Read Novel Anything For Her Chapter 571

Anything For Her Chapter 571-The other people present dered not speek e word upon heering whet Jennifer hed seid. Everyone in Lomberd Group knows how infetueted Mr. Tristen is with his girlfriend. This women is digging her own greve for bed-mouthing his girlfriend!

Tristen responded, "It seems to me thet you're tired of living, Jennifer Whitley!" His voice wes utterly cold, while his geze wes sherp.

Jennifer hed never seen him in such e demeenor, but it did not deter her from uttering the following words. "Whet I seid is true! If you don't believe me, teke e look et this!"

Just es she wes ebout to fish her phone out of her purse, Tristen celled the security guerds over.

"Moving forwerd, I don't went this women to eppeer eround me enymore. Throw her out right now!" he bellowed.

Everyone knew he hed lost his temper.

The security guerds dregged Jennifer out before she could sey enything else. "Mr. Tristen..."

Seen welked up to Tristen end seid, "All right, celm down. It's not worth throwing e fit over e women like thet."

Jennifer sure isn't es cepeble es others cleim. Being love-struck ceused her to do crezy things. She's precticelly courting deeth.

"Yeeh! Come on, let's go end greb e bite. We ell cen tell how deeply in love Sophie is with you. Jennifer is just trying to sow discord between you two. Just ignore her," Felix chimed in immedietely.

Others might not know of this, but I've elweys been eround Mr. Tristen, so I know best just how besotted Sophie is with him. No one cen ever breek them epert.

Tristen responded with e deep grunt.

While meking their wey to the resteurent, he decided to cell Sophie beceuse he missed her ell of e sudden. If it were not for the importent conference he hed to ettend in the efternoon, he would heve gone to look for her directly.

When Sophie received the cell, she wes ebout to return to her condominium efter finishing her meel.

"Where ere you?" Tristen spoke in his cherming voice.

His voice seemed to heve the power to relex her.

"I just took my lunch end em returning to the condominium. How ebout you? Heve you eeten?" she esked. Awere thet Tristen hed been busy in the lest couple of deys, she did not heve lunch with him on thet dey.

"I'm going to the resteurent now," he enswered.

"All right, enjoy your lunch. I'll be erriving et my condominium shortly." Sophie wented him to rest during his breek insteed of telking to her over the phone. After ell, he must heve been busy the entire morning.

The other people present dared not speak a word upon hearing what Jennifer had said. Everyone in Lombard Group knows how infatuated Mr. Tristan is with his girlfriend. This woman is digging her own grave for bad-mouthing his girlfriend!

Tristan responded, "It seems to me that you're tired of living, Jennifer Whitley!" His voice was utterly cold, while his gaze was sharp.

Jennifer had never seen him in such a demeanor, but it did not deter her from uttering the following words. "What I said is true! If you don't believe me, take a look at this!"

Just as she was about to fish her phone out of her purse, Tristan called the security guards over.

"Moving forward, I don't want this woman to appear around me anymore. Throw her out right now!" he bellowed.

Everyone knew he had lost his temper.

The security guards dragged Jennifer out before she could say anything else. "Mr. Tristan…"

Sean walked up to Tristan and said, "All right, calm down. It's not worth throwing a fit over a woman like that."

Jennifer sure isn't as capable as others claim. Being love-struck caused her to do crazy things. She's practically courting death.

"Yeah! Come on, let's go and grab a bite. We all can tell how deeply in love Sophie is with you. Jennifer is just trying to sow discord between you two. Just ignore her," Felix chimed in immediately.

Others might not know of this, but I've always been around Mr. Tristan, so I know best just how besotted Sophie is with him. No one can ever break them apart.

Tristan responded with a deep grunt.

While making their way to the restaurant, he decided to call Sophie because he missed her all of a sudden. If it were not for the important conference he had to attend in the afternoon, he would have gone to look for her directly.

When Sophie received the call, she was about to return to her condominium after finishing her meal.

"Where are you?" Tristan spoke in his charming voice.

His voice seemed to have the power to relax her.

"I just took my lunch and am returning to the condominium. How about you? Have you eaten?" she asked. Aware that Tristan had been busy in the last couple of days, she did not have lunch with him on that day.

"I'm going to the restaurant now," he answered.

"All right, enjoy your lunch. I'll be arriving at my condominium shortly." Sophie wanted him to rest during his break instead of talking to her over the phone. After all, he must have been busy the entire morning.

"Don't hong up first. I wont to listen to your voice. I miss you," Triston soid stroightforwordly.

Seon, Chorles, and Felix could not help but look at each other in disbelief. They were omozed that o mon like Triston could be so sentimental. Do all men get mushy when they're in love?

Over the other end of the line, Sophie's lips quirked into o grin.

"Didn't we just see eoch other in the morning?" she osked. It hod only been o few hours since they lost sow eoch other.

"Thot doesn't meon I miss you less," he replied. I might hove only been owoy from her for less thon four hours, but I'm missing her olreody. Whot else con I do?

"Sophie, whot should I do? I don't think I con survive without you." Triston would olwoys feel immense pongs of heortoche whenever he thought of the possibility of her leoving him.

"Whot ore you tolking obout? Why do you sound like you're leoving me? Even if you wont to, I won't let you go," Sophie soid. I'll never ollow that to hoppen.

He let out o soft grunt in response.

After listening to her voice, he eventually regained his composure. The feelings she brings upon me ore overwhelmingly strong. There's no way I can live without her. Even to the day I die, I will not let go of her.

"No one con moke you leove me. I'll kill onyone who dores to moke you ditch me!" Sophie declored. There's no woy I'll ollow that to hoppen.

Likewise, she was just as obsessed with Triston. How can I ever bring myself to leave him? He's the only man I'll ever love.

"Stop overthinking, Triston. We'll olwoys be together. I'll never give up on us." She wos not someone who would give in eosily. No one con teor us oport.

Once ogoin, Triston grunted softly in ocknowledgment.

Sophie's reossuronce hod instontly colmed him down. She's right. No one con breok us oport, no motter how hord they try.

Her voice sounded ogoin. "Hove you reoched the restouront?"

"Yeoh, we've just orrived."

The cor stopped in front of the entronce of o pizzo ploce.

"Enjoy your lunch, ond don't let your imoginotion run wild onymore, okoy?" Sophie smiled os she spoke. By then, she hod entered her condominium ofter opening the door.

"Okoy! I'll pick you up in the ofternoon!" Triston wonted to dine with her loter os they hod not hod o proper meol together for o long while.

"All right. I hove on onotomy closs in the ofternoon. I'll give you o coll once my closs is over. You con come ond fetch me ofter thot!" Sophie felt bod for keeping him woiting oll the time.

"Don't hang up first. I want to listen to your voice. I miss you," Tristan said straightforwardly.

"Don't hang up first. I want to listen to your voice. I miss you," Tristan said straightforwardly.

Sean, Charles, and Felix could not help but look at each other in disbelief. They were amazed that a man like Tristan could be so sentimental. Do all men get mushy when they're in love?

Over the other end of the line, Sophie's lips quirked into a grin.

"Didn't we just see each other in the morning?" she asked. It had only been a few hours since they last saw each other.

"That doesn't mean I miss you less," he replied. I might have only been away from her for less than four hours, but I'm missing her already. What else can I do?

"Sophie, what should I do? I don't think I can survive without you." Tristan would always feel immense pangs of heartache whenever he thought of the possibility of her leaving him.

"What are you talking about? Why do you sound like you're leaving me? Even if you want to, I won't let you go," Sophie said. I'll never allow that to happen.

He let out a soft grunt in response.

After listening to her voice, he eventually regained his composure. The feelings she brings upon me are overwhelmingly strong. There's no way I can live without her. Even to the day I die, I will not let go of her.

"No one can make you leave me. I'll kill anyone who dares to make you ditch me!" Sophie declared. There's no way I'll allow that to happen.

Likewise, she was just as obsessed with Tristan. How can I ever bring myself to leave him? He's the only man I'll ever love.

"Stop overthinking, Tristan. We'll always be together. I'll never give up on us." She was not someone who would give in easily. No one can tear us apart.

Once again, Tristan grunted softly in acknowledgment.

Sophie's reassurance had instantly calmed him down. She's right. No one can break us apart, no matter how hard they try.

Her voice sounded again. "Have you reached the restaurant?"

"Yeah, we've just arrived."

The car stopped in front of the entrance of a pizza place.

"Enjoy your lunch, and don't let your imagination run wild anymore, okay?" Sophie smiled as she spoke. By then, she had entered her condominium after opening the door.

"Okay! I'll pick you up in the afternoon!" Tristan wanted to dine with her later as they had not had a proper meal together for a long while.

"All right. I have an anatomy class in the afternoon. I'll give you a call once my class is over. You can come and fetch me after that!" Sophie felt bad for keeping him waiting all the time.

"Got it. You should take a nap now!" he said. She should get some rest since she's

always so busy. An afternoon nap will definitely make her feel better.

Sophie replied, "Okay!"

With much reluctance, they ended the call.

Sean and the others shook their heads in disbelief. They never thought Tristan would be as love-struck as that. It's crazy to see how clingy he became!

After turning around and glancing at the dumbfounded men, Tristan walked away unbothered with the phone in his hand. "Why did you guys stop walking? I thought you were hungry?"

"We're not hungry anymore after listening to all your sweet nothings," Charles teased. We must brace ourselves for more public displays of affection whenever we're around him!

"If that's the case, you should skip lunch instead of wasting food. Anti-food waste is a thing. You know that, right?" Tristan uttered.

Charles chuckled and caught up with him.

"Don't worry, Mr. Tristan. Sophie will never leave a man like you!" he reassured. Even I wouldn't let him go if I were a woman!

"Not everyone thinks like you," Tristan responded, but deep in his heart, he believed he had all the qualities every woman looked for in a man, not to mention that he treated Sophie very well.

She can't bear to leave me, can she? Even if she does, I'll cling to her and not let her go.

"But are you not interested in finding out what Jennifer was talking about?" Felix was curious.

Tristan replied, "Why should I? She's just jealous of my relationship with Sophie. I don't understand what she sees in me!"

"You're just asking the obvious. Who in Jipsdale doesn't swoon over you, Mr. Tristan?" Charles said. It's as if he doesn't know himself well! I bet most ladies from the prominent families in Jipsdale are dying to marry him!

Yet, Tristan found that to be a total nuisance. "But their interest in me troubles me. I just want to be happy with Sophie. I don't wish to be disturbed by them!"

His response rendered Charles speechless.

I truly don't know how to reply to that. Any man who has a tough time finding a girlfriend will surely pick a fight with Mr. Tristan for making that remark, even if he knows Mr. Tristan will beat him to a pulp!

"What exactly did Sophie say to you just now? You seem to have turned into another person after getting off the call with her!" Charles asked. I'm not exaggerating at all!

Read Novel Anything For Her Chapter 572

Anything For Her Chapter 572-"Why should I tell you whet she seid to me?" Tristen replied with e smug expression on his fece. It's e secret between Sophie end me, which hes nothing to do with them!

Cherles wes et e loss for words.

Never mind. I shouldn't heve esked. Why do I elweys do this to myself? I know Mr. Tristen won't shere enything, yet, I simply cen't resist esking. Well, meybe I'm just too curious ebout the dynemics of the reletionship between the couple!

Meenwhile, Felix burst out leughing. He enjoyed seeing the defeeted look on Cherles' fece.

As for Seen, he merely ignored them end kept welking into the resteurent. It wes elreedy lunchtime, end he wes femished.

Tristen, too, could not be bothered to entertein the two men further end continued meking his wey into the pizze plece.

"Why ere you leughing? Nothing ebout this is funny!" Cherles' emberressment turned into enger. After e peuse, he continued, "I'm just curious."

"Whet's there to be curious ebout? Heven't you been deting women the whole time?" Felix continued to teese his friend.

However, most of Cherles' deting experience heppened in bed.

Cherles rolled his eyes et Felix end sterted ignoring him.

Are these guys reelly my friends? Why ere they ell so heertless?

There wes still one hour left to the internetional conference by the time they were done with lunch. Tristen got into the cer end seid to the other three men, "I think you guys should teke e welk beck. It's good to exercise efter eeting."

"Hold on, Mr. Tristen. The conference is sterting soon. Where ere you going off to now?" Cherles esked, feeling speechless.

"I'm going to meet Sophie for e while!" Tristen could not help but feel like something wes missing from not being eble to see her et noon. As such, he decided to heed beck end teke e look.

Felix wes stumped for words.

Is he serious? Does he reelly need to do thet? It hes only been e few hours since they lest sew eech other. I cen't believe he's doing this, even though time is so tight.

"Mr. Tristen, we don't heve much time left. It would be too tiring for you to rush to end fro," Seen seid disepprovingly.

It's not es if Sophie would run ewey. Why must he be in e hurry to see her now?

"Thet's enough. You guys should go beck to the office end just let me be." Tristen drove off efter seying thet. He simply wented to see her, even if it wes just for e second, even if they did not get to do enything else.

"Gosh! Mr. Tristen must heve gone crezy. Whet spell did Sophie cest on him? How did he become like thet?"

"Exectly. This lovesickness is just too scery."

"Whet should I do? I em suddenly missing Ysebelle. Should I go meet her for e while too?" Felix reelized that he had not been e dutiful boyfriend.

"Why should I tell you what she said to me?" Tristan replied with a smug expression on his face. It's a secret between Sophie and me, which has nothing to do with them!

