

N Destiny 581

Chapter 581

Anastasia blinked at him. "You can take your time to make it up to me." No one knew what she was thinking inside.

If it were fated that she could not escape the trap Hayley had set up for her, then she would rather it be him than some other random guy.

Fate had caused her a lot of pain and sorrow, but it had now given her a chance to set the record straight, and true love as well.

"Grandma told me that this watch was my good luck charm. It turns out | had been wrong about it. It truly is my good luck charm. Elliot meant every word he said.

When Anastasia recalled what Hayley had done, she gritted her teeth in contempt. "Don't let Hayley get away with this. | want her to pay for what she did."

Elliot was just as furious as she was. He — clenched his fists and declared. "I will make her pay heavily for everything." Anastasia looked up and suggested, "Run a DNA test with Jared to confirm it."

"Why would | need one? Jared is my son." Elliot did not feel a speck of doubt at all about this. He had long since felt an inexplicable connection with Jared.

From the moment he first met Jared, he had a feeling that they were related.

"Jared will be very happy to know that you're truly his father."

Elliot grasped her hand and asked, "Can | break the news to all the guests today? The fact that Elliot is my son." Anastasia saw the impatience in his eyes and thought to herself. Why not?

Tonight was not just their engagement ceremony, but also the moment when the father and son duo would formally reunite with one another.

Meanwhile, at the ceremony, the couple in question had disappeared without a trace, and Harriet could barely take a few bites. She was sorely worried that

Anastasia would scoff at Elliot and refuse to marry him again.

Nigel had been tasked to take care of Jared. Jared tried looking for Anastasia a couple of times, but Nigel stopped him. He thought to himself, | better not let this kid go looking for them. What if he walked into something that's not meant for kids to see? Therefore, he did his best to coax Jared. He even used the ultimate trump card-the mobile games on his phone to keep Jared happy.

Brenda approached the main table. "Mom, these are all your favorites. You should eat more," Brenda tried to convince Harriet.

"Why aren't they back yet?" Harriet asked.

"They probably went off to discuss something. Relax, Mom, Brenda reassured her. Just then, she spotted the couple walking into the hall hand-in hand, so she chuckled and said, "There they are now.

True enough, the newly-engaged couple who had run off earlier came back with their hands clasped together.

Elliot led Anastasia up the stage before calling out in the direction of the main table, "Jared, come here."

The little kid happily leaped out of his seat beside Nigel and went up the stage. Elliot bent down and carried him.

As Anastasia stared at them, her eyes were filled with content. Her son's father was not some unknown gigolo. The Presgrave

family blood flowed through his veins, and he was the rightful heir of the Presgraves.

Elliot took the microphone and gazed out at the attendees who were all staring at him. He had a hard time suppressing his excitement and he announced, "I just received some wonderful news. It turns out that Jared is my son. He's the son that Anastasia and I had five years ago, and I am truly his father. We are family through and through."

"What?! Is that true?!" Harriet was the first to stand up in surprise. "I've always said that Jared and Elliot looked like father and son," Brenda commented.

Nigel was floored. He had been curious to know who fathered such a cute child with Anastasia five years ago, and now it turned out that he had to credit his cousin's genes for it?

It was no wonder that Elliot had defeated him in the battle for Anastasia's love. Elliot's son had been right beside Anastasia all along!

Still, Nigel was genuinely happy for his cousin that Jared belonged to their family.

Francis had frozen in shock at the news. His grandson was now the young heir of the Presgraves. This news took him by surprise.

"I knew it! I always said that Jared looked just like Elliot when he was a kid, so this is why... He's indeed my great-grandson!"

Harriet was on the verge of fainting from all the excitement she felt, and Brenda swiftly held onto her. "Mom, don't get too excited! Remember your weak heart!"

"It's fine. I'm fine. I can take it. It turns out that my great-grandson had come to us a long time ago. Jared is the Presgrave family's great-grandson!" Harriet cupped her mouth with her hands as tears of joy trickled down her cheeks.

Anastasia took the microphone from Elliot. "Elliot and I met five years ago, and while it was only a fleeting moment back then, we are happy that our paths have crossed again. I hope that everyone will celebrate the reunion of our family of three and wish us well."

Elliot had a look of gratitude and commitment. Anastasia's words had masked the mistake he made five years ago and said that they had been briefly acquainted.

She protected his dignity.

Elliot swore to love her for all eternity.

"Are you really my daddy?" Jared had not wrapped his head around this yet.

Elliot kissed Jared on the forehead and said with absolute certainty, "Yes, I am. Say 'Daddy.'" "Daddy!" Jared exclaimed happily before hugging him by the neck.

