

My Baby's Daddy Chapter 561 – 570

Chapter 561

“Thank you.” Anastasia thanked Elliot. “I’d have to punish you if I hear you say those words again.” As he tugged her arm, she fell into his arms, and shortly after, she felt his arms around her waist. “There’s no need for you to thank me since that’s the least I can do for my fiancée.” He pecked on her red lips right after that. Their public display of affection caught the attention of a few nurses that walked past them. All of them blushed as they were captivated by his domineering disposition, which they found mesmerizing.

They were envious of Anastasia’s beauty and how lucky she was to end up with someone like Elliot. She must have done a lot of good deeds in her previous life to deserve him. After Anastasia found out that they were being watched, she blushed as she buried her head into his chest and covered her face using his suit. As Elliot tilted his head down and looked at the girl in his arms, he couldn’t help but kiss the crown of her head.

“Since your father is awake, we could discuss our marriage.” “There’s no rush for that.” She blinked her eyes.

He leaned in and whispered in her ear, “But I can’t wait any longer.” Upon hearing his affectionate confession, she pursed her lips to hold her laughter.

“There’s nothing you can do even if you’re impatient.” “You’re heartless.” He sighed, feeling disappointed.

“Alright, we shall discuss it after my dad’s condition improves.” She giggled.

“Sure.” He nodded.

Meanwhile, in a public hospital by the seaside, Wanda, who almost drowned, woke up on the same day.

She lay on the bed, still in a state of shock from her near-death experience.

Her face, was as pale as a sheet.

“Erica, I won’t let you go.

I will let Francis know about your true identity, and I look forward to your demise,” she grumbled.

“Madam, we have paid for your medical bills, so you can leave the hospital now.” One of the volunteers walked toward her.

“Thank you.

You’re all kind-hearted people.” After being saved from drowning, Wanda was beyond thankful.

“Avoid going to the beach next time, as you’re more prone to accidents due to your age.” “I didn’t fall into the sea.

Someone pushed me down!” Wanda was exasperated.

“Then you should quickly find out who that person is and get them apprehended!” A guilty conscience flashed in Wanda’s eyes again since she was the one who brought the whole matter upon herself.

She got greedy and threatened Erica for a million.

Besides, she would be put in a tough position if Erica revealed what she did.

However, she was determined to let Francis know about Erica’s true identity to strip her of her title as the second daughter of the Tillman Family.

If she gets punished, Ull feel so much better.

Wait.

I remember she has shares under Tillman constructions!

She’s not even a Tillman, so she doesn’t deserve it, but it’s okay because I shall strip her of her fortunes!

After she left the hospital, she got on a public bus.

While on the way home, she thought that Erica would never have imagined that she was alive, and she didn’t plan to make things easy for her.

As soon as she got home, she took out the yellow pages and purchased a new mobile phone and a sim card.

While she stood at the corner of the shop, she dialed Erica’s number.

“Hi, who is it?

” Erica sounded impatient as she answered the call.

“Erica, don’t you recognize my voice?” Wanda scoffed.

“Are... Are you Mrs.

Garner?” Erica’s voice was shaky.

“Hmph!

Erica, your true identity will be revealed very soon!

I will let Francis know that you are Naomi’s illegitimate daughter and that you’re not of the Tillman bloodline.” “Mrs. Garner, Mrs.

Garner... I’m very sorry.

I’m begging you.

Please don’t let them know.

I’ll pay you a million immediately.” Her words were muddled up.

“I don’t want your money anymore.

I just want to see your downfall.” After Wanda’s near-death experience, she was thankful for the volunteers’ help and had made up her mind that she would be a good person from thereon.

My Baby’s Daddy Chapter 562

“Mrs. Garner, please don’t.

Mrs. Garner...” Without heeding Erica’s plea, Wanda hung up the phone.

Even though she didn’t have Anastasia’s phone number, she knew that Anastasia would definitely be at Tillman Constructions, and she could find her there.

After Erica received the call from Wanda, her blood ran cold.

She was so terrified that her face turned pale as she slumped on the couch, as her biggest fear about Wanda still being alive came true.

She couldn't believe that she had survived the fall!

What worried her most was the repercussions that would follow.

Besides the revelation of her true identity, she might also be charged with attempted murder.

Both incidents would be the worst things that could happen to her.

"No, I'll never let Mrs.

Garner meet Anastasia." Her face contorted with rage.

As she squinted her eyes, she started scheming to stop them from the meeting.

Erica knew Wanda didn't know Anastasia's contact number and house address.

She wouldn't know about Presgrave Hospital either.

Thus, the only way for her to meet Anastasia was to go to Tillman Constructions.

She was determined to stop both of them from meeting as a murderous intent flashed across her eyes.

Since she had attempted to kill Wanda before, she was ready to do it again.

While she was scratching her head, trying to think of the perfect candidate to execute the plan, her birth father came to her mind.

