

N Destiny 671

Chapter 671

Arthur turned around and continued to climb up without saying a single word. Unwilling to trouble him further, Sophia cautiously followed after him. Slowly, her mind drifted. She rarely had the time to go hiking. The distant mountains, covered by a hazy layer of cloud and light, filled her heart with wonder. It was a nice feeling.

Bang! Distracted by the scenery, she walked into Arthur. When she realized she had bumped into him again, she blushed.

The bodyguards who had been following behind them stared at them in disbelief. No one was ever allowed to be so rude to Young Master Weiss. Just how did this girl do it?

What gave her the courage to constantly annoy him?

If Sophia could read minds and knew what the bodyguards were thinking, she would have the urge to bury herself alive. She was not trying to annoy him!

“We'll have a better view once we're at the peak. Let us keep moving, Mr. Weiss,” said the fortune teller.

Arthur nodded. There was no way he would cut corners when it came to selecting a spot for his grandfather's grave. He then turned to glance at Sophia as if he were worried that she could not continue the climb.

“Don't worry. I can keep going,” she hurriedly said when she saw the look in his eyes.

The group gradually made their way to the peak of the mountain. Whenever she needed help, Arthur would always turn around to give her a hand. Even though there were four burly men right behind her, Arthur still persisted in helping her.

The peak of the mountain was a flat, grassy field with no trees to be seen. The field of grass stretching far into the horizon made it seem like they were closer to the sky.

The fortune teller began rattling off calculations based on the complex

formulas of his profession. While Sophia was left confused by his words, Arthur nodded along as if he understood what was being said.

That surprised her. Had Arthur learned how to tell fortunes just from reading books on the subject over the past few days? No way! Just how strong of a learner was he?

The fortune teller pointed to a spot halfway up a mountain. "Young Master that is the spot I have selected for your grandfather. It is surrounded by mountains, which means he would be surrounded by protectors. It is a great spot."

Arthur stared at the spot being pointed at. It had a great view while being surrounded on all sides by mountains. There was nothing that loomed over it, which meant there was no weird imbalance. It was certainly a good spot.

He had planned to purchase the entire mountain as his grandfather's eternal resting place if he could find a good spot.

The mountain peak was covered in grass that came up to their knees. It was an incredible sight to behold. Standing beside him, Sophia solemnly listened to the lecture on fortune telling.

The fortune teller began walking in excitement with Arthur following behind him. Enthralled by the lecture, she followed after them.

The fortune teller came to a stop. Suddenly, something near her began wriggling, startling her. It was a sunbathing snake that was currently licking the air in her direction while rearing up as if to attack her. "Aah!" When she saw the snake, she

hurriedly darted to the side. However, a greater danger awaited her, for she had lost her balance and was about to roll off the side of the mountain.

“Sophia!” As the person standing closest to her, Arthur moved to catch her. In doing so, he lost his balance as well.

“Sir!” The bodyguards charged over.

It was too late..

They watched as Arthur and Sophia rolled across the grass and over the side of the mountain.

All Sophia knew was that she was being held in a tight embrace while her face was pressed hard against Arthur's muscular chest. Despite rolling down the hill, he did not let her go at all. Thankfully, they soon arrived at a flat piece of land that stopped their descent.

The moment they stopped rolling, she pulled her face away from his chest. Her nostrils were filled with his cedar-scented cologne and the smell of grass. She looked up to find that he was bleeding from a cut on his forehead while she had come out of the experience unscathed.

Chapter 672

“You're hurt!” Sophia hurriedly got off of

Arthur. They were both covered in dirt

and grass. The bodyguards leaped down to them, and two of them helped Arthur up to his feet. “Are you alright, sir?”

He was feeling fine, other than the cut on his forehead that had been caused by a sharp tree branch and the various scrapes that littered his hands.

“I'm fine.” He dusted himself off before turning to look at her. “Did the snake bite you?” “No, it didn't.” She shook her head. Her face was still stark white from shock.

As they climbed back up to the peak, her gaze remained fixed on him. Her heart was pounding. When they rolled down the side of the hill, he had wrapped an arm tightly around her waist while his

other hand pressed her head against his chest. He had done it just to ensure she would not be injured. However, that meant he was unable to

protect himself during the fall.

Her blood was rushing. The high and mighty young master had actually risked himself to protect her.

What if she had fallen off a high cliff instead? From how tightly he had wrapped himself around her, would he fall with her as well?

The bodyguards pulled out a first-aid kit, then cleaned and dressed the bleeding cut on Arthur's forehead. The fortune teller was scared out of his wits by the dangerous situation Arthur had placed himself in.

