

Pursuing 661

Chapter 661

Suddenly, large flakes of snow began to fall from the sky.

“It's snowing!” Sophie exclaimed with delight, stopping in her tracks. She had always lived in Horington, where it never snowed in the winter.

It had been so long since she last saw snow falling so heavily.

Although she was afraid of the cold, she loved snowflakes.

“Yes, it's snowing!”

This was their first winter together, and under the streetlights, the girl's face was beaming with joy.

That smile was so pure.

It made him want to freeze that moment in time and remember that smile forever.

“Tristan, do you like snowy days?” Sophie was still smiling, and even her voice sounded happy.

She was actually very rational and not easily moved by anything.

But at that moment, she really liked the scenery.

“I like it!”

Of course, he liked it, because Sophie was a completely different person on a snowy day.

Just seeing the way she smiled was enough to make him happy.

“Are you cold?”

However, at that moment, she wasn't wearing much and he was worried that she might catch a cold.

Sophie shook her head.

“I don't feel cold at all. It's not cold when it's snowing. It's only cold when the snow melts.”

She took his hand, and there were already a lot of snowflakes on her hair, making her look like a princess from a world of ice.

“Let's go back!”

The snow would make it hard for them to walk if it kept piling up.

Hand in hand, the two walked back together. Suddenly, Sophie slipped on the snow and almost fell, but Tristan grabbed her arm just in time.

“I think my shoes are a little slippery.” She could wear snow boots in this kind of weather. Sophie decided to buy a pair tomorrow at the mall.

“Yeah. Let me carry you,” Tristan suddenly said.

“No need, I can walk on my own. Besides, aren't you holding my hand? I won't fall.”

But Tristan insisted and knelt down in front of her.

“I want to experience what it feels like to piggyback my girlfriend on my back!”

Seeing his back in front of her, Sophie smiled brightly.

“Okay then! Since you want to experience it, I'll play along.” She lay down on his back.

Tristan carried her, taking slow steps as he felt that everything was happening in a dream.

Sophie hugged his neck while leaning on his back, feeling like nobody had ever carried her before.

At that moment, being carried like this by this man made her feel especially happy.

The happiness made her heart go soft.

“Am I heavy? Do you want to put me down and rest for a while?” It was quite a distance from here to his villa, and Tristan must be tired.

Tristan shook his head.

“You're not heavy at all.”

She is already so thin. How can she be heavy?

With one arm around his neck, Sophie reached out with the other hand and gently brushed the snowflakes off his hair.

“Tristan, we'll always be together, won't we?” Honestly, she wasn't such a poetic person, but amidst the scenery, she blurted out such a question naturally.

“Of course. Don't worry! I'll always be by your side.” So, they would definitely always be together.

The journey had finally come to an end.

When they arrived at Tristan's villa, Sophie was still on his back, and William saw them.

Seeing his son carrying the girl on his back, William had an ugly expression on his face.

Even if he really likes her so much, he shouldn't spoil her to the tee!

If this gets out, he would be ridiculed!

Sarah, who was next to him, naturally saw it too.

Knowing that her father was a stick in the mud and that he was probably angry again, she immediately comforted him and said, "Dad, it's snowing outside and it's too slippery, so it's okay for him to carry her."

"Sarah, don't you think Sophie doesn't know her place? He's Tristan Lombard! Everyone respects him in Jipsdale!"

Unfortunately, a man like him was now actually carrying his girlfriend on his back.

Hearing that, Sarah was speechless.

"Dad, it's popular these days to pamper one's girlfriend!"

Sophie didn't expect to be seen by William.

"Put me down, please!"

It was a bit awkward now.

“Let's go inside first! Dad, it's so cold outside. Why did you come out here? Isn't it better to stay indoors?”

Why did he come over in this weather?

“You brat! I came to see you because I have something to discuss with you. Can't I come to see you?” William was still his father after all.

“Of course, you can, but today's weather isn't suitable, is it?”

“Okay, let's stop talking about it and go inside. It's really cold outside.” Sarah had to play peacemaker.

There always seemed to be some conflict between the father and son.

Everyone went inside, and there were still some snowflakes on Sophie's hair. Tristan carefully picked

them out while ignoring the others around them.

As William looked on, he was suddenly reminded of his past with his wife.

Once, he had such a beautiful relationship too!

But in the end, he was all alone.

Sarah was a bit worried seeing his father like that. “Dad, are you okay? If not, let's go back today and we can talk about the matter another day.”

William shook his head.

"I'm fine."

He had been alone for so many years. Recently, he kept thinking about the past for some unknown reasons.

"Sarah, maybe I'm just getting old!"

Sarah helped him sit down, and then sat beside him.

"Dad, you'll always be the most capable father to me."

William didn't say much.

Tristan brushed the snowflakes off Sophie's hair and said to her, "You go upstairs first. Otherwise, my

father will give you a hard time again!"

Sophie shook her head.

"No, I don't want you to deal with these things alone. Since I'm with you, and your father isn't happy with me, naturally I have to face him with you."

Tristan wrapped his arm around her waist.

"You make me adore you even more. I really want to put you in my pocket and keep you close to me."

He didn't want her to deal with all this drama.

"Okay! Come over here, both of you! Your sister and I are both here! Don't pretend like we don't exist!"

Is our presence really that insignificant?

Tristan brought Sophie over to sit on the couch opposite them. The couch on this side was just a couch for one person, so it was a bit cramped for two people to squeeze together on it.

But Tristan didn't want Sophie to sit alone, so they had to squeeze together.

William took a deep breath. Forget it, it's better for me to not interfere in the affairs of young people. After all, my opposition wouldn't change anything.

"Dad, why did you come here today?" Tristan asked directly. It was almost time for his father to go back and rest.

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"Why don't we go about it this way? Since you and Sophie have decided to be an item, you should arrange for your mother and me to meet with her parents!"

He'd conclude that it'd be best for them to make their relationship official as he knew he couldn't change anything and wished to have grandchildren soon.

Both Tristan and Sophie, as well as Sarah, were taken aback by his announcement.

"Dad, you've come to terms with it?" Sarah was pleasantly surprised as it had turned out far better than expected.

"Of course, I have. I always do. Jennifer seemed like a nice kid. Little did I expect her to end up in such a state. Well, I suppose we can't blame her for it."

"Why, Dad, you've always been wise, fair, and the most democratic person I've ever met. The absolute best father in the world!" Sarah flattered him in an attempt to distract William from anger.

She dared not cause any more contention for Tristan and Sophie now that he had relented at long last.

Tristan had not foreseen the old-fashioned William to be so pliant and had resolved to move out with Sophie.

“Dad, are you certain?”

“Tristan, what's with all of you second-guessing my decisions? Are my words that incomprehensible, or am I spouting gibberish?” William said gruffly to hide his slight embarrassment.

Tristan held onto Sophie's hand.

“All right. I'll arrange for you to meet Sophie's parents as soon as possible.” No matter what, he and Sophie would be together forever. A meeting between their parents would seal the deal and make things official.

“This was the reason I decided to visit you. I'll be taking my leave now. I know how keen all of you want me to be gone.” William got to his feet.

I must seem like a horrible villain in their eyes.

Nonetheless, is there anything I've done wrong? All I did was for their own good.

“Dad, since the weather is rather inclement today, why not stay over tonight instead of traveling back and forth? There are extra rooms in the mansion for you to stay in anyway.”

There was indeed no point in such a hassle.

The flames of William's fury were stoked even further.

How self-serving of them!

Now that they'd had their way, their attitude had taken on a complete 180 compared to their hostility when he'd newly arrived.

