

N Destiny 191

Chapter 191 Even though Alex self-admittingly thought that he was an outstanding individual, he knew he did not hold a candle to Elliot.

Hailing from a poor background, Alex always acknowledged that the world wasn't fair. He had sacrificed a lot to reach the top, but some people were simply born up at the very top.

Anastasia was a girl that he liked the first moment he laid eyes on her, and she made him feel intoxicated through the short conversation they had. With every breath and smile that she took, it served only to make him fall for her deeper and deeper.

Yet at that moment, Alex could only look on, clenching his fists as the one he loved was by Elliot's side.

Failing to make Elliot budge, Anastasia was about to give up when a middle-aged woman's voice called to her, "Oh-Anastasia, there you are! Come help me out for a bit."

What Anastasia saw was Naomi had a kind and warm smile at that moment, something the former didn't see everyday. "Is there anything you need help with?" Anastasia asked as Elliot also turned over to look at Naomi.

Upon seeing his face, Naomi felt her heart actually skipped a bit over how perfect the man's face was. The only flaw was the distant and cold aura he emanated that made him feel like an invisible barrier was surrounding him.

"And this must be the honorable guest your father mentioned, Young Master Elliot!" Hastily, Naomi greeted him, "Hello, Young Master Elliot. I'm Francis' wife, Naomi Lowell. | hope you'll find it in your heart to forgive us if there's anything inadequate at the venue!"

To this, Elliot only returned a subtle nod. Thinking back on how the mother daughter duo bullied Anastasia back then at the company, he wouldn't even have upheld common courtesy if not for the celebration taking place right then.

"Anastasia, come with me for a second. | have something urgent that could use your help," Naomi announced, pretending to look like something urgent was going on.

Since it was her father's company celebration today, Anastasia didn't want to slack off either, so she said to Elliot, "President Presgrave, I'll be stepping away for a bit. Please make yourself comfortable."

Stating that, Anastasia then stood up and left. At the instant Naomi turned around, the older woman quickly hinted at her daughter.

The actual reason Naomi came was just to make Anastasia leave so that a chance could open up for her daughter, as Elliot was their real target for tonight.

Meanwhile, Erica, who was standing not far away, saw her mother's hint. Immediately, she became anxious and excited, wanting to run right to Elliot's side. Using the mirror at the side, she looked at herself for a few seconds before purposefully lowering her neckline and pushing her chest up, thereafter walking toward him seductively.

Upon closing in on him, Erica could feel her breath being taken away as she looked at the man's sharp silhouette. With every look at his clean-cut sideburns and his stunning side profile, she was falling deeper for the charismatic man.

After a deep breath, she mustered up the sweetest tone she could and said, "Hello, Young Master Elliot, Since my sister is busy with something else, my father asked me to accompany you for a bit."

Saying that, Erica naturally sat on Anastasia's seat. Her brain instantly turned into mush the second she made eye contact with Elliot, and she did not know what to say next.

At that moment, Erica, who wanted to transform into a princess just to show him her most elegant side, was unaware that the man sitting in front of her had witnessed the fight between her and Anastasia a month ago.

"I don't need any company, thank you." Finishing his sentence, Elliot then picked up his phone and began scrolling through it, all the while emitting a distant feel.

"What about some drinks, Young Master Elliot? I can bring you some, if you so wish."

“There's no need.” “Fruits? There’s some freshly cut fruits there. | can—” “No.” Elliot cut her off without even moving his gaze away from his phone.

Even though Erica knew that Elliot was hard to approach and cold, she wasn’t just giving up yet, as she was satisfied by just staying close to him. “In that case, I'll just

stay here with you. Do let me know if you have any needs.” Propping up her chin, she looked at him, her expression lovestruck. As Elliot couldn’t make her go away, he just left such a lovestruck looking person be.

On the other side, Anastasia, who was called to the pantry, was a bit puzzled as no help was actually needed. There were even a few workers who could be seen sitting down and chatting.

Chapter 192 “What is there to help out with?”

“Anastasia, help me take a look if the amount of wine here is correct or not. As you know, the employees in hotels can have less than desirable habits sometimes.” Naomi’s loud voice attracted the ire of nearby waiters.

Feeling extremely humiliated, Anastasia wished she wasn’t acquainted with the woman. In the end, she said calmly, “This is a five-star hotel, so no such thing would happen. Now, if there isn’t anything else, then I'll be excusing myself first.”

After that, Anastasia was going to open the door and go out, but Naomi made a move to grab onto her. “Wait! Anastasia, | have something to say to you.”

Feeling slightly disgusted, Anastasia avoided her touch. “You can say whatever you want to without having to touch me.”

“Anastasia, you know that Erica has also bought a house recently, right? After your dad bought one for you, he insisted on buying one for her too. | couldn’t even persuade him not to do so,” Naomi said frustratingly.

