

Pursuing 841

CHAPTER 841 FEARLESS

Joe was confident at the start. After all, these people had gone through rigorous training.

If not for these people, he would not be living such a comfortable life.

However, when he saw the guards falling one after another, he realized something was terribly amiss.

It seemed like he had crossed the wrong person that day.

Immediately, he ditched his men to flee.

He had supervised the construction of the palace, so he was familiar with the entire place. Immediately, he scurried into a spot full of hidden traps. That spot had been built exactly for a situation like this.

Once he was inside, he curled his lips into a smirk.

If they dared to enter the place, he was going to make sure that they were dead meat.

If they did not have the courage to enter, he would be able to avoid getting caught. Hence, Joe relaxed, and he even felt that he could have some red wine in the meantime.

On the other side, when Sophie saw Joe fleeing, she turned to the other two to say, "I'll leave this place to you. I'm going to head over to take a look instead."

After taking down another guard, Tristan turned to see her about to run after Joe. Thus, he quickly muttered some instructions to Bertram before hurrying after Sophie.

He soon caught up with her.

"I'll come with you."

How could he possibly let her go anywhere alone in this place?

Charles, who found out that Sophie and Tristan had gone after Joe, contacted them with the Bluetooth device.

"Don't go after him. He went inside a trap room!"

They did not know what kind of hidden mechanisms were inside, but they knew no one could come back out of the room alive.

Hence, Sophie halted in her tracks.

"What? This damn place has a trap room?" Sophie never expected a small terrorist organization to possess trap rooms.

"That's right. There's a trap room here. Don't underestimate it either. Many master fighters have died in there."

Sophie glanced at Tristan.

"Are we going in?" she asked, curious to find out what was inside the legendary trap room.

"You decide," Tristan told her. If she wanted to enter, he would follow her in.

Sophie was moved by his trust.

As she held his hand, an adventurous glint appeared in her eyes.

"I know you're not scared of this dumb trap room. Come on, let's head in and take a look at what's inside!"

Sophie was not going to leave the place without capturing Joe.

"Mr. Tristan, Sophie, you—"

Charles was speechless. Weren't they supposed to heed my commands? I don't want them entering the room.

"Don't worry, Charles. We'll come back out unscathed," Sophie confidently reassured him.

The truth was, she had been researching various kinds of traps throughout the years.

Therefore, she was interested to see the trap room up close.

"Sophie, this is no time to be messing around. What if something happens to the two of you inside? What am I going to say to Old Mr. Lombard?" The very thought of the possibility made Charles shake in fear.

If he had known that things were going to turn out this way, he would not have come.

Furthermore, if he were Sean, he would have a way to stop the two.

"All right, cease your nonsense. What's scary about this?" With that, Sophie took off her Bluetooth earpiece. Since they were going to be entering the trap room, they could not afford to have any distractions.

"Mr. Tristan, you—"

Just as Charles was about to say something else, Tristan took off his earpiece as well.

Sophie and Tristan then headed inside.

However, Sophie was sorely disappointed the second she stepped into the room. Is that all? Did this really kill all those master fighters? Are they really master fighters in the first place?

Sophie figured out the flaws of the mechanisms with just one glance, and she soon disabled them all.

She had expected something far more dangerous than that.

“Mr. Tristan, I think it's boring. What do you think?” Even if Tristan had entered the room alone, he would have been able to disable them, let alone someone who had been researching hidden mechanisms like her.

Soon, they were at the last section.

Joe's face twisted with a grim expression as he saw the two of them making it through the final section unscathed.

“How did you get in here? How is this possible? No one has been able to survive until this part!” Let alone unharmed!

“Aren't you overestimating your traps a little too much? In fact, they can't even be considered traps,” Sophie pointed out, thinking that Joe had been living under a rock his whole life.

Unfortunately for Joe, he found himself trapped with no means of escape.

“What do you want?” Joe asked shakily. “If the people backing me find out that you laid a finger on me, they're not going to let you off easily. You better not do anything to me.”

He knew he was screwed.

He never thought those two could come after him even after fleeing into the trap room.

“This is your last chance to speak. Who's the one supporting you?” Sophie questioned.

Meanwhile, Tristan was quietly surveying the area. If any danger appeared, he would be able to protect Sophie.

Joe scrunched up his face.

“I can't believe you. You ruined everything for me, and now you expect me to give you information? Keep dreaming!”

Sophie drew her brows together.

“So you're not going to tell me anything.”

Why is he spending so much time spouting gibberish?

“What can you even do to me if I don't tell you anything?” Excuse me? I'm the leader of a terrorist group. Surrendering easily is not an option for me. I have my pride to uphold, and it's humiliating for a girl like you to corner me like this. Unfortunately, I have no choice in the matter. This is dreadful.

In the next second, Sophie took out the gun she kept by her waist and shot him where it would hurt most.

“Do you plan on confessing? Do you think I'm one of the good guys?” Sophie asked. During her time with Tristan, she genuinely wanted to be a righteous person and fight for the right side. However, these individuals were unreasonable. If she didn't reveal her true nature, they would continue to see her as a pushover.

“Argh!” Joe screamed.

It was just one shot, but he felt as if he had been tossed into hell and dragged back.

Sophie's proficiency in medicine gave her the ability to heal others, but it also granted her the means to inflict pain on them more easily.

“This really is your last chance.”

Joe hugged himself as he trembled from the terrifying thought of death.

“I'll say it! I'll say it! It's Jetroina's president. He made me do this, and he promised me five billion if I captured you!” Sure enough, Joe was only doing this for the money. After all, those who joined terrorist organizations were there for the money.

“I've told you everything, so let me go!” Joe screeched. He was frightened out of his wits by the young woman in front of him. Despite her young age, she was scarily ruthless.

CHAPTER 842 HOW TO MAKE HER HAPPY

“Why does the president of Jetroina want me captured?” she wondered out loud. That certain incident did happen in Jetroina, but I don't recall ever crossing him.

Hearing that, Joe shook his head.

“I only know that they want me to capture you and Professor Gullifer; I don't know anything else!”

Joe had told her everything he knew.

“I see...” Sophie narrowed her eyes.

Sophie seemed harmless, but the sight of her made the hair on the back of Joe's neck stand.

"I really told you everything I know! Please, please let me go!" He was a man who knew when to persist and when to submit—he knew he had to kneel before her then and beg for her to spare him.

"I hope you're telling me the truth. You know what I'll do to you otherwise. Mr. Tristan, please get your men to take him away."

Joe had been committing multiple crimes throughout the years, after all. It would be best for her to leave him to the military court.

"Okay."

Tristan then put his Bluetooth earpiece back on and asked Bertram to bring two men over to settle the matter.

Meanwhile, Bertram, who was outside, knew that there was a trap room inside, so he had been worried sick about Sophie and Tristan.

He was afraid that they would be hurt.

Much to his surprise, Sophie and Tristan were asking them to enter the trap room less than half an hour after the couple went in.

"Mr. Quigley, didn't you say that the trap room was a legendary one?"

Did Mr. Quigley mistake this trap room for another? How can they have disabled the mechanisms inside so quickly?

Charles pursed his lips, thinking, But that's the information I received! Who would have known that Sophie and Tristan would be able to disable the trap room in half an hour? Are they even human?

"Okay, take care of this mess," Charles ordered, needing some time alone to gather his thoughts.

Bertram then brought two men in. When he saw the man slumped on the ground—Joe—he gave him a look of pity.

Joe carried the weight of many lives on his shoulders, and his methods were extremely cruel. However, this was the ending that he had come to.

"Take him away and hand him over to the military court," Sophie said before walking to Tristan. "Come on. Let's go back. I don't like the scent of blood on me. It's too strong."

