

## Anything For Her Chapter 211-220

### Chapter 211 A Beautiful Gown

Tristan brought Sophie out of the Tanner residence, opened the door for Sophie to get in, and closed the door for her.

Tristan couldn't help but laugh when he saw her in that state.

"What are you laughing at? Why are you so happy? Do you want Willow to go with you? If that's what you want, I'll go and get her now. I bet she's going to be over the moon!"

"No. Why would I bring her? No matter where I go, you're the only person I want to be with," Tristan uttered in a serious tone.

Sophie was rendered speechless. I'm only angry because Willow was acting as if she deserved it or something! Although Tristan can get a lot of things done easily, why must he help her?

Tristan held her hand and uttered gently, "All right. Don't be angry anymore, okay? She doesn't matter, so she's not worth it."

He knew exactly what kind of person Willow was.

"Okay." Sophie also realized that there was no point in getting pissed off.

Seeing that she wasn't angry anymore, Tristan kept holding her hand with one hand and started the car with the other.

Since they were going to attend Walter's birthday party, Tristan brought Sophie to the most well-known boutique in Jipsdale.

The boutique owner welcomed them herself when she saw Tristan bringing a young girl there. "You haven't been here in a while, Mr. Tristan! I was starting to think that you're not satisfied with our work!"

"What a beautiful young lady!" the boutique owner praised when she saw how pretty Sophie was. "Little girl, I'm the owner here, Lisa Johnson. If you ever need a dress in the future, you must come here!"

Sophie ignored her. I don't even like to wear gowns, so I don't think I'll ever see her again.

Lisa thought Sophie was arrogant. If Mr. Tristan didn't bring her here, I won't entertain this young girl.

"Mr. Tristan, are you going to attend Old Mr. Quigley's birthday party today? Let me recommend some new outfits for you!" Since Lisa's boutique was the most famous boutique in Jipsdale, a lot of people had already bought outfits from her to attend Walter's birthday party. Although it was Walter's birthday party, the heiresses were more focused on being the belle of the ball.

Therefore, Lisa's business was good that day.

"Sure! Bring out all your best outfits. I'm looking for matching outfits for couples," Tristan answered. We've never worn matching outfits! This is the perfect opportunity for us to try it out.

"Sure, Mr. Tristan!" Lisa replied.

Apart from Sarah, that was the first time Tristan had brought a girl there.

Hence, Lisa was slightly startled when Tristan asked for matching outfits. That little girl looks young. How did she manage to land someone as incredible as Mr. Tristan? That's impressive!

Lisa quickly asked her assistants to bring out all the matching outfits and held them up

in front of Tristan and Sophie.

“What do you think?” Tristan asked.

The matching outfits looked great, but Sophie ended up walking toward a red gown. This gown is nice.

“Ms. Tanner, you have good taste! Our designer had designed this gown herself, and it was hand-stitched! However, only a person with a stunning figure can pull it off. I’m afraid that…” Lisa didn’t want to be harsh with her words.

Indeed, that gown was meant for a person with a stunning figure. It could look like a disaster if the person wearing it didn’t have the required physique.

“Do you like it? You should try putting it on!” Tristan acted like he didn’t hear what Lisa said.

Tristan’s attitude sent a shiver down Lisa’s spine. Did I say something wrong? I was just looking out for her! Ms. Quigley came to try that gown out earlier today. She liked it a lot, but she couldn’t pull it off either. In the end, she had to give up on it!

“I don’t need to try it on. I want this one!” Sophie uttered.

“Sure,” Tristan answered.

That was fine with Tristan. As long as she likes it. To be honest, I like that gown too.

“Mr. Tristan, there’s actually another dress that suits Ms. Tanner better.” Lisa was getting anxious because her boutique’s reputation was at stake. If my customers don’t look nice, my brand will take a hit!

Tristan furrowed his brows. “You ought to keep your opinion to yourself!”

Hearing that, Lisa didn’t dare to utter another word.

She then hurriedly got her employees to pack the gown and sent Tristan and Sophie out.

After bringing the goods to the car, Tristan brought Sophie to get her hair done.

Back in the Quigley residence, Winter had already done her makeup and put on her dress early in the morning. While looking at her in the mirror, the housekeeper joked, “Ms. Quigley, you look stunning! When Mr. Tristan sees you later, he’s going to be mesmerized!”

“Nonsense!” Winter replied.

In fact, she was trying her best to attract Tristan’s attention.

However, she hadn’t had a chance to see Tristan after parting with him on bad terms the last time. She wasn’t sure if he would still remember her. Mr. Tristan doesn’t give a damn about anything in the world. What if he’ll never pay attention to me?

“Ms. Quigley, Mr. Tristan will surely see you later. You’re so pretty! All right. It’s getting late. Your brother has asked to see you!”

Charles’ eyelids had been twitching, so he had asked the housekeeper to get Winter to see him.

He wanted to have a talk with Winter before the party so that she wouldn’t cause trouble.

After all, it was Walter’s birthday party.

Winter wore her high heels and went to look for Charles. Could it be that Mr. Tristan is here? Is that why Charles has asked for me?

However, she only saw Charles when she arrived downstairs.

Even Charles had praised her looks when he saw her.

Indeed, Winter looked stunning that day.

“Charles, Mr. Tristan will be here today, right?” That was all Winter could think about. Charles shook his head. So much time had passed, and she still can’t give up on him!

“Winter, have I not told you this before? Mr. Tristan has a girlfriend now. If you keep this up, you know that you’ll only hurt yourself, right?” Charles responded. Why can’t she just let him go?

“His girlfriend? Are you talking about Sophie? Is she even worthy of him? Mr. Tristan had never even brought her to any formal event! How is she his girlfriend?” Winter retorted. There’s no way the Lombard family is going to accept Sophie’s background.

“What does that have to do with you? That’s up to Mr. Tristan to decide. You should worry about yourself instead. It’s Grandpa’s birthday today, so don’t offend Mr. Tristan. Otherwise, Grandpa is not going to help you,” Charles warned. No one in Jipsdale would dare to cross Mr. Tristan. Even Grandpa has to show Mr. Tristan respect.

“Okay. I understand. Don’t worry about me!” Winter was having none of it. Instead, she just kept staring at the entrance. Why is Mr. Tristan not here yet?

### Chapter 212 Lustful

Soon, the guests started arriving. With the arrival of the other prominent families, Lincoln had also arrived alongside Sarah and Ysabelle.

Lincoln then went to the others to talk about some business.

Hence, Ysabelle was left chatting with Sarah.

“Weren’t you close with Winter before this? Why don’t I see you guys together anymore?” Sarah asked. I’m her aunt, so I should show my niece some concern. After all, Ysabelle is the only child of her generation in the family. She must feel lonely sometimes.

“It’s nothing! It’s just that she doesn’t like a close friend of mine, so we ended up not spending time with each other anymore.” If Ysabelle were to choose between Sophie and Winter, she would definitely choose Sophie.

