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"Please call Anastasia here too! I hope that she can be reminded of what the proper way to treat clients is," Leah demanded in a condescending attitude, attempting to take advantage of her identity as their client to humiliate Anastasia. After all, to a business, customers were God. "Sure, please hold on for a minute," Felicia responded, after which she exited the room and dialed Elliot's landline. "Hello." A low, husky, male voice rang. "President Presgrave, Miss Hart has arrived. She's now in Reception Room No. 3." "Please get Anastasia over too," Elliot instructed before he hung up the call. Felicia thereafter gave Anastasia a call. The moment the call was picked up, she said, "Miss Hart is here. Please come over to Reception Room No. 3." "I don't want to see her."

"Are you sure that you don't want to watch the lovely show?" "What lovely show?" "You'll know when you are there," Felicia mysteriously replied. Well, there's no harm in watching how Leah plans to slander me when I'm so bored now! Anastasia thought. So, holding her phone in her hand, she rose up and headed over to Reception Room No. She knocked on the door once before pushing the door open to enter the room. However, all she saw was two ladies sitting on the couch; Felicia was nowhere to be seen. "Was the coffee good?" Leah mocked while the corner of her lips curled upward. "No, I threw it away," Anastasia replied as she took a seat on the couch beside Leah. At this moment, the door was pushed open from outside. Felicia was seen standing at the door as she said to the man behind her, "President Presgrave, this way." Leah and her female companion both raised their heads in astonishment, only to see a dashing,

slender figure walking into the room. At one glance, they were able to recognize the identity of that man-Elliot Presgrave, the president of Presgrave Corporation. "Mr. Presgrave, it's such a pleasant surprise to see you here." Leah immediately feigned politeness and greeted him with a smile. "Hello, Mr. Presgrave." Her companion's eyes were filled with excitement and admiration as well. They never thought that they would actually bump into the man that they rarely had the chance to meet. They were determined to put on their best behaviors to leave a deep impression on him. Elliot sat down on the couch. Beneath his thick lashes were deep, unfathomable eyes that seemed to contain an air of dominance. "Miss Hart, please apologize to my employee, Anastasia Tillman," he snarled, glaring at Leah with a piercing gaze. A stunned Leah immediately responded, "Mr. Presgrave, perhaps you are unaware of the situation. The thing is, it was your employee who first breached the agreement, so she should be the one apologizing to me." "Considering the relationship between my aunt and your parents, I'm willing to let things slide as long as you apologize to her. Otherwise, your reputation will be tainted if we were to go through the legal process," Elliot coldly refuted. She was astounded to hear that. Why would Elliot stand up for a mere insignificant employee like Anastasia? Anastasia, who was watching from the sideline, finally understood what Felicia had meant by 'lovely show'. She turned to the man in front of her, who was emanating an intimidating presence. In fact, he didn't even dart a glance at her, yet he was upholding her interest. "Mr. Presgrave, I-I have no idea what I did wrong, so why should I apologize?" Leah, of course, refused to back down and apologize, especially when the other party was Anastasia, her love rival. "Firstly, you oppressed my employee at work; then, you took advantage of the situation to blackmail our company for liquidated damages; lastly, your actions have greatly affected my employee's morale." Leah was dumbfounded. She admitted the first two claims that Elliot had made, but how could she be

responsible for the third claim? “I-I-I didn’t! As a matter of fact, I have no plans in demanding compensation. After all, I genuinely wanted to customize a set of jewelry. How about I have a talk with your main person in-charge to get me another designer?” When she finally realized how serious the matter was, she tried to salvage the situation. “Miss Hart, I think you still don’t get what I meant. First of all, I need you to make an apology. Next, our company will never accept any orders from you again.” Elliot forcefully demanded an apology without giving her a chance to back down. Meanwhile, Anastasia stood at one side with her arms folded across her chest, waiting for Leah’s apology. “Miss Hart, it’s better to think of the consequences before you bully others. For instance, it’s unwise to order a coffee that costs over 5,000 on my behalf without my consent and then ask me to pay for the bill. After all, you don’t know my taste and preference, so you gave me no choice but to throw away that cup of fine coffee.” Anastasia seized the opportunity to expose another evil deed that Leah had committed.

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At that point, Leah was cracking her head to figure out a way to obtain Elliot’s forgiveness. Therefore, when Anastasia suddenly added fuel to the fire, she couldn’t help but secretly glare at Anastasia. On the other hand, when Elliot heard Anastasia’s words, the expression on his face became colder, which made Leah even more anxious. “I’m sorry, Mr. Presgrave. It wasn’t intentional. I thought that Miss Tillman would fancy that coffee.” Leah tried hard to save her own image. After all, Elliot was Nigel’s cousin, so she couldn’t afford to ruin her image in front of Elliot! Upon hearing that, Anastasia revealed a smile. “Miss Hart, how about this-I’m willing to let this slide as long as you apologize to me and return the money for the coffee to me.” Leah was really reluctant to accept her offer, but she was aware that Anastasia’s suggestion could help her out of this embarrassing situation. Hence, she had no choice but to suppress her rage and nodded. “Alright, I’ll apologize to you. Just forget about the compensation and I’ll give you the money for the coffee.” Upon seeing that Anastasia had named her conditions, Elliot remained quiet and didn’t raise any objections. Anastasia was seen taking out her phone and tapping on her phone to open the QR code that allowed her to receive payment. Then, Leah quickly used her phone to scan the code and transfer the 5,888. At the same time, she inhaled a deep breath and said, “Miss Tillman, I’m sorry. Please forgive my impoliteness.”