"Are you alright, Young Master Weiss?"

"I'm fine. Continue!" Arthur said with a wave of his hand.

His bodyguards spread out around them, area sweeping the for any signs of snakes. Even Sophia was starting to feel afraid of the grass around her. That snake had been the longest snake she had ever seen in her life.

By the time the fortune teller was done with his analysis, Arthur had his men take photos of the area instead of making a decision right then and there. He would decide after thoroughly researching the area.

Hiking up a mountain was always easier than hiking down a mountain. It was a steep climb, which meant their descent was harder. One false move and they would go rolling down the mountain.

With bent legs, she slowly shuffled down the mountain while clinging to the surrounding branches. Her hand reached for the next branch, only to grab a long leaf instead. Suddenly, pain shot through her hand as the sharp edges of the leaf slashed her hand.

She let out a sharp hiss, pulling her hand back to inspect it. It was bleeding..

Arthur was right behind her. He frowned. and said, "Let me see."

She showed him her palm. "Be careful,"

he said as he inspected her hand. "Avoid touching leaves similar to this."

She nodded in response. He then moved to walk in front of her. When they reached a tough part of the climb, he would turn around and give her a hand.

Every time that happened, she would notice the wounds on his fair hands, making her heart throb in pain.

"Young Master Weiss, please don't save me from danger next time," she said. "Why?" He turned around and stared into her eyes.

"I'm afraid you will be injured. I do not want you to get hurt because of me." She solemnly stared back at him. "I'm a lucky man. I won't die." He turned his attention back to climbing down the mountain.

They soon arrived at another steep section. Just as she was cautiously making her way down, he suddenly lifted her up horizontally since he was already on a safe, flat spot.

Her mind was stuck in a dazed state, and she only snapped back to her senses when she was finally put down. Arthur had carried her.

Finally, they were back on the dirt path they had initially followed and had safely made it back to the cars.. Emily had been waiting for their return.” By the time they did, the sun was about to set. After all, it was well past five o’clock.

“Artie...” She happily dashed over to the group but stopped when she saw the wound on Arthur's forehead. “How did you get hurt?” she asked, upset.

“I'm fine. I was accidentally cut by a branch,” he calmly explained.

She looked him up and down. His black outfit was covered in bits of grass, as if he had been rolling on the ground.

Chapter 673

“Your hands! How did you hurt your hands?” Emily let out a painful shriek when she saw the scrapes on Arthur’s hands. Meanwhile, Sophia lowered her head. After all, he was only hurt because of her.

“It's nothing. We'll deal with it when we get back.” Arthur then led Emily back to the car. As she got in, she said, “Artie, I want to ride in the same car as you.”

“I'm covered with dirt,” he merely replied before closing the door in her face.

She then watched as he turned to the second car of the group and joined Sophia in her car. Her eyes were blazing with rage. Was a simple maid better than her now?

They started on the journey back. Sophia could not handle it any longer.

Driving downhill was even more frightful than their ride up. She clutched tightly to the handlebars in the car and looked away from the road ahead.

On the other hand, Arthur was as calm as one could be. He had the utmost faith in his bodyguards' driving skills. Once the cars were finally back on smooth, paved roads, they sped off toward the city like horses dashing through the night.

It was dark outside by now. After an eventful day, Sophia was exhausted. Even though Arthur was sitting right beside her, she could not help but fall asleep.

While she was dozing off, her head lolled to the side and leaned against his shoulder. Instead of pushing her away, he just let her be.

She spent the entire journey back sleeping. By the time they arrived back at the mansion, it was around seven o'clock. Someone gently patted her cheeks. "We're home, Sophia."

She opened her eyes and blinked away her drowsiness. When she realized she had been sleeping against his shoulder, she immediately sat up straight.

Goodness! Had she spent the entire journey sleeping on Arthur's shoulder? Emily's two maids immediately came to greet them as they stepped through the doors.

Arthur instantly went up to his room for a shower. Sophia was about to do the same when Emily called out for her to stop. Her sharp gaze scanned her. With the help of the room's lights, she could see the dirt and grass sticking to Sophia's outfit. "Sophia, just how did Artie get hurt?" she suspiciously asked.

Sophia stared back, stunned. "I will not be merciful if you lie to me," Emily threatened.

"I was nearly bitten by a snake when we were at the peak, and I lost my balance. Young Master Weiss fell down the side of the mountain with me as he wanted to protect me," Sophia bluntly answered. She had not planned to lie anyway.

