

## My Baby's Daddy Chapter 652

### Chapter 652

#### Chapter 652

At that moment, Sophia, who happened to return from the dinner, heard the telephone ringing in the living room and answered it. "Hello. Who's on the line, please?"

"It's me, Sophia. Aren't you coming?" Jacob asked anxiously.

"I'm sorry, Jacob. I can't make it for the event. Have fun!" She smiled in embarrassment.

"Oh—come on! I was looking forward to your arrival. In fact, I've been waiting for you to come."

"I'm flattered to hear that, Jacob, but please don't wait for me. Don't forget to have fun," she replied.

"Sophia, can we grab breakfast together tomorrow morning? I'm leaving tomorrow, and I don't know when we'll meet again."

"Um... Can we talk about that tomorrow?" Sophia was dismayed with her tight schedule. After hanging up the call with Jacob, she returned the telephone to the cradle and let out a sigh.

"It looks like someone can't wait to go cruising on the sea." A man's deep voice was suddenly heard from behind the woman.

A startled Sophia immediately turned around and saw Arthur walking in. She then quickly hid her emotions and replied, "Nah, not really. I'm tired by the way, so I'm going to head upstairs and take some rest."

As soon as she reached the stairs, she heard the man's voice from behind her again.

"I'll meet you at the door in ten minutes."

With her hand on the handrail, she turned around and asked, "Where are we going?"

"A night cruise." The man puckered his lips in response.

Sophia's eyes lit up when she heard that. She then exclaimed in surprise and excitement. "Wait... What? For real? I can tag along too?" The next second, she rushed

upstairs, wondering whether she should change her outfit for the occasion, only to realize there was not enough time for her to do so.

Therefore, she only fixed her make-up a little before she headed downstairs.

In the meantime, Arthur was sitting on the couch while waiting for Sophia, whereupon they both got into the car and made their way toward the docks. As they were on their way, her mind was full of images of the beautiful seaview that she was admiring on the cruise. After all, she hadn't gone on a cruise at night, which she believed was going to be fun.

Furthermore, she would be even happier if there were going to be a lot of people because she liked the lively atmosphere that was full of high energy.

Once they arrived, the duo was greeted by a huge luxury private yacht moored at the bright dock. Sophia then alighted from the car and walked toward the yacht behind Arthur, all the while

feeling a little bewildered at the sight of the desolated place. Shouldn't there be a crowd of people who are going to cruise with us? Why is it so quiet? Where is everyone? The next moment, she was stunned when she entered the grand-looking cabin of the yacht. Oh my god! This is absolutely luxurious! The designs definitely deserve a seven-star rating! How magnificent this is!

"I thought there were going to be a lot of people. Why is there no one else?" Sophia asked in confusion.

Arthur replied lightly, "They are gone." He furrowed his eyebrows and asked, "What's wrong? Aren't you happy to go cruising on the sea with me?"

"O-Of course, I am happy with that." She forced a smile to hide the surprise within her upon realizing that he had the whole yacht booked.

Soon, the yacht sailed away from the dock toward the sea just as the fireworks were lit up and shot up to the sky from afar. Seeing the magnificent sight, Sophia excitedly scampered to the deck and placed her palms together delightedly. Not long after that, Arthur also came to the deck, and he happened to notice Sophia's curvaceous figure in the illuminating moonlight and the fireworks in the sky.

At the same time, the blowing sea breeze gently grazed the woman's dress, carrying her skirt with it as her long hair billowed in the wind.

On the other hand, the man kept his eyes upon the lady despite the glaring fireworks, as if she was more attractive and eye-catching than the grand fireworks. Thanks to the training Sophia received through dancing since she was little, she had managed to develop a perfectly slim figure. Although she didn't take much pride in that particularly,

her curvy stature made her so attractive that no man could look away once he set his eyes on her.

Suddenly, Sophia tripped on an abrupt jerk that was either caused by the yacht's short burst of acceleration or the rough tidal waves beneath them. The next second, she lost her balance and staggered backward. "Ahhh!" She thought she was about to land on her behind and she exclaimed in horror, but at that moment, she felt a strong arm wrapped around her waist shortly before she felt her head resting on someone's firm chest.

Feeling relieved and secure, she knew who just saved her from the embarrassing fall, and she blushed bashfully. Then, she stood on her feet clumsily and thanked Arthur for his help. "Thank you." After that, she took off her high heels and put them aside, thereafter walking barefoot on the deck so that she wouldn't have to worry about falling again.

