

N Destiny 211

Chapter 211 Were You a Hostess?

The two female staff chatted animatedly, not realizing that the president was right behind the glass window. "Is it true that Miss Tillman worked as a hostess five years ago?"

That question made Elliot halt in his steps. He furrowed his brows while listening to their conversation.

"Of course it's true! Erica from the front desk is Anastasia's step-sister, and she said so herself! I heard that Anastasia couldn't afford to study design overseas, so she went to a club and worked as a hostess! She was eventually hauled out of the house by her father, though."

"In that case, where did her son come from?"

"How could you not get pregnant from selling your body? If you're unlucky and meet any customer who has a weird kink, it's easy to get pregnant."

When he heard those words, Elliot felt as if something had pierced his chest. His eyes darkened, and the aura around him immediately turned icy cold.

Was that part of Anastasia's past that she wasn't willing to talk about? Was that Jared's birth story? Every time they talked about her past, she would speak cautiously. It seemed that she wanted to hide most of her past.

"Which department are you two from? Leave the company on your own after lunch." Elliot hated people who gossiped during working hours. Moreover, these ladies happened to cross him while he was in a bad mood.

"Ah... President Presgrave!" The two staff quickly covered their mouths, and it seemed like their souls had flown out of their bodies.

However, before they could regain their senses, Elliot walked away. The two exchanged glances with each other, and they felt like they were going to faint due to the sudden escalation of events. Were they fired just like that?

Meanwhile, the glass door to Anastasia's office successfully blocked all the chaos outside. Immune to all distractions, Anastasia held her iPad in one hand while holding a pen in the other, and she sketched several designs according to her inspiration. Just as she was immersed in her drawings, someone pushed the door open and disturbed her.

Anastasia hated being interrupted. As she raised her head, she shot daggers at the uninvited man who was walking in with a long face.

After putting the iPad aside, she then questioned, "Is something up?"

Elliot walked over to her desk and propped both his hands on the table while staring into her eyes. He demanded, "Tell me the truth about your past, Anastasia. It doesn't matter what it was like, and I promise I won't judge."

Anastasia thought that he was out of his mind. As she folded her arms in front of her chest, she leaned back in her chair and asked, "Which part of my past do I have to confess to you?"

Elliot's expression changed slightly. He wanted her to leave the past behind and walk out of the dark; only then could she face the future positively, accept him, and be with him. He had to help her out of her misery.

He didn't care about her past actions or whether she used to have any relationships with other men, for he was willing to brush everything off. To him, all that mattered was their future together.

"I heard that you worked as a hostess five years ago to fund your studies abroad, and you always went in and out of the club to serve customers. I also heard that you had Jared around that time, am I correct? You even got kicked out of the house by your father. Are all of these true?" Elliot questioned in one go.

Anastasia's mind buzzed continuously. Other than Erica, who else would possibly make up such a cruel story?

Anastasia's face darkened before she slammed the desk with both hands. This startled Elliot, and he looked at her with a shocked expression, not knowing what had gotten into her.

"Erica Tillman, you little b*tch!" Anastasia rarely cursed, but at this moment, she didn't bother to be polite anymore. She just wanted to give Erica a good scolding.

Meanwhile, Elliot's eyes widened as he watched her.

Anastasia got up and left through the door, leaving a puzzled Elliot standing there by himself.

Once the elevator arrived on the first floor, Anastasia made her way to the front desk while exuding an intimidating aura. Erica was playing with her phone, but when she saw Anastasia walking over, she got up guiltily. By the time Anastasia was right in front of her, Erica wrapped her arms around her head and warned, "Go on if you dare to hit me! I'll tell Dad about it!"

"Erica Tillman, I'm giving you two choices. One, leave the company and go home. Two, take full responsibility for your words and let me slap you in the face!"

"Are you afraid that I'll expose you? Isn't it true that you got laid by a host five years ago?!" Erica shouted.

Chapter 212 A Forced Kiss Anastasia's face instantly turned pale. Then, she picked up a folder on the desk and threw it at Erica's face. "Ah..." It hurt so bad that Erica cried out in pain. The sharp corner of the folder scratched her face, leaving an obvious scar.

"Ouch! My face! My face..." Erica cherished her face dearly. Even though blood wasn't oozing out of the scratch, she felt devastated.

When Elliot came out of the elevator, he realized he was too late; Anastasia was already teaching Erica a lesson.

“Stop it, Anastasia,” ordered Elliot in a low voice. The woman needed to be disciplined sometimes, and Elliot feared that she would ruin her own reputation by going too far.

The other ladies at the front desk had been watching the fun, but once they saw the president, they shivered and quickly retreated to the back.

Nonetheless, Anastasia ignored the man as he came to persuade her. She stared at Erica and said, “Do you swear that every insult you've spread about me is real?”

“Yes, | swear!” Erica yelled.

