

My Baby's Daddy Chapter 798

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Later that night, the maids prepared dinner for Sophia, who thought she was going to enjoy her meal alone until Arthur showed up and had his dinner with her. At that instant, she couldn't help but feel uncomfortable, wishing this had happened back in their country because she would have been so happy about it. Nonetheless, the maids were standing right beside them, adding food for them while watching them dine. *What's going on, Arthur? You have a fiancée, and you're getting married in two days, yet here you are, dining with another woman.*

On the other hand, Arthur appeared surprisingly natural, glimpsing Sophia's reaction every once in a while until he noticed her picking at her meal in an absent-minded manner. "What's wrong? You don't like the food?" he asked with a deep voice.

"Oh, of course not. I'm just not feeling that hungry." Sophia shook her head. When she was done with her meal, she returned to her bedroom shortly before she got a call from Anastasia, who asked her about her whereabouts because she had gone looking for her in her room. "Hey, Anastasia... I'm currently staying in the manor's main building. It's Young Master Weiss' idea, apparently."

"Oh wow, that sounds great! He can take good care of you in that case." Anastasia was happy for her.

"Come on, Anastasia. Stop pulling my leg. You know he is almost getting married, so why is he keeping me by his side?" Sophia smiled bitterly.

"Look, Sophia. Just stay with him patiently. I believe he still loves you. The reason he doesn't remember you is that he is suffering from memory loss." Anastasia consoled Sophia because she knew the actual reason behind Arthur's amnesia. Therefore, she truly believed that Sophia was the Mrs. Right meant for Arthur, while the Jennings Family would soon have to pay the ultimate price for the bad deeds they had done. In the meantime, Sophia had no choice but to stay by Arthur's side because she couldn't go anywhere either in her current condition, but deep down, she told herself that she would try her best to keep her distance from Arthur.

Meanwhile, a maid, who was in the garden, reached for her phone and dialed Emily's number. "Hello."

“There is something I want to tell you, Miss Jennings. Young Master Weiss just arranged a guest room next to his bedroom for Sophia and even dined with her earlier tonight. If you ask me, they seemed to be interacting with each other pretty intimately.”

“What? What a b*tch! How shameless of her to seduce Artie knowing that I’m about to marry him!” Emily was exasperated.

“Miss Jennings, I suggest that you move in here right away. After all, there are only 2 more days until your wedding, so you must make sure nothing goes wrong!”

“Alright, I’m moving in tomorrow.” Emily had no choice but to postpone her plan to the next day, thinking it was too late for her to do that. Soon, she mentioned what she had just learned to her mother, Vera, who also agreed that Sophia was trying to ruin her daughter’s wedding. For that, Vera decided to confront Sophia the next day to make her leave Arthur’s manor, or she would smear her name and make her a sinner by telling the outside world that she was the one who seduced Arthur.

In the meantime, Sophia decided to take a shower despite the overwhelming pain around her ankle when it was 9.00PM. Not long after she entered the bathroom, someone knocked on her room door, but when she didn’t answer it, the man standing outside frowned and wondered whether she was already asleep. *Is she in bed already? But it’s only 9.00PM now. There is no way she sleeps so early.* In fact, Arthur was thinking of telling the maid to prepare him some supper just when he thought he should also ask her about that since she didn’t eat much during dinner. Thus, he turned the doorknob and opened it, easily entering the room as the door wasn’t locked. “Are you there, Sophia?” Arthur called out to the lady.

Nevertheless, Arthur’s response was only met with silence. Noticing how tidy the room was, he began to believe Sophia was not in her room but continued to wonder where she could be in her condition. Just when he was about to leave the room, he suddenly heard a scream that was filled with horror and fear from the bathroom. “Ah…” As his heart skipped a beat, he barged into the bathroom without hesitation, only to see the naked lady lying on the tiled floor after her shower.

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Arthur’s first thought was to turn his back and ask anxiously, “What’s the matter with you?”

Sophia didn’t expect him to be in the bathroom because he had just rushed in without hesitation. “I—I slipped.” Her legs were still not their usual self, so when she came out of the bathtub just now, she slipped.

She felt extremely embarrassed for him to see her like this. Although they were intimate before, and she expressed herself easily in front of him, the situation was different now.

Sophia's face blushed involuntarily. She wanted to get up, but she found that her waist hurt so much that she couldn't get up on her own. She could only ask, "Will you hold me up?"

Arthur breathed a long sigh. He turned around, then looked at the girl on the ground. His eyes did not avoid her; instead, he came over and carried her naturally. On the other hand, Sophia felt mortified. To her, Arthur, who lost his memory, was undoubtedly nothing different from a stranger. He had forgotten her and everything they once had.

Arthur carried her to the sofa, then quickly took a bath towel and draped it over her. At the same time, he thought that if he didn't come in, what could she have done?

If another man came in and she fell like this, would she also let that man carry her out?

All these thoughts caused Arthur's eyes to narrow a bit.

Seated on the couch, Sophia tightly wrapped herself in a bath towel as she continued blushing hard. Then, she pleaded, "Will you go to the closet and get me some pajamas?"

Arthur got up and went over to bring it to her. Then, he turned his back and did not look like he was going to leave.

"Get changed," he said.

Sophia couldn't help but hesitate for a few seconds. "Go out! I'm fine now; you don't have to stay here."

