happy.

Seeing Willow like that made Sophie sneer, “You wish to see me in deep trouble, huh?”

Willow was rendered speechless.

She didn't expect Sophie to say the words she had in mind aloud.

“How could you think of me that way, Sophie! Did you say that out of sheer malevolence? I never thought of it that way. I only hope you won't get me involved in your matter.” Of course, Willow would never admit it.

“Malevolence? Aren't you the most malevolent person in this world?” Ysabelle felt as if she had heard the world's greatest joke.

Words eluded Willow.

“Ysabelle, why are you so shameless? You follow Sophie all day long, so you better be careful and not get into deep trouble like her,” Willow cursed.

“Well, I don't know if I'll get into deep trouble, but I can tell that you are getting into trouble right now.” Ysabelle stepped forward and grabbed Willow's arm. “Do you want us to whack you to stop you from getting our attention daily?”

“You little...” Willow glanced at Sophie. She did not dare to make a move with her around. “Let me go, Ysabelle.”

“Get lost.” Ysabelle gave Willow a shove as she spoke. Does she think a person like her can be

popular?

Although discomfort boiled within Willow, she knew that Ysabelle was not someone she could trifle with.

“Just you wait, Sophie. You will definitely get yourself into trouble sooner or later.” She fled the scene as soon as her words fell.

“Sophie, Willow is really...” Ysabelle was at a loss for words to describe Willow.

In short, she thought the girl was disgusting.

“Just ignore her.”

Sophie had never considered Willow as a rival. Thus, she never gave a hoot about what Willow did.

“Hmph! I wonder what she is so smug about. She doesn't even know where she stands,” Ysabelle couldn't help but comment.

After the third lesson in the afternoon, Ysabelle, knowing that Sophie would visit Sunny, immediately said she wished to tag along.

“Soph, let's go together!” She thought it was boring for her to stay at school alone for the evening self-study session.

“You'd better not go. Now is the critical period of senior year. You won't be able to get into Jipsdale University if you don't improve your grades now.”

Ysabelle was rendered speechless.

She wanted to follow Sophie, but what the latter said was true.

“Will you shun me if I fail to get into Jipsdale University?”

“I won't. But it may be a little hard for you to step into the entertainment industry by then.”

“Fine! I'll stay back and continue the evening self-study session, then.” Ysabelle puffed her cheeks.

“Forget about it. Don't worry. Even if you fail to get into Jipsdale University, I will still find a way to make your father agree to it.”

Ysabelle wrapped her arms around Sophie's neck upon hearing that.

“You're indeed my benefactor, Sophie.” Ysabelle grinned. “The person I like the most in this world is you!”

It did not matter to her whether she got into Jipsdale University.

She was happy as long as she was able to be with Sophie.

When the girls walked out, Tristan was already waiting for them outside. He couldn't help but frown when he saw Ysabelle beside Sophie.

“Ysabelle, you're being too lax lately,” said Tristan disapprovingly. Although he agreed to let her enter the entertainment industry, her father had yet to consent.

Ysabelle's father has not agreed to it, so how can she become so self-indulgent? This isn't good.

“Uncle Tristan, I want to visit Sunny too. Don't worry—this is the last time. I promise I'll never skip class again,” Ysabelle promised. Is this enough?

“All right. Stop lecturing her. I'm the one who agreed to take her along. Skipping one evening self-study session won't affect anything anyway.” Sophie spoke up for Ysabelle.

Hearing that, Ysabelle immediately gave Sophie a grateful look.

Uncle Tristan won't do anything to me as long as Sophie is here.

“All right.” Sure enough, Tristan did not say anything else. As Ysabelle expected, he would do anything Sophie said.

When they arrived at the ward, several members of The Wheelers were already there. Seeing them like that somehow made Sophie feel bad.

"I'm sorry for failing to protect you guys."

"Sophie, what are you talking about? I was the one who asked for it. It had nothing to do with you, and I didn't want to get you involved either." Sunny was mad back then. That was why he lost his mind and went to Clayton. "I never expect Clayton to be so good at fistfights, though."

