

## **N Destiny 691**

### Chapter 691

Christopher followed Sophia as she pushed open the door to the room. Once she entered the room, she addressed the York Family, “Mr. and Mrs. York, | regret to inform you that | cannot get engaged to Christopher. Please forgive me.” She then turned to her parents and said, “Let’s go home, Mom and Dad.”

“What? Sophia, what's the matter? | thought we discussed this, so why have you decided not to get engaged to Christopher this time?”

Meanwhile, Drake and Emma exchanged glances. Surely, they also sensed the York Family’s true motives for this engagement. Now that Sophia had openly broken off her engagement, there was no longer any reason to associate with the York Family.

Drake reclined to his wheelchair while Sophia made her way over to him and began pushing him out. After Emma had made her pleasantries, they left the room.

Arthur was still in the hallway and hadn’t left yet. He seemed to remember something right then. When he bought Drake Goodwin’s company the last time, he was the one who earned the 10 billion dollars debt that came with it.

When Sophia left the room and saw Arthur still standing in the hallway, she spoke to him. “I’m going to take my dad back to the hospital, so I’ll leave first.”

Drake still held a grudge against Arthur for taking over his company with ill intent. So, he only gave Arthur a quick glance before letting her push him away.

Arthur took out his phone and called a few numbers after he watched the family of three enter into the elevator. “I need help with this one thing.”

Christopher pushed all the tableware off the table in the private room. Infuriated, he said, “How dare they look down on us, the Goodwin Family! Fine! | will wait till Drake is sentenced to jail!”

“Darn it! | assumed Drake would offer that plot of land as a wedding gift and present it to us. Who knew Sophia wasn’t such a fool?” Edmund expressed his dissatisfaction.

Sophia assisted Drake in getting into the car to return to the hospital. As she sat in the front passenger seat, she reminisced about Arthur's kiss earlier and couldn't believe this man had kissed her.

“Let's just sell everything that can be sold and pay off the debt, Mom and Dad. I'll pay them the rest of the money when | obtain a job in the future,” Sophia told her parents seated in the back passenger seat.

“Well, | guess that’s the only way to go now.” Drake let out a heavy sigh when he thought about how hard it might be for Sophia to pay off his debt for the rest of her life.

Suddenly, Drake’s phone rang. Thus, he picked up his phone and answered.

His words could be heard, but no one knew what the other person on the other end of the line had said until he asked, “Really? All my debts have been settled?”

Emma and Sophia stared at him with disbelief at hearing this.

Drake’s eyes revealed traces of both joy and confusion as he spoke with the person on the phone. “Alright. Alright. Thank you. On Monday, | will absolutely head over to get the proof of settlement.”

After hanging up the phone, he said to Emma and Sophia, “That was from the bank. They called to inform me that my debt had been fully settled.”

“Who helped you?” Emma asked quickly. “Could the York Family be involved?” “There’s no way the York Family has this much cash flow.”

Then, all of a sudden, Sophia knew who helped Drake to pay off his debt. So, she told them, “I know, Mom and Dad! Mr. Weiss was the one who paid off your debt!”

“What? That was Mr. Weiss whom we just saw in the hallway?” Drake questioned in surprise.

“Why would he want to help us pay off the debt? You still owe him an heirloom, don’t you?” a shocked Emma asked. Sophia couldn’t find the real answer, but she knew that Arthur was the one who had paid Drake’s debt.

“Mom, Dad, don’t worry about this. I can handle it,” she said.

Drake and Emma glanced at each other and thought, how will Sophia handle this? Is it possible that Mr. Weiss liked our daughter?

Soon, they arrived at the hospital.

Drake got out of the car while Emma looked at Sophia and told her, “If it’s really Mr. Weiss, you need to thank him right away.” “Sure, I’ll do it! You guys head first. I’ll find him right now!”

Sophia halted a cab as she said that. After that, she pulled out her phone and called Arthur.

“Hello?” The phone was answered as a low, deep voice of a man of unknown temperament came through.

“Were you the one who helped settle my father’s debt?” Sophia asked quickly.

“Yes. I had settled his debt.”

“Why... Why did you do it?” Even if her brain were to burst, Sophia was still unable to uncover the reason for this issue. “Listen carefully, you owe me a family heirloom and 10 billion dollars from now on.”

“All right. I’ll pay you back for what you did for me. If you are willing, I can even be your servant for a lifetime.” Sophia had no choice but to sell herself to Arthur. Yet, she didn’t mind much because she knew she would feel better once father paid off his debt.

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When the man heard what Sophia said, he asked in a serious tone, "So, does that mean you'll do anything | tell from now on?" you to do

Sophia's face suddenly turned red, but she answered him with boldness. "Yes."

"You'll have an hour to return to my villa," he demanded.

"Sure! I'll be right back." She responded before she hung up the phone with relief.

The debt is paid off. Mom and Dad don't have to struggle to make a living, and | can stay with him for the rest of my life. Sophia felt like she was in a trance as she gazed at the sunshine beyond the window.

She was surprised that she didn't feel trapped when she thought she would be with Arthur for a long time. Instead, it made her feel happy and she even looked forward to it.

