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My Baby's Daddy Chapter 813

Chapter 813

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."

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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!"

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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!"