

My Baby's Daddy Chapter 771

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“Really?” Emily’s eyes were filled with joy when she heard the news. “Mom, is he really coming back soon?”

“He’s coming back to inherit the head of the Weiss Family. By then, he’ll have to pick a woman amongst Flor’s most affluent families to become his wife. Do you think you can do it, Emily?”

“Not at all, Mom. The girl Artie likes isn’t from any of our families; she’s just some average girl named Sophia Goodwin. Mom, what should I do?” Anxious, Emily’s eyes turned red-rimmed from oncoming tears. “I’ve liked him ever since I was little. My dream has always been marrying him and becoming the matriarch of the Weiss Family. But now, my dream is about to be crushed.”

At that, Emily threw herself into her mother’s arms, crying anxiously while unwilling to resign to her fate.

A thought hit Vera as she patted her daughter’s back, and she soothed Emily by saying, “Don’t worry. You will become Mrs. Weiss. I’m sure you will.”

Vera’s confidence surprised Emily as she had none herself. Arthur was initially supposed to return with them, but he ended up going back on Martha’s wish and stayed there because of Sophia.

Emily, on the other hand, visited Martha a few times to see what the elderly woman thought of this, only to discover that she didn’t seem at all anxious. It was like she approved of Arthur and Sophia’s romance. This would mean Martha would eventually give in if Arthur insisted on marrying the woman.

Sometime later in the day, a black SUV pulled in, and Vera went out to welcome her husband home. Meanwhile, the man approached her with a briefcase in his hand, looking somewhat tired. Vera thoughtfully took her husband’s coat from him and handed it to their maid for dry-cleaning when she smelled the chemical odor on him.

Johnny Jennings worked as a bio researcher for the Weiss Family and was currently assigned to a highly classified project. The man was already a world-renowned scientist, and he held a very high standing with the Weiss Family; even Martha trusted him very much.

Emily was his only child, and at the same time, the likeliest candidate to become the future Mrs. Weiss out of the other young women Martha had chosen for Arthur.

“Johnny, I have something I need to talk to you about,” said Vera while bringing her husband’s tea.

“What is it? Has Emily thrown another tantrum again?”

However, Vera remained evasive. “Let’s talk in your study.”

With that, Johnny followed his dear wife into the study, and after closing the door, Vera asked, “Are there any updates on the research findings you told me the other time?”

“We’ve succeeded.”

“Really? Perfect, just in time for the plan.” Vera grinned.

Johnny was about to drink his tea when he paused mid-air. He looked at his wife with surprise as he noticed the ambitious gleam in Vera’s eyes.

“It’s about time our family came into our own. You’ve dedicated your life’s work to the Weiss Family; you deserve more than this, and our Emily shall become the matriarch of the Weiss Family,” she said.

“Naturally, Emily is worthy enough for this.” Johnny, too, had utter confidence in his daughter.

“However, do you know that Young Master Weiss decided not to return to Flor because of a girl? One that he wants to marry, and this girl poses a massive threat to Emily’s future. Johnny, your research can change that.”

Vera’s words rendered Johnny reeling for a good few seconds. “You want me to use the serum on Young Master Weiss?”

“Why not? Inject the serum into his system when he least expects it, then wipe off all his memories and knowledge of that young woman. Only then will Emily be able to marry Arthur. Are you willing to see your daughter end up being a nobody, Johnny?”

Johnny fell into deep thought. The result of this research of his was indeed extraordinary. After all, it was a kind of serum that used biotechnology to control human behavior. It could remove and even wipe away specific memories from the human brain for good.

With just a computer, they could wipe out specific memories from a human’s central and peripheral nervous system, ultimately achieving control.

This was supposed to be for the military or certain special behaviors. But now, his wife wanted him to use the inchoate finding on the Weiss family's most honorable young master.

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He was truly at a crossroads. "I'm not absolutely certain it will work on Young Master Weiss, though."

"You have to do it no matter how much confidence you have in this serum. Young Master Weiss will be returning to Flor real soon, and I'm just asking you to remove that girl from his memory. As for the other girls in Flor's affluent families, they have nothing on Emily."

