

Night Of Destiny Chapter 21 - 30

My Baby's Daddy Chapter 21

“What’s wrong? Are you wary of me? Don’t worry. Miss Tillman, I’m not an evil person. It’s just that I’m

usually really busy during the day, and I can only make time at night.”

Upon hearing that, Anastasia had no choice but to agree. “Alright. I’ll send the draft to your place at

8.00PM tonight.”

“By the way, I don’t like strangers coming into my house, so it’s better if you come over on your own,

Miss Tillman,” John added on while Anastasia tensed up. Is he trying to get me to go over to his place

alone?

Nevertheless, she could only nod and go along with John’s requests because he was her customer.

“Sure. I’ll be there at 8.00PM sharp.”

“I’ll send you the address now.” Then, John hung up.

After the call, Anastasia headed to Felicia’s office and told her about the call before Felicia pondered

for a moment. “From what I know, John Curtis is a well-known CEO without any bad rumors, so he

probably won't do anything that would cross the line."

Anastasia could only hope that things go smoothly tonight.

During the afternoon meeting, Elliot, who hadn't shown up for three days, finally came. He looked even

younger with his hair styled and his dark gray suit, while his facial features were cold as usual.

Anastasia had her head lowered as she read the document while Alice, seated facing Anastasia, kept

fidgiting around and hoping that it would attract Elliot's attraction.

"Anastasia Tillman, focus on the meeting and stop doodling," Felicia suddenly called out.

As Anastasia was indeed doodling in her notebook without paying attention to the meeting, she quickly

straightened her posture and nodded with a flushed face. "Alright."

After placing her pencil down obediently, her gaze met an upset pair of eyes, as if they were trying to

tell her how disappointed they were by her actions.

To Elliot, Anastasia was behaving like a stubborn kid who wouldn't listen in class right now.

"Anastasia, I hope that you'll be able to learn how to respect other people in my company," he suddenly

demanded out of nowhere.

Immediately, a few snickers could be heard in the meeting room, as some of them were pleased that

Anastasia got lectured by the boss.

However, Anastasia blinked before she propped her chin on her hand and smiled at Elliot. “Thanks for

teaching me the right way to act, but I just want to be myself. President Presgrave, you can always fire

me if you don’t like me.”

Right then, only the sound of people gasping could be heard in the meeting room. Isn’t Anastasia being

a bit too courageous? How dare she speak to President Presgrave in that manner?

Elliot wasn’t just the president of QR Jewelry Group. In fact, he was also supported by Presgrave

Corporation, making him a rich and powerful man. Hence, it would be dumb for anyone to try to cross

Elliot.

Has Anastasia gone mad?!

Felicia got anxious as well. Then, she turned to Anastasia and exclaimed, “Anastasia, how could you

speak to President Presgrave like that?!”

Nevertheless, a playful glint flashed past Anastasia's gaze as she stared at Elliot intently. "President

Presgrave, would you like me to hand in my letter of resignation?"

"Anastasia, you can't just resign when you still have to meet President Curtis tonight!" Immediately,

Felicia tried to stop Anastasia from angering Elliot any further.

Still, Elliot's face darkened as he frowned before he turned to Felicia. "Why is she meeting clients at

night?"

Yet, the fact that Elliot asked her that question instead of getting angry made her confused before she

quickly cleared her throat and replied, "One of our clients customized a set of jewelry, but he's very

busy and can only meet up at night, so Anastasia will have to go over to the client's place on her own

tonight."

"Tell that client that none of our employees work overtime. There won't be any business dealings

outside of working hours," Elliot instructed coldly. From what he heard, President Curtis was definitely a

man, and an ill-intentioned one at that.

“Umm... Well, we have already set the timing to meet up with the client,” Felicia tried to explain again.

On the other hand, although Anastasia could tell that Elliot was trying to help her out, she was still

feeling rebellious and refused to listen to him.

“Don’t worry, Felicia. I’ll surely meet up with President Curtis tonight without any delay.” She assured

Felicia about her outlook on this matter.

“I forbid you to go, Anastasia,” Elliot suddenly instructed sternly.

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Despite that, Anastasia returned his gaze before replying with determination, “No one can stop me if I

want to go.”

Right then, everyone was shocked by Anastasia’s attitude to challenge Elliot’s bottom line. She refused

to go along with any of Elliot’s demands, and no one else in the entire company would have dared to

do so.

“Alright, well, the meeting’s over now!” Even Felicia was terrified that Elliot might be angered and didn’t

want to give Anastasia more opportunity to piss him off.

At this moment, Anastasia left her seat with her documents while Alice glared at her with jealousy. Who

gave Anastasia the audacity to do what she did? How dare she treat Elliot like that?

When Anastasia returned to her office and wanted to take a sip of water, her office door was opened

harshly before an angered figure entered the office.

When is this going to stop? She narrowed her eyes and looked at the man with a dark face in front of

her before she placed her cup down. “What’s wrong, President Presgrave?”

“Show me President Curtis’s details.” Elliot reached out for the document from Anastasia.

“You saw him at the jewelry exhibition last night. His name is John Curtis,” Anastasia answered

truthfully.