The word "Daddy" rang out loud and clear.

Elliot's eyes teared up again as he stared at his son with indescribable joy. He wrapped his hand behind Jared's head and pulled him close to rest their foreheads together. He then twirled him around on stage before finally planting another kiss on Jared's head.

Beneath the stage, Harriet had also welled up with happy tears and was now a crying mess. Nigel and Brenda both stood beside her in fear that her overexcitement might trigger her high blood pressure.

This news was the icing on the cake at the engagement ceremony.

Anastasia thought about what Hayley had screamed at her back then. She said there was a secret she would bring with her to the grave.

Anastasia knew what the secret was now. Hayley was probably referring to Jared's true lineage.

She had a bout of belated fear as she wondered what would have happened if she had not found out about this secret. Her son may never have been able to reunite with his father.

It would be one of the world's greatest tragedies if the father and son had run into each other but never got to know the truth. Thankfully, fate did not choose to do this to them, and she did find out the truth.. That deplorable woman, Hayley Seymour, would pay for this!

After getting off the stage, Elliot brought Jared to a lounge backstage. He was beating himself up for finding the wrong person a year ago. This meant that he had delayed reuniting with his son for an entire year, and his son even called him. mister.

I'm sorry, Jared. Daddy was too stupid that he didn't recognize you.' Elliot was guilt ridden. "Daddy, you've been very good to me!" Jared shook his head and wisely consoled Elliot. He finally realized why he felt oddly close to Elliot from the first moment he met him.

Anastasia took one look at her son and the tears she had fought back all this time finally broke free. This was the best news she could ever receive. All along, she did not have the guts to tell her son who his father was as she was afraid that he might look down on himself for it. She rued the fact that Hayley had invented the story of a gigolo to trick her. Due to this, she had never felt suspicious about the possibility that Jared and Elliot might be related.

This explained why Hayley had destroyed all of Abyss Club's stored data. She was trying to hide the truth so that she could take Anastasia's place and enjoy the material benefits that Elliot provided as compensation.

Hayley was far too greedy. Not only did she enjoy such material benefits, but she also had her eyes set on becoming the young mistress of the Presgrave family. This was why she kept trying to come between Anastasia and Elliot.

However, the world worked in mysterious

ways and fate had brought Anastasia back to Elliot's side. This was Hayley's worst fear, and it made her go to extreme lengths to try and become Elliot's wife. She was even willing to put Harriet in danger so that she could throw Anastasia under the bus for it.

In the end, Hayley paid for her heinous behavior. Elliot stopped his provision to her and he took back the watch she had kept.

This watch was the catalyst that led to the truth coming to light.

“From now on, Daddy will do everything it takes to make it up to you.” Elliot would serve the world up on a silver platter if Jared asked him to.

Anastasia knew that Elliot was overcome with emotion from finally reuniting with Jared. She sat down beside him and said, “As long as the three of us get to live happily ever after together, nothing else matters.”

“Mommy, does this mean you'll be giving me a younger brother or sister?” Jared's pleading began in earnest once again.

Meanwhile, Elliot finally knew why he could never get the feeling he felt five years ago when he was with Hayley. It turned out that the woman he felt guilty toward was not Hayley after all, but Anastasia.

“I'm sorry.” Elliot looked Anastasia in the eye and apologized once more for his frenzied state five years ago.

The man who traumatized her turned out to be him. He did not recall much about that night five years ago as he had lost all his senses. All he could remember was her quiet sobbing and helpless pleas for mercy.

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Her sobbing and pleading had etched a deep sense of guilt and heartache into his soul despite the fact that he barely had his wits about him at that time. This was why he had spent five years looking for the woman he had spent that night with.

Elliot never would have thought that even though he was foolish enough to find the wrong person, fate had delivered the right one to his doorstep and even brought his son back to him. He was thankful that he had done a good job protecting Anastasia and Jared throughout the past year.

Just then, there was a knock on the door. Nigel peered into the room and said, "Grandma is eager to reunite with Jared too. I'll bring him over to her first."

"Jared, go and meet your great-grandma!" Elliot said as he stroked Jared's head.

"Okay!" Jared was still a little boy and he

had no clue about the magnitude of today's events.

Once Nigel led Jared out of the room, Elliot's eyes grew cold and menacing. There was a murderous glint in them. "I'm going to make Hayley suffer for this."

Meanwhile, Anastasia managed to keep her cool. She comforted him by saying, "There's no rush. We should be celebrating today. Let's not waste any more time on her."

