

My Baby's Daddy Chapter 801

Chapter 801

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Sophia no longer wanted to eat because her chest felt tight, and an inexplicable feeling of wanting to cry came again.

Thus, she went back to her room, but she didn't know that at the end of the corridor, a figure stood in the shadows and watched her go back to the room.

That night, Sophia cried many times and didn't sleep well at all.

Early morning the next day, there was a knock on her door. Sophia opened the door and saw an extravagantly dressed woman standing at the door. She asked in surprise, "Are you looking for me?"

"Let's talk." Vera stared at Sophia, looking a little serious.

"May I know who you are?"

"I'm Emily Jennings' mother," Vera revealed her identity directly, then walked into the bedroom and sat down on the sofa.

Sophia caught her breath. She didn't expect Emily's mother to find her in person, but she walked over calmly on crutches. Vera frowned. "What's wrong with your leg?"

"What's wrong with my leg? I think your daughter knows best," Sophia replied calmly.

"What? Don't blame everything on my daughter. My daughter is going to get married tomorrow. I also know about the past history between you and Young Master Weiss. I hope you don't cause any trouble and hinder the happiness of my daughter," Vera bluntly explained her purpose for coming here.

Sophia was of course aware of this. She nodded and said, "Don't worry! I won't hinder your daughter's happiness; I'm just here as one of the guests for the wedding."

"I looked through the records of the guests, and it seems that you don't have an invitation. So, how did you come here, and what is your purpose? I

should ask the concierge to check it again."

“No need. I am participating as my boss’ assistant. She is the wife of Young Master Weiss’ best friend,” Sophia explained seriously.

Vera sneered, “Very well! So, there is no place for you at tomorrow’s banquet. You are just a subordinate, so you are not qualified to dine with the other guests, right?”

Sophia couldn’t refute her words, so she nodded. “Yes, so I won’t go to the banquet.”

“How about this? I’ll give you 1 million, and you can go back to your country now. Will you stop affecting my daughter’s wedding here?” Vera wanted to bribe her.

Sophia refused almost immediately. “I’m here this time to accompany my boss on a business trip. I won’t leave early. Mrs. Jennings, you don’t need to bribe me, as I’m not short of 1 million.”

Vera’s face sank. “You don’t know what’s good for you, huh? I’ll tell you clearly now that I want you to leave here today.”

Sophia shook her head. “I can’t agree to that.”

“Let me ask you this. Why do you live in Young Master Weiss’ house if you’re just a low-level subordinate? Moreover, your room is next door to his?” Vera asked.

Sophia choked. “This is Young Master Weiss’ arrangement, and I don’t know anything about that.”

“I think you are very happy about it, right? Sophia, now everyone knows that you are seducing my future son-in-law. Are you really so shameless? Have you ever respected my daughter? The servants are watching you being intimate with my son-in-law now. It won’t be good for my daughter and my son-in-law’s reputation in the future. You should know better.” Vera looked at her sternly.

Sophia was not afraid at all. Instead, she smiled and replied, “Originally, my legs were well, and I didn’t need Young Master Weiss to carry me. However, your daughter tied me to a runaway horse, and then I fell and injured my

legs. Then, I happened to meet Young Master Weiss. He carried me out of concern for me, so what can I do?”

“You... Shameless brat!” Vera couldn’t help but get angry. She thought Sophia would be easy to deal with, but it seemed that it was not that simple.

Sophia didn’t want to offend her, so she continued, “I can guarantee that I will not hinder your daughter’s happiness. I will go back to my country after attending the wedding, and I will never set foot in this country again.”

Vera narrowed her eyes. Obviously, she didn't believe it. "Can you really do what you say?"

"I can." Sophia nodded.

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Thus, Vera had to get up. "Okay. After attending the wedding, you should leave immediately. Otherwise, I will not let you go."

Seeing Vera leave, Sophia could not help but breathe a sigh of relief, and at the same time, she was extremely bitter.

Tomorrow, she couldn't even go to the banquet because she wasn't qualified. At the same time, she thought that it might be better not to go, as she really couldn't watch him marry another woman.

After Vera left, Sophia completely forgot to eat lunch, constantly feeling depressed. It was Arthur's wedding the next day, and it was as if a boulder was pressing on her chest, making her breathless.