"Okay, let's go," Tristan said, wrapping an arm around her waist.

The two of them had destroyed the palace in no time.

Once Sophie was back at the hotel, she quickly took a shower and changed into clean clothes. It had been a while since she had done this much exercise.

A smile had been on her lips ever since she was done with her shower. When she came out of the bathroom, she turned to Tristan and jogged over to him before hugging him from behind.

"What's the matter? You seem particularly happy with me today," Tristan commented with a smile, having just come out of the shower as well.

"Well, I've always been content with you."

Sophie knew that Tristan loved her, and what happened earlier in the day cemented that thought. It seemed like he would always stay on her side no matter what decision she made.

“Of course.”

As long as it was her decision, he would give her his support regardless of whether it was right or wrong. No matter what the consequences were, he was willing to bear the responsibility for it.

That was the profound love he had for her.

“But remember to tell me all the decisions you make because I want to be by your side when you're in danger,” he told her. That was the only request he had.

“Mm, I know. Don't worry. I won't let anything happen to me.”

Nothing stopped her in the past, but now that she had Tristan, she would think twice before doing anything.

Right then, Charles returned from the palace. After a swift shower, he came to their room.

Tristan drew his brows together at the man outside of the room.

“Why are you here? Don't you know that you're not welcomed here?”

Sophie and Tristan were having a romantic moment inside, so naturally, Charles would not be welcomed at this time.

Charles rubbed his nose sheepishly.

“Mr. Tristan, did I do something wrong again? I can't think of what I've done. I'm only here to invite you to a meal.”

Didn't we have a workout earlier? Naturally, we should be having a sumptuous meal right after that. Moreover, it took me forever and a day to find a good Chanaean restaurant. Do you even know who I'm doing this for?

Tristan turned to Sophie.

"How about we grab a bite to eat? Charles has found a great spot for some food," Tristan suggested, having faith in Charles' ability to find good restaurants.

"Sure!"

Indeed, Charles had found a decent Chanaean restaurant. It was impressive of him to be able to find a restaurant like this in Fandar.

"How is it, Sophie? A sweet place, isn't it? It took me so much effort to find this place!" Charles uttered, seemingly fishing for compliments.

"There's no way you'd bring us to a bad restaurant," Sophie answered, knowing how Charles was a meticulous person.

"Okay, I'm glad you like it. Eat more later, all right? You ate little for lunch." Sophie did not like Fandar's local food, so that was why Charles asked his men to look for a Chanaean restaurant.

Bertram was there, too. When he thought about how Tristan had asked him to stay in the area, he turned to cast Tristan a gloomy look.

Tristan ignored his pitiful gaze, unfortunately.

When Bertram left the restaurant by saying that he needed a smoke break, he called Charles along.

"What are you doing? We're about to eat, so why did you drag me out here? Others might

misunderstand our relationship!" Charles protested.

Bertram stared at him, speechless for a while.

"Mr. Quigley, I think Mr. Tristan is angry. He's asking me to stay here. Help me think of a way to get out of this."

Bertram was young and unmarried, so he did not want to stay in a remote place like Fandar.

Charles knew how capable Bertram was, for the latter had been working for Tristan for many years.

This was the first time Bertram had ever asked him for a favor.

"What did you do?"

"What could I have possibly done? I only spared a few more glances at Ms. Tanner! She's brilliant, and that's why I looked at her a little longer than usual. I really didn't mean anything else!"

Who knew that extra few seconds would have brought on such trouble? If I had known that back then, I would've kept my eyes shut around her.

"Oh, I see. Well, it's not as if this is irreversible. All you need to do is to make Sophie happy. Mr. Tristan heeds almost everything she says nowadays."

If Sophie were to put in a good word for Bertram, Tristan would not say a word in protest.

"I don't know how to make her happy. I've never had a girlfriend before, so I'm clueless when it comes

to pleasing a girl!"

If he had any idea, he would not be single until then.

"Hm... Here's a plan," Charles started, whispering to Bertram.

CHAPTER 843 PUNISHMENT

"Are you sure about this?" Bertram could not explain why, but his gut instinct continued to cast doubts over Charles' suggestion. "I didn't offend you earlier, did I, Mr. Quigley? You're not digging my grave here, right?"

Sure, Bertram may have never been in a relationship, but he was no fool.

Charles merely retorted, "Don't you know how many women I've dated in the past? Trust me; my plan is foolproof. In any case, I can't force you to change your mind if you don't believe me."

Alas, Bertram was all out of options. Charles' idea was his only and best shot.

"Fine. I'll take that advice."

When they finally sat down to eat, Bertram boldly sat beside Sophie.

He launched into a string of praises. "Ms. Tanner, Mr. Tristan has waxed poetic about you for a long time. He clearly likes you very much! I must admit, I've never met a young woman as beautiful as you in my life!"

As he spoke, he carefully observed Sophie's expression.

"Oh, really?" Sophie replied curtly while glancing at Bertram. This was actually her first time meeting him.

All she knew of Bertram was that he was Tristan's right-hand man. For reasons unknown, she had

never met him until that day.

She shot Tristan a questioning look.

What is your right-hand man up to?

Bertram realized Sophie's disinterest in him. Neither the length nor quality of his conversation could capture her attention.

He promptly changed tack and stopped speaking. Instead, he would use his actions to show his adoration for Sophie.

He began piling her plate high with food.

His behavior caused Tristan's frown to deepen. What is Bertram trying to do?

Curiosity and irritation got the better of Tristan, and he interrogated his right-hand man, "What are you up to, Bertram?"

Bertram's hand froze in the middle of adding another morsel of food to Sophie's plate.

"Mr. Tristan, I was just so enamored by Ms. Tanner that I felt compelled to do some nice things for her!" Bertram replied frantically.

Mr. Tristan's expression is totally off! Mr. Quigley can't seriously be sabotaging me, right?

A smile curved Tristan's lips, though it merely heightened Bertram's fear.

The poor man was near tears as he sputtered, "Did I make a mistake, Mr. Tristan? I really didn't mean anything else by my actions!"

Charles failed to stop amused laughter from bubbling out of him.

Tristan glanced at his friend in realization. Charles must be responsible for Bertram's weird actions!

He said, "Charles, it seems you'd like to stay behind in Fandar too. I'm more than happy to make that happen! Both of you can stay here and settle the rest of the matters."

The smile on Charles' face froze in response.

I was just pulling a small prank. Did he have to overreact like this?

Charles quickly apologized, "I'm sorry, Mr. Tristan. I swear it. Please have mercy."

There are still plenty of hotties waiting for me in Chanaea. I can't waste my prime in a place like this.

Meanwhile, Tristan summoned a waiter and got Sophie a clean plate, which he proceeded to fill with food.

At the same time, he asked coolly, "Bertram, still thinking of stealing my girlfriend?"

Bertram's heart almost stopped beating.

He exclaimed, "Mr. Tristan, this is all a misunderstanding! I merely wanted to get in Ms. Tanner's good graces. Please don't leave me here. I'm very sorry for that foolish mistake."

Bertram also wanted nothing more than to beat Charles up for his joke.

He knew his gut instinct was on to something when he suspected Charles of pranking him.

Eager to shove the blame on Charles, Bertram added, "Mr. Quigley told me to do all this. None of this was my idea, Mr. Tristan!" Hmph! Don't think I'm so easy to bully!

"Oh, is it? You should stay behind too, Charles!" came Tristan's indifferent response.

Charles clearly loved flirting with danger, and there was no better way to satisfy his itch than leaving him behind to deal with the mess there.

The suggestion did not sit well with Charles, who protested, "I know I'm wrong, Mr. Tristan. Please, I was just joking around with him. I didn't know Bertram would take it seriously."