“Alright, go on and swear that every word you've said is true. If there’s even one fabricated lie, you'll be hit by a car once you exit the building!” Anastasia was so furious that she couldn’t behave rationally anymore.

“|... 1...” Erica dared not do so. Just like everyone else, she was afraid of karma. What if the heavens punished her for this?

Upon hearing that, Elliot stared at Erica coldly. When he saw that she stuttered for a long time and didn’t dare to swear on her life, he realized that she must have made up those stories about Anastasia.

“You don’t dare to swear on your life, do you?!”

“You ruined my face! I’m going to tell Mom and Dad!” Erica instantly held onto this matter. After all, her face was still burning from the scratch just now!

“Erica Tillman, just resign on your own and head to the HR department right now. We don’t need people who talk nonsense in the company.” Elliot’s cold gaze swept across Erica.

The woman shuddered in response. She glanced at the handsome man in front of her as she couldn't believe that he had fired her on the spot.

That b*tch, Anastasia Tillman! Erica scolded in her heart. She was going to seek revenge on her one day!

After grabbing her bag, she stomped out of the lobby while feeling aggrieved. She didn't even bother going through her resignation process with the HR department.

Anastasia was like a fiery rose with thorns all over her body. When her gaze swept across the other ladies at the front desk, they quivered in panic and fear. After all, they were afraid that they would get involved too. What if Elliot decided to fire them all?

"Miss Tillman, we didn't talk bad about you..." "That's right. Erica was the only one who spread the rumors. We..."

Of course, Anastasia knew that they were also involved in disseminating such rumors. However, since it was all Erica's fault, she didn't want to say anything more. Instead, she turned on her heels and left the building because she needed some time alone.

Elliot squinted his eyes and immediately followed her out of the building, fearing that she would do something unthinkable as she wasn't in her right mind. Indeed, Anastasia wasn't completely herself. She raised her head to look at the green pedestrian light across her, but just as she

stepped onto the pedestrian crossing, the lights instantly turned red.

Fortunately, a strong arm gripped her and pulled her back to the side of the road. A frustrated and angry voice sounded beside her ears as Elliot yelled, "Are you trying to die?!"

In response, she looked up at the man while mocking herself, "Didn't you believe their nonsense too? I worked as a hostess and have entertained many men. I'm a filthy woman, so don't touch me if you don't want to dirty your hands."

Elliot held both her thin shoulders while narrowing his eyes. Even though he knew that she was just saying that out of anger, he was enraged upon hearing those words. He then scolded, "You're not allowed to give up on yourself!"

All of a sudden, Anastasia was spewing nonsense in front of him. Her clear and round eyes widened as she uttered seriously, "I am filthy. Other men have touched me, so just go on and judge me however you want to! I..."

Before she could finish her sentence, she felt a large palm holding the back of her head. Another hand was clutching her waist, and the person's minty lips covered her own.

Elliot kissed her.

They were currently standing beside the road full of traffic where people came and went. With that, Elliot forced Anastasia into a kiss.

Chapter 213 Ruin My Daughter Blood gushed into her brain as a shade of crimson crept up her cheeks, and Anastasia froze because of his actions.

All she felt was the hot kiss that Elliot left on her lips. In order to show her that he wasn't going to look down on her, he dived in for a long and desperate kiss.

Anastasia's mind went blank as she let him take control of her.

When Elliot let go of her, he pressed his forehead against hers and uttered in a low and hoarse voice, "Listen up, Anastasia. | don't despise you, so you can't despise me too. | don't care about your past; | just want to be in your future."

At that moment, Anastasia was blushing uncontrollably. She shoved him away in anger and glared at him. Was he insane?! They were at the entrance of the company. If anyone saw them, she would never be able to clear up this misunderstanding. "I'm warning you, Elliot..." Anastasia suddenly threatened.

“You'd better not touch me, or else...”

“You'll marry me,” Elliot smirked, finishing her sentence on behalf of Anastasia.

The woman stared at him, dumbfounded. She couldn't think of any words to refute him for a while, so she turned around and headed toward another commercial street.

This time, Elliot didn't chase after her anymore. He had calmed down by then, and he believed that she wouldn't have any thoughts of suicide anymore. After all, she loved her son far too much to do that.

On the other hand, Anastasia sat down in a cafe with her face flushed.

No one saw us earlier, right?

She was silently praying that no one had seen them kiss. Otherwise, she wouldn't be able to work in the office anymore. Elliot always took advantage of her regardless of the occasion, and he was a terrible person for that.

When her cup of iced coffee was served, Anastasia took a small sip. They were currently going through late Autumn in November, so a cup of iced coffee was enough to calm her nerves down. Her sudden outburst of anger earlier was due to the accumulation of resentment she had toward Erica since she was a child, and she couldn't take it any longer.

Now that she thought about it, she didn't have to be upset. After all, she was only hurting herself.