Emily's eyes went wide. She could imagine exactly what had happened. Jealousy roared through her as she scoffed. "Are you sure you did not intentionally lose your balance so that

Artic would hold you in his arms and roll down the mountain with you? You sure are doing a lot just to seduce him. You would do anything, wouldn't you?"

I..." Just as Sophia was about to speak, Emily slapped her across the face and shouted, "The nerve of you to assume you deserve Artie risking his life over. Take the slap as your warning."

Sophia's head had turned away from the force of the slap. There was a loud humming noise, echoing in her ears.

However, she still managed to hear a man's voice barking out, "Stop it, Emily."

Arthur had come back down when he heard the commotion. He moved to stand between them. "You are not allowed to hit her.

"Artie, she nearly killed you. It was just a lesson." Emily did not think she did anything wrong. In her mind, Sophia had to be reminded of her place.

A maid did not deserve to be protected by Arthur Weiss.

"Enough. You do not have the right to hit her," he coldly said. He then turned around to look at Sophia. When he saw the bright red mark on her skin, he frowned. "Head on upstairs and shower."

Sophia moved to do as she was ordered. "Artie, do you know how worried I was about you?" Emily cried out, tears in her eyes. "You must be tired as well. Get some rest," he said with a frown.

Emily sniffled. "You should have let her roll down the mountain by herself. You did not need to protect her. After all, you are an important person!"

“Get me an ice pack,” Arthur said to the nearby maids, ignoring Emily. “No, you cannot.” Hate flashed across Emily's eyes. In response, the maids merely remained where they were. “Do your job,” Arthur commanded as his eyes darkened.

There was no way any of them would dare go against a direct order from him. After all, they knew who the true person in charge was.

They hurriedly handed him an ice pack and a clean hand towel. He then headed upstairs with those items in hand. Meanwhile, Emily was gnashing her teeth. She was certain this was all just one of Sophia's ploys to seduce Arthur. No way! The only person allowed to be Mrs. Weiss was her. No one could steal

the title away from her.

Sitting down on the bed, Sophia gingerly touched her swollen cheek. Pain flared up

at the slightest touch.

Just then, she heard footsteps coming toward her room. When she looked up to find Arthur entering her room, she quickly turned away to hide her swollen cheek.

He thrust a towel-wrapped ice pack into her view. “Hold it against your cheek.”

She took the ice pack and held it against her cheek. She let out a hiss at the sensation before looking up at him and saying, “She's right.”

“What? Do you not know how to fight back when you are hit?” There was a weird mocking tone in his voice. He moved to sit down on the chair opposite her.

“It's not that. Of course, it is not right for her to hit other people. | meant to say that she was right in telling you to not save me when | am in danger,” she clarified.

“Why?” He frowned.

"I had only rolled down a gentle slope today, but what if I had fallen off a high cliff?" she sighed. "Hence, when you saved me, I was scared. What if you were seriously hurt?"

He had to admit that she had a great imagination. Still, she was right. If he died trying to save her, he would have lost everything. Even so, upon closer inspection of his feelings, he realized he had never once wondered if he should save her. He had gone to save her without hesitating at all.

It was just like when she nearly drowned in the sea. He had raced toward her without hesitation and offered any help he could provide.

Frankly speaking, even he found his behavior odd. He was someone who cherished life, so why did he risk his life time and time again for Sophia?

When he eventually left the room, Sophia received a call from her mother. Her father had gotten into a car crash that morning and was hospitalized for some broken bones.

She swiftly headed to Arthur's room, making her way in without even asking for permission. Behind the door stood Arthur, who was only dressed in his underwear while still dripping wet from his shower. He had been planning to put on some proper pants when the door opened.

Startled, he swiftly grabbed his towel and hastily wrapped it around his waist to cover his crotch. "Who said you could come in?" When she realized what she had walked in on, she hurriedly turned away. Even so, she still saw a glimpse of his black underwear. With a blush burning on her cheeks, she replied, "I'm truly sorry, Young Master Weiss. I did not mean to do this."

He thought she was doing it intentionally, though.

He picked up another towel to dry his hair with before sitting on the couch. He

turned around to stare at Emily while his body remained half-naked.

"I got a call from my mother. My dad was in a car crash, and some of his bones were broken! I want to go home to visit him." She turned to look at him with pleading eyes.

He stroked his chin, showcasing his jawline as he did so. "How many days?" he asked. "Three days. I just need three days." After all, she did not dare go overboard with its finances.

