

Room for you 91

Chapter 91

On the other hand, Anastasia was lying unconscious in the backseat of the van. At that moment, her hair was let down in a messy manner, and her intrinsic facial features gave off an unguarded look for what was coming next.

The two men in the van were sweating, as they weren't skilled in what Hayley wanted them to do despite collecting money from her.

"She won't wake up, will she? Was the drug strong enough?"

"I don't know either. I only took the recommended dose based on the instruction book. If it was too strong, she'd probably remain unconscious for a bit longer."

Once they reached the hotel, the two of them wore caps before dragging Anastasia into the hotel elevator. When they reached the presidential suite, Alice, who was in the place, opened the door for them. Although she noticed that Anastasia was dragged inside, she remained calm.

"Place her on the bed before you let her drink that cup of water on the table."

After Anastasia was placed on the couch, she was forcefully fed with half a cup of water that was spiked with aphrodisiac. Right then, Alice chuckled coldly as she looked at Anastasia. This is what you get for trying to snatch the money away from me.

The two men quickly left after placing Anastasia in bed while Alice left after. I guess Ben will be reaching anytime soon.

As expected, Ben quickly came in after scanning his room card. When he couldn't find Alice, he quickly contacted her.

"Hey, Alice, where are you?" Ben asked in a displeased tone as he sat down on the couch.

"I'm really sorry, Chairman Morris! I had to leave because of an emergency, but my colleague was still there. Have you seen her? She's drunk, so you'll have to take care of her!"

Upon hearing that, Ben stood up quickly from the couch and entered the master bedroom to see a woman with a slender and curvy body lying on the white bed. When he saw her face, he was completely stunned.

Ben didn't expect to see a prettier and sexier woman than Alice on his bed. As he was a perverted and daring man, he was happy that he finally had something to do for the night.

"Alice, you better not stand up on me next time. Is your colleague someone who is easy to get on with?"

"Don't worry! Just do as you wish. I can assure you that it'll be alright." Alice assured him.

"I'll help myself, then." Ben panted with anticipation.

At the same time, Alice, who was in her car, contacted Hayley. "Miss Seymour, I've gotten the men to place Anastasia in bed, and Ben is in the hotel room now."

"That's great. After tonight, Anastasia will be ruined," Hayley declared chirpily.

"Are you sure that Anastasia won't try to pin us on this?"

Hayley chuckled coldly. "She won't dare to do so. Since she still has to think about her son, she would choose to deal with the humiliation instead."

Besides, this is not her first time getting played by men anymore.

Meanwhile, Ben was toying with the tools that he had brought over next to the white bed. As he was into kinks, he would often torture the women that he slept with.

At the same time, Anastasia, who was still in a daze, regained consciousness after feeling a sudden surging heat. After opening her heavy eyelids slowly, she was shocked by the luxurious-looking hotel chandelier above her before she got up in an abrupt manner. Then, she turned around to see a man

toying with a bunch of disgusting-looking tools next to the bed.

“Who are you?” Anastasia asked weakly.

Since Ben was a recidivist, he obviously knew that this woman was placed in front of him without her consent. Still, he wasn’t planning on letting her go, as it had already come to this point.

“What... What have you done to me?” Anastasia felt dizzy as she held her forehead and tried to get down from the bed. However, her legs gave in almost immediately before she fell to the ground.

Right then, Anastasia came to a horrifying realization that she was tricked when she realized that she lacked strength and could feel a familiar burning sensation within her body.

“Hey, pretty girl! Why are you so anxious? I’ll be sure to be nice to you later on,” Ben said before he tried to hold Anastasia.

“Do not touch me! Get away! Stop touching me...” Anastasia pushed him away harshly before she staggered out of the master bedroom and tried to look for her bag to get help.

However, Ben, who was behind her, dashed out and ran after her. Although he was already in his fifties, he was still stronger than Anastasia because he was a man. Nevertheless, Anastasia’s fight-or-flight response was triggered when she had a devastating realization that Ben was about to drag her back into the bedroom.

Immediately, she bit Ben’s hand harshly before she dragged her strengthless body to the couch to grab her bag. However, Ben was already waiting for Anastasia with a smirk on his face at the entrance of the suite when she wanted to make her escape.

“Where are you trying to go, honey? Why won’t you let me love you?”

Anastasia felt revolted when she heard Ben and felt like she was about to puke what she ate yesterday. Upon seeing that her route to escape was obstructed, she turned around and noticed the washroom before dashing over and closing the door before locking it.

- Immediately, Ben ran toward the washroom and banged on the door. “Open up, honey. You won’t be able to escape me tonight.”

At the same time, Anastasia was rummaging through her bag anxiously. When she found her phone, the first person that came to her mind was Francis, but Francis was still taking care of Jared, so she decided to call Nigel instead. However, no one accepted the call despite the call being connected.

