

## My Baby's Daddy Chapter 511

### My Baby's Daddy

#### Chapter 511

**Chapter 511** “Well, how do you know she isn't just a wolf in sheep's clothing? Do you know her better than we do?” Erica bit out angrily. “Miss Tillman will have an insurmountable fortune to her name once she becomes Mrs. Presgrave, so why would she come after Tillman Constructions? The both of you, however, are acting highly suspicious right now,” Rey pointed out sardonically. He was Elliot's assistant, and being demanding aside, the job also required a sharp and analytical mind.

Naomi gaped at Rey speechlessly, and jealousy flashed in Erica's eyes. When did Anastasia gain superiority over us? Just then, Rey's phone rang, and he quickly picked up after glancing at the caller ID. “Yes, President Presgrave?”

“Throw those women out of the premises right now I don't want them making a scene there,” came Elliot's curt reply. While he was not at the hospital, he had gotten word about Naomi and Erica being there and causing a scene in the main lobby. He was admittedly bearing a grudge against them, especially after Naomi had slapped Anastasia in the face last night. That alone was enough to make him want to ruin their lives.

Rey answered solemnly, “Yes, sir.” Then, he shot the security guards a look and instructed, “Escort them out of the hospital at once and do not let them come back in again.”

The security guards leaped into action at once. Before Naomi and Erica knew what was happening, they were held by the arms and frog-marched toward the lobby exit.

“Hey! What are you doing? Let me go right now!” Naomi hollered.

However, no one heeded her warning, and just like that, the mother-daughter duo was thrown out the door. Following this, the security guards fell into formation and stood in a line of six, effectively blocking the women's way into the building.

“How dare that useless little wench treat us like this! If she thinks she's so great, then why doesn't she just kill me already?” Naomi seethed.

Humiliated and not wanting to turn into the butt of the joke now that she was thrown out of a hospital, Erica quickly grabbed her arm and urged, “Mom, we should go.”

Naomi had no choice but to leave with her daughter. Once they burrowed into their car, Erica pulled out her phone and called Alex.

“Hello?”

“Alex, Anastasia had Dad transferred to Presgrave Hospital. We tried to bring him back, but security threw us out. What do we do now?”

“What? How could you have let her take him away in the first place.”

“We didn’t let her!” Erica argued. “She signed the transfer paperwork this morning while Mom and I were away from the hospital. What if the medical team at Presgrave Hospital manages to save him from his comatose state?”

“I’d only just switched out the old will. It’ll be the end of us if President Tillman wakes up, so you have to make sure he never does!” Alex ground out icily.

“What the hell do I do now?”

“Continue pressing them until they hand over President Tillman, and you have to find out his current condition no matter what,” Alex urged.

“Okay.” Erica hung up and glanced at Naomi, saying, “Mom, I think I have a way that might just work. We could call the press and have them expose Anastasia. We’ll make it sound like she has taken Dad away so that she could kill him and claim Tillman Constructions all for herself. Then, we’ll use the subsequent public discourse to force her into handing Dad over.”

Naomi pondered on this and decided that it was a viable option. Now that Anastasia had Elliot to protect her, she was untouchable. Calling the press on her and painting her as some greedy spawn who only wanted to take the company for herself would undoubtedly disrupt her life to some extent.

“Alright then. We’ll just use the press and have her facing backlash afterward,” Naomi said, agreeing with her daughter. Man

Erica knew a couple of reporters from various media companies, and she decided to have the powerhouse among them cover the news.

In the guest lounge of the press company, Erica and Naomi explained to the person they were meeting about how Anastasia was after Francis’ fortune.

The man who had joined them in the lounge was the editor-in-chief. He did not care about the truth, only about the buzz that such news would bring. The issue would become a subject of dispute among the public, which was the most valuable outcome.

But neither Naomi nor Erica told the editor-in-chief a vital piece of information, which was that of Anastasia and Elliot's engagement. They had only painted her as a scheming no-good wench who had been vying for Tillman Constructions.

