

## My Baby's Daddy Chapter 351

### Chapter 351 The Things He Lost

Elliot would have to pay a huge sum of money if Anastasia insisted on covering up the story, and she simply didn't think it was necessary to go to such lengths.

As such, she took it in stride and said, "Forget it. I'll just let it be." She was only thankful that the paparazzi had taken a nice shot of her, and she would be lying if she said she wasn't impressed with their skills.

"You're really going to let this go?" Elliot murmured as his arms snaked around her waist from behind. A delighted smile curled on his lips as he went on to ask, "Does this mean you've officially acknowledged our relationship?"

Anastasia blushed in embarrassment. If she were to deny their relationship now, the public was probably going to call her a succubus who toyed with men's feelings. With her back to him, she muttered softly, "Fine, I guess we can try dating for a while and see where it'll lead us."

"I won't let you down," he promised in a magnetic voice as he bent down slightly to kiss the top of her head. "I'll be sure to satisfy you in every imaginable way."

She was at a loss for words when she heard this. I think it's a little early for the kind of satisfaction you're talking about, Elliot, she wanted to say. She didn't think she would be ready to take things to the next level so soon.

Suddenly, she found herself thinking about Hayley and wondered whether the girl would go ballistic with rage after seeing the news.

However, Anastasia couldn't care less about how Hayley might feel, much like how Hayley had not cared about whether she lived or died all those years ago.

"Have you been in contact with Hayley recently?" Anastasia asked, looking up at Elliot curiously.

He answered gravely, "The last time we spoke, she told me that she was going abroad on holiday for three months, but we didn't speak after that. From now on, my assistant will be the one dealing with her instead and I won't see her anymore."

Anastasia could feel that he was getting uncomfortable talking about Hayley, so she nodded and let the matter drop. "Let's go for breakfast before we head back," she suggested brightly.

“Okay,” he replied happily and held her in his arms for a while, and it wasn’t until she felt the dangerous tension that was growing between them that she shoved him aside abashedly.

After breakfast, they were coming out of the basement parking lot when a cold breeze suddenly picked up. Anastasia shivered, but the next second, she was pulled into Elliot’s warm embrace. He carefully bundled her up in his suit jacket and led her to the car.

Even though they were a mere dozen or so steps away from the vehicle, she still found his gesture heartwarming. As it turned out, a man who was truly in love with a woman would pay attention to all the little details, and she could definitely feel how much he loved her and wanted to take care of her.

It was hard to tell just how much of the population had their hearts broken by the news of Anastasia and Elliot’s relationship.

Over in the Tillman Constructions’ finance department, Alex heard the news after his subordinates burst into an uproar over it. When he fished out his phone and searched for the news, he was immediately greeted by the picture of Anastasia and Elliot locked in a passionate kiss at the cafe, and he felt his heart twist with bitter jealousy.

His chest tightened at the sight of the woman he loved wrapped in another man’s arms. He knew that he no longer stood a chance with Anastasia, and now, all the feelings he had for her died, becoming a secret she would never know.

However, his feelings for her weren’t the only things that were extinguished right then. The ambition that had driven him all this while was gone too. He wanted to use Anastasia as his stepping stone to take over Tillman Constructions, but it seemed impossible right now.

That said, it didn’t mean he was willing to accept fate’s arrangements. All the hard work he had done for Francis in the last few years was in vain, and the shortcut he could have taken to achieve further success was cut off.

No, this isn’t how it’s supposed to be, he thought grimly. He couldn’t just let his dreams go down the drain without putting up a fight. He had not toiled in Tillman Constructions all these years just so he could give up now, not when he deserved more than what he was getting now.

As frustration and agony seized him, he clutched his head and felt a fiery rage course through him. With a violent swipe of his arm, he knocked the piles of documents off his desk and onto the floor.

No one knew how much he had lost. He was losing out on an entire future that he had planned for himself. The fact that he couldn't be together with Anastasia did not torture him as much as losing the chance to own Tillman Constructions.

Yet, a man like Elliot who was far above him had gotten everything he ever wanted. He couldn't even begin to compete with Elliot, much less be considered on par with him.

Just as Alex thought he might combust with rage, an irritating silhouette drifted into his peripheral vision.

It was Erica, Francis' other daughter. She wasn't as beautiful as Anastasia, and she was spoiled beyond reason. However, she had the same birthright to the company as Anastasia did, which meant she had an equal chance of succeeding Tillman Constructions.