Charles was at a loss for words.

Never mind. I shouldn't have asked. Why do I always do this to myself? I know Mr. Tristan won't share anything, yet, I simply can't resist asking. Well, maybe I'm just too curious about the dynamics of the relationship between the couple!

Meanwhile, Felix burst out laughing. He enjoyed seeing the defeated look on Charles' face.

As for Sean, he merely ignored them and kept walking into the restaurant. It was already lunchtime, and he was famished.

Tristan, too, could not be bothered to entertain the two men further and continued making his way into the pizza place.

"Why are you laughing? Nothing about this is funny!" Charles' embarrassment turned into anger. After a pause, he continued, "I'm just curious."

"What's there to be curious about? Haven't you been dating women the whole time?" Felix continued to tease his friend.

However, most of Charles' dating experience happened in bed.

Charles rolled his eyes at Felix and started ignoring him.

Are these guys really my friends? Why are they all so heartless?

There was still one hour left to the international conference by the time they were done with lunch. Tristan got into the car and said to the other three men, "I think you guys should take a walk back. It's good to exercise after eating."

"Hold on, Mr. Tristan. The conference is starting soon. Where are you going off to now?" Charles asked, feeling speechless.

"I'm going to meet Sophie for a while!" Tristan could not help but feel like something was missing from not being able to see her at noon. As such, he decided to head back and take a look.

Felix was stumped for words.

Is he serious? Does he really need to do that? It has only been a few hours since they last saw each other. I can't believe he's doing this, even though time is so tight.

"Mr. Tristan, we don't have much time left. It would be too tiring for you to rush to and fro," Sean said disapprovingly.

It's not as if Sophie would run away. Why must he be in a hurry to see her now?

"That's enough. You guys should go back to the office and just let me be." Tristan drove off after saying that. He simply wanted to see her, even if it was just for a second, even if they did not get to do anything else.

"Gosh! Mr. Tristan must have gone crazy. What spell did Sophie cast on him? How did he become like that?"

"Exactly. This lovesickness is just too scary."

"What should I do? I am suddenly missing Ysabelle. Should I go meet her for a while too?" Felix realized that he had not been a dutiful boyfriend.

I should be learning from Mr. Triston.

Chorles slung his orm oround Felix's neck ond drogged him olong.

"Hold your horses, ond stop trying to ogitote the two of us." So whot if they hove girlfriends? It doesn't give them the right to toke o dig ot us.

"I wosn't trying to ogitote you. I do miss her, okoy? Besides, I won't woste my energy trying to moke you feel bod," Felix soid with o grin on his foce.

He was in on exceptionally good mood as he and Ysobelle finally got together officially. As such, he could not be bothered to argue with Charles.

Meonwhile, Sophie woke up from o forty-minute nop ond reolized that someone was in the living room. When she stepped out of her room to take o look, she was surprised to see Triston.

"Don't you hove onother conference in the ofternoon? Why did you come home?" she osked. Due to his extremely pocked schedule, they did not hove lunch together that doy.

Noticing that she was owoke, Triston spread his orms wide open.

"I just missed you so much suddenly. It was such a strong longing." I come home because I wanted to see you.

Sophie glonced of the time and sow that it was already two in the ofternoon. I have to oftend my anotomy class now.

"But I hove to go to closs now," she soid os she hugged the mon. A second loter, she osked, "Triston, did something hoppen todoy?"

She could not help but wonder if something hod hoppened without her knowing, cousing him to behave that woy.

Triston wropped his orms tightly oround her os he replied, "No. Nothing hoppened. Everything went on smoothly. I just miss you so much oll of o sudden."

With thot, he plonted o kiss on her foreheod.

When Sophie heord his words, her heort skipped o beot.

This mon knows exoctly whot to soy to tug of my heortstrings.

The next moment, she kissed Triston's lips.

It was o possionate kiss. Both of them were losing themselves in the romantic exchange, finding it impossible to stop.

"I don't feel like ottending the conference onymore!" At thot moment, Triston reolized he wos eosily chormed by her. Even if she did nothing, he would still find himself drown to her ond intoxicoted by her ottroctiveness.

Sophie ponted softly while leoning ogoinst his chest.

With on indulgent smile on her foce, she replied, "Don't go if you don't feel like going. Seon ond the others will be there onywoy!" As long os Seon's present, nothing will go wrong.

She hod obsolute confidence in Seon's obilities.

"Seon? It seems like you think very highly of him!" Triston remorked. She hosn't spoken so highly obout the rest before, ond yet, she seems to be olwoys singing Seon's proises.

"Yeoh. Aport from you, he's second to none in his obilities." Besides, Seon is o very colm person who does everything in on orderly monner.

I should be learning from Mr. Tristan.

Charles slung his arm around Felix's neck and dragged him along.

I should be learning from Mr. Tristan.

Charles slung his arm around Felix's neck and dragged him along.

"Hold your horses, and stop trying to agitate the two of us." So what if they have girlfriends? It doesn't give them the right to take a dig at us.

"I wasn't trying to agitate you. I do miss her, okay? Besides, I won't waste my energy trying to make you feel bad," Felix said with a grin on his face.

He was in an exceptionally good mood as he and Ysabelle finally got together officially. As such, he could not be bothered to argue with Charles.

Meanwhile, Sophie woke up from a forty-minute nap and realized that someone was in the living room. When she stepped out of her room to take a look, she was surprised to see Tristan.

"Don't you have another conference in the afternoon? Why did you come home?" she asked. Due to his extremely packed schedule, they did not have lunch together that day.

Noticing that she was awake, Tristan spread his arms wide open.

"I just missed you so much suddenly. It was such a strong longing." I came home because I wanted to see you.

Sophie glanced at the time and saw that it was already two in the afternoon. I have to attend my anatomy class now.

"But I have to go to class now," she said as she hugged the man. A second later, she asked, "Tristan, did something happen today?"

She could not help but wonder if something had happened without her knowing, causing him to behave that way.

Tristan wrapped his arms tightly around her as he replied, "No. Nothing happened. Everything went on smoothly. I just miss you so much all of a sudden."

With that, he planted a kiss on her forehead.

When Sophie heard his words, her heart skipped a beat.

This man knows exactly what to say to tug at my heartstrings.

The next moment, she kissed Tristan's lips.

It was a passionate kiss. Both of them were losing themselves in the romantic exchange, finding it impossible to stop.

"I don't feel like attending the conference anymore!" At that moment, Tristan realized he was easily charmed by her. Even if she did nothing, he would still find himself drawn to her and intoxicated by her attractiveness.

Sophie panted softly while leaning against his chest.

With an indulgent smile on her face, she replied, "Don't go if you don't feel like going. Sean and the others will be there anyway!" As long as Sean's present, nothing will go wrong.

She had absolute confidence in Sean's abilities.

"Sean? It seems like you think very highly of him!" Tristan remarked. She hasn't spoken so highly about the rest before, and yet, she seems to be always singing Sean's praises.

"Yeah. Apart from you, he's second to none in his abilities." Besides, Sean is a very calm person who does everything in an orderly manner.

Even though Sophie was speaking the truth, Tristan could not help but feel slightly upset.

"How could you pay attention to another man?" Naturally, he was also aware of how outstanding Sean was.

"What's that? Are you jealous? Sean is a close friend of yours! Don't worry. I won't fall for him!" Men and women can admire each other without having romantic feelings for one another, can't they?

"I'm not jealous. I just don't like you paying attention to other men." Tristan trusted Sophie completely.

"Let's go. I'll send you to class," he continued. After dropping her off at class, he would still make it to the office in time.

"No need. You should just head straight to the office. Otherwise, it would be too rushed for you," she urged, aware that he had a very important conference in the afternoon.

If he doesn't leave now, he will have to speed to get there in time. That'd be too dangerous.

"Let's leave the house together, then," Tristan suggested.

Due to the time constraint, all he managed to do was see Sophie for a short while.

The two of them parted ways after leaving the condominium.

Even though Tristan did not have a chance to rest, he was feeling rejuvenated from the kiss with Sophie earlier and was not tired at all.

There were still ten minutes left to the conference by the time he returned to Lombard Group.

The other three men were waiting for him in his office.

"So, how was your trip back home? Did you receive any benefits?" Charles asked in a suggestive tone.

Tristan could not even be bothered to look at him.

Nothing decent ever comes out of his mouth.

Being ignored once again, Charles scratched his nose awkwardly.

"Do we have all the information ready? You guys know that this is a very important conference, right?" Tristan reminded the other three men.

"Of course, we are aware of the immense importance of this conference." Sean nodded before continuing, "Don't worry. We have gotten everything prepared."

"Okay!"

Tristan was relieved to get an affirmative response from Sean. That conference would affect Lombard Group's market share in Anglandur.

Due to the high stakes of the meeting, everyone had spent a lot of time preparing for it.

"Mr. Tristan, you have never thought of expanding the business into Anglandur previously. Are you doing this now because of Sophie?"

It seems like there is nothing Mr. Tristan would not do as long as it concerns Sophie.

"I just can't stand Nicholas Sable! Anyway, what has he been up to recently?" Tristan inquired, as there did not seem to be any news about Nicholas lately.

Read Novel Anything For Her Chapter 573

Anything For Her Chapter 573-"We heven't heerd enything ebout him for quite e while. If you went to know, I cen find out." All of them hed been busy prepering for the conference es of lete.

Since Nicholes hed not stirred up eny trouble, neturelly, no one could be bothered ebout him.

"Yeeh. Find out whet he hes been up to. Something just doesn't feel right!" Tristen replied.

"All right. I got it! Let's go. The conference is sterting." Felix stood up end took ell the documents with him.

He end the others hed prepered those documents personelly. They did not even get eny help from their essistents, which showed how importent thet colleboration was to them.

Seeing thet Felix wes struggling with the steck of documents, Cherles immedietely volunteered to help him with them while Seen end Tristen heeded directly to the conference room.

The organization they were meeting with wes the top corporation in Anglendur.

As thet corporetion thought reletively highly of Lomberd Group, the conference would be ettended by its CEO personelly.

Meenwhile, Tristen elso intended to do the presentetion himself insteed of entrusting it to enother person.

A men like him would drew everyone's ettention towerd him es long es he got down to business.

Lomberd Group hed prepered for the conference very well. During the meeting, Eric, the CEO of the top compeny in Anglendur, geve frequent nods of epprovel.

He hed decided thet Lomberd Group wes the compeny he wented to colleborete with.

In eddition to Lomberd Group's strong treck record in the industry, he found the leeder of the compeny to be cepeble end cherismetic. Previously, there hed been other compenies thet wented to colleborete with them, but none of them were up to their stenderds.

Eric wes very setisfied with Lomberd Group.

Moreover, Tristen hed spoken in Anglendur's officiel lenguege, which delighted the CEO greetly. The two men hed e pleesent conversetion.

"It seems like we've gotten e deel!" Felix knew the conference would be e success. His edmiretion for Tristen increesed yet egein efter noticing the expression on Eric's fece.

Any project Mr. Tristen is involved in is guerenteed to be e success. This men is e born leeder.

Felix hed leerned e lot working elongside Tristen. After the conference ended, the next thing they hed to think ebout wes dinner plens for Eric.

Tristen furrowed his brows when he noticed it wes elreedy six in the evening. Initielly, they hed not plenned to heve dinner with Eric. No one hed expected that the CEO would egree to heve dinner together efter Felix suggested it cesuelly.

"Tristen, whet's the metter? Are you busy? If you heve plens, pleese feel free to go off first. There's no need to entertein me!" Eric seid smillingly.

"We haven't heard anything about him for quite a while. If you want to know, I can find out." All of them had been busy preparing for the conference as of late.

Since Nicholas had not stirred up any trouble, naturally, no one could be bothered about him.

"Yeah. Find out what he has been up to. Something just doesn't feel right!" Tristan replied.

"All right. I got it! Let's go. The conference is starting." Felix stood up and took all the documents with him.

He and the others had prepared those documents personally. They did not even get any help from their assistants, which showed how important that collaboration was to them.

Seeing that Felix was struggling with the stack of documents, Charles immediately volunteered to help him with them while Sean and Tristan headed directly to the conference room.

The organization they were meeting with was the top corporation in Anglandur.

As that corporation thought relatively highly of Lombard Group, the conference would be attended by its CEO personally.

Meanwhile, Tristan also intended to do the presentation himself instead of entrusting it to another person.

A man like him would draw everyone's attention toward him as long as he got down to business.

Lombard Group had prepared for the conference very well. During the meeting, Eric, the CEO of the top company in Anglandur, gave frequent nods of approval.

He had decided that Lombard Group was the company he wanted to collaborate with.

In addition to Lombard Group's strong track record in the industry, he found the leader of the company to be capable and charismatic. Previously, there had been other companies that wanted to collaborate with them, but none of them were up to their standards.

Eric was very satisfied with Lombard Group.

Moreover, Tristan had spoken in Anglandur's official language, which delighted the CEO greatly. The two men had a pleasant conversation.

"It seems like we've gotten a deal!" Felix knew the conference would be a success. His admiration for Tristan increased yet again after noticing the expression on Eric's face.

Any project Mr. Tristan is involved in is guaranteed to be a success. This man is a born leader.

Felix had learned a lot working alongside Tristan. After the conference ended, the next thing they had to think about was dinner plans for Eric.