"Very well. We'll be more than happy to expose this woman for you. It's a matter of life and death, after all. I'll head on to write the article right now, and we'll feed it to the public. Once the backlash starts kicking in, she'll cave under the pressure and return your sick and comatose husband and father."

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**Chapter 512** "Please hurry with the exposé on Anastasia. She's far too vicious to get away scot-free like this. We're talking about my husband and Erica's father here. How could she be so cruel as to stop us from seeing him?" Naomi cried, looking anguished as she buried her face in her hands.

"We'll finish the write-up and publish it as soon as possible. Can't have someone so downright heartless to her own father do this without repercussions, can we? Do you have any pictures for the column?" Timothy, the editor-in-chief of the press, asked.

"Yes." Erica fished out her phone and pulled up the candid shot she had taken of Anastasia in the conference room last time. She had been bored and decided to take several pictures for her own amusement, only to find that she had taken one where Anastasia was sitting next to Francis.

Upon seeing the picture, Timothy nodded in approval and said, "That's a good one, and the public will perceive it as Anastasia being eager to get close to Francis for the sake of taking over the company as CEO." He stared at the picture for a moment longer, and he had to admit that Anastasia was stunning. With her perfect features and warm smile, it was hard to believe that she was capable of doing something so underhanded.

This could give rise to another hot topic. Anastasia was like a rose in full bloom in that picture, but concealed within her was greed and fierce ambition to take Tillman Constructions for herself, and apparently, she would stop at nothing to achieve that goal.

Naomi and Erica were like a pair of thieves when they left the press company later that day. Now that they had done their part, all they needed to do was for the press to do their dirty work and ruin Anastasia's reputation.

Meanwhile, Francis had undergone a series of check-ups at Presgrave Hospital, and Elliot came rushing back just as the doctor was reporting the medical findings to Anastasia.

The atmosphere in the conference room was grim as Theodore Dugray, the Head of Neurology in Presgrave Hospital, announced, "Your father's condition is worse than we presumed and based on the tests we ran on him, we found that his brain is severely damaged. Self-recovery is nearly impossible, and while surgery is the best option we have, he does not meet the requisite standards for us to carry out the operation immediately. We'll have to keep him under observation for at least three months before we draft out the surgery plan."

Anastasia had been wound up so tightly over the last few days that she almost snapped after hearing the news. She clapped her hand over her mouth as tears spilled down her face. I didn't know Dad's condition would be so serious. Is this it? Do I not get to see even a glimmer of hope for this situation to turn around?

At the sight of this, Elliot quickly handed her a piece of tissue, a gentle gesture that did little to soften the impact of the hard news. He felt his heart twist when he saw how devastated she looked, but there was nothing he could do to take the pain away from her.

"Do not give up, not while there is still hope," Elliot said to the doctor.

"We'll come up with the best solution to save Mr. Tillman," the doctor promised.

Another doctor who had come in with Theodore's small medical team added, "Miss Tillman, preliminary checks have led us to believe that your father will remain in a comatose state for the rest of his life if he does not undergo surgery. That said, the chances of him regaining consciousness after the surgery are slim, and we'd like you to be mentally prepared for any unfavorable outcome."

She nodded weakly. She knew that almost all the odds were against Francis now, but she wouldn't give up on even the slightest chance to save him. She took a deep breath and asked, "Have you found any traces of the pill I brought in my father's oral cavity?"

The doctor from the laboratory shook his head and answered, "We've compared the samples and found that the traces of the pill in your father's mouth are different from the pills you brought."

"So you're saying that the pills he last took not only did not help with his condition but also caused him to go into cardiac arrest?"

"Yes. The pills he ingested are lethal to the human heart, and if we were to go by pharmaceutical standards, these pills would be considered highly poisonous. More importantly, we have deduced based on the lab tests that this was not the first time your

father has taken these pills; he might have taken them for days prior to his cardiac arrest.”

Anastasia’s fists clenched under the table, and her palms hurt where her nails dug into them. She was almost certain that Naomi had plotted this against Francis, and the motive behind such a deadly move more likely than not had something to do with Tillman Constructions.

