

Pursuing Her #Pursuing Her Chapter 11 - Read Pursuing Her Pursuing Her Chapter 11

Pursuing Her Chapter 11

Chapter 11 She Will Not Get Away With This

“Cyro, what is the meaning of this? Why does it matter to you who she is?” Queenie was extremely jealous.

Cyro's line of sight was still firmly fixed on Sophie.

Queenie quickly pulled Cyro away. She was worried that Sophie might seduce her boyfriend.

“Cyro, I'm ready.” Queenie really liked Cyro. That night, she planned to let him have her. That way, she could let him realize how pure she was and how dirty Sophie was.

After hearing Queenie, Cyro immediately wrapped his arms around her delicate waist.

“I love you, Queenie.” Since she had served herself up on a silver platter, it would be a sin for him to deny such an opportunity.

However, even after checking out and leaving, Cyro still turned his head to glance at Sophie.

She was cool, elegant, and exceptionally gorgeous. Her waist was the slimmest waist he had ever seen, and her slender legs only made his imagination go wild.

Tristan walked out only to see Cyro's deviant gaze. Is he looking at Sophie? If he is, I'll have his eyes gouged out.

“Do you know him?”

“He's a classmate.” Sophie understood who he meant.

Tristan tossed the items into the trolley and pushed it to the checkout counter.

Sophie took out her wallet but Tristan did not give her the chance to pay.

It was already past midnight when they finally returned to the condominium.

“Take a shower and rest early.”

Tristan never planned to stay the night. He only brought her here because the security of Wisteria Apartments was good, and it could keep her out of trouble.

“Okay.”

Sophie got up to send him off. As they arrived at the door, Tristan suddenly stopped.

“Stay away from the classmate you saw today.” To Tristan, Cyro didn’t seem like a decent guy at first glance.

Sophie nodded nonchalantly as she had never paid attention to people like them.

“Hand me your phone.”

Sophie handed over her phone to Tristan, and he quickly entered a series of numbers on her phone and saved it into her contact list.

“Call me if anything happens and remember to lock the door.”

“Tristan, you don’t have to treat me this way.” She wasn’t some delicate and helpless little princess. In fact, she wasn’t as weak as he thought.

However, she wasn’t annoyed at Tristan’s kind gesture.

On the contrary, when Tristan turned around, the two were so close together that Sophie could smell the scent of male hormones wafting through her nostrils.

Despite always being an indifferent person, she couldn’t help but feel a little warm at her ears.

Tristan was an unusually handsome man. His every action could make any lady in Jipsdale blush with elevated heart rate.

Although Sophie was adept in many sorts of aspects, she was completely inexperienced when it came to relationships between men and women.

At that moment, the two were so close that she immediately took a step back.

Tristan rested both hands on the door frame like he was pinning her against a wall.

“Don’t overthink. I don’t have any ulterior motives.”

Tristan was indeed a little interested in Sophie. However, Sophie was still a young girl, and he didn’t want to frighten her.

“I’m not overthinking anything.”

Sophie was very unfamiliar with her strange physical and psychological reaction. Hence, she turned around into the house and closed the door in front of him.

When Tristan thought of her angry expression at the very end, he couldn’t help but chuckle.

Ever since he met Sophie, she had always been indifferent and nonchalant. That was the first time he saw the kind of expression usually found in young girls on her and it moved him.

Sophie took a bath and lay down. She had planned to play video games for a while but fell asleep not long after lying down.

Sophie woke up the next day at seven o’clock and freshened herself up for more than ten minutes before walking to school.

On the other hand, Cyro had sent Queenie to the school entrance.

It was Queenie’s first time the night before, and she was pretty shy. However, men liked inexperienced girls.

“Cyro, tonight—” Queenie liked Cyro a lot and wanted to keep him using this method.

Cyro casually patted Queenie’s face and said, “Be good now. I’ll be busy tonight. I’ll meet you after I’m done.”

“Cyro, are you disappointed with me?”

“Of course not! You made me feel so good.”

“Really? Then you must remember to come and meet me after you’re done.” Queenie couldn’t care about being reserved as long as she could continue to attract Cyro with her body.

Cyro didn’t leave even after Queenie had walked into the school. He continued to wait at the entrance of Jipsdale Premier High until the beautiful figure he had been having on his mind appeared at the school entrance.

Cyro quickly walked toward Sophie.

“Hello, Sophie. I’m Cyro from the national team.”

Sophie ignored him and walked right past him.