William had no idea what the point of bringing up his son was when all he did was infuriate him.

"Tristan, why didn't you extend your invitation sooner? You're as practical as the rest." William fumed.
"Just because you ask me to doesn't mean I'll do as you say."

I am no pushover!

Besides, it was inconvenient for him to stay here, and he preferred going back to his place since he was more familiar with it.

"Dad, didn't you miss Tristan? Since he's happy to let you stay the night, let's do as he says and not trouble ourselves going back and forth." It was getting rather late, and William was no longer a young man. It would be unnecessary for them to travel back as the journey would take an hour.

"No. I feel more comfortable staying at my own place."

However, William had plans of his own.

"Come over here, Tristan. There are several things I would like to instruct you."

William directed his gaze toward Sophie when Tristan did not budge.

"What is it? Am I not even allowed to speak with him privately for a bit?"

Sophie was stunned.

Have I done something wrong?

Haven't I been keeping my mouth shut? Why is Old Mr. Lombard directing his fury at me? Tristan was rendered speechless at the helpless look on Sophie's face.

"Dad, what do you think you're doing? I'll do as you say. There's no point getting all worked up!"

Such hubbub was totally unwarranted.

Couldn't Dad be slightly more pleasant after approving our relationship? Why does he have to be so difficult?

Sarah and Sophie were the only ones left in the living room after Tristan and William excused themselves.

Sarah took a seat next to Sophie.

"My dad may be bad-tempered, but he bears no ill intentions. I hope you won't take his words to heart." It seemed like people tended to behave like children as they become older.

Perhaps it was due to loneliness.

They so often wish for their opinions to be heeded by their children.

In fact, there was nothing wrong in hoping to receive more care and attention from one's children.

"Rest assured, Sarah. I understand." Sophie was fairly indifferent about it.

Naturally, she was delighted to have been approved by William, although she didn't mind not having it either since it wouldn't affect her.

After all, William was Tristan's father. She did not like seeing him being put in a difficult position if his father continued disapproving of them.

All in all, she still hoped his family would give them their blessings.

Sarah hooked her arm around Sophie's shoulders.

“Now that you've gotten Dad's approval, it'd be best for you to schedule a date for a meeting between both our parents. You should keep them in the know, after all.”

Sophie and Tristan's parents have never met one another despite the pair having dated for no small amount of time.

“Okay.”

The toughest hurdle was gaining William's approval. On the other hand, her parents could care less about such a thing.

The only person that cared for her was no longer around.

Therefore, what mattered the most was what pleased her.

Moreover, Josiah was extremely happy with Tristan.

At the same time, William had led Tristan outside.

Tristan was tongue-tied.

“Dad, why do we have to be so secretive? The weather is freezing out here. Can't we have this conversation in the study instead?”

Why ever did he deem it necessary to stand out here in the cold?

“There's no need. I'll be done shortly and will be leaving after that.”

“Fine. Feel free to speak your mind.” Tristan was in a better mood after his relationship with Sophie was approved and had slightly more patience to listen to what William had to say.

“Both of you should have a child soon! Our household has not seen the birth of a new life in a long time. Even Lincoln only has Ysabelle as a daughter. I wish to have a chance to see more grandchildren while I'm still alive.”

William's drastic change in attitude caught Tristan off guard.

“I won't be staying here tonight as I'm giving you a chance to get on it! As my son, you have to promise me this.”

“Dad, you're asking for too much. How can you expect a grandchild when Sophie and I aren't even married yet?”

Is he out of his mind?

“We're living in the twenty-first century. Just look at the number of people who've had a premarital pregnancy. I certainly don't mind.”

“That's enough. I get the idea. You should be on your way if you want to go back.” Tristan had no desire to spend a second longer out in the biting-cold weather.

Tristan and Sophie went back into the house only after William's car departed.

“Should we arrange for a meeting?” Tristan was concerned about Sophie's feelings, albeit William's instruction that they make plans for it.

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Tristan was well aware of the situation of Sophie's parents. They didn't seem to care much about her.

"I think this is my own business, so there is no need to arrange a meeting with them." Sophie knew very well what kind of people her parents were.

Besides, the only person who cared about her in the Tanner family was already gone.

"If your father still wants to meet us, I can make that happen," said Tristan. This wasn't something difficult anyway.

As Yale was very satisfied with the Lombard family, it wouldn't take much effort to ask him out for a meal. In fact, he would be delighted to accept the invitation.

"But what about you? Are you okay with it?" Tristan continued. He figured Sophie wouldn't be attached to her parents since they were so biased.

"I'm fine with it. It's just basic formality," Sophie replied. Since things had come to this point, they might as well set a date for the two families to have a meal together.

Hearing that, Tristan held Sophie's hand.

He felt bad for her, and he couldn't wrap his head around what was going on in her parents' minds.

How could they not love such a sweet and adorable daughter?

Sophie had scars that not even Tristan could heal, so he was heartbroken about what she had gone

through before.

When Sophie saw the sad look in Tristan's eyes, she covered them.

“Don't look at me like that. I think I'm doing quite well now. Although my parents don't love me, there are lots of people around me who do.”

She had Barney, Arius, Ysabelle, and Butterfly.

Although they weren't her family, they treated her extremely well. It wouldn't be an exaggeration to say that they were willing to give up their lives for her.

“Well, you're right. There are many people around you who love you. Besides, Old Mr. Tanner will also keep watching over you from above.”

“Yes.”

The two of them sat on the couch with Sophie leaning against Tristan. At that moment, she felt that she didn't need any sympathy. She was really, really happy.

Since they had to arrange a meeting between the two families, Sophie spared some time to return to the Tanner residence. A forlorn atmosphere now hung in the air there.

Willow had been sent to the psychiatric hospital, while Yale was out all the time. Only Charmaine was left in the huge mansion, and the housekeepers began lazing around.

However, Charmaine didn't feel like disciplining them. She decided to just let them be as she thought it had nothing to do with her.

Sophie drove to the Tanner residence alone that day.

The housekeepers were surprised to see Sophie, so one by one, they stood up and got to work.

Upon noticing that, Sophie narrowed her eyes.

Did the house turn into this state because Morgan is no longer around? Don't they feel awful, living in such an environment?

"Ms. Sophie, please have some water." A housekeeper hurriedly poured Sophie a glass of water when she saw the latter sitting down on the couch. "Mrs. Tanner is still sleeping upstairs. Do you need me to wake her?"

"She's still sleeping?" Sophie echoed.

It's almost lunch time and she's still in bed?

"What did she do last night?" Sophie queried.

She did not drink the water the housekeeper served her. There was only one purpose for her visit today.

"We don't know what she's doing in her room," the housekeeper admitted. As they were merely housekeepers, they did not dare to meddle in Charmaine's affairs, especially when she was so irritable

recently.

"Okay, I got it." Sophie got to her feet to check on Charmaine herself. When she reached the second floor and opened the door, she was greeted by the sight of the room in a complete mess.

As for Charmaine, she was injecting something into herself.

Sophie narrowed her eyes.

She could already guess what Charmaine was up to.

“Who let you in?” Charmaine snapped as she did not expect someone to enter the room at that time. Upon lifting her head, she was met with Sophie's frosty eyes. She immediately mocked, “Oh, Sophie! You're back! I thought you'd forgotten about this place.”

Our family is in this state because of her. How does she have the guts to come back?

“Are you injecting drugs right now?” Sophie questioned coldly.

