

Chapter 111

After the dishes were served, most of the staff members started drinking. They were all relatively young, so they were prepared to get drunk that night-some of them had even hired personal drivers. "Cheers, Anastasia!" One of the male designers sitting opposite Anastasia stood up.

"Sure. Thank you." Anastasia held her glass up. She hadn't expected all of the other people to clink glasses with her, but everyone was in a good mood that night, and they quickly turned Anastasia into their target for drinking. "More beer for Anastasia!" someone cried.

"You have to drink with us, Anastasia! At least one sip!" another cried.

"Everyone else clinked glasses with you, Anastasia. I'd feel bad if I didn't do it. Here, cheers!" another one said.

Anastasia had only arrived at the company a while ago, so she felt pressured to go along with everyone, especially since most of the staff there were seniors. She lost count of the number of beers she had by the time she clinked glasses with everyone. "Alright, stop. Anastasia has to go home to care for her kid, guys!" Felicia finally spoke up.

Everyone calmed down a little after that. Anastasia had already downed a few glasses even before she got a chance to eat her meal, and she pressed her palm against her forehead as she felt herself getting tipsy. "Are you okay, Anastasia?" someone asked.

"I'm feeling a little dizzy, so I might need to stop for a while." Anastasia waved her hand before she lowered her head and held her palms up to make a surrendering gesture. Right then, Felicia's phone began to ring. She only took one glance at the caller ID before she instantly picked the call up. "Hello, President Presgrave."

"Are you guys eating now? Is Anastasia there?" the man asked in a deep voice.

"Of course she's here. This dinner is meant to be a celebration for her. Would you like to join us, President Presgrave?" Felicia asked with a smile.

"No, thanks." Elliot was just asking.

"The rest of them got Anastasia to drink quite a bit, so she's rather tipsy now. I think I might have to send her home in a while," Felicia explained.

"She's drunk?" There was a hint of anxiousness in Elliot's voice.

"Are you free to pick her up, President Presgrave?" Felicia asked.

"Sure. Send me your location," he ordered.

"Alright!" Felicia sent Elliot her location right after ending the call. When she turned to gaze at Anastasia, who was sitting near the drinks, a hint of jealousy surfaced in her gaze. Felicia could tell that Elliot truly cared about Anastasia after speaking to him on the phone. Yet, Anastasia didn't know a single thing about this-she was resting her chin on her palm while watching two other male staff play drinking games.

"You should eat a little more, Anastasia. I'll get you home in a while," Felicia said. Anastasia nodded and began to munch on a few of her favorite dishes. However, her stomach was full from all the alcohol. She didn't feel anything when she was drinking earlier, but the tipsiness was starting to hit her after a while. :

She had just stood up to walk to the washroom when she was struck by a pang of dizziness. She felt as if she were stepping on clouds, and she couldn't stand straight at all. "How are you feeling, Anastasia? Are you really drunk?" Felicia hastily held onto her arm.

"It's fine. I'm not drunk. I'm not." Anastasia waved her arms around. Those who were drunk were

especially stubborn-she insisted on claiming that she was still sober. Felicia ordered one of her assistants to help Anastasia to the washroom. Anastasia had just returned from the washroom when Felicia received a text from Elliot.

'Bring her out.' His orders were simple.

'Got it. We'll come out in a bit, she replied. Right after that, Felicia turned to Anastasia before informing her of the plan. "I'll get someone to send you home now, Anastasia."

"Sure!" Anastasia nodded. I should go home now. I need to sober up-how else am I going to take care of my son otherwise? But Anastasia didn't know who her driver was and simply assumed that Felicia had gotten one of the company's drivers to send her home.

Felicia helped Anastasia out of the restaurant, and Anastasia quickly noticed a sleek, black Rolls Royce parked by the side of the road. Its black paint looked extra shiny under the light, and its classy and elegant design made it stand out among the rest of the cars. The car stood out just like how its owner did.

Anastasia allowed Felicia to help her into the backseat of the car. At this point, Anastasia still assumed that a driver from the company would be the one sending her home. After Felicia shut the car door, Anastasia turned to address the driver in a polite tone. "Hello. You can send me to Shorea Residence on Durham Street. Thank you."

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The car was silent for a short while after Anastasia finished her sentence. "I know." A deep, attractive voice sounded after a while.

Anastasia's eyes widened with shock before she looked at the reflection in the rearview mirror to meet the man's gaze. She felt like she was looking into a deep well. "Why are you here, Elliot?" she cried.

The man let out a scoff. Did she think I was just some driver? Anastasia felt her head spinning. Why did Felicia send me to Elliot's car?

"What are you doing here? Why did you pick me up?" Anastasia asked in a rather slurred and tipsy voice.

"How are you going to care for Jared when you're in this state?" he asked.

