

Too Far 101

[Chapter 101](#)

“What do you mean? Last night you cupped my face and kissed me, so shouldn’t you have watched yourself too?” Elliot asked in a hoarse voice because Anastasia had taken quite the initiative last night. Anastasia blushed as she struggled to explain. “Last night... I-I wasn’t myself. I don’t remember anything from last night.” The man snorted. “Oh, really? Shall I help you remember?” “No-“Before she could finish, the man had already made the decision for her. His thin lips began to tackle her red lips forcefully. Instantly, her mind went blank. If this man wanted to kiss her, he should just say so instead of coming up with so many excuses. However, for some reason, every time this man kissed her, she would panic and resist at first, but she would soon lose all sense as the man kept going. As her face and ears went a deep red, she could almost taste the happiness of a kiss. No... She absolutely refused to admit that kissing him was even a tad enjoyable. Finally, save for the kiss, she had also felt a sense of danger from the man. Anastasia began to panic, for if she allowed Elliot to go on, the consequences would be unthinkable.

“Mm...” Anastasia reached up and hit his back but found that his back was so hard that her own fists hurt. Elliot broke the kiss, but he didn’t get up to release her. Instead, he admired the woman with messy hair in his arms, for she looked like an alluring fairy. However, when he remembered how that jerk had treated her in a similar way, he felt the urge to kill rising within his heart. Out of nowhere, Anastasia felt pain in her scalp, and she realized that strands of her hair were stuck on a button of the man’s shirt. The man realized it as well, so he lowered his head and gazed at her with a cunning look. “Undo it yourself.” Anastasia’s scalp was getting numb from the pain. Soon, she proceeded to pull at her hair, but the strands wouldn’t budge. In the end, she would have to undo the button. Hence, she could only blush as she undid the third button of the shirt. In an instant, her sight was filled

with the man’s firm, honey-colored chest. She hastily averted her gaze, refusing to look. “Are you satisfied with my figure?” the man asked in a teasing manner. “No.” Anastasia provoked him on purpose as she humphed. “Which part of it do you not like?” The man was still on top of her, and his eyes narrowed as he continued asking. Anastasia’s breathing paused for a while, for this topic wasn’t quite family-friendly. She gritted her teeth and said, “All of them. Get off me.” Suddenly, Elliot pressed against her, letting her feel his pride. He asked again in his hoarse voice, “Are you sure?” Anastasia was going crazy at this rate. She reached out and pushed him forcefully before he finally allowed her freedom. He sat up, a suggestive tint still lingering on his handsome face. “All right, we should get back to the company.” Anastasia let her hair loose, recovering her aura of a professional woman. The man behind her took his phone and followed her out. Downstairs, Nigel had already left with a broken heart. Elliot drove Anastasia back to the company. Along the way, Anastasia didn’t offer to chat, but she made a mental note to never let this man into her house again instead. “The results of the jewelry competition will be out tomorrow. Are you excited?” Elliot turned around to ask her. Anastasia was excited, of course. She wanted to win the huge cash prize, but she wasn’t quite willing to tell him. “What can I say? My rivals are all very talented, so I may not be able to win.” “Have more confidence in yourself and just anticipate it,” the man said meaningfully. Anastasia didn’t think too much about it. At that moment, she just wanted to get back to the company as soon as possible. Just then, Elliot’s car phone rang, and the display indicated that the caller was Hayley. Anastasia frowned, somewhat furious when she remembered what the man had done to her just now. “Elliot, I’m warning you. I hate Hayley, and I hate it more when you touch me.” Anastasia turned her

head, having no regard for the fact that he was her boss. Elliot frowned a little, but he didn't pick up the phone.

[Chapter 102](#)

Anastasia suddenly reached out and pressed the touch screen, answering the call for him. Elliot turned to look at her, but she simply glared back with glee. "Hello Elliot, I'm at the company now. Why aren't you here yet?" Hayley's cutesy voice rang out. "I'm on my way," Elliot answered in a low voice. "All right, I'll be waiting!" "Sure." "You haven't forgotten your gift for me, right? It's your fault for not accompanying me last night," said Hayley in a spoiled manner. Anastasia listened without any expressions while Elliot glanced at her, then told Hayley, "We'll talk when I get back to the company."

With that, he hung up. Anastasia noticed how fast he had ended the call, so she suddenly sneered. "Is there anything I shouldn't be hearing?" "We are just normal friends," Elliot explained in a low voice. Ever since he found Hayley, he had maintained a certain distance between them because he simply wanted to compensate her. Other than that, he had no other thoughts of her. Anastasia's gaze went cold, disgust apparent in her eyes. "Don't touch me ever again." Panic flitted across Elliot's eyes. "Anastasia, I can't change what happened in the past." "Everything Hayley touched is dirty to me." This time, Anastasia said it loud and clear in person. After her claim, Elliot's expression fell. On the way back to the company, Anastasia ignored Elliot, and the latter's expression was also terrible. From the way it seemed, her words had probably struck a nerve. The car had just pulled up at the underground car park when Anastasia opened the door and left right away. Elliot followed behind her, and when the elevator was about to close on him, Anastasia didn't hold the door open for him. She didn't want to be on the same ride as him, but the man's slender arms still reached her. Sensing an object in the way, the elevator doors opened again, allowing Elliot to enter.

