

# Anything For Her

## Chapter 71 A Bridal Carry

- “Okay, then. I apologize for saying that.”
- When Sophie and Tristan left Nocturnal, it was raining heavily outside.
- “What awful weather!”
- It was pouring, so even if the valet were to drive the car over, they would still be drenched when they walked the short distance.
- Sophie rubbed her arms, for it was still rather chilly in Jipsdale in November. There was heating in the bar earlier, so she didn’t feel it.
- Right then, however, she was really cold.
- Seeing that, Tristan removed the suit jacket from her waist and draped it over her shoulders.
- Thus, his jacket enveloped her, covering even her bottom.
- “What should we do now?”
- “How about going back into the bar first? If you don’t like to hang out with them, we can get a private room for ourselves.”
- “No, I don’t have any issue hanging out with them.”
- *Felix and the others aren’t the hateful kind of people.*
- “Okay.”
- Tristan didn’t ask further, for the person speaking was Sophie, and he respected her decision no matter the choice.
- “Oh well, let’s just take shelter here for a while.”
- There were quite a number of people taking shelter from the rain in front of Nocturnal then. Sophie hadn’t experienced that in a long time, so she found it rather intriguing.
- “Are you cold?” she asked Tristan. *He’s only wearing a shirt at the moment, so he’s probably freezing!*
- “Nope.”
- Tristan, on the other hand, turned his gaze to her fair legs. *I think she’s cold instead.*
- He then made a call and had the driver bring them an umbrella.
- As the crowd grew, it became increasingly packed.
- Some couples were already hugging, and others were even kissing.
- To protect Sophie from being jostled, Tristan kept her in his embrace.
- His chin came to just above the top of her head.
- Such a posture was exceedingly intimate, with his warm breath tickling the top of her head.
- Suddenly, someone jostled Tristan. He inched forward a fraction, upon which both their bodies plastered together.
- “Uh…”
- Sophie abruptly felt that it wasn’t a wise decision to take shelter with him under the eaves.

- At that precise moment, the driver came with the umbrella.
- The car was parked there, but the rain was coming down in torrents, so the curb was already flooded.
- “I’ll carry you over.”
- “No, it’s okay. I can walk over by myself.”
- “You’ll ruin your shoes.”
- Sophie initially wanted to say that she didn’t mind, but Tristan had already scooped her up.
- Meanwhile, the driver opened an umbrella for her.
- “I’ll carry her instead, Mr. Tristan!” he offered. *How could I have Mr. Tristan doing such a thing?*
- “What did you just say?”
- Glimpsing the look in Tristan’s eyes, the driver immediately shook his head and pretended that he didn’t say anything earlier.
- “Oh my God, a bridal carry! Look, that’s the ideal boyfriend! In comparison, you aren’t even willing to carry me.”
- “Look at his girlfriend first. She’s as beautiful as a goddess!”
- “What do you mean by that?” The girl pinched her boyfriend’s ear.
- In response, the boy took her hand at once.
- “No, no, you’re my goddess instead!”
- When Tristan carried Sophie over, the driver promptly opened the car door.
- After placing her in the car, Tristan took the umbrella from him. He closed it before climbing into the car.
- It only took seconds, but his shirt was all drenched.
- “How about I return your suit jacket to you?”
- However, Tristan stilled her hand that moved to doff the jacket.
- “I’m fine, so just continue wearing it.”
- The driver got into the car and turned on the air-conditioning in the car.
- “Where are we going now, Mr. Tristan?”
- “Drive Ms. Tanner home.”
- “Your shirt is dripping water!” Sophie pointed at Tristan’s shirt.
- At that, Tristan moved to the side slightly.
- “Now, it won’t drip on you.”
- “That wasn’t what I meant.” *Honest to God, I didn’t mean that!*
- Just then, Tristan sneezed.
- “Are you okay, Mr. Tristan?” the driver swiftly inquired in concern when he heard the man sneezing.
- “I’m fine. I’m not that delicate.”
- Alas, no sooner had he finished saying that than he sneezed again.
- “I’m fine.”
- This time, Tristan sounded incredibly solemn.
- “I didn’t say that you’re sick. Sir, please step on it.”
- Sophie merely instructed the driver to speed up.
- There was heating in the car, so it was actually quite warm already.
- Nonetheless, she still felt that he should take a hot bath as soon as possible.
- Shortly after, the car drove into Wisteria Apartments’ underground parking.

- “You may go back,” Tristan ordered the driver after alighting from the car.
- “I’ll just wait for you here, Mr. Tristan.”
- “No, it’s okay. I’ll go back by myself.”
- Since he had said as much, the driver had no rebuttal left and could only leave.
- Upon returning to the condominium, Sophie removed Tristan’s suit jacket.
- “Go and take a bath.” After all, it was easy to fall sick when one got drenched in the rain in such weather.
- “Sure!”
- Anyway, Tristan felt very much ill at ease when he was all soaked.
- He went into the room and took out a change of clothes before taking a bath.
- Outside, Sophie quickly found a piece of ginger and scraped the skin off. Then, she surfed the internet for recipes for ginger tea.
- Following the steps stated in Google, she prepared ginger tea.
- Truthfully, she wasn’t good at cooking. When she was alone in Horington back then, she basically had takeaway all the time.
- She couldn’t quite fathom which wires in her brain got crossed that day either that she was making ginger tea for Tristan.
- Tristan soaked in the bathtub for twenty minutes before he came out.
- Slipping on a white bathrobe, he blow-dried his hair before exiting the bathroom.
- He opened the door and went downstairs, only to see Sophie reading on the couch.
- She had already changed into casual attire that was creamy white.
- As the dim yellow lights illuminated her, it gave off a sense of warmth.
- After going downstairs, Tristan took a seat on the single couch.
- When Sophie noticed that he was only wearing a bathrobe, she couldn’t help averting her gaze.
- “What are you brewing?” Tristan queried, breaking the silence in the room.
- “Ginger tea. It’s my first time brewing ginger tea, so I’m not sure how it’ll taste. It’s about ready now. I’ll go and take a look.”
- Getting to her feet, Sophie went to check on the ginger tea.
- Meanwhile, Tristan was at a loss for words.
- *Ginger tea? I positively loathe the taste of ginger tea. I don’t have a cold yet, no? Moreover, even when I was really suffering from a cold in the past, I never drank ginger tea. But then, she prepared it especially for me now.*
- He likewise stood up and trailed after her.
- Sophie uncovered the lid of the earthen pot and watched as the color of the ginger tea darkened.
- “It should be about ready.”
- Turning off the gas, she snagged a cloth, planning to pour the ginger tea in the earthen pot out.
- “I’ll do it instead.”
- Tristan took the cloth from her. Wrapping it around the earthen pot, he poured the ginger tea into a bowl.
- “It looks pretty good.”
- Sophie seemed extremely satisfied with the fruits of her effort.
- “Yeah, it’s indeed pretty good.”

- While saying that, Tristan couldn't help gulping.
- *Oh God, ginger tea really tastes strange! It's bitter, astringent, and spicy!*
- "Are you not drinking it? I prepared it especially for you!"
- Sophie gazed at him expectantly.
- At her hopeful look, Tristan simply couldn't bring himself to decline.
- *Well, I reckon that as long as she gazes at me with such a look in her eyes, I'll drink it without hesitation even if it's poison!*
- "It's too hot, so I'm leaving it to cool for a bit."
- "Phew! I thought you lack confidence in my cooking skills, so you don't dare drink it."
- The expression on the man's face was really interesting, causing the corners of Sophie's mouth to turn up inexorably.
- "It's cool enough, Mr. Tristan. If it's too cold, we'll have to heat it up again. That'd be troublesome."
- *I've got to make it clear that I'm only doing this for his own good. I'm not at all pulling a trick on him!*

## Chapter 72 Should I Follow The Car

- Tristan calmly picked up the bowl. Bringing the porcelain bowl to his mouth, he took a huge gulp.
- *It's astringent and spicy. Sure enough, it tastes strange.*
- Sophie continued gazing at him expectantly, hoping that he would finish it all.
- Under her hopeful gaze, Tristan mustered his courage and downed the rest of the ginger tea.
- "How was it?" Sophie even remembered to ask him for his opinion.
- "It was good."
- When Sophie said nothing to that, Tristan reiterated, "Really, it was delicious!"
- "All right, then! Since you like it, I'll make it for you again next time."
- At that, Tristan went silent instead.
- "Or do you not like it?"
- "Of course not! I love it!"
- Sophie washed the porcelain bowl and earthen pot before spinning on her heel and leaving the kitchen.
- "Do you need my help with Letitia Gatrell?" Tristan had a thousand ways to have Letitia speak the truth.
- He was naturally aware that the woman deliberately framed Transfix Cosmetics, but even if he wanted to help Sophie, it still depended on whether she wanted to accept his help.
- "No, it's okay. I can handle it by myself."
- All at once, Tristan's expression darkened.
- "What's wrong?" *Hmm, why does the atmosphere feel as though it's somewhat chilly?*
- "Nothing's wrong."
- Tristan hoped that Sophie would rely on him no matter the problems she encountered, but she wanted to resolve everything herself, the thought of

asking for his help never once crossing her mind. That had him feeling very much defeated.