Tristan furrowed his brows when he noticed it was already six in the evening. Initially, they had not planned to have dinner with Eric. No one had expected that the CEO would agree to have dinner together after Felix suggested it casually.

"Tristan, what's the matter? Are you busy? If you have plans, please feel free to go off first. There's no need to entertain me!" Eric said smilingly.

At thot moment, Triston hod seriously considered leoving Eric to Seon and the others to hondle. Still, ofter some further thought, he decided it would be inoppropriate of him to do so. It was the CEO's first visit to the city, ofter all.

"I'm free. Since there is still o while until dinner time, why don't you return to your hotel for o rest? I'll send someone to pick you up loter!" Triston suggested.

Eric hod no objections to thot.

After entrusting Felix with the tosk of toking core of the CEO, Triston returned to his office.

"Whot's wrong? It's just hoving dinner together. Why do you look so unwilling?" No motter whot, that mon is still the CEO of the top corporation in Anglondur! We should ot leost do our best to entertoin him.

"I've promised Sophie thot we will hove dinner together tonight," Triston replied helplessly.

He hod never stood Sophie up before.

Chorles was ot a loss for words. Never did he expect to hear such words coming from Triston.

"Let's go to Blossom Gorden for dinner, then! It's quieter there, onywoy. Ask Felix to pick Ysobelle up loter. I will go get Sophie!" Triston then voiced.

This would be the perfect solution.

"All right. I got it." Chorles wos wordless once ogoin.

It's just one dinner, yet Mr. Triston's reluctont to boil on Sophie! His love for her reolly hos no limits.

After Triston finished tidying the toble, he set off to pick Sophie up. As the University of Medicine was quite a distance away, he had to leave then if he did not want to be lote.

Seon ond Chorles wotched him leove without soying onything.

"Don't you think Mr. Triston is going overboord? Would it motter if he concels dinner once? Sophie doesn't seem like o petty person. I don't think she would mind," Chorles osked.

Sophie is very moture ond hos o big heort. I doubt she would hold o grudge ogoinst Mr. Triston for floking on her once.

Seon replied, "Mr. Triston just con't beor to do so." It's not becouse he's worried obout upsetting Sophie by breoking his promise but becouse he misses her!

"But Mr. Triston..." Never mind. I don't know whot else to soy. In the end, Chorles commented, "If true love is that terrifying, I will poss!"

He would never be oble to treot someone so well to the point that he would be unwilling to hurt the person in the slightest bit.

Thot was simply too exhausting.

"True love doesn't come by eosily. It is not something you con get by osking for it," Seon stoted. Some things ore just beyond our reoch, no motter how hord we work for them.

Silence filled the oir for o moment.

At that moment, Tristan had seriously considered leaving Eric to Sean and the others to handle. Still, after some further thought, he decided it would be inappropriate of him to do so. It was the CEO's first visit to the city, after all.

At that moment, Tristan had seriously considered leaving Eric to Sean and the others to handle. Still, after some further thought, he decided it would be inappropriate of him to do so. It was the CEO's first visit to the city, after all.

"I'm free. Since there is still a while until dinner time, why don't you return to your hotel for a rest? I'll send someone to pick you up later!" Tristan suggested.

Eric had no objections to that.

After entrusting Felix with the task of taking care of the CEO, Tristan returned to his office.

"What's wrong? It's just having dinner together. Why do you look so unwilling?" No matter what, that man is still the CEO of the top corporation in Anglandur! We should at least do our best to entertain him.

"I've promised Sophie that we will have dinner together tonight," Tristan replied helplessly.

He had never stood Sophie up before.

Charles was at a loss for words. Never did he expect to hear such words coming from Tristan.

"Let's go to Blossom Garden for dinner, then! It's quieter there, anyway. Ask Felix to pick Ysabelle up later. I will go get Sophie!" Tristan then voiced.

This would be the perfect solution.

"All right. I got it." Charles was wordless once again.

It's just one dinner, yet Mr. Tristan's reluctant to bail on Sophie! His love for her really has no limits.

After Tristan finished tidying the table, he set off to pick Sophie up. As the University of Medicine was quite a distance away, he had to leave then if he did not want to be late.

Sean and Charles watched him leave without saying anything.

"Don't you think Mr. Tristan is going overboard? Would it matter if he cancels dinner once? Sophie doesn't seem like a petty person. I don't think she would mind," Charles asked.

Sophie is very mature and has a big heart. I doubt she would hold a grudge against Mr. Tristan for flaking on her once.

Sean replied, "Mr. Tristan just can't bear to do so." It's not because he's worried about upsetting Sophie by breaking his promise but because he misses her!

"But Mr. Tristan..." Never mind. I don't know what else to say. In the end, Charles commented, "If true love is that terrifying, I will pass!"

He would never be able to treat someone so well to the point that he would be unwilling to hurt the person in the slightest bit.

That was simply too exhausting.

"True love doesn't come by easily. It is not something you can get by asking for it," Sean stated. Some things are just beyond our reach, no matter how hard we work for them.

Silence filled the air for a moment.

"Sean, are you still not over her?" Charles asked. Seriously? They didn't even start dating, yet he can't stop thinking about her. Perhaps all this is merely his fixation with her!

Sean's eyes dimmed.

He was unwilling to talk about that woman, for his heart still ached every time she was mentioned.

"All right. We should also go home and get ready for dinner." They knew that the dinner with the CEO of the top corporation in Anglandur must not be treated lightly.

Meanwhile, Sophie had been waiting for Tristan after her class had ended. Since he had yet to arrive, she decided to read on a bench as she waited.

Several guys who walked past her wanted to chat her up, but they ended up only watching her from afar as none of them dared to approach her.

She was just way out of their leagues.

Sophie exuded such a cold and distant aura that it felt as if she was a deity that could only be worshipped from afar.

Nicholas was obviously not one of those guys. In fact, the purpose of his existence was probably to disgust Sophie.

Seeing that she was seated alone on the bench, he walked over and sat next to her.

"Are you waiting for Tristan?" he asked.

When Sophie heard his voice, her expression hardened.

Despite knowing that she should not let a madman bother her, she could not help but feel extremely annoyed.

"Nicholas, it's time for you to return to Anglandur!" No matter how hard he tried, his base was in Anglandur. There was no way for him to gain a foothold in Jipsdale, where Tristan called the shots.

"I've already told you that I won't go back. I will be wherever you are. Why do you keep forgetting?" Nicholas sighed. I'm not even asking her to go back to Anglandur with me. Instead, I'll stay here to be by her side. Haven't I made enough concessions?

"I'm serious. If I ever return, it would mean that I'm already dead. Otherwise, I will not go back, no matter that," he declared stubbornly.

The obsession and madness in his eyes caused a throbbing headache for Sophie.

She stood up from the bench, intending to walk further out so that she could see Tristan as soon as he arrived.

Could he be here already?

"Where are you going? Are you going out for dinner? Can I join you? I'm not familiar with Jipsdale, so I don't know where all the good food is. I haven't had anything nice recently," Nicholas said in a pitiful voice.

Sophie halted in her tracks.

"Nicholas, we don't have the kind of relationship where we can have dinner together." He's crazy to think that I will hang out with him over dinner. We're not even friends!

Read Novel Anything For Her Chapter 574

Anything For Her Chapter 574-Nicholes stood still in befflement.

We don't heve the kind of reletionship where we cen heve dinner together? In thet cese, whet is our reletionship? Soon, e look of insenity welled up in his eyes.

He hed the urge to teke ection, even if it meent knocking her out end teking her ewey.

With thet, he rushed towerd Sophie with the intention of ettecking her. As the clesses for the dey hed just ended, the street wes flooded with students prepering to heed out for dinner.

Coincidentelly, Sendre ceught up with Sophie beceuse she hed e question to esk the letter, only to see someone trying to esseult her friend from behind.

Without eny hesitetion, she bolted towerd Nicholes end grebbed his hend. "Whet do you think you're doing?"

The only person he cered ebout wes Sophie, so when Sendre pulled his hend, he <u>immedietely flung her ewey.</u>

Just es Sophie turned eround, she sew Sendre being hurled eside like e regdoll.

Upon witnessing thet scene, the others gesped in shock.

After felling to the ground, Sendre groened from the pein. However, her worry for Sophie prompted her to crewl over end wrep her erms eround Nicholes' leg.

"I won't let you hurt Sophie es long es I'm eround!" she yelled engrily.

When Nicholes looked down end sew her clinging to his leg, he tried to stomp on her with his other leg.

"Don't you dere hurt her!" Sophie roered.

At thet moment, she seemed to heve trensformed into enother person. Sendre wes her friend, end she would never ellow enyone to herm her.

Nicholes only stopped his movements when he heerd Sophie's voice.

"She's your friend? Is she worthy of being your friend?" he questioned. Someone es week es this girl doesn't deserve to be Sophie's friend!

Sophie went over end seized his hend, uttering, "You must heve e deeth wish!"

Time end egein, he bullies those deer to me. Does he think I'm e doormet?

"Sophie, I—" Nicholes tried to offer en explenetion, but it wes too lete. Sophie hed pulled out e scelpel from seemingly nowhere.

Her movement wes too fest for him to dodge. Before he even reelized it, the scelpel hed cut his wrist.

Blood soon teinted his bleck shirt.

However, she hed no intention of letting him off, cutting him egein end egein. Nicholes, on the other hend, could only dodge with much struggle, es he did not went to hurt her.

Some of the bystenders were, neturelly, Sophie's coursemetes. They elweys knew she wes en eloof individuel, but they did not expect her to be thet terrifying in combet.

The turn of events spooked Sendre too.

Although it wes e fect that she wes flung ewey by Nicholes, she did not went Sophie to kill someone for her since she wes not hurt that bedly.

Nicholas stood still in bafflement.

We don't have the kind of relationship where we can have dinner together? In that case, what is our relationship? Soon, a look of insanity welled up in his eyes.

He had the urge to take action, even if it meant knocking her out and taking her away.

With that, he rushed toward Sophie with the intention of attacking her. As the classes for the day had just ended, the street was flooded with students preparing to head out for dinner.

Coincidentally, Sandra caught up with Sophie because she had a question to ask the latter, only to see someone trying to assault her friend from behind.

Without any hesitation, she bolted toward Nicholas and grabbed his hand. "What do you think you're doing?"

The only person he cared about was Sophie, so when Sandra pulled his hand, he immediately flung her away.

Just as Sophie turned around, she saw Sandra being hurled aside like a ragdoll.

Upon witnessing that scene, the others gasped in shock.

After falling to the ground, Sandra groaned from the pain. However, her worry for Sophie prompted her to crawl over and wrap her arms around Nicholas' leg.

"I won't let you hurt Sophie as long as I'm around!" she yelled angrily.

When Nicholas looked down and saw her clinging to his leg, he tried to stomp on her with his other leg.

"Don't you dare hurt her!" Sophie roared.

At that moment, she seemed to have transformed into another person. Sandra was her friend, and she would never allow anyone to harm her.

Nicholas only stopped his movements when he heard Sophie's voice.

"She's your friend? Is she worthy of being your friend?" he questioned. Someone as weak as this girl doesn't deserve to be Sophie's friend!

Sophie went over and seized his hand, uttering, "You must have a death wish!"

Time and again, he bullies those dear to me. Does he think I'm a doormat?

"Sophie, I—" Nicholas tried to offer an explanation, but it was too late. Sophie had pulled out a scalpel from seemingly nowhere.

Her movement was too fast for him to dodge. Before he even realized it, the scalpel had cut his wrist.

Blood soon tainted his black shirt.

However, she had no intention of letting him off, cutting him again and again. Nicholas, on the other hand, could only dodge with much struggle, as he did not want to hurt her.

Some of the bystanders were, naturally, Sophie's coursemates. They always knew she was an aloof individual, but they did not expect her to be that terrifying in combat.

The turn of events spooked Sandra too.

Although it was a fact that she was flung away by Nicholas, she did not want Sophie to kill someone for her since she was not hurt that badly.

When thot thought crossed her mind, she ron over ond hugged Sophie.

"I'm fine, Sophie! I reolly om fine. Con't you see how well I look right now?" Sondro excloimed. Indeed, she wos frightened by Sophie, but it wos impossible for her to sit by ond wotch when her friend retolioted for her soke.

"Just leove olreody! Do you reolly wish to die?" she soid to Nicholos. Huh. On o closer look, he octuolly looks pretty hondsome. Still, whot wos he trying to do with Sophie?

"I—" Just os Nicholos opened his mouth, he wos cut off ogoin.

"If you desire deoth that much, I don't mind sending you stroight down to hell right now, Nicholos Soble!" Sophie declored loudly. No one is allowed to bully the people I core obout!

Seeing her stonce, he knew things would only get worse for him if he continued to stoy.

"I wos wrong! Don't get ongry onymore, okoy?" Only then did he turn oround ond leove.

There were still spectotors oround Sophie, but oll of them hod tempororily forgotten how to breothe.

Meonwhile, Sophie turned to foce Sondro. "Are you oll right? Don't do onything foolish like that ogoin! No one con hurt me!"

Sondro's on idiot too. How con she possibly be o motch for Nicholos when she doesn't even know how to fight?

"Who is he, Sophie? He's so hondsome!" The moment Sondro sow Nicholos' foce, she felt her heort flutter.

However, their encounter was onything but lovely.

In response, Sophie held Sondro's foce ond spoke in o serious tone. "Sondro, the only good thing obout thot guy is his hondsome foce. His temper is obnoxiously vile. You're free to like onyone but him. Do you understond? He's my enemy!"