After an hour, Sophia went to Arthur's villa and ran into Emily as she was having her afternoon tea. When Emily first saw her, she was so mad that she threw up her tea and called Sophia out of the blue, "Hey, you! Come here!"

Sophia walked right over to her when she heard that. "Can | help you in any way, Miss Jennings?" Emily pushed the desserts off the table all

of a sudden. "It's dirty on the floor. Come

here and clean it up."

Sophia watched as Emily tried to create a scene on purpose. If it was before, she'd ignore Emily for sure. Now, though, things are different. Arthur's guest is Emily while | work for him. So, doing these things will come naturally to me.

“Yes, Miss Jennings.” Sophia was on her knees and picked up the desserts that had fallen on the floor, but all of a sudden, Emily stomped on one of the desserts with her shoe. She took them off and said, “My shoes are dirty on the bottom. Why don’t you wash it after you finish cleaning up this mess?”

Sophia nodded and kept wiping the floor while she was on her knees. Arthur appeared at the front entrance before he slowly entered.

He saw Emily in the garden, sitting cross legged on a reclining chair with a teacup in one hand and desserts sprawled on the floor underneath her. Then, he noticed Sophia, who was kneeling down and collecting the desserts off the ground as if she were a servant.

Emily was feeling smug as she watched Sophia clean up the mess she had intentionally made when she heard a cold male voice say, “Stop cleaning.”

Sophia’s hand stopped moving when she heard that voice. Then, she turned her head to look at the man who was coming toward them. She continued picking up those desserts instead of rising to her feet

She was pulled to her feet by a hand that reached out to grab it. When she heard the man’s voice, it sounded a little bit mean. “I said, stop picking. Are you deaf?”

Sophia took her hand back as she looked

down. “Yes.”

Then she looked at Emily’s shoes, which were placed to one side and said, “Miss Jennings, let me clean your shoes.” Emily couldn’t help but smirk when she saw that Sophia knew how to behave. “Make sure to clean it well,” she added.

Arthur knew what was going on because he knew Emily well. He had seen the desserts on the floor and the dessert stains on her shoes.

“Emily, she is my personal maid. Please order your personal attendants to take care of all of your everyday needs. Don’t instruct Sophia any longer,” he told Emily before instructing Sophia, “Stop cleaning and come inside with me.”

Emily pouted her lips unhappily and demanded, “Artie, why can’t | make her do what | want? How is she better than my servant?”

“No means no and it’s final.” Arthur maintained his calm manner. Then, he

dragged Sophia into the living room where he reminded her, “Moving forward, you must serve me only and no one else.” Sophia’s delicate cheeks flushed slightly when she heard the words serve me only because these were incredibly vague affectionate terms.

As always, she did what she was told and nodded. “I understand.”

“Go back to your room and rest.” Arthur gave her his instructions. He couldn’t attend to her for long because he had some business to take care of.

Sophia returned to her room and she received a phone call from her father thereafter. He contacted to see if it was Arthur who had helped him settle his debt.

“Dad, yes. I’m now working for him, so it may be a while before | can see you and Mom.” “Logically, | should detest him because he took over my company by force.” Drake

was experiencing feelings that were somewhat conflicting.

“Why did he take over your business, Dad?” Sophia wondered.

“It’s because | managed the business inefficiently and failed to turn a profit.” Drake sighed. He recalled how ruthless Arthur had been the last time he took over the business. There was no introduction or advance notice as the man simply appeared and seized his company.

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One of his other business partners had used the company's shares as collateral for a loan of hundred of billion dollars. For this reason, the company was sold and the sale proceeds were transmitted directly to the bank. It was later found out that Drake was also responsible for another debt, which had been taken out in his name.

This was the said debt that Arthur had settled up in full.

Drake was furious but also helpless. There was, however, nothing he could do to change the situation. As a result, he had little choice but to accept his fate. On top of that, he had always planned on retiring someday.

"Dad, focus on your health first," Sophia comforted him. She stood by the handrail on the second story and glanced down at Arthur working on his laptop downstairs as she spoke. The man

seemed so cold, stoic, and charming at the same time. Up until now, she hadn't been able to believe that those delicately pursed lips of his had kissed her.

Anastasia arrived at the company earlier in the morning to meet a few important visitors. As a jewelry designer, she'd always been attentive and patient with clients. Even though she was with a prominent status now, she still met with every client and that dignified attitude of hers captivated them.

In less than a half hour and two cups of coffee later, she was able to secure nearly 10 million worth of custom orders for three prominent women.

Anastasia was aware that the jewelry market was becoming increasingly competitive. That meant that if they truly wanted to break away from their old operating model, they had to go all out at the top end and she wanted to build Bourgeois into a top-tier company in the industry.

During her time as an employee at Bourgeois, she was aware that the company had a lot of unproductive staff.

She was aware that the majority of these slackers were executive-levels who received substantial perks from their positions without performing any effort.

With this in mind, she made the decision to restructure the entire organization and redeployment of staff.

Anastasia trusted Felicia, Larry, and Mason the most out of all the employees she knew and they were already in the conference room at this stage.

The process of personnel reformation was quickly brought to a conclusion. The Vice-president was held by Larry while Felicia was promoted to regional chief director. On the other hand, Mason was given an instant promotion and had the responsibility of running the general business operations of the Bourgeois couture line as general manager.

