

My Baby's Daddy Chapter 601

"Mason, it's not his fault. If he had a choice five years ago, he wouldn't have hurt me either." Anastasia sighed. "I don't know how he managed to gain your forgiveness, but... my heart aches for you." It was spelled out in Mason's eyes too, just how much sympathy he had for her. "Thank you, Mason, but I've come out on top now. Oh, let me congratulate you for joining Bourgeois!" Anastasia raised her glass.

Mason sighed. "We'll be there at your wedding ceremony. I wish you well, always." "What about you? Are you married?" Anastasia asked out of concern for her friend. Mason glanced at her before chuckling bitterly. "No. I haven't found the right one." The only woman he had ever liked was seated in front of him right now. Back then, his sister refused to let him go after her and did everything she could to stop him.

This led to Anastasia working for QR Group and him moving to a different country, and they fell out of contact as a result.

"There's no rush. You're still young. You'll find someone," Anastasia said reassuringly.

"I hope so too, but I'll leave it up to fate. There's no point trying to force things." Mason picked up the card and glanced through it again.

"You wrote this, right? I recognize your handwriting."

"Yup!"

"Your handwriting still looks as amazing as ever." He looked up at the woman in front of him, and affection filled his eyes once more.

"Did you know? If it hadn't been for my sister coming between us, I would've tried to date you, and we might've..."

Mason was halfway through his sentence when he heard someone with a deep voice calling out, "Sweetheart!"

Anastasia looked up at the man approaching them and she got a little nervous. Why is he here?

However, she recalled that he was the one who gave Adriana her orders, so it was only natural that he would be the first to know where she was and who she was with.

He probably heard what Mason had been trying to say, because otherwise, he would not have used such a mushy term in public.

"You're here." Anastasia gave him a sweet smile as she stood up to greet him. Then, she introduced him to Mason. "Mason, this is my fiancé, Elliot."

Elliot glanced at Mason and caught his eye before pulling the chair out. As he sat down, he placed one of his arms on the back of Anastasia's chair and indiscernibly crowded into her personal space. It was like an animal staking his claim on its territory, but either way, the message was clear.

Anyone could have gotten the message from a mile away, and Mason was no fool either. He greeted Elliot politely, "Nice to meet you, President Presgrave."

"Nice to meet you too," Elliot replied with a faint smile.

"Elliot, this is Mason Sullivan. He's a good friend I met overseas." As Anastasia said these words, she emphasized the words "good friend" and stared at Elliot with a warning look in her eyes.

Only Elliot would understand the warning in her eyes. She was warning him to not get jealous of Mason and to treat him with courtesy out of respect for her.

Elliot blinked in response as if promising that he would be a good boy.

"Thank you for taking care of Anastasia while she was overseas," Elliot thanked Mason.

"Not at all. It was the right thing for me to do." Mason nodded and looked at the couple in front of him. He sincerely meant it when he said, "Anastasia,

President Presgrave, I wish you two all the happiness in the world."

"Thank you. You and Katrina must come to the wedding!" Anastasia said with a smile.

"We'll be there." Mason checked his watch and said, "I should get back to the office. There are still a lot of things I need to get the hang of. I look forward to working with you, President Presgrave."

"Likewise," Elliot replied with a nod.

There was nothing else for Mason to say, so he got up and left.

As soon as he was gone, Anastasia turned to Elliot. "You're not allowed to think of Mason as your enemy.

He helped Jared and me a lot while we were overseas, and when I was giving birth to Jared, he was the one who waited outside the delivery room.

He's also the first person who held Jared."

Elliot's heart clenched tightly, and he nodded solemnly. "Okay. I will take good care of him at the company."

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"Mmhhh!" Anastasia sighed and said, "Those years I spent overseas were the hardest period of my life, so anyone who walked with me through those years and cared for me, will always be someone that Jared and I owe a lot to." "I'm sorry. It's my fault. I should've found you five years ago." Elliot blamed himself for everything. Five years ago, he did go back to try and find the woman, but the employees at the Abyss Club were a mess and he did not try very hard either. He ended up getting tied up with the company's affairs and had to run around the globe for over a year before finally coming back.

It was in that year that he realized he could not forget the woman from that night, so he decided to search for her once more. He decided to use the watch to find her. As long as a woman showed up with that watch in hand, he would know that it was her. However, he never would have expected that Anastasia would have thrown the watch away that night, and it would end up in another woman's hands.

"Forget it. Let's not talk about the past anymore. We should look toward the future," Anastasia consoled him before resting her head against his shoulder. "The three of us have reunited now, and we won't be apart ever again."

Elliot clasped her hand tightly and promised, "We'll always be together, forever."

He took her out to lunch, and in the afternoon, he accompanied her to a nearby shopping mall to take their mind off things.