He'd be willing to do it if he was paid for it because his source of money would be cut off if Erica lost her status as the second daughter of the Tillman Family.

When she left her house, she was hoping that she could meet her birth father as soon as possible.

The next moment, he was seen getting down from the public bus at a bus stop not far from her house.

It felt like the heavens had answered her prayers.

He was rather startled to see her because he was there to ask for more money from her.

He was a total failure since he was unemployed and addicted to gambling.

The other time when he got money from Erica, he gambled them away, and now that he had no one to turn to, he came looking for his daughter to ask for help.

Feeling embarrassed, he walked over and asked, "Erica, the thing is.

I'm in need of some money.

Could you please..." "Come in.

There's something I need to discuss with you." She invited him into her house.

Feeling flattered by her invitation, he rubbed his hands and asked, "Can I really go in?" After they were in the main hall, she questioned him curiously, "What's your name?" "My name is Patrick Newman.

Hasn't your mother mentioned my name before?" After letting out a self-deprecating smile, he continued, "I must be so useless that your mother is embarrassed to even bring up my name." As Erica glanced over at Patrick, she had no intention whatsoever of acknowledging him as her father.

She then told him about the sticky situation she was in.

"What?

You almost killed your maid?

And she's still alive?" His eyes widened with bewilderment.

"Right now, she must be planning to expose my true identity.

I'd be done for if she meets Anastasia.

I would be kicked out from the Tillman Family and won't be able to give you money in the future," Erica exclaimed.

Of course, Patrick was reluctant to put his daughter through it.

He was actually proud to see that his daughter had the disposition of a young lady from a wealthy family.

"Erica, how do you want me to help you?" He looked at his daughter, wanting to help her out.

"I need you to make sure that Mrs.

Garner is silenced forever.

I need you to stop her from meeting Anastasia." She scowled.

"Then what do you want me to do?" "Tomorrow, I'll get some men to bring her somewhere, and you will have to kill her for me.

"SOM He never expected his daughter to be that ruthless.

"Erica, isn't there another way to solve this issue?

"Are you willing to help me or not?

If you don't help me out, I'll be done for," Erica coerced.

She didn't feel bad about using him to solve her issues.

Upon hearing that, he was flustered and confessed.

"I-I don't have the guts to." "After my mom gave birth to me, you were never here for me.

Don't you feel sorry for me?

If you want me to acknowledge you as my father, you'll have to do this.

If you don't, I won't acknowledge you till the day I die.

" She threatened him.

My Baby's Daddy Chapter 563

As Patrick stood in front of his daughter, he sympathized with her and longed to hear her call him 'dad' "Sure. I'll get rid of her for you," he said through gritted teeth. Seeing how he agreed to do it for her, she smiled as she had finally found a scapegoat and replied, "You're the best dad I could ask for." Upon hearing her call him 'dad', he was elated. Based on the authority that Erica had, she could command the security guards of Tillman Constructions. She immediately made a call to the surveillance room and informed them that if a woman named Wanda Garner asked to see Anastasia, they would have to inform her immediately.

Then, she would get them to bring her to a location within the vicinity. The security guard agreed to her request, knowing that she was Francis' second daughter. CO In order to stop Wanda from meeting Anastasia, Erica immediately drove over to Tillman Constructions to scout for a suitable location to execute her plan. Finally, she found an abandoned warehouse next to the company.

Since it was Patrick's first ever up-close encounter with his daughter, he couldn't hide his excitement seeing how capable Erica was and that she would inherit Tillman Constructions.

He knew that Francis had two daughters but had no sons, so he was confident that each daughter would inherit half of his inheritance.

On the other hand, Wanda planned to look for Anastasia early tomorrow morning after getting some rest.

Unknown to her, Erica had set up a trap for her.

Meanwhile, in the Presgrave Hospital, Old Madam Presgrave was happy that Francis had regained consciousness and brought Jared over to visit his grandfather.

Seeing that Francis was awake, Jared happily accompanied him and refused to leave his side.

However, after Francis got to know that Anastasia had been separated from Jared all this time while he was in a coma, he felt bad, so he asked her to go home to rest and not worry about him anymore. At 9. 00PM, Elliot brought Anastasia and Jared back to the mansion.

It was almost midnight after they had taken a shower.

Jared had been sleeping on time, so he had gone to bed at 10. 30PM.

However, both of the adults weren't tired just yet.

After her father had regained consciousness, her stress level went down, and she felt more relaxed.

When she walked to the main hall, she saw Elliot sitting cross-legged on the couch while looking at the laptop that was placed on his lap.

It seemed like he was glowing as the lights were cast on him.

She sauntered toward him in her pink pajamas and sat next to him, with her freshly washed hair draping down her shoulder.

She propped her chin up and stared at the screen.

It was a long email in Chinese with lots of corporate jargon, which made her head spin.

Elliot shifted his attention from the screen to her.

From his angle, she looked feminine, with glowing skin, and her red lips were playfully pouted.

