

My Baby's Daddy Chapter 808

Chapter 808

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After having enough of the liquor, Arthur looked over to the young woman as he panted lightly, and another wave of urge suddenly surged within him.

Sophia had decided to leave the cellar at this point—she couldn't make another mistake. But just as she took a couple of steps, Arthur suddenly tugged on her arm, causing her to turn and fall into his arms.

"You're going to leave just like that after kissing me?" he questioned with a raspy voice.

Sophia's eyes widened slightly, for his ravishing face was only inches away from her. The next second, his breath came at her. This time, it was his call. He held her chin and attacked her lips with a passionate kiss.

His initiative stupefied her. *H—How is it that he's making a move on me?!*

Arthur couldn't explain his behavior himself. He just went with what his heart told him. It told him to kiss her and not let her go, so much so that his static heart burned ablaze. Even his soul was screaming to have her.

How is it that this woman can have me hooked on her so badly? Why can she make all my sobriety and rationality disappear?

Sophia knew him all too well. So while taking in his kiss, she perceived the change in his breathing and movements.

Suddenly, a red flag raised in her head, and she shoved him away. He couldn't do something reckless at this time, or things would really get out of control for the both of them.

As much as she loved and craved him as well, she knew where to draw the line. She would never make such mistakes.

Having been shoved away, Arthur locked his gaze on her as he panted, saying with a husky voice, "Don't refuse me. I know you need me too."

Sophia had calmed down at this point, and she looked resolutely at him with pursed lips. "That was the alcohol just now. I'm sorry, but I won't betray my boyfriend."

Arthur's heart twinged in response. He had forgotten she had a boyfriend while he would be marrying Emily the following day.

"Please forgive me for offending you." At that, Sophia turned to leave, but his deep voice came from behind the next second. "Do you really love your boyfriend?"

"Yes, I love him. I will never love any other man as much as him for the rest of my life," she answered resolutely without turning around.

With that, she headed in the direction of the elevator and disappeared into the corner.

Arthur suddenly propped his arms against the table. Something was tugging on him, forcing him to arch his back and pant.

Sophia thought she had used up all her energy to return to her room. She was so exhausted that she didn't have the energy to move to the couch. With her back pressed against the door, she slowly slid onto the floor, then hugged her knees as tears rolled down from her tightly shut eyes.

Meanwhile, at the Jennings Residence, Emily was so excited that she was having trouble falling asleep. She was currently sitting in front of the mirror, admiring her gorgeous face again and again. She was even trying to find *the* smile that would make her appear even more beautiful when she stood at the altar the following day.

To think she would officially become the young mistress of the Weiss Family from the next day on made her smile. Not only would she have an outstanding and perfect husband, but power and wealth would also follow.

This was the day she had been dreaming of ever since she could remember. Finally, it would be coming!

Just then, Vera knocked on the door and entered. Upon seeing Emily still awake, she admonished, "Emily, hurry up and go to bed. Tomorrow's your big day."

"Mom, I'm not dreaming, am I? I'm really about to be married to Artie!" Emily held her chest, oozing happiness.

"Of course not. You'll be pronounced his wife by tomorrow."

Emily beamed in response. "Mom, you're sure Goodwin won't be attending the wedding, right? Actually, I kind of hoped she would. Then, she'll be able to witness my happily ever after."

“Look at you. Do you think you won’t have any more chances to flaunt in her face after y our wedding?” Vera’s priority now was to see that the wedding would be held the following day successfully.

“You’re right.” A hint of malice flashed across Emily’s eyes, loathsome at the thought that Arthur was once Sophia’s, even though she now owned him.

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Emily really couldn’t stomach this bitterness if she didn’t give Sophia a hard time or flaunt her new status in front of that woman.

“Get some rest. You have to look your best tomorrow. I want my daughter to be the most beautiful bride in the world.” Vera fixed Emily’s long hair.

At that, Emily went to bed as told. However, the wedding and, most importantly, the wedding night popped into her head as soon as she closed her eyes. She would truly be handing herself to Arthur soon. As the thoughts crossed her mind, her face flushed, and her heart raced.

Back at the Weiss Manor, Anastasia was already sound asleep. Elliot, on the other hand, went for a drink with Richard and had a heart-to-heart talk.

The topic then came to their survival days in the jungle, three young men about the same age fighting hard, supporting and sticking by each other. Even when so many years had passed, just thinking about it still got their blood boiling

“Richard, have you ever given your love life a thought? You can’t stay a bachelor forever, can you?” As a married man, Elliot would wish to see that his brothers could have a happy married life as well.

Richard shook his head in response. “My job is my partner. A woman will only affect the speed I draw my handgun.”

Elliot couldn’t help chuckling at that. “Alright, I’m going to make a note of that,” he teased, leading Richard to guffaw. The two then clinked glasses and looked at the lights afar. There truly was no romance in Richard’s eyes. He could safeguard his comrades, brothers, and family, but he never gave his love life a thought, for he absolutely didn’t need it.

This night was bound to be long for a lot of people.

Sophia, too, couldn't fall asleep as she lay in bed. Thus, she moved to the couch and lit a bracket light, allowing the dim light to shine on her as sadness enveloped her.

She flipped through the pictures and videos in her phone album again and again as tears streamed down her face like a never-ending waterfall.

"Get over here. I'm recording a video!" Sophia's whiny voice could be heard.

Very quickly, a dashing face appeared on the screen. While Sophia was making cute faces at the camera, the man hugged her from behind and rubbed his face against hers affectionately. At that, she put her phone away, but laughter could still be heard off camera.