Smirking deep down, Anastasia kept up a calm fagade as she countered, “That’s between you people. You don’t need to tell me that.”

“Of course | have to tell you that! Do you know how hard it is for your father to be the sole breadwinner of the family? On top of that, the company isn’t going through its best period recently, so don’t disturb him if you don’t have much going on. Also, don’t try to borrow money from him these days. Just try to spend within your means.” Everything that Naomi said pointed to one message-Anastasia had better not further spend any of Francis’ money.

Even if Naomi did not state this, Anastasia knew all this herself. “Your dad hasn’t been sleeping all that well these nights. | think it might be due to the stress.”

The guilt started to well up within Anastasia, as the house that her dad bought for her did cost a pretty penny. Maybe Dad really is quite stressed nowadays.

“Anastasia, | heard from your father that you’re now working under Young Master Elliot, right? Could | trouble you to ask if he’s still hiring? Erica is also hoping to land a job in his company,” Naomi immediately murmured.

Upon hearing that, Anastasia sneered deep down as she could see right through Naomi’s little trick. | think she just wants Erica to get close to Elliot!

With that thought, she then opened the door and looked to the great hall. As expected, Erica had already made herself comfortable on Anastasia’s original seat beside Elliot.

Ss Anastasia then realized that Naomi was just calling her away as a distraction. And so, the former opened the door fully and left.

“Hey! Anastasia, | haven't even finished yet! Do you have any manners? I’m your senior! You should be respecting me!” Behind her, Naomi was so livid she started to stomp her foot

At that point, practically all the guests had arrived, with Elliot's table being the only one that had just one person sitting at it. This was probably because nobody dared to sit there.

Weaving through the various tables, Anastasia was making her way back when another voice called out to her. "Miss Tillman, can I have the honor of sitting with

you?"

Turning back, she saw that it was Alex, so she instantly smiled and replied, "Of course you can! Let's go over to that table." Gleefully, he nodded and followed Anastasia to Elliot's table.

Seeing how Anastasia was coming over, Erica could not help the hint of revolt that flashed across her gaze, as she thought that a high and mighty man like Elliot wouldn't even spare an extra glance at Anastasia, like he did to herself.

Hearing the footsteps, Elliot finally drew his gaze from his phone, He coincidentally saw Anastasia sitting down together with a man opposite him. It was the same man that was chatting happily along with her just now.

"President Presgrave, this is Mr. Alex Hunter. He's responsible for the financial department in my dad's company." Then, she continued, "And this is my company's boss, Mr. Elliot Presgrave."

"Hello, Mr. Presgrave," Alex courteously greeted. "Hello." Raising his eyebrows slightly, Elliot gave off a feeling of a successful man that nobody at the venue could match up to.

"Anastasia, have you seen Mr. Presgrave at the company before?" Erica asked smilingly, as she thought that a normal employee wouldn't have any chances to catch a glimpse of the boss.

Anastasia sneered in response. "President Presgrave is extremely busy. How would I be able to see him?"

Meanwhile, Elliot was looking at Anastasia with his deep gaze as she spun tales. At that instant, he could not help the loving smile that played on his lips.

Chapter 193 “Anastasia, why didn’t you bring your son along?” Erica immediately exposed the fact that Anastasia had a son. Bluntly, the latter replied, “You don’t have to worry about that. My son is being taken care of just fine.”

“President Presgrave, do you know that my sister has a kid? He’s already four now. It was quite tough on her, having to raise him all on her own.” At that point, Erica wanted to just spill the fact that Anastasia was a single mother.

Since Alex already knew that Anastasia had a child, he thought that he stood a better chance at being with her due to a single mother’s lowered standard in choosing her partner.

In turn, Anastasia only smirked while looking at Erica’s little show.

On the other hand, Erica kept thinking that Elliot would ask her something out of sheer curiosity. Never in a million years did she think that he wouldn’t care about this at all, with him not even listening to her.

Coughing awkwardly, she then kept quiet.

Meanwhile, Alex was trying to find a topic to chat with Anastasia, so he asked, “Miss Tillman, you said that you wanted a tour of the company, right? When are you free? I’d love to bring you around.”

When facing Alex, Anastasia always smiled politely back. This made a certain man feel jealous inside, as she did not even smile at him like that from the start.

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The only things that she showed him were her temper, stubbornness and willfulness, all of which were bad sides.

But now, she actually left her best smile, sweetest voice and best side of her to a stranger that she just met.

“Alright, then. I’ll contact you if I’m ever in Dad’s company.” Anastasia then proceeded to exchange numbers with Alex. “Sure thing!” Happiness was written all over Alex’s face when he said that.

Anastasia’s gaze then met with a chilling, upset one, and her smile froze in place

before disappearing altogether. In the end, she picked up her goblet and averted her gaze.