Elliot held her hand gently and raised it to his lips. "It's you. The woman I've been looking for all this time is you."

Anastasia held his other hand and gazed at the watch around his wrist. "You should thank this instead! If it weren't for this watch, you and Jared would never have reunited."

Elliot stared at the watch. It was a cold and lifeless object, but to him, it seemed to come alive and give off a warm aura. "Yeah. From today onward, I'm keeping it on me every day." Elliot's lips curved into a smile as he reached out to pull her close. Anastasia leaned into his arms and closed her eyes.

She had never felt at peace the way she did right now. She was no longer troubled by her son's biological lineage.

At half past nine at night, Harriet's blood pressure soared from all her excitement, and several doctors from Presgrave Hospital kept watch just in case.

Eleven o'clock at night, at Elliot's hillside villa.

Elliot helped Jared with his bath. The little kid had tired himself out today, and he fell asleep the moment his head hit the pillow. Elliot sat on the edge of the bed and remained transfixed as he stared at Jared's face.

He did not even notice Anastasia, who had been standing at the doorway for a long time now.

Anastasia smiled. It seemed like Elliot would not be getting any sleep tonight. He was too thrilled to find out about Jared's identity.

She needed time to digest this new development too. Elliot turned out to be the man from that night!

Finally, Elliot sensed her presence behind him. He bent down to kiss Jared gently on the forehead and tucked the covers more securely around him before heading out of the room. He closed the door behind him and grabbed Anastasia's hand.

He pulled Anastasia toward his master bedroom. Both of them were filled to the brim with things they wanted to say to each other..

In the end, Elliot brought her to the living room on the second floor, and under the warm glow of the light, his sparkling eyes looked a little red as they filled with guilt and self-blame once more. Anastasia raised her hand to push his hair away from his eyes.

"It's alright. Stop blaming yourself. I know that it was an accident five years ago." Although he had compensated the wrong person at first, it proved that he had always been willing to take responsibility for what happened that night, and she saw how he held himself accountable for everything.

Elliot pulled her into his arms and kissed the top of her head. "I'm sorry. I will

spend the rest of my life making it up to you and Jared.”

“Okay!”

There was no way to describe the guilt that Elliot was feeling as there was no way he could make up for all the hurt he had caused Anastasia.

“I want to see Hayley tomorrow,” Anastasia looked up at him and said. She wanted to be the one who informed Hayley about this so that she could see the look on Hayley’s face.

“I won’t let her get away with this.” There were countless ways that Elliot could make Hayley face the consequences of her actions.

Anastasia had decided to sleep in the master bedroom tonight. A while later, when Elliot came out of the shower and saw the woman playing with her phone while lying on his bed, his eyes filled with desire, but at the same time, he tried his best to cull it.

He did not want to do anything that would hurt her. He would only do what she was willing to do.

“It’s a little cold today. I want to fall asleep in your arms.” Anastasia gave her a look. In any case, even if she was his fiancée now, it would not be an issue if she slept with him!

Elliot climbed under the covers and opened his arms to let her slide into his embrace. Anastasia nudged herself across the bed and into his arms. She wrapped her arms around his muscular waist and felt the vigorous beating of his heart.

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This turned out to be the best way to sleep. Anastasia immediately began to feel drowsy, and when Elliot heard her even breaths, his heart settled down as well. That night, they fell asleep in each other’s arms and felt a kind of peace they never felt before. The next morning.

As soon as Anastasia opened her eyes, she saw a pair of beguiling eyes, the owner of which was staring at her for who knew how long. She instantly turned red and buried her head into his arms, sticking close to him as she said petulantly, "Stop staring at how ugly I look right now."

Elliot chuckled in amusement. "Who are you calling ugly? I've been staring for one hour and I didn't see any trace of ugliness." Anastasia flushed a deeper shade of red. He's been staring at me for one whole hour? Oh dear. "Not ugly at all. On the contrary, you're gorgeous," Elliot announced soothingly as he held her in his arms.

Anastasia laughed and looked up at him with feigned dissatisfaction. The morning rays shone in through the window to illuminate the man who was lying on his side. His fair skin gleamed in the sun, and his features came to life. He was the image of perfection with his sharp brows, deep eyes, tall nose, and luscious lips. It was almost as if he were a masterpiece sculpted by the best artist in the world.

She was positively drowning from how entralling he was. This made her despise Hayley even more for taking her place and being the one who possessed such a gentle and caring man for so long. The more she thought about it, the more disgruntled she became.