The first thing that Anastasia had to do was to give them responsibilities that were suited for their level of expertise. In the afternoon, the executives of the Bourgeois organization underwent a transformation. All of the managers who

believed their jobs were secure and well compensated were demoted to positions of less significance whereas their salaries were also based on their sales performance.

Meanwhile, the employees who had worked earnestly and honestly for the company were also promoted and rehired. For a moment, sounds of complaints and rants echoed in the big office of Bourgeois while those who were rehired realized at the same time that the top management of the corporation had practiced fairness and justice. This realization motivated their strong will to devote themselves to their work.

Once she was done restructuring the company, Anastasia was looking at some documents in her office. Suddenly, she heard Grace's voice coming from outside and judging from the lady's intonation, she sounded like she was anxiously stopping someone.

"No, you can't enter. President Tillman is working."



Regardless of what, Grace still couldn't stop the burly male manager with that petite figure of hers. Coincidentally, this male manager was one of those executives who had been transferred from his original position.

Feeling resigned, he pushed open the door and made his way across to Anastasia's desk. "President Tillman, what's the meaning of this?! I have been working in Bourgeois for 8 years. I'm pretty sure I could get some credit for my efforts, but how could you demote me just like that?!"

Observing the agitated male manager in front of her, Anastasia calmly stood up. She stared at Gordon Quigley, the male manager, with a piercing gaze and spoke, "Mr. Quigley, I must remind you that Bourgeois will not support idlers from now on. You can submit your resignation if you don't wish to cooperate with this transfer decision. I'm more than happy to receive your resignation letter."

"Anastasia, do you think you're that great? You're nothing but a mere designer who became lucky and able to climb to the

top. Gordon sneered, after which he quickly added, "All in all, you successfully seduced a man like Elliot just because you have a pretty face. I'm telling you: I have already been holding the position of a manager even before you joined Bourgeois! How dare you demote me now!"

Likewise, Anastasia didn't intend to pamper anyone in the company. Therefore, she said coldly, "I dare to because I'm the boss of Bourgeois! I have the right to make any decision!"

"Anastasia, you can transfer me to another position, but I'm not fine with a salary reduction. If you don't implement it, I'll go on a strike with all my men!" Since Gordon was previously the manager of Bourgeois, he had quite a number of subordinates under him.

"I dare you if you have this ability. We shall see if the evidence in my hand would send you to jail first, or your strike will come first." After she finished speaking, she coldly recounted his charges. "Don't think I don't know what you have been up to! I have calculated the amount of money that you have illegally transferred out all these years! It's at least more than 8 million, if not 10 million!"

When Gordon heard Anastasia's words, the arrogance on his face instantly turned into panic. Even so, he still pretended to be calm as he said, "President Tillman, you should at least provide evidence if you want to convict me for such crimes."

"Evidence? By the time I retrieve the evidence, that will also be the time when I'll see you in court. Are you sure you want to get things to such an ugly extent?" Anastasia questioned him while crossing her arms in front of her chest.

Today, she wore a white blouse and a high-waist hip skirt. Dressing like this, she looked slender and mesmerizing while radiating a domineering aura at the same time.

"You should know that the team of lawyers under Presgrave Corporation won't have mercy toward anyone in court." Anastasia stared at Gordon coldly with her pair of beautiful orbs.

When he heard her words, the arrogance he had when he first entered was immediately suppressed. At this moment, he was scared out of his wits. Therefore,

he quickly smiled and pleaded, "Please, President Tillman. I-1 accept this transfer

"On second thought, it's better for you to resign!" She was unwilling to give him a chance to continue wasting time in the company.

Gordon was a man who had always been buoyant and impetuous. Therefore, he instantly clenched his hands into a fist when he heard Anastasia asking him to resign. Glaring at her angrily, he wanted to lash out. "You-"

However, before he could get the chance to do so, the door behind him opened. Immediately after, two bodyguards in suits speedily entered. As each bodyguard stood on the left and right side of Gordon, they gave him death glares as if to remind him not to go overboard.

Once again, he calmed down his rage. Then, he snorted. "Fine! I'll resign."

Once Gordon left, the bodyguards left Anastasia's office and guarded the entrance to her office.

Later, Anastasia received an internal phone call. Reaching out, she answered the call. "Hello?"

"I heard that you've fired a few of the executives." Elliot's low voice came from the other end of the phone.

"Well, you know that I can't let him continue to bleed Bourgeois dry. I won't tolerate the existence of such a character in the company," she explained. As she spoke, there was rather a resolute vibe in her tone.

"I'll support whatever my wife does, but make sure to tell me first when you encounter danger next time." Elliot reminded her. He had earlier received a SOS call from Grace. According to Grace, she said there was a male manager who barged into Anastasia's office. Since Elliot was outside, he could only assign the bodyguards to protect her first.

Anastasia wasn't psychologically scared of anyone unlike Elliot. Perhaps this had something to do with her toughening herself up since young. Hearing Elliot's words, she smiled and uttered, "Sorry for

making you worry." "The family's safety always comes first in my heart."

When she heard the serious tone in his voice, she also looked at this matter in a more serious manner. "I promise you that I'll learn to protect myself."