Francis had on several occasions mentioned that he would leave the company to Anastasia. He even joked about having his son take over the reins back in the hospital the other day. Anastasia thought about this, and she wondered if his intentions to deprive Naomi and Erica of getting their share in the company led the woman to commit such a horrendous act.

Knowing Francis, his sentiments for Naomi as her husband prompted him to put his guard down around her. He wouldn’t lie to her about any plans he might have for his commercial or personal assets. As such, he definitely told her about the successorship of the company.

Right now, Anastasia would give up succeeding the company if it meant her father could be saved and live out his best life. However, it was all too late. Francis’ body had gone into shock, and he was as good as brain-dead.

## **My Baby’s Daddy Chapter 513**

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#### Chapter 513

**Chapter 513** Elliot brought Anastasia to the break room. Her eyes were welling up with tears and every time she thought about what her father was going through, her heart throbbed with pain. He wrapped his arms around her and gently wiped away her tears. “Im sorry,” she said, turning to look at him. “I really don’t wish to get engaged at the moment. Can we postpone it?”

“Sure,” he said, nodding. “Don’t rush. It can be done after your father wakes up.” When she heard that, hope filled her heart. That’s true! When her father was finally awake, she could select a new date with her father for her engagement to Elliot.

In Elliot’s eyes, postponing the engagement party made no difference. After all, their relationship had progressed so much that it felt like they were already married. The engagement party was merely a ceremony to him.

No matter what happened, he would never abandon Anastasia. He would always protect her and stay by her side as they weathered troubled times together.

At this moment, there was a knock on the door before Rey walked into the room. He held an iPad out to them and said, "President Presgrave, Miss Tillman, have a look at this. Naomi and her daughter have released a statement to the press."

She took the iPad from him and read out the headline of the article shown, "Eldest daughter holds comatose father hostage to steal the right to inherit Tillman Constructions."

By the time she was done reading the entire article, she was trembling with anger. The audacity of those two women to release such an insidious statement at this time infuriated her.

"Many media outlets have shared the statement as soon as it had been released," Rey said. "Furthermore, many independent journalists are defending them, amplifying the message and causing considerable damage to Miss Tillman's reputation."

Anastasia's eyes turned as cold as ice when she heard that. Naomi and her daughter were playing victim by attacking her first.

"Find a way to suppress the news," Elliot ordered.

"Sir, doing that might not end well for Miss Tillman. Also, there are a lot of eyes on this right now. If we do not publicly respond now, it would be a disaster when Miss Tillman marries you." "My Baby's Daddy" daily latest chapters update only on this website [www.infobagh.com](http://www.infobagh.com) plzz visit [www.infobagh.com](http://www.infobagh.com) for more update. "Yes," she said, nodding in agreement. "We don't need to do that. Let us ignore them for now. The most important task at hand is to wake my father up. When that happens, this lie would be

exposed for what it truly is. As for my reputation, I do not care at all."

Elliot's heart ached at how calm and collected she was. "Okay." He sighed. "I'll hold back myself

for now."

Otherwise, the mother-and-daughter duo would have already been thrown into prison. There was no way he would have tolerated their impertinent behavior.

"Ignore them. They are only doing this so that they can make healthcare decisions for Dad instead of me. It is impossible for that to happen. If I let them take care of my dad, he would never wake up again."

Anastasia was determined to withstand anything and everything just so her father could be saved. Let Naomi and her daughter kick up a fuss because she couldn't be bothered about them.

Elliot would eventually build her the greatest shield ever that would protect her from their attacks.

Meanwhile, Hayley was whiling time away at a cafe when she stumbled upon the article about Anastasia. She was shocked by what she saw and also awed by how astonishingly beautiful Anastasia looked in all the photos shown in the video that kept bashing her.

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ite the adversities she

Anastasia looked just faced.

Even the comments of the video were all praising her beauty while they piled hate on her.

'Anastasia is so gorgeous. She might be evil, but she is amazing!

