

My Baby's Daddy Chapter 667

Chapter 667

Chapter 667

Just like that, the young, handsome, and muscular bodyguard became Sophia's shield. She clung to him like an octopus as she yowled, "Ahhh! Save me!"

Her bodyguard carried her into his arms while kicking the dog in the snout as the animal reached her. The pain sent it running back to its den and hiding from them.

Getting out of the first car, Arthur narrowed his eyes at the sight. As someone well-attuned with his surroundings, the bodyguard soon noticed Arthur and hurriedly lowered Sophia down. "It's over now, Miss Goodwin."

"Thank you, sir." She grinned at him with gratitude evident in her eyes.

"You're welcome," he stiftly replied, looking down at his feet in fear.

She shyly glanced at the bodyguard's face. She had noticed this man for a while now. He was the youngest of Arthur's men, and despite being of a mixed-race descent, he so Whenever he was at work with an earpiece on, he looked so very handsome.

When Arthur saw the admiring look in her eyes, he tuned out the fortune teller standing beside him.

Did Sophia have a crush on his bodyguard?

Stepping out of the third car, Emily elegantly sashayed over to Arthur. "Are we having lunch here, Artie?"

It was obvious from her tone that she did not want to dine here since this place was below her station. Furthermore, the ground was so filthy that just standing there had sullied her exquisite shoes.

"I'm so sorry about that. Did it hurt you?" The friendly owner of the shop came rushing over to welcome them. "Are you dining here?"

"Oh, yes!" Sophia answered with a smile.

When she later saw the bodyguards dining outside while Arthur and the others headed into a private room, she said to him, "I'll be dining outside, Mr. Weiss."

She wanted to dine with the handsome bodyguard, after all.

“We will dine together,” Arthur replied.

“Artie, she’s just a servant,” Emily protested. “Let her dine outside with the bodyguards!”

“Miss Jennings is right,” Sophia said in agreement. “I’ll take my leave now.”

She then walked over to the table with the handsome bodyguard and sat down by his side.

Emily linked her arm through Arthur’s and led him into the private dining room. As the place was not busy, their food had arrived quickly. Sophia’s head spun when she saw just how fast and

quietly the men ate. In around ten minutes, everyone was done eating.

“Take your time, Miss Goodwin,” said the bodyguard sitting beside her.

“Are you guys done?”

“We’re all done eating,” he replied before heading outside with the rest of his coworkers to keep guard.

With a resigned sigh, she pulled out her phone and began eating while scrolling through the news.

Meanwhile, inside the private room, the fortune teller was continuing about the complexities of his field. Arthur solemnly listened to every word being said, but Emily was bored out of her mind as she had no interest at all in fortune telling.

Finally, they returned to the cars. When Sophia saw that the bodyguard she had a crush on was opening the door for her, she felt happy.

However, just as they were about to leave, Sophia’s car suddenly halted. The door to the back of the car was opened to allow Arthur to enter.

She was shocked, Arthur was meant to share a car with the fortune teller, right? Why was he here!

My Baby’s Daddy Chapter 668

Chapter 668

Chapter 668

As soon as Arthur entered the car, the bodyguard driving immediately sat up straight and put on a serious face.

Meanwhile, Emily, who had seen Arthur getting into Sophia's car, was seething. It was too bad that the cars had already started moving. Otherwise, she would have demanded he move to her car instead.

After entering the car, Arthur closed his eyes as though he was going to take a nap. The afternoon sun splayed across his face, emphasizing the elegant and refined features of his handsome face.

He did not say a single word, which caused the air inside the car to feel awkward and heavy. Everyone could feel an immense yet silent pressure bearing down on them.

All giddy joy had fled Sophia's mind. Why was he even here?

After half an hour of driving, they finally arrived at a dense forest. The remaining parts of their journey would lead them along dirt paths instead of paved roads, so the ride turned bumpy.

Large trees lined both sides of the road, providing them shade and turning the summer heat into a breezy spring air.

With the fortune teller leading the way, the train of cars successfully navigated through the mountain roads ahead of them. Sophia's heart was pounding the entire time. When the slope

reached nearly 60 degrees, her hand flung out to grasp at another arm in panic.

That arm belonged to Arthur.

"It's going to be fine," he said when he saw how pale she was.

"Are we still going up?" She was beyond herself with fear. Just then, the SUVs pulled to a stop on a grassy plain that was flat and even.

