

Taking Her Son Home

However, Hayley had a bad feeling that Anastasia would suddenly return home and learn the truth about what happened that night. If that happened, she would lose everything and be forced to live her life like she used to. At the thought of that, she told herself that she would never let something like that happen. Thus, when Elliot took her back to the mansion after dinner, Hayley coyly invited the man into the house. "Elliot, would you like to come inside and have a cup of tea?"

"No thanks. I still have things to attend to."

"But I'm scared of being alone. I want you to keep me company." Hayley immediately tried to play on the man's sympathy by pretending to be scared.

"I'll get Natasha to accompany you." Elliot reached for his cell phone.

"No! Please! I only want your company."

"But I really have something to do at work. Next time, perhaps." Elliot gently looked at her. "Rest well. Good night."

Hayley was disappointed upon hearing the man's reply, but the man's meek attitude prompted her to stop insisting coyly as she bitterly nodded. "Alright then." Setting her eyes on Elliot's car, she bit her lip while wishing she could be in the man's embrace. I swear I will make him my man one day! I'm going to be the lady that every other woman envies.

Meanwhile, Anastasia decided to spend her wonderful day inspecting some outlets with Felicia. As time slipped by quickly, she called it a day and left

work earlier than usual, around 4.30 PM, thinking she wanted to bring her son back home to see her father.

On the other hand, Francis had specially informed the cook in the Tillman Residence to prepare dinner for Anastasia's arrival, but Naomi made sure the cook only prepared her daughter's favorite dishes, sparing no thought for Anastasia at all. Soon, the maid came over and asked, "Madam, Old Master Tilman said prawns are Young Mistress Anastasia's favorite, which is why he told me to buy them. Are you sure you don't want me to cook them?"

"Of course not. Go ahead and cook the prawns, but make sure they taste so spicy that the b*tch wishes she didn't eat them," Naomi replied. As soon as the maid proceeded to do what she was told, Naomi was left angrily dwelling on Anastasia's intentions of returning home. Deep down, she couldn't help but think that Anastasia was back for a piece of the big pie now that Francis and his company were doing so well that they had amassed a fortune over billions. As long as I'm in this family, Anastasia can forget about her share of the inheritance.

"Mom, do you know that Anastasia is going to be back for dinner?" Erica entered through the door in frustration.

Naomi nodded. "Your dad insists she join us for dinner, and I couldn't say anything about it."

"It's been five years. I wonder how she is now." Erica pursed her lips.

"How well can her life be? She didn't even finish her university studies when she left at 19. The way I see it, she must be back for the inheritance because she's been struggling to make ends meet." Naomi grunted in dissatisfaction.

"You mustn't let her take what's mine away, Mom. I own everything that belongs to Dad," Erica audaciously said, as if she was the rightful heir of her father's inheritance.

“Of course, she has nothing to do with the inheritance at all,” Naomi replied firmly.

“Alright, I’m going to wear some make-up and put on my new dress.” Erica headed upstairs as soon as she finished her words, thinking she should show Anastasia that her place in the Tillman Family was irreplaceable.

On the other hand, Anastasia took a cab and was on her way to the Tillman Residence with her son while teaching the latter what to do later. Thankfully, her son was a smart child who understood what Anastasia told him, melting her heart so much that she immediately hugged and kissed him. “That’s my darling boy!” Deep down, she sympathized with her own son, thinking he would perhaps be treated differently if he was born into a different family. At the same time, she found it ironic for his presence to be treated in an unwelcoming manner in her father’s house.

In the meantime, Francis happened to be at his doorstep. He had left his office earlier than he usually would because he couldn’t wait to see his daughter, who had been away from him for five years. Soon, he saw a cab coming in his direction and walked closer to it just when the car came to a stop. Then, a lady with a slim figure stepped out of the vehicle, and she turned out to be Anastasia. Not long after that, he saw a boy emerging from behind Anastasia and was completely stunned by what he saw. How come my daughter has a little boy who looks like he is 4 or 5 years old with her? Is she... Francis couldn’t help but feel surprised by what he saw.

Meanwhile, Anastasia looked at her father, realizing how much he had aged after five years. Because of that, she began to become understanding about what happened back then while blaming herself for not having kept in touch with Francis in the past five years.

"I'm back, Dad." Anastasia seized her son's hand and walked closer to Francis. Then, she looked at her son and said, "Jared, greet your grandfather."

"Grandpa." Jared looked up and called out to Francis.

Grandpa? Francis was caught by surprise when he heard the child's voice, looking at Jared in awe. "This is my... grandson? You have a child already?"

"Yes, Dad. His name is Jared, and he is three and a half years old." Anastasia refused to tell Francis her son's actual age because she didn't want her father to deduce when she gave birth to Jared.

"Three and a half years old, and he is already this tall." Francis found it unbelievable that he already had a handsome grandson.

"Yeah!" Anastasia smiled.

"What about your son's father?" Francis asked.

"I've never lived with him ever since I gave birth to Jared," Anastasia replied.

"Yeah, I've only been living with Mom all the time, Grandpa," the child added.

Francis' eyes were filled with tears when he realized he did nothing to help his daughter raise his grandson. I'm such a terrible grandfather. Worse, I cast my own daughter away from home five years ago. "This is my fault! All my fault, Anastasia! Please forgive me. I'm sure I'll make it up to you." Francis was overwhelmed by his own guilt.

"No need for that. Jared and I have been managing well by ourselves." Anastasia didn't want her father's guilt to weigh him down.

"Come on in! Let me hug you, my darling Jared!" Francis bent over and hugged Jared, thinking the child was fed well due to his firm build. Other than that, he was proud of how good-looking his own grandson was, as he reckoned Jared was the most handsome child he had ever seen.

As soon as Anastasia entered the parlor with her father, Naomi saw her husband carrying a child in her arms and asked in surprise, “Who’s that child, hubby?”

“Naomi, this is Anastasia’s son. She gave birth to a child when she was living abroad.” Francis happily made the announcement, showing his exhilaration at his grandson’s arrival. After all, his biggest regret was not having a son, although he wasn’t particular about having one. Therefore, he treated his daughter’s son like his own because Jared was still the descendant of his bloodline.

“What?!” Naomi was stunned to learn that the child was Anastasia’s son.

“Mom.” Anastasia coldly greeted Naomi.

“Oh, dear! We didn’t know you were already a mother after five years. Why didn’t you tell us anything?” Naomi pretended to show her concern, thinking it was a necessary move to make even in front of her husband. “Who is the father? Why isn’t he here?”

“Naomi, Anastasia is raising the child by herself.” Francis quickly reminded her to stop asking unnecessary questions.

At that instant, Naomi immediately thought that Anastasia was going to use her son to claim a bigger share of the inheritance, deeming both of them a greater threat, when she noticed how Francis loved the boy. “Oh! A single mother! How touching and noble!” Naomi said with a sarcastic tone.

Seemingly sensing what Naomi’s tone indicated, the boy looked at the lady and asked, “Who are you?”

Naomi looked askance at the child and said, “Greet your grandmother.”

“My mother said my grandmother passed away long ago, so how are you my grandmother?” the boy asked, his innocence and purity indirectly telling Naomi’s ill intentions.

“Oh gosh, look at this child! How rude he is! Anastasia, if you don’t teach him some manners, how do you expect him to live decently when he grows up?” Naomi questioned Anastasia’s upbringing in an annoyed manner.

“How my son behaves is none of your concern.” Anastasia stood up for her child.

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