Anastasia took her phone and confirmed that she had received the money before replying without raising her head. “Okay, I forgive you.” When the man saw the woman eagerly checking the transfer with her head bowed, the coldness in his eyes was replaced by a hint of affectionate smile. Her eyes are basically glued to the money. “Mr. Presgrave, I’m sorry to have taken up your precious time. I have something else to attend to. I shall take my leave.” Leah tugged her female companion beside her. They quickly pulled the door open

and fled the room for fear that they might offend the man if they were to stay for another second. Anastasia took her phone and gratefully glanced at that man. “President Presgrave, thank you for standing up for me.” “Add another dish tonight.” He raised his eyebrow at her, gesturing at her that he preferred her to show her gratitude through actions. She suppressed her laughter and said while standing at the door, “Sure. How about two extra dishes? Will that be enough, President Presgrave?” Her words ended with a long tone, but she totally had no idea that it actually sounded especially enticing when she called his name like that. It resembled a feather that gently brushed across his heart. Elliot’s heart skipped a beat, after which he replied with raised brows, “Don’t forget to cook more rice.” “Sure!” Anastasia, who was embarrassed to talk about this topic in the office, immediately pulled the

door open and left. Although she had been pissed that day, the whole incident ended in a way that alleviated her anger. By that point, Leah, who had returned to her car, was so enraged that she slammed the steering wheel while her female companion sitting next to her had a look of displeasure. "I wonder what Anastasia did that allowed her to get Elliot to stand up for him." "I'll definitely find a chance to get my revenge on her for the humiliation that I've endured today." Leah was so mad that she nearly fainted. Felicia dealt with the matter that involved Leah so well that nobody in the office knew that it was Elliot who actually took the initiative to set things straight for Anastasia. Otherwise, Anastasia would have made everyone burn in jealousy. In fact, Anastasia, who was carefree in character, wasn't bothered by that incident as well since she had gotten back her money. She had learned that she shouldn't allow things that had nothing to do with her to occupy her time. At 3:00 PM, after having a few words with Felicia, Anastasia pushed open the door to her own office. Unexpectedly, she found Nigel sitting on her seat.

Upon seeing that she had returned, Nigel spun around on the chair and flashed a bright grin at her, revealing his dazzling, pearly white teeth. "Why are you here? Are you done with the renovation work?" Anastasia asked as she walked into the room. "I'm here to check around and to pay you a visit and also to have dinner with you and Jared tonight." "Huh? Tonight?" Her heart leapt into her mouth as she had to cook dinner for Elliot that night. "I'm thirsty," Nigel said, then he extended his hand to grab the glass of water on her desk. Anastasia's eyes widened. With speed as fast as lightning, she snatched the glass. "You can't drink from my glass." "Don't be so stingy! Taking a sip won't hurt!" He bit his lips, looking as though he was hurt by her reaction.

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While holding her own glass in her hand, Anastasia made an internal call and asked Grace to send over another glass of water. Something suddenly flashed across Anastasia's mind. She didn't react much when Elliot had been using her glass at home all this while, so why did she react like this now? Why did she show such a huge reaction when all Nigel did was try to drink from her glass? "Are you really eating with us at night?" Anastasia subconsciously asked as she sipped the water in her glass. Nigel elegantly sipped his water and answered, "I have to treat you guys to a fancy meal." "Alright, then. I have some work to attend to. Please wait for me until I get off work." He returned her seat to her, then he suddenly rose up when he thought about something. "I'm going over to look for Elliot. I'll see you in a while." "Okay," Anastasia replied, nodding with her chin propped on her hands. However, when Nigel was at the door, he abruptly looked back at the woman behind the desk. "Anastasia, are you close with Elliot?" She reflexively responded, "Not close. We are not close at all."

He smiled before he pushed the door open and left the room. Anastasia exhaled in relief as she comforted herself. Why do I feel like I'm in a secret relationship with Elliot? Why do I need to keep telling lies? Come to think about it, there's nothing between me and Elliot, so that's not considered a lie! She took her phone and texted the man. "I'm having dinner with Nigel and Jared tonight, so I won't be making dinner. After sending the message, she exhaled in relief at the thought of being able to rest for one night. At this moment, Felicia knocked on her door and entered her room while being followed by a young lady behind her. "Anastasia, you have a customer."

Although Anastasia had traumatic experiences with clients who requested customized products, she quickly rose to her feet politely to greet her, "Hello." "Miss Tillman, I have a friend who is interested in your designs. She wants to customize a necklace for her boyfriend." "No problem. Please, have a seat."