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### **Chapter 352 I Can Make Her Disappear**

A malicious and devious look flashed in Alex's eyes at the thought of this. That's right, I still have a chance of owning Tillman Constructions, and that chance lies in Erica! He recalled how Erica had tried to get close to him the last time; he was clever in his own right, and he figured that Naomi had pinned her interests in the company on him. Is that why she got her daughter to seduce me?

In that case, he decided that there was no harm in collaborating with Naomi, seeing as they both had interests in Tillman Constructions that they could not afford to part with.

He glanced at the picture once more, and when he saw how happily in love Anastasia looked while she was kissing Elliot, he felt as if someone had stabbed his heart with a dagger. He wanted to hold Anastasia in his arms as well and claim her as his own, even if it was only for a fleeting night.

If he had the chance to fulfill his desires like that, he would be sure to seize it.

At that moment, his mind was filled with all the lewd things he wanted to do to Anastasia. She was the woman of his dreams, and she was the only one he ever wanted.

Meanwhile, over at Bourgeois, jealousy, and resentment lingered in the air in the office following the news of Anastasia and Elliot's relationship. Needless to say, a lot of hearts were broken that day.

Aliona, in particular, did not show up for work, and Alice spent the better part of the morning taking her anger out on her assistants and employees. She was furious. She had plotted to her wits' end to have Anastasia kicked out of Bourgeois, but as things

were, it wouldn't make a difference whether she left or not, for she would eventually marry the president of the company. In fact, she would be marrying the president of the business empire that was Presgrave Corporation.

Anastasia's status had elevated beyond anything Alice could ever hope to achieve in this lifetime. While she had been toiling away to get promoted in Bourgeois, Anastasia had already taken one huge step forward by seducing and snagging Elliot, thus emerging the victor in this ongoing rivalry.

While this was happening, Aliona was huddled up in her apartment. She had been shell-shocked ever since she read the news this morning, and she had a feeling that Anastasia had seduced Elliot on purpose at the cafe so that she could set this whole love affair in motion, thereby gaining publicity.

To some extent, Aliona believed this was Anastasia's way of telling others of her capabilities. She's trying to rile me up, she concluded with gritted teeth. The task that Riley had entrusted her with was now rendered hopeless.

However, she couldn't give up so easily. Her entire life revolved around her plans of marrying Elliot so that she could take over Presgrave Corporation and present it to her father. This was the best, if not the only way she could ever repay all that Riley had done for her. If she couldn't manage this, then she would have failed him as a daughter.

She was pulled out of her thoughts by the sound of her phone ringing. She glanced at the caller ID before she picked up the call and greeted in a defeated voice, "Father."

"I just saw the news about Elliot and Anastasia. Who would've thought that they would go public with their relationship?" Riley scoffed icily on the other line as a snide edge crept into his tone.

"I'm sorry for not accomplishing the task you entrusted me with, Father. My incompetence has let you down, and I have been a waste of your time and energy," Aliona said, wrapping an arm around herself as if she would fall apart if she didn't.

"Aliona, don't say that. We still have a long journey ahead of us, so pull yourself together! Who's to say that Anastasia would live long enough to walk down the aisle and marry Elliot, right?"

Upon hearing this, Aliona brightened up instantly as she asked, "Father, what are your plans?"

"If she's going to be just as much of a nuisance as her late mother, I'll just have to dispose of her the same way. I can make her disappear."

"You plan on eradicating her, Father?" Aliona was excited. With Riley getting involved in this, she might still stand a chance to accomplish the task. More importantly, she was

excited that she could get close to Elliot. She secretly found him magnetic and electrifying; she lusted over him and wanted him for herself.

“That’s right,” Riley affirmed. Then, he added encouragingly, “I’m planning something right now, and I’ll let you know when the time comes. However, you must pull yourself together and don’t ever falter, got it? You still have to take down Elliot.”

“Yes, Father. Once you get rid of Anastasia, I’ll be able to take down Elliot for sure,” Aliona said with renewed confidence.

“That’s what I want to hear. Now, just wait for my word!”

As soon as Riley hung up the call, Aliona’s eyes lit up with an almost maniacal gleam. Anastasia was basically announcing her death wish the moment she went public with Elliot, and Riley would never let her live long enough to see her wedding day.

Presently, a hysterical fury descended upon Erica early that morning at Tillman Residence. She never expected that she would wake up and scroll through her phone in bed to find pictures of Anastasia and Elliot kissing spread all over the internet.

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### Chapter 353 What Adults Do

Erica ran down the stairs in the clothes she had slept in and told her mother about the news. Naomi was stunned as well, but her astonishment was quickly replaced by worry as she muttered, “Anastasia has her way with men. Who would’ve thought she’d have some tricks up her sleeves? I can’t believe she managed to bag Elliot in such a short time.”