"Okay. Come back to me in exactly three days. If you dare dilly-dally or forget to come back, there will be consequences." His lips curled up in an obvious warning.

Her heart was racing fast. She never thought of running anyway.

She carried her belongings back downstairs when Emily stopped her from leaving, "No one said you could leave," she said. "Excuse me, but I have some urgent family business," Sophia politely replied.

Chapter 675

"Artie's family will be back in one month, Sophia. His grandmother would never allow a scheming woman near him. You had better leave on your own violation while you still can." Emily coldly sneered.

However, her warning did not matter to Sophia at all since she had no plans to get anything from Arthur. The only thing she could ever want from him was his forgiveness.

She would be immensely grateful if Arthur could forgive and forget. "No need to worry, Miss Jennings. I do not have any schemes for Young Master Weiss," Sophia solemnly replied.

Emily scoffed. "Do you think your innocent face can hide your thoughts? I have already reported to Old Madam Presgrave about your schemes on Artie. Just you wait! You'll be in for a bad time."

By now, Sophia had lost all patience with this conversation. She rushed out the door, worried about her father. At the hospital.

Drake Goodwin was in bed while his wife sat next to him. One of his legs was trapped in a cast.

“How are you doing, Dad? Is it very

serious?”

“It's not that bad. I just need to rest for a month or two. Say, what have you been doing lately? Young Master Weiss did not make life hard for you, did he?” Tiana worriedly scanned her daughter up and down. She was relieved to find that Sophia had gained weight.

“I'm fine, Mom. I have been looking for that necklace with him,” Sophia replied in a placating tone.

In reality, Drake and Tiana were not doing well. They spent their days worrying as Drake had lost his company and owed a huge debt to the banks. However, they did not dare tell their daughter any of their woes.

Without the company's dividends, the loan repayments were making life extremely hard for them. Presgrave Residence.

It was Anastasia and Elliot's first meal home after the wedding. Now that Harriet was an old woman, she discovered her liking for a lively environment.

After dinner, Anastasia took a stroll under the stars with Elliot. With the moon shining brightly down on their winding path through the woods, they felt an unprecedented joy.

He tightly linked his fingers with hers, as if she would disappear if he ever let go of her hand. After the wedding, he realized there was an even more beautiful and genteel aura that hung around her.

The more he looked at her, the more enthralled he was. Thank goodness she was his now.

She belonged only to him.

“Sweetheart.” He pulled her into an embrace,

“Hm?” When she looked up at him, she felt a kiss on her forehead.

She smiled and gazed deep into his eyes where she could see all the love he held for her.

“Achoo!” Suddenly, she sneezed.

He immediately took off his jacket and wrapped it around her. “Don’t catch a cold.”

She chuckled. “I’m happy, even if I fall sick. That way, I can enjoy being taken care of by you.”

He let out a huff of exasperation and tapped her on the tip of her nose. “Don’t say that!”

They hugged each other for a while longer before the love in their eyes was slowly tainted by lust. “I asked Nigel to take care of Jared for tonight,” he rasped.

Naturally, Anastasia knew what Elliot meant by that. “Is that really okay?” she shyly asked.

“It’s the weekend tomorrow. We can sleep in.” He smiled.

As planned, Jared stayed the night with Nigel while Elliot’s black Bugatti sports

car raced back to their home.

Under the moonlight, the mansion glimmered with beauty. The lighting only ever made it seem grander and more mysterious. He pulled to a stop in the underground garage, opened the door, and led Anastasia into the lift.

The entire villa was so quiet that their whispers echoed through the air as they listened to each other’s heartbeats.

When they arrived on the third floor, he swept her off her feet and carried her to bed. The embers that sparked to life during their stroll through the woods were still burning bright. If she did not help him put the fire out, he would be blazing with lust throughout the night.

The night eventually passed on and the morning soon came.

Chapter 676

Anastasia was woken up by her internal alarm clock. She decided to cook some breakfast for Elliot. It had been a while since she was able to show off her cooking skills since they had servants.

Thankfully, she was still skilled enough to cook up two hot bowls of noodles. The fragrant scent combined with poached eggs and slices of beef made the food seem even more delicious.

She even took a photo of it and uploaded it to her social media accounts with the caption, 'Breakfast with Mr. Presgrave.'

Their morning had started now. Soon, Elliot arrived at the dining room. He had just taken a shower after his usual morning exercise. Dressed in loungewear, he was a walking hormone, yet he was oblivious to how attractive he was.

She knew that the more she stared at

him, the better her sense of beauty would be. In fact, if she ever divorced him, she might not be able to marry again.