Suddenly, he closed the laptop and set it aside.

"But you're not done typing!" Anastasia blinked her eyes as she thought that she might have interrupted his work.

“Compared to work, I’m more interested in you.” Right after, he pulled her into his arms.

Her heart fluttered as she leaned in his chest while enjoying it.

“When my new yacht arrives tomorrow night, I’ll bring you and Jared out to sea.” He ran his fingers through her long silky hair.

“Sure!” She wanted to go out and get some fresh air too.

“Let’s get engaged after your dad’s condition gets better.” This matter had been on Elliot’s mind.

“Sure.” Anastasia agreed since they were supposed to get engaged earlier on.

“You smell nice.” He picked up a strand of her hair and sniffed lightly, but his eyes were locked on her.

The atmosphere instantly became romantic and sensuous.

“I’m... having my period,” she said shyly.

Upon hearing that, he was speechless since his timing was bad.

“Do you plan to be mine if you’re not having your period?” He giggled, trying to get himself out of the awkward situation.

“I’ll eventually be yours.” She smirked.

My Baby’s Daddy Chapter 564

“I’ll hold you to that. Which day are you on?” Elliot began marking time like a hunter who had set the traps, sitting out, waiting for his game to fall into it. At that, Anastasia hurriedly answered, “The first day...” She had to lie no matter what. “First day, huh,” drawled Elliot. “Six days to go then.” She laughed up her sleeve as she buried herself in his arms, and Elliot lowered his head to kiss her cheek tyrannically yet dotingly.

“Alright, cut it out. Don’t stay up too late.” She left his arms, allowing him to return to his work, and as she left, he gave her a cheeky smack out of the blue, inaking her blush. Excuse me! However, Elliot grinned, seemingly enjoying her reaction while she fled upstairs.

When morning came, Wanda hailed a cab to Tillman Constructions after having her breakfast at home, for she had assumed Anastasia would come bright and early, “Sorry,

I was wondering whether Miss Anastasia Tillman has arrived for work?" she asked after arriving at the guardhouse.

"And you are?" "I'm looking for her." "Register, please." "I'm Wanda Garner." Wanda gave her name.

The guard happened to be Erica's man and he grabbed his phone, entered the guardhouse, and called Erica after learning who he was speaking to.

"Miss Erica, Wanda Garner has arrived." "Do as I've told you and bring her to me," she ordered.

"Yes, ma'am.

"I'll bring her right away." With that, he went out and said to Wanda, who had been waiting outside.

"You're looking for Miss Anastasia Tillman, you said?"

Follow me.

"I'll take you there." Wanda was already so eager to meet up with Anastasia that she boarded the golf cart without hesitation, and it wasn't until the guard had driven more than a mile that she began panicking "Sir, where are you taking me?" "Miss Tillman's up ahead.

"We're almost there." In the security guard's defense, he didn't know he was handing a human life to Erica on a silver platter since he believed that Erica just wanted to see her.

"Is Miss Anastasia's office in this area?" a curious Wanda asked.

The guard naturally wouldn't ask why Erica wanted to see this woman.

His job was only to deliver, and he wouldn't want to offend Erica unless he wanted to lose his job.

Erica and Patrick had long arrived and they watched the guard escort Wanda to their building from the second floor window.

"Miss Tillman's inside.

"Go on in!" said the guard.

Wanda was bewildered that Anastasia's office was located in such a place, for it looked obviously abandoned. After she entered the building, the door suddenly shut behind her, and she turned around in fright only to see a man—Erica's birth father!

At last, she realized she had fallen into a trap.

I've been brought to Erica!

Erica descended the stairs while sneering, "You're one lucky woman, Mrs.

Garner.

Who'd have thought you could still live after falling into the sea." "You're a monster, Erica Tillman.

Do you really think I'll die so easily?" condemned Wanda as she pointed to Erica.

As Wanda's focus was on Erica, it gave Patrick the perfect opportunity to grab her throat.

Unfortunately for Patrick, Wanda was strong, having gained her strength and muscles from doing house chores for years and she sank her teeth into his arm.

"Ahhhh!" he cried out in pain and kicked her away.

Seeing so, Erica immediately charged toward Wanda, who shoved Erica away in turn, making her way to the second floor.

The main door was locked now; there was no way she could escape from there.

She set her sights on the windows straight away after arriving on the second floor.

"Dad, grab her.

Don't let her get away," Erica shouted.

Patrick instantly pulled out the machete they had been setting aside for this and charged toward Wanda, scaring the wits out of her.

Before she could register anything, a sharp pain came to her lower abdomen, and she fell back the next second and out of the window.

Though she had suffered an injury on her lower abdomen and also dropped from the second floor, she was still going strong, running toward Tillman Constructions while pressing on her bleeding abdomen.