Her phone rang at that moment, notifying Anastasia of a call from her father. She never expected to hurt Erica with the folder she had thrown at her.

“Hi, Dad.” Anastasia picked up the call. “What happened to you and Erica, Anastasia? Did you two fight?” Francis inquired in an accusing tone. “Yes, and I accidentally injured her,” Anastasia apologized.

At that moment, Naomi's angry voice sounded from the other end as she spoke. "Anastasia Tillman! Are you trying to ruin my daughter? Are you happy now that her face is scratched?!"

When she heard that, Anastasia furrowed her brows. Was her dad at home?

"You've always bullied my daughter, Erica! Why does she have such a hard life? She hasn't even been at work for two days, yet you've already hurt her! Don't cross the line, Anastasia." Naomi sounded exasperated.

Aspeechless Anastasia rolled her eyes. Naomi was acting like the guilty party who was filing the suit and pretending to be pitiful.

"You should ask your daughter how she slandered me at work first," Anastasia retorted without backing down.

"It isn't like you don't know Erica's temper. She's just straightforward and likes to be nosy sometimes. That doesn't give you the right to dismiss her from her job and hurt her. If the scratch leaves a scar on her face, I'm never going to forgive you," said Naomi as she huffed, not forgetting to justify her daughter's actions.

"Alright, that's enough. Their fight isn't that serious," Francis reassured Naomi as the woman sobbed.

"If there's nothing else, I'll be hanging up. Goodbye, Dad." Anastasia had had enough of Naomi. She was pretending to be pitiful in front of her dad, and she wanted to let Anastasia know her place in Francis' heart.

Back at the office, Elliot suppressed the gossip about Anastasia and fired three employees. In just one day, he had fired Anastasia's step-sister as well as two other female staff. His actions made the other staff panic, and no one dared to talk bad about Anastasia anymore.

When the woman returned to the office, no one dared to utter a word in front of her, but curious eyes were still locked on her behind Anastasia's back.

Seeing how President Presgrave had defended her, was she really in a relationship with him?

After today's incident, that rumor seemed to have become reality.

Chapter 214 Be Careful, Hayley How nice would it be to sleep with President Presgrave? This was the inner voice of most female staff. I'm so envious that Elliot Presgrave gets to have Anastasia Tillman! Meanwhile, this was the inner voice of most male staff.

Anastasia sat in her office with a headache, and all of her inspiration had dissipated by then. Even more so, her mind was filled with the kiss that happened on the streets earlier. Was Elliot just repaying her kindness, or did he really like her?

Back at Tillman Residence, Erica was staring at her swollen face in the mirror as she gnashed her teeth in anger. Anastasia merely wanted to ruin her face! If it weren't for her luck, Erica might have suffered a huge cut on her face.

"I won't let you off so easily, Anastasia! I will make you pay back double for today's humiliation," hissed Erica. Once she was done scolding Anastasia, she picked up her phone and dialed Hayley's number.

"Hello, Erica." Hayley was as friendly as ever. "Do you know what I went through today, Hayley? My face was almost ruined by Anastasia." Hayley was extremely surprised when she heard that. She hurriedly asked, "What happened between the both of you?"

"Let's not mention it." While Erica said not to mention it, she proceeded to explain the entire incident. However, she didn't mention that she only went to work at Bourgeois because of Elliot. Instead, she simply said that she needed a job.

"What? You went to Bourgeois to work for two days?" Hayley was shocked, but she was even more relieved that she hadn't gone to the atelier for the past two days.

"I just wanted to gain some experience there, but I didn't expect Anastasia to treat me like an eyesore. Not only did she ruin my face, she even took the chance to fire me," said Erica as she huffed in exasperation. At the same time, she smiled proudly while uttering, "Of course, I didn't let her have it all. I told the whole company that she worked as a hostess and entertained customers in a club, and she even got laid by a host five years ago. The whole company is treating her like a joke now!"

However, Hayley was anxious to hear that, so she inquired tentatively, "Do you remember what the host looked like? What about his stage name?"

"Weren't you the one who arranged it? How would I know? Anyway, you should have selected an ugly host for her in the first place. That way, she'd be disgusted to death. Why did you even get her a host? What a waste of money." Erica had been partying like a wild animal that night, and it was Hayley's idea all along. She was just watching the fun.

Hayley heaved a sigh of relief upon hearing that. She figured that the heavens had helped Anastasia out that fateful night five years ago. She assumed that the host had run away with the 2,000 he received from Hayley when he saw another man in the private room. As for why Elliot had shown up in the private room she booked, she guessed he had probably been drunk and entered the wrong room.

What a bummer! Anastasia slept with Elliot and even gave birth to his son. Hayley desperately wished that she had been in Anastasia's position that night.

"Hayley, what have you been up to these days? We haven't gone shopping in a long time," Erica complained.

