

# Anything For Her Chapter 21

## Chapter 21 Addicted

Taking the rope, Harvey approached Queenie.

“What are you doing, Harvey?”

Queenie never thought Harvey would tie her up for real.

“Don’t listen to Sophie. We’re related!”

“We’re merely cousins,” responded Harvey coldly.

“Harvey.” *I didn’t expect he’d listen to Sophie.*

Just like that, Queenie was tied to a chair.

“Let me go, Harvey! Hurry and let me go!”

As her voice annoyed him, Harvey slapped her.

“Shut up.”

Queenie stared at her cousin in disbelief. *Is he out of his mind?*

Turning around, Harvey stared at Sophie nervously.

“I really like you, Sophie. I’ll listen to everything you say, as long as we can be together. If

Queenie dares to hurt you, I’ll beat her up for you.” Harvey immediately pledged his loyalty to

Sophie.

“Release my friend,” demanded Sophie in an icy tone.

“What are you waiting for?” Harvey questioned his subordinate.

Heeding his order, the subordinate instantly did as told.

Ysabelle did not expect Sophie would come to her rescue alone, and it moved her to tears.

*Why is Soph so charming?*

Once she was released, Ysabelle ran to Sophie.

“Soph!”

Scanning Ysabelle all over, Sophie noticed the former’s red cheek.

“Who did this?”

Upon hearing her question, Harvey’s subordinate shuddered.

*Even Boss listens to what she says. She’s scary.*

Sophie need not see anything else to know he was the one who did that to Ysabelle.

Slowly, she approached the tall man.

“Which hand?”

Frightened by the eighteen-year-old girl, the thug took a step back.

“Not saying anything, huh? I’ll break both hands, then.”

Without saying anything else, Sophie immediately went into action, successfully breaking the man’s hands.

Her movement was fast and precise.

Having just had his hands crippled, the man rolled on the ground in pain.

As the others witnessed the scene, they all went pale as a ghost.

Even after what happened to his subordinate, Harvey was still smiling as if nothing had

transpired. “I came here to see you, Sophie. Now that you’ve vented your anger, you’re not mad anymore, right?”

“You’re with them, aren’t you?” Sophie disregarded him, unwilling to let the thugs go just like that.

Harvey’s expression changed at her words.

“I’m being nice to you, Sophie. Don’t waste it.”

Ignoring Harvey’s nonsense, Sophie kicked the man’s stomach, making him land on the floor.

“How does a weakling like you have the confidence to join the underworld? Don’t you find it embarrassing?”

“Grab her! If I don’t teach her a lesson today, she’ll think—”

Before he could finish his sentence, Sophie delivered another kick to his face.

The impact was so hard that Harvey vomited blood, and two of his teeth fell out.

Seeing that, his subordinates immediately fled.

*That girl is not a human! She’s a demon straight from hell!*

Meanwhile, Queenie had the shock of her life as she watched everything from the side.

*Since when did Sophie become this impressive?*

Queenie wanted to step back upon seeing Sophie walking toward her.

However, she could not move even an inch, as she was tied to a chair.

Patting Queenie's cheek, Sophie uttered, "Haven't I warned you before, Queenie?"

"What are you trying to do, Sophie? Killing is a crime!"

At her words, Sophie could not help but let out a chuckle.

"What are you laughing for?" At this point, Queenie panicked even more.

"Killing? Why would I dirty my hands just for you?"

Suddenly, Sophie punched Queenie's nose, breaking the latter's nasal bone. Queenie had

spent so much to get her nose done.

"Sophie—"

"If there's a next time, I'll not be this easy on you."

With that, Sophie turned and sauntered toward Ysabelle.

"Are you all right?"

Ysabelle nodded.

Seeing the two on their way to leave the factory, Queenie bellowed in panic, "Sophie, let me go!"

She was in the wilderness. There was no way she would want to be alone here.

As if she did not hear Queenie, Sophie did not look back as she left the rundown factory.

Scared, Queenie bawled her eyes.

*Who's going to save me?*

Ysabelle twisted her ankle on the way to the factory earlier, so she was limping now.

Noticing that, Sophie held her.

"I'm fine," reassured Ysabelle, not wanting her friend to worry.

However, Sophie carried her up instead, which stunned Ysabelle.

*She's so strong!*

"Can I marry you, Soph? I want to marry you."

"Stop it. I'll take you to the hospital."

Noticing that Sophie was not in the mood to joke around, Ysabelle stuck her tongue out.

"I'm fine, Soph. Really. I only just got slapped and twisted my ankle."

Despite what she said, Sophie did not listen to her as they continued their journey to the hospital.

Upon arriving at the hospital, Ysabelle gave Tristan a call.

“Uncle Tristan, I’m not coming home tonight. I’m at the hospital. If Grandpa asks for me, can you tell him I’m with you?”

*The hospital again...*

Tristan was having a dinner appointment when he received Ysabelle’s call. Immediately, he drove to the hospital.

Once he saw Ysabelle’s swollen cheek, Tristan’s face darkened.

“What happened?” *Who is daring enough to do this to a Lombard?*

Ysabelle then relayed everything that had happened to Tristan.

“You have no idea how charming Sophie is, Uncle Tristan,” praised Ysabelle.

At that, Tristan’s face dimmed even more.

When they were alone, Tristan blocked Sophie and pinned her against the wall.

Raising her head, Sophie met the man’s angry eyes.

“Why didn’t you call me?”

“Because I could handle it.” *They’re mere thugs, anyway. To me, they’re nothing.*

Upon hearing that, Tristan felt helpless. *Seriously, this girl will melt anyone’s heart.*

“Are you hurt?”

“No.”

Tristan pulled her into his embrace. Although he knew she was fine and that she was skilled in fighting, he was still worried.

“If you encounter anything like that again, tell me, okay?” Tristan’s deep voice sounded sexy and enticing.

The man tightened his hold around her.

Sophie noticed how easy it was for him to put her in a daze, especially with that aura of his.

“Did you hear me? I want to be your backup.”

“Tristan...”

“Hmm?”

“Can you let go of me?”

She felt suffocated, and his action also made her feel a bit embarrassed.

Pleased with her expression, the man placed a kiss on her forehead before easing up his grip

on her. He never planned to release her, though.

Now that she was this close to him, Tristan realized how addicted he was to her—he could

not bring himself to let go of her at all.

“You haven’t answered me yet.”

“Tristan, I’m not the kind of girl you think I am.”

“Which kind?”

“The kind that—”

“You are you. I don’t label you with anything. You can do whatever you want, and I won’t

force you to join Lombard Group if you don’t want to.”

“I—”

“Don’t worry. I’ll take it slow with you, but now, let me hold on to you for a little longer.”

Having no reason to reject him, Sophie gently leaned into his embrace. *He’s so warm... I’m*

*addicted.*

Previous Next