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## My Baby's Daddy Chapter 805

### Chapter 805

Sophia grew increasingly uneasy the further she walked, for she had a hunch who she would be meeting, and a pang of guilt and self-reproach arose within her.

She had already promised Martha back home that she would stay away from Arthur, but now, she had chased him all the way here and even snuck her name into the guest list. Just the thought of it made Sophia ashamed of meeting Arthur's grandmother.

Sure enough, she found Martha sitting on the couch when they arrived at a quaint hall. The older lady was dressed in a fitting dark silver dress, looking noble and majestic.

"Good evening, Old Madam Weiss," Sophia greeted Martha.

Martha sized the young woman up in response, not in anger but amiably, pointing toward the seat across from hers. "Have a seat."

Arthur had wronged this young woman, after all, and she didn't need to ask to know what would happen between them had probably already happened. But now, Arthur was marrying another woman; this was unfair to her.

"I didn't expect you to have come, Miss Goodwin."

"I'm sorry, Old Madam Weiss. Please forgive me for inviting myself. I swear I won't cause any trouble during Arthur's wedding," Sophia promised eagerly as she looked up.

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To that, Martha waved her hand. “No need to apologize. Everyone’s a guest here. All are welcome.”

Sophia couldn’t help being taken aback, and she had now witnessed for herself the older woman’s noble demeanor. Martha’s tolerance and kindness made Sophia grow increasingly self-reproaching and unable to face her.

“Tomorrow will be Arthur’s big day. If you feel uncomfortable, I can make arrangements for you to tour around the area.” Martha had considered her

feelings instead

But Sophia shook her head. “Thank you for the arrangement, Old Madam Weiss, but I won’t be attending the wedding tomorrow. I’ll be returning home with my boss after the wedding is over.”

Martha suddenly felt bad for Sophia. She hadn’t forced Arthur upon this wedding, but Arthur chose his own bride.

So why exactly had he let go of Sophia and chose Emily instead? This was a question that still puzzled her to this day.

“Have you two fought before Arthur came back?” asked Martha, curious.

Sophia shook her head in reply. “No, we didn’t.” Then, after some deliberation, she asked, “If you don’t mind me asking, Old Madam Weiss, had something happened to Young Master Weiss lately that led him to suffer from amnesia?”

“Amnesia? Nothing happened to Artie. Why would you ask so?” asked Old Madam Weiss, bewildered.

“Because... he seemed to have completely forgotten about me.” As dejected as Sophia was, she dared not let it show.

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Martha, on the other hand, couldn't help reeling. "What did you say? Arthur has forgotten about you?"

"Yes, after his departure. I realize he has completely forgotten about me on our first reunion here." Sophia was now purely worried if Arthur had suffered any injuries that led him to have amnesia.

At that, Martha recollected Arthur's behavior since coming home. He was now indeed behaving very differently from the first day he returned. However, she still couldn't figure out what had led her dear grandson to behave so indifferently to everything.

"Artie is behaving differently, but nothing happened to him either," Martha affirmed

Sophia was relieved upon hearing so. This was good news, for a severe trauma had to happen to cause someone to lose their memories. As it

appeared, he was fine, just that he had completely forgotten about her and her only.

Finally, Martha understood why Arthur would choose Emily as his wife. It was because he had suddenly forgotten about Sophia. But how did it come to this?

"Old Madam Weiss, it's getting late. You should rest early. Tomorrow's a big day," the senior servant said.

Martha checked the time to find it was already 10.00PM. At that, she nodded, then turned to Sophia. "You should get some rest as well, Miss Goodwin. You're more than welcome if you want to join us for the wedding."

"Thank you, Old Madam Weiss." After seeing Martha off, Sophia allowed the servant to take her to her room.

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Meanwhile, a black sedan drove into the manor. As the door opened, Arthur stepped out of the vehicle. His black suit, complimented with subtle embroidery that showed off his nobility, made him domineering like he was a lord in the dark.

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### Chapter 806

Even if Arthur had been manipulated, the imposing aura he exuded remained the same.

Hearing footsteps coming from the garden, he stopped and turned around to find a servant leading Sophia in his direction. He furrowed his brows slightly in response. *What is this woman doing here, still wandering around in the garden at this late hour?*

Sophia fought hard to conceal the sadness and adoration in her eyes upon seeing him, and she lowered her head, not intending to greet him. She wanted to go to her room and lock herself in from here on, or she would go mad.

She grew increasingly miserable as the countdown to his wedding became shorter. She was tough but not tough enough to remain emotionless as she watched the man she loved deeply marry another woman.

"Stop." A crisp voice came from behind her.

"Young Master Weiss," the servant greeted him, then walked away astutely.

Sophia stood in the brightly lit hall with her back facing him, having no intention of turning around. Meanwhile, he came forth with steady footsteps and stopped in front of her. With one hand in his pocket, he lowered his eyes and sized her up.

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“Why run away when you see me? Are you not going to say hi?” Arthur asked with irritation, causing Sophia to face away. “It’s really late. I want to return to my room and rest.”

Arthur suddenly felt frustrated. He checked his watch to find it was already 10.00PM, but he wanted to be with her for a while longer.

“Are you free? Join me for a drink,” Arthur asked, to which she rejected resolutely. “No.”

“Did you say you’re my friend? We’ll just have one glass as friends. I won’t take up much of your time.” Arthur insisted.

Sophia shut her eyes and fought back the urge to keep him company. However, just as she wanted to turn him down again, Arthur clasped her wrist and dragged her to the wine cellar without another word.

Sophia had thought he was taking her to the dining room, but it quickly became apparent to her that she was wrong. This man had a lavish wine cellar in his basement, storing the best liquor around the world.

As she stepped out of the elevator, she looked at the dimly lit wine cellar with amazement.

“Do we have to drink here?” Sophia mumbled, causing Arthur to look over his shoulder at her. “Are you afraid I’ll do something to you?”

Sophia took a gander at him in response. *Hadn’t you already done everything you were allowed to? What else can there be for me to be afraid of?* She just thought, with her current position, they shouldn’t be in the same room.

Moreover, there weren’t any servants here, like this was an isolated environment.

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“Relax, I just want to grab a drink. I have no interest in doing anything else.” With that, he removed his jacket to reveal a dark-colored dress shirt beneath it, exposing his perfectly shaped body.

The warm golden lights enveloped him, making his handsome face even more refined. He drummed his fingers beside the wine cabinet like he was

picking his favorite liquor.

This scene intensified his noble temperament exceptionally.

His looks alone could infatuate a woman. However, if he was gentler and his gaze was more tender, no woman would be able to escape his grasp.

Sophia suddenly felt a lump in her throat, and she looked away. She feared if she continued to look, she wouldn't be able to stop herself from running to him and hugging his waist from behind to feel the affection they used to share.

“What would you like to drink,” asked Arthur as he turned around.

“I'm good with anything.” She was just here to keep him company.

While smirking, he pulled a bottle of red wine out, then proficiently uncapped it. Following that, he took two wine glasses and filled them up before handing one to her.

Sophia had the urge to get wasted as she looked at the glass of red wine while standing in front of the wine cabinet. *I'll only wake up tomorrow afternoon if I get drunk now, won't I? Then, I won't have to think about him marrying someone else.*

At that, she took the glass from him and chugged it down her throat. He had picked out a sweet red wine; it tasted pretty smooth.

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Arthur, on the other hand, looked at her with dismay while holding his glass of red wine. *Does this girl even know how to drink wine? Such a fine wine, but she's gulping it like it is water!*

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