

# My Baby's Daddy Chapter 111

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After the dishes were served, most of the staff members started drinking. They were all relatively young, so they were prepared to get drunk that night-some of them had even hired personal drivers. "Cheers, Anastasia!" One of the male designers sitting opposite Anastasia stood up.

"Sure. Thank you." Anastasia held her glass up. She hadn't expected all of the other people to clink glasses with her, but everyone was in a good mood that night, and they quickly turned Anastasia into their target for drinking. "More beer for Anastasia!" someone cried.

"You have to drink with us, Anastasia! At least one sip!" another cried.

"Everyone else clinked glasses with you, Anastasia. I'd feel bad if I didn't do it. Here, cheers!" another one said.

Anastasia had only arrived at the company a while ago, so she felt pressured to go along with everyone, especially since most of the staff there were seniors. She lost count of the number of beers she had by the time she clinked glasses with everyone. "Alright, stop. Anastasia has to go home to care for her kid, guys!" Felicia finally spoke up.

Everyone calmed down a little after that. Anastasia had already downed a few glasses even before she got a chance to eat her meal, and she pressed her palm against her forehead as she felt herself getting tipsy. "Are you okay, Anastasia?" someone asked.

"I'm feeling a little dizzy, so I might need to stop for a while." Anastasia waved her hand before she lowered her head and held her palms up to make a surrendering gesture. Right then, Felicia's phone began to ring. She only took one glance at the caller ID before she instantly picked the call up. "Hello, President Presgrave."

"Are you guys eating now? Is Anastasia there?" the man asked in a deep voice.

"Of course she's here. This dinner is meant to be a celebration for her. Would you like to join us, President Presgrave?" Felicia asked with a smile.

"No, thanks." Elliot was just asking.

"The rest of them got Anastasia to drink quite a bit, so she's rather tipsy now. I think I might have to send her home in a while," Felicia explained.

"She's drunk?" There was a hint of anxiousness in Elliot's voice.

"Are you free to pick her up, President Presgrave?" Felicia asked.

"Sure. Send me your location," he ordered.

"Alright!" Felicia sent Elliot her location right after ending the call. When she turned to gaze at Anastasia, who was sitting near the drinks, a hint of jealousy surfaced in her gaze. Felicia could tell that Elliot truly cared about Anastasia after speaking to him on the phone. Yet, Anastasia didn't know a single thing about this-she was resting her chin on her palm while watching two other male staff play drinking games.

"You should eat a little more, Anastasia. I'll get you home in a while," Felicia said.

Anastasia

nodded and began to munch on a few of her favorite dishes. However, her stomach was full from all the alcohol. She didn't feel anything when she was drinking earlier, but the tipsiness was starting to hit her after a while. :

She had just stood up to walk to the washroom when she was struck by a pang of dizziness. She felt as if she were stepping on clouds, and she couldn't stand straight at all. "How are you feeling, Anastasia? Are you really drunk?" Felicia hastily held onto her arm.

"It's fine. I'm not drunk. I'm not." Anastasia waved her arms around. Those who were drunk were especially stubborn-she insisted on claiming that she was still sober. Felicia ordered one of her assistants to help Anastasia to the washroom. Anastasia had just returned from the washroom when Felicia received a text from Elliot.

'Bring her out.' His orders were simple.

'Got it. We'll come out in a bit, she replied. Right after that, Felicia turned to Anastasia before informing her of the plan. "I'll get someone to send you home now, Anastasia."

"Sure!" Anastasia nodded. I should go home now. I need to sober up-how else am I going to take care of my son otherwise? But Anastasia didn't know who her driver was and simply assumed that Felicia had gotten one of the company's drivers to send her home.

Felicia helped Anastasia out of the restaurant, and Anastasia quickly noticed a sleek, black Rolls Royce parked by the side of the road. Its black paint looked extra shiny under the light, and its classy and elegant design made it stand out among the rest of the cars. The car stood out just like how its owner did.

Anastasia allowed Felicia to help her into the backseat of the car. At this point, Anastasia still assumed that a driver from the company would be the one sending her home. After Felicia shut the car door, Anastasia turned to address the driver

in a polite tone. "Hello. You can send me to Shorea Residence on Durham Street. Thank you."

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The car was silent for a short while after Anastasia finished her sentence. "I know." A deep, attractive voice sounded after a while.

Anastasia's eyes widened with shock before she looked at the reflection in the rearview mirror to meet the man's gaze. She felt like she was looking into a deep well. "Why are you here, Elliot?" she cried.

The man let out a scoff. Did she think I was just some driver? Anastasia felt her head spinning. Why did Felicia send me to Elliot's car?

"What are you doing here? Why did you pick me up?" Anastasia asked in a rather slurred and tipsy voice.