Why didn't your friend come with you?" "She's abroad. She has no time to return, so she has asked me to meet you about the design." Felicia and Anastasia exchanged glances before she hinted, "The female customer who requested the custom-made jewelry said that she saw magazines that featured your designs when she was abroad. She really adores your style of design." "Yes, my friend saw magazines about you when she was abroad and has taken a liking to you." The lady smiled. The explanation cleared Anastasia's doubt. She had indeed been featured in magazines in which she had shared a few passages about her thoughts in jewelry design. "My friend said that she wants to customize a pair of matching necklaces. The one that she plans to give her boyfriend will look like a lock, while the other one, which she will be wearing, will look like a key. Miss Tillman, you are free to design them as you wish, but she hopes to see the final product by the end of the month." Anastasia blinked and looked up at Felicia, who carefully checked the calendar before responding, "If you are able to prepare the design in three days, it's possible to see the final product by the end of the month." "Okay, I'll try my best to prepare the draft in three days." Anastasia promised. "That's great. My friend hopes to have two English letters engraved on the lock, which are the initials of the last names of her and her boyfriend." Anastasia immediately grabbed her notebook. "Sure. What are the letters, though?" "The initial of her boyfriend's last name is the letter 'P', while hers is the letter 'S'. She wants a heart shaped design at the center of the lock." "Sure. No problem. I'll add that in the design." Anastasia nodded.

"Great. How about the price?" Felicia chimed in, "What's your friend's budget?" "About 5 million." Anastasia and Felicia exchanged glances. It seems like this lady's friend is wealthy! That's a really handsome budget. "I see. Please have faith in Miss Tillman. She will definitely present you with the best design. Besides, the materials that we will be using and our craftsmanship are no doubt one of the very best in the industry." "Okay, I'll first pay 2 million as a deposit on behalf of my friend, and the balance will be paid after the final product is ready." Thereafter, Felicia led the lady out of the office while Anastasia was suddenly very motivated. She never thought that such a generous order, which allowed her to obtain a commission of 3 percent as well as a year-end bonus, would present itself to her. To her, this was certainly a small fortune.

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When she was about to use her phone to do a calculation, a message popped up on her screen. It was a message from Elliot. 'I'll deal with it. Anastasia's heart skipped a beat when she saw his message. What does he mean? About ten minutes after Felicia had seen the female client out, she knocked on Anastasia's door and said, "Anastasia, please try your best to come out with the design draft in three days' time, even if you have to work overtime. You must not let the client down." "Sure. I'll work overtime to come out with the draft," Anastasia promised. The requested design elements happened to be those that she was skillful in, so the work wouldn't be much of a hassle for her. Felicia had faith in Anastasia's quality of work, so the former left after a short discussion. When Anastasia was staring at the sketch in an attempt to capture inspiration when it struck, Nigel was seen entering her office. He looked at her apologetically and muttered, "Anastasia, I'll treat you and Jared to a meal another day. I have something else to attend to tonight." Anastasia, who wasn't surprised at all to hear that, pursed her lips and flashed a smile at him. "No worries. We can always do that when you are free." "I just received the news that an overseas company will be holding their team-building event in my hotel, so I have to rush back to attend a meeting," Nigel explained in frustration, to which

Anastasia responded, "Please go ahead with your business. You have just taken over the company; you must not disappoint your father." Nigel felt helpless as well. He finally had the time to invite Anastasia to dinner, but the plan was still ruined in the end. After seeing him off, Anastasia fell into a daze. Elliot actually made such a huge move just to eat my cooking? He actually gave Nigel the profit that could be generated from the team-building event of the overseas company? Just then, her landline rang, and she picked up the call. "Hello, who's on the line?"

"Has he left?" A sonorous voice rang from the other end of the line, leaving Anastasia speechless. She then questioned, "Did you really have to drive him away?" "What's wrong? Or were you looking forward to having dinner with him?" The man's voice from the other end suddenly took on a menacing edge. "Alright! I'll go and buy some groceries tonight." At that point, Anastasia had no choice but to go through the trouble of making him dinner. However, the man on the other end refused to give up. "Answer my question." Anastasia, however, chose to say something that would piss him off, probably because she didn't want him to be too complacent. "Yes, I was looking forward to it!" As soon as she said that, the call was ended by the other person, which obviously suggested that the man was enraged. Holding the beeping handset in her hand, Anastasia was stunned. Why is this man acting like a child who is always mad? Besides, who is he to be mad at me anyway?! I just can't seem to figure out what's going on in his mind. Nevertheless, she had no intention to figure it out anyway, because she had an urgent custom-made order that she had to complete at hand. Meanwhile, the lady who had just exited the Bourgeois Jewelry Atelier soon arrived at the opposite street. She opened the car door of a red Ferrari and got into the vehicle. Hayley was seen sitting in the driver's seat. "Did everything go well?" Hayley asked. "Hayley, where did you get the money from? Are you really going to order a custom-made jewelry worth 5 million?" "I-I'm just helping a friend to make that order. It's not my money," Hayley explained, but she couldn't help feeling conceited deep down. Anastasia certainly wouldn't expect that she would be designing matching couple necklaces for Elliot and Hayley. The latter just couldn't wait to see Anastasia's reaction on the day Hayley went to collect the necklaces.

