

Pursuing 471

Chapter 471

"Do you hate Sophie?" Clayton suddenly asked. He hated her and would not hesitate to tear her apart.

Willow froze for a moment.

"What do you mean by that?" Is he still planning something?

"You just need to answer me."

My hatred for Sophie knows no bounds. I hate her! If it weren't for Sophie, I wouldn't have ended up as it is now! There is no way I don't hate her!

"That's good. At least we have the same enemy."

Willow did not disagree.

But he's already going to jail. Is there a point in saying all this now? Does he still think he's someone high and mighty?

"I'll ask someone to contact you. Listen to him if you want revenge."

How can I forgive Sophie for making me so miserable? I won't let Sophie and Tristan off. They're going to pay for their actions!

"Clayton Zales, it's time for you to get on the prison bus."

The law enforcers walked over to bring him away. Before Clayton left, he shot Willow a mysterious

smile.

Willow did not know what he meant.

However, there was one thing Clayton was right about. They shared the same enemy.

She was willing to do anything to ruin Sophie.

At TS Entertainment, Sophie was sitting on the couch while watching the news about Clayton's murder expressionlessly.

He didn't get the death penalty.

"Don't worry! He won't be living a good life in prison." The Zales family would not be able to do anything under Tristan's watch.

He would not let Clayton come out to harm anyone.

"Willow's there!"

Sophie saw the familiar figure on the television.

"Willow must be insane! She knew Clayton was only using her! How shameless of her!" Ysabelle huffed.

"That's right! Why did she go there? Are they hatching an evil plan? Or is there something we don't know about?" Felix narrowed his eyes.

"Mr. Tristan, did Old Mr. Zales give you a call?"

The Zales family's intention was clear.

They were willing to do anything if Clayton was released.

If Tristan and Sophie refused to let him go, they and the Zales family would be enemies from now on. It was a threat.

However, Tristan and Sophie were never afraid of threats.

There was no need to be afraid of the Zales family.

As the person who sent Clayton to jail, Sean was also at TS Entertainment at that moment.

He reminded everyone, "Although the Zales family is not scary, everyone must be careful these few days as they may resort to extreme means. We were the ones who sent him to jail!"

It was a massive blow to the Zales family.

"Sophie, I still think you have to be careful of Willow. I feel she might do something."

"Don't worry. I know."

Willow was a restless person who had never learned her lessons.

This time was no exception.

Sophie sat on the swivel chair with a nonchalant expression.

She was not worried about Willow at all, as the latter was not worthy of it.

Finally, it was the day of the concert. Ysabelle was already up early in the morning, as she was too excited to sleep.

She knocked on Sophie's door.

She did not return home as she wanted to accompany Sophie to the final rehearsal and preparations.

As it was The Wheelers' last concert, she would not miss it for the world.

Triston frowned when he heard the knocking. What is Ysabelle doing? Why is she knocking so early in the morning?

Triston got out of bed, wore his robe properly, and went to get the door.

"Ysabelle, why are you so noisy so early in the morning? If you don't want to sleep, get lost!"

Ysabelle took a step back when she realized she had accidentally woken Triston.

"Uncle Triston, I'm sorry for waking you up. But I'm too excited! I can't fall asleep!"

It's The Wheelers' last concert! How can I fall asleep?

"Uncle Triston, aren't you excited? As a member of The Wheelers, Sophie is going up on stage!"

Excitement was written all over Ysabelle's face.

At that moment, Sophie opened her door, only to see Triston and Ysabelle.

"Did you two not sleep the entire night?" Sophie had a good night's sleep, so she felt energized.

“Sophie, get ready, and let's go! Aren't you going to your lost rehearsal? Don't worry! I'll be by your side the entire day!”

However, Tristan and Sophie were never afraid of threats.

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“Sophie, get ready, and let's go! Aren't you going to your last rehearsal? Don't worry! I'll be by your side the entire day!”

How can I miss out on this?

Triston shook his head.

It seems that Ysobelle has gone insane.

"There's no rush. I'll head over after lunch. Did you not sleep well last night?" Sophie asked as she looked at Ysobelle's dark circles.

"I'm too excited, so I didn't sleep at all! I didn't want this either." However, I can't control myself.

She had lain on her bed the entire night, but she still could not fall asleep.

"Seriously?" Triston piped up.

It's not even her own concert! Why is she so excited?

"Ysobelle, you have to control yourself. This simply won't do. You will have your own concert in the future!" Sophie said disapprovingly.

"I don't think I'll be this excited about my concert! Do you know how long I've liked The Wheelers? Three years! I've been with them since their debut! How can I sleep when they're disbanding now?"

They did not understand her at all.

In the afternoon, Triston drove Sophie and Ysobelle to the stadium where the concert would be held that night. It could accommodate a hundred thousand people.

Also, Sophie was true to her words. The tickets were completely free for the fans.

When they reached the venue, Mork and the others were already there. They had already changed into their stage costumes.

At the sight of Sophie and Ysabelle, Sunny ran over to them.

"Sophie, you're finally here! Go on and get changed quickly! This is our final rehearsal!" Although they had already rehearsed many times, they still had to go through another to ensure there would be no mistakes during the actual performance.

"Okay!"

Sophie went to get changed. Ysabelle stood with the others and waited.

When Ysabelle thought about how The Wheelers would disband after this concert, she could not help but feel sad.

"Mork, can you not leave? Even if you go on and do other things, can you continue to make rock music when you're free?"

This is his dream! How can he just give up like this? One must stay true and passionate about one's dream!

"Mork!" Why is he not answering me?

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“Mark!” Why is he not answering me?

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Mark gently stroked the back of Ysabelle's head.

“All right. Why don't you go and keep Sophie company?” There was no turning back since he had promised his father.

Ysabelle, who had never spoken like that before, still could not help but feel disappointed.

She only voiced her thoughts in such a manner when she learned they decided to go separate ways. But there's nothing I can do anyway.

“Ysabelle, go and check on Sophie to see if she's ready,” Sunny tried to get her out of there as he felt it was inappropriate for her to make that remark at this time.

Left with no choice, Ysabelle could only go and look for Sophie.

“Don't worry, Mark. We'll respect your decision, and you'll have our full support. At least we're all contented now.” Sunny gently patted Mark's shoulder. Being happy with our lives is all that matters. We shouldn't worry about anything else.

Meanwhile, Sophie, who had just changed into her costume, noticed Ysabelle was sitting alone while pulling a long face. Why is she not with Mark and the others?

“What's wrong? Why are you sitting here alone? I thought you wanted to be with Mark and the other band members.” Sophie went up and sat next to her. I wouldn't have come so early had she not insisted on meeting them.

“Will my love fade over time?”

Sophie did not expect the question to come out of her mouth.

Upon noticing the way Ysabelle pouted, Sophie chuckled.

She placed her arm around Ysabelle's shoulder, gesturing for her to lean on her. “Don't overthink. You need to understand that certain things are beyond your control.” You can only accept the outcome if you can't change it. Overthinking will only make you more miserable.

“I'm going for the rehearsal now, okay?” Sophie said. Mark and the others are waiting for me.

“You look pretty in that costume, Sophie,” Ysabelle suddenly commented. She looks wild and cool! I bet both men and women would be mesmerized by how hot she looks!

“I'm really digging your look!” Ysabelle could not help but express her adoration for Sophie.

They had spent a fortune on the concert costumes, so that was why the design looked sophisticated.

In order to match the five men in the band, Sophie's costumes were all designed with a touch of masculinity.

Yet, they did not overshadow her feminine beauty when she put them on.

Ysabelle could not turn her eyes away. "I'm sure you'll hold Uncle Tristan spellbound today!" I can imagine how exhilarated he'll be after seeing the love of his life dressed like this!

"Oh, please. Tristan has seen women from all walks of life," Sophie said.

"But you're the apple of his eye!" Ysabelle exclaimed. Everyone knows that!