'Yeah! Well, the prettier they are, the more dangerous their venom. She is beautiful because she is pure evil:

'Is she the future head of Tillman Constructions? Oh, my goodness! She is just divine! I finally have a face for the female lead of the novel I'm reading

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She might be evil, but she

too beautiful. She is so sexy. What should I do? I think I'm in love.' This comment was made by a user who appeared to be male according to his profile picture.

Hayley was seething with jealousy as she read those comments. As expected, even though the situation was bad, Anastasia would still attract admirers for her beauty while being hated on.

The uproar online made Anastasia famous.

Amidst all the insults, journalists kept uploading photos of her. Some people even dug up photos of her in university just so they could get more views and attention. Then,

there was the photo of her at the annual celebration of Bourgeois Jewelry Atelier, shining brightly as she stood on stage.

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In spite of the chaos online, Anastasia directed all her focus on taking care of her dad in Presgrave Hospital. Sitting by his bed and staring down at his pale face, she forced herself to remain strong. She could not break down at a time like this.

Meanwhile, at Tillman Residence, Erica was scrolling on her phone, watching video after video. However, the more she scrolled, the more frustrated she got. Just then, she received a call from Alex.

"Hey"

"This is causing quite the uproar. Aren't you afraid that it would get out of hand?" Alex asked, worried. After all, he had the exact same mindset as a rat that hid in the gutters, forever shying away from the light.

Even so, Anastasia was now under attack. Any response from her would turn the tides and redirect the barrage of attacks toward those who were after her.

"What are you afraid of? Honestly, you are such a coward. Having the whole world know about this will force her to return my father to me," she answered.

"I will notify Anastasia to attend tomorrow's meeting then. It is time to publicize the will," he said.

Joy flashed through her eyes. She had been waiting eagerly for this very moment. "For real? That is amazing! Does that mean there will be no issues with the will?"

"Everything will go smoothly."

"Nice, and by tomorrow, my mother and I will take over 60% of all the company shares my father owned!"

When she hung up on the phone, she was nearly bursting with giddiness. She was going to be rich. The thought of having to ask Francis for money all these years filled her with disgust. He was not her actual father, yet she had to call him that for so many years.

Frankly speaking, she felt no love for Francis

All she wanted was money, an endless stream of money

It was around three in the afternoon when Anastasia received a call from Alex, notifying her about the details of the board meeting scheduled for tomorrow. Due to Francis' condition and the fact that the company could not go for long without a decision maker, the board needed to discuss the company's next step forward.

After she agreed to attend the meeting. Alex decided to ask, "Are you okay, Miss Tillman?"

"I'm fine."

"I saw a lot of lies being spread online about you."

"Thanks for your concern," she curtly replied, not wanting to tell him much about the topic.

Deep down, she had a feeling that he was on Naomi's side. Additionally, with how close he was to Erica, he was definitely pulling some strings in the company for the two women. Hence, she did not think much of his show of concern.

As he also knew how wary she was of him, he did not say much and just hung up.

That evening. Elliot brought Jared over to the hospital. The kid had seen neither hide nor hair of his mother for two whole days, so the latter was feeling quite worried and upset.

When Jared arrived, she told him about Francis' condition. She did not want to lie to her son, even though he was just a child.

Jared stood in front of the window, eyes blinking hard as he stared into the ICU ward where his grandfather lay. There is no way Grandpa will be asleep forever; he is just taking a nap.

"Mommy, Grandpa will wake up soon, right?" Jared asked, looking up at her.

"That's right. He'll wake up when he's done sleeping." She knelt down and kissed her son on the head, blinking back tears as she did so.

Later that evening when she told Elliot about the board meeting she was going to attend at Tillman Constructions, he suggested going along with her.

However, she did not agree with that idea. It was not that she did not want him with her, but this was Tillman's internal affairs. Naomi and Erica would surely criticize her for bringing him along.

"Okay, I won't go, but my lawyer and bodyguards must go with you," he insisted. He did not want anything to happen to her.

“Okay” She nodded.

When it was time for bed, she slept with Jared while Elliot rested in the room next door.

The next morning.

