

N Destiny 811

Chapter 811

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“You’re feverish. I’ll take you to the hospital,” said Arthur.

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

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

“Come with me.”

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

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

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

“Are you going to come with me?” he threatened.

Hearing that Martha was waiting for him downstairs, Sophia was now even more certain she didn't want him to bother

himself with this. Thus, she shook her head. "No, you go ahead."

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

and was even growing irritated.

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

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

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

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

Chapter 812

"Artic, is something bothering you?"

"No, Grandma," said Arthur as he came to himself.

"Eat up then. We're running out of time now. We should get going soon," Martha advised, leading Arthur to put his spoon down. "I'm done. Let's go."

With that, everyone traversed the hall to the parking lot, where dozens of black luxury cars lined up, and the extended Rolls-Royce would be the one Arthur would pick Emily up from the Jennings' residence with.

"Artie, I'll wait for you guys at the chapel. Hurry up and pick Emily up."

"Okay." Arthur nodded in acknowledgment.

With that, Martha entered the car. After Arthur watched the car drive away, a

bodyguard beside him urged him to get into the car. "Young Master Weiss, please!"

Arthur held the car door but didn't enter right away and instead looked to a window. After a moment of deliberation, he turned to the bodyguard. "Wait here."

At that, he strode toward the hall.

Meanwhile, Sophia was curling up on the couch. She felt super uncomfortable with how her body temperature fluctuated drastically. It wasn't surprising that she would be sick when she had sat on the couch the whole night, coupled with her horrible mood and state.

Her fever had rendered her in a state of stupor at this point. Just then, she heard someone coming through the door, and very quickly, a deep male voice followed. "Sophia."

Sophia opened her eyes in response. Am I imagining this? Is Arthur actually squatting in front of me? But shouldn't he be on his way to the chapel by now?

Looking at how Sophia hugged her arms, all curled up, her gaze unfocused, and in a horrible state, Arthur carried her into his arms.

At last, Sophia was wide awake. She opened her eyes, having trouble believing Arthur was really carrying her.

“Put me down.”

However, he paid no heed to her, carrying her downstairs and all the way to the extended Rolls-Royce. Right then, it looked as though she was the one Arthur was about to marry.

When Sophia realized where he was taking her, she couldn't help crying out, “I can't sit in that car, Arthur. Put me down!”

Has he gone crazy?! He's supposed to pick Emily up in this car!

Arthur continued to disregard her as he put her in the spacious back seat next to him. “To the hospital,” said Arthur to the bodyguard aside, who was somewhat baffled.

“But Young Master, you're supposed to pick Miss Jennings up.”

“Send another car over!” Arthur ordered before closing the door.

Meanwhile, Sophia felt somewhat woozy as she sat in the car and wanted to lean against something. Seeing her limp body. Arthur immediately stretched his arm and secured her to him.

“Arthur, this is wrong.” Sophia shoved him weakly, thinking she was about to make a dire mistake.

“You want me to leave you alone?” Arthur asked with a frown.

“Yes, leave me alone.” Sophia nodded.

Arthur really didn't want to give a thing about her. But for some reason, he couldn't sit idly and do nothing while she was sick. He felt his heart twinged, seeing her like this.

At the same time, at Jennings Residence, Emily already had her makeup done and had put on her wedding dress. All that was left was to wait for Arthur to show up in his tuxedo, holding a rose bouquet to take her to the chapel.

Chapter 813

“What can be more important than his own wedding?! Where is he? Take me to him. I don’t want to go to the chapel. I want to find him and have him go to the chapel with me.” Emily knew just how humiliating it would be if the groom never showed up while she, the bride, waited in the chapel.

Hence, she insisted on appearing hand in-hand with Arthur.

Her parents had already gone ahead to the chapel to greet the guests while she was supposed to show up in a grand fleet, where a row of guards of honor would be welcoming her arrival. How can I just show up in a random car?!

“Miss Jennings, it’s getting late. Why don’t you head to the chapel first?”