My Baby's Daddy Chapter 565

"Dad, she's getting away!" Erica shouted in terror. As anxious as Patrick was, he still dared not jump out of the window. "She hasn't gone far, Erica. I'll run downstairs and chase after her." The area was deserted, for the warehouses here were all abandoned. Despite being seriously injured and also having fallen off a building, Wanda had one thing in mind: she couldn't die; she had to bring Erica's true parentage to light.

Erica has to pay the price! "Help! Someone wants to kill me... Help!" Wanda shouted feebly. Patrick had caught up with his machete, and his desire to kill Wanda had overthrown his reasoning at this point.

No one else could know of his daughter's true parentage; this woman had to die!

Just then, a motorcycle was passing by, and when the man heard Wanda's cries for help, he immediately turned in.

"Help, help..." Wanda called out at once, seeing there was finally someone.

"What's wrong, ma'am?" the man asked when he saw that she was covered in blood.

"Someone wants to kill me.

Please take me to Tillman Constructions' front gate..." Coincidentally, the man was an employee of Tillman Constructions.

Without another word, he helped Wanda to his motorcycle and sped away.

Meanwhile, Patrick had hidden away, and cold sweat gathered on his forehead when he saw that Wanda had been taken away.

Alas, he had failed his daughter.

Not minutes after Wanda had been taken to the front gates that a black Rolls-Royce pulled over, for a crowd was blocking the path.

"Miss Tillman, something seems to be going on in front," the bodyguard notified Anastasia, who .

was seated at the back.

Worried about the commotion, Anastasia got out of the car and hurriedly squeezed into the crowd.

Just then, someone shouted, "Miss Tillman's here!" Anastasia discovered the weak woman lying on the ground was none other than Mrs.

Garner, who had been working in Tillman Residence for the longest time.

"Mrs. Garner?

" She squatted down and couldn't help being taken aback when she saw her bloody lower abdomen.

"Miss Tillman... I want to tell you a secret... Erica isn't your father's daughter..." The next second, Wanda's eyes rolled upward, out cold.

It took Anastasia a few seconds to recover from the shocking revelation, and she hurriedly turned to her bodyguard behind.

"Take her to the hospital." With that, the bodyguard dashed to the nearest hospital.

While Wanda was taken to the emergency room, Anastasia waited right outside, mulling over what Wanda had just said.

Erica isn't Dad's daughter... Does that mean Naomi had her with some other guy?

Dad definitely wouldn't be stupid enough not to do a DNA test before accepting Erica into the family.

So Naomi tricked Dad, didn't she?

Anastasia was too little to remember anything at that time.

So if Naomi really did do something, it would've been using Anastasia's blood in replace of Erica's to successfully pass her father's test.

Anger flashed across Anastasia's eyes as the thought crossed her mind.

Even her father had been deceived for twenty-over years.

This despicable woman, who had no blood relations with her family, drove her out of her own home and even seized her father's love for years!

Anastasia was so livid that her body started shaking.

Also, why had Wanda suffered such a serious injury?

Who did it to her?

Anastasia stayed outside of the emergency room alone.

She had wanted to tell Francis about it but decided against it in the end, for she worried something would happen to him if he couldn't take the news since he had just woken up.

Meanwhile, Erica drove back downtown with Patrick in nothing but fear and worry.

Wanda had once again slipped from her fingers, so it was only a matter of time before Anastasia discovered the truth of her parentage.

And now, the one thing she had to do was to return to Tillman Residence, take all her mother's precious jewelry and bank cards, and hide them somewhere.

She had Patrick lie low in the meantime, asking him not to find anyone lately and steer clear of the police lest he dragged her down.

Never had Patrick imagined in all his life he would kill someone for his daughter.

Worst of all, he had bloodied his hand without finishing the job.

He would definitely be doomed if Wanda ever regained consciousness.

In the Tillman Residence, Erica charged into Francis' bedroom and ransacked the place, searching for anything she could immediately exchange for money.

However, it never occurred to her if she would ever have the chance to spend them after seizing them.

My Baby's Daddy Chapter 566

My Baby's Daddy

Chapter 566

Chapter 566

All Erica ever thought about was money and living a lavish, comfortable life. In her twenty years of living in Tillman Residence, she only ever learned one thing—spending. Life would be a living hell for her if she didn't have money. All credit to Naomi as well for successfully producing an incompetent daughter.

Lastly, Erica opened Francis' watch case and took everything in there away without hesitation.

She decided that she would leave Averno and hide in a different town. For all she knew, Wanda might not actually hold her liable.

Back in the hospital, the doctors managed to revive Wanda. Fortunately, the wound

wasn't on her vital organs, or she actually might not have survived. Wanda had also woken up in no time, finding Anastasia standing by her bed. Because of Naomi, Wanda also snubbed Anastasia in many ways. But who'd have thought Anastasia would one day be her savior.

*Thank you for saving me, Miss Anastasia. I owe you my life." Wanda knew she would've bled to death if she was brought here any later.

"Mrs. Garner, please tell me in detail. Why were you hunted, and who were they?"