"You take a cab back. I have something else to do." Hayley instructed the lady. That lady used to be Hayley's friend. At present, she left the car in satisfaction, holding the 2,000 that she had earned for her service. On the other hand, Hayley touched up her make up and picked up the dessert that she had bought before she contently alighted from the car. Then, she walked toward the Bourgeois Jewelry Atelier. On the way there, she reached for her phone and gave a call to May. "May, ask Anastasia to go to Elliot's office in five minutes. Just ask her to go there without telling her the purpose." "Sure, Miss Seymour!" May immediately agreed. When Hayley walked past the reception counter, the four receptionists instantly looked at her respectfully. "Welcome, Miss Seymour." In response, Hayley revealed an elegant yet arrogant smile before she took an elevator and went straight to the president's office on the 8th floor. Meanwhile in the president's office, Elliot was finishing up his work so that he could get off work earlier to go grocery shopping with Anastasia.

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At that moment, Rey knocked on the door from outside and reported, "President Presgrave, Miss Seymour is here." A frown appeared between Elliot's brows when he heard that. "Let her in." Thereafter, Hayley came in, flashing a charming smile at him as she sweetly announced, "Elliot, I've brought you some refreshments." As a matter of fact, she specially came at that time as she had planned to invite Elliot out for dinner. "Please don't give me all these again. I don't like desserts," Elliot

muttered as he leaned his back against the chair. The white shirt on him made him seem like a celibate, and he looked languid and charming at the moment. Hayley's heart started to race at that. No woman could resist such a dazzling and elegant man. And so, she walked toward Elliot step by step. Anastasia will be arriving at any moment now, Hayley thought to herself, as she had been keeping track of the time. Currently, Anastasia, who had been informed by May to go to Elliot's office, did not suspect anything and was on her way upstairs. She merely wondered to herself the reason the man wished to see her. Could it be that he is going to use work as an excuse to scold me? she pondered. Meanwhile, Hayley, who had arrived by Elliot's side, suddenly held her forehead and hissed.

"What's wrong?" Elliot rose up and examined her. Just then, Hayley seemed to hear the sound of a lady's high heels tapping on the floor, and coupled with the fact that it was almost the time that she had expected, she pretended to scowl in pain. The very next second, she fell into Elliot's embrace. He supported her with his long arms, so she took the opportunity to wrap her arms around his waist. "Elliot, I feel so dizzy..." "Let me help you to the couch so that you can rest." He attempted to keep his distance from her, but she tightened her arms around him and refused to let go. Then, she raised her head with her eyes shut and mumbled, "Elliot, is there something in my eye? Could you check it for me? It hurts!"

Upon hearing that, Elliot narrowed his eyes and leaned in to take a look. At that moment, the door of the president's office flung open. Anastasia didn't knock the door before she opened it, as she thought that Elliot would be waiting to have a word with her. As soon as the door was opened, what came into view was a man and a woman intimately hugging each other. Elliot leaned in at Hayley's face, while the latter raised her head with her eyes shut, as if she was eagerly waiting for the man's kiss. Anastasia's eyes widened. In the end, she stared at them for a couple of seconds before she calmly said, "Sorry for intruding. Please carry on." With that, she turned on her heel and slammed the door behind her before she left. All that had happened in mere seconds, and it was so fast that Elliot didn't manage to return to his senses. When he finally made sense of the situation, he immediately released his grip on Hayley's shoulder. Forcefully removing her arms that were around his waist, he urgently declared to her, "I'll get Rey to send you to the hospital." Thereafter, Elliot pushed her away from him. It wasn't a hard push, in fact, but Hayley went along with the force and deliberately fell and slumped on the floor. "Ah!" she shrieked. Elliot, who had barely arrived at the door with large strides, looked behind and saw that Hayley had fallen. He clenched his fists, but he still turned back to help her up. "Are you alright?" "I'm fine. Elliot, what's wrong?" Hayley asked, intentionally feigning innocence. "Nothing," he replied, then used the landline and commanded, "Rey, come over." Soon, Rey knocked on the door and entered the room, and Elliot ordered, "Send Miss Seymour to the hospital for a checkup and then send her home." For Hayley, her plan had succeeded since she had reached her goal. The scene earlier must have made Anastasia misunderstand that Elliot was going to kiss me! "Elliot, I want to have dinner with you," Hayley mumbled begrudgingly.

