

# My Baby's Daddy Chapter 571

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As soon as the car pulled over, Hayley rushed forward with a bag in her hand. However, the bodyguard, who had just gotten out of the car, stopped her. He warned, "Lady, stay back."

"I'm Elliot's friend, so step aside," Hayley replied quite righteously.

At that moment, the car door was opened, and the person who stepped out of the car elegantly wasn't Elliot. In fact, it was Anastasia who got out of the car.

Instantly, Hayley's expression changed, and she turned around to leave. However, there was a mocking voice that rang out from behind, "How can you be so shameless, huh? I can't believe you actually have the cheek to come and see Elliot!"

Hayley took a deep breath and turned around to glare at Anastasia. "Anastasia, you've forced your own sister into prison, so you're definitely the most heartless and ruthless person in the world!"

As Hayley spoke, she noticed that Anastasia was wearing a custom-made jacket and holding a limited-edition branded bag. In the past, Hayley had been introduced to the world of the top scions of society back then when she was using Elliot's money.

As a result, Hayley was able to estimate the cost of everything Anastasia had on her, and Hayley couldn't contain the rush of admiration and jealousy within her.

"Erica's not my sister. She was conceived by Naomi and another man. As for her current predicament, well, this is all of her own doing, so she deserves everything." Anastasia replied coldly.

At that point, Hayley was stunned. So Erica's not Francis' daughter? Is this one of Anastasia's schemes, or could this be true?

However, Hayley's main purpose here was to see Elliot, so she didn't intend to cause trouble. She responded, "Anastasia, it's none of your business even if I'm here to see Elliot."

Anastasia exuded elegance and there was a look of dominance in her eyes. She strode purposefully toward Hayley and warned the latter, "It's definitely my business because he's my man. Stay away from him!" Anastasia said this with a swagger.

Meanwhile, Hayley couldn't help but gulp. She couldn't comprehend when Anastasia had perfected such an imposing manner.

"Anastasia, you guys aren't even engaged yet, so you're not his wife. You have no right to stop me from seeing him," Hayley yelled.

"Inform the security guards that from now on, this person is not allowed to enter the

lobby of Presgrave Group. Put her on the blacklist.” Anastasia informed the bodyguard next to her.

“Sure, Miss Tillman,” the bodyguard affirmed.

At that point, Hayley’s face was flushed with anger, and she retorted angrily, “Anastasia, stop being a big bully! How dare you! If you provoke me any further, I’ll contact your son’s biological father and get him to come and meet his son. I’ll let the whole world know that your son’s father

is a gigolo!” Hayley threatened Anastasia loudly.

In response, Anastasia’s expression darkened, and she clenched her teeth while slowly inching closer to Hayley. “You can try and do that to challenge me.”

“I have nothing to lose at all, so why would I be afraid? I have nothing to fear at all... ..”

Before Hayley could complete her sentence, Anastasia slapped her hard across the face.

There was a ‘crack’ sound that reverberated loudly.

“You... How dare you hit me, Anastasia Tillman! I’ll sue you...” Hayley blew up.

Just then, the bodyguard came forward and stood protectively in front of Anastasia. He formed a protective barrier in front of her.

Anastasia responded with a slight sneer. “I didn’t hit you. Do you have any proof to support your claim?”

Anastasia threatened Hayley loudly. An ashen expression soon appeared on the latter’s face, and she clenched her teeth tightly to rein in her emotions.

“Did you guys see me hit her?” Anastasia asked the bodyguard next to her with a smile.

“No, all we saw was someone crazy losing her temper and being disruptive to you, Miss Tillman,” the bodyguard responded.

At that moment, Hayley was so close to tearing Anastasia into pieces, and her chest heaved up and down from the anger.

Anastasia saw the oddity of Hayley’s face from the lights that shone on her, and the former realized that the latter must have been in a rush to see Elliot get some money to fix her face.

“Kick her out. From now on, she’s not allowed to step foot into Presgrave Group.” After Anastasia said that, she turned around as she didn’t want to look at Hayley’s face.

“Anastasia, you shouldn’t behave too smugly. I’m warning you. I’ve got a huge secret that I will never ever reveal to you in this lifetime. It’s a secret about your son’s identity! Haha! I’ll only reveal it to you when you’re on the brink of death. By then, you won’t be able to rest in peace.” Hayley cackled loudly as the bodyguards apprehended her.

Anastasia paused in her tracks and turned around to look at Hayley. “What secret is it?”

“I won’t reveal a single word!” Hayley clenched her teeth.

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Knowing that Hayley was provoking her on purpose, Anastasia turned around and left while ignoring Hayley's resentful gaze that was piercing her back. It was under the escort of the two bodyguards that Anastasia exuded an air of a sophisticated rich woman as light shone upon her.