"When your face heals, I'll treat you to a nice meal." Hayley had to maintain her relationship with Erica. Who knew she might be of use to Hayley one day?

"Okay! I'll wait for your call." Erica was a simple-minded person. Since she had her mother's protection, she wasn't a schemeful woman. However, just like her mother, she was not a kind person either. Hayley, who was in her luxurious mansion, put down her phone. At that moment, her mind was already full of schemes. How

much would Elliot despise Anastasia after knowing that she worked as a hostess before?

She couldn't help but call May in hopes of knowing how much Anastasia would be judged, but she didn't expect to hear that Elliot fired three employees because of that woman! All of a sudden, she nearly choked on her anger.

"What?! Elliot fired Erica on the spot?!" Hayley couldn't believe that Erica met Elliot without telling her about it.

"That's right! Two nosy staff who gossiped about Anastasia were also fired on the same day. You'd better be careful, Hayley. Anastasia is a cunning woman! She managed to enchant President Presgrave with her tactics!"

Although Hayley knew that May cared for her sincerely, her words sounded extremely harsh to the former.

Chapter 215 Elliot's Girlfriend Is Here

"President Presgrave just left my place last night! I'm the only woman sleeping with him every night, so don't worry about it!" Hayley couldn't help but lie and create a false impression that she and Elliot were very much in love with each other.

Fortunately, May believed every word she said. The latter thought that she was Elliot's real girlfriend while Anastasia was just a shameless mistress.

After hanging up the phone, Hayley was so enraged that she threw her pillow away. "Anastasia Tillman... Why are you still haunting me? Why do you have to circle around Elliot all the time? | must ruin your reputation and make your life miserable!"

Meanwhile, in the office of Presgrave Group, Elliot came back to settle some work. As he sat in front of his desk, there was a pile of documents waiting to be signed. Yet, he was daydreaming.

At that moment, he was extremely eager to find out what had happened to Anastasia back then. He wanted to know the b*stard who slept with her so that he could figure out how to help her in any way possible.

As long as Anastasia opened her mouth, he would definitely find that jerk and make him pay for his actions.

Suddenly, Elliot thought of someone—Hayley knew exactly what happened to Anastasia back then, so he could perhaps fish some information out of her.

Elliot also realized that after he met Anastasia, he no longer thought about Hayley anymore. He had only given Hayley material compensation, but it still struck him how Hayley didn't appear as much in his thoughts anymore.

He used to recall the night five years ago when poor Hayley was bawling in front of him. When he thought about how bad of a scar he had left on her, he blamed himself for it. Now that Hayley accepted his material compensation while he did everything in his power to satisfy her current situation, he could finally put down the stone in his heart.

With that, Elliot made a call to Hayley.

“Hello, Elliot! Is that you?” Hayley sounded enthusiastic on the other end.

“Yes, it's me. Are you free tonight? I'll treat you to a meal.”

“Sure! I'm free. Should I come and meet you?”

“I'll give you a call later.”

“Okay. I've missed you so much, Elliot.” Hayley grabbed the opportunity to confess her feelings.

“Okay, see you tonight.” With that, Elliot hung up the phone. He was aware of Hayley’s admiration for him, but he couldn’t accept her feelings. All he felt for her was guilt, and there was nothing more.

Then, Elliot made a call to Anastasia. It took her a while to pick up the phone. “Hello, do you need help with anything?” Anastasia sounded as cold as ice. Although she knew that Elliot was calling her, she still sounded business-like.

Meanwhile, the man furrowed his sharp brows upon hearing her answer. Indeed, Anastasia knew how to grab every chance to provoke him with her words.

“I have something going on tonight, so I won't be eating at your place,” uttered Elliot in a low voice. This time, Anastasia sounded a little happier. “Okay, sure.” “Can't you talk to me in a friendlier way?” asked Elliot in frustration.

“Don't you know that it is common courtesy to respect others first for them to respect you?” Anastasia mocked. After all, someone who forcefully kissed and took advantage of her wasn't worthy of her respect.

After staying silent for a few seconds, Elliot replied, “Okay, I'll keep that in mind.” Anastasia hung up the phone after that, leaving Elliot stunned. He had always been the first one to end their calls, so he didn't expect her to hang up first.

At 2.00PM, Hayley booked a whole team of professional makeup artists and stylists to prepare her for dinner. Although it was just a meal with Elliot, she had to make sure she looked presentable. She wanted to wear the prettiest makeup and the most beautiful dress, and every detail had to be perfectly refined.

Not only that, Hayley wanted to brag in front of Anastasia and let her know that she was having dinner with Elliot! Since there were not many chances for Hayley to show off, she wanted to grab this opportunity.

At around 4.00PM, Hayley arrived at Bourgeois. She purposely went to Anastasia’s office, attracting all the eyes of the other staff in the process.

Goodness! Isn't that President Presgrave's real girlfriend? Is she here for Anastasia? Is this a meeting between love rivals? Will they start a fight?