"How are you going to care for Jared when you're in this state?" he asked.

"My dad's home with him now," she replied in a lazy voice from the backseat. The man stared at her through the rearview mirror. He could see her sexy figure under the dim light. Her long hair fell over her shoulders, making her appear more seductive than ever. The air in the car smelled like a mixture of alcohol and women's perfume. Elliot had the eyes of a thirsty beast as he felt his predatory instincts taking over him.

Meanwhile, Anastasia lay down on the back seat as she felt tiredness taking over her. She fell asleep soon after that. Elliot turned to gaze at her as she slept, and his gaze remained still for a moment before he stopped the car by the side of the road. If her son sees her like this, he's going to be traumatized when he grows up, Elliot thought.

So, he picked her phone up before unlocking her phone with her fingerprint.

Then, he searched for Francis' number before sending him a text. 'Dad, I'm drunk tonight. Can you take care of Jared for tonight? I'll be home early tomorrow morning,' it said.

Francis responded just moments later. 'You should get some rest if you're drunk. Don't worry about Jared; I'll take care of him. You stay safe!' he replied.

'Got it, Dad! Elliot sent the text over. After seeing how drunk Anastasia seemed,

Elliot decided that he couldn't allow young Jared to have a memory of his drunk mother at such an age. Anastasia didn't know anything about the man's plans, but she continued sleeping as the black car sped past the city center before arriving at one of the most expensive villas in the mid-hill area.

Anastasia hadn't slept much the night before, and she had had a long day today. After all the alcohol she consumed, it was unlikely for her to wake up even if thunder struck the top of her head. Once the man parked the car, he lifted her bridal style and brought her to his bedroom without her being aware of it.

Once she was on the bed, she rolled over to settle in a comfortable position before continuing to sleep. She was dressed in a white shirt and a black pencil skirt that revealed her slim thighs. She wasn't aware of it, but the posture in which she slept was extremely seductive to the man staring at her.

The grand villa was lit up by a huge chandelier that hung above a gray couch. Elliot, who had just finished showering, sat on the couch in a lazy posture. He had pulled on a pair of sweatpants but

left his upper body naked. Beads of water were still hanging on his skin as he held his arm up to sip on his glass of red wine. The muscles in his arms bulged as he moved the glass up and down.

For the most part, Elliot was a calm and rational man. However, he felt himself losing his mind whenever he thought about the woman who was lying in his bed. He couldn't resist the urge to lose all control and set himself free. Every time he tried to suppress his urges, they disappeared only to resurface moments later. He wanted to check on her, but he knew that he would get greedier for her when he was there. It was impossible for him to just stare at her.

So, he figured that he would keep his distance so that he didn't have to suffer as much. Yet, there was another voice in his head that continued to shout at him, and he had to counter this voice with the rational part of his mind. In the end, he lifted his wine glass and gulped all of it down before standing and heading upstairs.

He had found a reason to go up. I have to check if she puked. If she did, then my poor bed would be in trouble. Her alcohol tolerance isn't that high, but I don't think she has a habit of puking. If she's drunk, she usually just sleeps.

Elliot opened the door to his room, and he found the woman sleeping with her back turned against him. Her stunning curves and her soft figure made her seem especially feminine under the dim lights.

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As Elliot stared at Anastasia's long, messy hair that hung from the edge of the pillow, he couldn't help but narrow his eyes a little. He was like a silent, predatory beast that was inching closer toward its prey. Meanwhile, the woman-his prey-didn't realize a thing as he sat down by the edge of the bed and watched her sleeping soundly. Her perky red lips made her appear especially seductive. When he saw a clump of hair covering her eyes, he instinctively reached over to brush her hair aside. However, the moment he touched her face, the girl let out a mumble-she was talking in her sleep. All of a sudden, she held onto his large palm. "Stop messing around, Jared. Let your mommy sleep for a bit," she muttered.

Elliot's eyes widened a little. Does she think I'm her son right now? Soon enough, the woman wrapped her hands around Elliot's arm before rubbing her face against it. It was almost as if she were rubbing her face against Jared's head. Elliot had no choice but to lean closer and play along so that she wouldn't wake up. He shifted his body sideways and held his arm out for her to hug him. Then, he proudly allowed her to press his arm against her chest area. All sorts of sensations shot through the man's body as she did so. He held himself in this same stiff position while the woman continued to sleep. He had no other option but to admire her gorgeous face that was illuminated by the dim lighting. Her smooth and fair skin reminded him of a scrumptious-looking dish, and it made him crave for her.

Anastasia had no idea what she looked like in her sleep, but the man had scanned every inch of her face in admiration. Throughout the night, he had even counted the number of eyelashes she had on each eye. Anastasia clung onto him too tightly, so he couldn't pull away from her without waking her up.