There was a pressuring aura about him, as if he were a sharp, brandished blade. Anastasia crossed her arms and leaned against the wall. She could see Elliot's complex and deep gaze in the mirror, sharp as a crouching beast in the forest. His fiery eyes were trained on her. Finally, the elevator door opened. Anastasia walked past him in order to leave, but the man held her waist and spoke in her ear through gritted teeth. "No matter how dirty I am, you mustn't despise me." Anastasia broke free from his grasp and left the elevator, snorting inside. I'll still despise you, anyway. So what? When Elliot returned to his office, Hayley was already sitting on the couch waiting for him. She had dressed up meticulously for the occasion, and she was indeed prettier than she used to be. Everything she wore was branded, and she had spent a lot of effort on her makeup as well. Regardless, Elliot could care less. A woman who could attract him would do better than look pretty on the surface; she must also possess an innate charm that reached the depths of his heart. "You're here, Elliot." Love and admiration spilled forth from Hayley's gaze as she got up to welcome him. Elliot nodded, then made a call to Rey through the internal phone system. "Bring the present." The disappointment was evident in Hayley's eyes. Why? Why didn't he go in person to choose the present for me? Why did he ask the assistant to do the work for him? Soon, Rey walked in with a set of jewelry before handing it to Hayley. "Miss Seymour, is this to your liking?" Hayley opened the box to see a three-piece set, and the design and diamonds were absolutely stunning. In the end, she pursed her lips and smiled. "I love it, thank you." Hayley looked back to see Elliot lost in thought, completely overlooking her existence. "Elliot, I made reservations at a restaurant tonight. Let's have dinner together!" Hayley took the initiative to invite the man, but he raised an eyebrow and declined. "Hayley, I have an appointment at night. I can't cancel it." "But I really want to have a meal

with you,” Hayley begged with a pleading look in her eyes. “I have to meet a very important client tonight, so I can’t cancel. We’ll do it next time, all right?” Even

though the words sounded normal, when Elliot spoke them, his voice would carry an undeniable power with it. None would dare to defy his wishes. Hayley bit her red lip, but she could only nod pitifully. “If you say so.”

[Chapter 103](#)

“Just go back first. I still have work to do,” Elliot continued. Hayley looked at him longingly. Every time she visited him, she would come with joy and expectation, but she would always leave in disappointment. Remembering how he had gone to save Anastasia without another word, she felt Anastasia must be more important to him than anyone else. Meanwhile, Anastasia returned to her office, void of all inspiration. A sense of annoyance stopped her from working, but she couldn’t figure out what it was. Just then, a figure strode out of the elevator, and it was none other than the man himself-Nigel. Nigel was about to go to Anastasia’s office when he bumped into Alice. When Alice saw Nigel, she immediately smiled and greeted him. “Hi, Handsome. Here to see Anastasia?” “Yes. Is she in her office?” “Handsome, a word of advice. Anastasia’s relationship with our boss is kind of suspicious. As her boyfriend, you have to be careful.” Nigel’s handsome face froze as he spoke to Alice. “Tell me. What sort of unspeakable relationship does Anastasia have with your boss?” Alice immediately pointed toward the deserted pantry. “We’ll talk there.”

Nigel followed Alice to the pantry out of curiosity. Alice gazed at him with a pitiful look as she said, “Handsome, you probably don’t know this. Anastasia joined a jewelry competition, and our company has prepared a cash prize of 1 million for the winner.” Nigel had heard Anastasia mention it before; it was something along those lines. “In order to win the prize, your girlfriend is doing everything she can to suck up to our boss. They were flirting in the office, and she even went on dates with him quite often. They were so intimate, and I’m only telling you this because I can’t stand it anymore. Handsome, you have to be careful in case your girlfriend gets stolen.” As Alice gazed at Nigel’s handsome face, she felt that it was too unfair. Where did Anastasia find such a handsome boyfriend? Nigel emerged from the pantry and went straight to Anastasia’s office. Anastasia was still occupied with