Just as Anastasia packed her bag and was about to pick up her son, Grace suddenly barged in and stammered, "A-Anastasia... P-President Presgrave's girlfriend is here."

Chapter 216 The Boy's Father is Elliot

Anastasia looked up to find Hayley walking up behind Grace with a cold face. Just then, Hayley shot a glare at the assistant and flaunted her status. "Get out," she said with a plain snort.

Grace stuck her tongue out in response and left. Meanwhile, Anastasia sneered to herself as she watched their interaction unfold. Who did Hayley think she was to order her assistant around?

"Please remember who you are, Hayley. This is Bourgeois, and the employees here are not maids you can order around as you please," Anastasia warned with a quirked brow.

However, Hayley simply dismissed her as she sat down on the couch and crossed her legs. "Anastasia, why did you hit Erica?" "This is between me and my family. You have no part in this." Anastasia glanced coldly at her.

"What do you mean | have no part in this? Erica is my best friend, and it's only right that | defend her. Just because your mother saved Elliot, don't assume that you can use this debt to behave unruly, Anastasia. Served your mother's cheap life right to die for Elliot." Hayley attacked mercilessly.

Anastasia's pupils shook with rage, for Hayley had crossed the line. Anybody could talk sh*t about her, but nobody was allowed to do that to her loved ones.

"You'd better shut your mouth, Hayley. Otherwise, I'll skin you alive." Anastasia shot right up, beyond furious.

It was a pity that Hayley had indeed come to anger Anastasia. After all, she knew that Amelia was Anastasia's taboo. "Some people are destined to live a short life, and your mother was one of them."

Hayley was practically digging her heart out! With that, Anastasia came out from behind her desk. Sometimes, a hand was more useful than words.

"Get out. Get the hell out!" Anastasia roared as she threw the cup on her table at Hayley, who dodged reflexively. "How dare you throw things at me, Anastasia!" Hayley yelled, evidently pissed off by this.

"If you stay a second longer, I will even kill you," said Anastasia as she growled. However, Hayley blurted, "If you dare kill me, who's going to look after your son? His gigolo of a father?" Hayley's words took Anastasia aback, and she glared daggers at Hayley. She was so livid that she choked on her words.

On the other hand, Hayley sneered as though she suddenly had leverage over Anastasia. "Oh, that reminds me! I think I still remember his name and face. Why don't I help your son find his father? The guy should know that he has a son after that night, don't you think so?!"

Hayley's words were like a vortex that sucked out all of Anastasia's strength in one second. "I dare you, Hayley." Anastasia looked at the woman while gritting her teeth.

"What? Are you scared now, Anastasia? Are you afraid that your baby boy will be taken away from you? In that case, you'd better not give me your attitude. I have a date with Elliot tonight, and I will give you a piece of my mind if you pour water on me."

Anastasia suddenly felt a pang in her heart. She then looked at Hayley, who was all dolled up. She's seeing Elliot tonight, huh? No wonder he said he isn't available. He has a date with Hayley.

"We'll stay out of each other's business from now on, Hayley. I can overlook what you did to me back then, but don't cause me any more trouble. Otherwise, I swear I'll fight you to the death," Anastasia warned.

"Oh, have you forgiven me? You'd better thank me too; how would you have had your son if it weren't for me?"

Hayley's shameless behavior made Anastasia close her eyes and suppress her desire to kill this woman. A moment later, she looked coldly at Hayley. "Stop bugging me, or I won't play nice anymore."

Hayley suddenly turned cold as well. "Alright. As long as you leave Elliot, I promise I won't ask that gigolo to come to you. However, if you continue to pester Elliot, I'll make sure your son meets his gigolo of a father. When that time comes, you'd better pray that he doesn't take your son away."

"I'll call the police right away if he dares to show himself. Have you forgotten that you're also responsible for what happened back then?" Anastasia wasn't going down with a fight either, and she didn't want Hayley to think she was an easy target.

After all, people like Hayley would only continue to bully if they knew their victim was a weakling.

Anastasia's threat worked, for Hayley began panicking. After all, she was only intimidating Anastasia, and there wasn't any gigolo at all—the real father of her child was Elliot!

Chapter 217 | Hope You Can Tell Me the Truth

"Alright, it's a deal. You stay away from Elliot, and I won't tell anyone what happened back then. Otherwise, your son will know how he came to be. Even if you call the police and have the gigolo arrested, he is still your son's father, and he'll have a gigolo of a father who even served time in prison. Haha..." Hayley couldn't help cackling as she spoke. "What a joke!"

"Get the hell out of here!" Anastasia roared.

"Fine. It's almost time for my date with Elliot anyway. You'd better not bother us tonight, and I dare you to ruin our night with work. We will be very busy the entire night, after all. I'm sure you know just how good of a stamina Elliot has." Hayley deliberately lied to disgust Anastasia, and she succeeded. With that, she headed out with a smug face.