After all, Elliot was going to make her picky.

Thus, she would do her best as Mrs.. Presgrave.

"What an amazing wife | have," he praised.

“Do you only know that now?” She giggled.

“No. I knew about it from the start. That is why I am so very lucky to have married you.”

All of the sweet nothings being spoken that morning was going to rot her teeth one day. With a chuckle, she pushed his bowl of noodles over to him. “Eat up!”

After breakfast, she read up on the news. What she saw made her guffaw. Her post from that morning was currently trending.

“The Cooking Skills of Rich Madams Exposed!” was the headline. Now that she thought about it, she could no longer post whatever she wanted on her social media accounts now. She had to keep a low

profile. Perhaps she should set her post privacy to ‘Only Me.

Anastasia had a new product launch party to attend at Bourgeois that afternoon. As a certain someone had nothing to do, she decided to attend with the best accessory anyone could ever have.

Her husband.

The launch party would be held in an event hall owned by Presgrave Group. Several top-tier celebrities and socialites had been invited, and there would be a fashion runway on which the atelier was going to be live-streamed.

When two o'clock rolled around, people began to show up at the venue. There was an order to everything as the paparazzi all showed up with their cameras and streaming equipment. Larry then received a call that made him drop all work and wait by the front gates.

ARolls-Royce pulled up, and out walked a couple whom Larry happily greeted, “President Presgrave, Mrs. Presgrave, you're here.”

“You've worked hard, Mr. Young.” Anastasia smiled.

“No, no. I'm only doing my job.” With a wave of his hand, Larry gestured for them to head inside. He then led them to the front row.

It was then that Larry leaned down to whisper into Anastasia's ear, “We would need you to make a speech later, Mrs. Presgrave.”

She was stunned. “Next time!” she said with a wave of her hand. She had not come prepared. “Today, I am only here to admire the works.”

“Very well!” Larry would never force anyone to do something they did not want to do.

Just then, someone walked over to them; it was Mason.

“President Presgrave, Mrs. Presgrave,” Mason greeted with a smile. “There's no need to be so formal, Mason. Just call me Anastasia.”

Mason could not do that. According to what he knew now, Anastasia was the new CEO of Bourgeois. There was no way he would dare go against societal rules.

Soon, the various celebrities who had been invited greeted the people around them. None of them would dare to provide their benefactors with inferior service.

Every lady present that night had dressed themselves up. However, none of them would dare start up a fuss while Anastasia was standing right there. Still, there were a lot of secretive looks and poses meant to attract Elliot's attention.

Later that evening, one of the fashion catwalk models, Katrina, walked over to them. Mason's efforts had allowed her modeling company to take charge of the fashion runway.

When Katrina saw Elliot, she was internally jumping with glee. From then on, she could be found primping before every mirror available to her.

Furthermore, there was going to be a new spokesperson recruitment program happening after the launch. As an ambitious woman, Katrina wanted the chance to be Bourgeois' spokesperson.

Chapter 677

Anastasia walked backstage to greet Felicia. After all, Felicia and her design team were the stars of the product launch party.

"Your designs are so beautiful this time, Felicia." Anastasia commented as she flipped through the art book. Everything in there was well-designed.

"I hope we didn't disappoint you." In Felicia's mind, Anastasia was the boss.

"I believe in you, Felicia."

"Anastasia." Suddenly, a lady called out from behind them before Katrina swiftly moved to stand behind Anastasia. "Katrina," Anastasia greeted with a smile.

"Do you mind if we talk in private?" Katrina nervously asked. She currently found it hard to talk to Anastasia because she exuded an oppressive pressure that Katrina did not like.

Felicia gently patted Anastasia on the cheeks. "I'll help the team out now, Anastasia."

The moment Felicia was gone, Katrina took a deep breath. "I know Bourgeois is looking for a spokesperson for their product. I was hoping I could have a chance to be in your advertisements."

"That is up to marketing. You can attend the interviews for the job." Anastasia smiled.

Katrina bit her lip. "Anastasia, can you make an exception for me just this once? Please? My brother helped you all those years, after all."

Naturally, Anastasia knew exactly what Katrina was thinking. The woman wanted compensation for Mason's help all those years and if the one making the request had been Mason, she would have gone along with the plan before asking about why.

When Anastasia remained silent, Katrina continued, "I know | should not be greedy and take advantage of something owed to someone else, but we are like a

family. Can't you make an exception?"

Anastasia knew that Mason was not someone to ask for reparations either. "I'll have to ask the team about it. I'll let you know when | have news."