"I'm not available tonight. Let's have dinner some other time." After he said that, he grabbed his phone that was on the desk and hurriedly strode out. He seemed to be in a fluster. Before long, Elliot showed up at the Department of Design. When he arrived at Anastasia's office, he saw that her seat was empty, so he asked Grace, who was outside, "Where's Anastasia?" "Miss Tillman just got off work early. Is there anything you need from her, President Presgrave?" Grace asked nervously. Elliot remained impassive and he casually replied, "No." Then, he strode off and he used his phone to give a certain woman a call on his way out. At that moment, Anastasia was in a cab on the way to pick up her son. Upon hearing her

phone ringing, she took her phone and glanced at the screen. The corner of her lips curling upward, she snorted and decided to not pick up the call.

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The man stopped calling her when he failed to reach her with the first call. As Anastasia gazed at the bustling streets outside the window, she could not help but recall the image that she had seen earlier. There's nothing going on between Elliot and me, so who he wants to share a kiss with should have nothing to do with me. Nonetheless, why am I feeling so mad for no reason? What's wrong with him kissing Hayley? Plus, they have even done things that are more intimate than kissing, or perhaps it's Hayley who has been satisfying all his sexual desires all along. Otherwise, it would be abnormal for a 29-year-old man like him to not have any needs at all. Hence, Anastasia concluded that Hayley was Elliot's current bedmate. D*mn! How dare he force his kiss on me if that's the case?! I'm so pissed right now! When Anastasia picked her son up from the kindergarten, the little boy poked his head out from behind her. Taking a look around, he raised his little head to her and asked, "Mommy, where's Mr. Presgrave? Why is he not here?" "He's not coming tonight. He has something else he needs to take care of," Anastasia explained as she led Jared by his hand and walked out of the school compound. Just then, the boy's eyes lit up in excitement. He broke away from her grip and cried, "Mommy, you lied to me! Mr. Presgrave is here!" After he said that, he dashed in a direction. At that, Anastasia turned to look and spotted Elliot's imposing figure. From a dozen meters away, she was able to feel the sharp stare from his eyes that was as dark as night. Her expression fell and she stared back at him.

Doesn't he have a date with Hayley? Why is he here now? "Mr. Presgrave!" The little boy ran up to the man and jumped at him, and Elliot quickly spread his arms and picked the boy up in a movement that seemed particularly natural. "Mr. Presgrave, Mommy said that you are very busy so you couldn't come!" Jared said as he cocked his head to one side. "I'll still come and pick you up from school no matter how busy I am." After Elliot said that, he extended

his hand and caressed the boy's head. "Let's get in the car." Elliot knew that as long as he got the boy into the car, Anastasia would definitely follow along. Also, he had fixed something special in his car that day-a child car seat. Anastasia initially planned to get Jared to take the cab together with her, but upon seeing him enter Elliot's car, she had no choice but to walk over to them. "I thought that you had a date? Why are you here then?" she muttered with a cold chuckle. Instead of answering her, Elliot closed the door of the back seat and darted a cold look at her before he questioned in dissatisfaction, "Why didn't you pick up my call?" "Did you call me? I didn't hear it." Anastasia lied smoothly and she did not even blink. Elliot knew that she didn't pick up his call on purpose, yet there was nothing he could do but explain, "It was a misunderstanding. Something got into Hayley's eye and I was just helping her to check her eye." However, Anastasia found his explanation ridiculous. "President Presgrave, why are you explaining it to me? There's nothing for me to misunderstand since I don't care what sort of relationship you have with Hayley." At that, she flashed a bright smile at him. Elliot's expression was stiff when he heard that, and his gaze was as dark as night. At the moment, he was in an awful mood as frustration bubbled up inside him. "Anastasia, let me repeat myself-Hayley and I are merely friends," Elliot suddenly held her arms and announced in a domineering manner. "President Presgrave, why are you explaining it so clearly to me? Your relationship with Hayley has nothing to do with me at all." Anastasia scoffed in response, her gaze on him cold. With that, she forcefully broke away from his grip, pulled open the car door to the back seat and entered the car. Throughout the drive, Elliot chatted with the boy. He asked

what class Jared had had in the day, what he had had for lunch and even what he had done in the afternoon. Throughout, Jared happily answered all the questions. Meanwhile, Anastasia looked outside the window with her arms folded across her chest, thinking about what to cook that night. Then, she said to Elliot, "Let's buy some groceries at the mini market below my

apartment." "Sure," he responded as he glanced at her with his bottomless eyes from the rear mirror. Coincidentally, she happened to look into the mirror, so their gazes met. Upon seeing that, Anastasia immediately turned away as she was reluctant to meet his eyes.

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After a ten minute drive, they arrived at her place. Stopping the car, Anastasia then handed the keys to Elliot as she said, "Go on and take Jared home first. I'll go buy some groceries by myself."

With the keys in his possession, Elliot then took Jared by the hand and walked to the entrance of the community.

At the supermarket beside the residence, Anastasia was choosing the vegetables until she saw the green chillies. She suddenly craved some stir fry pork, as well as roasted peppers and sea bass.

Except for her son's steamed eggs, which would not be spicy, the other dishes tonight would all be flavorful, with chillies as the main star of the show. The only thing now was that she did know if the tyrannical president would like it or not, even though she herself would enjoy it very much.

