

Chapter 672

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"Get me an ice pack," Arthur said to the nearby maids, ignoring Emily.

"No, you cannot" Hate flashed across Emily's eyes.

In response, the maids merely remained where they were. "Do your job," Arthur commanded as his eyes darkened.

There was no way any of them would dare go against a direct order from him. After all, they knew who the true person in charge was.

They hurriedly handed him an ice pack and a clean band towel. He then headed upstairs with those items in hand.

Meanwhile, Emily was gnashing her teeth. She was certain this was all just one of Sophia's ploys to seduce Arthur.

No way! The only person allowed to be Mrs. Weiss was her. No one could steal the title away from her.

Sitting down on the bed, Sophia gingerly touched her swollen cheek. Pain flared up at the slightest touch

Just then, she heard footsteps coming toward her room. When she looked up to find Arthur entering her room, she quickly turned away to hide her swollen cheek.

He thrust a towel-wrapped ice pack into her view. "Hold it against your cheek."

She took the ice pack and held it against her cheek. She let out a hiss at the sensation before looking up at him and saying, "She's right."

"What? Do you not know how to fight back when you are hit?" There was a weird mocking tone in his voice. He moved to sit down on the chair opposite her.

"It's not that. Of course, it is not right for her to hit other people. I meant to say that she was right in telling you to not save me when I am in danger," she clarified.

"Why?" He frowned

"I had only rolled down a gentle slope today, but what if I had fallen off a high cliff?" she sighed. "Hence, when you saved me, I was scared. What if you were seriously hurt?"

He had to admit that she had a great imagination. Still, she was right. If he died trying to save her, he would have lost everything.

Even so, upon closer inspection of his feelings, he realized he had never once wondered if he should save her.

He had gone to save her without hesitating at all.

It was just like when she nearly drowned in the sea. He had raced toward her without hesitation

and offered any help he could provide.

Frankly speaking, even he found his behavior odd. He was someone who cherished life, so why did he risk his life time and time again for Sophia?

When he eventually left the room, Sophia received a call from her mother. Her father had gotten into a car crash that morning and was hospitalized for some broken bones.

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She swiftly headed to Arthur's room, making her way in without even asking for permission. Behind the door stood Arthur, who was only dressed in his underwear while still dripping wet from his shower. He had been planning to put on some proper pants when the door opened.

Startled, he swiftly grabbed his towel and hastily wrapped it around his waist to cover his crotch. "Who said you could come in?"

When she realized what she had walked in on, she hurriedly turned away. Even so, she still saw a glimpse of his black underwear. With a blush burning on her cheeks, she replied, "I'm truly sorry, Young Master Weiss. I did not mean to do this."

He thought she was doing it intentionally, though.

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He picked up another towel to dry his hair with before sitting on the couch. He turned around to stare at Emily while his body remained half-naked.

"I got a call from my mother. My dad was in a car crash, and some of his bones were broken! I want to go home to visit him." She turned to look at him with pleading eyes.

He stroked his chin, showcasing his jawline as he did so. "How many days?" he asked.

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"Three days. I just need three days." After all, she did not dare go overboard with its finances.

"Okay. Come back to me in exactly three days. If you dare dilly-dally or forget to come back, there will be consequences." His lips curled up in an obvious warning.

Her heart was racing fast. She never thought of running anyway.

She carried her belongings back downstairs when Emily stopped her from leaving. "No one said you could leave," she said.

“Excuse me, but I have some urgent family business,” Sophia politely replied.

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“Artie’s family will be back in one month, Sophia. His grandmother would never allow a scheming woman near him. You had better leave on your own violation while you still can.” Emily coldly sneered.

However, her warning did not matter to Sophia at all since she had no plans to get anything from Arthur. The only thing she could ever want from him was his forgiveness.

She would be immensely grateful if Arthur could forgive and forget.

“No need to worry, Miss Jennings. I do not have any schemes for Young Master Weiss,” Sophia solemnly replied.

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Emily scoffed. “Do you think your innocent face can hide your thoughts? I have already reported to Old Madam Presgrave about your schemes on Artie. Just you wait! You’ll be in for a bad time.”

By now, Sophia had lost all patience with this conversation. She rushed out the door, worried about her father.

At the hospital.

Drake Goodwin was in bed while his wife sat next to him. One of his legs was trapped in a cast.

“How are you doing, Dad? Is it very serious?”

“It’s not that bad. I just need to rest for a month or two. Say, what have you been doing lately? Young Master Weiss did not make life hard for you, did he?” Tiana worriedly scanned her daughter up and down. She was relieved to find that Sophia had gained weight.

