

My Baby's Daddy Chapter 486

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"Who else could it be? Of course it's Elliot! They will be engaged two weeks after Christmas, and my daughter will finally marry." Francis' happiness was uncontrollable, especially now that he had such a wonderful son-in-law. His company would certainly expand further when it was handed over to Anastasia in the future.

A trace of jealousy flashed in Naomi's eyes, but she couldn't show it on the surface. So, she smiled pretentiously and said, "Really? That's great! Anastasia is so lucky."

"I think so too." Francis nodded in agreement.

What he didn't realize was that when his wife turned around, her face turned frosty and anger flashed in her eyes. Francis loves Anastasia even more now because he can count on her for anything.

In his eyes, there is no Erica and me anymore!

Since Naomi and Francis got married, they had never been at one with each other. His heart was dedicated to home, and she only cared about herself and her daughter.

When Naomi went downstairs and headed out for a stroll, she couldn't help but call her daughter. At that time, Erica was out shopping with Hayley.

Erica had no idea that the person who had kept her alone at Alex's place the night before was her bestie currently standing next to her. Aside from that, the card that Hayley was holding in her hand was under Alex's name.

Unknowingly, Erica had shared a man with Hayley, yet she was still showing off how much Alex loved her and how generous he was to her in front of Hayley.

On the other hand, Hayley only smiled and said nothing. Erica didn't know that she was acting like a clown in front of her.

Upon hearing her phone ring, Erica took out her phone and picked up the call. "Hello, Mom. What's the matter?" she asked.

"Erica, Anastasia is getting engaged to Elliot," Naomi disclosed.

"What?" Erica's eyes widened in shock. "Anastasia is getting engaged? With Elliot?" she asked in disbelief.

Although it was only a matter of time, hearing this news still drove Erica insane with jealousy.

On the other hand, Hayley tightened her grip around the coffee cup as she stared at Erica. Those words were like a knife piercing through her heart.

After all, Anastasia is becoming Elliot's wife. It is as if God has given her the best of everything, and it is so unfair.

"Mom, are you sure?" Erica asked again.

"Anastasia was the one who called and told your father. How can I not be certain? I'm hoping it's a scam as well!" Naomi replied angrily at the other end.

After Erica hung up the call, she turned and noticed Hayley's ghastly expression.

"Are you alright, Hayley? Anastasia is getting engaged to Elliot!"

"It's okay. She knew how to use tricks and schemes to seduce Elliot, but I'm not capable of any of that," Hayley said.

"What exactly did she mean last time? Why would she say that you are being swept out by the Presgrave Family," However, Erica couldn't finish the sentence.

An icy look flashed across Hayley's gaze. "Anastasia framed me. She convinced everyone that I was planning to murder Old Madam Presgrave and everyone believed it, so I was misjudged by Elliot. Anastasia has taken everything that the Presgraves have given me. I hate her and I wish she was dead!" Hayley elaborated.

After hearing her side of the story, Erica was shocked and resentful. "What? Anastasia set you up that way? She really will go to any lengths to get Elliot, huh?" she chastised.

In Erica's heart, Anastasia was a vicious person, so she bought Hayley's story straight away.

"Therefore, you and your mother should be careful. Don't let her plot against you two," Hayley advised.

"Don't even mention that. Anastasia took over my father's company as her own

and even drafted his will. My mother and I have no share of the company at all. The company solely belongs to her!" Erica sneered as she gritted her teeth in anger.

"Anastasia is truly showing no mercy to you and your mother. She is not even giving a fraction of the company's property," Hayley stated, feigning sympathy for Erica.

At that point, Erica became angrier. "She can't wait to kill my mother and I!" Upon hearing that, Hayley began to instil terror in the other woman. "Erica, she is Mrs. Presgrave now. If she finds an opportunity in the future, she will not let us go."

As expected, Hayley's comments had frightened Erica and the latter's expression shifted. As such, she turned to look at Hayley and asked, "What should we do? Are we going to be trampled under her feet for the rest of our lives?"

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A scheming expression flashed across Hayley's eyes as she said, "It's best to keep Anastasia and Elliot from getting engaged."

"What idea do you have, Hayley?" Erica's mind was blank at the moment.

After having lost all her money, Hayley did not have much means left, but she couldn't just watch Anastasia and Elliot getting engaged either.

"Erica, let's head home first. Let me think of a way," Hayley stated.

"Okay, as long as you think of a way, I will definitely help you," Erica said innocently without knowing she was going to be taken advantage of by Hayley. Hayley patted her in response and remarked, "Erica, Anastasia is our common enemy and we will deal with her together."

"Sure." Erica nodded vigorously.

Hayley's cell phone rang at that moment, and she stretched out with her hand to take a look at her phone. "Let me take this call," she said.

After that, she walked to the side and picked up the call. "Hello."

"Where are you? Let's have dinner together. I have reserved a restaurant for tonight." Alex's voice sounded from the other end of the line.

"Okay. Give me the address and I'll come over," she agreed readily.

"Who are you with?" he asked.

"With friends," she replied.

"Are you with Erica?" Alex sounded a little anxious at that.

Hayley comforted him, "Don't worry, she won't find out about our relationship."

"Don't tell her about us, Hayley. I have mentioned that she is the one who can assist me in claiming Tillman Constructions," Alex reminded her calmly.

"I understand." Hayley hummed in response. She realized that as long as she firmly held Alex's heart, she would also be able to enjoy the future equity of the Tillman

Constructions that he would hold.

This could also be regarded as an indirect revenge against Anastasia.

"Your boyfriend?" Erica asked curiously as she looked at Hayley, who just hung up the phone.

"Just a friend," Hayley replied vaguely. "Let's go! Let's do more shopping!"

He was hosting two honored guests, Richard and Arthur that night in Elliot's villa. The two of them arrived with some toys for Jared. Knowing that they were Elliot's good friends, Jared adored the duo very much.

When Arthur and Richard glanced at Jared, they couldn't decide whether or not to tell Elliot because they were afraid he would be unhappy if they addressed it. If they didn't say it aloud, they would feel uncomfortable suppressing it.

Jared is surely Elliot's biological son! The two of them had met Elliot when he was eight years old and had stayed together as friends and trained with him until he was sixteen. Elliot's childhood appearance was therefore vividly imprinted in their minds. That was why when they saw Jared, they felt as if they were looking at Elliot as a child.

Both of them look exactly the same!

However, on their way home, Arthur and Richard had learned that Anastasia's son had nothing to do with Elliot. Hence, it could only be said that the father and son were predestined to look alike.

"Jared, will you pay a visit to my house in the future?" Arthur asked with a smile.

"What do you do for a living, Mr. Weiss and Mr. Lloyd?" Jared inquired curiously as the two of them gave completely different feelings to him.

"I'm an idler. Him, on the other hand..." Arthur pointed at Richard and continued, "If anyone bullies you in the future, you can look for Mr. Lloyd. He likes punishing bad people the most."

Richard nodded seriously and concurred, "Yes, I can beat up bad guys."

"Okay. In the future, if there are bad guys that Mr. Presgrave can't deal with, I'll ask for your help," Jared said with a nod.

Arthur and Richard exchange a joyful glance after they heard Jared. It feels great to know that I am needed.

As soon as Jared left, Arthur immediately turned to face Richard. "Do they look alike?" he asked

"Almost identical." Richard nodded in agreement.

Following their brief conversation, the two of them chased after Jared from behind as their affections for him grew even stronger.

"I'm wondering whether our child will be as handsome as Jared if and when the two of us have children in the future," Arthur pondered as he crossed his arms.

"That will be a few years later and I won't necessarily want to have children," Richard replied with certainty.

Arthur curled his lips and smiled. "Alright, then. Let's see who gets married later," he suggested.

"Are there any rewards?" Richard was showing interest.

"Yes. Whoever gets married late will give the other one million," Arthur responded.

"But I don't have any money!" Richard stated stingily.

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Arthur was rendered speechless. The man who had the best equipment in the world had the nerve to constantly complain about being poor. It was obvious that he had finances that could never run out all his life, and yet Richard refused to buy him even one meal last night.

"Fine," he finally said. "Ten thousand. That is the lowest I can go."