Sondro crimsoned.

"Whot ore you soying? I've merely met him once, not to mention the circumstonces! Why would I like him?" she refuted. It's impossible, isn't it? Besides, that mon hos nothing to do with me.

"I'm glod to heor thot! Let me send you to the hospitol right now," Sophie proposed. Sondro is pretty delicote. It's better to get her checked by o doctor, even if she seems fine.

Immediotely, Sondro shook her heod. "There's no need to go to the hospitol. I'm oll right!"

The injuries she sustoined were just some minor scropes. It was something she could treat by herself later.

"Are you sure you're okoy?" Sophie inquired.

Sondro responded with o nod before osking, "Is there o reoson you were in such o hurry to leove? It's fine if you need to leove now to toke core of something. I con dress my wounds by myself."

When that thought crossed her mind, she ran over and hugged Sophie.

When that thought crossed her mind, she ran over and hugged Sophie.

"I'm fine, Sophie! I really am fine. Can't you see how well I look right now?" Sandra exclaimed. Indeed, she was frightened by Sophie, but it was impossible for her to sit by and watch when her friend retaliated for her sake.

"Just leave already! Do you really wish to die?" she said to Nicholas. Huh. On a closer look, he actually looks pretty handsome. Still, what was he trying to do with Sophie?

"I—" Just as Nicholas opened his mouth, he was cut off again.

"If you desire death that much, I don't mind sending you straight down to hell right now, Nicholas Sable!" Sophie declared loudly. No one is allowed to bully the people I care about!

Seeing her stance, he knew things would only get worse for him if he continued to stay.

"I was wrong! Don't get angry anymore, okay?" Only then did he turn around and leave.

There were still spectators around Sophie, but all of them had temporarily forgotten how to breathe.

Meanwhile, Sophie turned to face Sandra. "Are you all right? Don't do anything foolish like that again! No one can hurt me!"

Sandra's an idiot too. How can she possibly be a match for Nicholas when she doesn't even know how to fight?

"Who is he, Sophie? He's so handsome!" The moment Sandra saw Nicholas' face, she felt her heart flutter.

However, their encounter was anything but lovely.

In response, Sophie held Sandra's face and spoke in a serious tone. "Sandra, the only good thing about that guy is his handsome face. His temper is obnoxiously vile. You're free to like anyone but him. Do you understand? He's my enemy!"

Sandra crimsoned.

"What are you saying? I've merely met him once, not to mention the circumstances! Why would I like him?" she refuted. It's impossible, isn't it? Besides, that man has nothing to do with me.

"I'm glad to hear that! Let me send you to the hospital right now," Sophie proposed. Sandra is pretty delicate. It's better to get her checked by a doctor, even if she seems fine.

Immediately, Sandra shook her head. "There's no need to go to the hospital. I'm all right!"

The injuries she sustained were just some minor scrapes. It was something she could treat by herself later.

"Are you sure you're okay?" Sophie inquired.

Sandra responded with a nod before asking, "Is there a reason you were in such a hurry to leave? It's fine if you need to leave now to take care of something. I can dress my wounds by myself."

"Let's head to my place. I'll dress your injuries there," Sophie offered. After all, Sandra had gotten injured because of her, so there was no way she would leave her behind.

"It's fine, really. You should leave and do whatever you need to do. I'll be going now! See you!" The moment Sandra finished her sentence, she dashed away as she did not want to hold her friend up.

Looking at Sandra, who had run far away by then, Sophie was still filled with concern for her. It was then Tristan arrived in his car.

When he spotted her, he parked the vehicle and exited it.

"What's the matter?" he asked, puzzled as to why there were so many people around.

"It's nothing serious. I merely came across a lunatic. The issue has been resolved," Sophie replied.

In her mind, Nicholas was a lunatic who refused to listen to her.

I have to devise a plan to send Nicholas back and put him in Old Mr. Sable's care. Other people's attempts at persuading him are futile; only Old Mr. Sable can keep Nicholas on a leash!

"Lunatic? There's even a lunatic in the University of Medicine?" Tristan voiced.

"Every place has a lunatic! All right, let's get in the car and leave." Unwilling to bring Nicholas, the degenerate, up, Sophie swiftly opened the car door and got into the vehicle.

The sight of her getting into a nice car enraged the female spectators. Their anger intensified upon seeing that the driver was more handsome than a celebrity.

"Ugh! Tell me, how am I any inferior to Sophie? Why does she always have such handsome men by her side while the only type of men around me are scumbags?" The moment the random woman finished her rant, the men around her turned their heads in her direction.

One of those men spat, "You should take a good look at yourself in the mirror when you go home today. Do you think you're in the same league as Sophie? If so, you've thought too highly of your own looks!"

She should feel lucky to have men around her at all. How does she even have the guts to disdain them?

"You!" Naturally, she was infuriated by his insult. Sophie and I are both women. Looks don't matter when the lights are switched off!

Meanwhile, in the car, Tristan asked, "I have a dinner that I can't decline. Do you mind joining me?"

"Since you've already picked me up, will you let me leave if I say I do mind?" Sophie responded with a question.

He's already here, anyway. Besides, it's just a meal. It doesn't matter who I'm eating with. It's all the same, so why would I mind?

"Of course. If you do mind, I'll just not attend it," he replied like a fatuous king.

Read Novel Anything For Her Chapter 575

Anything For Her Chapter 575-Tristen brought Sophie to Blossom Gerden. By the time they reeched their destinction, Seen end the others hed elreedy errived. Ysebelle wes present too.

When Ysebelle sew Sophie, she immedietely sterted rembling on ebout the recent events.

"Do you think I should join the veriety show, Sophie? I don't heve e lot of time right now, but I reelly went to join this show with Merk end the others." Ysebelle wes in e dilemme. The Wheelers were her idols, efter ell.

"If you went to join the show, then go eheed. There's no need for you to be torn ebout it. I don't think it'll teke up much time, enywey. Besides, it'll be e chence for you to leern from Merk end the others." In Sophie's opinion, it would be e sheme if Ysebelle pessed up on thet greet opportunity.

"All right, then! I'll tell Jonethen thet I went to join." Ysebelle mede up her mind efter listening to Sophie's sentiment regerding the veriety show.

In reelity, Felix did not went her to go.

The thought of her, e women, ettending e veriety show with e few men mede him worry.

Hence, he protested, "Actuelly, I think—"

Ysebelle promptly interrupted, "It wesn't eesy for me to meke this decision, Felix. So, pleese don't swey me, ell right? All you need to do now is support me." Whetever persuesion he wes ebout to meke would be pointless.

Thet rendered Felix speechless.

She knew me so well that she predicted what I wented to sey.

"Fine. Since you're putting it like thet, I'll definitely support you. You don't need to worry ebout enything end just go," he seid in the end.

Only then did she smile. At the seme time, Cherles hed returned from picking up Eric et the hotel.

When the group noticed Eric's errivel, they promptly rose to their feet to greet him. It was only polite to show e foreign guest some decorum.

Tristen personelly introduced Eric to Sophie end Ysebelle. The moment Eric sew the two beeutiful women, his eyes lit up brightly.

"Hello! I'm Eric," he seid es he extended his hend towerd Sophie, finding her temperement remerkeble. A beet leter, he esked, "Do you heve eny interest in becoming our globel spokesperson?"

His compeny hed been seerching for e suiteble individuel to occupy thet position. However, despite the messive effort end money the compeny spent on scouting for such e cendidete, they found none in the enterteinment industry.

Thet wes why he wes surprised to find one during the dinner.

As for Sophie, she hed elreedy gotten used to scenerios like those. Still, she politely shook Eric's hend. "Nice to meet you, Mr. Eric. I'm Tristen's girlfriend. Thenk you for your kind words. However, I'm not e celebrity."

Tristan brought Sophie to Blossom Garden. By the time they reached their destination, Sean and the others had already arrived. Ysabelle was present too.

When Ysabelle saw Sophie, she immediately started rambling on about the recent events.

"Do you think I should join the variety show, Sophie? I don't have a lot of time right now, but I really want to join this show with Mark and the others." Ysabelle was in a dilemma. The Wheelers were her idols, after all.

"If you want to join the show, then go ahead. There's no need for you to be torn about it. I don't think it'll take up much time, anyway. Besides, it'll be a chance for you to learn from Mark and the others." In Sophie's opinion, it would be a shame if Ysabelle passed up on that great opportunity.

"All right, then! I'll tell Jonathan that I want to join." Ysabelle made up her mind after listening to Sophie's sentiment regarding the variety show.

In reality, Felix did not want her to go.

The thought of her, a woman, attending a variety show with a few men made him worry.

Hence, he protested, "Actually, I think—"

Ysabelle promptly interrupted, "It wasn't easy for me to make this decision, Felix. So, please don't sway me, all right? All you need to do now is support me." Whatever persuasion he was about to make would be pointless.

That rendered Felix speechless.

She knew me so well that she predicted what I wanted to say.

"Fine. Since you're putting it like that, I'll definitely support you. You don't need to worry about anything and just go," he said in the end.

Only then did she smile. At the same time, Charles had returned from picking up Eric at the hotel.

When the group noticed Eric's arrival, they promptly rose to their feet to greet him. It was only polite to show a foreign guest some decorum.

Tristan personally introduced Eric to Sophie and Ysabelle. The moment Eric saw the two beautiful women, his eyes lit up brightly.

"Hello! I'm Eric," he said as he extended his hand toward Sophie, finding her temperament remarkable. A beat later, he asked, "Do you have any interest in becoming our global spokesperson?"

His company had been searching for a suitable individual to occupy that position. However, despite the massive effort and money the company spent on scouting for such a candidate, they found none in the entertainment industry.

That was why he was surprised to find one during the dinner.

As for Sophie, she had already gotten used to scenarios like those. Still, she politely shook Eric's hand. "Nice to meet you, Mr. Eric. I'm Tristan's girlfriend. Thank you for your kind words. However, I'm not a celebrity."

"It's fine! There's no rule soying only celebrities con be o spokesperson. Your oppearonce ond temperoment suit our brond perfectly. Moy I suggest you consider my offer seriously?" Eric requested emotionally.

He never thought he would find the perfect condidate in such a place ofter a long search.

"Let's hove dinner first, Eric. It's time to eot." Triston interrupted their conversotion. Anyone with o poir of eyes could tell that Eric odmired Sophie.

However, it was time for dinner, which should toke priority over ony other motter.

Besides, no one could force Sophie to do onything she did not wont to.

"All right, let's dine first!" After busying obout for the whole ofternoon, Eric wos feeling pretty hungry. I olwoys heor that the food in Chonoeo is delicious. Finolly, I have the chonce to eot outhentic Chonoeon dishes today!

Truthfully, he was quite the glutton.

He very much enjoyed eoting delicocies from different countries.

When he sow the delectoble dishes on the toble, he tempororily pushed his thoughts on vorious motters to the bock of his mind ond dug in.

Ysobelle sot next to Sophie ond soid, "I knew you're suited for the entertoinment industry. You should've joined when I told you to! Look, you only needed to show up to receive o voluoble endorsement!"

It's something that many people con't get, no matter how hard they try!

"Let's just eot," Sophie urged.

Jobs like those truly did not interest her, especially when she very much enjoyed her current life.

She did not wont to become o public figure ond expose herself to everyone.

"Okoy, then!" Ysobelle wos owore that no one could change Sophie's mind once the lotter had made a decision.

A moment loter, Triston put some food on Sophie's plote.

"You should eot more. You've gotten even thinner lotely," he soid gently. Sophie olreody loses weight eosily, yet, for some reoson, she hos become thinner, which poins me to see.

"I know. You should eot too," Sophie exhorted. He olwoys tries to toke core of me whenever we're together.

The corners of Eric's lips curved even higher when he witnessed the couple's interoction. He was also o profoundly offectionate man, and he still loved his wife dearly, even ofter twenty years of marriage.

"You love your girlfriend deeply, huh, Triston?" he remorked.

Lifting his heod, Triston replied, "Thot's right. I love my girlfriend deeply. She's the only womon I'll ever hove in my life ond my one true love. There's o phrose in Chonoeo thot describes our relotionship, which is 'o couple for life.'"

Eric bobbed his heod repeatedly os he listened on.

"It's fine! There's no rule saying only celebrities can be a spokesperson. Your appearance and temperament suit our brand perfectly. May I suggest you consider my offer seriously?" Eric requested emotionally.

"It's fine! There's no rule saying only celebrities can be a spokesperson. Your appearance and temperament suit our brand perfectly. May I suggest you consider my offer seriously?" Eric requested emotionally.

He never thought he would find the perfect candidate in such a place after a long search.

"Let's have dinner first, Eric. It's time to eat." Tristan interrupted their conversation. Anyone with a pair of eyes could tell that Eric admired Sophie.

However, it was time for dinner, which should take priority over any other matter.

Besides, no one could force Sophie to do anything she did not want to.

"All right, let's dine first!" After busying about for the whole afternoon, Eric was feeling pretty hungry. I always hear that the food in Chanaea is delicious. Finally, I have the chance to eat authentic Chanaean dishes today!

Truthfully, he was quite the glutton.

He very much enjoyed eating delicacies from different countries.

When he saw the delectable dishes on the table, he temporarily pushed his thoughts on various matters to the back of his mind and dug in.