The first time she had met him, it was after her fight with Hayley, and he had lovingly carried Hayley away in his arms. All of a sudden, she sat straight up in bed and growled, "I want to see Hayley right now and let her know the horrors she'll be facing in her very near future."

Elliot pulled her back down. "I'll drive you over after breakfast." "Fine, but I want to confront her myself." Anastasia could not wait to see the look on Hayley's face.

As soon as they finished breakfast, they heard from Harriet who was eagerly waiting to spend the day with Jared. She would leap at the opportunity to keep Jared by her side forever.

Elliot first made a stop at Presgrave Residence to drop Jared off before driving Anastasia to the detention center.

Anastasia had gotten all dressed up for the occasion. She never cared about her appearance in the past, but she felt the need to look immaculate when she met Hayley.

When Hayley heard that someone had come to the detention center to see her, she felt a mix of joy and surprise. She assumed that it was her parents since they were the only ones who would come and see her now.

However, when she saw the person walking in through the door, her expression darkened at once. Was Anastasia here to mock her?

“Why did you come here?” Hayley loathed Anastasia with every fiber of her being.

Anastasia leisurely pulled out a chair and sat down. She dazzled like a diamond with her poise and refined aura. Her makeup brought out the best in her features, while her tan coat, white lace dress, and elegant jewelry all added to her captivating looks.

“Hayley, do you know how much I hate you?” Anastasia’s fists were tightly clenched. If this was not a detention center, she would have slapped Hayley across both cheeks.

“Hahaha! You hate me? What gives you the right to hate me?” Hayley sneered. Despite her downfall, she was unwilling to be the brunt of Anastasia’s mockery.

“I found out about the secret you mentioned last time,” Anastasia declared

with slightly raised brows.

Hayley felt a jolt down her spine. She shook her head vehemently. “That’s impossible. There’s no way you’d find out about this. You don’t even know what I was referring to. You’re just trying to fool me.”

“Jared is Elliot’s son. Five years ago, the person I slept with that night wasn’t the man you arranged, but Elliot instead. Am I right?” Anastasia retorted coolly.

Hayley’s heart dropped and her eyes widened in shock. “How did you know? Who told you? Who?!”

“It was a sign from heaven. I realized the truth about that night right as Elliot and I got engaged. As for you, just sit tight and wait to face the music in court! You’re going to spend your life in prison for swindling 750,000 from me and 4.5 million from Elliot!” Anastasia talked about it like she was just describing the weather, but to Hayley, she was confronted with the knowledge that she would be spending the rest of her life behind bars.

Hayley felt like she had been struck by lightning. She took a deep breath and grabbed the metal grills in front of her. “Anastasia, Anastasia, we’ve been good friends since we were kids, right? Don’t treat me like this. Save me! Don’t make me spend the rest of my life in prison. Anastasia... I know I made a mistake. I know what I did was wrong. Please...”

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Hayley was beset with such fear that tears had begun streaming down her face. The consequences of what she had done finally dawned on her as she realized the price she had to pay for her mistakes.

She should have just accepted that boutique and lived out her life in peace. She could have found a man to marry and start a family.

That would be a thousand times better than rotting away in prison! Anastasia remained expressionless as she

stared at the tortured look on Hayley’s

face.

“Anastasia, can’t you understand me? When Elliot came to me back then, he was so rich and handsome. I had never met such a wealthy man before, so it was only natural that I took your place. You know that I’m scared of living in poverty. My parents heavily favor sons over

daughters, and I’ve never lived a good day in my life,” Hayley cried out as tears continued flowing down her cheeks. Her eyes were filled with anger and hatred.

Anastasia could tell that Hayley was no longer putting on an act. She was truly regretting what she had done, but it was too late now.

"It's too late for regrets. Everyone needs to pay the price for their mistakes." Anastasia stood up in distaste as she did not want to look at Hayley any longer.

"Anastasia, please! Ask Elliot to drop the charges against me, won't you? Please don't go after me!" Hayley wailed in despair as her hands clenched around the metal grill's.

"He hates you even more than I do," Anastasia turned around and added.

Hayley knew that already. Elliot probably hated her enough to kill her with his own hands. She had usurped Anastasia's identity and enjoyed the luxuries he showered her, along with his care and concern.

Those were the happiest days of Hayley's life. She was an ordinary woman who led such an ordinary life. Had it not been for this miraculous chance that fell into her

lap, she would never have crossed paths with a man like Elliot.

"Anastasia, if you were in my shoes and Elliot approached you and offered to compensate you with anything you wanted, would you have been able to reject him? I don't believe that you wouldn't be swayed by the possibility of having everything you want in life!" Hayley shrieked.

