

## Too Far 221

### Chapter 221

With that, Anastasia stepped back inside the room and shut the front door, leaving Elliot outside on his own.

Jared, on the other hand, was brought to the couch and lectured. The little boy pouted and finally mumbled after a long while, "But I like Mr. Presgrave."

"Well, don't. And never call him without my permission ever again. He's a big boss, and he's super busy, understand, Jared?"

Anastasia knew only by telling Jared Elliot was swamped with work that he would eventually stop approaching Elliot.

Jared nodded, expressing that he got it. But deep down, he genuinely liked Elliot, for he saw a father in that man. Oh, how he wished his mother would marry Elliot so that he could be his father.

Anastasia felt bad for her little boy despite reprimanding him, as it was her fault, to begin with. She shouldn't have let Jared grow attached to Elliot.

She decided that she would never make such mistakes ever again. It was time she and Elliot drew a line. They shouldn't be in this ambiguous relationship any longer.

Anastasia mulled over many things when she lay in bed that night, mainly about Elliot. She wondered when this man filled every corner of her mind, so much so that she couldn't even chase him away.

But even so, she couldn't let this go on. If she really couldn't chase him away, she'd find another man to replace him. It was just a man. No matter how desperate she got, she would never share a man with Hayley.

To Anastasia, Elliot's entire body was long enveloped in Hayley's stench. It was the repulsive kind that would suffocate her as soon as she got three feet close.

That night, Hayley played drunk and brought Daniel to her room. Under her seduction, they rolled around in bed despite Daniel's feigned rejection. Yes, Hayley did the deed that night as she proclaimed, just that it wasn't with Elliot. While Daniel was asleep, Hayley took a few sneaky pictures. She could use them to fool Anastasia into thinking Elliot was sleeping with her.

After a night's deliberation, Anastasia woke up with an eased mind the following morning. She wouldn't have to worry anymore after she cleared her mind and planned out her future.

She had no time to waste on such things. She had to work hard and earn money, for her son was her everything.

Apart from Jared, no one was worth her time and energy.

Making money is the top priority.

It wasn't until after Anastasia dropped Jared off at school that she realized she had left her sketches at home. With that, she headed back home to retrieve it. On her journey, she got a call from Felicia telling her to come in for a meeting.

After hanging up, Anastasia accidentally left her cell at the back of the cab, and soon after she got out, the cab driver picked up another passenger not far away. As soon as the young man opened the car door, he found a phone sitting in the back seat. Judging from the phone case, he assumed it belonged to a lady.

As soon as he unlocked the phone, a little boy's face popped up, and his heart melted a little. With that, he called the last person the owner of this phone contacted.

Meanwhile, while Felicia was listening to her subordinate speak in the meeting, her phone buzzed. She took a gander at it and looked toward Anastasia with surprise. "Are you calling my number?"

Anastasia shook her head in response. "No!"

"But your ID is showing up on my phone."

"Oh, no! I must have left my phone in the cab. Answer it." Anastasia immediately got what was going on.

With that, Felicia answered the call. "Hello?"

"Hi, are you a friend of this phone's owner? She left it in a cab."

"I'm her boss. She happens to be right next to me. I'll let her talk to you." And Felicia handed her phone to Anastasia.

With that, Anastasia hurriedly took it and walked out of the conference room. "Hi, I'm the owner of the phone you found."

"Hi, Miss. I'm running an errand. Why don't you give me your address, and I'll bring your phone to you later?" A clear and melodious young man's voice sounded on the other end of the line.

"Thank you, but I should go and get it from you instead."

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"I bet you work nearby! I'm at Crystal Enterprise. What about you?"

"I'm at Bourgeois Jewelry Atelier."

"Wow! We work next to each other!" the man exclaimed.

Anastasia looked out the window and happened to see the Crystal Enterprise building right outside. With that, she smiled. "Yeah! I can see your office building from where I'm at!"

"In that case, I'll wait for you in front of your office building at around eleven-thirty. Just come down by then."

"Thank you so much!"

“No worries.”

With that, she hung up and returned to the conference room. After the meeting, Felicia leaned over with a smile. “You should treat the guy to lunch, no?”

Anastasia nodded at that. “That’s the plan.”

“He sounds like a handsome young man! I wonder if he actually is,” Felicia teased.

Anastasia, too, thought the young man sounded amiable. She bet he must be the aspirant, hard-working type. She had gone down and waited at eleven-twenty for the guy to come, glad that she encountered a stranger who would return her phone.

Just then, a cab pulled over at the entrance, and Anastasia looked up to find a guy in a plaid shirt coming out. He was a six-foot tall, handsome young man with a clean temperament and an affable look. He was stumped for a few seconds, for he saw Anastasia right as he looked up. With that, he blinked and asked with a smile, “Are you Miss Tillman?”

