

N Destiny 781

Chapter 781

If he had really decided to marry someone else, why would he behave so passionately and tenderly all those nights? Why would his eyes exude love for her unreservedly?

Sophia knew that was love. He didn't fake it, nor was he acting. That was his genuine feeling

Thus, she walked further down into the blind alley, having a hard time coming to herself. Arthur clearly loved her, but why would he suddenly marry someone else? It's Emily, isn't it? she thought. She's Old Madam Weiss' number one pick for Arthur.

As Sophia continued to cry, she suddenly turned and grabbed Anastasia's arm, imploring, "Anastasia, can you take me to the wedding? I... | want to give him my blessings." Despite being overwhelmed with sorrow, she still wanted to attend Arthur's wedding, even if it was to witness his happily ever after with another woman.

Sophia's plea took Anastasia aback for a few seconds. Fearing that Anastasia would reject her, the woman took pains to promise, "Anastasia, | promise I'll just watch. | swear | won't cause any trouble... | just want to see him get married. Please, | beg you."

Anastasia fixed Sophia's hair, her heart aching for this poor and heartbroken soul. "Sophia, | don't think you should go. You'll only feel even more horrible."

Sophia suddenly chuckled wryly, then sighed. "Did you know, Anastasia? When | started seeing him, | never even dared to think of having a future with him. | know | don't belong in his future. Now that he's getting married, I'm not asking for much; | just want to see him. It might even help me get over him even more."

Anastasia pondered for a moment before saying, "Why don't you think about it overnight? If you really want to go, you can come to me whenever. I'll let you join as my assistant. But for now, let me send you home."

Sophia nodded in agreement and stood up, but because she was a little weak at the knees, she had to prop her hands on the table to stand straight. Meanwhile, Anastasia helped her out of the cafe.

After sending Sophia home, Anastasia asked Grace to keep the woman company for a while while she went home.

At the mansion, after the father and son shared dinner together, Jared went to practice piano while Elliot went to the balcony for some fresh air.

Elliot prided himself on his acute perception, and he thought something wasn't right with Arthur's wedding. Would Arthur, his brother from another mother, ask his

family butler to inform him of something as important as his wedding?

Did he not even have the time to make a call? Knowing Arthur, he would definitely share such noteworthy news himself. Hence, Elliot thought none of this made any sense. Just then, his ringtone sounded, and he checked to find Richard calling. "Hey, Richard," Elliot answered the call.

"Elliot, you've got word of Artie's wedding, haven't you?" Richard asked on the other end of the line.

"I heard about it this afternoon. What about you?"

"About the same time. How busy do you think that dude is to ask someone else to inform us of something as important as his wedding?!" Richard thought something didn't add up either.

"You think so too, huh? I was wondering the same thing. This isn't like Artie."

"Yeah! Between the three of us, he likes to share the most. He would've called us himself about something this important," said Richard.

"When will you be heading over?"

“As soon as I'm done with the things at hand. | want to verify some things myself.” As a bachelor, Richard was a man of action in practically everything.

“Alright, you go ahead. Let me know if anything comes up.”

“Sure. Things can't go wrong between the three of us. | heard Artie got involved in biotech after his parents passed from illness. His family is complicated, and | have to see if anything happened to him.”

Elliot thought so too. “Alright, you go ahead. We'll catch up with you.”

Just then, he noticed that a car had driven in. With that, he put his phone away and went downstairs.

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In the hall, he saw his wife sitting dazedly on the couch as if something was weighing on her heart.

“What's the matter?” Elliot walked up behind the couch and leaned forward, wrapping his arms around her neck as he asked. “| told Sophia everything. She got really sad, and | could see that she truly loved Arthur.”

Elliot could also see from the banquet last time that his best friend was serious about Sophia as well.

However, he didn't know if the marriage this time had been forced into fruition by the family members.

“Let's not interfere in their relationship. You've done what you could as a friend, so leave the rest up to fate,” said Elliot, trying to comfort her.

“Also, Sophia said that she wants to come with us to Arthur's wedding, and | promised to bring her along,” Anastasia raised her head and said.

Elliot was stunned. "If Artie really wronged her, why would she want to go?"

"Sophia only wants to go there for a look, and she won't cause any trouble. I think she only wants to witness his wedding without doing anything that'll cross the line. Can't we bring her along?" Anastasia pleaded.