- “I’m not as weak as you think, Mr. Tristan.” *Truly, I can settle it by myself!*
- “Okay.”
- Tristan was noncommittal.
- *Gah! This is not an issue of weak or otherwise! I merely want to help her.*
- “All right, sleep earlier. You’ve still got class tomorrow.”
- *Not only does she have to attend classes, but she also has to handle the affairs of Tanner Group, so she must be exceedingly busy!*
- “Okay.”
- Sophie didn’t think much about it, merely whirling around and returning to her room. Tristan, on the other hand, stayed in the living room for a while before leaving.
- At ten past seven in the morning, Sophie headed out after washing up, donning her school uniform, and snagging her schoolbag.
- No sooner had she exited the residential area than Eustace, who had been waiting for her there, blocked her path.
- “Ms. Tanner, I need a favor from you.” Being a macho man, he was a tad embarrassed when he said that.
- “I’m busy, Captain Sheppard!” After all, she still had to go to school.
- “I know it’s really mortifying that I need your help all the time, Ms. Tanner. How about this? I’ll treat you to breakfast, and you do me a favor in return.”
- In Jipsdale, Eustace had never lowered himself so much before anyone.
- He had always been invincible, both in conducting investigations and performing his duties.
- However, he had no choice but to admit to his inadequacy in front of Sophie.
- “Never mind, forget about that. Let’s go!” All of a sudden, regret swamped Sophie.
- *I must have had some wires crossed back then that I actually went to the police station. If I hadn’t gone in person at that time, I wouldn’t have gotten myself stuck with such a troublesome man!*
- “Let’s go. I’ll bring you to have breakfast first. You probably haven’t had breakfast, yes?”
- Eustace drove a SWAT car that day, so it was rather ostentatious.
- He went over and opened the passenger door for her.
- Meanwhile, Willow had just alighted from the car when she spotted Sophie getting into the SWAT car.
- Unbidden, her eyes narrowed a fraction.
- Whipping out her phone, she quickly snapped a photo of it.
- *Who exactly is that man with Sophie? He appears to be a tough nut. Therefore, what exactly is so great about her? Why are there always such formidable figures around her? Conversely, I’ve worked myself to the bone, but I’ve only got Mason on my side.*
- “You’d best pray that I don’t find any dirt on you, Sophie. Otherwise, I’ll crush you right away, allowing you no opportunity to ever make a comeback!”
- “Mr. Tristan...”

- The driver didn't dare utter a single word as he sat there like a statue.
- *Mr. Tristan went to The Crown early in the morning and bought breakfast for Ms. Tanner, even bringing it over personally. Unexpectedly, he witnessed her getting into another man's car.*
- "Should I follow the car?"
- It was his first time encountering such a situation, so he didn't know what to do.
- "Yeah."
- Just when the driver was going to start the engine, Tristan changed his tune.
- "Never mind. She has her own freedom."
- Words eluded the driver.
- *I've been working for Mr. Tristan for a long time, but this is the first time I'm seeing this side of him. It looks like he's really irrevocably in love with her.*
- "Give me a cigarette."
- "I'll go and buy some cigarettes for you, Mr. Tristan! Mine is too cheap."
- "It's okay. Just give me a stick."
- Left with no other choice, the driver took out a stick of cigarette from the cigarette box and handed it to Tristan alongside the lighter.
- Only after Tristan had finished the cigarette than he ordered, "Let's go! Head to Lombard Group."
- The driver finally breathed a sigh of relief. The atmosphere in the car was too frigid, so he hadn't dared to speak at all.
- At the same time, Eustace had a hand on the steering wheel as he typed the location into his phone with the other.
- "The breakfast fare at The Crown is pretty good. Let's go and eat there!"
- "There's no need to go to such trouble. We can just have something simple."
- "It's no trouble."
- Eustace drove to The Crown. He then ordered plenty of food for the two of them.
- Sophie was very quiet when she ate. She didn't eat much, so she merely sat there and scrolled through her phone when she had finished eating.
- Seeing that she was already full, Eustace had the server pack some food for his team members.
- There were many people on his team, so he ordered a lot for takeaway.
- "You're pretty nice to your subordinates."
- Sophie voluntarily helped him carry some of the bags upon seeing that he couldn't carry everything.
- "I suppose so. In our line of work, we risk our lives every day, and a single misstep would result in our demise. As such, our bond is forged in death and blood."
- At that, Sophie stopped pursuing that subject.
- Ultimately, Eustace was not wrong at all.
- All cases that ended up assigned to the SWAT team were difficult cases.
- Soon, the car drove right into the police station.
- "Captain Sheppard is back!" Danny knew that Eustace had gone to pick Sophie up, so he had been waiting outside.
- After the jeep came to a stop, Sophie came out of the vehicle.
- As soon as Danny spotted her, he immediately ran over.

- “You’re here, Ms. Tanner? I ran into a problem recently. Can you please take a look at it for me?”
- “Sure.”
- Sophie went over and helped Eustace with the takeover.
- “Whoa! Breakfast from The Crown! You’re too nice to us, Captain Sheppard!”
- “Ms. Tanner, Captain Sheppard is very nice to others!”
- “Exactly! Captain Sheppard is definitely a great man, so you must cherish him!”
- Similar sentiments rang out, one after another.
- Sophie was rendered wholly speechless. *So, what are they doing now? Are they promoting their captain?*
- “All right, that’s enough. What nonsense are you all spouting? Go and eat!”
- The moment Eustace spoke, his team members took their breakfast to the side and started wolfing down the food.
- There was a cafeteria in the police station, and the food was pretty good as well.
- Compared to the food from The Crown, however, it was still not quite up to that level.
- Danny brought Sophie to the technical department.
- “Are you not eating?”
- “I’m not hungry.”
- “Ms. Tanner, Captain Sheppard is really nice although he’s a bloody hero to the outside world.”
- “Danny, is Captain Sheppard aware that you’re promoting him in such a manner?”
- *I just came over to do them a favor, so why are they all promoting Captain Sheppard? Whatever kind of person he is has nothing to do with me!*
- “I don’t mean anything. I just want to tell you that Captain Sheppard is really an amazing man! If you want to find a boyfriend, you can consider him.”
- Danny didn’t bother masking his intentions at all. *If she becomes Captain Sheppard’s girlfriend, I’ll be able to ask her questions frequently in the future! Just the mere thought of it is intoxicating!*

## Chapter 73 Teach Them All A Lesson

- “Shut up, Danny.”
- Naturally, Eustace, who followed behind Sophie, heard Danny’s remark as well.
- Good Lord! Why are they saying all this to a little girl?
- “Don’t take their words to heart. Such is their nature, enthusiastic without any malicious intentions.”
- “I didn’t take it to heart.”
- Danny proceeded to tell Sophie about the problem they encountered, and the latter managed to resolve it in less than five minutes.
- “How about this, Danny? Add me to your contacts on WhatsApp. If there are any problems in the future, send them to me directly.”
- In truth, Sophie found it very much a hassle to go to the police station often.
- “Sure!”
- Danny instantly took out his phone and added her to his contact on WhatsApp.

- “You’re really incredible, Ms. Tanner!” Her computer skills are indomitable! Perhaps only Phantom from Wings of Light is her match!
- Even then, Danny was blown away by her capabilities.
- Subsequently, Eustace and Danny saw Sophie out.
- Eustace opened the door to the jeep.
- “I’ll drive you back.”
- Without any token protest, Sophie climbed into the car.
- “Bye!”
- Throughout it all, Danny and the other team members watched on the sidelines.
- Eustace shot them a glare before driving off.
- “I’m sorry. You must have been ill at ease today, huh?”
- “Not really. I’m used to it.”
- At once, Eustace was dumbfounded.
- Huh? There’s getting used to such a thing?
- “Then, it seems that you’re very popular, Ms. Tanner.”
- Sophie didn’t reply to that comment of his.
- Upon seeing that she seemingly didn’t want to talk to him, Eustace felt somewhat defeated.
- He drove her to Jipsdale Premier High.
- “I’ll go and explain things to your teacher.” By then, two periods had passed.
- “No, it’s okay. I can manage by myself.”
- “Thank you very much for today, Ms. Tanner.”
- “You don’t have to stand on formality with me, Captain Sheppard. All right, I’ll be going in.”
- Eustace watched Sophie enter the school compound from the car until she disappeared from sight before he turned the car around and left.
- She’s shrouded in mystery!
- By the time Sophie arrived at her class, the third period had already commenced.
- “I’m here,” Sophie declared.
- When Derrick saw that it was her, his brows inexorably knitted together.
- “Sophie, I know your grades are already excellent, but there’s no end to the pursuit of knowledge. You must continue working hard.”
- “I understand, Mr. Hayes.”
- Derrick was a decent person, so Sophie was extremely courteous to him.
- “All right, go back to your seat.”
- After returning to her seat, Sophie didn’t sleep out of respect for the man.
- When the third period had ended, Ysabelle asked Sophie to accompany her to the washroom.
- “Where did you go? Do you know how worried I was? You should’ve brought me with you when you skipped class!”
- “Ms. Lombard, you seem eager to skip classes!”
- “Of course! It’ll be even better if I get to scale the wall!”
- After having been a good student for such a long time, Ysabelle wanted to do something out of character during her senior year. Only then would she be able to boast of having lived her youth.
- “Sure! When I’m free, I’ll bring you to do that!”

