

## Chapter 410

“The coffee’s good,” Anastasia praised heartily as she set her cup down.

Elliot was in the kitchen slicing up fruits for the salad, and next to the chopping board was the raw steak that he planned on searing for Anastasia.

The villa that was tucked halfway up the hill boasted glass walls that offered a full view of the gorgeous scenery outside. Elliot had put on some lighthearted music, filling the room with an idyllic and romantic air.

The steak he made was aromatic and tender, and coupled with the fruit salad, he managed to pull off an impressive yet simple meal.

“Tell me about how you saved me last night,” he said, curiosity getting the better of him.

Anastasia recounted the events of last night briefly. Then, she frowned as she asked, “You’re usually bright; how did you get tricked into letting your guard down?”

“Aliona had her father pass me the wine, and I didn’t think much of it when I gulped it down,” Elliot confessed.

“Looks like you’ll have to be careful when you’re outside of your home. There are plenty of women who would do despicable things just to make you climb into bed with them,” she warned darkly, thinking that even men weren’t safe in modern society and thus needed to learn to defend themselves.

Men like Elliot, in particular, with their deadly good looks and insurmountable wealth, ought to have their guards up most times.

Naturally, Elliot would not allow the incident to repeat itself. He didn't want to see Aliona's face ever again.

Presently, he teased as mischief glittered in his eyes, saying, "I wouldn't have minded losing my honor at all if you were the one who had spiked my drink last night and taken me to bed."

A look of disgust flashed across Anastasia's features as she countered, "Underhanded methods like that are not my forte." After all, she would never stoop so low.

He knew that, but he still believed that he would have willingly leaped into the fire if she had been the one who started it.

It was noon when Nigel dropped by the villa with Jared in tow. The little one had taken a strong liking to Elliot's abode, and he wasted no time in going up to his mother as he pleaded, "Mommy, can we please stay in Mr. Presgrave's house for a few days? Just a few days!"

Anastasia thought about the threatening phone call she had received from the male escort the other day and shuddered. She wanted her son to stay someplace safe, and now that winter break was upon them, she decided to give him some time off school.

"Very well," she relented with a nod. "As long as Mr. Presgrave agrees to let us stay, then we will."

At once, Jared ran over to Elliot, who was speaking to Nigel in the drawing room.

It didn't take long before the little guy hurried back to his mother and declared happily. "Mr. Presgrave said we could stay here for as long as we like!"

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“Very well then, we’ll stay. However, you have to promise to be on your best behavior.”

‘I promise, Mommy! I’ll be on my very best behavior!’

After a while, Elliot and Nigel walked up to them, with the latter saying that he had to leave to attend to some things.

Having seen Nigel off, Elliot brought Jared out to play catch. That was when Anastasia received a call from Francis telling her to drop by the company on Monday.

Anastasia had decided to go into Tillman Constructions to familiarize herself with the management of the company, and she couldn’t give up the endeavor halfway through.

Meanwhile, over at Summit Mansion, Hayley looked up at Daniel as he walked in and asked, “Has

everything been settled?”

‘I don’t think you should lie to President Presgrave like this, Miss Seymour,’ Daniel pointed out sullenly.

“Why not?” She sounded unhappy at being chided by an assistant-type, and she added snarkily, “I’m asking you if the matter has been settled.”

“Yes, it has. The private hospital has agreed to cooperate with you,” Daniel replied. Then, he handed her the forged medical report for a miscarriage. “Here’s what you asked for.”

Elated, she took the report and checked through the details. When she saw that the dates and time stamps were all in check, she beamed and said, “I must say, Daniel, you certainly know how to carry out your duties.”

'Ill be leaving now if there's nothing else you need," he replied curtly.

"Remember to keep this a secret between us," she emphasized.

"I know." With that, he turned to leave.

A menacing gleam flashed in her eyes. She was sure that if Anastasia had given birth to a child and warranted such lavish favors and affections on Elliot's part, then she would receive the same, if not better treatment too. She wanted him to know that she had gone through an abortion five years ago to add to the guilt that he was already feeling toward her.

Now that she had the sonogram and the report detailing the miscarriage in hand, her lie was iron-clad. There was no way Elliot wouldn't believe her.

She took a deep breath and dialed his number.

"Hello?" Elliot greeted when he picked up the line.

"Elliot, it's me. Do you think you could come to see me for a bit?"

"Why?"

"I... Pm not feeling toa well."

"Are you sick?"

Hayley hummed in response. "It's a long-time illness that acts up every winter." She deliberately lowered her voice as she said feebly, "Elliot, there's something that I've been hiding from you all this time, but I think I should tell you the truth now."