Inside the office, Anastasia slumped back on her chair weakly. Her body trembled involuntarily as all sorts of emotions stirred within her, and she felt absolutely awful.

Hayley knew her best, and that woman knew precisely where to strike. After all, her mother and son were the people she loved most. Elliot, on the other hand, wasn't somebody to her, yet it still did some damage.

She thought he was a b'stard for dating Hayley while kissing her with the same pair of lips that he had used to kiss the other woman.

She could even picture what this man and Hayley would be doing in bed; just imagining it had already suffocated her. With that, Anastasia decided she would stay far away from Elliot; she would never allow him to make a move on her ever again.

Meanwhile, just as Hayley returned home in a rush, she got a call from Daniel. Alas, she had her hopes up for nothing, for she thought Elliot would pick her up himself!

After picking Hayley up, Daniel snuck a few peeks at her, not daring to look her straight in the eye. It was only reasonable that he was somewhat fearful of her after what had happened last time. Then again, he felt truly bad for the woman after making out with her.

He felt bad that she couldn't do anything but only hope that President Presgrave would visit her in this lavish mansion like she was a caged bird unwilling to be free, waiting for its owner to show it some love.

"Daniel, am I pretty?" Hayley asked out of the blue.

Daniel was somewhat jumpy within, for he was genuinely afraid whenever she called him 'Daniel' in such a coquettish tone. "You look stunning, Miss Seymour," he praised.

"Do you think President Presgrave will like me?"

"Yeah... he definitely will." Daniel knew he had to lie. He worked closely with Elliot, and he could tell that the president fancied the designer working in Bourgeois and not Hayley.

Though it was a lie, it brightened up Hayley's mood. With that, she took her compact mirror out to retouch her makeup, pleased with how she looked that night. In fact, she hoped Elliot that would take her back to his place so that she could become the woman who drove his loneliness away.

Meanwhile, the car continued its journey to the high-end restaurant.

By the time Hayley arrived, Elliot was already waiting inside the private room. The moment she opened the door, her heart pounded wildly, for he'd be able to capture all of her attention and have her lose herself whenever she saw him.

"Elliot," Hayley called out affectionately as she sat across from him.

Elliot dipped his head in response. Then, he asked a server to come in to take their order. Since he was a gentleman, he let Hayley decide what they were going to eat that night, and like a fish craving for water, she viewed Elliot's every bit of gentlemanliness as his love for her.

She believed Elliot surely had feelings for her. Unfortunately, the vamp named Anastasia had lured him away.

"I've finished ordering our dishes, Elliot. Why don't you see if there's anything you'd like to order?"

"I'm good. Just bring the dishes over!" Elliot hadn't come to eat. Instead, he was here to find out what he could about Anastasia from Hayley.

The air grew silent for a while, and Hayley fidgeted around nervously for some time. She tried to get Elliot's attention, but he would either look out the window or stare at the table, looking preoccupied.

At last, she had no choice but to speak up in a coquettish voice. "Elliot, let's talk about something!" she said.

"I do have something to ask you, Hayley," said Elliot as he looked up at her. "I hope you can tell me the truth."

Chapter 218 Anastasia Is Selfish Hayley nodded immediately, feeling joyful. "Sure, I'll tell you everything you want to know."

"Hayley, you were friends with Anastasia growing up. I want to know how she lost her chastity and who was the guy who defiled her," Elliot asked as he stared gravely at her.

Hayley's smile frozen upon hearing his question. With that, she pursed her lips and let out a murky breath. "That's... what you want to know?"

"Please tell me about it, Hayley." It was evident Elliot wasn't going to take no for an answer.

Hayley didn't know what to do. The man sitting across from her had no clue that he was the one who defiled Anastasia back then. Of course, she wouldn't let Elliot shoulder such an offense. She took a deep breath at that, for she had long been mentally prepared for this day to come.

"Poor Anastasia. That night traumatized me as well since it only happened because she came to save me. If I hadn't phoned her, she wouldn't have gone into that room, and she wouldn't have encountered that psycho. Even when Anastasia wrongly accused me of what happened, I still admitted that everything was my fault."

"What did she wrongly accuse you of?" Elliot frowned.

When Hayley looked up, her eyes were red-rimmed and filled with remorse. Then, she drew a deep breath. "I know no one can accept such an experience happening to them. Anastasia is a strong woman, but still, she has lost her virginity. She hates me. She said I had purposely arranged for that man to be in there, and I created the tragedy that befell her. I accept all her accusations since I do deserve to be d*mned. In fact, I shouldn't have asked her to come at all. I was with some clients at that time, and they were being handsy, so I asked Anastasia to come and save me. However, I didn't expect her to go to the wrong room and fall into that man's..." Hayley closed her eyes at that, and beads of tears fell the next second.