Thinking of not being able to go to the banquet and seeing him in the groom's suit, she couldn't help but feel a little disappointed.

At this moment, someone knocked on her door. Therefore, she walked over weakly and opened the door, but when she saw the man standing outside, her heart broke instantly.

Suddenly, she slammed the door shut because her tears fell so unexpectedly. She covered her lips tightly to prevent herself from crying.

Outside the door, Arthur just came over to remind her to have lunch, but surprisingly, the woman inside shut the door in his face as soon as she saw

him.

Arthur couldn't help but frown. He curled his fingers and immediately knocked again. "Sophia, open the door."

"I don't want to eat!" Sophia shouted through the door.

He was originally a little unhappy, but suddenly he thought of something, and his voice softened a little. "Is something wrong?"

"It's okay. You can go! I want to sleep."

"Are you feeling unwell?"

"No, I didn't sleep well last night."

Arthur looked at the door and suddenly wanted to push it open, wanting to see what had happened to the girl inside. *Why did she close the door in such a hurry when she saw me?*

He turned around and met a servant. He stopped the servant and questioned, "Did anyone visit Miss Goodwin in the morning?"

The servant thought for a moment and said, "Oh! Yes, Mrs. Jennings came to visit Miss Goodwin in the morning."

Arthur was slightly taken aback. *Why did Emily's mother suddenly come to see Sophia?*

Although he wanted to get to the bottom of things, he had errands to run. Thus, he said to the servant, "Keep an eye on Miss Goodwin's room. If anyone goes in to look for her again, or if she goes out, report to me."

"Okay, Young Master Weiss." The servant hurriedly agreed. *Why does it seem to me like he cares more about this Miss Goodwin than his fiancée? This is odd...*

In the guest room, Anastasia was sitting on the sofa, listening to the two handsome men discussing tomorrow's wedding. She also just knew that Arthur had been manipulated.

No wonder he forgot Sophia as soon as he returned to the family. Moreover, the Jennings Family was too audacious to use this kind of controlling method on the future master of the Weiss Family. The future of the Weiss Family would also be in the hands of the Jennings Family.

At this moment, Anastasia's cell phone rang, after which she picked it up. "Sophia is looking for me. I'll go over there, so you guys carry on."

"Anastasia, don't tell Miss Goodwin about this for the time being because we still need to keep it a secret," Elliot reminded her.

"Okay, I know." She nodded.

He felt that his words were a little inappropriate, so he got up and said, "You know what? I'll bring you there."

Anastasia didn't feel that way. Instead, she was as worried about the fate of the Weiss Family as they were, and she hoped that Arthur could regain his memory and have a bright future with Sophia.

As soon as they left the room, Elliot took her hand and wrapped her shoulders with his arm. "What I said just now was inappropriate, and I take it back. Please don't take it to heart."

She shook her head. "Chill, I know."

He kissed her hair lovingly. Then, he sent Anastasia in the direction of Sophia, and in the garden downstairs, she saw Sophia waiting for her there, so she asked Elliot to go back.

"Anastasia!" Sophia came over happily and held her arm intimately.

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"Sophia, what's wrong with your eyes? Have you cried again?" Anastasia noticed that Sophia's eyes were red.

Sophia lowered her head, a little embarrassed. "I tried very hard to control myself, but I still can't control it."

Tomorrow was Arthur's wedding day. No one could bear to watch their loved one marry someone else, so Anastasia wondered if it was right to bring her here. However, she knew that Arthur's wedding would not be successful, and Sophia was still very likely to continue her relationship with Arthur

"Sophia, do you believe in fate? Sometimes fate favors kind and loving people. I believe that fate has its own arrangements for you, and it won't make you feel so miserable all the time," Anastasia comforted her.

Sophia smiled bitterly. "Anastasia, are you trying to say that I can meet someone better?"

“Trust me, girl. Your destiny will turn for the better.” Anastasia reached out and gathered Sophia’s messy hair. Then, she added, “How does Young Master Weiss treat you?”

Sophia thought of her leaving him outside the door today and ignoring him. Presumably, he would be angry with her too!

“He’s been nice to me.”

Sophia was also keeping a secret. She didn’t tell Anastasia that she couldn’t go to the wedding tomorrow. In fact, as long as she told Anastasia, the latter would find a way to take her there.