Upon hearing that, the man had his facial expression darkened even more. Why won’t she refuse to

meet that guy at 8.00PM tonight when she already knows that he has ill intentions?

“Can’t you tell that he has ill intentions?”

“All I know is that my draft is worth seven digits.” All Anastasia wanted was to get her commission.

“Get someone else to go meet him, then,” Elliot suggested.

“No. I have to do it myself because this is my order. I don’t need you to worry about me.” Then,

Anastasia opened the door to her office and motioned for Elliot to leave. “You should leave! I have to

resume working now.”

However, Elliot gritted his teeth and said, “Anastasia, you’ll regret this.”

Still, Anastasia raised her eyebrows before smiling. “That’s still none of your business, President

Presgrave.”

“You—” Elliot’s face darkened.

Ever since he met Anastasia, he had lost control of his anger and kept getting annoyed by her

behavior.

Meanwhile, Anastasia exhaled while watching as the man left angrily. Somehow, she felt a hint of thrill

because Elliot was Hayley’s boyfriend. She would still dismiss him even if he was really worried for her.

Since Anastasia was going to work overtime, she could only get Francis to come over to look after

Jared. Nevertheless, Francis agreed to pick Jared up at school, as he had been missing Jared after not

seeing him for days and wanted to take him out for a nice meal at night.

Knowing that her father would take care of her kid, Anastasia could finally work overtime without worry,

as she still hadn't completed the regular draft submissions that she needed to submit by the end of

every month.

Around 6.30PM, she ordered takeout and ate at the company's pantry while staring at the beautiful

sunset view outside of the window in awe.

At the same time, Elliot, who was still in the president's office, massaged his temple and asked Rey, "Is

she still in the company?"

"Miss Tillman ordered takeout just now, and she's eating in the pantry currently. I'm guessing that she

wants to work overtime until 7.00PM and go to John Curtis later

on."

"Alright. Continue watching after her." Elliot was still worried. Since he promised Harriet to take care of

Anastasia along with the favor that he owed Anastasia's mother, he couldn't let anything happen to her.

After finishing her meal, Anastasia rested for a while before leaving at 7.10PM.

While she left in a cab at the company's entrance, a black car quickly followed behind the cab and

trailed after them.

On the other hand, Anastasia was anxious as she looked at the night view from the window of the car.

She was hoping that she could leave immediately after settling the

deal and even thought of an idea to let John know her colleague was waiting outside.

Hopefully, he wouldn't attempt anything with that in mind!

Then, the cab entered the rich housing area before stopping in front of a luxurious villa. After the cab

left, another car stopped in the street behind Anastasia. Nevertheless, she didn't notice it.

On the other hand, Elliot was trying his best to suppress his urge to dash out of the car as he watched

Anastasia press the doorbell. In a while, he'd get Rey to enter the villa to check on her.

When the door in front of Anastasia opened, John's voice rang out. "Come on in, Miss Tillman! I'm

waiting for you in the living room."

Upon hearing that, Anastasia quickly entered the house. As expected from a rich person, the villa was

extremely luxurious. When she entered the living room, John, who was sitting on the couch in his black

robe along with a glass of wine in his hand, came into view. At that moment, the rich man seemed

somewhat carefree.

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Nevertheless, Anastasia tensed up when she saw John. Still, she had no right to interfere in her client's

clothing preference, even though they were discussing business. Then, Anastasia quickly sat down on

the couch before giving John her draft. "You can take a look at the draft that I've designed for you,

President Curtis. Do let me know if I should make any changes."

After going through the draft papers, John complimented with a pleased manner, "These are great! As

expected from a capable designer. I really like your designs, Miss Tillman."

Then, he poured a cup of tea for Anastasia. "Do have some tea, and let's start discussing our contract

after this."

"Uhm, I'm not thirsty since I just had dinner with my colleagues just now." Anastasia rejected politely.

“You don’t have to see yourself as an outsider, Miss Tillman. How can you refuse a cup of tea when

you’re already at my house? Isn’t that disrespectful?” John made it clear that he was upset.

Meanwhile, Anastasia stared at the cup of tea and made a decision before she took the tea and drank

it. “President Curtis, it’s already late now, so why don’t we sign the contract now? My colleague is still

waiting for me outside.”

“Your colleague?” John’s gaze wavered slightly.

“Yes. My colleague sent me over because I wasn’t driving. Since it’s hard to get a cab here, I still need

his help to send me home later on,” Anastasia explained with a smile as she tried to imply that

someone was waiting for her and would definitely lodge a police report if she couldn’t get out.

“Well, I still have to check the draft again since I didn’t do so just now. Please wait for a moment,” John

said before he started looking at the draft again. Nevertheless, he was observing Anastasia’s reaction

from the corners of his eyes. So what if your colleague is waiting for you when you’ve already drank the

tea? I can still buy his silence after everything is over.

The tea that Anastasia drank just now was specially prepared by John, as he must get her by tonight.

After that, he would use some money to buy her silence, and everything would be over. This was the

tactic that John used every time, and all of the ladies ended up wrapped around his finger after that, so

he hoped that Anastasia

would be obedient as well.