her troubled thoughts when she saw Nigel walk in all of a sudden. She was stunned for a few seconds. “Nigel, what brings you here?” Anastasia smiled as she got up to welcome him. Nigel looked at her, unable to believe the scenes he had witnessed today. He smiled. “Nothing much, just thought I’d drop by to see you.” “Do you have time tomorrow? I can treat you to a meal.” Anastasia still felt guilty about canceling her plans with him today. “Anastasia, I heard some rumors in the office just now. It’s about you and my cousin,” Nigel said on purpose. Anastasia tensed up. “What did you hear?” “I heard that you seduced my cousin just to win the jewelry competition. Is it true?” “What are those people saying? How could I do such a thing?” Anastasia thought it ridiculous. Of course, she wouldn’t appeal to Elliot just to win a prize. “Do you honestly don’t have those kinds of thoughts about my cousin?” Nigel earnestly locked his gaze on her as he asked. Anastasia said without hesitation, “Of course not! I’m just his subordinate.” Nigel bit his thin lip, then asked again, “Then were you really having lunch in the company this afternoon?” “I... I wasn’t. I treated someone else to lunch. I owe him a lot, so I had to treat him.” Anastasia was honest now because she couldn’t lie when she looked into Nigel’s pure eyes. “Then where did you bring him for lunch?” “Home. I cooked for him.” Anastasia didn’t want to lie, so she came clean. “Why don’t you eat out? Do you really have to go home and cook?” Nigel asked. “He probably thought

my cooking was good," Anastasia answered without overthinking it. At that moment, Nigel instantly realized something because Anastasia couldn't possibly seduce his cousin. On the contrary, his cousin had fallen for her, and he was trying to win her over in his own way! "Do you want some coffee?" Anastasia asked him. "It's fine. I'm leaving for a while to get something done." With that, Nigel left right away, leaving her

confused. Where is he going?

[Chapter 104](#)

Where else would Nigel go? Of course, he went upstairs to see the man who was trying to get his woman. No matter who they were, Nigel wouldn't allow anyone to touch Anastasia. The door to Elliot's office was pushed open before someone entered. Elliot looked up to see Nigel walking in with the aura of a young cheetah ready to attack. Elliot narrowed his eyes as he looked at Nigel. "What brings you here? You should've told me you were coming." Nigel placed his palms on the desk, his eyes full of warning. "Elliot, are you trying to court Anastasia?" Elliot's fingers that were typing away on the keyboard came to a pause, after which he said calmly, "What are you getting at?" "Anastasia is the woman I set my eyes on. You're not allowed to take her away, and you definitely mustn't get involved with her in the name of work." Nigel defended his prey with all his might. No one will get near her, not even Elliot! No! Elliot glanced up with a distant look as he said calmly, "She doesn't belong to anyone. Everyone has the right to pursue her." Nigel's handsome face froze as he instantly sensed an oppressive aura. If any other man were to pursue Anastasia, he wouldn't be so stressed out. However, if it were Elliot, Nigel would be overcome with the panic that came from having a tricky rival.

There was a certain sense of helplessness and frustration in Nigel's heart. If he succeeded, Anastasia would be his wife. If he failed, she would be his cousin's. No, he definitely wouldn't give up. Nigel wasn't one to admit defeat easily, even if his rival was his own cousin. At that moment, he decided that he would do everything in his power to get Anastasia's hand. He no longer had eyes for any other woman; his heart was already full of Anastasia. Nigel looked at the man on the chair, who was exuding a certain mature charm. He took a deep breath and said, "Fine, let's compete on fairgrounds and see who gets her in the end."

With that, Nigel turned and left. Elliot narrowed his eyes, for he had never thought that he and Nigel would fall for the same woman at the same time. In reality, Elliot wasn't anxious at all. If Anastasia really loved his silly little cousin, he wouldn't fail to woo her for two whole years. The events that happened to Anastasia had caused her to avoid men as much as she could. She guarded herself heavily with thick armor, and she wouldn't entrust her heart and body so easily to any man. As long as he knew this, even if Nigel pursued her with everything he had, it would just be a waste of effort. It wouldn't be easy to move this woman's heart. In the office, Anastasia's phone suddenly rang. Instantly, she lifted her phone to see that it was a call from Harriet, so she immediately answered the call. "Hello, Old Madam Presgrave." "Anastasia, are you busy?" Harriet's gentle voice asked. "I'm all right. I'm not too busy right now." "If you are, just tell me. I'll get Elliot to decrease your workload. You still have a child to take care of, so don't overwork yourself." "It's okay, Old Madam Presgrave. I'm not overwhelmed at all. Do you have something to tell me?" Anastasia didn't want to bother Elliot, much less get special treatment from him. "Are you free this Friday? I'd like to invite you to a charity banquet under my name." Anastasia was dumbfounded. Attend a banquet? "Anastasia, many VIPs will be attending this banquet, so it will be very helpful for your work in the future. I can help you establish connections with people of a higher class

and expand your network. This will help you a lot in your future circle.” Anastasia knew Harriet meant well, and it would be rude for her to decline. “Yes, I’ll attend the banquet,” Anastasia agreed. “All right, I’ll see you there. I’ll send you the invitation card later.” “Thank you for the invitation, Old Madam Presgrave. I’m honored.”