Arthur didn't leave; he snorted. "You have no ability to take care of yourself right now."

"That's my business! It has nothing to do with you, Young Master Weiss," Sophia said bitterly, her eyes turning red.

Arthur's chest couldn't help tightening, and he found an excuse to say, "You are my guest, so I can't let you meet with an accident."

"No, I'm not your guest at all. I was able to come to your wedding this time because I pestered Anastasia about it. Otherwise, I wouldn't even be qualified to attend your wedding." Sophia choked up.

If she didn't know Anastasia, she wouldn't even know that he was getting married. She would wait for him to come back like a fool in the country all her life, and then he would never come back for the rest of her life.

"Since you're here, you're my guest." Arthur had plenty of excuses.

Sophia covered her face as tears suddenly overflowed from her eyes. Choking up, she suddenly felt extremely hurt.

Arthur turned around and found that she was not wearing clothes. Instead, she covered her face and cried. He couldn't help but ask in a low voice, "What are you crying for?"

Gasping, Sophia sniffed, wiping tears from her face in a panic. "Don't worry about me; just go!" Before, she cried under the dim lights in the garden. Now, when she cried, the sadness in her eyes and her tears were as clear as

day.

Her sadness gripped his heart, as if her grief was also infecting him, causing his emotions to recover gradually. Emotions that could not be suppressed by drugs filled his chest, causing him to turn around involuntarily and squat down by her side. Then, he raised his hand to wipe her tears away.

Why does this feel like second nature?

When he was still stunned by his behavior, Sophia pushed his hand away.

"No, thank you."

She spoke in a very polite voice.

Inexplicably, Arthur was a little annoyed. She was clearly crying because of him. He wanted to comfort her, but she refused to let him. *We're just running in circles if this goes on.*

"I'll ask someone to prepare a late-night snack. You can come out to eat later." Arthur didn't ask anymore and simply decided for her.

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Chapter 800 Sophia's heart softened. "Thank you."

Next, Arthur put the paper on the table beside her. "Cry if you want to! You can call me if you have any issues."

Sophia was stunned for a few seconds. Considering how kind he was to her, she suddenly wondered if he did remember her and still liked her.

However, these questions were meaningless because his wedding would be held the day after tomorrow. *What's the point of life now that he'll be someone else's sweetheart soon?*

The servants outside prepared two portions of supper. They were light and delicious, and Arthur came knocking on the door again.

Sophia opened the door after changing into a set of casual clothes. As she limped out, the man naturally supported her. She looked up at him and saw a servant nearby, so she hastily withdrew her arm. "There's no need. Thank you."

But just as she was stumbling out, the man's arm that was pushed away came over again and held her arm firmly, not allowing her to refuse.

Sitting at the table, Sophia was famished. So, she lowered her head and ate.

The servant also left wisely. In the quiet dining room with gentle lighting, the man seated in front seemed to have no appetite. He just stared at the thin girl under the light from time to time.

He glanced at her phone again, really wanting to see if she also had his photo on her phone and to know how close they were to each other.....

"Do you really have a boyfriend?" Arthur asked again. He was beyond shocked when he heard her say that last time.

Sophia raised her head and nodded earnestly. "Yes."

"Do you live together?"

"In fact, we do," Sophia answered naturally.

Arthur put the spoon down with a clang. For some reason, it sounded like he was upset.

Sophia was startled and looked at the man opposite, who stared back at her with a dazzling gaze. "When are you getting married?" he asked.

"Why do you ask this?"

"Since you're coming to my wedding, I will also go to your wedding," Arthur announced domineeringly.

Sophia was taken aback for a few seconds, and her thoughts became a little muddled. She bitterly thought that he would never be able to attend her wedding because she didn't have any hope of marriage in the future at all.

She would never meet a man she loved more than him.

"No need. It's just a simple meal between the families. We will not invite other guests," Sophia replied.

Arthur tugged at the front of his shirt as if something made him extremely uncomfortable. He lifted his head and asked, "Sophia, then why were you crying like that for me?"

Sophia blinked her eyes, feeling panicky. She turned her face away and said, "I'm not crying for you. Don't think about it too much. I just so happen to have a... melancholic temperament."

Although Arthur had an emotional disorder, he was not stupid! He was clear about who she was crying for.

"No, you don't. You're crying for me." *I need to know! Admit it!*

In reality, Sophia had no courage to come clean to him. She didn't dare to admit that all her grief came from him, so she stirred the porridge and said, "No, I cry often. It's better for me to cry once in a while."

This excuse was a bit of a reach, but there was no other explanation.

Arthur took a deep breath. He seemed to be even more annoyed and snorted coldly. "Who would believe in your dumb reasoning?"

"It doesn't matter if you believe it or not, Young Master Weiss. I sincerely wish you a great wedding and a happy marriage," Sophia raised her head and said to him.

Arthur bit his thin lip and pressed his tongue against his cheek. Obviously, his mood fluctuated somewhat abnormally.

When others wished him a happy marriage, he had no feeling or even response, but when she said it, it made him feel bad. He was even very unwilling to hear it.

"I'll be happy in marriage," Arthur replied to her.

Then, he got up and said, "I'm done eating. Have a restful evening."

He seemed to be rather angry. After he left, Sophia felt a little lonely in the big dining hall.