While waiting for John to look through the draft, Anastasia suddenly felt cold sweat forming around her

neck as well as a warm feeling around her chest before she wondered if the air conditioner in the living

room wasn't strong enough.

Upon noticing that, John quickly poured another cup of tea for her. "Miss Tillman, you look like you are

hot. Here, have another cup of tea!"

Not noticing anything odd, Anastasia took the cup of tea and drank it. Although the cool tea soothed

her momentarily, she didn't know that she had just consumed more of the drug

"Is there something wrong with the draft?" Anastasia asked worriedly as she really wanted to leave

already.

“There’s nothing wrong with it, and I believe in your ability as well. Hold on. I need to go to the

washroom for a while.”

At this moment, John was trying to drag the time because the drugs needed some time to be activated.

By the time that Anastasia was in her most afflictive, she would surely agree to whatever demands he

had.

On the other hand, Anastasia still thought that the air conditioner wasn’t powerful enough because she

was starting to feel really hot, and her face was flushed. It wasn’t until a sudden strong sensation from

the lower part of her body hit her that she realized that something was wrong.

Why is my body starting to feel numb? It’s like... It’s like there’s a fire burning within my body and

chipping away at my consciousness and rationality. Could it be that ...

Anastasia turned toward her cup before she stared at the pot of tea. Suddenly, something hit her, and

she immediately got up and ran out of the living room.

When John returned to the living room and noticed that Anastasia wasn’t there, he quickly ran after her

and saw her staggering out of the yard.

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John chuckled coldly. To him, Anastasia was like a bird trapped in his cage, completely under his

control. At the same time, Anastasia was starting to feel a wave of dizziness overcome her. Right when

John was about to grab her, a cold voice rang out. "Let go of Miss Tillman."

Then, someone jumped over the wall and landed in front of Anastasia, blocking John's way. Staring at

the man, who got in his way, John snapped, "How dare you trespass into my private housing area? Get

out of my way."

"Please leave, Miss Tillman," Rey turned around and said to Anastasia.

"Mr. Osborne?" Anastasia gasped in shock. However, she could only continue making her way toward

the door while her body continued heating up uncomfortably. Right after she opened the door, she ran

into a warm embrace before a strong pair of arms reached out to steady her, causing her to groan

before her head snapped up abruptly. When she saw the man, who was one head taller than her, her

eyes widened. Why is it him? Why is Elliot here?

“You’re as stubborn as a mule.” Elliot had no intention of sounding nice, telling her off as soon as she

came into view.

Upon hearing that, Anastasia was rendered speechless, and she couldn’t deny that Elliot was way

more reliable than John. Then, she reached out to grab Elliot’s shoulder to steady herself. “Help me...

Take me out of this place.”

Upon hearing that, Elliot instructed Rey, “Teach him a lesson.”

After that, he carried Anastasia, who curled up immediately, and headed to his car.

On the other hand, Rey, who was initially blocking John’s way, mercilessly landed a jab on John’s face,

following a roundhouse on his body. Instantly, the tycoon fell to the ground in pain. “Who are you? Who

is the man outside? I won’t let you guys off the hook for this!”

“Who gave you the audacity to hit on President Presgrave’s woman?”

“What?! Is the man outside... Elliot Presgrave?” John exclaimed in shock before he pleaded, “I’m

sorry... I made a mistake. Please let Young Master Elliot know that I’m sorry...”

After Rey left, John hunched down to the ground. He was in so much pain that he couldn't say anything as cold sweat started forming.

Anastasia actually became Elliot's woman? Although John had already noticed that Elliot seemed to

have his eyes on Anastasia as well, he didn't expect the plan to fall through.

On the other hand, Anastasia felt her body burning up even more in the backseat of the car, and she

felt even more uncomfortable in her half-lying posture. Suddenly, she clung to Elliot's neck as if

grinding against him would make her feel better.

"Please save me... Bring me to the hospital..." Anastasia stared at Elliot with teary eyes as if she was a

pitiful rabbit.

At this moment, Rey entered the car before he turned to the man in the backseat of the car and asked,

"Where are we heading, Young Master Elliot?"

"To the hospital," Elliot replied.

Then, Rey started the car engine and drove away.

Nevertheless, Anastasia felt extremely uncomfortable. Under the streetlight's illumination, Elliot's

handsome face wasn't as despicable anymore. Suddenly, she pulled herself up to his lap and wrapped

her hands around his neck before planting a kiss on his seductive, thin lips.

Immediately, Elliot stiffened up. How dare she kiss me forcefully?

While he was shocked by Anastasia's amateur kissing skills, he still responded to Anastasia's soft body

pressing against him. Suddenly, he pulled on the partition dividing the front area and the rear area of

the car before he grabbed onto Anastasia's head and regained the dominance of the kiss.

"Mm..." Anastasia felt an electrifying sensation coursing through her body comfortably before her arms

ventured around the man's back while enjoying his electrifying kiss.