Back at Bourgeois, Mason returned to the office and gave his sister a call to inform her about the wedding ceremony.

"What?! Anastasia's future husband is the president of Presgrave Group, Elliot Presgrave? You must be kidding!" Katrina exclaimed in disbelief.

"Why would I kid about something like this? I even met him just now."

"So what you're saying is, the child Anastasia gave birth to back then is his as well?"

"Yes, he's the father."

"Wow, Mason, you've hit the jackpot then! If it hadn't been for you, the Presgrave Group's little heir would have drowned with his mother. He wouldn't have been born at all! Did Elliot Presgrave offer to give you a raise?"

“Don’t talk like that, Kat!” “Huh? Why not? Elliot Presgrave is loaded anyway. Shouldn’t he repay you in some way?”

“That’s enough, Kat. Don’t bring this up ever again. I’m just glad that I ran into Anastasia once again and know that she has a good life now.”

“You haven’t had a girlfriend all these years because of her, but look at her. The moment she shows up, she throws a bunch of wedding invitations at us. That’s so unfair for you!”

“Enough of that. She invited you too, so are you going?”

“I’ll go! Of course, I’m going! I want to see Elliot Presgrave in person! I heard that he’s an incredibly handsome man,” Katrina commented.

“Fine. We’ll talk later.” Mason ended the call and his thoughts began to drift again.

It was six years ago when he first saw a girl sitting in a park with her luggage in tow. Winter was nearly upon them, but she dressed in so very little that it made others take pity on her. He saw the stickers on her luggage and decided to talk to her.

When she looked up at him, her clear and breathtaking eyes were full of caution.

She asked him for directions to the design institute, and he just so happened to be a student there, so he was happy to oblige. She kept thanking him for it.

Mason then helped her find a place to stay, and when he asked for more

information, he finally realized that she was not enrolled in the design institute, but just someone who came because she was determined to study design.

He had to break the news to her that the design institute never accepted students who did not enroll the traditional way. However, she looked at him with a pair of steadfast eyes and said she had no other option now. She had to get into the design institute.

She had heard about a genius designer who had been admitted into the design institute on special consideration, and she believed that she could too. Mason was moved by her determination.

He decided to help her approach the institute’s administration. Half a month later, he brought her designs to his lecturer’s office and kept pleading for his lecturer to make an exception for her, but he failed every single time.

Mason did not give up, and neither did she. Just as he began to develop feelings for her, he found out that she was pregnant, and his heart came crashing down as well.

It was around that time when she lost all hope in life. The design institute refused to make an exception for her. Throughout those dark times, he stood by her and watched as she struggled in the darkness of her despair, and every time, he would reach out to pull her back up with the strength to face the world again.

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That girl's resolve touched him to the core. He sympathized with her and fell in love with her, but his sister found out about it and tried to stop him from seeing her. In the end, while being seven months pregnant, Anastasia brought over a hundred designs to his lecturer's house, and she finally moved him. He made an exception for her and allowed her to enter the design institute as a student. She was incredibly gifted. Despite her abject situation, she created masterpieces that took everyone's breath away.

Outside the delivery room, he gingerly carried the child she gave birth to in his arms. At the same time, the doctor chewed Mason out because her amniotic fluid had nearly dried up by the time they arrived at the hospital, and the baby would have suffocated to death had they been just a few minutes late.

Right at the moment, all Mason could think about was his desire to look after this mother-and-son duo, even if his family protested against the relationship.

Three days after the delivery, Mason was the one who took care of Anastasia and her son while they were cooped up in a tiny room. By the time the baby was about to celebrate his first birthday, she graduated.

At the same time, his family came over and did their best to stop him from ever seeing her again. He was called back home for three months and when he finally returned to where she lived, all he saw was a letter that she had left behind. She was gone, and they lost contact.

The last time he saw her was in a photo of one of QR Group's ceremonies. She had become a chief designer and was accepting an award. Her smile was dazzling and confident, and she looked like a brilliant star shining in the sky. She had grown strong and confident, and she found her footing in life, while he left for a different country.

Life worked in mysterious ways.

They were finally in the same city again, but now that they managed to see each other once more, she had already found the love of her life and was about to get married.

Anastasia was in a reverie at the restaurant.

The sunlight flitted through her hair and gave her eyes a sparkle that made them seem like diamonds.

Elliot only had eyes for her while she seemed to be caught in her thoughts, though he did not know what they were.

“Let’s eat. The food’s getting cold,” he reminded her gently.

Anastasia exhaled slowly. All this talk of the past dredged all those feelings back up again. In fact, she felt incredibly guilty over the manner of Jared’s birth too. Before he was born, she was not a good mother.

She had hated his existence and had tried to prevent him from being born. She had also even tried to take her own life before.

“Can you tell me what’s on your mind?” Elliot asked softly. He was truly worried about her.