“Mom, now that she has Elliot on her side, will we still be able to get our hands on Dad’s company? You know how greedy she is, and with a bigshot like Elliot backing her up, she would be trampling all over us if she were to take Dad’s company as well!” Erica pointed out belligerently.

Naomi snorted. “Anastasia has always hated me, and now, she finally has all her cards lined up. It’s only a matter of time before she shows her hand and gets revenge on us. We can’t afford to sit here and wait for our deaths.”

“I totally agree, Mom. We can’t just let her take everything away from us. We have to think of a way.”

“Erica, Alex is our safest bet right now if we want to take the company for ourselves. This is your chance. I’m sure he wouldn’t turn you down if you were to ask him to join us for dinner tonight,” Naomi suggested. The time for her to strike was now, and Alex was going to be one of her most vital pawns in this game of chess.

Erica, on the other hand, was angry and upset that she was saddled with her father's subordinates while Anastasia got to date a fine specimen like Elliot. She didn't think this was fair, but she had no choice other than to go through with Naomi's plans.

At that moment, she remembered Hayley and wondered if she had heard the news. She's been getting mooching off the Presgrave Family all this while, and she really likes Elliot too. I bet she's furious right now!

Erica had no idea that Hayley had gone abroad to undergo plastic surgery. This was a secret that Hayley intended to be tight-lipped about, and she couldn't afford to let anyone know what she was doing.

When Erica returned to her room after her conversation with Naomi, she dialed Hayley's number, growing exasperated when she saw that the line couldn't get through.

Meanwhile, Hayley was recuperating from the major procedure that she had just undergone in Hogland. The anesthetics had yet to wear off, and she was still asleep at the moment. She had no idea of the crushing news that would greet her when she woke up later.

She had done plenty of changes and tweakings to her features that put her through unbearable pain, but the man she was so hopelessly in love with had announced his relationship with a woman who was her arch-nemesis.

Over at Bourgeois, Elliot's car pulled into the basement parking lot, and Anastasia opened the door to get down from the vehicle the moment it rolled to a stop. However, she had only just stepped out when the man next to her pointed out sourly, "I'm good enough to be in paparazzi shots with you, but not enough to show up at work alongside you, eh?"

Anastasia stopped in her tracks, and sudden realization dawned upon her as she said, "Sorry, I forgot about that."

Elliot sighed, for he wasn't sure what to do with her. He couldn't believe that someone who took her work and life so seriously would treat their relationship with considerable laxity.

He marched up to her and grabbed her hand. Then, he led her to the elevator without another word.

For some reason, she felt like her heart was suspended on a tightrope, ready to take the plunge and fall freely into her stomach at any given moment. She had yet to get used to such public displays of affection with this man.

Sure enough, the moment she arrived at the department of design, the employees lingering outside the elevator lobby instantly caught sight of her and Elliot holding hands. She flushed and turned to him. "I'll be going to my office," she said quietly.

With that, she turned to walk into the office under the envious gazes of her co-workers.

"Hey, Anastasia."

"Good morning, Anastasia!"

"You look so pretty today, Anastasia!"

"I love your purse, Anastasia."

The way to her desk was paved with endless compliments as the girls in the office greeted her with unprecedented enthusiasm, but she regarded them with the same smile that she would any other day. She never cared about how others looked at her, and she still maintained her indifference even though they were throwing compliments in her direction to get in her good books.

Not long after, Felicia turned up at her office and braced her arms against the desk as she eyed Anastasia's outfit meaningfully. "Oh, someone didn't change out of their clothes! I'm guessing you had a pretty good night."

Anastasia blushed as she pleaded, "Please don't make fun of me, Felicia."

Knowing how shy Anastasia was when it came to the subject of men, Felicia stopped teasing her. "Okay. I'll stop, but I will still congratulate you for bagging President Presgrave! Also, those pictures are more than enough to make a woman jealous!"

Anastasia was amused and embarrassed at the same time. The pictures were going to be the bane of her existence for a while.

Upon noticing the flustered look on the younger woman's face, Felicia pointed out comfortingly, "We're all adults here, and whatever you did in those pictures is completely normal. There are plenty of young couples in the park who go twice as hot and heavy as the both of you, and the only difference is that you were caught by the paparazzi. I don't know any young couples out there who haven't done all this lovey-dovey stuff."

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Chapter 354 Make a Habit Out of Kissing You

Anastasia was practically dying of embarrassment as she buried her face in her hands, but now that everything was out in the open, she had no choice other than to accede to reality.