"Sure." Elliot had no objection to it, for his mind was currently occupied with another matter—Arthur's abnormal behavior. If something really happened to his friend, he would have to investigate further.

Meanwhile, Sophia sat on the couch in the silent room. In front of her was the letter Arthur had prepared before he left, and he had carefully written every word on that piece of paper.

This was proof of their love and evidence of the feelings he had for her. If this were fake, then what else could be true?

If he truly stopped loving her, Sophia still wanted to hear it from himself. As such, she wanted to attend his wedding with Anastasia and Elliot.

She wanted to hear him announce the end of their relationship before she completely gave up and forfeited everything related to him. Then, she'd start all over again.

After a whole night of consideration, Elliot decided that he wouldn't be taking his son to Flor. This time, both he and Richard felt that something was off, and there were too many hidden dangers. They had to find out the reason first.

Anastasia woke up in the morning to see Elliot leading their son out of the bedroom. The child greeted her, then ran downstairs to play.

"What were you guys talking about so early in the morning?" "I've decided not to bring him along this time." Anastasia was a little stunned. "Why not?" Arthur was their son's godfather, so their son was obliged to attend his wedding.

“The one who called me up to invite me to the wedding wasn't Artie himself; it was his steward instead. Based on this fact alone, I know there's something wrong. I think something might have happened to Artie's wedding this time.”

When she was reminded of this, Anastasia also felt that something was amiss. Arthur had been too cold and cruel when he ended things with Sophia. Throughout their relationship, Sophia's love was completely humble. She didn't ask for a future with him, so even if Arthur didn't marry her, he should've given her a proper ending nonetheless.

“Did Jared agree to it?”

“We agreed on a deal. I promised to bring him on a tour around the world during his summer vacation, and we'll see the penguins in Antarctica together.”

Anastasia nodded. “That's good. We can go together.”

She was asking to be included as well!

In the evening, Elliot's plane took off. A dark gray private plane shimmered in the night sky above the international airport, exuding a majestic aura among the airliners.

Meanwhile, Sophia had arrived. She picked up the pieces of her broken heart and was now boarding as Anastasia's assistant. Grace came along as well. Both she and Sophia could work together to take care of Anastasia.

Anastasia also comforted Sophia, telling her not to do anything rash no matter what happened. Sophia was still young, and her future was still something to hope for.

Sophia wouldn't cause her any worry, and she was already quite calm on the outside. Her only reason for going was to seek for an answer, and once she received it, she

would completely forget about Arthur before going home to start life anew.

The villa at night was filled with luxurious grandeur and cars with several guests pulled up at the parking lot outside the villa. Soon, a tall and upright figure opened the door and got out of the car. He took a luggage from the trunk, then carried it in his hand with great ease.

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His entire body exuded an aura that could only belong to someone from a military background. On his handsome and well— defined features was a pair of eyes that looked like stars. His gaze was firm and held a strong power that could see through everything

“This way please, Mr. Lloyd. The guest bedroom is over here.” The steward came forward and greeted him courteously. “Where's your young master? | want to see him.”

“He's been busy preparing for the wedding these days, and he's also quite swamped tonight. I'll inform him to come and meet you tomorrow morning,” the steward replied.

Richard frowned slightly. “Alright.”

He then went into the guest room prepared beforehand, and an attendant immediately came over to serve dinner. He was told to take a good rest at night, which meant that he wasn't supposed to go out loitering at night.

However, Richard wasn't someone who kept to himself since young. In the middle of the night, his figure disappeared behind his window like a fleeting shadow despite the fact that he was four stories above ground.

Richard immediately went for the master bedroom where Arthur would be in. He had been here before, and he was quite familiar with the place. He passed by a dark garden and finally arrived at the window which was still illuminated by the lights within. He positioned himself on the wall near the window and swiftly climbed up.

In the main bedroom, a pampered figure was still awake. Arthur wore a black nightgown as he swirled the glass of wine in his hand which was meant to aid with sleep. His dark hair drooped and covered his full forehead, whereas his exposed features were handsome and alluring, exuding the prestigious aura he possessed since birth.

Just then, he keenly sensed that there was someone outside the window. His eyes darkened. "Who's there?"

The person outside had no intention of hiding as he jumped through the window. Who could it be other than Richard? When Arthur saw him enter, he dropped his guard, but he wasn't too surprised either. He simply said calmly, "It's you." Richard's lowest expectation was to be greeted warmly by his best friend, while his

highest expectation was to receive a hug from him. However, he never expected Arthur to just greet him so indifferently. This disappointment was no better than getting abandoned by the love of his life.