That was the first time Cyro was ignored when hitting on someone. However, Cyro smiled and immediately followed behind.

“Come on, Sophie. There’s nothing wrong with making friends.”

After he spoke, he took out a business card and handed it to Sophie.

Sophie received the business card and took a glance.

“Cyro Gaucher? National Basketball Team?”

Failing to discern the contemptuous smirk on Sophie’s face, Cyro nodded proudly.

“Let’s be friends!”

Sophie threw the business card into the trash can next to her.

“You—”

That was also the first time Cyro hit a wall. Usually, the girls would come to him willingly.

“Interesting. I like girls with a little bit of challenge. Sophie, just you wait. One day, I will expose your true nature.”

To Cyro, all women were the same. They couldn’t be bothered before he dominated them. However, once he got his hands on them, they would beg him to bed them, just like Queenie.

Willow, who had been in the car the whole time, witnessed the entire scenario and couldn't help but laugh.

"Oh, Sophie. Even if I don't do anything, you won't be able to survive in Jipsdale." Queenie alone is enough to deal with you.

Whether it was five years ago or the present, the only person who can be the heir to the Tanner family is me. Everything in the Tanner family will belong to me.

After the morning self-study session, Queenie went to meet Willow.

"Willow, I did it with Cyro." Although she had already done it, Queenie was still a little scared. "Do you think I'll be pregnant?"

"No. There aren't many senior girls who are virgins nowadays. Queenie, congratulations! Your wish finally came true! It's just that—" Willow's face froze as though she didn't know how she should bring up the subject.

"What is it? Willow, we've been friends for so many years. If you have anything to say, just say it."

"I might have misunderstood! You know, Sophie is my sister after all."

"Willow, what's the matter? Tell me." As a Physical Education student, Queenie wasn't as bright as Willow.

"When I came to school, I saw Sophie stopping Cyro. It looked like she was asking for his phone number! However, I think Sophie simply admired him! After all, Cyro is on the national team and is likely to join the NBA."

"What? That filthy b*tch."

"Queenie, I'm only telling you this because you are my best friend. I know how much you love Cyro. Be careful out there."

"I know. Cyro and I love each other. Who does Sophie think she is? How dare she seduce my boyfriend! She will not get away with this."

Pursuing Her Chapter 12

Chapter 12 Stay Away From My Boyfriend

Physical Education was the final class of the morning. Since Ysabelle had a history of poor health, she would therefore skip every Physical Education lesson as a result. Since Sophie was there, she accompanied Sophie to the class that day.

“Soph, we’re not required to attend the senior year Physical Education class. Let’s go to the shop to buy something to eat! I’m starving.” Ysabelle was hungry because she didn’t eat much in the morning.

“Okay.”

To Ysabelle, Sophie was very easygoing. Although they had only known each other for a few days, Sophie couldn’t bring herself to hate Ysabelle.

“Sophie, stop right there.”

Before they could even leave the basketball court, Queenie called out to Sophie.

“Get out of my way.”

Sophie couldn’t be bothered at all. To her, Queenie was still the same girl she used to be.

Seeing Sophie completely ignoring her, Queenie extended her arm in front of Sophie to stop her path.

“Did you ask my boyfriend for an autograph this morning? Sophie, why are you so shameless? How could you hit on someone else’s boyfriend?”

“That’s right! Cyro is Queenie’s boyfriend and a reserve member of the national team. He will be joining the NBA in the future.”

“Cyro? Reserve member of the national team? So what?” Sophie raised her eyebrows with a carefree expression.

“Sophie, I’m warning you. Stay away from my boyfriend. Otherwise, I will make you pay.”

“You should keep your boyfriend in check! Don’t let him get raunchy whenever he likes.” Ysabelle couldn’t stand her anymore. Cyro was like a precious gem to Queenie, but to Sophie, he was nothing.

“Sophie, this is my final warning. Don’t get any ideas about my boyfriend!”

“You’re crazy.” Sophie shoved her aside and turned to Ysabelle. “Didn’t you say you’re hungry? Hurry up.”

“I’m disgusted and have just lost my appetite.” Ysabelle snorted at Queenie.

“I’ve seen things more repulsive than this. Don’t let a piece of trash affect your mood.”

“Queenie, did she just call us trash?”

“D*mn, she’s so arrogant. I’ve never seen anyone this shameless.”

“Queenie, you must keep an eye on your boyfriend. Sophie really has the capability to seduce men.”

