

## Read Novel Anything For Her Chapter 892

Anything For Her Chapter 892-Sophie patted her back.

At that moment, she really didn't know what to say. After all, Ysabelle was the one who requested the breakup, yet now she was so upset.

Tears welled up in Ysabelle's eyes. Ultimately, she couldn't stop herself from crying. What's the big deal? Perhaps I'll meet a better guy next time. "Sophie, do you think I'm a horrible person?" That must be it. I must be terrible, so things turned out to be like this.

"That's enough. Quit overthinking. Go upstairs, take a bath, and get a good night's sleep. We'll talk tomorrow." Sophie figured their breakup was probably just a lover's spat.

Even if Ysabelle wanted to split up. Felix would never agree.

"No. I want to drink. Why don't you keep me company?" How can I possibly sleep now? "I know all of you think I'm just acting up, but I'm very serious this time."

Ysabelle went to the wine cellar to fetch a bottle of wine. She also retrieved two wine glasses before returning to the room. Instead of sitting on the couch, she plumped down on the cashmere carpet.

Ysabelle poured Sophie a glass of red wine and handed it to her. Then, she started drinking.

"Do you really think you can forget Felix like this?" She shouldn't have suggested a breakup so easily if she still likes him. No one's heart is made of steel. Everyone gets hurt.

"Sophie, you're now my friend. You should take my side. Do you understand?" Ysabelle didn't want to think about those problems at that moment. There's nothing that can't be forgotten.

Sophie shook her head, knowing there wasn't a point in trying to talk sense into Ysabelle at that moment since the latter simply wouldn't listen.

She took a sip of her red wine. "Have you had your dinner?"

Sophie hadn't eaten her dinner, having just returned from the hospital. Her stomach was growling at that point.

"No, I don't want to eat. I just want to drink." How can I be in the mood to eat now?

Right then, Sophie's phone rang.

Seeing it was a call from Tristan, she hastily answered her phone.

"I ordered dinner for both of you. You don't need to worry about Ysabelle. Just have something first." Ysabelle doesn't deserve sympathy. How can she be so dramatic?

"Okay, I got it. I was just planning to order takeout." He's so thoughtful, making sure everything is taken care of -for me even when he's out. I'm so touched.

"I'm going to hang up now, then. You should rest early." Sophie was already exhausted that day, yet she had to deal with that mess when she returned home.

"Okay, I know. Don't worry."

Just then, someone knocked on the door. Sophie ended the call and brought in the takeout.

Tristan had ordered quite a lot, and it was all Sophie's favorite food.

She placed all the food on the dining table.

"Have some too. Drinking alcohol without eating isn't good for your stomach," Sophie said.

Seeing all the delicious food, Ysabelle ultimately ate some. "Sophie, Uncle Tristan cares so much about you."

"Felix cares a lot about you too. You should cherish him." Sophie had witnessed and acknowledged all the things Felix had done for Ysabelle. She had no complaints.

"That's enough. Can you stop mentioning his name in front of me?" Ysabelle didn't want to hear Felix's name at all. Let it be. It's not a big deal.

“Fine. I’ll stop. I’m just afraid you’ll regret it later.”

“I won’t regret it! I’m Ysabelle Lombard! There are so many people who like me, so why would I ever regret this?”

Despite the heart-wrenching pain in her chest, she stubbornly refused to admit she would one. her decision.

“All right. Whether you’ll regret it or not, just have some food for now.” She can’t keep drinking on an empty stomach.

“Okay.”

Ysabelle listened to Sophie and sat cross-legged with her on the floor, eating together. After they were full they continued consuming alcohol.

In the end, Ysabelle drifted off on the couch in exhaustion. Noticing she was asleep, Sophie carried her to the guest room and placed her on the bed.

After tucking Ysabelle in, Sophie went to her room and took a shower before tidying up the living room. By the time she finished, it was already midnight.

She couldn’t help but call Tristan because he hadn’t come home yet.

“Are you coming home tonight?” She figured he might not return that night since it was already so late.

“I won’t be back tonight. How’s Ysabelle? Is she asleep?”

“She slept. Don’t worry. She’s fine.”

“Okay. You don’t need to bother with her. Get some rest yourself.”

“All right. I’m going to sleep now.”

After hanging up, Sophie went to her room to turn in for the night. Meanwhile, Tristan, Sean, and the others were keeping Felix company.

“Honestly, I don’t know what else I can do. I thought I was doing well, but in the end, this is the outcome,” Felix chattered continuously after he was drunk. “You all know I’ve liked and protected her for so many years, but why did we still end up like this? Are we really not meant for each other?”

Felix had repeated those words countless times.

The other three had also drunk a fair amount with him.

“Felix, if staying together makes you two miserable, then break up! It’s time to cut your losses!” Tristan uttered straightforwardly.

Even though Ysabelle was his niece, he wouldn’t defend her.

Felix, a grown man, cried after hearing that. “How can I do that? I stayed by her side for so long because I wanted to be with her. I even planned our wedding, yet you’re telling me to give up. How can I give up?”

“But aren’t you two broken up now?” Tristan was speechless, not understanding how those people could be so dramatic.

Felix continued swigging the alcohol.

Sean shook his head. Men troubled by love are so pitiful.

Charles was also surprised. They seemed perfectly happy most of the time, so what happened today? Why did things suddenly end up like this? Love is truly frightening.

In the end, Felix couldn’t speak further and dozed off on the couch.

“Let’s bet how long Felix can hold out.” There’s no way the two of them would break up for real.

Sean said. “Three days!”

Tristan chimed in. “At most a month!”

Charles uttered, “He’s so pathetic. Is it really necessary for him to be like this? Women shouldn’t be pampered too much. Otherwise, they’ll start walking all over us.”

“Of course you should spoil your woman.” Tristan thought there was nothing wrong with that.

“People like you will definitely be henpecked when you’re married,” Charles replied in resignation. They’re too spineless. Women should be properly disciplined and submissive to their husbands.

Sure enough, the next day, Felix called Ysabelle. However, she had already blocked his number.

Realizing he had been blocked, Felix grimaced.

The other three men had also woken up and weren't surprised to see Felix's darkened expression.

"Could something have happened to Ysabelle? I can't get through to her phone."

"Felix, can't you be a little more dignified? What could possibly happen to her? She's probably sound asleep at the moment. To preserve your household status in the future, you shouldn't take the initiative to look for her. Get it?"