Anastasia paused in her footsteps. She gave this question some serious consideration before turning back to say, "I'm not you. None of our decisions would've been the same."

"You're lying! If our places were switched, you'd share the same fate as me! Anastasia Tillman, don't think you're so high and mighty! You won't be happy either! Would you be able to hold onto a man as distinguished as Elliot? Some other woman will come along and steal him away from you!" Hayley screamed in fury.

"You won't ever know how blissful my life will be, and you won't have the chance to find out either." Anastasia did not want to ever spend another second in Hayley's presence.

Once she left, Hayley slumped down on the floor. All her energy drained out of her as her face was covered in tears of agony, rage, and regret.

The moment Anastasia stepped out of the detention center, the warm, spring sunlight hit her right in the face, and she took a deep breath. Meanwhile, there was a man waiting for her outside the first car in the parking lot.

He stood tall and proud with an air of refinement. Amid the hustle and bustle of a busy world, he seemed to only have eyes for her. There were such loving and adoring eyes too.

As Anastasia walked toward him, her heart was bursting with sweet and tender joy. She seemed to have a halo around her, and her steps were so light that she practically flew into his arms. He caught her like it was the most natural thing in the world to do.

She looked up at him as his large hand gently caressed her hair. He looked down and planted a kiss on her forehead. "Let's go home!" Anastasia had avenged herself. This was only the start of Hayley's downfall. She would be paying the price for her deplorable actions for the rest of her life.

There was no reason for Anastasia to continue wasting her energy on hating a woman like that. Instead, the rest of her life would be spent showering Elliot and Jared with love, along with her family members as well.

Elliot drove her back, and along the way.

they passed by a flower shop. He stopped

the car and went in.

Anastasia watched him from the window. A man like him would stand out among the crowd no matter where he went!

She saw the ladies in the flower shop. greeting him enthusiastically and covering their mouths in amazement behind his back. They probably never thought that they would see a man as breathtaking as him so early in the morning.

Meanwhile, from her seat in the car. Anastasia gloated gleefully.

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That man was hers. Elliot came out holding a bouquet of red roses. He was wearing a thin black trench coat, and he walked toward her, as if he was Prince Charming going up to his Cinderella. He handed the bouquet to her, and she took it from him. She could see that the florist's employees were watching them, looking a little envious.

Anastasia took a whiff of the roses. It smelled seductively intoxicating, and it delighted her. Wow. Didn't think he'd be this romantic.

"Come with me. We'll take Jared home later and have dinner together." Elliot had arranged everything for the day. Anastasia nodded. "Sure!" She was happy as long as he was around, no matter where they were. She was in Presgrave Corporation's president's office. The assistant was

serving her cookies and coffee, not daring to slight her. She knew the rumors as well. It was said that her boss had been courting a woman for a long time. She

was his beloved, and no one was more important than she was to him. That woman was Anastasia, a famous designer who used to work for Bourgeois.

Anastasia was sitting on the couch in front of the French window. She sipped the coffee and flipped through some magazines. It was a relaxing time, and she was looking forward to the rest of the day. She was engrossed in the magazines, until someone held her shoulders behind her.

She turned around, and there Elliot was, straight out of his meeting. 'Done with your meeting?' She looked up.

He stared at her and leaned in for a kiss. "Yes." She indulged in that kiss, and he went even deeper. It was gentle, but also firm. She was embarrassed, but she enjoyed it nonetheless, though they were in an awkward position.

She pushed him away when someone knocked on the door.

Elliot said in frustration, 'Come in!

Rey came in, but when he saw the both of them inside, he smiled. "I'll come back in a moment, sir." 'No need. Make it quick! Elliot frowned.

"You need to sign this document. It's urgent.' Rey went over and handed the file to him. Elliot scanned and signed it in just a moment. "I don't want anyone disturbing me for half an hour.

"Yes, sir." Rey left the office right away.

Anastasia blushed and she gave him a look. 'Don't push your work aside just for me.' "You're more important than any work."

She smiled. 'No can do. You gotta work to

provide for me and Jared."

"Of course." Elliot went to his desk and took his wallet out, then he gave her a few credit cards. "Here, honey. | have more if you need it."

She chuckled and shook her head. "I have

more than enough now." He said. "From now on, I'll put everything | have under your name, including this

company.”

Ashocked Anastasia waved her hands.. “No. | don’t want that pressure. I’m fine just being your wife.”

Okay then. Elliot was silent. “I see. But I’ll

give you anything you want as long as | have it,” he promised her. She trusted him, of course. As she got up, she wrapped her arms around his neck

and looked up at him. “All | want is you.”

