

My Baby's Daddy Chapter 591

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Chapter 591 She was getting really embarrassed. "Just pick one and leave!" she said. "Just one?" he asked her seriously.

Huh? Is he gonna buy more than that? She got her answer a moment later. When he had finally settled on the brand and size, he tossed six boxes into the cart. She wanted to tell everyone that she did not know him. Anastasia could feel all the ladies around her giving her looks when they came to the counter, and her face burned up.

The sun was already setting when they came out. Elliot was in a buoyant mood all the way home, and the jazz music he played reflected that. The sky was blazing red, and it seemed like an aurora was showing up in the heavens. Everything looked lovely. It was almost six when they arrived home.

Elliot was preparing dinner. Anastasia wanted to help, but he kissed her and pushed her out. "Dress yourself up and come back down," he hinted at her.

Anastasia went upstairs and pulled the closet open. There were a few pieces of sexy lingerie inside that she bought on impulse last time. She never had a chance to wear them though, but now she could. Still, there was no way she would wear those for dinner. She had bought two dresses back when she got engaged. They were simple but sexy, making them the perfect attire for dates. She showered and blew her hair dry before changing into her black dress. The diamond shoulder strap made her shine, and the tight fitting waist part of the dress accentuated her curves. Elliot was pouring red wine when she came down, and she saw her candles on the table too. The bouquet of roses was on the table as well. The already romantic dinner was made more meaningful thanks to what he was doing.

He looked up and saw her coming down elegantly. Her thick, dark hair tumbled down her shoulders, drawing attention to her face. Her eyes glistened and gleamed, as if they were singing. Elliot's eyes were filled with

queen. She sat down on it, feeling honored. He leaned down and kissed her head.

Anastasia felt really spoiled, and things were getting so sweet, it made her dizzy. So this is what they mean when they say they're in heaven.

He sat down and cut up some steak, then he fed her some. "Have a taste."

She took a bite, and he looked at her with anticipation. He really hoped she liked it. "It's good," she praised.

A smile curled his lips as he was happy to hear that. She raised the glass of red wine and handed it to him. "Cheers." He raised his and raised a toast to her. Elliot looked at her greedily, refusing to let go of any chance to admire her goodness.

She too did not want to let any chance to stare at him go. Their eyes were glued to each other, and it was as if they were the only people on earth. They were each other's lovers.

"You look beautiful tonight, Mrs. Presgrave," he praised.

She said, "You look great tonight too, Mr. Presgrave."

They enjoyed their meal in silence. There was nothing more that needed to be said. They could see the love bubbling in each other's eyes. Anastasia wanted to help out with the dishes after dinner, but he held her hand down. "I'll do it. You get some rest." "I don't need it," she retorted.

"But you should, or you might get too tired tonight," he said, wiggling his eyebrows. Her face turned beet-red. Does he think he can outlast me? Now that's impossible! He saw through her, and he huddled closer. "I've been holding it in for a long time," he whispered into her ear.

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She gulped a little. Whoa, is he a telepath like Anya? But I haven't said anything yet. She took her candles and went upstairs to decorate the room. By nine at night, she was already waiting for him on the couch. Eventually she heard the sound of his footsteps. Her heart started beating faster with each footstep. He's here.

Elliot had taken his trench coat off, and he was wearing a dark shirt inside. His pants were wrapped tightly around his taut, muscular legs. He came to her side and patted her head. "I'll get showered." Elliot went to the bathroom and came back out in his pajamas twenty minutes later. The look in his eyes was passionate enough to burn her up.

She knew he was thinking of her as a work of art, and he was admiring it. He lay on the bed and beckoned to her. "Come here, Mrs. Presgrave. It's bedtime." She did not move. She refused to listen to him just like a cheeky child. Anastasia rested her chin on her hands and smiled smugly. "No. I'm not sleepy yet."

He laughed and heaved a sigh. "It's my fault."

Anastasia wondered why he said that, but then he got out of bed and came up to her. "I'll run you through an exercise routine. It'll help with sleep."

She wanted to run away, but he held her arm and pulled her into his embrace. At the same time she looked up, he held the back of her head to press his lips against hers. She could feel that he wanted her, as if he would gobble her up right away. She opened her eyes a little and saw him looking at her, as if trying to suck her in. She closed her eyes, her heart racing. She held his waist in embarrassment, and halfway through the kiss, she felt herself getting lighter. He had picked her up, and they were heading toward the bed.