With that, Wanda recounted the first time she overheard Erica and her birth father's conversation, to Erica pushing her into the sea, up till what happened earlier in the day. The story stupefied Anastasia, for she couldn't believe Erica disregarded human life and broke so many laws just to keep her true parentage under wraps.

"Mrs. Garner, you swear everything you've told me is the truth. Are you hiding anything?" Anastasia asked.

"How dare I! I shall be d*mned to hell if I have lied to you!" Wanda was so agitated that she nearly passed out.

Anastasia sneered to herself when she saw Wanda's sincere gaze. In that case, you shouldn't blame anyone else when you've dug your own grave, Erica.

"Mrs. Garner, do you want to press charges against Erica?" she asked Wanda. "I'll pay for all your legal fees if you do."

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"B-But I've also blackmailed her for a million. I'll be put behind bars too, won't I?" asked Wanda fearfully.

"You may have indeed blackmailed her, but you didn't receive a single penny from her. I can have the lawyer defend you so that you'll receive the most lenient sentence. But if you do press charges, Erica and her birth father will have to spend at least ten years in prison," Anastasia explained in detail.

MainWindow'

Wanda was naturally shell-shocked and beyond furious when she had two near-death encounters. Therefore, she instantly agreed with little consideration. "Okay, Miss Anastasia. We'll do as you say. I want to press charges against her. I want the father and daughter to be put behind bars."

"That security guard is also their accomplice. No one should be spared," Wanda said with red rimmed eyes. Poor Mrs. Garner, having to suffer this kind of torment when she's at this age.

"I'll dig into the guard. Don't you worry," uttered Anastasia to comfort her. "As long as you're willing to press charges, none of them will be able to escape."

Anastasia's hatred for them was naturally just as intense. Not only had Naomi brought her daughter along with her and taken over her home, but the love that was supposedly

hers was also taken away from her, leaving her childhood and adolescent years helpless, alone, and aggrieved. She, too, couldn't let go of this grievance.

In no time, Wanda made a report to the police, who immediately looked into her incident from that morning and also declared Erica and Patrick wanted.

Anastasia, on the other hand, stood behind the window of Wanda's ward and watched her relate her mishaps. Erica will be paying a heavy price for her misdeeds, she thought, and all of this was due to her mother's failed parenting.

This time, it'd be too late for Naomi to regret her actions. That was if she even felt guilty.

Speaking of which, it had been a long time since Anastasia visited her stepmother.

Since she happened to be available, why not let Naomi know of her precious baby girl's fate and that Anastasia's father had awoken?

In the detention house, Naomi had been brought to the visiting room, and when she saw the classy, stunning Anastasia through the bars, she lunged forward agitatedly.

"Anastasia, Anastasia, are you here to bail me out? I'm sorry, Anastasia. I've learned my lesson now. Please drop the charges! Please, I beg of you."

My Baby's Daddy Chapter 567

My Baby's Daddy

Chapter 567

Chapter 567

Anastasia crossed her arms while sneering, exuding apathy. "I've come bearing news, Naomi. It's about your daughter."

"What?! What about Erica? Has she done anything wrong?" Naomi turned glum.

"Your daughter is charged with attempted murder

"Impossible! My Erica doesn't have the guts to do that. How dare she kill a human when she can't even kill an animal? Don't slander my daughter, Anastasia Tillman. You're bullying her behind my back, aren't you?!" Naomi blew a fuse.

"You're right, she didn't dare to murder in the past, but you've fattened up her ambition and courage so much that she can do anything for money now." Anastasia snorted disdainfully.

"Anastasia, Erica's still your sister, no matter what she has done. Please forgive her, seeing that both of you have Francis' blood running in your veins." Naomi thought kinship could persuade Anastasia to overlook Erica's faults.

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However, the frost beneath Anastasia's eyes only thickened after she heard Naomi's plea. "I do have good news for you, though. My dad has regained consciousness."

"What?! Francis has regained consciousness?! That's great; I've missed him so much!" Naomi instantly feigned adoration.

Naomi had thought it through. If Francis had regained consciousness, he would definitely forgive her for even manipulating his will, seeing that they shared a daughter, or at least she thought so.

“But my dad doesn’t want to see you, much less forgive you for what you’ve done. Don’t get too excited just yet.” Anastasia crushed her hopes unambiguously.

Naomi turned grim in response. “Anastasia, you’ve said nothing but terrible things about me to your father, haven’t you? But don’t go thinking you can drive a wedge between us. Besides, Erica is Francis’ daughter too! He won’t sit back and watch me go to jail.”

Anastasia was so livid that she was beginning to sneer. How could Naomi continue to act so unapologetically?

“Naomi, are you sure you’re right to call Erica my father’s daughter?” Anastasia decided to drop the bomb on her.

Naomi panicked in response and shrieked, “How dare you, Anastasia. You can hate Erica, but I won’t allow you to question her parentage!”

