

Room for you 31

Chapter 31

Elliot closed his computer. Only Anastasia had the answers to those questions, whether she really was once someone's shameless mistress who had destroyed the man's family in the end.

"Keep investigating," Elliot ordered in a low voice.

Rey voiced his affirmation and left, after which Elliot's dark gaze fell on a corner. She even gave birth to the child, so what exactly was he expecting?

When Erica returned home, she ran back to her room where she dialed Hayley's number, for she could only vent her anger to Hayley.

"You caused trouble at Anastasia's company?" Hayley asked in shock.

"My dad bought her a house worth 8 million behind me and my mom's back. Why wouldn't I be pissed?"

"I can't believe Anastasia could do that! Erica, you have to be careful. You mustn't let her snatch all of your father's property in the end," Hayley reminded.

"Hmph! I'll never let her off the hook and I won't let her live in peace either," Erica seethed. "Are you at home, Hayley? Let's go out for drinks tonight!"

"Um... I'm not feeling too well these days, so I can't drink for now," Hayley declined. "You should get someone else to accompany you."

Erica sensed that Hayley was being exceptionally secretive these days because they used to hang out rather often in the past.

Over in the luxurious villa, Hayley ended her call with Erica as her gaze darkened. Anastasia's mother had saved Elliot, which meant that Anastasia could exploit that fact to request anything of him. She could even ask to marry him and it would most probably be done.

As for the reason why Anastasia hadn't made this request yet, it had to be due to her personality. She was a stubborn person and definitely not one to lose her sense of self over riches. In short, she lived quite the sober life.

Hence, she wouldn't marry someone just because she wanted to repay some kindness. She had said in high school that she hated the person who caused her mother's death, so could it be that Anastasia still hated Elliot for that?

No matter what might happen, Hayley had to stop Anastasia from making that request and the best way to achieve that was to show Anastasia how intimate she herself was with Elliot. Then, Anastasia would hate both herself and Elliot even more.

Hayley took a glance at the time. It was almost time for people to get off work, so she should also head off and pay Bourgeois a visit.

She enjoyed the treatment that was fit for a rich young lady when she drove in the sports car Elliot gave her. Whenever she was on the road before this, she could only admire the rich, beautiful daughters of wealthy families. Now, she herself had become the object of admiration too.

All eyes would be on her whenever she stopped on the road. The young men would gape in awe and her vain heart would be immensely satisfied.

Hayley got on the elevator and headed right for the design department at Bourgeois. Her appearance had brought about the looks of admiration and respect from all the female employees in the office because she was the wife of their boss.

She immediately walked to the door of Anastasia's office and proceeded to open the door without so much as a greeting.

Anastasia was gathering her things and ready to go home when she saw Hayley barging in. Her expression darkened as she asked, "What are you here for?"

Hayley was wearing a V-neck dress with a set of jewelry that shone brilliantly on her chest. It was the exact jewelry that was on display that day. She touched it and said to Anastasia, "Elliot gave me this. Does it look good on me?"

"If you're looking to show off, you have approached the wrong person." Anastasia stared at Hayley coldly since she knew the woman well enough.

Hayley didn't come from a rich family, but her vanity was second to none. As soon as she received something nice, she would show it off to everyone whom she knew.

"I'm here to invite Elliot to dinner. We still have a romantic date waiting for us

tonight, so I won't hold you up." She was actually here to flaunt her relationship with Elliot

"Although I have no idea how blind he had to be to see something in you, anyone with eyes would know that he deserves better," Anastasia retorted mercilessly.

Hayley's expression sank and she snorted. "Anastasia, you don't know how he sees me at all. What right do you have to say that?"

"Then, tell me, how did you reel him in?"

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"That's none of your business. Whatever that needs to happen between us has already happened. You don't know how much he loves me. He gives me everything I ask of him." Hayley raised her eyebrow gleefully.

Anastasia was stunned for a few seconds. Looks like they have already slept together? Looks like I have underestimated Hayley's abilities.

"Anastasia, don't tell me you have fallen for him too?" Hayley asked tentatively.

"What? Are you scared that I'll snatch him from you?" Anastasia wasn't stupid. Of course Hayley was scared of her and wouldn't let her live in peace.

“Y-You won’t be able to take him away.” Hatred flashed across Hayley’s eyes.

Anastasia felt uncomfortable as she recalled the kissing incident in the car last night. If Elliot really slept with Hayley, Anastasia really didn’t want to do anything intimate with him.

“Don’t worry, everything you’ve used before is dirty to me,” she responded coldly.

“All right, I’ll tell Elliot every word you said then.” Hayley sneered, assuming that Anastasia would be scared because she had said something wrong.