He looked down at her, his eyes glinting with some sort of desire. He wrapped his arms around her, pulling her into his embrace. “Can we do it?” He sounded almost like he was begging, as if he had been waiting for her.

He desired her, but he could never do it unless she agreed to it. He would never overstep.

She blinked at him a few times and whispered, “You’ll have to get Jared to stay at Presgrave Residence then.” Elliot was overjoyed, and he laughed. “I’ll call Jared right away.”

He released and called the Presgrave Residence’s number right away.

“Hi, Daddy,” Jared said.

“Your mother and | have something to do tonight, son. Can you stay at the residence with your great-grandma?”

“No. | want to be with you guys,” Jared refused.

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“Be a dear and just stay there, alright? I'll get you a present tomorrow.” “But | wanna go home.” “Two presents!”

“But great-grandma has bought me a ton of presents, and | haven't even opened them yet. | don't want any more presents.” Jared was spoiled rotten. Presents could not interest him anymore.

Elliot was getting a headache. Jared was usually a smart boy, but he just had to act differently when it mattered most. Anastasia was holding her laugh back. She knew he was having trouble with Jared.

“What would you like then? I'll give you anything you want.” Elliot tried to get him to agree.

“| wanna sleep in the same room as you.”

Elliot looked back and saw Anastasia

laughing. | can handle this. He then asked, “Jared, do you want a sibling?”

“Yes, of course!” Jared said, delighted.

“Then you'll have to stay with great grandma tonight, or | can take you to Nigel's place, alright?” “Sure! | wanna go to Uncle Nigel's place!” Jared requested.

Elliot was delighted. Done. “I'll get Nigel to pick you up then.” He hung up and called Nigel. This was probably the most proactive he had been in a while.

“Sup, Elliot?”

“I need you to pick Jared up from the residence later. He'll be staying at your place.”

“| can't. My flight is scheduled for three.” Nigel had something to do.

“Can't you put it off for a day?”

“I booked the ticket already.” Nigel laughed. He knew why Elliot wanted Jared to stay with him. “Cancel it. I'll pay for all your damages,”

he whispered the last part.

“What's the hurry, Elliot? Are you doing

anything?”

“You know why.” Elliot gritted his teeth.

Nigel roared in laughter, and he ‘begrudgingly’ said, “Fine. But I'll need to use your private jet tomorrow. I'll take care of your kid if

you let me use it.”

“You can use it for as long as you like.” Elliot was paying a heavy price for a fun night. He finally settled everything, and when he turned around, Anastasia was covering her laugh behind her hand. He squinted at her, as if he was a beast staring at its prey. ‘You aren't going anywhere tonight’, the look in his eyes said.

Anastasia kept smiling, and eventually, she turned red with embarrassment. He sat beside her and wrapped his arm around her shoulders, then played with her earlobe and slowly closed in.

She could feel his warm breath on her cheek. “It's just you and me tonight.”

Anastasia got even redder, and her heart raced. She averted her gaze from him. It was like she would have a heart attack if she looked at him for a moment longer. Fortunately, a meeting distracted him from her, and she enjoyed a nice. afternoon tea in his Office.

He took her and left the building after that meeting. Elliot did not want anyone to interrupt their night, so he would make dinner himself. He took her to a mall to buy what they needed. Shopping was relaxing, and Anastasia was looking forward to the dinner, so she decided to buy some scented candles the moment she saw them.

She bought more than a dozen of them. Elliot would be cooking dinner himself. He never did any chores before this, but now, he knew how to make great food. They bought a lot of stuff, but when he took her to the condom counter, she blushed.

She saw a few gentlemen taking their picks as well, and she averted her gaze. Hey, you could have just picked one yourself! Elliot was scanning the brands and fiddled with the one he was holding. She thought he would leave after she bought the stuff, but he was still staring at it..

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She was getting really embarrassed. "Just pick one and leave!" she said. "Just one?" he asked her seriously.

Huh? Is he gonna buy more than that? She got her answer a moment later. When he had finally settled on the brand and size, he tossed six boxes into the cart. She wanted to tell everyone that she did not know him. Anastasia could feel all the ladies around her giving her looks when they came to the counter, and her face burned up.

The sun was already setting when they came out. Elliot was in a buoyant mood all the way home, and the jazz music he played reflected that. The sky was blazing red, and it seemed like an aurora was showing up in the heavens. Everything looked lovely. It was almost six when they arrived home.

Elliot was preparing dinner. Anastasia wanted to help, but he kissed her and pushed her out. "Dress yourself up and come back down," he hinted at her.