- “Really? I just knew that you love me most, Soph!” Ysabelle gazed at Sophie in adulation.
- Sophie didn’t want to go to the washroom, so she plugged in her earphones while waiting for Ysabelle and listened to music as she stood in the corridor.
- Out of the blue, someone patted her on the shoulder. She glanced over her shoulder, only to see that it was Bailey.
- Puzzlement inundated her, but still, she removed her earphones.
- “Have you decided whether to join the physics competition yet?”
- “Yeah. I’ll be joining.” Truth be told, Sophie couldn’t stand Aaron’s pestering anymore.
- If she didn’t agree, he would hound her until she relented. It was her first time meeting such a teacher. While she was a touch exasperated, she also found him rather adorable.
- “That’s great!”
- Bailey took out a pack of chewing gum from his pocket and handed it to her.
- It was the flavor she favored.
- Nevertheless, she didn’t take it.
- However, Bailey stuffed it into her hand. “I just bought it at the convenience store earlier. I’ll be waiting for you in the physics lab after school.”
- Sophie was entirely floored.
- Eh? Did I say I was going to the physics lab?
- Coincidentally, Willow and a few girls from Senior Class 1 came out of the washroom. They witnessed that scene.
- The few girls were outraged.
- Bailey is the campus hunk of Jipsdale Premier High and the pride of Senior Class 1. What right does she have to taint him?
- “Say, why are you so shameless, Sophie? Can you just stay away from Bailey?”
- “Exactly! What’s so great about placing second?”
- “Bailey isn’t someone you’ll ever deserve in terms of both family background and character! You may be rotten yourself, but don’t go around tarnishing others!”
- “Have you all said enough?”
- Sophie grew utterly impatient. Ugh! Their mouths are really filthy!
- “Look, Willow! Such is your sister! All she knows is to seduce others. How nauseating!”
- Standing at the side, Willow merely watched the show.
- She felt absolutely delighted at the sight of Sophie surrounded and insulted.
- “From the look of things, the lot of you will really think that you can walk all over me if I don’t teach you all a lesson today.”
- Sophie then slapped them all.
- “How dare you? You’re such a brute! This is bullying! I’m going to tell the teacher and expose you!”
- “Hear, hear! No one had ever raised a hand against me!”
- “Come, let’s all go and look for the teacher together!”
- “Oh, the lot of you want to go and complain to the teacher? I think you’ve forgotten how Queenie ended up in prison. There are surveillance cameras along the corridor. Everything you said to me constitutes slander. Bullying, you

said? You're huge in numbers while I'm alone. Who do you think is the victim of bullying here?"

- "You're simply unreasonable!"
- The few girls were so livid that words eluded them.
- Besides, they were also fearful at the mention of Queenie.
- When Ysabelle came out and saw such a crowd, she immediately shoved them away and went over to Sophie.
- "What are the lot of you doing? Who wants to bully Soph? Over my dead body!"
- Sophie couldn't help giggling at her comical look.
- How could there possibly be such a cute girl in this world?
- "Ms. Lombard, do you know that it's against the law to be so adorable?"
- "Don't be afraid, Soph. With me here, no one will dare pick on you!"
- After saying that, Ysabelle took her arm and left under the few girls' resentful gazes.
- "Such is your sister, Willow."
- "Don't tell me we're to take the humiliation without being able to do anything?"
- "What can we do? Have you forgotten what happened to Queenie?"
- Queenie went to prison, and the Lane family didn't have it easy either.
- "Forget it! Don't provoke her anymore. She won't show any mercy even to me, her sister. No, that's not right. She has never regarded me as her sister in the first place."
- "You're really unlucky to have such a sister, Willow. Your life at the Tanner residence must be torture."
- "There's nothing to be done about it. It doesn't matter to me that she's treating me in such a manner since it'll pass with some toleration. Regretfully, she treats my parents the same way."
- "She's really an awful person!"
- After school in the afternoon, Aaron coerced Bailey and Sophie to the physics lab to conduct an experiment.
- Sophie mastered the experiments in no time, so he was exceedingly satisfied.
- "You're truly a rare physics genius, Sophie!" Aaron couldn't help lauding. Then, he asserted, "Trust me in this—under my guidance, the champion and first runner-up for the physics competition this time will definitely be ours!"
- Just when Sophie was conducting an experiment, her phone rang.
- "Bailey, take the call for Sophie. She doesn't have the time to do so now."
- "May I?" Bailey asked Sophie.
- In response, Sophie nodded.
- "Hello. May I know who's on the line?" Bailey pressed the answer call button.

## Chapter 74 Going Off The Deep End

- Thinking that he might have dialed the wrong number, Tristan put his phone down and glanced at it.
- It's Sophie's phone number all right. Then, who's the man who answered the phone? Is it the man this morning? So, she's been with him all this while?

- Something astringent welled within him. Verily, he was very much unfamiliar with such emotion.
- “Is Sophie there?” His voice was frightfully glacial as though dripping ice.
- “I’m sorry, but she’s currently occupied. I’ll have her phone you back when she’s free.”
- Bailey hung up right after saying that.
- Sophie was totally focused as she conducted the experiment, so she didn’t bother asking who exactly phoned her.
- Meanwhile, Tristan’s expression turned even darker.
- “Are you okay, Mr. Tristan?” Felix inquired cautiously.
- Why is he wearing such an expression? He has been on the brink of blowing his top the whole of today, and he’s even more terrifying now!
- Again, Tristan phoned Sophie.
- This time, it was Aaron who answered the call.
- “You’re already told that she’s busy. Can’t you understand that?”
- He loathed people calling when he was conducting experiments. This time, he turned the phone off right away.
- Tristan was dumbstruck.
- Noticing that the man was on the verge of going off the deep end, Felix didn’t even dare to breathe.
- Tristan’s expression was really intriguing since that was the first time someone dared to speak to him in such a manner.
- “Who was it, Mr. Tristan? I’ll go and end him!”
- Felix was truly afraid, for it was petrifying when the man lost his temper.
- “No, it’s okay.”
- Tristan’s voice was close to subzero temperature. Felix cast a glance at Sean, who sat across from him.
- On the contrary, Sean was calm and unruffled as though it had nothing to do with him. But then again, that made sense considering his occupation.
- “You guys enjoy yourselves. I’m leaving first.” Getting to his feet, Tristan snagged his suit jacket from the couch and draped it over his wrist before leaving.
- “Mr. Tristan...”
- Felix wanted to persuade him to stay, but he had already left.
- “It must be because of Sophie again! Truly, I’ve never seen him so affected because of anyone in the past. Say, does love really have so much power over someone?” Charles couldn’t help remarking.
- Finally, Sean lifted his head.
- “Who knows when love is subjective? All right, seeing that Mr. Tristan has left, I’m leaving as well since I’ve still got a case on my hands.”
- “You’re leaving as well?”
- It’s been really difficult for the four of us to gather recently!
- After Tristan got into the car, the driver turned and queried, “Where are we going now, Mr. Tristan?”
- He was exceedingly cautious when he asked that question, for the murderous aura emanating off the man was simply too intense.

- He's been like this since he saw Ms. Tanner getting into the SWAT car this morning, and now, it's even worse.
- "Jipsdale Premier High."
- When the driver drove over to Jipsdale Premier High, Tristan didn't alight from the car, merely sitting in there.
- He phoned Sophie again, but her phone was turned off.
- "Please excuse me while I take a puff, Mr. Tristan." Finding the atmosphere scary, the driver decided to make himself scarce.
- At that exact moment, Aaron stepped out of the gates of Jipsdale Premier High with Bailey and Sophie.
- "Let's continue after dinner! There's still another experiment today."
- "Mr. Elswick, there's still a long time before the physics competition. We really don't need to be in such a rush."
- "The physics competition this time is a national competition, Bailey! If your performance in the physics competition this time is outstanding, you can go to Jipsdale University directly. As such, we must work hard now!"
- "I also think that there's still much time left. Mr. Elswick, I've still got something else to do tonight, so I'll take a rain check on dinner."
- As soon as Sophie came out, she caught sight of Tristan's car.
- "You're supposed to have a self-study session today anyway. What else do you have to do?"
- "Would you please give me some freedom, Mr. Elswick? Don't worry. I won't embarrass you during the physics competition."
- "Fine, then. Go, go!"
- Thereafter, Sophie walked toward Tristan's car.
- "Let's go! I'll bring you to dinner. Sophie has taken off, so you can't do the same." Aaron dragged Bailey along.
- While being dragged away, Bailey peered over his shoulder, curious to know the identity of the person in the car.
- When Tristan saw Sophie heading over, he swung open the car door from the inside.
- Sophie got into the car.
- "Why are you here?"
- "No particular reason. What were you busy with today?"
- "Nothing! I just went to school as usual!"
- Tristan said nothing.
- "What's wrong with you, Mr. Tristan?" Sophie sensed something amiss with the atmosphere.
- "Nothing's wrong."
- Disappointment flooded Tristan that she was keeping secrets from him.
- I thought we could at least be honest with one another!
- "Where were you all planning to go originally?" he questioned.
- "Dinner. Mr. Elswick wanted to take us out for dinner."
- Us? Does that refer to her and the other guy?
- "I'll bring you out to dinner instead!"