A few moments later, Sophie got onto the stage and began the rehearsal with the rest of the band members. Ysabelle waited at the audience seat to keep them company, even though she was not a part of the band.

It was half past four in the afternoon when they completed a simple run-through. They had no choice but to stop the rehearsal as fans were seen entering the stadium.

Meanwhile, Tristan and Felix arrived at the venue through the VIP passage after handling some matters at Lombard Group.

"Ysabelle was here since noon?" Tristan knew how obsessed Ysabelle was with The Wheelers.

"I don't understand why she insisted on coming at noon since the concert will only begin in the evening. She could have stayed home and taken a rest!" Felix said. Why does she put herself through all these?

"You should know how crazy she is about The Wheelers."

"I know. I'm just a little annoyed. It's just a band. Does she have to behave like that?" Felix would never admit he was jealous.

"You better not say this in front of her," Triston warned. Or else, you're going to get it from her. Have you forgotten what happened during the university entrance exam?

Felix felt stumped and did not know what else to say. "Mr. Triston, what do you think of me?"

Triston kept mum and glared at Felix. Here we go again.

"I might not be as capable as you are, but I'm still a great guy. In Jipsdole, people think highly of me and even address me as Mr. Northley, but why Ysabelle doesn't see the good in me?" Felix asked.

He just could not figure out why.

"I've always treated her well, but she doesn't appreciate it. Does she not find me charming?" Felix began to doubt himself and wondered if he should give up on her.

"That's your problem," Triston said frankly.

The harsh remark left Felix speechless.

Felix continued, "If someone as emotionally distant as you can fall in love with another person, why can't I? I just don't get it."

"What do you mean? Are you implying I don't deserve to be in a relationship?" A cold glint flashed across Triston's eyes.

Upon noticing that look on his face, Felix staggered. "That's just a casual remark. Don't take it to heart. Being in a relationship with you is the best, of course. It's also amazing how you can handle a woman like Sophie."

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"Talk more, and I'll send you to Alendor after the concert," Tristan threatened him. I'll have to teach him

a lesson for bodmouthing Sophie.

"Alendor? Please don't send me there. I'm sorry for saying the wrong things!" Felix realized he had stepped on his toes.

"Stay there for a week! Go and soak up the sun and get tanned before coming back!" Tristan showed no mercy.

“Mr. Triston, how can you do this to me because of a woman? I didn't say anything bad, did I?” Felix nearly burst into tears. Me and my stupid mouth! Why on earth did I bring up Sophie? What's wrong with me?

When they arrived at the stadium, Triston gave Felix the cold shoulder and went backstage.

Meanwhile, Sophie was doing her makeup. Upon noticing her look, Triston was stunned.

The red costume she wore made her look seductive.

The artist who did her makeup further accentuated her facial features.

With the smokey eye look, Sophie appeared drastically different from her usual self.

After finishing her task, the makeup artist retreated, leaving the two in the room.

“Triston, do I look weird?” Sophie asked. Will he appreciate my look?

Triston stared straight at the reflection of her face in the mirror for a few seconds.

“Sophie, I don't want you to go on stage anymore. I don't want others to see you in this look,” he stated.

Upon hearing that, Sophie froze for a moment.

“You look great—absolutely gorgeous. Now I get why people always say women can look much cooler than men if they want to,” Triston commented. Fans of The Wheelers have always been fanatics. They'll definitely fall in love with Sophie should they see her rocking this look.

“You're just exaggerating, Triston.” Sophie did not believe his words.

Triston embraced her from the back.

"Not at all. I don't want you to go on stage. I'm sure all five of them can still perform well in the concert!" Triston refused to allow anyone to see her in that look. No way!

Sophie turned around and planted a kiss on his lips.

"That's enough. Be good, okay? I'll put on a mask later, so don't worry!" Sophie had specifically chosen ten different masks to match her ten sets of costumes, and they all looked exquisite!

"Don't expect me to give you the green light with just one kiss!" Clearly, Triston wanted Sophie to appease him with more than a peck on the lips.

"Talk more, and I'll send you to Alendor after the concert," Tristan threatened him. I'll have to teach him a lesson for badmouthing Sophie.

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Chapter 473

Tristan deepened the kiss.

Pinned against the wall, Sophie could feel her breathing getting faster as the man kissed her domineeringly.

At the same time, she was very cooperative.

In fact, she was enjoying the kiss.

Just when the two of them were carried away in the kiss, Ysabelle came to look for Sophie.

“Soph...” Ysabelle said as she opened the door. Before she could finish the word, she witnessed the scene in front of her and retreated quietly.

She had even closed the door for them out of goodwill.

Meanwhile, the couple was so engrossed in each other that they did not even notice that Ysabelle was there.

Ysabelle moved a chair next to the door and sat down, intending to guard the entrance for the couple.

When Felix came to look for her, he saw the woman sitting outside.

“Why are you sitting here? Where's Sophie? Is she still getting ready?”

“Shh.”

“What's going on? Why are you being so secretive?”

“Uncle Tristan is inside.”

When Felix heard that, he finally understood why Ysabelle was sitting there.

“Seems like Mr. Tristan has finally become enlightened.” Not bad, not bad.

“What's on your mind?” Ysabelle looked at the man in disdain before continuing, “You men are always having dirty thoughts. They are just kissing.”

Felix felt slightly aggrieved.

Isn't it normal for guys to think this way?

What can I do? My Ysabelle is just too innocent!

“Let's go! I'll get you some food. You haven't eaten yet, right?”

“No. I want to wait for Sophie.” The reason she was there was to have a meal with Sophie.

“Isn't Sophie busy now? We don't know how long she would take.”

If Mr. Tristan comes around suddenly and ravages her on the spot, they would probably need at least more than an hour!

Ysabelle looked at Felix begrudgingly.

“Felix, can you stop talking? Hearing your voice gives me a headache.”

Just then, the door swung open.

When Tristan and Sophie walked out, they saw Felix and Ysabelle next to the door, and Ysabelle was pouting.

“How long have you guys been here?” Tristan asked in a deep voice.

Why do these two people keep showing up everywhere?

“Not too long. Just long enough to know that you two were doing something unspeakable inside. Ysabelle and I are guarding the door for you here! We are so loyal, aren't we?”

As soon as those words fell, Tristan's expression turned grim while a blush of embarrassment spread across Sophie's cheeks.

They must have been too carried away earlier that they did not even notice someone was there.

The duo couldn't help but feel awkward.

“You're going to Alendor for a month!” Tristan said mercilessly.

The gleeful smile on Felix's face stiffened the moment he heard that.

F*ck, he's just mad because he's embarrassed that we caught them!

And he's using his authority as my superior to get even with me.

Even so, Felix could only keep quiet.

Triston was someone who never went back on his words once he said something.

Sophie walked toward Ysabelle and said, "Let's go! Aren't we going for a meal?"

"All right," Ysabelle replied.

She was still feeling grumpy, but as Sophie did not do anything wrong, she could not take it out on her friend.

"Ysabelle, it seems like you wouldn't ever lose your temper in front of Sophie!"

Felix could not help but wonder why Ysabelle had flared up at him after he said so much earlier, but just one word from Sophie was enough to keep her docile.

How can there be such a vast difference between us? After all, I'm the one who watched her grow up.

"Felix, can you just stop talking for a while? I don't want to hear your voice." Although Ysabelle could not offend her uncle, she did not care about offending Felix.

Felix could hardly believe that he had been dismissed once again.

What did I do wrong? I didn't do anything!

I shouldn't have come here in the first place. I guess I asked for it.

As the concert was starting soon, they ordered food delivery instead of eating out.

Mork was the one who ordered the food.

That day, he had reserved the whole of The Crown to treat the staff members.

Everyone had worked extremely hard for the concert.

As there wasn't much time for them to prepare, all of the staff members had pulled multiple all-nighters with them.

Moreover, it was all because of him.

Mork was a grateful person, and it was important for him to repay those who had helped him.