Right then, Anastasia had her heart in her mouth as Ben’s angry shouts and door banging kept ringing out.

She knew that she could lose her consciousness again anytime soon as she was still feeling strengthless after drinking the spiked drink, and she thought of another person before she quickly grabbed her phone and contacted Elliot.

Chapter 92

“Hello?” The call was accepted within three seconds before Elliot’s deep voice rang out.

“Help me... Elliot, please help me.. I got tricked, and I’m now hiding in the washroom of a suite. There’s a man outside who wants to hurt me... I’m feeling really dizzy: — Please help me...”

As Anastasia trailed off, Elliot’s anxious voice quickly came in. “What hotel are you at? Which suite?”

“I don’t know... I was taken here... I’ll send you my location now... Elliot... Please save me...” Then, she felt her consciousness drifting away before she fainted in the washroom.

At the same time, a black car sped out of Presgrave Group’s parking lot before it dashed to the hotel that was being pinpointed. The handsome man who was driving had a cold look on his face. Who would

try to plot against Anastasia? Who would dare to trick her?

Within 15 minutes, Elliot's car entered the hotel's parking lot before he started making his way to the hotel reception. Although he tried calling Anastasia, no one accepted the call, indicating that she had already lost consciousness.

"Get your manager over now. My friend is getting assaulted at your hotel, and I want the hotel to take full responsibility if anything happens to her."

When the manager came and saw Elliot, he started perspiring. Isn't this the young master of the Presgrave Family?

"I'll check the surveillance camera right away, Young Master Elliot." The manager quickly entered the surveillance room before he found the footage of an unconscious girl getting carried into the elevator within two minutes. She was taken by two men in caps, and they took her to the presidential suite. After getting the suite number, Elliot dashed to the elevator while the manager followed along with two of his employees. While the elevator started heading up rapidly, he felt his heartbeat increasing by BPMs along with it.

Come on! Move faster! Faster! Has Anastasia been... No. I won't let that happen. I won't allow – Anastasia to get assaulted again. Right then, Elliot was feeling murderous as he tried to figure out who would try to harm Anastasia.

Back at the presidential suite, Ben had made sure Anastasia fainted in the washroom. As expected, he started picking the lock to the washroom, as he didn't dare to ask for help from the hotel. At this moment, he was picking on the washroom door with a tool before the entrance to the suite was kicked open.

Then, an angry figure came in. Right then, Elliot looked like Satan himself paying a visit to Ben. Before the cunning old man could react, Elliot brought his leg down on him with a disgusted look on his face. After he kicked Ben away, the manager quickly got his employees to unlock the door under Elliot's instructions, as Anastasia had lost consciousness in the washroom.

The employees came back in a hurry within a minute with the keys before they unlocked the door to the washroom and found a disheveled-looking woman leaning against the wall. Despite the illumination of the light on her pale face, her beauty was still astounding

"Anastasia..." Elliot called out anxiously before he carried her up from the ground.

At the same time, Ben finally recognized Elliot, after which he fell to the ground in shock and disbelief that he had tried to cross his woman.

Before Elliot left with Anastasia, he instructed the manager coldly, "I want you to nie lodge a police report and have this man detained."

Immediately, the manager got his employees to restrain Ben while he went to contact the police.

On the other hand, Anastasia felt relieved when she sensed the familiar scent of the man carrying her before she wrapped her arms around the man's neck tightly to reduce the burning sensation that she had been feeling.

Despite that, Elliot didn't leave with Anastasia and brought her to another room instead. After he placed her on the bed gently, she refused to let go of him, as she knew Elliot was the one carrying her before she opened her beautiful teary-looking eyes.

Upon meeting Anastasia's gaze, Elliot felt his breath hitching. Even though he knew he shouldn't be having these feelings at this moment, it was impossible for any man not to feel tempted at the sight of Anastasia right then.

Chapter 93

When Anastasia regained some of her consciousness, she curled up in a blanket with her hair spread out messily after knowing that she was safe. Despite that, the drug's effect was still tormenting her endlessly.

Upon noticing Elliot, she felt her rationale slipping away before she suddenly felt like hugging him.

"Can... Can you hug me?" Anastasia was experiencing chills and heat flashes simultaneously, and she was feeling extremely uncomfortable.

Knowing that she wanted, Elliot reached out to pull her into his embrace before hugging her tightly.

Meanwhile, Anastasia looked up to observe the man's chiseled brow ridge and nose. From her point of view, she could see a gentle look in the man's eyes, and it was calling out for her.

Elliot's gaze felt like a feathery touch to Anastasia's heart before her impulsive self made her do something out of character. In the next second, she sat up and held Elliot's face before planting a kiss on his lips.

