

My Baby's Daddy Chapter 678

Chapter 678

Chapter 678

"Is there anything else?" Elliot closed his eyes and seemed to be thinking about what he was going to say. Then, he said, "I don't want anything else tonight except you."

After hearing this, Anastasia didn't waste any time in lowering her head to start eating, and this man immediately began piling more meat onto her plate. Why did it seem as if he was feeding her to be slaughtered later that night?

The next Monday, there was a meeting at Bourgeois in the morning.

Anastasia sat at the chief designer's seat and she was dressed in a beige suit with her hair tied back. This gave her delicate and lovely face a natural and tidy appearance.

The first topic she wanted to discuss with everyone today was the termination of Cathryn's endorsement contract that was recently signed.

"President Tillman, we just invested 10 million dollars on her. If we break our contract with her, we have to compensate her for liquidated damages."

When Anastasia heard that, her eyes turned cold. "Then, you should figure out how to avoid compensating her for terminating the contract."

Everyone cringed at this statement. They initially thought that she was more pleasant, but they certainly never expected her to throw such a serious challenge at them on her first day.

"President Tillman, may I know the reason why you are terminating Cathryn's contract?"

"I don't like her," Anastasia answered bluntly as she elegantly twirled her long hair around her finger.

Her response was both arrogant and straightforward.

"President Tillman, I understand. I'll take care of it right away. We will have to discuss our new spokesperson after launching the new product at the conference. Do you have any recommendations?"

"You may suggest a few for me to select from," she replied.

Felicia was the only one aware of the rationale for her decision.

Anastasia asked Felicia to stay. "Felicia, please remain. The rest of you may return to work!"

Felicia looked at Anastasia with admiration in the meeting room.

She was really assertive as she expressed her appreciation. "Felicia, thank you for alerting me about Cathryn."

No worries. Of course, Cathryn isn't the first woman to openly flirt with President Presgrave. You still must take caution."

Anastasia gave a helpless smile when she heard this. "It wouldn't upset me if I didn't know about

it, but I'll take action if I did."

A phone call came into Cathryn's office from Bourgeois' advertising and planning department to inform her agent that they were terminating their contract with her.

"What? What is wrong with my artiste? The contract has been signed. I don't think this is a good

idea!"

"The decision was made by our boss."

"Your boss is Vice-president Young, correct? He was there when the contract was signed!"

"No, it's our big boss."

"Who is your big boss?" the agent asked anxiously.

"Miss Anastasia Tillman, President Presgrave's wife, has taken over as president of Bourgeois Jewelry Atelier."

This startled the agent, who quickly responded, "If you do this, you will be in breach of contract! Bourgeois would be obliged to pay liquidated damages in this manner! This is definitely something that we do not want to happen. We also wish to continue working with you for a long time."

"Our contract has an additional clause. If we believe the artiste has not fulfilled the conditions, we have the right to terminate the contract without any compensation."

The agent and the employee from Bourgeois engaged in a lengthy discussion, but Cathryn's agent was finally forced to concede.

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Then, she summoned Cathryn immediately and questioned her. "Cathryn, have you been involved in any scandals recently? You were dismissed by Bourgeois due to your indecent conduct."

"I'm not involved in anything and my past is clean. How could they treat me like this?" Cathryn was filled with resentment, believing that she had been treated unfairly.

"It was the big boss' decision to call it off. Did you offend her in any way?"

"You mean, Vice-president Young?"

"No. Anastasia Tillman, the wife of Elliot Presgrave, is the current president of Bourgeois. Out of so many people, why would she want to terminate the contract with you?"

"How would I know?" Cathryn snapped back as her guilt gnawed away at her. It couldn't have been because she tried to seduce Elliot in the hallway that Saturday afternoon, right?

Of course, Cathryn's agent was reluctant to let such a large endorsement fee slip away so easily. She eventually got a hold of Anastasia's general office line after asking around and decided to ask her in person.

My Baby's Daddy Chapter 679

Chapter 679

Chapter 679

Anastasia was holding a cup of coffee. She had just finished reviewing her upcoming schedule and was getting ready to take a break.

At this moment, her office phone began to ring, and she reached out to answer it. "Hello? Who is this?"

"Hello, is this President Tillman? My name is Georgina Redding. I am Cathryn Windsor's manager, I'm sorry to bother you, President Tillman, but I have to clarify something. The popularity and reputation of our artists are great, so I'd like to know exactly what it is

about our artists that does not fit the standards of your company. We'll do all we can to resolve the situation as soon as possible."