"My dad's home with him now," she replied in a lazy voice from the backseat. The man stared at her through the rearview mirror. He could see her sexy figure under the dim light. Her long hair fell over her shoulders, making her appear more seductive than ever. The air in the car smelled like a mixture of alcohol and women's perfume. Elliot had the eyes of a thirsty beast as he felt his predatory instincts taking over him.

Meanwhile, Anastasia lay down on the back seat as she felt tiredness taking over her. She fell asleep soon after that. Elliot turned to gaze at her as she slept, and his gaze remained still for a moment before he stopped the car by the side of the road. If her son sees her like this, he's going to be traumatized when he grows up, Elliot thought.

So, he picked her phone up before unlocking her phone with her fingerprint. Then, he searched for Francis' number before sending him a text. 'Dad, I'm drunk tonight. Can you take care of Jared for tonight? I'll be home early tomorrow morning,' it said.

Francis responded just moments later. 'You should get some rest if you're drunk. Don't worry about Jared; I'll take care of him. You stay safe!' he replied.

'Got it, Dad! Elliot sent the text over. After seeing how drunk Anastasia seemed, Elliot decided that he couldn't allow young Jared to have a memory of his drunk mother at such an age. Anastasia didn't know

anything about the man's plans, but she continued sleeping as the black car sped past the city center before arriving at one of the most expensive villas in the mid-hill area.

Anastasia hadn't slept much the night before, and she had had a long day today. After all the alcohol she consumed, it was unlikely for her to wake up even if thunder struck the top of her head. Once the man parked the car, he lifted her bridal style and brought her to his bedroom without her being aware of it. Once she was on the bed, she rolled over to settle in a comfortable position before continuing to sleep. She was dressed in a white shirt and a black pencil skirt that revealed her slim thighs. She wasn't aware of it, but the posture in which she slept was extremely seductive to the man staring at her.

The grand villa was lit up by a huge chandelier that hung above a gray couch. Elliot, who had just finished showering, sat on the couch in a lazy posture. He had pulled on a pair of sweatpants but left his upper body naked. Beads of water were still hanging on his skin as he held his arm up to sip on his glass of red wine. The muscles in his arms bulged as he moved the glass up and down.

For the most part, Elliot was a calm and rational man. However, he felt himself losing his mind whenever he thought about the woman who was lying in his bed. He couldn't resist the urge to lose all control and set himself free. Every time he tried to suppress his urges, they disappeared only to resurface moments later. He wanted to check on her, but he knew that he would get greedier for her when he was there. It was impossible for him to just stare at her.

So, he figured that he would keep his distance so that he didn't have to suffer as much. Yet, there was another voice in his head that continued to shout at him, and he had to counter this voice with the rational part of his mind. In the end, he lifted his wine glass and gulped all of it down before standing and heading upstairs.

He had found a reason to go up. I have to check if she puked. If she did, then my poor bed would be in trouble. Her alcohol tolerance isn't that high, but I don't think she has a habit of puking. If she's drunk, she usually just sleeps.

Elliot opened the door to his room, and he found the woman sleeping with her back turned against him. Her stunning curves and her soft figure made her seem especially feminine under the dim lights.

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As Elliot stared at Anastasia's long, messy hair that hung from the edge of the pillow, he couldn't help but narrow his eyes a little. He was like a silent, predatory beast that was inching closer toward its prey. Meanwhile, the woman-his prey-didn't realize a thing as he sat down by the edge of the bed and watched her sleeping soundly. Her perky red lips made her appear especially seductive.

When he saw a clump of hair covering her eyes, he instinctively reached over to brush her hair aside. However, the moment he touched her face, the girl let out a mumble-she was talking in her sleep. All of a sudden, she held onto his large palm. "Stop messing around, Jared. Let your mommy sleep for a bit," she muttered.

Elliot's eyes widened a little. Does she think I'm her son right now? Soon enough, the woman wrapped her hands around Elliot's arm before rubbing her face against it. It was almost as if she were rubbing her face against Jared's head. Elliot had no choice but to lean closer and play along so that she wouldn't wake up.

He shifted his body sideways and held his arm out for her to hug him. Then, he proudly allowed her to press his arm against her chest area. All sorts of sensations shot through the man's body as she did so. He held himself in this same stiff position while the woman continued to sleep. He had no other option but to admire her gorgeous face that was illuminated by the dim lighting. Her smooth and fair skin reminded him of a scrumptious-looking dish, and it made him crave for her.

Anastasia had no idea what she looked like in her sleep, but the man had scanned every inch of her face in admiration. Throughout the night, he had even counted the number of eyelashes she had on each eye. Anastasia clung onto him too tightly, so he couldn't pull away from her without waking her up. This time, Elliot was faced with a challenge greater than ever before. It was a test of his restraint. If he didn't have such good self-control, he would've let Anastasia get a taste of his skills. "Reach your hands out, Anastasia." He tried to get her to reach her hands out while she was dreaming, but she didn't since she didn't know that she was hugging him in the first place. Furthermore, she thought she was hugging her precious son!