Mark did not say anything. After all, Sunny had yet to know Sophie had already beaten Clayton up as severely as Sunny.

"What should we do now? TS Entertainment has done a great job with its public relations. We're trending right now, but there's no way for Sunny to be on shows looking like this."

No matter how cool and distant the artists were, they still had to make appearances for publicity when their albums were released. However, they could not do so at the moment.

Chapter 347

"You don't have to worry about this matter! The promotion can wait, don't rush it."

Currently, The Wheelers were trending. Their new album had already achieved the top ranking. Sky Media's Freezewave was simply no match for them.

"Sophie, I'm sorry." Sunny apologized yet again. It's all my fault. Things wouldn't have gotten to this point if I hadn't acted impulsively.

"Stop apologizing to me, Sunny! I already arranged for the best orthopedist to treat your hand!" The most important matter right now is his hands. The rest really doesn't matter.

"Okay."

Naturally, Sunny didn't dare to have any opinion. He would obey Sophie, no matter what she said.

“Sophie, who exactly is the public relations manager you've hired? How are they so impressive?” Sunny asked curiously.

“I don't think you two know each other. Her name is Xandra Yandell. You'll meet her in the future.”

No one in the entertainment industry didn't know who Xandra Yandell was.

Sunny was stunned.

“I can't believe our public relations manager is Xandra.” There wasn't anything in the entertainment industry that couldn't be settled by Xandra. As long as she was there, she could handle any public

relations crisis happening to the artists.

“That's right.”

Mark didn't expect himself to have heard about Xandra as well. He just hadn't met her in person before.

Besides, the past few encounters were done in a hurry. Thus, he never thought that the person was Xandra.

After keeping Sunny company for over an hour, Sophie and Tristan left with Ysabelle.

The university entrance exam was around the corner, so Tristan sent Sophie and Ysabelle to their evening self-study session.

“Go ahead. I'll pick you up after you're done with your session,” said Tristan.

Meanwhile, merely a day had passed, yet Sky Media's stock prices had already plummeted drastically.

At Sky Media's entrance, many of Mark's fans camped there, demanding Sky Media get an explanation from Clayton regarding The Wheelers.

They were holding up banners and protesting at the entrance.

Sky Media's Freezewave was severely affected because of this issue.

At the moment, no one dared to invite them to go on shows. Therefore, they didn't get to promote their albums at all.

Besides, their music was only cool on the surface level.

They were really doomed this time.

Everyone in Sky Media was in a chaotic uproar. No one knew what to do next. Moreover, Clayton wasn't there.

Everyone in the company was panicking. All they could do was arrange for most of the security guards to maintain order at the entrance.

Meanwhile, Clayton had already pulled all the strings available. Nonetheless, he still couldn't stop the rumors from spreading.

The evidence against them was being exposed, one after another.

Clayton threw a fit in the ward.

The public relations manager stood in front of Clayton and didn't even dare to breathe loudly.

"You've been working at Sky Media for a long time, but you can't even settle this kind of issue? What right do you have to stay at Sky Media?" Clayton scolded.

"I really did my best, Clayton. It's just that no matter what ideas we came up with, they could make all our efforts go to waste quickly."

The opponent was simply too strong. Every time they thought they were about to settle the crisis, they would immediately be proven wrong.

"I don't care what method you use. This matter must be fixed by tomorrow."

Sky Media would be over if this continued.

The public relations manager replied, "I've genuinely run out of ideas, Clayton." I'd always thought of myself as being quite formidable. Yet, I really do not know how to handle such an opponent this time. There is nothing I can do about this as well. I mean, who doesn't want to get their job done?

"You—" Clayton was so pissed that he was about to lose his mind. How can he speak so matter-of-factly about his own incompetence?

The public relations manager didn't dare to utter a word. He was handling this situation with one attitude—if Clayton wanted to reprimand someone, just let him be and allow him to vent his anger.

However, if Clayton really wanted him to handle this situation, he was too powerless to do so.

"You..." Clayton couldn't speak another word because of how angry he was.

Clayton had personally made a few phone calls, but there was no way to delete those videos on the internet.

He had tried using all of his connections but to no avail.