On the contrary, Anastasia was quite generous about it. “Then, make sure you don’t miss even a syllable. Try mimicking my tone so that you can be more convincing as well.”

Shock was evident in Hayley’s eyes. Anastasia was exuding confidence from head to toe, which was exactly what Hayley was envious about.

Hayley still left in the end, after which Anastasia let out a sigh. If Hayley came looking to show off, she wouldn’t be getting what she came for.

In the president’s office.

Hayley knocked on the door.

“Come in,” a man’s deep and alluring voice responded.

She opened the door to see a handsome figure seated on the couch before she called in a sickly sweet voice, “Elliot.”

Elliot narrowed his eyes and asked. “Why are you here?”

“I got too bored, so I wanted to go for a walk.” With that, Hayley bit her red lips in a pitiful manner, then took a seat beside him and stayed silent.

“What’s the matter? Did someone bully you?” He could sense that she was upset.

“I went to see Anastasia just now. I wanted to apologize for what happened last time, but she... But she refused to accept my apology and chased me out. She even said...”

Elliot frowned. “What did she say?”

“She asked about our relationship, so I told her that we have the most intimate relationship. Then, she suddenly said that everything I’ve used is dirty to her.” Hayley’s eyes were filled with displeasure.

Elliot immediately understood that he was the dirty one that the woman mentioned.

He couldn’t help but snort in secret. Me? Dirty? Then, why did she initiate that kiss last night? Now she’s saying that I’m dirty? What an ungrateful woman.

Hayley was secretly observing the expressions of the man beside her. However, she found him spacing out and lost in his thoughts with no intention of comforting her. Doesn’t Elliot know that Anastasia was insulting him?

“All right, don’t come to the company anymore if there’s nothing important. There’s so much anger in this place that you might get upset again.” Elliot quietly comforted her with the intention to instruct her as well.

“What if I miss you, though?”

“I’ll visit you when I have the time. Otherwise, you can just give me a call, message me, or get me on a video call.” Elliot looked at Hayley. Even though she now gave him a completely different impression from 5 years ago, he still wouldn’t mistreat her.

As Hayley gazed at the man’s perfect profile, she suddenly caught sight of a red mark on his neck. She gasped and hastily leaned closer to him to have a look. “Elliot, what happened to your neck?”

“Nothing, it’s just an allergic reaction.” Elliot adjusted his collar to hide the mark.

“How did you get it?”

“I’m allergic to seafood,” he explained in a low voice as he got up. “Please wait while I deal with some emails.”

Elliot walked over to his desk while Hayley went to the washroom to fix her makeup.

She rose to her full height and walked to the washroom, after which she opened the door and entered a cubicle. As soon as she went in, a few female employees also entered

“Girls, I saw it clearly when I went to deliver the documents earlier. That mark on President Presgrave’s neck is a hickey.”

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“Really? Then, is his girlfriend showing off their relationship on purpose? That would explain why she would leave a mark on a spot as obvious as his neck.”

“Yes! This means that President Presgrave is a man as hot as fire. I wonder how it feels like to stir things up on the bed with him.”

“Wait, who in our company has the ability to get on his bed?”

“I think Anastasia has a good chance. She’s beautiful, of course, but she has also dodged getting fired despite all the trouble she caused. I won’t believe it if she isn’t involved with President Presgrave in that sense. You do know that he fired Mr. Lawrence the other day, right? And Mr. Lawrence only committed a tiny mistake.”

“Could it be that the hickey wasn’t from his girlfriend but Anastasia instead? And she placed it there as a challenge to President Presgrave’s girlfriend?”

The three female employees allowed their imagination to run wild, as if they were actually writers of detective novels.

In the cubicle, Hayley’s expression kept shifting. She had already suspected that the mark on Elliot’s neck wasn’t due to an allergy, but she never expected it to be a hickey.

The girlfriend they were referring to must be Hayley herself, but the hickey had nothing to do with her. If it wasn't her, then some other woman must have done it.

Who was with him last night? Was it really Anastasia?

Hayley was green with so much jealousy that it seemed to overwhelm her. If not Anastasia, then who? Was there any other woman by Elliot's side that he would willingly get so intimate with?

No matter who it was, Hayley wanted her gone. Elliot could only be hers and hers alone.

She returned to the office to see Rey sitting on the couch, but Elliot was nowhere in sight.

"Where's Elliot?"

"Apologies, Miss Seymour. President Presgrave had matters to take care of at the main office, so he asked me to take you home instead," said Rey courteously.

Immense disappointment welled up in Hayley's heart. Although Elliot had fulfilled her material needs generously, he had never been intimate with her before. She felt like they were both close and distant at the same time.

Moreover, she had helplessly fallen for him. She would think about him every day to the point where she wished to offer herself to him as soon as possible.