Anastasia's lovely eyes narrowed slightly as she heard this. "You might want to find out what your artist was doing in the hallway on the day of the press conference. Tell her, if she does anything like that again, she will no longer be a part of the entertainment business."

After she said that, she slammed the phone right away.

"Did you do anything to upset President Tillman on the day of the press conference?" Georgina questioned Cathryn, who was seated on the opposite couch after hanging up the phone.

"W—What could I have done?"

"You better tell me the truth." Georgina snarled.

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Cathryn began to chew on her lips as she grasped the severity of the matter and quickly elaborated, "I saw Elliot answering the phone in the hallway the other day. I simply wanted to make an impression on him so that he would remember me..."

"What?! How dare you flirt with Elliot! His wife was there at the press conference! Do you even have a brain?!" Georgina was furious.

"I—I realize I'm wrong now."

"Did you know what Anastasia just said to me? She threatened to throw you out of the industry if this happened again!" Georgina scolded, "Out of everyone, the person whom you've chosen to upset was Elliot Presgrave's wife? You'll be left in dust in no time if she says anything!"

"I—Is she really so powerful?" Cathryn wondered, slightly skeptical.

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"With her status as Mrs. Presgrave, she can make you disappear in an instant. Forget about the compensation. Do you understand? The next time you see her, move out of her way," Georgina screamed.

Though Anastasia had been away from work for so long in Bourgeois, she was still full of enthusiasm. After a short break, she quickly drafted another schedule. She was a member of the company's design team in terms

of jewelry design, which meant that she could also make managerial decisions with fore sight, knowledge and determination.

At this time, there was a knock at the door and Mason entered after opening it. "President

Tillman, are you available now?"

"Just call me Anastasia!" she said with a smile since he was given special treatment here.

"No, I'm going to address you as President Tillman when we're in the office! We can forget the formalities after we get off work," he insisted. Then, he sat on the chair opposite from her and asked, "I'm just wondering whether the spokesperson has been appointed. If not, I would recommend my sister, Katrina."

She had also guessed that he was here for Katrina. After giving it some thought, "Mason, you've been kind to me. If you really want to recommend your sister, I can give her a chance."

He seldom came to her for help, and she knew it. Thus, she had no intention of rejecting him at this point.

"Her career as a model has never really taken off, so I really hope she establishes a reputation elsewhere." Mason expressed his concern for his sister's future.

"Alright. I'll tell the people in charge of organizing the event to allow her to promote our brand." Anastasia gave a clear answer.

"Thank you, President Tillman." After hearing these words, he let out a long sigh of relief. There was no denying the fact that Katrina had exerted a great deal of pressure on him.

"You're really welcome. You don't often ask me for help. I had to do this, of course." Anastasia grinned.

After Mason left, she called the relevant department thereafter and asked them to make some arrangements. As long as Mason asked of her, she was willing to help Katrina.

At 3:00PM, Anastasia's door was knocked on again and she said, "Come in."

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At first, she thought it was her assistant, Grace, bringing in documents, but it was a tall, charming man who casually entered instead.

The man strolled in slowly with a smile as he had one hand in his pocket.

“What are you doing here?” Anastasia stood up to greet him.

The guy wrapped his arms around her and drew her into a hug before lowering his head and kissing her crimson lips. “I’m here to see my wife.”

As soon as she realized that her window shutters were open, her face became flushed. “The blinds are up!”

My Baby’s Daddy Chapter 680

Chapter 680

Chapter 680

“What are you afraid of? I’m not ashamed.” Elliot didn’t seem to mind and he wanted everyone to see it!

Anastasia simply allowed him to do what he wanted. After all, she had to admit that he was quite brazen.

“Are you tired? Would you like a massage from your husband?” he asked in a hushed tone.

“I’m fine! I enjoy working,” she answered as she shifted her head to look at him with eyes that sparkled with enthusiasm.

Elliot was content when he saw how happy she was. Then, he acknowledged, “You can work for as long as you wish. Just don’t exert yourself.”

Anastasia scrunched up her nose playfully and replied, “I know, I know! Don’t worry about me.”

He then released her and took two steps back before checking her from head to toe.

She felt a little bashful when he observed her in this manner because it made her feel like he was admiring a piece of art. “What are you looking at?”