When Sunny saw Sophie and Ysabelle approaching, he exclaimed at once, "Sophie, Ysabelle, come over quickly! They are going to finish all the food if you guys come any later. I've saved lots of yummy food for you two."

The moment Sophie and Ysabelle sat down, Sunny passed them two plates and pointed to some dishes in front of them.

"I've saved all these for the two of you," he said.

"Sunny, thank you." Ysabelle had not expected that there would be food for her as well.

She was just an ordinary fan, and there was nothing she could do for them.

Tears started welling up in her eyes.

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Noticing that, Sunny patted her shoulders and said, "Why are you crying? It's a joyful occasion. Let's just enjoy this moment and not worry about the future."

No matter what happened next, it would only happen in the future.

At that moment, all they had to do was to enjoy the concert.

It would be an amazing concert. The night would be perfect.

Sophie gave Ysabelle a piece of tissue and said, "All right. Stop crying already. If you cry, someone will be heartbroken."

"Who?"

Ysabelle did not understand what Sophie meant. Who would feel bad for me?

"Mr. Triston, Mr. Northley, the two of you probably haven't eaten yet. Come over and eat something too." Mork invited the two men over as Sunny was being childish and only invited Sophie and Ysabelle.

"Yes, we haven't eaten anything." Someone was in a rush to come over, so they did not have time to get any food.

Triston walked to Sophie's side. As Sophie was not able to finish all her food, she shared half of it with Triston.

"Since you haven't eaten anything yet, have some food first! The concert is going to end quite late."

"Okay."

Triston took the food from the woman without any hesitation.

In fact, Mork had already gone to get more food for Triston.

However, he passed the food to Felix after seeing Sophie and Triston behaving affectionately toward each other.

Felix accepted the food and said, "Thank you."

Mr. Triston is too insensitive! No matter what, Mork is still in love with Sophie.

He should avoid publicly displaying his affection for Sophie in front of the man!

Felix could not help but feel bad for Mork.

However, he did not dare to speak his thoughts out loud.

After dinner, the band rested for about half an hour before the final countdown to the start of the concert began. The six of them stood side by side. It was the first time they were reunited after their separation.

They had been looking forward to having such a reunion for a long time.

Mork stood up and reached out his hand.

"Let's cheer like we used to!" They would forever remain as one.

That day, they had finally gathered together for their concert.

Sunny stood up next and placed his hand on top of Mork's. Then, Sophie stood up with a bright smile on her face.

Indeed!

No matter what, today's concert is considered a dream come true.

If that's the case, we should just enjoy ourselves and not care about what happens tomorrow! Tonight, rock music never dies!

Noticing that, Sunny patted her shoulders and said, "Why are you crying? It's a joyful occasion. Let's just enjoy this moment and not worry about the future."

No matter what happened next, it would only happen in the future.

At that moment, all they had to do was to enjoy the concert.

It would be an amazing concert. The night would be perfect.

Sophie gave Ysabelle a piece of tissue and said, "All right. Stop crying already. If you cry, someone will be heartbroken."

"Who?"

Ysabelle did not understand what Sophie meant. Who would feel bad for me?

“Mr. Tristan, Mr. Northley, the two of you probably haven't eaten yet. Come over and eat something too.” Mark invited the two men over as Sunny was being childish and only invited Sophie and Ysabelle.

“Yes, we haven't eaten anything.” Someone was in a rush to come over, so they did not have time to get any food.

Tristan walked to Sophie's side. As Sophie was not able to finish all her food, she shared half of it with Tristan.

“Since you haven't eaten anything yet, have some food first! The concert is going to end quite late.”

“Okay.”

Tristan took the food from the woman without any hesitation.

In fact, Mark had already gone to get more food for Tristan.

However, he passed the food to Felix after seeing Sophie and Tristan behaving affectionately toward each other.

Felix accepted the food and said, “Thank you.”

Mr. Tristan is too insensitive! No matter what, Mark is still in love with Sophie.

He should avoid publicly displaying his affection for Sophie in front of the man!

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However, he did not dare to speak his thoughts out loud.

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Chapter 474

The last five numbers of the countdown appeared on the screen.

Looking at the screen, the fans below the stage yelled out the numbers as they changed.

“Five! Four! Three! Two! One!”

The moment they counted down to one, five members of The Wheelers emerged from a raised stage platform.

The fans screamed passionately at the top of their lungs when they saw the five members. The concert had only begun, but some people's voices were already hoarse from screaming.

On the stage, the five looked at the sea of lights bobbing up and down in the crowd, and complicated emotions rose from their chests. In order to reach today's heights, they had gone through a difficult journey.

Their journey was not smooth-sailing, but they never regretted it. Nevertheless, they never thought one day they had to disband.

Usually, Mark had a cold demeanor, but at this moment, in this electrifying atmosphere, he couldn't help his tears from falling.

He turned away to wipe his tears.

He didn't want his fans to see him like that.

All of this was his choice and his choice only, so he had to bear with everything alone.

Once the fans noticed Mark in that state, tears also began to flow from their eyes.

Then, they started to chant, shouting Mark's name repeatedly.

"Mark! Mark! Mark!" The chant, each louder than the first, moved the hearts of every person.

Eventually, Mark recomposed himself, thinking he shouldn't act like that.

“Today, I thank everyone for coming to our concert. With all your support, we are never lonely in our journey. I thank you all for that. However, I never thought I would be the first one to leave. That's right. Although I'll miss all of you, life is full of uncertainties. When there is a start, there will be an ending. There will be meetings, and there will be partings. Still, I hope I can present an unforgettable concert to all of you tonight! I hope you'll enjoy it, and I wish everyone well.”

Mark had never said so many things at one time.

In concerts, he was cold and distant.

However, he had said a lot today.

It meant that he was really reluctant to say goodbye, hence the change.

Sunny reached out and put an arm over Mark's shoulder. The other three members walked over as well.

From start to finish, their feelings for each other never changed.

“Mark, even though we can't make music with you in the future, you will always be together in our hearts, never to part.”

They were the best of friends.

Mork nodded.

“The Wheelers! The Wheelers! The Wheelers!”

As the fans below saw the wonderful friendship between the five, they screamed and shouted in excitement. Even if they were to lose their voice, they would never stop that night.

Moreover, they didn't want to hold in their emotions.

"Now, I would like to introduce one of our members. She has always been one of The Wheelers. Although she had not had her debut with the rest of us, she had always been one of us."

After Mork ended his introduction, Sophie appeared on the raised stage platform.

When the fans saw her, they were excited.

"Tonner?"

"That's right. He's Tonner!"

"He was awesome at the last concert!"

Those who were here today were The Wheelers' stalwart fans, so they knew who Tonner was the moment he appeared.

Tonner was stunning at the drums.

Sophie got on stage and stood with the rest of the members.

"Finally, everyone from The Wheelers is here." The corners of Mork's lips curled upward, and this was the first time his fans saw him smile.

They didn't know why Tonner didn't debut with the rest.

Nevertheless, it was not important anymore. The most important thing was that he was present at this concert.

Moreover, it seemed that every member of The Wheelers looked happy. As long as the band members were happy, the fans were contented.

"Tonner, do you want to say anything to the fans?"

Sophie shook her head.

She didn't have anything to say. She wanted to make music right away.

"Okay, enough with all the cheesy talk. We'll give you what you've been waiting for all this while. Rock and roll, people! I hope everyone loves our performance!"

After all, the fans were here to listen to their performance, not listen to them being sentimental.

After the six members went to their respective spots, Sophie started her drumming, and it was that song—Crozy—where she was the composer and lyricist.

Sophie would always be the center of attention wherever she went.

Even if she was wearing an exquisite mask, the fans were already screaming in exhilaration at the skillful way she played the drums.

Their first song set the whole concert on fire.

The fans sang along to the song in the live performance.

Even though that wasn't an easy song, the fans followed along and continuously waved their glow sticks to the rhythm.

They were the best of friends.

Mark nodded.

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Even though that wasn't an easy song, the fans followed along and continuously waved their glow sticks to the rhythm.

