

N Destiny 611

Chapter 611

"I'm hungry!" Sophia felt a growl in her stomach.

She left her room and looked at the decorations on the walls as she walked down the hall. This place used to be a bar. The bar's decor had a somber atmosphere that mingled with the gloomy lighting to produce an odd and unsettling ambiance. As she was a bit scared, she walked slowly toward the stairs.

Sophia made her way down the spiral staircase; she saw that the whole space was brightly lit. Aman, who sat elegantly amidst the lights, seemed to be passing the time by drinking wine.

She was mesmerized by his refined stature and felt captivated by his sophisticated elegance.

His black satin suit had golden embroidery and it sparkled like

diamonds while the gentle light enhanced his charm and charisma.

Sophia's heart sank because she realized how difficult it would be to win over this man's affections.

She let out a long, deep breath. If she doesn't return the pendant after a year, she may have to pay the price with her life. So, she decided to just go with the flow for the time being.

Sophia approached Arthur while smiling. "Have you guys eaten? Want to eat together?" He gave her a passing look. "Without my consent, you are not permitted to leave here." "But I'm starving." She blinked.

"From now on, you must do what I say." He was determined to make her suffer.

Sophia was stunned for a moment and felt helpless. Even though she knew it was almost impossible for Arthur to fall in love with her, she decided to try anyway.

She had no other options left. Her bestie told her that she had searched the hotel room thoroughly, but the pendant was still nowhere to be found.

“Fine. I'll listen. | won't eat.” As soon as she sat down, her stomach started to grumble. Sophia, who was blushing, instinctively covered her stomach while at the man.

The man's eyebrow, which was really attractive, furrowed into a scowl at her.

In spite of this, her stomach continued to grumble and she was determined to follow Arthur's orders. After letting out a sigh, she began talking to herself or rather, to her stomach. “Quiet down, please! Mr. Weiss said that | am not allowed to eat any food! Let's wait and see. He might show mercy at some point.”

The bodyguards beside them were holding back their laughter.

“Tell your stomach that food is off-limits tonight,” Arthur remarked, not amused. “You'll lose a servant if | suffer from starvation.” Sophia gave a serious answer. “It's not like | just have one maid.”

“So, you've decided to give up on the pendant now, right? The only one who knows where it is now is myself. You're going to starve me? Really?” She was trying to save herself by uttering such words.

Alack of compassion was obvious on Arthur's face. “| haven't eaten anything since getting on the plane. In fact, I've gone two days without eating.” Sophia continued her talk.

Arthur looked directly into her pitiful eyes as if he had found something entertaining. “Then, you might as well try to go without food for three days as a challenge.”

Beautiful men are born sadistic, Sophia screamed inside her heart. This is absolutely true.

“Can | drink water then?”

“| just have wine here.” He was clearly teasing her.

She was really thirsty, so she nodded and then said, "Can I have a glass, please?" He poured her a glass of wine.

She reached for the glass and gave it a lick, just like a puppy, to have a taste of what was within. The sweetness of it caused her to continue drinking it all at once, drawing the attention of the man who stared at her with narrowed eyes.

She hiccupped and her cheeks were rosy from drinking. "Would you like some more?" Arthur smirked. She shook her head. "No, it's not very tasty."

The bodyguard was taken aback by her answer. It's a fine wine that costs 50,000, yet she says it's not tasty? What a waste. Sophia stood up right away and felt the sky was spinning in front of her. She was tumbling toward Arthur; she was not sure if it was because she was too hungry or due to her consumption of alcohol.

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Even the bodyguard couldn't stop Sophia from falling into Arthur's embrace with his quick movements.

Before Arthur realized it, he had a girl nestled in his arms. She rested her head on his chest and her arms wrapped around his neck.

"Master." The bodyguard tried to pull her away from Arthur, knowing that he despised any woman who approached him. "Don't touch me." Even though she was drowsy, she hadn't lost consciousness yet and growled at the bodyguard.