## **My Baby's Daddy Chapter 653**

### **Chapter 653**

#### **Chapter 653**

At the sight of Sophia's reaction, Arthur curled his lips upward, complimenting her deep down for being smart enough to take off her high heels. In the meantime; Sophia caught a glimpse of two yachts not far away and noticed the bright lights on them, along with the loud music and cheers. Thinking it was Jacob and the others on those yachts, Sophia immediately approached the handrail on the edge of the deck that was closest to them..

On the other hand, Jacob happened to be catching some air on the deck when he saw an approaching yacht with a woman standing on it. Is that Sophia? Wondering if the lady was who he thought it was, he shouted, "Sophia!"

"Jacob!" Sophia waved at Jacob when she saw him.

Meanwhile, Jacob was thinking of going over to the yacht to accompany Sophia, only to see another man emerging from behind her, which forced him to give up the idea. At that moment, Arthur was seen wearing a white suit, and it was as if he was the charming prince who was protecting Sophia from behind. Soon, the yacht that Sophia was on sped away and quickly disappeared from sight, because the yachts that Jacob and his friends were on wouldn't sail any further away from the dock. After the yacht left in a hurry, an annoyed Jacob clenched his fists and wondered who Arthur was.

As soon as the other two yachts were left far behind, Sophia entered the luxury cabin and sat down after having enough of the windy breeze. In the meantime, Arthur was enjoying himself with the desserts and beverages on the table while sitting on the couch with his legs crossed.

“When are we going back, Mr. Weiss?” Sophia curiously asked.

“Tomorrow.” Arthur figured he should start looking into the matter in which he had to choose a place where his late grandfather’s grave could be built.

“That’s good to hear! Can I go back home to visit my parents, then?” Sophia beseeched the man.

“You can give a call back home, but you can’t leave,” Arthur replied.

“Please, I just need half a day.” Sophia insisted on going home.

“From now on, I’m going to teach you how to be a qualified maid, Sophia. Until I’m satisfied with your performance, you will not be permitted to go anywhere.” Arthur jutted his chin, his eyes filled with indifference and nonchalance.

Sophia was stunned because she didn’t expect the man to say something so harsh to her. After all, she thought the reason he took her out for a cruise on the sea was because he was softened up a little to her. “Is what I found earlier really so important to you?” The lady asked.

“That’s a one and only heirloom that has been passed down to me through generations in my family.” Arthur squinted, gritting his teeth. “So, do you think that’s important to me?”

Upon hearing the man’s reply, Sophia felt cold chills running down her spine. Oh dear! I guess I’m screwed for misplacing his heirloom! “Alright, I’ll give it back to you in a year.” She tried to appease the man despite the panicky feeling that was overwhelming her on the inside. How am I going to afford that? I doubt I could make that much cash even if I sleep around for money.

Suddenly, she shivered from head to toe when the chilly sea breeze blew amidst the cold weather at night. As she felt goosebumps all over her skin, she subconsciously wrapped her arms around herself to keep warm.

Meanwhile, Arthur noticed what was going on and took off his coat, which he threw at her. “Put it on.” Despite his indifferent tone, his actions were rather heartwarming.

“Thank you.” Sophia proceeded to put on the man’s coat. The warmth wrapped around her body, as well as Arthur’s unique and pleasant scent. When she caught the scent of that, her face blushed in embarrassment. After spending more than an hour cruising on

the sea, they both sailed back to the dock. At the same time, Sophia stood on the deck and looked at the man beside her. "Can I shout? Just to vent?"

Thinking a shout at the wide sea would be a good relief, Arthur decided to go along with Sophia. "Go ahead."

Sophia then made a gesture of a trumpet with her hands and began shouting at some place far away. "Mr. Weiss, you're so freaking handsome!"

Arthur was speechless upon hearing Sophia's words. Is there something wrong with this woman?

"You're the most handsome man I've ever seen, Mr. Weiss!" Sophia shouted at the sea as she wanted to amuse the man.

## **My Baby's Daddy Chapter 654**

### Chapter 654

#### **Chapter 654**

Sophia turned to look at Arthur and asked, "Hey, do you know what the ocean said to the shore?"

He narrowed his eyes as he pondered on this, and his curiosity was piqued when he could not think of an answer. "What did the ocean say to the shore?"

"Nothing, it just waved!" She burst into laughter, clearly amused by her own silly humor.

Just then, Arthur sputtered and started laughing, and at once, the moon lost all its beauty.

