

## **Pursuing 781**

### **CHAPTER 781 NOT AS IMPORTANT**

"No need. I'll call her later." With that, Caleb hung up as he felt the loneliness of being alone in Anglandur wash over him.

Nevertheless, this was the path he had chosen, so he had to keep going, no matter how hard it was.

Yale was on his phone as he watched the Christmas Gala. His mistress was alone, so she kept sending him texts.

One of her texts read: Won't you come and keep me company? I'm so lonely! Do you know how much I love you, Yale?

Yale was pleased to read that.

His mistress was in her twenties, with a body that was alluringly curvaceous. When they were together in the bedroom, she was incredibly open and willing to explore his desires. He was totally entranced by her and couldn't get enough of her.

Yale immediately transferred some money to her as a Christmas gift.

He told her: Here you go. You can buy whatever you want. Be good and stay at home. I'll come and keep you company tomorrow.

Yale treated her really well.

His mistress replied: Yale, I miss you. Every cell in my body aches for you. Why don't you divorce your

wife? I can give birth to your child. How does that sound?

Yale fell silent after reading her reply.

Divorce? The thought of divorce had never even occurred to Yale. After all, he was living a life of luxury thanks to the Tanner family, and he would be foolish to even consider filing for divorce at this point.

Yale: All right. Be good. I'll come to you tomorrow.

After sending that text, Yale felt guilty and shot Charmaine a look, but the latter ignored him completely.

Yale took a deep breath. He was actually displeased with how Charmaine was treating him right now, but there was nothing he could do to change her attitude.

She was his wife, and he couldn't afford to make Sophie's disgust for him intensify.

Meanwhile, Tristan and his family enjoyed dinner before heading to the living room to watch the Christmas Gala together. They wanted to spend time with William.

Both Tristan and Ysabelle seemed unable to sit still.

"What's wrong? Did something urgent happen? You both look anxious."

Ysabelle shook her head and responded, "Grandpa, what are you talking about? There's nothing going on. Haven't I kept you company for the past few days at home?" She gave him a warm smile.

She had actually promised to watch the fireworks with Felix.

There was a fireworks festival at Breakwater Port tonight. Although this event had been canceled for the past few years due to concerns about the environment, it was back in full force this evening.

"You can head out to have some fun if you want. There's no need to stay home," William told her. It was obvious that they were eager to leave, so he was equally disinterested in spending any time with them.

"Really? Can I leave?" Ysabelle grew excited to hear his words. "Then I'll take my leave now, Grandpa. Felix is waiting for me outside!"

William shook his head. She promised to stay home to keep me company, didn't she? What a heartless girl. She forgot about me after having a boyfriend. I'm going to get jealous.

Seeing his reaction, Sarah flashed him a smile.

"Dad, don't worry. Even if they all leave, I'll stay at home with you," she assured him. There was no way she'd leave her father alone at home.

William waved his hand.

He said to her, "It's the holidays, so you should go out and have a good time. Being stuck here with an old man like me isn't all that exciting."

He wanted her to live her life to the fullest, to make the most of her youth by socializing, meeting new people, and finding romance rather than simply spending her time in his presence or at home like an elderly person.

Sarah looked at her father with a hurt expression on her face and asked, "Dad, don't you want me here?" Can't I keep him company at home?

William's response was clear. "No, I don't want you to stay at home any longer. Your New Year's wish should be to find a suitable partner and get married this year. I'd love for you to stay with me forever, but you're already in your thirties, so it's time for you to start your own family."

Tristan is about to get married, but Sarah's still showing no signs of finding a partner. This won't do.

Sarah voiced her disapproval. "Dad, that isn't what I want. I think I'm doing pretty well now. Stop forcing me to find a husband." Why do people have to end up in a marriage? Isn't it good to be single?

William was displeased to hear her answer. "Sarah, you must strive to be optimistic and confident. That is the key to bringing true happiness into your life."

Sarah rolled her eyes. "Dad, is this a line from a TV drama? That sounds really familiar." She couldn't believe her father had just said something so cliché.

William retorted, "I don't think there's anything wrong with those words. Why? Do you have a problem with that?"

If Sarah wasn't planning to walk down the aisle anytime soon, she would soon be beyond the optimal age for having children.

By then, it would be risky for her to bear a child.

As her father, I'm just worried about her. How could she say that?

Ysabelle stepped out of her house, and there Felix was, standing outside, eagerly awaiting her arrival. She had donned the outfit he had purchased for her, so they were both dressed in matching outfits.

"What is this? If someone else sees us, they'll know about our relationship," Ysabelle protested unhappily.

"Why should it matter? It isn't that I'm not presentable, is it?" Felix questioned. He couldn't understand the need to keep a low profile.

"Ah, forget it. Whatever, then." Ysabelle gave up on trying to get her way. The weather was freezing, and they were both wearing masks, so it would be hard for people to recognize her.

"Come on, my princess," Felix urged.

He was pleased to be able to go on a date with her on Christmas Eve.

"I wonder where Uncle Tristan and Sophie will go. I think he'll spend the night with her," Ysabelle mused.

She felt pretty disappointed that Sophie wouldn't be celebrating Christmas together with them.

Sophie's family had not been particularly caring or supportive toward her. Despite this, she still chose to spend the upcoming holiday with them, so it left Ysabelle baffled as to why she would choose to do so.

Felix was overcome with feelings of envy and resentment. "Stop worrying about her. That's not

something you can control. Instead, why don't you focus on looking after yourself?"

Ysabelle was always devoting all of her attention to Sophie, to the point where she forgot to give any attention to him.

"Oh? Don't tell me you're jealous of Sophie," Ysabelle retorted. "There's no need to be jealous of her."

"I must admit, I'm envious of the way you treat her. You show her so much care and affection, while I feel I don't get the same level of respect and attention," Felix admitted.

Ysabelle harrumphed. "How could you compare yourself with Sophie? You don't even know your place."

Felix was stunned. The harshness of her reply had wounded him deeply.

I'm her boyfriend, but I'm not as important as her best friend! Won't someone have pity on me?

Sophie was lounging on the couch, her eyes fixed on the television, when her phone suddenly began to ring.

Upon seeing that it was Tristan, she relaxed, and her features softened into a gentle expression.

“Hello? Why did you call me? Are you watching the Christmas Gala on TV too?” she asked.

“No. I'm outside your house. There's an incredible fireworks show happening at Breakwater Port this evening, and I was wondering if you'd like to come and watch it with me,” Tristan told her.

“Do you want to watch it?” Sophie questioned. Hmm, he has already arrived at my house, so I think he wants to watch it.

## CHAPTER 782 COUNTING DOWN

“Yes, let's go watch the fireworks together,” Tristan said eagerly, his eyes alight with excitement. “Hurry up and change into something you can be comfortable in.” He wanted to be able to count down to Christmas with her.

“Sure! I won't be long. Let me head upstairs to grab a jacket, and I'll meet you outside!” Sophie agreed. It seemed like a great idea to welcome Christmas with him.

Time seemed to fly by for them, and before they knew it, they had been together for two years.

“Mm, it's fine. Take your time. I'll wait for you outside,” Tristan told her. He had no intention of heading into her house.

Sophie went upstairs to grab a jacket. Before leaving, she applied some lip gloss.

Applying makeup was a hassle, and she had no interest in putting it on just for the sake of going on a date, but she figured the least she could do was apply some lip gloss to give her a more lively look.

As Sophie ran her fingers through her hair, she observed her reflection in the mirror and was surprised by what she saw.

Just like any other young woman, she was filled with excitement and anticipation as she was going to meet her boyfriend soon.

After putting on her jacket, Sophie went down the stairs and bumped into Yale.

"It's late. Where are you going? Won't you come back tonight?" Yale inquired. He wasn't worried as he knew who her boyfriend was.

Besides, he dared not stop Tristan from bringing her out on a date.

"Yes. Tristan is waiting for me outside. We're going out, and I won't be back tonight," Sophie answered.

She had a hunch that Tristan wanted to spend the evening counting down until Christmas, so she probably would not be returning home that night.