He placed her down gently like she was the most important thing in the world to him. The kiss went on and on, and she drowned in his love. She let her guard down, and she looked at her beloved, whose face was illuminated by the light. She finally let go of what happened five years ago. If that was her fate, then this was the best outcome of it. She was fine with it, as long as he was there. She would never fall for anyone else. He would be the only one she loved in this

life.

“Anastasia,” he called out to her gently. “I love you,” he whispered.

The night was silent. Well, for the most part of it. The bedroom’s light remained on until dawnbreak. Anastasia finally woke up at about eleven. The blinding sunlight made her turn away and scurry into Elliot’s embrace.

He chuckled and gave her a kiss. She can be so shy sometimes. “Are you getting up, Mrs. Presgrave?”

She leaned her head against his chest and shook her head. She wanted to hear his voice more. It was lovely hearing him call her that.

Elliot looked at her nose, where the sunlight had gathered. Her skin was fair and gleaming pink. She was adorable last night, and he wanted more.

Anastasia had decided to stay with him and do nothing the whole day.

It was then he asked, “So how did I do? Good?”

She thought, Yeah, too good. “Hmm... No comment.” She had no idea what to say.

“Ah, I see I haven’t done well. Looks like I have to work harder tonight,” he said on purpose.

She looked up at him and blurted, “Please, no. You did well.”

He was still not satisfied with that, and he smiled at her. “It’s my duty to make you happy.”

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Elliot bent down and gently kissed the top of Anastasia’s head. “I’ll make you some food.”

Anastasia finally released him. As he got out of bed, she spotted the nail marks on his back that were frankly quite ghastly, so she turned around guiltily.

It was probably... thanks to her.

At 12.30PM, Anastasia lazily pulled on a T-shirt and put her hair up in a simple bun before heading downstairs. Her heart was filled with utter bliss when she saw her man making lunch for her.

Seeing as how he was still hustling about in the kitchen, she decided to head over and hug him from behind without saying a word. She simply squished her face against his back and followed him around as he moved.

Elliot turned around and hugged her back before kissing her. “Let’s eat! I’m free today, so we can spend the whole day together.”

“Shouldn’t we pick Jared up?” Anastasia blinked at him.

“Nigel canceled his business trip and Jared’s having a blast at his place, so he doesn’t want to come back just yet. It’ll just be the two of us for the next three days.”

She narrowed her eyes suspiciously at him. Is that so? Is it Jared who doesn’t want to come back, or did he convince Jared to stay away somehow?

Elliot could tell what she was thinking. He chuckled and said, "It's really Jared who doesn't want to come back."

Anastasia quirked her lips into a smile. Nigel did have a lot of cool games in his house, so it was rather likely that Jared was reluctant to leave. She was about to move away, but something seemed to have gotten into Elliot as he quickly bent down and caught her lips in his.

Their kisses grew heavier and heavier.

The cozy sunlight shone in through the tall glass windows and scattered all over the living room. Everything was well with the world.

If there had not been a warm lunch waiting for them, Elliot might never have stopped kissing her.

After lunch, Elliot accompanied Anastasia on a walk. It was well and truly springtime now as the gentle breeze carried the scent of grass, and the cerulean skies were clear without a speck of clouds. The entire world seemed to come to life again.

At night, they headed to a nearby Dinner in the Sky restaurant. Elliot had made the arrangements in advance, and they were the only customers in the entire establishment.

The soft and melodic music gave the place an air of romance.

There was a blanket of stars overhead and a beautiful candlelit table in front of them.

The air hung with the scent of alcohol and fragrance from the flower decor. As for the man in front of her, he was breathtakingly handsome and he was staring at her lovingly with his deep, soulful eyes.

The music seemed to be expressing a love that could not be described with mere words. The melody tugged at the heart as it flitted cheerily from note to note, and somehow, it seemed to fit the journey that they had taken in their path of love—from the day they first met to the present where they finally could be in each other's arms.

At 10.30PM, the couple went home and enjoyed a moment that was theirs alone.

Anastasia bloomed like a brilliant rose that captivated the heart and soul of Elliot, whose eyes never left her, not even for a single moment.

"Mr. Presgrave, you should shower first," Anastasia said to him.

"My water bill this month went up too much. Let's not waste water, hmm? Let's shower together," he suggested. In one swift motion, he carried her into the bathroom.