At the same time, Elliot tensed up. Is she trying to use me as a cure?

Still, he knew that everything that was happening wasn't something that Anastasia would willingly do since she wasn't thinking rationally, so there was no need for him to be happy about it.

In fact, she might regret what happened when she regained consciousness. Still, rejecting Anastasia put Elliot's self-control to the test.

When he tasted Anastasia's lips, he felt his self-control leaving completely before he grabbed her slender waist with his strong arms. Then, Elliot pulled Anastasia toward him and took the lead before the two of them fell onto the bed.

The kiss opened the Pandora box, and there was no way to stop it now.

Nevertheless, Elliot didn't actually try to attempt to do anything to Anastasia. While she was still in a daze, he picked her up and headed to the bathroom before placing her in the bathtub. Since it was a summer night, the water was cooler than usual. Right then, Anastasia's body was immersed underwater as she propped her head by the edge of the bathtub and moaned weakly.

Now that her rationale was starting to return, she looked up before her mind went blank momentarily. After coming back to her senses, Anastasia felt so embarrassed she wanted to disappear. Did I just kiss him forcefully?

In fact, she also recalled herself trying to offer herself up to him.

"Have you finally come back to your senses?" Elliot stood by the bathtub as he looked at her with a worried look. Nevertheless, he felt as if he needed a cold shower as well because his body felt extremely warm right then.

There was no way Elliot would be able to handle watching Anastasia getting out of the showers after getting teased by her back then.

On the other hand, Anastasia started making connections as to why she ended up in that old man's bed after she came back to her senses. Everything started because of the text message that she had received, and she was drugged at the alley where she was supposed to meet the man before she ended up waking up on the bed.

It was obvious that she was sent to the old man. At this moment, Anastasia checked that she still had all her garments on before sighing in relief.

"Thank you," she looked up and thanked the man standing by the entrance of the bathroom. If Elliot hadn't rushed over to save her, she couldn't imagine what could have happened to her.

"Why did something like this happen? Who drugged you before sending you to this

man's bed?" There was an annoyed look in Elliot's eyes. Why can't she do a better job of protecting herself?

Meanwhile, Anastasia sighed before she stood up from the water. However, she quickly sat back in the bathtub as the water had drenched her outfit and revealed her body shape completely.

"Can you get me something to change into?" Anastasia gave Elliot a pleading look.

Then, Elliot went to get the housekeeping staff to get Anastasia an outfit before he left the bathroom, allowing Anastasia to take a shower before changing into her new outfit. When she came out in the beige dress with her waist-level hair down, Elliot, who was on the couch, was stunned before he rejoiced secretly that nothing had happened to her tonight.

Chapter 94

Just then, Anastasia heard a notification ringtone. Hence, she tensed up and went to sit on the couch, taking her phone to read the new message, which was threatening.

'Anastasia, you'd better pretend nothing happened tonight, or you'll face the consequences. I've warned you.

"Think of our son! The second message was even more confusing.

Hatred flashed in the depths of Anastasia's eyes. So this is the jerk that tricked me here!

"Where's that jerk?" Anastasia asked the man.

"Probably on his way to the police station."

Anastasia walked over to the bed and called up the front desk, asking when the receptionist picked up,

"Has that jerk been sent to the police station?"

"Miss, you're the victim just now, right? The police are on their way right now; our security guards are keeping the man under control."

"Where's the security room?" Anastasia asked.

"The 3rd floor."

Anastasia hung up and turned around to look at the man. "Thank you for tonight, President Presgrave. I have matters to deal with, so I'll leave first."

With that, Anastasia opened the door, intending to leave right away. However, the man behind her strode over and followed her. When Anastasia got in the elevator, he also followed suit. His black eyes were trained on her as he asked, "What happened?"

Anastasia didn't want to blow things up, so she bunched some of her hair together as she said, "Nothing much, just some stroke of bad luck. Someone plotted against me."

Elliot saw that she didn't want to talk about it, and he felt angry for some reason. His large hand gripped her wrist as he asked once again, "Anastasia, tell me what exactly happened. Why would you be toyed with by this man?"

Of course, Anastasia didn't want the entire world to know that her son's father was a – despicable and shameless escort. Hence, she raised her clear and calm eyes to look at the man. "Don't ask. I don't want to talk about it."

When Anastasia finished talking, they had arrived on the 3rd floor, and she wriggled her wrist free and walked toward the security room.

Just then, in the security room, Ben Morris was making a fuss about getting his lawyer, flustered as he shoved two security guards. When he saw Anastasia, he was frightened and looked away in shame.

Anastasia really wanted to just stab this old pervert to death, but the one who deserved death the most was the jerk behind the scenes.

"Let him go. I won't hold him responsible," Anastasia said to the security guard, gritting her teeth.