This made him grin before he said, “Your outfit is making me have wild thoughts.”

She immediately narrowed her gaze at him. "Do not try anything silly at the office."

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When Elliot heard this, he couldn't help but laugh out loud. "Does this mean I can do whatever I want when we get home?"

Anastasia didn't know what to say, so she gave him a shy, angry look, but she was still happy in her heart that he wanted her so much. Then, she said in a low voice, "We'll see."

"Did Mason look for you?" Elliot inquired as he drew a chair for himself and took a seat before he gracefully crossed his long and slender legs.

Only then did Anastasia realize the reason for his visit. Was he jealous?

How could someone be so easily jealous?

"Yeah, we had a little chat," she said truthfully.

When he heard this, his eyes lit up with jealousy. "What did you two discuss?"

"He wanted my help to secure an endorsement contract for his sister. I agreed."

Elliot blinked when he heard this. "I see."

Then, Anastasia got up, closed the shutters, walked over to him, and sat on his lap.

Even though he enjoyed that she took the initiative, it caught him by surprise.

She cradled his face in her hands as she bent her head to plant a kiss on his lips. She had learned certain skills from him and now, she was going to give him a taste of his own medicine by using those techniques on him.

Elliot enjoyed her kissing him and placed his arms around her waist. She withdrew just as he was going to get more and she whispered in his ears, "You shouldn't be jealous anymore, honey. Other than you, there is no one else in my heart."

This caught him off guard and he narrowed his eyes in response to her affectionate gaze. Then, he wrapped his arms tightly around her and said, "Alright, I'm not jealous. I won't be jealous any longer."

Just as Anastasia was about to move away from his lap, he quickly restrained her. "Are you leaving now after teasing me?"

Anastasia's cheeks were still flushed from initiating the kiss, but the man won't release his grip.

In the next instant, he grasped the back of her head and gave her a passionate kiss.

Elliot's affections for her grew stronger over time.

At that moment, Grace wanted to give Anastasia some important documents, so she rushed in without knocking.

She was shocked by what she saw and her face blushed due to her being shy, which resulted in her fleeing the scene.

The scene inside the room was not appropriate for young folks!

Anastasia pushed the man away and Elliot left with a satisfied look.

When Grace returned, Anastasia smiled and puckered her lips. "Do not tell anyone what happened just now."

Grace, of course, didn't dare! However, it looked like she had changed her mind about Anastasia, who had become more gutsy.

"I won't dare to. Don't worry, President Tillman," Grace answered thoughtfully.

At the hospital, Sophia walked out to get some fruits for her dad. She had just returned and was making her way toward the entrance of the ward when she heard her father's anxious voice coming through the open door. "Please don't tell Sophia anything about this. Do not land her in such stress."

"The bank has been pressuring us daily, though. If you do not repay them, you will have no other option. We need to think of something!" Tiana sighed.

"We'll see what it takes. If there's nothing else I can do, I'll just go to jail for two years," Drake commented.

"You can't do that. What should I do when you're gone? The York Family was interested in our Sophia and is willing to pay off your debts. Why don't we just let Sophia..."

My Baby's Daddy Chapter 681

Chapter 681

Chapter 681

“No way. The last time that happened, Sophia fled the country.” Drake was distressed on behalf of his daughter.

“It’s one billion! Where are we going to get that money? Whatever it is, I wouldn’t let you head back to prison. If you do, I don’t want to live anymore.”

Sophia almost dropped the fruits in her hands. What? Dad owes the bank a billion? And as long as I agree to marry Christopher, his family would help Dad pay off his debt?

However, she was very grateful for Christopher. After she had fled to avoid their marriage the last time, he still wanted her. Now that his family was offering to help, what more could she ask for?

At this moment, she pushed open the door and interrupted the arguing couple. “Dad, Mom, I’ve heard everything, so you can stop arguing now. I’ll do it. I’ll marry Christopher.”

“Sophia!”

The couple looked back at their daughter’s determined face as they were stunned.

“As long as I can pay Dad’s debts; as long as Dad doesn’t go to jail, I’m willing to do anything,” Sophia exclaimed with reddened eyes.

She had been unfilial as she didn’t know that her family was facing such a big crisis.

“Sophia, there’s no rush—” Drake was about to assure her when he was interrupted.

“Dad, it’s okay. I’m willing to marry Christopher. I’m okay,” Sophia insisted as she sniffed.