Elliot's heart grew incredibly heavy as well. Was this how everything went down for Anastasia? Coldness glazed his eyes as he asked, "In that case, do you remember where it all happened?"

"That's the one thing I don't want living in my head. I only know that it was in a small nightclub, and I can't remember the name anymore. I've been trying to forget about this, but... I can never forget how Anastasia looked when she came out disheveled." She wouldn't stop emphasizing how horribly Anastasia had been defiled back then, for she believed Elliot would definitely mind it. Surely, someone as outstanding and noble as him must have some sort of OCD. Hence, he wouldn't touch Anastasia ever again!

However, she bit her lower lip in anger when she saw the popping veins on his clenched fists that were on the table. Was Elliot feeling furious for Anastasia?

Nevertheless, she continued to let her tears fall, acting like she was a victim as much as Anastasia was. "I also think I deserve to be d*mned for letting her suffer such a traumatic experience. However, what I don't understand is why Anastasia still gave birth to his child when she loathed that night so much."

Flabbergasted, Elliot exclaimed without thinking, "Are you saying that the man back then is Jared's father?!"

Hayley nodded at that. "I guess so. Do you think Anastasia is able to accept other men when something like that has happened to her? I'm sure she finds all men repulsive."

With that, Elliot fell into deep thought. It seems like Jared is that b*stard's son...

"Elliot, I know you care about Anastasia because her mother sacrificed her life to save you. It's only right that you look after her."

Elliot didn't recall telling Hayley about this, but then again, seeing how close she and Anastasia used to be when growing up, it wouldn't be surprising for her to learn about it.

"I am indeed racked with guilt for her family. In that case, do you know why Anastasia still conceived the child?" Elliot couldn't figure out Anastasia's reason for doing so as well. Nonetheless, given how adorable the boy was, he was happy that Jared had come into this world.

"I don't know. Knowing Anastasia, she's a headstrong woman. Her father even chased her out back then because of this. He thought she had brought disgrace to their family and had shown him up. As for why she conceived the child, she probably had no other choice. I worry about how the child should face a father who defiled his mother, though. Poor kid! Anastasia shouldn't have kept him." All in all, Hayley was trying to hint that Anastasia was nothing but selfish.

Chapter 219 Keep Me Company

Elliot's heart tightened when he heard Hayley's words. So, she really was kicked out of her house, huh? Is that why she was abroad for five years?

But he believed the reason Anastasia conceived Jared was that the child's adorableness could heal her pain. Jared was like a cure for Anastasia, liberating her from that horrific experience. This little one, on the other hand, needed love and care, and it would be his duty from now on.

Just then, the dishes were served. Hayley was looking forward to dinner when she made the orders, but now she felt as though she was chewing wax. Who'd have thought Elliot invited her to dinner only to learn about Anastasia's past? At the end of the day, all he had in mind was Anastasia.

"Elliot, Anastasia's a sweet girl. If it weren't for that encounter, she would be living a happy life." Hayley continued to put on her saint facade in front of Elliot.

Elliot, however, was still deep in his thoughts. After hearing Hayley's words, he nodded in agreement, for the rest of Anastasia's life had everything to do with him now. He would give her the happily ever after she deserved.

Then, Hayley thought of something, and she shyly asked, "Say, Elliot, has Anastasia ever asked you about us?"

However, Elliot's gaze at her was clear and collected. "Hayley, what happened between us was a mistake. I've hurt you unconsciously that night, and I'll make it up to you in my own way."

"I don't blame you, Elliot. Really. Maybe I've suffered for five years, but after knowing you, those sufferings became sweet experiences." Hayley tried her best to confess her love for him.

Too bad Elliot didn't feel the same for her. "It's best that you don't dwell on that night. It'll do nothing but harm to you, after all."

"No, I'm happy as long as it's you." Hayley shook her head like a rattle. She was beyond willing to experience such happiness again. "Elliot, I... Anytime you want, I'm willing to—"

Just then, Elliot's phone rang, and she looked exasperatedly at the caller ID, only to find it was Anastasia.

Immediately, a fire raged beneath her eyes. Oh, how she wanted to kill this b*tch! She swore Anastasia had deliberately called to meddle at this time.

On the other hand, Elliot hurriedly grabbed his phone and stood up. "Let me take this call." "Okay." Hayley beamed, suppressing her raging fire. With that, he went to the empty private room next door and answered the call with a gentle voice. "Hello?"

"Mr. Presgrave, you've promised to play with me downstairs. Why haven't you come?!" The little one's voice traveled from the other end of the line.

"Can you wait for me, Jared? I'll go over once I'm done with dinner."

"Really? You'll still come over, Mr. Presgrave?"

"I will. I never go back on my words," Elliot promised. He adored the child immensely, even if they weren't related by blood. "Okay. I'll be waiting for you!"

"Alright, I'll get there soon," Elliot promised again.