Everyone present was shocked. Ben glared at the security guard in embarrassment and shame, intending to leave as soon as possible. Suddenly, a long leg slammed against his waist, forcing him to fall to the ground. The next second, someone had mercilessly stepped on his back so that his face met the ground again after he attempted to get up.

"Ow..." Ben whined.

"Who allowed you to leave?" Elliot didn't have the slightest intention of letting him off the hook.

Anastasia turned to look at Elliot. Remembering the threat that jerk sent, she walked over to Elliot and said, "Just let him get lost."

"Anastasia, do you know the things that would've happened to you if I hadn't rushed here?" Elliot's handsome face had a terrible expression, and his gaze was cold and sharp like blades when he looked at her.

Anastasia knew that, of course. I'm the victim, so how can I not?

However, she wanted to protect her son more, so she didn't want that jerk from five years ago to appear in front of her son and destroy his peaceful world.

This old pervert is only part of the trade.

"Elliot, this matter concerns me, so I have the right to make the decisions." With that, Anastasia went in front of him and pushed his leg away. Under him, Ben was frightfully sweating buckets, and he scrambled as he fled out the door.

It really was an unlucky night for him actually to run into Elliot, of all people. In reality, he almost died. Anastasia watched the old pervert leave, then she turned and talked to the man with a handsome but gloomy face. "Let's go back."

Anastasia was about to leave, but the man grabbed her hand. She could feel the man's fury, and as soon as the elevator doors opened, he forced her against the wall of the elevator.

With their faces meeting and their noses almost touched, she could feel his angry breaths on her face.

Chapter 95

Anastasia glared at Elliot as she tried to push him away, and her voice was laced with warning as she said, "What are you doing, Elliot?"

The man's gaze was dark and deep, like a knocked-over pot of ink. He gritted his teeth and growled, "Anastasia, I can satisfy you if you need a man."

A buzz shot through Anastasia's mind. What nonsense is this man saying?

Just then, the elevator doors opened with a ding. A few hotel guests were standing outside, gaping at their intimate pose. Immediately, Anastasia pushed the man on top of her away and ran out of the elevator, fleeing the scene. She decided to let him off the hook for once, since he literally saved her tonight.

Afterward, Anastasia decided to hail a cab home, but she couldn't see any cabs at the hotel entrance at this hour. As she was about to walk further to the main road for her ride, a man's low voice rang out behind her. "I'll take you home."

"It's okay. I don't want to trouble you," Anastasia replied, turning to look at the man.

"Why? Am I so untrustworthy to you?" Elliot was angry as his large hand grabbed her wrist, pulling her with him as he walked toward his car. Since she couldn't break free, she could only follow him to his car before he opened the door to the passenger seat and pushed her in.

Anastasia helplessly got in. She had gone through enough surprises tonight, so her legs were wobbly, and she felt like her body was emptied out. Being reminded of something, she quickly grabbed her phone and glanced at it to find that the man hadn't replied.

At that moment, she really wished that the man would just disappear from her world once and for all, never appearing ever again.

Elliot hadn't driven for long when Anastasia's phone rang. It was a call from Nigel.

Anastasia picked it up. "Hello, Nigel."

As soon as Anastasia finished talking, she could feel a sharp glance directed at her.

"Hello, Anastasia. Did you call? I was busy just now, so I didn't notice." Nigel's voice – was terribly apologetic.

"It's fine now, don't mind me. I accidentally pressed the wrong button," Anastasia said while trying to seem as natural as possible.

"I'll see you tomorrow at noon, and then we can have lunch together."

"Sure! See you tomorrow at noon, then."

"Did you miss me? I miss you a lot." Nigel took the opportunity to confess.

"All right, see you tomorrow!" Anastasia laughed as she ended the call. As she stashed her phone back into her bag, a man's low and upset voice asked beside her, "So, the first person you called for help was Nigel?"

T LETTER

Anastasia was stunned, but she nodded earnestly. "Yes, but Nigel didn't pick up."

"So when you get in trouble, the first person you think of isn't me but Nigel?" the man questioned again, as if looking for confirmation.

"Thank you for tonight." No matter what, Anastasia was sincerely grateful for his help.

"How are you going to thank me?" Elliot turned to look at her, a meaningful look in his eyes.

Anastasia pursed her lips. "I'll treat you to a meal."

"All right, then. Cancel the lunch appointment with Nigel tomorrow, and treat me to lunch instead," the man said on purpose.

Anastasia was puzzled. Why is he insisting on tomorrow?

"Fine, I'll treat Nigel to dinner instead, so the lunch is yours." Anastasia rearranged her schedule.

Unexpectedly, this arrangement made the man even more upset. "So Nigel is more important than I am to you?" he asked with a snort.

Anastasia went speechless.