“I’m fine, Mom. I have been looking for that necklace with him,” Sophia replied in a placating tone.

In reality, Drake and Tiana were not doing well. They spent their days worrying as Drake had lost his company and owed a huge debt to the banks. However, they did not dare tell their daughter any of their woes.

Without the company's dividends, the loan repayments were making life extremely hard for

them.

Presgrave Residence.

It was Anastasia and Elliot's first meal home after the wedding. Now that Harriet was an old woman, she discovered her liking for a lively environment.

After dinner, Anastasia took a stroll under the stars with Elliot. With the moon shining brightly down on their winding path through the woods, they felt an unprecedented joy.

He tightly linked his fingers with hers, as if she would disappear if he ever let go of her hand. After the wedding, he realized there was an even more beautiful and genteel aura that hung around her.

The more he looked at her, the more enthralled he was. Thank goodness she was his now.

She belonged only to him.

"Sweetheart." He pulled her into an embrace.

"Hm?" When she looked up at him, she felt a kiss on her forehead.

She smiled and gazed deep into his eyes where she could see all the love he held for her.

"Achoo!" Suddenly, she sneezed.

He immediately took off his jacket and wrapped it around her. "Don't catch a cold."

She chuckled. "I'm happy, even if I fall sick. That way, I can enjoy being taken care of by you."

He let out a huff of exasperation and tapped her on the tip of her nose. "Don't say that!"

They hugged each other for a while longer before the love in their eyes was slowly tainted by lust. "I asked Nigel to take care of Jared for tonight," he rasped.

Naturally, Anastasia knew what Elliot meant by that. "Is that really okay?" she shyly asked.

"It's the weekend tomorrow. We can sleep in." He smiled.

As planned, Jared stayed the night with Nigel while Elliot's black Bugatti sports car raced back to their home.

Under the moonlight, the mansion glimmered with beauty. The lighting only ever made it seem grander and more mysterious.

He pulled to a stop in the underground garage, opened the door, and led Anastasia into the lift.

The entire villa was so quiet that their whispers echoed through the air as they listened to each other's heartbeats.

When they arrived on the third floor, he swept her off her feet and carried her to bed. The embers that sparked to life during their stroll through the woods were still burning bright. If she did not help him put the fire out, he would be blazing with lust throughout the night.

The night eventually passed on and the morning soon came.

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Anastasia was woken up by her internal alarm clock. She decided to cook some breakfast for Elliot. It had been a while since she was able to show off her cooking skills since they had servants.

Thankfully, she was still skilled enough to cook up two hot bowls of noodles. The fragrant scent combined with poached eggs and slices of beef made the food seem even more delicious.

She even took a photo of it and uploaded it to her social media accounts with the caption, 'Breakfast with Mr. Presgrave'.

Their morning had started now. Soon, Elliot arrived at the dining room. He had just taken a shower after his usual morning exercise. Dressed in loungewear, he was a walking hormone, yet he was oblivious to how attractive he was.

She knew that the more she stared at him, the better her sense of beauty would be. In fact, if she ever divorced him, she might not be able to marry again.

After all, Elliot was going to make her picky.

Thus, she would do her best as Mrs. Presgrave.

“What an amazing wife I have,” he praised.

“Do you only know that now?” She giggled.

“No. I knew about it from the start. That is why I am so very lucky to have married you.”

All of the sweet nothings being spoken that morning was going to rot her teeth one day. With a chuckle, she pushed his bowl of noodles over to him. “Eat up!”

After breakfast, she read up on the news. What she saw made her guffaw. Her post from that morning was currently trending.

‘The Cooking Skills of Rich Madams Exposed!’ was the headline. Now that she thought about it, she could no longer post whatever she wanted on her social media accounts now. She had to keep a low profile. Perhaps she should set her post privacy to ‘Only Me.

Anastasia had a new product launch party to attend at Bourgeois that afternoon. As a certain someone had nothing to do, she decided to attend with the best accessory anyone could ever have.

Her husband.

The launch party would be held in an event hall owned by Presgrave Group. Several top-tier celebrities and socialites had been invited, and there would be a fashion runway on which the atelier was going to be live-streamed.

When two o’clock rolled around, people began to show up at the venue. There was an order to everything as the paparazzi all showed up with their cameras and streaming equipment. Larry then received a call that made him drop all work and wait by the front gates.