"Is that how you're going to welcome me? Artie, what's wrong with you?" Richard asked right away. He wanted to know what had caused their friendship to become so distant.

"What's wrong with me?" Arthur raised an eyebrow as he returned the question.

"Don't you feel that something has changed between us? You getting married is a huge event, but you merely asked your steward to inform me about it. Are you so busy that you can't even take time to call me and Elliot up?" Richard acted like a neglected wife as he confronted Arthur.

Arthur looked at him, confused. "Would you only come if I invite you myself?"

"You," For some reason, Richard felt defeated. He let out a sigh and plopped onto Arthur's bed. "You know, I was in such a rush and delayed everything else to come and see you. I was worried about you."

"Why were you worried?" Arthur continued swirling the wine in the glass, the coldness in his eyes still unrelenting as if nothing in this world could rouse his excitement. Richard was fuming by then, and he even wanted to give his good friend a good beating so that Arthur could stop acting so aloof.

By then, perhaps Arthur would be reminded of the past when they used to fight each other.

“Artie, nothing happened to you, right? You look like you've changed into a completely different person.” Richard sat up on the bed and looked at Arthur, who exuded a sickly charm under the lights. In fact, he looked like a cold beauty.

“What could possibly happen to me?” Arthur looked at him, feeling slightly bored. Then, he stood up and said, “It's getting late. You should go back and rest.”

Richard gritted his teeth and got on his feet before walking up to Arthur. He stared right into the latter's eyes as if he were trying to find the truth behind it all.

Arthur was a little stunned by his actions, so he pushed him away and said, “What are you looking at?!”

Richard felt that there was obviously something wrong with Arthur, but he couldn't put a finger on it. Arthur was being too cold toward him, making it seem as though their friendship never existed.

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“Fine, we'll talk properly tomorrow.” With that, Richard leaped out of the window. Arthur frowned, but he didn't give Richard another look as if he knew that the man wouldn't fall to his death.

Arthur didn't feel anything weird about himself these days, but everyone around him noticed the changes in him. He had become more indifferent, and even when faced with things he should be angry about, he simply responded calmly without much fluctuation in emotion.

Richard went back to his room and rested his head on his own arm, but he couldn't fall asleep despite his fatigue. He still felt that the matter with Arthur was of great importance, and he had to investigate this in order to find out what caused his best friend to act so coldly.

In the morning, Richard purposely went to the villa for breakfast. Even though it was a bit shameless, he still sat opposite Arthur and studied him with an unabashed stare.

Arthur simply swept an indifferent glance over him and continued his breakfast in elegance, undisturbed. "You're here, Richard," said Martha as she came over and greeted. "Hello, Grandma. Long time no see," responded Richard, returning the greeting politely.

"Long time no see, indeed! You're still handsome like always," Martha praised before she continued to ask, "Is your grandfather still in good health?"

"Yes, he's still up and about."

Martha nodded, then looked toward Arthur. "Artie, why don't you take Richard on a walk after breakfast? You must have a lot to catch up on."

"I still have some matters to attend to. I don't have time for him." Arthur unexpectedly declined the suggestion. Richard felt like his heart had been stabbed as he said to Martha, "It's okay, Grandma. I'm used to doing things alone." "Come here, Richard. I have something to ask you about," Martha called him over to a wing at the side of the building.

Richard also hastily got up and followed. Martha looked at him worriedly and said, "Richard, did you notice anything wrong with my grandson? I feel like he has completely changed after coming back this time."

"Yes! I noticed that too, Grandma."

"I wonder what happened to him; he acts as if he doesn't care about family anymore. He doesn't even look excited about his wedding, and he just treats it like a job he's supposed to do. I don't understand him at all."

"Grandma, when did this change happen?"

“The day after he came back. When he came home, he still hugged me happily and acted like a spoiled child, but now, it seems like he can't even stand it when I speak more than two sentences. Oh, dear!” Martha was also heart-broken.

“Doesn't Arthur realize that himself?”

“He seems fine, but also unusual at the same time. I even asked him to see a doctor, but the doctor couldn't find anything wrong with him either. He just said that Arthur has had a change in personality, and his emotions and feelings have toned down. He's in good health, and there's nothing wrong in that aspect.”