The crowd screamed their hearts out.

They would not leave tonight.

Mork's voice and the buzz of the rhythm were ever on key, and the rest of the band was immersed in their playing.

One song after the other, they did not stop.

The fans did not stop either.

At the concert, The Wheelers performed fifteen songs back to back without a moment's rest.

The Wheelers had excellent stamina.

After all, they were men, so they had a lot of energy to keep going. Additionally, they had also practiced for long periods.

However, Triston couldn't help but worry about Sophie.

Sophie was a girl, and playing the drums required a lot of energy.

Since she had played for more than two hours, he was worried that her body couldn't take it.

Unfortunately for Triston, she was still on stage, so he couldn't say anything.

Ysabelle, who was next to him, screamed excitedly like the other fans.

Her tears never stopped either.

This is his favorite band. This is also his favorite genre, Rock and Roll. Are they going to be disbanded like that?

Is there no other way?

Looking at how sad she was crying, Felix felt his heart ache too, and he handed a piece of tissue to her.

"All right, please don't cry. We're still in Jipsdale. It's not like you'll never see us anymore. Is there any need for you to cry like that?"

If she kept at it, her eyes would be red and puffy the next day.

Ysabelle took the tissue and wiped her tears.

"You're not a fan of The Wheelers. You don't understand how we feel."

"It's true I'm not their fan, but it pains me to see you in such a state. If you keep crying, how are you going to meet anyone tomorrow?"

"Why do you care? Can't you leave me alone?"

Today, I want to yell, scream, and cry just like the rest of them.

This was the lost memory of their adolescence.

It was a bond they loved very much!

In the meantime, another rock song began, and Sophie's body was drenched in sweat. She had never let herself go and had this much fun for a long time.

From the start, she joined the band because she loved it.

And now, she could stand here side-by-side with the five of them in a concert.

She was truly happy, which was why she had put in her all.

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And now, she could stand here side-by-side with the five of them in a concert.

She was truly happy, which was why she had put in her all.

Chapter 475

That concert had been unprecedented and splendid.

The fans were overjoyed.

Therefore, when the concert came to an end, they refused to leave and kept yelling The Wheelers' name.

How can they bear to leave? After that night, they would never see The Wheelers again.

“The Wheelers! The Wheelers! The Wheelers!” the fans screamed incessantly.

Even Tristan was moved when he saw such a scene.

It had never occurred to him that a band could summon such power.

“Thank you for coming today. This is our final concert. Take care, everybody!”

It did not matter how reluctant everyone was. Things had to come to an end no matter what.

Now was the time to leave.

The fans started wailing uncontrollably.

Tears flowed down Mark's face when he saw the fans' reaction.

“Mark, please don't cry. We will always be by your side. Even if you don't sing anymore, we will still love you.”

The fans could not bear to see him getting upset.

He was their favorite idol for three years, after all.

They were willing to do anything for him.

“I thank all of you once again for your support. Please continue to give your support to the rest of the band members in the future.”

His departure did not mean that the others had to stop whatever they were doing.

His band members loved music from the bottom of their hearts.

Whether they chose to fly solo or do something else, he hoped that they would be able to carry on to do what they loved.

“Mark, you don’t have to say anything or worry about us. Since we formed The Wheelers, you have been doing a good job as our leader. Regardless of what happens in the future, we will always be brothers.”

They felt nothing but gratitude toward Mark.

There was no way they would blame him.

Mark patted Sunny's shoulders.

“I love you guys!”

He truly adored each and every one of The Wheelers.

The fans stood there and refused to leave.

“Mark! Mark! Mark!”

They did not want to see him so upset, but they could not bear to leave either.

“Once again, I thank all of you for your support. Please take care when you leave and stay safe. I don't wish to see anyone getting hurt at this concert.”

“Mark!”

The fans wept and wailed miserably.

They did not want to make things difficult for their idol.

However, the time to leave had come.

Despite knowing everything, they were still reluctant to leave.

Ysabelle was also crying very sadly.

“What should I do? I feel so miserable,” she said as she held onto Felix's hand.

It was truly difficult to part with someone one loved.

Felix put his arms around her.

“Don't cry. You're making me upset too.”

However, the surrounding was so noisy that Ysabelle did not hear what he said.

“It took me so long to fall in love with a bond. Why must they disband so soon?”

The Wheelers were the reason why she wanted to become a singer.

All Felix could do was to be there for her.

No matter what he said, Ysabelle would not listen.

"Go back home now! Please be careful."

It was getting very late.

Mork's voice had turned hoarse.

An impossible situation like that had crossed Mork's mind.

The fans were too upset. That was why they refused to leave.

"All right then. We'll dedicate one last song to all of you. This is the first song we make our debut with. This will truly be the last one."

They did not rehearse that song, so Sophie had to look for the musical score.

Nothing stumped her.

Furthermore, she had been keeping track of The Wheelers even after she had left. That was why she knew that song.

It was their debut song.

However, some of their fans had never heard of it before.

Most of their fans present that day had been with them for a long time.

Back then, their debut song was not very well known, but the fans could sing along with them.

Then again, the song was over in five minutes' time.

It was time to leave.

"Everyone, please go home!" said Sunny. "Please don't make things difficult for Mork."

Now that things had reached a point of no return, they would only make things difficult for Mork if they refused to leave. The fans would certainly not want to upset Mork.

"Thank you very much, everyone! Please don't put Mork on the spot."

Sunny had always been a cheerful person.

However, right now, he could not control his tears too.

When the fans saw their idols getting upset, they could not bear to watch.

They did not want to make things difficult for their idol.

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Someone started to leave.

One by one, the other fans began to follow suit, albeit very slowly.

They did not want to make things difficult for their idols and upset them.

On the other hand, they were really unwilling to leave.

It took tens of thousands of fans more than an hour to vacate the stadium.

During the process, all of the members of The Wheelers remained on the stage.

They watched the audience leave one at a time.

It was hard to suppress the sorrow within them.

From that moment on, The Wheelers would no longer exist in the world!

"Mork, are we really disbanding?"

The Wheelers had been set up for more than five years now.

It had not been an easy journey.

They had losted till now because of their dreams.

Is that all there is left?

Looking at Sunny, Sophie patted his shoulders.

"All of you must be tired. Let's go home and take a good rest. Don't think too much!"

The farewell concert had taken place as they had planned.

To be honest, it was an extremely successful concert.

Unfortunately, in the end, they still could not change the outcome. That was the only upsetting aspect of it.

"Okay. Go back for a good rest. I still have something on, so I won't be going back with all of you. Take care."

"Mork, aren't you going back with us tonight? Did something happen? If that's the case, you must tell us so that we can help you resolve the issue."

Sunny refused to believe that it was Mork's wish to leave The Wheelers. Therefore, there must be other reasons behind his decision.

"Sunny, please don't ask so many questions. Right now, I'm really very tired and want to go back for a rest. Sophie, since someone is waiting for you, I won't be sending you back."

Sophie was the only female member. That was what worried him the most.

"All right then. Since you're busy, go ahead with your plan. Don't worry about me."

Mork was the first one in the band to leave.

There was no way he could stay there any longer. If he did, he would not be able to control himself.

Mork did not want any one of the band members to get hurt.

Now was the time to leave for good.

The moment Mork went out, he saw that the old man had sent someone to pick him up.

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Chapter 476

Mark took a deep breath. He knew this day would come, yet he was surprised at how soon it came.

Frozen in his tracks, Mark stood for a long moment without moving.

Inheriting Emerald Gang is just my responsibility. It's not what I want to do.

Finally, Mark stepped forward as someone got out of the car to open the door for him.

“Mr. Mark, Old Mr. Wheeler is here too.” Quinton was seated in the back when Mark got into the car.

“Why? Are you afraid that I will escape?” Mark asked, knowing the reason why Quinton would come to a place like this on his own accord.

“You cried,” Quinton stated.