"Deal."

The two adult men sat on the sofa as they made their very childish bet. Elliot went downstairs in casual wear after a while. In order to make his walking easier, Benedict had gotten him a crutch out of nowhere. Elliot was extremely reluctant to use it at first, but he had no choice but to use it for the time being. "Elliot, we have decided to leave only after your engagement party," Arthur declared.

Elliot sat down beside them. "None of you are allowed to leave until the engagement party is over."

Upon hearing that, Arthur asked with a curious expression on his face, "Elliot, how exactly does it feel like to fall in love with a woman? Why is it that I have met so many of them, but none seemed to have ever made my heart throb?"

"It is hard to put into words. You will know when you meet the one." Elliot wasn't good at explaining something like this as well.

All he knew was that there was no escaping when fate finally came. He himself was a prime example of it. He used to be repulsed when his grandmother tried to arrange his marriage for him, but now, marrying the person he had pursued with all his heart felt like a wonderful dream.

Arthur noticed how Richard was sitting with his back as straight as a soldier, so he reached out and gave the man a pat on the back. "You can be at ease with us."

"It's a habit," Richard threw out before he leaned into the sofa.

After seeing him relax, Arthur turned to Elliot and told him, "Richard and I made a bet earlier. The one who gets married first will have to give the other person ten thousand."

"Do you have a limited budget? How about I sponsor ten million dollars?" Elliot thought that their gamble was too small for someone of their status.

"It is alright. It is only a small gamble!" Arthur said. "It is mainly because Richard is used to living so frugally that I am afraid he won't be able to take it."

"His money is usually spent on his swords and knives."

Arthur was slightly worried for his stoic friend then. "I wonder what is going to happen when he finds a woman he likes but continues to be such a stingy guy. The lady might not be able to take it."

Despite being teased, Richard remained calm and only peered at Arthur as he simply uttered, "I wouldn't want to trouble you to worry about me."

The trio seemed to have returned to the old days. Somewhere deep in their

memories, they would never forget the time when they supported and took care of each other as they navigated their way through the dangerous rainforest. Those experiences were enough to make them appreciate the value of true friendship.

As Arthur and Richard left Elliot's villa around 9 PM, Arthur was suddenly in a good mood and he decided to take his friend to a place he had in mind. He proceeded to make the arrangements on the way..

"Richard!" he called out solemnly. "There is a place I want you to come with me. I need your help with something."

The stoic man didn't even need to think a second longer. "Okay," Richard said. He wouldn't sit idly by when it was matters concerning his good friend.

Arthur then told his bodyguard to drive to the place where he stayed last night. He wasn't specific with his words, but the bodyguard immediately understood and began to drive in the direction of Starryfield, the bustling part of the city center. It was a place where the air even smelled like it had been perfumed. This was the city that never slept. It was a place where all the high-end bars from around the world were located.

When Richard got out of the car and looked up to see that they had stopped at a bar, he frowned. "Why did you bring me here?" ;

"Someone bullied me while I was here yesterday, so I made an appointment for a fight with them. I planned to bring you here to even the score," Arthur obediently answered him.

Richard only looked at him with suspicious eyes. Arthur had always been the prankster and idealist among them ever since they were children.

"Look, are you going to help me or not?" Arthur lightly slapped him. "Are we not brothers?"

At last, Richard nodded and he chose to believe Arthur. Him standing so straight made him look out of place as they stood under the red and green lights of the bar.

The two of them then walked into the lively hall of the bar. They could see that the nightlife had already started. The lighting in the bar gave the place an oddly sensual atmosphere now that it was around 10.30 PM. There were many girls dressed in fashionable clothes as they chatted amongst themselves in the dim room. The instant they noticed the two men walking in, their eyes glinted greedily

like they were hunters looking at their prey.

The men weren't just any prey. They were quality, high-level ones. From the cold, complex aura they exuded, they were definitely at the top of the food chain.

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"Hey sexy! That's my booth over there. Do you want to go over and have a seat?"

A girl came over and boldly invited them.

When she wrapped her snake-like hand around Richard's arm, he immediately threw a cold and warning look at her, making her shrink back and shiver involuntarily.

