

Chapter 415

“You’re not upset with me anymore, are you?” Elliot got up and sat beside her with a hint of tentativeness in his eyes.

“I’m not upset! I did say some harsh words just now, but don’t take it to heart!” Anastasia turned around and realized that she had no right to treat him that way.

“I’m going back to the room.” Anastasia wanted to go back to the room and have some alone time.

However, as soon as she got up, a strong arm grabbed her wrist and yanked her down. In an instant, Anastasia fell onto Elliot’s lap and into his arms.

“You.” Anastasia squinted her eyes, wondering what he was up to.

“Do you still hate me?”

“I don’t hate you!” Anastasia lied through her teeth.

“That glass of water,” reminded Elliot.

“That doesn’t mean I hate you,” Anastasia explained quickly.

“I don’t believe it unless you prove it to me.”

“How should I prove it to you?” She felt that there was nothing to prove.

'I have a way," said Elliot in a low voice as he clasped the back of her head and kissed her thin lips.

Anastasia's mind instantly went blank. How could he kiss her whenever he wanted to? Could he at least respect her?

After a passionate kiss, Elliot proved with facts that she did not despise him. Only then did he let go of her in satisfaction.

Without uttering another word, Anastasia grabbed her phone and entered the room. She needed some quiet time to herself! She should think about the consequences first before messing with him next time.

The next morning, Anastasia received a call from Felicia while she was still in a groggy state.

"Anastasia, have you seen the news? Alice has been sentenced to five years in prison."

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Hearing that, Anastasia's eyes immediately shot open, and she was now wide awake. "Five years?"

"Yeah! President Presgrave seems to have shown his temper this time, but Alice dug her own grave. She didn't just ruin her own future but was even sentenced to five years in prison. She deserves it, though. Besides her, Jacqueline has also been sentenced to three years of imprisonment." Anastasia could hear the hint of regret underneath Felicia's words.

However, when the case was applied to Anastasia, she didn't find them innocent at all. Alice was a

vicious woman, while Jacqueline didn't know how to draw a line. As if it wasn't enough for her to steal Anastasia's work as her own, she even had to betray Anastasia!

If it weren't for Elliot's help this time, it would have been difficult for Anastasia to find proof of Alice's theft, not to mention the fact that Savill Jewelry Atelier had been supporting Alice in secret. Anastasia faced the risk of getting kicked out of the design industry and becoming a joke among the public. How cruel was that to her?

"Felicia, I think Alice is too ambitious and is always finding ways to replace you. There's no need — to pity her," Anastasia uttered disapprovingly.

She remembered the kind acts of those who treated her well, but she would not pity those who treated her badly.

"You're right, Alice deserves to be punished. Those who have spoken ill of you in the company are now terrified. They've underestimated President Presgrave's love for you."

Anastasia instantly felt warmth filling her chest. Only those involved were more emotional.

"I know, and I'm grateful for what he has done for me."

"Okay, after you take over your father's company, I'll welcome you back. Besides, all the works that have plagiarized yours have been taken off the shelves, and your works have been re launched."

"Thank you, Felicia."

"Savill is pretty unlucky too. Weren't they supposed to be listed soon? Sadly, because of this incident, they've become bankrupt. I heard that the president even went to beg President Presgrave to let them go, but President Presgrave refused."

'Is that so?'

“Yeah! He begged President Presgrave through various connections, and he even went to stop his car several times. I heard that he even kneeled on the ground while begging too.”

Anastasia wasn't aware that the owner of Savill had done all those things.

As she lifted the blanket, Anastasia got out of bed. She glanced at her son and saw that he was still fast asleep, probably from the excitement last night.

After putting on another coat, Anastasia went downstairs. It was cold outside since winter had arrived. It was a foggy morning, and in the far distance, mountains could be vaguely seen spiking in the clouds.

If someone were to bring her a cup of warm coffee at that moment, that would be even more pleasant.

With that thought in mind, she smelled the aroma of coffee coming from the kitchen. There stood an elegant figure while he was cooking breakfast. He was wearing an off-white sweater and khaki-colored pants. This was the softest look Anastasia had seen on Elliot.

Usually, he wore dark-colored clothing, but today, he decided to go with a light and mellow toned outfit. It was simply a domestic sight to see.