At that moment, Francis brought a few of his friends over to the table, and he said to Anastasia as soon as he came over, “Anastasia, why are you sitting here? Quickly now! Go and sit beside President Presgrave.”

Left with no choice, Anastasia could only relocate her seat beside Elliot’s. Now, Elliot was surrounded by both of Francis’ daughters.

Hurriedly, Alex also switched seats and sat beside Anastasia.

“President Presgrave, I’m sorry for this lack of proper treatment. Please, if you have anything, just order Anastasia to do it for you!”

“I will be sure to do so, Mr. Tillman!” Smiling, Elliot exuded the aura of an elitist.

Remembering something, Anastasia stood up and walked to her father’s side, whispering, “Dad, when you’re giving the speech later, be sure to not expose President Presgrave’s identity. He wants to keep a low-profile.”

"I understand." Francis nodded. And so, Anastasia returned to her seat. Before long, Francis was invited on stage by the host. After he somewhat excitedly drank a big gulp from a can of beer and adjusted his suit, he went up to the stage.

Looking at how happy her father was, Anastasia was very calm inside as she clapped and looked admiringly at him speaking excitedly on stage.

On the other hand, Elliot gave a stretch and looked between the woman beside him and Francis. At that moment, Elliot could feel the charm of what family was due to the obvious love Anastasia showed for her father.

On stage, Francis did not mention Elliot's real identity. If his daughter did not tell him to do so, he would've given Elliot a grand introduction.

After Francis' speech, it was time for the banquet to start. Because Francis himself was in the blue-collar field, his guests tonight were all his employees and they occupied over fifty tables. The scene was very lively, even though it did not match the elegance of the upper society.

Everybody just wanted to fill their stomachs and drink until they dropped. In short, having a good night was their only aim. When Francis was still on stage, someone

even requested that he sing a song, so in a state of being forced and submitting to it, he decided to sing a classic to help liven up the atmosphere even further. Francis even sang with great vigor.

Off stage, Anastasia had been howling with laughter at this scene, and she alternated between covering her mouth and giving her father a thumbs up. Seeing how his daughter loved listening to him sing, Francis put in even more effort.

Fuor byd narrowed his eyes as he had never felt this kind of atmosphere before. The woman's sweet smile became his view, and her happiness directly affected him as he became very happy too.

Erica had caught Elliot looking at Anastasia a few times, and this made the former green with envy. So, she also intentionally laughed out loud, yet she failed to elicit a response from him.

Sitting off to the side, Alex carefully hid his love for Anastasia as he knew that Elliot also liked her very much, judging from the man's gaze.

After singing, Francis got back to the table and immediately raised his glass to toast Elliot. "Young Master Elliot, I'll toast you on behalf of me lacking as a host."

Quickly, Elliot stood up to reciprocate his toast. "You're too kind, Mr. Tillman."

Upon seeing Francis down his glass entirely, Elliot, whose glass was also filled with beer, did the same and finished it too. "Anastasia, quickly refill the president's glass. Make it full," said Francis.

However, Erica, who was beside them, had a bottle of red wine ready. "Let me pour it, Dad!"

Not in the mood to argue over this, Anastasia let the woman fill Elliot's glass to the brim. Upon seeing that, Elliot frowned.

"President Presgrave, I'm a close friend of Francis. It's rare to see such a capable young individual like yourself, so I would like to toast you too." The man beside Francis stood up and raised his glass, his voice full of pride.

Standing up again, Elliot raised his glass half-heartedly, with the man adding, "I'll finish my glass, but you can drink howevermuch you want."

Since it was a close friend of Francis, he would also be considered a senior to Elliot. So, out of respect, the latter also finished his glass as well.

Seeing him drink two full glasses of alcohol made Anastasia immediately recall that he had a weak stomach, yet Erica was already refilling his glass yet again.

As Anastasia tugged on his sleeve, Elliot naturally leaned toward her. "Don't drink so much. You have a weak stomach, remember? You might just upset it again," said Anastasia caringly. A smile appeared in Elliot's gaze when he heard that. "Miss-Tillman, are you worried about me right now?"

Looking at him, Anastasia then saw another senior beside her father had stood up, and her heart skipped a beat. Don't tell me that every one of Dad's friends is going to toast Elliot?!

Elliot came from a distinguished background. Meanwhile, these people were likely alcoholics from the looks of their beer bellies. In this kind of situation, it was customary to always toast the wealthiest around the table, as a person of stature was a respected person. Hence, Elliot became their target to toast to.

"P-President Presgrave, I'm not good with words, but I would like to propose a toast to you. Here's to your health, and hoping that your company will prosper!"

Even Elliot did not think that he would be targeted like this. However, due to them all being Francis friends and that Francis himself would be his future father-in-law, Elliot, as the junior, couldn't afford to offend him.

