

My Baby's Daddy Chapter 791

Chapter 792

Chapter 792

"I guess that's not a bad thing either because you both belong in the same world while I'm from another world. I hope I can find my true love when I return and get married, like what my parents want me to do. By then, both of us will carry on with our own lives." Sophia bitterly smiled, her tears welling up in her eyes as she tried to comfort herself. "It seems that you have forgotten me, but that's okay. I'll endure all the pain by myself," Sophia added.

"What do you think we are to each other, Sophia?" Arthur suddenly asked.

"It doesn't matter anymore. Congratulations on your wedding. I look forward to hearing good news about your firstborn." Sophia looked at the man sincerely, finally realizing that Emily wasn't lying to her. *I guess I was indeed in over my head for wanting to marry into the Weiss Family.*

She then recalled Martha's words about the Weiss Family's wealth that far exceeded the level she could ever imagine. For that, she was told that the man was out of her league, which was something she finally understood at that moment. After all, Arthur was born with a silver spoon in his mouth, but Sophia was just an ordinary lady from a modest family. *I probably used up all my luck when I had the chance to date him for a while.* At the thought of that, she considered herself lucky to have ever been in a relationship with Arthur.

"Let's go home." Arthur took a look at the time and decided that they should make a move.

"You could go first. I want to lie down here for a little while more," Sophia responded stubbornly. Deep down, she fell in love with the beautiful scenery around her and was so enchanted that she was reluctant to leave.

"This place is about 2 miles away from the manor, plus the fact that your leg is injured is only going to make it even harder for you to walk back." Arthur was actually thinking of giving her a ride back with his horse.

Nevertheless, Sophia shook her head and replied, "It's okay. I don't have anything else better to do, anyway. So, now is the perfect time for me to admire the beautiful view around your residence."

After hearing the lady's words, he was tempted to save his breath on changing her mind but couldn't bring himself to leave her there out of chivalry. "How much longer do you want to stay here?" Arthur asked.

"Another half an hour more, I guess," she said, fiddling with the flower in her hand.

Soon, Arthur returned to his horse and grabbed his water bottle to take a sip before passing it to her. "Would you like to have some?"

After all the shouting and screaming, Sophia couldn't help but feel thirsty, so she stood up and began to guzzle the water down her throat. Then, she returned the water bottle to Arthur, who said, "Alright, it's time to make a move. Let's go."

Meanwhile, Sophia realized her ankle was sprained only when she stood up, struggling to walk as she limped. "How are we going to go back?"

"My horse is our only transport back, so of course, we're going to ride it back to where we came." Arthur approached the lady on his horse, asking, "Would you like to sit behind or in front of me?"

"I'm going to sit behind you." Sophia was traumatized to sit in the front.

Arthur then got onto his horse in a charming manner, whereupon he extended his hand to grab Sophia's. Upon grabbing her palm, he pulled her up as she put her foot on the saddle's footrest and sat on the horseback. As soon as the horse started moving, she immediately wrapped her arms around the man's waist due to the sudden jerk from the burst of acceleration, her chest completely leaning on his back. At the same time, Arthur didn't spur his horse but instead rode it back slowly with Sophia, who was seen with a blushed face behind him. Although the scent wafting from the man was no stranger to her, she could still feel the thrill the first time she caught his scent.

Sitting behind the man, Sophia didn't hide the admiration in her eyes as she stared at the back of his head. At the same time, she somehow felt safe and secure when she caught the familiar scent of the man with her eyes fixed upon his firm back. Nevertheless, Arthur knitted his eyebrows just when she tightened her arms around his waist. At the same time, he squinted, feeling the lady's soft skin rubbing against his back as he somehow seemed to feel turned on. In fact, Arthur had been abstaining from all pleasures of the flesh recently, as he only cared about handling his work and marrying a wife. However, as he spent more time keeping to himself in solitude without socializing with anyone else, he became temperamental and was easily provoked by small mistakes his maids made.

Despite his respect for the elderly, Arthur kept his distance from them, including his grandmother. Although he wanted to get closer to them, he simply couldn't bring himself to do that, as if something was holding him back.