In the end, Elliot decided that he didn't want to suppress his desires anymore. He leaned forward to press his lips against her cheek. Right then, she clung to his neck before she planted kisses on the man's cheek. "Be a good boy, Jared..."

Both of their faces were right in front of each other, and Elliot could feel the woman's breath as she exhaled on his neck. The sensation felt like feathers that seemed to tug on his heartstrings. Elliot could feel his blood boiling with desire. He wasn't that much of a gentleman-he was prepared to take action with this woman if she didn't let go of him soon.

Anastasia rubbed against his neck again before she shifted to touch his ear with her nose. It seemed almost as if she were trying to seduce him.

Elliot's prominent Adam's apple bobbed up and down as he tried his best not to let his hormones get the better of him. He was close to exploding. Never once had a woman made him so horny this woman, on the other hand, managed to do it in her sleep, but he couldn't sleep with her no matter how much he wanted to. All he could focus on was restraining himself while this woman continued to do whatever she desired to do.

In the end, Anastasia seemed to have developed some distaste for the man's strong hormones. She flipped to the other side of the bed for some fresh air, and she finally set the man free. He got out of his stiff position and stood up only to realize that he was soaked in sweat. He had showered for no reason. I guess I'll have to take another cold shower.

After that, he no longer came to his room. Anastasia got the big bed all to herself, and she rolled all over the bed. It was nearly 4.00AM by the time she woke up on her own. When she opened her eyes, she found herself staring at a decorative chandelier that hung above her. This is definitely not my house. Oh gosh!

Her body shot upright in terror as she cracked her head to recall what had happened. Her last memory was of herself getting into Elliot's car. So... Is this Elliot's house?

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Did he not send me home? Did he bring me to his house instead? Anastasia immediately checked herself to make sure that her clothes were still on. It didn't seem like it had been taken off, either. She hastily got off the bed to find that her shoes were gone, so she had no choice but to walk barefoot on the clean ground.

She glanced at the clock beside the bed to see that it was nearly 4.30AM. The skies were still dark outside. Did this man just get me to sleep in his house? What about my son? Is my dad at home with Jared? Anastasia quietly walked down the stairs. There were wall lights that surrounded the whole villa, so it made her feel like she was a lost princess that was walking around in a grand, luxurious castle. Finally, she found her bag on the couch downstairs. She immediately checked her phone to see the text that she had sent her father and her father's reply. Phew. At least Elliot knew to tell my dad to take care of Jared. Anastasia fixed her messy hair as she thought, I have no choice but to stay here since it's now

the middle of the night. Hmm... The room I was in earlier seemed like the master bedroom. Then where did Elliot sleep?

She figured that she would tour his house since he was asleep. When she went up to the second floor, she suddenly realized that there was a room with its lights turned on. She wanted to ask him why he brought her home, so she quietly turned the doorknob to push the door open. She found herself in a study room, where a man was sleeping on the couch with his head resting on his arm.

Anastasia froze. Is he actually sleeping on the couch? On top of that... He's just wearing sweatpants. She was so shocked that her hand slipped off the doorknob. A loud bang sounded as the door moved back and hit against the door stopper. She immediately slapped her hand over her mouth—a comical gesture considering that it didn't serve any purpose.

The man's thick lashes fluttered before he opened his eyes. Even though he had been awakened from his sleep, he had the same mesmerizing look in his eyes. He curled his lips into a smirk as he stared at the woman by the door while sitting upright. "Are you awake?" He narrowed his eyes as he smiled. She felt rather bad for waking him up, but she proceeded with the question she had for him. "Why did you bring me to your place? You should've sent me home."

"Do you have any idea how bad you look when you're drunk? What would Jared think if he saw his mother getting drunk like that?" He didn't bother to sugarcoat his words. She immediately knitted her brows into a frown. Did I go crazy after getting drunk? Fine. I guess I agree with what he said. It's true that my son shouldn't see me like that. She tugged on the door to close it as she spoke to Elliot. "You can continue sleeping! I won't disturb you anymore." Then, she shut the door before walking down the corridor. She was going to wait in the hall until sunrise.

Since she woke him up, Elliot no longer felt like sleeping. He returned to his room and washed up before putting on some clothes and walking over to the hall. Anastasia had gone to the fridge to get herself a drink, and she was just feeling rather creeped out by the large hall when she heard footsteps coming from behind. She instantly spun her head around to find the man with one hand stuck into his pocket. He strolled over with a lazy look on his face.

"Aren't you going to sleep?" she asked while looking at him.

"I can't sleep anymore," he replied flatly. Then, he walked over to the fridge to grab himself a bottle of beer. He sipped on it as he walked back to her. She felt nauseous just at the sight of alcohol. "Why are you drinking in the middle of the night? It's not good for your stomach," she uttered in a confused tone. "Do you care about me that much?" He sat on the couch beside her and gave her a faint smile.

