

Pursuing Her #Pursuing Her

Pursuing Her Chapter 5

Chapter 5 Tell Me Who She Is

After hanging up on his call, Andy rushed out of the office and cried, "Please wait, Old Mr. Tanner. I'll take Ms. Sophie Tanner as a student."

His attitude had taken a one-eighty from before.

Even Josiah had no idea why the principal had suddenly changed his mind.

"Are you sure, Mr. Langston?" Josiah asked.

"That's right, Old Mr. Tanner. I'll have her placed in a class right away." Then, Andy immediately called the high school's academic head and informed her about Sophie's immediate enrolment.

Sophie went along with the enrolment, but even she knew things were hardly as simple as they seemed.

The academic head promptly assigned Sophie to the worst-performing class in the school. After receiving her school uniform, Sophie was handed over to the homeroom teacher of Senior Class 8, Derrick Hayes.

Before Josiah left, he said to Derrick, "I'll have to trouble you to keep an eye on Sophie, Mr. Hayes."

"It's no trouble at all, Sir! You should head back. I'll lead Sophie to her class soon," came Derrick's courteous reply.

That was the only answer he could give, seeing as every student at Jipsdale Premier High had a wealthy or influential parent that the teachers could not afford to offend.

Derrick happened to be in charge of the third lesson of the day for Senior Class 8, so he personally escorted Sophie to her new classroom.

When he arrived at the classroom, he announced, “Hi, everyone, we have a new student in our class. She’ll introduce herself. Please give her a warm welcome.”

Sophie walked onto the podium at the front of the room and wrote her full name on the board.

Then, she declared, “Hi, everyone, my name is Sophie Tanner.”

Sophie Tanner? Her new classmates immediately whispered furiously among themselves.

“Isn’t she the Sophie Tanner who was expelled five years ago?”

“I think so! She used to be in my class.”

“I heard she had an abortion around tenth grade. Do you know if it’s true?”

“It was! Back then...”

Derrick piped up, “All right, everyone, settle down. There’s a seat at the end of the classroom, Sophie. You can take that.”

Sophie obediently went to the last row and ignored the spiteful glares directed her way.

The students in Senior Class 8 did not produce spectacular grades. Naturally, most of them came from elite circles.

Their upbringing meant they were the farthest thing from cowards. Once Derrick ended his lesson, Queenie Lane sauntered to Sophie and taunted, “It really is you, Sophie! I can’t believe you’re thick-skinned enough to return to Jipsdale. If I were you—”

“Shut your trap, Queenie,” Sophie cut in abruptly. Queenie had always been a member of Willow’s clique and had had her fair share of picking on Sophie in the past.

Sophie was nursing a headache after a sleepless night in an unfamiliar house, and she was in no mood to entertain Queenie’s prissy attitude.

Alas, Queenie did not fear Sophie at all. She grabbed Sophie’s hand and continued, “We’re not in Horington anymore, Sophie. Did you think you were

something in Jipsdale?" She still believed Willow's sister was as meek as before.

Sophie's beautiful eyes narrowed dangerously.

In the blink of an eye, she twisted her hand and grabbed Queenie's wrist, swiftly bending it backward.

"Ahh!" Queenie yelped in pain.

Their classmates noticed the threat in Sophie's eyes, and no one dared to step forward to break up the fight.

Sophie declared, "I don't want to cause trouble, but I'm not a target for you to pick on, either. Remember this, Queenie. I'm not the same Sophie from five years ago. Not just anyone can trample over my dignity. Oh right! I'm sure you remember what you all did to me five years ago. I'll make sure you all have a taste of your own medicine soon."

She suddenly felt as though coming back had been the right decision.

After that, she shoved Queenie roughly, causing the latter to fall to the ground.

Queenie was dumbstruck.

Sophie was utterly fearsome.

I can't allow Sophie to remain in Jipsdale. We have to get rid of her!

Sophie spent the last two lessons of the class sprawled across her desk, asleep. After school ended, she grabbed her bag and left.

She had just set foot outside the school gates when she spied Felix waiting outside.

Mr. Langston must've changed his mind because of them!

Before Felix had said a thing, Sophie decisively got into the car beside him.

Felix did not utter a single word of the speech he had prepared.

With impatience brimming in her gaze, Sophie announced, “Tristan Lombard, right? I saved you last time, and you helped me today, so we’re even. Don’t look for me again.”

She believed Felix and Tristan were complex characters, and she did not wish to be involved with them further.

Meanwhile, Tristan replied, “My life is worth a fortune.” He merely asked Felix to make a call, and it was nothing compared to what she did for him.

He continued, “I’m Tristan Lombard of Lombard Group, and I need your help.”

His words flustered Felix, who wondered, We can have anyone we want in the world. Why must Mr. Tristan insist on this Sophie Tanner?

Sophie stared at Tristan and said drily, “I have poor grades and poor morals. What exactly do you want from me?”

People rarely stared Tristan straight in the eyes, and he knew in that instant that he was staring at an extraordinary young woman.

“Your medical skills,” came Tristan’s reply.

“Medical skills? Are you pulling my leg? I’m an eighteen-year-old high school student. What would I know about medicine? I’ve said this many times; I managed to remove the bullet from your body out of sheer luck. You would be dead now if luck hadn’t been on my side.”

Tristan merely insisted, “I’m dead serious, Sophie. Please consider my offer carefully.”

Lombard Group was rumored to be the corporation every elite in Jipsdale wanted to consort with, yet this young woman appeared to scoff at the golden opportunity.

Sophie was too tired to argue with them. It was clear that they would not give up regardless of what she said. She left the car.

Felix whined, “Just be honest if you’re trying to woo her, Mr. Tristan! She’s obviously not falling for your odd excuses.”

Tristan stared after her, utterly taken by the young woman.

After leaving Tristan's car, Sophie's phone rang.

She unlocked her phone and immediately hung up when she saw the phone number.

The caller did not seem to understand the meaning of giving up and called Sophie more than ten times.

With a shrug of resignation, Sophie eventually answered the call and fumed, "You better have some important news. I'm in a foul mood today."

"Phantom, your persistently ill temper never ceases to amaze me. When are you coming back?" Butterfly was unperturbed by Sophie's outburst.

"Out with it!"

"All right! Jeez. There's an assignment. Do you want to take it?" Phantom was notorious for accepting assignments depending on her mood, but she had a perfect track record. Her status as the youngest member of Wings of Light hardly mattered when she was the best.

Sophie replied curtly, "Nope."

Butterfly urged, "Phantom, this assignment is related to Chanaea's Internet security. I hope you'll seriously consider it before rejecting it." If Phantom had rejected any other assignment, Butterfly would have left her alone.

"Internet security?" Sophie's interest was piqued. "Fine. Send the information over." She hung up right after that.

Butterfly had more to say but dropped the conversation after hearing Sophie's instructions. She quickly prepared the information for Sophie's perusal.

Meanwhile, Tristan had hurried back to Lombard Group's offices after receiving a call from Charles Quigley.

"Phantom has appeared, Mr. Tristan," Charles declared in excitement.

No one would be surprised if he fainted after discovering his idol's appearance.

Tristan ordered, "Gather everyone in the company. I must figure out who Phantom is."

Phantom was the most skilled hacker in existence, and no one knew its gender or identity. It was revered as a legend, and every international corporation wanted to hire Phantom's services.

With Phantom at the helm, internet insecurity would be a thing of the past.