"Okay. Go, then. Don't let Mr. Tristan wait for too long as it's pretty chilly outside," Yale reminded her.

He was determined not to keep his beloved son-in-law waiting outside in the cold for too long.

Sophie nodded and said nothing else. She didn't like explaining herself and couldn't be bothered by what others thought about her.

Once she ventured out of the house, she spotted Tristan standing beside his car. It was freezing, but Tristan had only donned a thin black wool coat for protection against the cold.

"Why didn't you wait in the car? It's freezing, so there's no need to wait for me outside," Sophie chided.

She walked over to him, and he opened the door for her.

"I waited outside so I could get to see you earlier," he replied cheerfully. He couldn't help himself.

A smile nudged Sophie's lips as she entered his sports car. The heater was running, so she felt warm and pulled off her scarf.

Mere moments later, Ysabelle's call arrived.

"Sophie, where are you? We're at Breakwater Port, and it's absolutely buzzing with activity. Come here now! I'll wait for you here so we can count down to Christmas together, okay?"

Sophie wasn't able to join them for dinner earlier, but they could still count down to Christmas together.

Sophie glanced at Tristan and replied, "I'm with Tristan, but I don't think he wants to count down with you."

It was obvious that Tristan wanted to spend the night with her without anyone else disturbing them.

Ysabelle was speechless. Seriously? We should count down together as it's more fun that way!

"Sophie, will you or Uncle Tristan call the shots in your family in the future? Why are you going along with his plan?" Ysabelle complained.

She really wanted to count down to Christmas together with Sophie and couldn't understand why Sophie couldn't keep her company.

"Tristan, Ysabelle wants to know who'll call the shots in our family in the future," Sophie repeated Ysabelle's question solemnly.

Ysabelle nearly died of embarrassment upon hearing that.

"Uh, Sophie. The signal isn't good here. I know that you don't get to spend much time with Uncle Tristan, so I won't intrude upon your time together. I hope you both have a wonderful time!" she quickly said. Ugh, why did Sophie do that to me?



Ysabelle quickly hung up and patted her chest, still reeling in shock.

Seeing that, Felix gave her a peck on her cheek.

“Sweetheart, why are you so adorable? Don't worry. Sophie won't let your Uncle Tristan harm you,” he comforted her with a smile. “I'm here, and no matter what happens, I'm going to be right beside you. No one will be able to bully you while I'm around.”

“Really? Are you certain that you would be brave enough to tell Uncle Tristan that? Aren't you afraid that he'll teach you a lesson?”

“I'm scared, of course. You know how scary your Uncle Tristan is. I don't have another choice, though. I'm terrified of the thought of him punishing me, yet I'm even more worried about losing you,” he revealed honestly. Making sure that Ysabelle stayed safe was far more important to him than anything else.

“Really?” Ysabelle asked happily.

She was delighted that her boyfriend had acted in the manner that was expected of him.

Felix answered rapidly, “Of course! How can you doubt my feelings for you? I love you dearly. If anything I said was a lie, I would—”

“That's enough. I believe you, okay? Why would you say that? Come on, let's go have some fun!”

Meanwhile, Tristan was chuckling in his car. “You get to call the shots in our family unless you would rather not. Should that be the case, I can step in and take over the responsibility.”

Sophie's lips curled into a grin.

She wasn't being serious as she didn't care who would get to make decisions.

Tristan turned the ignition key and was greeted with the deep rumbling of the car engine. It was the time of day when couples would be flocking to the port, drawn in by the prospect of the fireworks festival. After all, this event was held exclusively for couples.

When they arrived, there were no parking spots available.

Sophie's face lit up with a broad grin when she took in the bustling scene at Breakwater Port. She hadn't expected such an enthusiastic turnout as it seemed like the whole town had come out to join the festivities.

"Do you like crowds?"

Tristan knitted his brows. He had never been a fan of large gatherings of people, and yet he had still chosen to bring her here as everyone seemed excited to be here.

"What should we do? Should we head home?" Sophie asked. It was freezing, and she didn't feel like fighting her way through the throng of people. That didn't sound fun at all.

"Okay. Let's go home, then," Tristan agreed.

So long as they were in each other's company, it didn't matter where they would spend Christmas Eve.

"Sure. Let's leave now."

They had just arrived at their destination, but Tristan immediately drove back home. On their return journey, the sky was illuminated with a spectacular display of fireworks, which was a stunning sight to behold.

Tristan pulled his car to the side of the road, and they both got out of the car to enjoy the fireworks.

"So?"

"It's quite pretty," Sophie answered.

"Are you feeling cold?" Knowing that she was afraid of the cold, Tristan pulled her close and wrapped her up in his coat.

"No. I feel warm," Sophie assured him.

His chest was radiating warmth, after all.

As they spoke, the night sky continued lighting up with vibrant and colorful fireworks, providing a beautiful backdrop for their conversation.

The stroke of twelve was like a magical signal, announcing the arrival of Christmas. Tristan wrapped his arms around her in a tight embrace.

"My dear Sophie, Merry Christmas! I hope this holiday season brings you nothing but peace and joy."

As Sophie heard the melodic chimes of the clock and the sultry sound of Tristan's voice near her ear, she felt an overwhelming sense of contentment and joy.

Turning around, she returned his hug.

"Mr. Lombard, I hope your wish comes true this holiday season!" With that, Sophie pressed her lips to his.

## CHAPTER 783 WARMING UP

Tristan felt that the blessing he received was unique and special, as it was not just any ordinary blessing, but one that came from Sophie.

When he was a child, the anticipation of Christmas filled him with joy and excitement. However, as he grew older, the magic and wonder of Christmas began to diminish, leaving him with a feeling of apathy toward the holiday.

Gathering as a family for a meal and visiting relatives was often seen as an obligation rather than an enjoyable experience.

Sophie didn't like visiting relatives, so she allowed herself to sleep until past ten o'clock the following morning.

She thought Tristan would've left home to visit his relatives by then.

The Lombard family was extremely influential, so many relatives of the family would flock to their home during the holiday season to catch up and to show their respects.

To her surprise, she found Tristan preparing breakfast in the kitchen.

Sophie was clad in a thin nightdress. The house was warm, so she still preferred wearing a nightdress, even in winter.

She leaned on the doorframe and watched him quietly.

Sophie was aware of the power of the man's attractiveness, and it was impossible for her not to take notice of it. She had often lamented why such a handsome man had to exist.

Tristan was extremely alluring. Even when just standing there, he could somehow lead one's imagination to run amok. Sophie loved his Adam's apple the most.

She had to admit that his Adam's apple was extremely sexy, giving her the urge to nibble on it.

"Are you up already? You really should get some more rest. There's nothing we need to do today, so why don't you just stay in bed? I'll bring you breakfast later," Tristan said affectionately.

“No need. I'm already up and about. I've had plenty of rest the past few days. Why didn't you return to the Lombard residence? There should be many relatives visiting today, right?” Sophie inquired. Despite their personal preferences, as grown-ups, socializing with family was a necessity.

“Why would I return to the Lombard residence? I want to spend the holidays with you. Lincoln's home, so he'll deal with those relatives,” Tristan told her. Having an elder brother had its advantages, as it meant that any matters that the younger sibling disliked could be delegated to the elder brother.

“Oh, I see.”

“I'll keep you company today!” Tristan told her. As they spoke, breakfast was ready.

It was Christmas, so he decided to be generous and let the housekeepers go home for the holiday and only arranged for someone to clean the house.

It didn't seem right to ask them to work for him during the holiday season.

“Come, breakfast is ready. It's quite simple,” Tristan beckoned. He had been working on his cooking skills recently in hopes of fattening her up.

When Sophie glimpsed the delicious breakfast he had prepared, her stomach growled in anticipation. They had watched the fireworks and arrived home late last night, so she was famished by now.

Tristan felt a sense of deep contentment as he watched Sophie eagerly devouring her breakfast. In the past, he had been difficult to please, but now it was a joy to see her enjoying her meal.

Sophie gave him a piece of bread.