Anastasia went upstairs and pulled the closet open. There were a few pieces of sexy lingerie inside that she bought on impulse last time. She never had a chance to wear them though, but now she could. Still, there was no way she would wear those for dinner. She had bought two dresses back when she got engaged.

They were simple but sexy, making them the perfect attire for dates. She showered and blew her hair dry before changing into her black dress. The diamond shoulder strap made her shine, and the tight-fitting waist part of the dress accentuated her curves. Elliot was pouring red wine when she came down, and she saw her candles on the table too. The bouquet of roses was on the table as well. The already romantic dinner was made more meaningful thanks to what he was doing.

He looked up and saw her coming down elegantly. Her thick, dark hair tumbled down her shoulders, drawing attention to her face. Her eyes glistened and gleamed, as if they were singing. Elliot's eyes were filled with love and indulgence. He pulled her chair back for her, as if he was serving a queen. She sat down on it, feeling honored. He leaned down and

kissed her head.

Anastasia felt really spoiled, and things were getting so sweet, it made her dizzy. So this is what they mean when they say they're in heaven..

He sat down and cut up some steak, then he fed her some. "Have a taste." She took a bite, and he looked at her with anticipation. He really hoped she liked it. "It's good," she praised.

Asmile curled his lips as he was happy to hear that. She raised the glass of red wine and handed it to him. 'Cheers.' He raised his and raised a toast to her. Elliot looked at her greedily, refusing to let go of any chance to admire her goodness.

She too did not want to let any chance to stare at him go. Their eyes were glued to each other, and it was as if they were the only people on earth. They were each other's lovers.

"You look beautiful tonight, Mrs. Presgrave, he praised.

She said, "You look great tonight too, Mr. Presgrave."

They enjoyed their meal in silence. There was nothing more that needed to be said. They could see the love bubbling in each other's eyes. Anastasia wanted to help out with the dishes after dinner, but he held her hand down. "I'll do it. You get some rest." "I don't need it," she retorted.

“But you should, or you might get too tired tonight,” he said, wiggling his eyebrows.

Her face turned beet-red. Does he think he can outlast me? Now that’s impossible!

He saw through her, and he huddled closer. “I’ve been holding it in for a long time,” he whispered into her ear.

Chapter 589

She gulped a little. Whoa, is he a telepath like Anya? But I haven't said anything yet. She took her candles and went upstairs to decorate the room. By nine at night, she was already waiting for him on the couch. Eventually she heard the sound of his footsteps. Her heart started beating faster with each footstep. He’s here.

Elliot had taken his trench coat off, and he was wearing a dark shirt inside. His pants were wrapped tightly around his taut, muscular legs. He came to her side and patted her head. “I’ll get showered.” Elliot went to the bathroom and came back out in his pajamas twenty minutes later. The look in his eyes was passionate enough to burn her up.

She knew he was thinking of her as a work of art, and he was admiring it. He lay on the bed and beckoned to her. “Come here, Mrs. Presgrave. It’s bedtime.”

She did not move. She refused to listen to him just like a cheeky child. Anastasia rested her chin on her hands and smiled smugly. “No, I’m not sleepy yet.”

He laughed and heaved a sigh. “It’s my fault.”

Anastasia wondered why he said that, but then he got out of bed and came up to her. “I’ll run you through an exercise routine. It’ll help with sleep.”

She wanted to run away, but he held her arm and pulled her into his embrace. At the same time she looked up, he held the back of her head to press his lips against hers. She could feel that he her, as if he would gobble her up right away. She opened her eyes a little and saw him looking at her, as if trying to

suck her in. She closed her eyes, her heart racing. She held his waist in embarrassment, and halfway through the kiss, she felt herself getting lighter. He had picked her up, and they were heading toward the bed.

He placed her down' gently like she was the most important thing in the world to him. The kiss went on and on, and she drowned in his love. She let her guard down, and she looked at her beloved, whose face was illuminated by the light. She finally let go of what happened five years ago. If that was her fate, then this

was the best outcome of it. She was fine with it, as long as he was there. She would never fall for anyone else. He would be the only one she loved in this life.

"Anastasia," he called out to her gently. "I love you," he whispered.

The night was silent. Well, for the most part of it. The bedroom's light remained on until dawnbreak. Anastasia finally woke up at about eleven. The blinding sunlight made her turn away and scurry into Elliot's embrace.

He chuckled and gave her a kiss. She can be so shy sometimes. "Are you getting up, Mrs. Presgrave?"