My Baby's Daddy Chapter 792

Chapter 793

Chapter 793

Nonetheless, Arthur felt somewhat insecure with the lady's wiggling body right behind him, wondering what magic she had that made him feel aroused. *Is she purposely trying to turn me on?* Sensing the feelings Sophia had for him, he couldn't help feeling annoyed, as he suspected she was doing that intentionally. "Sit still and quit moving." He gave an order in a cold manner.

However, Sophia reckoned she could barely control herself because her legs were hanging freely in the air. If she didn't wrap her arms tightly around his waist, she could fall from the horseback anytime. "Thanks for having come to my rescue last night, Young Master Weiss." Sophia tried to start a conversation with the man.

"I haven't seen anyone as dumb as you are." Arthur grunted coldly.

Sophia then pursed her lips and smiled, feeling glad that the man was himself because he always called her dumb when they were together. However, instead of showing her disgust, he used that as a reason to love her and show her all the care she needed. Therefore, now that Arthur still called her dumb, she couldn't help but wonder whether she was really as dim-witted as the man thought. "I have to admit that I'm dumb." Sophia smiled in response.

"How did it feel for people like you as you grew up?" Arthur curiously looked at her.

In that instant, Sophia found those words somewhat familiar, as if he had asked her the same question before. She then smiled helplessly and replied, "I guess I didn't have a choice. I wasn't dumb until I met you."

With his eyes looking forward, a smile flashed across Arthur's face as he wondered how she could shamelessly put the blame on him for being dumb.

In the meantime, Emily was sipping a cup of coffee in the cafeteria at the turf club when the person in charge suddenly approached her and said, "Here you are, Miss Jennings. Are you here for some horse riding today?"

"Nope. I'm only here to take a seat." Emily went on to ask, "Is the turf club closed today?"

“Oh. No, it’s not. Instead, it was Young Master Weiss who ordered us not to let anyone else in.”

“Why?” Emily asked in surprise.

“Because Young Master Weiss wants to have some solitude. He is actually on the turf.”

When Emily heard that, she nearly spilled the coffee in her hand, appearing surprised.

“What did you say?! Young Master Weiss is on the turf?!”

“Yes, he is. In fact, he’s been there since this morning until now, and it’s been almost 2 hours.”

Upon hearing that answer, Emily bit her lip in a panicky manner and said, “I have a friend who just went for a horse ride. Hurry up and send someone to fetch her back. She is not too good with horse riding.” Deep down, she was praying hard for Sophia not to run into Arthur, knowing she would be blamed if anything happened to Sophia.

“Alright, I’ll send someone to get your friend right now.” The person in charge replied, shifting his eyes to the window before he noticed a familiar figure. “Wait a minute. It’s Young Master Weiss. He is back, and there is a lady sitting behind him. Is that your friend?”

On the other hand, Emily was glaring at the lady right behind Arthur intimidatingly, realizing it was none other than

Sophia. *Damn it! I can’t believe I just created an opportunity for Sophia and Arthur!* She angrily stomped off and exited the cafeteria, making her way toward Arthur. “You’re back, Artie.” Emily greeted Arthur, as if nothing had ever happened.

As soon as Arthur got off the horse, the groom came closer and held the lead line around the horse’s head to keep it still, whereupon he reached out his arms to carry Sophia off the horseback. When her feet touched the ground, she hissed in pain, stunning Arthur, who quickly carried her in his arms again. At the same time, he looked at the person in charge and said, “Get the driver ready. Her leg is injured.”

“You said you wanted to try some horse riding, Miss Goodwin. So, how was

it?” Emily gave Sophia an evil eye in a hostile manner, wanting to make the latter admit that it was her own mistake to ride the horse unsupervised, which had nothing to do with her.

In the meantime, Sophia knew what Emily was implying, but despite her rage, she couldn’t dispute the fact that Emily was the one who was about to become Arthur’s wife. In order to protect Arthur’s reputation, she answered, “I fell down from the horse myself and got hurt, but don’t worry about me, Miss Jennings. I’ll live.”

“Artie, I could tell Henry to take Miss Goodwin home while I go on a horse ride with you,” Emily said, feeling jealous at the sight of their arms around each other’s waist and neck.