Arthur glared at the bodyguard and motioned for him to leave before he removed Sophia's arms from his neck. She immediately cuddled him again.

"Hands off, Sophia Goodwin," he warned as he had never been a fan of such intimate encounters.

She would undoubtedly fall if she let go of him due to her being drowsy. He lowered his head, and they were so close to each other that their gazes locked.

Sophia's most beautiful feature since she was a child had always been her eyes, with bright pupils that shone like black pearls, illuminating beneath them. When she smiled, her eyes resembled the crescent moon.

Since they were at such a close proximity, Arthur was staring intently into her lovely eyes. They were as clear and captivating as they had always been, making his heart skip a beat.

At this point, she beamed at him, as her black pearly eyes were shaped into two crescent moons. One could never get bored of the innocence that danced in her eyes.

The bodyguard standing next to them was taken aback. He'd never seen his master stare at a woman for so long, and folks of the opposite gender would always maintain a distance of three feet away from him, let alone hug him.

While Sophia was still smiling, she was abruptly shoved aside and fell to the ground before moaning, "Ouch!"

"Don't approach me without my permission next time," Arthur said coldly, as he used his masculine hand to dust off his coat as though he was repulsed by her touching him.

He couldn't care less about Sophia's distressed expression. "Go back to your room."

She rose to her feet with difficulty since she was dizzy before returning to her room. She prayed for her well-being in the coming year after witnessing the man's ruthlessness.

Over the weekend, Elliot and Jared were playing soccer early in the morning at home. A woman smiled as she watched the two figures running and listened to the child's boisterous laughter while she arranged flowers in the hall.

Since Anastasia did not have a suitable candidate as her bridesmaid, three young girls from the Presgrave Family were chosen for her by Old Madam Presgrave. As Elliot was the oldest, these young women in their early twenties addressed her as Miss Anastasia. Yesterday, when the four of them had their meal, they bonded immediately.

The Presgraves' girls had always acted with the utmost etiquette and grace throughout due to strict family rules and upstanding parenting.

Anastasia, who will soon have the same status as Old Madam Presgrave, was highly respected as the Young Mistress of the Presgrave Family. In the future, she would have the authority to make all household decisions.

Until the wedding preparations began, she had no idea about her status as the Young Mistress of the Presgrave Family. Although being a mistress would give her the most power, the family still adhered to many of its traditional rules. The Presgrave Family resembled a large tree with branches reaching out to thousands of close relatives.

Since the wedding preparations were almost finished, Anastasia took the opportunity to learn up on some of the necessary skills befitting for a mistress, such as flower arrangement, which was both rejuvenating and elegant.

"Mrs. Presgrave, you really do have an artistic eye. This arrangement is very appealing," praised the floral art instructor.

"Thank you." Anastasia smiled. Since young, she always had a natural flair for art, which explained why she had learned things up quickly because she liked beautiful things.

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At that moment, Anastasia's phone rang.

After a glimpse at it, she said to her instructor, "Please excuse me for a moment."

“Hello, Dad,” she answered as she picked up the phone and moved to the side.

“The final verdict is out. Erica will be imprisoned for fifteen years.” Francis’ voice could be heard on the other end of the line.

She consoled her father and said, “Don’t be sad, Dad. She should face the consequences for her actions. Naomi may not have taught her, but someone else now has to.”

“I’m perfectly fine. I’m only calling to let you know about it since her biological father has also been sentenced to eight years.” Anastasia consoled her father again,

knowing that he was still in sorrow over Erica’s imprisonment. Despite the fact that Erica was not his biological child, he treated Francis as if she were.

Hayley’s final verdict would also be announced tomorrow. Given the amount of monetary stakes, a severe penalty was unavoidable. Karma had finally reached those who had harmed Anastasia.

Three days later, it was announced that Hayley Seymour would be sentenced to 18 years in prison with the imprisonment happening thereafter. On that same day, Anastasia was to be married on a private island.

Despite her old age, Harriet was overjoyed to be able to attend her grandson’s wedding.