Queenie lightly clenched her fists. No. I can’t let Sophie stay in Jipsdale. It’s too risky.

“Don’t worry! She won’t be smug for long. My boyfriend will never fall for such a sl*t!”

“Soph, let’s go have some food! It’s the last class anyway.”

“Okay.”

“Soph, what would you like to eat?”

“Anything is fine for me.”

Ysabelle brought Sophie to a pasta shop that she frequented.

“I really enjoy the pasta here, but my parents never allowed me to eat it.” Ysabelle’s family constantly placed numerous restrictions on her because of her bad health, which dated back to her early years as a child.

“Can your body handle it?” Sophie looked at Ysabelle.

“It’s okay. It’s just a bowl of pasta.” Ysabelle insisted. Nobody was following her that day. Naturally, she had to seize the chance to enjoy her favorite food.

The two went in and found a table. Then, Ysabelle ordered two servings of pasta.

After having their fill, they went for some milkshakes. When it was almost time, the two planned to take a taxi back to school.

However, after walking for a while, Sophie realized something wasn't right. Her stomach was hurting badly.

When Ysabelle saw Sophie's pale face and the sweats beaded on her forehead, the former was shocked.

"Soph, what's wrong? Are you feeling unwell?"

"I'm fine."

Sophie immediately squatted down, trying to ease the pain in her stomach.

Ysabelle squatted down as well.

"Soph, what should we do? What's wrong?" Ysabelle had always been well protected by the Lombard family and never had any of such experience.

"I'm okay. Take me to the hospital." In the past five years in Horington, Sophie was always alone and used to handling her problems by herself most of the time.

Upon hearing that, Ysabelle took Sophie to the hospital immediately.

"Doctor, what's wrong with her? Is she going to die?"

"Miss, please wait outside. We'll examine your friend."

"Soph—"

Looking at Ysabelle's frightened state, Sophie, lying on the stretcher, worried about her.

"I'll be fine. Go wait outside." Even at that critical moment, Sophie was unusually calm.

After the doctor's examination, the doctor got the nurse ready for surgery immediately.

Ysabelle cried when she heard that Sophie was about to have surgery.

She grabbed Sophie's hand and said, "Soph, what are we going to do? Please don't die!" Why do you need surgery?

Watching Ysabelle in a sobbing mess, Sophie couldn't help but laugh.

"It's fine. It's just a minor surgery."

"Should I inform your parents?"

"I don't have any parents."

In fact, her parents think she would be better off dead! The only person who cared about her was her grandfather, Josiah.

However, Josiah was old, and she didn't want him to worry.

"Go to class. I'll be all right."

The nurse took Sophie to the operating room, and Ysabelle followed.

When the doors to the operating room closed in front of her, Ysabelle was shaking from anxiety.

She immediately took out her phone and called Tristan.

Tristan was in the middle of hosting a meeting when he received the call, and he hung up the phone when he saw Ysabelle's name on the caller ID.

However, Ysabelle called again.

Tristan frowned. What is going on? Why is she calling me so persistently?

As soon as he answered the phone, he heard Ysabelle crying. "Uncle Tristan, what should I do? Sophie is dying."

"What?" Tristan stood up from his seat at once.

The people who attended the meeting were the executives of the company. When they saw Tristan's expression, none of them dared to make a sound.

"Where are you? I'll be right there." Ysabelle was constantly sobbing on the phone, and he couldn't tell what was happening.

Ysabelle calmed down a little after knowing that Tristan was coming over.

"Today's meeting ends here." As he finished, Tristan left the executives looking at each other and immediately drove to the hospital.

When Ysabelle saw Tristan's arrival at the hospital, she cried even louder.

"Uncle Tristan, what should we do? Soph isn't out of the operating room yet."

"It will be fine. I'll get Felix to pick you up. Go home. I'll be here."

"No. I want to wait for Sophie to come out." Ysabelle refused.

At that moment, the doctor came out of the operating room.

"Doctor, how is Sophie?" Tristan asked.

"She's doing fine. It was just a minor appendicitis surgery. She'll be hospitalized for two to three days, and then she will be free to go."

"What? Appendicitis surgery?" Ysabelle was embarrassed. After all, it must be funny that she cried so terribly.

After hearing the doctor's words, Tristan heaved a sigh of relief.

Since receiving Ysabelle's phone call, Tristan's chest has been immensely taut, and he was finally relieved to hear that Sophie was all right.

"However, you should inform the patient's family members. Although it is a minor surgery, she requires close attention."

"Okay. Thank you, doctor."