“So you are still concerned about me? Sophie, you never really considered me your mother, do you? I begged you so desperately, yet you still wouldn't let Willow off. You're so heartless and cold-blooded.”

Even until now, Charmaine was indignant.

She went on, “I am injecting drugs. So what? The Tanner family is loaded. I am allowed to splurge like this! I feel elated right now.”

Charmaine felt contented to lose herself in this sensation every day.

She did not have to think of anything, and it made her realize why so many people wanted to do drugs. Apparently, it was possible for someone to feel so blissful.

Sophie shook her head.

I'm not the reason behind what happened to this family.

“I'll bring you to the rehabilitation center,” Sophie uttered. There was no point in arguing with Charmaine; all Sophie had to do was send the former to the rehabilitation center.

However, Charmaine voiced, "I'm not going! Sophie, I'm warning you that I have nothing to do with you. You have no business interfering with what I do."

I'm doing really well now, and I'm happy with where I'm at. I don't want to go to the rehabilitation center!

"Charmaine Laird, are you out of your mind? Are you doing this because of Willow? She did so many horrible things, yet you still regard her so precious?" Sophie raised her voice.

Charmaine retorted, "Yes! No matter what she did, she's still my daughter. On the contrary, you make me despise you no matter what you do!"

Sophie did not want to waste time listening to Charmaine's nonsense. It was exhausting even just hearing the latter's voice.

Without a second thought, Sophie dialed a number to ask someone to pick Charmaine up.

Seeing that, Charmaine lunged forward to snatch Sophie's phone. Sophie swiftly restrained her with one hand and told the person on the phone to come over.

While kneeling on the ground, Charmaine repeated, "Sophie, I said I'm doing very well now. Keep your nose out of my business!"

Despite Charmaine's objections, Sophie wouldn't let her have her way.

Twenty minutes later, the rehabilitation center's staff arrived and took Charmaine away.

Sophie stood there, feeling emotionally drained.

All this time, she had been compromising. It was Willow who went too far and landed everyone in such a situation.

Because of that, the Tanner family was completely broken.

If Grandpa sees this, he will be heartbroken.

At that moment, Sophie badly wanted to visit Josiah's grave and tell him about what had happened lately. She got moving right away and reached her destination in no time. Time ticked by as she stood there, and an hour passed before she knew it. "I'm sorry, Grandpa. I still disappointed you in the end. I didn't want things to end up this way, but they still did."

For a while, Sophie didn't know how to explain to Josiah.

When Tristan noticed that Sophie did not return after a long time, he came to Josiah's grave out of worry. He had found out what transpired that day, and he felt deeply sorry for Sophie.

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Tristan walked to Sophie's side and held her hand.

"That's enough. Stop overthinking for you have done your best. They're the ones who won't get their act together."

There really was no need for Sophie to take the blame as nothing was her fault.

Charmaine had always favored Willow, but considering Willow's personality, things wouldn't get better if they let her be.

Thus, Sophie did nothing wrong.

Willow was the type of person who would never reflect on herself. In fact, Sophie was already very lenient toward her.

"I'm fine. I just miss Grandpa." Knowing that Tristan was concerned about her, Sophie forced herself to flash him a smile.

“You don't have to force a smile in front of me if you don't feel like it. You've sent her to the rehabilitation center, so stop worrying now,” Tristan coaxed. He knew Sophie must feel terrible. Although they were on bad terms, Charmaine was Sophie's mother, after all.

He then prompted, “Let's go home.”

It had been snowing heavily in Jipsdale for two days. The temperature that day fell below zero, and Sophie's body was cold after staying outdoors for so long.

“All right. Let's go home.”

Not wanting to worry Tristan, Sophie trailed behind him without a word. The steps leading down the mountain were slippery due to the snow, so he grabbed her hand tightly and guided her slowly.

Despite the slippery ground, Tristan's steps were steady, just like the feeling he always gave her—calm and reliable, as if she could depend on him for the rest of her life.

When they reached the foot of the mountain, Tristan started the car and turned on the heater. It was only then that Sophie began to warm up.

“Drink some water.”

Tristan had brought a thermos filled with hot water for Sophie.

“Thank you.”

Holding the thermos, Sophie took a few sips. Immediately, she felt much better.

“How did you know I'm here? Did you plant a surveillance camera on me?” she asked curiously.

"I guessed it."

Of course, Tristan couldn't have possibly placed a camera on Sophie.

In the whole of Jipsdale, Josiah was the person Sophie cared about the most. It was natural that she'd be here when she was sad.

Sophie drank another mouthful of hot water.

"It is indeed really cold."

While snowy days were beautiful, they were also freezing.

"Do you want some?"

"Sure."

With that, Sophie brought the thermos to Tristan's lips.

He bit the straw and had a sip before asking, "You didn't have lunch, did you?"

As Tristan knew what Sophie did that day, he was also aware she didn't eat lunch. "Sophie. No matter what happens in the future, don't make yourself suffer, okay? It will break my heart," he said with a pained expression.

"Okay. I didn't skip lunch on purpose. I just lost the mood to eat suddenly."

"All right, I'll take you back so we can have some food. Ysabelle won an award yesterday, and she said she's going to treat you. Cecelia is also done with her movie shoot. Let's have a meal together," Tristan proposed.

He supposed her mood would improve a little if her friends kept her company.

“Okay, let's go. I don't want to keep them waiting.”

At Blossom Garden, the group was already waiting.

With a frown, Ysabelle fretted, “Gosh, Sophie must be so upset!”

Her family members are such troublemakers! Sophie is already so tired. Why do they keep acting up?

Seeing how distraught his girlfriend was, Felix consoled her, “Don't worry. She has Mr. Tristan. He'll surely comfort her.”

Cecelia was also exasperated. She chimed in, “You're right, Ysabelle. They mistreated Sophie back then, but she didn't even get back at them when she returned! Yet now, they're stirring trouble for her all the time!”

Cecelia was actually tempted to ship those people to outer space so no one could annoy Sophie anymore.

“That's enough, guys. Let's stop talking about this. She'll deal with it properly,” Felix interjected. He had asked someone to watch over Charmaine at the rehabilitation center. Ultimately, she was Sophie's mother, so they wouldn't let her suffer too much.

Charles nodded and remarked, “Indeed, no one is perfect. Sophie's parents are the only flaw in her life.”

If she were born into another family, they would definitely dote on such an excellent daughter.

Just then, Arius showed up.

Though he heard what the others were talking about, he did not comment on it. He didn't know Sophie's parents well, and he couldn't bother to do so either.

Arius disliked anyone who mistreated Sophie.

When Sophie and Tristan arrived, everyone was already there. Noticing Barney's absence, Sophie couldn't help but ask, "Where's Dr. Smith? Why didn't you bring him? He's all by himself here, and he must be lonely."

"I told him, but he refused to come. He said he's not going to join the gathering of us youngsters."

Barney was old, and he was worn out due to all the things he had to deal with recently.

Moreover, everyone in the group was young. He'd only be bored if he came.

"I see. If the medical association needs any help, let me know. Dr. Smith needs to rest more," Sophie said.

As one grows older, their health also deteriorated.

"Sophie, you're still a student! You need to enjoy your life to the fullest. You should hang out with your classmates like other university students and fall in love. Don't carry all the burden on your shoulders!" Arius voiced, feeling bad for Sophie.

"There's no need for that. I know what I'm doing, and this is what I'm capable of doing."

Besides, Sophie didn't find such things to be a burden. Instead, she felt contented.

"You're so..."

Arius was at a loss for words.

Never mind. I don't understand her world. But no matter what decisions she makes, I'll support her unconditionally.