She didn't want some material compensation; she wanted his everything, to be his Mrs. Presgrave.

"I drove here myself. Rey, was Elliot working overtime last night?" Hayley asked curiously.

Rey nodded. "Yes! President Presgrave has been working overtime in the company these days."

Hayley pursed her lips. "Then, tell him to rest more often, and don't overwork himself."

"Of course." Rey smiled.

Then, Hayley took her bag and left. She couldn't help but wonder who was the woman accompanying Elliot last night.

At this moment, Hayley's phone rang. It was a call from Erica.

"Hayley, I'm sad! Drink with me, please!"

Hayley herself wasn't in a good mood either, so she responded, "Sure, where are you? I'll come and get you."

An hour later, she had removed all the jewelry she was wearing and tied up her hair to meet Erica. When Erica saw Hayley, she felt that Hayley was much prettier with a clearer skin.

"What are you up to these days?" Erica asked as she sat with Hayley in a music bar.

"I'm frequenting a beauty salon these days." Hayley also knew that she had become much prettier.

"Oh, hey, are you wearing that latest outfit from Chanel? I saw it online before."

"It's a high quality replica. It was difficult for me to purchase it," Hayley immediately lied.

Erica hastily scooted over to touch the fabric. "This fabric is excellent; it's like the real deal! Where did you get it? I want one too."

"It was the only one in stock." With that, Hayley changed the topic. "How are you these days?"

"That b*tch Anastasia ruined my family. My dad is spending less time at home now as he's choosing to head to her place whenever he has the time. He was even at her place last night until around 10 something and it was almost early morning when he came back."

"Why?" a curious Hayley asked.

"Anastasia said that she had to work overtime, so she asked my dad to babysit her son. I think she's just ordering my dad around so that she can have fun outside."

Hayley could feel her mind buzzing. Rey had said that Elliot was working overtime in the company last night and Anastasia was also working overtime-at the same place and time? Do such coincidences exist?

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Could it be that they had done something unspeakable in the office? Was Anastasia lying when she said that she didn't like Elliot? Was she already entangled with Elliot a long time ago?

So, Anastasia had intentionally planted the hickey on Elliot's neck for Hayley to see. Hatred and jealousy burned brightly in Hayley's eyes as she thought, Anastasia is really wretched.

Anastasia said she didn't like him, but she was secretly seducing him. How did she become so cunning in 5 years?

Hayley decided she could not underestimate Anastasia after all.

"How shameless," Hayley growled through gritted teeth.

Erica immediately agreed. "I know, right? She has no shame! She grabbed a bunch of my hair today and caused my face to be swollen. I won't let her off the hook so easily."

Hayley's words weren't only said on Erica's behalf, but it was also expressed for her own sake.

"How old is Anastasia's son?" Hayley asked curiously.

Erica immediately took out her phone and flipped through her album before she stopped at a few photos. "Here. I secretly took a few photos at home. I wonder who this mutt's dad is."

When Hayley took the phone and saw the boy's face in the photo, her pupils immediately wavered. She was so shocked that her mind went completely blank in an instant.

How can this be? How can Anastasia's son resemble Elliot so much? She continued to look through the photos, and the more she did so, the more terrified she became. Her suspicions were even turning into confirmation.

Anastasia's son wasn't any mutt from a random man. He was conceived from a seed planted by Elliot himself 5 years ago and she had quietly delivered the child abroad.

"How old is he?"

“That wretched Anastasia claimed that he’s 3, but I don’t believe it. No 3-year-old would be this tall,” Erica answered, thinking that Anastasia was full of lies.

As Hayley looked at the child on the phone screen, she could only feel a hand close around her heart and was close to gasping.

Anastasia didn’t know that Elliot was the man from 5 years ago, so she naturally didn’t know that her son was Elliot’s child.

Now, Anastasia’s relationship with Elliot had turned far more complicated than her mother’s sacrifice in exchange for Elliot’s safety. Now, the most important thing was that her son had the blood of the Presgrave Family running in his veins.

Hayley was on the verge of despair. How was Anastasia so lucky? Just one night 5 years ago and she already has Elliot’s child?

She decided that she had to be together with Elliot as soon as possible. It was only through having Elliot’s child that she would gain the necessary power to fight Anastasia.

Then, Anastasia’s son would mean nothing whereas it would be her own son being the heir of the Presgrave Family’s empire.

With that in mind, Hayley seemed to have revived herself.

“Hayley, why are you zoning out? Is everything okay these days?” Erica noticed that Hayley had a dark expression.

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“It’s nothing. I was just too busy, so I couldn’t think straight,” Hayley lied while wearing an exhausted front.

Erica didn’t doubt her. If she had known that Hayley was living the luxurious life and consuming only the finest goods possible, she would probably be mad with jealousy.