Many guests arrived at the venue before the big day. They could splash around in the water and celebrate the upcoming wedding while taking in the spectacular scenery.

The same day, Arthur’s bodyguards packed their bags in the bar because they were traveling to the island for the wedding too. Sophia was also ordered to pack her belongings. She knew Arthur was going

to attend a wedding, so she packed a few

sets of vacation clothes for herself.

They were on the cruise ship at 12.00PM, and Sophia was staring at the sea in a daze. She occasionally glanced over at the man in a lavish suit on the other end of the liner. She didn't dare to act rashly after being pushed by Arthur the day before. He always maintained an aloof demeanor, as if warning them not to approach him.

A small island appeared on the horizon two hours later. The lush greenery, the bright sun, and the long white sandy beach made people feel free, as if they wanted to run on it. When Sophia saw the private island, she exclaimed softly, "This island is so beautiful!"

After she disembarked from the ship, the bodyguard assisted her with her luggage. She couldn't wait to get to the beach and play.

"Can I play for a while before returning?"

she asked Arthur.

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"No." It was a flat refusal from the man. He wouldn't let her do anything she wanted because tormenting her was the source of his joy.

She made a long face because she had to follow him into the car while looking back at the lovely beach. Arthur was the owner of one of the villas there, so Sophia was to stay in the same villa with him as his date.

"You are not allowed to go anywhere on this island without my permission," he said, sitting on the couch and instructing the girl in front of him.

She flinched at the man sitting with crossed legs. His haughty expression was drawing a line of supremacy between them as though he was the king and she was his petty servant.

Sophia became increasingly aware of her low social standing. She regretted having pawned herself by being by his side and losing all of her freedom. It was unfair because she had always been her parents' precious daughter.

"Understood." she gave a nod. She was left alone and dazed in the villa after he left. Inside a cafe, the afternoon sun glistened on two handsome men having a casual conversation like a piece of artwork.

Many women were admiring them as if they were a beautiful painting. Many guests of the Presgrave Family were present, and they were intrigued by the young man chatting with Elliot, the family's head.

They discovered the stranger was Elliot's friend after a series of questions and had no idea where he came from or what his name was.

Ambling along the beach, Anastasia was accompanying Jared holding a basket full of beautiful shells. She joined the 'treasure' hunt, as though she had returned to her childhood days.

"Mommy, look! Isn't it pretty?" He picked up another shell. She complimented, "Yeah. You're much better at searching than I am."

"Mommy, great-grandma said that I can make ornaments out of these, so she can decorate her house with them. I should find more." The boy was in high spirits because of the request.

Anastasia nodded. "Okay."

Feeling the soft sand squeezing through the toes alongside with the warm touch of the sunlight was one of the wonderful things one could experience.

The employees on the island were busy preparing for the wedding and providing their best service to the important guests. Right then, a cruise ship moored by the shore, after which a sexily dressed girl disembarked the ship. Scanning the scenic area, she couldn't hide the fervent ambition in her gaze.

It was none other than Mason's younger sister, Katrina, who had never expected the service would be so perfect. As long as their names were on the guest list, they had the privilege to arrive earlier to enjoy themselves.

Since she was a relatively reputable car show girl, she had stunning looks and a fiery attitude. Needless to say, she had her own purpose for attending Anastasia's wedding. Elliot's social circle was rife with rich people. Hence, it was definitely her golden opportunity to hook someone! up with

As the night loomed and the sky darkened, the island was illuminated with lights like a celestial castle levitating above the sea.

Both Anastasia and Elliot were having dinner with Harriet while listening to the concierge's report on the guests.

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Following that, the couple strolled in the vicinity without Jared, who was tired after playing the whole afternoon.

With street lights lighting up the route by the beach outside the cafe, the vast sea that was hovered by the night sky was serene. Elliot had no time to spare during the day, so he spent the whole night keeping Anastasia company.

The villas were perching on the trough area of the huge island like a crescent moon. Compared to daylight, the night view was exceptionally gorgeous as the moonlight glow brushed against the surface of the sea.