"Tristan. This must be that b*stard Tristan's doing," Clayton muttered.

Tristan has always had issues with me. If it weren't for him, how could these people be brave enough to reject me?

"Call Sophie."

"Clayton, are you sure you want to contact her again? Last time, both of you had just met for less than half an hour, but you were already beaten up, and you even ended up like this," said Clayton's bodyguard.

Hearing that, Clayton's temper flared immediately. "How dare you say such a thing to me? You're my bodyguard, yet you didn't even know I'd been beaten up, and you're still shameless enough to keep getting your paycheck!"

The bodyguard dared not say another word.

He was the one who insisted on meeting Sophie alone in the first place. Besides, she is just a tiny girl. How would we know she was powerful enough to be able to beat him up badly?

Naturally, they couldn't say these words aloud. If not, Clayton would just throw a bigger tantrum.

"What? Do you have a problem with what I said?" Seeing the look on the bodyguard's face, Clayton felt uncomfortable again.

The bodyguard shook his head instantly. "Of course not. I don't have any opinion about that, and I don't dare to have one. I also won't have one no matter what."

Clayton was enraged and speechless.

Instantly, the bodyguard exited the ward. He couldn't stay in front of Clayton any longer. If not, he would really be finished.

"Clayton, if even you are not able to handle this issue, it's impossible for me to do anything as well. Isn't that so?" The public relations manager didn't wish to talk but had no choice.

"Y-You... Are you f*cking mocking me? Are you the boss? Or am I the boss here?" Clayton was extremely grumpy at that moment. Moreover, he tugged on his wounds after getting riled up, and the pain led him to clench his jaw. "Let's do it this way. Contact Mark for me. I want to meet him alone."

As long as Mark was willing to have a word with him, it would be more useful than anything else.

"Will he come? He's our rival now, after all," asked the public relations manager. To be frank, The Wheelers had suffered much unfair treatment when they were under Sky Media back then. They were also oppressed many times.

Besides, Clayton had beaten up Sunny.

Everyone knew that the five members of The Wheelers were tight-knit, so they must still resent Clayton for causing Sunny's injuries.

It was simply impossible for them to speak up for Sky Media.

"So what? Are you saying that I should just lie here and wait for Sky Media to be doomed?" Clayton questioned. Money wasn't the biggest issue here. This situation would also affect his dignity. "I don't

care what we have to do. Contact them. As long as we can end this matter, I will agree to whatever conditions they offer."

When Mark received a call from Sky Media, he was in the midst of discussing the promotion matters with Sophie.

"Who's calling you? Why aren't you answering the call?" Sophie asked when she saw Mark spacing out while staring at the phone.

Chapter 348

"It's Sky Media," Mark stated.

He figured there was no point hiding it from Sophie because it was just a matter of time before she found out anyway.

"Answer it. I'd like to see what hidden agenda they have." Sophie had never retreated in the face of challenges. In fact, she was looking forward to seeing what Clayton would do.

"Sophie, Clayton's a handful. I think we should just stay away from him."

Despite knowing that they had the upper hand in that situation, Mark was still worried.

"It's okay. We'll be able to handle this."

Speaking, Sophie took Mark's phone and answered it before putting it on speaker, rendering Mark speechless.

"Mark, Clayton would like to meet you. This is bad for everyone, so you shouldn't drag this out. Why don't you just sit down and talk to him? Both of you are living in Jipsdale. You guys will still meet one another anyway," Sky Media's public relations manager persuaded patiently.

"There's nothing left to talk about between us." Mark was still furious after what had happened.

Clayton shouldn't have touched Sunny!

Sunny was bedridden in the hospital, and there was little chance of his hand ever recovering.

“Mark, are you sure you want to burn your bridges? Do you think you'll still be able to survive in this industry without Sky Media?” The manager said so because he had no idea what Clayton was like, but his statement triggered Mark.

“What do you mean? Are you still using his influence to threaten me now that things have turned out like this?” Mark questioned in fury.

“What I just said is reality. You guys indeed have the advantage now, but how can you guarantee that things will remain this way forever?”