At this moment, the nurse pushed Sophie out of the operating room.

Sophie was a little surprised to see Tristan there. Tristan? What is he doing here at this hour? His time could be worth tens of millions by the minutes!

"Soph, I'm so glad you're doing fine. You have no idea how frightened I was."

“I’m okay.”

After the nurse pushed Sophie into the ward, she wanted to get on the hospital bed herself.

“Don’t move.”

Tristan spoke and carried her up.

Sophie didn’t expect him to carry her suddenly, and she immediately wrapped her arms around his neck to prevent herself from falling.

Pursuing Her Chapter 13

Chapter 13 Flirting

“I can walk on my own.” While he was carrying her, their faces got closer to each other. If she looked up, her lips would brush across his chin.

Her heart began to beat out of control, and her ears began to grow hot.

Ysabelle was stunned. She had never seen Tristan treat anyone so well. Even at home, he was always cold, and even his grandfather was annoyed at him for it.

Tristan didn’t give Sophie the chance to refuse. He gently put her on the hospital bed, then checked on her infusion tube.

“Okay. It’s time for your evening self-study,” Tristan said to Ysabelle.

“Uncle Tristan, I don’t want to go. If I hadn’t brought Sophie to the pasta outlet, she wouldn’t end up like this. I’ll stay and accompany her.” Well, it wouldn’t matter if I missed one session of self-study.

Tristan looked at her and didn’t speak.

“Uncle Tristan.” He looks so scary.

“I’m okay now, Ysabelle. I’ll go back after the infusion.”

“No!” Tristan and Ysabelle exclaimed in unison.

“I’m really fine.”

“Sophie, it’s all my fault. You must stay in the hospital and get well. Otherwise, I will feel very guilty.”

“You should recuperate in the hospital. I’ve already informed the school that you’re taking the day off.” Tristan declared. How could she be so calm even after her surgery?

Tristan stopped forcing Ysabelle to go to class. If Ysabelle is here to accompany her, she should feel more at ease.

The VIP ward Tristan arranged for Sophie was a suite equipped with a bathroom and a kitchen.

At half past nine in the evening, Felix came to pick up Ysabelle.

“Uncle Tristan, I won’t be going home tonight! I want to stay with Soph. I don’t want her to be alone in the ward. It’s sad.”

Whenever Ysabelle was sick, her parents and grandparents would stay by her side.

However, Sophie didn’t have anyone close to her, which was really sad.

“Felix will take you home. I’ll get someone to look after Sophie.”

Ysabelle looked at Sophie aggrievedly.

“I’m fine. I like to be alone.” Sophie couldn’t help but laugh. To her, Ysabelle’s reaction was adorable.

Ysabelle seemed to have more to say, but Felix dragged her away.

At half past ten, Tristan was still there with Sophie, but Sophie didn’t care much about it and played games in her bed.

When it was half past eleven and Sophie noticed that Tristan hadn’t left. She raised her head to look at him and said, “Mr. Tristan, you may go. I don’t need anyone to take care of me.” It was just a minor surgery. Besides, I can already get out of bed and walk.

“Don’t worry about me. Sleep if you’re tired.”

“What do you mean?”

“I’ll stay here and accompany you.”

“What?” Sophie doubted her ears. Tristan, the man who could cause Jipsdale to tremble with one word wanted to stay and accompany her.

“Are you hungry?” Sophie hadn’t eaten anything yet, and Tristan was worried that she might be hungry.

“I’m good.” Sophie didn’t have much appetite.

Tristan took that as a yes, and called someone to deliver oatmeal from The Crown.

The oatmeal arrived in a thermal insulation container instead of a takeaway box.

Tristan filled a bowl with oatmeal, sat beside Sophie, and put the spoon near her mouth.

“Ahem!”

Even Sophie, who had always been calm, was stunned at that moment.

Tristan, the head of the Lombard Group, a prominent character in Jipsdale, was feeding her oatmeal.

“Mr. Tristan, I can eat by myself.” She didn’t know how to deal with Tristan’s behavior.

Tristan knew that she wasn’t used to it, so he didn’t insist.

Besides, he wasn’t in a hurry. He wanted to give her time to get used to his existence.

Hence, Tristan handed her the bowl and spoon.

Sophie took a bite and felt that it tasted pretty good. Hence, she slowly finished the bowl of oatmeal.

“Want some more?”

“I’m good. Thank you.”

Sophie felt pretty awkward when Tristan, a person unrelated to her, cared for her this much.