Just then, her phone rang. She picked it up and glanced at the caller ID, wincing when she saw Nigel's name. She was far too flustered to put his call through.

"Answer it," Felicia encouraged before walking away to give her some privacy.

Anastasia took a deep breath and picked up the call. "Hey."

"My fair Lady Tillman, so you have indeed left me for my cousin!"

"Please stop teasing me about this," she begged exasperatedly.

Nigel chuckled. "Who would've thought that my walking iceberg of a cousin could be so passionate when he's with you?"

"Nigel," she warned.

"Okay, okay, I'll stop. I only called to congratulate both of you, and I'm really happy for you guys as well. I wouldn't have allowed any man other than Elliot to be with you," he pointed out playfully.

"Thanks," she said. This was quickly followed by a panicked, "Hey, you didn't show Jared the pictures, did you?"

"The pictures are a little PG-13, so of course I didn't show them to him," he replied matter-of-factly.

Anastasia's face grew hot. "You can't ever let him see those pictures!"

"I know, and I won't. He told me he wants to stay over at my place, so I'll pick him up this afternoon and bring him home. That way, you and Elliot can get some much-deserved quality time."

She felt bad for saddling Nigel with babysitting duty and said, "I don't want to impose on you, Nigel."

"It's not imposing at all. You know how much I adore the little guy; he brightens up my day like no one else!" Nigel was already treating Jared like his own nephew.

"Okay, then. Thanks for offering, Nigel," Anastasia said. She felt like she was asking too much of him, but nothing else mattered as much as Jared's happiness.



“There’s no need to thank me. Just go and capture my cousin’s heart before some other damsel comes and snags him! He’s a popular catch, you know,” Nigel said jokingly and hung up the phone.

Presently, Anastasia propped her chin up with one hand. She couldn’t focus on work, so she held her phone and scrolled through the pictures before blushing. She knew that these were candid shots, but she still couldn’t believe that Elliot looked good from every angle, and she was flustered to see how her face lit up while they were kissing. I look like I’m enjoying his kiss a little too much, she thought.

She scrolled down to the comments section where the netizens had erupted into a frenzy. Without a doubt, she had become the object of everyone’s envy as heartbroken women announced that they wanted to die after seeing the news. Some even went so far as to call Elliot their husband, though that was more comical than anything else. I didn’t know he had tens of thousands of admirers, Anastasia mused.

A laugh escaped her at the thought of that. Life would be meaningless if she couldn’t appreciate the humor of this situation.

When noon rolled around, Elliot called her and suggested that they go out for lunch. She did not turn him down, and the both of them headed over to the restaurant next to Presgrave Corporation.

After lunch, Elliot offered to give her a tour of Presgrave Corporation and his office. Given that she wasn’t in the mood for work, she decidedly went along with him.

She found herself standing in the company building, which was a landmark in the central business hub of Averno. It was also known as the building of all buildings in the area.

This was the first time Anastasia had dropped by Elliot’s office in Presgrave Corporation. As expected, it boasted a stunning view of the skyline and masculine decorations. It gave the illusion that it was built above the clouds when it really was just the pinnacle of a skyscraper. She had a feeling that it would still be bright and sunny here even if there was a storm brewing over the city.

“Do you like the view?” Elliot murmured as he wrapped his arms around her waist from behind.

She nodded and said gently, “Yes.”

“You can drop by anytime to have coffee and take in the scenery,” he offered in a husky voice.

She sensed something dry and cool press against the back of her ear. He had kissed her there, and she quickly shrunk away from him as she grumbled, "Do you make a habit out of kissing people at the most random of times?"

He straightened up and eyed her solemnly as he corrected, "No, I only make a habit out of kissing you, randomly or not."

This made her heart flutter, but at that moment, she heard his phone ring and prompted, "Go and answer the call."

He returned to the desk and picked up his phone. "It's my grandmother. She probably saw the pictures," she said.

Anastasia gasped and quickly put her finger to her lips as though to shush him. In low, hushed tones, she urged, "Don't tell her I'm here."

Elliot raised a brow in amusement, and at the sight of the anxious look on her face, he answered the call and put it on speaker. "Hey, Grandma."

"Elliot!" Harriet sounded elated on the other line as her bright voice filled the spacious office. "Is it true? I'm not dreaming, am I? Are you and Anastasia officially dating now?"

## **My Baby's Daddy Chapter 355**

### **Chapter 355 The News That Came Too Late**

"Of course you aren't dreaming, Grandma. Anastasia and I are officially dating," Elliot replied with a smile, though his gaze lingered on the flustered woman whose face was buried in her hands as she stood to the side.

