

Pursuing 39

Chapter 39 Wait For You To Understand Me

Alas, Sophie's following actions merely served to increase Winter's fury.

The final ball soon rolled into the hole. Winter had lost the game without even getting a chance to play.

Seeing that, Charles, Felix, and Sean could barely hide their shock.

Is this her first time playing this game? She's too good!

Ysabelle flung her arms around Sophie.

"Oh, that was amazing. Soph, you're my idol!"

Tristan scoffed. "She has a great teacher, that's why."

"Mr. Tristan, you're indeed amazing. I can't believe you taught her this well in a short time!"

What are they talking about? No wonder Mr. Tristan treats her differently. She's indeed different from what I expected.

Winter's expression turned dark when she heard everyone lavishing praises on Sophie.

"It's getting late. I'll give them a ride home. You can continue with the game." Tristan spoke up.

Sophie and Ysabelle were both twelfth-grade students, so they couldn't stay up late.

"I'm taking my leave, too. Mr. Tristan, I didn't drive here. Can you give me a ride home?" Winter asked.

Tristan was leaving, so there was no reason for her to stay behind. The new perfume was about to be released soon, so she was pretty busy with work.

"It's not convenient," Tristan rejected her without hesitation.

Winter nearly popped a vein in frustration. Isn't it obvious that I have a crush on him? Can't he see it? How could he be this heartless?

"Charles, she's your sister. You brought her here, so take her back home yourself."

"Mm. I'll do that."

"I'll give Ysabelle a ride home. Her house is right beside mine, anyway," Felix offered.

"Sure. Uncle Tristan, make sure Sophie gets home safely, all right?" Ysabelle implored.

"Let's go. No one will be stupid enough to dare to harm her if she's with Mr. Tristan." Felix dragged her out.

Winter wasn't about to give up just yet, but Charles didn't give her any chance and pulled her away.

"Charles, why did you drag me out? I can walk myself!" she huffed angrily.

Charles sighed.

"Winter, you're my sister. I know you're smart, and our family has always been proud of you. However, you have to remember you can't win someone else's love just because you're smart. Tristan doesn't love you. No matter how much you work hard, he won't notice you. In fact, if you weren't my sister, you wouldn't even get to be in the same room as him."

How does someone as smart as her become a fool when in love?

“Charles, I don’t want to hear that. I want nothing more than to be with him. You’ll help me, right?” Winter whined. I’m the daughter of the Quigley family, and Charles is a good friend of Mr. Tristan. Everything is in my favor, so I can’t give up just yet!

“Be good. I can help you elsewhere, but this is beyond my capabilities,” Charles said. He wanted Winter to listen to his advice and give up, for her crush was fated for a bad ending. “Don’t do something that you’ll regret.”

Winter hung her head low and insisted, “But I worked hard. I can be his perfect partner!”

Charles shook his head. “Whether or not you are a suitable partner for Mr. Tristan depends on his preference. No one else can make up his mind for him.”

Tristan was born into an influential family, so he didn’t need a wife to elevate his status.

All he wanted was a woman who he loved.

Tristan drank that night, so he didn’t drive. His driver was already waiting outside.

After spotting them, the driver got out of the car and opened the door for them.

Tristan gestured for Sophie to enter the car before him.

The driver then closed the door and returned to the driver’s seat.

He didn’t need any orders, for he already knew where they were headed.

“Mr. Tristan, are you all right?” Sophie asked. He seems pretty downcast today.

"I'm fine. My head's throbbing a bit, that's all."

"Then ask the driver to give you a ride home first." She didn't mind going home a bit later.

Tristan leaned on her shoulder and shut his eyes.

"I'm fine. I think I drank too much tonight," he responded.

Sophie stiffened the moment his head landed on her shoulder.

The man implored, "Let me lean on you for a bit."

Can I say no? Obviously not, since he's already leaning on me.

When the car rolled to a stop at the underground parking at Wisteria Apartments, the driver didn't wake them up. He left them alone and went out to smoke. As he didn't know whether Tristan wanted to stay here, he decided to wait till Tristan woke up.

Sophie didn't wake Tristan up either. She remained in her seat and allowed him to rest.

"We've arrived?"

Tristan's eyes snapped open, and the first thing he noticed was her attractive eyes.

Reaching out, he caressed her cheek.

"It'll be great if you can be this good at all times," he lamented with a chuckle.

Tristan had always been indifferent to others. However, the sight of his warm smile caused Sophie's heart to soften.

"I've always been good," Sophie retorted. She would only attack those who provoked her. If someone had the guts to invoke her wrath, she would definitely teach that someone a lesson without holding back.

"Do you need help with Tanner Group?" As of now, Tanner Group was no longer a threat in Jipsdale.

"No need. I can handle it myself." She had to do this herself to savor the joy of accomplishment.

"Mm. Be careful. Don't hurt yourself." He wouldn't allow anyone to lay a hand on her.

"Don't worry. I'm not that weak." Tanner Group was about to hold its annual board meeting soon. As one of the directors, Sophie thought she should show her presence at the meeting. Otherwise, they would think she was no longer alive.

"Do whatever you like. Don't worry." She can do anything she likes with Tanner Group.

"Mm." Sophie nodded. Willow wants Tanner Group for herself, so I'll take it from her.

Tristan sat up.

"You don't have to see me off. Wisteria Apartments is perfectly safe," Sophie said.

He was feeling unwell and should head back home to rest.

"Let's go." Tristan pretended not to understand her rejection. As he was already here, he would have to send her to the door of her house safely. Perhaps he wanted to spend a few more minutes with her.

"Why don't you spend the night here instead of going home?" she suggested.

“What?”

Sophie explained, “Don’t take me wrongly. This is your home, and I’m staying here temporarily. You have your own room here, too.”

“There’s no need to explain anything.”

“I didn’t mean anything else,” she insisted. After all, she wasn’t an easy woman.

“A young lady’s reputation is important. I don’t want others to slander you,” Tristan told her.

Sophie isn’t afraid of me, but I’m afraid I might do something to her. She can affect me greatly. If I spend the night with her, I might lose control over myself. I respect her too much to tarnish her

reputation.

Tristan accompanied her to the door and watched as she entered the house before leaving.

“Mr. Tristan, thanks.”

Tristan turned at his shoulder. Suddenly, he had the urge to stay behind.

He gave her a gentle hug.

“Don’t thank me. I don’t need your gratitude.”

“What do you want?” Sophie lifted her head to look at him. She had nothing but gratitude to offer him.

Tristan pressed a kiss to her forehead.

“I’ll wait for you to grow up and understand me.”

She was still too young, and her life was full of possibilities. He was willing to give her more time to get what she wanted before getting together with him.