Bertram was struck speechless by Charles' audacity.

Just how shameless can he get?

Alas, Tristan had already made up his mind, and it was near impossible for anyone to convince him otherwise.

Charles knew his only hope lay in Sophie. If she agreed to let him off the hook, Tristan would follow suit. He quickly turned to her and pleaded, "I messed up, Sophie. Just forgive me this one time!"

Sophie replied half-heartedly, "Ah, it's great that you're aware of your screw-up."

"So what you're saying is..." Charles trailed off, wondering if her words were a prelude to forgiveness. And perhaps she might spare me from staying behind?

She cruelly slashed his hopes by answering, "Since you're admitting to your wrongdoing, you should readily accept the punishment that comes with it."

Sophie added, "Why don't you leave Charles alone here, Mr. Tristan? I truly think Bert meant well by his actions."

Bert?

Tristan's eyes narrowed, expressing his displeasure at his girlfriend's rather affectionate nickname for his subordinate.

Bertram thought he might faint from the pressure of his boss' glare.

"Sophie, I haven't offended you recently, have I? How could you do this to me?" Charles continued to wail over his fate, though it merely earned him a smirk from Sophie.

Annoyed that Sophie was wasting time entertaining two other men instead of eating, Tristan piped up, "That's enough. Just ignore them. Let's eat!"

"Okay."

Arius called just as they returned to the hotel. Some issues arose regarding the virus in Anglandur.

He and Barney were already brainstorming a solution, but they needed Sophie's help.

Tristan worried about the toll the constant traveling would take on Sophie's health. He muttered, "Actually, I wanted to spend a night here before flying to Anglandur."

"It's fine," Sophie replied reassuringly. "The situation there is pretty dire, so we should get going. I can catch up on my sleep during the flight."

"All right."

Tristan's heart ached, but he would support her decision unconditionally. He had always done so.

Charles and Bertram personally sent them to the airport.

Even as they strolled through the departure hall, Charles had not given up on begging for his freedom.

He whined, "I swear, I know how badly I've messed up this time, Mr. Tristan! It won't happen again. Can't you forgive me? I don't want to stay here at all!"

There were no entertainment facilities in Fandar too. Charles could imagine himself forgetting all the wooing techniques from his playbook if he had to stay there for half a year.

"A year!" Tristan's reply was firm and unyielding.

Charles was on the verge of tears.

Bertram glanced at him, secretly gleeful at how things had turned out. Serves you right for trying to sabotage me! I can't think of a better punishment.

"I'll leave things to you both. Oh, and remember, no one is allowed to leave without my express permission."

With that, Tristan wrapped his arm around Sophie and led her to the airport immigration gates.

Outside the gates, Charles and Bertram turned to look at each other.

Charles muttered, "Tell me this isn't real, Bertram. My end can't possibly be this tragic, can it?" I don't want to be stuck here!

Bertram glared at him and returned, "And whose fault is that? In any case, at least I won't be too lonely now that I have our dear Mr. Quigley for company."

Charles sorely wished to punch him in the face.

I would've started a fight already if I was more confident about beating him.

By then, Sophie and Tristan had boarded the plane bound for Anglandur. Tristan asked an air stewardess for a blanket and draped it across Sophie's legs.

"Thank you."

He was so meticulous and thoughtful that Sophie never had to worry about anything when he was around.

CHAPTER 844 MANIPULATION

"Why do you think the president of Jetroina sent Joe to capture me?" Sophie was genuinely puzzled as she could not think of any reason for the president to go to such lengths to capture her, especially since there were no grudges between them.

Besides, Tristan had numerous collaborations with Jetroina, so Sophie assumed that the president would be careful not to endanger the relationship.

"I'll go to Jetroina myself after everything is settled. Then, we'll know the truth." Tristan did not give an immediate answer. He decided to visit Jetroina to clarify the situation.

"Okay."

"Don't worry too much. Rest for a while. We have a long flight ahead of us," Tristan said.

"You should get some rest too," Sophie replied.

During this period, he had been flying with her all over the place, and he had to be tired too.

“All right.”

After more than ten hours, the plane landed at Anglandur's international airport. As they disembarked, Sophie sensed that something was amiss.

There was a large group of people waiting for them, including the president.

“Ms. Tanner, you're finally back. We've been waiting for you here!” Marcus greeted her.

Sophie was confused about the president's strange behavior.

Anglandur is in chaos right now, yet he's waiting here instead of handling the crisis. There are even journalists present.

“Ms. Tanner, I know you made a great contribution to the virus incident, so I came here personally to welcome you,” Marcus explained.

The Anglandurans standing nearby also welcomed Sophie warmly.

She couldn't understand what the president was trying to accomplish. As expected, the minds of people in politics were not easy for ordinary people to comprehend.

“Mr. President, I need to go find my mentor now, so I shall take my leave,” Sophie said with a solemn expression.

I'm sure he wants to make use of me to salvage his dire situation.

Alas, Sophie was not someone who could be so easily manipulated.

Before Marcus could speak, Tristan interrupted, "Mr. President, if you don't want to embarrass yourself in front of the people here, you should stop now." It did not take a fool to tell that Sophie had worked hard to help them solve the virus issue, and now he wanted to make use of her. Such a man was truly despicable.

After speaking, Tristan escorted Sophie to the car that was waiting outside.

The president had no choice but to do what he did. In Anglandur, the tenure for president was not indefinite, and since so many things had happened during his term, he naturally wanted to salvage the situation as best he could.

Unfortunately, Sophie was not willing to cooperate.

"What should we do now, Mr. President?" Jamie asked.

Frustrated, Marcus replied, "What else can we do? Let's go back first." He had not expected Sophie and Tristan to so blatantly disrespect him.

However, there were no other options.

He still needed their help to solve the virus problem.

"Mr. President, I think Dr. Smith and the rest are talented. We shouldn't let them go," Jamie opined.

In this large-scale crisis, only Barney had the skills to resolve the issue.

The other members of the International Medical Association had subpar skills and were not qualified to replace him.

Jamie advised, "Now everyone knows that Dr. Smith wants to leave. If you can keep him here, I think it will change everyone's opinion of you." As the President's secretary, he naturally considered how best

to support Marcus.

“I'm aware of that, which is why I came personally to pick up Sophie. Haven't you noticed? Among these three people, Sophie is the one making most of the decisions. If she agrees to stay, the other two will definitely stay too,” Marcus explained.

Being able to become the President of Anglandur, his observational skills were naturally very sharp.

“Hmm, it seems to be true. So let's focus all our attention on Sophie.”

They were sure that no one would turn down Anglandur as long as they offered better conditions. After all, many people had been trying so hard to be part of the country. The trio had been presented with the chance, and if their loved ones wanted to join them, arrangements could be made.

Once they got in the car, Sophie remained silent. Tristan knew she was angry, so he let her lean on his shoulder.

“That's how politicians are. They always only consider themselves. You don't need to take it to heart.”

No one could force Sophie to do anything she disliked, not even the president of Anglandur.

Hence, she could do whatever she wanted without worrying about other people's feelings.

“I know. I'm not angry.”

Instead of going to the hotel, Sophie and the rest went directly to Barney and his team.

Barney breathed a sigh of relief when he saw Sophie.

“Some patients have shown signs of rejecting the drug. Our top priority now is to solve this problem,” he reported.

“Dr. Smith and I thought of several methods, but none of them have worked.” Arius also felt perplexed by the situation.

“Okay, let me take a look.” Sophie came back specifically to solve this problem, so naturally, she started working right away.

Meanwhile, Tristan remained outside, feeling worried about Sophie. She had refused to let him in as all the patients were infected with the virus.

