

N Destiny 651

Chapter 651

At that moment, Sophia, who happened to return from the dinner, heard the telephone ringing in the living room and answered it. "Hello. Who's on the line, please?"

"It's me, Sophia. Aren't you coming?" Jacob asked anxiously.

"I'm sorry, Jacob. I can't make it for the event. Have fun!" She smiled in embarrassment.

"Oh-come on! I was looking forward to your arrival. In fact, I've been waiting for you to come."

"I'm flattered to hear that, Jacob, but please don't wait for me. Don't forget to have fun," she replied.

"Sophia, can we grab breakfast together tomorrow morning? I'm leaving tomorrow, and I don't know when we'll meet again."

"Um... Can we talk about that tomorrow?" Sophia was dismayed with her tight schedule. After hanging up the call with Jacob, she returned the telephone to the cradle and let out a sigh.

"It looks like someone can't wait to go cruising on the sea." A man's deep voice was suddenly heard from behind the woman.

Astartled Sophia immediately turned around and saw Arthur walking in. She then quickly hid her emotions and replied, "Nah, not really. I'm tired by the way, so I'm going to head upstairs and take some rest."

As soon as she reached the stairs, she heard the man's voice from behind her again. "I'll meet you at the door in ten minutes."

With her hand on the handrail, she turned around and asked, "Where are we going?" "A night cruise." The man puckered his lips in response.

Sophia's eyes lit up when she heard that. She then exclaimed in surprise and excitement. "Wait... What? For real? | can tag along too?" The next second, she rushed upstairs, wondering whether she

should change her outfit for the occasion. only to realize there was not enough time for her to do so. Therefore, she only fixed her make-up a little before she headed downstairs.

In the meantime, Arthur was sitting on the couch while waiting for Sophia, whereupon they both got into the car and made their way toward the docks. As they were on their way, her mind was full of images of the beautiful seaview that she was admiring on the cruise. After all, she hadn't gone on a cruise at night, which she believed was going to be fun.

Furthermore, she would be even happier if there were going to be a lot of people because she liked the lively atmosphere that was full of high energy.

Once they arrived, the duo was greeted by a huge luxury private yacht moored at the bright dock. Sophia then alighted from the car and walked toward the yacht behind Arthur, all the while feeling a little bewildered at the sight of the desolated place. Shouldn't there be a crowd of people who are going to cruise with us?

Why is it so quiet? Where is everyone? The next moment, she was stunned when she entered the grand-looking cabin of the yacht. Oh my god! This is absolutely luxurious! The designs definitely deserve a seven-star rating! How magnificent this is!

"| thought there were going to be a lot of people. Why is there no one else?" Sophia asked in confusion.

Arthur replied lightly, "They are gone." He furrowed his eyebrows and asked, "What's wrong? Aren't you happy to go cruising on the sea with me?"

"O-Of course, | am happy with that." She forced a smile to hide the surprise within her upon realizing that he had the whole yacht booked.

Soon, the yacht sailed away from the dock toward the sea just as the fireworks were lit up and shot up to the sky from afar. Seeing the magnificent sight, Sophia excitedly scampered to the deck and placed

her palms together delightedly. Not long after that, Arthur also came to the deck, and he happened to notice

Sophia's curvaceous figure in the illuminating moonlight and the fireworks in the sky.

At the same time, the blowing sea breeze gently grazed the woman's dress, carrying her skirt with it as her long hair billowed in the wind.

On the other hand, the man kept his eyes upon the lady despite the glaring fireworks, as if she was more attractive and eye-catching than the grand fireworks. Thanks to the training Sophia received through dancing since she was little, she had managed to develop a perfectly slim figure. Although she didn't take much pride in that particularly, her curvy stature made her so attractive that no man could look away once he set his eyes on her.

Suddenly, Sophia tripped on an abrupt jerk that was either caused by the yacht's short burst of acceleration or the rough tidal waves beneath them. The next second, she lost her balance and staggered backward. "Ahhh!" She thought she was about to land on her behind and she exclaimed in horror, but at that

moment, she felt a strong arm wrapped around her waist shortly before she felt her head resting on someone's firm chest.