“No, I want to show up with my groom!” Emily insisted, glaring at the bodyguard. “Tell me the truth. Where is he, and who is he with?!”

“M-Miss Goodwin suddenly fell ill, and Young Master Weiss took her to the hospital.”

“Did they go with my ride?” Emily’s countenance was now beyond awful at this point, at even looking on the verge of a breakdown. To think the first woman to sit in her car to the chapel was Sophia Goodwin!

The bodyguard nodded in affirmation, not daring to lie to her.

“Take me to the hospital.” Livid, Emily

drew a deep breath. “Now!”

Like earlier, Arthur carried Sophia to the emergency room after arriving at the hospital. Many of the doctors had gone to attend the wedding, so those stationed in the hospital were shocked for a few solid moments when they saw the groom rushing into the hospital with a different woman in his arms.

Sophia was given IV fluid to cool down her body. Arthur stood by her bed and took in everything, from how the nurse inserted a needle into Sophia's arm to her

frowning from enduring the pain, as well as when the nurse reinserted the needle, for Sophia's blood vessel was too fine, causing the nurse to misalign by accident. At that, Arthur shot an icy glance at the nurse, who felt his apparent displeasure.

The nurse was sweating profusely. As if it already wasn't stressful enough to work in front of the Young Master Weiss, he even had his watchful gaze on her. She had indeed misaligned the needle by accident because of her nervousness.

"Hurry up and get to the chapel!" Sophia shooed Arthur away, only for him to check his watch in response. Just then, his phone rang, and he answered it. "Arthur speaking."

Master Weiss, Miss Jennings refuses to go to the chapel. She insists on looking for you."

"Don't let her come," he ordered monotonously.

"But Miss Jennings wouldn't listen to me. She's in my car as we speak."

"Hand her the phone."

Despite being exasperated, Emily suppressed her anger and spoke with a gentle voice after taking the phone from the bodyguard. "Artic, I want to show up at the chapel with you. I'm coming over now. Wait for me, alright?"

"You go ahead to the chapel." Arthur didn't want her anywhere near the hospital.

“No, I want to go with you.” she began whining.

“I can’t leave right now. Go to the chapel!” With that, he ended the call.

Sophia instantly knew Emily was looking for him after hearing the phone call. “Get to the chapel. I’m alright now. You don’t need to stay here anymore.” She looked at him.

Arthur squatted down and riveted his gaze onto her for a few seconds before asking, “Sophia, can you your boyfriend?”

Say what?! Sophia forgot to breathe for a second.

“If you’re willing to break up with your boyfriend, then I’m willing to call off my wedding.” He asserted gravely as he looked resolutely at her.

Shocked, she sat right up but accidentally tugged on the tubing in the process, causing her to wince in pain. “Ow...”

Arthur instantly pressed her shoulders down, tucking her back in bed. “Don’t move.”

The last thing he wanted to see was her suffering another injection when she already had two.

Having barely any strength, Sophia limped right onto the bed. However, it didn’t stop her chest from heaving, reeling in what the man had just said.

“What did you just say?” she asked in a barely audible tone.

Not expecting his words to frighten her, he squatted down and held her hands,

saying with misty eyes, “I said, if you’re willing to break up with your boyfriend, then I’m willing to-“

Chapter 814

Before Arthur could finish his words, his phone rang yet again-Sophia, too, reflexively looked toward his phone-but this time, he didn't answer and even ended the call after taking a glance. At that, he let out a sigh. But just as he was about to continue, a bodyguard came into the ward. "Young Master, Old Madam Weiss is on the phone."

Arthur looked at the phone the bodyguard handed over but had no intention of taking it. With that, the bodyguard put the phone on speaker, and Martha's anxious voice immediately came from the other end of the line. "Artie! Artie, where are you? Hurry up and answer the phone!"

Sophia hurriedly withdrew her hand at that, then gave him a nudge, telling him to answer his grandmother's call.

"Go!" she mouthed to him.