Vera continued, "That girl is just a nobody. Wiping it away from Young Master Weiss' memories won't cause any significant consequences. Besides, Old Madam Weiss also hopes that he'll marry our daughter."

After a ponder, Johnny nodded in agreement. Their daughter's happiness was the most important thing, after all.

Meanwhile, on the other side of the world, Sophia agreed with Arthur's suggestion after his successful reassuring. Running away really wasn't going to solve the problem, and she should face it instead.

Thus, she called her mother and said that she and Arthur would be going over later that night to talk this over.

Emma was relieved as well to receive the call. At the very least, Sophia was willing to come home to them and not run away for good.

"Alright, come over then. I'll get dinner ready."

Later in the evening, with Arthur driving, the couple arrived at Goodwin Residence and entered the house hand-in-hand.

Drake and Emma had to admit that Sophia and Arthur made a lovely couple now that they were seeing it for themselves. However, they still couldn't accept the two being in a romantic relationship in light of the young man's identity.

"Good evening, Mr. and Mrs. Goodwin. Please allow me to formally introduce myself. I'm Arthur Weiss. Though I'm Florian, I hold a local passport. If I can have your permission to marry Sophia, I'm more than willing to settle here." Arthur spoke sincerely.

Sophia couldn't help looking at him in shock as he had never brought any of it up with her before this.

At the same time, Drake and Emma exchanged a glance, unsure of what to say for a moment.

"I love Sophia, and I intend to marry her. I hope you can accept me as your son-in law," Arthur continued.

Sophia was now as speechless as her parents. His sincerity moved her, and she had never demanded him to marry her or hold any responsibility for their relationship. Everything that happened between her and Arthur was of her own free will, yet this man promised her parents so much with the intention of settling down here. Would his grandmother agree to this?

"Do you really love Sophia? Will you cherish her forever?" Drake bore into Arthur, whose gaze was filled with nothing but resolution. "I will.

"My daughter isn't rich or noble, and she isn't outstanding or perfect either. Meanwhile, I'm sure you're from an affluent family. Can you really only love her your whole life?" Emma questioned, leading Sophia to stop her. "Mom! Can you guys not push him?"

Arthur, on the other hand, vowed without a second of hesitation. "I can do that."

The man's sincerity eventually moved the Goodwin couple. He was willing to sacrifice anything for their daughter, which was something most men were not able to do.

With that, Emma went to prepare dinner while the rest of them went to the couch. Drake then asked Arthur for details of his background.

"You said your family's huge, so what exactly do you guys do?"

"Banking, energy, and biotech research, to be specific. We also have other international investments. We'll be here all day if I list them all out, but they're all definitely honest business," Arthur answered

Sophia, who was listening from the side, was rendered gobsmacked as well. *Is the Weiss Family's business this massive? Just how wealthy are they, and what kind of superrich life did this man grow up in?!*

Apart from the shock, a hint of inferiority arose in Sophia as she listened to the two talk about Arthur's family.

Drake couldn't help gasping as well. *No wonder this guy has such deep pockets and is able to mobilize so many connections at such a young age. Who'd have thought he's the young master of a superrich family?!*

Arthur sensed his beloved's bundled-up fingers, and he reached his hand out to hold them, looking at her with a gentle, encouraging gaze.

"Dad, don't ask him any more questions, alright? Let him take a breather and have some water," Sophia asked of her father.

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At that, Drake coughed and said, "Alright, I'll go and help your mother out. You should entertain Young Master Weiss."

After Drake left, Sophia began behaving somewhat restrainedly. Who'd have thought something from the TV would actually happen to her?! She thought Arthur's family was merely rich. However, not only were they rich, they also dominated the world's most money-making businesses. To add to the list, his family was mysterious and complex as well.

Arthur held her hand and kissed the back of it. "Did I scare you?"

"How would I not be scared when this is my first time hearing about your family's businesses?!" Sophia didn't conceal her thoughts.

"My love for you has nothing to do with my family's assets," said Arthur as he fixed her hair. "I'm no God. My life will wither away as you would, and I'll need to eat as well. I'm just a living, breathing man who has fallen in love with you, Miss Sophia Goodwin."