This time, Elliot was faced with a challenge greater than ever before. It was a test of his restraint. If he didn't have such good self-control, he would've let Anastasia get a taste of his skills. "Reach your hands out, Anastasia." He tried to get her to reach her hands out while she was dreaming, but she didn't since she didn't know that she was hugging him in the first place. Furthermore, she thought she was hugging her precious son!

In the end, Elliot decided that he didn't want to suppress his desires anymore. He

leaned forward to press his lips against her cheek. Right then, she clung to his neck before she planted kisses on the man's cheek. "Be a good boy, Jared..." Both of their faces were right in front of each other, and Elliot could feel the woman's breath as she exhaled on his neck. The sensation felt like feathers that seemed to tug on his heartstrings. Elliot could feel his blood boiling with desire. He wasn't that much of a gentleman-he was prepared to take action with this woman if she didn't let go of him soon.

Anastasia rubbed against his neck again before she shifted to touch his ear with her nose. It seemed almost as if she were trying to seduce him.

Elliot's prominent Adam's apple bobbed up and down as he tried his best not to let his hormones get the better of him. He was close to exploding. Never once had a woman made him so horny this woman, on the other hand, managed to do it in her sleep, but he couldn't sleep with her no matter how much he wanted to. All he could focus on was restraining himself while this woman continued to do whatever she desired to do.

In the end, Anastasia seemed to have developed some distaste for the man's strong hormones. She flipped to the other side of the bed for some fresh air, and she finally set the man free. He got out of his stiff position and stood up only to realize that he was soaked in sweat. He had showered for no reason. I guess I'll have to take another cold shower.

After that, he no longer came to his room. Anastasia got the big bed all to herself, and she rolled all over the bed. It was nearly 4.00AM by the time she woke up on her own. When she opened her eyes, she found herself staring at a decorative chandelier that hung above her. This is definitely not my house. Oh gosh!

Her body shot upright in terror as she cracked her head to recall what had happened. Her last memory was of herself getting into Elliot's car. So... Is this Elliot's house?

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Did he not send me home? Did he bring me to his house instead? Anastasia immediately checked herself to make sure that her clothes were still on. It didn't seem like it had been taken off, either. She hastily got off the bed to find that her

shoes were gone, so she had no choice but to walk barefoot on the clean ground. She glanced at the clock beside the bed to see that it was nearly 4.30AM. The skies were still dark outside. Did this man just get me to sleep in his house? What about my son? Is my dad at home with Jared? Anastasia quietly walked down the stairs. There were wall lights that surrounded the whole villa, so it made her feel like she was a lost princess that was walking around in a grand, luxurious castle. Finally, she found her bag on the couch downstairs. She immediately checked her phone to see the text that she had sent her father and her father's reply. Phew. At least Elliot knew to tell my dad to take care of Jared. Anastasia fixed her messy hair as she thought, I have no choice but to stay here since it's now the middle of the night. Hmm... The room I was in earlier seemed like the master bedroom. Then where did Elliot sleep?

She figured that she would tour his house since he was asleep. When she went up to the second floor, she suddenly realized that there was a room with its lights turned on. She wanted to ask him why he brought her home, so she quietly turned the doorknob to push the door open. She found herself in a study room, where a man was sleeping on the couch with his head resting on his arm. Anastasia froze. Is he actually sleeping on the couch? On top of that... He's just wearing sweatpants. She was so shocked that her hand slipped off the doorknob. A loud bang sounded as the door moved back and hit against the door stopper. She immediately slapped her hand over her mouth-a comical gesture considering that it didn't serve any purpose.

The man's thick lashes fluttered before he opened his eyes. Even though he had been awakened from his sleep, he had the same mesmerizing look in his eyes. He curled his lips into a smirk as he stared at the woman by the door while sitting upright. "Are you awake?" He narrowed his eyes as he smiled.

She felt rather bad for waking him up, but she proceeded with the question she had for him. "Why did you bring me to your place? You should've sent me home." "Do you have any idea how bad you look when you're drunk? What would Jared think if he saw his mother getting drunk like that?" He didn't bother to sugarcoat his words. She immediately knitted her brows into a frown. Did I go crazy after getting drunk? Fine. I guess I agree with what he said. It's true that my son shouldn't see me like that. She tugged on the door to close it as she spoke to Elliot. "You can continue sleeping! I won't disturb you anymore." Then, she shut the door before walking down the corridor. She was going to wait in the hall until sunrise.