After finishing the shopping, Anastasia, who was in a good mood, also bought some fruits on her way home. Reaching home, she noticed Elliot was playing with Jared using toy blocks. When she set down the washed fruits on the table, Anastasia noticed that the man was drinking out of her cup again.

Annoyed, she then blamed herself for forgetting to buy disposable cups.

"I'm going to cook now." With that, she went into the kitchen.

While cooking, she kept getting choked by the smell of the chillies. However, she knew that the food would be amazing. After an hour, Anastasia set the meal on the table, and they all looked green and red due to the chilies. The stinging smell of the chilies made Jared sneeze multiple times.

"Time to eat." She called to the two, who were sitting on the sofa.

Standing up, Elliot was visibly shocked upon the sight of the food on the table, but he did not grumble about it. After sitting down, they all then started to eat when Jared muttered with a pout, "Mommy, all the dishes tonight are super spicy!"

Laughing, Anastasia then explained to him, "It's because Mommy loves spicy food!"

"Mr. Presgrave, do you like spicy stuff?" Jared asked curiously, his head tilted.

Smiling, the man replied, "I like it."

With a hint of mischief in her eyes, Anastasia then proceeded to serve Elliot two roasted peppers. "If that is the case, President Presgrave, do help yourself."

Elliot looked at the peppers in his bowl and his Adam's apple bobbed a little, clearly showing that this was beyond him.

"Do eat up!" Anastasia urged.

As she was closely watching him, Elliot had no choice but to bite into it. Although he was obviously affected by the spiciness, he chose not to voice it out.

In a flash, Anastasia had already put a big chunk of fish into his plate and murmured, "Come, President Presgrave. This is a spicy sea bass. It's very delicious, you know."

Knowing that she was harboring bad intentions and was out to get him, Elliot did not reject her. Instead, he earnestly ate the food she offered. Meanwhile, Anastasia, who liked spicy food, obviously had a great meal.

There was a slight blush on Elliot's face that was rather unusual, and he looked as if he had been drinking. Due to the thin layer of sweat that had accumulated on his forehead, it was obvious that this was caused by the spiciness of the meal.

That night, probably out of the sheer heat from the food, he had two helpings of steamed egg. After Anastasia had cleaned up the table, Jared then went off to finish his homework.

Finishing washing the dishes, she was then greeted by the sight of Elliot chugging water out of her cup, obviously still reeling from the effects of the spices.

"It's getting quite late, so you should get going now!" Anastasia said to the man who was sitting on the sofa.

Elliot only peered at her in response while telling her in a low tone, "Come here."

Blinking, she asked, "What's up?"

Holding up his phone, he handed it over to her. "See for yourself."

Curious, Anastasia walked over and took his phone to look at the recording from the surveillance, as Hayley's voice transmitted clearly from the speaker. "Elliot, I think that something got into my eyes. Can you check for me? It hurts!"

Looking at the video, Anastasia saw Hayley shutting her eyes, with Elliot leaning forward to check her eyes. This was the exact scene Anastasia witnessed in person; it

was just that she had missed Hayley's words.

So, the truth was this man was only really helping her to check if something got into her eyes? Why would her eyes hurt the moment I opened the door? Also, why would Elliot call me to his office when Hayley was already there?

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"Didn't you send someone in the afternoon to summon me to your office?" Anastasia asked the man on the sofa.

Frowning, Elliot replied, "I didn't."

Immediately, she remembered that it was Grace who came to relay the message. But where did she get the orders from? Obviously, this was planned to make the situation look like a coincidence.

Sneering deep down, Anastasia already knew that this was another one of Hayley's ploys.

Still sitting on the sofa, Elliot asked with his seductive low voice, "Do you still need me to explain all to you again?"

Giving his phone back to him, Anastasia noticed that his pale skin was unnaturally flushed. Paired with a sweat-covered forehead, the usually stern looking Elliot looked a bit weak under the light.

"A-Are you alright?" Anastasia asked guiltily. Don't tell me it's because of the spicy food tonight!

"My stomach hurts." Covering his stomach with his big hand, he then added strugglingly, "It's fine, though. It's still bearable."

Frightened, Anastasia kneeled by the man in panic as she asked hurriedly, "Does it hurt a lot? Do you want to go to the hospital? If you have stomach problems, why did you eat all that spicy food just now? You could've just told me! Why are you so dumb?!"

Anastasia was panicking and she could no longer think straight, as she blamed herself and him for not voicing this fact out.

Seeing her in this state, Elliot chuckled after admiring this scene in front of him for a while. "If I didn't eat all that, how would you have forgiven me?"

Feeling her chest tighten, Anastasia knew that it was indeed her fault as she made all those spicy food on purpose.

"Then what should we do now? Should we go to the hospital?" She looked at him guiltily.

"No need. There's a pharmacy at the entrance of the community, so just get me a box of stomach medicine from there." After saying that, Elliot handed over the empty cup to her. "And I'll have to trouble you for another cup of warm water."

After refilling the cup with warm water and passing it to him, Anastasia then rushed out with her bag and keys.

