

My Baby's Daddy Chapter 657

Chapter 657

Chapter 657

"Do not do this again," Arthur warned.

wao

"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?"

BICON

"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:

VO

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 Aversa 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."

"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.”

My Baby’s Daddy Chapter 658

Chapter 658

Chapter 658

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. 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.

C

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? I 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? I 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.

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."

My Baby's Daddy Chapter 659

Chapter 659

Chapter 659

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?"

"No, of course not!" He looked at her with narrowed eyes. He knew exactly why Martha had asked Emily to come here. Knowing the old lady, she was most likely playing matchmaker, and this was just her way of setting him up with Emily.

"Then why do you look like you aren't happy to see me?" Emily accused, biting down on her lip.

"I'm happy to see you. I was just thinking about something else, that's all." He had only just said this when a loud cry sounded from the second floor.

"Ow!"

The next second, Arthur rose from the couch and headed up the stairs with Emily in his wake. When they reached the guest room, they saw Sophia standing by the ironing board holding her hand, and the clothing iron was still hissing away.

ay

"What's wrong?" Arthur asked urgently. He reached out to grab her hand and immediately saw the red streak burn on her palm.

“Sorry, I accidentally burned myself earlier. I’ll be fine,” Sophia said. She had instinctively cried out in alarm when she made contact with the hot iron, but she didn’t think she would draw the couple upstairs.

She wanted to pull away from Arthur, but he tightened his grip on her and led her to the bathroom, then turned on the tap to run her red, angry palm under cold water. While doing so, he chided, “You should always pay attention when you’re ironing!”

Meanwhile, Emily’s heart leaped to her throat when she saw this scene. She remembered how much Arthur hated physical contact, but here he was holding the maid’s hand with an unsettling familiarity. .

Sophia leaned closer to him and whispered in retort, “It’s not my fault I’ve never been made to iron anything!”

Arthur knew that she had been raised as a young lady of nobility as well, so he did not continue berating her. After turning off the tap water and drying her hand, they walked out of the bathroom together. Then, he glanced at Emily and said, “Have your maids do the ironing, Emily. I’m afraid Sophia’s a little too clumsy for her own good.”

“If she’s so clumsy, why don’t you just fire her?” Emily assessed Sophia belittlingly and added, “We can’t pay someone who doesn’t do their job well.”

Sophia would be lying to say she wasn’t insulted. Arthur, however, defended her, “It doesn’t matter. I’m used to having her around to bring me tea and stuff, so she can stay.”

Can

Once again, Sophia was surprised by how determined he was to keep her here.

“Whatever. I’m worn out from the flight and the car ride here, so make me a cup of coffee,” she ordered Sophia furiously. “Prove yourself to be useful, why don’t you?”

Making coffee was one of the many things Sophia did not know how to do. She usually got her coffee from a local barista or any other cafe. Right now, she tossed Arthur a pleading look, trying to get help.

When he saw the despair in her wide doe eyes, he repressed the urge to sigh in frustration. She can’t iron, and she can’t make coffee. Is there anything she knows how to do other than talk back to someone?

“We don’t have a proper coffee machine here,” he lied to Emily after glaring at Sophia. “I’ll send someone out to get one for you if you’d like.”

Emily was more than aggravated now. “Well, how about tea? Surely, she can bring me tea.” She was trying to gauge how important this so-called maid was to Arthur, and there was no hiding the fact that Emily hated Sophia’s guts. Hence, the former was currently thinking of ways to get rid of the latter and eradicate any good impression Sophia might have made on Arthur.

I have to make Artie hate her too. That way, if he decides to keep her, I can order her around as I like.

Emily knew she had to nip this in the bud before she ended up losing Arthur to some tramp maid.

At once, Sophia bustled off into the kitchen to make tea, which, thankfully, was something she knew how to do.

She had made the tea and brought the tray over to the couch, but just as she was setting down the cups on the coffee table, Emily asked, “You’re a maid, aren’t you? Where’s your *uniform*:

My Baby’s Daddy Chapter 660

Chapter 660

Chapter 660

Emily was immediately unhappy when she noticed that Sophia was wearing a nice dress, not to mention, looking really good in it.

Sophia’s eyes flickered over to Arthur as she said slowly, “I’ve only started work a month ago, so I don’t have a uniform.”

“Then I shall get one ready for you,” Emily declared with a smirk.