Sophia burst into a giggle. "There's no need to humble yourself to comfort me. I feel really lucky to be able to meet you and to be loved by you."

“Me too,” Arthur cooed by her ear in a slightly hoarse voice.

Emma cooked up a feast that night, and the four enjoyed a pleasant dinner as well. After finally realizing who Arthur truly was, the Goodwin couple no longer viewed the young man as some scourge. Rather, he and Sophia made a pretty lovely couple the more they looked at it.

Nothing beat Sophia’s love for her significant other. They just hoped that this affluent young man wouldn’t disappoint their daughter.

After dinner, Arthur took Sophia home, and while driving, he would keep his eyes on the few black SUVs behind them every now and then. These vehicles had been following them since they left Goodwin Residence.

It just so happened that Sophia wanted to get something when they were about to reach the apartment complex’s entrance, and after pulling over, she turned to Arthur. “Wait here for a few minutes. I’ll be right back.”

As Sophia went into the supermarket, one of the black SUVs instantly approached them, and two stalwart bodyguards got out of it, greeting Arthur deferentially, “Young Master.”

“What are you guys doing here?” Arthur wasn’t the happiest to see them.

“Old Madam Weiss has asked us to take you home.”

“I will go back myself.”

“Old Madam Weiss wants you to return home this time without taking Miss Goodwin for now.”

“I have my own plans.”

“This is for Miss Goodwin’s safety. Also, it would not be suitable for her to show up at your succession ceremony.”

Seeing that Sophia was already making a payment at the counter, Arthur ordered plainly, “Be gone.”

With that, the bodyguards hopped back into the black SUV and drove away. After Sophia entered the car, the black SUVs continued following them as their number one job was to ensure their young master’s safety.

Outside, the sky was painted black with speckles of stars and the moon as an accent. • Inside, Sophia came to the couch after taking a shower, and her long, white T-shirt accentuated her pair of fair, slender legs. Meanwhile, Arthur put his laptop aside and

spread his arms out for Sophia to embrace him with a smile. She wrapped her arms around his neck and gave him a peck on the lips, asking, "Are you done with work?"

"Yeah."

At that, she couldn't help nibbling his neck mischievously, teasing him like a cuddly kitten.

Arthur loved the moment and tilted his neck slightly to give her full access to his neck. Sophia, on the other hand, blushed as she breathed in his unique scent.

However, she thought it felt amazing to tease him; she could bully him however she wanted, no matter how affluent he was.

"Why do you like to bite me so much? Have I offended you in any way?" asked Arthur as his breathing grew heavier.

"I don't know. Perhaps I have a problem with the rich." Sophia made a random excuse.

Arthur burst into a chuckle and pulled her deeper into his arms. "You're held liable for teasing me, you know?"

"What liability?" Sophia played dumb.

At that, Arthur held her chin. "What do you think it is, puppy?"

Sophia parted her lips. "Don't call me that."

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A hint of mischief flashed across Arthur's eyes as he dared the young woman. "Who cares if I do? Unless you take the lead without saying no to anything tonight, I won't call you 'puppy' ever again. You're not allowed to refuse anything."

"Alright, I won't say no then," asserted Sophia with integrity despite her crimson face.

At that, Arthur stood right up, gave her a tug, and carried her bridal style into her bedroom, where they would have a passionate exchange for the night.

Sophia was already sound asleep in the dead of the night, spent yet content. However, Arthur couldn't sleep at all.

He pulled his phone out and checked the abundant text and missed calls. He knew he couldn't delay his trip home any further, for they were awaiting him to ascend as the head of the Weiss Family. This was his life event, and he had to show up.

With that, Arthur grabbed the pen and paper beside and wrote a hand-written letter. After placing it on the bedside table, he leaned over and gave his beloved a peck on the forehead, whispering, "Wait for me."

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The Weiss bodyguards had been waiting downstairs all this while, and upon seeing their young master coming out, they heaved a sigh of relief.

"Young Master, the plane is still waiting for you."

"Let's go." At that, he looked at the apartment complex behind him, specifically at the dimly lit window, before reluctantly getting into the car to leave.

Moments later, a massive, dark gray private jet shot into the sky and disappeared into the night.