In the elevator, she was greatly regretting her actions. I shouldn't have pranked him like this! How was I supposed to know that he had a weak stomach?

Thinking about it, a workaholic like him having stomach problems was not out of the ordinary. However, it didn't show because he took care of his body daily. It was due to the spiciness of the food tonight and the amount that she fed him that the ugly head of his stomach pains reared itself as a result.

Let's just get the medicine as fast as possible! If it really doesn't work, I can ask Rey to come and take him to the hospital.

And so, Anastasia rushed home after buying the medicine. However, when she opened the door, she was met with the sight of Elliot clutching his stomach. He looked as if he was in agony at that moment.

"I've bought some medicine for you. Here, take two of these." With that, she then saw that the instructions was actually to take three, so she took out three pills before giving it to Elliot. "Just take it first! If it really doesn't work out, I'll call for Rey to come and take you to the hospital."

Elliot took the pills and swallowed it with the help of some water. Lying on the sofa, he then said, "There's no need for that. I just have to rest for a while."

A panicked Anastasia was drenched in sweat, as she had run back and forth from the pharmacy. Looking deeply at her, the man was secretly quite happy inside due to her showing such concern for him.

As expected, this woman cares about me.

Yet, he was mistaken. The reason why Anastasia was in such a panic was only because she was trying to make up for the fact that she caused his stomach to ache.

After all, she wasn't at peace with the fact that she harmed him.

"You really don't need to go to the hospital? There's one quite nearby, you know?" Still worried, Anastasia asked as she did not want him to suffer any longer.

I'm not as fragile as you think. I'll be fine after bearing with it for a moment." With that, Elliot kept sipping from her cup from time to time.

Relaxing for a bit, she finally sat down onto the sofa while she breathed out. Then, she said guilty, "You should've told me that you can't stomach spicy food! Also, you should've told me earlier that you have stomach issues. Otherwise, I would've had..."

Meanwhile Elliot was starting to compile all the things that had taken place. Why did she prank me? Is it because she saw the scene where I was blowing on Hayley's eyes? Did Anastasia think that I was going to kiss Hayley? Is that the reason why she's angry? Is it out of jealousy that she pranked me? Can it be that Anastasia has fallen in love with me?

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"Anastasia, did you think that I was going to kiss Hayley?" Elliot asked, wanting to know her real thoughts.

Becoming distant as soon as she heard the name 'Hayley' or anything to do with the woman, Anastasia smirked in response. "Whether you two kiss or not is your business."

Meanwhile, Elliot did not want Anastasia to get off scot free for her behavior this afternoon, so he ressed, "Then could you explain why you clocked off work early, ignoring my calls and prepared all this spicy food to prank me? Is it because you are jealous?"

Stunned by his words, Anastasia then laughed. "Was I? The reason why I got off work early was because I thought the both of you were going on a date together, so I came in advance to pick Jared up. I didn't pick up your calls because I didn't hear my phone go off, and the reason why the table today was full of spicy food was because I was in the mood for something spicy. President Presgrave, you're overthinking all this!"

Upon hearing that, the man was struck speechless.

Not wishing to continue this conversation any longer, Anastasia, who only realized that it was fast approaching 9 PM after looking at the clock, could only chase him out. "President Presgrave, it's getting quite late now, so you should really leave."

However, Elliot hinted that he wanted to stay for a bit longer and he murmured, "But I just took my meds, so I can't drive for the time being. I'm afraid that I might feel sleepy behind the wheel."

"How about letting Rey come to pick you up? Or any of your bodyguards or assistants for that matter," Anastasia muttered as she knew that Elliot had loads of people that could help him out.

"Can't I even rest for a while longer after landing in such a state by your hands?" he grumbled.

His words made Anastasia's face flush. And so, she could only reply in resignation, "Alright, then. Take a rest here. I'll go bathe Jared and tuck him in now."

"Just go do what you have to. I'll be here." With that, Elliot then gave her the cup again. "I'll have to trouble you again for another cup of water."

Standing up, she then went to pour some water for him before seeking Jared out and giving him a bath. The child, who was oblivious as to what happened outside his room, was elated upon seeing Elliot still around. "Mr. Presgrave, are you sleeping over at my home today?"

"Of course not! He's just a bit tired and is just resting for a short while," Anastasia explained to her son.

In the end, Jared grunted forlornly and went to the bathroom with a disappointed expression.

After more than ten minutes of giving Jared a bath, Anastasia then led him to his bed. On the way to his room, the boy said goodnight to Elliot.

As Jared had a rather fixed lifestyle, he fell asleep in no time. Covering him with a blanket, Anastasia discovered that the man on the sofa was gone after she came out.

Did he leave already?

She was quite happy, as this meant that she could finally take a shower and rest. In all honesty, she was a bit uncomfortable with his presence.

However, when she started to tidy up the living room, she suddenly found Elliot's car keys still on the table.

Did he accidentally leave it here? She also found his phone lying on the sofa, and this led her to doubt if she had bought the wrong medicine, making him so dazed that he actually forgot about his car keys and phone.