“Can you get the butler to give me a copy of Arthur's itinerary when he comes back? I'll look into it.” Richard was determined to carry out the investigation.

“I'll leave it to you.” Martha was also terribly worried. Her grandson had turned into a cold and aloof person, and she was anxious about it.

Meanwhile, in the laboratory, Johnny was also gathering data on Arthur's recent

emotional changes. In the end, he found out that his medicine had destroyed Arthur's nervous system as a side effect, robbing the man of his emotions.

Something was wrong with Arthur's emotional mechanism, but Johnny's wife and daughter were still in the dark about this as they were still rejoicing over the wedding.

Johnny thought that he should observe for a while longer, hoping that these symptoms would heal with time. He couldn't offer a better treatment, after all.

Nonetheless, Johnny knew that if his daughter married Arthur, he wouldn't have to worry about funds for his laboratory anymore. He could make the best use of this laboratory and invent even more wondrous things than this. By then, he would be famous all over the world.

Thus, out of concern for his own prestige, he decided not to cure Arthur. He could treat the man as a research subject so that more observations could be carried out.

Chapter 785 Save for him and his wife, no one else knew about this. In the evening, a private plane landed safely at Flor International Airport.

When they exited the airport, the cars that would ferry them were already there. Anastasia went with Elliot, while Sophia and Grace got into another car. As Sophia felt the evening breeze of this country on her face, she couldn't help the tears welling up in her eyes. She felt as if there was a hint of kinship in the air.

She was breathing the same air in this country, just like him. She would be able to see him soon. "Don't cry, Sophia. You'll be able to see Young Master Weiss soon." Grace considerately passed her a napkin and comforted her.

"Thank you." Sophia suppressed the sorrow inside her. No one could understand her feelings then, her joy of seeing him soon, and also the despair that would ensue when she witnessed his wedding.

Shrouded in the curtain of night, Flor was both bustling and unfamiliar. The cars were headed toward the horizon in the distance.

Finally, after two hours, they arrived at the villa where the guests would be lodged. Under the night sky, the villa looked magnificent and large as if it were a huge beast crouched on the ground.

Sophia looked at the huge villa which was akin to castles and palaces. It took up almost a million hectares, and the garden formed a patchwork pattern in the night. This definitely wasn't any ordinary rich person's house.

"Wow! Young Master Weiss is so wealthy!" Grace was also in shock.

The butler brought a few people along to welcome them, then led them to the guest rooms prepared beforehand. Anastasia took Elliot's hand and whispered in his ear, "The Weiss Residence feels like an ancient palace to me."

"Yes, the system is quite strict here, and the difference in classes is clear as day." Elliot nodded. Anastasia couldn't help but be stunned. She was more used to the relaxed atmosphere back home.

The woman then turned to look at Sophia and said, "Sophia, you can rest for today, and we'll talk about everything tomorrow, okay?"

"Okay, Anastasia. I won't do anything rash." Sophia nodded as she promised.

She was already grateful enough to be able to set foot in here, so she wouldn't cause any trouble for Anastasia. Even though she could hardly suppress her urge right now, she would do her best to rein it in.

As soon as Anastasia and Elliot arrived at their room, someone knocked on their door. Elliot opened the door to see Richard standing at the entrance. In delighted surprise, he immediately gave his best friend a hug, and Richard also squeezed him back tightly. Then, Richard mused that this was the right way best friends should treat each other.

After Richard came in, he greeted Anastasia, "Hello, Anastasia." "Hi, Richard." Anastasia was also on familiar terms with him. "Elliot, there really is something wrong with Artie."

"What is it?"

"He seems to have changed completely, and he's indifferent about everything as if nothing could get him excited or emotional at all. He has lost all emotion toward everything. Even when he sees us, he treats us like mere acquaintances," Richard said helplessly.

Elliot frowned. "How could this be? When I met him last time, we were still so close to each other."

"I know, right? His grandmother told me that he changed on the day after his return, and even though he's going to get married, he doesn't look happy about it at all. It's as if getting married carries the same weight as having a meal to him."

"Is he marrying the girl he likes?" Anastasia couldn't help but ask curiously.

Richard shook his head. "I have yet to meet that girl, but I think that Artie is only going through with the wedding because it's protocol. I don't think love is involved here."

"Did his grandmother ask him to have this wedding?" Anastasia asked again.

"No, I heard that he asked to marry this girl himself."