“Oh, I see! Tristan is quite close to Charles, right? Since everyone is going to see each other quite often, try not to be too willful, okay?” Sarah was a lot older than Ysabelle, so she knew better.

“Aunt Sarah, you’ve changed! You’re no longer like how you used to be!” Ysabelle suddenly uttered.

Sarah was stunned momentarily because she didn’t expect to hear those words from Ysabelle. “What do you mean? Have I changed for the better?” Sarah turned toward Ysabelle.

“I don’t know how to explain it! However, I think you’ve changed for the worse. You weren’t like this before this. If we were to talk about the same thing then, you would tell me to just distance myself from someone if I don’t like them.” In Ysabelle’s mind, she thought the Lombard family would never need to bow to anyone.

When Winter saw that Ysabelle and Sarah had arrived, she quickly ran toward them and sat next to Sarah.

“Hi, Sarah!” Winter greeted her sweetly because she knew how much Sarah liked Juan. However, Juan had never given her much of a chance.

“Hello,” Sarah answered.

“Juan has something to attend to, so he’ll only be back later,” Winter said.

Sarah remained unfazed when she heard that.

“Sarah, I know how much you like Juan! Don’t worry! I’ll help you get closer to him,” Winter said.

Ysabelle was rendered speechless. She’s only doing this because she knows Aunt Sarah is close to Uncle Tristan.

“Aunt Sarah, my friends are there. I’ll go and look for them.” Ysabelle was sick of Winter and her nonsense.

Sarah was alright with it because she knew Ysabelle wasn’t Winter’s biggest fan.

“Be careful, okay? Don’t anger your dad,” Sarah reminded.

Sarah knew it wouldn’t end well if anyone pissed Lincoln off.

Ysabelle covered at Lincoln’s name.

With a nod, she left.

Actually, she just wanted to sit alone in the corner. She had never been a fan of such events. In fact, she didn’t even want to attend it in the first place.

However, Lincoln forced her to go.

When Felix and Sean arrived, they saw Ysabelle sitting alone in the corner. Felix then said a few words to Sean before walking toward Ysabelle.

Sean, on the other hand, went to look for Charles to see if he needed help.

“Where’s Mr. Tristan? Did he not come with you guys?” Charles couldn’t help but ask when he saw that only Felix and Sean had shown up.

“Have you ever seen him hanging out with us ever since Sophie got together with Mr. Tristan?” Sean replied. Now that Sophie is all Mr. Tristan sees, he doesn’t even have time for his friends!

“That’s true. All right! You guys have fun, all right? I’m fine on my own.” Charles knew that Sean was just offering out of kindness. However, he couldn’t possibly let his guests help with the preparations.

“Okay! If you need help, let Felix and me know.” The four of them were childhood friends, so they really didn’t mind helping each other.

“Sure! If I need help, I’ll let you guys know!”

With that, Charles left to attend to other matters.

Previously, Mr. Tristan would always show up with them, no? After a long chat, Winter couldn’t hold it in anymore, so she asked, “Sarah, why didn’t Mr. Tristan come with you guys?”

“He has something to deal with, so he’ll come over on his own later,” Sarah answered.

“He’s going to show up alone, right?”

“What do you mean? Is he supposed to bring someone else with him?” Sarah didn’t understand what Winter meant.

Winter immediately shook her head. “That’s not what I mean.”

“Winter, you can’t force things when it comes to relationships. You know how much I like Juan, but I’ve already given up on him!” Sarah replied. Some people are just not meant to be together. There’s no point in investing in one-sided relationships.

“Sarah, I...” Winter felt aggrieved because she had just been exposed. “I know what you mean, but I can’t just give up. I know him longer than anyone else, no? I know him best, and I’m the most suitable person for him!” Winter answered. Why is everyone telling me

to give up on him? I've already worked so hard for so long. Why should I give up now? No! I don't want to give up on him!

"Okay. I've already said what I needed to say. You've already been around Tristan for so long. If you guys were meant to be together, Tristan would've fallen for you a long time ago." Since Sarah was already in her thirties, she was a lot more mature.

Right then, Winter's father asked to see her, so she had to leave.

Before she left, she uttered, "Sarah, I'm not like you! Since I've already tried for so long, I must keep trying!"

However, she felt rather unsettled at the sight of Tristan and Sophie showing up together.

Besides, Sophie was wearing the gown she fell in love with at first sight. That gown didn't suit me, so I had no choice but to switch it to what I'm wearing now. Since it didn't suit me, why does Sophie look so good when she's wearing it? The worst thing is that Mr. Tristan's outfit matches Sophie's gown so well! Is this his way of telling everyone that Sophie is his girlfriend?

Needless to say, Winter went green with envy. Sophie was never meant to deserve all of this! Still, she had shown up alongside Mr. Tristan in this manner.

The moment Sophie showed up, a lot of people's attention shifted toward her because she looked stunning. In fact, she looked like an ancient goddess in that gown.

"Who is that pretty lady next to Mr. Tristan? She's a goddess!"

"You're right! Her figure is fabulous!"

"No wonder Mr. Tristan doesn't like Winter. Look at the lady next to him now! Her demeanor and her body are so much more alluring than Winter!"

The people within the social circle knew how crazy Winter was over Tristan. Hence, they were comparing Winter to the lady standing next to him.

Meanwhile, Winter heard all the comments from the crowd. Are they saying that Sophie is better than me? They must be joking, right? Do they even know about Sophie's past? I doubt they'll be as impressed once they know about it. Men are so lustful!

Tristan quickly held Sophie's hand when he noticed the men looking at her. At that moment, he wanted to just take her out of there.

#### Chapter 213 A Feast For The Eyes

Sophie immediately grabbed his hand and looked at him with a doubtful expression.

"Didn't you say you want to bring me to meet your sister?"

In fact, Sophie had no interest in meeting the Quigley family at all. She would not be here if Tristan had not wanted her to meet his elder sister so much.

"But I regret letting you wear this gown." Those eyes on her made him crazy out of jealousy.

"What's wrong with this gown? It's not sexy at all!" Sophie turned around as she said it. He immediately grabbed her arm.

"Stop it. I see Sarah. Let's go over!" He had no choice but to hold his emotions since he was the one who wanted to take her there.

Deep down, he wanted to gouge out the eyes of all those men.

After Tristan glared around, the men present immediately turned their attention to their female companions.

Sophie was indeed a feast for their eyes, but their lives were more important. She was Tristan's woman. No ordinary man dared to fantasize about her.

Tristan led Sophie to Sarah and introduced them to each other directly, "Sophie, this is my sister, Sarah. Sarah, this is Sophie whom you've always wanted to see!"

"Hey, how can you talk like that? Sophie, please ignore him! I'm Tristan's elder sister, Sarah!" Sarah introduced herself again.

Sarah took Sophie's hand and led her to sit beside her.

"It must be hard to be with Tristan!" asked Sarah with a smile and a friendly tone. Is it hard to be with Tristan? But Tristan is the one who always takes care of me. I think it's harder for him.

"No, I think it's harder for Tristan," Sophie responded.