Feeling relieved and secure, she knew who just saved her from the embarrassing fall, and she blushed bashfully. Then, she stood on her feet clumsily and thanked Arthur for his help. "Thank you." After that, she took off her high heels and put them aside, thereafter walking barefoot on the deck so that she wouldn't have to worry about falling again.

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At the sight of Sophia's reaction, Arthur curled his lips upward, complimenting her deep down for being smart enough to take off her high heels. In the meantime, Sophia caught a glimpse of two yachts not far away and noticed the bright lights on them, along with the loud music and cheers. Thinking it was Jacob and the others on those yachts, Sophia immediately approached the handrail on the edge of the deck that was closest to

them.

On the other hand, Jacob happened to be catching some air on the deck when he saw an approaching yacht with a woman standing on it. Is that Sophia? Wondering if the lady was who he thought it was, he shouted, "Sophia!"

"Jacob!" Sophia waved at Jacob when she saw him. Meanwhile, Jacob was thinking of going over to the yacht to accompany Sophia,

only to see another man emerging from behind her, which forced him to give up the idea. At that moment, Arthur was seen wearing a white suit, and it was as if

he was the charming prince who was

protecting Sophia from behind. Soon, the yacht that Sophia was on sped away and quickly disappeared from sight, because the yachts that Jacob and his friends were on wouldn't sail any further away from the dock. After the yacht left in a hurry, an annoyed Jacob clenched his fists and wondered who Arthur was.

As soon as the other two yachts were left far behind, Sophia entered the luxury cabin and sat down after having enough of the windy breeze. In the meantime, Arthur was enjoying himself with the desserts and beverages on the table while sitting on the couch with his legs crossed.

"When are we going back, Mr. Weiss?" Sophia curiously asked.

"Tomorrow." Arthur figured he should start looking into the matter in which he had to choose a place where his late grandfather's grave could be built.

"That's good to hear! Can I go back home to visit my parents, then?" Sophia beseeched the man. "You can give a call back home, but you can't leave," Arthur replied. "Please, I just need half a day." Sophia insisted on going home.

“From now on, I’m going to teach you how to be a qualified maid, Sophia. Until I’m satisfied with your performance, you will not be permitted to go anywhere.” Arthur jutted his chin, his eyes filled with indifference and nonchalance.

Sophia was stunned because she didn’t expect the man to say something so harsh to her. After all, she thought the reason he took her out for a cruise on the sea was because he was softened up a little to her. “Is what I found earlier really so important to you?” The lady asked.

“That’s a one and only heirloom that has been passed down to me through generations in my family.” Arthur squinted, gritting his teeth. “So, do you think that’s important to me?”

Upon hearing the man’s reply, Sophia felt cold chills running down her spine. Oh dear! I guess I’m screwed for misplacing

his heirloom! “Alright, I’ll give it back to you in a year.” She tried to appease the man despite the panicky feeling that was overwhelming her on the inside. How am I going to afford that? I doubt I could make that much cash even if I sleep around for money. Suddenly, she shivered from head to toe when the chilly sea breeze blew amidst the cold weather at night. As she felt goosebumps all over her skin, she subconsciously wrapped her arms around herself to keep warm.

Meanwhile, Arthur noticed what was going on and took off his coat, which he threw at her. “Put it on.” Despite his indifferent tone,

his actions were rather heartwarming.

“Thank you.” Sophia proceeded to put on the man’s coat. The warmth wrapped around her body, as well as Arthur’s unique and pleasant scent. When she caught the scent of that, her face blushed in embarrassment. After spending more than an hour cruising on the sea, they both sailed back to the dock. At the same time, Sophia stood on the deck and looked at the man beside her. “Can I

shout? Just to vent?” Thinking a shout at the wide sea would be a good relief, Arthur decided to go along with Sophia. “Go ahead.”

Sophia then made a gesture of a trumpet with her hands and began shouting at some place far away.
“Mr. Weiss, you’re so freaking handsome!”

Arthur was speechless upon hearing Sophia’s words. Is there something wrong with this woman?

“You’re the most handsome man I’ve ever seen, Mr. Weiss!” Sophia shouted at the sea as she wanted to amuse the man.

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Sophia turned to look at Arthur and asked, “Hey, do you know what the ocean said to the shore?”

He narrowed his eyes as he pondered on this, and his curiosity was piqued when he could not think of an answer. “What did the ocean say to the shore?”