Anastasia exchanged glances with Elliot. Arthur wasn't forced into marriage, and he was the one who wanted to marry the girl instead? What about Sophia? Did he really have no love for her?

"We'll go see him for a bit." Elliot was a little anxious to see for himself what had changed about Arthur.

"Okay! Anastasia, you can rest in the meantime. We'll be off." With that, Richard headed outside.

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Behind him, Eliot also said gently, "Wait for my return, and call me if anything happens."

"I'll be fine. Go ahead!" Anastasia was actually a little tired, and she wanted to rest for a bit.

Eliot and Richard went out together. They asked about Arthur's whereabouts, then went straight to him.

Just then, Arthur was in the garden walking his beloved pet. He was sitting on the couch as he watched the Doberman dig holes in the ground. He usually cared for it like it was his own son, but he just told it to stop in a lazy tone, saying, "Gritt, stop it."

Gritt let out a pampered whine, then immediately went over to him and rubbed its head against his arms. Then, it sniffed all around him, perhaps also noticing that its master was less enthusiastic now, thinking that Arthur probably didn't love it anymore.

"What's wrong?" Arthur frowned as he looked at the dog, then reached out and patted it. "You like walks, don't you? Go and play!"

However, Gritt remained in his arms, reluctant to leave. Its large mouth rubbed against his arm as it let out more whimpers.

"You're making my clothes dirty." Arthur pushed its big mouth away, then picked up a ball beside him before throwing it into the distance. "Fetch."

Just then, Gritt's ears perked up when it sensed someone coming. Soon, Gritt started barking before it ran over to the visitors, letting out another type of joyful whimper.

Richard and Eliot both smiled as they looked at this large dog with loving gazes. Gritt was a puppy they had picked out together, and the little guy in the past was now enormous.

Arthur turned to look at the two. He simply looked at them, not even expressing welcome.

Eliot's emotions right now were undoubtedly the same as Richard's not long ago. He looked at Arthur, who was seated there and didn't even seem to bother getting up. There was a faint smile in Arthur's eyes. "You're here."

"See? With your expressions like that, I might even think that we're not welcome to your wedding!" Richard complained. He was a man of few words, but this time,

Arthur had stimulated the expansion of his words.

Eliot had prepared himself beforehand, so he calmly took a seat across from Arthur. then chatted with the latter as usual. "Congratulations, Artie. | never thought I'd attend your wedding this soon."

"Did you come here alone? Where's Anastasia and Jared?" Arthur asked.

"| didn't bring Jared this time, but Anastasia is resting in the room. She's looking forward to meeting your wife; perhaps you can arrange for them to meet tomorrow," Eliot said.

"Sure, | can do that." With that, Arthur glanced at his watch. "I have a video conference to attend, so I'll go back to my study now. We can talk more tomorrow."

"Hey, you can't leave like that." Richard didn't want Arthur to leave, so he went up and stopped the latter.

Arthur frowned, retracting his hand reluctantly. "Let go, Richard."

"We just arrived, but you're already leaving? That's no way to treat your best friends." Richard wanted to evoke even stronger emotions from Arthur.

However, Arthur just said in exasperation, "Pardon me if I'm lacking in hospitality."

"What about a fight?" Richard wanted to throw hands now.

"| can't win against you." Arthur wasn't stupid.

"Right, you've never won against me. What | meant was that I've never lost since day one." Richard continued provoking him. At the side, Eliot didn't stop the fight; he simply observed the reactions on Arthur's face. There was indeed something wrong.

Arthur used to be a competitive person, but now, he only wore a bored expression as he retracted his hand and said, "I do admit that | can't win against you. If there's nothing else, I'll take my leave now."

Richard simply watched him leave, wide-eyed. Then, he turned back to Eliot and said, "See? He's just so indifferent, and it's no use provoking him. Something must be wrong."

However, Arthur, who hadn't gone very far, seemingly had superior listening. He suddenly turned around and walked back to them as he asked Richard, "What's wrong with me?"

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"What's wrong with you? Don't you feel anything?" Richard asked him.

With a smirk, Arthur answered, "I think something is wrong with you, not me." "What's wrong with me?" Richard asked him again.

"You're a busybody like someone's mother," Arthur rebuked him.

Hearing that, Richard looked at him resignedly. "That's because you ditched us. "Whatever." Arthur turned around and left after saying that.

Then, Elliot came over and patted Richard, who was feeling hurt. "There's really something wrong with Arthur. We should look into this."