It was because in Erica’s eyes, Hayley was always following her.

Hence, this was Hayley’s deepest hatred. She had lived like a dog before, where no one acknowledged her. She swore that she would someday become the Young Mistress of the Presgrave Family, so that she could finally be proud and respected by everyone else.

After getting off from work that day, Anastasia went to pick up her son. When they arrived at their little home at night, she cooked some dishes, one of which was her son’s favorite chicken casserole. The boy could wolf down the entire thing.

“Mommy, Grandpa said that you’re not young anymore and he wants you to find a life partner,” the little guy suddenly piped up.

She couldn’t help bursting into laughter. “I have you with me and we’re best partners, aren’t we?”

“Mommy, Grandpa also asked me who my daddy is. Can you ask him to come back?” the little boy asked.

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Anastasia stopped laughing and looked at her son earnestly. "Jared, let's not look for Daddy, okay? Mommy can raise you all by herself."

"Grandpa said that it's not right of my daddy to avoid taking responsibility, though. He has to be responsible toward you and me," the little boy said with an adult-like expression.

Anastasia was speechless. Why did her father talk about such things with her son?

"Grandpa said that he will grow old and one day won't be able to take care of us anymore."

She could now feel the tears coming. Her father was worried that he would grow old and frail, hence unable to take care of her and her son. She tried to suppress the tears as she responded, "Be good, Jared. I'll become strong and take care of both you and Grandpa."

"Okay. I'll also grow up quickly and be very tall, so I can take care of Mommy and Grandpa." With that, the little guy returned to scarfing down his dinner.

Anastasia's heart softened at his words. Her son was everything to her, so she absolutely must build a protective environment for him.

The next day was a Saturday.

It was early in the morning and she thought she wouldn't have to go to work, but then she received a call from Felicia.

"Anastasia, why aren't you here for overtime?"

"I have to?" Anastasia sat up and placed her hand to her forehead as she asked. Why was it necessary to work overtime when they were the local branch?

"Because we're putting out the newest release soon. It's customary to work overtime during these few weeks. Come on over now!"

"In that case... Can I bring my son to the office?" Anastasia hastily asked.

"All right, sure." Felicia agreed, for she knew Anastasia was a single mother.

Anastasia immediately woke her son up with kisses and told him, "Jared, let's go.

Come with me to the office for overtime."

The little guy seemed to be still half-asleep, but he nodded anyway.

She led her son downstairs and hailed a cab to the office. She had bought some bread on the way for breakfast and it was already 9:50AM when she arrived at the company

Grace was bringing in coffee when she saw the cute boy on the couch, which immediately stunned her.

"Wow! Oh my goodness! He's too cute!"

The little guy wore a black T-shirt paired with jeans. His black hair had covered his full little forehead and a pair of huge bright eyes shone like jewels as they peeked out from under his dense and curly eyelashes. His features were exquisite and pretty, like a beautiful doll.

“Hey, little guy, did you get your eyelashes curled when you were still in your mother’s stomach? They’re so long and curly!” Grace said in admiration.

Hearing that, Anastasia could only say that the host that night wasn’t too shabby himself either.

As Anastasia was perusing the documents with her head lowered, Grace took the opportunity to reach out with her hand.

The little guy looked at her in anger. “Miss, can you stop pinching my cheeks? It hurts.”

“Sorry, sorry. Your face is just so squishy that I couldn’t help it. I’ll stop now,” Grace hastily apologized.

At this moment, Anastasia answered a call from Felicia. “Come to my office for a bit.”

“Grace, I’m going to Director Evans’ office for a while. Look after Jared for me while I’m gone.”

“Of course! No problem.” Grace gestured with an ‘okay’ sign.

At the underground carpark of Bourgeois, a low key yet luxurious Bentley had just pulled up whereby Elliot alighted from the driver’s seat.

He had just received a call from Larry, informing him that there was an important document he needed to sign. It was then that he realized that the entire Bourgeois staff was working overtime.

Larry offered to bring the document over to him, but since Elliot was coincidentally in the area, he came to the office on his own instead.

He pressed the elevator button and rode the elevator up to his office.

Grace played with the little kid for a while before remembering that there was a document she was supposed to get signed. She told the child, “Jared, promise me you’ll not wander anywhere. I’ll come back right after I deliver a document, okay?”

“Okay!” The little guy nodded obediently.

She hadn’t been gone for long when Jared needed to head to the bathroom. He opened the office door and ran out to the bathroom located on the same floor, only to find a sign saying ‘under maintenance’ hanging outside.

The little guy immediately ran to the elevator and pressed the button to head up.

Soon, the elevator doors opened with a ding.