- Tristan wound the car window down and instructed the driver to get back into the car.
- Willow had a stomachache, so she planned to go home to rest. Unexpectedly, she spotted Tristan's car.
- She was all too familiar with that car, for she recognized it as the car that often dropped Sophie off at school.
- That was the first time she beheld the man's face clearly.
- He was incredibly handsome and striking. In fact, if he were to join the entertainment industry, he would definitely shoot to stardom.
- Wanting to take a photo, she took out her phone. Alas, Tristan swung his gaze at her.
- She promptly stilled, not daring to move a muscle.
- Sophie saw Willow as well, upon which a smirk tugged at her lips.
- What rotten luck to always bump into her!
- "Step on it," Tristan ordered the driver in the front.
- Willow stood there with the phone raised in her hand, but she didn't dare press the capture button.
- This morning, a SWAT car came to pick her up. Then, Bailey was all attentive to her at school. And now, it's a man with an unknown identity. She's really good at seducing people!
- "I'll just wait and see how you ruin yourself, Sophie!"
- "That sister of yours seems rather dismal."
- That remark had Sophie stupefied.
- That doesn't seem to have anything to do with me!
- "Why is your phone turned off?" Ultimately, Tristan couldn't resist voicing that question.
- Sophie took out her phone and turned it on straight away.
- "I don't know. I didn't notice that."
- Tristan had no response to that.
- The car drove to Blossom Garden.
- Sophie had heard of it in the past, but she hadn't had the opportunity to visit it.
- The owner of Blossom Garden was a lovely middle-aged woman. As soon as she saw that Tristan brought a guest, she came over to serve them personally.
- "You haven't been here in a while, Mr. Tristan. Are you taking your usual room?"
- "Yeah."
- The proprietress, Blossom, personally led Tristan and Sophie to a private room with a retro feel.
- From the window there, one could see the pavilions in the courtyard. It was a stunning sight.
- "I don't think I've seen you before, miss. May I be so bold as to ask for your name?"
- "Sophie Tanner."
- "Go and make the preparations, Ms. Blossom. Just get us the usual dishes."
- Tristan brought Sophie there so that he could be with her alone for a while.
- At that, Blossom flashed him a charming smile.

- “You’re finding me the third wheel here, aren’t you, Mr. Tristan? Fine, fine, I’ll leave then.”
- With that, only Tristan and Sophie were left in the private room.
- Sophie took out her phone, for Danny sent her a WhatsApp message.
- Since we stepped into the private room, she’s been on her phone. Am I not even as captivating as a phone?
- When Sophie lifted her head, she saw Tristan staring at her intensely.
- “What’s the matter? Do you have something to say to me, Mr. Tristan?”
- She couldn’t shake off the feeling that he seemed a tad hesitant whenever he looked at her that day.

## Chapter 75 Too Brutal

- “No.” Tristan said nothing at all.
- I’m no one to her, so what right do I have to ask so much of her? Whoever she wants to be with is definitely her freedom!
- Truth be told, he actually understood all that. However, at the thought that Sophie might not belong to him, he would grow terribly frustrated, even if that possibility was negligible.
- “Oh, okay.”
- In the courtyard outside, a group of teenage girls was dancing in classical attire.
- Every single move exuded grace.
- They snagged Sophie’s attention, so she didn’t bother trying to speculate what exactly was wrong with Tristan.
- Sigh!
- At that, Tristan couldn’t help sighing.
- There’s still a long way to go before I win her over. Never had I imagined that such a day would come for me!
- When the dance ended, a young maiden in white and wearing a veil came out to play the harp.
- Right then, Blossom came with a few other servers and served the food.
- “Enjoy the food, Mr. Tristan, Ms. Tanner. Just call me if you need anything else.”
- “Sure!”
- Tristan picked up the bottle of sherry on the table.
- “This bottle is really unique!”
- The bottle was similar to those in historical movies on television, but it was even more exquisite.
- “Yeah.”
- Tristan opened the bottle of sherry and poured some for Sophie as well.
- “Try some. The most famous item here in Blossom Garden is its sherry.”
- “Are you trying to get me drunk, Mr. Tristan? What do you want to do?”
- Sophie arched an eyebrow, her eyes stunning beyond words.
- “I want to do everything, but I can’t do anything.”
- She was young, so he wouldn’t do anything to her no matter how fevered he was.
- “I was just joking.”

- Sophie liked that place a lot. She picked up the crystal glass and took a sip.
- Sure enough, the taste was superb. It was incredibly mellow, a different taste compared to red wine.
- In a single gulp, she downed the sherry in the crystal glass.
- “Can I have more?”
- Without commenting, Tristan poured her some more sherry.
- “Sophie, it’s not appropriate for a girl to drink in front of men. You must learn to protect yourself. In the future, don’t drink with other men.”
- “Okay. I’ll drink with you in the future!” Sophie deliberately declared with a smile.
- Tristan didn’t mind though he was aware that she was intentionally teasing him.
- “Don’t just drink. The food at Blossom Garden is also top-notch.”
- He took some vegetables for her.
- “Go ahead and eat. You don’t need to worry about me.” Actually, Sophie wasn’t all that hungry. But she really liked the sherry.
- I wonder if Ms. Blossom will be willing to sell me a few bottles.
- “Mr. Tristan, how’s your relationship with Ms. Blossom?”
- “What relationship?” Tristan frowned, for he didn’t want her to misunderstand.
- However, it turned out that he was the one who misinterpreted her remark.
- “It’s just that I’m pretty fond of the sherry here. Please have Ms. Blossom sell me a few bottles.”
- At once, Tristan was stumped.
- “Blossom Garden doesn’t sell its sherry. Whoever wants to drink it can only come here.”
- Even if the president himself came, the same principle applied.
- “Even you can’t get it, huh?” Disappointment showed on Sophie’s face.
- At the sight of her crestfallen expression, distress inundated Tristan.
- “It’s okay. I’m in Jipsdale now anyway, so I can come whenever I like!”
- Subsequently, Sophie poured herself another glass of sherry.
- “What an alcoholic!”
- Tristan didn’t expect her alcohol tolerance to be so high that she seemed fine even after drinking a few glasses.
- “Don’t drink so much. It kicks in very strongly. Once, Felix got drunk at Blossom Garden.”
- “Okay.”
- Having drunk quite a bit, Sophie went over to the window to watch the performance outside.
- Unexpectedly, she saw Juan with Letitia.
- This time, it was only the two of them.
- Well, he recovers pretty quickly.
- Juan went into the adjacent private room with Letitia.
- “What’s wrong?”
- “Everything’s fine. I just spotted someone I know. Wait for me here for a while.”
- Sophie stood up. Back then, I didn’t get to settle the score with Letitia because I bumped into him and the others.
- Meanwhile, Juan had just taken his seat when Letitia snuggled up to him.

- “Mr. Quigley, didn’t you say that I could act in Mr. Quelch’s new movie? The filming is about to start. When are you going to make the arrangements?”
- As she spoke, her hands weren’t idle either, roaming about his chest.
- “If you serve me well, I’ll have you take the female lead directly and give you the role.”
- Letitia had quite the looks. Otherwise, he would have gotten sick of her after fooling around with her for a month.
- However, after seeing Sophie at Nocturnal, he felt that she was too vulgar.
- When Sophie opened the door, she was greeted by the sight of them in a scandalous posture.
- “Who the hell dares to disrupt me?”
- The instant Juan lifted his head, he saw Sophie eyeing him with a half-smile.
- That expression of hers had Juan stiffening immediately.
- “I’m sorry, Ms. Tanner. I didn’t know that it was you.”
- He was so stricken that his face had gone pale.
- Letitia, on the other hand, quickly straightened her clothes when she saw Sophie entering the room.
- “Please step out for a moment, Mr. Quigley.” Sophie was exceedingly courteous.
- “Sure! I’ll leave right away!”
- Juan was truly terrified, for her methods were too brutal.
- Wanting to leave as well, Letitia got to her feet. Alas, Sophie blocked her path.
- “You’re a media student, right, Ms. Gatrell?”
- “What do you want?” Letitia tried her best to appear brave.
- This is a society governed by law, so she won’t dare to do anything to me.
- “Do you still remember the brand Transfix Cosmetics? I’m sure you haven’t forgotten about it.”
- Letitia went silent for a moment.
- So, she’s someone from Tanner Group.
- “Who are you? And what exactly do you want? Ms. Tanner, I don’t care who you are, but it’s a fact that I was almost disfigured because of Transfix Cosmetics’ makeup!”
- Striding up to her, Sophie grasped her chin and turned her face this way and that.
- “Your face looks perfectly fine to me! Ms. Gatrell, you’re really gutsy to frame Tanner Group!”
- “How dare—”
- Letitia wanted to argue further, but she couldn’t utter a single word under Sophie’s gaze.
- “I came to seek you out today to give you a final chance. You’d best clarify the matter personally. Otherwise, you’ll know the consequences.”
- Fear struck Letitia.
- Sophie then spun around to leave.
- “Don’t try to play tricks with me. Otherwise, I’ll make it so that you can never make a living in the entertainment industry!”
- Nowadays, all girls who had some beauty wanted to join the entertainment industry.

