

## My Baby's Daddy Chapter 596

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"It's okay. Mommy will help you ask him too," Anastasia assured Jared. With her help, there would not be any problems.

She knew that Jared did not know how Elliot would kill to give him everything in the world. All Jared was asking for was to raise a kitten, so there was no doubt that Elliot would agree.

The kitten was very docile. Perhaps it knew that it was incredibly lucky to have met such a kind and cute little owner, so it stayed in Jared's arms quietly and meowed once in a while.

Anastasia accompanied Jared down the stairs as they headed into the kitchen to find some food for the kitten.

At around half past six, they heard a car pulling into the driveway. Jared carried the kitten over to the door to wait and soon, he saw his father walking in

"Meow!" As if it had sensed Elliot's dominating presence, the little kitten meowed pitifully and struggled in Jared's arms to try and escape.

"Ahh! Kitty, don't be afraid. This is Daddy. He won't throw you out," Jared cried out in alarm, but before he could grab hold of the kitten, it jumped out of his arms and fled out the door.

Anastasia came over and saw the kitten running off into the garden. She sighed as she thought about how upset Jared would be now.

Elliot walked over to Jared and bent down in front of him. "Were you raising that cat who ran out?"

"Daddy, I found the little kitten in the garden today and I wanted to show it to you, but it ran off." Jared's head was bowed in sadness. His eyes turned red and teary.

Elliot patted Jared on the shoulder. "It's okay. I'll help you find it."

"Really? I want to come too, Daddy!" Jared exclaimed excitedly.

"It just rained and the garden's covered in puddles now. I'll help you find it. okay? You stay right here and wait, and I'll bring it back to you." Elliot's deep voice was firm.

"Okay. Thank you, Daddy." Jared nodded happily.

Anastasia took one look at the finely-dressed man who was about to scurry around the humongous garden looking for a spooked little kitten and assumed that it would be a tall task for him, so she said, "I'll come with you."

"I'll go. You stay with Jared," he declined the offer after glancing at his sweet wife.

He took off his suit jacket and walked out in his shirt.

Anastasia crouched down to comfort Jared. "Jared, we'll do our best to look for the kitten, but if it ran out of the garden, it would be very hard for us to find it. Do you understand that?"

Jared nodded. Even though it had only been a few short hours, he had grown quite fond of the little kitten.

He fervently hoped that his father would find it.

Meanwhile, Anastasia was taking pity on her husband. The garden was covered in puddles while the grassy areas had all turned to mud, and Elliot had always been a clean freak.

For the sake of his son, he was willing to go out and look for a little kitten even though he would be caked in mud and dirty water.

Time slowly crept forward as Elliot searched from the front gardens all the way to the back. His sharp ears picked out the weak meows of the young kitten and he kept following after it, but the kitten seemed to be frightened by him as it kept running away.

"Don't be afraid. I just want to bring you home to live with my son." All Elliot could do was crouch down and remain motionless as he called out to the kitten who was still darting around in the garden.

The little kitten had experienced warmth and love from a human today, and it yearned for the feeling of being protected and loved.

Therefore, it dragged its drenched little body out of the bushes. It was too young—perhaps only recently weaned, and it cried out helplessly as it stared at the towering man in front of it.

"Come over here, little guy," Elliot called out as he extended his hand to the kitten.

The kitten was wary at first, but eventually, it walked over slowly, taking each step with great care until it finally stood in front of Elliot. Elliot reached out to stroke its tiny head before holding it snugly in his large, warm hands.

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Elliot had chased the kitten all across the garden. He did not realize that in the process, his socks and shoes were soaked, the bottom of his pants was stained with grass, his shirt was speckled with water droplets, and even his perfectly-styled hair was hanging limp thanks to rainwater that dripped off the trees.

Yet, at the same time, he was giving off a gentle and loving aura that had a different kind of allure to it.

At the entrance hall.

"Kitty!" Jared spotted the little kitten in Elliot's arms and gleefully rushed over.

Anastasia saw the state that Elliot's clothes were in and she felt bad for him. While Jared reached out to take the kitten, she reached out to brush a few blades of grass off his shirt before saying, "Go up and take a shower first."

"Okay." Elliot kissed her on the forehead.

"Daddy, can I keep it?" Jared asked at once.

"Of course."

"Let's give it a name then!"

"I'll let you decide on its name. You can tell us later at dinner," Elliot said.

Jared was over the moon. He hugged the kitten close and said, "Okay! I'll bring it back to my room now."

Anastasia had prepared a clean and cozy little bed for the kitten.

"We'll need to go and buy some cat food tomorrow." Anastasia chuckled.