He looked up to see a tall man in the elevator. As soon as he raised his head, he asked, “Sir, where is the bathroom? I need to pee.”

Upon the child's sudden questioning, Elliot was surprised before his reserved dark gaze fell on the child whose height only reached his thighs. He was stunned for a few seconds as he saw the child's lifted face.

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Where did this boy come from?

"Sir, please hurry up and take me there. I can't hold it in anymore!" The little kid gripped Elliot's pants as he shouted with a red face.

Elliot responded in a low voice, "Alright, I'll take you there."

The elevator doors opened with a ding. He bent over and carried the child in his arms as he strode toward the bathroom.

Elliot took the child inside and guarded as the little guy began to relieve himself.

After the little guy was done, he sighed in contentment before he finally remembered to thank this handsome passerby.

"Thank you, Sir."

"What's your name? Why are you here?" Elliot couldn't help but ask in curiosity.

"My name is Jared Tillman and I came to accompany my mommy to work," Jared answered in a clear voice.

Elliot frowned. "Is your mother Anastasia Tillman?"

"Do you know my mommy, Sir?"

He was only taking a stab in the dark as well. Anastasia was a single mother, so her son probably had her last name.

The little guy ran out and washed his hands. As he looked at the reflection of the tall man in the mirror, he suddenly commented, "Sir, we look like each other!"

Elliot froze before he earnestly examined their faces and realized that they had indeed resembled each other.

Their eyes, eyebrows, nose, lips, and even the curve of their chins were exactly the same.

"Sir, are you single? Do you have a girlfriend?" The inquisitive little guy raised his head and asked.

Elliot could see what the kid was thinking behind those huge eyes of his. However, despite knowing the child's intentions, he told the truth. "Yes, I'm single. I don't have a girlfriend."

"Then, will you consider my mommy? She's young, beautiful and has a good figure. She's also kind and gentle on top of cooking very well." The little guy began advertising his mother. He wanted to solve his grandpa's troubles and also to look for a man to take care of his mommy.

Surprise colored Elliot's eyes. This little guy is pretty interesting, he thought. He narrowed his eyes and responded, "Then, you'll have to ask her whether she's willing to marry me. If she is, I'll be willing to take her hand."

The little guy blinked with his large eyes, happy to know that everyone had loved his mother.

After all, this handsome man said he was willing to marry her right off the bat.

"All right, I'll ask for you. What's your name?" The little guy nodded earnestly, walking toward the elevator when he was done washing his hands.

"My name is Elliot Presgrave," the man replied in his deep and alluring voice.

"Okay! Got it." The little guy committed it to memory. For some reason, he wanted to stay with this handsome man for a bit longer.

"Sir, my mommy is in a meeting now, so can I go to your office to play?"

"Of course." Elliot nodded. He was just leading the little guy out when two employees came walking from the other direction. They were instantly shocked when they saw the little guy next to Elliot. President Presgrave has a son?

"President Presgrave, I assume this is your son? He's too cute!"

"Yes! He looks just like you!" The two female employees exclaimed in surprise.

Elliot frowned as he looked at the little guy next to him. Do we look so similar? Me and this kid?

Then, he looked at the little guy. Even though the child wasn't his son, he somehow still felt attached to him and couldn't help but want to pamper him.

His grandmother was right to urge him to take care of the child because he could feel an indescribable affinity to this child.

In the meeting room, Grace opened the door and rushed in with a panicked expression. "Anastasia, Jared is missing."

"What?" Anastasia immediately rose to her feet and ran out of the meeting room without another word. She saw that her son was indeed missing from her office, and Grace had also clarified that she had searched the entire floor, but to no avail.

At this moment, an assistant arrived from the 8th floor to deliver documents and said to Anastasia, "Miss Tillman, I saw a child with President Presgrave just now!"

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Anastasia hurriedly took the elevator to the 8th floor. She stood in front of the president's office and knocked on the door before she opened it without even waiting for a response.

When she spotted her son seated on Elliot's couch, she immediately sighed in relief before shouting in anger, "Jared, are you trying to give me the fright of my life?! Why did you run off like that?!"

Jared didn't expect his actions to have frightened his mother so much that she went pale. He hastily ran over and wrapped his arms around her leg. "Mommy, I'm sorry. It's all my fault."

Anastasia also realized that she had overreacted, so she hugged him and sighed again. "Don't do that again."

"Go back to work and leave him to me. I'll babysit him for you." A man's voice rang out from behind them.

She was stunned. This man must be trying to repay some kindness, but she didn't want to accept any help from him apart from work. Moreover, she didn't feel the need to bother him with a task like babysitting.

"It's fine. Thanks for the offer," a reluctant Anastasia replied.

"Mommy, I like being with Mr. Handsome. Can you let me stay here until you get off work? Please?" The little guy asked happily with obvious anticipation on his face.