- “Damn it!”
- Back then, it was because Letitia saw that Tanner Group was on a downhill decline that she dared to utilize Transfix Cosmetics.
- She played the victim, but she also gained much popularity from that.
- Never had she imagined that present situation.
- If I admit that I framed Transfix Cosmetics, I won’t be able to stay in the entertainment industry anymore!
- When Sophie returned to the private room where Tristan was, she was greeted by the sight of him smoking by the window.
- “Give me a cigarette as well!”
- Hearing that, Tristan promptly tossed his cigarette into the trash can.
- Sophie was dumbfounded.
- “I’m not smoking anymore, so you shouldn’t smoke either.” Tristan felt that he needed to lead by example in front of her.
- “Do you think Letitia will listen to you?”
- She’s pretty good at kicking up a fuss.
- “It doesn’t matter if she doesn’t.” Sophie smiled nonchalantly.
- “Whatever floats your boat.”
- Tristan didn’t bother speaking further.
- Sure enough, Letitia sought out a journalist the next day and revealed the despicable act of a heinous capitalist threatening her, an inconsequential character with no one backing her up.
- As soon as that news came out, many verified accounts on Twitter started hyping it up.
- In the blink of an eye, Transfix Cosmetics and Tanner Group became the talk of the town.

## Chapter 76 Heartless

- The matter kept on brewing. The majority of the people had animosity toward the rich and empathized with the weak.
- Especially Letitia’s last words. She hoped everyone would remember that if anything happened to her, it was for the cause of justice.
- Someone posted: *How pitiful! Letitia thought she could make a career in the entertainment industry after enrolling at the University of Communication. I bet she never thought things would turn out this way.*
- A netizen wrote: *Yeah, how cruel of the Tanner Group! Transfix Cosmetics had nearly destroyed the face of a girl who depended on it to put food on her table. She was merely revealing the truth. How could they be so ruthless?*
- One comment wrote: *You don’t know then. How can a girl survive in the entertainment industry without any backup?*
- Another netizen posted: *I’ll boycott Transfix Cosmetics and all the other brands under the Tanner Group.*
- Someone else wrote: *That’s right. I agree to boycott.*
- Another netizen commented: *Please release a statement, Tanner Group.*
- Suddenly, a wave to boycott Tanner Group swept the internet.

- Willow was thrilled at the news.
- *Didn't Sophie think highly of herself? Let's see how capable she is this time around.*
- Sophie had just come out of class when she saw Willow waiting for her.
- "I don't want to waste my time on her, but why does she keep showing up in front of me?"
- "That's because you're too pretty, Soph. That makes you a target of others' jealousy."
- "Is there something to be happy about, Sophie? With you causing so much damage to the Tanner Group, do you think Grandpa will still take your side?"
- "Ignore her, Soph."
- "What's wrong? Wasn't that the truth?"
- At that moment, Sophie's phone rang.
- "What's the matter, Grandpa? All right, got it. I'll come over in the afternoon."
- Willow's heart leaped up in joy at Sophie's words.
- "Let's see how long you can stay happy."
- *I'm sure the reason Grandpa summoned her is related to today's incident. He cares about the name and image of Tanner Group the most. Sophie is a goner this time.*
- "Why is she acting all arrogant, Soph? She's not as pretty, her body is not as curvy, and even her brain isn't as smart as you."
- "You—"
- Willow was so furious that she couldn't come up with a retort.
- "Laugh on! We'll see how long you can laugh."
- Willow whirled around and left.
- *I don't have to do anything but watch. Sophie has to leave Tanner Group no matter the cost. Tanner Group is mine! There's no way she can take anything from me.*
- "Soph, are you all right? Should I ask for Felix's help? He's close to the media."
- "I'm fine. Let Letitia continue her act."
- *It's better if this matter escalates even further.*
- "All right, I trust you. No matter what our Sophie does, she'll do it well."
- Meanwhile, Felix was in Tristan's office.
- "Mr. Tristan, are you sure you don't need me to interfere?" *I don't understand what Mr. Tristan is thinking. Doesn't he care about Sophie a lot? Why is he acting this way now?*
- "She can handle it."
- "Fine." *What else can I do when Mr. Tristan is as cool as a cucumber?*
- After classes let out, Willow was waiting to go back with Sophie.
- Once Sophie came out and saw Willow talking to the driver, she didn't want to spare another glance at her and turned to leave in another direction.
- "What are you doing, Sophie? Grandpa asked me to take you back. Why are you running away?"
- *Now you're scared? Don't have the guts to face your family members?*
- "Can't I not go with you?"

- Sophie hailed a taxi, got in, and gave the driver the address without giving Willow any time to react.
- “Dang!”
- Anger coursed through Willow. *Why is she so arrogant?*
- “Let’s go, Ms. Tanner. We’ll miss the show if we’re late,” the driver reminded Willow.
- “That’s right! There’s a good show today for sure. How can I miss it?”
- Back at the Tanner residence, Yale was complaining to Josiah about Sophie.
- “Dad, look at this. Look at the mess Sophie has caused. The Tanner Group’s share is still dropping.” Yale paced around the living room agitatedly.
- “That’s right. Sophie is still a child. We can’t let her risk the Tanner Group like this.”
- “Dad, I know I didn’t manage Tanner Group well the past few years, but at least nothing as bad as this happened while I was in charge.”
- “Are you done talking? The reason Sophie did what she did was for the Tanner Group. Silence, all of you!”
- “Dad, I’m your son!” *Am I that untrustworthy?*
- Sophie heard Yale badmouthing her the minute she stepped into the Tanner residence.
- “I’m back, Grandpa.”
- Sophie set her bag down on the couch.
- Yale could feel his anger grow the moment she appeared.
- “What the heck are you doing, Sophie? I know you’re still mad at us for abandoning you at Horington, but you can’t destroy the Tanner Group like this!”
- Yale was shouting so loudly that Sophie could hear ringing in her ears. She picked at her ear, trying to relieve the ringing.
- “You’re too loud,” Sophie said nonchalantly.
- “You—” Anger coursed through Yale at her impassiveness. “Do you hate the Tanner family so much?”
- “Shut up, Yale!”
- Ever since Sophie came in, he could only hear Yale’s voice.
- Yale sat down with a huff, the glare he gave Sophie was enough to kill her a thousand times over.
- Willow had come back at that time too. When she felt the tense atmosphere in the room, she smiled inside.
- “Grandpa, Dad, Mom, I’m back.”
- “Go upstairs. This matter doesn’t concern you.”
- Charmaine didn’t want Willow to hear anything about the matter and only wanted Willow to focus on her studies, so she could get into a good university and make a career out of art.
- “Okay.”
- Willow obeyed obediently and went upstairs.
- However, the minute she was out of sight, she immediately hid in the back and stealthily eavesdropped on the conversation downstairs. *How can I let such a good opportunity go? I’m happy to listen to anyone criticizing Sophie.*

- “Sophie, no matter what you do, I believe you.” *Since I’ve already transferred the twenty percent of shares to her, she has the right to make all the decisions.*
- “Thank you, Grandpa.”
- *Grandpa has always trusted me wholeheartedly. No matter how ridiculous the things I did are in other’s eyes, Grandpa would still support me.* His complete trust moved her.
- “Dad, how can you still be like this at this point in time? The Tanner Group is your blood, sweat, and tears. Can you bear to watch it fall into ruins?”
- Yale was simmering with anger at Josiah’s attitude.
- “I see that you’ve gone truly senile.”
- “Are you done?” Sophie asked in a chilling tone. “Don’t worry, Grandpa. I know what I’m saying.”
- “It’s good as long as you understand what you’re doing. Stay for lunch.” The reason he summoned her was so that he could have lunch with the whole family.
- He had always wanted to bridge the distance between the family members. However, no matter how much effort he put in, the others didn’t take it to heart. He felt helpless at his failed attempts.
- “It’s okay, Grandpa. I still have other things to do.”
- “Sophie, I’m warning you. Don’t do anything that’ll harm Tanner Group’s benefit. Otherwise, don’t blame me when I turn against you.”
- *I don’t care who is it. I will not show mercy to the person that brings me loss, even if that person is my daughter. I’ll treat her all the same.*

## Chapter 77 Ruthless

- Willow, who’d been eavesdropping, was dissatisfied. *Is Grandpa going to take her side no matter how big of a mess Sophie caused? It looks like age is getting to him, that’s why he starts acting soft.*
- “Dad, are you going to watch Tanner Group fall into ruins?”
- Yale was still unwilling to accept the fact that Josiah was taking Sophie’s side.
- “I have no choice even if it does fall into ruins. Didn’t I give you a chance too? Tanner Group turned out to be in its current state under your leadership. What do you have to say for yourself? Now, I’ve given that chance to Sophie. No matter what decision she makes, I’ll support her. No matter what the outcome is, I’ll accept it.”
- Josiah didn’t want to say anything anymore, so he turned around and went upstairs.
- “What should we do now? The company’s stocks were down by tens of millions within several hours. On the bright side, I presume not even a single shareholder is on Sophie’s side now.”
- “Right, no one is going to want to take her side with the present situation. The final victory belongs to me. Dad wants her to inherit the Tanner Group, right? How is that even possible?”
- *I will never let that happen.*
- “Yale, no matter what, she’s your daughter. I hope you don’t cross the line.”