Journalists from all outlets were hiding near the entrance of Tillman Constructions. According to the rumors, something important that was happening. today would decide the heir to the company. Who would be the winner.

between Anastasia and Mrs. Tillman? Either way, it would be an exciting show.

A few moments later, two black SUVs pulled up to the entrance. They were there as escorts for a limousine. The journalists waiting in their vehicles immediately swarmed the newcomers. Just as they were about to block the back doors of the limousine, eight burly and tall bodyguards stepped out of the SUVs. pushed everyone away from the limousine, and cordoned off a path from the limousine door to the building entrance.

## **My Baby’s Daddy Chapter 515**

Dressed in a black coat with her hair flying in the cold breeze, Anastasia stepped out of the car with a lawyer following right behind. Her beautiful face was locked in a serene expression as she walked through the path sectioned off by her bodyguards.

The air around her echoed with a barrage of questions from the journalists.

“Miss Anastasia, did you really kidnap your comatose father to steal the right to inherit?”

“Miss Anastasia, do you have some ulterior motive for secretly transferring your father into a private hospital for treatment?”

“Anastasia Tillman, do you even know what love is? Aren’t you afraid of karma?”

Despite the near-interrogation she was being subjected to, Anastasia merely glanced at the surrounding journalists

before striding into the building doors where the security guards kept the pack of journalists at bay.

Her proud figure stood out among her bodyguards, just like how a red rose would catch the eye of those who saw it.

As the photographers swiftly snapped photos of her, they all sighed at how extraordinarily beautiful she was.

When she entered the meeting room, Naomi and Erica were already waiting inside with two other shareholders. They had both been panicking since the moment they heard of Francis' collapse. After all, he had been leading the company this entire time. Now that he was unconscious, who was going to lead Tillman Constructions?

Admiration flashed through Alex's eyes when he glanced over at Anastasia. No matter when or where he would always be irresistibly attracted to her.

Anastasia pulled up a chair for herself

and sat down. The middle-aged lawyer following her sat down at the table as well.

"This is a private meeting, Anastasia. Why is there an outsider here?" Naomi barked in irritation.

"As my lawyer, he has the right to be in the room," Anastasia coldly replied.

"All right, ladies. We are all here now, so let us discuss the future of the company. The reason why we are here, after all," solemnly said Jordan Tillman, one of the shareholders.

"Yeah! We are all family, so let us play nice," said the other shareholder in a placating manner.

"We are all distressed about what happened to President Tillman, but the company cannot be left headless. After all, we have a few hundred employees waiting on our orders. Hence, we must decide on the next person who will take charge of the company," said Alex.

"Yes, what happened to Francis is sad, but the company cannot go ignored." Jordan then turned to Alex and said, "Mr. Hunter, you are President Tillman's most trusted man and the second-in command. What do you think we should do next?"

"Well, I'm just an employee who doesn't have any say in the company." Alex then turned to Naomi. "Mrs. Tillman, what do you think?"

Naomi cleared her throat and replied, "I have asked my husband's lawyer for an early reading of Francis' will. Let us listen to it before we decide on the future leader of the company."

When Anastasia saw just how calm and prepared Naomi was, it was obvious to her that her father's will had been tampered with.

"I agree with my mother's suggestion," Erica said, raising her hand.

"Very well," said Francis' lawyer, Colin, as

he stood up. "As per Francis Tillman's wishes, I have been entrusted with his will. By request from Mrs. Tillman, I will now read out his will."

He then pulled out a few pieces of paper from his document holder solemnly and ceremoniously and began reading aloud from it.

Anastasia silently listened as all of her father's accounts, assets, and investments were to be inherited by Erica and Naomi. Then, Colin arrived at the section on the company shares.

"The company shares currently held by Francis Tillman will be split into three portions; the first lot containing 40% of his shares would be inherited by Naomi Lowell, the second lot containing 30% of his shares would be inherited by Anastasia Tillman, and the third lot containing 30% of his shares would be inherited by Erica Tillman."

Under the table, Anastasia's hands clenched into fists. So, this was Naomi's aim.