“Okay, see you. Take it easy, and just ask Elliot to help you if you run into any problems.” “All right. Thank you for your concern, Old Madam Presgrave,” Anastasia said with a smile. When the call ended, Anastasia couldn’t help but sigh in relief. She decided that when the day came, she would just hang around the banquet for a bit before leaving. After all, she didn’t like such occasions.

[Chapter 105](#)

Elliot was going through some of Presgrave Corporation’s documents when his phone rang. “Hello, Grandma,” he uttered after reaching to pick it up. “Elliot, I told Mark to pass you one of the invitation cards for the party, and I want you to pass it to Anastasia on behalf of me.” Harriet’s voice came from the other end of the line. “Are you inviting her?” Elliot’s eyebrow went up a little as he spoke. “Yeah. She agreed to come. I’m trying to create opportunities for you here, Elliot; you need to make good use of them. I’m not asking Hayley to join us,” Harriet said. Naturally, Elliot didn’t wish to disappoint his grandmother after seeing how much the old woman was trying to put Anastasia and him together. “Okay. I got it,” he replied. Mark came over with the invitation card about an hour later, but he didn’t send it directly to Anastasia—he sent it to Elliot’s office instead. After getting the invitation, Elliot used the landline to make an internal call to Anastasia. “Hello, Anastasia speaking,” the woman said through the phone.

“I want you to come to my office,” Elliot ordered in a deep voice. “Is anything the matter?” she asked. “Collect your invitation card!” He ended the call right after that. Anastasia had no choice but to let out a sigh before walking out of her office and toward the direction of the elevator. She knocked on the door once she arrived. “Come in,” the man said. She entered the room to see the lanky man crossing one leg over the other where he sat on the couch. “Give it to me!” she muttered after glancing at him. “Don’t forget about dinner tonight,” the man said while he took the invitation card out from his stack of documents. Anastasia froze for a moment. Last night, she had been the one who promised to buy him both lunch and dinner. “I’m not free tonight, so I won’t buy you dinner.” She refused to pay for him. “What happened to keeping your promise? Are you changing your mind now?” Elliot stood up and edged closer to her all of a sudden as if he had been seriously offended by what she just said. She instinctively took a step back before speaking in a sheepish tone. “It’s just dinner, isn’t it?”

“I don’t like people who go against their words.” Elliot looked her in the eye. “You have to buy me dinner tonight.” “Fine! I’ll see you at the restaurant downstairs.” Anastasia decided to buy him dinner, but she also made a mental note not to owe him anything in the future. It was too hard to repay a person like him. “Did Nigel ask to see you?” Elliot asked out of nowhere. “What’s this? How is our relationship any of your business?” Anastasia uttered in a rather displeased tone. “I’ve told you this before. You shouldn’t give him hope if you don’t like him. I don’t want you to play with his feelings,” Elliot warned. She frowned as she thought, Isn’t he just sticking his nose into other people’s businesses? Nigel and I are just friends. “Nigel and I are just friends. I’m not playing around with anyone’s feelings,” she retorted. “But Nigel’s feelings for you are real, and you’re going to hurt him someday.” Elliot’s expression was calm, but there was a deep, mysterious look in his eyes. “Okay. I’ll keep our relationship the way it is, and I won’t hurt him.” Anastasia turned and left the room after making this promise. Elliot

narrowed his eyes upon hearing her words. He had a much clearer view of the situation as a third party, and he could tell that Anastasia would never fall for someone like Nigel. So, Elliot figured that the only way to protect his cousin was to get him to give up on Anastasia. The more involved Nigel got in this relationship, the more he would get hurt, anyway. After what happened to Anastasia, it was hard for her to fall for any man too easily. Anastasia felt a little overwhelmed when she thought about how she had to buy Elliot dinner. It was time for her to get off work, but she had to pick her son up in a while. She was even more troubled when she recalled how much her son loved Elliot. She took a look at the time. I don't want Elliot to send me home, so I have to go down earlier to hail a cab before leaving. After packing up a little, Anastasia headed out of the office a little earlier than everyone else. As she stood by the lobby entrance and waited for a cab, she saw from the corner of her eye the nuisance of a car that seemed to follow her everywhere. When she saw the Rolls-Royce Phantom, she jogged out of the building and away from it as if she were running away from something. She could hear the engine

starting behind her. Right then, a gray sports car zoomed in from the entrance, and it directly sped past the Rolls Royce before going after Anastasia. She was shocked, so she jumped aside to hide away from it. The sports car screeched, and it came to a firm halt before the man in the driver's seat stepped out. The man was none other than Nigel, of course.