At the same time, Anastasia's hands moving around Elliot's back caused him to tense up before his

breathing became heavy, and he narrowed his eyes.

Does this woman even know what she's doing?

Nevertheless, the woman in his arms was surprisingly submissive. She had lost her stubbornness

during the day, allowing Elliot to explore her lips, while he had lost his self-control and rationale as he

kept kissing her instinctively.

“Mm...” Suddenly, Anastasia came back to her senses and pushed Elliot away.

“Elliot Presgrave, you

a*shole! Get away...”

Immediately, Elliot’s face darkened. Why is she flirting with me and making me leave in one hand? How

contradicting can she be?

Despite that, the fiery sensation that Anastasia was feeling rushed up again when Elliot let go of her. At

the same time, the car suddenly jerked, causing her to plant her face into Elliot’s neck. Right when

Anastasia came into contact with his skin, she latched her mouth onto it and started nibbling as if she

was a leech and refused to let go.

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Yet Elliot allowed Anastasia to do as she liked. It was as if he was equally affected by whatever that

she had ingested, and he felt like he was about to explode as well.

Looks like this woman is good at seducing men other than causing trouble for others.

“Are we reaching the hospital yet?” Elliot asked Rey, who was driving.

“We are almost there,” Rey replied before the car took a turn and reached the entrance of the hospital.

Then, he quickly got out of the car and opened the door to the back of the car for his boss. Elliot got out

and straightened his shirt before pulling the woman in the car out and carrying her into the hospital.

Ten minutes later, Anastasia ended up in the VIP ward of the hospital. After getting sedatives and an IV

drip, she finally quietened down, and her eyes were closed while her face was flushed.

Right then, Rey gave Elliot tissue paper. “Young Master Elliot, there’s a bloodstain around your neck.

You should wipe it off.”

Elliot wiped his neck with the tissue paper before seeing a light bloodstain on it. This woman’s teeth are

as sharp as a vampire!

After Rey left, Elliot continued staying guard in the ward. A while later, Anastasia, who was lying in bed,

slowly regained her consciousness and blinked. However, she was shocked when she turned around

and saw the man next to her.

“You...” Anastasia’s face went pale as she still remembered everything that had happened in the car

just now.

“This is the consequence of not listening,” Elliot remarked snarkily.

Anastasia had really underestimated John’s character. She initially thought that he wouldn’t attempt

anything at her after telling him that her colleague was waiting for her outside, but she didn’t expect him

to disregard her words.

“Thank you. Can I know the time?” Anastasia looked up and asked.

“9.30PM.”

“I should be going home now.” She suddenly didn’t feel like staying in the hospital any longer as she

glanced at the IV drip that was still half full.

“If you’re worried about your son, I can get Rey to take care of him until you finish your IV drip.”

“That’s not necessary. I’m fine now.” Anastasia insisted in a stubborn manner.

“You better think about the consequences of not finishing the IV drip. What if the drugs start working

again?” Elliot gritted his teeth and questioned.

After contemplating for a moment, Anastasia glanced at her bag. “Can you please hand me my bag?”

After Elliot handed her the bag, she took her phone out and contacted Francis, trying to sound as

natural as possible. “Dad, I might be back around 10.00PM, or later, so I’ll need you to help me get

Jared to sleep tonight.”

“Sure. Don’t worry and focus on your work!” Francis enjoyed looking after his grandson.

“Alright. Sure.” Anastasia hung up before she looked up to see the man, whose face was illuminated

under the light. She noticed that the top of his white shirt was unbuttoned, and there was a red mark on

his collarbone.

Immediately, she was mind blown. That mark wouldn’t have been caused by me biting him, no?

Besides, what we did in the car... Oh God, I want to disappear right now. If I recall correctly, I took the

initiative to kiss him before he reciprocated it... I can still remember how his lips felt against mine... Oh

my God! I need to stop thinking about it! Anastasia held her head between her hands before she felt

the drugs kicking in again.

“What’s wrong? Are you feeling uncomfortable?” Elliot quickly asked.

“I’m fine!” Anastasia huffed before she buried her head in her chest. “I lost my consciousness, and I

can’t remember what happened just now, so you don’t have to remind me about it. I don’t want to recall

anything that happened anymore.”

Upon hearing that, Elliot smirked. Is she trying to deny what happened just now?

“What are you going to do to compensate me after you kiss me forcefully?” He refused to let things go

and chose to make Anastasia recall what happened.

“I... Just decide on your own!” Anastasia snapped in an embarrassed manner.

When Elliot noticed that she was really embarrassed, he stopped trying to bother her any longer.

“You owe me a favor.” He harrumphed before taking a seat on the couch.

Anastasia was speechless.

Although she had heard of people owing favors because of money, this was her first time owing

someone else a favor because of a kiss. Fine! This is a way to settle things as well, I guess. I bet he

will forget about this sooner or later.

Then, Anastasia sat through her IV drip. Immediately, she got the nurse to remove the needle from her

hand while Elliot was scrolling his phone the entire time. After that, he stood up to accompany

Anastasia out.

When they reached the entrance of the hospital, Anastasia decided that she should stop bothering

Elliot anymore. "I'll take a cab home."