At last, Arthur stood up, took the phone from the bodyguard, and walked out of the ward to a turning.

The bodyguard followed after him, and as if right on cue, Emily showed up in her bridal look with two servants carrying her train. She had charged right up as soon as she learned that Sophia was taking IV fluid in this ward downstairs.

But when she opened the door, she found only Sophia lying in bed while Arthur was nowhere to be seen. "Where have you hidden my husband, you b*tch?!" she asked through gnashed teeth.

Sophia pointed toward the door. "He's gone out. You'll find him outside."

At that, Emily smirked and ordered the servants, "You two wait outside and shut the door."

The servants obliged in two shakes, leaving and shutting the door.

Sophia couldn't help sitting up when she saw Emily inching toward her with malice. "What are you trying to do?" She looked toward Emily with a warning.

“What am I trying to do? What are you trying to do, Sophia? Coming all the way

here? First, you seduce my man, then ruin my wedding, and now, you’re even trying to hide him from me. Sophia Goodwin, I really want to mangle you,” Emily scowled through gnashed teeth. The loathe beneath her eyes evolved into a substantial dagger, stabbing Sophia.

Sophia pursed her lips and said nothing. Losing Arthur would be her life’s greatest regret, but now, Emily was his fiancée. No matter how, she would be marrying him soon.

“I’m sorry,” Sophia mumbled an apology.

Emily was suddenly beside herself with rage when she looked at how feeble Sophia was while taking the IV fluid. At that, she raised her palm and gave the feverish woman a hard slap in the face.

By the time Sophia registered what had just happened, her face was already burning with pain, and she glared at Emily like she was going to tear her apart at any moment. “Who are you to slap me?!”

“Who am I? Just wait, Sophia Goodwin.

Once I marry Artie, you can forget about stepping on Florian land ever again!” Emily yelled with a sneer. “You can forget about ever seeing him for the rest of your life. He will be my man from this day on.. Mine! Not yours!”

Just then, the door flew right open, and an icy male voice came the next second. “What right does she need?”

Emily froze in an instant, and her countenance turned awful, but the next second, she was all smiles as she turned around. “Artie, you’re back! You must’ve misheard. I heard Miss Goodwin was sick, so I came to see how she was doing.”

Meanwhile, Sophia kept her head lowered, allowing her long hair to conceal her swollen cheek as she clenched the covers. Seeing how two-faced Emily was got her feeling bitterly disappointed. Is Arthur

going to have to live with a woman like this for the rest of his life? How can he spend the rest of his life with a phony woman when he's such a great guy? Will he be happy? Will his life be merry?

Sophia tightened her grip on the covers as the idea crossed her mind, so much so that her body began trembling to a slightly noticeable degree.

"Artie, let's go to the chapel! Everyone's anxiously waiting for our appearance!" Emily held Arthur's arm, wanting to take him away.

However, Arthur suddenly turned to Sophia, asking, "Are you going to be okay?"

Before Sophia could say a word, Emily answered for her. "She told me she's fine just now. Well, Miss Goodwin, we won't disturb your rest further. Get well soon, sweetie!"

Chapter 815

Sophia closed her eyes and took a deep breath before looking back up, asking Arthur, "Do your words just now still stand? Will you really be able to do it if I say yes?"

Arthur's eyes widened slightly in response, and he swung his hand free from Emily's grasp, dashing to the bed to check Sophia's face.

But Sophia couldn't care less about her face right then. She latched her gaze upon Arthur with misty and firm forbearing eyes.

"What are you talking about, Sophia?! What promise do you want Artie to fulfill?" Emily asked out of curiosity as she stomached her anger.

"Your face..."

"Ignore that. Answer me, still stand?" do your words

"They stand." Arthur riveted his gaze on her.

“Alright, you have my word. I’ll break up with my boyfriend, and you’ll have to give up marrying this woman.” Sophia pointed right at Emily. “She’s not worthy of you.”