“Nothing, it just waved!” She burst into laughter, clearly amused by her own silly humor. Just then, Arthur sputtered and started laughing, and at once, the moon lost all its beauty.

Sophia gaped at him with wide eyes, entirely stunned by his pearly whites and his open smile. He looked carefree and captivating.

In truth, he was rather astonished by how her laughter, which was in no way demure or ladylike, only prompted his own. Son of a gun, he thought.

At that moment, her brows raised in amusement as she tilted her head to one side and appraised him openly. No woman had ever looked at him like he was a piece of art on full public display. before. Because of that, he grew self conscious and quickly asked, “What are you staring at?”

She giggled. “You. You’re quite the looker.”

As though wanting to get back at her for making him laugh earlier, he scoffed and pointed out haughtily, “Yeah, and I’m way out of your league.”

She blinked at him and she couldn't help arguing, "I never wanted you to be in my league in the first place."

Arthur turned to head back into the cabin, but that was when he heard Sophia mutter triumphantly, "I think it'd be more accurate to say I'm way out of your league. Always will be."

He stopped in his tracks and threw an icy look at her over his shoulder. "Please, I can easily make you mine whenever I want."

She blushed, completely caught off guard by his confidence, but she did not want to lose either. Her quick wit made her retort, "And by the time you make me yours, wouldn't you be mine as well? So, I win either way."

He was starting to think that this was her idea of a pick-up line. He scoffed primly and refused to be lured into this ridiculous banter. "Don't flatter yourself. I don't actually care about making you mine."

"Which then brings us back to the question of who's out of whose league," she said without missing a beat as a devious smirk tugged on her lips. "But it looks like we've come to a draw."

Arthur pursed his lips into a grim line and did not try to continue this debate with her.

"You know, Young Master Weiss, I don't think I ever got your name. Think we're close enough to be on a first-name basis, yes?" Sophia asked, leaning forward as if to pick up on the most salacious gossip.

Bemused, he did not withhold this information and replied, "The name's Arthur."

Arthur. Arthur Weiss. She tried it out in her head and decided that it had a good ring to it, then pressed further, "So, did you grow up in the city or are you from out of town?"

"I've been living abroad with my family

since | was little,” he said.

“| bet you were born with a silver spoon in your mouth,” she followed up cheerily.

“Why do you say that?”

“Because you're one of the most prim and-proper men I've ever met!”

Arthur had never heard that description being used on him, and he wondered briefly if he should be insulted.

Meanwhile, on another yacht, Katrina had her eyes set on Jacob. She had heard that he was the second young master of the Presgrave Family, and while his fortune or status was not as impressive as

Elliot's, he still made for a good target.

“Young Master Jacob, you don't look very happy. Care for some company?” Katrina slinked over while holding a glass of wine in each hand. She was a model with a slender figure that had curves in all the right places and a pretty face to boot. Besides, Jacob was never one to refuse beautiful company.

“Sure,” he said agreeably.

They went out on the deck and leaned against the railing as they sipped their wine. At this moment, the yacht swayed, and Katrina had oh-so-naturally stumbled into Jacob's arms as she gasped, “Oh, my!”

He gripped her waist to steady her. “Are you okay?”

“| accidentally spilled my wine,” she said mournfully as she tugged on the neckline of her dress. “How does the damage look, Young Master Jacob?”

Jacob's gaze darkened at once. He was sure that Katrina was doing this on

purpose, and she had pulled the neckline. so far down that she might as well dispose of the dress entirely. That said, he had to admit that he was very much attracted to her show of skin.

“I have a couple of evening dresses back at my place. Why don't you come by after we get off this yacht and pick one that you like?” he offered in a husky voice, the implication clear in his words.

“That would be great,” she said brightly with a knowing look in her eyes.

Meanwhile, over at the dock, Sophia alighted from the yacht after Arthur and walked up to the car his bodyguards had brought around. It was only during the drive back to the villa that they realized it was already past midnight.

After arriving at the villa, she was so exhausted that she took a quick shower and hopped into bed. While she slept, he tossed and turned in his bed in the master bedroom. He was not one to stay up late, but for some reason, sleep would not come to him.