Mark didn't respond. He knew Quinton would turn a deaf ear to anything he said.

He only cared about the survival of the strongest.

"Mark, I've already given you five years to do whatever you wish to. You can't hold a grudge against me just because it's time for you to return now."

Quinton felt like he had already done his best as a father by giving Mark five years of freedom.

"Forget it. I'm tired. Let's go home."

Initially, Quinton wanted to speak further. However, he stopped himself when he noticed the exhaustion on Mark's face. Quinton instructed the driver, "Let's go."

Meanwhile, Sunny was standing on the stage, refusing to leave.

This is the performing stage that I love. I would do anything to be on it. Why did everything end today?

Even though Tristan was waiting for her, Sophie couldn't leave because she was still worried about Sunny. She declared, "Sunny, it's time to go."

He has been practicing so hard recently without mentioning his tiredness. Besides that, Sunny even looked calm during the performance today. But because he's acting like nothing has happened, I'm worried about him.

Sophie's thoughts ran across her mind, making her want to stay.

Sunny nodded in reply to Sophie's suggestion that they needed to leave. "You can head back first, Sophie. I'm fine. No need to worry about me." He was sure that he felt fine.

"Come on. I'll send you home. Let's not overthink this."

Sunny suddenly kneeled and kissed the stage floor as Sophie watched the scene unfold with sadness.

Meanwhile, Sunny left the stage and walked over to Sophie. He saw the worry written all over her face. Although Sophie was younger than Sunny, she always had to worry about him. The man chuckled. "You don't have to worry about me, Sophie. I'm okay! I'm just a bit unwilling to let go now. After all, you know how much I love The Wheelers."

"All right. It's great to hear that you are feeling fine. Mark worries about you the most, so you should ensure you are well."

"Yes. I know. Don't worry about that. I won't cause any trouble."

Then, Sophie led the way as they walked over to Triston.

Sunny remained silent during their car journey.

When they arrived at The Wheelers' mansion, he stepped out of the vehicle. "Sophie, thank you so much for today. Rest well when you arrive home, okay?"

"Mm, I will do that. You get some sleep, too, okay? Don't spend your time overthinking things."

Sunny nodded before walking in.

Sophie turned to Triston. "Triston, thank you for today!" The man had accompanied her all the way.

Triston held her hands. "My contribution is nothing compared to yours."

I sat there the whole night. Why would she thank me for it? "Let's go home now."

"Okoy."

Sophie was knocked out, so she didn't feel like talking.

Triston didn't disturb her, knowing that she was tired. He took a look at Sophie while he drove the car silently.

Sophie still looked breathtakingly gorgeous even though her makeup was slightly ruined.

Triston held one of her hands as he took control of the steering wheel with the other. He advised, "You can take a nap. I know you are exhausted. I will wake you up when we arrive."

"I'm all right. Let me keep you company."

I'm pretty sure he is tired as it is two o'clock in the morning. The drowsiness will hit him if he drives without me talking to him.

"Trust me, okay?"

A beautiful smile appeared on Sophie's face. "I trust you. I just want to accompany you now. I don't want you to be alone."

It wasn't because she didn't trust him. She just wanted to keep him company.

Triston had waited for Sophie for such a long period without making a fuss. Sophie felt like it was her turn to accompany him now.

On the other hand, Triston was reluctant to let the worn-out Sophie stay up to accompany him.

Suddenly, a gust of wind messed up Sophie's long hair.

Triston spoke. "Don't worry about me. I'm not sleepy. You must be fotigued. Get some sleep. It poins me to see you like this."

Sophie gozed ot him intently os Triston's mind wondered.

She looked so lovable right now.

Triston continued, "Toke o nop, okoy? You hove much time left to occompony me in the future."

He knew there was no rush for Sophie to show him her love.

"Okoy," Sophie replied. Tiredness crept oll over her, ond soon she was osleep.

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"I'm all right. Let me keep you company."

I'm pretty sure he is tired as it is two o'clock in the morning. The drowsiness will hit him if he drives without me talking to him.

"Trust me, okay?"

A beautiful smile appeared on Sophie's face. "I trust you. I just want to accompany you now. I don't want you to be alone."

It wasn't because she didn't trust him. She just wanted to keep him company.

Tristan had waited for Sophie for such a long period without making a fuss. Sophie felt like it was her turn to accompany him now.

On the other hand, Tristan was reluctant to let the worn-out Sophie stay up to accompany him.

Suddenly, a gust of wind messed up Sophie's long hair.

Tristan spoke. "Don't worry about me. I'm not sleepy. You must be fatigued. Get some sleep. It pains me to see you like this."

Sophie gazed at him intently as Tristan's mind wandered.

She looked so lovable right now.

Tristan continued, "Take a nap, okay? You have much time left to accompany me in the future."

He knew there was no rush for Sophie to show him her love.

"Okay," Sophie replied. Tiredness crept all over her, and soon she was asleep.

Triston drove them to Wisterio Apartments. When he noticed Sophie was asleep, he didn't wake her up. Instead, he got out of the car and opened the passenger's door. Then, with Sophie in his embrace, he walked to the elevator.

After they arrived at Sophie's house, Triston placed her on the bed. He couldn't help but furrow his brows when he saw the makeup on Sophie's face.

Will she feel uncomfortable sleeping in her makeup?

Triston had never removed someone's makeup before. He had no choice but to search for the steps and solution online.

He frowned upon seeing how complicated the process was. He didn't give up, though. Triston followed the steps written on Google, searching for a makeup remover and cotton pads. Then, he slowly wiped the makeup off Sophie's face.

The truth was Sophie had awakened the moment Triston touched her face. She was tired, though. And when she realized Triston was doing an excellent job removing her makeup, she didn't stop him.

Triston was gentle with his movements, causing Sophie to fall back into slumber shortly after.

Unfamiliar with the steps, Triston took a total of half an hour to clean Sophie's face. Then, Triston soaked a towel and helped Sophie wipe her face, neck, and feet.

He was satisfied by how Sophie was sleeping so soundly throughout the process.

It's great that she doesn't need any external help to make her fall asleep anymore.

Triston strode to the bed, leaned closer, and kissed Sophie's forehead. He had a loving look in his eyes when he uttered, "Sweet dreams!"

It was eight o'clock in the morning when Sophie woke up the following day. Even though she had a late night yesterday, Sophie was not used to sleeping for long hours.

She took out her phone and went through a video hosting website.

On it, The Wheelers' concert had garnered more than ten billion views, while the comment section was bombarded with comments from their fans.

The video hosting website had gotten an exclusive right to stream The Wheelers' concert, so the boss was watching the video at the moment too. He knew he would gain a lot of profit from the video.

Meanwhile, Sophie noticed The Wheelers were extremely popular with a large fanbase. After the concert ended yesterday night, those fans were unwilling to sleep. Instead, they immediately logged onto the video hosting website, subscribed to them, and rewatched the video all night long.

Even after the concert ended, we've yet to solve The Wheelers' problem. It's time to visit Mork's father now.

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Chapter 477

After changing and leaving the room, Sophie saw that Tristan had already returned with breakfast.

"Come and eat breakfast! If you don't have many things to do today, then stay at home to rest. You must be tired from yesterday."

As it was morning, Tristan did not wear his tie, only a white shirt that was not fully buttoned, revealing his sexy chest and making him seem alluring yet chaste.

Sophie walked toward him, wrapped her arms around his neck, and pulled him toward her for a kiss.

Tristan enjoyed the kiss, as he liked her taking the initiative.

“You must be tired from yesterday.”

He was an adult man, yet he helped her remove her makeup, so she was very touched.

Hugging her waist, Tristan said with a smile, “I'm not tired. I'm happy to be able to do something for you.”

“Tristan, thank you.”

He bit her lips in a punishing manner.

“Didn't I say? I don't like to hear you thanking me.”

“Fine! I love you.”

Stunned, Tristan was speechless for a moment before his lips curled up.

This was the first time she had spoken those three words to him.