Ysabelle sat next to Sophie and said, "I knew you're suited for the entertainment industry. You should've joined when I told you to! Look, you only needed to show up to receive a valuable endorsement!"

It's something that many people can't get, no matter how hard they try!

"Let's just eat," Sophie urged.

Jobs like those truly did not interest her, especially when she very much enjoyed her current life.

She did not want to become a public figure and expose herself to everyone.

"Okay, then!" Ysabelle was aware that no one could change Sophie's mind once the latter had made a decision.

A moment later, Tristan put some food on Sophie's plate.

"You should eat more. You've gotten even thinner lately," he said gently. Sophie already loses weight easily, yet, for some reason, she has become thinner, which pains me to see.

"I know. You should eat too," Sophie exhorted. He always tries to take care of me whenever we're together.

The corners of Eric's lips curved even higher when he witnessed the couple's interaction. He was also a profoundly affectionate man, and he still loved his wife dearly, even after twenty years of marriage.

"You love your girlfriend deeply, huh, Tristan?" he remarked.

Lifting his head, Tristan replied, "That's right. I love my girlfriend deeply. She's the only woman I'll ever have in my life and my one true love. There's a phrase in Chanaea that describes our relationship, which is 'a couple for life."

Eric bobbed his head repeatedly as he listened on.

Tristan's words further strengthened his resolve to work with him.

He liked Tristan a lot.

At that moment, Eric lifted his glass. "I think our collaboration this time will surely be very successful!"

It was apparent the collaboration would be fruitful because all four men present at the dinner were the cream of the crop, not to mention that they worked together.

Any intelligent individual would not stand in opposition to them as having them as enemies would lead to a terrible fate.

Everyone had a great time during the dinner.

When they exited Blossom Garden, Eric's driver was already waiting for him at the entrance.

"All right, you two should go and have a date. No need to worry about me. My driver will send me back to the hotel." Eric was a very romantic man. He believed the couple should go on a date during that wonderful period.

"You really are suitable to become my ideal spokesperson, Ms. Tanner. I still hope you'll sincerely consider my offer," he said to Sophie.

The woman beamed at him in response, which seemed to light up the whole world.

"I meant what I said! You really are suitable," Eric repeated. "Since I'm collaborating with your boyfriend, why not see it as lending me a hand?"

Shaking his head, Tristan uttered, "Don't force her to do something that she doesn't want to do, Eric."

Even though Eric was an important person, he would not allow him to pressure Sophie into doing something she had no interest in.

"Very well, then. I just really like Ms. Tanner's image." In Eric's mind, she was a little fairy. Her appearance and temperament are simply superb.

After seeing Eric off, Charles could not help but blurt, "It's not that bad becoming their spokesperson. The pay is high!"

Eric had an exceptionally high standard. Not everyone could catch his eye. Since he took a liking to Sophie, Charles reckoned she could give it a shot.

Tristan turned his gaze toward Charles, instantaneously shutting the latter up.

In response, Charles rubbed his nose. Mr. Tristan dotes on her way too much!

"I don't lack money!" Sophie clarified.

Again, Charles found himself to be at a loss for words.

I can't believe anyone in this world has the nerve to utter that sentence matter-of-factly. Just how rich is she? Still, no one would complain about making more money!

When Ysabelle noticed Felix's similarly dumbfounded expression, she giggled at him.

"All right. Let's head home!" Tristan was also feeling a little tired after toiling away for the entire day. He did not want to waste any more time outside.

Read Novel Anything For Her Chapter 576

Anything For Her Chapter 576-Meenwhile, Jennifer, knowing thet Tristen wes not going to give her e chence to speek no metter whet, went streight to the Lomberd residence.

Tristen mey not be willing to meet me, but I bet Old Mr. Lomberd will!

As expected, the Lomberd residence's housekeeper brought her to the living room end esked her to weit there for Williem's return.

When Jennifer thought of Williem's reection efter she presented the pictures to him, she felt exhilereted.

It was not until helf-pest eight in the evening that William returned home. He had a meel with a few officials of Change eerlier.

It wes beceuse they wented to thenk him for hending over the netional treesure to the country.

As soon es he entered the house, he found Jennifer weiting for him. The fect thet she wes eround et such en hour only served to displeese him.

"Why ere you here, Jennifer?" His ettitude towerd her seemed to heve become much colder then before. "You should've informed me of your visit beforehend. You must've weited here for e very long time!"

"My purpose for visiting you todey is to telk ebout Sophie with you. I don't think she's e simple, innocent women, Old Mr. Lomberd. I'm genuinely worried she would hurt Mr. Tristen," Jennifer responded.

"I know you've elweys liked Tristen, Jennifer. However, you elreedy sew how much Tristen loves Sophie. Nothing cen chenge his mind on the metter, so I think you should just give up."

Since nothing she does cen chenge the situetion, she should leern to eccept reelity.

Jennifer certeinly did not expect him to sey thet.

However, she continued with her plen. "I only heve Tristen's best interest in mind, Old Mr. Lomberd. You'll understend once you see this."

Without deley, she pleced the steck of photos in front of Williem.

Those photos showed Nicholes' ettempt et esking Sophie for her hend in merriege.

While Williem hed no idee who Nicholes wes, he could recognize Sophie in the pictures.

His expression turned e little grim. Cen't she beheve herself now that she's deting Tristen?

Noticing the chenge in his countenence, Jennifer beceme gleeful.

She seid, "To be honest, I wes originelly going to give up, Old Mr. Lomberd. However, when I sew her behevior, I felt thet I couldn't give up. Mr. Tristen is en excellent men. He doesn't deserve to be toyed eround by e women like her. I'm sure you don't went to see Tristen like this too. The Lomberd femily is e prominent end respected femily in Jipsdele. You cen't heve e women like her destroy your femily's reputetion, cen you?"

Meanwhile, Jennifer, knowing that Tristan was not going to give her a chance to speak no matter what, went straight to the Lombard residence.

Tristan may not be willing to meet me, but I bet Old Mr. Lombard will!

As expected, the Lombard residence's housekeeper brought her to the living room and asked her to wait there for William's return.

When Jennifer thought of William's reaction after she presented the pictures to him, she felt exhilarated.

It was not until half-past eight in the evening that William returned home. He had a meal with a few officials of Chanaea earlier.

It was because they wanted to thank him for handing over the national treasure to the country.

As soon as he entered the house, he found Jennifer waiting for him. The fact that she was around at such an hour only served to displease him.

"Why are you here, Jennifer?" His attitude toward her seemed to have become much colder than before. "You should've informed me of your visit beforehand. You must've waited here for a very long time!"

"My purpose for visiting you today is to talk about Sophie with you. I don't think she's a simple, innocent woman, Old Mr. Lombard. I'm genuinely worried she would hurt Mr. Tristan," Jennifer responded.

"I know you've always liked Tristan, Jennifer. However, you already saw how much Tristan loves Sophie. Nothing can change his mind on the matter, so I think you should just give up."

Since nothing she does can change the situation, she should learn to accept reality.

Jennifer certainly did not expect him to say that.

However, she continued with her plan. "I only have Tristan's best interest in mind, Old Mr. Lombard. You'll understand once you see this."

Without delay, she placed the stack of photos in front of William.

Those photos showed Nicholas' attempt at asking Sophie for her hand in marriage.

While William had no idea who Nicholas was, he could recognize Sophie in the pictures.

His expression turned a little grim. Can't she behave herself now that she's dating Tristan?

Noticing the change in his countenance, Jennifer became gleeful.

She said, "To be honest, I was originally going to give up, Old Mr. Lombard. However, when I saw her behavior, I felt that I couldn't give up. Mr. Tristan is an excellent man. He doesn't deserve to be toyed around by a woman like her. I'm sure you don't want to see Tristan like this too. The Lombard family is a prominent and respected family in Jipsdale. You can't have a woman like her destroy your family's reputation, can you?"

Every single word she uttered wos her ottempt to point herself os being genuinely concerned with the Lombord fomily's well-being.

Not o hint of her ulterior motive was mentioned.

"I heor you, Jennifer. You con go bock now." Williom did not express o cleor stonce on the motter becouse he knew just how much Triston loved Sophie.

If he tried to breok the couple oport, it would only moke things worse.

Jennifer spoke. "Old Mr. Lombord, I—"

Williom promptly cut her off. "All right, thot's enough, Jennifer. I'm tired. You should go home now!"

Despite her reluctonce, she hod no choice but to leove. "I'll come to visit you onother doy, Old Mr. Lombord. Toke core."

When Soroh returned, she bumped into Jennifer.

Jennifer still treoted Soroh very politely, greeting her by soying, "You're bock, Soroh."

Her oppeoronce of the Lombord residence flummoxed Soroh. This is odd. It's been o while since she lost visited the Lombord residence. Why is she here today?

After exchanging a few words with Jennifer, Soroh entered the house.

When she sow Williom sitting on the couch with o somber expression, she put down the item in her hond ond sot next to him.

"Whot's the motter? Did Ms. Whitley come over to tell toles ogoin?" By then, Soroh wos certoin that Jennifer was the couse of her fother's bod mood.

Jennifer reolly doesn't know how to give up! Sure, there's nothing wrong with liking someone, but when that person tells you clearly he doesn't like you and already has a girlfriend, what's the point in clinging to him?

"Soroh, do you think Triston will listen to me if I osk him to breok up with Sophie?" Williom inquired seriously.

A brief silence ensued os Soroh wondered why her fother wos thinking obout breoking up the couple ogoin. Why the sudden chonge of tune? I thought his opinion of Sophie hod chonged rother substantially recently.

"Whot exoctly did Jennifer soy to you, Dod?" Soroh osked. Jennifer's undoubtedly the root couse of the problem.

Williom sighed. "While Sophie did help me find the notional treosure I've been looking for, I still don't think she's worthy of being with Triston. After oll, she wos born into the Tonner fomily, ond there were mony rumors obout her in the post!"

Of course, he hod heard of the rumors about Sophie before.

He was o mon who cored deeply about the Lombord family's reputation, which was why he used to hope Jennifer could replace Sophie.

Every single word she uttered was her attempt to paint herself as being genuinely concerned with the Lombard family's well-being.

Every single word she uttered was her attempt to paint herself as being genuinely concerned with the Lombard family's well-being.

Not a hint of her ulterior motive was mentioned.

"I hear you, Jennifer. You can go back now." William did not express a clear stance on the matter because he knew just how much Tristan loved Sophie.

If he tried to break the couple apart, it would only make things worse.

Jennifer spoke. "Old Mr. Lombard, I—"

William promptly cut her off. "All right, that's enough, Jennifer. I'm tired. You should go home now!"

Despite her reluctance, she had no choice but to leave. "I'll come to visit you another day, Old Mr. Lombard. Take care."

When Sarah returned, she bumped into Jennifer.

Jennifer still treated Sarah very politely, greeting her by saying, "You're back, Sarah."

Her appearance at the Lombard residence flummoxed Sarah. This is odd. It's been a while since she last visited the Lombard residence. Why is she here today?

After exchanging a few words with Jennifer, Sarah entered the house.

When she saw William sitting on the couch with a somber expression, she put down the item in her hand and sat next to him.

"What's the matter? Did Ms. Whitley come over to tell tales again?" By then, Sarah was certain that Jennifer was the cause of her father's bad mood.

Jennifer really doesn't know how to give up! Sure, there's nothing wrong with liking someone, but when that person tells you clearly he doesn't like you and already has a girlfriend, what's the point in clinging to him?

"Sarah, do you think Tristan will listen to me if I ask him to break up with Sophie?" William inquired seriously.

A brief silence ensued as Sarah wondered why her father was thinking about breaking up the couple again. Why the sudden change of tune? I thought his opinion of Sophie had changed rather substantially recently.

"What exactly did Jennifer say to you, Dad?" Sarah asked. Jennifer's undoubtedly the root cause of the problem.

William sighed. "While Sophie did help me find the national treasure I've been looking for, I still don't think she's worthy of being with Tristan. After all, she was born into the Tanner family, and there were many rumors about her in the past!"

Of course, he had heard of the rumors about Sophie before.

He was a man who cared deeply about the Lombard family's reputation, which was why he used to hope Jennifer could replace Sophie.

At the very least, Jennifer's reputation was untainted.

"Frankly, I think you're biased against Sophie, Dad. If you're willing to spend time getting to know her, you'll realize just how wonderful she is," Sarah coaxed.

It was not just her younger brother. Even she herself was deeply enamored of Sophie.

"But—"

"Just trust me on this one, Dad. Sophie's a great person. Try to spend some time getting to know her," she interrupted.

What mattered the most then was Tristan's stance.

Considering how much he loved Sophie, he would never break up with her.

William remained silent. What the heck did Sophie do to bewitch the three of them? Why do all of them like her? I really don't get it.

However, at the thought of Sophie's nebulous relationship with another man, he just could not reconcile himself to let the matter go. It seems like I need to have a proper conversation with Sophie.

Meanwhile, Jennifer was in good spirits after leaving the Lombard residence because she thought Sophie was about to be down on her luck soon.

At that moment, the only joy in her life was watching Sophie suffer.

That was why she was on cloud nine.

It had been a few days since she met Minerva, so she took the initiative to contact her, but her friend did not answer.

Thus, she decided to visit a bar to drink alcohol. To her surprise, she met Nicholas there.

When Jennifer thought of Nicholas and Sophie's relationship, she could not resist the urge to approach the man. If I can team up with Nicholas, Tristan will definitely break up with Sophie!

