

## Anything For Her Chapter 32

### Chapter 32 Support

- “Are you sure?” Sophie gave him one last chance.
- “Come on, then! I’ll teach you how to act properly today, missy. A woman shouldn’t behave so wildly,” Casey’s friend dared.
- Meanwhile, Tristan and Felix exited the building after they finished their meal. They then learned Sophie and Ysabelle had gone to the swimming pool from a receptionist.
- “Do you want to head over there?” Felix was definitely going because he was worried about Ysabelle getting herself into trouble.
- “Mr. Tristan, Ms. Ysabelle has started a fight with someone at the swimming pool.” A person approached the two men and reported.
- When Felix and Tristan heard that, they immediately rushed over to the swimming pool.
- Casey stopped his friend. “Forget about it.”
- “When did you become such a p\*ssy, Casey?” his friend questioned.
- Casey shook his head.
- At that moment, Tristan and Felix arrived.
- Tristan could already see Sophie’s alluring legs in the distance.
- He approached her and asked, “What’s going on?”
- “They want to beat Sophie up, Uncle Tristan,” Ysabelle immediately replied.
- When the manager was informed about Tristan’s arrival, he immediately rushed over to their location and asked, “Is everything all right, Mr. Tristan?”
- He quickly wiped the cold sweat on his forehead away.
- “Get them out of here. From today onward, they are forbidden from stepping into any properties belonging to the Lombard family,” Tristan ordered. *Those who mess with my people will pay the price.*
- “All of you, please leave!” the manager shouted as he summoned a few security guards.
- “Do you know who I am?” Casey’s friend, the one who knew how to fight, still wanted to duke it out.
- “I don’t know who you are, but the person standing in front of you is Mr. Tristan,” the manager informed. That information was enough to deter Casey’s friend. After all, it didn’t matter who he was when the entire place was owned by Tristan.
- Those who could afford a vacation at the resort were rich people. No one had seen what Tristan looked like before, but they knew he owned the resort. Since the manager had vouched for Tristan’s identity, then there was no mistaking him for someone else.
- When Casey’s friend knew who he had messed with, his legs turned into jelly.
- “I’m sorry, Mr. Tristan. I didn’t know they were your people.” He immediately tried to beg for mercy.
- Tristan didn’t even look at him.
- “What’s your relationship with him, Sophie?” Casey didn’t want to give up because he still liked Sophie.
- “It’s none of your business.” Sophie couldn’t be bothered to deal with him. *I’m glad Tristan’s here. This swimsuit, while not at all skimpy, would make it difficult for me to fight.*
- “I really like you, Sophie.”
- “I’m sorry, but I really don’t like you.”
- After that incident, Sophie lost all interest in swimming.
- The security guards chased Casey and his friends away without mercy.
- “Ysabelle.” Tristan turned his attention to Ysabelle.
- Ysabelle pretended to play with her fingers. “We didn’t go looking for trouble with them. They were the ones who wanted to bully Sophie.”
- The look in Tristan’s eyes turned even colder. *Seems like I didn’t punish those punks hard enough.*
- Sophie approached him, pulled his arm, and headed outside.
- His aura was so dominating that it was going to chase the other guests away from the pool.
- “I’m sorry. I shouldn’t have caused a scene in your territory.” Sophie wasn’t sure if he was angry about that.
- “Don’t you want to swim? I’ll ask the staff to clear the pool.” Tristan glanced at her. *She’s wearing too little. I already couldn’t take it when she wore that ultra-short skirt and high-waist shirt, yet now she’s wearing a swimsuit. I really don’t like other men looking at her.*
- “No, I’m going to change back to my clothes.” She had lost the mood to swim.
- Tristan grabbed her hand and pulled her back. “You’re free to fight if you want to. Just make sure you don’t get hurt.” *Even if you injure or kill someone, with my support, there’s nothing you need to worry about.*
- While that was happening, Felix had already pulled Ysabelle out.
- “Let go of me, Felix! Why are you pulling me out? It’s too dangerous for Soph to be inside there alone!” she shouted.
- Felix was rendered speechless. “Are you worried your uncle’s going to eat her whole? I think you should just focus on taking care of yourself.”
- She pouted as she felt aggrieved. “Aren’t you sick of looking at me all day? Why do you keep clinging to me?”
- “Who says that I’m sick of looking at you?”
- “I do.” Ysabelle rolled her eyes before entering the shuttle bus headed back to the hotel.
- Felix immediately followed her into the vehicle. *Just what did I do this time to piss her off? A woman’s thoughts are too hard for me to guess.*
- When Sophie exited the changing room, she saw Tristan waiting for her. She approached him before both of them left together.
- Charles and Sean had other things to do, so they left first.
- When Tristan and Sophie returned to the hotel, they saw Felix standing outside of Ysabelle’s room.
- It didn’t matter what Felix said – Ysabelle refused to open the door.
- “What’s wrong with her?” Sophie asked while shooting Felix a sharp look.
- “I don’t know.”
- She knocked on the door. “Ysabelle, are you in there? Can I come in?”
- When Ysabelle heard Sophie’s voice, she opened the door.
- Sophie saw her friend’s red eyes and asked, “What’s wrong? Did Felix bully you? Do you want me to teach him a lesson?”
- “No. I don’t know what’s going on with me either,” Ysabelle answered.
- “It’s good that you’re fine.”
- When Monday rolled around, it was time for the monthly exam. Sophie got up from her bed, put on her uniform, and went out.
- She bought two buns on her way to school.
- Before Sophie could eat them, Willow got off a car and faced her. It would appear that Willow had been waiting for her.
- “Why do you live in Wisteria Apartments?” Willow asked. Even though Wisteria Apartments wasn’t a mansion district, the housing price was still ridiculously high due to its unique geographical location.
- Back when she wanted to attend Jipsdale Premier High, she had asked her father to buy her a house there. Her father had declined her request.
- Sophie’s expression darkened too, as she didn’t want to meet someone she disliked so early in the morning. “Why does it matter to you where I’m living?”
- “You should know your place, Sophie. I’m here today to tell you that Dad doesn’t want you to take Grandpa’s shares.”
- “Is it him or you who doesn’t want that to happen? Are you feeling really scared now, Willow? Afraid that you won’t have everything you want in the palm of your hands?” Sophie taunted.
- “What do you mean?” While Willow was infuriated and upset, she still pretended to be fine on the surface.
- “Then again, how can you lose something that was never yours to begin with?”
- Willow’s expression changed in response to Sophie’s words. *Why does she look like she has everything in her control? I hate that look!*
- She tightened her fists, looking as though she wanted to tear the disguise on her face down. “Don’t act so smugly, Sophie! You don’t have the right to take the shares from me when your reputation is in shambles!”
- “Oh! I almost forgot if you hadn’t mentioned it. What happened five years ago isn’t over yet!”
- “What do you mean?” Willow was sure she had not left any evidence behind five years ago.
- “You’ll know when the time comes! Also, your current image is that of a top student, correct? If I do better than you, will your precious daddy still love you?”
- “Do better than me? You’re overestimating your abilities, Sophie. Ever since I entered high school, I’ve always been one of the top three students in my year! What about you? All you know is to fight. Who cares about the truth regarding what happened five years ago anymore? Aren’t you just a piece of trash now?”
- “Is that so? I’ll take back everything you hold dear, Willow!” Sophie didn’t feel like talking to her anymore.
- As Willow watched her leave, she began to panic.
- “Don’t worry, Ms. Tanner. There’s no way she’ll surpass you. You’ll get whatever you want,” the Tanner family’s driver comforted.