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After saying that, she put the fruits down on the table before turning to leave the ward. Outside, she found Christopher’s number and dialed it.

A gruff male voice sounded. “Hello, who is this?”

“I’m Sophia Goodwin.”

“Sophia? Is this really you? My dream girl has finally decided to reach out to me!” The voice on the other end was ecstatic.

“I’m prepared to marry you, but can you really help my father with his debts?”

“As long as you marry me, your father will be like my own father. I will help him pay off his debt immediately,” Christopher promised.

“Okay, then! Then, let’s find a time to meet!”

“That’s up to you. I am abroad now. I’ll come back on Friday, and I’ll pick you up when we’ve set a date.”

“Great!”

After she hung up the phone, she sighed as Arthur’s face flashed across her mind.

At this moment, in a resort abroad, Christopher was basking his 200–pound body in the sun: the towel wrapped around him could barely cover his waist.

“Young Master York, are you really going to marry Sophia Goodwin and pay off Drake’s debt?”

“Sophia is the woman I’ve always wanted. Of course, I won’t be so naive. I’ll pay the initial down payment first. After she marries me, she’ll be my wife. By then, she’ll have to listen to me. Then, it’d be up to me to decide whether I really finish paying off her father’s debt or not,” Christopher explained with a smile, making a shrewd calculation.

A new group of criminals had just been sent to the women’s prison in Aversa. A woman who was wiping the greasy table top raised her head and looked up at the people who were swarming in for lunch. Then, she stopped wiping and looked carefully before she quickly turned her back, afraid that someone would recognize her.

The woman was Hayley. She was in a gray scrub and had her hair trimmed to her ears. She had been here for almost a month now and had nearly severed all contact from the outside world. However, she did not expect to meet her acquaintance here.

Among the people that came in earlier, she knew one of them: Erica Tillman. She had the same haircut as Hayley and wore the same clothes, so it was obvious that Erica was sent to serve in prison.

Currently, Erica looked haggard and pale. Back then, she was treated like a princess. Now, she was forced to eat things she had never eaten before. The food served here wasn’t even served to her servants back at home, but she had no choice.

It was as if she was getting her karma served to her. Although she had gone through her initial remorse till her current awakening, it was too late.

She would have to spend the second half of her life here as she was serving over ten years of imprisonment. Erica was quietly eating her rock–solid steamed buns and some

rancid noodles when she heard a sharp voice yelling, "Hayley, what are you doing? Get back to work."

Right then, Erica froze in her place. She raised her head and looked in the direction of the voice and saw a familiar figure. Although the woman had deliberately turned her back toward her, Erica could still recognize her at a glance.

My Baby's Daddy Chapter 682

Chapter 682

Chapter 682

Hayley Seymour! A sudden gush of anger was suddenly ignited in Erica's heart because in her eyes, Hayley was despicable and shameless. She had blatantly stolen Erica's man and fed her with negative thoughts that ruined her life.

Erica thereafter grabbed the soup on the side and walked toward Hayley. All this while, Hayley had her head lowered in an attempt to avoid Erica recognizing her. However, at this moment, she turned around when she heard the approaching footsteps and a bowl of cold soup was immediately splashed across her face.

"Ahhhh!" Hayley was struggling to open her eyes when she was slapped hard across the face in the next second

As if the slap wasn't enough, Erica started screaming while reaching out to pull her hair. "Hayley Seymour, you b*tch! I'm going to kill you!"

"Erica Tillman, let me go." Hayley's scalp began to burn with pain and two correctional officers came over at this moment to separate the two and give them their fair share of scolding

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Hayley's face was filled with disgust as she wiped her face. As she had gone through several plastic surgeries, the lumps on her forehead were prominent.

"Haha! Look at your face! You look like a witch! It's disgusting!" Erica sat down and mocked Hayley, who went back to wiping the table

Hearing this, Hayley sneered. "And I'll continue to disgust you. We'll have to see each other for more than ten years anyway! Anastasia is a gem now and known as Mrs. Presgrave. Do you know that she and Elliot are married? She is also the eldest daughter of the Tillman Family. As for you,

trash by the side of the road while she is dazzling like a diamond.”

Erica bit her lips. Of course, she couldn't tell Hayley how she really felt because of her envy toward Anastasia. However, right now, she couldn't even have the freedom she desired the most. What was the use of being jealous?