Suddenly, rock music could be heard from all sides. A band was performing in front of the guests and employees. With over a hundred people, the revel was in full swing.

At that moment, Anastasia noticed that some of them were spectating something. Curious, she took hold of Elliot's hand and strode over to join the crowd.

Soon, it was revealed that the one who had taken the spotlight was a girl rocking along the rhythm. Her bold moves displayed her perfect curves, showing no sort of embarrassment. Needless to say, most of the spectators were men..

Anastasia was stunned when she recognized who the girl was. It was Katrina, a model who was adept at dancing. Still, her dancing appeared quite ostentatious on the beach right now.

In the meantime, she spotted Anastasia as well as the handsome Elliot from the crowd. Twisting and turning her body, she glided over and halted before them. Like a snake, she was flexing her

flexibility with slithering movements in front of him.

It wasn't until then that she moved toward Anastasia and clung onto her arm. "Anastasia, long time no see! Do you still remember me?"

Anastasia was not foreign to Katrina's energetic soul, for she knew the girl's character better than anyone else. Although Katrina was a materialistic girl, Anastasia's contemporary perception of

Katrina had changed as the soon-to-be Mrs. Presgrave.

"Katrina, it's been a while," greeted Anastasia in return.

However, Katrina was making eyes at Elliot. "Anastasia, who's this handsome guy standing next to you?" "He's my honey," introduced Anastasia, who was assaulted by a sense of danger coming from Katrina.

"Mr. Presgrave, nice to meet you. I'm Katrina Sullivan, Anastasia's best friend." Katrina beamed with pleasure. "Pleasure to meet you too." Elliot nodded in response.

Her smile had always been alluring to the eyes. Like an invisible hook, it kept trying to catch hold of his attention since it was an endeavor to get into his good books at first meet.

“Katrina, I hope you enjoy your stay here.” Anastasia removed Katrina’s hand from hers. “I have to split now.”

“Sure.” An awkward Katrina withdrew her hands before looking at Elliot, who had turned around. She was desperate to see what kind of response he had.

She believed that no man could ever restrain himself upon seeing her dancing, not even Elliot. From her point of view, rich guys had a rather unbridled indulgence for woman and sex. As long as

one could pique their interest, they wouldn’t let the chance slip through their hands that easily.

Twirling her hair, she watched the couple leave and a smile crept up her lips. Elliot Presgrave. As expected of the perfect man, he can make anyone fall for him with that looks, body and domineering aura. Back then, Anastasia insisted on keeping the baby no matter what. Is it because she knew that Elliot is the father?

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Katrina was deeply impressed by Anastasia’s scheme-leveraging her kid to marry a rich guy.

Meanwhile, Anastasia’s mind was repeating Katrina’s amazing dance moves while loafing about with Elliot. That twisting body and seductive gaze of hers were a deadly weapon that could draw every man’s attention readily. Anastasia knew Katrina very well as Katrina used to take pleasure in seducing the rich. Was her fiancé the prey tonight?

“She’s Katrina, Mason's twin sister,” a vexed Anastasia piped up.

Elliot chuckled as he had an insight of her thoughts. “Are you worrying about something?”

“What do you think of her dance?” She cocked her head at him.

He was sharp enough to know that it was a fatal question. “Regardless, her character is bad.”

“How so?” Anastasia questioned further since she had witnessed how Katrina gave him hints a few times.

“If she isn’t Mason’s sister, I wouldn’t have allowed such a person to attend our wedding.” The disgust in his eyes was evident. Only then, she realized that Elliot found Katrina’s dance to be infuriating more than she did.

“There’s a campfire over there. Let's go take a look.” Anastasia pulled his hand to lead him toward that location.

The music and laughter from the revel filled the villa and reached Sophia’s ears.

They were prompting her to head outside, but Arthur had unfortunately left her alone to have fun all by himself.

Not only did she have legs that could bring her anywhere she wished, she also didn’t want to waste the night spent on such a beautiful island. With hindsight, she left the villa.