The two chatted about some other topics as they strolled around the garden, and unknowingly they also established a kind of sister–like relationship.

Anastasia had experienced Hayley’s betrayal, which made her more cautious about making friends. Now, besides Felicia, Grace was the person she trusted. Now, there was Sophia, whom she cared for like a sister.

Since their partners were best friends, they naturally also would become best friends.

A little later, Anastasia went back, and Sophia also went back to her room.

Arthur’s figure appeared in the hall, and the first thing he asked the servant was, “Has she eaten?”

“Miss Goodwin went out for a while, but she hasn’t eaten.” The servant was also helpless about it.

“Prepare dinner!” After Arthur finished speaking, he thought of something and frowned. “Tell my grandma that I won’t go over to eat.”

“Okay, Young Master Weiss.” The servant left.

Arthur walked to Sophia’s door, reached out, and knocked on the door. Sophia thought it was a servant again, so she stretched out her hand to open the door. When the man was revealed outside the door, it surprised her. However, the man’s long legs had already taken a step, and he had entered the room, not allowing her to close the door.

“I–Is there something you need?” Sophia asked in a panic.

“Are you immortal? You don’t need to eat?” Arthur stared at her angrily.

Sophia blinked and said hoarsely, “I–I’m not hungry.”

However, just after she finished speaking, her stomach seemed to let out a few protesting noises. In an instant, Sophia blushed and wanted to dig a hole to hide in the ground,

The corner of Arthur's mouth twitched, and the smile growing on the corner of his mouth was the most intense expression he had shown in so many days.

He was smiling

Sophia raised her head and glanced at him, only to find that he was smiling handsomely, which made her bow her head in embarrassment.

"Join me for dinner, will you?" After Arthur finished speaking, he stretched out her hand to lead her out.

Seeing that, Sophia withdrew her hand in a panic. "I will go by myself."

If she was seen by the servant, she would definitely be reported to Vera again. Therefore, she thought that Vera had come to see her because there was a spy among the servants.

However, Arthur's grip was too tight, and she couldn't break free, so she had to go to the dining room this way. Under the crystal lights, candles were lit, and the red roses in the vase were freshly cut in the garden in the afternoon, which made the air full of their intoxicating aroma.

Sophia's thoughts were a little jammed. *Why does this dinner look like a candlelight dinner that only lovers would have?*

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The servants fixed up a hearty candlelight dinner and had served up the feast in advance.

As Arthur chewed gracefully, he latched his gaze on the young woman sitting across from her as though to make sure she ate everything on her plate.

Famished, Sophia couldn't care less anymore and ate away.

Martha had already informed Arthur to join her for dinner earlier in the afternoon. It would be his wedding day the next day, so she wanted to have a serious word with him. But who'd have thought her beloved grandson rejected her? The news got her down in the dumps. Moreover, Arthur had gotten distant from her, making her reflect that she had been too strict on him normally.

"Is he having dinner with Emily?" Martha asked a servant.

For fear of upsetting Martha, the servants kept Sophia's presence unknown to Martha all this while. But now, seeing how upset Martha was, she couldn't help lowering her head and reported, "Young Master Weiss is having dinner with another lady, Old Madam Weiss."

"What?" The news shocked Martha for a moment. "He's having dinner with another woman? Which family is she from?"

What is Arthur trying to do? Tomorrow's his wedding; does he plan on humiliating himself before the wedding?!

"She's a guest," the servant answered.

"What guest? Is it a friend? What's her name?" Martha asked directly.

"It's a guest from afar named Sophia Goodwin. She has also now been moved to the room next to Young Master's. I guess she's an important guest to Young Master," said the servant.

The revelation shook Martha for a solid few seconds, and she slammed the spoon in her hand. "What?! She's here? How did she get here? Have the butler come over."

Sophia had come to attend the wedding. It was only then Martha realized she hadn't taken notice of the guest list when she had been so busy getting the other wedding details ready.

The butler arrived in two shakes, and Martha questioned him gravely. "Go. and check if there's a guest named Sophia Goodwin on the list."

"There is, ma'am. She came with Mr. and Mrs. Presgrave as Mrs. Presgrave's assistant."

Martha sighed in response. *What is she doing here? Is she still trying to salvage something when Arthur's about to get married? Well, she's persistent, no doubt about that. It's evident she truly loves Arthur, but it'*

s hard to let them be together when their social status and family background are so drastically different.