“Alex is also sentenced! We're all ruined. None of us will live a good life,” Hayley continued as she sat across Erica to rest.

Erica's eyes darkened at the sound of this. Her parents were jailed and she herself was imprisoned. At the end of the day, had she ever regretted her capriciousness and malice?

She was filled with remorse. If she had been given another chance, she would have never destroyed herself to this extent. She would find an average man to marry, have a child together with him, and be a good wife.

“There's no use regretting,” Hayley commented as if she could read Erica's mind.

Then, Erica raised her head and asked, “I still have no idea how you got thrown in here!”

Hayley had no intention of hiding it from Emily. For her, those days were the happiest time of her life.

“Did you know? That year, when we were plotting against Anastasia, it wasn't a gigolo who entered the room. It was Elliot Presgrave. After Elliot handed her a watch, she then left it on the ground. Then, the waiter contacted me and gave me that watch.” Hayley clearly remembered the day when Elliot came to her store to look for her. He was dignified and exuded a masculine charm that made her fall in love with him at first sight.

Erica's eyes widened as she prodded, “And then?”

“Five years later, the business was so bad in my store that I had to sell the watch. A week later, Elliot returned to my store and asked whether I was the woman in the room that night. I said yes,” a shameless Hayley answered.

After that, Erica scolded, “You are shameless.”

“You would've done the same. Elliot said he was going to make amends. He gave me a big villa, a sports car, a black card with no limits, and a few servants. At that time, I was beautiful and happy. I could buy whatever I wanted. There would be nights where I get to dine with Elliot and go on jewelry exhibitions together.” Speaking of this, Hayley turned to Erica. “Didn't I get you a few gifts that were worth more than half a million?!”

At this moment, Erica finally knew how Hayley became a wealthy woman overnight. It turned out that she had stolen Anastasia's identity and took advantage of the compensation.

"And that's how I ended up here. I did that for about seven months. I've spent 35 million of Elliot's money. In the end, I was tricked by Anastasia and I was charged with extortion." Then, Hayley smiled bitterly and continued, "People say you can't have too much of a good thing because it'll eventually bite you in the back."

And because of this, she was using the rest of her life to pay for her mistakes.

My Baby's Daddy Chapter 684

My Baby's Daddy Chapter 684

"I'll make a move first." Katrina left as she did not want to disturb the woman.

She took out her phone and began making a series of phone calls. "What's the matter?" asked the man on the other end.

"I received Bourgeois' endorsement, so how are you going to help me celebrate, Young Master Jacob?" she asked proudly.

"I'll pick a hotel to celebrate tonight," Jacob answered.

Katrina cheerfully replied as she thought to herself, His last name is Presgrave, but Jacob Presgrave is just another second generation nouveau riche?

In the evening, while she was being held in Jacob's arms, she voiced the questions that were going through her mind. "Jacob, you said you called Elliot Presgrave your cousin. Why is he extremely wealthy

when your family is very low-profile?" she asked.

"You mean to say that our family has no money, right?" He snorted coldly.

"Of course, your family is wealthier than the common people, but you can't compare to Elliot Presgrave!" she exclaimed quickly.

With a sigh of annoyance, Jacob remarked, "If Old Madam Presgrave hadn't lived so long, we might have already been on the Presgrave Group's board of directors. My father stated that when the old woman passes away, our family would become wealthy sooner or later."

“Really?” Katrina’s eyes widened as she realized she couldn’t afford to let him go in this situation.

“Once that old woman has passed away and Anastasia Tillman is the principal of the company, heck, what does she know?” He sneered.

She was still unconvinced. Why does Anastasia Tillman, who used to live in a run-down rented house abroad, now serve as President of Bourgeois and manage the company?

She actually looked forward to the day Anastasia would have a run of bad luck because it would definitely leave Katrina with loads of relief.

Back at the hospital, three days flew past in what seemed like the blink of an eye while Sophia was there with her parents. She had forgotten something due to her father’s debt-which was to return to Arthur Weiss’ side.

Therefore, she received a call from that man at that moment.

“Hello! Please extend my leave for two more days, Mr. Weiss,” she asked instead because she couldn’t understand what the other party was saying.

“What? Is your father in critical condition?” he inquired flatly.

“My father still needs my assistance with a few things around here. I can’t leave.”

“All right, I’ll give you two more days,” Arthur agreed politely.