[Chapter 106](#)

"Nigel?" Anastasia couldn't help but stare at him dumbfoundedly. Nigel gave her a boyish smile as he held the passenger's door open before pulling out a bouquet of roses and handing it to her. "Here. It's for you." "Why are you giving me these flowers?" she asked in a rather clueless voice while she took the bouquet from him. "Do you like them?" He gazed at her longingly. "Let's have dinner tonight!" "Tonight? Um... Okay!" Right after Anastasia finished her words, she intentionally turned to glance at the luxury car with its oppressive presence. Nigel turned and pretended that he had only just noticed the car. He smirked before walking over to greet the person inside. The car window went down, and Elliot turned to meet gazes with the other man. "Are you done with work, Elliot?" Nigel greeted him before changing the topic intentionally. "I'm here to pick Anastasia up for dinner. We'll leave now." With that said, Nigel walked back to Anastasia before he put an arm over her shoulder in a practiced manner. He opened the passenger's door, and his body leaned close to hers as he helped her into the car. Anastasia sat in his passenger seat with the bouquet of flowers still in her hand. Once Nigel got in, he stepped on the accelerator and sped off. Nigel's plan had been to drop by to snatch the woman away from Elliot, and he was surprised that his plan had actually worked.

Elliot's black car slowly made its way out of its parking spot. The tinted glasses made it impossible for anyone to look through the windows, so no one knew the expression that Elliot wore on his face as he drove off. However, after the black Rolls-Royce drove for a while more, it sped up and weaved between cars on the road as if the driver was raging. Meanwhile, Anastasia felt an odd sense of relief as she sat in Nigel's car. Now that Elliot knows I'm having dinner with Nigel, I'll have a reason not to buy him dinner. She pulled her phone out to drop the man a text. 'I don't have time to buy you dinner tonight. You can eat on your own!' "How have you been?" Nigel asked.

"Not too bad!" she uttered while rubbing her brow. "I've decided to rent an office building near your workplace, Anastasia. I'll be moving my office over, so we'll be really close to each other in the future," he said. "Are you renting an entire office just to be closer to me? Do you have too much money to spare?" Anastasia let out an amused laugh. "That's not the whole story. I don't like my father's office—

it's a little too old-fashioned for me. So, I figured I'd renovate a whole new space for myself. Then, for the sake of being able to have lunch with you, I decided that I would pick a place nearer to you!" Nigel had made up his mind to give it his all in chasing after Anastasia. "A regular woman like me can never understand what rich people like you think," she muttered flatly. "Come on. Let's pick Jared up before we go for dinner." Nigel had already been driving in the direction of the kindergarten. While Anastasia went down to pick the little kid up, Nigel waited at the front gates. Soon enough, all three of them went to a restaurant nearby for dinner. Anastasia stole a look at her phone to see that Elliot hadn't responded to her-she wasn't even sure if he had seen her text. After dinner, Nigel brought Jared to shop for presents as usual. Anastasia knew better than to stop Nigel from doing such things. As Nigel held Jared in his hand, it seemed like Nigel was an uncle who was bringing his nephew around. Nigel was a little too young to seem like he was a father. After they were done at the mall, Nigel sent them to the entrance of their residential area. When he recalled how Anastasia and Elliot had brought groceries back home earlier that day, he decided that he wanted to visit Anastasia's house too. "Can I go to your place for a while? I need some water," he said. "There's a convenience store just there," she replied while pointing in a direction. Nigel couldn't care less about the convenience store. "I want to drink it in your house." She smiled. "Okay! Let's go, then!" It was Nigel's first time in Anastasia's new house, and he looked all over the place as if he were searching for some sort of clue or evidence.

"What are you looking for?" Anastasia asked as she handed him a glass of water. "This is just a reminder, Anastasia, but you shouldn't bring random men back to your place! You're a girl, so you need to ensure that others don't take advantage of you," he said.

[Chapter 107](#)

Anastasia's smile stiffened for a few seconds before she let out a light cough. "Of course I know that." "Anyway, you shouldn't trust any other guys apart from me." Nigel was tempted to just state Elliot's name explicitly "I got it." Anastasia nodded. Right then, Jared accidentally knocked into her bag on the couch, and a bunch of things fell out. Among the items were her keys, her lipstick, and an invitation card. Nigel's sharp eyes immediately caught sight of it, and he picked it up. "Did you receive my grandmother's invitation as well? My grandmother's the one who is hosting this charity dinner." "Oh! Yeah." Anastasia pressed her lips together into a smile. She didn't want to mention that her mom had once saved Elliot. Nigel was elated to hear this, and he quickly gave her a reminder. "You have to come! I'll be there too, and I can introduce you to my mom and dad."