"Remember to ask Adriana to accompany you always," Elliot exhorted.

Coincidentally, today was the day that Adriana was on leave. Thus, she wasn't on Anastasia's side. However, Anastasia decided to keep quiet about this after she sensed how worried Elliot was.

"Sure, got it. By the way, how are things at the financial summit?"

"I've met a few acquaintances earlier, so I'm probably going to be home a little late."

Understanding the situation Elliot was in, Anastasia commented, "Sure! I'll coax Jared to sleep first then." At this time, there was a knock on the door. Hence, she could only add, "Well then, I'll hang up first. Bye!" He hummed as a reply to her.

After hanging up the phone, Grace came in to deliver an urgent document. Due to the fact that Bourgeois had swiftly eliminated the 'pests' in just a day and cleaned up the vibe in the office, those who intended to dawdle became tense.

In the meantime, the financial summit was held inside a grandiose hall.

Standing in the center among a few of his foreign acquaintances, Elliot was discussing the future economical direction and development with them.

At this moment, a sexy figure gradually approached them. With the staff pass hanging around her neck and her alluring attire, Lorelai made her way toward Elliot with a smile on her face.

"Elliot, what a coincidence," Lorelai greeted.

Looking at her, he nodded. "Lorelai."

"Elliot, I heard that you're going to meet the richest person from Dansbury. It just so happens that I'm fluent in the language spoken in Dansbury. Let me be your translator." She shamelessly started promoting herself to him.

"That's fine. My translator will be here soon." Elliot didn't wish to trouble her. "Elliot, give me a chance to help you!" Lorelai started whining with crystal clear eyes. However, he simply waved his hand. "Just go ahead with your business!" After that, he brought his assistant, Rey, and left.

Biting her rosy lips, Lorelai turned her and looked at Elliot's straight and charming back silhouette. Instantly, she felt down and depressed. Could it be that Elliot doesn't want to give me a chance to get close to him just because I've shown signs of seduction last time?

If he thinks I'll stop, then he's wrong. I'm not a person who would give up so easily! Since the day I was born, I know that I'm just a tool of interest that my Dad used to acquire

Presgrave Corporation. I have no way out, so I must endure the hardship and charge forward.

Later, when the party was held at 5:00PM, Lorelai purposely seduced a foreign businessman. She knew this businessman had been lusting over her beauty and he even touched her from time to time. Even so, she still decided to endure him in order to carry out her sinister plan later.

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When Lorelai saw Elliot entering a private room to rest, she purposefully led the businessman to the door of the room where Elliot was.

"Don't do this. Let me go..." Lorelai purposefully yelled in English, but the foreign businessman couldn't comprehend it, thinking she was catering to him and became increasingly brazen with his actions.

During the tussle, she purposefully tore the front garments below her chest, which exposed parts of her skin.

Elliot, who was taking a rest inside the room, undoubtedly became aware of the commotion and dimly recognised Lorelai's voice. He opened the door and she shoved the man in front of him away while yanking at her ripped clothes. In a panic, she yelled for help, "Elliot, save me..."

After that, before he could even respond, she flung herself into his arms and her clothes were half-open, which added an air of enticement to the situation.

"Go away!" Elliot became enraged and yelled at the businessman.

The businessman seemed puzzled; wasn't it this girl who initiated it in the first place? Why was she now portraying herself as a victim?

However, this man was not interested in taking the risk. As soon as he recognised Elliot Presgrave, he frantically apologised and departed.

“What is happening?” Elliot pulled Lorelai’s hand away and helped her to sit down on the couch.

She raised her head with tears in her eyes as she bit her red lips in embarrassment and looked at him with a weak gaze that drew a man’s protection.

“Elliot, | am so thankful that | met you;

otherwise, |...” She finished her word as she grasped her clothes with one hand, leaving her clothes just partially covered. “I’ll ask Rey to send you back,” he said as he took off his suit and placed it on her.

“Then, your suit...”

“Put it on first,” Elliot said as he turned away from her.

“Thank you, Elliot,” Lorelai replied. gratefully as he contacted Rey to send her home.

She wore the warm suit with a cool scented feeling and her sneer gave the impression that she was up to no good.

To occupy a place in Elliot's heart, one had to first shatter his impenetrable marriage to Anastasia.

At 10.00PM, Anastasia was sitting on the couch in a burgundy nightgown and reading documents. Ever since she started overseeing the operations of Bourgeois, she had a list of never ending documents that she needed to peruse. She now understood that Elliot had to exercise a lot of effort in order to smoothly run such a large corporation.

In contrast to Elliot's company, Bourgeois had less than a thousand employees to manage whereas he was in charge of tens of thousands.

While she was reading, she became aware of the approaching sound of a vehicle and after a little while, she looked up and spotted her husband standing near the elevator in the basement parking lot.

At first glance, Anastasia recognised that something wasn't right when he returned today. Yes, that was his suit, which he wore when he went out.

This man was now dressed in merely a white shirt and a black tie.

She then asked in curiosity, "Where is your suit?"

Elliot explained, "Lorelai and I met today at the summit. A foreign businessman assaulted her and tore her clothing. So, I lent her mine."