What is this man getting all jealous about? I've known Nigel for a few years, but Elliot and I only knew each other for a short while! Also, isn't Nigel his cousin? What's his deal?

Anastasia sighed and smiled in exasperation. "All right, then, President Presgrave. What about this? I'll treat you to both lunch and dinner tomorrow."

He'll have the entire day to himself, so he should be happy now, right?

Chapter 96

However, Anastasia's forced tone didn't manage to lift the man's mood. Instead, Elliot felt as if she was forced to treat him to meals.

"Why did you let that jerk go instead of handing him over to the police? And how did you even appear at the hotel in the first place?" Elliot still wanted to know the reason.

Anastasia lied casually, "I got tricked into the hotel; I don't even know that man."

"Who tricked you?"

"Someone I knew over a meal."

“So you needed him?” Elliot kept interrogating.

Anastasia couldn't keep telling stories anymore, so she mumbled, “Yes.”

“Remember this, Anastasia. Whatever you need, you should ask me first before asking anyone else. At least I won't do something sneaky on you,” Elliot reminded.

Anastasia wasn't quite ready to agree with him, for he had taken advantage of her many times, and she could hold him responsible if she wanted.

“Okay, sure.” Anastasia paid him lip service.

The more Elliot thought about it, the more furious he got when he remembered how they just let that jerk go like that. Just then, Elliot's car phone rang, and Hayley's name popped up on the control panel. He did not pick up the call, merely looking at it, but when Anastasia saw Hayley's name, disgust flitted across her eyes.

The ringtone was still sounding, but Elliot didn't move to pick up the call, allowing the ringing to stop on its own.

“Why didn't you pick up the call? What if your girlfriend was in an emergency?” Anastasia asked him on purpose.

“Hayley isn't my girlfriend; we're just friends,” Elliot retorted.

—“Oh! Friends with benefits.” Anastasia couldn't help but throw in an insult.

Elliot eyed her, then asked in a hoarse voice, “So you're bothered about the thought that I slept with her?”

Anastasia returned the question. “Why should I be? I don't care who you sleep with; it's none of my business.”

Elliot's face darkened, and his eyebrows scrunched up. Every word this woman spoke was provoking him.

The atmosphere in the car turned awkward and heavy, so heavy that Anastasia felt uncomfortable about it. While the man drove, she secretly studied him as the street lights cast dark shadows on his handsome face. He wore a fitting white shirt, and despite the day's activities, the shirt was still free of wrinkles. His profile was clear and well-defined, as if God Himself had drawn perfect lines on him.

She had to admit that this man was so perfect that no one could find anything wrong with him. Noticing that she was about to arrive at her community, Anastasia couldn't help but let out a sigh. Home! At last! No matter what, this man helped a lot to ensure her safe return.

“President Presgrave, thank you so much for tonight.” Anastasia thanked him again, and she was absolutely sincere with her words.

“If you run into similar trouble in the future, I should be the first person you ask for help. If you ask any other man to help you, I won't help you anymore,” Elliot ordered.

Anastasia was speechless.

Do I even have to consider his priorities when asking for help? What sort of reasoning is this?

Still, reasoning or not, her main goal was to appease the man, so she nodded. “All right, got it.”

Elliot watched her get out of the car, the look in his eyes complicated and dark. Every time she left his side, he would feel a sense of longing, as if hoping that she would stay with him forever. His thoughts made him frown, for he was a little mad at the power the woman held over him.

As Elliot watched Anastasia walk through the main entrance of the community, he slowly drove away.

Just then, Hayley called him again. Finally, Elliot answered the call this time. “Hello. What's the matter, Hayley?”

“Elliot, where are you? I just took a nap and had a terrifying nightmare. I'm so scared. Please come over

and stay with me.” Hayley’s voice sounded as if she were still shaken.

“I have urgent business to attend to. I’ll send my assistant, Daniel Lancaster, to accompany you,” Elliot said in a low voice.

“No, I want you. No one can make me feel safe except for you. Please, Elliot, I beg of you. Come over!” Hayley’s voice was now tinted with sobbing.

“I really can’t go right now, Hayley. Please, be a good girl.” Elliot could only comfort her over the phone. On the other end of the line, Hayley’s voice sounded disappointed, but she still obeyed. “Fine, then. You don’t have to send anyone over. Just give me a present as compensation tomorrow, and I’ll let this slide.”

“Sure, what do you want?”

“I just bought a white dress, but I don’t have any jewelry to go with it. You can give me a set!”

“Oh. Sure.” Elliot’s reply was quick and decisive, for he would rather compensate with material things than make it up to her emotionally.

Meanwhile, in the luxurious villa, Hayley had just ended her call with Elliot. There was a fire burning in her eyes, for her plans tonight were ruined.