"Thank you, Anastasia." Katrina smiled. When Anastasia left, she let out a sigh of relief. Her brother would not ask for anything in return because he was at proud man, but she was not like him.

She would use anything she could to help herself since she was not doing well as at model. If she wanted to become a celebrity, she would have to be famous first.

When Anastasia returned to her seat, Elliot was chatting with Larry, who then stood up the moment he noticed her return. The show started the moment she returned.

Lights beamed down onto the stage as masked models strutted while decked out in jewelry made by Bourgeois. Naturally, Katrina was one of the models. She had all her attention focused on doing the best she could. However, when she

walked by, she would stare at Elliot.

Anastasia noticed it, of course. She knew what kind of woman Katrina was. As long as there was an opportunity, Katrina would do anything to seduce someone.

Before the show, Anastasia had been contemplating giving her a chance because of her connection to Mason. Now, however, all of those thoughts had been chucked out of the window.

"I have to answer a call, sweetheart," Elliot softly said.

She merely nodded in response as she was engrossed in the show. Then, just as he stood up, one of the female celebrities stood up as well. Although she left in the opposite direction, the corridors outside the hall were all interconnected.

That celebrity had been waiting for her chance. Using the excuse that she had to head to the bathroom, she walked out of the hall. When she eventually made her way over to the other side, she saw Elliot taking a phone call while standing in front of the floor-to-ceiling window.

Elliot was like a magnet that attracted the gaze of every woman present that evening. No matter where he stood, he would become the center of attention.

After all, he was a man whom people rarely saw. Any woman with brain cells would know not to waste any opportunity that came along.

The celebrity's name was Cathryn Windsor. She was considered one of the most popular celebrities of the year due to a popular show that had recently aired. Due to her fame, she had recently been announced as the spokesperson for Bourgeois' new products..

However, her ambitions did not end there. She wanted a strong and powerful benefactor, someone like Elliot Pregrave, who stood at the top of the food chain.

Elliot ended the call and turned to return to the event hall. At the same time, she pretended to be busy talking on the phone and acted as if she did not see him there. When she crashed into him, he reached a hand out to her shoulder to stop her from falling to the ground.

Cathryn hastily apologized, "I'm sorry. President Presgrave. I didn't see you there. This is all my fault!" She then reached out and patted his arm. "I hope I didn't hurt you!"

Elliot waved his hand and answered, "It's fine."

"Oh, sorry about the lipstick stain on your suit. Let me take care of it." Rather than removing the stain off his arm, she tried to reach out to stroke his chest after saying that.

His arm prevented her attempt right away, need." and he said in an icy tone, "No

Cathryn let out a frustrated sigh as soon as Elliot walked away. She saw this as an opportunity to stimulate his interest in her. No one could approach him because he behaved in a way that was true with what she had heard about him.

Why was he married if he didn't like women?

Right after Cathryn left, Felicia came out from around the corner. She had just come out from the bathroom when she saw this scene, and she thought it would taint her sight for the day.

She wasn't often the kind to pry into other people's business, but she felt it was necessary to alert Anastasia about this. If an actress went out of her way to try to seduce Elliot, then she was not the best choice to represent Bourgeois as a spokesperson.

Anastasia's phone lit up with texts. She checked it and saw it was a text message from Felicia. 'I just saw Cathryn trying to flirt with your husband in the hallway, Anastasia. You should take note.' She read the text calmly and her eyes went to where Cathryn should have been. There was no one there.

"Thank you, Felicia," Anastasia replied graciously. At this moment, Elliot had returned and his large hand went out to grasp hers with the intention to caress it.

She then raised her head to meet his gaze. Despite the dim lighting, the man's eyes gleamed with affection. When she noticed this, she smiled sweetly and kissed his cheek, showing her affection in public.

Cathryn happened to see their affections as she was going back to her seat. She started to feel a little scared as she thought about the foolish thing she had just done. She was worried that Anastasia wouldn't let her off the hook if she knew about the flirting earlier.

She was glad Anastasia didn't know about it.

Who would know what Anastasia knew.

though?

When Elliot saw just how bold she was to kiss him in public like this, he gave her a contented smile that made her heart flutter. Her face started to blush as she felt the gazes of everyone on them. Her confession of love for this man was publicized.

This was a warning for anyone who wanted to take him away from her.

The press conference went smoothly while the online media reaction was spectacular. A great deal of support and encouragement was shown to them with some exceptional items being promoted as well...

After they left the conference, Elliot took her to a posh restaurant for dinner. Tonight was the night of their date.