After that, Hayley was thrown to the street outside Prengrove Group by a bodyguard, who warned, "If you dare to come anywhere near the building, we'll call the police."

Now that she failed to meet Elliot, her initial plan of getting money from him was also out of the window. The marks on her cheek were so evident that the stinging pain eventually became numb.

"Anastasia Tillman, you b\*tch! I swear you won't get away with this!" raved Hayley toward the building. She went on and on like a delirious woman, drawing attention from the passersby who soon became the targets of her anger: "What are you looking at? Get lost!"

"Oh my! Look at her face! Her plastic surgeon must have hated her!" shouted a woman deliberately.

"Her forehead is uneven. You know your face is basically a jumpscare, right?" Another woman joined the fray.

"What did you just say?!" Hayley glared at the two women.

"So what if we're talking about you?" one of them retorted fearlessly.

"You must've escaped from an asylum!" added the other woman,

As the crowd began to point fingers at her in ones and twos, Hayley finally regained her senses and covered her face before making herself scarce in great haste.

When she saw her reflection in a mirror midway, the flaws, which she had seen in the bathroom, were more visible under the dazzling sunlight. Even she was shell-shocked by her own hideous appearance.

I look so ugly in broad daylight!

Contrition pervaded inside her like a monster devouring her whole. Although her previous face was not exceptionally beautiful, she would still look nice with make-up after dressing up, thanks to her porcelain skin. However, it was all gone now. She did not even look normal at all!

"I need money. I need money for surgery..." Hayley covered her face and kept thinking about money.

She regretted so much for not withdrawing a few hundred thousand of dollars first after

receiving Elliot's card. He would not have sounded her out anyway. I should've wised up back then!

inen, trepidation began to overwhelm her as an epiphany struck upon her. What if Elliot finds out that Anastasia was actually the woman from that night and not me? Is he going to demand me to pay back the few millions that I've spent? What if he does?! No. I must take this secret to my grave.

Since Francis was helping with the company affairs and Jared had started attending classes, Anastasia could take some time to relax. She was rather free in the morning, so she came to Presgrave Group to kill time. Right now, she was outside Elliot's office. "Miss Tillman, you will have to wait for a moment as President Presgrave is still having a meeting"

Anastasia smiled. "Not a problem. I'll wander around downstairs."

As Bourgeois had moved to the first floor of the building, she had the chance to meet her ex colleagues.

Everyone in Bourgeois welcomed her profusely the moment she stepped into the office.

"Miss Tillman, you're here."

"Miss Tillman, you look fabulous today!"

She gave them a polite smile in return before heading toward Felicia's office. Needless to say, Felicia was pleased to see her as she addressed Anastasia more appropriately.

"Boss, you've finally come to see me!"

A bashful Anastasia covered her mouth while laughing. "I'm not the boss yet!"

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"It's just a matter of time before you take the position." Felicia was confident with her prediction.

Instead of denying that, Anastasia merely sat down and began a casual talk with Felicia.

"How's the company doing lately?"

"We've transcended many jewelry brands with a considerable market share. That's the least that we should do under President Presgrave's guidance, isn't it?" Felicia replied while smiling.

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However, Anastasia actually knew that the ever busy Elliot had no time to manage Bourgeois at all. The accomplishment was simply thanks to the influence of the

Presgrave Group alone. As though they had set sail on a sturdy ship, Bourgeois would be able to burgeon without either of them lifting a finger.

“Oh, the jewelry showcase is going to be held this Friday. The final product of your design is out and it’s absolutely perfect! I’m sure it’ll cause a commotion that day,” informed Felicia.

Anastasia could not help the joy after hearing the news, for every designer treated their work like their babies. Thus, wouldn’t one be proud and happy when their kids had procured such amazing achievements?

“You’re exaggerating.”

“The original plan was to use the usual diamond mosaic, but President Presgrave said that diamonds of the best quality should do the trick. When I saw the final product for the first time, it was so dazzling that I almost went blind. It is so gorgeous.”

Anastasia was baffled. Why didn’t he tell me?

“Really? Why did he do that?” She could not wrap her head around it.

“Probably because it’s your design!” exclaimed Felicia, who had caught a whiff of Elliot’s feelings for Anastasia after being in the company for so long. Still, she tried to keep her assumption to herself for now.

Anastasia nodded. “I will make sure to attend the showcase. I’m looking forward to seeing it for myself.”

Then, they continued chattering about Felicia, who finally found her true love, and a wedding was expected to be in May. Anastasia congratulated Felicia from the bottom of her heart.

“You might get married sooner than I will!” claimed Felicia.

Even so, Anastasia was not quite sure about it as their engagement ceremony was confirmed to be held at the end of the month due to Elliot’s impatience.