"Sophie, I'm sorry for not being by your side these days. I've been too busy," Ysabelle voiced. She had just won a best new artist award and was very popular across the internet. She was getting closer and closer to her target, and this was all thanks to Sophie. Without Sophie, Ysabelle's quest to achieve her goal wouldn't have been so smooth.

"Ysabelle, I am really glad for you, seeing that you get to do what you like to do. I know how busy a singer can get. I understand," Sophie reassured.

Ysabelle's schedule had been so packed that she couldn't even spend much time with Felix. Still, she was happy.

Seated beside Sophie, Cecelia was distressed to see the latter not looking too well.

She suggested, "Girls, I'm done with my movie shoot. If you gals are free, let's go out on a trip."

It had been quite a while since they last went traveling.

"Let's go on our own without bringing anyone else!" Cecelia added.

She was the only one single among them, and she didn't want them to bring their boyfriends for it would torment her poor, lonely soul.

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Hearing that, Felix was the first to state his disagreement. "That won't do. If you girls insist on heading out to have fun, you'll have to bring me along!" he insisted.

As Ysabelle's boyfriend, Felix was so smitten with her that being apart from her was simply unbearable. Thus, he wanted to be by her side at all times.

Ysabelle jumped at the idea and responded, "Why not? I could use a little bit of time away, too. So when are you planning on going? I'd love to join you, Cecelia!" It sounded like a great idea to her.

No matter what issues or difficulties they encountered, they were confident that a vacation would be the answer to their problems.

"Mr. Tristan, can you stand the idea of being apart from Sophie? Should we tag along? We can do all the hard labor," Felix suggested. He knew that Tristan wouldn't want to be separated from Sophie.

"It's time for a much-needed vacation. You've been tired recently, so it would be nice to take a break," Tristan replied. He was always busy at work, so he wanted her to be able to get away from it all and enjoy a holiday abroad.

"Mr. Northley, you should learn from Mr. Tristan. Your girlfriend won't run away, so why would you need to stick to her at all times?" Cecelia complained.

I can't believe Sean didn't fall for my charms. He's weird. Forget it, then. Since he doesn't like me, I'll just give up. He's not worth my time, anyway.

Cecelia was not in a rush to find her ultimate companion. After all, there were countless potential

suitors in the world. She believed that one day she would eventually find "The One" and that the wait would be worth it.

"Says who? What if she escapes? Who'll take responsibility if that were to happen?" Felix retorted like the coward he was.

Hearing that, Ysabelle gave his thigh a forceful pinch.

"Felix, don't you trust me? What was that? Don't worry. I'll let you know in advance if I want to break up with you," she snapped.

Felix was speechless.

Why would she tell me in advance? What use is that? I don't want to break up with her!

“Ysabelle, how can you disregard me after hurting me? That's too much! I can't comprehend why you'd want to break up with me when I love you so deeply.”

Seeing their interaction, Sophie felt her frustration fading away.

Indeed, her friends were the ones who provided her with the most love and support.

“You should travel with your friends,” Arius told her. “A little bit of rest can go a long way. You don't want to exhaust yourself, do you?”

“Mm. I know,” Sophie agreed.

Tristan remained steadfastly beside Sophie that night, assuring that she had no opportunity to ruminate and become overwhelmed by her thoughts.

Sophie flung her arms around his neck and pressed a kiss to his sexy lips.

“Aren't you busy? I don't need you to stay with me. I'm fine!” she assured him.

“I'm not busy. Have you decided where you want to travel?” Tristan asked. He was reluctant to be apart from her, but he knew it would be beneficial for her to spend some time with people who could make her feel better.

Cecelia and Ysabelle were pretty famous locally, so they were unable to go on vacation within the country and instead had to go abroad for their break.

“Don't worry, I'll help you get a leave of absence from the University of Medicine, so don't worry and have fun. I've arranged for someone to keep watch on your mother, so she'll be in good hands,” he added.

“Mm!”

The following morning, Tristan received a call from the psychiatric nursing home telling him that Willow had escaped.

Seeing his reaction, Sophie asked, “What's wrong? Did something happen?”

Tristan replied, “It's nothing. Let me give you a ride to the airport!”

After making up their minds to take a vacation, the girls decided to depart that day.

“If you're busy, you don't have to drop me off at the airport. Felix is heading there later too, so I can take his car,” Sophie said.

Tristan shook his head. “It's fine. I'll take you to the airport myself. Nothing is more important to me than you.”

Sophie couldn't stop him.

After he dropped her off at the airport, she met with Cecelia, Ysabelle, Butterfly, and Sarah.

When Sarah discovered that they were planning a fun-filled getaway, she quickly decided to jump on board and join them. Butterfly heard about their vacation from Arius, so she also decided to tag along.

At first, Butterfly wasn't close to the other girls, but her outgoing nature allowed her to quickly become more comfortable and acquainted with them.

When Tristan and Sophie showed up, the four girls stood up and welcomed Sophie warmly.

Naturally, Felix was still worried.

“Be careful, okay? You girls are so gorgeous, so I'm worried that scoundrels will take advantage of you,” he said worriedly.

I wish I can join them.

He suggested, “Why don't I tag along? That way, I can protect you girls.”

“That's enough, Felix. There are five of us! Besides, no one will dare to bully us with Sophie around!”

Felix knew that Sophie was more experienced in combat than he was, so he gave up trying to convince them to change their mind.

Ysabelle said eagerly, “It's almost time, so you should leave now. We're going to board the plane soon.”

Reluctance flashed across Felix's eyes as he dragged Ysabelle aside.

“What's wrong? We're leaving soon. What are you doing?” Ysabelle rolled her eyes at him.

“Do you resent me? I'm just worried about you. If anything happens, let me know immediately. Remember to video call me every day, too!” he reminded her urgently.

Once Ysabelle's wild side took over, he would be chuckled at the back of her mind. It was inevitable that she would get carried away when she was having a good time.

That could explain why Felix was worried about her.

Seeing that, Ysabelle felt her heart soften.

Does he feel insecure in this relationship?

“Felix, there is no need for you to worry. I want you to know that I love you, and I am not planning on ending our relationship. I'll remember to video call you every day!” she promised.

Felix felt aggrieved as they weren't planning on letting him tag along on their trip.

He cupped her cheeks and gave her a firm kiss. “Remember your promise,” he urged.

Ysabelle gave him a reassuring nod.

Sophie and Tristan stood some distance away from the couple. Tristan knew she was capable of protecting herself and the other girls.

“It is important to take care of yourself when you travel, so make sure you do not overexert yourself. Make sure you eat regularly and eat enough,” he reminded.

“Got it.”

Knowing he would worry about her, she consented to each and every one of his requests.

“Remember to call me.”

“Okay.”

Tristan asked her hesitantly, “Don't you have anything to say to me?” He couldn't help but wonder if she had nothing to say after all this time.

Sophie nodded and said, "Don't tire yourself out. Remember to miss me, too."

There was no need to voice the rest of her thoughts.

Tristan placed his arm around her waist.

"Mm. Have fun! I'll be waiting for you back home."

Chapter 666

Tristan and Felix waited until the five girls go through security before they turned to leave.

"Let's head to the psychiatric nursing home!" Tristan told Felix.

He wanted to find out how Willow made her escape.

"Huh? Why do you want to go to the psychiatric nursing home?" Felix was confused as he wasn't informed.

"Willow has escaped!"

Felix gaped in disbelief. "Are you sure? How is that possible?"

It was natural for him to react this way, for the psychiatric nursing home was heavily guarded by security guards.