Emily instantly turned crimson with rage. She finally lost it and snapped at Sophia. “What nonsense are you talking about, Goodwin?! How dare you say I’m unworthy of Artie!”

“How dare I? You’re phony, savage, ill bred, and wicked. I won’t let you marry him and taint his life. You don’t deserve him.” As feeble as Sophia was, her words weighted multitudes, hitting home.

Arthur was stumped for a few solid seconds, listening to her words with incredulity. “You’re the one who slapped her?” He turned his head to Emily.

Frightened, Emily took a couple of steps back upon meeting Arthur’s sub-zero gaze. “Artie, I... I didn’t mean to. I was just so upset she ruined our wedding...”

“Who are you to slap her?!” The anger beneath Arthur’s eyes burned ablaze.

This was the first time in many days that Emily was seeing such an emotional Arthur. In fact, his emotions fluctuated all because of Sophia, and she couldn’t help feeling appalled at that. Impossible! Dad’s serum had long made him forget Sophia! How can he still care so much for that b*tch?! Also, isn’t he suffering from sequela?

“Artie, I’m sorry. I’ll apologize to her. Let’s go to the chapel now! Everyone must be anxious by now.” Emily reached her hand out to hold his arm.

However, upon meeting his icy glare, she shrunk in fear and took a step back, causing her to trip and fall upon stepping on the hem of her gown.

Emily made herself look pitiful by holding her waist and crying out in pain, hoping Arthur would feel bad for her and help her up.

However, to her dismay, the man’s whole attention was on Sophia’s face. His heart ached to see her gorgeous face swollen.

It's all my fault. Emily wouldn't have had the chance to lay a finger on Sophia if he had stayed..

Sophia, on the other hand, looked indifferently at the pretentious woman on the floor, wondering how long she was going to continue her act.

Sure enough, Emily was done acting, after which she propped her hands against the floor to stand up. After a quick fix on her gown, she turned to Arthur. "Artie, I'm sorry, I really am." With that, she took a deep breath and said to Sophia, "Miss Goodwin, please accept my utmost sincere apology. Please forgive my rudeness."

"But I don't want to forgive you." Sophia glared at her. What she hated wasn't the slap Emily had given to her face but this woman's pretentiousness in front of Arthur.

If Arthur was to marry a gracious young woman on this day, she would be willing to give them her blessing. However, be it upbringing or integrity, neither did Emily have to be worthy of him. So Sophia didn't care, even if she became the villain who ruined their wedding.

She couldn't let the man she loved so deeply spend the rest of his life with a woman like Emily. He definitely wouldn't be happy.

"What else do you want from me, Sophia Goodwin? Just how shameless can you get? Artie's my fiancé; that's a fact!" Emily had truly lost it this time. She could no longer get a hold of her emotions, even when Arthur was present.

Chapter 816

Hearing that, Sophia scoffed, "He's your fiance? Have you slept with him before? Let me tell you something. I've slept with him for a month."

Her words not only made Emily go mad it had also puzzled Arthur. He couldn't believe what she said and stared at her wide-eyed. What is she talking about? I've slept with her before? He tried to recall his memory, but nothing came to his mind. Darn it, how could I forget something like that?

"Is that true?" he stared at Sophia and asked.

“Artie, it’s not true. She is lying to you and sputtering nonsense. Both of you were never together.”

“There’s a red mole on your inner thigh,” Sophia looked at Arthur and replied calmly.

Arthur was shocked when he heard that as it was located very near to his crotch. How did she know? Turns out we really have slept together!

“W-What are you talking about? You must be making things up.” Emily was furious and hated to see how calm and confident Sophia was. She almost lost it when she found out that both of them had done the deed when they were together.

“Tell her if what I said was true.” Sophia glanced at him.

“Why did you only tell me that we’ve slept together now? Then why did you reject me last night?” Arthur was flustered as he was trying to make sense of the situation.