"I'll get Rey to send some over later." Elliot was even more diligent.

Anastasia chuckled once more. It seemed like Elliot was going to spoil Jared way more than her.

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“Come with me while I take a shower.” Elliot grasped her hand and pulled her upstairs.

Anastasia could only follow along behind him, but once they reached the room, she herded him into the bathroom while she picked out a set of clean clothes for him.

Once Elliot went into the bathroom, Anastasia walked over to his closet and rummaged among his casual clothes before picking out a gray T-shirt and a pair of loungewear linen pants. She liked the way he looked in these sorts of casual home attire.

He looked a lot warmer and more welcoming in these clothes, in comparison to his typical formal work attire. However, when it came to Elliot, he looked attractive no matter what he wore, and Anastasia loved him in every outfit.

He had everything that she admired in a man.

Anastasia set the clothes down on the couch and took a seat to wait for him.

Soon, she heard footsteps behind her and she turned around to see a man walking out with a towel around his waist.

Despite seeing his body every night, her heart would still skip a few beats and her blood would still start rushing through her veins whenever she saw him like this. She muttered shyly, “Here are your clothes.”

Elliot walked over with a sly smile. “I want my sweetheart to help me put them on.”

Anastasia covered her mouth to muffle her laughter. “No thanks.”

However, Elliot was persistent. He stood in front of her and said, “Help me, sweetheart.”

In the end, Anastasia had to look up at his sculpted and statuesque body, and she feasted on it as she helped him get dressed.

He was too tall, so when she tried to pull the T-shirt over his neck, she had to get him to bend down. Anastasia slowly and carefully put on each article of clothing, while Elliot’s eyes stared greedily at her. His eyes were full of

love and affection—it was the way he looked whenever he drowned in his love for her.

By the time Anastasia was done helping him get dressed, she was as red as a lobster and could no longer look him in the eyes.

Elliot cupped her face with his hands and pressed her down onto the couch as he kissed her. All day long, he had not been able to stay focused on his meetings as all he could think about was her.

His heart felt empty whenever she was not around, and he wished that he could keep her by his side forever.

His kiss almost sucked the life out of her.

They were on the verge of taking it further when Anastasia finally regained her senses. "It's time for dinner. Jared's still awake!"

"Sure. Once Jared's asleep, we'll continue where we left off." She managed to talk him down, so all Elliot could do was stare at her longingly while he tried to calm himself down.

Although they had not gotten married yet, it dawned on Anastasia that they were basically living as if they were, and Elliot had already nearly used up all six boxes of condoms that he bought last time.

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These were also the happiest days of Anastasia's life, and her complexion became even rosier than usual.

It was true that a woman in love would glow.

A short while later, Rey came and dropped off some cat food. From now on, the little cutie was a member of the family, and it may never know how lucky it was to meet its new owner.

During dinner, Jared thought of a name that he thought suited the little kitten's appearance. "Let's call it Bella."

Anastasia checked and saw that it was a female kitten, so the name seemed apt.

The kitten was now Jared's precious little Bella.

The next morning.

Jared left for school reluctantly, and Anastasia got Adriana to take the kitten to the vet. It would need to be given a thorough bath and checked for fleas and worms, as well as get its vaccine shots.

A few hours later, Adriana brought Bella back all clean and groomed. It was not of any particular pedigree, but it was still adorable.

Bella sat still on the couch while Anastasia continued picking out wedding options beside it. Soon, Bella crawled onto her lap and curled up for a nap.

Anastasia chuckled at the sight. She had dreamt about raising a cat when she was young, but she had not had the right to raise a pet in that house. Now, her son would be the one who fulfilled her dream on her behalf instead!

This led her to recall her life five years ago. When she first left the country, life was tough for her. The country she had left to did not allow abortions, and it was one of the darkest periods in her life.

This turned out to be a blessing, as she did keep her son, and when he was born, his existence mended the holes in her heart.

When she was nineteen, she met a few people who were of great help to her. They were students who had been properly enrolled in the design institute, unlike her, who had to fight hard to find a way to get in.

She succeeded because she received help from them, but due to certain reasons, they had to separate again. However, the times she spent with them were filled with joy and laughter.

They were a pair of twins—Mason Sullivan, the older brother, and Katrina Sullivan, the younger sister.

They spent three years together at the design institute. Anastasia's mind began to drift off under the warm afternoon sun.

All of a sudden, her phone started ringing. It was an unknown number calling, but she answered anyway. "Hello, who is this?"

"Who do you think I am, Miss Anastasia Tillman, the designer at Bourgeois?" It was a breezy male voice that spoke with a hint of teasing.