“You should eat, too. You won't fill up your stomach by watching me eat,” she joked.

“Mm, yes. Watching you eat won't fill up my stomach,” Tristan replied as desire burned in his gaze. He had been trying hard to tamp down his desire but eventually, he was no longer able to restrain himself in her presence.

“I want to eat you!”

Sophie was shocked, as she had no idea he'd be so direct.

Her cheeks turned pink. Tristan had been controlling himself even though she wasn't planning on staying a virgin until their wedding.

Since he insisted on waiting until they got married, she couldn't stop him, could she?

“Eat your breakfast,” she chided. “Stop flirting with me.”

Recently, she discovered he was getting better at seducing her. It would only take one look from him to make her body go limp.

The cold air seemed to linger in the atmosphere, and now it had started snowing heavily again. This winter season had been particularly wintery, with more snowfall than usual.

The roaring blaze in the fireplace filled the room with a pleasant warmth, and Sophie felt contented as she gazed out the window at the picturesque snowscape.

“Tristan, let's build a snowman!” she suggested. It had been on her wish list for some time, but she was afraid of the cold.

Tristan reminded her, “You're afraid of the cold, aren't you?”

He disagreed with the idea of building a snowman due to her condition as he thought it would be better for them to spend some time together indoors.

“Yeah, but I still want to build a snowman,” Sophie said eagerly.

Tristan couldn't bring himself to turn her down as she looked really enthusiastic.

“All right. Since you're dying to do so, let's head out.” He eventually relented and went upstairs to retrieve her down jacket and scarf. He made sure she was bundled up properly before they left the comfort of the house. There was an open space outside the mansion, and the ground was covered with

a thick blanket of snow.

Sophie was brimming with excitement.

Her joy was so contagious that Tristan would have been willing to give up anything in the world just to witness her beaming with such delight.

Working in harmony, Sophie and Tristan quickly built a snowman. As the snowman came together, Sophie took it upon herself to decorate it.

In the end, she even removed her hat to put it on the snowman's head.

Although the cold winter air made her hands completely numb, so much so that she couldn't feel a thing while wearing her gloves, she was still filled with joy.

“Aren't you cold?” Tristan asked in concern.

Sophie nodded. “Yes, I'm freezing.”

Tristan trudged over to her and helped her out of her gloves. He then placed her hands beneath his clothes.

Sophie's palms came into contact with his flat stomach.

His way of warming her up was surprisingly simple and effective.

“Tristan, you don't have to do this. We can head into the house and warm up in no time,” she protested, not wanting him to feel cold.

“It's fine. I don't feel cold at all!” he assured her.

Tristan's body was indeed warm, for Sophie's palms heated up in no time.

“What else do you want to do? I'll keep you company no matter what you have in mind,” Tristan offered, not wanting to waste their free time.

Sophie replied, “I just want to be with you. There's no need to do anything special.” They could do anything as long as they were together.

“Okay.”

“Come, let's head in.”

Tristan swept her off her feet and brought her into the mansion. Inside, he helped her out of her down jacket.

They then went to the fireplace and allowed the heat to thaw their frozen limbs, basking in the comfort of the inviting flames.

“By the way, my family is making ravioli today. Do you want to join them?” Tristan suddenly broke the silence to ask.



He wondered if she wanted to spend some time with family today.

“Sarah and the others are around, right?” Sophie asked. “It only seems right to spend the holiday season with family.”

“Yes, they are around. They just called and asked us to join them,” Tristan said. He was willing to accept whatever she chose to do. If she would rather stay home instead of accompanying him to meet with his family, he was completely okay with it.

“We should join them!” Sophie uttered. “Can I invite Arius? It doesn't seem right for him to spend Christmas alone.”

Arius didn't have any living relatives left, so he would always spend his holidays alone.

He never said a word about it, but Sophie would still sympathize with him.

#### CHAPTER 784 YOUR GIRLFRIEND TOOK MY SPOT

“Sure. We have room for one more,” Tristan agreed readily.

“You can give him a ring so he can get ready. We'll go and fetch him,” he added.

Tristan was well aware of how much Arius meant to Sophie, for he had always treated her well.

Arius was still sleeping when Sophie called him. He was usually busy and didn't have time to rest.

Now that it was the holiday season, everyone had gone home to spend time with their families.

There was nothing much to do at the medical association, so he had been catching up on the sleep that he had previously been missing.

He was rudely woken up by his ringing phone.

Grabbing his phone, he glanced at the display to see that it was Sophie calling.

After answering the phone call, he let out an exasperated sigh and grumbled, "What is it? We finally got some time off. Why are you calling me instead of spending time with your boyfriend?"

Arius had spent the last few days sleeping. When he got hungry, he would order takeaway food.

The holiday season had nothing to do with him.

His house was silent and still, devoid of the usual festive cheer that comes with families gathering together.

"Get ready. I'll come and pick you up now," Sophie said curtly, not bothering to explain things.

"Why?" Arius snapped impatiently.

As it was Sophie who gave him the order, he climbed out of bed reluctantly and got changed.

After getting prepared, he fell asleep on the couch until Sophie called, telling him to come downstairs.

He went downstairs to see Tristan's car parked outside.

"Where are we going?" he asked.

If they were on a date, it didn't make sense for him to tag along.

“The Lombard residence. We'll be having ravioli together, so we decided to invite you since you have nothing to do at home,” Sophie revealed.

It wasn't good to sleep all day.

Arius snapped arrogantly, “What do you mean by I have nothing to do at home? I'm quite busy, okay?”

Knowing Arius' character, Sophie didn't bother arguing with him.

They were close enough to understand each other.

Soon, they arrived at the Lombard residence. After being introduced to Arius, William gave him a warm welcome.

Despite a person's social standing, they were not immune to the physical ailments that could affect any person. William had immense admiration for Arius upon discovering that he was a renowned doctor.

Sarah and the like were already preparing the ravioli.

The Lombard family had their own help who could prepare the ravioli for them, but it was Christmas.

Everyone had nothing to do, so they gathered together to prepare ravioli.

Ysabelle was an idol, but she suddenly had the idea to deliver ravioli to the sanitation workers.

Thus, her entire family got busy preparing ravioli.

When Sophie and Tristan arrived, Ysabelle quickly called out, “Sophie, come here! It's so fun to prepare ravioli!”

Despite the fact that the ravioli Ysabelle had crafted didn't look particularly appealing, Felix provided her with a few words of support, giving her a sense of accomplishment.

"Look, these are the ones I made. Make sure to eat the ones I made later, okay?" Ysabelle said excitedly.

Sophie nearly burst out laughing when she saw the ravioli Ysabelle made. As expected of something Ysabelle made.

"What's wrong? Are they not pretty? Aren't ravioli supposed to look this way?" Ysabelle was baffled.

"Are you sure you're making ravioli?" Arius asked rather rudely. He had always been direct and didn't bother considering Ysabelle's emotions.

"Felix, what does he mean?"

Felix gave Arius an angry glare.

"Ignore him. He's just jealous. Don't let his comment affect you. After all, he doesn't have a girlfriend. Anyone who stays single for too long will suffer from hormonal imbalance!" he comforted Ysabelle.

Arius was rendered speechless.

I'm a doctor. I would know if I'm suffering from hormonal imbalance! Well, well. It seems Felix has lost his mind due to falling in love.

"Come, let's all make ravioli together. Ysabelle is going to deliver the ravioli to the sanitation workers later, so you three should come and help us," Sarah urged. She was the best ravioli maker as the ravioli she made were the prettiest.

"Okay!"

Sophie and Tristan were smart enough to learn how to make ravioli quickly, and the ravioli they made appeared rather nice too.

Ysabelle felt threatened when she saw how pretty their ravioli looked.

She couldn't really compare her ravioli with the others as she didn't know how to cook, but Sophie had never learned how to cook, either. Despite this, it only took a moment of observation for Sophie to master the technique of making beautifully-shaped ravioli.

Why are my ravioli so ugly?

Despite having never done this before, Arius was busy learning how to make ravioli then.

He was exceedingly proud of his high IQ, which he saw as the source of his numerous successes.