She snorted to herself. Blaming the water bill, huh? I could always just pay this month's water bill.

However, this seemingly cold and reserved man became quite shameless in her presence.

In fact thanks to her, he had become the master of romance and quite an expert at setting the mood.

Three days later, Jared dragged his feet as he exited Nigel's house, but when he saw that his mommy and daddy had come to pick him up, he became an overeager puppy again.

Nigel stared wistfully at the family of three, but he recalled how much he enjoyed singlehood too, so he did not feel too envious.

Late that night, Anastasia jostled awake from sleep. She had subconsciously tried to hug the man who was supposed to be in bed beside her, but the spot was empty.

She opened her eyes and saw no sign of Elliot anywhere, but after giving it a moment's thought, she figured out where he went.

Anastasia climbed out of bed and went to Jared's room, and true enough, she saw him sitting on the edge of Jared's bed for what seemed like eternity.

The warm light cast a shadow on him on the floor and made him look like a statue.

Anastasia felt a pang in her heart as she could empathize with how Elliot was feeling right now.

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The child who addressed him as mister was in actuality his son, and to have gotten to know him as a stranger at first must feel terribly upsetting and regrettable.

Words could not describe the love he felt for his son.

Elliot sensed that Anastasia was behind him, so he adjusted Jared's covers lightly and got up to leave.

Anastasia had been standing there for quite some time. She was dressed quite thinly so she was starting to feel a little cold. Elliot's large hands warmed up her chilly ones as he pulled her back to bed.

The next day, Anastasia received a call from Francis. He called to inform her that Naomi's court proceedings would begin on Tuesday and asked if she had time to attend. Naturally, Anastasia would make the time for it. She wanted to witness Naomi's downfall in person and see if Naomi truly regretted what she did.

Tuesday morning, after dropping Jared off at school, Anastasia and Elliot went over to the courthouse.

Francis was already there when they arrived, and he seemed to have worked through his emotions as he was a lot calmer this time.

At ten o'clock, Naomi was brought into the courtroom. Her hands and feet were cuffed, and her hair had turned gray in many areas. She looked as if she had aged ten years. When she saw the people sitting in the stands, she looked over at Francis with pleading eyes and her voice trembled as she called out, "Francis... Francis..."

Francis looked at Naomi with nothing but pain. There was no love and no concern at all. Naomi glanced at Anastasia, but she knew that with her here, there was no way that Francis would take pity on her and forgive her.

Elliot was also sitting beside Anastasia, and compared to them, Naomi looked like she belonged in a different world entirely.

The proceedings started, and Francis' lawyer began to give an explicit

account of what happened. Despite the cold and matter-of-fact tone he used to describe the sequence of events, it was still enough to shock and strike fury in the hearts of anyone who heard it. For the sake of money. Naomi was willing to betray her husband and even go so far as to make an attempt on his life.

The culprits behind the entire scheme were Erica, Alex, and Naomi.

Naomi sat stiffly in her seat as she heard the recount of what she had done. She saw Francis sitting there with his head lowered, and tears of anger and regret began to stream down her face.

She recalled how blissful she felt when Francis married her. He worked hard to build his empire, but he would always provide her a princely sum to spend every month. She was free to do whatever she wanted with it, and her daughter, the one she had hidden away all these years, was able to grow up happy and confident as Francis' daughter too.

Why did everything turn out this way in the end?

Not only did she ruin her own life, but she also ruined her daughter's youth and future.

Anastasia remained calm on the outside, but on the inside, she was hoping that her father would not plead clemency for this woman. She wanted Naomi to face the full consequences of her actions.

Francis did not do anything, but toward the end of the proceedings, Naomi turned to him and pleaded with a tear-stricken face, "Francis, I know what I did was wrong, and I'm willing to bear the consequences, but please... please forgive Erica. I'm the one who taught her to do everything. She's not a bad person."

Francis said nothing. Naomi had received an eighteen-year sentence. If she managed to stay alive until the end of her sentence, she would be an old woman in her seventies when she was released.

When she did not hear a reply from Francis, she screamed in tears, "Erica has treated you like a father for 22 years! She's only 23 years old! My poor daughter..."

Francis did feel sorry for Erica because she was a child that he had raised,

but when he glanced at Anastasia and recalled everything that Naomi and Erica had done to her all these years, he suppressed those feelings.

He had no right to forgive them on Anastasia's behalf. Anastasia was the only one who could decide whether Erica could be forgiven.

