

Anything For Her Chapter 35

Chapter 35 Addicted To Hugging You

- When they arrived at Wisteria Apartments, Tristan filled the bathtub with hot water and added a few drops of essential oil before carrying Sophie into the bathroom.
- “Don’t you think you’ve been getting a little too familiar with carrying me, Mr. Tristan?” Even though Sophie said that, she still wrapped her arms around his neck.
- Tristan let her down once they were inside the bathroom. “I’m happy to serve you. If you don’t feel like moving, I can even help you with—”
- “No need.” She immediately pushed him out and leaned against the door. *It’s a little worrying that the great Mr. Tristan is willing to do so much for me.*
- “Guess I’ll stay inside longer.” The weather changed very fast. Even though it was just rain during fall, the weather was already quite cold.
- She took off her clothes and entered the bathtub.
- Upon immersing herself in the warm water, Sophie let out a satisfied moan.
- Tristan was someone who enjoyed the finer things in life, which was why he had bought a tub that would keep the temperature constant. The water would remain warm for as long as she wanted to stay inside. There was no need to worry about it going cold.
- Outside, he took a simple bath and changed into a casual outfit.
- When he got out, he heard Sophie’s phone ringing.
- Since she hadn’t left the bathroom yet, he picked up the phone.
- There was a string of numbers on the screen without a name.
- Tristan didn’t answer the phone and simply knocked on the bathroom door. “You got a call. There’s no name listed on the screen.”
- “Okay. I’ll answer it after I get out in a moment,” Sophie answered.
- “Don’t spend too much time inside. Otherwise, you’ll faint.”
- “Mm-hmm.”
- Sophie only left the bathtub and changed into a casual outfit after she heard the door closing.
- Then she glanced at the phone and saw it was from Butterfly.
- “What’s up?”
- “You finally picked up the phone. I thought something had happened to you.”
- “What can possibly happen to me? Oh yeah, Captain Sheppard brought Dr. Yarren back. He asked me for your number, saying he wants to thank you.”
- “That’s good to hear. There’s no need to give him my number, though. You know, Captain Sheppard is quite a good talker at Jipsdale. It won’t hurt you to know him better.”
- “No need.” Sophie was used to being alone. It was just by coincidence that she formed Wings of Light.
- “Gosh, what am I going to do with you? Fine, do what you want.”
- “Is there anything else?”
- “Can’t I chat with you for fun?”
- Silence was the response Butterfly got.
- “I still got things to do, so I’m going to hang up now.”
- After Sophie dried her hair and exited the room, she saw the food that the staff from Pegasus Pavilion had delivered.
- “You haven’t eaten yet?” She wondered why Tristan hadn’t eaten yet even though it was already late.
- “Nope. Come and eat with me!” In actuality, Tristan had already eaten. He knew she hadn’t yet, which was why he ordered people to deliver food to them.
- Sophie sat across from him and ate. They remained silent as they enjoyed their meal.
- He only had a few bites before he kept putting food on her plate. Not only that, he even poured her a bowl of mushroom soup.
- She ate a lot over the course of the meal.
- Once it was over, she took on the task of cleaning up the table.
- Tristan didn’t stay around for long as he left after the meal was over. It was as though he was only there to share a meal with her.
- While the physics exam the next day involved a lot of calculations, Sophie was still able to finish them easily.
- There was half an hour left when she handed her paper in.
- For her Ustranasion paper during the afternoon, she took her time writing her answers down on the answer paper. She really didn’t understand why people were saying the exam was hard.
- Once the exam was over, everyone gathered around to discuss it.
- Ysabelle sat on the bench in front of Sophie and turned around to face her friend.
- “How well did you do, Soph?” Ysabelle was really worried about her friend’s grades.
- “Fine.”
- “Can you pass the physics paper?”
- “I can.”
- Carrie just so happened to pass by both of them then.
- She snickered when she heard what Sophie said. “If you can pass without ever paying attention in class, what are us teachers for?”
- “We’ll know once the results are out. There’s no need to rush, Mrs. Fletcher. I always keep my promises. If I don’t pass this time, I’ll quit school voluntarily.” Sophie smiled coldly.
- “Soph...” Ysabelle was worried because the physics paper had been really hard. *I’m pretty sure half of the class won’t even pass! Why is she acting so confidently?*
- “Is that so? I look forward to your results, then. Hmph.” It was obvious Carrie didn’t believe Sophie.
- When Sophie and Ysabelle went out for a meal, they encountered Willow and her posse.
- “How well do you think you’re going to do this time, Willow?” Willow’s friend asked.
- “Well enough,” Willow replied.
- “You always say that, and you always get into the top three!”
- Another one of Willow’s friends chimed in, “That’s right! Willow is just that awesome! She’s good-looking and smart! Whoever she marries in the future is going to be very lucky.”
- “Tsk.” Ysabelle couldn’t help but click her tongue when she heard Willow’s posse praising Willow.
- “What do you mean by that, Ysabelle?” One of Willow’s classmates spoke up sullenly.
- Even though what Willow’s classmates said was true, they were actually really jealous of Willow.
- “I don’t mean anything else by that. This isn’t your home, so why do you care what I’m saying?” Ysabelle retorted.
- “You!”
- “Forget about it. There’s no need to waste our time talking to a bunch of awful students like them! Any one of the students in our class can crush them easily,” one of Willow’s classmates mocked.
- It was true that Senior Class 1 students would utterly stomp on Senior Class 8 students.
- “You—” While that was the truth, it still pissed Ysabelle off. “So what if you’re all good at studying? That’s the only thing you nerds know how to do!”
- “Who are you calling a nerd, huh?” A girl in glasses pushed Ysabelle back.
- “So what if I’m calling you all nerds?” Ysabelle refused to back down.
- The girl in glasses wanted to hit Ysabelle, but Sophie caught her arm.
- “Keep your hands to yourself,” Sophie warned.
- “You think you’re untouchable just because you won against Queenie? So what if you’re good at basketball when your grades suck? What’s there to be proud of?”
- Sophie sneered, “Is intelligence the only thing you’re proud of? In that case, just you wait until the results for the monthly exam comes out.”
- Once she finished her sentence, she left with Ysabelle.
- “How are her grades, Willow?” the girl in glasses asked. *Sophie sounded as though she was confident she’ll be getting good grades for the exam!*
- “Nothing impressive,” Willow answered.
- “Good. We’ll see how long she can act so smugly.”
- Inside the offices of Jipsdale Premier High, the Chanaean teachers were already marking the papers.
- There were around thirty teachers using the internet to mark their papers.
- Suddenly, a teacher jumped up. “Oh my god! This is the first time I’ve seen an essay like this in all my years as a teacher!”
- “What’s wrong?” The other teachers surrounded their colleague when they heard that.
- “Read this.”
- A few teachers read the essay at the same time and quickly realized it was the most perfect essay they had ever laid their eyes on.
- It was flawless in every aspect.
- “Which class does this student belong to? Why didn’t we notice this student before?”
- “I don’t know. It doesn’t seem like it’s written by someone in our class.”
- “Is this a student from your class, Ms. Reynolds?” Ripley Reynolds was the Chanaean teacher for Senior Class 1. Since that class consisted of the best students in the grade, it was only natural for them to assume the essay was written by a student in that class.
- Ripley glanced at the essay and shook her head immediately. “The handwriting is too neat. No one in my class writes like this.”
- “Then who is this black horse?” The teachers around were all very curious about the author of the essay.