However, the ravioli he made weren't even decent looking.

Ysabelle finally felt better when she saw the ravioli Arius made. How dare he laugh at me when he's around my level?

Felix was also laughing merrily. "Arius, how could you laugh at others? Just look at the ravioli you made!"

Arius refused to give up and made another one, but it was still ugly.

Meanwhile, Sophie and Tristan had already made a few. They were slow, but at least the ravioli they made looked normal.

"Sophie, you're good at this! I shall eat the ones you made later, okay?" Ysabelle asked happily.

She started losing confidence in her cooking skills and decided to let the rest do it.

“What about the ones you made?” Tristan demanded.

“I’ll eat them!” Felix answered hastily.

He wasn’t about to let others eat the ravioli Ysabelle made.

Ysabelle’s lips curled into a grin when she saw how supportive Felix was.

“Felix, you’re the only one who won’t ignore me!” Ysabelle was aware of her lack of culinary experience despite her fervent wish of making a perfect dish of ravioli.

Altogether, they made a few hundred ravioli. Ysabelle was satisfied with their progress.

“Sophie, I used to have a negative opinion of people who volunteered their time and money to charitable causes, but I have since come to realize how important it is to give back to the community,” Ysabelle said honestly. She was not seeking public recognition or admiration; her sole intention was simply to give back to those working on Christmas.

Sophie nodded. “Yeah. I’ll back you up in whatever you choose to do. There is no need to overthink it. Just go ahead and do what you feel is best.”

Ysabelle was touched. “I knew you would support me always!”

Hearing that, Felix felt that he was an outsider even though he was Ysabelle’s boyfriend.

Sophie could easily please Ysabelle with a few words, but it was different for him.

Ysabelle couldn’t be bothered no matter what he did.

He felt utterly defeated.

“Mr. Tristan, how could your girlfriend snatch my lines and my spot?” Felix demanded unhappily. He knew he wasn't Sophie's match.

## CHAPTER 785 GOT TO SEE A NUDE PHOTO

“Why do you have a problem with it?” Tristan retorted.

“Of course not! How would I dare have a problem with it? I have no objections at all!” Felix was at a disadvantage, so he naturally had no choice but to admit defeat.

By then, they had finished preparing the ravioli. All that was left was to cook it. Sarah led two of the help to the stove to boil the ravioli and have them carry the food out once it was done.

“All right, let's eat first! There's a lot of ravioli, and we still need to go out and distribute them to the sanitation workers later.” Although it was Ysabelle's idea, they could not leave her to do it alone when there were so many ravioli.

Tristan proceeded to take a serving for Sophie.

“Here. Eat some, at the very least.”

“Okay.”

As everyone sat together and ate ravioli, the atmosphere was incredibly harmonious. Despite being an outsider, Arius did not find his presence superfluous.

William was also glad to see the entire family in such high spirits.

This is precisely how a family should be, harmonious and peaceful. There's no need for any infighting for power and wealth. So long as a family is together happily, anything we do brings immense joy!

"Have some, too, Dad. Tristan made this. Try it!" Sarah scooped a serving for William.

Without saying much, William ate it exuberantly.

In the past, he was chagrined about Tristan learning to cook. However, at the sight of the latter so happy right then, he no longer had any reproach left.

After all, the most crucial thing in life was to live blissfully. To that end, it was pointless to cling to tradition.

Meanwhile, the ravioli on Felix's plate were not aesthetically pleasing.

The fillings of a few had spilled out because Ysabelle did not seal the edges properly when wrapping the ravioli.

When Ysabelle saw his pitiful predicament, a sliver of guilt crept into her.

"Why don't you eat those done by other people? Just toss away the ones on your plate."

My cooking skills are indeed terrible! Why can't I do something others easily accomplished?

Felix took a bite of the ravioli and found no issues with it.

"I like the ones you made. I find them perfect, not a fault to be found." He started eating without a hint of repulsion.

Ignoring the fact that the whole family was there, Ysabelle hugged him around the waist. "I knew you were the best, Felix!"



At that, a wide grin split Felix's face.

She's already contented with just this? I want to give her the best things in this world and treat her well to the best of my ability. Thus, this is nothing at all!

"I'd like some more, Sarah! The ravioli tastes amazing." Arius had been abroad in the past few years, so he seldom got to eat ravioli.

Coupled with the fact that he was with a big group of people then, he ate more than usual that day.

"Sure. I'll go and get you some more." Well, I might not be able to offer him anything else, but there's plenty of ravioli today.

Sarah went into the kitchen and took another serving for Arius.

Seeing that the man was eating with such relish, Sophie knew that he truly enjoyed the merry atmosphere.

He had no family left, and she found him rather pitiful sometimes.

While he had some achievements in the medical field, all the glory was his alone. There was no one to share it with him or rejoice together.

"What's going on? Are you full already?" Awkwardness swamped Arius when he noticed her staring at him. I just ate a bit more. There's no need for her to gawp at me like this!

"Nothing. I just feel that it's really time for you to find a life partner." At times, it was not necessary to have passionate love between two people. All that was needed was for them to provide each other with warmth and companionship.

At once, Arius shook his head.

“No thanks. I think I'm fine as I am. You don't need to worry about that! Stop feeling that others must also date just because you're blissfully in love.” Arius truly felt that he was good with his current status quo.

“Why are you so nervous? Seriously? If you really don't want to date, even if I were to forcibly introduce women to you, you wouldn't accept them!”

Love isn't something that can be forced, and I know that all too well.

Then, Sophie continued, “I merely wanted to say that you shouldn't resist if love truly finds you. Who knows, you might find happiness.” He's capable enough, so why shouldn't he be happy?

In response, Arius chortled.

“All right, I got it. Stop lecturing me about this. If there's really someone I like, I won't let her slip through my fingers.” But then, how could love be so simple? It's not easy to find someone I truly like.

When they had all finished eating, they cooked the remaining ravioli and packed everything properly.

After that, Ysabelle led everyone out to distribute the food to the sanitation workers.

As she did not wear a mask, someone recognized her in no time. The person filmed her and uploaded the video to the internet.

In a flash, the matter of her giving out ravioli became the trending headline of the day.

Nonetheless, she was unbothered about it.

Truly, it was a sudden impulse on her part, and she did not think much of it at that time.

As for the netizens' comments, some complimented her on her beauty and kindness.

Naturally, there were also those who argued that she was simply putting on an act and claimed to be sickened by her.

That was only natural when one was in the entertainment industry. In fact, it was not only restricted to celebrities. Netizens of the present age were such that they would condemn others no matter what others did.

It was also why many celebrities suffered from depression these days.

Ysabelle had learned to ignore the voices of the outside world by then.

Whatever they wanted to say had nothing to do with her, and the same applied to whatever she wanted to do.

The instant Xandra saw the trending headline, she started keeping check of the comments without needing Sophie to order her to do so.

After all, a celebrity under TS Entertainment was not to be slandered at will, much less when Ysabelle's image was currently positive and vibrant.

Right then, many prominent brands were queuing up to sign contracts with her.

Ysabelle and the others, on the other hand, had no time to bother about all that. After giving out the ravioli, they went back to the Lombard residence.

All of them were dead tired.

Despite her weariness, Ysabelle was exhilarated. Due to the nature of their jobs, the sanitation workers could not go home and celebrate the day with their families though it was Christmas.

However, the beams on their faces as they ate the plate of ravioli Ysabelle and the others offered made her feel that everything had been worth it.

Noticing that Sophie was exhausted, Tristan brought her to his room. "Rest here for a while first. Then, have dinner with us tonight. Sarah is already preparing the food."

Sophie sat on his bed. It was his room, so everything in there carried traces of his growth. Although it had been renovated, there were still vestiges of his childhood.

Out of the blue, her attention was snagged by a photo album on the bookshelf. Walking over, she picked the photo album up.

Since she was interested in the photo album, Tristan led her over to the couch for a seat. With her cuddled in his arms, they flipped through the album together.

Inside were photos of Tristan when he was young. Whoa! It turns out that he has been handsome since he was a kid!