Standing up again, Elliot gracefully held his glass as he raised it. "Thank you." Anastasia could only look on as the man finished another glass. Panic slowly hit her and she thought to herself, If seven or eight of dad's seniors were to all toast with him, wouldn't he just black out on the spot?

And Elliot was raised on high-end imported red wine as well. With the beers on the table being sold for less than ten on the market, Anastasia was afraid that something might happen to him if this continued.

"Young Master Presgrave, it's a rare opportunity to be able to drink with you at the same table. Here, a toast!" Another senior stood up and said that.

Anastasia could clearly see Elliot getting tipsy, but she knew that it would be disrespectful to the person who proposed the toast if Elliot did not drink it. So, in the heat of the moment, she took his glass and

said to the senior, "I'm sorry, but the president has a weak stomach. Hence, I'll be accepting this toast on his behalf."

After that, she drank it in one shot amidst everybody's shock. Then, she tugged at the dazed man beside him and said, "President Presgrave, don't you still have something very important to attend to? We have to go now."

To this, Elliot only blinked in response. Having little choice at this point, Anastasia could only pull the chair away as she said to her father, "Dad, President Presgrave and I will be excusing ourselves first. Please enjoy your meals."

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Elliot did not even have the chance to react to what had transpired when Anastasia wrapped her arms around him and pulled him up forcefully. "Dad, everyone, please enjoy your meals. We have something else that we need to deal with."

"Hey!" Erica called out hurriedly.

As Elliot was being pulled out of the venue, he suddenly realized that the woman was afraid he might get drunk, hence the excuse to drag him away. She even helped him drink!

She really does care about me.

Finally, they reached the third floor's elevator and they bumped into Rey, who was just preparing to eat. Seeing that his boss was about to leave, he quickly ate two mouthfuls and got up.

"President Presgrave, are we leaving now?"

“He was constantly being toasted, so I was afraid there might be some problems. Rey, how about you take him back first?” Anastasia asked him.

Upon hearing that, Elliot shot a glance at Rey, hinting quite clearly at what he wanted.

Intentionally looking at his wristwatch, Rey then replied, “I’m sorry, Miss Tillman, but I can’t send the president home. My father was just admitted to the hospital.”

This stunned Anastasia. “What? Go there quickly, then!” “I’ll go to the hospital now.”

Reaching the ground floor, the trio exited the elevator, with Rey hailing for a taxi and leaving in a hurry. Then, Anastasia said to Elliot, “Where’s your car?”

At that moment, his bodyguard drove the car over, and she opened the door. “Get in the car and go home.”

“Accompany me.” Elliot held onto her arm, preventing her from leaving.

Seeing that it was already 7.40 PM and that she also had to go pick up her son, Anastasia nodded in agreement. “Alright.” And so, she got into the car before Elliot followed her in. The door was shut, and the black sedan slowly left.

At the banquet, Erica was left disappointed with no appetite, because however extravagant she dressed and however exquisite her makeup was, it all amounted to nothing, as Elliot's departure had taken away her heart and soul.

Alex was also drinking away his sorrows by the side after clearly seeing that Anastasia was finding an excuse just to help Elliot drink. It seemed like she cared very much for this big shot.

In the car, the atmosphere was a bit stuffy, with the scent of alcohol wafting in the air. Taking off his suit jacket, Elliot then loosened his necktie and opened the top three buttons of his shirt to let off some heat.

Glancing at him, Anastasia noticed the impeccably tailored shirt accentuated the man's strong and tight forearms and slightly exhibited the sharp lines of his collar bones. Paired with his charismatic gaze, he gave off a sort of roguish feel.

"You'd better go home first. I can take a taxi to go pick up Jared later," Anastasia murmured to him.

Upon hearing that, Elliot narrowed his eyes and questioned, "Are you not going to take care of me?"

Feeling somewhat speechless, she looked at him. "Aren't you fine? Why do you want me to take care of you?"

"Who told you that I was fine? I'm a bit drunk and feeling some discomfort right now," Elliot muttered as he pretended to be weak.

Truthfully, he did feel a bit nauseous due to all the alcohol tumbling inside his stomach.

At that, Anastasia turned around immediately and asked, "Where do you feel discomfort?"

"It's the worst to drink on an empty stomach. Don't you still have stomach medicine at your place? I'll go over now to take two." With that, Elliot told the bodyguard her address.

Not even allowed the time to rebuke, she could only say somewhat resignedly, "This stomach medicine could be bought anywhere, so why do you need to come to my house for it? Don't you have it at your own home?"

"I want you to take care of me." Saying that, Elliot leaned back and shut his eyes as he furrowed his brows deeply, looking as if he was enduring something.

Seeing his expression, Anastasia could not help but lean toward him. In a concerned tone, she murmured, "Are you alright?" "My stomach is acting up again," said the man while still shutting his eyes.

Right then, the bodyguard was driving in her home's direction, and they would likely reach in a few minutes. Observing that Elliot was not making this up, Anastasia thought that she should let him rest for a while at her place.

