

## **Pursuing 38**

### Chapter 38 My Disciple

Tristan arranged the balls on the pool table and explained the rules of the game to Sophie and Ysabelle.

However, Ysabelle wasn't interested in it at all.

"Can I not learn, Uncle Tristan?" she asked as she didn't like the game.

"Sure. Why don't you find something else to play with?"

After that, he guided Sophie on what to do, and the latter nodded as she listened to the rules.

"Do you remember everything?" Tristan asked.

"I'll try."

As she spoke, she picked up the pool cue to give it a go. Leaning over the table, Sophie aimed at the balls just as the man had instructed.

Seeing that her posture wasn't correct, Tristan walked over and helped correct her.

With the position they were in right now, their bodies would press against each other even if only one of them were to move slightly.

Sophie wasn't used to being so intimate with a grown man, and she couldn't stop herself from getting distracted.

"Focus."

Tristan was just as distracted, but he quickly calmed himself down.

I can't let my imagination run wild. She's only eighteen. I can't think about those things.

I can wait for her to grow up.

"Okay." Sophie tried her best not to let the man's breath affect her.

"Aim at the balls. Your left hand should be this way, and your right like this. Yes, that's right."

"Tsk, tsk. I've never seen Mr. Tristan so patient before."

Tristan could get a hang of things he was learning very quickly. However, not even Ysabelle, who was most loved by the Lombard family, had gotten such a hands-on class from him before.

Obviously, Winter also saw it, and she couldn't help but clutch tightly onto her pool cue.

Charles patted her shoulder and said, "Winter, you're my sister. There's no man out there that you can't get. Come on, let's not think about him anymore. I'll introduce someone good to you in the future." He had been friends with Tristan for so many years. Naturally, he knew how the man's temper was.

Winter smiled bitterly at that.

"I'm fine, Charles."

She's just a little girl. Maybe Tristan is just taking care of her as if she's his little sister.

After all, no matter how you see it, a girl like her isn't worthy of someone like Tristan.

However, Winter herself had never been so intimate with him before.

Meanwhile, Sophie got the hang of the game with just a few tries.

“Let me try it on my own.” Just like Tristan, she could learn things really quickly. In just a short while, she felt that she had already gotten the hang of it.

He let go of her hand, and the feel of her skin lingered on his palm.

Tristan secretly heaved a sigh once he let go of her.

The girl’s impact on him was getting bigger. He didn’t seem to want to let her go once he grabbed hold of her.

Sophie gave it a try on her own. She knew the rules and also the postures, so it wasn’t difficult for her.

“Do you know how the game works now?” Winter came over and asked. Turning to Tristan, she added, “Why don’t you let me teach her, Tristan? It’d be better since I’m a woman too.”

“It’s fine. I’ll teach my own disciple. Why? Are you doubting me?”

He didn’t want to have Winter getting so intimate with Sophie.

“I don’t mean anything else. It’s just that Sophie is a girl, so she might feel uncomfortable if you stick so close to her.”

“Are you feeling uncomfortable?” he turned to ask Sophie.

Sophie walked over to the other side of the pool table. She only looked up at him once she had scored one of the balls.

“I’m all right.”

“It’s fine if she’s okay with it. Go ahead and play with them, Winter. Didn’t you want to play?”

Winter bit her lip, but she kept a smile on her face.

Damn it! Are you doing this on purpose, Sophie?

How do you know how to seduce people when you’re so young?

Tristan stopped bothering with Winter when he saw that Sophie’s posture was wrong again. He quickly walked over to correct her.

Lowering his head, he saw that the top of her breasts was showing because she was leaning forward.

Tristan’s eyes darkened at the sight of this. This little vixen always manages to seduce me even without the knowledge of doing so.

He quickly looked away and corrected her posture.

“Don’t wear clothes like this from now on.”

Sophie straightened up and looked down at her clothes.

“What’s wrong with it?” This shirt is really normal!

“The collar’s too low.”

The two of them were acting as if there wasn’t anyone next to them, and Winter’s face paled.

Charles instantly walked over to drag her back to their table.

“All right. Stop looking.” What can she do even if she continues? No one can control what Tristan thinks or does.

Winter bit her lip.

“Charles, Mr. Tristan’s treating her so well.”

“No one knows what’s on his mind. Just mind your own business. Don’t mess with her, understand?”

It seems like Mr. Tristan has already taken the girl under his wing. That means he won’t tolerate anyone who messes with her.

“I know.”

How could she not know his temperament? Nonetheless, she liked him and, thus, couldn’t stand seeing him treat other women so well.

Sophie finally got the hang of it after practicing more.

“Not bad,” Tristan said, giving her a rare compliment.

“Our Soph is that great! She can do anything.”

Ysabelle couldn’t help but feel proud herself when she heard Tristan complimenting Sophie.

“Are you up for a game, Sophie?” Even though Winter had a smile on her face, what she felt toward the girl before her had completely changed.

"Winter," Charles warned. He knew that she wanted to show off her skills, but Sophie had only just learned the basics. He could not believe that his sister was shameless enough to challenge a beginner.

Yet, Winter ignored him.

"It's just a game. You won't lose anything! You wouldn't mind right, Mr. Tristan?"

"Are you okay with it?" Tristan asked Sophie. It'll be fine even if she doesn't want to play.

"Of course!" Sophie said as she slowly picked up the pool cue.

Ysabelle got up from her seat in an instant. She knew that Winter was picking on Sophie on purpose.

"That's not cool, Winter." As the youngest of the Lombard family, Ysabelle didn't hold back her words.

She liked Sophie, so naturally, she wanted to protect the latter.

"It's just a game, Belle. Why are you making it sound like I'm bullying her? I won't force you if you don't want to, Sophie."

"It's fine. It's just a game, so it doesn't matter who wins."

Rolling her wrist to stretch it, Sophie added, "You can go first."

"It's okay. You're new, so you go ahead," Winter said.

I'm the best among the other women when it comes to playing pool. As a beginner, how dare she tell me to go first? She's really overestimating herself.

“Are you sure?”

“Yes. Mr. Tristan, is your disciple as good as you are? Can she score all the balls in one go?”

Tristan ignored her words. To him, Winter was just Charles’ sister.

Sophie started the game. Her moves were a little rusty, so she could not get the game off to a good start.

Seeing this, Winter smirked inwardly. I’ll have to show Tristan that there’s nothing more to a little girl like her. I have to show him just how vulnerable she is.

I’m the only one worthy of being with Tristan.

It doesn’t matter in what aspect—I’m the best suited to be with him!

Sophie looked up and smiled at her.

“I’m sorry. I’m still a bit rusty.”

Then, she continued. Leaning over the table, she aimed and hit, scoring three red balls in one go.

“What great luck,” Winter sneered. It’s her first time. She just has beginner’s luck.