In one of the photos, he was without pants, baring his member.

When Sophie glimpsed that photo, she reflexively glanced back at the man behind her. "Unexpectedly, I got to see a nude photo of you, Tristan!"

## CHAPTER 786 OBLITERATING HIS SANITY

"Yeah."

Tristan was wholly unbothered about Sophie seeing his nude photo when he was young because she would be laying eyes on him while he was in his birthday suit sooner or later.

In fact, she would be seeing the real thing after they had gotten married.

“Are you tired as you didn't nap today? Rest for a while since you've finished looking at the photos.”

“Okay.”

Sophie went back over to his bed. The bedsheet and covers were new, with the lingering fragrance of detergent.

The smell was quite pleasant to the senses.

Lying on the bed, she pulled the covers over her. Tristan was also a tad tired, so he lay down with her.

“Would it be somewhat ill-mannered for us to sleep here when everyone else is downstairs?” Worry flooded Sophie even as she nestled in his embrace.

“There's no need to bother about that. Don't worry! My family is easy to get along with, and they'll take care of Arius.”

“All right, then.”

Cuddled in his arms, Sophie felt incredibly peaceful at that very moment. I like this. This is great.

Shortly after, she fell asleep in his arms. At her docile sleeping countenance, Tristan could not resist kissing her on the forehead.

What an enthralling vixen! How could there be such a person who can easily take my breath away in this world? I can even forget to breathe when I'm merely gazing at her!

As he stared at her, he eventually dozed off as well.

Downstairs, Arius knew that Tristan had taken Sophie upstairs. Sophie was in the habit of napping, and the same went for him.

However, he had been sleeping a lot in the past few days, so he was not drowsy right then.

Subsequently, Sarah came over. Upon seeing him alone there, she remarked, "If you're tired, Arius, you can go and rest for a while."

"No, it's okay. You can go about your work. There's no need to bother about me."

William was also taking a nap then. Meanwhile, Felix and Ysabelle might have gone someplace to spend some time alone. Hence, Arius was the only person left there.

In the next second, he added, "Perhaps I can be of help to you!"

"No, thanks," Sarah declined as soon as she recalled the ravioli he made.

Despite having a doctorate in medicine, he seems to be really inept at cooking. Besides, he's a guest. How could I have him help me?

"If you say so. I'll merely wait, then." Arius was willing to stick around for dinner, for Sarah's cooking was delicious.

Sarah did not continue exchanging pleasantries with him but went back to the kitchen and resumed cooking. It was Christmas that day, and there was a crowd at home, so she definitely had to whip up a feast.

"Take a break first, Ms. Sarah! You've been bustling around the whole day." She hasn't rested since she woke up in the morning until now. After making ravioli earlier in the day, she's now cooking dinner.

"It's okay. I'm not tired when I'm with everyone here." Sarah was glad to be cooking for those she cared about.

As she was cooking, her phone rang all of a sudden. When she saw it was a call from Juan, she was stunned for a moment.

Huh? What's wrong with him? He's never been so diligent in calling me in the past. But now, he pesters me every single day!

She wiped her hands with a towel before leaving the kitchen to answer the phone. Unfortunately, she did not know what to say after picking up the call.

The incident with Yvette this time caused quite a stir, but Juan swiftly suppressed the rumors out there.

Anyhow, she truly did not care about it all.

"Merry Christmas, Sarah." Juan sounded exceedingly cheerful. He had finally figured out that he actually had feelings for Sarah as well. Alas, he did not realize it in the past.

Sarah, on the other hand, remained silent.

She did not want to speak to him, nor did she know what else she could say to him.

"Don't contact me anymore, Juan. Although we're considered childhood friends, our relationship hasn't been all that close. So, let's leave things as they are. It's good that we have our own lives."

There's really no point in taking things so far that we might not even be able to remain friends anymore.

"Don't do this to me, Sarah. Even if we're just friends, greeting each other during Christmas is nothing unusual!"

"Yeah. Well, you've already greeted me, so I'll be hanging up first. I've still got to cook."

“You're cooking personally? Don't tire yourself out.” She has a lot of help at home. Why doesn't she have them cook instead?

Words eluded Sarah.

Truly, she did not know what to say in the face of his belated concern.

In the end, she still hung up the phone and refocused her attention on cooking. In the meantime, Sophie slept for over an hour before rousing.

The instant she woke up and lifted her head, she was greeted by Tristan's handsome countenance. Ah, he must have just woken up as well!

He appeared slightly groggy since he had just woken up. Even so, he was still mesmerizingly handsome.

Sophie was still bleary with sleep, but she could not help leaning forward and pecking the corner of his mouth.

“Take a break first, Ms. Sarah! You've been bustling around the whole day.” She hasn't rested since she woke up in the morning until now. After making ravioli earlier in the day, she's now cooking dinner.

“I love you, Tristan!”

That heartfelt confession from the woman he loved no sooner had he woken up made his heart skip a beat. In the next second, he pulled her into his arms and planted a passionate kiss on her.

“You're truly an enthralling vixen!”

As Sophie grew older, she became even more alluring, obliterating his sanity and self-control.

The kiss was beyond scorching. Tristan's hands weren't idle either, slipping into her clothes.



At the sensation of her smooth and delicate skin, his restraint slipped even further.

Following his caress, Sophie felt as though her entire body had melted into a puddle, and she could not resist him at all.

In truth, she was not the least bit averse to his touch. In fact, anticipation bubbled within her.

They were dating in the first place, and people nowadays had no qualms about being intimate within days of getting acquainted, let alone when they were engaged to be married.

The intriguing feelings muddled her mind, but ultimately, she still grabbed his hand.

“Not here.”

I'm not ready for the final step yet.

With his hand clamped between her legs, Tristan did not continue exploring, considering the fact that she had said no. Instead, he planted a harsh kiss on the corner of her mouth.

“Take it easy. Otherwise, they'll misunderstand later.” There are a lot of people downstairs. How would I face them later if they were to see me with my lips all red and swollen? I'd be too embarrassed to go downstairs to eat!

“It's okay. No one would dare comment on it.” Who would dare say anything about my woman?

“That's not the issue here.” Gah! No matter my guts, I'd still be mortified to go downstairs with red and swollen lips that would have imaginations run wild, okay?

Tristan gently brushed a finger across Sophie's red and swollen lips.

“Serves you right for teasing me when you know that I'm powerless to resist you.”

“Fine, then. I won't do it again in the future. Satisfied now?”

“Nope! You must do it again, and you can only do it to me. You're not allowed to tease other men, okay?”

It's okay. We've got a lifetime ahead of us, and I have plenty of time to explore her body slowly. There's no hurry.

“Anyway, should we be going downstairs now?” I wonder if everyone else is downstairs. That aside, Arius is alone there. Ah, the mere thought makes me pity him!

#### CHAPTER 787 NOT ALLOW HIM TO PICK ON ME

Tristan glanced at the time, only to see that it was just past four o'clock in the afternoon. Hmm, there's still some time left before dinner.

“Nap for a while longer. I'll take a shower, and we'll go downstairs together.” Right then, he needed to take a cold shower.

Hearing that, Sophie was entirely perplexed.

Her gaze instinctively went to his groin before she finally nodded.

“Okay. Go and shower!” It went without saying that she knew how much he treasured her. To that end, he really wanted to leave them both pure for their wedding night.

At that moment, she seemingly started looking forward to their wedding night as well.

When Tristan had finished showering and stepped out of the bathroom, Sophie had to admit that she had truly stuck gold at the breathtaking sight of him.

His figure and looks are downright perfect! Furthermore, he's lethally sexy when fresh out of the shower!

Seeing that she was staring at him fixedly, Tristan inexorably chuckled. From the looks of it, this girlfriend of mine is very much satisfied with her boyfriend's figure.

"I swear I'll definitely satisfy you, Sophie."

As soon as his sudden promise drifted into the air, Sophie's ears went red, and her face flamed.

Oh God, what suggestive remark is he spouting? When have I been dissatisfied with him? I've always been pleased with him, never once finding him lacking!