Beneath the lights, one could observe a thin layer of sweat on his scalp, as if the pain had really started to hit him. This made her say gently, "Take two of the pills later at my house, then."

Chapter 196 Elliot opened his eyes but he looked lost, obviously meaning that he was still tipsy. It was due to too much alcohol in such a short amount of time that caused him to be like this.

Stopping the car at Anastasia's community entrance, the bodyguard came to open the door immediately, while simultaneously reaching to help Elliot up. Not wanting his help, Elliot shook away his arm. "I'm fine. I don't need any help."

Even though Elliot was drunk, he still cared about maintaining his strong image in front of Anastasia, as he did not want her to think that he was already at his limit.

"Sir, please don't leave first. You'll have to send him back later," said Anastasia to the bodyguard, to which the bodyguard nodded in response.

"Alright. I'll stay here and wait for the president." Just as Elliot began to walk, Anastasia came over to help him. "Watch your step."

Of course, he wasn't drunk to the point of not being able to walk properly, but the slender arm holding him made him happy. Hence, he didn't struggle, as showing the occasional weakness in front of this woman was necessary.

Passing through the romantic garden under the moonlight, they reached the elevator and went up to her floor. Opening the door, Elliot then walked inside her house.

Although it was just a small two room apartment, it had a strange attraction that made him feel even more at home than his own house.

Using his arm as a pillow, Elliot laid down lazily on the sofa, and he looked at the woman that was pouring water and searching for the medicine.

“| remember it was here! Where has it gone now? Did | throw it away?” The sound of the woman mumbling to herself came from the cabinet.

Meanwhile, Elliot was not in a hurry and he wished that she wouldn't find the medicine anytime soon. That way, he could have a reason to stay for the whole night.

Because of the amount of work she had, Anastasia had some of her memories jumbled up. Finally, she remembered that she kept the medicine inside the cabinet of her room. Rushing over quickly, she found them, just as she expected.

After reading the instructions, she took three pills and poured a cup of warm water for him. “Here are the pills. There you go.” Setting them down on the coffee table, Anastasia watched as the man took it.

Standing up, Elliot took the pills without any hesitation. After taking them, he continued to lie on the sofa, watching her. “I want to rest for a bit more.”

On the other hand, Anastasia couldn't chase him right away too, due to his current state being caused by him attending her father's banquet.

Under the light, it was obvious that Elliot had a flush on his handsome face, showing the signs of being drunk.

Even Anastasia, who drank a glass of alcohol on his behalf, was feeling the burn of the alcohol in her stomach, which was why her heart ached for Elliot, who had downed a few glasses.

“Why did you drink that for me just now? You really do care about me, don't you?” Elliot asked in his low baritone.

Glancing at him, Anastasia replied, "You think too much of yourself. I just don't want anything to happen to you at my father's banquet."

Upon hearing that, Elliot was a bit speechless by the woman who kept running away from her own feelings. "Is it that hard for you to admit that you care about me?"

Snorting, Anastasia rolled her eyes in response. "President Presgrave, you really do like to indulge in your own fantasies, don't you?"

However, Elliot suddenly hissed as he clutched his chest.

Anastasia, who was just snorting at him, immediately asked, "What's wrong?" As she asked that, she walked over to the side of the sofa, leaning down to look at his face. "Is there anywhere else that hurts?"

But at that instant, Elliot caught hold of her wrist and with a tug, he pulled her into his embrace. The next second, he flipped over and pressed her against the sofa.

Seeing the man's sly smile made Anastasia realize that she had been tricked. "You..."

"And you say you don't care for me. Aren't you showing plenty of care right now?" Elliot smirked as he wasn't going to let her escape that easily.

"You... Get off me! Who said that I was concerned for you? I-I just didn't want anything that happened to you to implicate my dad too." Anastasia simply picked an excuse and went with it.

But in Elliot's eyes, that was all just nonsense.

“Anastasia, is there any meaning to you avoiding your feelings like this? Just say that you care about me and that you like me. It's not like I'll make a joke out of this.” Elliot stared at her small face, his gaze full of love.

Anastasia was stunned momentarily and she was about to react when his other hand held onto her jaw and he forcefully kissed her.

Wide-eyed, Anastasia grunted in surprise. Is this man trying to take advantage of me again? Why do I not watch out for things like this more? I can't seem to escape the fate of getting forcefully kissed every time by him. Gosh!

The smell of alcohol still coming from him made her feel faint, and his powerful kiss was like him trying to imprint himself onto her.

Without her son at home, the whole place had become somewhere the man could let out his desires, with the kiss lasting till Elliot thought it was enough. Panting, he then finally let her go because if they were to continue, he would be the one that would suffer.

Anastasia wasn't better off either as she was panting with a flushed face. She raised her hand, planning on slapping him. However, just as she was about to do it, she stared angrily into his lovestruck eyes.