The additional information revealed by Arthur was caught on by Emily. She glared at Sophia and exclaimed, “Sophia, you really are trying to seduce Arthur. You promised my mother that you would not stand in our way, but it turns out you’re lying!”

Upon hearing that, Sophia was

speechless. He looked at Arthur and then shifted her gaze at Emily. “Excuse me. He was the one trying to seduce me, but I rejected him.”

Arthur had had enough of how hysterical Emily was, as it ruined the mood between him and Sophia. “You should leave now!” he chided her.

“Arthur, where else could I go? There are hundreds of guests waiting for us at the wedding.” Emily couldn’t hold her tears in anymore and wailed as she buried her face in her hands.

“Our wedding is canceled,” Arthur uttered cold-heartedly.

Upon hearing that, Emily almost passed out and exploded, “You’re not going to marry me? Then are you going to marry her?”

Sophia was stunned at how the situation developed. She didn’t know how she should face him in the future after ruining his wedding.

However, Emily’s words gave him an idea. He looked at Sophia and asked, “Since everyone from my family is already here, it would be troublesome for them to make time and come over again later on. Why don’t we get married

today?” It sounded like he wanted to marry her.

His words puzzled Sophia, as she wasn’t expecting them to get married right away since she had a fever.

“You are now responsible since you’ve slept with me. You cannot marry anyone except me, which applies to your ex boyfriend.” He grabbed onto her arm while forcing her to marry him.

Tears rolled down Emily’s cheeks as she saw the scene in front of her. She didn’t expect the wedding that she’d been looking forward to to turn out like this.

After some contemplation, Sophia finally made a bold decision.

“Yes. I’ll marry you.” Sophia wanted him so much that she didn’t mind being shameless.

Hearing that, Arthur smiled. “Alright. I’ll ask the guests to wait for an hour, and then we shall go there once we’re done.”

Sophia nodded, but Emily shook her head profusely. way. I should be

his wife! I should be the bride!”

“Take her out.” Arthur opened the door and instructed the bodyguards standing outside.

After that, he walked out of the corridor and made a few calls. The makeup artist and stylist immediately rushed over to the hospital. By then, he finally made a call to Martha and told her, “Grandma, please ask the guests to wait for an hour more. I will be there with my bride very soon.”

Chapter 817

“Why is it taking so long? Emily isn’t done getting ready yet?”

“Yes, the bride needs more time to get ready.”

“I’m the bride! Arthur, I’m the one that you are supposed to marry!” Emily screamed hysterically.

“I’m sorry. Sophia is the one that I love. I’ll compensate you in some other way,” Arthur responded coldly.

Meanwhile, guests had already filled up the hall that could accommodate 300 people while Richard and Elliot were seated in the second row. Richard kept looking at the time as Arthur should have marched into the hall with Emily by that time. He had prepared the evidence and was ready to reveal it to everyone there. However, his plans were disrupted when Arthur was late.

“Why isn’t Arthur here yet? He’s always been punctual, so he shouldn’t be late.” Elliot frowned.

“Let’s wait for a while more.”

When Anastasia realized that Sophia was absent, she found out from Grace that Sophia had been unwell since morning and had sent her a text message saying that she wouldn’t be attending. Anastasia understood how devastated she must have felt, so she didn’t make it hard for her.

On the other hand, after the makeup artist and stylist reached the hospital, they immediately started putting on makeup for Sophia, besides picking out her wedding gown. Since Sophia had a slender and

proportionate body figure, the wedding gown that the stylist picked out suited her well. As she lay in bed, she felt fuzzy, but she was firm about her decision to get married. Since her parents weren't invited to the wedding, she would ask for their forgiveness once she returned home. After ten minutes, Sophia's makeup was done, and she removed the infusion needle before putting on the wedding gown.

Emily, on the contrary, left the hospital in her long wedding gown while looking

disgruntled. She looked at the bodyguard and demanded, "Send me to the hall."

Hearing that, he shook his head and responded, "Young master had instructed us not to send you there."