“Bring her here later. I want to have a word with her,” Martha ordered a servant.

“Yes, ma’am.”

“Have her come alone. Don’t inform Arthur,” Martha added.

If Arthur still has feelings for Sophia, why would he agree to this marriage so easily?

By the end of the dinner, Arthur left after receiving a call. Sophia, on the other hand, didn’t return to her room but instead sat in the garden and spaced out while staring at the starry sky.

The sky here was so clear that she could see a speckle of the galaxy. It was a sight to behold.

How Sophia wished time could just stop here forever. She wouldn’t be greedy and ask for much, only that she could have a meal with him and see him once a day. That would suffice for her.

But very quickly, she pulled a wry smile. She was already getting greedy, wasn’t she?!

What luck did she have to stay by his side forever?! She, too, lately sensed something very different about Arthur. She remembered their first

encounter; how he was so angry that he could murder her the next second.

She could also sense the fluctuation in his emotions as days went by. His aloofness and nobility were intense, and the haughtiness exuded from deep within him was irresistible as well.

But the current him—as aloof as he still was—was emotionless like he cared about nothing at all. *Just what in the world had gotten into him?*

While reeling, a servant approached her and said, “Miss Goodwin, please follow me.”

“Is someone looking for me?”

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“You’ll know when you get there. Please.” The servant gestured a ‘please’.

At that, Sophia got up and followed after her, traversing a grand hallway. The manor was so massive that one could get lost in it. Thus, it could take some time for a person to get from one place to another.

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Sophia grew increasingly uneasy the further she walked, for she had a hunch who she would be meeting, and a pang of guilt and self-reproach arose within her.

She had already promised Martha back home that she would stay away from Arthur, but now, she had chased him all the way here and even snuck her name into the guest list. Just the thought of it made Sophia ashamed of meeting Arthur's grandmother.

Sure enough, she found Martha sitting on the couch when they arrived at a quaint hall. The older lady was dressed in a fitting dark silver dress, looking noble and majestic.

"Good evening, Old Madam Weiss," Sophia greeted Martha.

Martha sized the young woman up in response, not in anger but amiably, pointing toward the seat across from hers. "Have a seat."

Arthur had wronged this young woman, after all, and she didn't need to ask to know what would happen between them had probably already happened. But now, Arthur was marrying another woman; this was unfair to her.

"I didn't expect you to have come, Miss Goodwin."

"I'm sorry, Old Madam Weiss. Please forgive me for inviting myself. I swear I won't cause any trouble during Arthur's wedding," Sophia promised eagerly as she looked up.

To that, Martha waved her hand. "No need to apologize. Everyone's a guest here. All are welcome."

Sophia couldn't help being taken aback, and she had now witnessed for herself the older woman's noble demeanor. Martha's tolerance and kindness made Sophia grow increasingly self-reproaching and unable to face her.

"Tomorrow will be Arthur's big day. If you feel uncomfortable, I can make arrangements for you to tour around the area." Martha had considered her

feelings instead

But Sophia shook her head. "Thank you for the arrangement, Old Madam Weiss, but I won't be attending the wedding tomorrow. I'll be returning home with my boss after the wedding is over."

Martha suddenly felt bad for Sophia. She hadn't forced Arthur upon this wedding, but Arthur chose his own bride.

So why exactly had he let go of Sophia and chose Emily instead? This was a question that still puzzled her to this day.

"Have you two fought before Arthur came back?" asked Martha, curious.

Sophia shook her head in reply. "No, we didn't." Then, after some deliberation, she asked, "If you don't mind me asking, Old Madam Weiss, had something happened to Young Master Weiss lately that led him to suffer from amnesia?"

"Amnesia? Nothing happened to Artie. Why would you ask so?" asked Old Madam Weiss, bewildered.

"Because... he seemed to have completely forgotten about me." As dejected as Sophia was, she dared not let it show.

Martha, on the other hand, couldn't help reeling. "What did you say? Arthur has forgotten about you?"

"Yes, after his departure. I realize he has completely forgotten about me on our first reunion here." Sophia was now purely worried if Arthur had suffered any injuries that led him to have amnesia.