Meanwhile, Sophia had a sweet dream as she hugged the covers, feeling the lingering warmth of it. In her dream, she found herself in a wedding gown, holding Arthur's arm as they toasted their guests.

When morning came, Sophia habitually shifted to the side and even stretched her hand over, only to touch a slightly cool bed sheet. The strangeness instantly stirred her, and she sat right up upon seeing the flat mattress.

The dead silence of the apartment caused a premonition to arise within her. With that, she got out of bed, searching in the not-so-spacious room before finally finding Arthur's hand-written letter on the bedside table.

'Sophia, I have an urgent matter to attend to back home, but trust me when I say that I'll return to you soon. Once I settle my family's affairs, I will come and take you back to Flor to plan our wedding. Love, Artie!'

Sophia relaxed a little after reading the letter. However, his French leave made her rather indignant.

Then again, if he really bid her goodbye, she would only feel even more horrible and reluctant to part with him, wouldn't she?

This letter would instead give her strength and security.

Naturally, she would wait for his return patiently. It was fine even if he didn't return soon, for she would already be joyous as long as he came back to her.

Meanwhile, inside a majestic manor in Flor, Arthur showed up in a black suit with brilliant embroidery on the hem of the suit jacket, reflecting his honorable status.

Martha, on the other hand, was relieved when she saw that Arthur had returned. She sized the young man up with no intention of reprimanding him whatsoever and thought he was doing pretty well.

"Grandma." Arthur went up to his grandmother and gave her a hug.

However, Martha gave him a shove, not wanting to get over it so quickly. "Alright, don't think you can get away with this. I'm not buying it."

"I've missed you so much, though, Grandma." Arthur continued to butter up the elderly woman, causing her feigned sternness to turn into a beam instantly. At that, she gave him a playful whack. "As if I still mean something to you! You rascal! Do you even remember where your home is when you've been out there for so long?"

Just then, an excited figure dashed over from outside. Emily happened to be visiting, and she dashed right over upon hearing Arthur's return.

"Artie, you're finally back!" Surprise and grievance filled Emily's eyes.

"Emily, why don't you stay for dinner tonight?" Martha offered.

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"Sure, Grandma." Emily gladly accepted the offer.

“Grandma, I have to deal with some work first. I’ll join you guys for dinner later.” With that, Arthur walked away.

Adoration oozed from Emily’s gaze as she watched the tall, charming, retreating figure. *I have to become his wife!* she swore.

“Emily, take a stroll in the garden with me, will you?” Martha asked.

“Sure. Grandma, will Artie be leaving again now that he’s back?” Emily probed, to which Martha patted her and soothed, “There’s no need to worry, Emily. Artie’s back now, isn’t he? You have to create your own opportunities, you know.”

Emily’s eyes lit up upon hearing so. *It looks like Grandma still wants me to become Arthur’s wife.* “I got it, Grandma.” She nodded. “I’ll definitely seize the opportunity.”

Martha nodded in response. At the end of the day, she was still inclined to have a young woman from one of Flor’s most affluent families marry her grandson. More than that, Emily’s father was an esteemed biologist in his field, and he had also given the Weiss Family tons of profit. It couldn’t be any better if Emily married Arthur.

Meanwhile, Arthur’s car was heading toward a large laboratory. He had come to take a look at the institute of biology and hear about the latest research findings in the meantime.

Johnny came out of the lab as usual. However, he grew somewhat nervous as he approached the conference room, for there was an additional item in his pocket today—a micro-tube of serum.

“Dr. Jennings, Young Master Weiss is inside. Please come in!”

“Alright. Water for the both of us,” Johnny said to his assistant, who returned with two glasses of water in no time. Johnny happened to be on the phone, and upon seeing his assistant, he ended the call and said, “I’ll take it from here. You can go back to your work.”

The assistant didn’t put too much thought into it and handed Johnny the tray. As the assistant was leaving, Johnny hurriedly spiked one of the glasses of water with the serum.

Following that, he entered the room with the tray to find Arthur sitting on the couch, reading an analysis report.

“Young Master Weiss, it’s been a while,” greeted Johnny while putting the spiked glass

of water in front of Arthur.