As she didn’t have any sense of direction at the unfamiliar place, she simply went to where the music came from. Unbeknownst to the poor girl, Arthur actually returned the next moment she left.

This perverse woman. How dare she go out without my permission! Hmph! Sophia Goodwin, you're going to get it from me once you return!

As Sophia had arrived at the beach, she saw the chairs prepared under the lights. She took a seat before a waiter asked for her order.

She ordered a glass of juice and turned to look at the people who were having fun. Despite her quiet disposition, one of

them was immediately attracted by her sheer presence.

With lights shining upon her, her surreal features adorned with long tresses were revealed, exuding an enigmatic air that awaited one to probe further.

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Sophia withdrew her hand with a smile. "Watch out. There's plenty of stones here." "Alright. Bye." He waved his hands and left despite the heavy heart.

After watching him leave, she took a deep breath and wheeled around, only to find the doors were closed, but she neither had the card nor the password to open it.

"Oh crap! How am I going to go inside?" Her face scrunched up in distress, causing the man to snigger while observing from the second floor.

"Young Master Weiss! Young Master Weiss! Are you in there?" she shouted at the closed door. Arthur came down in a black pajamas with a glass of wine in hand.

Sophia's face brightened upon seeing him. "Young Master Weiss, could you open the door for me, please?" Lying against the door frame, he gazed at her through the glass. "Mind telling me who allowed you to go outside without my permission?"

"I-I'm sorry." Sophia admitted her fault. "You'll be sleeping at the doorstep. tonight. You're not allowed to come in or go anywhere without my orders." Arthur's icy tone indicated that it wasn't a joke.

"What?" Her eyes widened in shock. Even if summer was coming, it would be very cold at midnight. She was already feeling the chills right now, so how was she supposed to survive the night outside?

"Please, Young Master Weiss. Please forgive me this one time! I promise that I'll listen to you from now on." She raised her hand to promise the moon and the sky in her attempt to convince him into forgiving her.

“You're not that bad. You managed to seduce someone by just heading outside once.” He made a snarky remark. “We graduated from the same school, that’s why. He sent me home because I didn’t know the way back. It’s nothing like what you think,” she explained.

However, Arthur, the cruel man who wouldn’t go easy on girls, couldn’t care less about it. No one could ever persuade or dissuade him on something once he had made up his mind. “Enjoy your stay outside. Mark my words-nothing will come good if you disobey me.”

Although the black silk pajamas hugged his broad shoulders and well-defined body without exposing its skin, his toned abs were vaguely discernible due to its thin fabric. In addition to his tall stature, he exuded a domineering aura effortlessly.

Still, Sophia wasn’t in a state of mind to drool over such a pleasing sight. While he walked to the parlor, her face contorted in displeasure as she had to spend the night outside. He’s so cruel!

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There was a table and chair for her to take a rest, but the night wasn’t as serene as one expected. Sometimes, a squeaky cry of a bird and the sight of a cat fleeing from out of nowhere pierced through the silent air.

Under such circumstances, a poor Sophia curled herself on the chair, hugging herself to retain her warmth.

One of the posh villas were Anastasia and Elliot's matrimonial house. The exquisite yet minimalistic interior filled the place with a mixture of romantic and wholesome atmosphere.

Anastasia was still bathing when Elliot returned after settling some work. Listening to the running water, he smiled lightly while undoing the buttons on his shirt before opening the door to the shower.

Looking at the intruder, she dipped herself into the bathtub. “I’m not done yet!” “Let's shower together, sweetheart.” “You're going to say that we’re running out of water, aren’t you?” Anastasia chuckled.

“Nope. | thought | should give you a shoulder massage since it’s been a tiring day for you.” He approached closer with a sinister smile.

The night belonged to the lovers; the fire in them ignited ardently after having

quelled for so long. She knew that she stood no chance against the man whom she had fallen deeply in love with. Even if she was all in, she couldn’t help but submit herself to Elliot until she fell asleep in his embrace.