"Okay!" Anastasia nodded thoughtfully. She had already told Harriet that she would be there, so she had to attend the dinner. "Oh, by the way, I'll prepare an evening gown for you," he offered. "It's fine." Anastasia immediately rejected him. But Nigel didn't want to be rejected, so he continued insisting on his wishes. "I'll show you how good my taste is! Trust me. I'm leaving now." Anastasia sent him to the elevator. "Drive safe," she uttered. He turned around to give her another stern reminder. "Promise me that you won't bring other men home, okay, Anastasia?" For the sake of reassuring him, she gave him a firm nod. "Okay, okay. I know you care for me. I'll take note of what you said." Once he got into the elevator, she heaved a sigh of relief before returning home to give Jared a bath. She read a book with him before she went to shower. When she came out of the shower, she heard her phone ringing, and she rushed over to see Elliot's name on her screen. "Hello?" She picked up the call. "Are you home?" The man's voice was deep and thick, which made Anastasia's ear tingle. She knew that it was wrong for

her to have stood him up, but she didn't have much of a choice. It's not my fault that Nigel showed up all of a sudden, right?

"It's nearly 10.00PM. Of course I'm at home," she replied. "What's going on between you and Nigel?" The man's voice carried a hint of distaste as he questioned her. "We're more than good friends," she replied. "I told you not to fool around with his feelings. If you don't want to get married to him, then you shouldn't give him hope." The man gave her a stern warning. Anastasia felt like he was too much of a busybody, so she rolled her eyes. "What's wrong with us being friends? Furthermore, you are in no position to warn me about my relationship with Nigel. What are you going to do if I fall for him and decide to marry him?" "Do you want me to tell him about how you forcefully kissed me twice?" The man's voice sounded extremely sinister all of a sudden. She was taken aback by his words, and she immediately let out a cry. "Don't talk nonsense, Elliot!" "What? Does he know about how the lines are blurred between us?" he asked. "There are no blurred lines between us. Things are clear between you and I-there's nothing going on between us at all," she replied with a determined look in her eyes. "You owe me dinner. You have to make up for this in the future." The man scoffed before ending the call. Anastasia held onto her phone and gritted her teeth in anger. How can there be a man as annoying as him? He's really sticking his nose into all aspects of my life. Anastasia lay on her bed for a while, but she couldn't seem to fall asleep as she knew that the prizes would be revealed the next day. Furthermore, there was going to be an award ceremony at 3.00PM. If she won a prize, she wouldn't just get the trophy; she would also win a cash prize of 1 million. Anastasia needed the money, so she naturally hoped to be the lucky winner. Such thoughts made it hard for her to fall asleep. Meanwhile, Hayley was also losing sleep in her luxurious villa. Ever since she took up her fake identity of being Anastasia, she had been enjoying her life as a rich girl. However, she still felt empty with just materialistic pleasures-she didn't have the relationships she desired. She desperately wanted her relationship with Elliot to blossom. Ideally, she'd be able to get physical with him.

[Chapter 108](#)

If Hayley got another child, she would be able to better secure her position as Mrs. Presgrave. But how am I supposed to get Elliot into bed with me? Even though he's nice to me, he has never given me the chance to get close to him. If I didn't initiate hugs with him the past few times, he would have never been the first to hug me. Ultimately, Anastasia's the only one he approaches willingly. Ever since they slept together five years ago, he has been searching for her. It's obvious that he fell for her the first time their bodies touched. I have to find a way to get Elliot drunk so that I can get my chance. Maybe I should bribe one of the people around him to help me with this. But would any of them listen to my orders? A cold look flashed in her gaze. She had done all sorts of things in the past, and she had dated a few men, so she was far from being a pure, chaste woman. Elliot had a male assistant, Daniel, who had delivered items to her in the past. This male assistant was an educated man who had good looks and a well-built figure-he was much more qualified to be her boyfriend than all her previous boyfriends. Hayley's ultimate goal wasn't just to conquer Elliot's heart, but also to own the entire Presgrave Corporation. So, she was willing to take all sorts of risks just to achieve this. After taking a glance at the time, she gave Daniel a call. "Hello, Miss Seymour." Daniel sounded rather surprised to receive her call.

"Are you free to come over, Mr. Lancaster? There's a huge rat in my house, and I'm a little scared," she lied. "What? Okay. I'll come over right now." It was Daniel's duty to fulfill all of Elliot's orders, and taking care of Hayley was one of his jobs. He arrived at her house 30 minutes later, and Hayley already had a

sexy nightgown on under her shirt. When Daniel saw how Hayley looked, he twisted his expression into one of panic. Hayley told him to check the master bedroom, and he walked in obediently while Hayley stepped aside to get him a glass of water. Daniel gulped down the whole glass as he was thirsty from all the nervousness that he felt. After he was finished with the water, he felt like his whole body was on fire. When Hayley leaned forward to hug