"I don't care about you; I'm caring about myself. I'm afraid that you might get horny after you're drunk." Anastasia didn't bother to be nice to him either. The man had a history of doing such things, after all. He let out a scoff as he couldn't believe what the woman just said about him. "Are you that confident about my interest in you?" He put on an offended expression.

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Anastasia let out a scoff. "You guys are interested as long as it's a woman."

Elliot eyed her without saying anything. He didn't agree with her since she was the only woman he was interested in. "Your dad will take good care of Jared. Don't worry." Elliot tried to comfort her—he assumed that she hadn't read the text.

"I saw the text. I don't want you messing with my phone in the future, and I don't want you to reply to my texts. Do you think I don't know that you were the one who replied to Nigel's text?" she uttered in an edgy tone.

Elliot's face darkened all of a sudden; he looked almost like an ice sculpture for a moment. "Don't you

dare mess around with Nigel's feelings for you, Anastasia!"

She raised an eyebrow before laughing. "What makes you think I'm messing around with his feelings? There are tons of relationships that start off as friendships. We're friends now, but who knows what might happen in the future, right?"

"What do you mean?" Elliot asked through gritted teeth.

"I mean that our relationship is still in development. It's not about me fooling around with his feelings, okay?" she replied in a calm tone. Then, she intentionally added another statement to provoke him.

"Honestly, I think Nigel's a good fit as Jared's dad. He's really nice to Jared. If fate allows us to be together, perhaps our relationship might blossom someday," she uttered.

"Are you the kind of girl who sleeps around? How could you reciprocate Nigel's attraction toward you while also maintaining such an unclear relationship with me? It seems like you're just someone who can't remain stable in life," Elliot commented in a sarcastic and irritated tone.

This made her feel rather annoyed. How could he say that I'm someone who sleeps around with others?

"I can say the same about you, then! You're receptive to Hayley's admiration for you while you're also having this unclear relationship with me. We're not that different, you know?"

The man was silent for a moment, and all he could do was glare at Anastasia. "Are you saying that you might fall for Nigel and marry him someday? Are you going to pick him to be Jared's father?" Elliot narrowed his eyes to form a sharp gaze that looked like it could slice through walls.

She couldn't help but avoid his glares. "Maybe," she muttered in the most casual tone she could muster. His expression stiffened for a moment, and his face looked like it had been frozen in place. He seemed like a perfect ice sculpture at that moment. For some reason, Anastasia felt like the man was angry and unhappy at what she just said.

This made her realize something. Soon after that, she let out a mocking laugh. "You aren't jealous, are you, Elliot? Are you secretly in love with me?"

Elliot felt a piercing rage that shot through his body, but he maintained the same cold look on his face. Anastasia curled her lips into a smug smile. "Don't fall in love with me-we'd never get a happy ending because I'd never fall in love with you," she stated.

All of a sudden, Elliot got to his feet. He seemed especially domineering as he towered over her, and she sat upright in fear. "W-What are you trying to do?"

"This is my house, Anastasia. Why are you acting all stuck-up and cocky here?" He shot her a cold and sharp glare. She felt like she was facing the devil himself-he gave off a beast-like viciousness as he spoke. Wait. Did I trigger him? she thought. "I take back whatever I said, Elliot. Just... pretend I never said it..." She quickly gave in, and she tried to escape the hall after finishing her sentence.

"It's too late." The man scoffed as he pulled the woman into his arms just before she could scurry off. Anastasia's instinct was to wrestle and push him away, and both of them fell onto the couch when the man failed to hold onto her firmly.

At this point, Anastasia could no longer escape-the man's muscular body was like a huge net that trapped her in it. "Elliot... You..." Her warning was caught in her throat as the man pressed his lips against hers. He was desperate to give her lips a punishment as she had made too many infuriating statements today.

Anastasia tried to protest with her glares as she stared into his stunning eyes. However, all she saw was the passion that Elliot had for her. She had no choice but to shut her eyes. All of her senses were stimulated by the man, and Anastasia could feel herself loosening up to him, perhaps because she was also under the influence of alcohol. She was shocked by her own feelings.**Chapter 115**

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The more Anastasia felt like she physically desired him, the more she felt anxiety rushing up in her chest. How could I be interested in Hayley's man? Anastasia couldn't push him away, so she had no choice but to wriggle her way out of his grip. He panted slightly as he held her arms up above her head. He was rather frustrated by her resistance. "Don't you like this, Anastasia?"

"What should I like about it? Would you like to get kissed forcefully?" Anastasia pushed him off of her angrily. "Stop touching me. I'll call the police if you do it again."

Elliot narrowed his eyes. I clearly felt her body embracing my touch earlier. I'm sure she has feelings for me. However, Anastasia had a distinct, threatening look in her eyes. "Where's the guest room? I'd like to nap for a while more," she told him.