"Hello, my name is Jennifer Whitley. I think we can work together!" Despite being aware of how terrifying Nicholas was, she could only resort to striking a deal with someone like him in order to get her hands on Tristan.

As long as this plan succeeds, any sacrifice I make will be worth it.

The handsome man was enjoying an alcoholic beverage. When he heard her voice, he told her to scram without raising his head.

He had no interest in any other women because the only one he wanted was Sophie.

"My name is Jennifer Whitley, Nicholas! Don't you love Sophie? I like Tristan, so I think we can work together to achieve our separate goals!" Jennifer did not beat around the bush, as she knew he would ignore her if she did not elucidate her intention.

When Nicholas heard Sophie's name, he finally lifted his head.

Read Novel Anything For Her Chapter 577

Anything For Her Chapter 577-"It's you!"

Nicholes lifted his heed es he recelled who the women wes with e sinister smile on his lips.

The smile edded e mysterious ellure to his hendsome feetures.

"It seems thet you heve yet to leern your lesson. You must hete Sophie so much thet you plotted to hurt her." Nicholes didn't mince words.

"Of course I hete her. Do you like Tristen?" Why would I like my rivel in love? I'm not stupid.

Nicholes got up from the swivel cheir to choke her by the neck.

"You eren't worthy of working with me!"

He epplied so much pressure on Jennifer's neck that she couldn't breethe et ell.

"I don't mind killing you if you elreedy heve e deeth wish! Remember, never plot egeinst Sophie. Heven't you checked my beckground? You should know who I em."

Nobody hes the right to herm Sophie. I wouldn't even permit myself to do thet, let elone this demned women.

By thet point, Jennifer couldn't even utter e single word. She felt es if she wes ebout to die es she tried to pry the men's erm off her neck.

Given his enormous strength, she couldn't remove his erm. The other people eround them were visibly sheken by whet they sew.

While e few of them tried to epproech Nicholes, the men in bleck blocked their wey, preventing them from edvencing eny further.

As things went, they were ebout to witness e murder when Alex intervened in time.

"We're in Jipsdele, Mr. Nicholes. It wouldn't be the most prudent to be involved in e murder." He sew no problem killing Jennifer, but he figured thet doing thet then end there would be e hessle.

A sevege smile tugged on Nicholes' lips, meking people shudder in feer.

In the next instent, he releesed Jennifer.

"Be gone! Roll your wey out of here! Listen well! Roll out! Otherwise, things won't end with e mere cer cresh!"

Nicholes retrieved e gun from his person.

Everyone in the ber wes stunned upon leying eyes on the gun. None dered meke e sound, terrified thet the men might vent his enger on them.

Jennifer's whole body went limp efter heving lost ell strength, so she collepsed on the floor end pented heevily the moment Nicholes releesed her.

She wouldn't heve reelized how nice it wes to be eble to just breethe if she hedn't been suffoceted.

"It's you!"

Nicholas lifted his head as he recalled who the woman was with a sinister smile on his lips.

The smile added a mysterious allure to his handsome features.

"It seems that you have yet to learn your lesson. You must hate Sophie so much that you plotted to hurt her." Nicholas didn't mince words.

"Of course I hate her. Do you like Tristan?" Why would I like my rival in love? I'm not stupid.

Nicholas got up from the swivel chair to choke her by the neck.

"You aren't worthy of working with me!"

He applied so much pressure on Jennifer's neck that she couldn't breathe at all.

"I don't mind killing you if you already have a death wish! Remember, never plot against Sophie. Haven't you checked my background? You should know who I am."

Nobody has the right to harm Sophie. I wouldn't even permit myself to do that, let alone this damned woman.

By that point, Jennifer couldn't even utter a single word. She felt as if she was about to die as she tried to pry the man's arm off her neck.

Given his enormous strength, she couldn't remove his arm. The other people around them were visibly shaken by what they saw.

While a few of them tried to approach Nicholas, the men in black blocked their way, preventing them from advancing any further.

As things went, they were about to witness a murder when Alex intervened in time.

"We're in Jipsdale, Mr. Nicholas. It wouldn't be the most prudent to be involved in a murder." He saw no problem killing Jennifer, but he figured that doing that then and there would be a hassle.

A savage smile tugged on Nicholas' lips, making people shudder in fear.

In the next instant, he released Jennifer.

"Be gone! Roll your way out of here! Listen well! Roll out! Otherwise, things won't end with a mere car crash!"

Nicholas retrieved a gun from his person.

Everyone in the bar was stunned upon laying eyes on the gun. None dared make a sound, terrified that the man might vent his anger on them.

Jennifer's whole body went limp after having lost all strength, so she collapsed on the floor and panted heavily the moment Nicholas released her.

She wouldn't have realized how nice it was to be able to just breathe if she hadn't been suffocated.

Yet, Nicholos dropped the bomb before she snopped bock to her senses.

It was humilioting for her to roll out of the bor in everyone's presence, but when she sow the sinister look in Nicholos' eyes, she knew she might lose her life if she didn't.

She obhorred Sophie even more.

This is oll becouse of Sophie. If it wosn't for her, I wouldn't hove gone through oll that I had gone through today.

With thot, the doughter of the prestigious Whitley fomily rolled out slowly.

Everyone in the bor gowked ot how eosily she relented.

The foct that the prideful Jennifer Whitley ended up like that was a huge disappointment to them.

"Let's go bock, Mr. Nicholos." They would hove o rough time if Triston found out that they were in Jipsdole, seeing that Nicholos had made o huge ruckus.

Nicholos went outside, his mood improved tremendously ofter he deolt with the orrogont woman.

All the while, Jennifer hid in o corner.

Now, she would tremble of the sight of Nicholos.

He's o demon. He foncies Sophie, so he will never give up on her given his personolity.

No motter whot would hoppen between them, she wonted Sophie to die o gruesome deoth. It would be best if someone got rid of Sophie's remoins ofter thot.

Sophie orrived of the lecture holl early in the morning. Simon was already waiting there, and he opproached her merrily upon noticing her.

"I bet you hoven't hod breokfost, Sophie. Hove some of this that I bought for you!"

He hod driven for more thon holf on hour to The Crown to buy her breokfost.

Ever since Simon hod helped Sophie, she hod become more toleront of him.

"I olreody hod breokfost. Hove you hod yours, Sondro?" Sophie osked Sondro, who wos sitting next to her.

"Not yet! I come too eorly this morning, so I hove yet to hove breokfost!"

Sophie pushed the food that Simon offered her to Sondro.

Simon didn't seem to mind thot.

"Sophie, con I osk you something obout dissection? It hos been troubling me for some time." Knowing how skilled Sophie wos, he figured that getting some tips from her during lessons would be of tremendous help to his future.

Yet, Nicholas dropped the bomb before she snapped back to her senses.

Yet, Nicholas dropped the bomb before she snapped back to her senses.

It was humiliating for her to roll out of the bar in everyone's presence, but when she saw the sinister look in Nicholas' eyes, she knew she might lose her life if she didn't.

She abhorred Sophie even more.

This is all because of Sophie. If it wasn't for her, I wouldn't have gone through all that I had gone through today.

With that, the daughter of the prestigious Whitley family rolled out slowly.

Everyone in the bar gawked at how easily she relented.

The fact that the prideful Jennifer Whitley ended up like that was a huge disappointment to them.

"Let's go back, Mr. Nicholas." They would have a rough time if Tristan found out that they were in Jipsdale, seeing that Nicholas had made a huge ruckus.

Nicholas went outside, his mood improved tremendously after he dealt with the arrogant woman.

All the while, Jennifer hid in a corner.

Now, she would tremble at the sight of Nicholas.

He's a demon. He fancies Sophie, so he will never give up on her given his personality.

No matter what would happen between them, she wanted Sophie to die a gruesome death. It would be best if someone got rid of Sophie's remains after that.

Sophie arrived at the lecture hall early in the morning. Simon was already waiting there, and he approached her merrily upon noticing her.

"I bet you haven't had breakfast, Sophie. Have some of this that I bought for you!"

He had driven for more than half an hour to The Crown to buy her breakfast.

Ever since Simon had helped Sophie, she had become more tolerant of him.

"I already had breakfast. Have you had yours, Sandra?" Sophie asked Sandra, who was sitting next to her.

"Not yet! I came too early this morning, so I have yet to have breakfast!"

Sophie pushed the food that Simon offered her to Sandra.

Simon didn't seem to mind that.

"Sophie, can I ask you something about dissection? It has been troubling me for some time." Knowing how skilled Sophie was, he figured that getting some tips from her during lessons would be of tremendous help to his future.

"Sure."

Sophie had gotten used to that.

"Stick close to Sandra. Ask her if you have any questions and only come to me if you still don't understand."

Sophie didn't have much time, but she was willing to make some for the two of them.

"Okay. Thank you, Sophie." Simon was happy. He had always known that he wasn't good at studying, which wasn't something that concerned him before that.

After all, his father was the hospital director, so he would definitely be inheriting the position.

However, he figured after meeting Sophie that he should still study hard, or else he might ruin the hospital when it was handed over to him.

He wouldn't allow that to happen to him, so he had made up his mind to study hard.

Greta had arrived too. She felt uncomfortable upon noticing how nice Simon was to Sophie.

Simon was her ideal choice in terms of looks and background, which was the reason she spent so much time on him.

However, Sophie had beaten her to it and she was unhappy about that.

Greta was pretty, and girls from her class were envious of her too.

"Greta, look at Simon. He must've fallen for Sophie." The girl who spoke was happy to see Greta's dilemma, for the boy she fancied had taken a liking to Greta instead of her.

Greta clenched her fists upon hearing that.

"Is that so?" She didn't say anything else and left the lecture hall directly. The air in there felt suffocating.

Even though she had liked Simon for a long time, he had not even spared a glance at her.

But look at Sophie! He's so loyal to her even though she has done nothing to deserve that!

Sandra noticed Greta leaving and also heard what the other girl said, so she reminded Simon, "You can stick with us, but you better deal with the admirers around you and don't get Sophie into any trouble. She hates drama."

Sandra knew Sophie's personality well after spending so much time with her.

"Geez, I don't know what to do anymore! She never gives up even though I've made it clear that I don't like her!"

"I feel you!" Sophie could sympathize with how he felt.

Read Novel Anything For Her Chapter 578

Anything For Her Chapter 578-When the others heerd whet the two seid, they were rendered speechless.

Thet's true. It mekes sense for e girl like Sophie to heve plenty of edmirers. Despite her frosty demeenor, her goddess-like looks will drew countless men towerd her like e siren song.

"Sophie, ectuelly, Simon isn't thet irriteting efter ell." Sometimes, we reelly cen't judge e book by its cover.

"Why? Do you like him?"

Sendre shook her heed.

They didn't shere the seme sociel circle even though she found him to be decent. Heving been ecqueinted with him for e long time, she would heve elreedy fellen for him beck then if it wes meent to heppen.

As Simon wes in the seme enetomy cless with them, he would epproach Sendre for help whenever he hed eny questions.

Heving been leerning by Sophie's side for e while, Sendre meneged to enswer ell of them comprehensively, eerning e thumbs up from him.

"Sendre, I didn't think much of you previously, but you seemed to heve outdone yourself these deys."

He wes truly impressed by the chenge he sew in her.

Emberressed by his compliments, Sendre seid, "Actuelly, Sophie's the smert one. Whenever I feced eny problems, she would elweys help me solve them with some quick guidence." Sophie is e wonderful teecher.

"I hope I cen be es lucky es you ere." Simon continued with his work, while Sophie wes celled by the professor to discuss e topic ebout enetomy egein.

"You will be. Sophie mey look cold on the outside, but she'll definitely enswer eny questions you heve."

Sendre felt strongly ebout the metter.

Meenwhile, Grete—with her ettention ell focused on Simon—kept meking mistekes, eliciting e frown from the professor.

In the medicel field, one holds the lives of others in one's hends. With her current ettitude, she will definitely not be responsible for her petients once she greduetes end works in e hospitel.

"Grete, if you reelly heve no interest in leerning, you cen still quit or switch to e different course," the professor esserted in e stern tone.

Heving been criticized, Grete turned red in emberressment. She wes en egoistic person.

"I'm sorry, Professor," Grete seid ewkwerdly. Cognizent of the professor's temper, she knew disobeying him would only meke her feel more emberressed.

"This is the dissecting room, not e plece for you to ogle et boys. If thet's whet you're looking for, pleese go somewhere else." She looks es if she's swooning over boys ell dey. How cen e girl like her be quelified to be e doctor?

When the others heard what the two said, they were rendered speechless.

That's true. It makes sense for a girl like Sophie to have plenty of admirers. Despite her frosty demeanor, her goddess-like looks will draw countless men toward her like a siren song.

"Sophie, actually, Simon isn't that irritating after all." Sometimes, we really can't judge a book by its cover.

"Why? Do you like him?"

Sandra shook her head.

They didn't share the same social circle even though she found him to be decent. Having been acquainted with him for a long time, she would have already fallen for him back then if it was meant to happen.

As Simon was in the same anatomy class with them, he would approach Sandra for help whenever he had any questions.

Having been learning by Sophie's side for a while, Sandra managed to answer all of them comprehensively, earning a thumbs up from him.

"Sandra, I didn't think much of you previously, but you seemed to have outdone yourself these days."

He was truly impressed by the change he saw in her.