Tristan only had a towel wrapped around his waist then, so it was difficult not to fantasize about his figure.

While Sophie was blushing hotly, someone knocked on the door. From the sound of it, one could tell that it was undoubtedly Ysabelle.

"I'm going to get dressed. Tell her we'll be down in a while and to stop knocking." Tristan stopped teasing her and went to the walk-in closet to change.

Thereafter, Sophie patted her face with both hands.

"How could you be so pathetic, Sophie? It was just a look, and you got all hot and bothered!"

Verily, he's a devilish man. Before I knew it, he managed to fluster me.

At the relentless knocking, she had no choice but to go over and open the door. Sure enough, Ysabelle was standing outside.

“What were you both doing in there, Sophie? Why did it take you so long to open the door? Ah, forget it. It's time to go downstairs. Dinner will be ready soon.”

Ysabelle came upstairs for no other reason than to inform the couple about dinner.

“Okay, got it. You go ahead. I'll wait for your Uncle Tristan.” Well, Tristan told me to wait for him.

“Whoa! How sweet! What were you two doing just now? Did you do something only fit for adults?”

That question rendered Sophie speechless.

“All right, go downstairs first. We'll be right on your heels.”

“Fine, then. I'll go ahead of you. Felix is still downstairs. I've got to keep an eye on things and help him out if my father were to pick on him.” I can't allow them to bully Felix when he's such a sedate person.

Mere moments after Ysabelle had left, Tristan came out after changing, wearing suit pants and a white shirt. The shirt was unbuttoned, baring his seductive chest.

Sophie promptly averted her eyes.

Damn, I can't continue admiring him anymore. Otherwise, I really won't be able to stop myself from pouncing on him. Everything was fine in the past, but after being together for a long time now, I keep getting these impulses to jump his bones. Gosh, he's really too tempting!

“What are you looking at? Come and help me button my shirt!” Tristan's voice abruptly rang out. In the next heartbeat, he had already reached her.

Lifting her fair and slender hands, Sophie helped him fasten his shirt, one button after another. At the

sight of her looking incredibly adorable with her cheeks stained scarlet, Tristan hugged her in his arms in the next instant.

“How are you so cute, Sophie? How could there be such an adorable girl like you in this world?”

She makes me want to take a bite out of her!

“All right, stop teasing me. I can't quite take it anymore.” Sophie wanted to push him away, but he was hugging her too tightly that she could not break free at all.

“Okay. Let's go downstairs, then!”

Subsequently, the two of them went downstairs. When Felix saw that Tristan had taken a shower, he could not help looking at him enviously.

What did they do in broad daylight that he even had to take a shower? It simply makes my imagination run wild.

“What did you two do upstairs that you had to take a shower when it's so cold and early yet, Mr. Tristan?”

“Is being meddlesome contagious? I think you've taken in too much of Ysabelle's saliva. It has also turned you into a busybody now.”

Is he sick of living? Why is he asking so many questions? Does he not know that curiosity kills the cat?

Meanwhile, Arius shook his head with his eyes pinned on Sophie. “Haven't I told you this, Sophie?

Although you've gotten engaged to him, you're a girl and must learn to protect yourself, okay?”

“Whoa! How sweet! What were you two doing just now? Did you do something only fit for adults?”

That way, if you were to regret it one day, you'd still have a way out!

Sophie said nothing.

Thus, Arius continued, “I'm only saying this for your good. Tristan—”

Immediately, Tristan shot him a glare.

“It seems that you've got a problem with me, Professor Gullifer? Well? Shall we go out for a duel?”

Is he trying to talk my woman into abandoning me? How could there be someone like him in this world? The mere sight of him irritates me!

Arius instantly swung his gaze to Sophie. “Did you see that, Sophie? I've got reason to suspect that this man has a tendency for violence. Who knows whether he'd get physical with you after marriage?”

Upon hearing that, Tristan was gripped by the urge to teach the man a hard lesson. Argh! Look what he's saying!

“Come, Arius! Let's go out for a duel.” There was still some time before dinner, so it would not matter if they were to go out for a face-off then.

At once, Arius hid behind Sophie.

“Considering our close relationship, Sophie, you won't allow him to pick on me, right? You've got to protect me.” Hiding behind her, he regarded Tristan smugly.

With her there, he was not the least bit afraid of the man before him.

Sophie fell silent, dumbstruck.

Can these two men in their thirties stop acting so childish?

Following that, Tristan pulled Sophie into his arms and hugged her. She's my woman. How could she be some other man's shield?

"All right. I won't bother taking offense with an imbecile." Otherwise, I'd also appear like one.

That left Arius without a retort.

Am I being disdained now? What right does he have to look down on me? I'm perfectly fine, aren't I?

"Okay, stop messing around. Come and eat," Sarah swiftly urged when she came out and saw the three of them at a stalemate.

"I'll do as you say and forgive him this once, Sarah." Arius made up an excuse to save himself from embarrassment.

He had no other choice since he was alone then. If he did not do so, he would still be the one on the losing end.

Seeing that he had gone over to the dining table, the others followed suit and took their seats. Tristan took Sophie's hand.

I don't want to pick on Arius either, but I can't resist doing so when he always makes for easy prey. I can't help it.

“Be a bit more accommodating to Arius. He's really pitiful all alone,” Sophie could not help chiding, taking up the rear with Tristan.

## CHAPTER 788 STABBED THROUGH THE HEART

I've got no idea what's wrong with them both. Whenever they're together, they squabble.

Truly, Sophie could not do anything about Tristan and Arius.

“As you saw, it was clearly him who deliberately provoked me.”

Initially, I didn't want to pick on him as today is Christmas. Regretfully, not only did he offer himself up on a silver platter, but he also challenged me repeatedly!

Tristan then added, “Well? Which of us is more important to you?”

That question had Sophie at a loss for words.

Sometimes, men are really childish.

“Both of you are equally important.” To her, both men were indispensable in her life.

“One of us must be more important.”

“All right, it's time to go over for dinner, Tristan. Everyone is waiting for us.” Sophie's lips curved into a sweet smile.

It turns out that men become incredibly cute once in love, no matter how capable they are. Tristan is the best example. He's adorable beyond words!



Soon, they reached the dining room with Tristan holding her hand. The dining table in the Lombard residence could seat twenty people at a time.

At the dining table, the food was already served by Sarah and the help. Arius was all smiles at the sight of the feast.

He had always known that Sarah could cook, and her cooking was delicious. The food that day looked truly scrumptious and smelled incredible.

“You don't have a boyfriend yet, do you, Sarah? How about I marry you?” he asked solemnly out of the blue.

If I've got such a virtuous wife, I'll no longer need to order takeaway every single day. It isn't fun doing so.

Hearing that, William was dumbfounded.

Is there anyone who'd propose in such a manner? He wants to marry my daughter just because she can cook? Who does he think he is?

“Professor Gullifer, Sarah doesn't cook often. If you really marry her, she won't be cooking for you at home every day either.” In truth, he could not stand having his daughter, whom he treasured greatly, cook for some other man.

In response, Arius nodded.

“That's true. She's such a beauty. Anyone would pamper her after marrying her.”

At that, Sarah chuckled.

“All right, all the food has been served, so let's eat.” It's late now, and they should be hungry since they only ate ravioli in the morning.

“Yeah. Let's eat.” William was the first to pick up his fork as it was the Lombard residence, after all. When he had spoken, everyone started eating.

“You're amazing, Aunt Sarah!” Being useless in the kitchen, Ysabelle really admired her aunt.

She actually managed to cook a tableful of food!

“Cut it out, and let's eat! Don't praise me anymore. I simply cooked.”

Sarah loved to cook, but she rarely did so.

For that reason, her cooking still fell short compared to the food sold at renowned restaurants out there.

Tristan took some food for Sophie. With so many people looking on, especially William, Sophie was somewhat embarrassed.

She whispered, “Just eat. There's no need to worry about me. I can take food for myself.”

The big table was equipped with a turntable, and she could rotate whatever dish she wanted to her front. As such, he did not need to take special care of her.