Anastasia was speechless at her son's behavior. He could have chosen anyone to stick to, but of all the people, he chose Elliot.

"No. Come back to my office. I still have a meeting to attend, but I'll treat you to something lovely for lunch."

"I don't want to! I want to play here in Mr. Handsome's office." The little guy began to sulk, which was actually rare for him.

Knowing that the meeting was still ongoing with the launch event for their new release on the agenda, Anastasia gritted her teeth. She looked up at the impressive man in front of her before saying, "Then, please help me look after him for a while."

"Sure!" Elliot nodded.

"Jared, don't cause any trouble, okay? Mommy is going back to the meeting."

"I'll be good," the little guy promised.

Anastasia turned and left for the meeting. The little guy happily sat on the couch again, then fished out a Rubik's cube from his backpack and began playing with it.

Elliot sat right opposite him and watched the little guy skillfully rotate the cube. Jared completed the puzzle within 2 minutes, a clear indication of his marvelous IQ.

"Who taught you that?"

"I learnt it myself. Mr. Handsome, how long would you take to complete it?" The little guy laughed as he asked.

Elliot took the cube and scrambled it, then he completed the puzzle within 10 seconds. He threw the item back to the little guy, who gaped as he looked at Elliot in admiration. "You're awesome, Sir!"

It was just a little kid's praise, but Elliot felt extremely good about it. He grinned and commented, "You're quite good yourself too." ||

If one were to chance upon this scene, one would be amazed to discover that the two looked exactly the same when they smiled.

Anastasia returned to the meeting room. Fortunately, Felicia didn't say much about the interlude and it was time for lunch by the time the meeting was done.

Anastasia was wondering where she should bring her son for lunch when the landline rang. She reached over and answered, "Hello."

"Jared is coming with me for lunch. Come and join us. We're at the restaurant opposite the company." The man's low voice sounded, apparently not taking 'no' for an answer.

Her mind began to buzz. Elliot has taken my son to lunch? Without my permission? Damn, this man just took my son away without any notice. How disrespectful!

Anastasia grabbed her phone and bag before she hastily went out. The restaurant opposite the company was of a higher status, and when she walked into the hall, she immediately spotted her son and Elliot seated by the window.

Anastasia took a deep breath and walked over to sit next to her son. "This lunch is my treat, as my thanks to President Presgrave for taking care of my son."

With that, she finally felt better about the situation.

Elliot gazed at her with a meaningful gaze, his thoughts complicated. This woman had refused even a little bit of kindness from him.

"Mommy, Mr. Handsome only needs 10 seconds to solve the Rubik's cube," the little guy commented as he wanted his mommy to know how excellent Mr. Handsome was as a person.

She smiled carelessly. "Oh, really?"

After having their orders taken, they were served some ice cream before the meal. The little guy happily took some right away and began to eat. As Anastasia knew that Jared had stomach problems since he was young, he couldn't eat too much alkaline food. Hence, she suggested, "Let me try some too."

"Here, Mommy." The little guy scooped some ice cream up for her, which she hastily ate. Moments after that, he scooped up some more and looked toward the man sitting opposite them. "Sir, do you want some too?"

Anastasia immediately panicked as she hastily stopped him. "Jared, I ate from this spoon earlier, so you mustn't offer it to someone else. It's not polite."

However, the man sitting opposite them narrowed his eyes, thinking, We've already kissed before, so why do you care?

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The little guy could only eat it on his own while Anastasia had also eaten a fair share of the ice cream. The man opposite them watched their interactions and couldn't help but find the scene interesting.

He was suddenly extremely curious about the identity of the child's father. What sort of man did this woman sleep with to give birth to this child?

At this moment, Elliot's phone rang. He took the device out and gave it a glance before picking up the call. "Hello, Hayley."

"Elliot, where are you? Can you have dinner with me tonight?"

"I'm at the company."

"You don't have to work overtime, right?"

"There's something important I have to attend to."

"B-But I want you with me."

"I'll call you after I'm done, alright?" Elliot coaxed her in his gentlest voice.

Anastasia immediately knew that it was Hayley. She looked up at the man opposite her and noticed his gentle expression as he coaxed Hayley just like a lover would. It looks like Hayley never lied after all.

It was true that she was someone important to Elliot.

"President Presgrave, is Hayley your girlfriend?" Anastasia's gaze was sharp as she looked at the man in front of her.

"We're just friends," Elliot explained in a low voice.

"Mr. Handsome is single. He doesn't have a girlfriend," the little guy suddenly testified.

She turned to look at her son. "And how do you know?"

"He told me himself. He also said that as long as you're willing to marry him, he's willing to marry you too. Mommy, let's not be picky, all right? Just get married!" The 4-year-old kid was worrying about his mother.