There was a girl fast asleep on a bench placed outside of Villa No. 58. It was already midnight and the temperature had dropped. No matter how much she tried to endure the cold by hugging herself, she was freezing in her sleep too.

In the meantime, Arthur couldn't sleep in his comfortable and warm room, for his mind kept thinking about the girl, who was still outside.

It was 3.00AM, yet she neither made a fuss nor shouted during the past four hours.

In the end, he got up from bed and opened the bedroom room. As the chilly air caressed his skin, his face stiffened. Due to the huge temperature difference between day and night on the island, one could even feel the cold in the villa, let alone being outside.

He descended the stairs and went out. As soon as he pulled open the small gate, he could see Sophia sleeping while trembling in the cold under the street light

If she falls sick, | gotta ask someone to take care of her and that will be a hassle. | should just let her sleep inside. He made up an excuse in his head.

“Hey. Sophia Goodwin, wake up,” Arthur called her in an attempt to wake her up.

She pried open her drowsy eyes to see the man, who was standing beside her with arms crossed. “Can | head inside now?”

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"Next time, I'll feed you to the sharks," warned Arthur.

Sophia struggled to rise to her feet when her legs gave out, causing her body to collapse toward him: 'Argh!'"

With arms bugging his waist, her cold face rested on his bare chest, which was slightly exposed. It felt warm and sturdy. Arthur was stunned momentarily at the

cold sensation on his chest before

shoving her. "I told you not to come close

to me, didn't I?"

"My legs are numb. Can't you even help me for a bit?" grunted Sophia as she tried to stand straight.

Will he even get a girlfriend in future? What kind of girl will like him when he's so cold?

Arthur wheeled around and walked

inside the building with her at his heels. Once the door was closed, the coziness prodded her to have a warm bath right away, which she did as her heart told.

After returning to her room on the second floor, she had a warm shower before going to bed. Meanwhile, the man in the master room was finally feeling drowsy and drifted into a slumber, as though he had undone the knot in his heart.

On the other hand, Katrina couldn't sleep a wink due to the excitement, for she had never once attended such a grandiose wedding. Everyone would agree that the service provided on the island was top notch.

She posted a few clips on her social media account and received the public's attention. Even the press, which had given several vain attempts to pry Elliot's wedding, shared her videos.

Now that Katrina was one of the guests, she became their only source of information. Still, the pictures and clips, as well as the articles, vanished in thin air once the morning came. The phone in Katrina's room rang.

'Hello. Who is this?' She was still half awake.

"Good morning, Miss Sullivan. Sorry for the disturbance, but we would like to inform you that it is prohibited to disclose anything in regard to the wedding."

"What? Did I do that?" She played dumb.

"Yes. We've deleted your pictures and videos that were posted on your account. Your cooperation is appreciated and we hope that you will understand." After having said that, the employee terminated the call.

Katrina quickly checked her social media account. Indeed, everything pertaining to the wedding was deleted. She was so livid that she had lost the chance to brag about it to the outside world.

After breakfast, Anastasia went to Harriet's place to greet her and take care of Jared. As soon as she stepped into the villa, a fight could be heard from the study. An old man sounded angry as he shouted, "Harriet, it's already the 21st century. Why are you still abiding by the old rules? This is the time to rake in more money! If we don't do it now, others will

do it anyway."

Anastasia was nonplussed by the reproach that was laced by a strong resentment. Then, Harriet's voice resounded. 'Henry, rules are rules. These are the family rules that we must follow no matter what.'

"Harriet, you know how hardworking my son is. All we need is a chance, a chance to be one of the board directors of Presgrave Group. We're not asking much.. Just a small share of it is enough

"Henry, as the family rules has stated, the men in the family can never be one of the company. We can help with anything else other than that."

"So what if we work hard when we can't even enjoy one bit of the money Elliot has earned?" "Elliot has been doing his best to help the family. You're doing well on your own too. You should be grateful for what you have."

"Hmph! Harriet, I know what you're afraid of. You're afraid that we'll pose a threat to Elliot once we become stronger, aren't you?"