“Just shut up.” Mark hung up the phone. “Did you hear that, Sophie? They are not letting go of any chance!”

Mark felt he had nothing to lose if that issue concerned just himself—but not if his bandmates from The Wheelers were to be affected.

“Calm down, Mark. There's no point getting so worked up. Sky Media is in a mess now. Just wait till I procure their company. I bet Clayton won't be able to behave so arrogantly after that,” Sophie assured calmly, feeling that there was no point getting angry because of someone like Clayton.

“What did you just say?” Mark had never heard Sophie propose something that outrageous.

“I said I'm buying Sky Media. Is there a problem with it?”

“Sophie, are you sure...” Mark's voice trailed off, for he did not know what else to say.

“Don't worry about it. I'll make sure Clayton pays for what he did.”

Then, Sophie grabbed her phone and went outside.

“We're not stopping the promotion. The publicity department has already made the arrangements for you guys. We've secured a few good music shows so far, so the four of you should go ahead first. We will see what we can do for Sunny after he recovers.”

As many as three of the top five songs on various records charts were from The Wheelers' latest album at that time, and that propelled them to popularity again.

Clayton had intended to crush the band, but what he did only made them more famous.

“Where are you going?”

“I'm going to Lombard Group.” Sophie was thinking about asking Tristan for help.

“All right.”

Mark said no more when he heard that Sophie was going to meet Tristan.

Although Tristan had gifted Sophie a car, she still preferred taking a cab because driving a luxury car to school would attract unnecessary attention, so she usually hailed a cab instead.

When Sophie arrived at the company, the receptionist came out to welcome her.

“Ms. Tanner, are you here for Mr. Lombard? I'll bring you over.”

“It's okay. I'll go up myself.” Sophie was not used to people being too cordial toward her.

“All right, then.” The lady pressed the button at the elevator and sent her off.

To employees like her, it was important that they get on Sophie's good side because she was the CEO's girlfriend.

Otherwise, they would be in trouble if Tristan were to get angry.

The elevator stopped on the ninetieth floor, and the door opened. Seeing that Sophie had come, the secretary stood up immediately to welcome her.

“Ms. Tanner, Mr. Lombard's in a meeting. How about you wait for him in his office?” The secretary then ushered Sophie into the room.

Since Tristan was engaged, Sophie made herself comfortable on the couch and started designing a program for Arius.

By the time Tristan got back from the meeting, he was dismayed to see her engrossed in her phone. To him, Sophie's screen time was so long that it worried him as that habit was not good for her eyes.

It was not until he went over to sit beside her that Sophie realized he was back, so she exited the program on her phone and spoke to him.

“Has the meeting ended?”

“Yes. Sorry for the wait,” Tristan replied, massaging her eye area.

Sophie did not stop him since it felt relaxing for her.

Tristan's so attentive.

“How are things with Clayton?” Tristan asked. He had not gotten involved thus far because he wanted Sophie to deal with the issue on her own first.

“I'm still working on it. I plan on buying Sky Media,” Sophie replied confidently.

"I see. Just do what you want. Let no one tell you otherwise." Tristan was convinced that Sophie would make things work.

"But I need your help." The truth was that Sophie could solve the problem on her own, but since Tristan had insisted on helping her, she thought it would be nice to let him do so, or else Tristan might start thinking that she did not trust him.

As Sophie expected, Tristan's eyes sparkled when he heard her.

"Really? What is it? Tell me."

He was delighted because that was the first time Sophie solicited his help.

At least she knows I'm on her side when she runs into trouble.

"Clayton is trying to get the Bureau of Cultural Affairs to minimize the issue, but I can't just let him off the hook like this!" Since Sophie's company was part of the entertainment industry, things would turn ugly if the government got involved.

"Don't worry about it. I know the person in charge there. I'll make sure Clayton doesn't get things his way."

Sophie's request was nothing to Tristan, for it only required a call from him to get it done, so he took his phone and contacted the Bureau of Cultural Affairs' chief, who happened to be in a meeting.

When the chief saw it was Tristan, he shot to his feet.

"You guys continue. I need to take this," he said to the other attendees at the meeting.