My Baby’s Daddy Chapter 793

Chapter 794

Chapter 794

“No need for that. I’ll take her back home myself.” For some reason, Arthur felt an urge to take Sophia back home by himself. At the same time, Sophia only looked at him in a stunned manner as she was reminded of the moment he once treated her this well.

While Arthur carried Sophia in his arms and walked toward the car that the person in charge had prepped for him, Emily was left stomping the ground behind her with regret and anger. *Why on earth did I bring Sophia here and even end up creating the perfect opportunity for her to run into Arthur?! Besides the thought of that, she also noticed Arthur’s sudden change in attitude as he was usually indifferent toward*

Sophia. Why does he still treat Sophia so well? I thought he’d already forgotten about her. Didn’t my father make sure of that? Emily was left behind as she helplessly watched the car he was in left.

Meanwhile, Sophia was stunned as she looked at the man sitting beside her. After all, he just took her away from the turf club and left his fiancée behind. Thus, she was worried that it would undermine the man’s reputation if anyone knew what he did. Unwilling to tarnish his image, Sophia decided to force herself to walk without letting Arthur carry her as soon as they arrived at a hospital not far away from the manor. At the same time, Arthur got out of the car from the other side and circled around the vehicle to her. When he saw her holding onto the car door and limping, he frowned and asked, “Are you sure you can walk?”

“Y–Yes, I am.” Sophia nodded, refusing to let Arthur carry her because she didn’t want to draw attention from the people around her in the hospital. However, as soon as she took two steps forward, she was overwhelmed by the pain in her ankle.

“Say it if you need me to carry you,” Arthur smiled and said.

“No.” Sophia confidently rejected the man. Nevertheless, as she continued to take extra steps further, she suddenly crouched down because she could no longer make herself walk. At that moment, she looked up and asked, “Can you get someone to fetch me a stretcher to carry me? It’s too painful, and I can’t walk.”

In response, Arthur grunted and replied, "You're asking for it." He then bent over and carried her to the hospital's lobby not long before he took her to

the orthopedics department. After some diagnosis and examination, the doctor confirmed that she suffered from a ligament injury, which would heal in a matter of days with enough rest.

After that, Sophia returned to the manor with Arthur, who later carried her all the way to her bedroom. When Sophia finally settled down on the couch, she gazed at the sweat that was covering the man's forehead and said in a sympathetic manner, "I'm sorry for all the trouble that you had to go through."

Arthur suddenly crouched down and looked at her in a serious manner. "Do we know each other? Who am I to you?"

In the face of the man's intimidating gaze, Sophia didn't flinch but instead gazed at him gently as she lied. "Y—Yeah, we do know each other. You're... my friend." Knowing Arthur was about to get married, she decided she shouldn't create any more unnecessary trouble that could keep him preoccupied and disturbed. For that, she believed it was her destiny to be forgotten by Arthur, although she used to blame him for his heartlessness in abandoning her for another woman. While she realized there was no meaning in discussing the past since his wedding was in three days, Martha's words still reverberated in her ears. Therefore, she knew she must suppress her love for him in order not to ruin the marriage that Martha had arranged for her grandson.

"A friend? How did I end up having such a dumb friend like you?" Arthur grunted in an annoyed manner.

Nevertheless, Sophia wasn't angry at the man's sarcastic reply at all but instead kept her head down with a smile. "You're right. It is true that you're friends with a dumb lady like me. But, if you don't believe in me, you could check your phone and see if there are pictures of me in there."

"Do you have pictures of me on your phone too?" Arthur asked.

"Yeah." Sophia had a lot of pictures of them on her phone. In fact, she even had videos of them, as well as their flirtatious chat history, that could indicate that they used to be lovers.

"Show them to me." Arthur extended his arm and asked Sophia for the pictures.

Panicky, Sophia hid her phone behind her back. "No can do. There are too many secrets in my phone that I can't show to you."

Arthur curled his lips upward and asked, "What secrets? Why can't I see them?"

My Baby's Daddy Chapter 794

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While Arthur carried Sophia in his arms and walked toward the car that the person in charge had prepped for him, Emily was left stomping the ground behind her with regret and anger. Why on earth did I bring Sophia here and even end up creating the perfect opportunity for her to run into Arthur?! Besides the thought of that, she also noticed Arthur's sudden change in attitude as he was usually indifferent toward Sophia. Why does he still treat Sophia so well? I thought he'd already forgotten about her. Didn't my father make sure of that? Emily was left behind as she helplessly watched the car he was in left.