Anastasia immediately and desperately signaled for him to look her way. She even mimed to tell him to keep her presence here a secret from the old lady.

One could practically hear Harriet buzzing with excitement on the other line as she quipped, "Alright, then. I'll be waiting for you to marry her and make her my granddaughter-in-law!"

"Okay, Grandma. I'll talk to her about this," Elliot promised.

"Also, bring her and her child back home in the next few days. They shall be my honored guests."

"I'll make the arrangements," he said patiently and indulgently.

“My dream has finally come true. Oh, and don’t let the press snap pictures like those ever again. I don’t want Anastasia’s reputation to be tarnished.” Harriet was already going into protective grandmother-in-law mode.

Anastasia was moved to hear this. Elliot, on the other hand, said decisively, “I’ll have those pictures on the internet taken care of immediately.”

He ended the call with Harriet and turned to appraise Anastasia with interest. “Hear that? Grandma wants us to get married as soon as possible.”

She felt her heart somersault. We’re moving a little too fast, aren’t we? We only just went public with our relationship yesterday, and now we’re talking about throwing a wedding?

Meanwhile, over in Hogland, Hayley finally woke up after the surgery. She felt like her bones had been detached and put together again, and she was in so much pain that she couldn’t help trembling. This was her first procedure, and she had already arranged for subsequent surgeries that included liposuction and breast augmentation.

Presently, there was only one person in her mind who became her driving force to go through such torturous ordeals, and that was Elliot.

She grew excited just from thinking about how she would ‘accidentally’ walk by him and amaze him with her stunning appearance. She could already imagine the way he would look at her with the same devotion and love as he did with Anastasia, and the thought of that alone was enough to satisfy her. She was sure that when the time came, he would be entranced by her beauty.

Now that she had regained consciousness, Hayley was transferred to the normal ward; she would remain there for the rest of her recuperation period while being tended to by a professional caretaker. The female manager who had recommended her to the facility, in particular, was attentive to her every need.

While Hayley’s looks were average at best, she was generous with her money, and the manager knew that those who had gotten plastic surgery would return for future procedures as well, even if sporadically. At some point, Hayley would become one of her long-term clients as well.

Right now, Hayley’s face was entirely wrapped in bandages, revealing only a pair of bloodshot eyes. The sutures on her eyelids had yet to be taken off, and the parts of her face which were still visible were so bruised up that she looked borderline horrific. She took one glance at herself in the mirror and grew so despondent that she didn’t want to take another look.

She couldn’t wait for the swelling to go down and for her new face to be revealed. She turned to her assistant and said, “Give me my phone.”

The assistant did so immediately, and Hayley wasted no time in connecting to the WiFi here. As soon as she did, her phone chimed incessantly as new texts came pouring in. She saw that most of these texts were from Erica, and she clicked on the first one at the very top.

'Hayley, where are you? Did you turn your phone off or something? Have you seen the news of Elliot's newfound love life?'

Her mind imploded when she read this. What love life?

She quickly backed out of the text message and clicked into her browser, promptly searching Elliot's name. At once, she was greeted by countless articles written about him, but what caught her eye right off the bat was the title that read, 'Elliot Presgrave Pictured Kissing Girlfriend in Cafe'.

Hayley's chest rose and fell rapidly as she clicked into the article to see who Elliot's supposed 'girlfriend' was. That was when she saw the picture, and though only half the girl's face was captured by the camera, Hayley could still tell from the delicate side profile that the girl was none other than Anastasia.

A piercing shriek escaped Hayley as she threw her phone aside in a fit of rage, and she put her hands over her face. Having gone through such painful plastic surgery, she was supposed to rest, and stress did not do any good for her at all. However, she was belligerent after reading the news, and she felt as if she might combust.

"Miss Seymour, is everything okay?"

"My face hurts," Hayley groaned, though her heart was the one filled with searing pain. She never expected Anastasia to be so shameless as to be pictured being all loved-up in Elliot's arms.

Hayley could barely breathe through the pain that came from the incisions and wounds on her face. She needed to calm down, but the image of Elliot and Anastasia kissing seemed burned into the back of her mind.

The fiery pain lasted for a while, and even the doctor dropped by to check on her. She was told to keep calm and maintain a straight face most of the time if she wanted to keep her sutures and wounds from tearing, which would lead to scarring and disfigurement.

Devastated, Hayley lay in bed and felt resentment wash over her. She had gotten work done on her entire face, only to have some other woman swoop in and act all lovey-dovey with Elliot. Worst of all, that woman was her arch-nemesis, the one person she hated the most.