I can't afford to miss Mr. Tristan's call. I've always wanted to get closer to him.

"Who is it? This is the first time the chief has gotten so nervous," someone noted at the meeting. They had always thought that their head was a composed and powerful man. That was because they had never really seen him behaving like that.

"I have no idea who it is," the secretary seated beside the chief answered, shaking his head.

The chief carefully held his phone with both hands as he stepped out and picked up the call reverently.

"Good morning, Mr. Tristan. What can I do for you?"

The chief could not wait for an opportunity to be of service to Tristan. If there were anything he could do

for that man, the chief would readily give it his best, but after Tristan filled him in on everything that took place, the chief was still confused about why Tristan wanted him to just sit and do nothing.

Nonetheless, the chief knew it would be better for him to insulate himself from the matter. After all, Clayton was involved.

So, the chief assured Tristan, "Don't worry about it, Mr. Tristan. I won't meddle with this no matter what." That was the answer Tristan wanted, and he was pleased to hear that.

"Great. Just do nothing and ignore his calls."

Chapter 349

"Understood, Mr. Tristan. I'll do as you said. Is there anything else I can do?"

"That's all. Thank you for agreeing to this. We should get together for a meal someday."

The chief was exhilarated when he heard that.

“Of course! I won't take up your time, then. Bye!” the chief replied knowingly.

When the call ended, Tristan pulled Sophie into his arms.

“It's done. Feel free to do whatever you want. I'll always be here, no matter what the outcome is. I'll tank it for you,” he assured with confidence.

Sophie rested her head on his shoulder. She knew that Tristan would be able to help her no matter what her request was, but it still surprised her that he could get things done so swiftly.

“Thank you for doing this,” she uttered.

Looking at how adorable Sophie was, Tristan could not hold it in any longer. He lifted her chin and kissed her deeply until she felt a suffocating sensation.

“Where should we go for lunch? It's on me. I want to thank you for helping me,” Sophie suggested.

“That's not enough, though.”

“What do you want then?”

Sophie was sporting enough to give him whatever he wanted.

“How about marrying me?” Tristan asked with a smile.

Sophie thought for a while.

“I need time to think about it. I need to see if I can entrust my whole life to you,” she replied jokingly.

“Why? Is there anything about me you're dissatisfied about?” Tristan genuinely wanted to know her answer, for he had always tried to be the best version of himself for her.

“Not really. At least not now, but who knows what will happen in the future?” Sophie understood that people in love usually got along well and could not wait to marry each other.

However, problems would begin to surface after they got together.

Sophie had no idea how things would evolve between her and Tristan in the future, but up till that moment, things had gone well between them.

“Good to know. I'll work hard and make sure you have nothing to worry about. I won't disappoint you. On the contrary, I'll make you regret not taking up my offer.”

“Mr. Tristan, I'm so grateful to be the one you chose among all the people out there.” Sophie could not imagine her life without him, for his presence warmed her heart, and that was all she needed.

Hearing this, Tristan tightened his arms around her.

“I didn't choose you. My heart did, and I followed where it led.” Tristan did not know why he felt attracted to her the first time he saw her.

Perhaps it was love at first sight.

As for the reason, it was not important anymore.

All Sophie had to know was Tristan's love for her and that he would deal with everything that came their way no matter what they faced.

“All right. We should go for lunch now. I'm hungry,” Sophie said as she pulled herself out of his embrace. Then, she reached out and tugged Tristan up from the couch.

While they were on their way out, they bumped into Felix, who was eager to join them for lunch, but because Tristan was glaring at him, Felix had no choice but to keep quiet begrudgingly.

Come on, man! I've worked so hard the whole day. Can't I at least have a meal with you guys? Why do I have to live like this?

Sophie could not help but laugh when she saw Felix's reaction.

It occurred to her that being with this group of friends had always brightened her day, and she enjoyed life like that.

"Let's go together, Mr. Northley."

Felix's eyes glimmered in excitement as he looked at Tristan. Can I really go? Can I really have a meal with you two?

Seeing that Tristan did not refuse, Felix quickly passed his documents to his assistant.