“It has. Mr. Jennings. I heard you have cracked the engineering for the thing we discussed last time. Congratulations on yet another masterpiece.”

“We couldn’t have done it without your support, Young Master. If the Weiss Family hadn’t supported my lab and me, I wouldn’t be able to succeed,” Johnny thanked him sincerely.

Arthur smiled. “I need you just as much.”

“Yes, it’s thanks to you that I’m able to achieve all that I can today. A toast to you, Young Master Weiss.”

Not the slightest bit suspicious, Arthur picked up the glass in front of him, cheered Johnny, and downed the glass of water.

After drinking the water, a hint of nervousness and anxiety flashed across Johnny’s eyes, and he deliberately got up. “Young Master Weiss, allow me to give you a copy of the report. One moment, please.”

Arthur nodded in response. However, just as he picked up the file on the table to read it, he suddenly blacked out and fell into a deep slumber with little warning.

Seeing so, Johnny immediately grabbed his laptop and some portable device, sticking its pads onto Arthur’s vital spots above the brain.

Following that, Johnny opened his laptop and entered some enigmatic program containing complex coding. Despite the sweat gathering on his forehead, he proficiently typed out a series of codes before wiping Arthur’s memory of Sophia clean.

Johnny looked to Arthur, asleep on the couch, and found the young man locking his brows into a furrow for a while.

Finally, when all was done, Johnny sorted everything out and returned to the couch to wait for Arthur to regain consciousness.

Not ten minutes later, Arthur opened his eyes in discomfort. Compared to earlier, his gaze was now looking more aloof and expressionless.

“What happened? Why did I pass out, Mr. Jennings?” Arthur couldn’t help but ask.

“It could be because you’re burnt-out, Young Master. You should be fine now after a nap,” said Johnny reassuringly.

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“Young Master, I’d recommend you to undergo a check–up in the hospital when you have the time. You recently returned from abroad, after all. You should get your body checked,” Johnny suggested.

Meanwhile, Arthur furrowed his brows, suddenly feeling that his memories were a little jumbled up; he couldn’t grasp a certain fragment of it. “I’m going to make a move. I don’t feel so good.”

“Alright, Young Master Weiss,” Johnny saw him to the door.

On his way back to the manor, Arthur kept seeing flashing images in his head, but he couldn’t grasp what any of them were. Frustrated, he grabbed his phone to check the time, only to find a picture of an unfamiliar young woman set as his home screen background. *Who in the world pulled this kind of prank?* He frowned.

Arthur stared at the picture of the radiant young woman for a few seconds before entering his phone settings to switch the background into his preferred dark tone.

Arthur happened to see Emily approaching in his direction when he returned to the manor. At that, he stopped in his tracks and looked for a couple of seconds, allowing many memories of him and Emily to flash across his mind. However, these memories held no significance to him.

Emily stayed for dinner, and her heart raced when she watched Arthur walk down the stairs and into the dining room. She also noticed something surprising about him – his former sense of nobility and aloofness had returned to him.

This feeling felt different from the one in the morning. Though he also treated her with indifference earlier, the aura he was emitting at the dining table right now was completely different.

Martha, too, was surprised by Arthur’s expression, and she thought there was a change in his attitude toward her.

“Artie, are you okay?” she asked with concern.

“I’m fine,” he answered before getting up. “I’m going to deal with some work.”

Emily looked at Arthur, feeling rather aggrieved at that. *Just when I thought I’d have the chance to talk to him!*

Sometime later, Martha decided to have a heart-to-heart talk with Arthur after Emily left. At the very least, she had to find out what he thought about marriage.

“Artie, I hope you can give your marriage some thought during tomorrow’s succession ceremony. You’re not getting any younger, after all.” Martha spoke after taking a seat on the lavish couch.

“You can decide on my behalf, Grandma.” Arthur’s eyes turned warmer as he shut his laptop

“I can’t do that. You have to pick the woman you want to live with for the rest of your life yourself. Tell me, is there a lady you fancy?” Martha could only probe as she couldn’t disclose the fact that she had met Sophia in private to him.

Arthur narrowed his eyes and pondered for a moment. “Emily’s alright.”