Half an hour earlier, Hayley had received a call from Alice saying that Anastasia had found someone to save her. More importantly, that someone was none other than Elliot himself.

Chapter 97

Fortunately, Hayley managed to play the role of the escort as she threatened Anastasia not to call the police, hence letting Ben go. More than 10 minutes later, she received news that Ben had escaped from the hotel in one piece.

So, Hayley figured out that Elliot was with Anastasia, and Elliot hadn’t picked up her first call because Anastasia was with him! Her plans tonight were met with surprises, but no damage was done. She felt like she had wasted her efforts, since she didn’t manage to get Anastasia to fall for her original plan. However, if she kept playing the role of the escort, she would have Anastasia dancing in the palm of her hand.

Alice also recognized that Anastasia’s relationship with Elliot was quite unusual, so it was as clear as day that Anastasia had backing in the company, so Alice probably wouldn’t be able to hit the jackpot herself. However, if the opportunity arose in the future, she would still try to remove Anastasia from Bourgeois, for Alice was an ambitious woman. She wanted to become the chief designer and then work her way up to Felicia’s level, proceeding to become the director of the design department.

Anastasia wasn’t just her rival but also the obstacle that blocked her path.

When Anastasia came home, she found that her father had taken good care of her son. She lay on the bed, listening to her son’s calm breathing next to her, but she herself couldn’t sleep.

Whenever she closed her eyes, she would see the image of her being entangled with Elliot in the hotel. If she remembered correctly, she was the one who made the first move.

It’s so embarrassing

Under the influence of the drug; she had thrown away all sense of shame as she hugged him and kissed him all over. If Elliot hadn’t declined, she probably would’ve gone further.

I really want to delete this part of my memory.

– Fortunately, the man didn’t mention the incident afterward, or she would’ve shriveled up and died of shame.

Meanwhile, at the Tillman Residence, Francis came home late once again. Naomi sat on the couch,

nagging furiously as she looked at the man who had just returned.

"You were babysitting for your eldest daughter again, weren't you? This home isn't yours anymore, and your home should be over there. Why did you come back here?"

Francis explained, "Anastasia was occupied."

Naomi could worry less about the grandson. She was more concerned that her husband was favoring Anastasia, and he might put Anastasia in charge of his company in the future. She still had a clear grasp of where her own daughter stood in all this.

Anastasia was more capable and responsible than her daughter, and anyone with eyes could tell. She was just scared that her own daughter wouldn't be able to put up a fight against Anastasia.

"Francis, I don't ask for anything else. I just want you to give Erica the same things you gave Anastasia. You can't be favoring one over the other, or this family should just fall apart. There would be no reason to stay together anymore." With that, Naomi's eyes reddened as she began to sob.

"All right, all right. I'll treat you and Erica well too." Francis still comforted her. After all, they were his wife and daughter, so he wanted to treat them equally.

"You'd better keep your word." Naomi buried herself in his arms, binding him with her womanly meekness.

Francis's heart softened a little. "Of course! I will do everything I promised to do."

Early in the morning, after dropping off her son, Anastasia went to work. The results of the jewelry competition would be announced tomorrow, and she felt even more motivated to work. Moreover, now that Presgrave Corporation had bought Bourgeois, the future was bright for them.

In the office, Anastasia remembered that she was supposed to treat Elliot to lunch at noon, so she could only call Nigel to tell him that she had to cancel her lunch with him. To smooth things over, she could only lie. "Nigel, we have a meeting at noon, so I can only have a quick lunch in the office. Let's have lunch together next time."

"Is it so busy over there? So much so that you don't even have time to eat? Your job is _hopeless, Anastasia. Come work for my company instead!" i

"Come on. I love my work. I've said all I have to say now, so I'm hanging up."

"Hey..." Nigel was about to say something, but Anastasia ended the call before she could hear more.

At the morning meeting, Alice's glare of rivalry was trained on Anastasia, but she didn't know that Alice had taken part in the incident last night.

Her fears last night proved useless, for Anastasia hadn't received any messages from the gigolo ever since.

Phew! That's a relief indeed.

Chapter 98

After the meeting ended, Alice suddenly stopped Anastasia. "Anastasia, let's compete fairly if you have the skills. If you win the prize just because of your connections, you're barely worth my time."

Anastasia didn't know where Alice was coming from. Why is Alice saying such things to me, anyway? Since we're both rivals, and Alice was rude to me first, I have every right to defend myself.

"I don't know what you're talking about. I've always gotten by with my skills."

"Hah!" Alice snorted and left.

At around 11 am, Anastasia took a deep breath and made a call to the president's office.

"Hello." Elliot's exclusively alluring voice rang out.

"Anastasia here. Would you have time for lunch together at noon, President Presgrave?" she asked.

"Sure! I'll make the reservations," Elliot answered.