“Mr. Tristan, you may go. This is a hospital. It’s very safe.”

“Sleep! I don’t mind sleeping on the couch for one night.” Tristan covered her with a blanket and lay down on the couch. He wasn’t planning to leave at all.

“Mr. Tristan?”

Sophie had never shared a room with another man. Although it was a ward instead of a room, she still felt awkward about it.

“What’s wrong? Are you not tired yet?”

Sophie remained silent.

Fine. I saved his life before too. Maybe the Lombard family is really serious about gratitude.

The ward was quiet, and only the alternating sound of their breathing could be heard.

A long while passed and Sophie fell asleep in a daze.

When Tristan heard her faint breathing and knew she was asleep, he got up and walked to her side.

Sophie looked vulnerable while asleep, just like a baby. It made him feel like protecting her no matter what so she would never get hurt.

The following morning, Tristan’s assistant delivered breakfast to the ward for the two of them.

Not only did Tristan help Sophie with her breakfast, he also catered to her every need.

The assistant’s jaw almost dropped. Is this really the oppressive and ruthless Mr. Tristan?

After breakfast, the nurse came over to administer an infusion.

“Mr. Tristan, you have a meeting today in the morning with the SF Corporation in Anglandur’s—” The assistant began.

“Postpone today’s meeting until tomorrow.”

The assistant was momentarily stumped and was rendered speechless.

Tristan shot him a glance, and the latter nodded immediately.

After giving out some instructions, he finally said, “You may leave now.”

His employee immediately packed up and left. That girl on the hospital bed must be someone important! That was the first time I saw Mr. Tristan treating a young lady that way and even neglecting his work for her.

“Mr. Tristan, you can go if you have work to do. I can manage.” To Sophie, having the prominent Mr. Tristan take care of her was highly unbelievable.

“Work is never finished. Do you feel any discomfort? Should I slow it down?” Tristan adjusted her infusion tube.

“It’s okay.”

When he had the time, Tristan would sit on the couch and work. He would also look up at the infusion bottle and press the bell to call the nurse in time to change the IV drip.

Due to her infusion, Sophie needed to go to the bathroom. Hence, she got up and wanted to walk to the bathroom with the infusion bottle by herself.

However, Tristan had already walked over. He took off the infusion bottle from the stand and carried it. He even wanted to carry her up.

Sophie immediately extended both her arms to stop him. However, she accidentally rested her hands on his chest.

He was wearing only a white shirt, and he also took off his tie and unbuttoned the first two buttons on it the night before.

At this moment, Sophie was directly touching his skin.

Sophie quickly retracted her hands as if she had been electrocuted.

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean to." Tristan's expression looked as if she had deliberately took advantage of him.

Although it was said that all the socialite from the upper echelon wanted to touch Tristan, they never had the chance nor the courage. However, Sophie truly didn't mean to touch him.

"I won't mind even if you did it on purpose. I was even slightly hopeful for it to happen."

Sophie was dumbfounded. Did he just flirt with me?

Pursuing Her Chapter 14

Chapter 14 I Am In Love With Her

"Didn't you want to go to the restroom? Or are you hoping I'd carry you there?"

"I can do it myself." Sophie instantly tried to take the bag of IV solution.

However, Tristan did not let her take it; he forcibly accompanied her to the restroom.

"Mr. Tristan, can you please leave? With you around, I..."

I'm a young woman! How am I supposed to relieve myself with him around?

It was only then Tristan finally gave her the bag of IV solution.

If he continued teasing her, she might actually get mad.

"I'm right outside, so call for me whenever you need any help."

Sophie nodded. Once she saw Tristan leave the ward, she let out a sigh of relief.

Then, she entered the bathroom with the bag of IV solution. When she came back out, she had a relieved smile on her face.

Sophie then hung the bag on the hook and got onto the bed. She planned to play a few games to kill time, but unexpectedly, someone knocked on the door.

“Who is it? Is it Tristan?” It’s unlikely him. He’d never knock.

“Come in.” Sophie could not guess who was outside, so she had no choice but to allow them entry.

The moment the door opened, she was greeted with the sight of Cyro Gaucher entering with a large bouquet of fresh roses.

Upon realizing that he was the one knocking on the door earlier, Sophie frowned. What is he doing here? Was my message not clear enough?

“Ms. Tanner, do you still remember me? I heard that you’re sick, so I came right away to visit you! Are you okay?”