A Rolls-Royce pulled up, and out walked a couple whom Larry happily greeted, “President Presgrave, Mrs. Presgrave, you’re here.”

“You’ve worked hard, Mr. Young.” Anastasia smiled.

“No, no. I’m only doing my job.” With a wave of his hand, Larry gestured for them to head inside. He then led them to the front row.

It was then that Larry leaned down to whisper into Anastasia's ear, "We would need you to make a speech later, Mrs. Presgrave."

She was stunned. "Next time!" she said with a wave of her hand. She had not come prepared. "Today, I am only here to admire the works."

"Very well!" Larry would never force anyone to do something they did not want to do.

Just then, someone walked over to them; it was Mason.

"President Presgrave, Mrs. Presgrave," Mason greeted with a smile.

"There's no need to be so formal, Mason. Just call me Anastasia."

Mason could not do that. According to what he knew now, Anastasia was the new CEO of Bourgeois. There was no way he would dare go against societal rules.

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Soon, the various celebrities who had been invited greeted the people around them. None of them would dare to provide their benefactors with inferior service.

Every lady present that night had dressed themselves up. However, none of them would dare start up a fuss while Anastasia was standing right there. Still, there were a lot of secretive looks and poses meant to attract Elliot's attention.

Later that evening, one of the fashion catwalk models, Katrina, walked over to them. Mason's efforts had allowed her modeling company to take charge of the fashion runway.

When Katrina saw Elliot, she was internally jumping with glee. From then on, she could be found primping before every mirror available to her.

Furthermore, there was going to be a new spokesperson recruitment program happening after the launch. As an ambitious woman, Katrina wanted the chance to be Bourgeois' spokesperson.

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Anastasia walked backstage to greet Felicia. After all, Felicia and her design team were the stars of the product launch party.

“Your designs are so beautiful this time, Felicia,” Anastasia commented as she flipped through the art book. Everything in there was well–designed.

“I hope we didn’t disappoint you.” In Felicia’s mind, Anastasia was the boss.

“I believe in you, Felicia.”

“Anastasia.” Suddenly, a lady called out from behind them before Katrina swiftly moved to stand behind Anastasia.

“Katrina,” Anastasia greeted with a smile.

“Do you mind if we talk in private?” Katrina nervously asked. She currently found it hard to talk to Anastasia because she exuded an oppressive pressure that Katrina did not like.

Felicia gently patted Anastasia on the cheeks. “I’ll help the team out now, Anastasia.”

The moment Felicia was gone, Katrina took a deep breath. “I know Bourgeois is looking for a spokesperson for their product. I was hoping I could have a chance to be in your advertisements.”

“That is up to marketing. You can attend the interviews for the job.” Anastasia smiled.

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Katrina bit her lip. “Anastasia, can you make an exception for me just this once? Please? My brother helped you all those years, after all.”

Naturally, Anastasia knew exactly what Katrina was thinking. The woman wanted compensation for Mason’s help all those years and if the one making the request had been Mason, she would have gone along with the plan before asking about why.

When Anastasia remained silent, Katrina continued, “I know I should not be greedy and take advantage of something owed to someone else, but we are like a family. Can’t you make an exception?”

Anastasia knew that Mason was not someone to ask for reparations either. “I’ll have to ask the team about it. I’ll let you know when I have news.”

"Thank you, Anastasia." Katrina smiled. When Anastasia left, she let out a sigh of relief. Her brother would not ask for anything in return because he was a proud man, but she was not like him.

She would use anything she could to help herself since she was not doing well as a model. If she wanted to become a celebrity, she would have to be famous first.

When Anastasia returned to her seat, Elliot was chatting with Larry, who then stood up the moment he noticed her return. The show started the moment she returned.

Lights beamed down onto the stage as masked models strutted while decked out in jewelry made

by Bourgeois. Naturally, Katrina was one of the models. She had all her attention focused on doing the best she could. However, when she walked by, she would stare at Elliot.

Anastasia noticed it, of course. She knew what kind of woman Katrina was. As long as there was an opportunity, Katrina would do anything to seduce someone.

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Before the show, Anastasia had been contemplating giving her a chance because of her connection to Mason. Now, however, all of those th

"I have to answer a call, sweetheart," Elliot softly said.

She merely nodded in response as she was engrossed in the show. Then, just as he stood up, one of the female celebrities stood up as well. Although she left in the opposite direction, the corridors outside the hall were all interconnected.

That celebrity had been waiting for her chance. Using the excuse that she had to head to the bathroom, she walked out of the hall. When she eventually made her way over to the other side, she saw Elliot taking a phone call while standing in front of the floor-to-ceiling window.