Ashocked Anastasia kept her pleasant smile. "Really? Is she all right?"

He said, "It's okay." After that, he stepped over to embrace her before asking, "Was it on purpose to dress like this while you wait for me?"

Before she could answer, the man held her cheek, kissed her red lips, and said in a hoarse voice. "It's time for your husband to take a shower."

Anastasia was speechless.

Could she say that she was so exhausted that all she wanted to do tonight was to sleep, even though he made it look like she wanted him?

However, the man had already gone to take a shower, while she sat on the couch, unable to read the documents. Did Lorelai meet my husband by coincidence after she was assaulted? To what extent were her clothes ripped? The summit is a rigorous international conference. Security personnel are stationed inside the building and guests from foreign nations are advised to maintain their composure. How are they able to hurt Lorelai in any way even to the extent of tearing her clothes?

After Anastasia's assessment, she concluded that Lorelai was just utilizing a seduction tactic as a woman's sixth sense was typically extremely accurate.

Last time at the wedding, despite Lorelai's tremendous repression and affectionate behavior, Anastasia could tell the woman was thinking about her husband.

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Moreover, her father had been keen to seek Elliot's assistance, which was why he allowed his beautiful daughter to be at his side as it was the easiest and most direct thing to do.

Anastasia lifted the teacup off the table as her stunning eyes narrowed slightly while she needed to give Lorelai a proper warning. She would not, in any way, tolerate another woman interfering in her relationship with her husband, who was not just the father of her son but also her husband.

When it came to protecting her marriage, Anastasia would never be lenient. Anyone who tried to meddle with her marriage would be held accountable for their actions.

At night, she was so tired that she fell asleep in her man's arms. Her hair was messy and Elliot kissed her face, which was still red. The woman's delicate oval

face in his arms appeared weary in the faint light. He couldn't help but smile since this was his accomplishment and he had every reason to be pleased with himself.

Lorelai was unable to sleep in her apartment. She hung Elliot's suit on the rack in front of the bed. The unironed clothing remained smooth and wrinkle free. In her mind's eye, she could see him donning this outfit, which complemented his good physique.

She stood up in her pajamas and had a seductive aura as she pulled the suit from the rack, held it in her arms to return to bed, after which she sniffed the man's scent on the suit and moaned softly.

She longed for the day when the owner of this outfit would come and lie next to her, embrace her, and fall asleep. "Do you realise how much I like you, Elliot?" Her eyes were welling up with tears, as though she was grieving.



In the early morning, Anastasia got up to check on her son and saw that Jared was already clad in a school uniform, giving the impression that he was well prepared for his day at school.

“Mommy.” He affectionately extended his hands for a hug.. She kissed his little head and sniffed it once more. Perhaps all mothers found it comforting to smell the scent of their own child.

“You smell wonderful, Mommy!” He sniffed her like a puppy, after which she carried him into her arms and replied, “Brush your teeth and wash your face!”

Elliot had already dressed up; a white shirt was always his favourite outfit and it made him relaxed whenever it was matched with a pair of suit pants.

While their kid was inside the restroom to brush his teeth and wash his face, Elliot took advantage of the opportunity to embrace his wife and look at her attire for the day in a way that indicated he was examining it.

He also firmly buttoned the second button on her shirt, which she had purposefully left undone when she dressed in the morning. Then, he commanded her in a low voice that

sounded envious, “Don’t unbutton it.” “Can't | unbutton it even if it's hot?” Anastasia chuckled.

“Then, lower the temperature of the air conditioner.” Elliot simply did not want anybody else to see her assets and added, “I'll send my son to school, head to the summit, and ask Adriana to drive you to the company.”

“Okay! Go ahead!” She nodded.

Jared followed his father out the door as Anastasia observed their car drive away. She checked the time, produced her phone and dialled Lorelai’s number.

Lorelai was also about to head out. When she heard the phone ring, she grabbed it and looked at it. “Hello, Anastasia,” she answered with apprehension.

“Lorelai, are you okay?! Elliot mentioned last night that you were harassed by foreign guests.” Anastasia asked out of concern. “Uh! I’m alright; thankfully, he helped me out,” Lorelai hastily responded.

“That’s what Elliot should do as long as you’re alright.”

“I’m fine, thank you,” she replied with a smile.

“Are you available at noon? Let’s have a

meal!” Anastasia asked her.

“Sure! After all, I need to return Elliot's suit to you,” Lorelai answered

Anastasia grinned as she hung up the phone. “All right, let’s meet at noon.”

She didn’t want Lorelai to use the suit as an excuse, so she went out of her way to request that it be returned.

Lorelai heaved a sigh of relief as she looked at the suit that she had held all night. She was actually hesitant to return it and even pondered taking the suit back to Elliot one day since it could be considered as an opportunity to meet the man.

She was suddenly acutely aware that Anastasia was keeping a watchful eye on her. She thought that all of her thoughts were very well suppressed, but she couldn’t escape from Anastasia’s observant eyes.

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In the afternoon, Anastasia made a call to Lorelai before she left for the restaurant where she had made a reservation. Lorelai was the first to arrive between the two, as she set off from the company.