When Cyro was on his way to send Queenie to school, he heard from Queenie that Sophie was sick. Hence, he immediately sent someone to find out which hospital Sophie was at.

“Who do you think you are?” Sophie scoffed. She did not even bother with being courteous to people like Cyro.

“I’m Cyro Gaucher from the national team!” Cyro proudly replied. “I heard that you’re in the hospital alone, so I took leave to come and keep you company.”

“I don’t need it. You can leave now.” How can someone who’s in Queenie’s social circle be anyone good?

“Sophie, I’ve fallen for you at first sight. Please give me a chance to prove my feelings.”

Sophie furrowed her brows, feeling disgusted at the man.

“Aren’t you Queenie’s boyfriend? Don’t you find it disgusting to say such things to me?”

“Queenie’s the one who has been clinging on to me. You have no idea how cheap she is. Don’t worry. I’ll clear things up with her.” Woman like Queenie paled in comparison to a beauty like Sophie.

“That’s your problem. It has nothing to do with me.”

“Sophie, I’ll prove it to you.”

“You should leave now,” Sophie impatiently responded.

The more indifferent Sophie acted toward him, the more interested Cyro became of her. She’s simply fascinating!

Just as Cyro left, Tristan returned. When he saw the roses by the bedside table, he frowned.

“Was someone here?” I just went out to take a call, and someone has already come and given her roses?

“Just a piece of trash,” Sophie uttered. She was not at all interested in Cyro.

“Oh.” Hearing that, Tristan walked over to take the bouquet of roses and threw it into the trash can.

Sophie did not mind at all.

By noon, Sophie was done with her IV therapy. She then had a talk with the doctor, who told her that she may leave the hospital.

When Tristan saw that she truly did not want to stay in the hospital, he talked to the doctor about the things she needed to be mindful of before settling the procedures for her discharge. Then, he sent her back to Wisteria Apartments.

Meanwhile, once Ysabelle found out that Sophie had been discharged, she rushed to Wisteria Apartments.

“Soph, are you really all right now?” Ysabelle was still worried. What happened to Sophie the day before had genuinely frightened Ysabelle.

As Sophie lazily leaned back on the couch, she replied, “I’m really fine.”

Ysabelle then served Sophie like she was the queen, for she felt that Sophie only ended up in that predicament because of her.

In the afternoon, Tristan ordered lunch from The Crown, and lunch for Sophie was bland as usual.

After all, the doctor had advised her to eat blander food for now.

Ysabelle took out the dishes, set up the table, and served the food.

Sophie did not have much appetite, so she only ate half a bowl of oatmeal.

“What’s the matter? Do you not like it?” She ate so little.

“I’m not hungry.” Sophie had always had a small appetite.

“You’re too skinny. Eat more.” Tristan’s heart ached. Despite Sophie’s height, she felt extremely petite in his arms.

Ysabelle bobbed her head in agreement.

“Yes, Uncle Tristan’s right, Soph. You should eat more. Look at me. I’m only a hundred and sixty centimeters tall, but I’m chubbier than you. It’s not great for a girl to be too skinny. It won’t felt good to hug you.”

Sophie was speechless at that.

Why should I be good to hug?

“I’ve hired a housekeeper for you. She’ll come and clean the place up and make lunch and dinner.”

“Uncle Tristan, you’re indeed meticulous!” Ysabelle felt like applauding Tristan.

“Okay. How much would that be? I’ll pay for it myself.” Sophie did not like taking advantage of others.

“Sure.” Tristan did not insist otherwise.

After Queenie received Cyro’s call, she deliberately put on nude makeup and carefully selected a purple dress to go with it.

Then, she went to the hotel they agreed to meet at. The moment she entered the building, she launched herself into Cyro’s arms.

“Cyro, I missed you so much!” It was afternoon, and Queenie did not mind doing unspeakable things with him there.

However, Cyro seemed disinterested.

Instead, he pushed Queenie away from his arms.

The look in his eyes alarmed Queenie. She then inched closer to him and wrapped her arms around his neck before sending her red lips close to him.

Again, Cyro avoided her by turning sideways.

Queenie ended up kissing his cheek.

“Cyro, what’s the matter? Are you upset?”

“Queenie, let’s end things on good terms.” Cyro had always been a member of the basketball team. Moreover, he was tall and handsome, so he never lack pretty girls flocking after him.

“What are you talking about? Cyro, you’re joking with me, aren’t you?” Queenie tried to squeeze a smile onto her face, but the smile looked ugly. “Why?”