Emily bit her lip, feeling disappointed at Arthur for being cruel toward her as he had decided to abandon her and marry someone else just because she slapped Sophia. Dang it! I shouldn't have slapped that annoying sl*t! Argh!

She took her phone out and dialed her parents' phone number. "Emily, why aren't you here yet? We've been waiting for you for a long time," her mother gasped.

"Mom, Arthur will not be marrying me. He had decided to marry another woman." At that point, all she could manage was complain.

"What? Who is he marrying?"

"He wanted to marry that b*tch, Sophia. Mom, Why isn't dad's drug working? He hasn't seemed to have forgotten her,"

Emily questioned while getting all choked up. "Is it because the dosage that Dad had administered was low?"

"Emily, where are you now? I will go over and fetch you. We shouldn't give up just yet since you are his bride who is recognized by Old Madam Weiss, and the whole family is aware of this. Sophia is just a

nobody. Wait for me there. I'll be there soon." Vera was reluctant to give up on her daughter's happiness.

"Alright, I'll wait for you here at the hospital." Emily saw a ray of hope after listening to her mother's words.

Meanwhile, Sophia, having a fever earlier, had been transformed into a beautiful bride. She was dressed in a pure white wedding gown, had delicate makeup on, and was accessorized with a diamond tiara which completed her look.

"Let's go, my bride." Arthur extended his arm, after which Sophia held onto it shyly as both of them walked out of the ward. The nurses were surprised by the sight of them.

"I heard that Miss Jennings should be the bride. But this woman isn't her," they whispered. However, they still thought that Sophia and Arthur looked good together. As the couple marched out of the hospital, a luxurious limousine came into sight.

Chapter 818

After the bodyguard opened the door, Arthur helped Sophia to rearrange her wedding gown train before she got into the car. The stylist who wanted to help out could only stand aside and watch the groom willingly attend to his bride. However, they were curious whether there were two brides that were getting married to him.

When Sophia sat in the limousine, she patted her chest anxiously and took a deep breath.

"Don't be anxious. You won't regret marrying me." Arthur held onto her hand and comforted her. Although he had lost all the memories regarding her, he was adamant about marrying her.

Hearing that, she looked at him and nodded. Just then, her phone rang, and it was a message from Anastasia asking about her condition. She replied with a text that read, 'Anastasia, I'm doing good.

I have a surprise for you later on.'

As she was about to put her phone back in her bag after replying to the text, Arthur suddenly snatched her phone away from her, which puzzled her. He immediately scrolled through her photo album.

“What are you doing?” She laughed.

“I want to see what your boyfriend looks like and whether he’s more good-looking than me,” Arthur said with jealousy. He couldn’t figure out why she’d sleep with him when she already had a boyfriend.

Sophia, on the other hand, was calm as she looked at him, scrolling through the photo album. I’ll let him be jealous of himself.

Arthur was puzzled when he saw that all the pictures and videos on her phone were of both of them. Some of them were taken secretly, but he had no memory of the sceneries and places that they’d been to. He didn’t know when he had lost his memory. However, he wasn’t surprised at it as he didn’t have the memory of them sleeping together as well. After scrolling through her phone

for a while, he didn’t see any photos of another man. “Show me the pictures of your boyfriend.” He was determined to find

out who his rival was so that he could do

his best to defeat him.

Hearing that, she took her phone back and selected a picture before pointing at the man in it while saying, “Here. This is my boyfriend. He’s more handsome than you, right?”

Arthur was speechless after seeing it. Isn’t that me?

“Isn’t that me?” He was gobsmacked.

“That’s right! You’re my boyfriend!” Sophia giggled, looking at how adorable he looked when he was confused.

Upon hearing that, he felt immense heartache. He finally knew why Sophia couldn't stop crying when she laid her eyes on him. It turned out that they were lovebirds, but he had somehow forgotten about her.

As Sophia smiled, he pulled her into his arms and kissed her forehead before saying, "I'm sorry. I don't know why I have forgotten about you, but I will try my very best to find the memories back."