“When I was pregnant with Jared, I really did not want to keep him. I tried searching for a place to get an illegal abortion done and I even tried taking my life.” Anastasia’s eyes glittered with tears. She did not know why she was spilling all these horrid details about the past to him.

Elliot’s heart felt like it was being squeezed. He sat beside her and pulled her into a hug. “I’m so sorry. I’m the one who caused all your suffering.”

“I don’t know how I managed to pull through back then, but Mason truly was my savior.” Anastasia looked up at him and said, “You need to be good to him, okay?”

Elliot nodded. “Yes, I’ll make sure he has a good career with the company.”

“Everything I have today, and the fact that I was able to meet you, is all thanks to the help he gave me back then. If it hadn’t been for him, I might’ve drowned in that freezing river that day.” She poured out all the memories that she had locked away.

He held her even more tightly as he kissed her hair. There was nothing he could do about her past, but he would do his absolute best to make it up to Anastasia and Jared in the future.

Once they left the cafe, Elliot and Anastasia went to pick up their son. The sun was beginning to set, and they watched as he came running out to them.

Both of them felt their heart surge with joy.

“Daddy! Mommy!”

Elliot reached out and carried Jared with one arm while using the other hand to hold Anastasia's. "Let's go home."

In a bar in the city center, before opening time, a man was sitting at the bar, drinking alone. His long and slender fingers picked up the faceted glass and brought it to his luscious lips before he downed it in one go.

Once he finished drinking, he slammed his fist on the table and everyone around him jolted as if his fist had slammed into their chests.

"Damn it! Who on earth is she?!" The man's cool voice was laced with frustration.

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A month ago, the bar had changed owners as it was bought by the gorgeously handsome man before him. From then on, the bar was only open whenever the man felt like it, although he spent most of the time drinking alone in the bar. At one time, the ladies who came to the bar were captivated by his charming good looks, but they all ended up fearing him, especially those who tried to approach him. He not only had a cold shoulder, but he greeted those women with a frosty, scathing look. It wasn't enjoyable to be scrutinized under the man's gaze, which would freeze a person from head to toe as if skinning them alive.

The man being described was Arthur Weiss, the mysterious young man of noble descent who had been looking for his family heirloom. "Young Master Weiss, we'll surely find her," the bodyguard said in an effort to comfort him.

Arthur's patience was running out. He had tried everything he could, but he couldn't find the thief's whereabouts at all. He had checked the bar's surveillance footage, as well as surveillance footage of the road, but the young lady was so heavily made-up that there was no way of knowing what she really looked like.

He had considered going to the police, but he didn't want the loss of his family heirloom to be made public, fearing that the thief might destroy the heirloom if she were to learn that it was an object of great importance. If that happened, even if he caught her, he might not be able to recover it. Therefore, he would rather let her keep the heirloom first and sort her out later when he found her.

Right now, he was waiting for the final piece of information—the cab driver who had driven her to the bar that night was found.

At this moment, a man in his early thirties came in after the bodyguard through the entrance. He had heard that the bar had closed down; it was once a paradise for the rich and the most luxurious money-squandering establishment in town. He then saw a

man sitting in a chair next to the bar counter. He was toying with a wine glass, and it was evident from the sound of the wine glass being swirled around that the man had superb bartending skills.

“Young Master Weiss, here’s the cab driver who drove that lady to the bar that night.”

Arthur had another of his men take out two bundles of cash. Then, he pushed the photo next to him toward the man, asking, “Do you remember this lady? The money is yours as long as you tell me where you picked her up.”

Seeing the heavily made-up young lady in the photo, the driver instantly remembered her. “Yes, yes, I do remember this lady. She was coming out of a restaurant when I picked her up.”

“Did she say anything during the ride?”

“Yes, she did. She made a phone call. I remember it very well; she was crying her eyes out, seemingly telling her dad that she didn’t want to get married.”

Arthur felt that victory was in sight. “Can I have the video of the ride that night?”

The cab driver darted a look at the two bundles of cash before taking out his cell phone even more briskly. “Sure, sure. Let me find it for you right away.” Finally, he brought up precisely the video recording of that night.

Arthur looked at the young lady who had gotten into the cab in the video, and sure enough, she was none other than the female thief. I’ve got you at last, he thought.

The cab driver left immediately after getting the money.

On the other hand, Arthur was watching the video recording of that night. The cab ride lasted a total of 23 minutes. The somewhat blurry video showed that after getting into the cab, the young lady first stared blankly out of the car window for a long time.

Suddenly, her cell phone rang; she picked it up and answered, “Hey, Dad.”

Shortly after that, she got emotional and added, “I want to call off the engagement. I don’t want to get married... I just want to get married to the love of my life. I don’t want to get married to Christopher York.”