"Let me fetch you home." Elliot refused to let Anastasia go home on her own because it was too

dangerous for someone with her looks.

"It's fine." Anastasia insisted.

Despite that, the man grabbed her arm forcefully and dragged her toward Rey's car.

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"Hey! How can you boss me around like that?!" Although Anastasia kept shouting behind Elliot, he

refused to let go, and she was pushed into the car just like that.

Fine! Drop me off, then! At least I can save up from the cab fare.

Once Anastasia got into the car, she told Rey her address and proceeded to act as if she had fallen

asleep since she didn't want to talk to Elliot.

Fortunately, Elliot wasn't planning to start a conversation as well, so the two of them sat by the opposite

sides of the car in silence while staring at the night view outside of the window

About an hour later, they finally reached Anastasia's place, and she quickly thanked Rey, saying,

"Thanks, Mr. Osborne."

Before getting out of the car, Anastasia took a deep breath before she turned toward the man in the

car, thanking him as well. "Thank you for tonight."

Right then, Elliot's gaze met hers before he nodded slightly, indicating that he had heard her.

Then, Anastasia closed the car door and left while the car slowly drove away after making sure that

Anastasia had entered her apartment complex.

When she got home, Jared was already asleep, while Francis stayed by the side of his bed to

accompany him. When Francis saw Anastasia coming home so late at night, he took a card out of his

wallet and gave it to her. "Anastasia, there's 2 million in this card, and I think that you should have it.

You shouldn't overwork yourself. If you're tired, just resign and take care of Jared with this money!"

Upon hearing that, Anastasia was taken aback as she could feel Francis worrying for her.

Nevertheless, she pursed her lips and commented, "Naomi would surely get mad if she finds out about

this."

"Well, I'm the one who earned this money, and no one can stop me from giving it to you." Francis

placed the card in Anastasia's hand. "Take it."

Fathers often expressed their love in a silent manner. After doing so, Francis didn't say anything and left

with his briefcase while Anastasia sighed. She knew that Naomi was the one who climbed into

Francis's bed back then and forced him to marry her once she got pregnant. That was the only reason

why Francis married Naomi after

her biological mother's death. Although she hated Francis for doing so back then, she had already let

go of the past.

After showering, Anastasia lay down by Jared's side before she leaned forward to plant a kiss on

Jared's pale forehead. Then, she got tired and fell asleep as well.

The next morning, Anastasia vaguely heard Jared's voice calling out for her.

"Wake up, Mommy. I'm

going to be late."

When she woke up, she quickly jumped out of bed as it was already 8.20AM, and Jared's class was

going to start in ten minutes. The sedatives from yesterday had shut down her biological clock.

"I'll send you to school right now."

Anastasia quickly brought Jared to his kindergarten and sighed in relief. Then, she hurried to stop a

cab to rush to work when she glanced at her watch and realized that

it was already 8.50AM.

When Anastasia reached the company, it was already 9.40AM as she entered her office with a sour

look on her face. Looks like my attendance bonus for the month will be gone now. Besides, the deal

with John is definitely off now. I can't believe I wasted so much effort on getting tricked by that man

instead. Looks like I'll have to be smarter about things like this next time.

At this moment, Felicia knocked on the door and came in. Before Anastasia could say anything, Felicia

grinned and said, “Anastasia, good job for successfully negotiating the contract yesterday!”

“What? Is the deal on? Did John pay yet?”

“He transferred a hundred thousand over this morning as a deposit since the jewelry set that he

customized is around 2 million, and everything will be ready for him by the end of the month.”

Anastasia narrowed her eyes. What is John trying to do? Is he trying to compensate me because he

couldn't get what he wanted last night?

She felt disgusted at the thought of John's face before she told Felicia, “You should get someone else

to follow up on his case. I'm not interested in dealing with him anymore.”

“Since you've already finished your draft, I've already gotten someone to do the follow-up. By the way,

you don't look well. Did you not sleep well last night?” Felicia

asked in a worried manner.

“Let's not talk about it. Something upsetting happened yesterday.” In addition to what John did to her

last night, she really regretted taking the initiative to kiss Elliot since he was Hayley's boyfriend, and

Hayley was the person she hated the most in her entire life.

Around 11.00AM, Anastasia went into the washroom, and she heard footsteps entering the washroom

once she went into one of the toilets before the loud voice of a girl rang out.
“Guess what I saw just

now?”

“What?”

“I was lucky enough to take the same elevator as President Presgrave just now, and I saw a love bite

on his neck! Oh my God! I can’t help but wonder which woman would be so fortunate enough to give

him such a huge hickey!”

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Another woman chimed in with a jealous tone, commenting, “Wow, they really went all in! I bet it’s his

girlfriend! You know, the one who came to the company and got slapped by Anastasia?”

“I can’t help but wonder about Anastasia’s background, since she managed to get out unscathed after

hitting President Presgrave’s girlfriend.”

“I guess President Presgrave was unwilling to fire her because of how pretty she is.”

“Do you guys think that President Presgrave likes her?”