At that moment, Felix and Sean came over to look for Tristan, so Tristan had to hand over Sophie to Sarah.

"Sarah, please help me to take care of her, and don't let anyone bully her!" Tristan reminded.

Sarah rolled her eyes at him.

"Do you have to worry when she's with me? Come on! Just go!" said Sarah peevishly.

After Tristan and the two left, Sarah turned to Sophie and said, "I saw you at the Lombard residence that day, and I've always wanted to meet you again. I've been thinking about what kind of girl can conquer my brother. I'm happy that you didn't disappoint me!"

Sophie did not know how to respond to her statement.

We just met for the first time. How does she know that she should be disappointed or not disappointed?

"Sophie, can I call you that?" Sarah liked Sophie very much at mere first glance.

Although Sophie looked young, she had a pair of eyes that looked so clear, they gave people a calm feeling.

Sophie nodded.

Right then, Ysabelle ran over as soon as she saw Sophie.

"Sophie, you're here! I'm so bored!" Ysabelle did not like such an occasion.

"Which is why I'm here!" Sophie smiled dotingly

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"I'm glad that you're finally here! Otherwise, I'll die of boredom!" Ysabelle joked.

The three of them sat together and chatted.

Sophie was not chatty. She always went straight to the point; therefore, whatever she said sounded very convincing.

Soon, Walter's birthday party started. Tristan led Felix and Sean to wish Walter a happy birthday.

"Happy birthday, Old Mr. Quigley. I wish you an abundance of love and happiness."

Felix was very polite in front of Walter.

"Old Mr. Quigley, I wish you a blessed birthday, and may you be gifted with the greatest joys and the most blissful life." Sean was very well-mannered too.

Walter looked at them and chuckled.

When Tristan walked forward, Walter said, "Tristan, please help me to monitor Charles

closely, and don't let him fool around with girls all day."

Tristan smiled.

"Old Mr. Quigley, Charles is good at other things too." Walter always had a prejudice against Charles, and he thought that Juan was the only one who was capable to be the successor of the Quigley family. However, little did he know Charles was not as simple as he looked.

After all, the people who mixed with Tristan were definitely not ordinary men.

Hearing that, Walter felt slightly relieved. Although he had always hoped that Juan could be his heir, he could not deny that Charles was also his grandson.

In fact, Charles had never let Walter down since he became independent when he entered adulthood. Now that he was doing well in his career too.

Walter was equally proud with both of them.

"Happy birthday, Old Mr. Quigley!" After all, today was Walter's birthday. He did not want to say anything that would upset him. After giving him a simple birthday blessing, he went to look for Sophie.

A lot of the guests there were big shots of Jipsdale.

He was worried about her.

He was afraid that someone would bully her.

"What's wrong with Tristan? Why is he in such a hurry?" Walter still had some questions to ask him.

"Happy birthday, Grandpa! I wish you joy every day!" Winter appeared right after Tristan walked away. Winter was Walter's only granddaughter, so he loved her a lot. Walter's full attention was on her after she came, and he forgot about Tristan temporarily.

"Winter, haven't you been pursuing Tristan? How is it going?" Walter would be over the moon if Tristan could become his grandson-in-law.

Winter felt extremely awkward that Walter asked her such a question in front of so many people.

Everyone knows that Tristan is here with Sophie today! How am I supposed to answer that question? I don't want to become a joke in Jipsdale!

Looking at her expression, Walter smiled.

"I'm just joking. Look at you! What an expression is that? You're such an outstanding girl! It is a great loss to Tristan that he doesn't pick you!" Walter then turned to Felix.

"Felix, I think you make a cute couple with Winter too!"

Hearing that, Felix's expression changed drastically.

"Grandpa, what are you talking about? Felix is not my cup of tea!" Although Felix was not a bad option, no one was comparable with Tristan in Winter's eyes.

"Why are you so stubborn? I don't want to care about you anymore," said Walter.

After Tristan returned to Sophie's side, Sarah wanted to go and greet Walter too.

"You stay here with Tristan for a while. I'll be back soon!" Apparently, Sarah liked Sophie very much.

How could she not be impressed by someone who won the heart of her brother?

"Sure, Sarah. Just go ahead!"

As soon as Sarah walked away, Tristan moved and sat beside Sophie. "What do you think about Sarah?"

Tristan knew Sarah very well and she would support him unconditionally for all the

choices that he made.

Therefore, he was not afraid to introduce Sophie to her.

“She’s an intelligent woman.” After all, Sarah was a daughter of the Lombard family. She was indeed excellent and easygoing.

“Hmm. You can chat with her more if you have time in the future.” Sarah seemed to be an independent woman, but she was hurt very badly by that man

**hapter 215** They Are Too Stupid for You “The Tanner family? Which one?” Walter hadn’t heard of the family that Winter mentioned before. “Oh, they’re nobodies.” I don’t think many guests who are in attendance here know them either. “Sarah, what’s going on?” Walter couldn’t help but ask Sarah, who quickly broke into a smile. “Old Mr. Quigley, Sophie is Ysabelle’s classmate and a good friend of hers. Hence, Tristan would always take them out. Since it’s your birthday today, he has also brought her along.” William wasn’t aware of Tristan and Sophie’s relationship yet. Considering how stubborn and difficult he was and the fact that Tristan had yet to decide when Sophie was to meet the former, Sarah had no choice but to deflect the matter away. “Oh, I see.” Walter didn’t inquire any further.

However, when Winter saw how protective Sarah was over Sophie, she was even more upset by it. “That’s right, Grandpa. However, the Tanner family are still nobodies.” Sarah was stumped. As an open-minded person, she didn’t care much about the Tanner family’s background. Unfortunately, William was someone particular about family reputation, which caused her to grow concerned for Sophie and Tristan’s future. After all, it wasn’t going to be easy for William to approve of Sophie. The fact that she was still so young didn’t help matters at all. Meanwhile, when Sarah and Winter were finally alone, Winter declared, “Sarah, I’ve always supported you all this while.” Reading between the lines, Winter was insinuating that Sarah was obliged to help her. Nevertheless, Sarah laughed at her words. “Winter, I’m well aware that your brother and I have no future together.

Thus, I’ve already given up.” As a member of the Lombard family, Sarah didn’t like being threatened. Her words caused Winter’s face to lose all color. “Sarah, that’s not what I meant. I just feel that you can empathize with what I’m going through, which is the frustration of not being able to be with the person I love.” Despite her frantic explanation, Winter didn’t expect her comments to worsen the situation. “All right, I’m going to look for Tristan and the others.” Sarah was in no mood to hear another word from Winter. Juan has someone he likes, and it’s time for me to let go too. After all, a woman’s youth is precious, and I no longer want to waste any more time on him. Watching Sarah’s leaving silhouette and thinking about how even the exceptional Sarah had failed, Winter grew more anxious. Within their circle, every parent had only words of praise for Sarah. In fact, many of them saw Sarah as a role model for their children. Unfortunately, even a paragon of feminine virtue like her has been decisively defeated in love. What should I do to make Sophie disappear from Mr. Tristan’s side?