Elliot was like a magnet that attracted the gaze of every woman present that evening. No matter where he stood, he would become the center of attention.

After all, he was a man whom people rarely saw. Any woman with brain cells would know not to waste any opportunity that came along.

The celebrity's name was Cathryn Windsor. She was considered one of the most popular celebrities of the year due to a popular show that had recently aired. Due to her fame, she had recently been announced as the spokesperson for Bourgeois' new products.

However, her ambitions did not end there. She wanted a strong and powerful benefactor, someone like Elliot Pregrave, who stood at the top of the food chain.

Elliot ended the call and turned to return to the event hall. At the same time, she pretended to be busy talking on the phone and acted as if she did not see him there. When she crashed into *him*, he reached a hand out to her shoulder to stop her from falling to the ground.

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Cathryn hastily apologized, "I'm sorry, President Presgrave. I didn't see you there. This is all my fault!" She then reached out and patted his arm. "I hope I didn't hurt you!"

Elliot waved his hand and answered, "It's fine."

"Oh, sorry about the lipstick stain on your suit. Let me take care of it." Rather than removing the stain off his arm, she tried to reach out to stroke his chest after saying that.

His arm prevented her attempt right away, and he said in an icy tone, "No need."

Cathryn let out a frustrated sigh as soon as Elliot walked away. She saw this as an opportunity to stimulate his interest in her. No one could approach him because he behaved in a way that was true with what she had heard about him.

Why was he married if he didn't like women?

Right after Cathryn left, Felica came out from around the corner. She had just come out from the bathroom when she saw this scene, and she thought it would taint her sight for the day.

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She wasn't often the kind to pry into other people's business, but she felt it was necessary to alert Anastasia about this. If an actress went out of her way to try to seduce Elliot, then she was not the best choice to represent Bourgeois as a spokesperson.

Anastasia's phone lit up with texts. She checked it and saw it was a text message from Felicia.

'I just saw Cathryn trying to flirt with your husband in the hallway, Anastasia. You should take

note.

She read the text calmly and her eyes went to where Cathryn should have been. There was no one there.

'Thank you, Felicia, Anastasia replied graciously. At this moment, Elliot had returned and his large hand went out to grasp hers with the intention to caress it.

She then raised her head to meet his gaze. Despite the dim lighting, the man's eyes gleamed with affection. When she noticed this, she smiled sweetly and kissed his cheek, showing her affection in public.

Cathryn happened to see their affections as she was going back to her seat. She started to feel a little scared as she thought about the foolish thing she had just done. She was worried that Anastasia wouldn't let her off the hook if she knew about the flirting earlier.

She was glad Anastasia didn't know about it.

Who would know what Anastasia knew, though?

When Elliot saw just how bold she was to kiss him in public like this, he gave her a contented smile that made her heart flutter.

Her face started to blush as she felt the gazes of everyone on them. Her confession of love for this

man was publicized.

This was a warning for anyone who wanted to take him away from her.

The press conference went smoothly while the online media reaction was spectacular. A great deal of support and encouragement was shown to them with some exceptional items being promoted as well...

After they left the conference, Elliot took her to a posh restaurant for dinner. Tonight was the night of their date.

In addition to that, he had another surprise in store for her. He was pleased to get the most beautiful brooch that was being offered at the event, and he planned to give it to her as a present tonight

“Oh! When did you get this?” Anastasia was a little surprised, but she was excited that he had just given her something out of the blue.

“It looks good on you,” he told her, praising both the brooch and her.

Anastasia took the gift as Elliot placed his chin on his folded palms and looked at her

“Since you accepted my gift, Mrs Presgrave has to reward me tonight.”

“Oh! So, there’s a secret motive here!” Anastasia’s eyes narrowed as she said, “I think I need to pay closer attention to what’s going on around me. I can’t always be fooled by you.”

Elliot kept looking at her with love in his eyes and told her, “I wouldn’t care how stupid you are because you still have me wrapped around your fingers.”

Was he calling her stupid?

She protested, “I’m not stupid. I’m actually quite clever.”

“You are correct. My wife is the most clever woman alive,” he said as his grin grew more endearing. It was as if he would never get tired of flirting with her in this manner.

How could Anastasia continue to fight after noticing that he was being affectionate with her? At this moment, he continued to fill her plate with food. “Sweetheart, you need to eat more in order to have enough energy tonight.”

This caused her to quickly blush. “Is that all you can think about?!”