“Yes, that’s me.” Anastasia nodded and smiled.

At that, he pulled her phone out of his bag and handed it to her. “Here you go. You should check and see if there’s any damage. I’ve put it in my bag all this while.”

Anastasia was touched. Of course, she wasn’t going to check because she was already thankful to get her phone back.

“Thank you so much. If you’re not in a hurry, why don’t I treat you to lunch?”

“Please, call me Oliver. I’m a programmer, and I have to rush back for a meeting. So I’ll have to turn down your offer. But I hope we can be friends.” Oliver Shaw scratched his head, clearly a little flustered talking to a gorgeous lady.

“Sure. Let’s exchange numbers. Do let me treat you to a meal sometime,” Anastasia said enthusiastically.

After exchanging their contacts, Anastasia saw him off to the cab before returning to the lobby. She had to admit Oliver left a great impression on her.

What was more, she had a thing for clean, refreshing-looking guys since she was little.

As soon as she returned to her office, her intercom rang, and she answered it. “Hello, Anastasia speaking. Who is this on the line?”

“Come to my office.” A magnetic voice unique to Elliot sounded on the other end.

However, Anastasia didn’t want to see him. “I’m busy with work, President Presgrave. You can tell me on the phone.”

“I need to talk to you about something in person.”

“You can just tell me what it is, President.” Anastasia spoke with aloofness.

“I’ll go to your place for dinner tonight.” Elliot cut to the chase.

"I've decided to take Jared out for dinner tonight."

"I'll go with you guys then."

"I'd like it to be just me and my son."

"Let me treat you guys."

"No, thanks." With that, she wanted to end the call, but Elliot said, "I want to let you know that I'll be on a business trip for a week."

His words took Anastasia aback for a few seconds. He's going to be away for a week? Great, I don't have to see his face for one whole week!

"Shouldn't you be telling Hayley this instead of me, President Presgrave? Surely she will miss you," Anastasia reminded indifferently.

"And you won't?" he asked.

"No," Anastasia answered without a second thought. After all, she had decided to stay away from him once and for all.

"Heartless." With that, he hung up, and his reaction got her stumped for a few seconds.

At three in the afternoon, Anastasia decided to leave work early to pick her son up.

When she arrived at the kindergarten, the gates were still closed, so she waited aside. Unfortunately, the friendly mother from last time bumped into her and approached her.

"Hi, Miss Tillman. You're early today! Is your husband not with you?"

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Anastasia didn't like answering such questions deep down, but she still had to out of politeness. "Yeah, he's busy."

"During the family sports day, your husband said he's working in finance. Most people in this line of work are, like, super busy but super rich. What's your job, Miss Tillman?" Clearly, she was idle chatting.

"I'm a stay-at-home mom." Anastasia made up an answer, for she wasn't a fan of background-check kind of questions.

"Where do you guys stay, then?"

"The block over there." Anastasia pointed randomly.

"Your husband's car costs a lot, doesn't it?"

"His company loaned it to him."

The more this woman asked, the more she believed Anastasia wasn't well off since Anastasia enrolled her son in this kindergarten. Hence, she felt a little better, but when she sized Anastasia's body and features up, she felt absolutely envious and jealous, for she weighed about a hundred and thirty pounds.

Details of Anastasia's skin could be visibly seen under the afternoon sun. Barely any pores were visible, and her skin was crystal clear and fair—a typical beauty. She had long, silky, smooth hair, and her light gold blouse and black pencil skirt accentuated her shapely figure. There was not a single flaw this woman could find in Anastasia, and she couldn't help bemoaning how unfair the heavens could be.

Just then, the gates opened, and Anastasia dashed to pick up Jared.

One more question from that lady, and I'd... Ugh!

After picking Jared up, the mother and son duo got into a cab and headed to the mall near home for dinner.

It was around seven-thirty by the time they came out, and the sky had already gone dark. With that, Anastasia hailed a cab home.

Many people were coming back from work when they arrived at the entrance of their community, and so Anastasia decided they should get out of the cab and walk home. Just then, a guy exclaimed behind them. "Miss Tillman?"

She looked back while holding Jared's hand to find Oliver approaching them with a laptop bag on his back.

"Oliver?" Anastasia was just as surprised to find him here.

"I live here. You too?" he asked with a smile.

"Yeah, I live in Block 8. What a coincidence!"

"I'm at Block 10."

"Mommy, who is this?" Jared asked curiously.

"He's the nice guy who returned my phone!" Anastasia smiled. She had brought it up to Jared over dinner.

"Oh, it's you, Mr. Nice Guy!" Jared smiled courteously.

"Have you just gotten off work?" Anastasia asked with concern.

"Yeah. I'm all alone anyway, so it doesn't matter where I am." With that, he tapped the fob to enter, then held the door for the mother and son.