"Bring these back to the office. You should go grab lunch after that, too," Felix said to the man. Since it was lunchtime, it was necessary that everyone get a break.

After that, the three of them went to a nearby restaurant.

"Actually, Mr. Northley, I might need a favor from you," Sophie said when they were seated.

"What is it? I'll do everything I can to help." Felix would agree to help Sophie even if she had not invited him to lunch since Ysabelle was extremely fond of Sophie.

It went without saying that Felix would readily help if it were anything related to Sophie.

"I believe you know that I'm deeply offended by what Clayton did," Sophie explained, emphasizing Clayton's name.

It had been a long time since anyone had exasperated her so.

"So," she continued, "I'm going all out to take him down. I know Zales Corporation has been preparing for a highly profitable public development project recently. Why don't you make a bid for that project too?"

That plan sounded reasonable to Sophie, for Clayton had also previously snatched other projects from them.

"Which project are you referring to?" Felix asked.

Hearing this, Sophie took out a document file from her bag.

"Here are the details. You can take a look after you go back. I'm sure you can do this," Sophie assured, smiling, but Felix could not wait.

He opened the file and looked at the content right away.

When he had seen everything, he shot Tristan a glance.

Just what kind of woman are you dating? How did she even get this document?

"Don't worry, Sophie. I'll make sure this is carried out. This project is indeed profitable." Since Felix had agreed, it would only be a matter of time before Clayton saw his downfall. "By the way, Sophie, please let me know if I ever do anything wrong," Felix added.

This woman is terrifying. She's slowly taking away everything Clayton has, and I bet that poor guy has no idea what's about to happen to him.

“Huh? I don't understand what you're trying to say,” Sophie answered with a polite smile as if she was innocent.

Okay... Well, I guess Tristan likes her no matter what. It's for the best, anyway. Tristan needs someone

like her beside him. She'll be able to protect him if and when anything goes wrong.

Felix's thoughts were not unfounded. Sophie and Tristan made a perfect power couple, and their influence spread all over Jipsdale.

As for their friends like Felix, they only had to get things rolling for Tristan and Sophie backstage.

Meanwhile, Clayton was still caught in deep misery because things made no progress, no matter who he looked to for help.

At the same time, celebrities under Sky Media's label had come forward to reveal how unethical the company's contract was, and they were asking that their rights be upheld.

In fact, more than ten celebrities had requested that they terminate their contract, and that infuriated Clayton.

To him, he had done everything to make them successful. They wouldn't even have made it if it were not for Sky Media! What a bunch of ingrates! Have they forgotten that it's our resources that push them to fame?

“Clayton, TS Entertainment must be behind this!” someone working for Clayton remarked.

“I agree. Clayton, I'm afraid no one will sign any contract with us at this rate,” another person agreed.

Chapter 350

Clayton was still at the hospital, so he did not have the time to go to Sky Media.

“That's enough. I know what's happening. I need you all to talk to those who want to terminate their contracts. See what it is they want. Give them what they want and ask them to shut up.”

Clayton's move was just a temporary retreat.

He had made up his mind to teach those people a good lesson when things died down.

There's no way I'm letting you people walk all over me.

Immediately after his assistant left, Clayton gave Sophie a call.

It's time I reach out to her, or else this issue will never get resolved.

However, even after calling more than ten times, Sophie did not pick up.

Clayton could not believe that someone would actually ignore his calls. No one had ever dared to do that to him.

At that moment, he thought of Willow, so he gave her a call instead.

Willow was caught in distress when she received the call.

She had thought she had a chance, but after Sophie beat Clayton up, the man was not even interested in seeing Willow.

It had never occurred to her that Clayton would call her at that point, and her hand shook uncontrollably when she saw Clayton's name on her phone.

This is my chance.

After a conversation with Clayton, Willow immediately ordered the driver to send her to the hospital, and within half an hour, she arrived at Clayton's ward.

"Clayton! How are you? You have no idea how worried I've been over the past few days. I've wanted to come and visit, but I was afraid you might not be happy to see me."

"I'm sorry about last time, Willow. I was in a bad mood back then. I shouldn't have said those things to you."