"I looked into his schedule and saw that he'd met a biology professor, Johnny, the day after coming back. However, I still haven't found a chance to meet him yet. I'm sure something is wrong there."

"Okay, we can start looking into it. We need to be extra careful in Weiss' territory, though. It's not our place, so don't let them have anything on us."

"I know. Let's look into it together." Richard felt better after knowing that he had someone on his side.

On the other hand, Sophia promised Anastasia to not simply go anywhere at night. She didn't simply go anywhere either and merely strolled in the garden downstairs. If she didn't come out to give herself some air, she felt that she would go insane in no time.

As she was strolling, her gaze landed in her opposite direction. Lights were shining blindly, and the person she loved the most was standing there. Even though they were not separated by mountains or seas, but only by a garden, it was a gully that she found difficult to cross. He was

right there, but she couldn't touch him.

Sophia was engulfed in sadness as she had her head down the entire time and was walking absent-mindedly. After walking for quite some time, she raised

her head and was immediately stunned. Where am I?

Since the gardens were interlinked, she was now standing deep inside an unfamiliar garden and had lost her way. What made it worse was that there was no one in the garden who could help her.

At this moment, she grew more upset, and tears were gushing out of her eyes. She hugged herself in her arms and chose a bench to sit, ultimately deciding to cry it out.

She could use this chance to release all her emotions since no one was around. All this while, the toughness and calmness that she tried so hard to put on were all fake. In fact, she was feeling heartbroken inside.

Under the night sky, Sophia started sobbing, ignoring everything around her.

However, she didn't know that her sobbing had attracted one person—a man who was heading to his study. Arthur had good hearing, so he could hear a woman crying from deep inside the garden.

It was the extremely sad sobbing kind. Yet, he didn't want to know why she was crying. He just hoped that she could cry in a lower voice so as not to disturb his work later.

Yet, even after a while, she was still crying so loudly. As such, he decided that he would go over and get her to move somewhere else to cry.

Meanwhile, Sophia thought that there was no one around, so she didn't suppress her emotions at all. She was trying to convert all her sadness into tears and was crying whole-heartedly, not realizing there was a person approaching her.

Just then, she heard a cold voice of a man coming from the side. "Why are you crying?"

Startled, she lifted her head sharply and saw a man standing in front of her under the moonlight. Although the moonlight was behind him, she could still recognize this figure that she was extremely familiar with. Regardless of his cold tone just now, he was still the person whom she loved the most.

"Arthur..." Sophia said happily and dashed toward him desperately. After running into his arms, she hugged his waist tightly.

Arthur didn't have the chance to reject her, and the woman had wrapped her arms around his waist tightly. In fact, she was wiping her tears on his shirt.

"Let go." He reached out his hand to pull her tightened fingers on him. Instead of letting go, she hugged him

even tighter until a cold voice came from

above her head, asking her, "Who are

you? Why are you hugging me?"

At this moment, she lifted her head from his chest. Her big, teary-eyed eyes looked at him pitifully under the moonlight.

Chapter 788 “You don't recognize me? You don't remember who | am?” Sophia asked him.

Arthur lowered his head and gazed at the girl in his arms. Suddenly, he felt his heart aching as he sensed a sense of familiarity with that face. Adding on to that, her pair of eyes, which had tears welling up, were tugging on his nerves, and he felt his heart pounding for her as though he was under a spell.

“Do | know you?” he asked with a frown.

Sophia let go of his hands and looked at him in agony before asking, “Don't think that you can act dumb, Arthur. Just tell me if you don't love me anymore. We can break up.”

Startled, Arthur looked at this enraged girl and didn't know what to do.

“My name is Sophia Goodwin, and | used to be your girlfriend. | came here to see you and hear what you said. Once you're done talking, I'll leave and never get in your way again.”

Surprised, he asked her, “What do you want me to say?”

“Say you don't love me any more or that you fell in love with someone else. Just say it. | want to hear what you have to say.” She lifted her head, and while tears were streaming down her face, she made herself look at him.

Arthur looked at the girl whose tears kept coming. His chest tightened as if something were pressing on his heart, and he found breathing impossible.

Why did | feel compelled to comfort her by wiping her tears? Even though he realized she was the girl on his phone, it was clear he had never met her.

“Say it! Why didn't you tell me you don't love me anymore?” Sophia was enraged and shouted at him. He did not respond or move away; he just gazed at her calmly.