"You can sleep in the master bedroom," he replied.

"I don't want to sleep on your bed," she said in a disdainful tone. Elliot was annoyed at her seemingly endless requests. "There are guest rooms on the third floor. You can pick one for yourself."

After that, Anastasia took her bag and her phone up to the third floor, where she chose a guest room and locked the door before lying down on the bed. For some reason, she couldn't stop thinking about what had happened earlier. Am I secretly a masochist? Do I actually want him to do things to me? She patted herself on her head to stop herself from overthinking. She decided that she would leave the house first thing in the morning.

Anastasia set an alarm clock for 7.30AM, and she rubbed her half-opened eyes while getting out of bed when the sun came up. After washing her face with some water, she brought her bag down. She didn't want to trouble Elliot anymore, so she decided to leave on her own.

When she stepped out of the villa, she was too dumbfounded to move for a moment. The residence was located on top of a hill, and it was nearly a 4-mile-walk for her to reach the foot of the hill. She would have to walk for one hour!

Right when she decided to start her long trip down the hill, she heard the metal doors opening behind her, and a black car slowly made its way out of the house. Since when did he wake up? Anastasia was stunned when Elliot rolled the window down. "Get in," he uttered without looking at her.

Anastasia didn't want to get in the car when she sensed the icy, arrogant aura he gave off. However, when she thought about the one-hour walk down the hill, she bit her lip and forced herself to get in the car. His car sped down the hill, and she felt as if her heart were about to leap out of her chest. Does he think he's steering a plane?

When they got to the main road at the bottom of the hill, Anastasia tried to stop the man. "You can drop me here, President Presgrave." However, the man didn't stop driving-he continued on the road that led them to her house. She could tell that he intended to send her home, so she had no choice but to remain in the car.

When they got to her housing area, she thanked him politely before getting out of the car and walking

toward the entrance of her residential unit. She had just gotten to her front door when she bumped into her father and son, walking hand-in-hand. Jared was neatly dressed in his school uniform, and the young kid was pleased to see her home. "You're back, Mommy!" Francis noticed how sleepy she looked. "You can stay home and get some rest. I'll send Jared to school," he offered.

"Okay. Sorry for troubling you, Dad." Anastasia patted her son on his head. "Be good at school, okay?" "I'm always good, Mommy." Jared nodded thoughtfully before he held onto his grandfather's hand and skipped his way to the elevator. Jared was happy to spend time with his grandfather as it wasn't something he could do every day.

After Anastasia got home, she felt all the tension leaving her body. She flung herself onto the couch before texting Felicia to ask for the first half of her day off. She decided that she would get some rest before going into the office in the afternoon.

It was 11.00AM when a phone call woke her up from her nap. "Hello?" she replied in a muffled voice. "Are you not feeling well, Anastasia?" Nigel asked worriedly.

"I'm fine."

"Why aren't you at the office, then?" he asked.

"I took half a day off, so I'm at home now. Is anything the matter?" she asked.

"I'll talk to you in the afternoon then. You should get some rest. I have a mystery gift waiting for est you," he uttered in a mysterious tone. After she ended the call, she checked to see that it was nearing 11.30AM. So, she hurried off to take a shower before cooking herself some instant noodles for lunch.

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Anastasia arrived at the office at 2.00PM. She saw her trophy on the shelf when she walked past the hall of her department. For some reason, she still felt like the trophy didn't belong to her. Did Elliot pull some strings to get me this? He's the only one who knows the truth, and I can't do anything if he doesn't want to admit to anything.

A while after she arrived in the office, someone came over and asked for her. A few staff members of some high-end company that tailor-made evening gowns for their clients were there to see her. They had prepared three different dresses for Anastasia to try on. So, this is the mystery gift that Nigel was talking about earlier, huh? She didn't know what to feel about it.

It was true that Anastasia didn't have the right formal outfit for such dinner parties, so she decided to accept Nigel's offer. She picked a classy-looking gray gown made of silk. It didn't look too flashy nor too simple-it fit what she was looking for. "Hello. Can I know the price of this dress?" she asked one of the staff members.

"Oh! It was not too expensive. It costs about 10,000," the person replied. She narrowed her eyes when she heard the answer. Is it really that cheap? This silk looks really expensive!

After the staff members left her office, the three of them let out a long sigh as they got into the elevator. This lady's boyfriend loves her so much! He forced us to say that this dress is worth 10,000 when it's actually worth 1 million. Is he afraid that she wouldn't accept his gift otherwise?

Soon enough, Anastasia received a call from Nigel to check if she had taken the evening gown. "Thank you for preparing this outfit for me, Nigel. That was really thoughtful of you," she uttered.

"It's no worries at all. This is my grandmother's dinner party, so I hope that you enjoy it as well. Also, I'm looking for a place in the building opposite your office. My new office will be located there if everything goes as planned," he uttered.

