

Anything For Her Chapter 9

Chapter 9 Do Not Doubt His Words

- Seeing that they had all left, Felix instantly made a call.
- “Hey, have Zales Corporation vanish from Jipsdale in three hours.”
- Only then did Selena realize the gravity of the matter.
- “Who exactly are you both?”
- Her knees went weak, and she couldn’t quite remain steady on her feet anymore.
- “Well, he’s Tristan Lombard, whom you mentioned earlier! You wanted his niece to apologize to you? How audacious of you!”
- “Tristan Lombard? He’s really Tristan Lombard?” Selena collapsed onto the couch. Gah! Why on earth did I say such things just now?
- “Mr. Quillen, the Lombard family doesn’t want Ysabelle’s identity to leak out. As such, you’re not allowed to breathe a single word about the incident today.”
- The Lombard family merely wanted to give Ysabelle a simple life.
- “Sure, sure!” Rhett no longer dared to say anything contrary by then.
- After all, it was Tristan Lombard. A single flick of his finger could have the whole of Jipsdale quaking in fear.
- “As for you, Mrs. Zales, it’s best that you leave Jipsdale quickly. Don’t doubt Mr. Tristan’s words.”
- Having said that, Felix strode off.
- Despite my remark, Sophie was the main reason Mr. Tristan came personally today. In the past, even if Ysabelle encountered some sort of problem, he only sent us over. Does he really fancy her that much?
- Meanwhile, Ysabelle was over the moon that Tristan came to school personally to help her.
- “Thank you, Uncle Tristan! Don’t tell my father about this. Otherwise, he’ll kill me.”
- “Yeah, I got it.”
- “Uncle Tristan, this is my classmate and best friend, Sophie. She only got into trouble with Yvonne today because she avenged me.” Ysabelle adored Sophie.
- “Have you eaten?” It’s noon now, and they probably hadn’t had lunch.
- “Nope. Are you planning to treat me to lunch, Uncle Tristan? Okay, then! I want to eat the cuisine at Pegasus Pavilion!”
- “Okay.” Tristan nodded in agreement.
- “Really? You’re too nice to me, Uncle Tristan!” Ysabelle hugged his arm in elation.
- However, at the man’s icy gaze, she immediately dropped her hold on him. Oh God, how could I have forgotten that he detests others touching him?
- “I’ve still got something to do, Ysabelle.” Sophie didn’t plan on eating with them.
- Upon hearing that, Ysabelle grabbed her hand at once, clutching it tightly.
- “I must thank you for this incident today, Sophie. Thus, I insist on treating you to this meal. If you don’t go, it means that you don’t regard me as your friend.” Her tone was firm, but the expression on her face was incredibly coy. “Please? Pretty please? It’s just lunch. My uncle isn’t going to eat you,” she continued coaxing.
- Cough! Cough! Cough! Felix couldn’t help coughing. Perhaps Mr. Tristan really wants to eat her up!
- “What’s wrong with you, Mr. Northley? Go to the hospital and get yourself checked up if you’re not feeling well.”
- “No, no, I’m fine.” Felix swiftly waved a dismissive hand before saying, “I’ll make a reservation at Pegasus Pavilion right now.”
- Sophie was most afraid of girls like Ysabelle, who was cute and kittenish, for she couldn’t bring herself to turn the latter down.
- “Okay.” She nodded since it was just a meal anyway.
- “I’ll go and drive the car over. You guys can wait for me here.” Felix promptly trotted off to get the car.
- When the car arrived, Tristan personally opened the car door for Ysabelle.
- “Go in.”
- “Uncle Tristan, I can sit in the back with Sophie!” In truth, Ysabelle still wanted to cling to Sophie longer. Alas, a look from the man had her slipping into the passenger seat at lightning speed.
- After closing the car door, Tristan opened the car door to the back seat for Sophie.
- “After you.”
- It was clear as day that his attitude toward her was far better than his own niece.
- Sophie got into the car and moved inward. Tristan climbed in as well. The two of them sat side by side.
- When Felix saw that, the urge to laugh seized him. He’s being too obvious, isn’t he? But is he really serious about a girl who’s only eighteen years old? Why did I never realize that he’s such a beast, liking them young?