Anastasia was dumbfounded. Then, she narrowed her eyes as she shot a warning glare at the man opposite her. What did he tell Jared?

However, she was met with a complicated and meaningful gaze.

"You can consider the proposal," Elliot added in a low voice.

She replied without hesitation, "I shall not."

"I quite like Jared and I'm willing to take care of you both all my life." He looked at the little guy and realized that the reluctance in his heart had disappeared without a trace.

He was genuinely willing to take care of them.

Anastasia had other ideas. She knew that the man had said those words without fully meaning it. He just wanted to repay the kindness and to compensate for the fact that her mother had sacrificed herself to save him.

And she wanted this man to remember how great her mother's sacrifice was, and it wasn't something that could be compensated with repaying kindness.

Moreover, she was still greatly bothered about the fact that this man had slept with Hayley before. She had only kissed him that night, but she was already disgusted about it after she knew about the relationship that Hayley and Elliot had. In that case, what were the chances of her marrying him?

None. Never

"I don't need it, thanks," Anastasia politely declined.

Elliot looked at her as well and their gazes met; one complex and messy while the other calm and clear.

After lunch, Anastasia hurriedly left with her son. The little guy didn't forget to look back and bid the man goodbye. "Goodbye, Mr. Presgrave."

"Goodbye." Elliot waved at the little guy. Anastasia had taken the afternoon off, for she wanted to take her son on a visit to the museum in the city.

It was already evening by the time they had finished a round in the museum. Anastasia bought some groceries and returned to their apartment. Jared then went to play so that she could focus on preparing dinner. Then, a message notification rang on her phone at this time.

It was from Nigel. 'I'm getting off the plane at 10.00AM tomorrow. Will you and Jared come and pick me up?'

Anastasia thought that she would be holed up at home with her son over the weekend anyway, so meeting Nigel sounded like a good idea. She sent her reply, 'Sure! See you at the airport tomorrow.'

'Can't wait to see you two.'

'You'll see us when you come back tomorrow.'

'Wait for me, I'll bring gifts.'

Anastasia smiled as she replied, 'It better not be the exorbitant ones or I won't accept them.'

She informed her son about it later that night. The little guy was also elated at the idea of meeting Nigel. After all, Nigel often came over to play with him when they were living abroad, just like a real uncle would.

Chapter 39

In a private luxury villa halfway up the mountain, Elliot received a call from his grandmother. Since her beloved grandson was coming back, she asked Elliot to search for the time to pick him up tomorrow and they would have lunch at the Presgrave Residence right after that.

Elliot agreed. Later, he asked his assistant to send Nigel's flight information over and saw that he should pick Nigel up at 10.00AM tomorrow.

That weekend, Anastasia accompanied her son to have breakfast at a restaurant outside at 8:30AM. After checking the time, she went toward the direction of the airport at her own pace. Then, she decided to look for a cafe to pass the time in the airport

At 9:30AM, Anastasia accompanied her son to watch the planes take off by the large windows. Finally, at 9:50AM, she led her son toward the airport's arrivals section, but it was already crowded with people waiting for their loved ones. Holding her son's hand, she waited in the open space next to the arrivals.

The travelers finally emerged one after another. Amidst the crowd was a particularly dazzling figure who soon stepped forward. The man was wearing a blue shirt and casual jeans while a pair of sunglasses was perched on his thick hair. His facial features were handsome and charming, and he was surrounded by a superior aura. In fact, he was more eye-catching than celebrities.

"Mr. Nigel!" Jared ran over immediately while Anastasia also rushed over.

Nigel immediately pushed his trolley aside, then squatted down and hugged the little boy. "Hello, boy! Did you miss me?"

"Yes! Yes I did." Jared nodded.

"I've missed you too." After speaking, Nigel carried the little boy to place him on the trolley and steadily pushed the trolley toward Anastasia, who also smiled at him as she waited for him to come over.

At this moment, at the entrance of another passage, a handsome and mature figure quickly walked in with his assistant Rey. Elliot was late. However, he immediately saw Nigel at first glance and also saw that slender figure as well as the little boy sitting on the trolley at the same time.

It turned out that Anastasia was also here.

Just when Elliot decided to head over, he saw Nigel tightly hugging Anastasia. Seeing that, he halted all of a sudden among the crowd 10 meters away. His pupils shrank while he continued looking at the pair who were in a tight embrace. At this time, his mind was filled with extremely complicated thoughts.

"President Presgrave, do we still go forward?" Rey asked.

Elliot looked at the pair still in their embrace indifferently, his handsome face a little ugly.

"It seems that he doesn't need me to pick him up after all. Let's go back!" Elliot didn't wait for Rey to react before he turned to leave. The back of his figure seemed to emanate anger at this point.