He never realized there were words as sweet as those three in the world.

Only after pressing Sophie against the table and kissing her for a long time did Tristan release her.

His breathing was rapid, and her face was red as her heart pounded.

“Okay, go eat breakfast. I'll go shower.”

Tristan felt like he was burning up, and only a shower could help him cool down slightly.

If he continued staying with her, he might actually explode.

Seeing his hurried footsteps, Sophie giggled.

He treats me really well. Even though I'm now his girlfriend, he never crossed the line. There's not a single thing about him that I'm not dissatisfied with!

Sophie ate her breakfast with a smile.

She did not realize it, but she was starting to smile more ever since she started dating Tristan.

After taking a cold shower, Tristan finally repressed his burning desire.

He walked down the stairs with his hair wet after he had changed into another white shirt, unbuttoned.

He's so sexy. How can such a perfect man with a perfect face and body exist in this world?

“Sophie, are you done staring?”

He had just finished showing, yet he was starting to feel hot again, noticing her staring intently at him.

“What's wrong with staring at my boyfriend? I like it. Are you going to stop me?” Sophie asked, lifting her chin proudly.

Seeing how adorable she looked, Tristan pinched her chin and kissed her again.

"Are you full?"

"Yes."

After eating some breakfast, Triston left Wisterio Apartments reluctantly.

He wished he could stay with Sophie every second of the day, but he was still the CEO of Lombord Group, so he couldn't throw everything at Felix.

The moment Triston left, Sophie went back to her room to change. After putting on her sunglasses, she also left.

Meanwhile, at Emerald Gong.

"Boss, there's a girl outside wanting to meet you."

The current gong leader of Emerald Gong and father of Mork, Quinton Wheeler, glanced at his subordinate.

"What are you doing? Am I a person anyone can meet?"

"Boss, the girl says she wants to discuss Mork with you."

It was regarding the young heir of Emerald Gong, and that was why those subordinates dared to inform Quinton.

Upon hearing Mork's name, Quinton nodded.

"A girl? All right, bring her in."

Is she Mork's girlfriend? If so, I must take a good look at her. I already have an ideal woman for Mork. I must find a woman who can aid him so that after he takes over Emerald Gong, he won't be so tired.

Quinton's subordinates brought Sophie in.

This was the first time she met Mork's father.

Looking at the man sitting on the leather couch, she noticed that Quinton's features were very similar to Mork's.

She could imagine that this man must have broken lots of hearts when he was young.

"You're Mork's girlfriend?" Quinton asked sternly, dissatisfied with Sophie.

This girl is too skinny. She looks like she can't carry anything. If she stays by Mork's side, Mork will definitely have to take care of her.

"Girlfriend?" Sophie repeated, confused.

When have I said I'm Mork's girlfriend?

"Are you not? If not, then why did you come here? Do you think I'm very free?"

I have so many things to attend to every day. How can I have time to chat with her slowly?

"Mr. Wheeler, you've misunderstood. I'm not Mork's girlfriend. I'm his buddy."

"What's wrong with staring at my boyfriend? I like it. Are you going to stop me?" Sophie asked, lifting her chin proudly.

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“Mr. Wheeler, you've misunderstood. I'm not Mark's girlfriend. I'm his buddy.”

Quinton was rendered speechless.

"You're a woman, yet you say my son is your buddy! What nonsense is this?" Quinton roared, slamming the table before him.

"Mr. Wheeler, I don't mean anything else. You don't need to be so angry."

Quinton had been part of the underworld since he was a teenager, so his aura was terrifying.

Now, his subordinates were all trembling, not daring to utter a single word.

However, Sophie was nonchalant.

There wasn't a hint of fear in her eyes.

"You're not afraid of me?" Quinton asked, surprised.

Usually, when I am angry, my subordinates will all start to tremble. Yet, this girl isn't scared of me, and this is our first time meeting.

"Why must I be scared?" Sophie replied, bemused.

"Young lady, do you know where you are? You better treat me more politely. If not, I'll sell you."

Quinton had killed many in his life.

He was a cruel man with blood on his hands.

"Ho."

"Why are you laughing?"

Is this girl a fool? Well, ignorant people are often fearless.

"Mr. Wheeler, I'm here today to discuss matters regarding Mork with you."

"Since you're not his girlfriend, what right do you have to discuss his matters with me? And why must I discuss it with you?"

She must be joking.

"Then, what must I do to make you agree?"

"Enough. Chase her away."

Since she's Mork's friend, I can't humiliate her too much. I'll just chase her away. Otherwise, if Mork knew, he would be angry with me.

"Young lady, you should leave now!"

Sophie sat there, unmoving.

"I said that I'm here today to discuss matters regarding Mork. I won't leave until we solve the issue."

"How can you be so rude when we asked you so politely? Boss is already treating you nicely by not teaching you a lesson. Hurry up and leave."

A burly man stretched out his hand to drag Sophie away.

Frowning, she warned coldly, "You better not touch me. I hate people touching me."

"Girl, I'm telling you, this is Emerald Gong, not a place for you to act unruly."

He then prepared to make a move on Sophie.

Since you refused to do it the easy way, we'll have to do it the hard way.

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Chapter 478

The large man grabbed Sophie's hand.

That was the final straw.

He still wouldn't listen despite being told nicely. Some people just need to taste the pain, don't they?

The next moment, she grabbed his hand and wrenched it backward. To his shock, Quinton even heard the sound of breaking bones.

How could such a meek and frail-looking young woman be that heavy-handed?

“Ah!”

The large man let out a squeal of pain.

His comrades in the vicinity pulled him aside at once and surrounded Sophie.

“You're here to sabotage us, aren't you?”

Quinton's voice grew cold.

No matter who she is, she shouldn't have attacked my men on my turf.

“I'm sure you gangsters abide by your code of honor, Mr. Wheeler. How about this? I'll fight you, and you'll hear me out if you lose.”

If that is the only way to get him to listen, I don't mind fighting him.

“What? You want to fight me?” Quinton's eyes blazed. How long has it been since somebody dared challenge me to my face?

Without outstanding martial skills, he could not have commanded the Emerald Gang for decades.

Either I come for my enemies in the underworld, or they come for me.

“Very well!” Quinton rose from his seat.

Sophie responded, “Then we'll step outside as it's too cramped in here. I'm afraid we will break your things!” I came here today to talk about Mark. It wouldn't be very polite to damage his belongings.

“How brazen of you!”

How dare this young brat challenge me!

"You need not raise a finger, Boss. I'll teach her a lesson for you," Quinton's right-hand man said at once.

She's just a bratty little girl. How dare she behave so arrogantly. Does she not take the Emerald Gang seriously?

"No. I'm the one she's challenging!"

As a veteran of the underworld, Quinton would not turn down a challenge.

The group filed into the yard, and Quinton and Sophie stood on both ends while facing each other.

"Make your move! I'll allow you three strikes!" Quinton declared imperiously.

I am an elder, in any case. My act of generosity is customary.

Sophie could not help chuckling.

"Don't go easy on me, Mr. Wheeler. Honor your opponent by doing your best. Don't worry. I won't go easy on you as well."

Quinton sneered, "What on arrogant girl. It appears you need a lesson today."

Sophie laughed. "Please, don't hold back."

Without another word, she dove toward Quinton with an aggressive move, as she did not intend to waste any more time.

Quinton did not expect the frail-looking girl to leap into action so quickly.

Not daring to take this fight with levity, he parried her strike at once.

The movements of both combatants were swift.

Quinton's prolonged tenure in the underworld had honed his instinct for battles to an astonishing degree.

However, Sophie suppressed him in both strength and speed.

Quinton felt her oppression from the beginning, but he persisted as he did not want to lose too severely before his many subordinates.

After Sophie pressured him, she backed off slightly to spare him some dignity.

Quinton's men were stunned.

Is Boss getting old? He took so long to fight a little girl.

The duo went back and forth as they unleashed impressive, powerful moves.

At last, Sophie let him keep his pride by ceasing her onslaught.