A bulb lit up somewhere in the recesses of Anastasia's mind, and she exclaimed, "Mason Sullivan? You're Mason Sullivan, right?"

"Yep! Where do you think I am right now?"

“Where are you? Are you back in the country?” Anastasia asked excitedly. She had just been reminiscing about the past when she received this call!

What an uncanny coincidence.

“Yeah, I’m back. I’m here at the department of design office at Bourgeois right now, and I found out that you used to work here.”

“You’re working for Bourgeois?” Anastasia was surprised at yet another coincidence.

“Mmhmm! I just joined not too long ago.” Mason was pretty happy too. “I’ve been meaning to look for you but I couldn’t find you at all.”

“I’m sorry. I’ve changed my numbers quite a few times and we haven’t been in touch for so long.”

“It’s fine! We’ve reconnected now, haven’t we? Are you free to come and meet up with me today?”

“Now?” Anastasia asked as she checked the time.

“Now works too! It’s about time we sat down for a good talk, old friend.”

“Okay. I’ll let you know when I reach Bourgeois.” Anastasia decided to meet up with him.

“Sure.”

After hanging up the call, a thought occurred to Anastasia and she went upstairs to get two spare invitation cards. She wrote down Mason and Katrina’s names on them.

Since Mason was back in the country, Katrina should be too, so she wanted to invite them both to her wedding.

Anastasia headed off with Adriana serving as her driver...

Once they reached Presgrave Group, Anastasia gave Mason a call, and two minutes later, she saw a man in a suit rushing out in excitement—it was Mason.

## **My Baby’s Daddy Chapter 599**

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Twenty–eight–year–old Mason was a lively young man who exuded an aura of someone who would accomplish great things in the future.

Anastasia wondered what his position was in Bourgeois. Could it be the head of design position that Felicia mentioned? That was an even higher rank over Felicia.

Anastasia got out of the car and Adriana immediately came to stand beside her. Mason's breath caught in his throat as he watched Anastasia approaching him.

Clearly, the Anastasia he remembered was the young woman he met at the design institute, the one in the bleakest period of her life. She was entirely different from this elegant and refined woman who was flashing him a brilliant smile.

"Anastasia, you've changed so much! I could hardly recognize you." Mason could not take his eyes off her.

"Thank you! A lot has happened in the three years we've lost touch. Come, let's grab a bite to eat. My treat."

"Okay, let's go!" Mason noticed Adriana and asked with a smile, "Is this your friend?"

Anastasia nodded. "Yeah, she's my friend. This is Adriana."

"Nice to meet you," Mason greeted her politely.

However, Adriana simply responded with a curt nod. Mason felt a little awkward, and he thought that this friend of hers was a little cold!

Anastasia nudged Adriana. "Adriana, I'm going to get something to eat with my friend. You'll be alright by yourself for a little bit, yeah?"

"Miss Tillman, this..."

"It's fine," Anastasia assured her.

However, Adriana simply said, "I'll go with you, but I'll keep out of your way."

Mason caught their conversation and could tell that Adriana behaved more like a bodyguard or an assistant.

"Okay!" Anastasia did not stop her from joining them. The three of them headed to a nearby restaurant.

Adriana took her orders from Elliot as well, and now that Anastasia was having a meal with another guy, she informed him at once.

Right at that moment, in the middle of a solemn meeting at Presgrave Group, Elliot's phone vibrated with a new message notification. He was listening to one of his employees give a presentation, but after glancing at his phone, he picked it up immediately.

"President Presgrave, Miss Tillman came to Presgrave Group to meet with a male friend."

This message was followed by a picture of Anastasia walking with a man.

Elliot's eyes narrowed. There was nothing out of the ordinary about the two people in the picture, but his heart felt a pang nonetheless.

Why did his sweetheart come to Presgrave Group but not look for him? Why did she come to meet some other guy instead? Why were they having a meal together?

Elliot grew more and more frantic with each thought.

"Do you know who he is?" Elliot typed back.

"His name is Mason Sullivan, a new hire at Bourgeois."

Elliot waved Rey over. "Look into this person's identity and background."

Throughout the meeting, Elliot could not focus at all. He kept staring at the picture on his phone, and soon, Rey passed an iPad over to him with a resume on display.

Elliot studied it carefully, and once he saw where Mason had graduated

from, he realized that this must be one of Anastasia's friends from the design institute overseas since their tenure of study overlapped.

Mason Sullivan, Head of Design at Bourgeois.

Elliot gave a small sigh. He knew very little about the five years Anastasia spent overseas. All he knew was that it was the hardest period of her life. She was pregnant and alone in a foreign country. Anyone who helped her back then was equivalent to her savior.