It didn't seem possible for Willow to escape that place.

"The psychiatric nursing home called to inform me of her disappearance. I need to head there personally to find out what happened to her," Tristan revealed.

He would not allow Willow to go free as he knew that she harbored intense animosity towards Sophie and would do her utmost to cause Sophie harm when given the opportunity.

They both made the journey to the psychiatric nursing home, where the director, Oliver Arfield, was shocked to see Tristan in the flesh. His face instantly blanched, as if a wave of dread had suddenly overcome him.

"I'm really sorry, Mr. Tristan. We had no idea this would happen. This is a first in our psychiatric nursing home," he apologized profusely.

The patients who had been sent here would never be allowed to leave without their approval, so he couldn't believe something this ridiculous would happen.

"That's enough. Get me the surveillance footage and make sure to get her back," Tristan ordered in a cold tone.

It was too late to apologize now.

"I've looked through the surveillance footage, but there was nothing suspicious. It seemed that she suddenly disappeared without a trace," Oliver explained helplessly.

If possible, they wanted to find Willow without alerting anyone. That way, they could pretend that Willow had not gone missing in the first place.

In the end, they had to inform Tristan as they were rendered helpless.

"Felix, go check it out!"

"Got it!"

Felix knew this matter was important to Tristan, so he immediately left to check the surveillance footage.

Alas, as Oliver had asserted, there were no clues. It seemed that Willow had disappeared into thin air.

Oliver stayed with Tristan silently as cold sweat beaded on his forehead.

Felix came back and shook his head.

“Let's go!”

“Mr. Tristan, our psychiatric nursing home...”

Oliver was worried as they were about to depart without saying anything else.

“It's time for you to make some changes here. If you can't even handle this, why should this place exist?”

Oliver gaped in disbelief.

“Mr. Tristan, we—”

“That's enough. I don't have time to talk to you. Let me find her first,” Tristan interrupted curtly.

Oliver's assistant came in and frowned when he noticed Oliver's shoulders were slumped.

“Mr. Arfield, are you all right? This isn't our fault as we've done our best to manage this place. We never wanted this to happen,” he said indignantly. Mr. Tristan should be reasonable!

Oliver shook his head. “No one can reason with Mr. Tristan in Jadeborough.”

Tristan called the shots here, and he didn't want to cross him.

At Anglandur, Nicholas received news that Sophie had left Chanaea. Alex dared not give him any more advice for now.

Nevertheless, he couldn't help but voice his concern. “Mr. Nicholas, your health—”

“Alex, haven't you learned your lesson? Don't say anything that is unnecessary. You know I don't like hearing them, so stop making me upset,” Nicholas cut in impatiently.

Alex shook his head silently.

Yes, I shouldn't have voiced my concerns knowing that he dislikes listening to advice. Why would I seek trouble?

“Book a flight ticket for me,” Nicholas ordered.

“Mr. Nicholas, we have a private plane, right? It's safer to take the private plane.”

“No need. Buy the ticket using another identity. I want to take a look at her.” Nicholas wanted to just see Sophie from afar as his plan wasn't ready yet.

Alex had no idea why Nicholas was head over heels in love with Sophia as the latter didn't spend a lot of time with her.

Why couldn't he forget her?

In the meantime, Sophie and her group of friends had made their way to Jetroina, which was situated not far from Chanaea. They deemed this area to be the perfect spot for their much-deserved holiday.

It was freezing here, too. Ysabelle started shivering after she got off the plane.

"Aren't you cold?" she demanded incredulously as the rest seemed unfazed.

"Not really," came Butterfly's answer. She wore the least among them as she wasn't afraid of the cold. No matter how cold the weather was, she would still wear a skirt.

That was how persistent she was.

Sarah, who was snugly wrapped in her winter apparel, told Ysabelle, "You won't feel cold if you put on more clothes."

Tristan had made the arrangements for a Lincoln limousine to wait for them outside the airport to bring them to their accommodation.

"Actually, we're here on vacation. I can't believe Mr. Tristan is this thoughtful," Butterfly praised.

Whenever similar situations arose, she would envy Sophie for having such a thoughtful boyfriend.

"All right, stop sighing. We should head to our hotel as soon as possible for it's freezing outside," Ysabelle cut in, impatient to get to the hotel. She suddenly felt that they had picked the wrong place to

travel.

The weather was freezing, and she honestly wanted to spend the rest of the day in the hotel room that was heated up.

Thus, the five of them got into the vehicle. Butterfly chose to sit next to Sophie.

“Sophie, Mr. Tristan adores you. When are you planning to get married?”

When women get together, they would always talk about the opposite sex.

“After I graduate from the University of Medicine,” Sophie replied casually.

That was Tristan's wish too. He wanted to marry her after she graduated from university.

“Sophie, you're still young, so there's no hurry. Mr. Tristan won't be going anywhere, so you should take the opportunity to enjoy life when you're still single,” Cecelia said.

The life of a married woman is often consumed by her family and children, leaving her with little or no time for self-care or leisure.

On the other hand, those who were single had more freedom.

Sarah disagreed with Cecelia's point of view.

She protested, “Even after Sophie and Tristan tie the knot, Tristan will still adore her and encourage her to pursue whatever it is that brings her joy! Nothing will change.”

She was well aware of how deeply her little brother cared for Sophie. He would always place Sophie first as she was his top priority.

“I can vouch for that. Uncle Tristan will not let Sophie become a housewife,” Ysabelle chimed in.

Sophie was not cut out to be a housewife, anyway.

"You can't be sure about that," Cecelia remarked.

Sophie had yet to marry Tristan. After they got married, the Lombard family's influence in Jipsdale meant that Sophie wouldn't be able to do anything that she enjoyed.

"Cecelia, I can assure you that Uncle Tristan will stand behind Sophie's wishes no matter what," Ysabelle reasserted emphatically. "He will give her his unwavering support on any choice she makes."

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Both Sarah and Ysabelle were eager for Sophie to tie the knot with Tristan as soon as possible as they feared that someone as outstanding as her could be snatched away at any moment.

Hearing that, Cecelia still wouldn't believe them.

Sophie was her best friend, so she wouldn't want to see her get hurt.

If Tristan were to hurt Sophie's feelings one day, she would definitely make sure he paid the price.

Tristan might be a big shot, but she wasn't afraid of him at all.

"Tristan and I have only been together for a short time, but I don't think he would betray me," Sophie said. She had seen how deeply he cared for her and was confident that he would never betray her.

"Well, I believe you've been brainwashed by Mr. Tristan!" Cecelia joked. "It seems that I'm the only clear-headed person now."

"Don't worry, Cecelia. I assure you, Tristan will never bully me," Sophie said confidently. She had absolute faith in the man she fell in love with.

As they chattered, the Lincoln limousine rolled to a stop before their hotel.

“Everyone, get changed and rest for a bit. We'll meet up for dinner!” Sarah was the oldest among them, so she naturally became the leader.

No one objected to her arrangements, so they all went back to their rooms to rest.

The moment Sophie stepped into her room, Tristan's call arrived.

Sophie placed her suitcase aside and settled down on the couch before answering the phone.

Once the call connected, Tristan's deep, sexy voice boomed, “You've arrived, right? Are you tired?”

He assumed she was exhausted after the long flight.

Sophie put him on speaker and placed her phone on the coffee table. She then crossed her legs and settled herself comfortably on the couch, ready to have a conversation with him.

“Not really. I slept a bit on the plane, so I'm not really tired now. Tristan, I'm here on vacation. Why would I be tired? Stop worrying about me,” she replied cheerfully.