“Then do you know who your daughter attempted to murder?”

“Who?” Panic filled Naomi’s eyes.

“Mrs. Wanda Garner. Erica first tried to kill her by pushing her off a cliff into the sea. But because Mrs. Garner survived, Erica allied with a man to wound her with a machete. Wanna guess his name? Newman. Patrick Newman. I’m sure you’re familiar with it.”

Anastasia smirked as she fixed her gaze on Naomi.

Naomi, seated on her chair, suddenly jolted and nearly fell over. Luckily she held a tight grip on the table. “I don’t know any Patrick Newman.”

“Erica has nothing to do with the Tillman Family. She’s your daughter with Patrick Newman. Mrs. Garner discovered his identity when he went to Tillman Residence a month ago, and Erica, worried that her parentage would be exposed, lured Mrs. Garner to the coast and mercilessly pushed her down. After Mrs. Garner was saved, Erica then sought help from her birth father, and Patrick. They lured Mrs. Garner to an abandoned warehouse this time and made another murder attempt. Mrs. Garner has already pressed charges, so you’ll have company very soon.”

Naomi began heaving upon hearing Anastasia’s words. Shrieked dramatically, she seemed to be left with no choice. “Spare my daughter, Anastasia! I’ll kneel. Please, spare Erica...”

“You married my father with a daughter that has no blood relation to him whatsoever and used my blood to trick my father into thinking Erica is indeed a descendent of the Tillman Family. All these years, your daughter was treated with nothing but love and affection while I—there’s nothing any one of you can do to salvage all that I’ve lost. I want to see you pay the price for your wickedness.”

With that, Anastasia turned and left, leaving Naomi to hold a death grip on the bars and

scream, "Spare my daughter, Anastasia! She's still so young... Please have mercy on her, please, I beg of you..."

Anastasia sneered to herself. Spare Erica? Never.

The police successfully tracked Erica to a high-end restaurant. She was enjoying a plate of perfectly cooked steak like she was still a socialite until the police walked in, where she turned fearful, causing the cutleries in her hands to slip and drop onto the floor.

My Baby's Daddy Chapter 568

My Baby's Daddy

Chapter 568

Chapter 568

"Miss Erica Tillman, you're now the prime suspect for attempting to assassinate Madam Wanda Garner twice. We're gonna have to take you into custody for further investigation."

At that point, Erica's face turned as pale as a sheet and everyone in the room had their eyes on her. Her mind was a complete blank and she shivered uncontrollably. In the end, she was forcefully dragged out of the door by the policemen.

"I didn't kill anyone. I did not! She was the one who threatened me first! I didn't mean to kill her..." she yelled out in a frenzy.

Meanwhile at Presgrave Hospital, Francis had made significant recovery as he could now get out of bed and move about; he had even gone to the gym once! He was now an agile man on his feet.

"I'm allowed to be discharged," he spoke excitedly as he looked at his daughter who had just entered the room.

"Dad, I've got something to tell you next. Please stay calm."

"Just say it. I've faced death in the face, so there is nothing I can't handle." Francis heaved a sigh.

"Erica isn't your biological daughter. She was conceived by Naomi with another man," Anastasia voiced out frankly.

Though he swore he would be calm, Francis' expression was full of shock while he was significantly stunned. "What?! Are you sure about that?"

"I'm very sure. You can conduct a paternity test with Erica if you would like more confirmation." Anastasia was sure about this as she knew that Mrs. Garner' words were definitely worth trusting. Furthermore, Naomi's reaction also clearly indicated the authenticity of this matter.

At this moment, a flash of anger appeared in Francis' eyes. "I can't believe that she's lied to me for the past twenty years! She showed me a paternity test report back then. Was that a falsified report then?"

"Perhaps she used my blood to run the test back then," Anastasia replied.

He clenched his fist tightly and was extremely disappointed in Naomi's conduct. He turned to look at Anastasia with remorse filling in his eyes. "Anastasia, I'm so sorry for neglecting you all these years."

"Dad, this is all in the past, so there is no point in bringing it up. Right now, I just hope that you won't be lenient this time. Naomi has to face the consequences of her actions. Erica has also committed a crime and she's been taken into police custody for investigation."

"What?! Erica... What sort of crime?" Francis asked in shock.

In response, Anastasia repeated the incident regarding Mrs. Garner to Francis, who could not believe his ears that Erica was actually heartless enough to commit attempted murder. "She has the exact same personality as her mother. How can they be so heartless? I can't believe that she killed Mrs. Garner in order to conceal the truth about her identity."

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"Dad, I understand that she grew up under your care and you're attached to her, but could you leave this matter in my hands? Don't interfere in this." She did not wish for such a dilemma upon her father.

He then nodded in agreement. "Sure, I won't interfere in this. Just do what's best for everyone."

"Dad, I need you to cooperate in the investigation of Naomi's case. You would need to be interviewed by the police regarding the matter of how she forced medications on you before you passed out."