Around 11.50AM, a woman in business attire turned up by the entrance. She had her raven hair styled in an updo. Her whole appearance set her off gracefully, giving her amorous vibes.

Lorelai had heard from her father that Anastasia had taken over Bourgeois. She always thought Anastasia would be content with being a housewife, so Lorelai was surprised to see the woman become a chairwoman of a jewelry company right after marriage.

It was obvious that Anastasia was not a woman who lacked motivation and only sought pleasure in her life. Having her own career turned her into a more competent woman.

A woman like her was more attractive than ordinary housewives, and it was hard for men to resist her charm. Anastasia didn't even need the help from Elliot to shine.

Lorelai couldn't help but feel envious of her, as Anastasia got off on the right foot with a favorable background of her husband's family.

No matter how hard Lorelai tried and how determined she was for her goals, as long as her family could not provide her with a better opportunity, she would still need to work for others. On the contrary, Anastasia was managing a listed jewelry company right after marriage, which had a market value of more than 10 billion.

"Anastasia." Lorelai stood with a smile as Anastasia made her way to the table. "Long time no see." With ease, Anastasia took a seat opposite her. "| heard that you had taken over Bourgeois. You're amazing." Lorelai gave her a heartfelt compliment.

"You are thinking too highly of me. | am just trying to find something to pass time because | get bored at home. Elliot wants me to have fun rather than trying to make a killing." There was a hint of love in Anastasia's tone as she said that.

Lorelai had a smile on her face, but the smile did not reach her eyes. "That's quite sweet of Elliot."

Happiness was written all over Anastasia's face. "You're not wrong. Other than my dad, he is the second man who spoils me rotten."

“When are you going to have a second child? | remember that Jared is going to be seven soon, isn’t he?” Lorelai was curious.

“We're not making any plans at the moment. It will come naturally.” Anastasia smiled at the thought. Just then, her phone rang, interrupting their conversation. “Excuse me for a moment.” She nodded at Lorelai and picked up the call. “Hello?”

At the end of the call, Anastasia had already made a decision. “In the future, Bourgeois will never consider the artist from this company to act as our brand’s spokesperson.”

Throughout the call, Anastasia had remained a serious face and once she ended it, Lorelai could finally express her curiosity.” What happened? Is something wrong?”

“It was just about an artist who overestimated her own boundaries,” Anastasia explained casually, but her eyes seemed to bore into Lorelai’s soul. “She tried to seduce Elliot right under my nose in a conference not long ago, but | happened to be aware of it.”

Lorelai’s smile stiffened slowly, and she hung her head low in shame. “That artist must be out of her mind to mess with you.”

“| cut off her endorsement contract and gave her a warning. | am going to blacklist her if she dares to do it again the second time. At present, none of the artists from her company will be given

the opportunity to become Bourgeois’ spokesperson. Anastasia’s smile was gentle, but her eyes pierced through Lorelai intensely.

Lorelai’s knuckles turned white as she held onto her cup tightly, unable to speak as a result. She was aware that it was a warning coming from Anastasia.

“Do you think | made the right choice?” Anastasia questioned with a hint of amusement. As if on cue, Lorelai agreed with her statement. “Right, | thought so too. Nobody shall think about sabotaging your marriage.”

“She is far from being a threat, more like an eyesore to get rid of.” Anastasia sipped her tea and changed the topic. “Let’s not dwell on this matter. We shall talk about something else instead. Have job already?” you found a

“I am currently working in a financial firm.” Lorelai nodded at her. “Knowing you, I have no doubts you could find a great job. However, it is important to seek love too.” Anastasia smiled.

“I am devoted to my work, and I don’t have any free time to pursue a relationship.”

## Chapter 698

“I can introduce someone to you if I find them suitable.” Anastasia was enthusiastic about the topic. I'm good. You don't have to.” Lorelai gave a dismissive wave at her suggestion hastily.

Anastasia didn't insist on it as Lorelai declined. In the meantime, the food was served, so they had steered their conversation to other topics. Anastasia believed that the latter could understand her meaning, even though she had not spoken the obvious.

After finishing their lunch, they both got up to leave. Lorelai took out a suit and showed it to her. “This is the suit Elliot wore yesterday. Do you need help to send it for dry cleaning service?”

“There's no need to trouble you. I will do it myself, Anastasia said as she took the suit from Lorelai. Once they got out of the restaurant, they parted and Anastasia pointed at a car not far away. “My car is over there. See you next time, then.”

“Goodbye.” Lorelai watched Anastasia as she got in the car, where a female bodyguard was waiting in the driver's seat. The car then sped away.

When the car was out of sight, Lorelai could finally let out a sigh of relief. Anastasia was not a woman to mess with, as she insinuated her disapproval of Lorelai's misbehavior.

On the other hand, Anastasia took out Elliot's suit and ordered Adriana, “The suit is ruined. Deal with it.” “Alright, madam.”

Anastasia thought it was a waste of the nice suit. However, it was now ruined by another woman's scent. She wouldn't keep it, and wouldn't let Elliot wear it either.

She would not be generous when it was concerning her relationship, and she had no other hopes but for Lorelai to behave and stop stirring up trouble for her.

Meanwhile, Sophia was doing household chores in Arthur's villa.