“It is possible. Maybe her position in the company will change once she gets into his bed.”

“Damn! I want to have her beauty, too! President Presgrave won’t even spare any glances on ordinary

employees like us.”

Right then, Anastasia, who was still in the toilet, knew well that she was the person who left a hickey on

Elliot’s neck.

As for her possibly getting into his bed, she could give them a definite answer. Never! Never in a

thousand years!

After the group of gossip girls left, Anastasia came out of the toilet and returned to her office before her

landline rang.

“Hello.”

“Come to my office for a while.” Elliot’s unique magnetic voice rang out.

Before Anastasia could say anything, he hung up, causing her to sigh as he was the person that she

didn't want to face the most today.

Maybe he has something to discuss with me regarding work. At the thought of that, she started heading

to the elevator.

When Anastasia reached the entrance of the president's office, she knocked before entering the office

to see Elliot reading through a document on the couch. He glanced at her before he continued reading

the document.

"Why did you look for me?" Anastasia asked.

"Is your body alright now?" Elliot started scanning her up and down while Anastasia replied in a tense

manner, "I'm fine now. Thanks for asking."

"Don't be so stubborn next time."

She frowned. Did he ask me to come up here just to say these to me?

"You don't have to worry about me, President Presgrave. I'll head back to resume my work now."

Then, Anastasia wanted to turn around and leave.

Suddenly, Elliot asked, "Do you like Nigel?"

Upon hearing that, Anastasia turned around abruptly. "What's your relationship with Nigel?"

Despite that, Elliot refused to answer her and asked again, “Do you like him?”

Without any hesitation, Anastasia answered, “Of course I like him.”

Nigel had been a great help to her and Jared, so she had already thought of him as her closest best

friend. Nonetheless, she didn’t notice that, because of her answer, the facial expression of the man

sitting on the couch behind her darkened. Slowly, a thoughtful look appeared on his emotionless face.

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“Then, it’s better if you don’t mention what happened last night to him,” Elliot gritted his teeth before

reminding her.

On the other hand, Anastasia was stunned. Why would I tell Nigel about something as private as this?

Still, I can now assume that Nigel and this man know each other.

“Don’t worry. I won’t mention this to anyone for the rest of my life.”

Then, her gaze landed on the visible hickey on the man’s neck, right beneath his white shirt.

“Leave now then!” Elliot instructed coldly, as if he was trying to kick her out while she turned around

and left.

After the door was closed, the man on the couch closed his eyes and frowned.

During the meeting, Felicia praised Anastasia for being able to seal a deal worth two million while all

the other designers cheered on her despite being secretly jealous.

Meanwhile, at the Tillman Residence, Erica was eliminated from the modeling competition due to her

height. The young lady didn't have enough money to fuel her living expenses. As she was used to

living luxuriously, she had to rely on Naomi to support her financially, as Francis only gave her ten

thousand every month for her allowance.

"Mom, can you find an excuse to get Dad to give me more allowance for the month? I got my eyes on a

Louis Vuitton bag, and I really want to have it for myself." Erica pulled on Naomi's hand and whined.

Unable to resist Erica's whining, Naomi stood up and said, "I'll go look around to see if your father left

any cash at home."

After entering the master bedroom, she opened the safe where Francis usually kept his cash to see a

stack of cash in it, unsurprisingly. However, there was also a document file next to the stack of cash.

Curious, Naomi reached out for the file and skimmed through it before a shocked look appeared on her

face.

Hubby actually bought a commercial housing with two rooms and two living rooms in a high end

residence located in the city center that cost about 8 million without telling me about it? Could it be that

it's for someone else other than us?

As expected, Naomi immediately got pissed off when she saw the ownership of the household.

The house was actually bought under Anastasia's name.

Chapter 28

That damned Anastasia! Persuading Francis to buy a house for her as soon as she returns, even

buying it without my knowledge! Ridiculous!

Naomi gritted her teeth in anger before she took out her phone and dialed her husband's number.

"Hello." Francis picked up.

"Francis, you bought Anastasia a house, but you didn't even tell me about it. What are you trying to

imply?"

“Oh, but you’re allowed to rummage my safe to give Erica pocket money?”
Francis seemed to have

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guessed what she was doing instead.

“If you can fork out 8 million to buy a house for Anastasia, a mere ten or twenty thousand for my

daughter won’t hurt, now will it?” Naomi accused.

“It’s not safe for Anastasia to live in a rented apartment with a child. Also, Erica is staying at home with

us. It’s pretty nice.”

“So only Anastasia is pitiful to you? My daughter can’t even afford a bag, but she’s not pitiful at all to

you? Francis, that’s favoritism!”

“All right, quit yapping. I’ve already bought the house, anyway. I actually wanted to tell you, but I feared

you’d make a fuss about it.”

Naomi was so furious that she could emit smoke at any moment. What tactics did Anastasia use to

trick Francis into liking her so well? 8 million to buy a house for her just like that! And the house would

be Anastasia's private property, too! I haven't even confronted Anastasia about Francis babysitting her

child yet!