She was taken aback by the fact that he remained anxious even after she had made it to Jetrouina safe and sound.

Tristan told her, “I'm glad to hear that. I was just worried that you'd overexert yourself. Go take a shower and grab a bite.”

Going away for a girls' trip was always a great opportunity to have lots of fun, indulge in delicious food, and treat themselves to some shopping.

“Mm. I know. Don't worry. I'm not a kid,” Sophie joked.

Now that she was an adult, she had full knowledge of her actions and the consequences that would follow.

Tristan reminded her, "When I'm not around, please take good care of yourself."

"Of course," Sophie replied softly, her voice full of concern. "I know you're busy with work, but don't forget to take care of yourself. Make sure you're eating properly." She knew he was busy at work, but nothing mattered to her more than his health.

Tristan sighed. "What should I do? You only left this morning, but I'm already missing you badly. I wish I could come with you."

His rationality told him that he should give her some privacy.

He couldn't replace her best friends, after all.

Although he was aware that she was likely having a wonderful time with her friends, he couldn't help but long for her company.

"I miss you, too. It's fine, though. I'll be back two days later," Sophie assured him. The girls, despite their hectic lives, were still able to find the time to come on a vacation with her.

Thus, she knew she couldn't disappoint them.

"Get some rest, then. Sarah is familiar with Jetroina, so you don't have to plan anything. Just do whatever she says," Tristan told her.

Sarah had lived in Jetroina for some time, so she was familiar with the many delightful eateries and exciting attractions the country had to offer.

With Sarah around, Sophie didn't have to worry about planning the trip.

“Mm... You should get some rest, too.”

After the call ended, Sophie came to the window. The scenery was gorgeous as the ground outside was covered in a blanket of snow.

It felt like they were in winter wonderland.

Oh, how pretty.

Suddenly, Sophie felt like having some red wine. She quickly called reception and ordered a bottle of red wine.

Soon, the red wine was delivered to her room. The server uncorked the bottle for her before leaving.

Sophie stood before the window, slowly sipping on the red wine.

The taste was truly exquisite, making it well worth the cost.

After unpacking, Butterfly came to Sophie's room to find the latter enjoying some wine.

She poured herself a glass of wine and joined Sophie by the window.

Sophie was dressed in a pristine white turtleneck sweater, her chestnut-colored hair cascading down her shoulders.

She gracefully swirled the dark red liquid in her glass.

It was a sight to behold.

“What are you thinking?” Butterfly asked. Despite having worked for Sophie for some time, and being a few years her senior, she sometimes couldn't figure out what Sophie was thinking.

“Nothing. Don't you find the scenery gorgeous?” It was snowing heavily outside, but the hotel room was well-heated.

“Yeah, I guess. That was why we chose to come here, right? Otherwise, why would we come all the way here?” Butterfly agreed.

“Mm. You're right.”

Snow in Jipsdale was nothing like the picture-perfect snowfall in Jetroina.

Soon, the rest of the girls arrived at Sophie's room and joined in the wine-drinking session.

Instead of heading out, they opted to remain indoors, taking off their shoes and settling comfortably on the carpet. They sipped on wine casually as they discussed their worries and shared their thoughts. Conversation flowed easily as they relaxed in the warmth of the evening.

Sarah was in her thirties, but she felt so much younger when she was around them.

“I feel younger after spending time with you girls,” she lamented.

The young ladies were in their heyday, surrounded by friends with whom they had a strong bond. They were able to discuss any problem that arose and find a solution.

Whenever they felt down, they would come together and take solace in a drinking session to forget their worries.

“Sarah, what are you talking about? You're still young!” Cecelia insisted. They had met barely ten hours ago, but Cecelia already took a liking to Sarah.

"Compared to you, I'm no longer young," Sarah responded.

Is that really all there is to my life? I harbored a secret crush on someone but it had to come to an end. I can no longer fall in love with someone else. I am left to wonder if my life will stay the same or if something exciting will come around. This thought is rather depressing, and I can't help but think that I have failed in some way. Ugh, why am I dwelling on that?

"Sarah, are you thinking of Juan?" Sophie asked curiously. Despite being the youngest of the group, Sophie was the most perceptive and had quickly read Sarah's mind.

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"Yes. It just came to my mind. That's enough. Let's not talk about that today," Sarah replied. When one likes another person, it takes a lot to forget them. I've been trying so hard to forget him, but it doesn't seem to be working. There's nothing I can do about it.

"Sarah, Juan isn't worth your time and love," Cecelia uttered. That's just how love works sometimes. However, Juan really isn't worth it.

Cecelia proceeded to sit next to Sarah and added assertively, "I'm serious, Sarah. In order to forget about a past relationship, you must start a new one! Since the three have no boyfriend, let's find a hunk each during this trip."

Indeed, it wasn't such a bad idea.

"Forget about it! I can't hook up with someone I have no feelings for." Sarah shook her head. If I don't love that person, I can't just let myself loose.

Cecelia waved dismissively and said, "Sarah, love isn't that pure! I'm serious. Let's find someone for you. No matter what happens after that, it's still going to be better than your current situation."

Obviously, Ysabelle knew how much Sarah loved Juan, but Ysabelle also didn't think Juan was worth it.

"Aunt Sarah, I think Cecelia's suggestion is a good one," Ysabelle chimed in. As long as Aunt Sarah can forget Juan, it doesn't matter who she ends up with. Aunt Sarah wouldn't need to suffer if she could get Juan off of her mind.

"Oh, come on. Don't worry about me, girls. I'm fine, really. It's just that he popped up in my mind all of a sudden," Sarah uttered. Perhaps the season we're in plays a role. I just couldn't help thinking about the past.

Although they were there to have fun, they ended up staying in the room the entire afternoon chatting over wine.

Despite that, it was still a very relaxing time for everyone.

After everyone had fallen asleep, Sophie went up to Sarah and asked, "Sarah, would you like to have a chat?" At times, one had to get things off of their chest to feel at ease.

Sarah wrapped her arm around Sophie's shoulders and answered, "I'm fine, Sophie. I fell in love with the wrong person. That's all."

Sarah knew she could definitely forget Juan. No one is going to remember someone until the end of time. I'm sure this is only happening because I have such a good memory. Although it takes time, I'm sure I'll be able to forget him.

Sophie nodded. "All right. I don't want to comment too much on Juan, but I know it's his loss for missing out on you."

Sarah was a very capable woman.

"Yes. I know. By the way, my dad has already agreed to let you and Tristan be together. I know you only want to get married after you graduated. However, you guys can get engaged first." Sarah was a little concerned about Sophie's situation. Sophie's reputation is going to take a hit if she keeps following

Tristan around without an official title.

Evidently, Sarah was very fond of Sophie. That was why she would look out for her.

“Tristan and I are very sure about spending the rest of our lives with each other, Sarah. Since that's the case, I don't think we need to go through the trouble,” Sophie answered. Like me, Tristan doesn't enjoy troubling himself with such things. I think what we have now is good.

“What do you mean? You need ceremonies in life,” Sarah advised. If they continue on like this, they might get sick of each other. What's going to happen then?

“Well, Tristan likes ceremonies,” Sophie answered. Regardless of the occasion, Tristan would always prepare gifts for me. Besides, the gifts he had given me are all the things I need. I don't voice my feelings, but I know how good Tristan is to me.

“Hmm... That's right. Tristan has never fallen in love with anyone but you. He's really into you,” Sarah answered. Tristan loves her so much that he's afraid to lose her. If that's the case, it has to be true love, right? Everyone knows Tristan loves Sophie. It takes a lot to love another person so whole-heartedly for someone like Tristan.