The images of Sophia's ready grin from tonight flashed across his mind, and he found himself thinking about the way she made fun of him openly and the way she smiled at him without pretense.

Chapter 654

Since coming of age, Arthur had met countless women who approached him with ulterior motives, but Sophia was different. She was refreshingly bold and blunt. She was so naive that offending him was something she never thought to be afraid of. At the same time, he wondered if she was just a really good actress, one who was simply employing a different method of getting close to him and seducing him thereafter.

If that were the case, he ought to have seen the cracks in her pretenses by now, but he did not. Was she just really well trained, or was she being her true self?

In another villa, Mason was awake and waiting for his sister to return. She had told him that she wanted to go night sailing, but it was already well past midnight, and she had yet to return. Knowing how crazy she could get when it came to having fun, he grew exasperated and somewhat furious. She'd better not

get herself into trouble, he thought grimly.

Meanwhile, over in the largest and most opulent villa, a warm glow was shining through one of the windows. Under the red covers of the luxurious bed, two figures were entangled in what could only be described as an amorous affair.

The next morning, Anastasia woke up without any prompting whatsoever. She opened her eyes and found herself in the warm embrace of the man sleeping next to her. She dared not let her gaze flicker to his shoulders, which were decorated with claw marks that served as a reminder of their heated endeavors last night.

She could not bring herself to wake her dearest husband. Hence, she quietly took in the dark hair tousled over his forehead and his young, deep-set features. A pleased smile curled on her lips as she stared at him, wanting to burn the image of his face into the back of her mind..

After watching him sleep for a while, she decided to get out of bed and put on her clothes. However, she had only just lifted a corner of the covers when a strong pair of arms pulled her backward.

“Stay in bed with me for a while longer, Mrs. Presgrave,” the man muttered, his warm breath tickling her collarbone as he nuzzled his chin into the crook of her neck. A hoarse chuckle escaped him as he added devilishly, “I was very satisfied last night.”

Anastasia had been tipsy the night before, which resulted in her present groggy state, but the moment he said this, a particular memory surfaced in her headspace and made her blush.

“I like it when you take initiative, Mrs. Presgrave,” he went on to tease, opening his eyes. Basking in the sunlight that spilled through the window, they looked like two sparkling obsidian pools.

Anastasia quickly reached out to clap a hand over his mouth, then said shyly, “Okay, stop.” Elliot drawled lazily, “Shall I go over the details of what you did that I loved most?” “No thank you.” She did not want to hear about it as her face had turned positively crimson.

The day after the wedding, the guests who had to get on with the busy schedules of their lives bid their farewells and left. The weight on the flushing bride's shoulders was finally lifted by a fraction. Visibly more relaxed now, Anastasia decided that she was going to have fun today.

That afternoon, she got a call from Mason, telling her that he had to get back to work, so she bid him goodbye..

Katrina, on the other hand, had woken up in Jacob's bed. She was like a cat that ate the canary, and she was more than pleased to have him become her new prey.

Over in Villa No. 58, Arthur decided to leave as well, and that afternoon, he gave Elliot a heads up before getting off the island.

As for Sophia, she stood on the deck of the departing yacht and watched the strip. of white shore grow into a speck. She thought about how she had pinned Arthur down on the sand the last time, and the corners of her lips tipped up into

a mischievous grin.

She turned around and glanced at the man whose silhouette radiated elegance, repressing the urge to laugh as she thought about how rare it must be to see him completely caught off guard like he had that night.

Among the wedding guests who left were Presgraves' extended family, and those who stayed were the women in the family. Lorelai, in particular, did not look like she was about to leave anytime soon.

That evening, Harriet gathered all the ladies into one dining area and set the men up in another so that dinner could be a more intimate affair. Lorelai was seated next to Anastasia, and when she saw Jared, she praised heartily, 'Well, aren't you just the most adorable little boy I've ever seen!'

"Hello, Aunt Lorelai, Jared greeted sweetly.

“So, what do you want to be when you grow up, Jared?” Lorelai asked, making small talk with the child.
“I wanna be as great as Daddy,” Jared

answered without even thinking.

“A brilliant dream indeed.”

Then, the little boy turned to look at his mother and said, “After that, I’ll marry someone as beautiful as Mommy.”