After hanging up, he checked the time and returned to the private room. When he saw that Hayley had barely eaten, he couldn't help asking, "Hayley, are you done eating?"

"Are you leaving?" She couldn't help panicking. Must he go as soon as Anastasia called?

"Yeah, I still have something I have to get to first. I'll have Daniel send you home."

"But Elliot... I... I hope you can finish this dinner with me." Hayley wished he could stay, but when he looked over with his suit jacket in his hand under the light, she lost all courage and bit her lip aggrievedly. "Y-You go ahead then! I'll be fine."

"I'm sorry, Hayley. I'll treat you to another meal," Elliot apologized, standing on ceremony, before striding out.

Now that he was gone, Hayley could throw her facade away and bear her bitter, resentful face. Anastasia, of all people, it has to be Anastasia! That b*tch shrouded her like a nightmare she couldn't drive away no matter how.

With that, she picked up her phone and called Daniel. "Daniel, come up here and keep me company."

Chapter 220 She Hates Him Because She Hates Hayley

Daniel came up in two shakes, and when he saw Hayley chugging liquor, he snatched the glass from her. "Don't drink like this, Miss Seymour. You'll get sick."

"Daniel." Hayley got up and hugged him. She seriously needed a man and she didn't want to give herself a hard time, even if she couldn't have Elliot to herself.

His body stiffened at her contact. He tried to push her away, but she had a tight grip around his neck. "Don't leave me too, Daniel. Hug me."

Daniel obliged half-heartedly. Though Hayley knew she was leaning against Daniel, she couldn't stop thinking about Elliot. With that, she closed her eyes and consoled herself by thinking she was hugging Elliot.

Meanwhile, at Anastasia's home. Jared waited in his room for Elliot to arrive after making a sneaky call to him. Meanwhile, Anastasia was busy with house chores and it was already around 8.00PM by the time she was done with their laundry.

Just as she was about to return to her room to continue working, the doorbell rang.

Hmm? Who could it be at this hour?

With that, she walked to the door and found Elliot standing outside through the peephole.

She was surprised he would still come. Isn't he supposed to be on a date with Hayley? What the hell is he doing here?!

The doorbell rang again, and she knew he wasn't going to leave anytime soon. Hence, she opened the door with frustration and pulled a grim face. "It's already late at night. What are you doing here?"

"I'm here to play with Jared." "Thanks, but no thanks. I'll play with my son. Please leave," Anastasia said indifferently. However, the little one ran out from behind her at that moment. "You're here, Mr. Presgrave. Let's play downstairs."

Anastasia stared at her son as she watched him dashing out the door to hold Elliot's hand and say, "I didn't expect you to come so soon, Mr. Presgrave!"

She was once again rendered speechless. Had her son called Elliot to come over?

"Mommy, please don't be mad at Mr. Presgrave. I called and asked him to come to play with me." Jared looked back at his mother.

Apart from speechlessness, she was now troubled as well. With that, she reprimanded, "Jared, who said you could bother him as you please? I've told you before that he's a very busy man. He doesn't have the time to play with you. Why can't you listen?"

It was rare for Anastasia to get upset over her son, but right then, she was truly pissed. She thought her son was being inconsiderate by calling Elliot over when he was on a date with Hayley.

"I'm sorry, Mommy." Jared drooped his head and apologized when he realized he had angered his mother.

It was Elliot's first time seeing Anastasia reprimanding the little one, and with that, he carried Jared up and looked at the little fellow with distress before turning to Anastasia. "I have the time. I'm more than happy to play with Jared, so please don't scold him anymore."

Anastasia didn't want to scold her son either, but she was in a bad mood that day, and she didn't want to have any more to do with Elliot either. So, she wished Jared would stop being attached to Elliot and stay away from him even more so.

"Jared, come back inside and let Mr. Presgrave go home." With that, she came out and reached out with her hands to carry Jared, who immediately leaned toward her. On the other hand, Elliot was actually afraid of Anastasia at this moment. He was worried that he had hurt her with his words or

disturb her, and she'd even hate him.

He just learned from Hayley how Anastasia got hurt, how she conceived and birthed the child of the man who defiled her, and how she was chased out of her own home. It was only normal for Anastasia to repulse men when she had been through all she had.

With that, he tried to explain, saying, "Anastasia, I mean no harm. I—"

"No need to explain, President Presgrave. I know you have a date with Hayley. I'm sorry that my son has bothered you guys." Anastasia looked plainly at Elliot as she carried her son in her arms.

Elliot's breathing stopped for a split second after she finished speaking and he frowned. "How did you know | was having dinner with Hayley?"

However, Anastasia didn't want to talk. Just the thought of him exhibiting his excellence on top of Hayley and fulfilling his biological imperative had Anastasia thinking the air around him was suffocating.

As she hated Hayley, she hated him as well. She wanted nothing to do with anyone or anything related to Hayley.