With the tampered will. Naomi and Erica would own a total of 70% of Francis' company shares. While the division of shares inherited may seem logical and fair to an outsider, she knew this could not be her father's true will. After all, he had never even thought of splitting his company up.

## **My Baby's Daddy Chapter 516**

Anastasia's gaze swept across the lawyer. Alex, and the mother-daughter pair who was secretly pleased. The four of them. who had concealed their malice, had formed an alliance all for the sake of profit. "This is the will my father had. personally written?" Anastasia gave a chilling gaze at Colin..

Colin gave a firm nod. "Yes, this is the will President Tillman had replaced just a week ago.

"Can I have a look?" she asked.

"I will send you a copy afterward."

Naomi sneered, 'Anastasia Tillman, what are you trying to imply here? Are you questioning the contents of your father's will?"

“That’s right! You’ve already gotten 30 percent of the shares, so why are you still not satisfied?” Erica said with raised eyebrows.

“It’s clearly obvious who will take over the company now. That person is me, especially since I have the qualification to be the manager,” Naomi proclaimed confidently.

“Mom, I’m sure you’ll be able to take on Dad’s position to properly manage Tillman Constructions.” Erica flattered her mother.

Without missing a beat, Alex added, “Mrs. Tillman, the company’s affairs will be left to you from now on.”

The other shareholders were slightly surprised at the fact that Naomi was to take over the company since they had thought that Francis had been guiding his eldest daughter to one day take over the company.

“You’re too kind, Mr. Hunter. We still require your service in certain matters in the future,” Naomi said as a demonstration of her newfound authority in taking over the company.

Although she was left without an idea to make an argument here, Anastasia was more concerned with the matter of her father regaining consciousness as Naomi’s schemes would be stopped the moment her father woke up. “Alright, then I leave the company in your hands.” She stood up after she expressed no objections.

Naomi and Erica were both taken aback at such development since they had anticipated Anastasia to have made a fuss about the contents of the will, and not to accept it so readily. “Miss Tillman, are you suggesting that the company affairs would be fully handled by Mrs. Tillman and Miss Erica?” Alex asked.

Anastasia nodded. “Yes. Please give me a copy of the will,” she said to Colin. “I want to bring it with me.”

Then, Colin handed the will to his assistant to make a copy of it. When the assistant was done and handed a copy of the will to Anastasia, she stood up, preparing to leave the conference room.

“Hold it, Anastasia Tillman. What are you trying to do by hiding my husband in Presgrave Hospital? As his wife, do I not even have the right to visit him?” Naomi questioned her from behind.

A glint of light flashed across her eyes before Anastasia turned toward Naomi and said, “Naturally, you have the right to visit my father. As long as you do not

hinder his treatment in the hospital, I will

not interfere.”

“Good. Then, I shall visit him later this afternoon,” Naomi declared.

“Alright, you’ll be able to do so after making an appointment,” Anastasia replied while wearing an agreeable expression.

Naomi and her daughter made eye contact with one another, as they were puzzled as to how Anastasia wasn’t as oppressive as usual and that everything was going smoothly according to her plan.

After entering Alex’s private office, Erica said with a puzzled expression, “What the heck is Anastasia playing at?”

With his eyes on the mother-daughter pair who had gotten the shares they wished for, Alex reminded them, “Although everything went well, there is still one problem remaining.”

“You’re afraid that my dad will wake up any moment now?” Erica asked.

“Don’t worry! The doctors at the affiliated hospital told me that the chances of my husband waking up are nonexistent. You have nothing to worry about, Naomi assured Alex.

“Regardless, we cannot let our guards down before President Tillman is declared dead. We must keep track of his situation.”

“I’ll check up on his situation later this afternoon during my visit. Hmph, that Anastasia still thinks she could save her father. Dream on, girl.” A chilling gaze

flashed in Naomi’s eyes.

Although the reporters outside had blocked the road, the bodyguards had cleared a way for Anastasia when she came out. Ignoring the reporters, she went into her car and gave the copy of the will she received to the lawyer beside her. “Mr. Brown, please check if there are any problems with this will.”