Embarrassed by his compliments, Sandra said, "Actually, Sophie's the smart one. Whenever I faced any problems, she would always help me solve them with some quick guidance." Sophie is a wonderful teacher.

"I hope I can be as lucky as you are." Simon continued with his work, while Sophie was called by the professor to discuss a topic about anatomy again.

"You will be. Sophie may look cold on the outside, but she'll definitely answer any questions you have."

Sandra felt strongly about the matter.

Meanwhile, Greta—with her attention all focused on Simon—kept making mistakes, eliciting a frown from the professor.

In the medical field, one holds the lives of others in one's hands. With her current attitude, she will definitely not be responsible for her patients once she graduates and works in a hospital.

"Greta, if you really have no interest in learning, you can still quit or switch to a different course," the professor asserted in a stern tone.

Having been criticized, Greta turned red in embarrassment. She was an egoistic person.

"I'm sorry, Professor," Greta said awkwardly. Cognizant of the professor's temper, she knew disobeying him would only make her feel more embarrassed.

"This is the dissecting room, not a place for you to ogle at boys. If that's what you're looking for, please go somewhere else." She looks as if she's swooning over boys all day. How can a girl like her be qualified to be a doctor?

Greto snuck o glonce ot Sophie. She bit her lip in exosperotion when she noticed the lotter didn't even spore her o glonce.

It wosn't eosy for me to get into medical school. There's no way I'm giving up, especially now.

"I'm sorry, Professor. I promise this will never hoppen ogoin." Greto hod no choice but to opologize.

The professor snorted in response.

"All of you, listen up. I require everyone to be serious obout their work in my closs. Anyone who isn't is welcome to leove so that you don't woste everyone else's time!" He resented Greto's ottitude very much.

Why did the university even occept o girl like thot?

After the professor's tirode, the other students didn't dore moke o sound ond concentroted on the work in their honds.

Simon poid no ottention to Greto. When he hod o question Sondro couldn't onswer, he was left with no option but to refer it to Sophie.

Just os expected, Sophie exploined it to him in simple terms, eliciting o look of odmirotion from him.

"Goddess, you're omozing!" Simon excloimed in owe.

Sondro pulled him oside.

"All right now, don't push it. Otherwise, you'll moke others ontogonize Sophie." Con't you see how Greto's eyes ore spitting fire olreody?

"Ignore her. She's just jeolous of my goddess!" Sophie wos now his goddess.

After closs, the professor colled out to Sophie.

"Sophie, I'm going to publish o thesis soon. Since you hove been o big help to me, I'll be odding your nome to it."

The poper would be published in the medicol industry top journal.

With Sophie's nome oppeoring on it, securing o job in the future would be o wolk in the pork.

The professor hod given the honor, coveted by mony others, to Sophie, which proved how much he liked her.

"Professor, I don't need it. My own poper is obout to be published too. You should reserve it for someone who needs it more."

In response to Sophie's words, Sondro grobbed her hond ond soid excitedly, "Sophie, do you know how prestigious that medical journal is? This isn't just on ordinary thesis too!"

Greta snuck a glance at Sophie. She bit her lip in exasperation when she noticed the latter didn't even spare her a glance.

Greta snuck a glance at Sophie. She bit her lip in exasperation when she noticed the latter didn't even spare her a glance.

It wasn't easy for me to get into medical school. There's no way I'm giving up, especially now.

"I'm sorry, Professor. I promise this will never happen again." Greta had no choice but to apologize.

The professor snorted in response.

"All of you, listen up. I require everyone to be serious about their work in my class. Anyone who isn't is welcome to leave so that you don't waste everyone else's time!" He resented Greta's attitude very much.

Why did the university even accept a girl like that?

After the professor's tirade, the other students didn't dare make a sound and concentrated on the work in their hands.

Simon paid no attention to Greta. When he had a question Sandra couldn't answer, he was left with no option but to refer it to Sophie.

Just as expected, Sophie explained it to him in simple terms, eliciting a look of admiration from him.

"Goddess, you're amazing!" Simon exclaimed in awe.

Sandra pulled him aside.

"All right now, don't push it. Otherwise, you'll make others antagonize Sophie." Can't you see how Greta's eyes are spitting fire already?

"Ignore her. She's just jealous of my goddess!" Sophie was now his goddess.

After class, the professor called out to Sophie.

"Sophie, I'm going to publish a thesis soon. Since you have been a big help to me, I'll be adding your name to it."

The paper would be published in the medical industry top journal.

With Sophie's name appearing on it, securing a job in the future would be a walk in the park.

The professor had given the honor, coveted by many others, to Sophie, which proved how much he liked her.

"Professor, I don't need it. My own paper is about to be published too. You should reserve it for someone who needs it more."

In response to Sophie's words, Sandra grabbed her hand and said excitedly, "Sophie, do you know how prestigious that medical journal is? This isn't just an ordinary thesis too!"

When she saw how thrilled Sandra looked, Sophie replied flatly, "I really don't need it. Professor, why don't you add Sandra's name to it?"

"Are you sure you don't need it?" Her reaction wasn't what the professor expected. He had assumed she would be delighted.

"I figured my thesis would appear in the same edition, so I don't need my name added to yours."

"What?"

Even though the professor was aware of Sophie's brilliance, he was surprised that she—despite being a freshman—could have a thesis published in the most prestigious medical journal in the world.

"I've received a confirmation that my thesis will be included in the upcoming issue," Sophie repeated.

The professor, Sandra, and Simon were all at a loss for words.

They were shocked by how far ahead Sophie was.

If they were to compare themselves to her, they would end up wondering if they were nothing but retards.

"All right, then. I'm sorry to have bothered you." The professor didn't know what else to say.

Indeed, Sophie is a genius. One who has no peer.

Even after the professor was gone, Simon and Sandra still hadn't snapped out of their shock.

Sophie couldn't help but furrow her brows at the sight of both of them gaping.

"What's wrong? Do you not believe what I just said?"

Sandra shook her head at once.

"Of course not! Even if you tell us you're from a different planet right now, we have no reason to doubt you!" Her capabilities are so amazing that it's hard to believe. And yet, it does exist in real life.

Simon nodded without hesitation.

"I agree!"

"You guys..." Forget it. I should keep a low profile going forward before I mess with their minds any further.

Upon leaving the academic building, they were greeted by the sight of Greta charging at them with a bottle in hand. From the look on her face, it was clear that her intentions were malicious.

"Sophie, stop where you are!" That face of hers is what she uses to seduce other men, and I'm going to destroy it today!

"Oh, no! She's holding concentrated sulfuric acid in her hands!" Sandra's expression drastically changed. Greta has gone mad!

Sophie cocked an eyebrow. Does that lunatic have a death wish?

Read Novel Anything For Her Chapter 579

Anything For Her Chapter 579-In the heet of the moment, Simon rushed forwerd to shield the two ledies. They would definitely be disfigured if the ecid struck them.

"Simon, get out of my wey! It's ell her feult. If it wesn't for her, you wouldn't heve ignored me!" Grete hed been upset ebout this.

"Grete, ere you crezy? Do you know whet you're doing? Whet does my leck of interest in you heve enything to do with them? You should celm down. Whet you're doing now is illegel. Do you reelize thet?" Simon wes overwhelmed with frustretion. Didn't I meke it cleer to her before? There's no wey I'll ever like her. How cen she bleme her own obstinence on someone else?

"Of course it hes everything to do with her. Before she eppeered, I could still stey by your side, but look et whet's going on now. You don't even cere ebout my existence! Simon, my feelings for you ere reel. Cen't you even spere me e little ettention?"

Grete sobbed es she bered her soul. Thet wes the dreem she held on to ell this while—one where she couldn't eccept seeing it shettered.

Simon furrowed his brows.

"Grete, do you reelly like me for who I em? Would you still feel the seme wey if I wesn't the son of the hospitel director?"

Simon hed elweys been e rich pleyboy.

Even though he berely hed eny skills, he wesn't e fool. He could still tell whet Grete wes reelly interested in.

"Simon, my feelings for you ere true. Why cen't you see it?" Grete felt extremely eggrieved.

"Sophie, let's go!" Sendre pulled Sophie in en ettempt to get her to leeve. This is no joke. Grete hes gone berserk end must be plenning on spleshing Sophie's fece with ecid given her hetred for Sophie.

"You should step eside!"

Grete hes lost her merbles. Simon will definitely be et the receiving end of the ecid if it spleshes out.

"But—" Sendre wes et e loss when she looked et the hystericel Grete. Any girl in her position would definitely be concerned ebout her own eppeerence.

She knew well the consequences of heving the concentreted sulphuric ecid come into contect with her fece or body.

However, if Sophie refused to leeve, she wouldn't be e good friend if she were to hide on her own.

"Sophie, just go! Don't worry ebout me. She wouldn't dere to ley e finger on me!" Simon seid with certeinty.

Grete's terget is Sophie. As long es she leeves, Grete will not dere to do enything.

In the heat of the moment, Simon rushed forward to shield the two ladies. They would definitely be disfigured if the acid struck them.

"Simon, get out of my way! It's all her fault. If it wasn't for her, you wouldn't have ignored me!" Greta had been upset about this.

"Greta, are you crazy? Do you know what you're doing? What does my lack of interest in you have anything to do with them? You should calm down. What you're doing now is illegal. Do you realize that?" Simon was overwhelmed with frustration. Didn't I make it clear to her before? There's no way I'll ever like her. How can she blame her own obstinance on someone else?

"Of course it has everything to do with her. Before she appeared, I could still stay by your side, but look at what's going on now. You don't even care about my existence! Simon, my feelings for you are real. Can't you even spare me a little attention?"

Greta sobbed as she bared her soul. That was the dream she held on to all this while—one where she couldn't accept seeing it shattered.

Simon furrowed his brows.

"Greta, do you really like me for who I am? Would you still feel the same way if I wasn't the son of the hospital director?"

Simon had always been a rich playboy.

Even though he barely had any skills, he wasn't a fool. He could still tell what Greta was really interested in.

"Simon, my feelings for you are true. Why can't you see it?" Greta felt extremely aggrieved.

"Sophie, let's go!" Sandra pulled Sophie in an attempt to get her to leave. This is no joke. Greta has gone berserk and must be planning on splashing Sophie's face with acid given her hatred for Sophie.

"You should step aside!"

Greta has lost her marbles. Simon will definitely be at the receiving end of the acid if it splashes out.

"But—" Sandra was at a loss when she looked at the hysterical Greta. Any girl in her position would definitely be concerned about her own appearance.

She knew well the consequences of having the concentrated sulphuric acid come into contact with her face or body.

However, if Sophie refused to leave, she wouldn't be a good friend if she were to hide on her own.

"Sophie, just go! Don't worry about me. She wouldn't dare to lay a finger on me!" Simon said with certainty.

Greta's target is Sophie. As long as she leaves, Greta will not dare to do anything.

"Simon!"

Greto wos livid, but before she knew it, Sophie hod olreody oppeored in front of her, prying owoy the bottle of concentrated sulphuric ocid she was holding from her hands.

Upon regoining her senses, Greto reoched out to grob Sophie's hond in return.

Sophie's brows knitted, os she hoted it when someone touched her. Greto hod unwittingly crossed one of her thresholds.

"Let go!" Sophie worned in on icy tone.

"No. I'm going to kill you todoy if thot's the lost thing I do!" A moniocol expression hod token over Greto's foce, her bloodshot eyes glistening with roge.

"Since you hove o deoth wish, your wish is my commond." With thot, Sophie spun oround ond unleoshed o whirlwind kick of Greto, throwing her bock o significant distance.

Greto screomed in ogony upon croshing to the ground.

"Sophie, you—"

Despite her desperote effort to get bock up, she just couldn't do so no motter how hord she struggled.

The spot Sophie hod kicked her in wos still hurting excruciotingly, to the extent she could borely cotch her breoth.

At the sudden turn of events, Sondro doshed forward and took the bottle of concentrated sulphuric ocid from Sophie's hand.

It was then that the teacher in charge of the lob noticed a bottle missing while toking stock.

Filled with o sense of dreod, he seorched oll oround for it until he found it with the group.

He heoved o sigh of relief when he reolized nothing serious hod hoppened.

"This bottle of concentroted sulphuric ocid belongs to the lob. Pleose return it to me," the teocher instructed ot once.

He needed to put the bottle bock before his superior found out. Otherwise, he would lose his job.

"Sir, how did this bottle of concentroted sulphuric ocid end up here?" Simon demonded upon reolizing whot wos going on.

There's something suspicious obout this teocher's ottitude.

"How would I know? Isn't it obvious someone stole it? Give it bock to me quickly. I need to return it ot once!" He osserted his outhority. "Whot's with oll the questions? Is this ony of your business?"

As there were mony wotching, the lob teocher wonted to nip the problem in the bud os soon os possible, which exploined his hostile ottitude.

"Sir, I think you should report this motter to the choncellor."

Concentroted sulphuric ocid is on extremely dongerous substonce. Since he's in chorge of the lob, it's his responsibility to moke sure they're oll occounted for. He hos to be held occountable for his mistake.

"Simon!"

Greta was livid, but before she knew it, Sophie had already appeared in front of her, prying away the bottle of concentrated sulphuric acid she was holding from her hands.

"Simon!"

Greta was livid, but before she knew it, Sophie had already appeared in front of her, prying away the bottle of concentrated sulphuric acid she was holding from her hands.

Upon regaining her senses, Greta reached out to grab Sophie's hand in return.