Sophia gaped at him with wide eyes, entirely stunned by his pearly whites and his open smile. He looked carefree and captivating.

In truth, he was rather astonished by how her laughter, which was in no way demure or ladylike, only prompted his own. Son of a gun, he thought.

At that moment, her brows raised in amusement as she tilted her head to one side and appraised him openly. No woman had ever looked at him like he was a piece of art on full public display before. Because of that, he grew self-conscious and quickly asked, "What are you staring at?"

She giggled. "You. You're quite the looker."

As though wanting to get back at her for making him laugh earlier, he scoffed and pointed out haughtily, "Yeah, and I'm way out of your league."

She blinked at him and she couldn't help arguing, "I never wanted you to be in my league in the first place."

Arthur turned to head back into the cabin, but that was when he heard Sophia mutter triumphantly, "I think it'd be more accurate to say I'm way out of your league. Always will be."

He stopped in his tracks and threw an icy look at her over his shoulder. "Please, I can easily make you mine whenever I want."

She blushed, completely caught off guard by his confidence, but she did not want to lose either. Her quick wit made her retort, "And by the time you make me yours, wouldn't you be mine as well? So, I win either way."

He was starting to think that this was her idea of a pick-up line. He scoffed primly and refused to be lured into this ridiculous banter. "Don't flatter yourself. I don't actually care about making you mine."

"Which then brings us back to the question of who's out of whose league," she said without missing a beat as a devious smirk tugged on her lips. "But it looks like we've come to a draw."

Arthur pursed his lips into a grim line and did not try to continue this debate with her.

"You know, Young Master Weiss, I don't think I ever got your name. Think we're close enough to be on a first-name basis, yes?" Sophia asked, leaning forward as if to pick up on the most salacious gossip.

Bemused, he did not withhold this information and replied, "The name's Arthur."

Arthur Arthur Weiss. She tried it out in her head and decided that it had a good ring to it, then pressed further, "So, did you grow up in the city or are you from out of town?"

"I've been living abroad with my family since I was little," he said.

"I bet you were born with a silver spoon in your mouth," she followed up cheerily.

"Why do you say that?"

"Because you're one of the most prim-and-proper men I've ever met!"

Arthur had never heard that description being used on him, and he wondered briefly if he should be insulted.

Meanwhile, on another yacht, Katrina had her eyes set on Jacob. She had heard that he was the second young master of the Presgrave Family, and while his fortune or status was not as impressive as Elliot's, he still made for a good target.

"Young Master Jacob, you don't look very happy. Care for some company?" Katrina slinked over while holding a glass of wine in each hand. She was a model with a slender figure that had curves in all the right places and a pretty face to boot. Besides, Jacob was never one to refuse beautiful company.

"Sure," he said agreeably.

They went out on the deck and leaned against the railing as they sipped their wine. At this moment, the yacht swayed, and Katrina had oh—so—naturally stumbled into Jacob's arms as she

gasped, "Oh, my!"

He gripped her waist to steady her. "Are you okay?"

"I accidentally spilled my wine," she said mournfully as she tugged on the neckline of her dress. "How does the damage look, Young Master Jacob?"

Jacob's gaze darkened at once. He was sure that Katrina was doing this on purpose, and she had pulled the neckline so far down that she might as well dispose of the dress entirely. That said, he had to admit that he was very much attracted to her show of skin.

"I have a couple of evening dresses back at my place. Why don't you come by after we get off this yacht and pick one that you like?" he offered in a husky voice, the implication clear in his words.

"That would be great," she said brightly with a knowing look in her eyes.

Meanwhile, over at the dock, Sophia alighted from the yacht after Arthur and walked up to the car his bodyguards had brought around. It was only during the drive back to the villa that they realized it was already past midnight.

After arriving at the villa, she was so exhausted that she took a quick shower and hopped into bed. While she slept, he tossed and turned in his bed in the master bedroom. He was not one to stay up late, but for some reason, sleep would not come to him.

The images of Sophia's ready grin from tonight flashed across his mind, and he found himself thinking about the way she made fun of him openly and the way she smiled at him without pretense.

## **My Baby's Daddy Chapter 655**

## Chapter 655

### Chapter 655

Since coming of age, Arthur had met countless women who approached him with ulterior motives, but Sophia was different. She was refreshingly bold and blunt. She was so naive that offending him was something she never thought to be afraid of. At the same time, he wondered if she was just a really good actress, one who was simply employing a different method of getting close to him and seducing him thereafter.