Right after he apologized, Sophia's eyes welled up, but when she was about to cry, she immediately lifted her head and tried to hold back her tears. She told herself that she shouldn't cry or else her beautiful makeup would be ruined.

"Alright, geez. Stop making me cry. I don't want to ruin my makeup because I'll look ugly if it does." She wiped the tears off and looked at him as she said, "You promised that you would marry me. I'm happy as long as you can fulfill your promise."

Have I promised that I would marry her? He wanted to punch himself in the face when he thought of how he almost married Emily today. I'd have broken Sophia's heart if I had married that evil woman!

"What if you never get your memories back? Would you regret marrying me?"

Sophia asked while looking down.

"If you're the one, I'll eventually fall in love with you again, so I'll never regret my decision." He looked her in the eyes and confessed.

He felt that after meeting Sophia, his world had been more colorful and that he had experienced happy emotions, which made his heart beat fast. As he stared into her bright eyes, he could see hope in them, which made him look forward to spending the rest of his life with her.

Chapter 819

Sophia's sweet smile was the best medicine for Arthur's broken heart. She had taught him how to love and appreciate life. The best antidote to Johnny's drug would be love.

Suddenly, Martha came into Sophia's mind, and she asked worriedly, "Would your grandma be willing to accept me? What we are doing would hurt her if she refused to accept me."

"My grandma hoped for me to be happy. If marrying you makes me happy, she would definitely agree to it." Arthur was certain about it, as his grandmother loved him so much that she'd understand his choices.

He tightened his embrace around Sophia's waist and had his eyes locked on hers as he smiled. She looked so stunning that he was certain that she was the wife he wanted.

"What are you looking at?" Her face was flushed red as he stared at her.

"Looking at you." He stared at her intently as if she would run away if he looked away.

"After our wedding ceremony, you have to tell me about how we met and when we dated. I want to know everything about us," Arthur said. Those forgotten memories were just too precious to him.

"Are you sure? You were unfriendly toward me in the beginning." Sophia

raised her brow. "Have you forgiven me?" Arthur smiled as

he asked.

"I have long forgiven you!" She smiled shyly, showing her pearly whites.

Hearing that, he was relieved and looked at the view outside. He then turned over and stared at her lips before asking, "Didn't you put on lipstick?"

"I did!"

"But I can barely see it."

“What should I do? I don’t have lipstick with me.” She sounded worried as she wanted to look her best on her big day.

“It’s ok. I can help you with that.”

“Huh? Do you have lipstick with you?” She was surprised that a man like him would have lipstick with him.

The next moment, he held the back of her head and had her body pressed against his. He leaned in and topped up her lipstick with his lips.

“Mmm...” Her face was flushed red.

Not only did he ‘top up’ her lipstick for her, he even put on blush for her. Although he had amnesia, he had his way of getting intimate with her, and that never really changed.

On the other hand, Emily was waiting for her mother in a cafe nearby the hospital. Soon after, Vera rushed over with an assistant, whereupon they rearranged the train of her gown before entering the car.

“Mom...” She buried herself in her mother’s arms as she wailed.

“Don’t cry. Let’s not ruin your makeup since you’ll be the bride walking up the altar later on.” Vera dried her daughter’s tears with a tissue and said firmly, “No one can snatch the wedding from you.”

“B-But Arthur is bringing the b*tch over to the wedding venue!”

“So what if she went? She definitely wouldn’t be accepted by the old madam since she’d never allow an outsider to join the family. Moreover, everyone in the family would oppose Sophia being the matriarch.”

“Mom, is that true? Do I really have a chance?” Emily seemed to have regained some confidence after hearing what her mother said.

“Of course you do. We just have to bring up how Sophia seduced Young Master Weiss in front of everyone. Old Madam Weiss and everyone else in the family would definitely oppose their marriage. As much as he liked her, he would have to let go because of the pressure from his

family. He should have thought of how your father brought honor and benefitted the family.”

