

Pursuing 37

Chapter 37 I Will Teach You

“I know that you really like Edward Hopper’s paintings, Grandpa. That’s why I searched for one of his paintings for you. I hope that you’ll like it.”

“What? Edward Hopper’s painting? Are you dreaming, Sophie? Do you know how expensive his paintings are? At least come up with something more believable if you’re going to lie.”

Right then, the door to the private room opened.

Then, a man in a suit walked in with a 1.5-meter wooden case in his hands.

“Is Ms. Tanner here?”

“Here.”

Sophie stood up, and the man handed her the case.

She opened up the case and pulled out the painting from inside.

Then, she held it up so that Josiah could have a look at it.

He was indeed very fond of Edward Hopper’s paintings. It was to the point where he was obsessed with them.

The man smiled in an instant. He quickly put on his reading glasses to carefully study the painting before him.

"I really like this painting, Soph. But where did you get so much money?" Edward Hopper's paintings were extremely expensive, after all.

"How is it possible that an eighteen-year-old girl like her would be able to buy an authentic painting, Old Mr. Tanner? This must be a fake," Yara ridiculed. "There's not an ounce of sincerity in her."

"Who said that it's fake? This is an original painting of Mr. Hopper. I even have the documents to prove it," the man in a suit said as he took out the documents.

"Then, the documents must be fake too!" Yara said, still refusing to believe it.

"I wish you a long life with great prosperity, Grandpa."

Sophie had put in a lot of effort in order to get the painting. However, everything was worth it as long as Josiah liked it.

"Do you really believe that it's real, Grandpa?" Even though Willow knew nothing about art, she didn't believe that Sophie was capable enough to get one of Edward Hopper's paintings.

"It's real." He had been analyzing the art for so many years. There was no way he wouldn't be able to tell if it was real or fake.

Everyone was shocked at his words. How on earth did you get your hands on it, Sophie?

Sophie only left the Tanner residence after she sent Josiah back.

"Stop right there, Sophie."

Hearing that, she halted her footsteps.

Willow immediately made her way toward her.

“Where did you get the painting? It’s fake, isn’t it? How can you lie to Grandpa?”

“Everything I own is authentic. Anything that’s fake is just worthless to me.”

Is anything she can’t get fake to her?

“The man who drove the Lamborghini gave it to you, didn’t he? How shameless of you, Sophie. How dare you use your body in exchange for something! Nonetheless, he’s only interested in you for now. Once he loses interest, do you think you’d be able to marry into a wealthy family with that reputation of yours?”

Willow did not want to admit that she was getting anxious. It’s fine. It’s just a painting. The Tanner family can buy it too, so this is nothing.

“Marry into a wealthy family?”

“I will definitely marry into the Laird family. Do you still remember Mason? The one you had a crush on for two years? He’s going to return soon.”

Sophie turned around at her words.

“Is that so? Then, let me congratulate you in advance. Willow, you set me up back then all because of Mason, didn’t you?”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

“You don’t know? I’m sure you’ll know what I’m talking about soon.”

Then, Sophie left, leaving Willow alone.

Mason is going to return soon. I have to take advantage of this chance.

Meanwhile, Charles invited everyone to have dinner at Azure Club to celebrate his sister, Winter, getting third place in a perfumery competition.

Winter had always liked Tristan. She had been preparing to marry him ever since she was in middle school.

Now, she was quite famous in the perfume industry and even had her own fragrance company.

I'm worthy of being with Tristan now, right?

"Time passes so quickly. The snotty Winter from back then is now all grown up," Felix teased.

"What are you talking about, Felix? When was I ever snotty?"

"I'm not spewing nonsense. I remember that you liked following the four of us around, and you'd always cry your eyes out at the littlest things."

"Felix—"

Winter was so embarrassed to be talked about like that in front of the person she liked.

She glanced at Tristan, who was sitting in front of her. How can he be so handsome?

Right then, Ysabelle arrived with Sophie. Having found out that the rest of them would be hanging out here, the former insisted that they come, and she was adamant that the latter accompany her.

Felix instantly went to welcome them when he found out that they were here.

“Why are you here and not sleeping, Ms. Lombard?” Even though he had asked the question, he was quite happy that she was here.

“Is there a problem with being bored?”

Ysabelle was too lazy to be bothered by him. She stepped in once the waiter opened the door.

“Congratulations, Winter. I heard that the perfume you concocted for the competition was really special.”

Upon seeing Sophie, Tristan stopped drinking and got up to pull out a chair for her. Then, he gestured for her to sit down.

“Have you eaten yet?”

“Yes.”

“Then, have some juice.” At that, Tristan called for a waiter and ordered two glasses of fruit juice for Sophie and Ysabelle.

“It was all right,” Winter replied to Ysabelle. Yet, she kept her gaze on Sophie.

“Let me introduce her, Winter. This is my classmate, Sophie Tanner.”

“Hello, I’m Winter Quigley,” she said with a smile.

“She’s Charles’ sister. You’ll have a lot of opportunities to meet each other in the future,” Tristan whispered in Sophie’s ear.

“Hi. Sophie Tanner.”

She got up and shook Winter's hand.

"You guys should skip class tomorrow. We'll go have some fun," Felix suggested.

"Sure! It's been a long time since I last went out to have fun," Ysabelle answered, feeling excited.

"Where are we going?" Charles asked.

"We're at a club right now. What can't we do here?" Tristan was planning to send Ysabelle and Sophie home by eleven at night later.

"That's true."

Then, the group headed to the game room next door.

Winter grabbed onto Ysabelle, and the two of them walked at the back of the group.

"Ysabelle, your uncle's treating Sophie so differently. What's their relationship?" As a woman, Sophie was being too big of a threat to her.

"What do you mean, Winter? Sophie is just a classmate. Besides, there's a huge age gap between them. Sophie wouldn't see him that way."

"You silly girl! Is there a woman on earth who wouldn't want your uncle?"

Any woman would dream to be with a man like Tristan. Who would care about the age factor?

"Sophie is different."

Other women couldn't wait to have him for themselves the moment they laid eyes on him.

However, Sophie was different from them.

"I hope so." What am I thinking? She's just a high school student. Even though she is beautiful, I'm sure her looks are all she has.

"Let's play pool," Charles suggested. He knew that his sister liked Tristan, but the man did not see her that way. However, he still wanted to create opportunities for her since Winter was good at playing pool.

"Sure!" she replied instantly.

Winter always wanted to show her best self when she was with Tristan.

"Do you know how to play, Sophie?" Ysabelle asked. She wasn't as interested in pool.

"Nope," Sophie answered. She wasn't interested in the game either.

"It's fine. I can teach you," Tristan said as he walked over to where she was.

Once they entered the room, he said, "You guys go ahead and play first. I'll teach Sophie and Ysabelle how to play."