Chapter 881 Hold On

Ysabelle immediately stood up. "Sophie, let's go upstairs and change our clothes."

Due to the heavy rain today, they still got a little drenched despite arriving by car.

"Mm."

Sophie didn't want to delay any longer either because that would waste everyone's time.

Meanwhile, Tristan went to his room to get changed.

When they came downstairs after putting on a new outfit, they discovered they would be having BBQ for dinner.

The Lombards rarely ate BBQ, but after William learned that Sophie enjoyed eating it, he decided that would be their dinner tonight.

The elder was somewhat stubborn, but once he accepted someone, he would treat them very well.

That was how everyone in the Lombard family was—always looking out for those they held dear.

"Sophie, you must be delighted! Grandpa suggested we have BBQ, all for your sake." Ysabelle was a little envious.

Grandpa has never changed his ways for anyone else, not even for me, the most favored little princess of the Lombards.

"Frankly, you guys don't have to change your lifestyle to suit me. I'm fine with eating anything." Their consideration was causing Sophie to feel a little embarrassed.

"All right. Come over and eat, everyone. Quit twaddling," William uttered in displeasure.

In the past, he genuinely didn't think highly of BBQ, but he realized now that as long as the family was together merrily, it didn't matter what they ate.

Tristan pulled out a chair for Sophie to sit on before taking the seat beside her.

"Okay, everyone's here. Let's dig in! I'm starving," Sarah chirped.

"Mm." William picked up his cutlery, and everyone else followed suit.

The group had a great time throughout the meal.

Taking in the jolly demeanor of his family members, William felt beyond contented. This bliss is more than I can ever ask for. At this age, I truly don't have any more demands. All I wish is for my family to be safe and happy.

"By the way, Sophie, I heard there's a traditional-style bridal gown boutique with beautiful dresses. How about we go and take a look tomorrow?" Sarah had heard about the shop at work today.

"There's no need. I've already arranged for someone to design the wedding dress." Tristan didn't want to let Sophie worry about that matter because he could handle it all by himself.

"Isn't your wedding still some time away? Why have you started preparing already?" This younger brother of mine has always been committed when it comes to dealing with Sophie's affairs.

"I can manage those preparations." The wedding is an occasion I've been looking forward to for a long time, so how can I not prepare for it wholeheartedly?

"Okay. I only have one request—the wedding must be magnificent." William, being of advanced age, was fond of a more stately wedding ceremony.

"Got it, Dad. Don't worry. Lincoln and I will help make sure everything's splendid," Sarah immediately assured.

Father is old and should be resting well at home. We can take care of these matters.

"If we need any help, we'll let you guys know, but rest assured until we ask for your assistance." Tristan wanted to take charge of every detail of the wedding personally.

"Uncle Tristan, shouldn't you take Sophie's feelings into consideration about the decision-making for this wedding?"

A wedding was a matter involving two parties, so both must be on the same page with the arrangements.

"I have no objections." Sophie was really busy. She figured since Tristan enjoyed doing it, she'd simply let him handle everything.

Ysabelle was rendered speechless. How can Sophie not contribute any ideas when this is her wedding? Although Felix and I haven't decided how we will proceed in our relationship, I've already had numerous visions for my own wedding.

After the BBQ session wrapped up, the three girls headed to Ysabelle's room.

"Sophie, we know you're swamped, but you should also pay more attention to the planning of the wedding!" Ysabelle couldn't stop herself from reminding Sophie.

After all, a wedding was an event involving two people.

If only one person took care of everything all the time, he or she might feel their partner was disinterested.

"I just feel that it's still early. Don't worry. I'll keep that in mind." Anyhow, that was her own wedding, so Sophie was also quite looking forward to it.

"All right, Ysabelle. I'm sure Sophie knows what she's doing." Sarah had always reckoned that Sophie was a capable girl with many ideas.

"Still, I'm really curious about what the custom-made wedding dress Uncle Tristan requested looks like!" It must be breathtaking!

"I haven't seen it either. I didn't even know he had ordered the wedding dress." Sophie was genuinely clueless about that.

"It feels like Uncle Tristan has been the only one eager for this wedding to happen, making all the preparations on his own."

Sophie fell silent.

After contemplating briefly, she realized that was indeed the case. But this is my personality. Will Tristan think that I don't care about him?

"I really don't know how to be more enthusiastic, though. This is just the kind of person I am."

"Let me ask you something, Sophie. Have you ever told Uncle Tristan you love him? If you haven't, you ought to do it! That way, he won't be so hurt."

Sophie mulled it over. Is that really the case?

Sarah smiled and patted Ysabelle's head.

"You're not even an expert in your relationship, so quit trying to teach others." Every couple has their own way of getting along, after all. What works best for one couple may not be suitable for others.

Sarah thought that the most important thing was for both parties to discover a way to enjoy each other's company at ease.

Ysabelle was at a loss for words. Fine. I've only been in one relationship, so my experience is indeed quite limited.

"Forget what I said, then!" She stuck out her tongue. It's best if I don't lead Sophie astray. If I do, Uncle Tristan won't ever let me off the hook.

Noticing the pensive expression on Sophie's face, Sarah said solemnly, "Sophie, you don't have to take Ysabelle's words to heart. This is your relationship with Tristan. As long as you both feel comfortable, that's enough."

"Okay." Sophie reckoned Tristan should already know how much she loved him.

I'm not good at expressing my feelings, but I truly and deeply love Tristan. Before meeting him, I never imagined I would ever love someone so much.

"I understand, Sarah," she added.

"You're so smart; you should be able to comprehend what I'm saying."

Love had always been a matter between two people, irrelevant to others.

After returning to her room, Sophie continued to dwell on that question. In the end, she decided to go to Tristan's room to look for him.

As no one responded after she knocked on his door, she turned the doorknob, only to find out that the door was unlocked. After hesitating for a few seconds, she still pushed it open.

"Tristan, are you here?"

Upon entering the room, she heard the splashing sound of water coming from the bathroom. Tristan seemed to be taking a shower.

"Sophie, is that you?" No one else in the house would enter his room without his permission, so the man guessed it was Sophie who came in.

"Yes, it's me. I'll go back to my room first since you're showering."

"Hold on!"