"All right, I'm done fighting you. It's boring!"

Quinton was furious that he could not even beat a young girl.

Then, he recalled that she was Mork's friend and began considering recruiting Sophie into the Emerald Gong.

The boy is not suited for the Emerald Gong. His combat skills are so abysmal that he will suffer greatly if he takes over as the gong's next leader. However, things would be easier if this young lady were by his side.

"So, may I have a private word with you?" Sophie asked politely.

Her forehead was covered with sweat from the prolonged sparring, but she remained beautiful beyond words.

How unexpected for such a pretty young woman to be such a terrifying opponent.

The huge contrast was shocking.

"Of course. Come with me." Quinton led her to the study. He gazed at the young woman before him and wondered how to begin.

"What's your name?"

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"What's your name?"

"Sophie Tonner."

"All right, Sophie. What do you want to talk about?" She might as well just go straight to the point! I don't like beating around the bush.

"All right, then. I hope you can allow Mork to keep singing!"

Sophie was frank as he had hoped.

"He loves to sing, and he is good at it. I don't know what you said that made him return to you, but I know he is not happy."

Mork was her friend who she could not bear to see unhappy.

Besides, he was still the lead singer of the Wheelers.

Quinton could not repress a frown at Sophie's words.

"So you are Sophie Tonner!"

Sophie nodded. "That's me."

"Does Mork know you're here today?"

"No."

"Aren't you afraid of not returning home? Besides, Mork came back of his own free will. I didn't force him." What could the Emerald Gong do if Mork refused?

Sophie smiled.

"You don't have to refuse so hostilely, Mr. Wheeler. You're his father. Don't you want Mork to pursue his dreams?"

Sophie came with only one purpose, and she was not giving up easily before achieving her goal.

"I have given him five years to do whatever he wants. Isn't that enough? There is no way I can continue running the Emerald Gong now that I am old. He is my son. Of course, he should return to help me."

It is only natural for a son to inherit his father's business.

"Do you think Mork is suited for the Emerald Gong, Mr. Wheeler? Gong wars come and go and are full of dangers. I don't think Mork is cut out for such a life."

Quinton lapsed into deep thought. He, too, knew that Mork was not cut out for such a life, but no one was born ready for it.

"You have occupied the helm long enough. Don't you know the danger it entails?" Sophie continued. "I don't think any father would want to endanger their son."

Gongs fight over territory and shoot at each other every day. Nobody knows what would happen at any moment. Is this the kind of life he wants to give Mork?

Quinton did not respond. Though he feared for his son's safety, his former enemies might not let them go if he stepped down from his position of power.

"Sophie Tanner."

"All right, Sophie. What do you want to talk about?" She might as well just go straight to the point! I don't like beating around the bush.

"All right, then. I hope you can allow Mark to keep singing!"

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"So you are Sophie Tanner!"

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"No."

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Chapter 479

“You don't understand, Sophie. Enough. I won't hold the matter of your arrival here against you. Go home!”

There is no need to continue discussing this matter, as I will not listen to a word. Mark, being my only son, must inherit Emerald Gang.

“I hope you would think it over, Mr. Wheeler. We don't want Mark to be in any danger. All of us want the best for him.”

So what if he inherits the Emerald Gang?

Sophie heard a noise outside just as she was about to leave. Mark rushed in a moment later.

“Didn't I tell you not to hurt them, Dad? I'd promise you that I will do whatever you ask, but you can't hurt the people around me. How can you go back on your word?” Mark cried, having lost his composure upon finding out that Sophie was with Emerald Gang.

Upon entering the room, he pulled Sophie behind him.

"Are you all right, Sophie? Did he hurt you?" he asked anxiously.

Sophie grabbed his wrist. "Relax, Mark. I'm fine, and it wasn't your father who brought me in. I came here on my own accord."

Mark was in utter disbelief.

"What do you mean, Sophie? Haven't I told you before not to concern yourself with my affairs? What are you doing here? What would you have me do if something happened to you?"

Doesn't she know how worried I am?

"I have no other intentions, Mark. I just came to have a few words with your father."

Mark's expression turned uglier.

He knew he had overreacted, but he could not help it. He had no way of calming down as long as it pertained to Sophie.

"Go home, Sophie! Don't concern yourself with my affairs from now on."

Sophie frowned. "Mark!"

Mark remained surly. "Please leave!"

Upon seeing how angry he was, Sophie did not say another word.

It looks like leaving is the only thing I can do for now.

"I'm sorry to have bothered you, Mr. Wheeler."

Sophie turned and departed after bidding farewell to Quinton. She even shut the door to the study before leaving.

"You like her, don't you, Mark?" Quinton could tell from his son's reaction at a glance.

Mark ignored his father. "I apologize for misunderstanding today, but I hope you won't harm them in the future."

"You are my son, Mark. Stop being so cowardly! Court her if you like her!"

Quinton had changed his mind after the fight with Sophie.

It would also seem like a good choice if Sophie become my daughter-in-law. At least no one would pick on Mark with her around.

"I told you to stay out of my affairs, Dad. Why won't you listen?"

"Watch how you speak to me, boy! I am your father and have every right to pry into your affairs, and I think you are cowardly."

All this trouble for a woman. Court her if you like her! What's the use of being nice to her from afar?

"I said stay out of my business, Dad! Why won't you understand?"

"This Sophie is really something. Go after her boldly if you like her!"

His duel with her had completely changed his mind.

Mark refused to say another word to him.

"I still have matters to attend to." He turned around and left without another word.

"Little brot."

Why is he not like me at all? I would go after girls I liked when I was young, unlike him. It appears I have to make time to speak to Sophie.

After leaving Emerald Gong, Mork headed straight to TS Entertainment to look for Sophie.

With its deadline looming close, Ysabelle's new song was being recorded.

Sophie would be in the recording studio right now, keeping Ysabelle company as she records her song. Sure enough, Mork found Sophie sitting next to Ysabelle, listening to her record her song.

The girl looked very relaxed. Her facial features looked exquisite, her skin was fair and delicate, and her long hair draped loosely around her shoulders.

Mork did not enter immediately. Instead, he stood by the door and watched for a long time.

Though he knew Triston was the one she liked, he still couldn't help but stare at her admiringly.

This must be what it's like to like somebody. It doesn't matter whether the other party reciprocates or not. There's no way to hide or extinguish that feeling.

Ysabelle's song suited her well. It was youthful and energetic, with a hint of folkish influence.

Ysabelle took off her earphones and ran out of the recording studio after the piece was recorded to find Mork by the door.

“How long have you been here, Mork?”

Quinton had changed his mind after the fight with Sophie.

It would also seem like a good choice if Sophie became my daughter-in-law. At least no one would pick on Mark with her around.

“I told you to stay out of my affairs, Dad. Why won't you listen?”

“Watch how you speak to me, boy! I am your father and have every right to pry into your affairs, and I think you are cowardly.”

All this trouble for a woman. Court her if you like her! What's the use of being nice to her from afar?

“I said stay out of my business, Dad! Why won't you understand?”

“This Sophie is really something. Go after her boldly if you like her!”

His duel with her had completely changed his mind.

Mark refused to say another word to him.

“I still have matters to attend to.” He turned around and left without another word.

“Little brat.”

Why is he not like me at all? I would go after girls I liked when I was young, unlike him. It appears I have to make time to speak to Sophie.

After leaving Emerald Gang, Mark headed straight to TS Entertainment to look for Sophie.

With its deadline looming close, Ysabelle's new song was being recorded.

Sophie would be in the recording studio right now, keeping Ysabelle company as she records her song. Sure enough, Mark found Sophie sitting next to Ysabelle, listening to her record her song.

The girl looked very relaxed. Her facial features looked exquisite, her skin was fair and delicate, and her long hair draped loosely around her shoulders.

Mark did not enter immediately. Instead, he stood by the door and watched for a long time.

Though he knew Tristan was the one she liked, he still couldn't help but stare at her admiringly.