“Emily?” Martha was slightly stumped. “Are you saying you want to marry Emily?”

“She’s suited to be my wife.” Arthur nodded. “Emily, it is!”

Martha was dumbfounded. Did Artie break up with Sophia? *The bodyguards reported that they’ve already moved in together, and he was even reluctant to come back. Why would he suddenly decide to let Emily become his wife?*

“Artie, I won’t intervene too much on your own happiness. You can just tell me who it is that you like. I won’t object to it.” Martha had thought it through when she came back this time around. She had never seen Arthur care about a woman so much as he had with Sophia. After mulling over it, she decided that her grandson’s happiness was more important than family honor.

This time, it was Arthur’s turn to be surprised. “Is there someone more suitable to be my wife than Emily?”

Stumped, Martha couldn’t believe Arthur wouldn’t even mention Sophia. It seemed that he had decided to think of the greater good and marry their kind.

Of course, Emily’s father was a notable employee of the Weiss Family as well. It would be easier for them to manage things if Emily was married into their family, so Martha naturally approved of this.

“Are you certain it’s Emily? If you are, I’ll announce your engagement tomorrow, and we’ll hold a wedding in a few days. What do you say?” Martha looked toward her grandson.

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"Sure, we'll do that." Arthur didn't have a single problem with it. To him, it wasn't important who his wife was.

Martha, on the other hand, was now certain her grandson had broken up with Sophia. Perhaps he had also taken into consideration that she wasn't the right person for him.

"Alright, if that's what you have decided on."

With that, Martha walked away. Arthur looked out of the window at the night sky, then grabbed his phone with vexation and opened the photo album as he thought his memory of recent events was blurry. It felt as though he had slept for a long time and had a vague dream, which was absolutely unfathomable.

As soon as he opened the photo album, the picture of that mysterious young woman appeared again, and it wasn't just that picture. There were many pictures of her from different angles and of her smiling, pouting, making faces, and even looking all innocent and adorable at the camera. Who had secretly taken pictures of this woman using his phone?

Who is she? Why is she on my phone?

Why is she reacting so naturally in front of the camera? Also, who used my phone to take pictures of her? It dawned on him that he had no memory of any of it.

At that, he stared at this young woman while trying to recollect whatever encounters he had with her. No matter how hard he tried, he couldn't pull her out from any of his memories.

Having said that, this young woman did catch his fancy, and her smile was really lovely.

As for her name, he really had no recollection of it, so he decided not to waste his time on this and deleted the pictures. However, just as he was about to do so, a thought held him back.

He had a feeling these photos held a certain significance to him. Plus, they didn't take up much of his phone storage, so he just left them as they were.

Meanwhile, Martha made a call after going downstairs, instructing all who served Arthur to never mention Sophia in front of him ever again, lest the young man regretted his decision to marry Emily.

Drowsiness hit Arthur right then, and he fell asleep the second he hit the pillow. This actually had to do with the spiked water he drank earlier, for it contained sedative substances.

By the time Arthur woke up, it was already noon the following day. As the succession ceremony was set to be held in the afternoon, he was somewhat annoyed at himself when he stirred. *I can't believe I nearly missed the ceremony.*

The Jennings had arrived at this time, and Johnny implicitly asked about Arthur. In the end, he and his wife got a piece of exciting news.

Arthur had decided to marry their daughter and would even announce their engagement on this day. Then, they would hold a wedding in a few days.

Naturally, Emily was the happiest to receive such news; little did she think that she would have the chance to become the young mistress of the Weiss Family. Better yet, Arthur was the one who requested to marry her.

The other guests who had arrived all congratulated her in advance. It didn't come as a surprise for them that Emily could marry Arthur, for Johnny had made distinctive contributions to the Weiss Family's biotech company.

Following the commencement of the succession ceremony in the afternoon, Arthur unsurprisingly became the patriarch of the Weiss Family, and he now had the final say in everything. Meanwhile, Martha decided to step down, leaving everything in Arthur's hands while she lived the rest of her life in peace and quiet.

During the succession ceremony, Martha personally announced Emily to be Arthur's wife and that the wedding would be held in a week's time.

"Ma'am, should we notify everyone on the guest list?" the butler couldn't help asking in the hall.