Did he leave everything here?

In a hurry, she looked at the box and noted that it was indeed medicine for treating stomach pains.

At that, a thought flashed across her mind. Looking at the door to her room, she then quickly stood up and entered her room. The sight that greeted her blew her mind.

Currently, she was looking at Elliot lying on his side on her bed, sleeping soundly.

Walking up to the man, she could only observe him. At that moment, he was breathing rhythmically and his expression was calm, suggesting that he really was asleep.

“Elliot, wake up. Sleep at your own home.” Reaching out, Anastasia pushed his arm.

Seeing him not wake up, she impulsively reached out two fingers to test his breathing. It was very stable and natural, and it turned out that he really was asleep.

She had remembered the pharmacist saying that this kind of medicine would make people drowsy after they took it. Is it really that effective?

Sighing, Anastasia was at a loss on what to do next. Should I just let him use the bed, or should I chase him out?

She witnessed how greatly Elliot was acting up because of his stomach pains, so it would seem heartless of her if she were to chase him out now. However, where would she sleep if she continued to let him be?

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Naturally, she could also choose to sleep in her son’s room. That being said, how could she let some man occupy her bed just like that? Even if the man in question had a stunning face and was handsome beyond belief, she still did not want him sleeping there.

“Alright, alright! I’ll let you sleep here for this night only.” With her hands on her hips, Anastasia gave in in the end.

Leaving her room to go take a shower, she knew that she could only share a bed with Jared tonight. And so, after bathing, Anastasia had on pajamas as she made her way to her son’s room.

However, as if she was being lured, she went to her room to look in on Elliot, fearing that he might be uncomfortable or that the air conditioner might be too cold, causing him to catch a cold.

Adjusting the temperature to 27 degrees, she then wanted to cover him with her blanket, seeing how he doesn’t have one on.

Swiftly, the man who was still asleep the second prior suddenly opened his eyes and tugged on her arm. Anastasia was then hugged tightly by him and she fell into his embrace. The very next second, Elliot pinned her down hard.

Their lovey-dovey position made Anastasia lift her head in anger, and she stared into his deep eyes which threatened to suck her in. “Elliot Presgrave, let go of me! Don’t be an a*shole!” she warned.

“What did I do to make you call me that?” Smirking, the man then held her face up with his hand and went in for a kiss, leaving no room for her to avoid him.

It was very conflicting for Anastasia when she was being kissed by Elliot. Although she resisted it, she was also slowly accepting it.

She just came out of the shower and she smelled very nice, so much so that even her breathing was sweet. To Elliot, this was like opening a huge present. Of course, he still had his wits around him and did not try to cross the line.

In the end, the kiss made Anastasia lose control as the strength left her body. With the man eventually stopping his kissing, he looked at the panting and flushed woman, and laughed charismatically. "Did you like that?"

"Get away... from me..." Not holding herself back, she pushed him away. "I think you're all fine now, so you should quickly leave."

Yet, Elliot just instead continued to lie down on the bed. With a sleepy gaze, he murmured, "I'm tired now. I can't drive."

"Stop pretending," Anastasia rebuked, not believing an ounce of what he said.

"Are you going to be responsible if anything happens to me on the way home?" Using his arm as a support, Elliot looked utterly delectable as he peered back at her.

Feeling her breath hitch, Anastasia quickly turned away. "I'll let you stay tonight. Tomorrow you'll be leaving first thing in the morning."

With that, Anastasia quickly shut the door and left for her son's room.

That night, she could not sleep a wink at all with her brain being occupied by Elliot from time to time. That kiss had jumbled all her thoughts, and her body would feel a jolt of electricity every time she thought about Elliot for more than two seconds.

Her thought ever since five years ago of staying well from men seemed to have lost all effectiveness when she faced him. What is going on?

It was not until it got very late that Anastasia became so tired she fell asleep. When she was still somewhat unconscious, she vaguely heard her son's excited voice. "Mr. Presgrave, you really stayed over!"

Hearing this, Anastasia immediately opened her eyes and flung open the covers. Opening the door, she saw Jared already dressed for school, while Elliot sat next to him, packing up the boy's bag.

"Are... you going to send Jared to school?" Anastasia asked, her gaze remaining sleepy.

Raising his head, Elliot felt like something was tugging at his heartstrings when he murmured, "Did you not sleep last night?"

"I did. I slept super soundly last night!" Anastasia retorted forcefully, but her puffy eyes told another story.

"Just go back to sleep. I'll send Jared to school." At that point, Elliot had already finished preparing and was ready to send the boy to school.

Knowing that she herself did not sleep well, she just nodded in response. "Alright, then. Please take the trouble to send him to his class."

“I know.” Smirking, Elliot held Jared by the hand. “Let’s go, Jared.”

“Goodbye, Mommy!” Jared then held Elliot’s hand and they went out.

Knowing that she had a rare moment of sleeping in, Anastasia thought for a moment before thinking that her bed would be more comfortable. In the end, she went back to sleep in her own bed.