"It's okay, Clayton. I understand. No one would be in the right headspace to talk nicely after being beaten up for no reason. Sophie's such a crook, but don't you worry. I'm not related to her in any way. I'll always be on your side."

Willow was quick to draw a clear line between her and Sophie, for she had decided to climb her way up the social ladder no matter the cost.

"Willow, there must have been a misunderstanding between Sophie and me."

Willow was confused. But you were beaten up so badly. How is there still a misunderstanding?

"What do you mean, Clayton? I don't understand."

Does he like Sophie too? This cannot be!

"I'm sure there's a misunderstanding. Could you ask Sophie out for me? There's something I need to talk to her about."

When Clayton saw Willow was quiet, he continued, "I'll invest in a movie production after I settle this. You'll get a role."

"All right, then. I'll try to contact her."

The offer was tempting enough to get Willow on board.

She had always believed that she was talented, and all she needed was an opportunity for her to shine.

Since the opportunity had arisen, she was confident that her career would take off.

When that happened, those people whom she disliked would not be a threat to her anymore.

Meanwhile, Sophie had rejected Clayton's call a dozen times because he was the last person she wanted to see.

Her revenge had just started, and nothing would change her mind, even if Clayton went on his knees to beg her.

However, Sophie did not expect him to contact her through Willow.

The class' self-study session had just begun when Willow went to Senior Class 8 to look for Sophie.

Upon seeing Willow outside the class, Ysabelle knew things would go south.

"Why are you here? Don't you have to study? I thought you thought your grades were so good you should be top in the grade. Are you giving up now?"

Willow disregarded Ysabelle despite the sharp remarks.

It was apparent that the latter disliked Willow, but it was equally true that Willow hated her.

"Excuse me," Willow said to another female student instead. "Do you mind calling Sophie for me? I need to talk to her."

The girl looked up at Willow, and knowing Willow and Sophie's relationship, she did as she was told.

However, Sophie did not come out even after a few minutes.

When Willow's patience had worn thin, she barged into the class, looking for Sophie.

"What's your problem, Sophie Tanner? Didn't someone tell you I'm here to see you? How could you just ignore me like that?"

Sophie was practicing advanced-level listening for the Ustranasion language when she heard Willow screaming at her, so she looked up.

"For real? Who do you think you are to summon me? I'm not obliged to see you just because you want to." Sophie could not understand how Willow could be so entitled and fussy.

"You..." Willow was infuriated.

She's so rude!

"Have you forgotten that I'm your elder sister? This is not how you talk to me. You have no manners!" Willow could not hold her anger in anymore.

"Really? Who's the one who has no manners here? You're the one who came in and spewed nonsense," Ysabelle chimed in.

As for the other classmates, they were also exasperated by how disrespectful Willow was.

At the end of the day, Sophie was the pride of their class. Since she had transferred over, their class' overall grade had improved by leaps and bounds.

Besides, they had witnessed with their eyes what had happened earlier.

Sophie did not say or do anything, and Willow was the one who burst in and accused her. They thought Willow must not be in her right mind to do that.

"Willow, this is Senior Class 8, not Senior Class 1. So, if you want to make a scene, please go back to your own place," other classmates commented.

"Hey! Just so you guys know, I wouldn't have come to this trashy place if I had a choice, so stop acting

so high and mighty," Willow seethed with immense hatred.

"What did you say? How dare you insult us on our own turf? Everyone! We can't just let this person walk all over us without resisting! What's the meaning of life if we can't even defend ourselves?"

The male students in the class were offended as well, but because they did not want to get physical with Willow, they just stayed out of the fight while the girls had Willow surrounded.

"What did you say just now?" one of the girls roared.

"I didn't say anything wrong. You guys are useless. Stop thinking so highly of yourselves!" Willow continued challenging the group without letting fear get to her.

"Sophie, it's not like we don't know she's your sister, but she's crossed the line," one of them said to Sophie as she grabbed Willow's collar.

"What do you think you're doing? Don't you dare lay a finger on me! I'll—"

Before Willow could finish, the girl had already dragged her out of the classroom.

"Stop screeching like a ghost in my class."