While it was snowing heavily outside, Sarah and Sophie were talking about the man they both cherished the most in their lives in the hotel.

“Sophie, since Tristan is my younger brother, it's only normal for me to be biased toward him. I know how much he loves you. As his sister, I hope you'll never hurt him,” Sarah uttered.

Needless to say, Sarah was biased toward Tristan, and she couldn't imagine what would happen to

Tristan if Sophie were to break up with him.

At the same time, Sarah knew Sophie was Tristan's weakness.

“Sarah, there's no way I'm ever going to hurt him,” Sophie replied. I'll never do that.

Meanwhile, Tristan had successfully located Willow, and she fell into utter despair when she saw him.

I've finally gotten out, and I've even found a place to hide. How is this man still able to find me? How did he find me? Willow panicked, and she wanted to escape. However, a few burly men showed up before her and stopped her.

The men then pushed Willow toward Tristan. In front of him, she felt pathetic and filthy.

Therefore, she didn't even dare to say a single word.

“I have underestimated you, Willow. I didn't expect you to be capable of escaping that place!” Tristan said.

In an icy tone, Tristan added, “Don't you know Jipsdale is my territory? Did you really think you could go anywhere without asking for my permission?”

The way he looked at Willow was as if he were looking at an insignificant ant.

Under his gaze, Willow felt extremely vulnerable.

“Mr. Tristan, I know I'm worth nothing in your eyes. That's why none of you would take me seriously.”

Willow's voice was hoarse instead of sweet and adorable like it used to be.

Clearly, she wasn't the same as before after being kept at the psychiatric nursing home for such a long time.

In that place, Willow was in a living hell, and Sophie was the reason she ended up there.

“Mr. Tristan, I know you love Sophie deeply. Even so, do you need to harm me? What did I do wrong? Could you please let me go? As long as you're willing to let me go, I promise to leave Jipsdale and never return,” Willow begged.

At that moment, Willow wanted nothing more than to leave the city. I want nothing but to get out of here as quickly as I can. I hate Sophie to the bone, but I'm willing to let go of my hatred. I just want to live somewhere else.

“Let you go? Do you take me for such a merciful person?” Tristan questioned. Since she had committed a mistake, she should get punished!

Willow trembled as she stood there in the freezing cold. “Why? I'm just an ordinary person! Why do you want me gone so badly? Is it because of Sophie? She's a human, and so are others, no? How could you not care about the lives of others?”

Chapter 669

Willow was extremely displeased. Why must Sophie exist? Sophie shouldn't exist in the same world as I am!

“In my eyes, I don't care if others live or die,” Tristan replied.

Right then, a few bodyguards came over and grabbed Willow.

Willow felt exceedingly bitter that she roared, “Tristan, do you think you can really spend the rest of your life with Sophie by doing this? Sophie doesn't even care about her family! What makes you think you can make her care about you? You're going to find out that, you're nothing but a joke!”

Willow's eyes suddenly turned cold.

“Even if that's the case, I'm not going to let you drive a wedge between us. I'll never have regrets about being with Sophie,” responded Tristan.

Willow was rendered speechless. I don't get it! We're both humans, so why is there such a huge difference between us?

“Take her away! This time around, sent her to the isolated island instead of the psychiatric nursing home!” Tristan ordered.

Willow didn't know where the isolated island was, but she knew it wouldn't be paradise.

“Tristan, karma will come for you for how you're treating me! I curse you! I hope Sophie will never truly love you for the rest of her life! At the same time, I curse you and hope that you guys will never be

happy in your lives!” At that point, Willow knew there was nothing she could do to change her fate. Hence, she had to make herself feel better by cursing Tristan and Sophie. They hurt me so badly, so they don't deserve happiness! They don't deserve happiness!

As soon as those words fell, Tristan's gaze turned murderous.

He had never believed in curses, but he couldn't take it because Willow was cursing Sophie as well.

Hence, he slowly made his way toward Willow.

Tristan's aura was so terrifying that Willow couldn't help but gulp uneasily.

“Throw her into the sea and feed her to the sharks!” Tristan instructed.

Willow's eyes widened in disbelief. “Tristan, you can't do that! I'm telling you! You can't do that to me!”

However, Tristan was no longer willing to waste another second on her. He then told his subordinates to take her away.

Felix saw how she was behaving, and he approached Tristan. "What's the matter? I haven't seen you so angry in a long time. It was merely a curse. You never believed in such things, no?"

Indeed, Tristan only flipped because of Willow's curses.

"Perhaps it's because I care about Sophie so much that I don't want anyone to curse us. I want us to be happy," Tristan answered. I want Sophie and I to be together for the rest of our lives.

Felix shook his head upon hearing that. "Let's go! Since the girls aren't around, let's go out for a drink!" The guys hadn't had a drink together in a long time.

Since the people they were protecting weren't around, they would naturally want to unwind as well.

Charles and Sean rushed to meet them the moment they received a call from Felix.

"Frankly, it has been too long since all of us had a drink with each other." Charles felt emotional when he met up with the others. When neither Tristan nor Felix had a girlfriend back then, the four of us were always drinking together!

Although Tristan and the other two guys were not interested in dating anyone then, they were so handsome that they were always surrounded by girls, no matter where they went. Besides, they were influential men in Jipsdale.

Ever since Sophie appeared in Tristan's life, however, the guys seldom got to drink together.

"To be honest, it's been a while since we came here to drink. Now that Sophie and Ysabelle aren't around, you guys can do whatever you want!" Charles exclaimed.

Felix was rendered speechless. What is Charles talking about? Even if Ysabelle isn't around, I'm not going to betray her.

“Charles, you're looking down on me, aren't you? Do you think everyone's like you? Unlike you, we can keep our hands to ourselves!” Felix uttered with disgust. “Even if Ysabelle isn't around, I'm not going to betray her!”

Felix was determined to stay loyal to Ysabelle and not fool around.

“Felix, get off my back, will you? I can definitely keep my hands to myself. I want to be in a serious relationship as well. However, I get sick of the girls I meet within a month of meeting them! There's nothing I can do about that!” Charles retorted. I'm not at fault, am I?

While Charles and Felix were engaged in that pointless conversation, Sean and Tristan were drinking silently. That's just how Charles behaves, and no one can convince him otherwise. Nothing's going to help him unless he meets someone he loves. That way, perhaps he'll start learning how to treat a woman wholeheartedly. Before that happens, he's going to keep behaving like a total playboy.

“Has Nicholas made any moves lately?” Tristan asked while sipping his wine. That lucky fellow managed to escape death the last time around.

“He has been on his best behavior lately, and he hasn't done anything,” someone answered. Since Nicholas has the balls to mess with Sophie, there's no way Mr. Tristan would show him mercy. However, the Sable family is rather influential in Anglandur, so it's not easy to get rid of him.

“Okay. Keep an eye on him and don't let him harass Sophie!” Tristan instructed.

“Mr. Tristan, what's the deal between Sophie and Nicholas? Did you ask Sophie about it?” someone asked. Since they're so close, why can't he just ask her?

“I didn't ask because there's no such need!” Tristan replied. Nicholas is a nobody. He's the one pestering Sophie constantly. In fact, he's nothing but a piece of trash, so I ought to take him out without Sophie knowing.

In response, Charles shook his head. “Mr. Tristan, are you scared? You're scared to find out there's actually something going on between Nicholas and Sophie, aren't you? That's why you're too afraid to ask her.”