After hearing what Vera said, Emily fully regained her confidence as she thought that she was more qualified to be Arthur’s wife.

“Drive faster. We need to be there before both of them enter the hall.” Vera rushed her assistant to speed up so that they would reach there soon.

At that moment, the couple’s limousine stopped in front of the hall. As the bodyguard opened the door, he was surprised to see the couple making out and immediately closed the door.

“Are you done?” She leaned on his chest shyly.

“Yes. Oh, hey, sexy! I love your flaming red lips.” He admired her lips which were red from all the kissing.

Chapter 820

“You’re so cheeky.” Sophia hit Arthur’s chest with her fist playfully.

“Let’s get down the car.” Arthur smiled as he kissed her forehead and comforted her.

“I’m really nervous.” She nodded and clutched her chest nervously.

“Don’t be scared. I’m here.” He held her hand to reassure her.

The bodyguards and assistants were all waiting for them outside the car as the car door opened. The stylist helped her to rearrange her train while Arthur personally covered her veil for her. Her beautiful face could be vaguely seen behind the veil. The towering church building looked majestic and sacred, which caught Sophia's attention. The golden domes of the building glistened as the sunlight shone on it, which made it seem holy.

Both of them walked toward the direction of the chapel, hand in hand. Just then, the steward that had been waiting since morning hurried over.

"Young Master, you're finally here. You should hurry, as the guests had been waiting for a long time."

As the bride's face was covered with a veil, no one noticed that it wasn't Emily. Sophia was so nervous that her palms were sweating profusely. As she looked at the guests who were smiling at them and showering them with good wishes, she bet they thought she was Emily.

Arthur could feel her sweaty hands and leaned in before whispering, "Everything will be fine."

Upon hearing his words, she lifted her head and looked into his eyes through the veil. Marrying him was not only the bravest thing she had done in her life, but it was also the best thing that had happened to her. His comforting words gave her the confidence to face whatever would come to them. She took a deep breath, nodded, and walked on the red carpet as she held his hand. When the guests that had been waiting the whole morning finally saw the bride and groom, they clapped to welcome the couple's arrival. After the applause stopped, the

wedding symphony surrounded the chapel.

Martha, who was seated in the front row, let out a sigh of relief after seeing the arrival of the bride and groom. She initially thought that her grandson wasn't going to proceed with the wedding. She also noticed that Arthur's expression wasn't as cold as before and that he was beaming with happiness while his eyes were filled with warmth and joy. She grinned, thinking of the grandchildren she would be getting in the future as there was hope for it.

Meanwhile, on the lawn outside the hall, a black sedan suddenly came to a halt as the driver slammed on the brakes. The friction caused by the skidding created sparks. Just as the car stopped, Emily immediately dashed down from the car while her mother was carrying her train so the dust on the

ground wouldn't dirty it. When they were on the carpet, the assistant helped to rearrange the train while Vera checked her daughter's makeup.

"Faster, Mom! I can hear the processional music, and they have almost reached the altar."

"Alright, let's go." She nodded after checking her daughter's makeup, and they were good to go. She then put down Emily's veil, and both of them paced into the hall hand in hand.

At that moment, Arthur held Sophia's hand and led her up to the altar as they were about to complete the wedding ceremony in front of over 300 guests.

Just as the pastor was about to read their wedding vows, the doors suddenly flung open, and someone exclaimed, "They cannot get married!"

It was Emily. "I'm the bride!" she screamed hysterically.

Upon hearing that, the guests turned to look at her, and they were puzzled when they saw two brides at the wedding. Emily walked on the red carpet by herself and nonchalantly removed her veil, which revealed her face. The family

members instantly recognized that she

was supposed to be the bride, which made them ponder the identity of the other bride standing on the altar holding Arthur's hand.

The scene shocked Martha, and she immediately stood up and looked at Emily wide-eyed. She then turned her gaze at the slim figure holding hands with her grandson. No! This can't be! Did he switch the bride out?!