Anastasia immediately got up to stare out of her window. There was a new building that had only been completed a while ago. "You can do whatever you want since you're rich," she replied in a playful tone. "Okay. I'll see you at dinner tomorrow night. I can't wait to see how stunning you look in your dress." Nigel sounded like he was busy with other things. "Okay! You go on with your work, then!" Anastasia didn't want to bother him, and she was busy with her own duties as well.

Meanwhile, Nigel stepped out of the building opposite Anastasia's office after he ended the call. He took a look at his wristwatch before he realized that there was one more thing he had yet to do.

He immediately hurried over to the most high-end mall in the city center. This was the only mall that sold all of the international jewelry brands, and he wanted to pick a diamond ring that fitted his taste. He was going to use it for his proposal.

Elliot arrived at Presgrave Group for work that morning. He stood in front of his large window, dressed in a simple white shirt and straight-fitting slacks. His aura fit his role as the leader of a company. Right then, Daniel knocked on the door before greeting Elliot politely. "I've arranged your dinner with the president of Benson Corporation," Daniel said.

"Okay!" Elliot nodded. Then, Daniel lowered his gaze for a while. He didn't dare to look Elliot in the eye after what he had done with Hayley that night. Although Daniel hadn't done it voluntarily, he still felt bad when he thought about Hayley and Elliot's relationship.

Elliot glanced at his wristwatch. He had intended to pay a visit to the Bourgeois Jewelry Atelier, but he didn't have any time left as he had a client to meet in 30 minutes. Since when did I start thinking about this woman? I used to only think about work. Nowadays, I'm even thinking of her adorable son. For some reason, Elliot felt happy just thinking about how he would see her at his grandmother's dinner the next day.

Later that night, Anastasia had a good sleep with Jared in her arms. She knew that Jared enjoyed being with his grandfather, so she figured that she would get Francis to stay with Jared for another night during the charity dinner she had the next day.

The charity dinner was hosted on a Friday in a seven-star hotel in the city center. Many important people from various industries had been invited, and many of them felt honored to receive an invitation. That afternoon, Anastasia was still busy working on her drafts in the office. She had already informed her dad that she would need him to care for Jared that night.

She had just gotten into work when her landline began to ring. "Hello?" She picked the call up.

"Do you need me to pick you up for the dinner party?" A man's deep voice came from the other end. She rejected him without thinking twice. "No, thanks."

Chapter 118

"Do you have a car?" Elliot asked.

"I'll call a cab," she replied.

"The roads will be closed, so cabs won't be able to get in," he explained. She frowned before answering in a firm tone, "That's fine. I'll just walk over to the hotel."

"I've never seen a woman as stubborn as you," he uttered in a grumpy tone.

"Well, you've met me now. I'll end the call now. I'm busy." She ended the call right after finishing her sentence. She was probably the only one who dared to speak to the president in such a tone. Even those in Presgrave Group wouldn't dare to speak to him in such an impolite manner.

Meanwhile, the man wore a dark look on his face after Anastasia hung up his call. I really don't know what to do with this woman. It's hard for me to gain control over her, but that only makes me more interested in achieving this. It's like I'm challenging myself to conquer someone who can't be

conquered.

Anastasia got off work 30 minutes earlier, and she brought her evening gown home before pulling her makeup pouch out. She decided to put on some makeup since she hadn't used her skills in a while. At the same time, someone else was also getting ready for the dinner party. The more Hayley thought about Harriet looking down on her, the more Hayley was filled with resentment. This drove Hayley to attend the dinner party tonight. She couldn't just go up to Elliot, so she had to pretend that she had just shown up at the event somehow.

After thinking about it for a while more, she came up with a proper plan. At 7.30PM, she would pretend that she needed to see Elliot for an emergency. That would explain why she ended up at the dinner party. She had picked out a dress and put on makeup for the night, so all she had to do now was wait. The sun had just started going down when Anastasia got ready to leave her house. Someone rang her doorbell just before she headed out. She was shocked as she wasn't expecting anyone at that hour. The moment she opened the door, she saw a bouquet of roses covering a man's face. The very next second, the man moved the roses away to show his bright, handsome smile.

"What are you doing here, Nigel?" She stared at him in shock.

"I'm here to pick you up for the dinner party, of course. I can't let my beautiful woman go to the party in a cab, can I?" he replied.

"How did you know I was going to get a cab?" Anastasia gave him a sheepish smile.

"You love saving money, so I don't think you'd hire a private car for the night, would you?" Nigel knew her well. I guess I can save on my cab fees since he's here to pick me up, she thought. "Why did you bring flowers?" She was a little more taken aback by the way he had presented her with the roses.

"I feel like giving you flowers every time I see you," he replied.

"Mr. Nigel!" Jared ran out when he heard Nigel's voice. Nigel handed the flowers over to Jared.