After leaving Bourgeois, Anastasia went to the floor where Elliot’s office was. Due to the high ground, one was able to relish the skyscraper view there,

Even if it was a rainy day, he could still enjoy the sunlight streaming into his office whereas others would have the raindrops pattering against their windows.

It did not take long before Elliot returned, which he then placed aside the documents in hand after noticing the woman on the couch.

“I heard that you’ve bumped into Hayley a moment ago. Don’t mind her,” he comforted.

“I don’t care about her, but I don’t want her to see you either.” Anastasia expressed her genuine thoughts.

Elliot raised his hand and promised, “I swear I won’t see her in the future.”

It was not entirely possible for Anastasia to forget about what had happened five years ago. She should accept the past, yet there was an invisible needle deeply pricked into her heart to constantly remind her of the pain.

“Have you informed your father about the engagement?”

“Nope.” She shook her head as it was a decision done last night, His finger brushed the tip of her nose. “Seems like you’re not that excited about our engagement.”

She let out a wry smile. “I promise that I’ll tell him today.”

Only then was he satisfied. “We’ll start preparing for the wedding right after the engagement.”

Anastasia nodded in agreement, for she had accepted the fact that she could not escape from his palm.

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“Let’s pick up Jared together this afternoon.” Elliot was in fact registered as Jared’s father in the school’s record

“Sure! By the way, I’m going to the showcase this Friday.”

“Okay. It’s good to wander around too.”

On the other hand, Francis decided to visit Naomi at the detention center after having suppressed his urge to do so for the past few days.

With her hands fettered with a handcuff, she pounced on the iron railings vehemently as soon as she saw him. “Francis! Francis, you’ve finally come to see me. I’m so sorry. I’m really sorry. It’s all my fault. Please forgive me.”

Her eyes twinkled with hope as she knew that Francis was the only person who could save her. He was her last ray of hope and she no longer wanted to be imprisoned. Gazing at the woman who had aged so much more than before, Francis recalled the ferocious words he had heard before losing his consciousness. Never in his wildest dream had he imagined his wife to be so ruthless. He wished that it was a mere nightmare and it was simply her doppelganger attempting to kill him.

“One question, though. How could you bring yourself to kill me?” His face distorted in agony.

“Francis, I was wrong! I didn’t want to kill you. I-I was possessed! Francis, you know how much I love you, don’t you? Haven’t we gotten along well in the past twenty years?”

The desperate woman slapped herself in the face. “I’m a sinner...”

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“Do you know that I was conscious for about ten seconds that night? And how much it pains me to hear what you’ve said to Erica?” Francis asked.

Naomi's face blanched at the revelation as she drew a sharp breath in horror. He woke up?

"I'm so sorry, Francis. I was wrong. Please give me another chance. Help me out and I'll do anything as you say to repay you for the rest of my life." She was willing to do anything just to leave this appalling place.

He shook his head. "I'm not here to get you out. You should atone for your sins."

"Francis, I'm sorry! I was wrong..." She began wailing from the bottom of her lungs. Still, Francis was not to be moved as he continued and questioned, "And what about Erica's true identity? I bet you had used Anastasia's blood to replace hers in order to deceive me. You've used me to bring up your daughter for over 20 years and yet, this is how you treat my daughter?"

You're heartless, Naomi."

"To Erica, you've always been her father. She's a good daughter and she loves you." Naomi tried to put in good words for her daughter.

"If she truly loved me, she wouldn't have joined hands with you to conspire against me by changing my last will and taking away my company. And for sure, she wouldn't have murdered someone just to hide the truth of her identity!"

"Erica is still young, that's why. She doesn't know anything. Save her, please! She's your daughter!" pleaded Naomi.

"Anastasia will deal with you and Erica as she has the right to do so. Everything will be done according to her call and I won't interfere in this matter," Francis uttered, driving the last nail into her coffin.

As the realization of her last strand of hope vanishing dawned upon her, her eyes widened in total fear. "What? You're going to let her handle everything? N-No. Francis, she hates me to death; she'll kill us! I'm begging you. Please save us!"

"If you had treated her nicely, she wouldn't have taken things this far. It's your karma." A visit at death's door had cleared the haze in his mind. He had made up his mind to spend the rest of his lifetime with his biological daughter in peace; the others did not bother him in the slightest anymore.

After saying what he intended to say, Francis rose to his feet.

"Francis, Francis! Don't go! Please, save me!" The desperate woman banged her head onto the transparent barrier continuously in an attempt to make him stay.

Still, he tuned out the noise and left without turning his head.

Meanwhile, Naomi, who was held by the officers, did not feel a smidgen of pain despite the bleeding. Instead, the unprecedented despair was swallowing her little by little inside out.

The jewelry showcase commenced as scheduled at 2.00PM on Friday and it was

expected to end at 9.00PM.