Just then, his phone rang.

Tristan answered the call when he saw it was Charles.

“What is it? I told you there is no negotiating on this matter. You must stay there.”

If he dared to do such a thing, he must be mentally prepared to take responsibility.

“Mr. Tristan, I didn't call today about that matter. I just received a call from home. It seems that Winter has gone to Anglandur,” Charles explained.

When Tristan remained silent, he added, “Mr. Tristan, I know you have a lot going on in Anglandur, but it's a mess there now. You know that Winter isn't very capable, so I hope you can help her for my sake.”

Charles could not think of any other solutions; he was truly helpless when it came to his sister.

“Charles, you are aware of the danger involved in Sophie's work here. How can I possibly spare time to attend to others in such a critical situation?” More importantly, Tristan didn't want to take care of anyone else.

“Mr. Tristan, I...”

Before Charles could continue, Tristan interrupted, "All right, since you've spoken up, I'll have someone look into it. But I can't guarantee that we'll find her."

It is time for Winter to suffer a little.

"Okay, thank you." Charles was really speechless. If not for him not yet resolving the problems in Fandar, he would have flown to Anglandur to teach his little sister a good lesson.

CHAPTER 845 LEAVE IT TO ME

Butterfly had just finished showering when she received Tristan's call.

"What? You want me to find Winter?" What the heck? Why do I have to look for that woman?

"Mr. Tristan, although I'm on good terms with Sophie, I'm not that close to you. What makes you think you can order me around like that?" Butterfly said while drying her hair leisurely with a towel.

"Are you really not going to do it?"

Butterfly was the only one he could ask as the others were all busy.

"Mr. Tristan, is that a threat? Aren't you afraid that I'll call Sophie right now and tell her that you're threatening me?"

"Try it if you dare!" Tristan replied in a cold voice. After a pause, he continued, "Oh, do you need me to pass the phone to Sophie?"

At that moment, Sophie appeared.

"Fine. I will do as you say only because of Sophie!" That woman must have a death wish to show up in Anglandur now.

Sophie stopped beside Tristan just as he hung up.

"What's the matter? Did anything happen that I'm not aware of? You must let me know if there's something wrong."

"Winter is here. Charles asked me to take care of his sister." An irritated expression appeared on Tristan's face at the mention of Winter.

He could not help but feel frustrated as she was a huge problem to them.

"I see." That did not bother Sophie the least. She would not waste energy on the woman, who was no different from a clown to her.

"Yup. I've asked Butterfly to look for her as I'm not free to do that myself."

"You can go there personally if you want. Don't worry about me. I will be fine here." You really don't have to stay with me round the clock.

"Nope. I want to stay by your side."

"Tristan, I think it's better that you go and take a look! I know how close Charles and you are. No matter what, Winter is still his sister. It would be difficult for you to face him if something bad happens to her here."

Charles was someone important to the couple.

Besides, shouldn't friends help each other?

"Haven't I already asked Butterfly to look for her?" I'm doing that just for Charles. Taking a pause,

Tristan continued, "By the way, did you manage to make any good progress? Do you think you will be done by today?"

"I don't think so." Although Sophie was indeed talented in that area, not all problems could be solved instantly. Moreover, medical research was a tedious process that needed time.

"No rush. Take your time." Tristan pulled Sophie toward him and sat her down. "Where are you heading to now?"

"I have to go to the lab, so if you want to, you can look for Winter yourself." It's best to send that woman back to Chanaea anyway.

"All right then! I'll listen to you."

Since it was what Sophie wanted him to do, he had decided to make a trip personally and kick Winter back to Chanaea.

Tristan went to look for Butterfly after sending Sophie to the laboratory. When he called Butterfly, he was told that Winter had already been found.

Winter was in a miserable state when the man arrived. It seemed as if she had been robbed.

"Mr. Tristan, I've already found her, but she doesn't trust me and refuses to leave with me. There's nothing I can do," Butterfly explained helplessly.

The moment Winter saw Tristan, tears started to stream down her cheeks.

She had come here because she could not stop worrying about him. However, she did not expect things to turn out that way.

“Mr. Tristan, I...” Before the woman could finish her sentence, she started sobbing again. It was undeniably a pitiful sight to behold.

“Hey, Ms. Quigley, are you trying to gain sympathy now?” One look and Butterfly could tell that Winter was a b*tch who had designs on Tristan. If she had known this fact beforehand, she would not have agreed to find the woman.

Winter did not pay any attention to Butterfly at all. Although Butterfly was an attractive woman, Tristan had not looked at her ever since he arrived. From that, it was obvious to Winter that the two of them were not close.

“Butterfly, please send her to the airport. I've already arranged for someone to be there to receive her.” Tristan did not want to waste another second there.

“Sure.”

Indeed, Sophie has picked the right man! Butterfly was rather impressed with Tristan for not wavering in front of Winter.

Upon hearing that, Winter started crying even harder.

“Mr. Tristan, I came here because I was worried about you. Do you really have to be so cruel to me?”

She could not believe that the man was not even willing to talk to her when she had disregarded her own safety to look for him.

“I'm not going back. I want to stay here with you!” Winter exclaimed shamelessly.

Butterfly was rendered speechless.

Why is she being so clingy when Mr. Tristan is not interested in her at all? Is there a point in wasting her feelings on someone who will never reciprocate them?

“Ms. Quigley, let's go! Don't force me to use violence. I don't like to resort to that as I'm very ladylike.”

Winter shot Butterfly a glare and said, “Why are you being such a busybody? No one asked you to be here. What I choose to do is none of your business!”

There was no way she would easily return, given how much effort it took her to be there. “Mr. Tristan, I don't mind going back, but you have to go back with me, okay?”

It's simply too dangerous for him to be here. There's absolutely no need for him to stay.

Anglandur has got nothing to do with us at all. I only want him to be safe.

“You're not returning to Jipsdale. Currently, your only option is to go to Fandar. Charles is waiting for you there!”

Tristan had already given Winter a chance. Since she did not want it, he could only send her back to Fandar.

When Winter heard that, her expression changed at once. After staying in Fandar for so long, she could feel goosebumps on her skin just by hearing the name of the place.

“Mr. Tristan, I didn't mean to trouble you. I came here only to see you. That was all I wanted and nothing else!”

She took a pause and continued, “I just could not stop worrying about you. I really don't have other intentions. Please let me off!”

At that moment, Winter was extremely regretful for acting so impulsively.

She had left Jipsdale right after Charles departed, his words still fresh in her mind.

Tristan took out a length of rope from his car and tossed it to Butterfly.

Grabbing the rope, Butterfly immediately knew what Tristan wanted her to do.

She nodded and said, "All right then! Leave this to me. Even though Sophie is a very gracious woman, I still don't wish to see her man getting involved with another woman in any capacity."

Right after Butterfly finished speaking, she tied Winter up with the rope.

"Let me go! What are you doing? What are you planning to do? Mr. Tristan, I really don't know what I've done wrong. Is it a crime for me to love you? Why do you have to do this to me?" Winter wailed hysterically.

Butterfly, who could not stand the woman's voice any longer, found a piece of cloth in the car and stuffed it into her mouth.

"Mr. Tristan, don't worry, and just leave this to me! I will make sure she reaches Fandar. From now on, you and Sophie can lead a peaceful life without anyone disturbing you." Butterfly was all pumped up to carry out her task.

CHAPTER 846 I MISS YOU SO MUCH

"I have to say, Phantom's man is so cruel. You all have no idea how badly the girl was crying!"

After sending Winter to the airport and putting her on the plane, Butterfly came back and had a video call with the rest of the members from Wings of Light.