"Yes. This is a huge celebration. Don't miss out on anyone. By the way, Artie has two close friends. They must be notified."

"Understood, ma'am."

Martha made sure that Elliot and Richard were notified of their best friend's wedding

Meanwhile, on the other side of the world, Elliot had just exited his office at 4.00PM to pick up his dear wife down in Bourgeois when his phone rang. He took a gander to find it was an international call.

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Elliot answered the call. "Hello?"

"Hello, is this Mr. Elliot Presgrave?"

"Speaking. To whom am I speaking?" Elliot asked courteously.

After introducing himself, the caller then brought a piece of news that surprised Elliot. *Artie's getting married this Saturday?!*

"Alright, I'll definitely be there." At that, Elliot couldn't help asking, "Pardon me for asking, but may I know the name of the bride?"

"She is Miss Emily Jennings, the daughter of the Weiss Family's prominent biologist."

"Alright, please tell Arthur I said hi." Elliot waited until the caller replied before hanging up, then entered the elevator with his phone in his hand.

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Sophia would surely be his wife, but to think that he'll be marrying someone else. This sure is unexpected.

Meanwhile, in Bourgeois, Anastasia began sorting out the documents piled up on her desk soon after her meeting ended. While she was preoccupied, a knock came at the door.

"Come in," she said.

When she realized the person behind the door was her beloved and not Grace, Anastasia couldn't help propping her chin up with a beam. Then, she looked at him with adoration. "What brings you here?"

On the other hand, Elliot removed his suit jacket, put it on the couch, then went behind her to massage her shoulders, helping her relax her muscles. Anastasia leaned partially against him while enjoying it, taking in her beloved's love and care.

"I got a call from Artie's family informing me to attend his wedding this coming Saturday," Elliot mentioned the call he got earlier.

"So soon?" Anastasia looked up at him with surprise.

However, a hint of resignation laced Elliot's voice. "Sophia's not the bride."

Anastasia's smile froze in an instant. Disbelief very quickly enveloped her face as she thought, *How is it not Sophia?! They're so in love!*

"How can this be? Why isn't it Sophia? Have they broken up? It's only been a few days since the banquet, and Arthur's already marrying another woman?! What's going to happen to Sophia then?" Anastasia rambled on.

Elliot, too, thought it was unlike Arthur to do something like this. The man he knew was definitely not a womanizer.

"Maybe he took his family's future into consideration and accepted his grandmother's arrangements. The woman he's marrying is the daughter of a biologist, and they are probably very reputable."

"This doesn't mean he can dump Sophia so heartlessly, does it? Does Sophia know about this? She isn't being kept in the dark, is she?" Anastasia truly felt bad for Sophia, feeling that it was unfair for her.

It was probably because she liked Sophia that she naturally sided with the woman and thought Arthur was somewhat a douche.

"Are you going to tell her about this?" Elliot asked.

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"How sad would it be of her if she's kept in the dark while still hoping that Arthur would come around?!" Anastasia bit her lower lip and made a decision. "I'm going to tell her about it."

"Since I'm going to comfort her, I'll go over to her place. Pick Jared up, will you? I'll come home a little later," Anastasia said to Elliot.

He didn't say no to it, for he couldn't defend his brother from another mother too much on this, lest he really wanted to piss his wife off.

Anastasia took Grace with her, and on the road, the latter called Sophia asking where she was and if they could meet up.

Sophia and Grace were on good terms as well, so the former said she was at home and later sent her address over.

“We’re just around the corner, Sophia. Why don’t you come down? We’ll talk at a nearby cafe.”

Sophia agreed happily, and it wasn’t until she came out of her apartment complex and entered the domineering black sedan that she realized Anastasia was joining as well. “Anastasia, I didn’t expect to see you too!”

Seeing there wasn’t a hint of sadness in Sophia, Anastasia immediately knew this girl was still clueless about Arthur’s upcoming wedding.

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“Sophia, where’s Young Master Weiss?” Anastasia probed.

“Oh, he flew back for a family affair,” Sophia answered.

“In that case, did he tell you when he’ll be back?”