In addition to that, he had another surprise in store for her. He was pleased to get the most beautiful brooch that was being offered at the event, and he planned to give it to her as a present tonight.

"Oh! When did you get this?" Anastasia was a little surprised, but she was excited that he had just given her something out of the blue.

"It looks good on you," he told her, praising both the brooch and her.

Anastasia took the gift as Elliot placed his chin on his folded palms and looked at

her affectionately. "Since you accepted my gift, Mrs Presgrave has to reward me tonight."

"Oh! So, there's a secret motive here!" Anastasia's eyes narrowed as she said, "I think I need to pay closer attention to what's going on around me. I can't always be fooled by you."

Elliot kept looking at her with love in his eyes and told her, "I wouldn't care how stupid you are because you still have me wrapped around your fingers."

Was he calling her stupid? She protested, "I'm not stupid. I'm actually quite clever."

"You are correct. My wife is the most clever woman alive," he said as his grin grew more endearing. It was as if he would never get tired of flirting with her in this manner.

How could Anastasia continue to fight after noticing that he was being affectionate with her? At this he continued to fill her plate with food.

"Sweetheart, you need to eat more in order to have enough energy tonight."

This caused her to quickly blush. "Is that all you can think about?!"

Chapter 679

"Is there anything else?" Elliot closed his eyes and seemed to be thinking about what he was going to say. Then, he said, "I don't want anything else tonight except you."

After hearing this, Anastasia didn't waste any time in lowering her head to start eating, and this man immediately began piling more meat onto her plate. Why did it seem as if he was feeding her to be slaughtered later that night?

The next Monday, there was a meeting at Bourgeois in the morning.

Anastasia sat at the chief designer's seat and she was dressed in a beige suit with her hair tied back. This gave her delicate and lovely face a natural and tidy appearance.

The first topic she wanted to discuss with everyone today was the termination of Cathryn's endorsement contract that was recently signed.

"President Tillman, we just invested 10 million dollars on her. If we break our contract with her, we have to compensate her for liquidated damages."

When Anastasia heard that, her eyes turned cold. "Then, you should figure out how to avoid compensating her for terminating the contract."

Everyone cringed at this statement. They initially thought that she was more pleasant, but they certainly never expected her to throw such a serious challenge at them on her first day.

"President Tillman, may I know the reason why you are terminating Cathryn's contract?" "I don't like her," Anastasia answered bluntly as she elegantly twirled her long hair around her finger. Her response was both arrogant and straightforward.

"President Tillman, I understand. I'll take care of it right away. We will have to discuss our new spokesperson after launching the new product at the

conference. Do you have any recommendations?"

"You may suggest a few for me to select from," she replied.

Felicia was the only one aware of the rationale for her decision.

Anastasia asked Felicia to stay. "Felicia, please remain. The rest of you may return to work!"

Felicia looked at Anastasia with admiration in the meeting room.

She was really assertive as she expressed her appreciation. “Felicia, thank you for alerting me about Cathryn.”

“No worries. Of course, Cathryn isn’t the first woman to openly flirt with President Presgrave. You still must take caution.” Anastasia gave a helpless smile when she heard this. “It wouldn’t upset me if | didn’t know about it, but I’ll take action if | did.”

A phone call came into Cathryn’s office from Bourgeois’ advertising and planning department to inform her agent that they were terminating their contract with her.

“What? What is wrong with my artiste? The contract has been signed. | don’t think this is a good idea!”
“The decision was made by our boss.”

“Your boss is Vice-president Young, correct? He was there when the contract was signed!”

“No, it’s our big boss.”

“Who is your big boss?” the agent asked anxiously.

“Miss Anastasia Tillman, President Presgrave’s wife, has taken over as president of Bourgeois Jewelry Atelier.” This startled the agent, who quickly responded, “If you do this, you will be in breach of contract! Bourgeois would be obliged to pay liquidated damages in this manner! This is definitely something that we do not want to happen. We also wish to continue working with you for a long time.

“Our contract has an additional clause. If we believe the artiste has not fulfilled the conditions, we have the right to terminate the contract without any compensation.” The agent and the employee from Bourgeois engaged in a lengthy discussion, but Cathryn’s agent was finally forced to concede.

Then, she summoned Cathryn immediately and questioned her. “Cathryn, have you been involved in any scandals recently? You were dismissed by Bourgeois due to your indecent conduct.”

“I'm not involved in anything and my past is clean. How could they treat me like this?” Cathryn was filled with resentment, believing that she had been treated unfairly.