Anastasia reminded her father as she did not want any of his feelings and kinship toward Naomi to jeopardize the matter. She had already made up her mind to convince her father to file for divorce

"You two should get a divorce once the investigation has been completed. I don't want such a dangerous person staying by your side," she suggested calmly.

The guilt Francis felt toward Anastasia intensified at that point. Right now, he was relieved that she was able to handle everything on her own. As such, he decided not to bother about the matter with Naomi and Erica. He would just leave everything in Anastasia's hands.

"Okay?" Francis nodded. Since the situation had arrived to such a stage, there would be no point in him drafting a will anymore because there would be only one person left to inherit his fortune.

At 5.00PM, Anastasia suddenly received a phone call from Elliot. He mentioned that he was sending a car over to pick her up as today was the day he received his latest yacht, hence he wanted to bring her and Jared out to sea to have dinner.

Although she was busy with such complications, she convinced herself to relax and

focus on accompanying Elliot and Jared for dinner.

"Miss Tillman, before we leave for the port, President Presgrave asked that you pay a visit to the gown boutique and change into a gown," the bodyguard mentioned.

In response, Anastasia smiled and replied, "Sure." He's arranged everything perfectly. She changed into a purple gown at the boutique and looked stunning with a strong resemblance to a dark violet flower.

"Miss Tillman, I rarely see anyone being able to own this color as much as you do! It looks perfect on you!" the boss of the boutique praised candidly.

My Baby's Daddy Chapter 569

My Baby's Daddy

Chapter 569

Chapter 569

"Thank you for your kind words." Anastasia replied politely and departed.

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Along the way, she enjoyed watching the lights lit up one by one, as if it was commanded by the dusk, as the night approached. She admired the scenic views along the way and her heart was never more at peace than this moment; it no longer felt heavy and she was full of anticipation to see the man waiting for her.

Although the port, the sky had just darkened and the illuminated yacht stood out even more in the sea. It was very luxurious yet stylish.

The black car headed in the direction of the yacht and as Anastasia alighted from the car, her long hair was blowing in the wind. Her figure was mesmerizing under the shadows as she radiated confidence.

"Mommy!" She had just entered the cabin when she heard her son's voice ring out happily.

He was also dressed exceptionally handsome tonight with a fitted tuxedo while radiating the aura of a rich little young man. Furthermore, Anastasia could tell that her son's outfit was tailor-made for him.

At the same time, she was quite taken aback because her son actually resembled Elliot a lot after the get-up. Is this all a destined fate?

"Mommy, you look so beautiful today!" Jared tilted his head slightly as he realized that his mommy was gorgeous.

"Is that true?" Anastasia enjoyed listening to her son's praises.

"Of course! My mommy's beautiful and that's why I'm such an adorable and handsome child!" Jared chuckled gleefully.

She chuckled after hearing his double entendre compliment. "I think you're taking this chance to praise yourself more than for me!"

At this moment, Elliot strode out from behind a door looking tall and mesmerizing.

Although it was early spring, he was merely dressed in a white shirt paired with a dark-colored vest as he could withstand the cold. The tapered pants that he wore accentuated his long legs perfectly and the tautness of his legs was extremely charming.

The sight of him made Anastasia feel flushed. Wow, not many people can resist his body.

As soon as she realized that they were about to be engaged soon, she suddenly felt worried that she might not be able to withstand his passionate feelings.

Elliot focused his dark eyes on her and studied her intently with a smile on his face. She fulfilled all his criterias for a beautiful woman. Her imperfections naturally become perfections to him and ever since he fell in love with her, she became flawless.

Despite her apathy in getting closer to him-or at unes, even avoiding him, these traits had become the reasons why he felt attracted to her.

"Purple suits you well," Elliot praised her.

"Really?"

"The only issue with the dress is the low neckline, but there aren't that many people around tonight, so I'll keep my jealousy to myself then," he spoke up generously, as if she needed his permission on what to wear

At that moment, Anastasia was speechless. I've worn dresses that are much more revealing than this! If this was something that he intended to patrol her on, then he would have his hands full as she was not conservative when it came to her dressing.

"Mr. Presgrave, I'll head upstairs to have a game. Stay here and keep my mommy company. You guys can have some romantic time together." After Jared said that, he ran up the stairs on the other side since he was already familiar with the yacht.

A worried Anastasia glanced at him as Elliot comforted in a low voice, "Don't you worry. There are bodyguards upstairs, so they will keep him safe."

It was then that she finally relaxed and enjoyed the feeling of being out at sea. The yacht sailed along the sea steadily and they remained close to the shores so that they could see the buildings all beautifully lit up under the night skies.

Anastasia's frustrations from the past few days were finally released and she felt as if she was located in another realm, embracing the peaceful feeling.