- “Humph, women have no rationale. You treated her like your daughter, but did she ever treat you as her mother? Has she even shown us any kindness ever since she returned?”
- “I only hope you can let her live.”
- *She’s my flesh and blood, regardless. How can I not care for her?*
- “That depends on her performance. I won’t be heartless if she doesn’t get in my way.”
- Sophie didn’t go to school in the evening. Instead, she went to Transfix Cosmetics’ Development Department.
- Sophie asked the receptionist, “Is the person in charge around?”
- “May I know who you are? Why are you here instead of school at this hour?” the receptionist asked impassively.
- The receptionist merely wanted to send the young girl away when she saw it was just a normal high schooler.
- “I request an audience with your general manager. Can you have her come down to meet me?”
- “Please don’t cause trouble here. If you refuse to comply, I’ll have to ask the security to escort you out of the premise.”
- *We don’t even get our pay on time these days. Wasting our time here slacking off feels terrible.*
- “Perhaps it’s best I resign from my post. What do you think we’re still doing here? Now that Transfix Cosmetics’ sales are at an all-time low, no, scratch that, I should say zero sales. If this goes on, we’d lose our job sooner or later, might as well we leave now and search for new jobs!”
- “Yeah. I even heard that the Tanner Group had handed us over to a high schooler. Say, do you think a high schooler can manage the company well? Aren’t we going to end if this goes on?”
- “I request an audience with your general manager. Are all of you deaf? Also, I’m the high schooler you’re talking about. If you’re staying, do your job, otherwise, you can choose to leave now.”
- *Oh my gosh! Did my boss actually hear me gossip about her?*
- “Ms. Tanner, right? I’ll bring you up right away. The general manager is currently having a meeting.”
- Sophie followed one of the receptionists into the elevator and ignored the rest.
- “Ms. Lineker, we really can’t come up with an idea. We didn’t manage to sell even a piece of cosmetics since the incident. The entire nation is boycotting us due to Ms. Sophie. Yet, you’re asking me to think of a solution for that? That’s impossible.”
- “Yeah. We all know now how crazy netizens can get. The products they boycott won’t be able to survive. If this goes on, we’ll lose our job.”
- “I’m sorry we can’t be colleagues anymore. I’ve decided to switch jobs. I hope we’ll meet again somewhere.”
- “You—” The general manager of Transfix Cosmetics, Wilma Lineker, didn’t think her colleague would turn in their resignation.
- At that time, Sophie, who had been listening in by the door, gently knocked on the door and attracted the attention of everyone in the meeting room.

- “Excuse me.”
- “There’s no hope for Transfix Cosmetics with the current management allowing just anyone to enter the conference room. If this goes on, you won’t have any prospects. Does anyone else want to leave with me?” The woman who resigned wanted to bring a team with her.
- “Ms. Summers, I’m leaving with you.”
- “I’m going with you too.”
- “You’re crossing the line here, Rachel! It’s fine if you’re leaving, but now you’re planning to take my people with you? Do you have no regard for me?”
- Transfix Cosmetics was Wilma’s blood, sweat, and tears. She had worked for Tanner Group since she was a fresh graduate. She was the one who set up Transfix Cosmetics.
- “I guarantee your new salary will be twice your current one if you come with me. It’s fine if you’re unwilling, we’ll still be friends.”
- Rachel got up and left.
- The few girls that piped up earlier also got up and left.
- “Is there anyone else leaving? Anyone who doesn’t feel anything for Transfix Cosmetics may leave now.”
- Sophie searched for a seat and sat down. The reason she was there that day was to make some reorganizations. She never thought she would see such an incident.
- “You are…”
- Wilma had never seen Sophie before, so she didn’t recognize her.
- “I’m Sophie Tanner. From today onwards, I’ll be in charge of Transfix Cosmetics.”
- “My words earlier still stand. Anyone who wants to leave may leave now. I won’t force anyone to stay.”
- “Ms. Sophie, you—” Wilma knew once an employee has a change of heart, it would be pointless if they continued to stay. However, they couldn’t afford to lose more manpower.
- “Wilma, is it?”
- With one glance from Sophie, Wilma immediately stopped talking.
- “Are you willing to stay?” Sophie asked.
- “Of course, I’m willing to stay. Transfix Cosmetics is my blood, sweat, and tears. I won’t give up on it no matter what.”
- “Yeah. We’ll follow Ms. Lineker no matter what happens.”
- The ones that stayed were Wilma’s trusted subordinates.
- “Very well. I know all of you have doubts about me. The attack on Transfix Cosmetics is scary, but please believe me. I have full control of the situation.”
- “Are you sure it’s okay, Ms. Sophie? The rumors are getting worse. The whole internet is boycotting Transfix Cosmetics. Even if we have a new product, we can’t launch it, and even if we do launch it, no one will buy it.”
- “You have a new product now?” Sophie turned to Wilma.
- Wilma immediately handed over a proposal to Sophie.
- *It doesn’t matter whether I’m agreeable to being under her management. Since Sophie is now the person in charge, I’ll do what I’m supposed to.*
- Sophie quickly looked through the entire proposal.

- “I have three conditions for your current proposal.”
- “Firstly, the new product’s quality has to pass the quality control. The details...”
- “Secondly, we’ll hold a press conference for the launch a week later. It will be at...”
- “Thirdly, I want to be in charge our brand ambassador.”

## Chapter 78 Blushing

- Wilma didn’t harbor any hope for Sophie, but after the former heard the latter’s analysis and requests regarding the case, the former got a tad excited.
- It had been a long time since Wilma felt that kind of intense excitement. *Under Sophie’s lead, Transfix Cosmetics will no doubt return to its former glory! In fact, it may even surpass its previous achievements and become better than before!*
- “All right, Ms. Sophie.” After a long pause, Wilma found her voice again because she was just that emotional.
- Everyone stared at Sophie in shock.
- They couldn’t believe she was just a normal high-schooler because her thought processes were so many times more advanced than the students from prestigious universities like themselves.
- When Sophie finished, she was slouching on the chair, staring at them. Even though she was exuding a languid vibe, they were all blushing as they stared at her.
- “Do you all have any other questions? If there aren’t any other problems, I’ll let Ms. Lineker handle the company matters. As for the comments on the internet, I’ll take care of it. There’s no need for you all to worry about it.” Seeing how everyone was staring at her, Sophie reassured them.
- “I don’t have much issue with most of what you said except for your third point. With how Transfix Cosmetics is right now, there’s basically no one who’ll be willing to become the ambassador for the company, Ms. Sophie.”
- “That’s right. We’ve already contacted a few celebrities, but they’d all rejected our requests.”
- “In the past, they were the ones who came to us when they were desperate. Now that we ask them for help, they wouldn’t let us in at all. It’s outrageous.”
- “That’s right! The situation in Transfix Cosmetics is really tough right now, Ms. Sophie!”
- Sophie straightened her back and informed, “I’ll take care of it. I want all eyes on our new marketing campaign this round.”
- After she finished her sentence, she left.
- Wilma personally sent her out. “You don’t have a driver’s license yet, right, Ms. Sophie? I’ll drive you to your destination.”
- “I know you’ve been doing your best in Transfix Cosmetics, Ms. Lineker. Once you take care of the company’s issue properly, I hope you’ll be willing to help me manage it.”
- “Don’t worry about it, Ms. Sophie! I’ve poured my blood and sweat into the company, so I’ll definitely make sure to take good care of it!”