Anastasia sputtered at his childish humor

and said, “I suppose I should be relieved.

that you’ve already got that part of your

life all worked out.” Lorelai laughed and pointed out,

“Children have such a wonderful naivety

about them, don’t you think?”

Having listened to all this, Harriet beamed and encouraged lovingly, “I’m looking forward to seeing you all grown up, Jared.”

“By the way, Mrs. Presgrave, I’ve heard that you have a knack for jewelry design, and I was wondering if you could help me take a look at a few of my sketches,” Lorelai said enthusiastically as she gave Anastasia an expectant look.

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“Of course! You can bring me those sketches anytime,” Anastasia agreed with a smile.

“Really? Thank you so much, Mrs.. Presgrave!” Lorelai nodded earnestly, then continued, “I’m designing the jewelry for a friend of mine as a gift. With your feedback, I’m sure the gift will be perfect for her!”

Anastasia asked curiously, “Did you ever go to design school?”

“No, I’m just doing this as a hobby, which is rare for me. I picked it up and I fell in love with it, but I didn’t, like, receive professional instruction or anything like that. I guess that’s what sets you and me apart, huh?” Lorelai replied modestly.

Laughing, Anastasia said, “Well, I’d rather you keep this up as a hobby. It can be anything if you turn a hobby into full fledged work.” Lorelai chuckled as well. “Yeah, I guess you have a point.”

At that moment, someone at the dining table caught sight of the piano sitting in the corner and started pushing Lorelai to perform a tune. The girl very obligingly walked over to the grand-looking instrument and took her seat, then started playing a song with the sort of quiet grace that lulled everyone into a trance. While the melody carried on, someone said in a low voice, “Lorelai sure is talented. She could be a maestro if she wanted!”

“I’m sure she’ll marry well someday,” another person added.. Upon hearing this, Kendra smiled and said, “That’s very sweet of you to say, but Lorelai is just an ordinary girl.”

Most of the guests had left three days. after the wedding. After that, Anastasia and Elliot returned to the Presgrave Residence alongside Harriet.

Jared was due to go back to school soon, and Elliot had plenty of work piled up for him at the company. In stark contrast, Anastasia had a lot of free time on her hands, and she had seen the press release

about their wedding. However, the exclusivity of the event meant that the media did not have much information to proceed with, and the journalists dared not use it as clickbait either.

Meanwhile, Arthur had stopped living in bars and bought himself a villa close to Elliot's as a temporary dwelling place. Initially, Sophia wanted to go back to visit her parents, but Arthur refused to let her do so. As such, she ended up following him wherever he went.

That day, two world-class etiquette instructors dropped by the villa to specifically teach and guide Sophia on the ways of upper-class societies. Thus, beginning the first steps of molding her into a lady of nobility.

Sophia was admittedly frustrated by this. She wondered why Arthur was splurging on unnecessary things because she thought it would be better for everyone if she remained as carefree as she had always been, unbridled by the stuffy rules of fine society.

Nevertheless, the instructors were dedicated to their jobs, and they carried out the lessons according to a strict plan. Sophia ended up spending two hours each day learning how to stand, walk and sit properly. At the end of each lesson, she was exhausted and found herself questioning her own sanity.

While she was having these lessons, Arthur would be upstairs doing heaven knows-what. Occasionally, fortune tellers would drop by the house, and she wondered if the young master truly believed in such things, or if he was helplessly superstitious because he certainly did not appear to her as such.

Presently, in the living room of the second floor, a medium had apparently thrown a seance to communicate with Arthur's grandfather's spirit in order to pinpoint the location the old man best preferred to be laid to rest.

After sending off the medium, Arthur decided that he would go to the location and scope things out for himself.

Meanwhile, Sophia had just said goodbye to her instructors. She was rubbing her aching shoulder while walking up the stairs when she suddenly heard Arthur calling out to her, "Sophia, please come over here."

She did as she was told and presented herself before him, then asked, "Is there something you need help with, Young Master Weiss?"

“A shoulder rub,” he answered curtly as he cast her a sideways glance.

She then stood right behind him and began to rub his shoulders, kneading out the tense muscles as he closed his eyes and disengaged with the rest of the world.

Just as Sophia was admiring his chiseled features, she suddenly felt an alarming tickle in her nose, and before she could stop

herself, she sneezed onto his face. “Ah-choo!”