Emily immediately dashed out of her car and fell to her knees as she began puking. She had been raised in luxury. The ride up the mountains had been extremely hard for her to stomach.

Out of the kindness of her heart, Sophia handed her some tissues. "Are you okay, Miss Jennings?"

Although Emily accepted the offered tissue, she still shot Sophia a glare. Was Sophia laughing at her?

“Young Master Weiss, we will need to walk for a while longer before we arrive at our destination.”

“What? We still have to walk!” Emily loudly protested. Why did she come along? All she got was pain and suffering.

“How long do we have to walk?”

“About twenty minutes or so,” replied the fortune teller.

“Rest in the car,” Arthur said to Emily. He then glanced at Sophia. “Can you walk?”

Not wanting to stay behind to be at Emily’s beck and call, she hurriedly nodded. “Yes, I am fine with walking.”

“Do not go, Sophia. Stay with me,” Emily suddenly said. She would not give Sophia any chance to go on a stroll with Arthur. She had to split them up.

“Alistair,” Arthur said, pointing to the young bodyguard Sophia had a crush on, “you’ll be staying behind to take care of Miss Jennings.”

“Yes, sir,” replied Alistair with a nod.

“In that case, I’m going with you too,” Emily spat out through gritted teeth, filled to the brim with frustration. However, as soon as she said that, she began vomiting once more.

“We have a tough climb ahead of us. You should rest here instead.” Arthur then walked away toward the path that spiraled up the mountain.

Disappointment flickered through Sophia’s heart. She was hoping Alistair would be hiking with them.

Four of the bodyguards followed them up the mountain, while the remaining two stayed behind to stand guard. As Arthur was dressed in a black athletic outfit with a pair of silver sunglasses perched on his nose, his image of a refined young man remained strong, even deep in the mountains.

Sophia was also dressed in a set of athletic clothing with shoes suited for hiking, but the following hike was still hard for her. There was only a tiny path that meandered through the woods. When they arrived at a slope that was slippery due to the rain, Arthur’s long legs carried him safely upward, while Sophia had to attempt the climb with the help of the branches around her. Just then, a fair hand was held out before her.

She looked up only to see that it was Arthur who was offering to pull her up.

There was a moment of hesitation before she accepted the offer. The moment she placed her hand in his, she was dragged up the slope by a strong burst of force.

“Aah!” She wrapped her arms tight around his waist, afraid to fall while she tried to balance herself.

“I’m sorry!” Afraid that she had offended him, she hurriedly stepped back as soon as she regained her balance.

My Baby’s Daddy Chapter 669

Chapter 669

Chapter 669

Arthur turned around and continued to climb up without saying a single word. Unwilling to trouble him further, Sophia cautiously followed after him. Slowly, her mind drifted. She rarely had the time to go hiking. The distant mountains, covered by a hazy layer of cloud and light, filled her heart with wonder. It was a nice feeling.

Bang!

Distracted by the scenery, she walked into Arthur. When she realized she had bumped into him again, she blushed

The bodyguards who had been following behind them stared at them in disbelief. No one was ever allowed to be so rude to Young Master Weiss. Just how did this girl do it?

What gave her the courage to constantly annoy him?

If Sophia could read minds and knew what the bodyguards were thinking, she would have the urge to bury herself alive. She was not trying to annoy him!

“We’ll have a better view once we’re at the peak. Let us keep moving, Mr. Weiss,” said the fortune teller.

Arthur nodded. There was no way he would cut corners when it came to selecting a spot for his grandfather’s grave. He then turned to glance at Sophia as if he were worried that she could not continue the climb.

“Don’t worry. I can keep going,” she hurriedly said when she saw the look in his eyes.

The group gradually made their way to the peak of the mountain. Whenever she needed help, Arthur would always turn around to give her a hand. Even though there were four burly men right behind her, Arthur still persisted in helping her.

The peak of the mountain was a flat, grassy field with no trees to be seen. The field of grass stretching far into the horizon made it seem like they were closer to the sky.

The fortune teller began rattling off calculations based on the complex formulas of his profession. While Sophia was left confused by his words, Arthur nodded along as if he understood what was being said.

That surprised her. Had Arthur learned how to tell fortunes just from reading books on the subject over the past few days?

No way! Just how strong of a learner was he?

The fortune teller pointed to a spot halfway up a mountain. "Young Master Weiss, that is the spot I have selected for your grandfather. It is surrounded by mountains, which means he would be surrounded by protectors. It is a great spot."