Oliver's every action was exceptionally thoughtful and courteous. Right then, he was sizing the boy Anastasia was holding hands with. "Your son sure is a handsome little guy!"

"Thanks!"

"Since we're neighbors, you can come to me for any computer problems. I deal with computers for a living, so I can surely solve your problem."

"I'd really appreciate that! Let me treat you to a meal sometime."

When they arrived at Block 8, Oliver waved them goodbye.

After returning home, Anastasia decided to go and take a look at some cars for the next two days. It was a much more cost-effective solution than having to hail a cab wherever she went. With the savings she could use, she could buy a two hundred thousand car with full payment.

It was a major decision for her. Hence, she decided to have a proper look at which car to get, which became something she was super serious about for the next few days.

As Elliot was away on a business trip, he hadn't attended the recent meetings. Five days passed with the blink of an eye, and Felicia made an announcement that morning. The position of the Deputy Director has been given to Alice.

Anastasia wasn't at all surprised, for Alexia wasn't Alice's match at all. Alice had a wide connection, and her family and friends were well off, too, for they helped the retails under Alice's management earn tens of millions of profit.

During the meeting, Alice glanced smugly at Anastasia. She had now become Anastasia's boss, her superior.

#### Chapter 224

"All right. Next, our company will give our all to pull through this season. By the end of this month, everyone will be expected to submit double of your usual workload. Also, make sure you show me the extent of your capabilities, and don't be lax about it."

After the meeting, Felicia knocked on Anastasia's office door and came in with a cup of coffee, meaning to have a chat with Anastasia.

"Anastasia, Alice is now promoted to associate director, and she's trying to make things hard for you in every aspect in the company. You should watch out in case you fall into her traps."

"Okay, got it. Thanks for your concern, Felicia." Anastasia pursed her lips and smiled, grateful for a wonderful friend like Felicia.

"Oh, you're looking at cars! You decided to get one, then?" Out of curiosity, Felicie leaned over and peered at the screen of her monitor.

Anastasia nodded. "I'm looking at some models. It's not very convenient to hail rides to and from work every day, and the expenses add up quite a lot as well. It'd be more convenient if I had a car."

"Did anything catch your fancy? Which model?"

"I've never driven a car ever since I got my license, so I've decided on this hatchback." Anastasia pointed at a smaller BMW hatchback. It was right within her budget.

Felicia looked through the configurations with Anastasia, then in the afternoon, she went with Anastasia to look at the car in person. Anastasia gave it a test drive, and it was quite a decent experience. The performance was satisfactory, and the car looked nice and elegant with its white exterior.

Anastasia had been deliberating over cars for around 5 days now, and she finally decided on this model. Right on the spot, she paid the price in full with her card, and let the shop handle the paperwork

and whatnot before going back to the company with Felicia.

The car would be ready to drive the day after tomorrow, and Anastasia was also looking forward to the first car she would own in her life. This was an important milestone for normal folk like her.

Anastasia had also invited Oliver to lunch, but this programmer never really had time. He was tackling a tricky project at the moment, so he was extremely busy. Anastasia could only wait until Oliver had more time before treating him to lunch. She still owed him one for picking up her phone the other day.

These few days, Anastasia's life had been very peaceful because it lacked one person.

Elliot!

If that man didn't take the initiative to appear in front of her, Anastasia would have a zero chance of bumping into him.

This was because this man dwelled only in high-ranking areas. Even his own subordinates didn't get to meet him once in the span of a whole year, much less normal people.

Six days passed in the blink of an eye. Halfway through her drafting, Anastasia paused her actions before a domineering figure appeared in her mind. He should be back from his business trip by now.

Anastasia immediately shook her head. Why am I thinking about him?

Anastasia bit her red lip and returned her attention to her draft. Just then, her landline rang. Anastasia looked up with her pretty eyes and hastily answered the call. "Hello, who is it?"

"Anastasia, have you finished signing the document sent to you just now?" Grace's voice sounded.

"Oh... Yes, I'm done. You can come and take it back." With that, Anastasia hung up, then slapped her head in annoyance.

What's wrong with me? Did I just hope that it was Elliot? I can't believe how much this dude can affect me!

Just then, the phone rang again, and her heartbeat quickened a little. She reached out and picked up the call. "Hello, who is it?"

"Anastasia, when are you submitting your drafts for this month? I've already delayed your deadline by two days. Don't you dare slack off" Alice's voice went through the device, urging her.

"I'll work overtime tonight, and I'll try my best to submit it tomorrow," Anastasia replied.

"Listen, I'm keeping an eye on you. If you still haven't submitted it by 10am tomorrow, I'll deduct your performance bonus. Humph!" Without saying goodbye, Alice hung up.

Anastasia felt a little troubled. Alice was now starting to bully Anastasia with her new position as the associate director. She would use every small mistake Anastasia made to get at her.

Anastasia knew she couldn't keep on daydreaming. Therefore, she returned to her drawing pad, but when she looked at the time, it was already 3.30pm. She was forced to give up and continue her work at home later at night because she had to pick up her son.

At the kindergarten, the little fellow had asked her about Elliot before, and she had told him that Elliot would be away on a business trip for one week. Unexpectedly, the little guy remembered this detail.

"Mommy, did Mr. Presgrave come back today? Will he be having dinner at our house?" Jared had a look of expectation on his face.

## Chapter 225

"He's not coming. He's a busy man, Jared. He might never be coming again. Don't miss him too much." Anastasia looked at her son with a serious expression, trying to rid him of his longing.

"But I miss him." The little guy pouted because he missed Elliot terribly.

"Keep it to yourself, then. We can't bother him too much, all right?" Anastasia said, then continued in a happier tone, "I may be getting my car tomorrow, so when I've gotten the hang of it, let's go on a drive, shall we?"

"Yay! Sure! All the best in your driving, Mommy."

Anastasia took her son home and got some pizzas for dinner. She had a lot to work on tonight, so the little guy didn't bother her. Anastasia continued working on her draft in her room when suddenly, the blue screen of death popped up on her computer.

Anastasia was on a roll, but now, faced with the blue screen, she was at a loss. What's going on? What about my precious saved files?

Anastasia held her head between her arms and groaned. It was 9 pm, but she had to submit her drafts by 10 am tomorrow. If she couldn't complete her work tonight, Alice would deduct her performance bonus for sure.

No freaking way! I just bought a car, and I'm tight on money. I need to make money!

Anastasia fretted for a few seconds, then immediately thought of someone: Oliver from Block 10. He was good with computers, but she couldn't lug her computer out to be repaired, so she could only ask him over to have a look.

Also, Oliver seemed to be a trustworthy person. Anastasia looked at the time and knew she had to trouble him for help. I wonder if he is working overtime or at home?

Anastasia tentatively dialed Oliver's number. It rang for around eight seconds before a bright male voice sounded on the other end. "Hello? Miss Tillman?"

"Olive, do you have time now? My computer just got the blue screen, but I have a bunch of drafts to submit by tomorrow. Can you come over now and have a look at it for me?" Anastasia pleaded sincerely.

"Sure, I'll be right there. Give me a while."

"Of course, of course. Sorry for the trouble."

"Not at all," Oliver said readily.



Anastasia told her son that Oliver would be here to repair the computer in a bit. The little guy nodded. She also hastily changed out of her pajamas and into a casual T-shirt and jeans, waiting for Oliver to come knocking.

Around 10 minutes later, Olive knocked on the door, and Anastasia welcomed him in. Oliver was wearing a clean blue plaid shirt paired with jeans. As a programmer, he had unusually thick black hair, which gave him a cheerful and cool aura when coupled with his handsome features.

"You're here, Oliver! Come in, come in! No need to change into indoor slippers." Anastasia immediately welcomed him with enthusiasm.

Oliver had come prepared to fix her computer, and he had a thumb drive with him as he entered Anastasia's bedroom. The little guy also came over to watch as he passed Oliver a glass of water. "Mr. Shaw, have some water."

"Thank you, Jared. I'll fix your mommy's computer first." Oliver took the glass of water and set it aside, then began to work earnestly on the computer.

Meanwhile, a mysterious and noble black car pulled up at the entrance to the community. Rey glanced at the man in the back seat, who had his eyes closed. "President Presgrave, are you sure you don't want to go home and rest for a while? You haven't slept in the last 24 hours."

"No need." Elliot opened his eyes. He had rushed back just to see this woman and her son.

"Shall I accompany you?"

"No, it's okay." Elliot opened the car door and got out. He was already a familiar face to the security guards, so the middle-aged guard allowed him passage.

Even though Elliot's handsome face was colored with fatigue, he appeared to be in a good mood at the thought of the mother and son. As the breeze grazed across his face, he walked toward his destination. I wonder if that ungrateful woman had missed me in the last few days.

Elliot went over to unit number 1502 on the 15th floor of Block 8. He had owned a key before, but Anastasia had retrieved it, so he could only knock on the door.

Anastasia was in the bedroom, intently watching Oliver repair her computer. She frowned a little when she heard the knock on the door. Who could possibly visit me at this ungodly hour?

Could it be a worker coming to check the gas meter? There was a notice stuck on her door in the afternoon, after all. Anastasia didn't think twice, believing that it must be the worker. She walked over to the door and reached out to open it, only to be stunned right on the spot as she recognized the man standing under the light.

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How could it be Elliot?

Anastasia was dumbfounded for a few seconds. Then, she immediately frowned. "Why are you here?"

"I missed Jared, so I'm here to see him." The man expressed that he went to her house for her son.

Anastasia blocked his way. "My son is asleep. Try again next time!"

Elliot watched as she blocked the door, his beautiful eyes narrowing. "You're mad just because I had a meal with Hayley?"

Immediately, Anastasia widened her eyes and glared at him, as if she had taken a huge hit. "Angry? Who? You can have meals with whoever you like, so what right do I have to be mad at you? I'm nobody to you."

Just then, a man's voice came from the master bedroom. "Anastasia, do you have a screwdriver in your house? Can I borrow it?"

Those words caused the man at the entrance to darken his expression. There's another man in this woman's house?

"You're hiding a man in your house?" Elliot stared at her, his gaze sharp.

Anastasia finally remembered that Oliver was fixing her computer. After some quick thinking, she raised her eyebrow on purpose. "President Presgrave, it's not the best time for me to be seeing guests, so please leave."

The man narrowed his eyes and stared at her with an unfriendly gaze. Then, he pushed her out of his path and strode right in.

"Hey, Elliot—"

Elliot walked briskly to the door of the master bedroom and saw a man crouching and working on the computer tower. Oliver was disassembling the motherboard when he suddenly felt a chill run down his spine, as if someone were staring at him.

In the end, he couldn't help but turn around to look. A tall and large man was standing at the door, staring at him with a frightening gaze.

Oliver was startled and accidentally ran his palm against a sharp corner of the computer tower. A bleeding wound surfaced in his hand.

Anastasia had just arrived at the door when she saw Oliver checking his palm. She hastily pushed aside the man blocking the entrance. "Oliver, did you hurt your hand? Let me see."

With that, Anastasia immediately bent over and gripped Oliver's palm. She felt terribly sorry at the sight of the wound. "Wait here. I'll get some gauze and bandage it for you."

As the man standing at the door watched the scene unfold, he felt like his heart had been stabbed, and it was throbbing in dull pain.

This woman was not only hiding a man. This man was also in her master bedroom fixing her computer late at night. Moreover, this man just got a little scratch on his hand, but she was already reacting like that.

Oliver said hurriedly, "It's fine. It's nothing. Just get me a screwdriver, thanks."

However, Anastasia still hastily came out and, getting annoyed at a certain someone standing in the way, said, "Elliot, can you not get in the way?"

That certain someone put on a tight frown, glaring daggers at Oliver.

Oliver met his gaze and instantly realized what people meant by the overpowering contempt of a king. He was so shaken that he felt his heart tremble, for this man's glare was terrifying.

Just then, Anastasia came in with her medicine kit. She hastily opened it and took Oliver's hand as she disinfected his wound, then wrapped the gauze around it.

At that moment, the little guy from the next room popped out. He exclaimed in surprise, "Mr. Presgrave! How are you here?"

The cold expression on Elliot's handsome face immediately switched to a warm smile. "Yes, I passed by your home, so I came up to visit."

"Mommy, Mr. Presgrave is here." The little guy poked his head in and immediately exclaimed, "Is Mr. Shaw hurt?"

Elliot was stunned once again. Even the little guy is concerned about this man? Who's he? I have only been away for a week, and they have a new favorite person?

"It's nothing serious. Anastasia, maybe I can move your computer to my house, and I'll deliver it tomorrow morning. I promise I'll get it fixed."

"Please, how could I? You're already so tired from work, so how could I trouble you to work overtime to fix my computer?"

"It's nothing. I have tools at home, so I'll be able to work faster if I bring your device home. Do rest early, you guys." With that, Oliver picked up Anastasia's computer tower and went out. At the door, he looked at Elliot out of courtesy but was met with a terrifying glare.

His gaze is so cold and sharp!

## Chapter 227

Oliver's heart was racing. They were both of the same age, but how could this man command such a strong aura and have such an intense gaze? He knew right away that this man was someone he mustn't offend, and he also thought that this must be Anastasia's boyfriend.

Anastasia saw Oliver off at the elevator and said with enthusiasm, "Oliver, I'll treat you to lunch tomorrow. Be sure to come!"

"Of course. See you tomorrow." Oliver left with the computer tower in his arms.

Anastasia turned around to meet the questioning gaze of the man standing at the door. She said calmly, "You should go back as well. It's getting late."

"Explain. Who is he, and why is he helping you fix your computer?" Elliot's expression was grave, as if his rights had been infringed.

"His name is Oliver Shaw, and he's a neighbor. He's a decent fellow who's excellent at his job." Anastasia quickly introduced, then felt a little annoyed. Why did she bother explaining? He could misunderstand as much as he liked!

The little guy ran over and said, "Mr. Presgrave, Mr. Shaw lives right next to us. A week ago, my mommy left her phone in a cab, and Mr. Shaw was the one who picked it up and gave it back. Also, Mr. Shaw is super good at computers. Mommy's work computer suddenly broke down tonight, so she asked him to come over and help fix it. Don't misunderstand, Mr. Presgrave!"

"Jared, it's late already. Go to sleep." Anastasia felt like her son was a busybody, as he had no obligation to explain things in such detail to the man.

Hearing that, Eliot was still a little upset. After all, he would never allow the existence of other men around Anastasia.

"Mr. Presgrave, my mommy will get her new car tomorrow. She said she'll bring me on a drive!" Jared continued.

Elliot turned around to look at the woman. "You bought a car? Do you have a license?"

"Don't underestimate me. Of course, I have a license." Anastasia had gotten it six years ago when she was in her second year of college, but she just never had a chance to drive ever since.

"Jared, go to bed. It's already 10 pm, so what are you dallying around for?" Anastasia glanced at her son.

Immediately, the little guy said knowingly, "Okay. Mommy, Mr. Presgrave, keep chatting! Don't fight, all right? I'm off to sleep."

The little guy went back to his room. As soon as he closed the door, a certain forceful man gripped Anastasia's arm. A low voice warned, "Anastasia, don't let people you don't know in your house in the future. Am I clear?"

Anastasia looked down at her wrist, which the man was holding. She struggled a little. "Oliver isn't a bad man. You don't have to worry."

"Don't judge a book by its cover. How are you so sure that he doesn't have any indecent thoughts about you? There's only you and Jared at home, so if you meet someone with bad intentions, both of you will be in danger." Elliot's heart was bunched up in anxiety. Does she not have the slightest bit of wariness toward danger at all?

Anastasia did, of course. She had the ability to judge people, and to her, Oliver was considered a good person. "You're also a very dangerous man to me. Please leave!" Anastasia took a step backward and tried to chase him out indifferently.

Of all the men she knew, the one who had taken the most advantage of her and disrespected her the most was none other than Elliot.

"I'm tired. Let me crash on your couch." Elliot didn't want to leave because he was beat. In reality, he had finished his work beforehand so that he could return as soon as possible. Hence, he hadn't slept in the last 24 hours.

Anastasia was stunned. She had just talked about how dangerous he was, but now he was refusing to leave her house. "Elliot, stop fooling around and go home right now." Anastasia reached out and tugged at him.

The man turned around to look at her, and when she peered into his eyes, she was shocked. This man's beautiful eyes were bloodshot, as if he had stayed up all night.

Anastasia released her grip on him and asked out of concern, "H-How long has it been since you last slept?"

Elliot's eyes were still red as his thin lips curved into a smile. "Are you worried?"

This man was obviously exhausted. Anastasia wasn't exactly worried about him; she just thought that if he continued on like this, he would fall sick someday.

## Chapter 228

"Isn't Rey waiting for you downstairs?" Anastasia asked.

"I told him to leave." Elliot lay down on her couch and rubbed his eyes as he spoke.

"Look how exhausted you are. Next time, can you just go home instead of coming over?" Anastasia said in annoyance.

"I sleep like a baby when I'm here. It's not like I can sleep at home anyhow," Elliot said in a hoarse voice, as if he were going to sleep as soon as he touched the couch.

Anastasia looked at his large body curled up on the couch and felt somewhat sorry for him. She bit her lip and said, "Elliot, you can sleep in my bed."

Elliot turned around and looked at her with his red eyes, the smile in his gaze deepening. "You're really willing to let me have your bed?"

Anastasia avoided his gaze and humphed. "Do it before I change my mind."

Elliot sat up and walked toward her bedroom. Then, he said quietly. "Don't let any other man into your house ever again, much less your bedroom."

"Mind your own business." She stood by the door when she talked back to him.

Elliot took off his shoes before getting into bed. After he settled in comfortably, he said, "Anastasia, you do care about me. You just haven't admitted it yet."

"Quit the nonsense if you want to sleep." Anastasia turned off the lights for him and closed the door. She moved to her son's bedroom after that.

The little guy was actually sound asleep. Anastasia lay down next to him, and in the darkness, some thoughts began popping up.

Do I care for him? No, of course not. I was merely taking pity on him for overworking. After all, he's my superior, and he took care of Jared.

While Anastasia looked for some more excuses, she got so tired that she, too, went to sleep.

Early the next morning, the little guy woke up first. When he saw his mommy sleeping on his bed, there was a flash of confusion in his large eyes. Then, he seemed to have guessed something as he immediately got out of bed and opened the door.

When he saw an unusually handsome figure seated on the couch, he cried out in joy, "Mr. Presgrave, did you sleep over at our house last night?"

Elliot pursed his lips and smiled. "Yes. Is your mommy awake?"

"She's still sleeping."

"Let her sleep, then. I'll take you to school." Elliot knew he had disturbed her plans last night.

The little guy was elated because he loved it when Elliot took him to school. He changed into his uniform and put on his little backpack, then emerged again.

Elliot took the car keys to the table, along with a lunch box that contained whole-grain bread Rey had bought earlier that morning.

"Mr. Presgrave, you got breakfast for my mommy?" The little guy noticed the lunch box on the table.

Elliot smiled and patted him on the head. "Let's go! I brought some for you to eat in the car."

Anastasia woke up in a daze. When she realized that her son wasn't with her and noticed that her son's backpack was missing from the desk, she knew a certain someone had taken him to school.

Anastasia took a few seconds to adjust herself, then she got out of bed and washed up. When she went out and saw the lunch box on the table, she was stunned.

She thought she must be out of her mind. She had just sworn not to get close to him, but she failed again.

Alas!

Wondering if the man had breakfast, Anastasia sat down for breakfast. She received a call from the car dealer telling her that she could get her car at 10 am later.

Anastasia called Felicia up, and Felicia told her to head on over first, then she would accompany her to retrieve the car. Anastasia worried that she wouldn't dare to drive on the road, so she had asked Felicia to keep her company as she drove the car back.

She had just finished the call when she heard the sound of keys outside the door. Elliot's back.

Anastasia said to him, "You don't have to take me to work today. I took half the day off; I'm going to the car dealer."

"I'll go with you." Elliot raised an eyebrow as he walked over gracefully.

"It's fine. Felicia is going with me. You can focus on your work." Anastasia had already changed her clothes. She wore a simple white blouse paired with jeans. It was both a practical and fashionable outfit. To her, the simpler her color palette, the more beautiful she would look.

## Chapter 229

Elliot's gaze lingered on Anastasia. It was true that the woman he loved would look good no matter what she wore.

"Oh! Really? All right, I'll leave now." With that, he turned around and opened the door to leave.

It happened so fast that Anastasia could hardly react and she even forgot to chew her food. When she heard the door banging shut, she realized he was truly gone. This man's emotions were truly difficult to grasp.

As Elliot walked out of the residential area, he whipped out his phone and dialed Felicia's number.

"Hello, President Presgrave." Felicia was a little shaken to receive a call from her boss at such an hour in the morning.

"Send me the address where Anastasia would be getting her car later. You don't have to show up anymore."

She was an understanding person, and she knew what was going on right away. Her boss was going instead of her with Anastasia and Felicia hastily said in enthusiasm, "Of course, of course. I'll send you the address right away."

Soon, Elliot received the address of the car dealer where Anastasia would be getting her car. He started his car and went over first to wait for her.

Anastasia finished her breakfast and looked at the time. I should be heading over soon. She hailed a cab and headed toward the car dealer; while on her way there, she even asked the driver for some tips on driving. She had a good chat with the female driver until they arrived at the car dealer.

After getting out of the car, Anastasia took out her phone and dialed Felicia's number as she walked toward the entrance.

"Hello, Felicia? Have you arrived?"

"Um... Anastasia, something urgent came up, so I can't make it," Felicia said hesitatingly.

Anastasia was immediately tense. "What? You're not coming?"

"Yes, I've been so busy all morning. Anastasia, get someone else to help you, okay?" With that, Felicia hung up.

Anastasia was instantly worried as she wondered who could help her to drive the car home. While she was pondering, a man emerged from his car, which was parked next to the car dealer.

Anastasia subconsciously looked in that direction as her pretty eyes widened in shock when she registered what she was seeing.

Then, she finally understood why Felicia couldn't make it. Felicia wasn't busy; she was under a certain someone's orders.

Elliot was simply too persistent. Why wouldn't he do something else instead of sticking his nose into my life all the time? Does he have too much time on his hands? He has Dominion Corporation and QR Jewelry Group to handle, so isn't he busy?

The man coughed lightly. "What a coincidence!"

Anastasia rolled her eyes at him. A coincidence? Yeah, right. It was definitely a chance encounter that he planned and created on purpose.

"You seem to have a lot of time on your hands, President Presgrave." She crossed her arms and with the wind lifted her long hair into the air, she looked quite pretty.

"You don't have to bother other people to help you get used to driving. You have me." Elliot narrowed his eyes because he was willing to risk his safety to help her practice.

Anastasia tried to scare him away. "Are you sure you want to be my passenger?"

"As long as you're willing to drive." The man was all ready to be by her, even if his life might be at stake.

She swallowed nervously. At this moment, she received another call from the salesperson. As she answered the call, she walked into the car dealer shop while the man behind her followed suit, taking long strides.

As soon as the man walked in, the female assistant standing at the entrance was awestruck.

Wow, what a handsome man! Is he here to buy a car? Is he a client? Is he married?

Some men were worth chasing after and Elliot was one such man. Anastasia walked over to a tall and amiable person—it was her sales consultant, Flynn. Flynn was enthusiastic as she exclaimed, "Miss Tillman, come over here. Your precious car awaits you."

A few saleswomen were swarming around Elliot. "Sir, are you here to look at some cars?"

Elliot didn't like getting too close to other women, so he said clearly, "I'm here with my wife to pick up her car."

His voice was loud enough to reach Anastasia's ears. She stopped in her tracks and turned around to look at the man smiling and walking over to her. What nonsense was he saying? His wife?

The saleswoman immediately looked at Anastasia in envy and admiration.

So, this handsome man is accompanying his wife to get her car! His wife must be so happy!

## Chapter 230

Although Elliot was known to be the face of Presgrave Group, he was a mysterious figure who rarely even appeared on magazine covers, let alone the news on the internet. Unless it was necessary, he would avoid all unnecessary attention by keeping a low profile on his social media. While those who met him in person could sense the elegance he was giving off, they had no idea who he really was.

At that moment, Flynn looked in Elliot's direction and saw the latter coming her way as he greeted him. "Miss Tillman's husband. This way, please."



Meanwhile, Anastasia was stunned by how meek Flynn addressed Elliot, wondering if it was one of her marketing techniques as her cheeks blushed in embarrassment. She really has no problem calling Elliot so gently, does she?

While Elliot didn't like any other woman to get too close to him, Flynn was surprisingly an exception that he appeared to like. Well, I guess her tender attitude has just turned things in her favor.

At the thought of that, Anastasia gave up her thought to explain their relationship, knowing that it would turn out to be awkward if she did that. At the same time, all she ever wanted was to drive that car and

leave that place so that she could practice her driving skills.

"See? You have to admit that Anastasia has good taste, don't you? This is our latest model that is most suitable for young office ladies in modern society." Flynn pointed at the car that was already paid for at the entrance.

At the sight of the vehicle, Elliot squinted and scanned around the exhibition hall, thinking Anastasia could have chosen a more premium car.

Is she tapped out or something? Why does she settle for a car like that one?

"Come on, Miss Tillman. Get inside and feel it for yourself." Flynn opened the car door.

Anastasia happily entered the vehicle upon hearing Flynn's words. To her, she was satisfied with an average car that she could drive around town. Although it wasn't an expensive car, she was proud of herself for buying it with her own money.

"Alright. Anyway, now that I'm done with the necessary procedures, can I take the car with me now?"

"Yes. Your license plate is ready, and once everything is done, the car is yours to drive away shortly after." Flynn rested her arm on the car door, gazing at Anastasia in the driver's seat while admiring the sight of a beauty with her fancy car.

Soon, Elliot sat in the front passenger seat, finding the space in front of him a little too narrow for his legs to rest. Thus, he changed his sitting posture and turned his attention to the lady next to him. "This car doesn't suit you. I'll get you a better one."

While Flynn's smile stiffened, Anastasia felt satisfied and experimented with the controls in the car. Without even looking at the man, she said, "No need for that. I like this car."

Noticing how much she liked the car, Elliot decided not to insist any longer as he stretched out his legs and buckled up. "Alright, let's take this car out for a spin."

Anastasia nervously gulped as Flynn encouraged her. "Try it, Miss Tillman."

Upon changing the gear, Anastasia stepped on the accelerator just as the car charged forward with a loud bang that rendered her panicky. Thus, she stepped on the brake pedal hard just as the car jerked violently. At that moment, she heard something hitting the dashboard and looked beside her, only to see the man bumping his head onto the dashboard in front of him before he could fasten his seatbelt.

“Are you alright, Elliot?” Frightened, Anastasia quickly leaned closer to check on the man beside her.

Elliot was seen covering his forehead with his hand, his heart pounding rapidly as he asked himself whether the lady was trying to kill him.

In the meantime, Flynn, who witnessed what happened, was shocked, as she couldn’t help but wonder how long Anastasia hadn’t driven. That just gave me a heart attack.

“Get out of the car and sit in the front seat.” Elliot angrily demanded Anastasia to do as he told her to.

Anastasia reacted submissively and swapped seats with the man. Since Felicia didn’t tag along, she could only count on the man to drive the car away and get them both out of that place. After settling down in the driver’s seat, Elliot adjusted the seat to a comfortable position before he hit the gas pedal. At the same time, Anastasia nervously looked at him and asked, “Where are we going?”

“To practice your driving skills,” the man answered.

Anastasia blinked, wondering where they were going to do that.

On the other hand, there was a Rolls-Royce worth nearly a billion parked right in front of the shop as it was surrounded by a number of salespeople who were admiring its magnificent appearance. Deep down, they were all wondering who the car owner was and whether it belonged to one of their customers.

Damn! How rich does someone need to be to own a car like this one?