Did this mean that this man was also one of the people who extended a helping hand to her back then?

If that were the case, there would be no way for Elliot to get involved in their relationship. He did not want Anastasia to be mad at him.

At the restaurant.

After taking a seat, Mason stared at Anastasia and commented wistfully, "It's great that you no longer have it so hard anymore."

"Thank you for all your help back then. You helped me survive the darkest period of my life," Anastasia declared gratefully. "Is your younger sister, Katrina, back as well?"

"Yeah, she's back home and currently working as a model."

"She does have the talent for it. I'm sure she'll do well as a model," Anastasia said with a smile. Katrina was a very pretty girl.

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"She has always been drawn to the spotlight, which is the total opposite of me. She used to be rather childish and would have said a lot of hurtful things in the past. I hope you didn't take it to heart."

"Why would I?" Anastasia smiled. It was all in the past.

Katrina knew that Mason wanted to date her, so Katrina put a stop to it and even hurled insults at her while she was pregnant. Even so, Mason ignored his sister's protests and continued to take very good care of her. She was all alone in a foreign country, and sometimes she had no other choice but to accept his caring and thoughtful gestures to survive.

There was once when Jared had a high fever, and it was Mason who accompanied her through it all. He carried Jared and ran down many blocks of streets until they found a doctor who could attend to Jared.

Thankfully, Jared managed to pull through.

That was the most frightened and distraught that Anastasia had ever been, and it was him who ignored his sister's objections and did everything he could to help her.

Therefore, no matter how Katrina treated her, Anastasia would not take it to heart.

"Anastasia, where's Jared? I haven't seen him in so long!" Mason exclaimed.

"He's in class right now. He's already four! I'll bring him to meet you some time."  
Anastasia chuckled.

"Sure! I'm sure he's quite a looker now. He was so cute as a baby, so he'll definitely grow up to become a handsome man," Mason praised.

Anastasia thought about Elliot. If Jared grew up to look like his father, he was going to be an incredibly handsome man indeed!

“How did you end up working in Bourgeois?” Anastasia asked out of curiosity

“I was headhunted and invited to take the position, and I have a lot of faith in Bourgeois’ future development as a company, so I decided to come back to the country. I never thought our paths would cross like this again, but I ended up seeing your name at the office.”

“That’s right, I used to work for Bourgeois.”

“Used to? Why did you resign?” Mason asked.

Anastasia’s eyes gleamed with happiness. Then, she finally remembered about the two invitation cards, so she took them out and passed it over to Mason. “Here, I’ll be getting married soon, so I hope you two will come and attend the ceremony.”

Mason stared at the invitation cards for a very long time before taking them. There was a flash of dejection in his eyes.

“You’re getting married, huh?” He flipped the card open as he said that. Once he saw the name written inside, his eyes flickered. “Elliot Presgrave? Your fiancé is Elliot Presgrave?”

Anastasia knew that he would be shocked. She nodded and said, “Yeah, my fiancé’s name is Elliot Presgrave.”

“Bourgeois’ owner, the president of Presgrave Group, Elliot Presgrave?” Mason chuckled somewhat bitterly as he bid goodbye to his fleeting moment of joy earlier. Sometimes, even when one reunited with the person they longed for, one still did not get a second chance, because someone even better—a man even more powerful than one—was now by that person’s side.

“Yes, that’s him. He’s also Jared’s father.” Anastasia nodded and shared a secret.

Instantly, Mason’s eyes flashed. “What?! He’s Jared’s father? That b\*stard?”

Anastasia nodded and pursed her lips. “Mason, you shouldn’t say that about him. It was all an accident back then.”

“But... but what he did left you with so much pain, and so much despair... that you even tried...” Mason did not dare continue.

Mason had saved Anastasia once. It was when she was five months pregnant.

She had lost all hope and attempted to take her life by jumping off a bridge. Mason was the one who jumped into the river and rescued her.

Therefore, in his eyes, the man who got her pregnant was an irresponsible b\*stard.

Anastasia sighed and urged him softly, “Mason, just leave the past in the past. I’m really happy right now.”

Mason’s fists tightened. “Why do you want to marry him? Is he trying to get custody of Jared? Is that why you have to marry him?”

Anastasia was taken aback but she shook her head. “No. A lot of things happened between us, and he has expressed a lot of regret about the past. We’re truly in love.”

“Does he know the disaster he brought onto you? Does he know everything you suffered through five years ago all alone in a foreign country?”

Anastasia never mentioned the past to Elliot because she considered it an ill-fated low point in her life, but now that Mason showed up, those memories began to resurface again.