At that, Martha recollected Arthur's behavior since coming home. He was now indeed behaving very differently from the first day he returned. However, she still couldn't figure out what had led her dear grandson to behave so indifferently to everything.

"Artie is behaving differently, but nothing happened to him either," Martha affirmed

Sophia was relieved upon hearing so. This was good news, for a severe trauma had to happen to cause someone to lose their memories. As it

appeared, he was fine, just that he had completely forgotten about her and her only.

Finally, Martha understood why Arthur would choose Emily as his wife. It was because he had suddenly forgotten about Sophia. But how did it come to this?

“Old Madam Weiss, it’s getting late. You should rest early. Tomorrow’s a big day,” the senior servant said.

Martha checked the time to find it was already 10.00PM. At that, she nodded, then turned to Sophia. “You should get some rest as well, Miss Goodwin. You’re more than welcome if you want to join us for the wedding.”

“Thank you, Old Madam Weiss.” After seeing Martha off, Sophia allowed the servant to take her to her room.

Meanwhile, a black sedan drove into the manor. As the door opened, Arthur stepped out of the vehicle. His black suit, complimented with subtle embroidery that showed off his nobility, made him domineering like he was a lord in the dark.

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Even if Arthur had been manipulated, the imposing aura he exuded remained the same.

Hearing footsteps coming from the garden, he stopped and turned around to find a servant leading Sophia in his direction. He furrowed his brows slightly in response. *What is this woman doing here, still wandering around in the garden at this late hour?*

Sophia fought hard to conceal the sadness and adoration in her eyes upon seeing him, and she lowered her head, not intending to greet him. She wanted to go to her room and lock herself in from here on, or she would go mad.

She grew increasingly miserable as the countdown to his wedding became shorter. She was tough but not tough enough to remain emotionless as she watched the man she loved deeply marry another woman.

“Stop.” A crisp voice came from behind her.

“Young Master Weiss,” the servant greeted him, then walked away astutely.

Sophia stood in the brightly lit hall with her back facing him, having no intention of turning around. Meanwhile, he came forth with steady footsteps and stopped in front of her. With one hand in his pocket, he lowered his eyes and sized her up.

“Why run away when you see me? Are you not going to say hi?” Arthur asked with irritation, causing Sophia to face away. “It’s really late. I want to return to my room and rest.”

Arthur suddenly felt frustrated. He checked his watch to find it was already 10.00PM, but he wanted to be with her for a while longer.

“Are you free? Join me for a drink,” Arthur asked, to which she rejected resolutely. “No.”

“Did you say you’re my friend? We’ll just have one glass as friends. I won’t take up much of your time.” Arthur insisted.

Sophia shut her eyes and fought back the urge to keep him company. However, just as she wanted to turn him down again, Arthur clasped her wrist and dragged her to the wine cellar without another word.

Sophia had thought he was taking her to the dining room, but it quickly became apparent to her that she was wrong. This man had a lavish wine cellar in his basement, storing the best liquor around the world.

As she stepped out of the elevator, she looked at the dimly lit wine cellar with amazement.

“Do we have to drink here?” Sophia mumbled, causing Arthur to look over his shoulder at her. “Are you afraid I’ll do something to you?”

Sophia took a gander at him in response. *Hadn’t you already done everything you were allowed to? What else can there be for me to be afraid of?* She just thought, with her current position, they shouldn’t be in the same room.

Moreover, there weren’t any servants here, like this was an isolated environment.

“Relax, I just want to grab a drink. I have no interest in doing anything else.” With that, he removed his jacket to reveal a dark-colored dress shirt beneath it, exposing his perfectly shaped body.

The warm golden lights enveloped him, making his handsome face even more refined. He drummed his fingers beside the wine cabinet like he was

picking his favorite liquor.

This scene intensified his noble temperament exceptionally.

His looks alone could infatuate a woman. However, if he was gentler and his gaze was more tender, no woman would be able to escape his grasp.

Sophia suddenly felt a lump in her throat, and she looked away. She feared if she continued to look, she wouldn't be able to stop herself from running to him and hugging his waist from behind to feel the affection they used to share.

"What would you like to drink," asked Arthur as he turned around.

"I'm good with anything." She was just here to keep him company.

While smirking, he pulled a bottle of red wine out, then proficiently uncapped it. Following that, he took two wine glasses and filled them up before handing one to her.