“Thank you.” When Sophia thought of something, she exhaled a sigh of relief before uttering, “Mr. Weiss...”

He reacted in a low voice. “Yeah?”

“Oh! I’ll hang up first since it’s nothing!” Sophia hung up the phone with her hands still grasping it, as if she was taken aback.

She had planned to tell him that she was going to be engaged, but after giving it some thought, she realized that there was nothing between them.

Christopher flew home that night itself and planned to meet with his parents tomorrow at 12.00PM to discuss the engagement.

The York Family was eager to help with debt payback. Drake, on the other hand, found himself in a difficult predicament. To get through this tough period, he had no alternative but to rely on his daughter’s marriage.

Sophia was well aware of this; no matter how disloyal she was, she couldn't stand by and watch her father being arrested.

Therefore, now that the York Family had indicated that they were willing to marry her and assist in paying off the debt, she was very grateful.

Over at Arthur's villa, Emily had just returned from downtown in her new dress. She couldn't wait to show it to Arthur and walked straight to the study on the second floor.

"Artie, do you like my new dress?" she said as she turned around in front of him.

Arthur wore a black shirt with embroidered designs on them, but the sense of dignity that was inherently present in his physique was always obvious to the public. "Well! It's beautiful," he complimented her.

Emily, on the other hand, saw that he only gave her a passing glance and did not appear to be impressed in any way. "You are being perfunctory to me!" she said, rather disappointed.

Her mood appeared to have improved during Sophia's absence throughout these three days, but whenever Sophia was

around, Emily always felt suffocated.

She discovered that Arthur preferred to be alone. When he had nothing to do, he would read books in the study room or work, but she never saw him taking the initiative to ask her out. Each time she asked him about it, he would always refuse her.

My Baby's Daddy Chapter 685

My Baby's Daddy Chapter 685

"Artie, is there something on your mind? You can talk to me about it!" Emily sat beside him and hugged his arm as she looked at him with doe eyes.

"No." Arthur shook his head.

Then, she pursed her lips and asked, "Are you thinking about Sophia?"

Hearing this, he raised his beautiful eyebrows and answered again, "No."

How could he possibly miss her? Anyway, she couldn't escape until she returned his family heirloom.

At 9:30 PM, Anastasia accompanied her son into the room and helped him take a bath before changing into his adorable cartoon pajamas.

Jared's wet hair was combed to the side,

revealing his handsome and delicate little face, making him look like a young prince.

"Jared, it's your birthday soon. Think about what you want as your present!" she said.

"Will you give me anything I want?" the little guy asked slyly.

"Yes, I will!" She would, of course, do anything for him.

Then, Jared smiled and requested, "Okay, then. I'll tell you what I want for my birthday. I want a brother and sister for my birthday present."

When Anastasia heard this, she kept quiet for a few seconds before bursting into laughter. "I can't give you that by your birthday!"

"I'm not in a rush for it, Mommy. You can give them to me for my birthday present next year!"

This made her sigh softly; she knew that her son was a little lonely. She gently stroked his little head and said, "Choose another gift. Let Mommy think about this one for a bit."

The little guy immediately asked for another set of Legos, and she pulled him into a hug and kissed his head. "Okay, I'll get that for you."

After tucking Jared to bed, Anastasia returned to her room, picked up a briefcase from the couch, and looked through the documents. Elliot had a social gathering tonight, so she had to wait for him to return.

At about 11:00 PM, she heard the sound of a car, and soon, a handsome figure stepped through the door. The black suit and pants gave him a stylish yet domineering look. He looked like he had just stepped out of a magazine.

"Why are you still looking through documents?" Elliot sat down and took the documents from her hands before continuing distressingly, "It's late. Stop working."

At this moment, Anastasia took a whiff of him. "You reek of alcohol. How much did you drink?"

"I didn't drink much. I'll take a shower." He did not want the smell to rub off on her. Although he didn't drink much, the room reeked with the smell of alcohol and it absorbed into his clothes.

Lying in bed, Anastasia suddenly thought of her son's birthday wish earlier. Because of the pain she had experienced during childbirth, she was under a lot of pressure. If she were to have another child, it was inevitable that she would have to experience what she endured again.

However, the kins of the Presgrave were phasing out. Thus, she was still burdened with the task of continuing their bloodline. Before she could think more about it, she saw Elliot walking out with a bath towel.