Winter clenched her fists. When Sarah rejoined the group, Sophie, Felix, Sean, and Ysabelle were in the midst of playing poker. At the sight of Sarah, Ysabelle called out,

“Aunt Sarah, come over here. I’m no match for them at all!” She was being crushed at the game given how intelligent the other three were. The smiling Sarah stood behind Ysabelle and guided her. After a few rounds, Sarah took an even greater liking to Sophie. All this while, she was well aware of her brother’s extraordinary intelligence. And after playing a few hands against Sophie, she, too, came to realize that the latter was just as terrifyingly smart. Despite playing in a half-hearted manner, Sophie had put out every card with a deft hand.

Her ability to take into account everyone else’s card while laying hers out was not only a testament to her intelligence but also her impressive memory. “My God, Mr. Tristan, your girlfriend is showing us no mercy.” After a few hands, all of them were decisively crushed. “Sophie, why are you so good at this game?” Ysabelle complained. “All right, I’ll go easy on you the next round.” True to her words, Sophie played her cards without even looking. Unfortunately, the three of them still ended up being thrashed. “D\*mn, Sophie, are you sure you’re cutting us slack? The way you’re playing is just too much,” Ysabelle grumbled. “She did,” Tristan commented in a nonchalant tone. He was standing behind Sophie the entire time and was certain of the fact. “What?” Ysabelle couldn’t believe her ears. “I said, Sophie already went easy on you. Otherwise, you wouldn’t even have lasted this long.” Tristan then pulled Sophie up from her seat. “All right now, stop playing with them. They’re not smart enough to be worthy opponents for you,” Tristan remarked haughtily. Ysabelle was speechless. Fine. Since Tristan was just stating the truth, she didn’t dare comment any further. Felix, too, was equally stumped. Isn’t Mr. Tristan going too far with his gloating?

Sean was also blown away. D\*mn, both of them are monsters! Not only is Tristan exceedingly smart, but even his girlfriend is of the same caliber. Only Sarah wore a smile across her face. She finally understood why her brother had fallen into Sophie’s grasp. Even she was captivated by the young lady after just spending a short time with her. “All right, since we’re not playing anymore, let’s go chat instead. Ysabelle, Sophie, come along.” Sarah led the girls away, leaving the three men behind. “Old Mr. Quigley still favors Juan and wants us to let him join us.” The profit for the project after we have painstakingly gone through the hardest process is guaranteed. What was he thinking that he insisted on Juan’s participation now?” “Charles’ grandfather must be losing his touch with age.

Considering how obvious the choice between Charles and Juan is, how can he make such a mistake in his judgment?” After all the effort the four of us have put in, how can he barge in to enjoy the fruits of our labor? Does he take us for fools? “He must be dreaming,” Felix added. “By the way, isn’t Sarah infatuated with Juan all this while? Would she be—” “No, she’s not someone who makes decisions based on her emotion.” Tristan was confident in his sister. “Since when does Mr. Tristan back down on someone else’s account?” Only Sophie was the exception for him. After all, even Sarah, his own sister, would never be reason enough for him to change his mind. Meanwhile, Sarah found a quiet place together with Sophie and Ysabelle. Even though they weren’t keen on such social events, age has helped them accept their situation better. “Aunt Sarah, I think I saw Juan just now.

He must have come back.” Ysabelle was displeased at the mention of Juan. “Oh.” As for Sarah, she noticed that her heart didn’t hurt as much as before at the sound of his name. Nonetheless, despite her desire to avoid trouble, trouble would still find its way to her. The moment Yvette, Juan’s current girlfriend, saw Sarah, she approached the latter immediately. “Sarah, it’s a surprise to see you here!” Yvette exclaimed smugly. So what if the Quigley family doesn’t accept me? As long as Juan doesn’t leave me, no one can do anything about it. At the sight of Yvette, Sarah—whose mood drastically changed—responded with a cold hum.

Although Yvette has won the battle, what right does she have to gloat in front of me? “Sarah, I would like to speak to you in private. Is this a good time?” Yvette gently swept her hair aside. “What is there to talk about between us?” Sarah found no reason to be cordial. If she wants to play the victim card, she can be my guest. However, it has nothing to do with me at all.

**Chapter 216** I Prefer My Bed “If there’s nothing else, you can get lost now.” Ysabelle was aware that Yvette was there to cause Sarah trouble, so she was not friendly to the troublemaker. What’s there for her to be so smug about? The only thing she knows is how to cling to men. What makes her think she’s qualified to gloat in front of Aunt Sarah? In spite of her exasperation, Yvette maintained an awkward smile on her face. Coincidentally, Juan walked over to them, for some time had passed since he last saw Sarah. All this while, she would always appear in his circle, but now, one month had gone by without them seeing each other. Hence, knowing where she was, he naturally dropped by to check on her.

“Juan, you’re here. I was just talking about you with Sarah,” Yvette remarked in a sarcastic tone. Juan only nodded in response as his gaze remained fixed on Sarah. It’s been a month since I last saw her. She has grown more beautiful since then. “It’s been a long while,” Juan said to Sarah, who simply responded with a smile. Not that long. It has only been a month. “Juan, can I invite Sarah to be my bridesmaid for our wedding?” Juan shot a glance at her. “Whatever you wish.” Juan had no idea why Yvette had to bring up the wedding all of a sudden, but he didn’t mind as long as it made her happy. “Ysabelle, Sophie, let’s go back there. Tristan must be anxiously looking for us.” Sarah got to her feet, for she had no desire for any drama. After all, Yvette was someone who utterly disgusted her. Upon Sarah’s cue, Ysabelle and Sophie stood by Sarah’s side with one on the left and the other on her right, as if they were her bodyguards. At the same time, Ysabelle stared daggers at Yvette.

“What right do you have to get Aunt Sarah to be your bridesmaid? Who do you think you are?” Yvette is nothing but a small-time artist who only knows how to seduce men. Yvette’s expression drastically changed. Is this girl looking down on me? The one thing that she hated the most was someone scoffing at her. “She—” After being ridiculed, Yvette turned toward Juan for comfort. “All right now, Sarah certainly doesn’t have time to be your bridesmaid given her busy schedule. Anyway, there’s something I need to do. You have fun here.” With Sarah gone, there was no reason for him to stick around.

When she saw Juan leave at the same time as Sarah did, Yvette grimaced in anger. What does he mean?

Doesn't he hate the supposedly exceptional Sarah? Upon Juan's departure, Yvette walked up to Sarah's side on purpose with a glass of wine in her hand. When they were side by side, she planned to spill the wine on the latter. I just hate Sarah's guts. Why does she have everything? Who gave her the right to look down on me? However, before she could spill the wine, her hand was caught by a young girl. Sophie, who had been watching all along, had noticed the insidious expression on Yvette's face. She was someone who cared about those who were important to the people she loved. Since Sarah was Ysabelle's aunt and Tristan's sister, Sophie naturally considered her someone close. As a result, she wasn't going to tolerate anyone bullying the former. "What are you doing? Let go of me." Just when Yvette wanted to pull her hand free, she realized it wouldn't budge one bit. "I should be the one asking you that. You're lucky you haven't spilled the wine on Sarah.