On the other end of the line, Francis had already hung up. Naomi took all the money from the safe,

along with the contract. Then, she went downstairs and asked Erica, "Tell me, where is Anastasia

working? I want to see her right now."

"Mom, why are you looking for her?" Erica asked, puzzled.

"Your dad bought her a house for 8 million behind our backs. I'm now going to talk some sense into

her." Naomi couldn't find a place to vent the fury inside her anymore.

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"What? Did Dad spend 8 million on her? What about me? I have nothing!" Erica was also pissed. She

was his daughter too, so she wanted to have everything Anastasia had.

Erica immediately got in the car and drove toward Bourgeois with her mother. At around 3 pm,

Anastasia was working on her draft. She was on a roll nowadays, and the drafts and projects she held

were progressing smoothly.

“Grace, fetch me another cup of coffee.” Anastasia made an internal call to her assistant so that the

latter could get her some coffee to perk her up a bit.

Not long after, Grace came in with a cup of freshly brewed coffee with ice, and the silky texture and

cream topping only served to make the cuppa look ever so pleasing. Anastasia reached out and picked

it up, proceeding to take a sip. “Mm, not bad. It’s delicious.”

“Anastasia, can you give me some tips to lose weight? How do you maintain such a good figure?”

Grace was a cute girl slightly on the plump side, and she was constantly concerned about weight loss.

Anastasia thought for a bit, then shook her head and smiled. “I overwork my brain every day, so slimmed down without meaning to.”

In truth, she wouldn’t gain weight, no matter how much she ate. Also, she had to take care of her son

and go to work as well, so it was simply impossible for her to gain weight.

Meanwhile, Naomi and Erica had arrived at the parking lot downstairs. They went straight to the elevator and headed right for the design department.

As soon as she got out of the elevator, Naomi caught hold of a female assistant. “Do you know where

Anastasia's office is?"

The female assistant quickly pointed in a direction. "The last office over there."

Naomi walked over with the real estate contract, while Anastasia was absorbed in her drawing when

the door was suddenly thrown open. She immediately looked up to see Naomi and Erica walking in

furiously.

The look in Anastasia's eyes went cold as she asked harshly, "What?"

Naomi flung the contract she was holding onto the desk. "Spill it, Anastasia. What tactics did you use to

convince your dad to buy this house for you?"

Chapter 29

Anastasia was stunned, after which she reached out and took the contract, opening it to read. She was

also shocked that her father bought a house for her, as he didn't even discuss it with her before making

the purchase.

"Don't pretend you don't know, Anastasia. The contract is right here; you can't deny it!" Erica pointed

the finger at her and shouted.

“I’m not! Yes, Dad bought it for me, so what? You have a problem with that?”
Anastasia raised her

eyebrow and asked.

“Your father’s money belongs to the whole family, and he also has to get
permission from me and Erica

before buying you a house. Half of this house will belong to Erica.” Naomi
immediately fought for some

privilege for her daughter.

Anastasia found it ridiculous as she looked at Naomi. “This property is under my
name, so how can I

give half of it to your daughter?”

“Then I’ll ask Dad to buy a house for me too, or give me 8 million,” Erica said
haughtily.

“Go ahead and ask him, then! Why come to my office?” Anastasia put on a
haughty expression as she

spoke.

“Anastasia, I’m here to give you a warning. If you keep asking your dad to buy
stuff and give you

money behind my back, I’ll break off with him. You’ll be responsible for our
divorce when that happens,”

Naomi threatened.

Anastasia smiled wryly. “If that’s so, remember to notify me when you get divorced. I’ll know when to

find another woman for Dad, and I guarantee she’ll be better than you.”

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“You,” Naomi was so mad she could blow up.

Erica also had a sunken expression. “Anastasia, I’ll make you lose your job right now.”

“What are you planning to do?” Anastasia narrowed her eyes and asked.

“I’ll tell everyone that you have an illegitimate child, a son you had from being someone’s mistress!”

Erica shouted, threatening to ruin her reputation.

Anastasia snorted. “Should I get a mic for you? So that you can say it louder?”

“You think I’m too scared to do that?” With that, Erica turned around and opened the door, leaving.

Naomi was satisfied with her daughter’s boldness, and she also wanted Anastasia to lose this job.

In the main office, Erica shouted at the top of her lungs, “I have some news for everyone! Anastasia

Tillman is a mistress! She destroyed someone else’s family and gave birth to a love child overseas! Be

careful of her because she’s a shameless and cunning woman!”

Instantly, the employees in the office stood up and looked toward Erica, who was shouting. One of

them immediately asked, “Really? Miss Tillman is someone’s mistress?”

“Of course, it’s real. Why would I lie? Also, she had been messing around five years ago, working at a

club and selling herself for money... That was why my dad chased her out.” Erica proceeded to bring

up the events five years ago.

While Erica talked animatedly, someone appeared behind her. In the next second, someone grabbed

the young lady’s shoulder and landed a loud slap on her face. It was none other than Anastasia

because she had had enough of her sister’s nonsense for the past five years. Now, she couldn’t endure

it anymore, especially when she heard Erica calling her son an illegitimate child, and that was when Anastasia lost all rationality.