She froze after the sneeze. She could not believe that she had sprayed her germs and saliva all over the features she had been admiring just seconds ago.

The air around them grew cold. Arthur’s brows furrowed as he said, ‘Wash my face for me.’”

‘I am so sorry’ she squeaked, running off into the adjoining bathroom and retrieving a moist, patterned towel. She half-knelt on the couch and began to carefully wipe his face. He kept his eyes closed the entire time, and because he had a sharp sense of smell, he could pick up the faint fragrance lingering on her.

His long lashes fluttered as he opened his eyes, and it was then that he saw Sophia wiping his face with a towel. When she met his gaze, she flushed and said, “I am so sorry for what happened. I promise it won’t happen again.”

Arthur was speechless as well, but what made him even more incredulous was the fact that he did not mind the incident at all.

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‘Do not do this again, Arthur warned. “Yes, sir!” Sophia nodded obediently. She was so embarrassed by the incident that she wanted to crawl into a hole.

Just then, Arthur's phone rang. A look of surprise flashed across his features when he saw the caller ID, and he hurried to answer the call. "Hello?"

"Artie, it's me! I'm coming to visit you!" a girly voice spoke up on the other line.. When the call ended, he gave Sophia an

unreadable look. She swallowed

nervously and asked, "What is it?"

"A friend of mine will be staying here for a while, he explained. A moment of thought later, he added, "From now on, you are not to misbehave in front of me. and you will act like a proper servant. Do you understand?"

Sophia was no idiot. She had a feeling that this friend of Arthur's was someone that he secretly had a crush on, so she suggested hopefully, "You know, you're

more than welcome to give me some time off if you think I'm only going to get in your way." He eyed her frigidly and bit out commandingly. "You are not leaving.

Curiosity got the better of her as she tilted her head to one side and asked in amusement, "So, is this friend of yours just an ordinary friend, or is she someone special to you?"

"I don't see how that's any of your business," he replied with a raised brow.

"Well, if it's the former, then I'd be more than willing to play the part of the loyal servant and wait on your hand and foot, but if it's the latter, then my presence here would put us all in a sticky situation, don't you think?" She wanted to go home desperately, so she enunciated the point of her argument, "Young Master Weiss, all I'm asking is that you give me some time off.

His dark eyes were like a tempestuous ocean. He looked torn, but in the end, he gritted his teeth and shot her a warning

glare. "Do not even think about leaving my side, Sophia."

Her breath hitched. Why does that sound like a line from a romance novel? He had no right to order her to stay in such a roguish manner, she thought. She was only his maid, after all, and not his girlfriend.

Belligerent, she retorted, "I wasn't planning on leaving!"

He glowered at her exasperatedly. It seems like there is still a long way to go before she will learn to be obedient.

Meanwhile, over at the Averno airport, a private jet had come to a stop on the tarmac, and an elegantly-dressed young lady was presently being escorted out of the jet by four bodyguards.

She walked out of the airport and put a hand up to block out the blazing afternoon sun. As she suddenly thought of something, a smile blossomed on her beautiful face.

"Miss, we've already contacted Young Master Weiss' bodyguards, and they have sent us an address."

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"Let's go then," she said. She couldn't wait to see him again.

Moments later, three cabs pulled up outside Arthur's newly-bought villa, and an entourage came out of the idling cars. The girl leading the entourage through the front yard gave the garden a cursory glance, then marched straight through the door and into the living room.

She thought she would be greeted by the man who had been running around in her mind as soon as she walked past the threshold, but she met eyes with a young lady instead. Astonished, she demanded, "Who are you?"

“Good afternoon, Miss Jennings. I’m Sophia, Young Master Weiss’ maid,” Sophia introduced herself politely, appraising the other girl with the expensive clothes and deciding that she most definitely ran in the same circles as Arthur.

The girl narrowed her eyes, but when she saw Arthur coming down the stairs, she broke into a dazzling grin and called out sweetly, “Artie!” Arthur returned her friendliness and greeted, “Emily.”

“Grandma had me come over to take care of you.” Emily walked up to him and grabbed his arm affectionately, then tipped her head to one side as she gave him a once-over. “Did you lose weight, Artie?”

“I did not,” he denied with a smirk.

She let out a crisp and alluring laugh and glanced over at Sophia who still stood by the threshold. She thereafter asked Arthur unhappily, “Is she really your maid, Artie?”

“Yeah,” he answered. “She takes care of my meals and tidies up the house.” Sophia, on the other hand, concluded that Emily was without a doubt Arthur’s ‘special’ friend. At that moment, two maids came into the house with suitcases in tow, Emily’s eyes

gleamed diabolically at the sight of this, and she quickly said to them, “You girls must be tired. Go and stay at a hotel nearby to catch up on some well deserved rest.”

The maids were used to waiting on her, and upon hearing this, they immediately sensed that she was up to something.

Sure enough, Emily suddenly extended a long, slender finger as she said imperiously, “You there! Help me carry these bags up to my room.”

Sophia did a double take when she saw that Emily was pointing at her.

At the sight of Sophia’s dazed expression, Emily snapped impatiently, “You’re a maid, aren’t you?”

It was then that Sophia remembered Arthur asking her to act like a well behaved servant, so she quickly answered, "Oh, of course. I'll have these bags brought into your room right away!"

She proceeded to drag the two mammoth bags toward the stairwell, but when she tried to lift them, she realized they were firmly weighed down on the floor. Those two maids who came with Emily must come from professional weightlifting backgrounds! Sophia thought in dark amusement as her slender arms faltered.

Emily crossed her arms as she watched Sophia struggle to lift the bags. "Be careful with those. I have tons of valuable stuff in there; you break them, you pay, but I doubt you could afford it."

Several attempts later, Sophia was sure that she had no way of lifting them.

Chapter 658

Panting, she said, "Miss Jennings, these bags are far too heavy for me to lift." "So hard to find good help these days, it seems," Emily mocked with a cruel smirk. Ignoring this, Sophia called out for the only man in the living room to aid her. "A little help please, Mr. Weiss?"

"How dare you ask Artie to carry out a servant's duty, you little-" Before Emily could continue the rest of her scolding, Arthur brushed past her to the stairwell and grabbed the two bags, then easily carried them up the stairs in a display of incredible arm strength while asking Sophia to hurry along.

Emily's eyes widened at this. She couldn't believe that Arthur had actually lent the maid a helping hand by carrying the bags up the stairs. It was the most bizarre thing she had ever witnessed. We're talking about the young master of a prestigious family, for heaven's sake!

She headed up the stairs as well, and much to her surprise, he had brought the bags into the guest room instead of leaving them on the second-floor landing.

Sophia did not expect Arthur to oh-so charitably bring the bags into Emily's designated room either, and when she got to the top of the stairs, she quickly said, "Thank you, Young Master Weiss."

“You shouldn't have, Artie,” Emily interjected, then grabbed his hand to inspect his palm with a pained expression. “I would have asked the bodyguards to help, you know. Look at how red your palm is!”

Sophia came over to peer at his palm as well, and sure enough, the skin was chaffed red. The bags had a combined weight of more than a hundred pounds, after all.

“It's fine,” Arthur said dismissively as he pulled away from Emily.

“How-How useless can you be? | cannot believe you had your master do your work for you. You're fired! Go, get out of our sights!” Emily barked commandingly at Sophia, terminating her services right there and then.

Sophia blinked, then her eyes lit up as she asked. “Really? | can go now?” “Who said you could? In case you forgot,

I've given you a one-year advancement

on your wages,” Arthur piped up.

suddenly, glowering at her.

She searched his face for an explanation. As if she would forget about receiving wages from him! But she quickly grasped the situation and realized that this man was determined to keep her here.

Going along with his act, she said, “I believe you're the one forgetting things here, Young Master Weiss. Remember how you said you would pay me the last time and then something came up to conveniently distract you from it? Well, with all due respect, you'll have to cough up the two hundred and forty grand you promised that's twenty grand for each calendar month that you owe

me. Arthur scoffed, rendered speechless by her audacity.

“You're not actually going back on your word, are you, Young Master Weiss? I've gone without a month's salary now!” she added, feigning panic.

Chapter 659

Unaware of what was going on, Emily snorted and said contemptuously, “Artie's fortune is far more than anything you could ever imagine, so he wouldn't go back on his word to pay you the pittance you're asking for. Don't delude yourself.”