Though it went without saying that Anastasia would not do such a thing, and she would remain unmoved even if Naomi cried until her eyes bled out.

She turned to Francis. "Let's go, Dad."

Francis nodded and left with Anastasia and Elliot. All of Naomi's hopes were dashed as Erica would soon be sentenced as well. If Francis refused to help, then her daughter would not receive any leniency either.

Naomi's crimes made it to the news. She had a short-lived moment of glory as the president of Tillman Constructions, and at the time, she had been incredibly smug about it to the press. Now, that only served to highlight just how far she had fallen.

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Elliot and Anastasia escorted Francis to his car and watched him leave before they headed over to their car.

That night, they had dinner at Presgrave Residence. When their wedding plans came up in conversation, Anastasia said to Harriet, "Grandma, I'd like us to keep a low profile for the wedding. I don't need a grand wedding and I don't want the reporters to report about our ceremony."

While it may seem amazing to receive high-profile coverage, it came with a lot of risks. Anastasia did not want their family's lives to be scrutinized. She just wanted to have a quiet and peaceful life.

Harriet was happy to accept the suggestion. Her biggest concern was not having the ceremony live up to Anastasia's expectations, but since it was a request from Anastasia herself, she would plan according to her wishes.

The wedding was to be held at the start of May on a private island within the country's borders. Around a hundred guests were invited.

While they did keep a low profile, Elliot still invested a lot of time and money into creating a lavish and romantic ceremony for Anastasia.

In the days leading up to the ceremony, Anastasia got busy too. She had a lot of decisions to make, such as choosing her wedding gown and the gown for the banquet

at night, as well as other minute details for the ceremony. She poured her heart into preparing everything.

As for her guests, apart from friends and relatives from her father's side, Anastasia also invited Felicia and Grace. While she had friends overseas, she was mindful of the great distance and decided against informing them.

Spring was afoot and the lovely spring breeze came wafting in through the window. Anastasia began to feel a little drowsy. Jared was in school by now, and she had spent the morning discussing wedding details with the wedding planners. Once they left, she got a thin blanket and decided to take a nap on the couch.

All of a sudden, she felt a firm hand closing in around her shoulder, and she stirred awake to see a familiar face staring back at her. She nestled back down into his chest and fell sound asleep.

Elliot stroked her long hair and peppered it with kisses as he accompanied her while she napped.

When Anastasia woke up from her afternoon nap, she found out that Elliot had brought a female bodyguard back with him.

She was Adriana Williams, a 33-year-old woman with impeccable fighting skills and a long list of credentials. In addition to that, she was also a very intelligent and capable woman who could help Anastasia with all manner of issues. She was going to assume the role of Anastasia's personal bodyguard and would be with her at all times.

Anastasia took a liking to Adriana thanks to her pair of trustworthy eyes. They made her feel safe.

"From now on, you must bring Adriana along with you wherever you go, so that she can keep you safe," Elliot said. Anastasia and Jared were now his weaknesses because they were what he cared about the most.

home, he pulled on his rain boots and grabbed an umbrella to go off and play in the garden.

Anastasia did not stop him. The newly hired servants were preparing dinner, so Anastasia joined Jared in the garden. However, her mind wandered for just a few moments and when she snapped out of it, Jared was gone.

She jumped to her feet in fear. "Jared? Jared... where are you?"

"Mommy! Mommy, look." Jared stuck his head out of a nearby bush and showed her what he cupped in his hands—a kitten whose fur was soaking wet, and who was meowing weakly.

Anastasia was stunned. She watched as Jared carefully wrapped the kitten in his clean clothes and asked, "Mommy, can I keep it?" He was staring at her with imploring eyes that made him look as pitiful as the kitten in his arms.

How could Anastasia deny her son when he looked so sincere about this?

"Okay, you can keep it." Anastasia nodded.

any more, but instead, he carried the kitten into the house at once.

This kitten probably had no idea that it was about to live its best life as it was soon to become a member of this household.

Soon, all the arrangements were made for the kitten to rest comfortably. Anastasia blowdried the kitten's fur and saw that it was probably a stray cat as it did not seem like a purebred cat. It looked like an ordinary cat, but it had a large pair of eyes that were quite adorable.

“Mommy, will Daddy agree to let me keep it?” Jared asked tentatively. He thought about how serious and proper his father was, and a man like him might not like having a kitten in the house!