His deep stare reflected her face clearly and for some reason, she could actually see the love in his gaze. “Anastasia, I like you.” From the man's hoarse voice came a confession.

In the end, the hand that was raised mid-way did not land on his handsome face, and she put it away stiffly.

“Don't have it in your heart to hit me anymore?” Elliot smiled slyly.

“Elliot, I don't like you,” Anastasia replied loudly as she stared at him wide-eyed.

His expression darkened upon hearing this. "Is it that I've not done enough, or is it that I've somehow made you angry?"

"Taking advantage of me while forcing me to like you? Do you think that I would ever like you under such circumstances?" Anastasia sneered. Is he really that confident that every woman he meets will fall in love with him at the very first sight?

Yet, Elliot did not let go of her and still pinned her down in a suggestive way. He tried to control himself, but his gentle gaze held a hint of desire and possessiveness.

Just like that, he kept staring and attacking her with his gaze.

In the end, Anastasia, who could no longer look him in the eye, started to panic. And so, she reached out to try to push him away. "Get up, Elliot."

It was as if there was a strong magic in his stare and one would succumb to his charms if one looked into his gaze for too long. Even though Anastasia was staring at him angrily, Elliot still would not get up, instead staring back at her with eyes full of desire.

Struggling in vain, Anastasia felt the heat, as well as the danger radiating off the man, making her panic for real. "Elliot, I'm going to count to three now..."

"Do you think I'm your son? Do you think I can be threatened like this?" Smirking, Elliot dismissed her threats with just that sentence.

This made Anastasia speechless.

He really is a devil in disguise!

"If you don't get up now, I'll call the cops."

“It was you who brought me into your home of your own volition. And with me being your boss and you being my employee,

things would become quite hard to explain at the police station.” Smirking even more, Elliot continued, “What do you think they will believe? You seducing me? Or me seducing you?”

Although the man was arguing against her right now, he had a loving smile, making Anastasia itch to hit him in the face.

Probably because he had teased her enough and didn’t actually want to make her mad, Elliot suddenly leaned over and gave her a peck on the lips. “Anastasia, please try and open up your heart to me. | promise you won't be disappointed.”

Hope flashed in his eyes and he pleaded at her with a hoarse voice. For people who were born with a golden spoon like Elliot, it was rare for him to plead with someone.

Finally, the man got up, leaving Anastasia stunned for a few seconds before sitting up. Then, she proceeded to open the entrance door without any hesitation. “You'd

better leave. | don't want you staying any further.”

Suddenly, pain flashed across Elliot's eyes, and he clutched his stomach as cold sweat covered his forehead. Thereafter, he stumbled and crashed onto the sofa.

Meanwhile, an icy Anastasia was about to send him away. However, seeing him like this made her close the door and rush over to his side in the blink of an eye. “What's wrong?!”

“My stomach hurts... Do you have anything to eat at home?” Elliot raised his head and asked. After drinking so much alcohol tonight, his stomach, which has always sustained itself on high grade whole foods, naturally could not take it.

“Wait here. I'll cook some noodles for you.” With that, Anastasia then went to the kitchen. Sitting on the sofa, he smiled warmly as he watched the person in the kitchen busying herself. No matter what she said, she still cared about him. It was just that she did not want to admit it.

After ten minutes, Anastasia came out holding a bowl of noodles, of which the noodles were of low sodium. Normally, she would cook this for her son, but she now used it all to feed the man.

Walking over, Elliot ate it without hesitation. Looking at the man under the light, it was even more evident that Jared's face resembled his.

Wait! What nonsense am I thinking about? They just have similar looking features, that's all.

While Elliot was eating the noodles, Anastasia went to clean up her room. Suddenly, her heart skipped a beat upon discovering that it was already 9 PM. Goodness! I haven't even picked up my son yet!

“Elliot, you'll have to leave after eating. I need to go pick Jared up,” urged Anastasia.

“I can let Rey go pick him up. It's not safe for you, going out alone late at night,” Elliot immediately replied.

“Isn't Rey's father hospitalized?”

Upon realizing that fact, Elliot paused for a few seconds before stating, “I'll let my bodyguard pick him up.”

Just then, Anastasia's phone rang. Nigel's calling me? Picking it up, she said, “Hello, Nigel. I'll come pick Jared up now.”

“There’s no need for that. The little rascal has already fallen asleep here. Just let him stay over at my place.” On the other end of the line, Nigel laughed, obviously happy

to have the boy accompany him. “What? Jared’s already asleep? I’d hate to burden you, though.” “It’s nothing. Just let me try to be his father and sleep with him for one night!” Truth was, this was exactly what Nigel wanted.

It was after a long while until Anastasia finally agreed. “A-Alright then. I’ll let Jared sleepover just for tonight. I’ll pick him up first thing tomorrow morning.”