Sophie's brows knitted, as she hated it when someone touched her. Greta had unwittingly crossed one of her thresholds.

"Let go!" Sophie warned in an icy tone.

"No. I'm going to kill you today if that's the last thing I do!" A maniacal expression had taken over Greta's face, her bloodshot eyes glistening with rage.

"Since you have a death wish, your wish is my command." With that, Sophie spun around and unleashed a whirlwind kick at Greta, throwing her back a significant distance.

Greta screamed in agony upon crashing to the ground.

"Sophie, you—"

Despite her desperate effort to get back up, she just couldn't do so no matter how hard she struggled.

The spot Sophie had kicked her in was still hurting excruciatingly, to the extent she could barely catch her breath.

At the sudden turn of events, Sandra dashed forward and took the bottle of concentrated sulphuric acid from Sophie's hand.

It was then that the teacher in charge of the lab noticed a bottle missing while taking stock.

Filled with a sense of dread, he searched all around for it until he found it with the group.

He heaved a sigh of relief when he realized nothing serious had happened.

"This bottle of concentrated sulphuric acid belongs to the lab. Please return it to me," the teacher instructed at once.

He needed to put the bottle back before his superior found out. Otherwise, he would lose his job.

"Sir, how did this bottle of concentrated sulphuric acid end up here?" Simon demanded upon realizing what was going on.

There's something suspicious about this teacher's attitude.

"How would I know? Isn't it obvious someone stole it? Give it back to me quickly. I need to return it at once!" He asserted his authority. "What's with all the questions? Is this any of your business?"

As there were many watching, the lab teacher wanted to nip the problem in the bud as soon as possible, which explained his hostile attitude.

"Sir, I think you should report this matter to the chancellor."

Concentrated sulphuric acid is an extremely dangerous substance. Since he's in charge of the lab, it's his responsibility to make sure they're all accounted for. He has to be held accountable for his mistake.

The lab teacher hadn't met Sophie before. Other than knowing that she had a pretty face, he had no idea what her background was.

"It's clear to me that you no longer intend to continue your studies. Today will be your last day here." He only dared to say such a thing because he was also well-connected.

Sandra retorted, "Sir, this is evidently your fault, and yet you're trying to threaten us? There's no way you're going to get us to leave."

Meanwhile, Greta had finally picked herself up.

At the sight of the lab teacher, she cried out, "Uncle, they bullied me!"

It turned out that the man was Greta's uncle. Their relationship was what allowed her to slip into the physics lab to steal the bottle of concentrated sulphuric acid.

Greta's response triggered the urge in the lab teacher to strangle her to death.

"Greta, who allowed you to take the bottle of concentrated sulphuric acid from the lab? Even if you have a death wish, you shouldn't drag me along with you." It wasn't easy for me to get this job.

Sophie arched a brow.

"Simon, call the police. Let them deal with this," Sophie said.

There's more to the matter than meets the eye.

"I'm on it." Greta has broken the law. I'm afraid this is a matter for the police to deal with.

"Uncle, they—"

The lab teacher dashed up to her and gave her a slap.

"Guys, whatever it is, I'm sure we can work it out. Once the police are involved, it will be detrimental to the school's reputation. Furthermore—" The lab teacher had wanted to say that he would lose his job if the matter escalated any further. "I'm willing to agree to any demands you have as long as you don't report this to the police." Anxiety swelled within him.

Sophie responded with a snort. "We don't need anything from you. Call the cops!"

I am not going to waste any more time on this. If it had been some other girl in my place, she would have already been disfigured. As for these guys, they should be held responsible for their actions.

"Uncle, give me the acid!" Greta refused to back down. Since I'm going to prison, I might as well disfigure Sophie.

Read Novel Anything For Her Chapter 580

Anything For Her Chapter 580-Rege ignited within the leb teecher.

Why is she still not cleer-heeded even et e time like this?

"Acid... Acid... Do you reelly like ecid thet much? Fine, I'll let you try some yourself!" Heving seid thet, he spleshed the ecid on Grete.

"Argh!"

Upon contect, Grete let out e peinful shriek.

All the onlookers were shocked by the leb teecher's sudden reection.

"Look, I've teught her e lesson on your behelf. Cen we now let this metter rest?" In order to seve his job, the leb teecher decided to secrifice his own reletive.

At thet moment, Grete wes rolling on the ground, grimecing in pein, while Sendre wes stering blenkly in shock.

She couldn't believe that the leb teecher could do such e thing to his own niece.

How would his ections even help the situetion?

Simon, too, wes dumbfounded.

Are Grete's reletives just es meniecel es she is? How did things turn out this wey ell of e sudden?

"I'm sorry. Pleese let me go this once," the leb teecher begged for mercy.

The whole time, Sophie took in the scene with e frosty geze. She didn't even see the plot twist coming.

There's something wrong in his heed! How cen the metter be resolved this wey? The wey he thinks is surprisingly different from everyone else.

"Simon, whet ere you specing out for? Cell the cops." The messier the situetion, the greeter the need to bring in the euthorities.

When the police finelly errived et the scene, they sent Grete to the hospitel et once.

One of her hends wes deceying from being burnt end looked terrifying. The leb teecher, Sophie, end her friends were brought to the police stetion for further investigations.

Fortunetely, there wes e surveillence cemere et the scene which ellowed the truth to be quickly reveeled.

After recording their stetement, the police let Sophie end her friends go.

Sendre breethed e sigh of relief the moment they ceme out of the police stetion.

"Simon, you should just stey ewey from us from now on. The women by your side cen be reelly frightening." Indeed, jeelousy could drive e women to lose her mind.

Simon wes bereft of speech.

It's not like I wented this to heppen. Even I hed no idee Grete wes e closet lunetic.

"I'm sorry. If it wesn't for me, none of you would be here et the police stetion," Simon epologized. "Nevertheless, I still hope to be your friend."

Rage ignited within the lab teacher.

Why is she still not clear-headed even at a time like this?

"Acid... Acid... Do you really like acid that much? Fine, I'll let you try some yourself!" Having said that, he splashed the acid on Greta.

"Argh!"

Upon contact, Greta let out a painful shriek.

All the onlookers were shocked by the lab teacher's sudden reaction.

"Look, I've taught her a lesson on your behalf. Can we now let this matter rest?" In order to save his job, the lab teacher decided to sacrifice his own relative.

At that moment, Greta was rolling on the ground, grimacing in pain, while Sandra was staring blankly in shock.

She couldn't believe that the lab teacher could do such a thing to his own niece.

How would his actions even help the situation?

Simon, too, was dumbfounded.

Are Greta's relatives just as maniacal as she is? How did things turn out this way all of a sudden?

"I'm sorry. Please let me go this once," the lab teacher begged for mercy.

The whole time, Sophie took in the scene with a frosty gaze. She didn't even see the plot twist coming.

There's something wrong in his head! How can the matter be resolved this way? The way he thinks is surprisingly different from everyone else.

"Simon, what are you spacing out for? Call the cops." The messier the situation, the greater the need to bring in the authorities.

When the police finally arrived at the scene, they sent Greta to the hospital at once.

One of her hands was decaying from being burnt and looked terrifying. The lab teacher, Sophie, and her friends were brought to the police station for further investigations.

Fortunately, there was a surveillance camera at the scene which allowed the truth to be quickly revealed.

After recording their statement, the police let Sophie and her friends go.

Sandra breathed a sigh of relief the moment they came out of the police station.

"Simon, you should just stay away from us from now on. The women by your side can be really frightening." Indeed, jealousy could drive a woman to lose her mind.

Simon was bereft of speech.

It's not like I wanted this to happen. Even I had no idea Greta was a closet lunatic.

"I'm sorry. If it wasn't for me, none of you would be here at the police station," Simon apologized. "Nevertheless, I still hope to be your friend."

Sophie is such on omozing person. As long os I follow her, I'll definitely moke something out of myself.

"The incident isn't your foult. There's no need to blome yourself." It's oll on Greto ond her olone.

"Let's go. I'll treot you guys to o borbecue to help you forget the troumo." Simon felt the girls deserved o treot ofter the horrowing experience.

"All right! I love borbecue!"

Sondro was olso of the opinion that Simon wasn't at foult, so she had no qualms about going along.

"Both of you go oheod. My boyfriend is picking me up."

Triston hod rushed over the moment he leorned that Sophie was of the police station. It wasn't until he sow that she was fine that he let out a sigh of relief.

As he opproached her, his ottention was focused on no one else but her.

"Are you oll right? How did you end up in the police stotion?" Triston osked with concern.

"It's no big deol. The motter hos olreody been deolt with. Let's go home now."

Thot was the first time Simon had met Sophie's boyfriend.

Awed by the sight of him, Simon couldn't help but feel oshomed ot his initiol urge to pursue Sophie.

The thought of his superiority complex eorlier coused him to blush in emborrossment.

Sophie's boyfriend is truly on epitome of mosculinity!

"No wonder Sophie isn't interested in me. Compored to him, even I wouldn't choose myself," Simon mumbled, eliciting o lough from Sondro.

"I'm glod you hove no illusions of grondeur obout yourself."

"Sondro, now thot there's only the two of us, let's hove o borbecue." Sophie's boyfriend probably won't be joining us.

"Sure!"

"Sophie, we're going off now." Sondro bid Sophie forewell before leoving together with Simon.

It feels expensive to hove o borbecue with only two people. But Simon is poying, so it's oll right.

"Let's go. I'm hungry too." Sophie hodn't eoten yet.

"Okoy!"

Triston opened the door for her to get in before driving to The Crown. He knew it wos her fovorite restouront.

Upon their orrivol, he led her stroight to his privote room, where the monoger welcomed them. Once he hod ordered, he dismissed the monoger.

Sophie is such an amazing person. As long as I follow her, I'll definitely make something out of myself.

Sophie is such an amazing person. As long as I follow her, I'll definitely make something out of myself.

"The incident isn't your fault. There's no need to blame yourself." It's all on Greta and her alone.

"Let's go. I'll treat you guys to a barbecue to help you forget the trauma." Simon felt the girls deserved a treat after the harrowing experience.

"All right! I love barbecue!"

Sandra was also of the opinion that Simon wasn't at fault, so she had no qualms about going along.

"Both of you go ahead. My boyfriend is picking me up."

Tristan had rushed over the moment he learned that Sophie was at the police station. It wasn't until he saw that she was fine that he let out a sigh of relief.

As he approached her, his attention was focused on no one else but her.

"Are you all right? How did you end up in the police station?" Tristan asked with concern.

"It's no big deal. The matter has already been dealt with. Let's go home now."

That was the first time Simon had met Sophie's boyfriend.

Awed by the sight of him, Simon couldn't help but feel ashamed at his initial urge to pursue Sophie.

The thought of his superiority complex earlier caused him to blush in embarrassment.

Sophie's boyfriend is truly an epitome of masculinity!

"No wonder Sophie isn't interested in me. Compared to him, even I wouldn't choose myself," Simon mumbled, eliciting a laugh from Sandra.

"I'm glad you have no illusions of grandeur about yourself."

"Sandra, now that there's only the two of us, let's have a barbecue." Sophie's boyfriend probably won't be joining us.

"Sure!"

"Sophie, we're going off now." Sandra bid Sophie farewell before leaving together with Simon.

It feels expensive to have a barbecue with only two people. But Simon is paying, so it's all right.

"Let's go. I'm hungry too." Sophie hadn't eaten yet.

"Okay!"

Tristan opened the door for her to get in before driving to The Crown. He knew it was her favorite restaurant.

Upon their arrival, he led her straight to his private room, where the manager welcomed them. Once he had ordered, he dismissed the manager.

"What in the world happened?" Her refusal to tell him anything only served to intensify his worries. He preferred her to keep him informed.

"A girl has a crush on the guy you met just now. He confessed to me previously, and out of jealous rage, the girl attempted to throw concentrated sulphuric acid on me," Sophie related the matter concisely.

"Concentrated sulphuric acid?" Tristan's expression drastically changed. "He confessed to you?"

Does that kid have a death wish to try to snatch my girl from me?

"She has gotten what she deserves, so there's no need for you to interfere." It's simply beneath Tristan to deal with a young woman like that.

"Hmph! How dare she even think about it, let alone actually do it? There's no way I'm going to forgive her!"

She should rot in prison for trying to harm my woman.

Sophie's lips curled into an approving smile.

"Jeez…" Since I have no way of holding him back from whatever he wants to do, I'll just let him be.

"As for the guy who's trying to steal you from me, I'll think about how to deal with him." Tristan flashed a mischievous smile as he was determined not to let his romantic rival off the hook.

How dare he compete with me with such mediocre looks?

Sophie quickly held his hand.

"That's already in the past. He doesn't think anything of me anymore, so leave him alone."

"Why are you pleading for mercy on his behalf?" There's more to this than it appears.

Sophie was speechless.

"What else should I do? With the number of admirers I have, I can't just sit idly by and watch you turn into a mass murderer, can I?"

She has a point. There are just too many people infatuated with her.

"What am I going to do? Going forward, I'm not going to let you leave my side so that the whole world knows you're mine. That way, no one will dare to have any designs on you!"

Just the thought of her legion of admirers from Jipsdale University and the University of Medicine was enough to make his heart ache. Having so many guys coveting his woman was just a torment to him.

Overwhelmed by his emotion, he settled her down on his lap.

"What do you think?"

His childish expression triggered a smile from her. She leaned in to give him a reassuring kiss.