Otherwise, I would have broken this hand of yours!" Why do you need to be so attention-seeking? Nevertheless, Sarah was puzzled to see what Sophie was doing. "Sophie, what happened?" Why is she confronting Yvette all of a sudden? "Sarah, it has nothing to do with you. So, stay out of it," Sophie answered flatly. Her response stunned Yvette. The audacious look in the girl's eyes is truly terrifying. "Let go of me. Do you know who I am? Sarah, what are you waiting for? Get her to release me. Otherwise, there's going to be trouble when Juan arrives. I'm sure you know how much he loves me, don't you?" "All right now, Sophie, let her go." Even though Sarah, too, felt the urge to teach Yvette a lesson, she never laid a finger on the latter just because the latter was Juan's girlfriend. With a forceful tug by Sophie, the wine spilled all over Yvette's body. In fact, the impact was centered mostly around her chest. Yvette was consequently enraged. Da\*n you, Sophie Tanner! "I'm going to remember this. There's no way I'm going to let you off for this!"

Truth be told, Yvette was a particularly vengeful person. "Let me off? That will depend on whether you're even capable of that in the first place." Upon letting her go, Sophie sauntered elegantly back to Sarah's side. "Going forward, stay away from Sarah. Or else, you won't be getting off lightly like now." Ysabelle, who watched the entire episode was all happy. "Well done, Sophie." Sarah shook her head before leading Ysabelle and Sophie back to join Tristan. Halfway through the banquet, Sophie began to feel sleepy, causing her to quieten down. When Tristan saw how she was, he sympathized with her. "What's wrong? Are you sleepy?" At that moment, Sophie's beautiful eyes seemed to be clouded by a layer of mist. "Mmm-hmm, a little." If she wasn't with Tristan that evening, she would already have left. After all, it was pointless to stay any longer considering how boring the event was. "Let's go." Tristan proceeded to have someone bring their jackets. Although it was warm in the building due to the heater, it was still freezing cold outside. As the Quigley family's servants brought Tristan and Sophie's coats, he received them and helped Sophie into hers. After that, he even buttoned up for her attentively. Only when he was done did he put on his own jacket. "Mr. Tristan, it's still early. Are you already leaving?" Charles rushed over the moment he heard that Tristan

was about to go. "Mmm-hmm, she's tired." Nothing was more important to him than her well-being. Charles was speechless. He's just trying to make us jealous. "Fine. Since Ms. Tanner is tired, you guys should head home first." After all, Walter, too, had gone to rest and Tristan had already shown his family sufficient respect by gracing the occasion.

Thus, there was no reason for him to insist on anything else. With that, Charles personally escorted them out. Upon Tristan's departure, Ysabelle and Sarah left together with him. Thus, Tristan was annoyed to see the extra passengers inside his car. These two are such third wheels. When Ysabelle saw the look Tristan was giving her, she felt a little guilty. As for Sarah, she chatted with Tristan as if it was nothing at all. Subsequently, Tristan sent Ysabelle and Sarah back home first. "Sophie, since it's already late, why don't you stay with us? There are plenty of empty rooms in my house." Ysabelle bringing a friend home was a perfectly convincing excuse. Hence, there was no need for Sophie to worry.

"No, thank you. I prefer my bed." Sophie had not expected this casual comment to cause Tristan to move her bed wherever they went in the future. His persistence was both annoying and amusing to her.

**Chapter 217** Violence In Art "Sophie, why don't you just spend the night here? Both of us can bunk together." Since she was on winter break, she would be holed up at home most of the time. As a result, there wouldn't be many opportunities to spend time with Sophie. "Not this time. If you're free, you should take a look at the video I sent you." Yesterday, she had already emailed Ysabelle the video from their lessons. "Also, a vocal coach would be getting in contact to give you lessons. Remember to check your WhatsApp."

Since she had decided to give Ysabelle a taste of the entertainment industry, she had made all the arrangements to prepare the latter for it. "All right, boss, I know what to do. Don't worry. I won't let any of you down," Ysabelle declared. Nonetheless, she was still reluctant to let Sophie go. Sophie is mine. Why does Uncle Tristan insist on taking her away from me? That's just too much of him! However, the moment she saw Tristan's stern expression, Ysabelle had no choice but to submit. What else can I say? Am I even in a position to say anything? Within the Lombard family, Uncle Tristan is the final authority.

"Uncle Tristan, drive safely." Ysabelle put on a cutesy look. Obviously, buttering up with Uncle Tristan can never be wrong. Meanwhile, Tristan opened the car door for Sophie to get in, for she had been standing out in the freezing cold for a long time. "I'm not coming back tonight," Tristan briefly commented before getting into the car and driving off. Ysabelle grabbed Sarah's hand at once. "Aunt Sarah, what does Uncle Tristan mean by that? Sophie isn't an adult yet. What is Uncle Tristan planning to do?" Ysabelle's reaction caused Sarah to burst into laughter. "He meant exactly what he said."

Tristan has always been someone responsible. There's no need for you to worry, all right? As a result, Sarah quickly pulled Ysabelle away so that she didn't have any time to let her dwell on the matter. Even though she's concerned about Sophie, that's her uncle we're talking about. Doesn't she know whose side she should be taking? On the way home, Sophie stared out the window at the snow that blanketed the streets as if she was deep in thought. The atmosphere in the car was extremely quiet with neither of them saying a word. It wasn't until they arrived at Wisteria Apartments that Sophie removed her seatbelt. "I'm going up. You should go back and rest early too." "I already said that I'm not going home." Sophie was speechless. "Therefore, can you take me in for the night?"

Tristan's tone sounded especially delighted. "Whatever," Sophie replied without a care. No sooner had she turned around and walked to the elevator than a group of burly men jumped out of the shadows to block her way. The sight of them cause Sophie to furrow her brows. This is really annoying. I have no intention of beating anyone up today, all right? "Get lost!" It wasn't every day that she was in the mood to entertain them. "Ms. Tanner, please cooperate with us. All we want is to take one of your hands. However, if you resist, we'll be taking more than that." Sophie didn't know what to say.

My hand? She glance at her two hands. "Considering how valuable my hands are, are you expecting me to give them to you just like that? It seems to me that you haven't done your research before coming here." Despite her languid expression, Sophie exuded a murderous aura. "In that case, don't blame me for showing you no mercy." With the physics competition around the corner, Whitlea sure is itching for trouble. Although the men she sends keep getting stronger, they are unfortunately still no match for me. "Let's not waste any more time talking to her. What can a little girl like her do to us?" Another man had a scar on his face which made him look especially ugly. "Be careful!" "What the f\*ck!" Scarface lunged forward to attack. However, Sophie slammed a kick into his stomach. As for Tristan, who had just returned from parking his car, he was greeted by the sight of the altercation. It seems trouble follows Sophie wherever she goes! Within the short time I've taken to park my car, she's already in a fight with men who look like gangsters. In spite of Tristan's appearance, the burly men were unfazed. After all, committing plenty of crimes before had made them fearless.