“What do you mean why? I just don’t like you anymore,” Cyro ruthlessly said to her.

Queenie inched closer to him.

“Did I do anything wrong? Tell me, and I’ll change.”

“There’s no need for you to do that. You’ll find someone better than me in the future.” Cyro was not giving her any chance, and he did not want to waste any more time on her.

Queenie ran over to stop him from leaving.

“Cyro, I love you. I really do,” she said to him, for he was the first person she had fallen in love with.

“But I don’t love you anymore.” Cyro’s patience completely vanished at how she was making a scene and refusing to let go. “Don’t come and look for me anymore.”

“Is it because of Sophie? She seduced you, didn’t she?” Queenie spat out of her gritted teeth.

Cyro arched a brow at the sight of her resentful expression. She looks like a madwoman.

“That’s right. I’m in love with her,” he said. He did not think that it was something that should be kept a secret.

“Do you know what kind of person she is? She moved in with someone in eighth grade, and she even aborted a baby because of that man. She’s nothing but a promiscuous woman!”

Cyro slapped Queenie.

“That’s enough, Queenie. Why are you so vicious at such a young age?”

With that said, he shoved Queenie aside.

By then, Queenie’s makeup was ruined from her continuous bawling, and she looked terrifying.

As Queenie climbed to her feet, she angrily hissed, “Just you wait, Sophie. I’m going to make you regret coming back to Jipsdale!”

Pursuing Her Chapter 15

Chapter 15 Admitting Your Mistake

In the afternoon, Sophie insisted on going to school with Ysabelle.

When the two arrived at the school, they spotted Queenie with a few other girls around.

The way Queenie was looking at Sophie was as if she was staring at her nemesis.

“Stop right there, Sophie!” Queenie snarled, fury burning bright in her eyes.

Sophie ignored her and continued walking away. Her prideful demeanor infuriated Queenie even more.

In the next instance, she threw the basketball in her hands at Sophie.

“Soph, watch out!” The moment Ysabelle turned around and saw Queenie’s action, she lunged toward Sophie’s back. The ball ended up hitting Ysabelle’s back, and Ysabelle groaned in pain.

Sophie spun around and glared at Queenie.

“Queenie Lane, are you crazy? Why are you barking at everyone you meet?”

“Sophie, I’ve warned you not to seduce my boyfriend. You were the one who started this.”

“Sophie, how can you be such a shameless person? Queenie has already been with Cyro for a month. How can you steal her boyfriend?”

“Women like her would do practically anything. She just couldn’t keep it in her pants.”

“Exactly. She only knows how to seduce others with her looks.”

“Queenie, you’re on the school’s basketball team, right?” Sophie asked, tilting her head to the side.

“That’s right. Queenie’s the team leader of the school’s basketball team. I dare you to come and compete with her if you have the guts.”

“Dare she? All she knows is how to seduce men. How can she possibly know how to play basketball?”

“True. She only thinks about how to get men into her bed. We’re really not on the same level.”

“I’ll go against all five of you,” Sophie said as she picked up the basketball from the floor. She initially did not want to stoop to their level, but since they had hurt Ysabelle, Sophie was going to toy with them a little.

“How insolent of you!” Competing in basketball game with me? Sophie must have a death wish.

“Cut the nonsense.” Just start the game already. Why is she still spewing nonsense?

Ysabelle grabbed Sophie.

“Soph, you’ve just…” Ysabelle was panicking. After all, she was worried about Sophie’s wellbeing, and that was why she shielded her from the basketball.

“Wait for me over there. I’ll be done in a minute.”

“Did you hear her? Girls, since she asked for it, let’s all go against her together,” Queenie growled, narrowing her eyes.

By then, a large group of people had already gathered around the field.

“Sophie, I hope you’re not going to end up in tears in a moment. Also, if you lose, I want you out of Jipsdale Premier High and the city of Jipsdale!”

“What if you lose?”

“Me? Losing? Ms. Tanner, are you trying to be funny?”

“It’s a match. There are bound to be victory and defeat.”

“If I lose, I’ll prostrate before you.”

“It seems like you’re really confident in yourself.”

“Are you scared? If you’re scared, crawl in between my legs, and I’ll let you off.”

At that, Sophie could not help but chuckle. Very well. She’s confident. It seems like no one has ever taught them a lesson before.

Sophie then took off her jacket and threw it at Ysabelle.

“Damn, Soph, you’re so cool!” A pretty person really gets further in life. No matter what she does, it all looks so cool!