"Here, Jared. Bring these flowers in. I'll bring your mommy out for a dinner party now."

Jared happily carried the flowers back into the house while Anastasia shut the door and left with Nigel. While they were in the elevator, Nigel couldn't help but glance at her outfit. She looked especially elegant in her gray silk dress. It brought out her curves and enhanced her figure, making her look extremely stunning.

"It fits you really well," Nigel exclaimed. He was the one who hand-picked all three of the outfits, and he had a feeling that she would choose the ash gray one. "I bet this dress costs more than 10,000, right? Don't lie to me!" Anastasia knew that the staff member had lied to her earlier, and she was certain that it was Nigel's instructions.

"The price of the dress doesn't matter as long as it looks good on you," he replied. As he stepped out of the elevator, he casually slipped his hand into hers. "Tonight's an important night, so we shouldn't be late."

Anastasia didn't know what to do after he held her hand, so she simply allowed him to lead her out of her residential area. His flashy sports car was parked at the entrance of her residential area, and both of them stepped out of the building looking like they were a prince and princess prepared for a party. Many passersby glanced in their direction as they walked.

However, at that very moment, a black Rolls-Royce Phantom appeared from the other side of the road.

The man inside the black car happened to see the man and woman walking out while holding hands.

Nigel held the door open for Anastasia, and she got in the passenger's seat elegantly. Then, Nigel walked around the front of the car to get in the driver's seat.

Chapter 119

Nigel shifted his gaze to the road after he got in the car. At that moment, he caught sight of a black car in his rearview mirror. The car was quite some distance away, but he could tell that it was his cousin's car. I'm glad I got here before him, Nigel thought. I want Elliot to witness my relationship with Anastasia so that he'll know he doesn't have a chance. Tonight, I'm going to use my actions to show Elliot that Anastasia belongs to me.

The sports car sped down the road while the man in the black car glared into the distance with a dark look in his eyes. No one could tell what was going on in his mind. Elliot felt a surge of anger bubbling in him as he thought about how the woman had rejected him so firmly. It turns out it was because she had already told someone else to pick her up, he thought.

Anastasia didn't notice that someone else had come over to pick her up as she was distracted by other thoughts in her mind. Is Hayley going to be there? If she's going to be there, then I don't think I'll stay for long. Since Elliot and Hayley used to have a thing, perhaps Old Madam Presgrave might prefer Hayley to be Elliot's wife.

She didn't know why she was troubling herself with all these pointless thoughts. While they were on the way to the dinner, Nigel told her his ideas about his office design, and he got some of her opinions.

When she heard that it cost Nigel more than 50,000 to rent his office each month, she was utterly speechless! I hate rich people!

"Can you try saving up some of your dad's money?" she asked in a concerned tone. He immediately burst into laughter. "I'm only spending so much because I know I have the ability to earn it back! Don't worry about me, Anastasia!"

"I can't even earn your one month's worth of rent in one year," she replied. Then, she thought about the 1 million that she had won. She still felt rather uneasy about taking the money.

"You can always ask me if you need any money," Nigel told her in a sincere tone.

"I don't need money. I have enough to spend on myself," she replied with a smile. She could always adjust her lifestyle to fit her monthly income.

Finally, they arrived at the hotel for the charity dinner. The hotel belonged to the Mansons, and it looked extremely luxurious and exclusive. That was when Anastasia understood how rich Nigel truly was. When he got out of the car, he bumped into his father's assistant. "Your dad is asking you to greet the guests, Young Master Nigel!" the assistant said.

"Okay. I'll go say hello to them. Can you bring this lady over to the hall?" Nigel asked the assistant.

"Sure. Please follow me, Miss," the assistant replied.

"I'll come over to you in a while, Anastasia. You can go up to have some food first," Nigel said. "Okay!"

She nodded. About ten minutes later, a tall, lanky man walked into the hotel with a confident and elegant stride. He looked especially respectable in his formal black suit.

"You're here, Young Master Elliot. Please come in." The hotel manager jogged over to greet him. "Go on with your duties! You don't have to worry about me." Elliot waved the manager off before he walked over to the elevator.

The hall looked like it could fit about 500 people. I'm really getting exposed to a whole new world today, Anastasia thought. There are people from all kinds of industries. The Presgrave Family sure is powerful! Anastasia held a glass of red wine in her hand. She felt rather self-conscious since she didn't match the standards of the other guests there, and she had just been looking around her when she nearly bumped into someone behind her. "Ah!" She cried before stumbling backward and looking up. What's he doing here? The person she had bumped into was Elliot!

“Apologize.” He shot her an icy glare.

“I’m sorry,” she uttered hastily. She could feel an icy aura coming from him as he walked past her, and she bit her lip as she thought, What’s up with him tonight? Is he trying to act like he doesn’t know me? Fine. There’s no need for me to pretend to be close to him now I don’t want any unnecessary troubles. Right then, two girls let out a loud cry from beside her. “Hey, that’s Young Master Elliot! He’s so handsome!” one said.