"Get lost or we'll beat you to a pulp too!" Scarface was furious after being kicked to the ground due to his carelessness. "You've got guts!" Sophie snapped. I'm surprised that he actually dares to speak that way to Mr. Tristan. I wonder if he still has the same gall if he knows the person standing in front of him is Mr. Tristan. "Of course, I've got guts. I don't need you to tell me that." Scarface was raring to tear Sophie apart. "Our female boss has ordered us to smash one of your hands." "Female boss?" Tristan's voice turned icy cold. Who gave her the cheek to demand that one of Sophie's hands get smashed? "Do you mean Whitlea?" "That's right. I'm sure you're terrified now. Hence, you had better scam." Scarface flared his temper. Consequently, Tristan and Sophie were stumped. The last thing Mr. Tristan feels is fear! "Sophie, step aside and wait for me. You probably don't need to wait long." Tristan took off his shirt and handed it to Sophie. Considering that she could get to watch a fight, Sophie would naturally not

decline. Thus, she took Tristan's shirt and gave him some space. Just as expected, even Tristan's fighting style was extremely impressive.

In fact, one could even call it violence in art. As someone who didn't like dragging his fights out, he attacked those men's vital points with lightning speed. In the end, Sophie found it amusing and burst into laughter at the sight of the burly gangsters piling up on the ground, utterly humiliating them. Don't they have any shame? Should we at least leave them some self-respect? "You—" Scarface, who had not expected to be humiliated to that extent, was rendered speechless. Subsequently, Tristan signaled for Sophie to hand him a tissue with a clap of his hand. After wiping his hands, he ordered, "Turn yourself in. Or else, I'll personally take all of you to prison tomorrow!" If they did as they were told, they might be out of prison after spending a few years inside. However, if Tristan got involved, they might not even get out in ten years. "Guys, you had better take his threats seriously, for he really has the capability of throwing all of you in prison.

In fact, he can even make sure that none of you can get out!" Given that Whitlea has sent a bunch of murderers to get me, she must be serious about destroying me. Upon returning to Wisteria Apartments, a grim expression had descended on Tristan's face. I know she doesn't like me interfering in her affairs, but after what happened, would I still be a man if I stayed on the sidelines? Cognizant that he was angry, Sophie didn't comment. Instead, she went off to warm two glasses of milk. "It's nothing. They're just a bunch of hoodlums. I could've handled them easily." Sophie served him the milk. Tristan was stumped. How can she call them hoodlums? They're murderers who kill without batting an eyelid.

**Chapter 218** Blushing Although Tristan took the milk from her, his habit at night was to drink red wine instead. However, since his young girlfriend gave him milk, he naturally indulged her. After taking a sip, he put his cup aside and pulled her onto his lap. "The next time something like that happens, you have to tell me instead of bearing the burden yourself." Sophie's attitude simply worried him.

While sitting on his lap, Sophie felt her cheeks burn. Even though I'm just sitting on him and doing nothing, I can already feel his hormones raging. As a result, Sophie blushed while her heart began to pound furiously just by sitting there. "Let go of me." She tried her best to maintain her composure. Thinking that she had encountered all sorts of situations before, she was still surprised by how her heart was fluttering. "Just let me hug you for a while." Tristan had no intention of letting go. Despite being annoyed, Sophie continued to stay put. Meanwhile, Tristan was dissatisfied with her weight, as he found her to be too light for a girl who was one point seven meters tall. With one hand gently holding her waist, he pulled out his phone and gave Charles a call with the other.

Over the line, Tristan could still hear the noisy background. However, once Charles had answered, he swiftly moved to a quieter spot. "Mr. Tristan, what is it?" "Help me teach Whitlea a lesson," Tristan replied flatly. "What happened? We have never crossed paths with the Dixon family before." "What she did is worse than offending me. In fact, she sent some men to break Sophie's hand. Therefore, I won't ask for much. I simply want

one of her hands smashed in return.” “All right, I understand.” Whitlea is really brazen to have attacked Sophie of all people. After all, everyone around Mr. Tristan knows that he might show mercy if one were to offend him, but whoever harms Sophie would feel the full force of his wrath. After ending the call, Tristan who had noticed her silence, put his arm around her shoulder to reassure her. “It’s not that I want to interfere, but this matter pisses me off.”

Considering how audacious Whitlea’s actions were, he naturally wanted to give her a taste of her own medicine. “Okay.” Sophie didn’t mind if someone was willing to resolve the matter on her behalf. After all, she would certainly not complain about having more free time. At nightfall, Whitlea’s mansion was infiltrated by some men who quickly subdued the bodyguards guarding the place. By the time she awoke, a group of men had barged into her room. She then glared fiercely at them. “Who gave you permission to come in here? Do you have a death wish? Are you not aware of who I am?” As Whitlea’s used to wield influence in the underworld, she naturally spoke in an intimidating tone. “Mr. Tristan wants one of your hands. Are you going to give it or not?” The intruder didn’t want to waste any time arguing with her. “What do you mean? I don’t know any Mr. Tristan at all!”

“You might not have seen him before, you didn’t you demand the hand of his girl?” Without any hesitation, the intruder ordered his subordinates to pin her down and subsequently crippled her hand. In the darkness of the night, the excruciating screams of a lady sent a chill down everyone’s spine. “Remember, there’s always someone more powerful than you out there. Don’t think that you can just bully anyone with impunity!” No sooner had the intruders spoken than they left as quickly as they came. Meanwhile, when Bailey arrived at the hospital upon receiving the news, Whitlea was still in the operating room. It wasn’t until the surgery was completed that Whitlea was wheeled out. Outside, Bailey who hadn’t seen her mother in a long time finally appeared in front of her. All this while, he was still angry at Whitlea over what happened with Sophie. “Mom, what in the world happened?” Bailey was aware of the Dixon family’s involvement with the underworld. However, he failed to understand how the incident could have happened at the Dixons’ mansion.

“It must be that despicable woman, Sophie. What kind of background does she come from?” She clearly remembered the words of the man leading the intruders. The mention of Sophie caused Bailey to furrow his brows. “Mom, what has this got anything to do with Sophie? She’s just a young girl. Why do you harbor so much animosity toward her?” I don’t understand why my mother hates Sophie so much. What did Sophie even do? “Mr. Dixon, this was what happened. Ms. Whitlea sent men to cripple one of Ms. Tanner’s hands which subsequently led to this. Therefore, this incident is definitely related to Sophie,” the Dixon family’s butler, Maxim, explained immediately. “What?” Bailey couldn’t believe his ears. “What is it that you really want? I’ve worked hard to complete everything you wanted me to do. All I wanted was for you not to hurt Sophie. Didn’t you promise me that? Unless, you never trusted me. You never believed that I could win the upcoming physics competition, do you?” “Bailey, is this what’s

important now? Someone has crippled my hand, and yet, all you care about is that despicable girl?