“Sure. Are you done with work? Are you outside or at home right now?” “I’m at home.”

“Hey, Anastasia, I found out that Jared really looks like me, and his face resembles mine exactly when I was young. Say, don’t you think this is some special fate between him and I?” Nigel started to hint at her again.

While talking, Anastasia slowly made her way to the balcony. She laughed as she commented, “Jared resembles you when you were a child? How is that possible, though?”

“He really does. If you don’t believe me, I can send my childhood pictures for you to see. The resemblance is uncanny!” Nigel kept emphasizing.

“You don’t have to. I believe you. As long as you looked good as a child, that means that my son looks handsome too!” “Are you implying that I’m handsome too?” “You always were handsome.”

“You like handsome guys, right? With me being so handsome, that means you like me too.” Nigel laughed out happily on the other end of the line.

Anastasia, who was teased to laughter by his joke, also laughed out loud.

Yet, at that moment, the man who was still eating the noodles at the table suddenly found the food to be bland and tasteless after hearing their conversation.

Whenever this woman was with him, she would act like she was facing her mortal enemy, but when she was doing anything else with another man, she would always put on a smile and talk in a sweet voice.

Do | really not deserve to see her smile?

Meanwhile, Anastasia did not want to chat anymore and told Nigel. "I'll have to trouble you then, Nigel. I'm going to take a bath now, so I'll be hanging up first **

"Alright. Remember to think about me." "I will. I'll treat you to a meal next time." "Alright! I'll be looking forward to it."

"Okay. Goodbye." Anastasia then hung up after that and just enjoyed the cool breeze on the balcony when suddenly, a cold husky voice came from behind her. "Someone had a grand old time with Nigel!"

Looking back at the man who suddenly appeared on the balcony, she raised her eyebrows. "Have you finished your noodles?" "| have."

"Then you best be going! It's getting quite late now. Oh—and I'm not going to pick Jared up tonight as he'll be sleeping over at Nigel's."

Chapter 199 An Envious Man, My Baby's Daddy

"So that means that you'll be sleeping alone tonight?" A roguish look flashed across the man's eyes. Instantly, Anastasia was on high alert as she looked at him and asked, "What do you mean?"

"Nothing much. It's just that | want to sleep on your bed." "Don't push your luck. Go back to sleep at your own home. Otherwise, I'll ban you from ever eating over here again." "Your dad looked very happy tonight, but the time left until his company is taken over is only three months away.

If I don't interfere, no one has the ability to save your father's company. Maybe your father can go around asking for favors and using his connections, but it won't change the fate of his company being taken over in the end." Feeling as though all the energy had left her body, Anastasia was stuck in a dilemma.

She did not want anything to happen to her father's company, yet she also did not want to beg Elliot. "Maybe my dad would be luckier, maybe his company..." However, Anastasia could not continue, as she knew that her father's 'luck' all these years was actually just Elliot helping him out behind the scenes.

"Anastasia, do you think that it would be better for your father to go beg someone else, or do you think that it would be better if you begged me on his behalf?" His voice growing hoarse, Elliot then continued, "Even if I'm not obligated to do so, I am still very willing to help you and your father out."

Hearing this, Anastasia could only look at the city's nightlights, and she had the sudden feeling that even the sky was not big enough to fit her troubles. How did things spiral to this point? The man she did not want to beg the most turned out to be the man who could solve all her problems.

In the end, it was all because she was not tough enough, yet she also did not want to see her father go around begging people, so Anastasia bit her lip and looked at Elliot. "Do you want to sleep in my son's or my bed?" Smirking, the man answered definitively, "Your bed." The moment the words left her mouth, Anastasia felt as if she had trampled all over her principles. In the end, she hung her head low and despised how she was acting at the moment.

Guessing her thoughts, Elliot suddenly hugged her. "Anastasia, I won't permit you to look down on yourself. Even if you didn't beg me, I would still have helped your father. I promise that in this life, I will make sure that you and your father will live in peace and never have to worry about money ever again."

Admittedly, the man had a power to easily pick on her softest spot at her most vulnerable moments. "Thank you." Reaching out, Anastasia tried to push him away, but Elliot would not let her do so. At that point, he dropped a loving kiss to her hair. "Don't worry. I'm here to protect you." This sentence made Anastasia think that he was omnipotent, and that he could block anything from harming her and her family.

For some unknown reason, she stayed in his embrace without struggling, and she did not know if it was because the feeling of being protected by him was very nice or that she did not have the strength to struggle anymore. They stayed this way until her phone rang again. Taking it out, she saw it was from Nigel, so she broke free from Elliot's embrace while composing herself.

Just as Anastasia was about to answer the call, the man snatched it away from her and turned on the loudspeaker. "Hello, Anastasia. Are you afraid of sleeping alone? Do you want to chat for a while?"