A fine meal was also something worth being happy about and Elliot had arranged for a highly ranked top chef to prepare dinner for them. The tender and juicy steak was paired perfectly with some fine wine. Jared, on the other hand, had an exceptionally great meal course too; Anastasia had always prided herself on being a great cook and satisfying his meals every day.

By the looks of things now, he seemed to have grown much taller and well-built from his stay at Presgrave Residence for the past month. Perhaps, he was even much healthier than when he was with her.

She was full of gratitude toward Harriet for taking care of Jared so well. At the same time, she also realized that Jared was a huge source of happiness for everyone at Presgrave Residence.

It was 11.00PM when they finally arrived back at the mansion with Jared sound asleep in Elliot's arms. Anastasia trailed along behind and stared at Elliot's broad and strong

back. At that moment, there was a sense of security that welled up within her and she felt as if she could safely depend on him for the rest of her life.

My Baby's Daddy Chapter 570

My Baby's Daddy

Chapter 570

Chapter 570

They placed Jared on the bed and Anastasia waited outside the corridor for Elliot to come out.

Elliot stepped out of the door silently before he was led to Anastasia to the master bedroom. As soon as they entered the doors, he instantly took her into his arms.

"There were too many people present tonight. Finally, I can do what I wanted to do but was too shy earlier to do so," he mentioned straightforwardly.

Before she could react, he had already raised her chin and cupped her tiny face to kiss her passionately.

Anastasia could feel the dominance and tenderness that he expressed. Finally, he was satiated and released her as she snuggled into his arms shyly and caught her breath.

"I'll start making preparations for our engagement party," Elliot spoke softly in her ears in a low voice.

"Okay, sure." She agreed as she didn't want to make him wait any longer either.

The next morning, Francis, who hadn't appeared in public for quite some time, turned up at his company. The first thing he wanted to deal with was to sue his lawyer for amending his will without seeking consent from the client.

Colin definitely did not expect Francis to be able to regain consciousness and that there would be proof that he had received a bribe of a million in his bank account. Thus, there was concrete evidence of his crime.

As for Patrick Newman, he had been in a residential area before he was taken into custody that morning. He trembled hard out of fear as he never expected that he would have to pay such a huge price at this age for a daughter he hadn't even met for the past twenty years.

Inside the police station, Erica's face was as pale as a sheet, and her eyes were lifeless. In just one day, she had lost her arrogance, and all that was left in her was fear for her future and regret for her actions.

No one knew who revealed this matter to the press. Soon after it was revealed, the news with the heading, 'The second daughter of the Tillman Family, Erica Tillman, was involved in the murder of their servant', was trending in first place on the web.'

Ever since Alex had been detained, Hayley remained holed up in a hotel room and she didn't dare to appear in public as she was worried that he would reveal something incriminating about her. After all, she had been by his side and concocted plenty of plots

for him.

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She was busy scrolling on her phone when she suddenly saw a piece of news about Erica. At that moment, she sat upright in shock, “Erica murdered someone?” After she finished reading the news, she cackled loudly and was delighted by that.

“I can’t believe Erica would somehow end up in this state!” Hayley couldn’t stop cackling, and just

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When she felt a dull pain on her cheekbones from laughing too much. Instantly, she clutched her face and stopped laughing.

It was not evident from Havley’s appearances, but she knew that several spots on her face required fixing and upkeep. However, she couldn’t afford that, so she had no choice but to continue tolerating this.

Originally, Alex was going to give her a few million, but now that he had been taken into custody, it meant that she had wasted her efforts for the past few days.

Havley went into the bathroom and took a look at her face in the mirror, which was still quite beautiful. However, she panicked as she studied her face intently. The bulge on her forehead was too prominent and couldn’t be covered up despite the amount of foundation she applied to it. It was even more prominent when she looked at it from the side.

She hyperventilated as she racked her brain to find a way to obtain money. Suddenly, she thought of Elliot and wondered if she could blackmail him into giving her money for that night five years ago.

She thought of the situation and mentally calculated that it had been several months since she did that despicable thing to Harriet, so perhaps he would forgive her by considering their past relationship. Right now, Hayley had no other option but to give it a shot.

She took a look at the time and it was only 9.00AM, so she decided to wait for Elliot at the underground parking lot of Presgrave Group. She had been to the parking lot plenty of times to know which spot belonged to Elliot.

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After she freshened up, she made her way to Presgrave Group. She used to turn up there quite often, so the receptionist remembered her and didn’t stop her from entering the place.

As such, she took the elevators and went directly to the underground parking lot. She hid close to Elliot’s specific parking space and waited patiently. I

Hayley was actually just trying her luck there, but unexpectedly, in merely ten minutes,

she saw the lights of a familiar car turning in this direction. That was a distinct, elegant feeling exuded by a Rolls-Royce and she was elated to see that.

Elliot was here.

She quickly tidied her long hair and took out a vanity mirror to check her makeup under the lights. Subsequently, she tugged at her neckline to lower it since she wanted to appear gorgeous in front of Elliot.

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