"I've truly raised you in vain!" Whitlea was so infuriated that she just felt like killing herself. For raising such an ungrateful son, my life is an utter failure. "I don't want to argue with you. If you ever do it again, you'll never see me for the rest of your life!" He knew that the Dixon family still exercised some influence in the underworld and his mother wasn't afraid to use it against Sophie. Nonetheless, he wanted to protect her despite the fact that she had no feelings for him. Without another word, Bailey turned around and prepared to walk out. "Bailey, if you dare leave, I'll get someone to take Sophie's life. Do you hear me?" Bailey then gave her a look of disappointment. "Fine. If she dies, I'll pay for her life with my own." Since she refused to listen to whatever he said, threatening his mother with suicide was the only option left. "You..." Whitlea almost burst a vessel from her son's defiance. "Ms. Whitlea, please calm down. Your hand has just been stitched, so don't make any hasty movements." Maxim was extremely loyal to Whitlea. "I'll get to the bottom of the matter. If Sophie is indeed the one behind it, I swear I'll take revenge on your behalf no matter what." Maxim's words managed to soothe Whitlea. "Maxim, thank you." Upon lying back down, she felt an excruciating pain shoot through her hand as the anesthetic began to wear off.

As the pain caused her face to turn pale, she no longer had any energy to care about Bailey. The next day, Sophie and Tristan left Wisteria Apartments, hoping to find someplace nearby for breakfast. In the end, they saw Bailey waiting for them outside. Despite seeing her with another man, Bailey didn't say a word. As for Tristan, he gave the latter the side-eye. Whitlea's son is a good kid. Unfortunately, he just has to covet Sophie.

**Chapter 219** Keep You Company At The Office Sophie made Tristan wait for her by the side while she made her way to Bailey and asked, "Is something the matter?" "I'm sorry. You wouldn't have to go through so much if you didn't know me," Bailey said apologetically. Sophie immediately understood what he meant. He must've found out what his mother did. Knowing Bailey was a good person, Sophie assured, "Bailey, you and your mom are two different people. I won't associate the two of you together. You don't have to apologize on her behalf. You're really talented in physics, so please continue to do your best. Don't let things like this get in the way of your future." Though all that had nothing to do with her, she still saw the need to remind him. After all, they were classmates.

"Thank you." Bailey felt extremely grateful to Sophie for being so forgiving despite how his mother kept plotting against her. "I should get going," Sophie announced. Tristan was not a very patient person. Thus, it was not a good idea to make him wait for too long. Bailey felt utterly miserable as he watched her walk toward the tall and handsome man. I don't think I can ever give her that sense of security. I feel so useless for I can't even protect a girl I like. What kind of future do I have when I'm so miserable? Seeing Sophie finally walking over to him, Tristan immediately grabbed her hand. "Why is he

looking for you? Is something wrong?" Tristan asked concernedly. He could ignore most matters, but not when it was related to Sophie. "It's nothing. He came to apologize."

I sent someone to break his mother's hand, but he can still come over here to apologize. Gosh. I don't know what to make of this young man. "What's wrong?" Sophie still did not know Tristan had sent someone to break Whitlea's hand. "Nothing. I just think your friend has a big heart." Tristan brought Sophie to a breakfast shop and let her have a seat after cleaning the table. When Sophie took her seat, she pulled out her phone and saw a text from Wilma. The latter faced some problems she could not solve. Hence, Sophie read through the problems and sent a reply right away. She was quite talented in doing business. In fact, she could solve problems that many people could not in a heartbeat. After answering all of Wilma's questions, Sophie put down her phone. "What is it?" she asked, wondering why Tristan was staring hard at her. "Nothing. Just wondering if there's anything you don't know how to do." Sophie thought about it seriously and answered, "There's one.

I don't know how to pursue guys." "You don't need to know that. There'll be guys pursuing you, anyway." Truth was, he already had many rivals even if she did nothing about it. Meanwhile, Wilma had just arrived at the office when she received Sophie's reply. She was utterly blown away after reading the solution Sophie proposed. Noting Wilma's expression, Wendy could not help but ask, "What is it, Ms. Lineker?" Wilma smiled and responded, "Wendy, we're really working for the right person. Our sales performance will definitely double today." "You're talking about Ms. Sophie, aren't you? I say, Ms. Lineker, how can such a smart woman like Ms. Sophie exist? She's still so young!" Wilma's face lit up with a sense of pride. "We'll never understand the world of young female geniuses. Go on and tell the others to start working. It might pay well to work for Ms. Sophie, but we must work hard in return."

"Don't worry, Ms. Lineker. Everyone's working hard now. Not a single person is slacking off." Wilma was extremely confident with the sales that day. Transfix Cosmetics was truly different now. Those who gave up on Transfix Cosmetics would surely regret it in the future. It was totally possible for Transfix Cosmetics to become internationally known. After having breakfast, Sophie wanted to take a nap at Wisteria Apartments when she heard Tristan asking, "Do you have any plans today?" Sophie thought about it and realized all her tasks on hand were almost settled. Moreover, she did not have to worry about Transfix Cosmetics since Wilma was there to oversee it. The only thing that was unresolved was The Wheelers' agreement. However, that was already handed to Tristan. It would not be appropriate for her to ask him about it at that moment. In that case, she practically had nothing to do that day. "Since you don't have any plans, why don't you come to Lombard Group with me? Aren't you going to Horington in a few days? We won't be seeing each other for some time during that period." "You're going to be very busy at Lombard Group. Are you sure you want me to go with you?"

Tristan gave her a serious nod. "Yes. I'll work faster with you there. So, it'll be great for you to come with me." "Okay." If that's the case, I'll play some games at Lombard Group. There's no difference no matter where I play, anyway. However, Sophie was

dressed rather casually since she originally had no plans to go out that day. Feeling confused, she asked, "Do you think I need to get changed?" "It's fine. You don't need to get changed. You look amazing already." To Tristan, Sophie had a great sense of fashion and looked good in everything she wore. "All right then." With that, Tristan brought her to the underground parking, entered the silver Lamborghini, and drove to Lombard Group. On the way to the company, Tristan suddenly asked, "What kind of cars do you like?" Sophie's birthday was right after Christmas. She would be officially eighteen years old then. Tristan believed it was time she had her own car. "You're asking me?" Sophie asked. The thought of buying a car had not crossed her mind. "Yeah." "What's up? Are you going to buy me one?" she questioned. What is he up to? Why would he want to buy me a car all of a sudden? "Would you want it if I gave you one?" Tristan asked. It was a very important question. He had been looking into cars lately and found a few cars that suited her. "I just said that without thinking. Don't worry. I can get one for myself if I want one." "You don't have to feel bad about it, Sophie." Sophie was speechless.