Tristan dipped his head in acquiescence, yet he could not help taking food for her.

Some things had already become a habit, engraved so deeply into the marrow of his bones that he simply could not change them.

William pretended not to see anything since he could not possibly stop the young couple from putting on a public display of affection.

Otherwise, it would only ruin everyone's mood.

“Arius, my father hasn't been feeling well lately. Can you please check him over after Christmas?” With a doctor like Arius here, we don't need to go to the hospital anymore.

“Sure! Bring him over to our research center after Christmas.” Naturally, Arius had no objection to that request from Sarah.

They would be family in the future, and he would never refuse them anything as long as it was within his capabilities.

Ysabelle promptly cut her gaze at William.

“You're not feeling well, Grandpa? Why didn't you tell us?”

William had always doted on her, so he shook his head in denial.

“I'm fine. Your aunt was spouting nonsense, and it's merely a routine checkup. You don't need to worry at all.”

At times, one had no choice but to accept the fact that he was up in years.

Once a person was advanced in age, all his bodily functions would decline, and he could no longer do whatever he wanted.

However, everyone was happy that day, so he found it unnecessary to speak of such a subject.

“After Christmas, go to the medical research center for a thorough checkup.” Honestly, Tristan was also worried about William's health.

“Okay, I will. Can you all just eat? Why must you talk about such upsetting things at the dinner table?”

“All right, let's all eat. It was just a casual mention.” Realizing her blunder, Sarah knew she should not have brought up that subject at such a time.

She actually managed to cook a tableful of food!

Lincoln was aware of William's condition and was likewise worried. Alas, there was nothing to be done about it. The only thing they could do as children when their father was up in years was to spend more time with him.

For instance, Walter was currently laid up in bed, gravely ill. He could not even get out of bed, and it was uncertain whether he could survive past this winter.

The medical industry was indeed very much advanced presently, and many diseases could be cured. Even so, there was no cure for old age.

When Felix saw everyone looking rather grim, he immediately changed the subject. Verily, he was great at enlivening the atmosphere.

In no time, the atmosphere changed.

Knowing that Tristan was actually worried as well, Sophie grasped his hand. “It'll be fine. Old Mr. Lombard is just advanced in years. There isn't any major issue with his health.”

“Yeah, I know.” At her comfort, a wealth of warmth suffused Tristan. She's right that Dad is merely up in years. He only has some trivial old-age sicknesses but not any major health issues.

In all honesty, Sophie was bad at consoling others.

Seeing him all downcast, she truly had no idea what to say.

"All right, don't worry about me." Tristan understood that aging and death were often beyond human control.

Therefore, the only thing to do was to spend more time with one's parents when they were still alive.

There was no need to worry about too many things.

After dinner, the entire family played poker together. Throughout the few consecutive rounds, Ysabelle suffered devastating losses.

Needless to say, she stood no chance of winning when she was pitted against a few people with high intelligence quotients.

Having lost again, she teetered on the verge of crying. She shot up from her seat.

"I'm not playing with you guys anymore. It's downright boring." Ugh! I've been the one losing all this while! While I don't mind the money, I've got pride, okay? It's truly distressing to be beaten time and again!

Following that, everyone was rendered speechless.

Tristan paid no mind.

"Never mind if you don't want to play. You're unworthy to play with us, anyway, considering your low IQ!" he scoffed unceremoniously.

Upon hearing that, Ysabelle felt as though she had been stabbed through the heart.

Is he really my uncle?

## CHAPTER 789 WHO ELSE CAN I CALL

"Felix, he bullied me. Do as you see fit." Pouting, Ysabelle muttered pitifully.

Felix was exasperated. He, too, wanted to seek revenge for Ysabelle.

"I'll take them head-on and avenge you. Stay here and watch." That's too much! How could he bully my girl?

After hearing what Felix said, Ysabelle gave a serious nod.

"Go get them, Felix! I know you can do it. You must destroy him completely!" Hmph, what a bully!

An evil grin grew on Tristan's lips as he cast an eye on Felix.

"I don't mind winning all of your money since you're a loaded fool," Tristan said arrogantly.

He certainly possessed the capability to do so.

To some, poker was a game of chance where people relied on luck to win it. To Tristan, a naturally talented and skillful player, he could win anytime despite being dealt a bad hand. It was almost impossible to win money from him.

Felix knew very well that he was not Tristan's match. However, he could not let the matter slide because the latter made his girlfriend cry.

Hence, Felix became the next target tortured at the poker table.

Ysabelle saw everything unfold before her and was rendered speechless.

Who said he was going to win the game for my sake? Now, he even got himself into trouble!

“Sophie, are you sure you want to marry Uncle Tristan? He's inhumane, isn't he?” He's winning all the time!

After hearing her comment, Tristan looked at her.

“Felix, I'm going to be ruthless all the way since your girlfriend has said so explicitly.” How dare she doubt my relationship with Sophie? This is absolutely unforgivable.

Sophie was sitting next to Felix. After playing for a few rounds, she got bored and requested Tristan to replace her.

“Okay, I'm going to quit the game. It's no fun playing with them.” It becomes meaningless when one keeps winning the game, okay?

Oh my, what a match made in heaven! The sharp-tongued couple was so mean with their words. Yet, nobody dared to challenge them. After all, their poker skills were incredible!

“Okay, let's go! Playing poker with them is a total bore. Let me drive you home. We can go have fun at Lostaria when we have time.” I've been so busy lately. Anyhow, we should definitely do that when we're free.

Right then, Arius sprang to his feet.

“Let's go. You're responsible for taking me home since you're the one who brought me here.” Arius did not drive that day, and it was not easy to hail a taxi in a neighborhood full of mansions.

“You're an adult. Go figure it out yourself.” Tristan chose to ignore the man.

Arius did not say a thing and merely stared at Sophie.

“Take me home, Sophie. It's hard to get a taxi here.”

Why do these two act like this all the time? Words eluded Sophie.

“That's enough. Mr. Tristan, please get your driver to send him home. It's true that it's hard to hail a taxi here.” Who would take a taxi to an affluent area? Moreover, it's Christmas!

“Okay, I'll get the driver to do that.”

“What about you? Aren't you going back tonight? Don't tell me you're spending the night here?” Arius asked when he noticed Sophie did not intend to leave.

Is this guy dumb or what? This is exactly why I hate Arius. To go home or not, that's for Sophie and me to decide. What's that got to do with him? Tristan scoffed inwardly.

“You go ahead. Oh, by the way, let's go visit Dr. Smith tomorrow.”

Barney's family had already arrived, but they never really celebrated Christmas. Sophie was sure

they'd feel melancholy and empty when surrounded by the festivities.

“Sure. I'll be home waiting for you to come and get me tomorrow morning.” Arius was not in the mood to go anywhere. However, he would make an exception if it was to visit Barney.

“All right,” Sophie agreed. Arius has been such a lazy bum recently!

As the driver sent Arius away, Felix took Ysabelle elsewhere to have fun. Meanwhile, Sarah, who had had a long day, went upstairs to rest.

Sophie and Tristan were the only ones left behind. They hung out in the living room, cuddled on the couch, and watched the Christmas Gala replaying on the television.



In truth, Sophie had already seen the same show the night before when she was at home. However, nothing interesting was showing on the television, so she decided to watch it again.

“Are you staying or leaving?” It was getting late. If she wanted to go home, he would drive her back immediately.

“I’ll leave.”

She was not used to staying in another person's house. Even though it was Tristan's home, she still felt rather uncomfortable.

“Okay, let's go then.” Tristan got up and went to get her down jacket and scarf. He then put them on for her.

The housekeepers were extremely surprised to see the usually aloof and lofty man helping his girlfriend put on the clothes.

Wow, Mr. Lombard treats his girlfriend so well!

Tristan could not be bothered by their expressions. He continued helping her wear her jacket, zip it up, and then put on a scarf and hat for her. He even fixed her hair.

“Tristan, I'm afraid I'll become useless and lazy if I'm with you any longer.” He was always helping her do things. There was no need for her to move even a finger.