Anastasia felt a little awkward now. If this man made reservations at a high-class restaurant, her wallet would be in trouble.

"I know a place with good food. Why not," Anastasia attempted to save her wallet.

"Why? Not willing to splurge on me?" the man questioned her mockingly before she finished her sentence.

"Of course not. Never mind, you can make the reservations," Anastasia replied boldly.

The call ended, and she couldn't help but let out a sigh. Since Elliot wanted to break her bank with food, she would have to allow it. She decided to go all out, since he had saved her last night after all. It was almost half-past eleven when Anastasia received a private message from Elliot. 'See you in the parking lot in 10 minutes.'

Anastasia replied with a 'ok.

– She took her bag and went out, heading directly toward the elevator. After she got in, she pressed the button that would take her to the second basement, where the VIP car park was.

When Anastasia emerged, she didn't notice a gray sports car at the side that had just pulled up. Inside, a man was about to get out of the car when he spotted her and stared at her through the window in disbelief.

Then, the man watched as she opened the door of a Rolls-Royce and got in.

That's Elliot's private car. That's my cousin's car. Nigel's eyes went wide, quite unable to believe that Anastasia had canceled her date with him, only to go on a date with his cousin.

Where are they going?

Unable to keep his curiosity in check, Nigel started his car and tailed Elliot's car right away. As Anastasia sat in Elliot's car, she wondered which restaurant this man was taking her to.

This city was full of private kitchens that boasted premium ingredients, and a single meal could cost 10 thousand or even up to 100 thousand. This might be the normal price of a meal for a man of Elliot's stature, but for common folks like her, it was an unbelievable number.

Suddenly, Anastasia recognized the familiar street. She gasped in surprise, for it was the route back to her home.

"President Presgrave, you made reservations at a restaurant near my house?" Anastasia asked curiously.

"Yes," the man replied calmly.

Then, Anastasia found her residential area right next to them, and the man had pulled up in a parking space at the entrance of her place. She was stunned and looked at the man in confusion.

"Get out of the car with me. We'll buy some groceries, and you'll cook for me." Elliot turned around and stared at her.

Anastasia could hardly react. This man didn't want her to treat him to lunch at a restaurant; he wanted her to make him lunch!

_"I'm too lazy to cook. Let's just go to a restaurant." Anastasia didn't want to bring him home. After all, her son wasn't at home, so things would be awkward if it were just the two of them.

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"Anastasia, this is my request. You'd better satisfy my needs." With that, Elliot opened the door and went out.

Anastasia was speechless. However, she didn't have the capacity to decline, since he really did save her last night.

Chapter 99

Fine, my wallet would be safe this way. If Anastasia cooked lunch, she wouldn't have to spend more than 100.

When she was getting out of the car, she was lost in her thoughts. She was about to run over to the supermarket on the other side of the road when an electric car sped near her, not giving her time to even respond. Instantly, the man behind her held her waist at lightning speed, pulling her into his embrace to get her out of danger.

Anastasia glared furiously at the speeding electric car, shouting, "Watch where you're going!"

When she was done, she realized a strong arm was still wrapped around her waist. Therefore, she reached out and pushed him away. "Just wait here. I'll get some ingredients at the supermarket over there."

"We'll go together." With that, the man crossed the road with her.

They failed to notice that in one of the cars near them, a pair of surprised eyes were watching them. Disappointment flitted across the depths of Nigel's eyes. Anastasia declined a lunch date with me and chose to go shopping with my cousin?

Nigel thought that they were just buying things and they would go back to the car later. Hence, he decided to wait for them.

In the supermarket, Anastasia was picking out some vegetables. Elliot said she could just cook whatever dishes she was best at, and he wouldn't be choosy. Hence, she just bought ingredients for some dishes she usually cooked for her son. Well, it's easier for me this way.

When she paid for the ingredients, the total was below 100 as expected. The cashier had just finished putting the items in the bag when she saw the bag being lifted and carried by Elliot. While attempting to steal another look at him, the young cashier messed up the calculations, and she had to count the money again with a blush on her face. After Anastasia paid for the items, the two left together. They walked across the street toward Anastasia's residential area. Meanwhile, Nigel was still hiding in the car when he watched Elliot carry the bag of groceries, chatting with Anastasia as they walked through the entrance.

– The sight of the duo gave Nigel the shock of his life. Why did they enter a residential area? He immediately remembered that Anastasia's father had bought a house for her, so could it be that the aforementioned house was the whole residential area?

So, my cousin is going to Anastasia's house with her? And they'll have a date with a home cooked meal? Nigel began to fret, a huge wave of disappointment washing over him. Could it be that Anastasia preferred mature men like Elliot? Is this the reason she kept rejecting me?