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[Previous Chapter](#)

[Next Chapter](#)

My Baby's Daddy Chapter 795

“There are... many pictures of me and my boyfriend, and I don't want to show them.” Sophia kept her head down, tears welling up in her eyes.

At the same time, Arthur felt a stab of pain in his chest that overwhelmed him all of a sudden as he asked with a deep voice, “Did you have a boyfriend?”

Sophia's eyes were filled with tears as she kept her head low. “Yes, I did, and he loved me very much.”

Arthur stood up with a glacial look. “I guess I shall make a move now. Just call the maid if you need anything.”

Sophia looked up and saw the door shut in dismay. He is gone. I can't believe he is gone. At the thought of that, she felt suffocated, wondering why he would forget about her. What happened to him after he returned to his family? What has he been through that traumatized him so much that he would forget a memory? What kind of suffering did he go through? The thought of that left Sophia with a sharp sting in her heart.

Meanwhile, there were two more men who wanted to know about Sophia's confusion more than anybody else—Elliot and Richard—as they had started to make their move. In the meantime, Richard had brought along a lot of military gear, including eavesdropping devices that he could use wherever he went. After all, he had a set of extraordinary skills that allowed him to sneak into any place without being noticed. In fact, even Johnny's lab, which was heavily guarded, didn't prove to be enough to stop Richard, who was able to infiltrate the place stealthily. At that moment, Richard was in the room with Elliot as they appeared to be standing in front of the computer.

With a pair of firm eyes that appeared on his face, Richard had been sitting there the whole day because he didn't want to miss any single piece of information that could prove useful. Having planted his eavesdropping devices all over the place, he reckoned nothing should escape his ear, including the maids' murmurs. Soon, he squinted the moment he heard a lady's voice in his earpiece.

“Mom, is Dad back? I have something important to ask him.”

Richard immediately tuned into the source of the voice, realizing it was coming from Johnny's house. Therefore, he squinted and carefully listened in on their conversation.

“Why are you looking for Dad, Emily? You shouldn't be running here and there because there is still a lot that you have to do for your wedding. Don't forget. You're going to become the prettiest bride ever.”

“Mom, do you know why Artie is treating everyone else so coldly? I’m about to be his wife, but he treats me so indifferently. He won’t even hold my hand. What’s wrong with him?”

“Come on, silly girl. As soon as he marries you, I’m sure he will be much closer to you than he is now. Thus, all we have to do now is make sure the wedding goes on successfully.”

“B–But... Sophia is here. She got injured at the turf club today, but Artie carried her in his arms right in front of me like I didn’t exist. Do you know how mad I was to see that? I thought he would treat everybody coldly, but it looked like that was not the case with Sophia. Mom, it seems that he hasn’t completely forgotten about her. He still loves Sophia.”

“What? No way. I thought he forgot about that lady a long time ago?” Vera responded in a surprised manner.

“Exactly. That’s why I wanted to ask Dad how I could make Artie forget about Sophia. I don’t want him to be thinking about Sophia after we get married.”

On the other hand, Richard knitted his eyebrows when he heard that through his eavesdropping device. Well, it appears that I just found something useful. So, it was Johnny who did something to Arthur’s memory, which he erased with some sort of biotechnology. The drug’s side effect is exactly the reason that explains why Arthur treats everybody so coldly.

“Elliot, Johnny did something to Artie’s memory. He erased his memory about a girl for the sake of his daughter’s happiness. Now, Artie is suffering from neurological damage, which explains his indifferent and temperamental attitude.”

“Johnny is controlling Artie to make him marry his daughter against his will. If this goes on, Artie will end up as one of his guinea pigs and pawns.

This man must not be allowed to do any more harm to the Weiss Family. We must expose him!” Elliot could no longer hide his agitated emotions.