him, he was afraid for a few seconds, but he allowed her to take over him just moments later. They had a heated session in Hayley's master bedroom. It was about 5.00AM by the time Daniel held his head in his hands and sat by the edge of the bed. He was filled with regret and self-criticism. Right then, a soft arm wrapped itself around his waist. "I belong to you now, Daniel. You have to take responsibility for me!" "I'm sorry, Miss Seymour. I made a huge mistake." He pushed her aside hastily. Her gaze darkened as her voice turned cold. "Do you think Elliot will forgive you if he finds out that you slept with me, Daniel?" He stared at her with a look of pure helplessness in his eyes, so she softened her voice a little as she continued speaking. "Daniel, the two of us are the only ones who know about this. However, from now on, I want you to obey me. You will do whatever I tell you to do, okay?" "I won't do anything illegal," he uttered. "I don't need you to do anything illegal. I just want you to tell me all about Elliot's daily schedule and the women he interacts with," she ordered. Daniel didn't want his life to be ruined, and he was fine with whatever Hayley wanted him to do. "Okay. I'll tell you exactly whatever President Presgrave does every day." "Well, tell me-have there been any important things that Elliot has been up to lately?" Hayley lay down on the bed like she was a queen, glaring at the man as she questioned him. "I can't tell you about his work-related stuff, but he will be attending the family's charity dinner this Friday. You will be able to see him," he replied. "What? This Friday? It's already Wednesday-why haven't I received an invitation?" Hayley frowned. "I heard that all the invitations have been sent out. Didn't you receive anything?" he asked. "No! Who's hosting it?" she cried. "It's a charity dinner hosted by Old Madam Presgrave. You should have received an invitation!" he replied. A resentful look flashed in Hayley's eyes. It seems like Old Madam Presgrave values Anastasia more than she values me. I can't believe she didn't invite me to such an important event. I bet she invited Anastasia, didn't she?

[Chapter 109](#)

Does she think I won't go just because she didn't invite me to it? Well, that makes me want to go even more. "Great. From now on, I want you to tell me everything about Elliot. Also, I want you to keep an eye on Anastasia. If she has any intimate interactions with Elliot, I need you to tell me immediately." Daniel held a relatively important position in the company, although he wasn't as powerful as Elliot's head assistant, Timothy. Regardless, Daniel still had access to most of Elliot's daily schedules. After Daniel left, Hayley still felt too furious to go to bed. What does Old Madam Presgrave mean by this? Is she looking down on me? Does she want me to stay away from Elliot? Hayley was especially furious because of the unfair treatment. The next morning, Anastasia rushed to her office after sending Jared to school. Today was a day she had been looking forward to. When she arrived at the office, Grace opened the door and came over to give Anastasia some words of comfort. "Don't mind all the nonsense that they say about you, Anastasia. I trust that you and President Presgrave are innocent." Anastasia could no longer be bothered by these things-she felt that there was no point in clarifying such matters, and that she shouldn't be living her life based on others' comments. It was about 10.00AM when Anastasia's landline rang. "Hello?" She picked the call up.

"You need to come for a meeting, Anastasia. I have the list of winners with me." Felicia's voice came from the other end. Anastasia felt her heart skipping a beat. Is it out already? I thought it'd only be out by the afternoon. She headed to the meeting room with a mixture of fear and excitement coursing through her veins. The rest of the staff members from the design department were already there, but Felicia had yet to arrive. Alice shot Anastasia a cold glare as Anastasia sat down opposite her. Anastasia merely cast her an uninterested glance. "I wonder if it's Alice or Anastasia who won the prize! I'm so excited! That's 1 million worth of cash right there." One of the junior designers made the atmosphere tenser on purpose. "We'll find out once the director arrives," another person replied. Right then, Felicia walked into the

room and glanced at the two competitors before taking a seat at the table. "The sponsored meal that you guys have been waiting for has been approved. Would you guys like to eat together tonight?" "Of course! We'd love a feast, Director Evans," someone cried. Both Alice and Anastasia exchanged glances. Judging by the look on Felicia's face, they could tell that someone in the company must have won a prize. The winner had to be one of them. A look of jealousy flashed in Alice's gaze. It's obvious. It has to be Anastasia. "Alright! Let's organize dinner for tonight! Well, I'm going to proceed with announcing the winners and the prizes that they will receive. Firstly, I'd like to congratulate the champion of this jewelry design competition -Anastasia! You've won a total of 1 million!" Anastasia heard a loud ringing sound in her ears before Felicia even finished her sentence. Me? Am I the winner? Does the 1 million belong to me? Her heart was filled with joy at that moment-she had finally gotten the money she needed for her son. Felicia turned to Alice before she continued speaking. "The company decided to also provide some rewards to those who were selected, so Alice gets 20,000 as a consolation prize." Alice curled her lips up into a sarcastic smile. A consolation prize, huh? What a joke. Right then, the room erupted into applause as Anastasia found herself drowned by a bunch of wishes. She hastily thanked the people who congratulated her before turning to thank Felicia. "Thank you for your encouragement and support, Director Evans." "You got this because of your own skills, Anastasia. Continue to work hard, okay? Alright, the meeting's over. You guys can decide on a place to have dinner tonight." Felicia stepped out of the room, and Anastasia was just about to leave when Alice crossed her arms and let out a scoff. "Don't you feel any shame for taking this 1 million, Anastasia?" "Why should I feel ashamed?" Anastasia asked in return. She was confident about her own work. "I don't think you should thank Director Evans. Maybe you should thank President Presgrave instead-I bet you only got this prize because he put in a good word for you. He was the one who gave you this 1 million. I wouldn't have the nerve to take this money if I were you!"