If that were the case, he ought to have seen the cracks in her pretenses by now, but he did not. Was she just really well-trained, or was she being her true self?

In another villa, Mason was awake and waiting for his sister to return. She had told him that she wanted to go night sailing, but it was already well past midnight, and she had yet to return. Knowing how crazy she could get when it came to having fun, he grew exasperated and somewhat furious. She'd better not get herself into trouble, he thought grimly.

Meanwhile, over in the largest and most opulent villa, a warm glow was shining through one of the windows. Under the red covers of the luxurious bed, two figures were entangled in what could only be described as an amorous affair.

The next morning, Anastasia woke up without any prompting whatsoever. She opened her eyes and found herself in the warm embrace of the man sleeping next to her. She dared not let her gaze flicker to his shoulders, which were decorated with claw marks that served as a reminder of their heated endeavors last night.

She could not bring herself to wake her dearest husband. Hence, she quietly took in the dark hair tousled over his forehead and his young, deep-set features. A pleased smile curled on her lips as she stared at him, wanting to burn the image of his face into the back of her mind.

After watching him sleep for a while, she decided to get out of bed and put on her clothes. However, she had only just lifted a corner of the covers when a strong pair of arms pulled her backward.

"Stay in bed with me for a while longer, Mrs. Presgrave," the man muttered, his warm breath tickling her collarbone as he nuzzled his chin into the crook of her neck. A hoarse chuckle escaped him as he added devilishly, "I was very satisfied last night."

Anastasia had been tipsy the night before, which resulted in her present groggy state, but the moment he said this, a particular memory surfaced in her headspace and made her blush.



"I like it when you take initiative, Mrs. Presgrave," he went on to tease, opening his eyes. Basking in the sunlight that spilled through the window, they looked like two sparkling obsidian pools.

Anastasia quickly reached out to clap a hand over his mouth, then said shyly, "Okay, stop."

Elliot drawled lazily, "Shall I go over the details of what you did that I loved most?"

"No thank you." She did not want to hear about it as her face had turned positively crimson.

The day after the wedding, the guests who had to get on with the busy schedules of their lives bid their farewells and left. The weight on the flushing bride's shoulders was finally lifted by a fraction. Visibly more relaxed now, Anastasia decided that she was going to have fun today.

That afternoon, she got a call from Mason, telling her that he had to get back to work, so she bid him goodbye.

Katrina on the other hand, had woken up in Jacob's bed. She was like a cat that ate the canary. and she was more than pleased to have him become her new prey.

Over in Villa No. 58, Arthur decided to leave as well, and that afternoon, he gave Elliot a heads up before getting off the island.

As for Sophia, she stood on the deck of the departing yacht and watched the strip of white shore grow into a speck. She thought about how she had pinned Arthur down on the sand the last time, and the corners of her lips tipped up into a mischievous grin.

She turned around and glanced at the man whose silhouette radiated elegance, repressing the urge to laugh as she thought about how rare it must be to see him completely caught off guard like he had that night.

Among the wedding guests who left were Presgraves' extended family, and those who stayed were the women in the family. Lorelai, in particular, did not look like she was about to leave anytime

soon.

That evening, Harriet gathered all the ladies into one dining area and set the men up in another so that dinner could be a more intimate affair. Lorelai was seated next to Anastasia, and when she saw Jared, she praised heartily, "Well, aren't you just the most adorable little boy I've ever seen!"

"Hello, Aunt Lorelai," Jared greeted sweetly.

“So, what do you want to be when you grow up, Jared?” Lorelai asked, making small talk with the child.

“I wanna be as great as Daddy,” Jared answered without even thinking.

“A brilliant dream indeed.”

Then, the little boy turned to look at his mother and said, “After that, I’ll marry someone as beautiful as Mommy.”

Anastasia sputtered at his childish humor and said, “I suppose I should be relieved that you’ve already got that part of your life all worked out.”

Lorelai laughed and pointed out, “Children have such a wonderful naivety about them, don’t you think?”

Having listened to all this, Harriet beamed and encouraged lovingly, “I’m looking forward to seeing you all grown up, Jared.”

“By the way, Mrs. Presgrave, I’ve heard that you have a knack for jewelry design, and I was wondering if you could help me take a look at a few of my sketches,” Lorelai said enthusiastically as she gave Anastasia an expectant look.

## **My Baby’s Daddy Chapter 656**

Chapter 656

### **Chapter 656**

“Of course! You can bring me those sketches anytime,” Anastasia agreed with a smile.