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Ysabelle took off her earphones and ran out of the recording studio after the piece was recorded to find Mark by the door.

"How long have you been here, Mark?"

Sophie turned around and saw Mark standing at the corner.

"I just arrived. You performed very well today. Keep up the good work."

Ysabelle is indeed a talented singer. It's a pity that she still locks emotions when she sings. However, being able to sing like this at her age is already pretty good.

Ysobelle beamed at her idol's words of praise.

"Really? Rest assured. I will continue to work hard."

Ysobelle knew he had come for Sophie, so she mumbled an excuse to leave and left the room to the both of them.

Sophie sat while Mork stood. He smiled as he gazed at the quiet girl.

"I'm sorry for my behavior earlier, Sophie."

Sophie was a little surprised.

"You don't have to apologize, Mork. It was wrong of me to go to your father without your consent."

Mork shook his head.

"You know that I will never blame you, Sophie." Mork sounded even more resigned.

He wanted nothing more than to let go, but as she was the only girl he liked, it was impossible for him to completely forget about how he felt.

"You like to sing, don't you, Mork? I know you don't like a life of fighting and killing."

She does know me well.

"As cool as you look, I know you wouldn't even bear harming a fly. How would somebody like you be suited to take over the Emerald Gong?"

Some people are just not made for the job.

"So, Mork, you don't have to worry about us if that's what it is. I can protect everyone in the Wheelers now, and no one can hurt me. If you are worried that your family will all be killed after your father retires, I can help."

Those are indeed the things I am worried about. She knows me so well to have taken all my concerns into account.

For a moment, Mork was at a loss for words.

"I mean it," she continued. "I know everybody has responsibilities, but it also depends on whether it suits them. There are many within the ranks of the Emerald Gong. What will happen to their lives in the future if you're not up for it?"

Upon joining a gong, one will never again know peace in their lifetime. They will die on the streets

sooner or later without anybody above to protect them. Can I really do it? Mork mused.

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Chapter 480

To manage a gang, one not only had to be willing but also capable.

For a long time, Mark stayed silent.

"Mark, you really need to think through what I told you."

"That's enough, Sophie. Stop talking about this." Every time this topic was brought up, Mark would get annoyed.

When Sophie saw how he was escaping from reality again, she shook her head.

"Mark, let me be honest with you. It's just not for you." It was not that Sophie was trying to discourage him; she strongly felt that he was not suitable for it.

Mark took a deep breath and replied, "I'll think about it, okay? I'll go ahead now to meet Sunny and the others."

Although he decided to leave, he was quite reluctant deep inside.

Not long after Mark left, Quinton called and asked Sophie to meet him.

Indeed, there were many things Sophie hadn't been able to tell him since Mark suddenly showed up the last time she was with Emerald Gang. Therefore, she immediately agreed to meet in a café.

After dealing with the company matters at hand, she headed over.

Ten minutes after she arrived, Quinton showed up.

Seeing that Sophie was already waiting for him, he was very pleased.

Right after he sat down, he asked, "Sophie, does Mark like you?"

Although he had a big hunch that it was true, he still wanted to confirm it.

Caught off guard by his question, Sophie was at a loss for words for a moment.

"Why? Do you think Mark isn't good enough for you?" No matter what weaknesses Mark had, Quinton felt that he was an outstanding person.

"Mr. Wheeler, how could you say that? Mark is a great person. However, we're only friends," Sophie explained.

Quinton couldn't help but doubt her words.

Judging from the way Mark acted, it didn't seem like he treated Sophie as just a friend.

"Do you really have no feelings for Mark?" Quinton asked. That boy has always been reserved, so he probably won't tell her how he feels.

“Mr. Wheeler, I think you've misunderstood. I already have a boyfriend.”

Her words silenced Quinton for a while.

Nevertheless, he did not give up. “Sophie, will you really not consider giving Mark a chance?” He actually believed that Sophie was more suitable for Emerald Gang than Mark, but he couldn't just hand over the gang to her for no reason.

However, it would be a different case if she were to be his daughter-in-law.

“You've been hoping that Mork would continue singing, right? If you marry him and help him manage Emerald Gang, I will give him my blessing.”

That was the only thing Quinton wanted from Sophie.

Meanwhile, Sophie was surprised to hear that request from Quinton.

Unfortunately, it was impossible for her to be with Mork.

She couldn't force herself to feel something she didn't.

Even without Triston, she would never consider dating Mork. It just didn't feel right.

“Mr. Wheeler, I'm afraid I cannot fulfill your request. I will not marry someone I don't love.”

It was true that Sophie wanted to help Mork, but this was not the way she wanted to go by.

At that moment, Quinton's face fell.

"If that's the case, then I have nothing else to say." As he believed that Sophie was the right candidate, he couldn't help feeling disappointed.

"Mr. Wheeler, Mork is not suitable for Emerald Gong. I hope you can think about it thoroughly and look for a new successor."

"That's our family matter, so it's none of your business," Quinton said. Since there is nothing between her and Mork, she has no right to tell me what to do.

"I know I shouldn't be telling you what to do, but you have to know this—if you force him to lead Emerald Gong, he may not be able to do it well. If anything bad happens to him, will you be able to bear it?"

As a father, Quinton naturally did not want to put his son in danger.

However, he had offended countless people throughout the years as a gong leader.

If he gave up the gong and lost his power, no one could guarantee the safety of his family.

"Mr. Wheeler, I know you have many enemies out there. If it's okay with you, I am willing to take responsibility for your safety."

Hearing that, Quinton scoffed. "Take responsibility? With what? I know you're skilled at fighting, but are you aware of how cunning those people are? You don't know anything at all."

The society isn't as simple as she thinks!

"Mr. Wheeler, I really do understand how you feel. But since I dared to make that claim, it means I am capable of protecting you and your family," Sophie voiced.

Quinton studied Sophie with an odd look. Then, he stood up and uttered, "Forget it. I can't believe I actually felt expectant when you said that. I must be crazy."

"I also know that things won't end up well if you force it. Since you do not want my help, then never mind."

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Mork was indeed quite rebellious before, but that did not change the fact that he was Quinton's pride.

When Mork left the house, he had nothing with him.

Now, he had succeeded and gotten everything he wanted.

Sodly, the things he possessed could not protect his family.

"Mr. Wheeler, I'm serious. I can protect you and Mork. Please consider it carefully and find a new successor."

Quinton shook his head and insisted, "I won't feel at ease no matter who I pass on Emerald Gong to."

Sometimes, power would make a person blind.

If Quinton let someone else take over Emerald Gong, that person might very well eliminate his entire family the next moment.

After all, the people from the underground circle were brutal and ruthless.

Unwilling to consider Sophie's suggestion, Quinton eventually left. Since she's unwilling, only Mork can do it now. No matter what, he is my son. Even if he's reluctant, I'm sure he is capable enough. He will surely protect our family.

In the meantime, Sophie continued sipping on her coffee.

She had known that it wouldn't be easy to convince Quinton.

When an idea was ingrained in someone, just a few words were not enough to change their mind.

What should I do to resolve this issue?

Just then, her phone rang, interrupting her thoughts.

When she picked up, Felix's anxious voice sounded from the other end of the line. "Sophie, come over quickly. Mr. Triston is hurt."

This was Sophie's first time hearing him sounding so panicked.

"What?" she exclaimed, her heart sinking at the news.

"Where are you? Send me the address, and I'll be there soon," she added. What happened? How did he get hurt all of a sudden?

As Sophie grabbed her bag from the chair beside her, she received Felix's text that indicated their

location.

Right away, she hailed a taxi and headed toward the hospital.

Upon arriving at the emergency room, she saw Felix standing outside by himself.

"Where's Triston? How is he? How did he get hurt all of a sudden?"

Felix patted her shoulder and said, "Calm down, Sophie. Someone tried to assassinate Mr. Triston. He got hurt while trying to protect me."

It was then that Sophie noticed Felix was also covered in blood.

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