"Really? That's good then. Phantom is worth it." After all, Phantom singlehandedly founded Wings of Light. A talented woman like her deserved a man who gave her his entire heart and soul.

“That's right. Anyway, I like Tristan. Only a man like Tristan is fit to be with Phantom.”

As far as they were concerned, Phantom was naturally the best.

Sophie had just finished solving a new problem and had some time on her hands. Taking out her phone, she saw what Butterfly said in the group chat.

Sophie raised her brows slightly.

To be honest, she could not be bothered with Winter because Tristan had never looked at her twice.

As such, she did not mind at all.

“All right, Butterfly. If there's nothing else, go back first! Wings of Light still needs you,” Sophie, who had been absent from the group for a while, said abruptly.

The moment she appeared, the others started to bombard her with questions.

After chatting with them for a while, Sophie then put her phone down. She looked up and saw that Tristan had returned.

“I've already gotten rid of that troublesome woman.” He would do anything she asked of him.

Sophie was a little tired, so she walked up to him and rested her head on his chest.

“Actually, you didn't have to do that. I'm really not bothered by Winter.” No matter what, she was Charles' sister.

“What I did has nothing to do with you. I just don't want anyone to disturb us. That's all.”

He was the one who disliked Winter, and tossing her back to Fandar was not for Sophie's sake.

Therefore, there was no need for her to feel bad about it.

“Let's go! Aren't you tired? Let's go back and rest for a bit.” Since she arrived in Anglandur, she had yet to take a good rest!

“Sure.”

She had already solved most of the issues, so the doctors could handle the rest.

Just as the couple returned to the hotel, William called and urged the two of them to go back home again.

Seeing that he was not getting anywhere with Tristan, William decided to change his tactic.

“Fine! I have nothing much to say to you. Hand the phone to Sophie! Let me talk to her!”

Tristan was speechless.

“Dad, what do you want to talk to her about?” He was unwilling to hand the phone to Sophie because he was the one who wanted to stay there with her. It had nothing to do with Sophie, and he did not want her to be blamed for it.

“Brat! What's wrong with you? Can I not speak to my daughter-in-law? You...” William was infuriated.

Just then, Sophie came over and heard William's strong voice. From that, she knew that he had made a decent recovery.

“Give me the phone!” She was not that fragile and did not require Tristan to protect her from everything.

Exasperated, Tristan did as he was told.

“Old Mr. Lombard, it's me. Are you all right? We should be coming back in a week's time. Don't worry. Everything is fine here.”

Sophie's voice sounded cool and calm, but it was obvious to William that she was able to handle any problems that came her way very well.

“All right then. Just be careful. I shall wait for your safe return.” What Sophie was doing now was something deserving of respect.

“Grandpa, please let me speak to Sophie,” said Ysabelle, who was sitting next to William.

He then handed the phone to Ysabelle.

“Sophie, it's me. I miss you so much. How have you been?” The moment Ysabelle took over the phone, she sounded as though she was on the verge of tears. “I really wanted to go over to look for you, but I can't at the moment.” No one would allow her to go. They all thought that she might become a burden. Sophie smiled when she heard Ysabelle's voice. “Be good and stay at home! We'll be back soon,” assured Sophie with a chuckle. “Okay, I understand. If I knew earlier on, I would have gone to the University of Medicine with you. That way, I could have fought alongside you.” Ysabelle was a true fan of Sophie. She wanted to be with the latter wherever she went. However, it was not possible at the moment, and it was a horrible feeling. “That's enough. You don't have to learn medicine because of me.” Everyone had their own dreams. All Ysabelle needed to do was follow her own. “Okay, I know. Rest well then. I won't take up your time.” In actual fact, there were still a lot of things she wanted to tell Sophie, but she did not know where to start. More importantly, Sophie had been incredibly busy, so what she needed most was rest. “All right. Listen to Felix, understand?” Sophie was well aware of how obstinate Ysabelle was.

“Yes, I have been good. Don't worry.” It was currently very safe in the country. As such, there was no need for Ysabelle to be worried.

Furthermore, her new album was almost completed.

She was feeling very confident about it.

“Sophie, I hope you'll be back for the release of my new album,” uttered Ysabelle hopefully.

Whenever there was something important in her life, she hoped Sophie would be by her side.

“I should be done in a week's time. By the look of it, I should be able to make it in time for the release of your new album.”

“Okay.”

Ysabelle was still feeling melancholic after hanging up the phone.

“Grandpa, can't I go over and join them?” Now that she was being left alone there, she felt as if she had been isolated. It was an awful feeling.

“Why do you want to go there? You don't know anything. You will just become their burden.” It was bad enough that Tristan and Sophie were there. There was no way he would allow Ysabelle to join them as well.

“Grandpa, am I so useless in your eyes? Do you really think I can't be of any help? That I will only get into trouble?” Ysabelle felt hurt.

Although that was the truth, it was a hard pill for her to swallow.

“No, we only hope that you can stay safe and sound by our side.” Furthermore, she was the little princess of the Lombard family. There was nothing wrong with her living a safe and happy life.

Things are going well for her singing career, aren't they?

How can she say she is useless?

Everyone had their own strengths. As long as they could do well in their area of expertise, that would suffice. There was no need to compare against others.

Ysabelle was at a loss for words.

She wrapped her arms around William's neck when she heard that.

"Grandpa, I love you. I knew you would be the only one in the world who doesn't find me annoying."

"What do you mean? Did someone say something to you?"

CHAPTER 847 DO NOT FORCE UNTO OTHERS

Ysabelle was the Lombard family's darling. How could they ever not want her company?

"No, it's just a thought."

Ysabelle was abruptly struck with a surge of melancholy.

Nevertheless, she figured she should keep her emotions in check.

After all, everyone was busy, and she did not want to worry them.

"Ysabelle, I'm being honest. You don't need to compare yourself with anyone else. I just want you to be you. Nothing else matters, okay?"

She mustn't compare herself to someone like Sophie. Sophie's an ambitious girl. How many girls in this world could be the same as her? Ysabelle's already a sweet and nice girl. Moreover, she's a popular singer too. It's already wonderful that she's excelling in her own field.

“Mm, okay. I understand, Grandpa. I have something to settle with the recording company, so I'm going to leave first. I won't be able to have a meal with you.”

“Sure, go on. Be careful on your way there,” William said. He knew that Ysabelle was busy as a singer, so he did not insist that she stay.

Although he felt bad for her, he also thought that it was a good sign for her to be busy.

“Okay, Grandpa. I'm going to leave now. Be good and have your meal, all right? I'll ask my aunt about this when I come home at night,” Ysabelle said as she walked toward the door.

In no time, William was the only one left in the huge house, for the younger members of the family were all working hard in their jobs.

His lips curled into a smile.

It was not a bad sign for him that everyone was busy with their own lives.

Moreover, he was old. All he could do was guard the house for them so that they had a loving home to return to.

Whenever they wanted to come home, he would be there, waiting for them.

That was enough for him.

Meanwhile, after Sophie ended the call, she handed the phone to Tristan.

"You don't need to take my father's words to heart. He's just worried about us. Honestly, he's not a bad man." While it was true that William used to dislike Sophie, he had since accepted her and treated her as family.

Sophie walked over to Tristan and circled her arms around his neck before giving him a kiss.

"No, I'm not taking it to heart. I'm moved, in fact, that someone is worried about me now." That was a

sensation she had never experienced before, but she liked it. "Let's go back once we're done with things over here. We'll leave Jetroina's matters aside for now."

"Okay, sure!" It had been a while since they left the family home, and a visit was overdue.

Tristan then wrapped his arms around her waist before leaning over to return a kiss on her lips.