His sculpted and muscular body shone under the light, filling her with

As he lay in bed and took her into his arms, Anastasia couldn't help but tell him about her son's wish.

"The decision is yours to make. I won't

force you." He leaned in to kiss her head.

"I'm fine with just Jared." Then, Anastasia raised her head slightly and asked, "Have you ever thought about

having another child?"

"I've thought about it. I wanted a daughter so that she could be as beautiful as you." Elliot curled his lips into a smile. How could he not want another child? However, he was afraid that she would have to go through the pain of childbirth again and he couldn't bear it.

She was curious as well; if she were to have a daughter, would the child look like Anastasia or Elliot?

Then, he stretched his hands slightly and looked over at her in surprise, "Honey, why didn't you tell me?"

Anastasia immediately snorted. "Don't you keep track of the days? How dare you ask me to tell you! Of course, I won't!"

In a blink of an eye, he pulled her into his arms with force. "You little devil, are you trying to starve your husband?"

This was a good enough reason for him to punish her, but soon, Elliot was a little annoyed. "I forgot to buy them. I'll call Rey—"

My Baby's Daddy Chapter 686

My Baby's Daddy

Chapter 686

Just as Elliot was about to get up, Anastasia reached out to hug his neck. "Then, we don't have to use it."

He immediately understood what she meant and was taken by surprise. Then, he kissed her gently and asked in a hoarse voice, "Sweetheart, are you sure?"

"I am!" She had promised Jared, so she decided to try and see if she could fulfill his wish of giving him a sister on his birthday next year.

At the break of dawn, Arthur suddenly had the urge to visit Sophia's father after waking up.

After all, he had nothing better to do.

Deciding that he wanted it to be a surprise, he did not inform her about it. He used other means to get information

about Drake's whereabouts. After all, the Goodwins' company was in his hands.

To avoid Emily, Arthur left at about 10:00 AM to drive directly to the hospital since his bodyguard had bought him a gift in advance, so he drove directly to the hospital.

At the hospital, Drake and the rest of his family were just at the entrance as his driver was on the way to bring them to a restaurant for lunch.

As Drake couldn't walk, he was pushed out in a wheelchair.

At this moment, a pick-up truck drove up toward them and the man who stepped out was Christopher coming to pick Sophia up. At 5 feet 7 inches, he weighed nearly 200 pounds in sportswear and his body looked plumper than ever.

His chin and neck were almost touching each other, but this did not stop him from liking beautiful women at all.

He and Sophia were classmates from junior high until they were in university. She had always been the It girl since she was young as she was beautiful. Thus, Christopher had always been dreaming of getting her.

As for Sophia's parents, they hoped that she would be taken care of for the rest of her life. Although he was a little plump, he came from a wealthy family, so their daughter would be able to live a prosperous life in the future.

“Dad, Mom, let Uncle G take you to the restaurant first. We’ll meet you there in a bit,” Sophia said.

“Alright, we’ll get going then.”

Then, she followed Christopher into his car where he immediately acted like a gentleman. “Sophia, today is a great day for us. Come, let’s get a gift for you.”

“Let us go eat first,” she deflected. She did not want anything from him.

“You’re going to be my wife soon, and it’s only right for me to give you a gift.” Then, he drove her straight to the jewelry store. Although she had repeatedly refused the offer, he still tried to force a diamond ring on her finger.

Ultimately, she had no choice but to wear it on her ring finger. This made him grin so widely that his triple chin was on full display.

“Sophia, you’re so beautiful today. Did you know how many boys were after you back in high school? Now, I can finally call you mine,” he boasted. He had already made up his mind to bribe the media to report their wedding. That way, he would look even more imposing.

The most beautiful girl in school was now his wife, which made it extremely wonderful!

However, Sophia had no intention of being his trophy wife. She looked at the time and said, “It’s time for us to head over to the restaurant.”

Then, Christopher finally drove them toward the restaurant.

In the hospital corridor, a group of young nurses was stunned by the sight of a man in a white shirt, who became the focus of all the women. He was like a protagonist out of a novel while the two bodyguards made him appear cold and hostile with a

domineering aura.

Arthur stood at the door of the ward. He stopped outside for a few seconds before he reached out to push open the door, expecting to see Sophia’s surprised face.

However, the ward was empty.

When a nurse passed by, he politely asked the nurse in a charming voice, “Excuse me, has the patient here been discharged?”