Alice let out a scoff and walked out after finishing her sentence. Anastasia was the only one left in the meeting room after that, and her mind went blank for a few seconds.

[Chapter 110](#)

After the dishes were served, most of the staff members started drinking. They were all relatively young, so they were prepared to get drunk that night-some of them had even hired personal drivers. "Cheers, Anastasia!" One of the male designers sitting opposite Anastasia stood up. "Sure. Thank you." Anastasia held her glass up. She hadn't expected all of the other people to clink glasses with her, but everyone was in a good mood that night, and they quickly turned Anastasia into their target for drinking. "More beer for Anastasia!" someone cried. "You have to drink with us, Anastasia! At least one sip!" another cried. "Everyone else clinked glasses with you, Anastasia. I'd feel bad if I didn't do it. Here, cheers!" another

one said. Anastasia had only arrived at the company a while ago, so she felt pressured to go along with everyone, especially since most of the staff there were seniors. She lost count of the number of beers she had by the time she clinked glasses with everyone. "Alright, stop. Anastasia has to go home to care for her kid, guys!" Felicia finally spoke up. Everyone calmed down a little after that. Anastasia had already downed a few glasses even before she got a chance to eat her meal, and she pressed her palm against her forehead as she felt herself getting tipsy. "Are you okay, Anastasia?" someone asked.

"I'm feeling a little dizzy, so I might need to stop for a while." Anastasia waved her hand before she lowered her head and held her palms up to make a surrendering gesture. Right then, Felicia's phone began to ring. She only took one glance at the caller ID before she instantly picked the call up. "Hello, President Presgrave." "Are you guys eating now? Is Anastasia there?" the man asked in a deep voice. "Of course she's here. This dinner is meant to be a celebration for her. Would you like to join us, President Presgrave?" Felicia asked with a smile. "No, thanks." Elliot was just asking. "The rest of them got Anastasia to drink quite a bit, so she's rather tipsy now. I think I might have to

send her home in a while," Felicia explained. "She's drunk?" There was a hint of anxiousness in Elliot's voice. "Are you free to pick her up, President Presgrave?" Felicia asked. "Sure. Send me your location," he ordered. "Alright!" Felicia sent Elliot her location right after ending the call. When she turned to gaze at Anastasia, who was sitting near the drinks, a hint of jealousy surfaced in her gaze. Felicia could tell that Elliot truly cared about Anastasia after speaking to him on the phone. Yet, Anastasia didn't know a single thing about this-she was resting her chin on her palm while watching two other male staff play drinking games. "You should eat a little more, Anastasia. I'll get you home in a while," Felicia said. Anastasia nodded and began to munch on a few of her favorite dishes. However, her stomach was full from all the alcohol. She didn't feel anything when she was drinking earlier, but the tipsiness was starting to hit her after a while. : She had just stood up to walk to the washroom when she was struck by a pang of dizziness. She felt as if she were stepping on clouds, and she couldn't stand straight at all. "How are you feeling, Anastasia? Are you really drunk?" Felicia hastily held onto her arm. "It's fine. I'm not drunk. I'm not." Anastasia waved her arms around. Those who were drunk were especially stubborn-she insisted on claiming that she was still sober. Felicia ordered one of her assistants to help Anastasia to the washroom. Anastasia had just returned from the washroom when Felicia received a text from Elliot. 'Bring her out.' His orders were simple. 'Got it. We'll come out in a bit, she replied. Right after that, Felicia turned to Anastasia before informing her of the plan. "I'll get someone to send you home now, Anastasia." "Sure!" Anastasia nodded. I should go home now. I need to sober up-how else am I going to take care of my son otherwise? But Anastasia didn't know who her driver was and simply assumed that Felicia had gotten one of the company's drivers to send her home. Felicia helped Anastasia out of the restaurant, and Anastasia quickly noticed a sleek, black Rolls

Royce parked by the side of the road. Its black paint looked extra shiny under the light, and its classy and elegant design made it stand out among the rest of the cars. The car stood out just like how its owner did. Anastasia allowed Felicia to help her into the backseat of the car. At this point, Anastasia still assumed that a driver from the company would be the one sending her home. After Felicia shut the car door, Anastasia turned to address the driver in a polite tone. "Hello. You can send me to Shorea Residence on Durham Street. Thank you."