"The Lombards will treat you nicely, Sophie. My family is yours," he said. This was a characteristic of the Lombard family. When they accepted someone as part of their family, they treated them with great kindness and generosity.

"I know, and that's why I think it's my greatest blessing to have met you," Sophie said, leaning on his chest.

Tristan lifted her into his arms.

"All right. You came back to rest. Leave everything aside for now, and get some sleep."

"Okay. Sleep with me."

When Sophie realized he was about to leave, she grabbed his hand and tugged him toward the bed.

"Of course," Tristan replied, lying down beside her and pulling her into his arms. "Time to sleep."

Sophie had not been able to get any proper sleep at the research institute.

No matter how strong she was, she was human, and she needed sleep.

Otherwise, her health would deteriorate eventually.

Sophie closed her eyes and focused on his steady heartbeat. It gave her an immense sense of security.

“Mr. Tristan, I really love it when you embrace me. I wish I could stay here forever.”

“My hugs will always only be yours,” Tristan reassured her, the smile on his face enticing her.

Sophie nuzzled against him.

Not long after that, she fell asleep.

Meanwhile, after Charles received the call, he went to the airport in Fandar to pick Winter up.

Upon realizing that Winter had been sent to Fandar while trussed up like a pig, he shook his head in exasperation.

In contrast, Winter was struck by a sense of aggrievement when she saw Charles.

“Charles, look at me! Mr. Tristan doesn't actually think of you as a dear friend. If he did, he wouldn't have treated me in this way,” Winter angrily uttered. “Yet you're still so loyal to him. Isn't this pointless?”

Charles never thought she would still be unrepentant and was still trying to sow discord between him and Tristan.

“Charles, why are you looking at me in that way? Am I not right? What did I do wrong? I only went to Anglandur because I was worried about him, but look at how he treated me. How could he have done this to me? Regardless of everything, I'm still your sister!”

Charles then asked someone to bring a roll of tape over to seal her mouth.

“Winter, honestly, if you're not my sister, I wouldn't have bothered myself with you.” His sister often gave him literal headaches.

It was very annoying, and he hated it.

“Mm! Mm!” Winter struggled. What's the meaning of this? Is he not going to let me go even though I'm here now?

“You're not going anywhere; you're going to stay by my side. Be good, okay? Mr. Tristan won't fall for you,” Charles mercilessly said to her.

Truth be told, unwanted persistence would only serve to incite anger in others.

Yet, that was something she still could not understand.

Who was Winter Quigley in the face of Sophie Tanner? No one. Her actions would only make Tristan hate her more and more.

At the sight of Winter's struggles, Bertram handed Charles a cigarette.

“You have it tough, Mr. Quigley.” Not only did Charles need to manage his company, but he also had to manage his misbehaving sister.

Charles accepted the cigarette.

“What else can I do? Bertram, didn't you say you're single? What about this? Why don't you marry my sister?”

Bertram whipped his head around to eye Charles as though the latter was a lunatic.

“Mr. Quigley, please wallow in misery by yourself. You don't need to drag me to hell with you! Do you think your sister's an easy woman to get along with?” How can you do this to me? I don't want this!

“Bertram, are you sure? My sister's quite a nice person, actually. She's pretty and capable. The only flaw she has is that she fell for the wrong person. Don't you think it'll be good if you can make her fall for you instead?”

Bertram's objection to that was written all over his face.

“I'm serious, Mr. Quigley. Don't force onto others what you don't want. Your sister isn't someone I can handle.”

I'd rather be single than have a terrifying girlfriend like her! At the very least, I can still be happy.

“Bertram, do you hear yourself?”

CHAPTER 848 BECAUSE HE CHERISHED HER

This younger sister of mine may be a little stubborn, but she's nowhere as scary as he makes her out to be.

“I didn't mean anything else by that, Mr. Quigley. I really don't like her, so I'm just telling you not to try anything funny,” Bertram replied. Did he think that'd frighten me? After working closely with Mr. Tristan for so long, I've seen and experienced many things and situations. Neither riches nor power can bend me. I'm a man with principles, thank you very much.

"Is Winter really that bad?" Charles responded, feeling frustrated. When I'm back in Jipsdale, I've got to make her go on blind dates. Only after seeing her get married will I feel at ease. Otherwise, I'll be so annoyed by her and die an untimely death sooner or later. If that happens, it'll be a huge loss indeed.

Winter was still making muffled protests when Charles got into the car.

He turned and uttered sternly, "Shut up, Winter. You should know where this is. If you continue stirring up trouble like this, I'll wash my hands of you. I've really had enough of you."

I had to plead with Sophie previously to let her go back. But now that she has run off by herself, how is she supposed to go back this time? I've seriously had enough of having such a troublemaking sister.

Meanwhile, Bertram shot Charles a pitying glance. Ms. Quigley never knows when to stop. Whoever ends up marrying her in the future is one unlucky guy, that's for sure.

Over in Anglandur, Sophie woke up feeling refreshed after forcing herself to sleep for ten hours.

Tristan had been by her side the whole time she was asleep, and the first thing she saw upon opening her eyes was his handsome face.

She stretched out a hand and pinched his neck gently. Honestly, this guy can always make my heart flutter! Just his face alone is enough to bewitch someone completely. It's no wonder those wealthy heiresses in Jipsdale keep flocking to him like bees to a honeypot. I'm fortunate indeed that he chose me among all the others. If that isn't lucky, I don't know what is!

Opening his mouth wide, he trapped her small, mischievous hand in his mouth.

That made her laugh. "What's the matter? Are you hungry? Do you want to eat my hand?"

"I'm hungry. I want to devour you." The next moment, he pulled her close and kissed her, sliding his tongue nimbly into her mouth. It was a kiss charged with desire and passion, and she felt her body start to burn.

Nonetheless, he refused to let her go and continued kissing her from her lips to her neck, then to her chest.

Sophie arched her neck, basking in his love for her. I adore everything about him. Even his kisses are just like him—addictive.

Suddenly, he rolled over and pinned her under him.

She did not say anything and merely gazed at him with a dreamy look. Seeing her like that aroused him immediately, and he swiftly shielded her eyes with his hand.

“Don't look at me like that. If you do, I won't be able to control myself,” Tristan murmured. She's getting more and more seductive! Even if she lies there without doing anything, it makes me get the urge to throw caution to the wind.

The corners of her lips curved upward with a hint of a smile. This guy... I don't know why he insists on holding back. However, it's also that determination that makes me feel so happy. He must be trying to protect me because he thinks I'm still young. That's why he keeps letting himself suffer like this.

Soon, her whole body was shaking with laughter. I can't help it. I really can't hold it in any longer.

Her laughter was so infectious that he was soon chuckling along with her.

“Oh, so you're laughing at me now?” he asked, still lying on top of her. When a man and a woman were in such a position, one's imagination would inevitably run wild.

“I'm not. I wouldn't dare! Besides, what's there to laugh about you?” Despite her answer, her expression clearly showed that was not the case.

“Just you wait. Some day, I'll surely make you plead for mercy while pinned under me,” he responded. He loved her deeply, which was why he could not bear to hurt her.

“Okay, sure. I'll wait for that day to come,” came her reply. What else can I do? I also feel helpless that I met a guy like him. However, this is his resolve. Since he cherishes the wedding night so much, I'll wait for that day.

That night, Barney and Arius also returned to the hotel. They had solved the issue and could finally have a good rest.

However, no sooner had they arrived than Marcus also appeared at the hotel. The sight of the uninvited visitor filled Arius with exasperation. We've been working ourselves to the bone for so many days and certainly have no time to waste on dealing with this guy.