She leaned her head against his chest and shook her head. She wanted to hear his voice more. It was lovely hearing him call her that.

Elliot looked at her nose, where the sunlight had gathered. Her skin was fair and gleaming pink. She was adorable last night, and he wanted more.

Anastasia had decided to stay with him and do nothing the whole day.

It was then he asked, "So how did | do? Good?"

She thought, Yeah, too good. "Hmm... No comment." She had no idea what to say. "Ah, | see | haven't done well. Looks like | have to work harder tonight," he said on purpose. She looked up at him and blurted, "Please, no. You did well."

He was still not satisfied with that, and he smiled at her. "It's my duty to make you happy."

Chapter 590

Elliot bent down and gently kissed the top of Anastasia's head. "I'll make you some food." Anastasia finally released him. As he got out of bed, she spotted the nail marks on his back that were frankly quite ghastly, so she turned around guiltily.

It was probably... thanks to her. At 12.30PM, Anastasia lazily pulled on a T-shirt and put her hair up in a simple bun before heading downstairs. Her heart was filled with utter bliss when she saw her man making lunch for her.

Seeing as how he was still hustling about in the kitchen, she decided to head over and hug him from behind without saying a word. She simply squished her face against his back and followed him around as he moved.

Elliot turned around and hugged her back before kissing her. "Let's eat! I'm free today, so we can spend the whole day together." "Shouldn't we pick Jared up?" Anastasia blinked at him.

"Nigel canceled his business trip and Jared's having a blast at his place, so he doesn't want to come back just yet. It'll just be the two of us for the next three days."

She narrowed her eyes suspiciously at him. Is that so? Is it Jared who doesn't want to come back, or did he convince Jared to stay away somehow?

Elliot could tell what she was thinking. He chuckled and said, "It's really Jared who doesn't want to come back."

Anastasia quirked her lips into a smile. Nigel did have a lot of cool games in his house, so it was rather likely that Jared was reluctant to leave. She was about to move away, but something seemed to have gotten into Elliot as he quickly bent down and caught her lips in his.

Their kisses grew heavier and heavier.

The cozy sunlight shone in through the tall glass windows and scattered all over

the living room. Everything was well with the world.

If there had not been a warm lunch waiting for them, Elliot might never have stopped kissing her.

After lunch, Elliot accompanied Anastasia on a walk. It was well and truly springtime now as the gentle breeze carried the scent of grass, and the cerulean skies were clear without a speck of clouds. The entire world seemed to come to life again.

At night, they headed to a nearby Dinner in the Sky restaurant. Elliot had made the arrangements in advance, and they were the only customers in the entire establishment.

The soft and melodic music gave the place an air of romance.

There was a blanket of stars overhead and a beautiful candlelit table in front of them. The air hung with the scent of alcohol and fragrance from the flower decor. As for the man in front of her, he was breathtakingly handsome and he was

staring at her lovingly with his deep, soulful eyes.

The music seemed to be expressing a love that could not be described with mere words. The melody tugged at the heart as it flitted cheerily from note to note, and somehow, it seemed to fit the journey that they had taken in their path of love—from the day they first met to the present where they finally could be in each other's arms.

At 10.30PM, the couple went home and enjoyed a moment that was theirs alone. Anastasia bloomed like a brilliant rose that captivated the heart and soul of Elliot, whose eyes never left her, not even for a single moment.

“Mr. Presgrave, you should shower first,” Anastasia said to him.

“My water bill this month went up too much. Let’s not waste water, hmm? Let’s shower together,” he suggested. In one swift motion, he carried her into the bathroom.

She snorted to herself. Blaming the water bill, huh? | could always just pay this month’s water bill.

However, this seemingly cold and reserved man became quite shameless in her presence.

In fact, thanks to her, he had become the master of romance and quite an expert at setting the mood.

Three days later, Jared dragged his feet as he exited Nigel’s house, but when he saw that his mommy and daddy had come to pick him up, he became an overeager puppy again.

Nigel stared wistfully at the family of three, but he recalled how much he enjoyed singlehood too, so he did not feel too envious.

Late that night, Anastasia jostled awake from sleep. She had subconsciously tried to hug the man who was supposed to be in bed beside her, but the spot was empty.

She opened her eyes and saw no sign of Elliot anywhere, but after giving it a moment’s thought, she figured out where he went.

Anastasia climbed out of bed and went to Jared’s room, and true enough, she saw him sitting on the edge of Jared’s bed for what seemed like eternity.

The warm light cast a shadow on him on the floor and made him look like a statue

Anastasia felt a pang in her heart as she could empathize with how Elliot was feeling right now.