Seizing this chance, Sophia nodded earnestly and said with implication,

“That's what I think too. I know a gentleman of nobility such as him would never go back on his promise or mistreat his staff. Right, Young Master Weiss?” Then, she flashed him a meaningful smile as she added brightly, “If it helps, you can always do it over PayPal.”

The man was at a loss for words.

Emily suddenly realized that her presence was completely overshadowed by the maid, and she grew infuriated as she snapped, “Okay, fine, he'll pay you what he owes you, so get back to work!

I want all the clothes in these bags ironed and hung in the wardrobe, and I mean every single piece of clothing, got it? If I see so much as a wrinkle, you're done

for!” she emphasized the last part of her command and sprinkled malice on top of it, too. “The password for the bags is 2345.”

Having said that, she linked arms with Arthur and said cheerily, “Come on, Artie, let's leave her to her work. Let's catch up on all the latest details of your life.”

Sophia heaved a sigh in relief when Emily and Arthur finally left the room, but she couldn't help wondering why the latter was so intent on keeping her here.

Sighing, she opened up one of the bags only to stop and stare at the contents for a full three seconds. Then, she picked up the black lace negligée from the very top of the pile of clothes. The fabric, or rather the lack thereof, had her stumped.

Miss Jennings might as well be naked in this! Who's she going to wear this for? Arthur? Does he have a fetish for stuff like this?

When she proceeded to iron Emily's questionable wardrobe, Sophia began to panic, for she became acutely aware of the fact that she had no idea how to operate a clothing iron. Her parents had raised her like a princess all her life, and they had never once let her go near house chores, much less do them.

However, she was supposedly Arthur's maid right now, and she had no choice

but to hunker down on these menial household tasks, which were not so much menial to her as they were challenges.

Downstairs, Arthur looked distracted as he listened to Emily prattle on about the latest details of her undoubtedly jet setting lifestyle.

She stopped talking at some point when she realized that he seemed miles away, then asked dejectedly, "Is my presence here bothering you, Artie?"

Chapter 660

Unaware of what was going on, Emily snorted and said contemptuously, "Artie's fortune is far more than anything you could ever imagine, so he wouldn't go back on his word to pay you the pittance you're asking for. Don't delude yourself." Seizing this chance, Sophia nodded earnestly and said with implication, "That's what I think too. I know a gentleman of nobility such as him would never go back on his promise or mistreat his staff. Right, Young Master Weiss?" Then, she flashed him a meaningful smile as she added brightly, "If it helps, you can always do it over PayPal." The man was at a loss for words. Emily suddenly realized that her presence was completely overshadowed by the maid, and she grew infuriated as she snapped, "Okay, fine, he'll pay you what he owes you, so get back to work! I want all the clothes in these bags ironed and hung in the wardrobe, and I mean every single piece of clothing, got it? If I see so much as a wrinkle, you're done for!" she emphasized the last part of her command and sprinkled malice on top of it, too. "The password for the bags is 2345." Having said that,

she linked arms with Arthur and said cheerily, "Come on, Artie, let's leave her to her work. Let's catch up on all the latest details of your life." Sophia heaved a sigh in relief when Emily and Arthur finally left the room, but she couldn't help wondering why the latter was so intent on keeping her here. Sighing, she opened up one of the bags only to stop and stare at the contents for a full three seconds. Then, she picked up the black lace negligée from the very top of the pile of clothes. The fabric, or rather the lack thereof, had her stumped. Miss Jennings might as well be naked in this! Who's she going to wear this for? Arthur? Does he have a fetish for stuff like this? When she proceeded to iron Emily's questionable wardrobe, Sophia began to panic, for she became acutely aware of the fact that she had no idea how to operate a clothing iron. Her parents had raised her like a princess all her life, and they had never once let her go near house chores, much less do them. However, she was supposedly Arthur's maid right now, and she had no choice but to hunker down on these menial household tasks, which were not so much menial to her as they were challenges. Downstairs, Arthur looked distracted as he listened to Emily prattle on about the latest details of her undoubtedly jet setting lifestyle. She stopped talking at some point when she realized that he seemed miles away, then asked dejectedly, "Is my presence here bothering you, Artie?"