She was alone in the villa. Emily had gone out shopping, while Arthur had some matters to attend to. Sophia started with organizing his study table, followed by cleaning the dust on every surface.

A familiar signature caught her eyes when she was sorting out Arthur's files on the table. The signature pressed hard to the paper, showing a hint of grace from the owner's personality, and it no doubt belonged to Arthur.

Sophia crouched under the table for a better angle to clean. Just then, someone pushed the door open and it startled her, so she hurried to stand.

Suddenly, a thump echoed in the room. As Sophia tried to stand up, she bumped her forehead into the table.

Arthur stared at her with wide eyes from the doorway. He found her holding a cleaning rag in her hand, while another hand was pressed to her forehead.

"What are you doing?" That was all he could manage to ask. I'm cleaning the table, Sophia answered meekly.

Taking in mind her eagerness, Arthur walked toward her and took a close look at her forehead. There was a bump on the spot where she hit hard on the table..

"You should use a cold compress."

"I'm alright." Sophia didn't mind the pain. However, just when she was about to continue the chore, Arthur put an arm around her waist. Shocked, she quickly leaned backward, but he seized the opportunity and pressed her against the table.

"You just can't wait to repay me?" he teased and closed in.

Before her were a pair of eyes as black as night and cold as stone. They were clear but full of mystery. Sophia felt pressure alone just by looking at Arthur.

Her lips slightly parted in disbelief because she had always thought that the man was cold and distant from the moment she first met him. However,

right this moment, he was standing so close to her underneath the afternoon.

sun.

"I-| do think about repaying you... Sophia spoke with hesitation.

"Then you shall do it as | prefer," he demanded. There was a sudden urge building inside him to taste her lips. again. Since he kissed her out of the blue in the hotel yesterday, the thought had started to linger on his mind. He had at need to confirm his thoughts, so he simply had to taste the sweetness on her

supple lips. Without further hesitation, Arthur wasted no time and went in for a kiss on her lips. W-What? His bold actions made Sophia's mind go blank. Did he just kiss me again?

Her lean body was soft under his touch. The feeling of their bodies pressed against each other on the table sent at tremor through Arthur's body, making him feel hot and bothered. The kiss

lasted for a long time, as he did it again and again, to prove he was right. Passion filled the study room.

With her eyes shut, Sophia responded to him eagerly. He was forceful one moment and gentle the next, and she was surprised to feel happy from his actions as if they were in love.

Finally, Arthur broke the kiss and pulled himself away. It was a cue to Sophia as she took to her heels almost immediately. However, passion lingered in the study room, like a reminder to everyone that they had just shared an intimate moment.

## Chapter 699

Sophia gasped as she returned to the room like a frightened white rabbit. As she covered her red lips, all she could think of was the man's cool yet domineering kisses, which was way beyond her acceptable limit.

The impression that Arthur gave her was one of abstinence-or was it her illusion? He even mentioned earlier that he wanted to repay her through his own methods, so she suspected that he meant her giving herself to him.

He stood in front of the window walls with one hand in his pocket. Dressed in a black attire from head to toe, he carried with him a tough posture while his gaze reflected the facial expression of his cold handsome face. It also did not help that his breath had become a tad bit unstable. I'm having feelings for Sophia? What the hell is going on?!

His thoughts were proven earlier when everything was spilled out on his desk.

Emily returned from her gallivanting outside as today was yet another shopping spree for her. Behind her was a servant who entered with the items that Emily had purchased.

"All of you should head downstairs!"

The said servant left the items and departed while Emily raised her head to call, "Sophia."

Sophia pushed open the door to make



her presence known and responded from upstairs, "Miss Jennings." "Come down and help me to tidy up." Emily instructed as she sat with crossed legs.

After Sophia came downstairs, Emily asked her to remove the items from their bags to organize them. Then, Emily announced the price of each item that Sophia took out.

"This is a limited edition pair of high heels with a value of a hundred and eighty. Please be careful with it." "This pair of silk pajamas cost me ninety thousand. Even a single thread cannot be damaged." "This purse has a purchase price of 1.8 million. You won't be able to compensate me if you damage it.

Sophia was speechless upon hearing Emily's words. She could never agree with Emily's concept of consumption. Obviously she was not jealous of Emily either because she was aware that Emily could use shopping as a way to pass her time.

"Artic, do you think that the dress | bought would look good on me?" Emily took a skirt and compared it to her physique.

Arthur's hand was on the banister as he stared at the girl bending over to arrange the shopping haul. When Sophia heard footsteps behind her. she was so frightened that she dropped the bag on the floor and collapsed.

Emily was shocked when she saw the scene before her and blurted out, "You

had the nerve to drop the most expensive bag?!"

"I'm sorry," Sophia apologized quickly.

His long legs walked toward Sophia and he ordered thereafter, "Come out with me.

"Now?!" She lacked the courage to look

Arthur in the eye.

“Yes!”

The man left first, after which she informed Emily, “Miss Jennings, let me head out with Young Master Weiss first.” “Artie, where are you going? Let me accompany you there!” Emily said as she hurriedly followed.

Since Arthur did not allow his bodyguard to drive the car, he slid into the driver seat of an SUV and informed the bodyguard not to tag along.