“You don't dare to say it, do you! Okay, then, I'll say it: let's break up! | don't want to talk to you or think about you ever again; I'm getting rid of anything you left behind at my place and any promises you made to me are now null and invalid,” Sophia exclaimed loudly to him as if she was cool about it, but tears could not fool people.

At this moment, a large dog rushed out from the side and barked madly at Sophia. Her face turned pale with fear, and even as she panicked, she picked the safest spot for protection—Arthur's arms.

She gripped him like an octopus by wrapping her arms around his neck and bending down on her legs.

“Gritt, get out of here.” Arthur was holding a panicked girl as his dog continued to bark anxiously.

“Arthur, I'm scared. Ask your dog to go away.” Sophia clutched his neck hard, almost suffocating him.

“It will not bite you. Come on down!” Unexpectedly, he didn't try to push her away.

“No way, it'll bite me.” She was sure that the big dog considered her an enemy.

He inhaled deeply and said, “I can't breathe!”

“Then, tell your dog to leave!” Sophia was annoyed.

“Gritt, go away.” The most Arthur could do was shout at his pet, and when Gritt caught on to the fact that its master was becoming irate, it moaned pitifully, turned, and walked away.

As soon as Gritt left, Sophia refused to let go of Arthur until he finally pulled her hand away; she was thrown off balance and fell to the ground.

“Ouch!” she shouted in pain.

Arthur gazed at her while extending his hand to help her up.

"I don't need your help! You can leave now!" She decided to ignore him.

"You're lost. Let me send you back." Arthur's surprising kindness sprang from his inability to bear the idea of leaving her alone.

Sophia stared at the man in front of her and had the impression that he didn't recognize her. He looked at her as if she were a total stranger; the affection he had felt for her had faded away. This feeling was far more excruciating than really putting an end to her.

"Are you sure you don't remember me?" she stood up and asked him.

Arthur looked over Sophia's face, which was covered with tear stains. Under the moonlight, she resembled a weeping lily, charming and heartbreaking.

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Arthur's breathing was somewhat irregular as he struggled to recollect the past. Where else have I seen this face except in the photos on my phone? Is there something I can't recall?

"Never mind. Suppose this is how you break up, fine. I'll accept it. But I still want to hear from you. Have you ever loved me before? Just answer yes or no." Sophia gave up, for there wouldn't be anything that would make her more hopeless than she was when he announced his marriage.

In preparing to confront Arthur, she had come to terms with the fact that this truth, however painful it might be, is sole of concern to her; she intended to let time heal the wound. She had no regrets about loving or devoting herself to him, even if it meant living the rest of her life for him.

"Say it! Yes or no?" She abruptly extended her hand and pushed him, asking, "Arthur Weiss, are you a man?" His tall, slender frame retreated as if he were being rocked by her force. "I don't feel like answering that question." Arthur shook his head and then turned around and wanted to leave.

“Don't go.” Suddenly, Sophia ran over to him and, seemingly out of her mind, wrapped her arms tightly around his waist and pleaded with him, “Don't go, okay?”

Stunned, Arthur looked at the delicate arms around his waist and felt strange. Why am I not against her intimacy?

These days, Emily often found opportunities to make out with him, but whenever she touched him, he would have a sensation of reluctance. But at that moment, he realized that he did not reject this girl physically or mentally; the realization that his body created a favorable impression on her confused him.

Who is she? Why is she on my phone, and why did she say she's my girlfriend? But when did I date her? “I can answer your previous question,” Arthur said suddenly, as though he was annoyed by her pestering.

When Sophia heard that, she felt a shudder run through her entire body. She let go of her hand and took a step back before turning her head to look at him and waiting for his answer.

Arthur then straightened his shirt as though he detested her for wrinkling it.

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“What is the answer?” She fought the impulse to cry and instead asked him. “Yes.”

“Yes, what?” she asked, upset.

“I thought you wanted me to say yes or no.” Arthur found her incredibly annoying.

“So, you never loved me, did you?” As soon as Sophia had finished her sentence, she reached inside her pocket and handed him the paper. “This is what you wrote to me, and I'll give it back to you.”

Arthur frowned as he looked at the letter that had been folded; then, he reached for it and held it in his hand.

"I promised not to bother you further; after all, our relationship began when you said it did and ended when you said it did. It's all over now." Sophia stepped back as she finished talking but didn't notice the flower bed behind her.