The lovesick voice of Nigel echoed around the silent balcony. This made Anastasia's face blush. This evil man! Why did he turn on the loudspeaker? Yet, since the phone was in Elliot's hands, she couldn't snatch it back even if she wanted to. "Uh... There's no need for that. Nigel, just go to sleep. Goodnight!"

Anastasia just wanted to end the conversation as soon as possible. "I can't sleep. I'm thinking of you, you know?" At this point, Nigel was still unaware that his flirtatious words were being overheard by a third party. "Nigel... Nigel, stop talking right now and just go to sleep! I'm going to hang up now."

However, Nigel began to act spoiled. "Sing a song for me, then. It can even be a children's song used to humor Jared. If you do it, then I'll sleep. If you don't, then I won't." Elliot's expression became thunderous when he heard those words, while Anastasia's face became as red as a tomato. Why did she have to encounter such a thing?

Chapter 200

"Nigel, stop fooling around now and go to sleep! I really am going to hang up now." Saying that, Anastasia rushed over to snatch her phone back. However, Elliot did not want to give it back.

Anastasia did not dare get too loud, as it would be hard to explain if Nigel found out that another man was at her house. It would definitely damage her reputation. "I don't want to. Quick, just one song. I'm waiting for you!" Obviously, they could hear that Nigel had turned over and was waiting patiently.

Seeing how high Elliot's hand was, Anastasia jumped in order to reach her phone but the very next second, she found her waist suddenly hugged by an arm, as the man pressed her against the balcony and accurately kissed her while still raising his other hand. Anastasia's mind went blank and she was humiliated to the extreme. Is he doing this on purpose?

“Anastasia, sing for me. Humor this big baby to sleep!” Nigel was still begging on the other end of the line. This almost drove her crazy. How can | do that? I’m being kissed by this b*stard of a man right now!

An idea suddenly came to her in the heat of the moment and she circled her arms around Elliot’s neck, pretending to immerse herself in the kiss. Seeing his hand slowly lowering as expected, Anastasia quickly snatched her phone back and went to the side, slightly panting. “Nigel, just go to sleep. I’ll hang up now!” Anastasia shouted down the line before she ended the call. After that, she stared at the evil man.

“Was that fun?” To this, Elliot only innocently replied, “I was just agitated.” “You...” Not wanting to bother with him any longer, Anastasia would have chased him out of the house if it weren’t for her father’s problems needing Elliot’s help.

If Nigel knew that Anastasia was actually being kissed for a good ten seconds while they were on the phone, he would have most likely lost his mind, because that meant that he would’ve lost to his shameless cousin. After taking her important belongings out of her room, Anastasia said to the man who was sitting on the sofa before going to sleep in her son’s room, “You should go to bed earlier. And do not disturb me while I’m sleeping.”

“But you haven’t even bathed yet!” Elliot raised his eyebrows at that. “Whether | bathe or not is none of your business.” As Anastasia did not want to chance the man doing something despicable, she was content to scroll through her phone in her son’s room. After all, she wouldn’t stink to high heaven just from not showering a day.

That night, Elliot got his wish of sleeping on her bed again. The next morning, Anastasia opened her eyes dazedly. It was only then that she realized she had been sleeping in her son’s room and remembered that her room was being used by Elliot. Opening the door, she saw that it was only 7AM.

Since it was a Saturday, Anastasia did not think that Elliot would be up, so she stretched while walking to the balcony, seeing as today was a day where she could actually relax. On the weekend, the city had a relaxed feeling to it, as the quiet streets did not have the usual hustle and bustle of the morning traffic.

Pouring a cup of water for herself, Anastasia thought about what to have for breakfast, and when she should go pick up her son. Just then, the sound of the main door suddenly being opened surprised her, and she turned around to find Elliot coming back with breakfast in his hands. “You... were up already?”

Astunned Anastasia looked at the man. "I'm an early bird by habit." Setting down the breakfast on the table, Elliot then said, "Come and eat!" Looking at him, she was a bit surprised, thinking that successful men really do have a firm grip on their time and that he actually did not sleep in.

While Anastasia sat down and ate with him, Elliot elegantly held a piece of bread while saying nonchalantly, "I can accompany you to pick Jared up later." Immediately, she rejected his notion by waving her hand. "There's no need for that. I'll go by myself." "Are you afraid of Nigel seeing us together?"

Elliot asked while peering at her. For reasons unbeknownst to herself, Anastasia just did not want anybody to know how close she was with Elliot. "By the way, President Presgrave, you are going to keep the promise of helping my father out, right?" Changing the subject, Anastasia thought that since she had already let Elliot sleep on her bed, he had better honor his promise.

"Of course I will." Smiling, Elliot continued, "Whatever promises I make to you, I will always honor them." Unable to look into his charismatic eyes, Anastasia could only look down and continue to munch on her bread. "Thank you."