Anastasia, who was suddenly hugged by Nigel, froze for a few seconds before she patted the man who was hugging her tightly. "Enough. You've squeezed me for too long and I'm almost out of breath."

Nigel smiled. "I've missed you! How can you understand that without me hugging you?"

"Okay, let's go!" she said to him.

Thus, the group of three walked out of the airport. He didn't let anyone from his family come to pick him up while she had taken a cab here, so they could only wait for a cab.

At this moment, a black car drove over and the driver inside was Elliot's driver.

"Young Master Nigel, please get in the car."

"Hey! Logan, why are you here?" Nigel asked in surprise.

"Young Master Elliot arranged for me to come," Logan explained while getting out of the car, then hurriedly carried the luggage to place it in the trunk.

In the car behind, Elliot, who had not left, sat in Rey's car while staring at the person in front of him. Elliot saw Nigel hug the little boy and kiss him before placing him in the back seat. Then, Anastasia entered the car while Nigel took the front passenger seat.

"President Presgrave, it seems that Young Master Nigel and Miss Tillman have a good relationship," Rey commented.

"Return to Presgrave Residence," Elliot ordered.

Chapter 40

On the way, Nigel received a call from his grandmother. However, since he had already agreed to accompany Anastasia and her son for lunch, he decided to only return to Presgrave Residence for dinner at night.

In the restaurant, Nigel talked about his plans to return to the country. He had returned to inherit the family business this time.

"What exactly does your family do? Can you tell me specifically?" an inquisitive Anastasia asked.

Nigel gave a mysterious smile; he had deliberately concealed his family background abroad and she had only known him as an ordinary hotel manager.

At this moment, he didn't want to hide the truth anymore, so he pointed to the most luxurious hotel outside the window and said, "That belongs to my family."

Anastasia turned to look out the window. It was a 7-star luxury hotel, yet it turned out to be owned by his family?

"My family has businesses in 36 countries around the world. The hotel that I interned at abroad is also owned by my family. Anastasia, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to hide it from you," he apologized.

She smiled. "It's okay. I didn't expect you to be the young master of a wealthy family."

"Don't say that. To you, I'm still me; nothing has changed," he hurriedly explained.

Anastasia shrugged and explained, "I'm also lucky to be able to be friends with you! I can proudly say to the outside world that I am friends with you!"

Nigel looked at her with a wry smile. Why did she just want to be his friend? He wanted to have a more intimate relationship with her. However, he was not in a hurry and could wait for her.

In the afternoon, he accompanied Jared to go shopping for clothes and toys. If Anastasia hadn't stopped him, he would probably have moved the entire Lego store home for Jared. She knew that he was wealthy, but he couldn't spoil her son so much because she was afraid that Jared would become a spoiled brat. The little boy was elated today because he had received many gifts, all of which were his favorites.

The little boy went to the room to unpack the gifts in Anastasia's apartment. Then, she poured a glass of water for Nigel and asked curiously, "Nigel, do you know Elliot?"

He almost choked on the water when he heard that, after which he hurriedly covered his thin lips and coughed. "Anastasia, you're not in love with him, are you?"

After being stunned for a few seconds, Anastasia frowned. "Why do you think so?"

"I admit that he is the only man more handsome and more attractive than me in this world. I am afraid that you will fall in love with him, and if that's the case, I won't be able to win the fight," Nigel said somewhat jokingly.

"You know him?"

"He's my cousin," he explained.

Hearing that, Anastasia was shocked and speechless. What? Is Elliot Nigel's cousin? No wonder his family is wealthy! It turned out that they're family!

"Anastasia, I know that he has acquired QR International Group and is now your new boss. Do you like him?"

She retorted indifferently, "No. Don't talk nonsense! Do you think I'm such a superficial person?"

A grinning Nigel immediately relaxed. "Of course, I know you have an eccentric character. Otherwise, based on my appearance alone, you would have fallen in love with me a long time ago."

Anastasia smiled before she looked at the time and said, "Aren't you going back to your family for dinner? Go ahead! It's already 5:30PM."

"Okay, I'll contact you tomorrow then." Nigel returned to the room, said goodbye to the little boy, and then left.

She was sitting on the sofa, still lost for words about how she got to know more of Elliot's family. No wonder Elliot didn't allow her to talk about what happened that night. So, was he also afraid of being humiliated?

When Monday came, Anastasia sent her son to kindergarten. Seeing how obediently her son went to school, she also went to work with a great peace of mind.

As soon as she arrived at the office, she was greeted by everyone's attention. She didn't know what had happened until a female assistant said to her, "Miss Tillman, your boyfriend is so handsome!".

Boyfriend? What boyfriend?