“I know, right? He’s every girl’s ideal type, after all.” another girl said. Anastasia blinked confusedly. Is Elliot that attractive? Everyone’s ideal type, huh? Little do they know that Elliot’s actually made up of ice.

Anastasia was starting to get hungry, so she walked over to help herself to some of the buffet dishes. All of the food looked good, and Anastasia filled her plate with a bunch of her favorite dishes as she continued thinking about the party. I bet Old Madam Presgrave is going to be busy tonight since she has so many guests to greet. I have to see her before I leave.

Chapter 120

So, until I get to meet Old Madam Presgrave, I’ll take my time to eat up all the food here. I can spend as much time as I want since Dad is taking care of Jared, Anastasia thought.

There was another sports car outside the hotel-it was Hayley’s ride to the event. She had put effort into her outfit, and she had come up with a good idea of what to do. She strutted over to the main lobby. There was a checkpoint where staff members were to check for the guests’ invitation cards at the entrance, but Hayley walked in without stopping by. A female security guard hastily stepped forward with a smile. “Please show me your invitation card, Miss. Thank you.”

Hayley instantly raised her eyebrow before speaking in a haughty tone. “Do I need an invitation? My boyfriend didn’t tell me anything about that!”

“Who’s your boyfriend?” the security asked.

“My boyfriend’s Elliot, the young master of the Presgrave Family,” she replied in a firm and loud tone. Suddenly, the hotel manager, who had been standing beside the security guard, hurried over. “Hello, Miss. I’m the hotel manager. Are you President Presgrave’s girlfriend?”

“Yeah! My name’s Hayley. Isn’t Old Madam Presgrave’s dinner party happening tonight? I’m sorry. I didn’t know I needed any invitation cards. Can you just let me enter?” she uttered in an innocent tone. Right then, Daniel, who had already come to an earlier agreement with Hayley, put on a worried expression as he hurried over to Elliot, who was chit-chatting with a few seniors. “Miss Seymour is here, President Presgrave. She’s being stopped at the main lobby.”

Elliot knitted his brows together while holding onto his glass of wine. “What’s she doing here? Did you tell her to come?”

“Yeah! I mentioned the party when I delivered some of her daily necessities to her yesterday, President Presgrave. Did I say something wrong?” Daniel replied. Elliot couldn’t say that his grandmother hadn’t invited Hayley. However, since Daniel had already brought up the party, Elliot had no choice but to bring Hayley in.

“I want you to go down and bring her up,” Elliot ordered. Daniel quickly put on a flustered expression.

“I’m sorry, President Presgrave.”

Elliot only gave him a side-eye without saying much. Daniel might have been a little too much of a busybody this time, so Elliot had no choice but to ask Hayley to come up. Daniel hurried over to the main lobby before approaching the hotel manager, who had been talking to Hayley. “Excuse me. Miss

Seymour is one of President Presgrave's VIP guests. This was a mistake on the company's end-we missed out on her invitation card!"

The hotel manager knew that Daniel was Elliot's assistant, so the hotel manager quickly turned to Hayley with an apologetic look on his face. "I'm sorry for the mistake, Miss Seymour. Please come in."

Hayley put on a haughty expression as she gave the female security guard a disdainful glare. "Is this how you guys do your job? You totally ruined my mood." Then, she allowed Daniel to lead her into the elevator. Daniel felt cold sweat forming on his forehead once they made it there.

Hayley loved it when people provided her with special treatment, so she gave Daniel a satisfied look.

"That was quite good. Elliot didn't say much, did he?"

"President Presgrave was a little shocked, but he didn't say much," Daniel replied. Hayley let out a scoff as she thought, It's just as I had expected. It was Old Madam Presgrave, not Elliot, who didn't want to invite me.

After this event, Hayley developed a sense of hatred toward Harriet as she felt hurt by Harriet's actions. Anastasia's going to be here tonight, so I have to seize this opportunity to show her how sweet I am with Elliot. Also, from tonight onward, I want everyone to know that I'm Elliot's girlfriend. I bet that will piss the old woman off.

Daniel brought Hayley over to Elliot. Many of the guests there were extremely wealthy people with high statuses, yet Elliot still seemed to stand out in the crowd. It seemed like the people around him were just props and backdrops that served to enhance his presence.

His aura was too strong for others to steal his spotlight away-it was almost as if the light followed him wherever he went. Hayley felt herself going head over heels as she stared at him longingly. She admired him, and she wished she could have him all to herself.

"I'm sorry, Elliot. Should I have stayed home instead?" She gazed at him with an innocent and flustered look on her face. He curled his lips into a smile. "The HR department missed out on your invitation card. It's fine. My grandma's the one hosting this charity dinner, so you should just enjoy yourself tonight!"