- “What do you like to eat, Sophie?” Ysabelle turned and gazed at Sophie earnestly.
- “I’m not picky.”
- In the face of her smiling countenance, Sophie truly couldn’t bring herself to be harsh and unrelenting. Verily, she resembled a friend of hers very closely.
- Throughout the drive, Ysabelle asked her questions every so often. In fact, she was the one doing all the speaking.
- Surprisingly, Sophie, who always wore a chilly expression with others, answered all her questions, albeit briefly.
- By the time they arrived at Pegasus Pavilion, the manager was already waiting outside.
- The instant he spotted Felix’s car, he instantly stepped forward and welcomed them.
- “Mr. Tristan, Mr. Northley, Ms. Ysabelle. Everything is ready.”
- Tristan alighted from the car first. He waited until Sophie had also gotten out before closing the car door.
- The manager had already helped Ysabelle open the car door. After getting out, she quickly went over to Sophie.
- “Let’s go in, Sophie! We’re going to the washroom first, Uncle Tristan!” After saying that, she strode in, dragging Sophie with her.
- Felix then alighted from the car and went over to Tristan.
- “Sophie is remarkably patient with Ysabelle! From the look of things, she’s very fond of her.” After all, she has never given us any quarter!
- “Yeah.” Naturally, Tristan discerned that as well.
- “Judging from the situation, you’ve got to depend on Ysabelle if you want to draw close to her.”
- Ignoring him, Tristan headed straight to the private room.
- A few minutes passed before Ysabelle brought Sophie into the private room.
- “Let me do the introductions, Sophie! This is my uncle, Tristan Lombard. In the future, you can follow me and address him as Uncle Tristan.”
- Hearing that, Felix, who was drinking water, almost choked.
- “Mr. Lombard.” Sophie didn’t address Tristan as Uncle Tristan. She had no blood ties with him, so she didn’t want to profess something false.
- “You really don’t have to stand on formality, Soph. Whatever’s mine is yours, so my uncle is also your uncle.”
- “Ysabelle.” Tristan didn’t give her the opportunity to continue spouting nonsense when that address carried a generational gap.
- Following his glare, Ysabelle could only zip her mouth.
- The manager came over to take their orders personally, giving them a menu each.
- In no time, Ysabelle named several dishes.
- Then, she turned and asked Sophie, “What would you like to eat, Soph? You don’t have to be shy with my uncle.”
- Hence, Sophie ordered two dishes at random.
- “I’m not being shy.”
- Seeing that they had ordered enough food to go around, Tristan and Felix handed their menus back to the manager without ordering anything.
- “Please wait for a while, Mr. Tristan.”
- “What’s your phone number, Soph? I’ll add you to my contacts on WhatsApp.” Ysabelle wanted Soph’s phone number right after they had finished ordering.
- Sophie didn’t decline, taking out her phone and tapping open WhatsApp, allowing her to scan her QR code.
- “Where are you staying right now, Soph? Can I go and visit you?”
- “I’m staying in a hotel right now and will look for a place in a few days.” Sophie didn’t plan to continue staying at the Tanner residence.
- “Look for a place? I can help! What kind of place are you planning to look for?” Felix queried earnestly.
- He could tell Tristan’s thoughts with a single glance without the latter having to voice them out.
- “That’s right! Let Mr. Northley find a place for you, Soph!” It’ll be very troublesome for her to do it by herself.
- “You don’t have to go to the trouble. I can manage by myself.”
- “It’s no trouble at all. It’s my honor to help a beauty!” Felix didn’t allow her any chance to decline.
- Soon, the manager came in with some servers and served the food.
- Sophie sat between Tristan and Ysabelle. Once the food was served, both of them took food for her.
- It was Ysabelle’s first time seeing her uncle taking food for someone else. Even she had never had such a privilege. As such, she eyed him strangely.