Since Anastasia's jewelry would be displayed in the afternoon, she and Felicia promised to meet up together. They seated themselves at the front row, which was the best spot to watch the show.

Underneath Anastasia's long coat was a black dress that hugged her figure well. In spite of the unobtrusive color, she exerted elegance that could readily captivate others with one single movement:

The ceremony opening was then followed up by the runway where the models began to take the center stage and present the jewelries, which were imbued with exotic styles from worldwide. Akin to other audiences, Anastasia was having the time of her life while discussing the features of the design with Felicia at times.

Finally, Anastasia's work 'Gloryio' was mentioned alongside her name when the host was introducing the next design.

Her heart palpitated and before long, she saw that very necklace worn around the model's neck. The model's enticing collarbone complemented the jewelry well by drawing all eyes onto the item as it glittered under the illuminating lights.

As soon as the model took the limelight, the crowd plunged into a silent commotion with murmuring voices echoing against the walls.

After a few rounds of catwalks, the models retreated to the backstage, where a number of rich people expressed their liking toward Gloryio. After all, it was a one-of-a-kind jewelry that was worth adding to their collection.

"I'm sorry, but this set has been taken."

"What? I should be the fastest one. Who is it?" the rich lady growled in disapproval.

"It's President Presgrave of Presgrave Group. It is said that he wishes to give it to his lover, explained the manager.

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Almost instantly, the rich lady broke into a smile. "Oh! I gladly admit that I'm indeed one step too late. He has good taste."

That was a given, considering that the designer was Elliot's very lover!

After the showcase, Anastasia decided to invite Felicia for a cup of coffee, but an employee approached Anastasia before she could even leave her seat. "Miss Tillman, please come backstage for a moment."

Albeit slightly surprised by the request, she went backstage together with Felicia, only to be welcomed by the manager with a smile. "Miss Tillman, it's a pleasure to meet you. I have a present for you."

"A present?" While Anastasia was taken aback, the incisive Felicia had a vague guess

of the situation.

The manager took out an exquisite white box before opening it to reveal a necklace. It was the one Anastasia had designed! She exclaimed, "This is my design, though! Is it really for me?"

"Yes. Mr. Presgrave has specially noted that he wishes to give it to the woman he loves the most."

A blushing Anastasia could not contain the sweet joy in her heart. Needless to say, the man had always been adept at giving surprises.

"Anastasia, it seems like there's a good reason for President Presgrave to insist on using the best diamonds. He's been planning to give it to you as a gift from the very start," teased Felicia.

Anastasia could not help but grin from ear to ear. "So, you've known this beforehand? Why didn't you tell me?"

"If I've done that, there wouldn't be any surprises and President Presgrave's effort would've gone down the drain."

After looking at her own work, Anastasia told the manager, "Please send it to my place."

"Understood."

Anastasia left her address with the manager before leaving. Right then, she thought of the man she had been missing.

"Have you received the present?" Elliot chuckled with his low voice.

"Yeah. But why?" asked Anastasia.

It's our engagement soon, but you still need a set of jewelry. I think it'll be meaningful for you to wear it at our engagement ceremony."

She had nothing to rebut the ideal answer as she was equally pleased. "I think so too."

"I'll see you later tonight."

"Okay. I'm still shopping, just so you know." She was on cloud nine.

As the engagement ceremony was nearing, Anastasia had been busy these days. Just selecting six sets of gown alone took up a lot of time since she had to take the details into account as well.

Amidst the hectic days, Harriet was the happiest person of all. The future she had been envisioning was coming true at long last-Anastasia was going to be her granddaughter-in-law.

There was a pre-gathering at Presgrave Residence later that night and Anastasia could finally see Nigel, who had been preoccupied due to a business expansion. He barely had the time to catch a breath.

"Still, I can finally become your family as your brother-in-law." He smiled.

"It feels kinda weird." She tried to contain her laughter as she was only two years younger than him.

“Fine. You can marry me, then,” he said in undertone so that it would not reach Elliot’s ears.

She played along, “Say it out loud for your brother to hear.”

Suddenly, someone patted Nigel’s shoulder. It was Elliot, whose eyes had narrowed dangerously, “What did you just say?”

“Huh? Did I say something? I said nothing!” Nigel blinked his eyes several times at Anastasia, signaling her to not let the cat out of the bag.

“It’s nothing.” She was about to burst into laughter because of the funny outcome.

Then, Elliot excused himself to greet the seniors and Nigel patted his chest in relief.

“I’ve been afraid of him since I was young. You can never imagine his stern face when he’s angry with me. Yet, he used to stand up for me whenever I got into trouble. I really admire him.”

“For real? Tell me more about his younger days! Did he do anything mischievous or embarrassing?” A curious Anastasia was all ears.