"Ah..." She exclaimed a loud yell, staggered backward, and looked like she was about to fall on the flowerbed.

Instantly, a hand grabbed her wrist and pulled her back. As a result of being subjected to this force, the impact sent her into the man's warm embraces. Despite the iciness of his voice, his demeanor was as comforting as ever.

Arthur frowned when he looked down at the girl that was being held in her arms, thinking how careless she was. "Pay attention to where you're going," he reminded her.

"I don't need you to save me. I did not ask you to save me." Sophia shoved him away. He had never felt his mind this messy before. This girl seemed to be able to mess up my emotions.

Helplessly, Arthur watched as Sophia turned around and picked a path to head off in. He then had to correct her, saying, "That's not the direction to go back to the guest room as you took the wrong way." When she returned, she headed in a different way, and he watched her vanish into the bush.

Arthur was on the verge of leaving, but an unexplainable feeling flooded his heart, which caused him to become a bit concerned about her. He feared that she would continue to walk aimlessly or come into contact with some kind of danger.

After walking a few meters, Sophia was engulfed in sadness all of a sudden, making her unable to walk. While covering her face, she squatted down on the pathway beside the bushes and started sobbing while suppressing her voice.

However, she didn't realize that a few meters behind her, there was a person watching her. Arthur looked at the girl whose shoulders were trembling from her cries. He knew he was the reason she was in misery.

Why is she crying like this? Why does she think that I abandoned her?

He just stood there for as long as she was crying until his phone started ringing and frightened the crying Sophia. She quickly stood up and turned around, only to see that the man was still there. Seeing him there stunned her for a few seconds.

I thought he didn't care about me anymore. Why is he still following me?

Arthur looked at his phone, but he didn't pick it up. In fact, he hung up the phone and told her, "Stop crying and go back to your room!"

"Even if I cry, it's none of your business!" Sophia quipped out of annoyance. "Your crying disturbed me," he said ruthlessly.

Hearing that, she felt her body sway a little and nearly passed out from anger. Is this man really the Arthur that I know? He's even colder than strangers.

"Fine! I just need to cry further away, right?" As soon as she said that, she turned around and saw an exit, so she ran in that direction right away.

At this moment, Arthur remembered that that was the way to the pond, and there was no path there. Just as he wanted to stop her, she had already run away.

"So..." He suddenly realized that he had forgotten her name, so he could only run in the same direction as her. Yet, before he could stop her, she jumped into the pond as expected, since she didn't know there

was a pond behind the bushes. "Ah!" she shouted fearfully as her body sank into the pond. The coldness of the water at night made her extremely frightened.

Just then, Arthur rushed over and took a deep breath. He looked at the girl, who had brought him so much trouble tonight, and felt speechless.

"Give me your hand." He reached out his hand, wanting to pull her up. However, Sophia took a step backward. "I don't need you to care about me. I can save myself."

As she said that, she tried hard to walk to the side and grab the stone steps beside it, trying to get herself out of the pond. Luckily, the pond was stone-paved, and there were only a few fancy fish, so it was really clean without any dirt.

When her foot stepped on the stone steps, she slipped and fell back into the pond since she didn't know that the stone steps were filled with moss. Now, her whole body sank into the pond.

The next second, Arthur jumped into the pond as well. He reached out his long arm and pulled the drowning girl up. Sophia was so terrified that she hugged him at his waist as if he was her savior.

"Why are you doing this to yourself?" he bellowed. After that, he carried her in his arms and walked in the opposite direction to the stairs.

At this moment, Sophia was stunned as she felt like the Arthur that she knew was back. She was happy even when he scolded her, for it was much better than the cold words he said to her.

She looked like a mess when he put her down. Then, he pointed in a direction. "This is the way to the guest room. Don't use the wrong way again."

"Can you send me back?" she asked.

"I'm busy." He needed to go back and take a shower as he was soaking wet too.

“What if I get lost again?” she pleaded.

“Are you a three-year-old kid?” You're a grown woman. Figure it out by yourself?

“You're not wrong. My mind is like a three-year-old. Are you sending me back or not?” she asked with her brows raised.

All of a sudden, a smile tugged on his lips as though Sophia had made him laugh. This was the only time someone made him laugh during this period of time. “Let's go.” He decided to send her back.

Sophia followed him and walked forward. But not long later, he pointed in a direction and told her, “Go there. There'll be a maid there to help you.”

“Are you not sending me back to my room?”