The man had a terrifying glare.

Arthur couldn't help but tug at Richard when he saw that. "Don't be like that. You will scare them off."

"Hurry up and finish what you came here for. We are leaving after that." Richard felt very uncomfortable being in a place with an ambience he didn't like at all.

"Okay, fine. Let's go, then!"

After he finished his words, Arthur took him to the VIP room on the second floor.

He then pointed to the private room at the end of the corridor and said, "The person who bullied me is in there. Hurry up and settle it for me."

Without saying a word, Richard took long strides in the direction Arthur had told him. He would only need a few minutes for him to win a fight against less than ten people.

He had just stepped into the private room when he saw a row of people sitting on the sofa.

However, instead of fighters, they were a bunch of scantily-clad women.

It took him less than a second to realize that he had been fooled again.

The door behind him was closed from the outside right at this moment. He heard Arthur's voice coming from the other side of the door the second it was closed.

"Have fun, Richard! You don't have to thank me."

"Arthur Weiss, you better open the d*mn door!" Richard's distressed voice rang out.

Richard was the one who had arranged for the ten exquisitely beautiful women to come.

Their eyes widened in shock when they saw Richard standing there. What a handsome and stylish man!

The women couldn't help but be deeply attracted to the rugged, abstinent man. He was the type that they had never encountered before.

"Hey sexy!" One of them started sticking closer to him. "How about the few of us have a drink with you?"

"Don't come any closer!" Richard warned in a low voice. The air thick with perfume was already making him uncomfortable as it was. The women just had to wear clothes that had him instinctively look away from.

Richard's head was now filled with the sole purpose of catching Arthur and letting him have his fill of Richard's fists.

Arthur actually locked him in even though he knew how much Richard hated places like this.

Richard went and checked the doorknob, only to realize that it was a sturdy one.

It might be difficult to get out if the door wasn't opened from the outside. He then noticed a big window facing the hall that was open. It looked like the perfect place to watch the performances outside.

"Baby boy, are you not satisfied with us?" A woman sweetly asked.

It had been a blow to their confidence when the man had not taken a good look at them ever since he came into the room.

Not only that, he looked like he couldn't wait to run out of the place as he glanced around the room and examined the doorknob.

"Don't be shy, handsome. We have received money to provide you with our service. You can do whatever you want to us!"

"That's right! We won't disappoint you."

Richard was currently standing beside the window. He couldn't hear a word the women behind him were chattering about when he was focused on finding out how he could escape from the window.

The distance from the window to the first floor was approximately three meters. It wouldn't be a problem for him if he were to jump out just like that, but he didn't want to injure other patrons of the bar. He could hang on to the wall lamp to

slow down his descent.

Arthur was sitting at a booth in the hall when he lifted his gaze to find Richard's silhouette by the window on the second floor. His heart immediately thumped in fright. What is wrong with him?! Is he really going to jump?

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Just as his thought drifted through Arthur's head, Richard tossed himself out the window and it only took him a few seconds before he smoothly landed on the first floor.

Someone had seen Richard's little stunt, but they couldn't get it past their head that there was someone who had really jumped from the window. All they saw then was a young man dressed in black from head to toe dusting off his palms before he walked away, his demeanor nonchalant.

Arthur was truly speechless as he looked on. He quickly stood up and called out to his friend, who was ready to leave any second now.

"Are you going to waste the 100 thousand I spent on this?" He let out a disapproving noise.

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Chapter 490 Richard turned to Arthur and rolled his eyes at him before he gave a grave warning, "Don't play a joke like this anymore." Arthur no longer felt playful when his friend said that. All he wanted to do was make life more fun for his friend. He hadn't at all expected Richard to be as unbreakable and stubborn as an iceberg.

"I am only doing this for your own good. You should appreciate my effort. You are a 27-year-old man who has never even held a woman's hand! I am just worried about you. Look at Elliot. He is already engaged." Arthur had a concerned expression on his face as he lectured Richard, who then suddenly grabbed him by his hand.