“He said right after he’s done dealing with his family’s affairs.” Sophia’s gaze was already filled with longing.

Anastasia’s heart skipped a beat upon hearing so. *Sure enough, she’s clueless about this! Arthur didn’t go home to deal with his family’s affairs; he went to get married, and his wedding date is this Saturday!*

How Arthur had decided to deal with this really pissed Anastasia off. Even if he was Elliot’s best friend, it couldn’t be denied that he was a douchebag for messing with Sophia’s love and not holding himself accountable for it.

“Grace, wait for us here in the car. I have an urgent matter with Sophia.” Anastasia decided the two of them should talk in private.

While Grace waited in the car, Anastasia and Sophia entered the cafe. While the former was ordering, she asked the server to bring a couple of drinks to Grace and her chauffeur.

Sophia, on the other hand, was taken aback as it seemed that Anastasia had something important to tell her. Could it be about her resignation?

“Anastasia, is there something you want to talk to me about?” Sophia felt bad about it. She was supposed to be Anastasia’s assistant, but she quit just a few days into taking up the job.

“Sophia, how are things between you and Young Master Weiss?” Anastasia asked gravely.

Sophia smiled bashfully in response. “Not too bad.”

“Has it come to a point where you guys are talking about marriage?” Anastasia pressed on.

Recollecting the promise he gave to her parents, Sophia nodded. “He’s met my parents, and he said he’ll marry me. I’m already happy that we can be together, though.

Anastasia once again changed her impression of Arthur. *He actually promised to marry Sophia? Then what is he doing, marrying someone else as soon as he goes back to Flor? He can’t*

possibly be thinking of having two families and two wives, right?

She then looked at Sophia sitting across from her, whose gaze was innocent. This young woman had no clue she had been dumped!

“Sophia, what I’m about to tell you might come as a shock to you. Promise me you’ll stay calm and don’t freak out, okay?” She decided that Sophia should know.

“Alright.” Sophia nodded.

“Earlier today, my husband got a call from Arthur’s family at 4.00PM, inviting him to attend Arthur’s wedding in Flor this coming Saturday.”

The cup of coffee in Sophia’s hand slipped and fell onto the table with a *thud*, and even as the scalding coffee burned her hand, she felt nothing.

Startled, Anastasia hurriedly grabbed some paper napkins to stop the coffee from spilling further, then asked a server to come and clean the table up.

“Anastasia, is it true?” Tears of shock had already formed in Sophia’s eyes when she looked up again.

After handing her a paper napkin, Anastasia nodded in affirmation. “It is. I thought you’d be the bride, but Elliot confirmed it’s someone else.”

Sophia pursed her lips as tears rolled down her cheeks like pearls of a broken string. She didn’t want to embarrass herself in public, but it felt like someone had lacerated her heart, making it bleed badly.

Even if she never thought she and Arthur would have a future together, to hear that he would be marrying as soon as he went home was still unbearable, so much so that it suffocated her. In fact, she wasn’t as tough as she thought she would be.

“Sophia...” Anastasia grabbed a paper napkin and went to her side, handing it to her gently.

Anastasia felt guilty, for she obviously knew telling Sophia this would break her heart. However, she was even less willing to see Sophia be kept in the dark. At least, it would be better for her to walk out of a bad breakup sooner.

“Anastasia, L...” Sophia choked on her words, and she couldn’t even speak properly.

“It’s okay, I understand. Just let it all out. I got you.” Anastasia sat down next to her on the couch. Her heart ached for Sophia, but there was only so much she could do.

Sophia’s tears fell like a never–ending waterfall. She tried to accept the reality, but it only made her feel worse. She couldn’t figure out why Arthur would leave that letter for her and why he would give her such expectations, telling her that he would only

be gone for a while.

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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... 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, I promise I'll just watch. I swear I won't cause any trouble... I just want to see him get married. Please, I beg you."

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

Sophia suddenly chuckled wryly, then sighed. "Did you know, Anastasia? When I started seeing him, I never even dared to think of having a future with him. I know I don't belong in his future. Now that he's getting married, I'm not asking for much; I 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. I 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. I heard Artie got involved in biotech after his parents passed from illness. His family is complicated, and I 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.