“There’s no need for that,” Arthur interjected. “Honestly, I find uniforms to be a stuffy concept.”

This made Emily choke on her tea. She began to wonder just who Sophia was to warrant such concern from Arthur, who was famed for being stoic, and why he kept speaking up for her.

“Thank you, Young Master Weiss,” Sophia said, then backed out of the living room. She had a feeling that her life here wasn’t going to be all rainbows and butterflies now that Emily had moved in. That woman’s a jealous one, she thought grimly. Still, she would not have to suffer like this if she could find that man’s necklace.

Where could that family heirloom possibly be? She wanted to cry out in exasperation. Of all the people she could have a score to settle with, it just had to be an eccentric jerk like Arthur.

While, over at the Presgraves, Anastasia received a call from Lorelai that morning. Lorelai told Anastasia that she was desperate to design the perfect jewelry for her friend's engagement and that she was wondering if she could drop by to have Anastasia's input on the design sketches today.

Naturally, Anastasia did not reject her plea for help and invited her over to the house without hesitation.

At 4.00 pm that day, Lorelai drove into the car porch of Elliot's villa. She walked through the front door and into the living room, whereupon she was greeted by Anastasia, who looked like a vision dressed in a soft-colored long dress. "Lorelai."

"Mrs. Presgrave."

"Please, call me Anastasia. Mrs. Presgrave sounds too formal," Anastasia said kindly.

"I've been wanting to address you by your first name since the first time we met, but I didn't want to offend you," Lorelai explained. With a self-mocking smile, she added, "Our family's really strict about formalities."

"It's fine. You can call me by my name when it's just the both of us," Anastasia said with a smile. She then proceeded to appraise Lorelai's get-up today. The latter was dressed appropriately in an outfit that included dark academia elements with just an understated, feminine appeal. She was also wearing very light make-up that accentuated her delicate features.

Upon taking the sketch from Lorelai and giving it a cursory look, Anastasia praised, "There's definitely talent here—and creativity too."

"Just sudden inspiration, I guess," Lorelai said humbly, laughing. "I don't have much time usually,

what with business investments and all."

Anastasia highlighted several parts of the design that needed to be smoothed over and suggested several ways Lorelai could achieve it. The latter nodded delightedly and said, "You really are a professional, Anastasia."

Having pointed out a few more things and shared a few insider's tricks with Lorelai, Anastasia didn't even notice that an hour had passed until she checked the time and saw that it was already 5.30 pm. She thereafter rose to have the kitchen prepare dinner,

but just as she was about to invite Lorelai to stay, the girl shook her head and said she had to leave.

“Thank you for the invitation, Anastasia, but I have something planned for tonight and I should go,” Lorelai explained, gathering her things as she got off the couch.

“But it’s already so late, and Elliot will be home soon. Come on, stay for dinner,” Anastasia insisted

“It’s really so nice of you to offer, but I couldn’t impose, not tonight at least. Dinner’s on me next time, okay?” Lorelai said, politely but firmly turning Anastasia down.

“In that case, I’ll see you some other day.” Anastasia walked with her out the door and to the car.

Sliding into the driver’s seat, Lorelai gave her a small wave and said, “Thanks for today. I’ll see you around!”

“Drive safe.” Returning the wave, Anastasia watched as the car pulled out of the porch and out the front gates.

Presently, the vibrant sunset glow was cast over the garden, coating it in a warm golden hue.

There were thoughts behind Anastasia’s clear, bright eyes as she stood outside. She did not go back into the living room. Instead, she glanced at the watch on her wrist. Jared should be home by now.

As expected, the fleet of cars escorting the little boy pulled up outside the house but did not drive in. Jared leaped out of one of the cars and dashed through the gates. He ran up to Anastasia when he saw her and asked happily, “Mommy, were you waiting for me?”

“Yes, I was,” she answered with an affectionate smile.

He beamed and held her hand while exclaiming, “I love you so much, Mommy!”

“I love you, too.” She reached out to ruffle his hair, then led him into the house.

When Jared got into the living room and saw the kitten darting back and forth on the couch, he quickly set his bag aside and began to play with the feline. The little furball had only grown cuter since they first got it.

A little later into the evening, a black Bugatti sports car drove and parked on the car porch. The soft purr of the car engine indicated that Elliot had returned.