“When Artie lost his mother, he was so hurt and devastated that he decided to dedicate his life to biological studies so that his people wouldn’t have to suffer from the same disease any longer. However, he didn’t know that Johnny would use his life’s work against him and make him a part of his experiment. I wish he’d seen that coming.” Richard finished his words and looked at Elliot. “What do we do now? Should we tell Artie about it?”

[Previous Chapter](#)
[Next Chapter](#)

My Baby's Daddy Chapter 796

Chapter 796

"Let's gather all the evidence we need first and expose him on his daughter's wedding day. That way, we could show all the guests his true colors without letting them know we're onto them. What do you think?" Elliot made his point.

"I guess you have a point. If Johnny knows we're onto them, he could destroy the experiment results and leave no evidence behind."

As Richard continued to keep tabs on the Jennings Family, Johnny later returned home but didn't discuss the matter with anyone until it was 9.00PM later that night. At that moment, he brought up the matter to his wife and discussed it with her in the study.

"Johnny, Emily said the lady that Arthur met overseas is back. She also said she was very close with him, so please do something to make him forget about her completely."

Johnny was surprised to hear that. "How is that possible? I've been watching him and noticed symptoms of neurodevelopmental disorder. So, there is no way he'll show anyone else affection. Instead, he'll only behave like a robot to everyone else."

"What about Emily? Is she going to be treated like that too, when they both get married? Is her marriage going to be destroyed if that's the case?"

"Don't worry. I'm working on creating some fake memories of him and Emily. By then, he is going to love her very dearly."

"Really? Are you sure this is going to work?"

"My experiment will soon be a success as soon as both of them get married. So, Emily won't have to wait much longer before she is going to have the happy life I'm going to give her."

"It looks like I'm going to have to drive Sophia away from the family to keep Arthur from ever thinking about her again. If we don't put a stop to it, there is no telling when she'll ruin Emily's wedding."

When Richard heard that, he knitted his eyebrows, thinking it was perhaps

time to remind his good friend about the imminent danger. Therefore, he decided to help Arthur win back the heart of the woman he loved and left an anonymous note behind.

When Arthur returned later, he saw a note on the desk and picked it up to take a closer look at it. 'Sophia is in grave danger. Please protect her at all costs, or you're going to regret it!

Upon reading the note, Arthur couldn't help but feel stunned by the person who wrote the anonymous note because he couldn't understand why Sophia would be in danger. Nevertheless, he was quickly reminded of the strange incident that happened earlier that day when Sophia fell off the horse at the turf club. Is someone plotting against her?

At that moment, Arthur's mind was flooded with images of Sophia's face just as he recalled something he had just discovered earlier. I just asked. The reason Sophia will show up during my wedding is that he is the assistant of my friend, Elliot, but why would someone take an assistant like her to the turf club and let her ride a crazy horse? She may be dumb, but I doubt she is so foolish that she'd put her life at risk. At the thought of that, Arthur looked back at the note one more time, his eyebrows frowning as he slowly began to recognize Richard's handwriting.

Wait a second. This looks like that fella's handwriting. Is this from him? Because of that, he reckoned it was necessary to take the matter seriously, or Richard wouldn't have left him a warning like that so suddenly. Well, if I'm going to protect Sophia, I guess the only way to do that is to keep her by my side all the time. If I can watch her all the time, she should be safe. Soon, Arthur stepped out the door and summoned his butler, whom he ordered to arrange a room for Sophia next to his.

"Is there any specific reason, Young Master Weiss?" the butler asked in surprise.

"Nothing. I'd like to have a word with her about something in the next few days. "Arthur finished his words and retreated to his own room before the butler ordered the maid to tidy up the guest room next to his. After that, he headed upstairs to fetch Sophia down to her new room.

In the meantime, Sophia was spaced out in the room, her eyes still tearful because she had just cried for no good reason not long ago. However, the doorbell outside her room suddenly rang, whereupon she limped toward the door and opened it. Then, she was greeted by a man in a classic suit and curiously asked him his purpose of visit. "How may I help you?"

"Miss Sophia, we're getting a new room, so please pack your luggage and belongings."

"Um. Why is that so? I'm good with this room." Sophia refused to impose on anyone.

[Previous Chapter](#)

[Next Chapter](#)[My Baby's Daddy Chapter 79](#)

My Baby's Daddy Chapter 797

Chapter 797

“I have orders from Young Master Weiss.” The butler smiled at Sophia.