The person calling her then said something on the other end of the line, upon which she instantly burst into tears and cried like a baby. After that, she hung up the phone and said to the cab driver, “Drive me to the most luxurious bar in the city.”

The man gave her a few words of comfort before mentioning the name of a bar, to which she replied, “Okay, drive me there.”

After that, she remained silent until getting out of the cab.

Christopher York, huh? A sneer flashed across Arthur's face. At last, he had a clue about the young lady's identity. "I want all the information about this lady in ten minutes."

He had finally reached the limit of his patience.

After less than ten minutes, his bodyguard handed him an iPad. "Young Master Weiss, Christopher York is a well-known rich dandy in Averno. Only one person has been rumored to be engaged to him this year, and her name is Sophia Goodwin."

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Arthur picked up the iPad and fixed his eyes on the lady in the photo. The light shone on her face, illuminating her tender features; she looked as breathtakingly pure as a fresh-out-of-water water lily. Although she looked totally different from the heavily made-up lady from the other night, there was no way Arthur could mistake her for someone else with his excellent eyesight. It's her, he thought.

He recognized from this pair of eyes that the lady in the photo was the one from the other night. She was heavily made-up that night, but her eyes were indescribably clear and bright; they were as black and lustrous as obsidian. "Find out everything about her family as well as her extended families," he ordered frostily. Having gotten accustomed to his temper, the bodyguard beside him immediately did as he was told.

Arthur had grown up being raised like a prince since he was born, and his family owned a territory that spanned an incredibly wide area. Consequently, as the only child of his family, he was both the lifeblood of his family and the heir to a family fortune that was worth hundreds of millions.

As a result, he had never been offended by anyone from his birth until he was 27 years old. If he was dissatisfied with anything, it had to be dealt with within a day.

This time, however, he had lost his family heirloom for over a month, which was the greatest humiliation of his life. Therefore, it was foreseeable how miserable the young lady's fate would be.

Ten minutes later, the bodyguard handed the iPad to him once again. "Young Master Weiss, here is all the information about Sophia Goodwin. Please take a look."

Arthur read through the story about the Goodwin Family. Sophia's father was the chairman of two listed companies and had a fortune of over ten billion. However, his

business had been losing money in recent years, so he was now two billion in debt instead.

Therefore, he intended to establish a collaboration with the York Family, forming an alliance with them by marrying off his beloved only daughter to Christopher.

Arthur checked the time; it was 8:00 PM. He curled his lips into a sneer, saying, "Let's pay a visit to the Goodwins."

Meanwhile, at the Goodwin Residence, Drake Goodwin was distressed by his company's inability to sustain itself while fretting about his runaway daughter.

The deal had been made between the two families, and Christopher liked Sophia very much, but she wilfully and recklessly sneaked out of the country. Since then, she had been incommunicado, her whereabouts unknown.

Emma, his wife, said worriedly, "Take the medicine, Drake, or your heart's gonna give you problems again."

Drake swallowed the medicine before asking the butler, "Have you found out which country Sophia is in?"

"Miss Sophia is hiding very well this time. We really can't find her; she's got the backbone not to use all her debit cards even after you've had them unfrozen."

"Well, she's not to blame for this. I've spoiled her rotten since she was little." Drake cared very much about Sophia, after all. At this moment, he was worried again about how she was doing abroad.

"Sigh. Sophia probably dislikes Young Master Christopher for his looks."

Drake argued, "He's a little chubby, but that's understandable. It'll be fine as long as he loses a bit of weight!" In his opinion, Christopher was somewhat overweight and plain-looking, but he wasn't all that bad as a husband.

"I'm afraid it won't be easy for him to lose weight with his size." Emma gave him a dirty look. "He's almost 220 pounds."

Drake immediately heaved a sigh. "If I'd had another choice, I wouldn't have put Sophia through this."

"Who cares if the company is going bankrupt? It's fine as long as we've got some money left to support ourselves in our old age," Emma said.

"The company was founded by my grandpa, so I have to keep it afloat. I'd never give up unless we're in a hopeless situation," Drake replied with ambition.

However, little did he know that he would be in a hopeless situation tonight

—and a chillingly hopeless situation at that, because his daughter had

brought the Goodwins an even greater disaster in the form of a young man from a mysterious and overwhelmingly wealthy family.

Just then, the servant came over and reported, “Sir, someone’s asking to meet you.”

“Who’d be visiting at such a late hour? Invite the person in,” Drake replied with a wave of his hand.

Soon after that, he saw a dignified—looking young man dressed in expensive clothes coming in under the light. He looked charmingly handsome, as if his face had been kissed by God. Not only that, but as he walked, he gave off an air of aloofness, projecting a powerful and forbidding presence.

Emma’s eyes widened slightly. Just who is this rich young man? Is he here because of Sophia?