Arthur stared at the spot being pointed at. It had a great view while being surrounded on all sides by mountains. There was nothing that loomed over it, which meant there was no weird imbalance. It was certainly a good spot.

He had planned to purchase the entire mountain as his grandfather's eternal resting place if he could find a good spot.

The mountain peak was covered in grass that came up to their knees. It was an incredible sight to behold. Standing beside him, Sophia solemnly listened to the lecture on fortune telling.

The fortune teller began walking in excitement with Arthur following behind him. Enthralled by the lecture, she followed after them.

The fortune teller came to a stop. Suddenly, something near her began wriggling, startling her. It was a sunbathing snake that was currently licking the air in her direction while rearing up as if to attack her.

"Aah!" When she saw the snake, she hurriedly darted to the side. However, a greater danger awaited her, for she had lost her balance and was about to roll off the side of the mountain.

"Sophia!" As the person standing closest to her, Arthur moved to catch her. In doing so, he lost his balance as well.

"Sir!" The bodyguards charged over.

It was too late.

They watched as Arthur and Sophia rolled across the grass and over the side of the mountain.

All Sophia knew was that she was being held in a tight embrace while her face was pressed hard against Arthur's muscular chest. Despite rolling down the hill, he did not let her go at all. Thankfully, they soon arrived at a flat piece of land that stopped their descent.

The moment they stopped rolling, she pulled her face away from his chest. Her nostrils were filled with his cedar-scented cologne and the smell of grass. She looked up to find that he was bleeding from a cut on his forehead while she had come out of the experience unscathed.

My Baby's Daddy Chapter 670

Chapter 670

Chapter 670

"You're hurt!" Sophia hurriedly got off of Arthur. They were both covered in dirt and grass.

The bodyguards leaped down to them, and two of them helped Arthur up to his feet. "Are you alright, sir?"

He was feeling fine, other than the cut on his forehead that had been caused by a sharp tree branch and the various scrapes that littered his hands.

"I'm fine." He dusted himself off before turning to look at her. "Did the snake bite you?"

"No, it didn't." She shook her head. Her face was still stark white from shock.

As they climbed back up to the peak, her gaze remained fixed on him. Her heart was pounding. When they rolled down the side of the hill, he had wrapped an arm tightly around her waist while his other hand pressed her head against his chest. He had done it just to ensure she would not be injured.

However, that meant he was unable to protect himself during the fall.

Her blood was rushing. The high and mighty young master had actually risked himself to protect her.

What if she had fallen off a high cliff instead? From how tightly he had wrapped himself around her, would he fall with her as well?

The bodyguards pulled out a first-aid kit, then cleaned and dressed the bleeding cut on Arthur's forehead.

The fortune teller was scared out of his wits by the dangerous situation Arthur had placed himself in.

"Are you alright, Young Master Weiss?"

"I'm fine. Continue!" Arthur said with a wave of his hand.

His bodyguards spread out around them, sweeping the area for any signs of snakes. Even Sophia was starting to feel afraid of the grass around her. That snake had been the longest snake she had ever seen in her life.

By the time the fortune teller was done with his analysis, Arthur had his men take photos of the area instead of making a decision right then and there. He would decide after thoroughly researching the area.

Hiking up a mountain was always easier than hiking down a mountain.

It was a steep climb, which meant their descent was harder. One false move and they would go rolling down the mountain.

With bent legs, she slowly shuffled down the mountain while clinging to the surrounding branches. Her hand reached for the next branch, only to grab a long leaf instead. Suddenly, pain

shot through her hand as the sharp edges of the leaf slashed her hand.

She let out a sharp hiss, pulling her hand back to inspect it. It was bleeding.

Arthur was right behind her. He frowned and said, "Let me see."

She showed him her palm. "Be careful," he said as he inspected her hand. "Avoid touching leaves similar to this."

She nodded in response. He then moved to walk in front of her. When they reached a tough part of the climb, he would turn around and give her a hand.

Every time that happened, she would notice the wounds on his fair hands, making her heart throb in pain.

"Young Master Weiss, please don't save me from danger next time," she said.

“Why?” He turned around and stared into her eyes,

“I’m afraid you will be injured. I do not want you to get hurt because of me.” She solemnly stared back at him. “I’m a lucky man. I won’t die.” He turned his attention back to climbing down the mountain.