“I don't mind if my actions spoil you rotten. In fact, I enjoy doing things for you.” He loved taking care of everything for her.

After putting on a jacket, Tristan walked out of the house holding Sophie's hand.

As the two of them were heading out, Felix sent Ysabelle home. When the latter saw Sophie, she quickly ran toward her.

"It's already so late. Are you sure you want to go home now? Why don't you stay and keep me company?" Uncle Tristan has been keeping her all to himself these few days. How domineering!

"I'll pass. I'm more at ease when I'm in my own house." The place where she lived belonged to Tristan too. However, she preferred hanging out with him there.

"All right, then. Be careful on the road, Uncle Tristan." Ysabelle was still a bit reluctant to let her go.

Everyone would be busy with their own things right after Christmas, and soon, classes would start again.

That was why Ysabelle wanted to spend all the time she had with Sophie.

Tristan opened the car door for Sophie to enter, saying, "Ignore her; she's just being childish. She'll be fine in a while."

"Yup, I know." Ysabelle was several months older than Sophie. However, perhaps due to the differences in their personalities, the latter always wanted to look out for the former.

"What I mean is that I don't like it when you pay too much attention to others. I want to be the only one who ever exists in your eyes." That was what he truly wanted to say.

Sophie fell silent. What is this man thinking? My life can't revolve around him and him only! That's impossible.

Initially, Sophie wanted to go straight to bed, but Wendy called. Instead of ignoring it, she answered her phone in front of Tristan.

"Ms. Sophie, I know I shouldn't disturb you on Christmas, but I have no idea who else to call!"

Wendy's voice was trembling, and one could tell that she was about to cry.

“What's wrong? Don't panic and speak slowly.” As Wendy was one of Transfix Cosmetics' employees, Sophie would never let anyone bully her.

## CHAPTER 790 TEACHING THE JERK A LESSON

“It's not me but Ms. Lineker. Something happened to her, and we're now in the hospital.”

Wendy was not a local, and she had not gone home to celebrate Christmas this year.

Hence, she rushed to the hospital after receiving a call from Wilma.

She did not know what to do when she saw how Wilma was beaten to a pulp.

At that time, the first person who crossed her mind was Sophie.

If Ms. Sophie knows about this, she'll surely help us because she always treats all the employees at Transfix Cosmetics well.

“Which hospital are you two in?”

Isn't Ms. Lineker pregnant? What's going on? What can happen to a newlywed?

Wendy then sent the address of the hospital to Sophie.

Immediately, the latter said to Tristan, who was driving, “Don't go home yet. Let's head to this hospital.”

Tristan knew how much she cared for her staff at Transfix Cosmetics. Hence, he did not utter a word but did as she said and drove her to the hospital.

When they arrived, Wilma was still in the emergency room.

Meanwhile, Wendy felt much better upon seeing Sophie in person.

“Ms. Sophie, that man is too much! He actually beat Ms. Lineker up on Christmas Day!” It was clearly a case of domestic violence.

How dare he have the audacity to hit Ms. Lineker!

“What should we do, Ms. Sophie? It wasn't easy for Ms. Lineker to have found her happiness. Yet, it turns out that her life isn't as blissful as she thought it would be at all.” Wendy had completely lost her faith in love.

Wilma was so happy a few days ago. She's not a demanding person, so why did it end up like this?

“Where's Phineas Lehner?”

Phineas was Wilma's husband. Sophie had a good memory, so even though she had only met him once, she remembered his full name.

“I don't know. After getting a call from Ms. Lineker, I went to her place and saw that her house was a complete mess. Phineas was nowhere to be found.”

“Okay, I got it. Don't worry; we'll wait here together.”

Half an hour later, Wilma was wheeled out of the emergency room.

When Sophie saw her, she instinctively clenched her fists tightly.

That damn Phineas! What was he thinking? How could he hurt her so badly?

Wilma's face had swelled up as a consequence of the repeated hitting. There was not an area on her face that was not bruised or injured.

It was hard to imagine a prideful person like Wilma would let herself end up being pummeled to a pulp.

Anyone who saw her in that state would have felt terribly sad.

“Wendy, why did you call Ms. Sophie here? It's Christmas.” Ms. Sophie has always been very busy. How can she find time to take care of our petty affairs?

As soon as Sophie heard those words, she walked to Wilma and grabbed her hand.

“Don't think too much, Ms. Lineker. All you need to do now is rest.”

Wilma had always been a feisty woman.

She really thought that she had found her happiness. Ironically, things turned out totally different for her. Now, she felt extremely pathetic. As if that was not enough, Sophie had to witness her in her most miserable state.

“Ms. Sophie, I lost my baby.” Wilma had been ready to accept any outcome, no matter what it was.

However, she did not expect Phineas to hit her so badly just a few days after their wedding.

When he was assaulting her, it was obvious that he did not take her as his wife but treated her like an enemy.

He even kicked her stomach and caused her to miscarry.

Wilma subconsciously placed her hand on her flat stomach.

As it turns out, having a blissful life is not an easy thing to achieve.

Wendy could not help but cry when she saw Wilma like that.

“Ms. Sophie, Phineas is too much! How could he treat Ms. Lineker so badly?” It was not that Wendy had never heard about domestic violence before, but she thought that no man would ever lay a finger on another woman now that the world was much more civilized.

Yet, Wilma, a wonderful woman in their eyes, had encountered domestic violence.

“It's okay, Ms. Lineker. Please rest well these few days. Wendy, you stay here and take good care of her while I resolve all the other problems.” There was nothing more Sophie could comment when it came to that abuser.

“It's Christmas, Ms. Sophie. Please go home. I'll be fine as Wendy is here to take care of me.” Wilma was reluctant to trouble the ladies, but she needed someone to be around, considering her current state.

“Rest well, Ms. Lineker. I'll come and visit you again tomorrow.”

“Okay. Wendy, please walk Ms. Sophie out for me.”

Wendy did as she had requested.

“Ms. Sophie, what should I do? If Phineas were to appear, what should I do?” Wendy was, after all, a young woman who had not seen much of the world. She had no idea how to handle such a situation.

“Don't worry. If he dares to show up, I'll break both his legs.” Sophie was blazing with anger.

D\*mn you, Phineas!

“Anyway, even if he doesn't come, I'll seek him out.”

Sophie's eyes were filled with murderous intent. It was Wendy's first time seeing a different side of Sophie, and she thought her domineering boss was so cool!

As long as Ms. Sophie is around, nobody will dare to bully us.

“Go back and take care of Ms. Lineker. I'll get some food delivered to you in a bit. Make sure she eats, and don't mention that jerk in front of her anymore. Let her rest.” After giving a series of instructions, Sophie left the hospital with Tristan.

Back in the car, Sophie immediately made a phone call.

“Help me find Phineas Lehner and then send me his location.”

Initially, she wanted to deal with the matter the following day, but she did not want that man to roam around freely while Wilma was still in the hospital.

How can I let him enjoy his freedom and have fun?

“All right, Phantom. Rest assured that I'll send you his address soon.” Phantom finally gave me a task! How could I not do this well?

Tristan knew that Sophie was angry.

She has always been very good to her staff. How can she not get mad when someone who works under her was physically attacked?

“Are you going to teach that man a lesson now?” Tristan knew her heart's desire. Hence, he did not start the car engine but waited with her for Phineas' location.

“Well, I can't sleep even if I go back now, so let's deal with this matter first.”

“That's true. He's just a scumbag. There's no need to wait till tomorrow. Let's get this done and over with today.”

Tristan could not agree with her more.

“When we see that jerk later, don't do anything. Leave him to me.” He did not want her to touch another man.

“Don't make it sound so violent. We just want to communicate and share our feelings with him.”

“Sure. That sounds good.”

Within five minutes, Sophie received Phineas' location, and Tristan drove there directly.

At that moment, Phineas was having a good time in a nightclub. When Tristan and Sophie arrived, they found him surrounded by women.

“You don't know how boring that woman, Wilma, is. Does she really think that she can tie me down with marriage?”