Sophia had the urge to get wasted as she looked at the glass of red wine while standing in front of the wine cabinet. *I'll only wake up tomorrow afternoon if I get drunk now, won't I? Then, I won't have to think about him marrying someone else.*

At that, she took the glass from him and chugged it down her throat. He had picked out a sweet red wine; it tasted pretty smooth.

Arthur, on the other hand, looked at her with dismay while holding his glass of red wine. *Does this girl even know how to drink wine? Such a fine wine, but she's gulping it like it is water!*

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"Another, to the brim," said Sophia nonchalantly as she brought the wine glass to Arthur, who was instantly amused. His gaze was fathomless yet crystal-clear under the lights, looking exceptionally charming.

"Are you sure you know how to drink wine?" Despite doubting, he still poured her half a glass of sweet wine.

Sophia didn't want to stand on ceremony with him anymore. He would be someone else's husband after the next sunrise; she couldn't order him around anymore after that.

"C'mon, fill it up to the brim. Don't be so stingy." She propped her chin up, looking all 'I don't get drunk easily'.

At that, Arthur topped it up, and as the liquid was coming up to the top, he asked with worry, "Are you sure you really want to drink this way?"

“Ye—ap!” Sophia enunciated with a nod, took the wine glass from him, then chugged the entire glass of wine down again. *This sure is good wine.*

Meanwhile, Arthur took a graceful sip, his gaze latched onto her this whole time. Her soft long hair sat neatly on her shoulders, surrounding her stunning, fair face.

Arthur fell into a momentary trance, thinking, *The way this girl drinks sure looks fine.*

Sophia burped after chugging the entire glass of wine only to notice she was still sober, and she couldn't help asking, “What's the abv on this wine?”

“Eight percent.”

The answer led her to be frustrated. She wouldn't get drunk even if she downed the entire bottle!

“Don't you have anything stronger in here?” she asked. “I want whiskey.”

Arthur had only brought her here because he wanted to spend a bit more time with her. But who'd have thought she was now demanding liquor?!

“That's too strong. It's not the type for ladies.”

“Well, I want it.” With that, she searched the racks and found one with an abv of 43% in no time.

After taking it out, she popped the cap open, then searched for a whiskey glass but to no avail. Thus, she just chugged straight from the bottle.

Startled by the lady, Arthur dashed toward her and snatched the bottle of whiskey from her. “What, are you crazy?!”

Sophia was doing fine until he snatched the bottle from her, causing her to choke and reflexively lean against the table, coughing violently. The next second, she felt a warm, large palm gently patting her back.

Tears instantly streamed down her cheeks, and she turned around to throw herself into his arms. Her actions stumped Arthur for a split second before he wrapped his arms around her and looked down at her.

Her tears had dampened his shirt, but she couldn't care less. She continued embracing him, wanting to behave presumptuously one last time, for she wouldn't be able to anymore after his marriage the following morning.

Meanwhile, Arthur stood motionless like a tree with his brows locked into a deep furrow, letting the young woman in his arms cry and hug him as she pleased.

Suddenly, Sophia looked up, wrapped her arms around his neck, and stood on tiptoes. She wanted to kiss him, but he towered over her. She wouldn't be able to touch his lips if he didn't lower his head.

She had acted on impulse, after all. Seeing that he wouldn't lower his head, she began crying aggrievedly. But just as she was about to give up, Arthur lifted his arms around the waist while lowering his head, bringing their faces close together. They were so close their breaths interweaved, and the moment their eyes locked onto each other, time stopped.

He was giving her the chance to do what she had yearned for.

At that, Sophia held her breath, cupped his cheeks, and pressed her slightly trembling lips to his.

Arthur closed his eyes and tightened his arms around her waist. He realized he liked her scent, and her kiss awakened a feeling within him, causing him to reflexively respond to her for a moment.

Just like that, Sophia was pinned against the wine rack, and their raw emotions laid bare...

Perhaps the alcohol had taken effect as well, as the kiss was like a ball of enveloping fire, blazing yet inviting.

Finally, Arthur released her, and Sophia also realized what they had just done. With that, she held her forehead while her mind went blank for a few solid seconds.

Arthur, on the other hand, had grabbed the opened bottle of whiskey and chugged it straight from the bottle, wanting to use the icy liquid to put out his burning desire.