“It was the big boss' decision to call it off. Did you offend her in any way?”

“You mean, Vice-president Young?”

“No. Anastasia Tillman, the wife of Elliot Presgrave, is the current president of

Bourgeois. Out of so many people, why would she want to terminate the contract with you?”

“How would I know?” Cathryn snapped back as her guilt gnawed away at her. It couldn't have been because she tried to seduce Elliot in the hallway that Saturday afternoon, right?

Of course, Cathryn's agent was reluctant to let such a large endorsement fee slip away so easily. She eventually got a hold of Anastasia's general office line after asking around and decided to ask her in person.

Chapter 680

Anastasia was holding a cup of coffee. She had just finished reviewing her upcoming schedule and was getting ready to take a break.

At this moment, her office phone began to ring, and she reached out to answer it. “Hello? Who is this?”

“Hello, is this President Tillman? My name is Georgina Redding. I am Cathryn Windsor's manager. I'm sorry to bother you, President Tillman, but I have to clarify something. The popularity and reputation of our artists are great, so I'd like to know exactly what it is about our artists that does not fit the standards of your company. We'll do all we can to resolve the situation as soon as possible.”

Anastasia's lovely eyes narrowed slightly as she heard this. “You might want to find out what your artist was doing in the hallway on the day of the press conference. Tell her, if she does anything

like that again, she will no longer be a part of the entertainment business.” After she said that, she slammed the phone right away.

“Did you do anything to upset President Tillman on the day of the press conference?” Georgina questioned Cathryn, who was seated on the opposite couch after hanging up the phone.

“W-What could I have done?” “You better tell me the truth,” Georgina snarled.

Cathryn began to chew on her lips as she grasped the severity of the matter and quickly elaborated, “I saw Elliot answering the phone in the hallway the other day. I simply wanted to make an impression on him so that he would remember me...”

“What?! How dare you flirt with Elliot! His wife was there at the press conference! Do you even have a brain?!” Georgina was furious.

“I-I realize I'm wrong now.”

“Did you know what Anastasia just said to me? She threatened to throw you out of the industry if this happened again!” Georgina scolded, “Out of everyone, the person whom you've chosen to upset was Elliot Presgrave's wife? You'll be left in dust in no time if she says anything!”

“I-Is she really so powerful?” Cathryn wondered, slightly skeptical.

“With her status as Mrs. Presgrave, she can make you disappear in an instant. Forget about the compensation. Do you understand? The next time you see her, move out of her way,” Georgina screamed.

Though Anastasia had been away from work for so long in Bourgeois, she was still full of enthusiasm. After a short break, she quickly drafted another schedule. She was a member of the company's design team in terms of jewelry design, which meant that she could also make managerial decisions with foresight, knowledge and determination.

At this time, there was a knock at the door and Mason entered after opening it. "President Tillman, are you available now?" "Just call me Anastasia!" she said with a smile since he was given special treatment here.

"No, I'm going to address you as President Tillman when we're in the office! We can forget the formalities after we get off work," he insisted. Then, he sat on the chair opposite from her and asked, "I'm just wondering whether the spokesperson has been appointed. If not, I would recommend my sister, Katrina."

She had also guessed that he was here for Katrina. After giving it some thought, "Mason, you've been kind to me. If you really want to recommend your sister, I can give her a chance."

He seldom came to her for help, and she knew it. Thus, she had no intention of rejecting him at this point.

"Her career as a model has never really taken off, so I really hope she establishes a reputation elsewhere." Mason expressed his concern for his sister's future.

"Alright. I'll tell the people in charge of organizing the event to allow her to promote our brand." Anastasia gave a clear answer. "Thank you, President Tillman." After hearing these words, he let out a long sigh of relief. There was no denying the fact that Katrina had exerted a great deal of pressure on him.

"You're really welcome. You don't often ask me for help. I had to do this, of course." Anastasia grinned.

After Mason left, she called the relevant department thereafter and asked them to make some arrangements. As long as Mason asked of her, she was willing to help Katrina.

At 3:00PM, Anastasia's door was knocked on again and she said, "Come in."

At first, she thought it was her assistant, Grace, bringing in documents, but it was a tall, charming man who casually entered instead.

The man strolled in slowly with a smile as he had one hand in his pocket. "What are you doing here?" Anastasia stood up to greet him.

The guy wrapped his arms around her and drew her into a hug before lowering his head and kissing her crimson lips. "I'm here to see my wife."

As soon as she realized that her window shutters were open, her face became flushed. "The blinds are up!"