It just so happened that the nurse happened to be in charge of the ward. “Mr. Goodwin is not discharged yet,” she hurriedly answered. “He just went out for lunch. If I’m not wrong, his daughter is getting engaged today.”

At the sound of this, his dark pupils suddenly shrank. “Engaged?”

My Baby’s Daddy Chapter 687

My Baby’s Daddy Chapter 687

“Yes, that is correct! According to what I’ve heard, they will meet the groom’s family and discuss the engagement. Sir, are you related to him?”

“No.” The man kept his composure and gave a quick smile, but as soon as he walked away, his face looked gloomy..

LIVE

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How could she not tell him she was going to get engaged?

Arthur pulled out his phone and called Sophia’s number right away.

Sophia was in the car that Christopher was driving. When she heard her phone rang, she pulled it out and checked it. Once she saw who was calling, she immediately ended the call.

“Why didn’t you answer?” Christopher asked out of curiosity.

“It’s nothing important.”

At the hospital lobby, the man couldn’t believe that she had just hung up on him. When he thought about that, he gripped the phone even tighter.

“Find out where Drake’s daughter’s. engagement is,” Arthur ordered his bodyguard behind him.

The bodyguard contacted the executive at Goodwin Corporation, who put him in touch with Drake’s driver. The driver gave them the address and room number of the restaurant.

Arthur then entered the car and calmly said, “Drive to the restaurant.”

Christopher’s car slowly pulled into the restaurant’s parking lot during this time. When Sophia got out of the vehicle, he suddenly hugged her. This startled Sophia, so she avoided and told him, “Don’t do this. We do not want anyone to see us.”

“What’s the problem? After this meal, you will be my wife anyway.” He wanted to move in with Sophia so badly right now.

Even though they were going to get married in future, she still resisted him deeply.

“Fine! At the very least, we should hold hands!” Christopher ignored her refusal and forced to take her hand.

Sophia had no choice but to follow him inside the restaurant while holding her hand.

At the restaurant, Drake and his wife were chatting with the York couple. Since they were both businessmen, this was something that they had in common. Their conversation led to the Goodwin Corporation incident when a hostile acquisition left Drake with no one to turn to when it happened.

His business was thriving until there was an unexpected hostile acquisition, which resulted in him owing a significant amount of money to the bank. All of this happened as a result of his daughter losing the heirloom that belonged to a young man.

“Anyway, the past is the past. Please look out for us since we will soon be in-laws,” Drake added.

“Of course. After all, our son is totally crazy about Sophia.”

Christopher walked in while holding Sophia’s hand as they were talking.

After taking their seats, the two families began ordering food. In the meantime, Emma was observing her daughter seated next to a plump Christopher. She felt terrible for Sophia since she was unhappy with this engagement.

“Sophia! I’ll take good care of you in the future. Once you’re married to Christopher, please hurry ahead and bless our family with a grandchild. I definitely want to have a grandchild soon.” Margaret thought to herself as she looked at Sophia’s lovely face. My future grandchildren’s genes will definitely be amazing.

“Why don’t we skip the and get straight to the wedding planning? At this point, we are able to discuss the dowry and what should be done with it. We are generous, we have decided to give two million dollars.” Edmund York had already decided what he will do.

“We have no demands on the dowry. Everything is fine so long as Sophia is happy.” Drake nodded.

Edmund had an idea right away. “Oh! Drake, how about we help you pay off half of your debt to make things easier and then figure out what to do about the rest?”

Drake and his wife looked at each other in silence. Because of how things were, they had no other choice as they no longer had any pride left to ask for more.

“But we also hope you can give something as your part of the wedding gift,” Margaret said out of the blue. When Emma heard this, she quickly added, “We’ll absolutely prepare our side of the wedding gift too.”

“In that case, let’s just get right to it. Drake, we are interested in your land. So, we’re wondering whether you may make it as your gift for the wedding.”

Drake and his wife exchanged yet another glance. Our land?! However, this land is valued at 50 million dollars on the

market. It wasn’t that the couple didn’t want to give the land as a wedding gift; instead, it was their only remaining possession.

Sophia was shocked to hear this and she looked at the York Family. They want a piece of land as a wedding gift?!

“Mr. Drake, we’ll build a house on that piece of land. We’ll bring you two over to stay with us by then.” Christopher said. He thought that his family deserved to benefit financially from this marriage.