

# Room for You Chapter 6

## Chapter 6

At this moment, Erica, who was at a spa club, immediately contacted Hayley after hanging up her mother's call. Back then, they teamed up to make Anastasia lose her virginity and then had her driven out of the house. Now she and Hayley had become best friends, but in the past two weeks, Hayley had lost contact with her, and Hayley's store was also closed. Hence, Erica didn't know what Hayley was doing. Soon Hayley's voice came over the phone. "Hello, Erica." "Hayley, what have you been doing recently? Why is your store closed?" "Oh! I'm traveling! Is anything the matter?" "Hayley, let me tell you some bad news. Anastasia has returned to the country." In a luxurious villa, Hayley, who was enjoying the service of a servant on the sofa, was so frightened that she dropped her phone. She quickly picked it up, took a deep breath, then asked nervously, "When did she come back? Why did she come back?" "Why are you so nervous? You're still afraid of her!" "No, I'm just asking." "My dad told me. I don't know what she's doing, but I'm quite sure she's coming back to fight over the family assets with me now, and she might cause you trouble too." A flash of viciousness glimmered in Hayley's eyes when she heard that. *Why didn't Anastasia die abroad? That way, I won't have to panic.* Everything Hayley enjoyed now was all thanks to her. She would never let Elliot know the truth as long as she was alive. *I can't let him know that it was Anastasia back then.* "Erica, I'm also afraid that she will retaliate against me. Can

you tell me everything you know about her in the future? I'll be better prepared," Hayley said to Erica. Erica replied, "Okay, we will deal with her together in the future." After hanging up the phone, Hayley bit her lip. She was now used to being treated like a wealthy young lady, and she had only the best of everything. In order to make it up to her, Elliot gave her everything she wanted. Hayley became even greedier; she wanted more than material compensation. In fact, she wanted to be Elliot's wife. It must be the happiest thing in the world to become the woman of a man like Elliot. Therefore, she would never allow Anastasia to mess up her plans. Even Erica couldn't know. Otherwise, Erica would be jealous of her and expose her. As such, she must have a good grasp of everything about Anastasia, and it was best to find a method to make her disappear from this world. At 5.00 PM, Anastasia showed up at the kindergarten on time to pick up her son. The little boy happily said goodbye to the teacher and ran to her. "Mommy!" "How was school?" "It was great! The teacher likes me very much, and my classmates like me too," the little boy reported happily. "How about we have noodles in the evening?" "Okay!" Anastasia was very lucky to give birth to a child with such an angelic character. Since he was a baby, he had never let her worry about him. He was not picky about food, he had a good personality, and he was a kind and loving boy. After shopping in the supermarket, they went home to cook dinner. The little boy played with Lego while Anastasia cooked dinner for two. At that time, the small apartment was full of warmth and coziness. "Mommy, did work go well today?" the little boy

asked with concern. "Yes, it went well." Anastasia curved her lips and smiled. In front of her son, she never complained about life or work. Even if life was hard, her son's smile was sweet and could cure all unhappiness. "Jared, is it okay if I take you to see your grandfather in two days?"

Anastasia asked her son. "Okay. I also really want to see Grandpa." The little boy blinked his eyes in anticipation. Hearing that, Anastasia felt complicated because she knew that Naomi and her daughter would definitely not welcome Jared. She would also not let Erica know that her son was conceived when she accidentally lost her virginity five years ago, and she planned to tell her father she conceived the child with a man she loved. At night, Anastasia slept with her son in her arms. The moonlight from outside the window shone in, and the mother and son fell asleep together. Early next morning, after seeing off her son, Anastasia took a cab to the company.

Bourgeois was located in an eight-story building in the city center, which was a little inconspicuous due to the even taller skyscrapers next to it. However, this brand had gained popularity in the country. Now that it had been acquired by QR, its market value was enhanced too. As such, one month later, Bourgeois was invited to participate in a local jewelry exhibition.

Several series designed by Anastasia were selected to be displayed at the exhibition, which was also an effective method for branding purposes. Soon, Anastasia got out of the cab. Since she bought breakfast a little late, she paid for the cab fare while nibbling on the bread in her hand, after which she walked quickly toward the hall. As Jared went to school at 8.30 AM, she was a

little rushed for work at 9.00 AM. At the entrance to the elevator, Anastasia tried her best to finish her breakfast before entering the office, as it was inappropriate to go in while eating. Thus, she filled her mouth with the last big mouthful of bread. While she was chewing with her cheeks bulging, the elevator door opened, and a handsome and mature figure suddenly appeared in front of her eyes. Stiffening for a few seconds, she swallowed the bread with some difficulty and walked in as gracefully as possible. "Morning," Elliot greeted in a low and magnetic voice. "Morning!" Anastasia replied, and the next second, she was startled by her own sudden hiccup. While hiccupping, Anastasia felt her face flushed red as she nearly choked on her bread. What was even more alarming was that the elevator had mirrors all around. Now, she had nowhere to hide her embarrassment. She covered her mouth, but her body protested that she ate too fast, and there came another not-so-elegant hiccup. Elliot's deep gaze fell on her face through the mirror as he watched Anastasia's awkward act. Finally, when they arrived at the 6th floor, Anastasia squeezed out of the elevator as soon as the doors opened. She felt so ashamed she wanted to dig a hole and bury herself. Elliot's calm expression on his handsome face appeared to crack, and a smile was brewing in his dark eyes. *This girl is inexplicably interesting.* Anastasia returned to the office and quickly took a few sips of water to cure her hiccups, but the humiliating scene could not be undone. She wouldn't be this embarrassed if it were another man, but it just had to be Elliot. *He must be laughing at me.* 10.30 AM. "Anastasia, there is a

department meeting now.” Anastasia responded, “Got it.” In the meeting room, the department director, Felicia Evans, sat on one side of the conference room. She had eight designers under her, including Anastasia. “Wait for a while. President Presgrave will be here soon.” Felicia took a sip of water and shrugged nervously. *Who would have thought that a departmental meeting would involve the big boss as well? This is so stressful.* “Anastasia, did you know President Presgrave from before?” Alice looked at Anastasia meaningfully. Anastasia immediately denied it. “I didn’t.” “Then why did President Presgrave keep staring at you yesterday?” another female designer asked, dissatisfied. “You should ask President Presgrave this,” Anastasia responded gracefully. “Work is work, and the company is not a place for you to fall in love, nor a place to take the back door. You all better remember it well.” Felicia stared at her subordinates sternly. Then, Alice glanced at Anastasia. In her eyes, Anastasia was someone who wanted to seduce Elliot in order to gain the upper hand. At this moment, the door of the office opened, and an imposing figure stepped in. Elliot walked in gracefully, then sat down at the head of the table. Anyone who saw this man would think that God was unfair. God gave him wealth that could rival the government’s wealth, a handsome face that all beings adored, a perfect figure like the sun god Apollo, a graceful and princely temperament, and the majestic aura of an emperor. This man lived for women to worship and adore him. Even Felicia hurriedly ruffled her hair while exuding her mellow and womanly temperament. Although she was 35 years old, she still had a dream of marrying rich. “Let’s start.” The low and charming voice sounded cold.

