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My Baby's Daddy Chapter 807

Chapter 807

"Another, to the brim," said Sophia nonchalantly as she brought the wine glass to Arthur, who was instantly amused. His gaze was fathomless yet crystal-clear under the lights, looking exceptionally charming.

"Are you sure you know how to drink wine?" Despite doubting, he still poured her half a glass of sweet wine.

Sophia didn't want to stand on ceremony with him anymore. He would be someone else's husband after the next sunrise; she couldn't order him around anymore after that.

"C'mon, fill it up to the brim. Don't be so stingy." She propped her chin up, looking all 'I don't get drunk easily'.

At that, Arthur topped it up, and as the liquid was coming up to the top, he asked with worry, "Are you sure you really want to drink this way?"

"Ye-ap!" Sophia enunciated with a nod, took the wine glass from him, then chugged the entire glass of wine down again. *This sure is good wine.*

Meanwhile, Arthur took a graceful sip, his gaze latched onto her this whole time. Her soft long hair sat neatly on her shoulders, surrounding her stunning, fair face.

Arthur fell into a momentary trance, thinking, *The way this girl drinks sure looks fine.*

Sophia burped after chugging the entire glass of wine only to notice she was still sober, and she couldn't help asking, "What's the abv on this wine?"

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“Eight percent.”

The answer led her to be frustrated. She wouldn't get drunk even if she downed the entire bottle!

“Don't you have anything stronger in here?” she asked. “I want whiskey.”

Arthur had only brought her here because he wanted to spend a bit more time with her. But who'd have thought she was now demanding liquor?!

“That's too strong. It's not the type for ladies.”

“Well, I want it.” With that, she searched the racks and found one with an abby of 43% in no time.

After taking it out, she popped the cap open, then searched for a whiskey glass but to no avail. Thus, she just chugged straight from the bottle.

Startled by the lady, Arthur dashed toward her and snatched the bottle of whiskey from her. “What, are you crazy?!”

Sophia was doing fine until he snatched the bottle from her, causing her to choke and reflexively lean against the table, coughing violently. The next second, she felt a warm, large palm gently patting her back.

Tears instantly streamed down her cheeks, and she turned around to throw herself into his arms. Her actions stumped Arthur for a split second before he wrapped his arms around her and looked down at her.

Her tears had dampened his shirt, but she couldn't care less. She continued embracing him, wanting to behave presumptuously one last time, for she wouldn't be able to anymore after his marriage the following morning.

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Meanwhile, Arthur stood motionless like a tree with his brows locked into a deep furrow, letting the young woman in his arms cry and hug him as she pleased.

Suddenly, Sophia looked up, wrapped her arms around his neck, and stood on tiptoes. She wanted to kiss him, but he towered over her. She wouldn't be able to touch his lips if he didn't lower his head.

She had acted on impulse, after all. Seeing that he wouldn't lower his head, she began crying aggrievedly. But just as she was about to give up, Arthur lifted his arms around the waist while lowering his head, bringing their faces close together. They were so close their breaths interweaved, and the moment their eyes locked onto each other, time stopped.

He was giving her the chance to do what she had yearned for.

At that, Sophia held her breath, cupped his cheeks, and pressed her slightly trembling lips to his.

Arthur closed his eyes and tightened his arms around her waist. He realized he liked her scent, and her kiss awakened a feeling within him, causing him to reflexively respond to her for a moment.

Just like that, Sophia was pinned against the wine rack, and their raw emotions laid bare...

Perhaps the alcohol had taken effect as well, as the kiss was like a ball of enveloping fire, blazing yet inviting.

Finally, Arthur released her, and Sophia also realized what they had just done. With that, she held her forehead while her mind went blank for a few solid seconds.

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Arthur, on the other hand, had grabbed the opened bottle of whiskey and chugged it straight from the bottle, wanting to use the icy liquid to put out his burning desire.

My Baby's Daddy Chapter 808

Chapter 808

After having enough of the liquor, Arthur looked over to the young woman as he panted lightly, and another wave of urge suddenly surged within him.

Sophia had decided to leave the cellar at this point—she couldn't make another mistake. But just as she took a couple of steps, Arthur suddenly tugged on her arm, causing her to turn and fall into his arms.

"You're going to leave just like that after kissing me?" he questioned with a raspy voice.

Sophia's eyes widened slightly, for his ravishing face was only inches away from her. The next second, his breath came at her. This time, it was his call. He held her chin and attacked her lips with a passionate kiss.

His initiative stupefied her. *H—How is it that he's making a move on me?!*

Arthur couldn't explain his behavior himself. He just went with what his heart told him. It told him to kiss her and not let her go, so much so that his static heart burned ablaze. Even his soul was screaming to have her.

How is it that this woman can have me hooked on her so badly? Why can she make all my sobriety and rationality disappear?

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Sophia knew him all too well. So while taking in his kiss, she perceived the change in his breathing and movements.

Suddenly, a red flag raised in her head, and she shoved him away. He couldn't do something reckless at this time, or things would really get out of control for the both of them.

As much as she loved and craved him as well, she knew where to draw the line. She would never make such mistakes.

Having been shoved away, Arthur locked his gaze on her as he panted, saying with a husky voice, "Don't refuse me. I know you need me too."

Sophia had calmed down at this point, and she looked resolutely at him with pursed lips. "That was the alcohol just now. I'm sorry, but I won't betray my boyfriend."

Arthur's heart twinged in response. He had forgotten she had a boyfriend while he would be marrying Emily the following day.

"Please forgive me for offending you." At that, Sophia turned to leave, but his deep voice came from behind the next second. "Do you really love your boyfriend?"

"Yes, I love him. I will never love any other man as much as him for the rest of my life," she answered resolutely without turning around.

With that, she headed in the direction of the elevator and disappeared into the corner.

Arthur suddenly propped his arms against the table. Something was tugging on him, forcing him to arch his back and pant.

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Sophia thought she had used up all her energy to return to her room. She was so exhausted that she didn't have the energy to move to the couch. With her back pressed against the door, she slowly slid onto the floor, then hugged her knees as tears rolled down from her tightly shut eyes.

Meanwhile, at the Jennings Residence, Emily was so excited that she was having trouble falling asleep. She was currently sitting in front of the mirror, admiring her gorgeous face again and again. She was even trying to find *the* smile that would make her appear even more beautiful when she stood at the altar the following day.

To think she would officially become the young mistress of the Weiss Family from the next day on made her smile. Not only would she have an outstanding and perfect husband, but power and wealth would also follow.

This was the day she had been dreaming of ever since she could remember. Finally, it would be coming!

Just then, Vera knocked on the door and entered. Upon seeing Emily still awake, she admonished, "Emily, hurry up and go to bed. Tomorrow's your big day."

"Mom, I'm not dreaming, am I? I'm really about to be married to Artie!" Emily held her chest, oozing happiness.

"Of course not. You'll be pronounced his wife by tomorrow."

Emily beamed in response. "Mom, you're sure Goodwin won't be attending the wedding, right? Actually, I kind of hoped she would. Then, she'll be able to witness my happily ever after."

"Look at you. Do you think you won't have any more chances to flaunt in her face after your wedding?" Vera's priority now was to see that the wedding would be held the following day successfully.

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“You’re right.” A hint of malice flashed across Emily’s eyes, loathsome at the thought that Arthur was once Sophia’s, even though she now owned him.

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