"Can you be a little more serious? Honestly!"

The man's crisp laughter came. "Who'd have thought my wife knows how to fight back? I'm impressed, puppy."

"Don't call me that."

"Alright, if you don't make a sound tonight."

"Arthur Weiss..."

The camera shook violently amongst the roughhousing. But off camera, it was a happy time between the couple.

Alas, Sophia's heart now ached just as much as she was happy in the video.

Meanwhile, in the master bedroom, Arthur stared at the ceiling while resting his hands behind his head. His gaze was fathomless, and his mind was a mess, for he couldn't stop thinking about all that had happened in the wine cellar. At the same time, an intense feeling surged within him.

It was jealousy; he was sure of it. More than that, he actually wanted to know who the man Sophia loved was.

Is her boyfriend handsome? Is he rich? What is his family like? How does he compare to me?

The sun rose eventually, and Sophia watched the sunrise while curling up on the couch. Her eyes were now puffy, and she looked somewhat gaunt.

Arthur's big day had arrived, and the whole place would be buzzing with joy.

In the garden outside, the servants had gotten busy bright and early, traversing the garden's every corridor, setting up their young master's wedding with joy.

Back in the master bedroom, Arthur wasn't in his best shape either. In fact, he didn't get out of bed immediately, for he actually wasn't really looking forward to the wedding.

"Young Master Weiss, are you awake, Young Master?" A servant called out to him at the door.

At that, Arthur sat up, got out of bed, and headed into the bathroom. He needed a shower to sober up..

Soon, Martha came and sat on the couch, waiting for Arthur to come down and have breakfast with her. The elderly woman had donned a maroon dress for the occasion, looking exceptionally lively. Her thick silver hair had been put up with a ruby-encrusted hair comb, complimenting her nobility.

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Martha grew anxious after waiting for about twenty minutes, and she couldn't help asking a servant, "Why hasn't Arthur come down yet?"

"We've knocked on his door, Old Madam Weiss, but Young Master Weiss never answered us. So we assumed he's still asleep."

Seeing that time was running short, Martha decided to make a trip upstairs herself. After arriving on the third floor, she knocked on Arthur's bedroom door. "Artie, wake up. It's getting late."

The door opened soon after, revealing a half-naked Arthur with a bathrobe wrapped around his waist and his hair dripping wet.

While the servant blushed, Martha frowned. "Artie put some clothes on. What is the meaning of this? You're not a child anymore."

"You go ahead and have breakfast, Grandma. I'll go down in a bit," said Arthur to his grandmother.

"I'll wait for you. We still have this bit of time. Hurry up and get dressed." At that, Martha took another gander at him. Her grandson was indeed top notch in every way.

A hint of a smile even escaped her lips as she turned around, and she involuntarily glanced at the room next door. "Have two people stay here and look after Miss Goodwin. She won't be heading to the wedding venue, but make sure she's well taken care of," she instructed the servant, who nodded in acknowledgment. "Yes, ma'am."

Sometime after all the servants on the third floor left, Arthur came out of his room in a white dress shirt and fitting suit pants. However, his necktie wasn't tied up, and his hair was still damp. He was even buttoning up his sleeve while walking to Sophia's room.

Sophia, tired and sleepy, was drifting into sleep when Arthur knocked on the door, causing her to sit up. It wasn't until the knock came the second time that she was certain she hadn't imagined it.

With that, she went to answer the door, only to find Arthur staring at her.

"Yes, Young Master Weiss?" Sophia looked back at him with disheveled hair and puffy eyes, leading Arthur to frown. "Did you not sleep last night?" *Why does she look so haggard?*

"Of course, I did!" lied Sophia, who actually felt light-headed and quite unwell.

Seeing that she looked awful, Arthur felt her forehead without thinking. The burning sensation caused him to hold his breath; she was feverish.

"You're feverish. I'll take you to the hospital," said Arthur.

Having no clue of her fever, Sophia felt her forehead. *The temperature is a little high, but it's still alright.* At that, she waved her hand. "It's fine. It's your wedding today. Surely you have a lot of things to do. Go on, get busy! I can take care of myself."

With that, Sophia reached for the door to close it, but Arthur stopped the closing door somewhat assertively. To him, between a wedding and her fever, her fever was more important.

"Come with me."

As uncomfortable as Sophia felt, she really didn't want to affect his wedding, and for that, she took a step back. "Thanks but no thanks. I'll ask a servant to take me there later."

Just then, a servant rushed upstairs, announcing, "Young Master, Old Madam Weiss is still waiting for you to join her for breakfast. Time is running short, and you have to get to the chapel soon."

However, Arthur didn't respond to the servant but only latched his gaze on this stubborn young woman.

"Are you going to come with me?" he threatened.

Hearing that Martha was waiting for him downstairs, Sophia was now even more certain she didn't want him to bother himself with this. Thus, she shook her head. "No, you go ahead."

Arthur took a deep breath while sticking his tongue against his inner cheek. It was evident he was running out of patience and was even growing

irritated.

"Fine, suit yourself." Arthur had always been lofty. *As if I have the bloody time to coax her. This girl asked for it!*

With that, Arthur walked away. Meanwhile, Sophia fought back her tears as she watched him leave before finally closing the door quietly.

A sense of brokenness enveloped the brokenhearted woman as she stood in front of the window, basking in the morning sun.

Downstairs, Arthur joined his grandmother for breakfast. Martha, on the other hand, asked a series of questions only to discover Arthur hadn't responded at all. His gaze was fixed upon a spot, and despite holding a spoon, he hadn't taken a single bite for a long time, looking like he was deep in his own world.