“Mr. President, don't you know how exhausted we've been these past few days? If you do, could you please refrain from disturbing us now? The only thing I want to do right now is to get a good night's sleep,” he said curtly. I mean, who's the reason we're so tired? Yet the culprit shows up here and is unwilling to let us rest. Isn't this a little too much?

“Don't come at me with such hostility, Arius. I'm here because I want to express my gratitude. I know how hard you've all been working during this period,” Marcus replied meekly. “Here's an idea! Given your outstanding contributions to Anglandur, I've decided to reward all of you handsomely. I hope you'll be there on time.”

In truth, that was the reason for his visit.

“No need for that, Mr. President. We didn't do what we did because of you.” Barney understood people like Marcus to a certain extent and had a sinking feeling that the latter did not want to let them leave. Initially, we came here to help them solve their problems. However, now that Marcus has seen what Sophie is capable of, it's even more unlikely that he'll let her go.

“I know you don't care for all that, Barney. However, the truth is that the International Medical Association truly needs you. Could it even still be called the International Medical Association without you? Hence, you guys have to come,” Marcus replied. Then, observing how fatigued the pair looked,

he did not take up any more of their time and quickly left with his subordinates.

When Sophie learned they were back, she went to find them and immediately noticed Arius's stormy expression.

"What's wrong?" she asked. Didn't he just get back? Who stepped on his toes this time?

"It's that disgusting president again. I truly can't stand the sight of him anymore, and I've no idea what he has cooking in his mind this time," he grumbled, thinking about how they had only come to offer their assistance because they had to and that Marcus should be glad they were not asking him for money in return.

"Why do you care what he wants to do? Anyway, no matter what he has in mind, he can't change our decision," she reasoned. Even the president of Anglandur can't stop us if we want to leave.

"Mm, you have a point. I think we've pretty much resolved the issues here, so it's also time for us to go home," Arius replied. I miss the fresh air in Chanaea. The saying "there's no place like home" rings true indeed.

Chapter 849

"Let's wait a couple more days! Once the situation here stabilizes a little more, I'll definitely go back with you guys."

Barney was still concerned about the situation at hand.

"Sure, then let's wait for a few more days." Sophie had no issue with the arrangement.

Arius shrugged nonchalantly in response. "All right. You two can decide when it comes to things like this. I'm practically useless every time we're caught in this kind of situation."

Hence, Arius did not even bother to provide any insight. As long as Barney and Sophie agreed with each other, that was enough.

“Dr. Smith, I'm getting tired. I'll be getting some rest now. You should too! It's been a while since you've gotten quality rest,” Arius urged, unhappy at the fact that Barney had over-exerted himself as though he was still young. In Arius' opinion, Barney should accept that he was getting old and that his body was not as strong as it used to be.

“All right. All right. I got it. I'll go rest now.” Barney did not argue. After all, he knew that they always had his best interests at heart.

With that, Arius and Barney went to rest.

Likewise, Sophie and Tristan retired back into their room as well.

At that moment, Anglandur was in a state of chaos. It was a complete mess everywhere. Thus, there

was no point in going out.

Soon after they returned to their room, Tristan received a call from Ophelia.

A line formed between Tristan's brows as he frowned.

A situation had arisen at Lombard Group's branch company. In the past, Felix and Ophelia were the ones in charge of dealing with such issues. However, Felix was not here at present, which meant that Tristan had to go over to investigate the problem himself.

“What's wrong?” Upon noticing the sudden change in his expression, Sophie thought that something terrible had happened.

“It's no big deal. I need to go out for a while. You can stay here and rest.” Since it was nothing major, Tristan did not think it necessary for Sophie to follow him.

To his surprise, Sophie latched onto his hand.

"I've gotten enough sleep today. No matter where you go, I'll follow you." Tristan had always been by her side all the while. Now that things on her side had calmed down a little, she would naturally want to follow him wherever he went.

Tristan did not object. "All right. I'll go get you a jacket."

Springtime had arrived at Anglandur, and it was starting to warm up. With the sun hanging high, the weather was looking great.

A light ash-colored jacket overlaid Sophie's white short-sleeved blouse. Her long hair flowed freely around her shoulders.

As simple as her outfit was, she still looked incredibly stunning.

Once they were dressed, Tristan and Sophie headed straight to Lombard Group's branch company in Anglandur. By the time they arrived, Ophelia was already waiting for them.

It had been a while since Ophelia had last seen Tristan. Her eyes lit up in anticipation as she awaited his arrival.

When Ophelia saw how tenderly Tristan was treating Sophie upon the couple's arrival, however, the light behind her eyes faded a little.

Regardless, she kept her emotions in check in the blink of an eye and greeted the couple politely and respectfully.

"Mr. Tristan, the situation right now is a little troublesome. I called you because I have no clue how to resolve it."

As the person in charge of the branch company, Ophelia was supposed to deal with such situations on her own. Yet, she had failed to do so that time around. Needless to say, Ophelia knew that it was because of her incompetence.

“Noted. Let's discuss this in the conference room,” Tristan replied. It seemed inappropriate to talk about it at that time and place.

Ophelia immediately shut up.

Meanwhile, Tristan had already brought Sophie to the conference room. Before long, Ophelia entered with a group of executives.

In the room, Sophie was seated beside Tristan and scrolling through her phone. Ophelia's gaze had not left Sophie the moment she stepped into the conference room.

Upon noticing Ophelia staring at Sophie, Tristan was beginning to feel annoyed.

What's going on with Ophelia? Has she never seen a woman so beautiful? Why is she staring at Sophie like that?

Tristan was displeased.

“Mr. Tristan, I think it'll be better for Ms. Tanner to take a break at the lounge. It seems a little inappropriate for her to be here,” Ophelia suggested. She genuinely did not think it was appropriate for Sophie to be in the meeting. After all, they would be discussing the management of Lombard Group, and Sophie was not part of the company.

Tristan frowned at her words.

“Stay in your lane, Ophelia. You only have to focus on your task at hand. There's no need to pay any attention to her,” Tristan defended Sophie.

Even though Tristan knew that it was almost impossible to ignore Sophie's presence, he did not think it was necessary for Ophelia to keep staring at her.

“My apologies, Mr. Tristan. That was not what I meant.” Ophelia bit her lip and lowered her head.

“What's wrong? Should I go wait for you in the lounge?” Sophie did not think it was an issue for her to leave. After all, she would not be of much help even if she stayed.

“No need. You can stay here and listen to your music.” Tristan smiled as he personally put her earphones into her ear.

Sophie was listening to the songs from Ysabelle's newest album. Ysabelle had sent her the songs the previous night and was hoping to receive some comments from her.

I've slept too much today. Now that I have time, I should give these a listen.

Ysabelle had improved greatly. Her newest album did not disappoint Sophie. As she listened, Sophie typed down the comments on an electronic document.

All those comments were her feedback on the album.

Tristan's meeting lasted for quite some time. Even after Sophie finished listening to all the songs from the album and completed writing her feedback, the meeting was still ongoing.

Sophie then opened WhatsApp and sent Ysabelle the electronic document consisting of her feedback.

Within seconds, Ysabelle's reply came: Sophie! You've finally got some free time! I thought you were still occupied! What do you think of my new album?

Sophie's thumbs flew across the keyboard. She wrote: It's quite good. I've sent you my feedback. You can take a look. You've improved a lot with this album, so it should be a raging success.

As long as there were no accidents, Ysabelle's new album should be a hit. Nevertheless, Sophie would not allow any accidents to happen as long as she was around.

Ysabelle replied with a sense of pride: Really? It's such a relief to hear you say that! I really like this album too!

Truth be told, she had already received a lot of compliments from various parties for the past few days. Nonetheless, it was only after receiving the positive comments from Sophie did Ysabelle truly feel overjoyed.