- All those years, It wasn't that no one had tried to poach her.
- It was just that she didn't want to leave because that was where her dream started.
- She spent an enormous amount of time and effort to push Transfix Cosmetics to its current position. Therefore, there was no way she would give up and leave. "Don't worry! I won't let you down! I have faith in you, Ms. Sophie. I trust that you can take the company to even greater heights.
- Sophie slept until noon on Sunday.
- It wasn't until she accepted Ysabelle's invitation for lunch that she got up and washed up.
- "Are you all right, Soph? You really shouldn't pay any attention to those nasty comments," Ysabelle advised. *Even though Soph isn't saying anything, it still makes me worry about her.*
- "I'm fine! Relax. I'll let Letitia parade around for a few more days." Sophie was going to give Letitia more chances to show off her acting skills.
- After she almost finished lunch, she suddenly felt her stomach cramping. "I need to go to the restroom."
- "Do you need me to accompany you?" Ysabelle asked.
- "No need! You should just eat."
- Sophie spent some time in the restroom before she felt better. *Hmm, if I'm not wrong, my menstruation period should be around the corner. I need to go get some pads later...*
- When she opened the door, she saw Letitia smiling at her smugly.
- Sophie ignored her and washed her hands at the washbasin.
- "If you apologize to me now, I'll consider letting Transfix Cosmetics go!" Letitia negotiated.
- Sophie didn't want to talk to her. *She's so incredibly greedy. Even now, she's still trying to extort more money.*
- When she went out, Letitia followed behind her and abruptly said, "I'm at my wit's end now, Ms. Tanner! I beg you, please show me mercy! Yes, I know I shouldn't have told the truth, but now, every night, I can't sleep! Please, let me go! I'm just an ordinary civilian. I'm no match for Tanner Group!"
- From the moment she started speaking, Sophie knew what she was doing. *If my guess is correct, there's probably a recording device on her body. What a cheap tactic this is.*
- "Ah! Ms. Tanner! Why did you hit me?" Letitia uttered as she gave herself a slap.
- Sophie stayed silent and watched her continue to put on a show.
- Despite being glared at intently, Letitia stubbornly continued to act out her script.
- "Have you had enough fun, Ms. Gatrell? I don't think it's possible for you to make it big in the entertainment industry with your poor acting," Sophie dissed.
- "You—" Letitia pulled out her recording device and pressed stop. "You need not worry about how I'll fare in the future, Ms. Tanner. Although, with your current reputation on the internet, what do you think will happen if the netizens heard this recording?"

- “Let me ask you something, Ms. Gatrell. Are the cosmetics sold by Transfix Cosmetics really defective? Or is it just something you made up to get attention?”
- When Letitia saw the confused look on Sophie’s face, she grinned smugly.
- “I bet you’re really regretting taking over Transfix Cosmetics now, Ms. Tanner! Say, you’re just a high-schooler. Why are you doing this instead of studying? I kind of pity you, so I’ll tell you this. That’s right, there’s absolutely nothing wrong with Transfix Cosmetics’ products at all! I tampered with them. But who’s going to believe you? Even if you tell everyone what I said, still no one will believe you, because everyone only trusts me now. I’m the victim here, you see. Nonetheless, if you compensate me right now, I’ll consider letting the company off. Say, how much are you all willing to pay this time?” The last time she did that, she got five million as compensation.
- Although, she had already spent all of it.
- She wanted to become a famous actress, and she was convinced the reason she hadn’t become a star yet, despite her *outstanding* acting skills, was because she didn’t have any backup behind her.
- *If only I have someone to back me up, nobody could be my match!*
- “So you’re doing all of this for money? Do you think the netizens who are on your sides are all idiots, Ms. Gatrell?” Sophie questioned further.
- “That’s right, they’re all idiots. I just need to squeeze out a few drops of tears and they’ll think I’m the poor victim. Isn’t what’s happening now the best evidence for that? Tanner Group’s stock is plummeting, isn’t it? If you want this to stop, the only way you can do so is by compensating me. That’s the sole solution to your problem. You have one day to think about it. If you give me thirty million, I’ll pretend what happened today never occurred and let this story slide from the public consciousness. Otherwise, I’ll destroy Transfix Cosmetics and Tanner Group completely!” Letitia then left while waving the recording device in her hand.
- She was certain no one in Tanner Group would dare to lay a finger on her, and that if anything happened to her, people would think Tanner Group was responsible.
- Sophie glanced at the surveillance cameras in the corridor. *Well, this is certainly an unexpected gain when I’m just here to have a meal.*

## Chapter 79 Accompany Me

- Sophie returned to the restaurant and turned on the laptop in the establishment.
- “What’s wrong? What are you doing?” Ysabelle asked curiously.
- “It’s nothing. I just received an urgent email that I need to reply to. Wait for me for a moment.” The laptop was much slower than hers as it took almost a minute to boot.
- She swiftly typed a string of code on the keyboard before she found the surveillance footage of the corridor. *Seems like the footage captured was in HD vision. It even has audio recording, too.*

- After downloading the footage, she sent it to her email and wiped off any trace of her using the laptop.
- Once their meal was over, Sophie and Ysabelle went shopping in Monarch Mall.
- Ysabelle was trying out clothes inside when Wilma called.
- “Ms. Sophie, we arrived at the same time Rachel and the others did. However, they chose Rachel.” Wilma sounded sad. “No need to worry, though. I’ll continue to work hard. I’ll definitely find a suitable ambassador!”
- “I know, don’t worry. I’ve already found a suitable candidate to be our brand ambassador,” Sophie replied.
- “What? You already found one? Who is it?” It wasn’t that Wilma didn’t believe Sophie, it was just that no one else was willing to be their ambassador so far.
- “Cecelia Lance.”
- “Who?”
- “Cecelia Lance.”
- “I didn’t hear that wrong, right, Ms. Sophie? Cecelia is the newly crowned queen of movies! Her future is very promising! Will she really agree?” Wilma and her team had been looking for newbies to be their ambassador and even they had refused.
- It was why she doubted Cecelia would agree.
- “She’ll agree. Just take care of the matters I told you to handle,” Sophie assured.
- “Okay.” Even though Wilma was still doubtful, she knew Sophie’s temperament, so she didn’t dare to ask any more questions.
- Rachel still didn’t want to leave after exiting Lorelei’s house because she was waiting to laugh at Wilma. *I’ve been overshadowed by her for a long time in Transfix Cosmetics. It’s finally my turn to shine.*
- “No need to feel that bad, Wilma! It’s actually good that you didn’t manage to invite Lorelei to become your spokesperson. Nowadays, no one is using Transfix Cosmetics’ products. You can’t even pay your employees their wages, much less spend an enormous amount of money hiring someone as famous as Lorelei!” Rachel mocked.
- “That’s right! Transfix Cosmetics is over! I think you lot should quickly find a new job! If you can’t work in the same industry anymore, I suggest washing dishes at a hotel!” one of Rachel’s companions mocked.
- Wilma’s face darkened. *D\*mn you, Rachel!*
- “Look at you, Rachel, acting all smug. You made your choice, and we’re fine with that. There’s no need to kick us when we’re down. Besides, it’s not over and the winner has yet to emerge!” she retorted.
- Rachel sneered, “You’re as stubborn as a mule, Wilma. Even at its best, Transfix Cosmetics couldn’t win against Dream. Now that your company has fallen to its current state, there’s no way it’ll even catch up to Dream now!”
- “That’s right! It’s all thanks to Ms. Summers that we have an opportunity to be part of Dream!”
- “Give up, Wilma! You’ll never make a comeback!”
- “Thanks for your concern.” Wilma opted to ignore them. *I’ll never give up until the end!*

- “Have any of you invited a director to shoot the advertisement?” Wilma asked as she left with her team.
- “Tomorrow’s the shooting day, but we don’t have an ambassador or a director! What do we do, Ms. Lineker?”
- “Yeah!”
- “Dream is deliberately launching a new product on the same day as us! Why do they have to do it on the same day...”
- “They’re clearly bullying us!”
- “All right, that’s enough. It’s pointless talking about that. Right now, we just need to focus on our tasks. I believe Transfix Cosmetics will make a comeback.” Wilma attempted to boost their morale. *No matter what happens, I need to keep their spirits up.*
- “Yeah! With Ms. Lineker around, Transfix Cosmetics won’t fall!”
- That night, at Cecelia’s mansion.
- Cecelia actually returned to the country in secret. No one knew she was already back at that moment.
- When she saw the languid young woman sitting on the couch playing games, she spoke resignedly. “You’re doing this on purpose, aren’t you, Sophie? I just returned to the country, you know? Can’t you at least spare me a glance?”
- *Is this how you’re supposed to treat the youngest person crowned the queen of movies?*
- Sophie finally raised her head and shifted her line of sight from her phone to Cecelia. “I’m here to ask you to cast in an advertisement for Transfix Cosmetics.”
- “I don’t want to.” Cecelia pouted. *I refused to be ordered around! I’m not going to star in an advertisement just because you said so!*
- “Be good, okay?” Sophie coaxed.
- “Hmph! You didn’t contact me for a long time, and the moment I come back, you want me to star in an advertisement for your sake. Am I all that’s left to you?”
- “You should be glad that you’re useful to me at all.” Sophie didn’t mince her word.
- “You!” Cecelia pouted again.
- “Don’t tell anyone you’re going to be involved in Transfix Cosmetics’ advertisement yet.”
- “What do you mean? Sophie, do you know how popular I am? I’m the queen of movies now, you know. All the advertisements I starred in will basically lead to the products selling out!” Cecelia was confident in herself.
- “Be good, okay?” Sophie furrowed her eyebrows.
- “Don’t you forget that I’m two years older than you, Sophie.” Cecelia was displeased with Sophie’s attitude.
- Sometimes, the aura a person exuded had nothing to do with their age.
- “Keep me company tonight, will you?” Cecelia stared at Sophie pitifully.
- “I have things to do,” Sophie rejected.
- “I’m warning you, Sophie. If you don’t go to bed with me tonight, I won’t star in your advertisement.”