They soon arrived at another steep section. Just as she was cautiously making her way down, he suddenly lifted her up horizontally since he was already on a safe, flat spot.

Her mind was stuck in a dazed state, and she only snapped back to her senses when she was finally put down. Arthur had carried her.

Finally, they were back on the dirt path they had initially followed and had safely made it back to the cars.

Emily had been waiting for their return. By the time they did, the sun was about to set. After all, it was well past five o’clock.

“Artie...” She happily dashed over to the group but stopped when she saw the wound on Arthur’s forehead. “How did you get hurt?” she asked, upset,

“I’m fine. I was accidentally cut by a branch,” he calmly explained.

She looked him up and down. His black outfit was covered in bits of grass, as if he had been rolling on the ground.

My Baby’s Daddy Chapter 671

Chapter 671

Chapter 671

“Your hands! How did you hurt your hands?” Emily let out a painful shriek when she saw the scrapes on Arthur’s hands.

Meanwhile. Sophia lowered her head. After all, he was only hurt because of her.

“It’s nothing. We’ll deal with it when we get back.” Arthur then led Emily back to the car. As she got in, she said, “Artie, I want to ride in the same car as you.”

“I’m covered with dirt,” he merely replied before closing the door in her face.

She then watched as he turned to the second car of the group and joined Sophia in her car. Her eyes were blazing with rage. Was a simple maid better than her now?

They started on the journey back.

Sophia could not handle it any longer. Driving downhill was even more frightful than their ride up. She clutched tightly to the handlebars in the car and looked away from the road ahead,

On the other hand, Arthur was as calm as one could be. He had the utmost faith in his bodyguards' driving skills. Once the cars were finally back on smooth, paved roads, they sped off toward the city like horses dashing through the night.

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It was dark outside by now. After an eventful day, Sophia was exhausted. Even though Arthur was sitting right beside her, she could not help but fall asleep.

While she was dozing off, her head lolled to the side and leaned against his shoulder. Instead of pushing her away, he just let her be.

She spent the entire journey back sleeping. By the time they arrived back at the mansion, it was around seven o'clock.

Someone gently patted her cheeks. "We're home, Sophia."

She opened her eyes and blinked away her drowsiness. When she realized she had been sleeping against his shoulder, she immediately sat up straight.

Goodness! Had she spent the entire journey sleeping on Arthur's shoulder?

Emily's two maids immediately came to greet them as they stepped through the doors.

Arthur instantly went up to his room for a shower. Sophia was about to do the same when Emily called out for her to stop. Her sharp gaze scanned her. With the help of the room's lights, she could see the dirt and grass sticking to Sophia's outfit. "Sophia, just how did Artie get hurt?" she suspiciously asked.

Sophia stared back, stunned.

"I will not be merciful if you lie to me," Emily threatened.

"I was nearly bitten by a snake when we were at the peak, and I lost my balance. Young Master

Weiss fell down the side of the mountain with me as he wanted to protect me," Sophia bluntly answered. She had not planned to lie anyway.

Emily's eyes went wide. She could imagine exactly what had happened. Jealousy roared through her as she scoffed. "Are you sure you did not intentionally lose your balance so that Artie would hold you in his arms and roll down the mountain with you? You sure are doing a lot just to seduce him. You would do anything, wouldn't you?"

"I..." Just as Sophia was about to speak, Emily slapped her across the face and shouted, "The nerve of you to assume you deserve Artie risking his life over. Take the slap as your warning."

Sophia's head had turned away from the force of the slap. There was a loud humming noise, echoing in her ears.

However, she still managed to hear a man's voice barking out, "Stop it, Emily."

Arthur had come back down when he heard the commotion. He moved to stand between them. "You are not allowed to hit her."

"Artie, she nearly killed you. It was just a lesson." Emily did not think she did anything wrong. In her mind, Sophia had to be reminded of her place,

A maid did not deserve to be protected by Arthur Weiss.

"Enough. You do not have the right to hit her," he coldly said. He then turned around to look at Sophia. When he saw the bright red mark on her skin, he frowned. "Head on upstairs and shower."

Sophia moved to do as she was ordered. "Artie, do you know how worried I was about you?" Emily cried out, tears in her eyes.

"You must be tired as well. Get some rest," he said with a frown,

Emily sniffled, "You should have let her roll down the mountain by herself. You did not need to protect her. After all, you are an important person!"