"You'd better leave with me. Stop hanging around places like this every day. There is nothing you can get out of doing this." Just like that, Arthur was then dragged away by Richard. A few women behind them let out a motherly smile at that instant. So all the high-quality men have boyfriends! And not only that, the boyfriend is the domineering, possessive type! The women began to muse at the sudden revelation.

Arthur would probably have broken down right there and then if he had known the thoughts running through the women's heads when he was pulled away by Richard. After they got to the carpark, Richard said to Arthur's bodyguards, "Watch your young master properly from now on.

Try not to come with him to places like his." "Understood, Young Master Lloyd," they respectfully answered him. Arthur dumbly blinked his eyes at that. It seemed like it was Richard's turn to nag him this time around. Richard's subordinates soon drove a black SUV to pick him up, and after the vehicle speedily left, Arthur pursed his thin lips before he instructed his bodyguards, "Let's head back to the hotel." His car was parked in front of the bar entrance.

Right after his bodyguards had safely escorted him into the car, a woman with heavy makeup suddenly sprinted out of the bar and frantically looked left and right. this novel "My Baby's Daddy" daily new latest chapters provide allworldbeauty.com plzz bookmark.

Her eyes finally landed on the car whose door had just been opened and like a startled rabbit, she hopped right into the vehicle. The bodyguards couldn't even react when the woman abruptly squeezed herself between Arthur's thighs. He had just sat down then. The woman proceeded to hug his thigh and plead, "Sir, sir, I need your help.

Can you please let me hide in your car for a short while? Someone is trying to kill me!" Out of duty to take care of Arthur, the bodyguard completely disregarded the fact that he was going to manhandle a woman as he reached out his long arm and grabbed her by the front of her shirt. He started to drag her out, but the woman, refusing to leave, instantly wrapped her arms around Arthur's neck.

"Just let me hide here for two minutes! I beg of you, I will only take a while." Not only was his neck forcefully clung onto the arms that were around his neck were as thin as they were powerful. It almost felt like she was trying to murder him instead of ask for his help. Arthur then started pushing her away from him too.

However, the woman seemed to have the strength of a lioness as she grabbed onto him even tighter. She even started yelling at this point. "I will only hide for a little while! Please! I beg of you!" Seeing her nearly choking Arthur, the bodyguard immediately let go of his hold on her.

"Who the hell are you? You better get out right this instant," he growled in a threatening tone. Arthur wasn't breathing smoothly because of the woman's hold on him, but it only got worse when he accidentally breathed in her thick perfume.

He couldn't help but wonder just what kind of taste the woman had to be wearing such a cheap-smelling perfume. However, he couldn't tell what her face looked like underneath all that makeup. All he knew was how dramatic a person she was.

The woman took a peek outside, and when she saw a few men running past the car, she finally heaved a sigh of relief as she let go of Arthur. She even looked apologetic as she sputtered, "I am sorry! I am so, so sorry! Are you alright, sir?!" Instead of replying to her, the man only harshly told her off.

He didn't want to see her a second longer if he could. She was frozen for a few seconds upon hearing his voice. As she looked at him under the dim lights, she caught sight of the cold yet extremely beautiful face of the man. He looked like an artwork that had come to life.

She was in the middle of her daydreaming when the strong grip of the bodyguard held her by the back of the neck. "Ah!" she yelped as she landed heavily on the ground after she was thrown out of the car. The woman felt as though something was ripping her hair out. It was so painful that it wouldn't surprise her if her scalp had torn apart and started bleeding at some point. Arthur's bodyguard then took the chance to drive the sedan away.

"Ouch! It hurts," she mumbled to herself as she rubbed at the sore spot. She brushed her fingers through her thick and wavy hair, and when she reached out to see what was in her hand, she noticed something dangling by the end of her hair that had been fixed in place by an insane amount of hairspray. She could tell that it was a round gemstone under the dim light.

The stone, which was as long as the little finger, had a bundle of golden thread shaped into a dragon embedded around it. It looked like it had been meticulously handcrafted. "Hey! You dropped something! Hey—" She immediately got back on her feet and chased after the black sedan that was getting further by the second. However, despite her running after the vehicle for about 100 meters, the sedan still got away and it showed no signs of stopping.