Since she woke him up, Elliot no longer felt like sleeping. He returned to his room

and washed up before putting on some clothes and walking over to the hall. Anastasia had gone to the fridge to get herself a drink, and she was just feeling rather creeped out by the large hall when she heard footsteps coming from behind. She instantly spun her head around to find the man with one hand stuck into his pocket. He strolled over with a lazy look on his face.

"Aren't you going to sleep?" she asked while looking at him.

"I can't sleep anymore," he replied flatly. Then, he walked over to the fridge to grab himself a bottle of beer. He sipped on it as he walked back to her. She felt nauseous just at the sight of alcohol. "Why are you drinking in the middle of the night? It's not good for your stomach," she uttered in a confused tone.

"Do you care about me that much?" He sat on the couch beside her and gave her a faint smile.

"I don't care about you; I'm caring about myself. I'm afraid that you might get horny after you're drunk." Anastasia didn't bother to be nice to him either. The man had a history of doing such things, after all.

He let out a scoff as he couldn't believe what the woman just said about him.

"Are you that confident about my interest in you?" He put on an offended expression.

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Anastasia let out a scoff. "You guys are interested as long as it's a woman." Elliot eyed her without saying anything. He didn't agree with her since she was the only woman he was interested in. "Your dad will take good care of Jared. Don't worry." Elliot tried to comfort her—he assumed that she hadn't read the text. "I saw the text. I don't want you messing with my phone in the future, and I don't want you to reply to my texts. Do you think I don't know that you were the one who replied to Nigel's text?" she uttered in an edgy tone.

Elliot's face darkened all of a sudden; he looked almost like an ice sculpture for a moment. "Don't you dare mess around with Nigel's feelings for you, Anastasia!" She raised an eyebrow before laughing. "What makes you think I'm messing around with his feelings? There are tons of relationships that start off as friendships. We're friends now, but who knows what might happen in the future, right?"

"What do you mean?" Elliot asked through gritted teeth.

"I mean that our relationship is still in development. It's not about me fooling around with his feelings, okay?" she replied in a calm tone. Then, she intentionally added another statement to provoke him. "Honestly, I think Nigel's a good fit as Jared's dad. He's really nice to Jared. If fate allows us to be together, perhaps our relationship might blossom someday," she uttered.

"Are you the kind of girl who sleeps around? How could you reciprocate Nigel's attraction toward you while also maintaining such an unclear relationship with me? It seems like you're just someone who can't remain stable in life," Elliot commented in a sarcastic and irritated tone.

This made her feel rather annoyed. How could he say that I'm someone who sleeps around with others? "I can say the same about you, then! You're receptive to Hayley's admiration for you while you're also having this unclear relationship with me. We're not that different, you know?"

The man was silent for a moment, and all he could do was glare at Anastasia. "Are you saying that you might fall for Nigel and marry him someday? Are you going to pick him to be Jared's father?" Elliot narrowed his eyes to form a sharp gaze that looked like it could slice through walls.

She couldn't help but avoid his glares. "Maybe," she muttered in the most casual tone she could muster. His expression stiffened for a moment, and his face looked like it had been frozen in place. He seemed like a perfect ice sculpture at that moment. For some reason, Anastasia felt like the man was angry and unhappy at what she just said.

This made her realize something. Soon after that, she let out a mocking laugh.

"You aren't jealous, are you, Elliot? Are you secretly in love with me?"

Elliot felt a piercing rage that shot through his body, but he maintained the same cold look on his face. Anastasia curled her lips into a smug smile. "Don't fall in love with me-we'd never get a happy ending because I'd never fall in love with you," she stated.

All of a sudden, Elliot got to his feet. He seemed especially domineering as he towered over her, and she sat upright in fear. "W-What are you trying to do?"

"This is my house, Anastasia. Why are you acting all stuck-up and cocky here?" He shot her a cold and sharp glare. She felt like she was facing the devil himself-he gave off a beast-like viciousness as he spoke.

Wait. Did I trigger him? she thought. "I take back whatever I said, Elliot. Just... pretend I never said it..." She quickly gave in, and she tried to escape the hall after finishing her sentence.

"It's too late." The man scoffed as he pulled the woman into his arms just before she could scurry off. Anastasia's instinct was to wrestle and push him away, and both of them fell onto the couch when the man failed to hold onto her firmly. At this point, Anastasia could no longer escape-the man's muscular body was like a huge net that trapped her in it. "Elliot... You..." Her warning was caught in her throat as the man pressed his lips against hers. He was desperate to give her lips a punishment as she had made too many infuriating statements today. Anastasia tried to protest with her glares as she stared into his stunning eyes. However, all she saw was the passion that Elliot had for her. She had no choice but to shut her eyes. All of her senses were stimulated by the man, and Anastasia could feel herself loosening up to him, perhaps because she was also under the influence of alcohol. She was shocked by her own feelings.