I'm not shy. Why would I need him to get one for me when I can afford one myself? "You don't have to be so calculative with me." Tristan merely thought it was inconvenient for her to take public transport all the time. "Actually, it's not that I can't afford to buy a car. I just think driving isn't as convenient as taking public transport sometimes. That's all." Currently, the number of cars in the world was more than the number of parking spaces available. Sometimes, looking for a parking space could be extremely difficult. In the end, Tristan had already parked the car at Lombard Group's underground parking before they had even come to a conclusion. Sophie thought the conversation about getting her a car had ended, but the same could not be said for Tristan. Soon, they arrived at the ninetieth floor. Tristan's secretary gaped in shock when he saw Tristan arriving with a woman.

"Mr. Tristan—" Alas, Tristan ignored him and brought Sophie straight to the lounge. "You can wait here for me," he said. "Since I'm already here, why don't I keep you company in your office?" That's the true definition of keeping company, isn't it?

**Chapter 220** She Is Mesmerized "What's wrong? Can't I do that? Are you afraid I'll steal your company's secrets?" Sophie teased. I bet the biggest fear of a company like Lombard Group is having someone steal their secrets. Tristan could not help but laugh. "That's not it. I wasn't expecting you to be taking the initiative. You're more than welcome to take the company's secrets whenever you want them."

My entire being belongs to her, let alone a mere Lombard Group. "I'm just joking." Sophie was about to enter the lounge when Tristan grabbed her hand. "Come into my office and keep me company. You can use the time to get to know me better." Tristan pulled her back to his side, wrapped his arm around her shoulders, and led her into the office. "Oh, my goodness. Mr. Tristan is finally seen with a woman! I've always thought he was not interested in women." "So many ladies have approached him. Yet, only this lady who's way younger than him caught his eye." "It's true when people say men like women who are younger than them." "That's enough. Be quiet, everyone. You've got

quite the balls to gossip about Mr. Tristan, eh?" scolded the head secretary, Daphne Castillo. Daphne knew Tristan's temper better than anyone, for she had been serving the latter for a long time. Hearing that, the secretaries immediately stopped talking. Truth was, they only dared to say all that behind Tristan's back. They would never dare to let Tristan hear about it. "Leon, prepare some desserts for Ms.

Tanner. And you, Aldo. Cut some fruits for Ms. Tanner. Both of you are on standby for the entire day today. This is the first time Mr. Tristan brings a woman to the office, so we must not make even the slightest mistake." It had not been easy for Tristan to be interested in a woman. Therefore, they could not afford to make any mistakes. "Got it," the secretaries responded obediently and immediately dispersed to carry out their tasks. It did not take long for Tristan's office to be filled with fruits and snacks that ladies typically liked. "Ms. Tanner, feel free to ask for us anytime if there's anything you need," said Daphne to Sophie with a grin. This young lady is really pretty. No wonder she succeeded in capturing Mr. Tristan's heart. "All right. I'm good. I don't really like eating snacks, anyway," Sophie said. Have they forgotten that this is Tristan's office? "All right. You may leave now." Tristan felt rather speechless but amazed at how thoughtful Daphne was. He then added, "Remember to tell the finance department to give everyone in the secretary department a raise." "Thank you, Mr. Tristan. We'll do our best to serve you," said Daphne immediately.

Truth was, she never expected a raise. After all, Lombard Group was already paying them very well. Daphne merely wanted to serve Sophie well for fear of the latter leaving Tristan. The other secretaries were delighted when Daphne relayed the news to them after leaving the office. "Mr. Tristan really dotes on Ms. Tanner." "I know, right? We're only doing our job, but he's giving us a raise because we're doing it for Ms. Tanner." "How nice..." "What are you guys envious of? Focus on doing your work! There's no point in being envious. Didn't you see how pretty Ms. Tanner is? She's so beautiful that she surely has many fans if she were to make her debut." "Ah... I think I'm quite pretty, too. I'm just not as lucky as her," said one of the secretaries. The other secretaries gawked at her, baffled. "Sure, you're pretty. But do you have the guts to call yourself a beauty in front of Ms. Tanner?" That secretary fell silent. What nonsense are they spouting? "Hmph. I give up talking to you guys. What's the point of making myself hurt?" Sophie scanned the scrumptious food on the coffee table, unable to register what was going on. What do they take me for? A pig? Tristan poked a piece of fruit with a fork and placed it in her hand. "Here. Have some! Don't let their kind efforts go to waste." They prepared all this out of concern for her, anyway. "Mr. Tristan, do I look like someone who's been starving for many years?" Sophie asked. This is really ridiculous.

"Nope. You look naturally rich and powerful. Then again, you're really too skinny. You've got to eat more!" Tristan sat on the couch and dug in with her. Meanwhile, Sophie leaned against the couch, took out her phone, and started playing a game. "You should go get busy," Sophie prompted, preparing to play her game quietly. She would never try to attract his attention there. "I really don't feel like working." Tristan sighed. He finally understood why the kings in ancient times did not want to go to court in the morning. Didn't he say he'll work faster with me here? At that thought, Sophie cleared

her throat and said, "Mr. Tristan, if my presence is affecting your work, then it's best if I go home." "No, no! Sit here. I'll get back to work now. I'll take you out later tonight." Tristan shot to his feet and walked to his desk. It took him only a short while to get into the mood. In just a few minutes, he was already busy at work. Sophie, however, could not focus on her game. What should I do? I think I'm swooning over him. She was totally mesmerized by Tristan who was all into his work. It was already noon when Tristan was done with work. He made his way to Sophie, who was playing games and sat beside her. "You must be bored, aren't you?"

Tristan said apologetically. He felt sorry for inviting her to the company, despite knowing he would be very busy. "Not really," Sophie responded. It was not boring for her since she could feast her eyes on a handsome man. Tristan prompted, "Come on! You haven't visited our staff cafeteria, right? I'll take you there." "Sure!" With that, Tristan led Sophie to the staff cafeteria. Since it was already noon, the cafeteria was packed with people. Despite being mealtime, everyone queued up in an orderly fashion. Even the employees ate their food in proper manners. The employees of Lombard Group did not expect Tristan to bring a guest there. Upon seeing them, they quickly got to their feet to greet him. "Hello, Mr. Tristan!" "Good afternoon, Mr. Tristan!" "Hello. Please, carry on with your food. Just pretend I don't exist, okay?" "Looks like you don't come here for meals often, eh?" Sophie stood beside Tristan. She was used to situations like that. "Yeah. I came here on purpose today. I want everyone to know how pretty my girlfriend is." Sophie was at a loss for words. I never expected Tristan to have such a side to him. Am I his girlfriend? I don't think I've said yes yet. Most importantly, that last sentence he said doesn't suit me at all. Why would Mr. Tristan want to show off a girl like me?

Not long after, Sophie's phone rang. As soon as the call connected, Ysabelle's came from the other end. "Sophie, it's me. I heard you've gone to Lombard Group with Uncle Tristan. What's up? Have you said yes to him? Did he succeed in making you his girlfriend already?" Are they dating each other now? "No way. I'm just here to learn," responded Sophie. There were many people who wanted to learn from Tristan, and Felix was one of them.