Charles couldn't believe it. It's just a relationship. When did our mighty Mr. Tristan become so cautious? What's the point?

Upon hearing those words, Sean shot Charles an icy glare. "Charles, are you sick of living? Sometimes, it's wiser to keep your opinions to yourself."

Tristan cared a lot about Sophie. Naturally, he wouldn't want to take the unnecessary risk.

Charles had never been in a relationship before, so he wouldn't understand just how much Tristan loved Sophie.

In fact, Tristan loved Sophie so much that he wouldn't want to risk losing her. Furthermore, he wasn't willing to think that there was a possibility she was involved with another man.

"Exactly! Moreover, so what if Nicholas and Sophie knew each other in the past? What matters is the fact that Sophie only cares about Mr. Tristan now. Everyone has a past!" Felix chimed in. There's no need to worry about the things we can't change! Hence, it's better to have zero knowledge about those things. That way, the relationship will stay strong. That's the most important thing, no? No one will ever be happy if they keep worrying about the past.

Chapter 670

"Since you don't care about it, then it shouldn't matter whether you know about it or not." Charles was baffled by their way of thinking.

Sean exchanged glances with Felix at that.

Both of them were of the same opinion that Charles was nothing but an idiot and they no longer wanted to bail him out of the hole he had dug himself.

"I don't think it's any fun staying here. Let's go to the boxing gym. After all, it has been a long time since the four of us sparred with each other."

Charles shook his head right away.

What a joke! There's no way in h*ll I'd agree to go to the boxing gym! There won't be any sparring session as I'll only end up getting my a*s kicked!

With that thought in mind, he contended, "Well, I think it's nice for us to have a drink here, so why don't we do just that?"

He was aware that he would always become the one who suffered the most every time they went to the boxing gym.

Hmm... Why do I feel like Tristan's mood took a turn for the worse?

"Cut the crap. We're going to the boxing gym and that's that." Tristan had no intention of letting Charles off the hook.

After placing down his glass, he turned on his heels and left.

Charles had no choice but to give the other two a pleading look. "Did I do something wrong? Isn't what I said true? Come on guys, help me out here."

Both Sean and Felix shook their heads in unison.

"Even God wouldn't be able to help you now. I gotta say, Charles, I never knew you were so fearless in the face of death."

Everyone knows that Nicholas has always been a thorn in Tristan's side. Despite us dropping so many hints at him, he still didn't get it and continued to spout nonsense. I can only say that he deserves it if Tristan really beat him to death.

Upon arriving at the boxing gym, Tristan made it a point to get Charles to be his first sparring partner. Although the latter had begrudgingly changed into an appropriate outfit, he had no plans of going into the boxing ring.

He pleaded, "I'm sorry, Mr. Tristan. I was in the wrong. I won't run my mouth again, so please spare me!"

With how good Tristan's fighting skills are, I can't possibly go up against him!

Meanwhile, Sean and Felix went over to the ring next to them. They couldn't be bothered to concern themselves with Charles' fate since he was the one who courted death in the first place.

"Come on up!" Tristan ordered in a firm tone.

Realizing how serious he looked, Charles could only drag himself into the boxing ring reluctantly. For the next half an hour, wails and shrieks echoed throughout the boxing gym.

Felix shook his head at Charles' unfortunate state.

"Charles must have a few loose screws in his head to miss all the hints we've given him. He probably has a death wish or something."

They reckoned they had nothing to do with Charles being taught a lesson since he deserved it for provoking Tristan.

Besides, they felt that it was better for Charles to be on the receiving end of Tristan's wrath than for the two of them. This was also the reason why they didn't do much to help their friend.

Sean muttered nonchalantly, "He'll get it once he scores himself a girlfriend. I doubt anything we say right now will make sense to him."

They knew just how bad Tristan's temper could get.

"All right, let's not talk about him anymore. It's true that we haven't been here for a long time, so let's have a good session sweating it out."

They had been busy with work recently and hadn't had the time to relax. In a way, coming to the boxing gym offered them a means to let off some steam.

To that, Felix said, "Sure, but make sure not to go too hard on me." He was aware of how capable a fighter Sean was and that he would not be a match for him should he get serious.

"Don't worry, I won't cripple you. Ysabelle would kill me if anything were to happen to you."

Sean knew just how protective a member of the Lombard family could be when it came to those they held dear.

Felix was at a loss for words when he heard that.

I didn't do anything wrong, so why would he want to cripple me? It seems that the world has turned into a cruel place. ...

After arriving in Jetroina, the five women spent their first day in the hotel before going out for a seafood meal in the evening.

When they return to the hotel again, Ysabelle made it clear that she didn't want to head out anymore.

Noticing that Ysabelle wasn't the only one who wanted to stay in, Sarah decided to make some tweaks to their itinerary for the day. "All right. Since we're all tired, let's just cancel tonight's activities. We'll go skiing tomorrow."

"Sounds good to me!" Naturally, Ysabelle was the first to agree when she heard that.

She thought that it made sense to call it a night and only take part in activities the next day since they would be too exhausted otherwise.

“What about the others? In any case, if any of you want to spend the evening alone, it's best to do it in pairs so that you can look out for each other.”

Since they were in unfamiliar territory, it would be troublesome if something did happen.

“Let's just stay in the hotel tonight and go out tomorrow.” They were usually very busy and the opportunity to take a break was few and far between. As such, none of them really wanted to leave the comfort of the hotel.

“Since everybody's agreed on this, let's head back to our rooms, then.” Sarah was feeling a bit down in the dumps and all she wanted at the moment was some time alone.

As the others made their way toward their respective rooms, Sophie took a glance at Sarah's retreating figure. In the end, she didn't say anything and simply went to her room as well.

As soon as Sarah returned to her room, someone knocked on the door. Opening the door, she saw that it was Juan.

A wry smile spread across her lips when her gaze settled on the man she hadn't seen for a long time.

Juan began, “Sarah, are you avoiding me? I don't think I did anything to upset you, did I?”

She definitely saw me earlier, but she didn't come over to say hello, nor did she try to strike up a conversation.

Sarah replied, “So what if I saw you? I don't think it's necessary for us to greet each other.”

Having a crush on someone really sucks. Besides, I'm done feeling so bitter all these years. It's time for me to give up. After all, there is no need to keep torturing myself for this one-sided love.

Seeing Sarah acting like this, Juan felt rather dejected.

In the past, Sarah would always appear by his side no matter where he went. Even if he did not care about her, she would only have eyes for him.

However, she was now avoiding him.

Juan asked, "What do you mean by that, Sarah? I don't think I owe you anything."

Sarah felt like laughing after hearing his words. Of course, there's no way he'd do anything wrong! He's Juan Quigley, after all. There are countless women surrounding him, so it's only natural that I meant nothing to him.

Heaving a sigh, she uttered, "Juan, I didn't tell you this before, but I've always liked you." Now that nothing mattered to her anymore, she finally had the guts to say the words she didn't dare to in the past for fear of damaging their friendship.

Juan frowned. "Sarah, are you drunk?"

In response, Sarah said, "No, I'm sober. Anyway, you don't need to worry about it. I used to like you, but it's all in the past. I have indeed been avoiding you during this time because I've decided to forget you. Of course, you don't need to feel too bothered by this. The only reason why I can say all this to your face so openly is that I've left you in my past."

Juan fell silent.

Sarah smiled and added, "The next time we meet each other, it'll be as business partners and nothing more. I wish you happiness, Juan."

She never expected that letting go of everything and telling him all that was on her mind could feel so liberating. I feel so good now.