Ysabelle then took out her phone, ready to record the scene.

Queenie scoffed.

If they were competing in something else, perhaps she would be afraid. However, they were about to compete in a basketball match, and she knew that she was as skillful as the members of the boys’ team. Therefore, Queenie vouched that she was going to teach Sophie a lesson that very day.

Once the match started, Queenie took three steps and threw the ball right into the hoop.

She then turned to look at Sophie gleefully.

“How is it? Are you scared now?” The other four girls were just standing at the side, knowing that Queenie would be able to defeat Sophie easily by herself. Therefore, they did not even need to do

anything but watch the scene unfold.

Despite Queenie’s taunts and actions, Sophie remained expressionless.

“Hm? Scared is never in my vocab.” With that, Sophie stole the basketball from Queenie’s hands before the latter even realized it. Then, she retreated beyond the three-point line and raised her arms. Before the others could get a clear look at what was happening, the basketball collided against Queenie’s stomach.

“D*mn! I thought she was going to go for a three-pointer!”

“Hello? Do you think that everyone’s a variation of Cyro?” Cyro used to be on Jipsdale Premier High’s basketball team, and his skill in basketball was what landed him a spot at Jipsdale University.

“Sophie, do you know how to play? If you don’t, just give up. It’s not embarrassing to lose to Queenie.”

The others were laughing at Sophie about how she only had good looks and nothing else.

“Sorry, I haven’t played basketball for a long time,” Sophie nonchalantly responded.

Meanwhile, Queenie could not even straighten up from the blow. The others were all laughing at Sophie, but Queenie did not dare to underestimate her opponent anymore.

She knew well that Sophie was proficient in handling the ball.

“Let’s continue,” Sophie then said to the referee.

When the next round started, Queenie began trying her best to play defense. Unfortunately, Sophie still managed to intercept the ball at the tiniest window of opportunity.

The moment Sophie got the ball, she retreated beyond the three-point line and hurl the ball at Queenie again.

Unable to continue watching any longer, Queenie's four teammates hurried to Queenie's side.

"Sophie, you're doing this on purpose!"

Sophie sneered.

"Did you just realize it now? Your eyes don't seem to be working that well."

"You—"

They were on Jipsdale Premier High's basketball team; they could not let some random person defeat them so easily.

"All of you should come at once. I don't have that much time to spare," Sophie uttered in a haughty tone.

Once the whistle went off, the match resumed.

Even when the five of them tried their best to intercept Sophie, Sophie still easily avoided them.

At that, Queenie gave her teammates a look. In that case, you can't blame us if you get injured.

"Aim at her leg. Break it," whispered one of the teammates.

When Sophie realized what they were trying to do, she narrowed her eyes dangerously.

What Sophie had planned to do was to teach them a lesson, but they ended up playing dirty tricks.

So, you want to resort to dirty tricks, huh? Fine. I've never been scared of anyone.

In the blink of an eye, Queenie swung her leg toward Sophie's calf. However, Sophie easily leaped up to dunk the ball.

"Wow!"

The people around them were astounded by Sophie's remarkable jumping ability.

The ball entered the hoop, and Sophie received a point.

After that, Sophie landed steadily on the ground.

On the other hand, Queenie's expression was dark as the night.

Dozens of minutes after that, it was as if Sophie had turned the match into her show. The five girls posed no threat to Sophie at all.

In the end, the match ended with fifty points to zero.

The school's basketball team ended up the laughingstock of the day.

The whistle sounded, signaling the end of the match, and the five on the school's basketball team had scowls on their faces.

They had never suffered a defeat that horrendous before.

Ysabelle rushed over to hug Sophie.

"Soph, how can you be that impressive? I'm sure you can even enter the national team with your skills!"

Sophie was still not used to being so physically close to another person, so she gently pushed Ysabelle away.

"Soph, you're brilliant! I love you so much!"

"You don't need to."

Meanwhile, Queenie was clenching her fists. When did Sophie become so talented? I've really humiliated myself thoroughly today.

"Queenie, let's go." Her other four teammates were feeling embarrassed as well, and all they wanted to do was hide away in some discreet spot to lick their wounds.

"Go? Where to? Queenie, have you forgotten about our bet?"

"Hey, Sophie, this is too much. We're all studying in the same school. Must you cross the line?"

"That's right. Just let it go."

“You were the one who said you’d prostrate before me and admit to your mistakes. You should keep your words,” Sophie noncommittally pointed out. It was as if nothing in the world could faze her.