

Anything For Her Chapter 24

Chapter 24 Are You Angry

Cynthia brought Queenie to her younger brother, Jason's law firm. "You must help me, Uncle Jason. I can't go to prison! I have plans to join the national team." /

would have even less of a chance with Cyro if I were in prison.

Jason asked for a brief understanding of the situation.

"All right," he said with brisk confidence when she was done, "I think I got it. I'm a pretty

famous lawyer, you know. You won't be going to prison."

Having founded his law firm after graduating from university, Jason had been unbeatable ever since.

He did not take an insignificant conflict between high school students seriously.

"You're the best, Uncle Jason." Queenie hugged him coyly.

"I have work to do," Jason announced, too busy to chat with them. "It would be best if you go home first. Let me handle it."

When the women emerged from the office, Queenie threw the card given to her by Sophie into the trash.

"I don't care who Sophie hires," she declared haughtily, "nobody will do anything to me with my uncle here."

Who does Sophie think she is? Other than Josiah, none of the Tanners treat her as family. I have

pull in Horington and can hire any lawyer I want. Does she think that I am so easily intimidated?

Sophie personally sent Josiah back to the Tanner residence.

“I want you to tell me no matter what happens to you, Soph,” Josiah said distressedly. “Do you understand? I can’t bear the thought of you facing it all alone.”

How has my poor Soph suffered in my absence!

“I won’t allow myself to be stepped on, Grandpa. I have been too foolish in the past, and I won’t be allowing anybody to hurt me again.”

Josiah felt another twinge of pain at her words and pulled her close to him.

“Let me find you somebody you can lean on, Soph.” *I know I don’t have much longer to live. What will happen to her when I die?*

“Don’t worry about me, Grandpa. I can take care of myself. Your well-being is more important to me.”

Grandpa has grown so old. His hair is all white now.

“You shall have my shares, Soph. It’s the only thing that I can give you.” He had initially planned to hand the Tanner family over to Soph as she was his only worthy heir.

“Hold on to them, Grandpa. I don’t need them yet.” Her reason for those words was to deny Willow satisfaction. She had her own money; it was not something she lacked.

“Come back often to see me, won’t you?” He dared not allude to his mortality lest he upset her.

“I will come back often to spend time with you,” Sophie promised with a sweetness she reserved only for Josiah.

“How is your lawyer, by the way? Would you like me to find you a better one?” Her reassurances did not convince Josiah. He was worried as the Lane family was one of the most influential in Jipsdale.

“Don’t worry, Grandpa. I have faith in my representation. I won’t embarrass you.”

If this is how Queenie wants to pick a fight, I won't back down. I'm not afraid of her.

Sophie stayed behind at noon for lunch with Josiah and took a cab to school when he took his siesta.

Ysabelle arrived later that afternoon. She pulled Sophie aside when she saw the latter heading for the classroom.

"I heard the police are here looking for you, Soph. This has nothing to do with you. I'll have Uncle Tristan deal with it."

Queenie is too much. Being the one at fault, how dare she turn it around?

"There's no need to tell your uncle. I can handle this."

By then, Queenie arrived at school as well.

"Do you know who my uncle is, Sophie?" Queenie was beside herself with glee.

Sophie did not deign to spare her a glance. *What does her uncle's identity have to do with me?*

"Have you heard of Jason Chandler? He is the best lawyer in Jipsdale. Just wait and see."

"Jason Chandler?"

"Now you're afraid, aren't you? Just wait. I will put you in prison this time."

"Is this Jason Chandler a good lawyer?" Sophie turned to Ysabelle.

Ysabelle shook her head. "Never heard of him."

She was not lying. The name was new to her.

Queenie chuckled coldly at their ignorance.

"Look at you two idiots. It's fine if you haven't heard of him. You will get to know him very well when the trial starts."

Jason Chandler was a newcomer to the legal industry and the most gifted member of his family. He was also Queenie's uncle.

"Have you never heard of Jason?" asked an acquaintance of Ysabelle's. "My father says he's

excellent and on a hot streak with some prickly cases recently."

They, too, heard that the police had come for Sophie. *What's more, Queenie has gotten herself such a good lawyer.*

"Is he really that good?" Ysabelle was considering hiring a better lawyer.

"Why don't you apologize to Queenie, Sophie?" the acquaintance suggested. "We're all classmates, after all. There's no need to make a scene."

Ysabelle bristled. "Apologize to her? You must be joking." *I have been too nice that everybody now thinks I'm a pushover.* "She kidnapped me. Why should Sophie apologize?" Ysabelle was so angry she laughed in disbelief.

"Jason is not one you should pick a fight with!"

"Enough, girls. We should go in. Class is about to start." Sophie was not in the least bothered about what Queenie said about Jason.

She was interested to see how true it was for herself.

It's such an obvious case. How is he going to fight us?

Queenie ran into Willow after their lesson, who sneered at her swollen nose inwardly but put on a show of concern.

"Are you all right, Queenie? How are you so badly injured? What did the doctor say?"

"My nose is broken. I'm not going to forgive Sophie for this."

"I'm sorry."

"Why should you apologize, Willa? This has nothing to do with you. It's all the little b*tch's fault. I'm not going to let her off the hook."

"Sophie has always been a troublemaker."

"She is! Stay away from her, Willa. Sophie is not the same as she was five years ago. She's much crueller now."

"I know."

With a simpleton like Queenie acting on my behalf, I don't even need to lift a finger.

Tristan was approached by his niece upon his return to Wisteria Apartments that night.

“Help me hire a lawyer, Uncle Tristan.” Ysabelle was incensed by the mere thought of

Queenie’s triumphant expression.

“Why?”

“That b*tch Queenie has hired a famous one. She intends to put Soph behind bars.”

“Haven’t I told you before, Ysabelle?” Sophie interjected. “I’ve got this handled.” *It’s a simple*

task of hiring a lawyer. I think I can handle it.

“This isn’t just your battle, Soph. I was the one Queenie kidnapped.”

“I know. Rest assured, she is going to pay for it.”

There is no need to get Tristan involved as it’s a feud between us girls. Why should we bring out

the big guns for something so trivial?

“I’d mention before to come to me if you need help, Sophie. You never seem to remember

that.”

Tristan’s gaze was a little frightening. Even Ysabelle did not dare speak.

“I’ve got this handled,” Sophie repeated. *It’s not a big deal.*

“Are you mad at me?” she added uncertainly.