

Read Novel Anything For Her Chapter 882

Anything For Her Chapter 882-“I forgot to bring my clothes in here. Can you help me grab them?” Tristan shouted from within the bathroom.

“All right.” Sophie stepped further into the room and saw his clothes lying on the bed.

“Have you seen them yet?”

“Yeah.” Upon approaching the furniture, she saw his underwear resting on it, and her finger trembled.

He must be doing this intentionally! Ugh, whatever. It’s merely an undergarment.

She picked up his underwear and clothes before approaching and knocking on the bathroom door.

In response. Tristan opened the door fully, revealing his totally bare body.

Sophie didn’t have the guts to shift her line of sight downward, fearing she would see his junk.

“Wait for me. I’ll be done right away.” Promptly, he turned around to get dressed.

The edges of her lips curved upward.

He has such a fantastic figure. I like how defined his muscles are. To think there’d come a day when I’m lusting over a man’s body. It’s not my fault, though. His sexy body is to blame. I feel thirsty just by glancing at him.

Instead of waiting for him in the room, she went to pour herself a glass of water downstairs and felt much better after taking a few sips.

Then, she flapped her hand in the direction of her countenance to cool her cheeks.

Once her face didn’t feel as heated anymore, she grabbed another glass of water before returning to Tristan’s room.

By that point, he had already put on his pajamas, which couldn't hide his masculine charm either.

"Where did you go? Didn't I ask you to wait for me here?"

"I went downstairs to grab you a glass of water. It'll be better if you drink some water right after a bath."

There's no way I'll tell him I left because my throat was a little dry earlier. I'm a woman, for crying out loud. I can't say such a thing!

"Thanks." He covered her hand and took a sip from the glass she was holding. "I thought you left because you had a reaction after seeing my body."

She glanced at him in response. What the heck's wrong with him? Even if that is the case, he shouldn't have said it out loud!

Seconds later, her cheeks were burning again, much to her dismay.

Sophie's face was already delicate-looking, to begin with.

Therefore, when she blushed, she looked incredibly alluring.

Gently, the man hugged her. "It's fine. I won't laugh at you even if you say you're longing for my body."

Just like that, he held her in his arms while she was still holding a cup.

Upon hearing his words, she smirked. "Your figure is indeed attractive. I like it a lot."

Tristan arched a brow. When did she become this candid?

"It's getting late. Why aren't you sleeping yet?" he asked.

"I couldn't sleep, so I came to see you. Besides, aren't you still awake as well?"

"Mhm!" He continued to embrace her with no intention of letting her go.

"Do you think I'm a boring person, Tristan?"

I don't know any sweet nothings or how to coax people, nor do I care much about anything. Even the wedding is being handled by him alone. It feels like I'm not doing a good job as a girlfriend.

"How could I? Why would you say that? I think you're really interesting!" he replied.

The man truly liked her the way she was and didn't need her to change. The only thing he wanted was for her to stay by his side. Nothing else mattered to him.

"Truth be told, I really like you." Sophie had never told him that because she wasn't good at expressing her emotions.

As such, Tristan was pleasantly surprised to hear that. "I know. I love you very much too."

He was aware, based on her personality, that if she didn't have feelings for him, she would've never put up with anything.

With that, he raised her chin and planted a kiss on her lips.

"Did Ysabelle say something to you? You don't have to take her words to heart. All you need to remember is me."

He didn't care about what other people did, for every couple had a unique way of getting along.

As long as we feel comfortable with our relationship, that's enough. There's no need to compare ourselves to others.

Sophie nodded. "Regardless, I want you to know how much I love you."

"I know that now. I'm happy that the person you love is me."

Once again, Tristan pecked her lips, causing her to blush. Even though she's a dauntless and dominant young woman, she still blushed when I said that. I simply can't describe with words how much I love her,

He placed the cup in her hand elsewhere before pressing her body against his as he kissed her. She's my soulmate. No matter how much I love her, it feels as if it'll never be enough.

Hugging his neck, Sophie tried to mimic how he kissed her.

Even though her moves were amateurish, they still greatly satisfied him.

It didn't take long for him to begin feeling parched. "One day, your body will be the death of me."

She was bereft of speech. What kind of nonsense is he saying?

The man brushed his finger on her cheek lightly. "Let's go to bed!"

"I'd best return to my room. It's unlikely either of us will sleep well in the same room."

"No need. Just sleep here." He refused to let her slip out of his grasp. "Don't worry. I won't do anything"

I've already waited for so long. What difference is a little longer going to make? Once we're married. I'll make up for all the time lost anyway.

She was a little taken aback by the look in his eyes.

Thus, in the end, she still decided to slumber in her room.

The next day was a weekend. Even though Sophie had nothing on her agenda, she woke up at seven and jogged for a few rounds.

When she came back, William was doing yoga in the courtyard.

The elder was pleased to see her exercising in the morning.

Upon spotting him, she greeted, "Good morning, Old Mr. Lombard."

"Morning!"

While William continued his activity, she returned to her room for a shower.

It wasn't until the family was having breakfast that Ysabelle finally woke up. She descended the stairs after washing her face but did not change her clothes..

“Do you know what time it is already, Ysabelle? Didn’t I tell you girls need to exercise as well? Did you know that Sophie just came back from a jog?” William couldn’t help but nag when he saw his granddaughter like that.

“I don’t like jogging, Grandpa. I know that Sophie’s great, but you ought to quit wanting me to be like her. I’m my own person,” she retorted.

William was rendered speechless. Why such a long-winded rebut? It’s not like I said much.

“How can you speak to your grandfather like that, Ysabelle? He’s only saying that because he cares about you.” Lincoln frowned.