“Really? Thank you so much, Mrs. Presgrave!” Lorelai nodded earnestly, then continued. “I’m designing the jewelry for a friend of mine as a gift. With your feedback, I’m sure the gift will be perfect for her!”

Anastasia asked curiously, “Did you ever go to design school?”

“No, I’m just doing this as a hobby, which is rare for me. I picked it up and I fell in love with it, but I didn’t, like, receive professional instruction or anything like that. I guess that’s what sets you and me apart, huh?” Lorelai replied modestly.

Laughing, Anastasia said, “Well, I’d rather you keep this up as a hobby. It can be cabng if you turn a hobby into full-fledged work.”

Lorelai chuckled as well. "Yeah, I guess you have a point."

At that moment, someone at the dining table caught sight of the piano sitting in the corner and started pushing Lorelai to perform a tune. The girl very obligingly walked over to the grand looking instrument and took her seat, then started playing a song with the sort of quiet grace that lulled everyone into a trance. While the melody carried on, someone said in a low voice, "Lorelai sure is talented. She could be a maestro if she wanted!"

"I'm sure she'll marry well someday," another person added.

Upon hearing this, Kendra smiled and said, "That's very sweet of you to say, but Lorelai is just an ordinary girl."

Most of the guests had left three days after the wedding. After that, Anastasia and Elliot returned to the Presgrave Residence alongside Harriet.

Jared was due to go back to school soon, and Elliot had plenty of work piled up for him at the company. In stark contrast, Anastasia had a lot of free time on her hands, and she had seen the press release about their wedding. However, the exclusivity of the event meant that the media did not have much information to proceed with, and the journalists dared not use it as clickbait either.

Meanwhile, Arthur had stopped living in bars and bought himself a villa close to Elliot's as a temporary dwelling place. Initially, Sophia wanted to go back to visit her parents, but Arthur refused to let her do so. As such, she ended up following him wherever he went.

That day, two world-class etiquette instructors dropped by the villa to specifically teach and guide Sophia on the ways of upper-class societies. Thus, beginning the first steps of molding her into a lady of nobility.

Sophia was admittedly frustrated by this. She wondered why Arthur was splurging on unnecessary things because she thought it would be better for everyone if she remained as carefree as she had always been, unbridled by the stuffy rules of fine society.

Nevertheless, the instructors were dedicated to their jobs, and they carried out the lessons

according to a strict plan. Sophia ended up spending two hours each day learning how to stand, walk and sit properly. At the end of each lesson, she was exhausted and found herself questioning her own sanity.

While she was having these lessons, Arthur would be upstairs doing heaven-knows-what. Occasionally, fortune tellers would drop by the house, and she wondered if the

young master truly believed in such things, or if he was helplessly superstitious because he certainly did not appear to her as such.

Presently, in the living room of the second floor, a medium had apparently thrown a seance to communicate with Arthur's grandfather's spirit in order to pinpoint the location the old man best preferred to be laid to rest.

After sending off the medium, Arthur decided that he would go to the location and scope things out for himself.

Meanwhile, Sophia had just said goodbye to her instructors. She was rubbing her aching shoulder while walking up the stairs when she suddenly heard Arthur calling out to her, "Sophia, please come over here."

She did as she was told and presented herself before him, then asked, "Is there something you need help with, Young Master Weiss?"

"A shoulder rub," he answered curtly as he cast her a sideways glance.

She then stood right behind him and began to rub his shoulders, kneading out the tense muscles as he closed his eyes and disengaged with the rest of the world.

Just as Sophia was admiring his chiseled features, she suddenly felt an alarming tickle in her nose, and before she could stop herself, she sneezed onto his face. "Ah—choo!"

She froze after the sneeze. She could not believe that she had sprayed her germs and saliva all over the features she had been admiring just seconds ago.

The air around them grew cold. Arthur's brows furrowed as he said, "Wash my face for me."

"I am so sorry!" she squeaked, running off into the adjoining bathroom and retrieving a moist, patterned towel. She half-knelt on the couch and began to carefully wipe his face. He kept his eyes closed the entire time, and because he had a sharp sense of smell, he could pick up the faint fragrance lingering on her.

His long lashes fluttered as he opened his eyes, and it was then that he saw Sophia wiping his face with a towel.

When she met his gaze, she flushed and said, "I am so sorry for what happened. I promise it won't happen again."

Arthur was speechless as well, but what made him even more incredulous was the fact that he did not mind the incident at all.