Sophia’s smile stiffened for a few seconds when she heard what the butler said. Wher? It’s Arthur’s idea? Where is he taking me? Am I causing so much disturbance to him that he wants to get rid of me? Filled with that bitter thought in her head, Sophia braced herself to accept the harsh truth that she didn’t deserve to attend Arthur’s wedding, anyway. Therefore, she had nothing to say, thinking he wanted her gone. “Alright, please give me a moment.” Sophia then limped into the room, but when the butler saw that, he quickly ordered the maids to come and help her.

After Sophia took care of her luggage, the maids carried them out of the room for her while the butler came back to her with a wheelchair. “Miss Goodwin, please sit in this wheelchair. It should make it easier for you.”

“Thank you very much, sir.” Sophia was embarrassed.

As soon as Sophia sat in the wheelchair, the butler wheeled her out the door all the way to the garden. When Sophia looked in the direction in which the butler was wheeling her, she was stunned to see the manor’s main building instead of the guest room beside it. Upon that realization, she couldn’t help but ask herself where the butler was taking her. Soon, they arrived at the

elevator, which they took to reach a room on the fourth floor. At the sight of the grand-looking interior, the lady was left with her jaw wide open. Wait a minute! This place looks so magnificent that it is meant for the owner to live in, not the guests. Sophia then looked around her until her gaze fell upon a man sitting on the couch. As the evening sunlight shone on him, he seemed especially charming and handsome, especially in his white button-down paired with a plaid vest. At the same time, the fact that he was crossing his legs in his sitting posture only served to make him look even more attractive. Isn’t that Arthur? At that instant, Sophia’s heart was beating rapidly like a jackhammer as she suddenly realized that was what happened every time she saw the man.

Soon, Arthur stood up and walked up to the butler, taking over the wheelchair, whereupon he wheeled the lady to her new room. “Wait a second! What’s going on? Why am I moving to this room?” Sophia looked up, asking Arthur with a surprised voice.

“Your leg is injured, so it’s more convenient for you to be taken care of staying here.” Arthur brushed her off with an excuse,

Sophia shook her head and replied, “No need for that. I’ll be fine in a matter of days with enough rest. So, I should probably return to the guest room without imposing on you.”

Nevertheless, Arthur soon wheeled her into the room and responded with a commanding voice, "My house, my rules."

"B–But... wouldn't this be inappropriate, considering the fact that you're about to marry Miss Jennings? I can't be staying here with you, can I? What if she misunderstands the situation...?" Although Sophia was tempted to stay close to Arthur, she didn't want to ruin his reputation.

"I'll explain to her if she misunderstands." Arthur finished his words, but when he noticed her still sitting in the wheelchair, he asked, "Are you going to try and walk yourself? Or do you need me to carry you from the wheelchair?"

"I'm going to walk by myself." Sophia finished her words and held the armrests on both sides of the wheelchair, desperate to show the man that she could take care of herself, only to be tripped by the armrests. "Ah..." Staggering, she fell forward and instinctively hugged the thing that she thought would make her feel most secure—Arthur's waist. At the same time, the man also extended his arms and wrapped them around her to make sure she wouldn't get hurt from the fall.

The next second, Sophia found her head resting on Arthur's firm chest. As she could hear his steady heartbeat, her heartbeat was somehow raised by a few BPMs. Great! I oversold my mobility and ended up in his awkward embrace. "Thank you." Sophia then quickly stood up, backing away from Arthur with her cheeks blushing bashfully.

Meanwhile, Arthur looked down at her, somehow finding Sophia's face strangely attractive as he simply couldn't take his eyes off her. He then seized her arm and helped her walk to the couch, where he sat her down. When Sophia sank into the couch, she heaved a sigh of relief and looked at the man. "I'm fine now, so you may leave and attend to your own business."

Upon hearing the lady's words, Arthur walked away while the maids stayed behind to tidy her luggage and place her clothes in the wardrobe. Soon,

when the maids were finally gone, the room was back to its peaceful state, with Sophia left sitting on the couch in a bitter manner. Deep down, she could sense the man's feelings for her even though he appeared to have forgotten about her.