“Ah=” Erica screamed and tried to hit her back, but Anastasia dodged it just in time. She gripped Erica’s

long hair and pinned it to the ground. When Naomi emerged from the office, the first thing she saw was

her daughter getting hit, so she immediately blew up.

“Anastasia, you b*tch! How dare you hit my daughter! Let go of her!”

Anastasia's hair was instantly grabbed as Naomi pulled all the stops to save her daughter. However,

Anastasia's grip on Erica's hair increased along with the pain she herself felt.

"Ah! It hurts! Let go, Anastasia-" Erica let out a shriek of pain because Anastasia's hand grabbed her

hair in a death grip.

"Let go, you b*tch!" Naomi's heart ached for her daughter, so mad that she raised her arm and

delivered a slap across Anastasia's face.

Anastasia endured the pain and relayed the slap onto Erica's face. Erica was pinned to the ground,

kneeling, and she couldn't get up or break free, putting her in a convenient position for Anastasia to

slap.

"Hit me once, and I'll hit her thrice. Try me." Anastasia might look terrible, but her fearsome boldness

made up for it.

Immediately, Naomi let go of Anastasia, and the latter also saw Felicia bringing people over, so she let

go of Erica as well. She held a fistful of broken hair in her hands, and Erica's swollen face was already

pale in pain. Naomi pulled her daughter to her feet, ready for another brawl.

Felicia shouted, “Who are you people?! And why are you causing a ruckus in our company?”

Chapter 30

Anastasia tidied her messy hair, the red shape of a palm obvious on her pretty face. “Chase them out!”

she said to Felicia.

“I am Anastasia’s stepmother, and I have a private business to settle with her,” Naomi barked.

“I don’t care who you are. This is a company, not the backyard of your house. If you refuse to leave, I’m

calling the police.” Felicia had no regard for Naomi.

Naomi thought she couldn’t involve the police in this matter, so she pulled her daughter along as she

said, “Let’s go, Erica. We’ll continue this later.”

Anastasia bit her red lip and let out a sigh as she watched the duo leave. As for the onlookers in the

office, most of them couldn’t help but see Anastasia in a new light. Despite her slender frame, she

could actually put up a fight against the duo.

“What’s wrong with you, Anastasia? How are people coming over so often to pick on you?” Felicia and

Anastasia were equally exasperated by the recent events, and the latter made a promise to her

superior. "I'll try my best not to bring personal matters to the company."

Anastasia returned to her office, and she was about to tie her hair up when her landline rang. She

reached out and picked it up. "Hello."

"Got into a fight again?" A man's deep and upset voice came from over the phone.

Anastasia was speechless. How did this news travel to him so fast? But then she remembered that

there were many busybodies in this company.

"Good news. I won," Anastasia replied cheekily.

"And you still have the courage to brag. You're a mother now; it's unbecoming to fight all the time,"

Elliot said in exasperation.

Anastasia grinned, but the movement affected the wound on her face, causing her to hiss. "I'll hang up

now. My face hurts."

She ended the call right away. Soon, Rey arrived at Anastasia's office, bringing an ice pack for her.

"President Presgrave asked me to deliver this. Please be more careful next time, Miss Tillman."

Anastasia gave Rey a look but accepted the ice pack anyway. “Thank you, Rey.”

“You should thank President Presgrave.” Rey smiled a little before leaving.

Anastasia held the ice pack to her face, and the pain subsided when she realized that the contract was

still with her. She sighed, for she couldn’t believe that her father actually bought her a house.

Therefore, she took her phone and dialed her father’s number.

“What’s the matter, Anastasia?”

“Dad, why didn’t you tell me you bought a house for me?”

“How did you know?”

“Naomi herself took the contract to my office. Dad, please don’t do this next time, in case she gets

upset again.” Anastasia still threw in a word of advice for her father.

“I’ve been feeling guilty about the past five years, so this is my compensation to you. You can move in

next month.”

“Thanks, Dad.”

“I also want to give you and Jared a stable home,” Francis said.

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In the president's office, Rey pulled up a recording of the CCTV in the main office and played it for

Elliot. He stared at the girl rushing out on the screen, and as he heard her words, his eyebrows

scrunched up tightly.

Anastasia was a mistress, and her kid was a love child? She even sold herself for money at a club five

years ago? What?

In the recording, Anastasia stormed furiously and gave Erica a slap. Then, she grabbed the latter by

the hair and pinned Erica to the ground. Immediately after that, another woman rushed out and

grabbed Anastasia's hair, slapping her. Then Anastasia slapped the girl on the ground a few more

times before Felicia appeared and resolved the incident.

He had to admit that this woman was a fierce fighter.

"Can you find out who fathered Anastasia's son?" Elliot asked Rey.

"Our people overseas could only find hospital information about Miss Tillman giving birth to her son.

There wasn't any info on the child's father," Rey reported.

Elliot's gaze darkened. Could it be that this woman was really someone's mistress, and she had

escaped overseas to give birth to a child she had to bring up on her own? And what of her selling

herself at a club five years ago? Was she in dire need of money?