The bodyguard immediately replied, “Master, we need to ensure your safety.”

Arthur insisted, “You are not to come along.

Sophia sat in the passenger seat as he drove away from the gates of the villa. “Young Master Weiss, where are we going?” she asked in curiosity.

“Let's go to a place where we can clear our minds. “Clear our minds?” She thought about it and asked, “How about a church?” He maintained his focus on the road ahead of him as he answered, “That works.”

After punching the address on his navigation system, she couldn't help but feel restless. She couldn't ignore the fact that whatever happened between them earlier in the study was a fact! She secretly shot a gander at the man who was behind the wheel and admired his pursed thin lips, his sexy and handsome features while such an action had caused her heart to race.

It was so quiet in the vehicle that Sophia could hear the sound of her heart beating.

Arthur, on the other hand, remained reticent throughout the entire journey. It was already 3.00PM and would take them more than an hour to arrive at the church. By the time they arrived, the mid-afternoon prayer session would have been concluded and the parishioners leaving church grounds, thus the surroundings would be quiet.

As the sun was starting to set, it illuminated the historical place of worship with a kind of serene beauty.

He was dressed in all black and had an aura of distance to him while Sophia went ahead to light up a candle at the front of the altar. When she emerged, she saw him standing next to the door in his slim and graceful height, which gave rise to a thrilling beauty.

## Chapter 700

Sophia was in her own world for a few seconds until the man's deep gaze landed on her. It was only at that moment when she regained her composure and approached him. Suddenly, she almost lost balance due to the slippery road beneath her.

"Ahhh..." she yelled as she lost her balance and fell into his arms.

Arthur wrapped his arms around her to prevent her from falling, but he was a second late. As Sophia hugged the man, she landed in a kneeling position in front of his legs and her face was exceptionally close to a place in which a man would regard as sensitive.

She wanted to die on the spot. He lowered his head and sighed because in all his time of knowing her, this was the umpteenth time of seeing her embarrassed.

Luckily for them, there was no one around them. So, he reached out and helped her to her feet, but her face was redder than a shrimp. "S-Sorry."

Arthur took her hand as his long, slender fingers gripped onto hers. It was evident that he was holding Sophia in a posture that looked like they were about to kiss.

They passed the entrance and walked up the steps, which they estimated to be at a distance of 200 meters, to where the main church was.

It was halfway through the climb that Sophia regretted her decision as she panted. Of all the places that she could have suggested, why did she have to suggest a church on the hill?

On the contrary, the man next to her was relaxed. He wasn't panting and his face wasn't flushed either. As the wind gently blew his hair into a somewhat messy state, it made him look just as sexy.

"You can't climb up anymore?" Arthur asked with a smile. "I-I still can." Now that she was under his gaze, she bravely replied. "I can even do it in one breath." Arthur continued his climb while Sophia forced herself to follow from behind as a film of cold sweat coated her forehead.

Now that they were at the top of the hill, she felt that it was worth the hard work since the view from where they were was breathtaking. The ancient church resembled a quiet place with a vast history behind it.

He was holding a bottle of water, which he brought from the car. Then, he walked toward her and handed the bottle to her.. "Drink it."

When Sophia saw that the bottle was half

full, she realized that he had already

drunk half of it and left the rest for her.

"What's up? Do you have something against my saliva?" Arthur read her thoughts.

She shook her head and sincerely took it with a blushing face before she unscrewed the bottle cap. Who am I to slander? We've already kissed, so what am I being picky about?

Both Sophia and Arthur went to the main area of the church where candles could be found for them to use to offer their prayers.

Then, she took six candles and lit it before handing it to him. "Follow my actions and say your prayers. They say that miracles occur if you offer your prayers here, so hopefully it will be granted."

When he took it, he followed her suspiciously. Firstly, they left the bright candles at the candle holder at one side of the church before they walked to the pews and knelt down.

Sophia was unaware that when she made a wish, the man beside her still had his eyes open as he observed her beautiful yet serious face. It was as if she arduously tried to make a sincere prayer. Once that was done, the corners of her lips curled up into a smile.

When this happened, it caused Arthur to subconsciously follow suit and when he saw her bright red thick lips, his heart

skipped a beat.

As he observed her dazzling and long eyelashes, he hurriedly closed his eyes in a comical manner, so as to pretend that he was in the midst of offering his prayers.

Now that it was Sophia's turn to admire him, she realized that he still had not offered his prayers.

He looked even more handsome now that his eyes were closed. His facial features seemed to have been meticulously carved by the angels above with perfect proportions.

She softly swallowed and harbored inexplicable thoughts while watching him.

What's going on? Is it because he kissed me? Her heart started to race as she thought of this. Wait! This isn't going according to plan! I'm the one who seduced him to make him fall for me, after which I'll beg for his forgiveness. So, why am I having second thoughts about him?

Although Arthur's eyes were closed, he was a sensitive man and knew that Sophia was sizing him up. As a result, he purposely took his time to open his eyes.

After emerging from the main area of the church, they arrived at the community center where she couldn't help but say, "Young Master Weiss, this is where the young single people meet up to socialize with each other. Do you want to head in and get to know a few girls? Who knows you might be able to meet your Ms.. Right.