What she actually wanted was Sophie's acknowledgment.

Sophie then changed the topic: Which reminds me. The Wheelers have a song that's supposed to be a duet. I think your voice is suitable for the collaboration.

In the past, Ysabelle had worked together with The Wheelers on other minor projects, but she had never officially collaborated with them.

Sophie intended for the two trump cards of TS to have a collaborative work.

Isabelle gaped at the message before replying: Really? Can I really sing with The Wheelers? Ysabelle knew about the duet in the making. However, she had never expected she would have the opportunity to work on it.

Sophie wrote: You can contact Mark after this. I've already notified him about it.

Ysabelle texted back instantly: Sophie, I love you so much! When you come back, I will definitely treat you to a fancy meal! Ysabelle was in awe of Sophie's abilities. Even though Sophie was overseas, she still managed to arrange everything so flawlessly.

Sophie replied: Sure.

In the meantime, the meeting had come to a conclusion. With Tristan present, there were no problems they could not resolve.

As the meeting adjourned, all the executives exited the conference room—all except Ophelia. Her eyes were shining with admiration as she fixated her gaze on Tristan.

This man is truly remarkable.

“Mr. Tristan, it's almost time for dinner. Should we grab a meal together?” Ophelia boldly extended the invitation.

She firmly believed that Tristan was out of Sophie's league.

Throughout the whole afternoon, Mr. Tristan has been working. What did Ms. Tanner do? All she did was listen to music and text her friends. What's the difference between her and a teenage girl with internet addiction?

Chapter 850

That was why Ophelia thought the only person who could stand beside Tristan and help him in his career was herself.

She had also tried to give up on him but could not. Tristan would always appear in her dreams.

He would even appear in her wet dreams.

Naturally, Ophelia could not tell anyone else about those dreams of hers. However, she thought she could give it a go at pursuing Tristan.

Perhaps she could even become the person that he cherished most.

“Sorry, I still have something else to do. Ophelia, you only need to keep things in order at the branch office. No need to think about anything else.”

Ophelia was an open book, and Tristan was no fool.

Regardless, he only had eyes for one person. He would not give other women even the slightest chance to pursue him.

He would not allow it, even if it were merely an unrequited love.

“Mr. Tristan, we'll just be having a meal together. Is that not even allowed?” Ophelia was disappointed to be rejected by the person she liked so much.

“Ms. Summers, please be mindful of your position,” Tristan reminded coldly.

Ophelia tidied the things on the table before she stood up.

“I'm sorry for crossing the line, Mr. Tristan. I promise not to make the same mistake again.”

With that, Ophelia left.

Jeez! Mr. Tristan won't give anyone else a chance! He must really love Sophie!

When Ophelia left the room, another manager approached her and said, “Ophelia, I told you so. Mr. Tristan won't fall for you. Just agree to be with me!”

Ophelia glared at him.

“It's my problem whether or not Mr. Tristan likes me. It doesn't have anything to do with you,” Ophelia replied.

“What are you being so stubborn for? You already know there will never be a happy ending for the two of you, yet you won't give up.”

“That's my business. You have no right to tell me how I should handle my personal affairs.” With that, Ophelia returned to her office.

After entering her office, she slumped onto her desk.

She felt horrible.

She knew Tristan only wanted her for her skills. Hence, she worked hard to get acknowledged by him.

However, no matter how hard she worked, she could never have a place in Tristan's heart.

Ophelia was jealous of Sophie. The latter did not need to do anything to receive everything Ophelia had dreamt of acquiring.

Meanwhile, Sophie took off her earphones when she noticed everyone in the conference room had left. She picked up the cup on the table and was about to take a sip when Tristan stopped her.

“The water's gone cold. Don't drink it. I'll have someone pour you a new cup.” The weather was getting warmer, but she was still prohibited from having cold drinks.

Tristan believed women should pay more attention to such things.

Sophie waved her hand in response.

“Is everything settled?” The meeting had been about the internal affairs of Lombard Group. Although she was in the conference room, she did not listen to the conversation.

“Yeah, everything is settled. Ms. Tanner, thank you for accompanying me this afternoon. We can go back now.”

“Okay.”

Sophie got up. Tristan wrapped his arm around her waist as they left the room together.

This was not Sophie's first time at the branch office, but it was some employees' first time seeing her.

"Is that Mr. Tristan's girlfriend? She's so pretty!"

"Exactly! She's more beautiful than my angel!"

"Stop the exaggeration. Who are you calling your angel? You're so shameless!"

Ophelia knew Tristan was about to leave, so she got out of her office, only to hear the employees whispering about Sophie's beauty.

"Did Lombard Group hire you to come and gossip? Get back to work!" Ophelia scolded.

Beautiful? Other than her face, can she even be compared to me? Can she even help Mr. Tristan manage a company?

The women that had been whispering to each other moments ago exchanged glances. Ophelia got angrier when she noticed they had not left to resume work.

"I'm warning you, ladies. If you are not capable of doing your jobs, then you can leave right now." Ophelia was in a bad mood, causing her words to be harsh.

The women hurried back to their posts.

However, they were still outraged by Ophelia's attitude.

They created a messaging group to discuss it.

One of them texted: What's up with Ms. Summers today? She usually isn't such a harsh person. She was so fierce just now!

Someone replied: Don't you know? Ms. Summers likes Mr. Tristan, but he doesn't like her. That's why she's angry.

Someone else replied: To be honest, if you were Mr. Tristan, who would you choose? Mr. Tristan's girlfriend is beautiful, but she's like a trophy wife. As for Ms. Summers, she's a capable woman who can work hard alongside Mr. Tristan at work.

Another person texted: Who would I choose? How can you be so naive? Only a child would make choices. If I were Mr. Tristan, wouldn't it be better to just date both of them? With his status and position, having dozens of women is perfectly normal.

Meanwhile, Tristan left the branch office of Lombard Group with Sophie.

Ophelia ran out and saw how gentle Tristan was as he helped Sophie into the car, not daring to approach him again.

She was afraid that if she crossed the line one more time, she would be unable to protect her position in the company.

Why is it so tiring to like a person?

More importantly, she was frustrated that Tristan did not appreciate her feelings for him.

After returning to the hotel, Sophie read through the report Barney had sent her, signing it when she confirmed there were no problems.

"We can finally get ready to leave this place," Sophie said in relief. Everything here is pretty much settled.

“Okay. I'm ready when you are.”

Sophie gripped the man's chin and stared at him with a cheeky grin.

“Mr. Tristan, don't you know that acting like that makes me want to bully you?”

Tristan was rendered speechless.

“I'll just lie down and let you bully me then. You can do whatever you want to me. Is that okay?” Tristan answered.

It was Sophie's turn to be speechless.

All right, then! As expected, it's not easy to take advantage of Mr. Tristan. He has a way with words.

“Tell me. How do you plan on bullying me? I'll give you my full cooperation. Do you want to roleplay? What kind of character excites you?”

“You're getting more and more ridiculous.”

Sophie wrapped her arms around his waist.

It's so nice to have a man that cooperates with me well. I don't care what we face in the future as long as he's by my side.

Meanwhile, Marcus received news that Sophie and the others were about to leave the country.

“Mr. President, we can't let them leave at such a crucial moment. Otherwise, things will get more chaotic in Anglandur.”

Although a drug had been developed to cure the virus, everyone was still worried.

Everyone's focus was now on Barney. If he left, chaos would ensue.

“What do you think we should do? Do you think I'll be able to stop him from leaving?” Marcus threw a fit. Naturally, he knew it would be best if those people did not leave then. What he needed now was a plan to stop them.