- “Go to bed with you? Do you think you’re still in a movie, Ms. Lance?” Sophie narrowed her eyes slightly. *Even if we are to go to bed together, I should be the one making that demand!*
- Still, she originally had no intention of leaving, since they hadn’t met each other for a long time.
- “This Lorelei, she’s...” Cecelia was utterly speechless. “So what if she got to star in Dream’s advertisement? The reason she got it in the first place is that I rejected it.”
- She swiped open Twitter and saw the trending topic about Lorelei’s collaboration with Dream.
- “Why do you care about her? You should go and sleep now. You have an advertisement to shoot tomorrow.”
- “I want to accompany you a little longer. It’s been a while since we last met.” Cecelia didn’t want to sleep yet.
- “Go to sleep so tomorrow’s advertisement won’t suck.”
- “Fine! Then will you be accompanying me to the shoot?”
- Even the location of the shoot for Transfix Cosmetics and Dream was held at the same venue.
- Since Cecelia promised Sophie she would keep the job a secret, she arrived at the venue in secret.
- When Wilma saw Cecelia in the dressing room, her jaw almost dropped.
- “She’s Ms. Lineker from Transfix Cosmetics,” Cecelia’s assistant introduced.
- Cecelia stood and stretched her hand out. “Hello. I’m Cecelia Lance, Sophie’s best friend.”
- “Do you understand Transfix Cosmetics’ current situation, Ms. Lance?” Even though Cecelia was very popular, she had been staying overseas for a long while. It was why Wilma was worried if Cecelia knew what was really going on in the country.
- “What do you mean? Do you think I’m not good enough to shoot for Transfix Cosmetics?” Cecelia furrowed her eyebrows.
- Wilma shook her head immediately. “That’s not what I meant.”
- “That’s all I need to hear. In any case, you may not trust Sophie enough, but I do.”

## Chapter 80 Feels Like Elopement

- Cecelia was able to understand what she needed to do swiftly, as expected from the newly crowned queen of movies.
- It only took two hours in the morning and the advertisement was half done.
- “Cecelia is really beautiful! I never thought our products are that classy before, but when it’s applied on Cecelia, I don’t think it’s inferior to the major brands from overseas at all!”
- “That’s right! Ms. Sophie is incredible! With so many famous directors in the country waiting to work with Cecelia, I couldn’t believe Ms. Sophie could talk her into working with us!”
- “Totally! Ms. Sophie is amazing!” Even Wilma couldn’t help but praise Sophie.

- She had understood many things in the industry after working there for years. *When you're at the top, people will come and butter you up. However, when you get unlucky and fall from grace, those same people will kick you when you're down. Even though our company's reputation has fallen off a cliff, Cecelia probably agreed to take on the job because of Ms. Sophie!*
- "How are things going?" Sophie asked.
- She arrived there by taxi after school ended at one in the afternoon.
- Upon hearing her voice, Wilma turned around and saw her lazy eyes. "You're here, Ms. Sophie! The filming is going smoothly. Ms. Lance is incredible!"
- "That she is." The edge of Sophie's lips curved upward a little. *Otherwise, I wouldn't have asked her to help me out.* "She's worthy of Transfix Cosmetics."
- "Why are you only here now, Sophie?" When Cecelia saw Sophie, the former immediately rushed over to the latter's side. She didn't at all look like the queen of movies when she did that.
- "You should be glad I was able to come at all," Sophie replied. *Don't you know how busy I am?*
- "Stop being such a bully." Even though Cecelia appeared cold and elegant in front of outsiders, she would pout like a child in front of Sophie.
- "Do you think your fans will still love you if they see you like this?"
- "My fans aren't this shallow! What they love is the beauty within me."
- "I bought some food you love. Go and eat them now! We need to wrap up the shooting as soon as possible." Sophie handed the food she bought to her.
- "Thanks!" Cecelia smiled.
- Sophie furrowed her eyebrows when she suddenly heard noises outside of the studio.
- When Wilma saw her furrowed eyebrows, she said, "I'll take a look at what's happening outside."
- Upon leaving the studio, she saw Rachel and a couple of other betrayers approaching her.
- "We're filming an advertisement right now, Rachel. We don't welcome you here. Please leave."
- "Filming an advertisement? Wilma, please. Are you going to tell me you still refuse to give up? How are you going to film one without an ambassador or director? Don't tell me you're doing it yourself." Rachel was doubtful because she didn't see any news about it on the internet.
- "You— We do have an ambassador!" One of Wilma's subordinates couldn't hold back anymore.
- "Who is it?" Rachel, naturally, didn't believe it.
- "It's Cecelia, Cecelia Lance."
- "Ha!" Rachel sneered, "Why don't you say it's Jennifer Lawrence instead? Don't you know it's a bad idea to be overambitious, Wilma? Cecelia is a famous movie star. Even if she agrees to star in an advertisement, it's more likely she'll do it for the big, international brands! Even Lorelei is unwilling to film an advertisement for the current Transfix Cosmetics."
- "What's going on?" When Sophie walked out and saw Rachel, her eyebrows furrowed.

- She had a photographic memory, and she met Rachel once before, so she had some impression of her.
- “I’ll ask the security guards to come right away, Ms. Sophie,” Wilma assured.
- “Ah, so it’s Ms. Sophie!” Rachel sneered. *I can tell Tanner Group doesn’t like her. Otherwise, Transfix Cosmetics wouldn’t have been handed to her.*
- “You have a problem with me?” Sophie glanced at her.
- Rachel wanted to say something, but when she met Sophie’s cold look, a chill ran down her spine. The words got caught in Rachel’s throat. No matter how hard she tried, she could not voice them out.
- “It’s nothing.” She squeezed the words out of her mouth. “We’re only here to take a look at how you all are doing! After all, we used to be colleagues. There’s nothing wrong with that, right? Anyway, we should go! Ms. Crawford should be here at any second now!”
- The reason Rachel came to visit Wilma and tried to stir up trouble was to vent her anger. *Lorelei only had her debut not too long ago! How dare she act all snobbish and arrogant!*
- “It’s windy outside, Ms. Sophie. You should go in!” Wilma suggested.
- Jipsdale’s temperature was currently sitting at a single-digit degree Celsius, and Sophie only wore a white hoodie with a pair of jeans.
- Sophie returned to the studio while Wilma followed behind.
- Even though Sophie was wearing an outfit of a common brand, her demeanor and aura wasn’t something other people could copy.
- Upon entering the studio, Sophie saw Cecelia had finished eating the food and was drinking small sips of water.
- “I still need to go to class in the afternoon, so I won’t be accompanying you. Leave in secret once the filming is over.” She didn’t want to announce the matter to the public yet.
- Cecelia was speechless. *Only Sophie has the guts to speak to me like that.*
- At almost half-past two in the afternoon, Sophie ambled out of Senior Class 8.
- The moment Ysabelle saw her, she immediately pulled her outside.
- “What’s wrong?” Sophie was confused.
- “Let’s skip classes today, Soph!” Ysabelle continued to pull Sophie down the stairs, as though she was being chased by ghosts.
- “Why?”
- “Do you really need an excuse to skip class?”
- Ysabelle raised her head and stared at the wall that was over two meters tall. *Are we really going to climb over the wall? Will our bones break if we fall?*
- Sophie stared at her friend nonchalantly. *She’s been talking about climbing walls and escaping class for a while now. She’s the one who said we can’t escape through the front gate.*
- “Don’t you want to climb the wall? Do it!” she urged.
- Ysabelle shrunk slightly and gulped. “How about—”
- Before she could say she wanted to give up, Sophie ran backward, then forward, and used the momentum to leap onto the wall.
- It shocked Ysabelle completely. *Her jumping ability is remarkable!*
- “What are you waiting for?” Sophie spoke as she sat carefreely on the wall.

- Ysabelle grabbed her hand. *Wow, my heart is beating really fast. Why does this feel like we're eloping?*
- Sophie pulled her friend up and helped Ysabelle sit on the wall.
- As they sat together, Ysabelle giggled. "It's only until today that I feel like my high-school life is complete, Soph. It won't feel right if I don't skip classes at least once in high school."
- Sophie rolled her eyes. *Sometimes, I really have no idea what she's thinking. Well, I guess she got her wish.*
- "Let's go down!" she said.
- Only then did Ysabelle glance downward. "I don't have the guts to."
- "Don't you want to fulfill your high-school dreams? How can it be complete without you breaking at least a bone or two?"
- "Hey, you two! What are you doing?" Suddenly, a security guard on patrol saw the two of them sitting on the wall.
- "What are you doing, Ysabelle?" Tristan asked.
- Tristan and Felix saw Ysabelle sitting on the wall after they exited their parked car.
- Felix felt like his heart was about to jump out of his chest.
- "Go down! He'll catch you." Seeing how Felix was already standing below, Sophie directly pushed her friend down.
- "Ah!" Ysabelle closed her eyes and screamed. *Am I really going to break my bones?*
- "Eh? It doesn't hurt at all." She only opened her eyes when she felt the warmth of a person's embrace.
- Though, perhaps it would be better if she didn't open her eyes because she had to see Felix's flustered and exasperated face.
- "You're not coming down?" Tristan opened his arms and spoke to Sophie.