Nigel returned to his car, his handsome face forlorn. Soon, he reached out and grabbed his phone, then dialed Elliot's number.

"Hello, Nigel," Elliot's voice said over the phone.

"Elliot, are you free right now? I can treat you to lunch."

"I have an appointment, so maybe next time!" Just as expected, Elliot declined.

"How important is this appointment? It's not every day I offer to buy you lunch, so can't you cancel the appointment and have lunch with me instead?" Nigel was poking at his cousin to get an answer out of him.

"It's an important client, so I can't cancel. I'll treat you next time, all right?" With that, he hung up.

Nigel felt like a knife was stabbed in his chest. Elliot knew very well that Nigel was 1. pursuing Anastasia, so was he trying to snatch the woman Nigel fell for?

In the elevator, Anastasia was tense as she listened in on Elliot's phone call with Nigel. She had rejected Nigel today, and she felt a bit guilty for that.

Elliot swept a meaningful gaze over her, and then he narrowed his eyes with a complex look. Upon arriving, Anastasia invited him in, after which she began busying about in the kitchen. She was wearing a white blouse with a black skirt, looking very professional. However, with this man around, she deemed it unfitting to change, so she just donned an apron before getting to work.

However, little did she know that her cutting vegetables in the kitchen in full business attire was like a seduction to men who loved themselves some good uniforms.

Chapter 100

Elliot was drinking water as he leaned against the doorway, watching Anastasia bustle about. When Anastasia turned to look, she realized straight away that the mug in the man's hand belonged to her. She went hot in the face. "This is my mug."

"Oh! What's the problem?" The man raised an eyebrow, his eyes narrowing in a smile.

Anastasia suggested a little awkwardly, "We have disposable cups here, so why don't you use that instead?"

"We've kissed before, so what are you worried about?" Elliot's lips curved into a grin as he mused about how ridiculous she was acting.

Anastasia decided not to bother him anymore, and at that moment, she was even more convinced that letting him into her house was not a good idea.

Therefore, Anastasia continued cutting and washing vegetables in the kitchen. She had casually pinned her originally loose hair behind her head with a hair clip, and the few loose strands of hair added to her allure. The man continued drinking from her mug as he let his mind wander. The more he thought, the thirstier he became.

"Why don't you sit on the couch? I'll feel pressured if you stand here, and it'll affect my performance." Anastasia turned to look at the man. She simply didn't like the idea of him staring at her; it stressed her out a lot.

Elliot smiled and turned to walk back to the couch. However, he still picked a spot where he could watch her, after which he continued appreciating her in his lazy yet appealing manner. He didn't know when he started to get attracted to every movement this woman made. It was as if he could never have enough of her.

Anastasia stir-fried the vegetables while she got some soup cooking, so busy that she began sweating. She realized too late that she really should have insisted on eating out, so she wouldn't be so tired right now.

Finally, the meal was ready. Anastasia placed the food on the table, then found the man on the balcony. Her laundry was hanging just above his head, and he could see her underwear if he looked up.

– "Ahem... President Presgrave, lunch is ready." Anastasia hastily called him in.

However, Elliot had already seen all there was to see, realizing the woman's cup size was larger than he had expected. It made him happy for some reason, as if he were involved somehow.

The man was true to his word, for he wasn't picky with the food at all. He ate gracefully, as if he were dining at a high-class restaurant. While Anastasia drank a bowl of soup and ate some food, she found that the man had a pretty good appetite. She was already done with her meal, but he was still savoring his food bit by bit.

She couldn't help but feel a little proud. Perhaps her cooking was really that remarkable?

Anastasia went to the bathroom and washed her face, then reapplied some light makeup on her face, as

her previous makeup had faded because of her sweat.

Finally, the man finished eating, after which he drank from her mug again. She was a little thirsty too, so she could only get a disposable cup and drink cold water from it.

Anastasia moved the dishes into the kitchen and decided to wash them later that night. She looked at her watch and said, "President Presgrave, we should get going."

"Let's rest for a while." With that, Elliot raised his head, then closed his eyes and rested on her couch.

Anastasia was speechless. Is he trying to take a nap at my house?

Anastasia couldn't force him to leave, so she took the opportunity to clean up the house. She saw a pile of her son's toys on the couch and went over to pick them up. She then spotted some Lego pieces scattered next to the man, so she reached over to take them as well. Just then, the man's lush eyelashes fluttered open to reveal a predator's haughty glare. His large hand swiftly grabbed her wrist and pulled her.

Anastasia was yanked into the man's arms, and she fell on top of him. In the next second, her waist was held tight, and with a quick turn, the man was now pinning her onto the couch.

"You... Elliot, watch yourself." Anastasia sent him a warning glare. She knew it wasn't a good idea to let him in, for this man was a beast who could get in the heat without warning: