

## Too Far 41

### [Chapter 41](#)

She had just arrived at the office when she saw the young man sitting on the sofa with his legs crossed before noticing the stunning bouquet of red roses on her desk. Seeing all that, she didn't know whether to laugh or to cry.

"Young Master Nigel, why are you here so early in the morning?" Anastasia asked helplessly.

"I'm here to see your working environment. This office is too small. Do you want me to ask my cousin to change it for you?" Nigel asked with a raised eyebrow.

"No, I like it here a lot." She didn't want to enjoy any extra privileges.

"I'll accompany you at work and we can have lunch together at noon." He seemed extraordinarily free.

Anastasia smiled. "You don't have to work?"

"Although I came back this time to take over the family business, I had already asked my dad for a two-week vacation." Nigel's lips curled into a smile.

During the period of his vacation, he didn't want to go anywhere; he just wanted to stay by her side.

"Why don't you wait for me at the café? You will affect my mood for wood."

"What? Am I so handsome that you can't concentrate?" Nigel narrowed his beautiful eyes. This man had all the right to be this confident.

Anastasia was amused by him and snorted. "Yes, that's why."

"Okay, then I'll wait for you at my cousin's office." After speaking, he picked up the bunch of roses and handed it to her. "These are for you; do you like them?"

"Why are you giving me flowers?" She still reached out and took the flowers.

"If you like, I will send you a bunch of flowers every day in the future."

"No, thank you." Anastasia politely rejected him.

Hearing that, Nigel simply gazed deeply at her with affection. "See you at noon." After speaking, he reluctantly left.

As soon as he left, an excited Grace knocked on the door and came in. "Anastasia, wow! He's so handsome! Is he your boyfriend?"

Without raising her head, Anastasia tidied up her office. "He's just a friend."

"I don't believe it. He's clearly interested in you. Look at these roses."

Anastasia was too lazy to explain, so she said to Grace, "Just get me a cup of coffee!"

At the president's office, Elliot had arrived late today, but he had already decided to permanently work from here. Compared to the office at Presgrave Corporation, the working conditions here were not that great.

Before he entered the office, his female assistant informed him that a guest had arrived. He stepped into the office and stared at a slender, handsome figure without much surprise.

"Why are you here?" he asked lightly.

"Elliot, I'm here to pass the time. I'll wait for Anastasia to get off work and invite her to lunch at noon." Nigel didn't hide his intention.

Elliot sat in his place and turned on the computer to manage his emails while a bored Nigel played games on his phone. The two cousins tacitly agreed not to disturb each other.

At this time, Elliot's landline rang, so he reached out to answer the call. "Hello!"

"President Presgrave, do you wish to attend today's departmental meeting?" Felicia's voice sounded on the other end.

Elliot said that as long as it was a routine meeting of the design department, he had to be notified, so Felicia would ask him in advance every time.

"Yes. I'll get off work in a while," he responded.

Anastasia was also notified that she needed to attend the meeting. She gathered the meeting materials and went out. However, she had just turned a corner when she suddenly bumped into someone along the corridor. Fortunately, she quickly responded and came to a sudden stop inches away from a man's chest.

Raising her head, she saw the man's clean and dust-free shirt, then looked over at the man's sexy collarbone, Adam's apple, and perfect jawline...

Before she could finish her admiration of the man, he had passed her by and walked indifferently toward the meeting room. So, Anastasia could only follow his footsteps in awkwardness and walked to the meeting room as well.

As soon as the door opened, Elliot sat in his seat while her position today was next to him.

Noticing that, Alice looked at Anastasia with some jealousy. She felt that Anastasia was merely too lucky. Even though Anastasia had made a few mistakes, she still got to remain in the company with no other punishment either. Thus, Alice deeply suspected that Anastasia had a secret relationship with Elliot.

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"The subject of today's meeting is that each person will submit a market research report and regular design works at the end of this month. Anastasia and Alice should get ready to participate in the jewelry competition at the end of the month," Felicia announced.

"Felicia, isn't there a rule in the company that outsiders are not allowed to come in and out of the company at will? Why do Anastasia's family members, friends and boyfriends get to come in? It's not in line with the rules!" Alice immediately spoke up.

Felicia was also a little awkward at this. She looked at Anastasia and mentioned, "Anastasia, tell your boyfriend not to come to the company often. By sending flowers to the company, it will affect other employees in our company."

Anastasia's face was slightly hot when she heard that. Does everyone regard Nigel as my boyfriend?

Then, she felt a deep and probing gaze on her as well.

"That's right! Seeing that bunch of roses makes me jealous! Anastasia, your boyfriend is so handsome. How could you dare to bring him to the company? Aren't you afraid that someone will steal him away?" another female designer joked.

"Okay, I'll talk to him." Anastasia simply admitted that Nigel was her boyfriend since it would be more troublesome to explain otherwise anyway.

Elliot's gaze became a little more complicated at that. Thinking of the time when Nigel and Anastasia had hugged each other at the airport, he remembered that the woman did not refuse the man's advances either. Now, she was even openly admitting that Nigel was her boyfriend.

After the boring regular meeting was over, Elliot said with a sullen face, "Anastasia stays while the others may leave."

Everyone in the room felt the surliness of the big boss, so they quickly rose and left for fear of being taken out upon by his anger.

Anastasia was also speechless. Why does he have such an ugly expression?

When the door of the meeting room was closed, he turned in his chair and an oppressive aura swept over her. Looking at her with cold eyes, he said, "You should be aware of my relationship with Nigel."

She nodded. "I do. What's wrong?"

Elliot's face became uglier. "Remember that you owe me something?" He locked eyes with her deeply, exuding inexplicable danger.

Anastasia thought for a while, but couldn't remember what she owed him, so she asked, "Do I owe you anything?"

"You've forgotten?" He flew into a rage all of a sudden because the woman had really forgotten.

"Give me a hint." How could I have time to remember unimportant things?

The man stood up abruptly before clasping her wrist with his long arms. Pushing Anastasia's waist against the table, he pressed down upon her with his body raging with hormones. As Anastasia instinctively leaned back, the man's hand held the back of her head. Then, he pinched her chin and raised it coldly before his lips came to cover hers with a strong sense of fury.

And so, the kiss fell on the woman's soft lips without any advance notice. It was domineering, rough, and full of aggression as if it was some kind of punishment.

Anastasia's beautiful eyes widened in shock; she couldn't believe that this man would do this to her in public.

His breath swept through her without her consent, causing her mind to go blank. As such, her first reaction was to be annoyed. She pushed him with all her strength and shouted, "Elliot, what are you doing?"

"Didn't you ask me to remind you? This is what you owe me." The man's voice was hoarse, while his eyes were dark, and his words were full of mockery.

Taking a deep breath, Anastasia then lifted her hand and wiped her lips with disgust. When she thought that Hayley was in a relationship with this man, and that he had touched Hayley before kissing her, she felt extremely disgusted.

"Don't kiss me!" Anastasia shouted angrily. "If you do this again, I will sue you."

Elliot stared at her eyes; she was like a flaming rose. Her lips were incredibly soft, which made him unable to detach himself from her. It even reminded him of the touch of that night 5 years ago. In fact, it was indeed such a delicate feeling that made him go under. Why does this woman make me feel this way? She's obviously a stranger.

### [Chapter 43](#)

An irritated Anastasia pushed open the door and left. This b\*stard actually kissed me! How dare he?

Back in the office, she suddenly recalled the last time he was in the hospital. When he rescued her, she said she wanted to thank him, but he said she would owe him instead. So, was this kiss what she owed him?

Ugh. In the future, I can owe anything to anyone, but I can't owe this man anything. It's grave! He's simply a beast.

Nigel had just finished playing a game when he saw his unhappy cousin walking in. "Elliot, what's wrong?"

"It's nothing." Elliot sat down on the chair in a bad mood.

"Elliot, Bourgeois' office is so modest that it doesn't match your identity at all. Why don't you return to the Presgrave Corporation office?"

"What do you care?" Elliot snorted lightly.

Nigel stared blankly at him. Elliot, are you in a bad mood? Who messed with you?

"What's your relationship with Anastasia?" Elliot asked him all of a sudden.

Joy immediately flashed in Nigel's eyes. "Well.. You know! I like her, and I'm pursuing her!"

"Have you succeeded?" Elliot looked at the computer screen and asked again in a deep voice.

"It'll be soon." Nigel was extremely confident that he would definitely capture Anastasia's heart when he launched a series of romantic attacks soon.

"Don't send flowers to her in the company in the future; it will affect her work efficiency, and it will also make her colleagues have negative opinions of her," Elliot commented

Nigel was secretly surprised; how did Elliot receive the news of him sending flowers so soon?

"Elliot, give me a hand! How about using your power as her boss to give her a

vacation and let me take her out to have fun? Or, if you arrange her office to be on the same floor as yours, it will be much more convenient for me to date her," Nigel spoke with a naive smile.

"Impossible." Elliot snorted coldly.

"You are the big boss! You have this power." Nigel gritted his teeth and tried again.

Elliot raised his eyes icily. "You need to depend on your ability to pursue her; don't expect me to help you."

"You're so mean." Nigel huffed and continued to play his game. At this moment, a call came in and he answered, "Hello!"

"Young Master Nigel, are you booking a reservation at Cardi Restaurant?"

"Yes, Cardi." Nigel confirmed and hung up the phone.

Elliot suddenly and unceremoniously drove him away. "If you want to play games, go to the lounge next door. Don't disturb me at work."

Nigel obediently rose to his full height and went to the next door.

Then, Elliot caressed his upper thin lip with slender fingers. The kiss in the meeting room earlier still lingered in his mind. Surprisingly, the soft touch made him very much wanting more.

At this moment, Rey knocked on the door and came in. "President Presgrave, where do you want to have lunch at noon?"

Elliot's thin lips parted elegantly. "Cardi."

"Very well. I'll immediately reserve a place for you." Rey withdrew from the room.

In Anastasia's office, the woman was still annoyed because all of the ideas in her head had disappeared. All of this was caused by Elliot's sudden kiss in the meeting room. When she thought that this man had kissed Hayley before, she felt uncomfortable in her heart. In the future, this kind of thing must never happen again.

At noon in the Cardi Restaurant, Anastasia and Nigel sat by the window. She was so hungry that she picked up the menu and started ordering thereafter. At this moment, the waiter ushered in another two guests.

She glanced curiously at them, and instantly, her beautiful eyes widened at the sight

of the figures of Elliot and his assistant Rey coming over.

How could it be so coincidental?

Looking in the direction that she was looking, Nigel was also surprised. Then, Rey politely greeted him, "Young Master Nigel, good afternoon."

"You... Why are you guys eating here too? Would you like to join us?" Nigel immediately rose to his full height and walked toward Elliot and Rey.

"No need. We have work to discuss." Elliot refused and walked to his reserved table, but he chose to sit where he could face Anastasia's way.

Nigel was also busy trying to please his love interest, so he immediately returned to his seat. As for Anastasia, she stared at the menu while cursing her bad luck in her heart. How unfortunate it is that I keep bumping into Elliot everywhere!

Raising her head, she abruptly glanced past Nigel and her gaze fell on the man at the table opposite holding a cup of tea.

Meeting those bottomless eyes, the light in Anastasia's eyes turned cold. Thinking about what this man had done to her in the meeting earlier, she was even madder.

#### [Chapter 44](#)

"Anastasia, have you missed me after we've been separated for so long?" Nigel held his chin and looked at her affectionately with seductive eyes.

Anastasia retracted her gaze, and when she looked at Nigel, she smiled. "Of course!"

Then, he took out car keys with an attached crystal keychain. "When I miss you, I'll take this out to look at it. What about the one I gave you? You didn't throw it away, did you?"

She was slightly embarrassed. "I think I forgot to bring it back here."

"You! How could you not properly keep the gift I gave you? I'll buy you another one later," he scolded with a smile.

"Is it necessary?"

"Yes. I'll buy another pair. One for you, and one for me. When we don't see each other, we can look at them and resolve our lovesickness." Nigel was also quite the romantic and all his thoughts were now on Anastasia.

"Okay! I'll select them and give you one."

"They must be a matching pair."

"Okay." Anastasia nodded as she smiled. As she looked away, her eyes had once again met the cold eyes belonging to the man sitting not far away from her. For some reason, she felt that Elliot's gaze had become icier as if someone had offended him.

Rey was called over for lunch by Elliot today, who said that he had some work to discuss, but after waiting for a long time, Elliot didn't talk about work at all. Instead, Elliot's expression had suddenly become worse, Rey had been with him for 5 years, and he was the closest person to Elliot, so he knew why Elliot's expression was dark.

Soon, the sumptuous lunch came. Anastasia was hungry, so she decided to quickly begin eating

"This is delicious! Taste it." Nigel picked up some food with his fork and held it in front of a startled Anastasia. She subconsciously opened her mouth and took a bite.

"How is it? Is it delicious?" he asked with a happy smile.

Anastasia's face warmed slightly; she realized that this was something only couples did! However, she still nodded. "Yeah, it's delicious."

The man on the opposite side looked at their lovey-dovey manner with a gloomy face. Facing the lunch in front of him, he had no appetite.

"Sir, have some lunch! We have to go back to the Presgrave Group for a meeting in the afternoon." Rey tried to persuade his boss. Elliot shouldn't refuse to eat just because he was angry about Anastasia's public display of affection!

Anastasia had just finished eating a cheese shrimp, and she accidentally had a little cheese sauce on the corner of her mouth. She didn't realize it, but Nigel on the opposite side saw it. Thus, he immediately narrowed his eyes and smiled. "Don't move."

Anastasia immediately stopped moving. She then blinked her beautiful eyes and looked at him as he stretched out his long arms to gently wipe his fingers across the corners of her mouth. "You have sauce on your mouth."

At that, Anastasia's face flushed red; she hurriedly grabbed her napkin and wiped the corner of her mouth elegantly. Nevertheless, her current expression was extremely shy and dainty in the eyes of those who saw her. Not only was Nigel attracted by her, but even the man at the table opposite them also narrowed his eyes at the sight of her.

"I'm going to the restroom." Anastasia got up and went off.

Not long after she left, Elliot also followed suit. When Nigel turned around, he saw Rey alone.

"Where's my cousin?" he asked.

"President Presgrave went out to take a call," Rey replied, although he saw that Elliot was clearly going to the restroom.

"Oh!" Nigel didn't think much about it.

In the restroom, Anastasia had just come out after washing her hands when she suddenly saw Elliot smoking in the smoking area next to the corridor. His long fingers were pinching the cigarette as he blew a cloud of smoke that hid his cold but handsome face. She pretended not to see him and passed him while pretending to tidy her long hair. However, just as she approached him, the man's hand elegantly

snubbed the cigarette out and as she passed him, he grabbed her with so much strength that she had no way to resist. Thus, she was pushed against the far wall of the smoking area.

“Elliot, what are you doing? It hurts...” Anastasia felt that her bones were about to be crushed by him.

#### [Chapter 45](#)

The man’s eyes were cold and stern as a warning flashed across his eyes. “Anastasia, I won’t allow you to play with Nigel’s feelings. If you don’t care about him, don’t lie to him.”

When his slightly smoky breath blew on her face, Anastasia turned away in disgust before she retorted, “I am not playing with his feelings. We are friends.”

“If you just want to be friends with him, don’t flirt with him.”

“Why do you care?” She glared at him at once, wondering why he should meddle in her business.

Elliot gritted his teeth and his tone was cold as he responded, “I do care.”

“It’s my business; what do you care?”

“You can play with other men’s hearts, but not Nigel.”

“When did you see me playing with his heart? Don’t speak nonsense without evidence.”

“Just now. I saw with both eyes.” Elliot snorted coldly. He wasn’t blind, and he had seen her flirting with Nigel earlier with his own eyes.

Anastasia was speechless. After all, she thought that it was just how she and Nigel got along even though they were really just friends.

“Let go of me...” Anastasia then realized that she was being trapped in such a tiny corner by this man, and his breath was thick.

“Only if you promise to keep your distance from him.” The man’s gaze was full of warning

As she stood in front of this man, Anastasia was filled with repulsion. She didn’t feel like complying and preferred to make him angry instead.

“I don’t need you to intervene in my affairs with him.” Anastasia raised her eyebrows and spoke stubbornly.

“Do you want to marry him?” Elliot asked with a dark look.

“Yes, I’ll marry him. What’s wrong with that?” Anastasia sneered. After all, marrying Nigel was fine too.

Staring at her coldly, Elliot felt that this stubborn but beautiful face in front of him was really messing with his emotions. In fact, he was annoyed that he didn’t know what to do with her.

When Anastasia met his gaze, she was stunned too. What is this man going to do?

But no matter what, if the man dared to touch her, she would scream.



The man's eyes fell on her eyebrows and moved down to her eyes, her nose, and then to her extremely soft red lips. As a matter of fact, he knew how soft it was from his experience.

After only staring for a few seconds, his gaze instantly darkened and became dangerous

When Anastasia realized what the man wanted to do, he had already pinched her chin domineeringly, and his thin lips were already upon hers.

As her mind went blank, Anastasia cursed inwardly about how persistent this man was. However, this man's kiss had an inexplicable kind of power that made her whole body go numb like it was being electrocuted. His kiss was full of possessiveness, and it was so domineering that it was unbearable for her. In addition, this was the smoking area of the restaurant, and anyone would come over at any time. Thus, the nervousness Anastasia felt also made her feel disoriented.

This man is really perverted.

She pushed him hard with her hands, but her strength was taken away by him. The more she pushed him, the harder he kissed her and entangled his tongue with hers.

As they kissed, his big hand restlessly tightened around her waist-it was as if the kiss had awakened the instinctive reaction of any man...

At that moment, Anastasia suddenly came to her senses. Anxiously, she caught his tongue and bit it hard.

The man let go of her in pain while his misty eyes stared at her angrily. Then, she hurriedly ran away from him and out of the place. There was still a sweet smell of his blood lingering in her mouth when she returned to the main dining area. After taking a deep breath, she returned to the table where Nigel was sitting as if nothing had happened. Then, she picked up the glass and drank all the water in one go.

He's just too much! Just too much! Elliot, this b\*stard, is a terrible pervert.

"Why is your face so red, Anastasia? Are you running a fever?" Nigel asked worriedly.

"I'm okay. I-I still have work in the afternoon, Nigel. I'll head back to the company first." Anastasia had no appetite at all.

"So soon? In that case, I'll see you off." Nigel got up immediately, and when he got to the counter, he called out, "Send the bill to the Presgrave Group."

"Okay, Young Master Nigel," answered the manager immediately.

After a while, Elliot returned to his seat. Looking at the empty seats at the other table, his gaze was unfathomable.

"President Presgrave, Young Master Nigel and Miss Tillman have already paid the bill and left."

"Okay," Elliot responded.

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Anastasia refused to let Nigel send her up when they arrived at the company, so he could only send her to the door. He felt a little puzzled as he watched her hurry in.

How did the meal end so abruptly like that? He still had so many things to say to her!

Anastasia covered her face when she returned to her office, for her mind was full of what had happened in the restaurant just now. It was too much to be taken advantage of twice in the same day by that man.

Meanwhile, in a luxury villa, Hayley hadn't been able to eat or sleep well recently-it was all because Anastasia had been haunting her like a nightmare.

She had dreamed several times that Elliot got angry and told her to get out. No matter how she pleaded, Elliot hated her so much that he abandoned her without a thought. These dreams would wake her up every time, and her entire body would be drenched in cold sweat. Anastasia's presence seemed to be a boulder on her chest, and if she didn't get rid of her, she would live forever in these nightmares.

"I won't let you ruin my plans, Anastasia." Hayley bit her lip and clenched her fists fiercely. As she thought about it, a vicious light flashed in her eyes. If she wanted to kill Anastasia, the best people to use were the mother and daughter of the Tillman Family. She knew that Erica hated Anastasia deeply because of their family assets, and Hayley felt that she could just take advantage of this.

Didn't Anastasia love her child very much? In that case, she would let that child suffer a little!

The thought of Elliot's blood flowing in that boy made her mad with jealousy. Thus, her resentment and hatred were all focused on the child.

Soon, Hayley called Erica and began her malicious plan.

"Hey, Hayley."

"What are you doing, Erica? Has Anastasia returned the 8 million real estate yet?"

"She can't even wait to take everything from my dad now! Will she even return it?" Erica gritted her teeth.

"Well, you can't let her be-you have to teach her a lesson. Otherwise, she will think that you and your mother are doormats."

"Of course, I have to teach her a lesson. When I find an opportunity, 1—"

"Erica, what opportunities exactly are you looking for? I know Anastasia is not easy to harm, but doesn't she have a three-year-old son? If you make this kid suffer a little, she will feel a hundred times more distressed than if you harm her."

Erica immediately replied, "What do you really mean by that?"

"Just think of a way to bring this child back to your house and pretend to take him out to have some fun. Children are usually naughty at that age, so it's normal to lose him by accident. You'll be able to watch Anastasia go mad with worry by then."

Erica was fuming at the moment, so when she heard Hayley's suggestion, her eyes lit up. "Yes! Why didn't I think of it? If Anastasia goes crazy and dies of anger, I'll be even happier."

Hayley knew Erica very well; the latter's mind had always been simple and easily influenced.

"Erica, you can't let her take away your father's assets under any circumstances. Now, she wants 8 million worth of real estate. Next year, she will want a car worth one million, or she'll take the opportunity to ask for your father's company. By that time, it'll be too late. You must let her know how powerful you are first." Hayley added fuel to the fire and made things sound even worse.

Sure enough, the family assets were what Erica cared about most. Thus, the more she listened, the more panicked she became. "Yes, I have to frighten her first. Otherwise, she will think that we are easy targets for her to bully."

Seeing that Erica had successfully taken the bait, Hayley breathed a sigh of relief and waited for Erica to act on it. Moreover, Erica had to take Anastasia's phone away on that day—once the child was lost, he would not be able to contact her. If a child trafficker saw the child and abducted him away, Anastasia would surely live in grief for the rest of her life.

Most importantly, this child of Elliot's would also disappear forever.

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As Hayley thought about it viciously, she realized that she now had to bribe someone from Bourgeois to help her as well as find the opportunity to take Anastasia's phone away.

In the meantime, Anastasia was busy with work. After all, the announcement date of the jewelry competition's results was approaching, and she was looking forward to it. If she could win the prize, she would have a bonus of one million in her account. For her son's future, she had become a shrewd and calculative woman to the point where she had to earn every coin she could.

She wanted to save a lot of money for her son so that she would not have to worry about his school fees and his wedding expenses. Although her son was still young, she had already made several long-term plans.

"Anastasia, there is a shop tour this Friday night. You should make time for it!" Felicia came over to inform her.

"Friday night? What time does it start?"

"It starts at 6.00PM. You need to write a report which will be entered into the award assessment for the second half of the year." Felicia reminded her.

Since the half-year award was a considerable sum of money, Anastasia thought to herself that she had to win it too.

"Okay, I'll be there on time." Anastasia nodded. After all, the loss of the attendance award last time was regretful enough for her.

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Since the day after tomorrow was Friday, Anastasia felt that she had no choice but to trouble her father and let him come over to take care of her son.

In the cafe next to Bourgeois, Hayley had invited May Potter, a female designer, out. When May saw that it was Hayley Seymour—also known as President Presgrave’s girlfriend—who had asked her out for coffee, she was excited and happy.

“Do you really want to order a set of jewelry from me, Miss Seymour?”

“Yeah! I admire your talent very much, so I’ve decided to order a set of jewelry designed by you.” Hayley pretended to be haughty. “Also, I want you to do something for me.”

“What do you need me to do?”

“You should be very clear about the rivalry between me and Anastasia. I want you to watch her for me and report her affairs to me at any time.” Hayley held the cup of coffee elegantly while pretending to be a high-class lady.

Since May was a newcomer, she was eager to get ahead in Bourgeois. A good opportunity had been presented in front of her, so how could she not seize it? Besides, she was also jealous of Anastasia’s excellent resources and hated her design talent even more.

“Miss Seymour, I hate Anastasia as much as you do. She thinks she doesn’t need to take others seriously just because she has good looks. In addition, I’m annoyed by the fact that she’s always trying to seduce President Presgrave.”

Hayley snorted coldly. Has Anastasia always seduced Elliot in the company?

“Thank you for sticking up for me, May. I feel utterly infuriated by her. As long as you help me, I will place five million worth of jewelry orders with you.”

Five million? May suppressed her surprise and happiness. She would have almost 200,000 in commission fees alone! God! I am going to get rich.

“I will keep an eye on Anastasia for you, Miss Seymour. If she dares to seduce President Presgrave, I will tell you as soon as possible.” May expressed her loyalty and obedience to Hayley.

Upon sensing May’s toadyism, Hayley nodded. “Very well, I won’t treat you badly if you help me out.”

May was determined to curry favor with Hayley, so she would become Hayley’s eyes to monitor Anastasia in the company.

Today, it was just another day with a regular departmental meeting. When Anastasia entered the conference room, she could not help but breathe a sigh of relief when she saw that Elliot’s seat was empty. After all, she didn’t like seeing Elliot very much now.

However, at this moment, steady footsteps came from the door of the conference room, and a domineering figure soon entered. His powerful aura immediately felt oppressive on everyone present as Elliot walked in against the light like a god descending

Upon seeing him, Anastasia was lost for words.

Does he have nothing better to do? It’s just a regular department meeting, so why does he need to come every time?

Apart from Anastasia, all the female designers here welcomed Elliot, but the first person he looked at every time he sat down was always Anastasia. Thus, the women present all looked at her with jealousy, and May was no exception. Now that she was helping Hayley, she was extra observant about everything Anastasia said and did.

On the other hand, Anastasia was twirling her pen in a bored manner. As the pen spun, it suddenly fell out between her fingers and rolled directly in front of Elliot.

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After being stunned for a few seconds, Anastasia then raised her head to meet a pair of unhappy eyes; Elliot was narrowing his eyes and glancing at her icily. He took her pen and placed it in front of him without any intention of returning it.

Since Anastasia still had to note things down with that pen, she stood up in embarrassment as her face blushed. Then, she went over and forcibly took the pen back.

Elliot glanced at her, but he didn't speak nor show any signs of displeasure.

Upon seeing this, Felicia coughed awkwardly. "Okay, okay, let's continue the meeting and not do other things."

While her face turned even redder, Anastasia felt that bad things always seemed to happen with Elliot around.

"Anastasia, you and May will be grouped together for this Friday's event." Felicia began to place the designers into teams.

May immediately pretended to be happy. "Let's work well together, Anastasia."

The woman nodded and smiled at May. After Felicia divided everyone into teams, she began to analyze the design works and the market. Elliot didn't say a word, but he listened to everything. However, his gaze fell on Anastasia from time to time, and he kept staring at her for several minutes at a time as if he was distracted by her. This made the woman feel uncomfortable, for the man's eyes were like glue as they stuck themselves to her without moving away.

Finally, the meeting was over. Anastasia couldn't wait to pack up and leave, but Elliot suddenly said coldly, "Anastasia, I need you to stay back for a while."

Anastasia's feet that were about to move stopped in place. She turned to look at the indifferent man and asked, "Is there something you need, President Presgrave?"

The man didn't speak. Other designers wanted to listen in on their conversation, but they were all oppressed by Elliot's sweeping glance. Hence, they trembled and hurriedly left.

Meanwhile, Alice and May looked like they were about to die of jealousy. Anastasia was an exception in the company and was treated favorably everywhere. It was as though Elliot was here in this company for her alone, and he didn't pay attention to

what the other employees did.

When the door of the conference room closed, Anastasia started to get angry. She stopped pretending and slammed the table angrily. "What the hell are you trying to do, Elliot?"

"I want to take you back to see my grandma next Monday." Elliot spoke suddenly, his eyes calm.

Anastasia was shocked. He wants to take me to see the old madam of the Presgrave Family? Her first thought was immediate rejection.

"I refuse. I don't want to have anything to do with your Presgrave Family" Anastasia refused bluntly.

"Is that so? Then you are not allowed to meet with Nigel, and you are not allowed to flirt with him." Elliot's gaze was burning as he forced it on her.

Anastasia looked at him speechlessly. "He is my friend."

"He is also a member of our Presgrave Family, Anastasia. Aren't you very determined to avoid us?" Elliot sneered.

Anastasia sighed and said with some annoyance, "President Presgrave, you have a lot of things to manage every day. You should go back to your Presgrave Group to work! How can such a small company like this accommodate a big boss like you?"

"I don't need you to care about where I work," Elliot snorted.

"No, you have negatively affected my work." Anastasia gritted her teeth.

"Even if you don't want to, you will meet my grandma on Monday." Elliot's tone was final.

Anastasia looked at him furiously. "No, I won't,"

After she finished speaking, she pushed open the door and went out. The man's face behind her was dark and filled with rage.

When Anastasia returned to the office, May was waiting for her. She said fawningly, "Anastasia, I heard that the report of this shop tour will be considered for the half year award, so we must not be sloppy with it!"

"Yeah, it will be my first time writing such a report. Let's do our best to complete it!"

Anastasia said to her.

May blinked and showed an adoring smile. "Anastasia, you are the only one who got sent back from the headquarters by our company. You must be very good, so I will follow you in the future."

Anastasia curled her lips into a smile. She was indeed confident in her design talent, but she was not so involved in the company's other paperwork.

"Okay, let's get to work!" Anastasia simply regarded May's flattery as something any rookie would do; little did she know that May was a wolf in sheep's clothing.

Due to the project, Anastasia could only make an appointment with her father in advance. She made a phone call to Francis, who was naturally overjoyed when he heard that he would be taking care of his grandson.

“Okay, I have the time. You can carry on with your busy work. I will take Jared to eat some delicious food.”

After arranging her son’s affairs, Anastasia felt more at ease. Later on, she received a call from Nigel. He was at the entrance of her company and wanted to take her and her son to a lavish dinner in the evening.

Anastasia didn’t refuse either because she didn’t have any friends here. Thus, it was great to have a friend like Nigel around.

At this moment, Elliot was processing emails in the office. Rey, who had just sent some documents in from outside, smiled and said, “I just saw Young Master Nigel’s car, President Presgrave.”

“Where is he?” Elliot narrowed his eyes.

“He’s downstairs. I think he’s waiting for someone, and it’s probably Miss Tillman.”

#### [Chapter 49](#)

After Rey finished speaking, he immediately tried to cover his mouth. He knew that Elliot didn’t want to hear this.

Upon hearing this, Elliot snorted coldly. Nigel really has nothing to do all day long; he’s focusing all his efforts on pursuing women.

As he narrowed his eyes, he reached out to dial the internal line.

“Hello, who is it?” Anastasia’s sweet voice came from the other side.

“I warned you not to get too close to my cousin. Are you not taking it seriously?” Elliot said coldly.

“Why are you such a busybody, Elliot? You are the boss of the company, but after work, you are nobody to me,” Anastasia retorted mulishly.

Elliot’s face darkened at once. This woman really had the ability to be irritating.

“If you dare to play with his heart—”

“We’re just hanging out as friends. It’s none of your business.” Anastasia hung up the phone as soon as she finished speaking.

Elliot’s face turned even gloomier. This woman is really uncouth. Why would Grandma want me to marry such a woman?

After work, Anastasia was the first to rush out of the door of the office as she charged downstairs. Nigel’s off-road vehicle was parked at the front door, and it was particularly eye-catching.

Soon, Anastasia got into the passenger seat of the car before she said to him, “Let’s go pick Jared up!”

Nigel looked at the woman, who was still in her work uniform, and his fascination with her flashed across his eyes. “You are the most beautiful woman I have ever seen in a uniform.”

Anastasia felt delighted in her heart. “I like to hear comments like this.”

When they picked up the little boy at school, he was very happy. He sat in the safety seat specially prepared for him in the back, and he even sang a song he had just learned aloud.

“Mom and Dad are going to work... and I’m going to school. I mustn’t cry or make trouble, but be good and greet my teacher good morning...”

His bright and loud voice sounded happy as he sang. Anastasia clapped along to the tempo, which encouraged Jared to sing even louder. In fact, he sang it several times. Even Nigel hummed along, and there was a happy atmosphere in the whole car.

At the high-end restaurant, Nigel ordered a big meal. As he looked at the little boy’s handsome face, his wish to become the father of this child heightened in his heart. Although Jared was not his own child, he would definitely love Jared as if the boy was his biological son.

Soon, his gaze fell on the woman opposite him. As long as she agreed, he would immediately marry her and give them both a safe and secure place to call home.

They walked around in the mall after dinner, and the little boy got a few more gifts. With that being said, Anastasia really disagreed with Nigel’s way of showing affection for her son. Fortunately, her son was not the kind of child who would be addicted to getting gifts.

At 9.30PM, Nigel’s car was parked in front of Anastasia’s apartment. He felt distressed when he heard that it was rented to her by the company. Thus, it seemed that it was time for him to show his ability. He decided to give her a large apartment unit in the city center tomorrow so that they could live in the safest community.

“Come and give me a kiss before you go.” Nigel hugged the little boy, who kissed his cheek at once. Then, Nigel looked at the woman next to him and wanted her to kiss him too, but he didn’t have the courage to ask. At this point, he didn’t dare to show his intentions too much for fear of scaring her away.

Anastasia waved goodbye as she held her son before heading back to her apartment. However, Nigel did not leave for a long time. As soon as Jared returned to the apartment, he asked the burning question that he had been thinking about all this time. “Mommy, do you think Uncle Nigel is a nice man?”

“Yes, he is!”

“Do you like him?”

“I like him.” Anastasia neatly packed the toys away in the house while answering her son’s question.

“In that case, do you want to marry him?” the little boy asked again.

Anastasia’s hands froze while packing the toys. She couldn’t help but look back at her son as she smiled. “Jared, I only think of him as a friend!”

The little boy didn’t quite understand the feelings between adults, though. Can’t they be together if they like each other?

“Mommy, I think Uncle Nigel likes you very much.”



A hint of helplessness flashed in Anastasia's heart. She could also feel that Nigel clearly had some romantic interest in her, but she felt that she was not worthy of him -he deserved a better woman.

## [Chapter 50](#)

That night five years ago, Anastasia was already tainted after being violated by a jerk. Ever since then, she had no interest in men anymore. Her son was everything in her life, and she didn't need marriage, love, or men.

She had always regarded Nigel as a friend. When she was on the way to meet a client, she met him while he was involved in a car accident. Seeing that Nigel's car was filled with smoke, she rushed over without saying a word and dragged the injured man out of the driver's seat.

In less than two minutes, his car exploded on the spot. At that time, she was drenched in cold sweat and was extremely afraid. Had she died there, her son would've been orphaned.

Since Anastasia and Nigel had nearly faced death together, their relationship was deeper than other friendships. After rescuing him, she left. Later on, Nigel found her and kept chasing after the woman to repay his debt to her. Gradually, they became acquainted and made friends with each other.

When Francis came home in the evening, Naomi asked while picking up his bag for him, "I'm going out to meet some friends the night after tomorrow, Francis. Do accompany me to attend the event."

"The day after tomorrow? What time?"

"We're just going to have dinner that evening!"

"I won't have time, so I can't go."

"What? Do you have to work overtime?"

"No, I need to take care of Anastasia's son. She has to work overtime at night, so I have to take care of Jared." Francis didn't treat Naomi as an outsider, so he was forthright with her.

Naomi's face turned ugly all of a sudden. She snorted and replied, "You only think about your elder daughter all day long, don't you! Don't forget that she's the one who messed up our family."

"It's difficult for her to raise a child alone. Naturally, I will try my best to help her," Francis said helplessly.

"Help her? You know how to help her, but why don't you help our Erica?" Naomi immediately snorted, looking extremely upset.

Francis was also stuck in the middle between his family and Anastasia, but he still firmly wanted to help the latter because he owed her a lot in the past five years.

Meanwhile, Erica overheard their conversation on the second floor, and she knew that her chance had come.

Soon, Francis took a shower and sat in the study room on the second floor to watch the news. After a moment, Erica came in with a plate of fruits. "I see that you haven't gone to bed, Dad."

“Yeah.”

“Dad, I heard that you want to watch Anastasia’s son for her. Actually, I want to take care of Jared with you. He is my nephew after all, and I want to do my best for him

too.”

Francis’ eyes lit up with joy; it seemed that his younger daughter was quite sensible! He then praised, “Erica, I’m very happy that you have such good intentions. Okay, you can come with me the night after tomorrow!”

Erica nodded obediently. “Yeah! That’s great, Dad, but don’t tell her first. I’m afraid she won’t let me come when she hears that I want to tag along.”

“Okay! I won’t tell her.” Francis didn’t see through Erica’s plans. To him, the happiest thing was that his two daughters could get along peacefully.

In the blink of an eye, Friday arrived. When Anastasia sent her son to school in the morning, she told him that his grandpa would come to pick him up from school in the evening. The little boy nodded sensibly.

“Don’t worry, Mommy. I will listen to Grandpa.”

“Okay, I’ll go earn more money for us.” Anastasia patted his little head and was very happy.

Over the past two days, May had gone to Anastasia from time to time to ask for some advice. She also bought coffee and snacks to please the latter. Of course, Anastasia didn’t want to accept these favors, but she did so since May insisted on it.

At 2.00PM, Nigel appeared in Bourgeois while holding a gift and a bunch of flowers in his hands. In fact, he completely looked like Anastasia’s boyfriend. He was a handsome and cheerful man, so he attracted attention wherever he went. A group of

female staff were completely envious of Anastasia.

“Wow! Look at him sending a bunch of flowers again.”

“He’s hot!”

“Not only is he hot, he looks incredibly rich as well.”

“I think he’s from one of those super rich families. The watch he’s wearing is worth tens of millions.”

“Tsk-tsk, how did Anastasia get such good luck?”