

Too Far 331

Chapter 331

Anastasia arrived at a conclusion with that: Never get involved with a man without thinking it through. Or else, she would end up being the one suffering.

A knock on her door came before she could even start with her work. Aliona, who was clad in an all-white suit, then walked in as she enthusiastically said to Anastasia seated at the desk, "Anastasia, I want to have a chat with you."

Knowing that this was a mere act Aliona was putting on, Anastasia crossed her arms as she stated with her eyebrow raised, "There is nothing you and I have to talk about."

"Anastasia, I would like to apologize for saying the thing I did before. I am really sorry for hurting you by saying something so out of line. Can you please forgive me for my ignorance and impudence?" Aliona apologized to save her image. At the very least, she didn't want to be on bad terms with Anastasia.

It all only seemed like a bad joke to Anastasia. She knew that there was no sincerity in Aliona's apology as the woman was merely apologizing because she was afraid that Anastasia would tell Elliot the truth.

"I accept your apology," Anastasia said indifferently. "You can leave my office now."

"If you accept my apology, this also means that you won't tell Elliot what happened between us, right?" Aliona had her palms pressed against the surface of the desk, her gaze staring holes into Anastasia. "I beg of you, please don't tell him about us."

This was Aliona's only reason for admitting defeat—she wanted to maintain that innocent mask of hers in front of Elliot.

Anastasia's raised eyebrow went slightly higher at that. "So, you don't actually want my forgiveness? You are only scared that I will tell him the truth, huh?"

"I was only against you because I love Elliot too much! I am not usually someone like that," Aliona tried her best to explain herself.

However, Anastasia had no intention to accept her insincere apology. She answered, "This is not a good reason for you to verbally attack me."

Aliona looked at her with sharp eyes when she heard that. "Anastasia," she coldly began. "We don't have to turn into each other's enemies. What do you think?"

"I am not afraid of you." Anastasia glared back at her with an equally unintimidated gaze.

"I heard that you are a single mother. It must be tough to bring a kid up by yourself." Even though Aliona was smiling when she said that, the threat in her eyes was evident.

Anastasia immediately felt her whole body freeze when she heard Aliona's words. She felt a strange discomfort at seeing the threatening smile on Aliona's face.

"What are you going to do?" Anastasia questioned her coldly.

"It all depends on what you do! If you make things hard for me, I will have to make things hard for you too!" Aliona raised her own brow and glanced at Anastasia with a pleased look. "Anastasia, you better know what is best for you. Don't stand in my way."

Anastasia stood up from her seat and she gravely warned the woman in front of her. "Try laying a finger on my son and see what happens."

Aliona was startled by the fight Anastasia was putting up and the proud expression on her face was instantly wiped off. She soon got close to Anastasia again. "That is why it is better for us to come out of this unharmed, no?"

After saying that, she turned around and opened the door to leave the office.

Anastasia's heart was still thumping wildly as she looked at Aliona's retreating back. Jared had been her Achilles heel ever since he was born into this world, so she would always feel uneasy whenever someone were to get too close to her son.

There was nothing Aliona wouldn't do to have Elliot.

She was still worried by the time she returned to her own office. Her mission should have been carried out flawlessly, and yet, she had to face off against Anastasia, who was also the biggest stumbling block in her path to completing her plan.

Elliot looked as though he could never fall for any woman other than Anastasia. Aliona held a grudge against Anastasia because of that and it made her angry that she couldn't win against Anastasia.

It was around 11.00AM when Anastasia's landline began to ring, so she picked up the phone and swiftly said hello.

"Come to my office," a man's voice informed her from the other side of the call.

When she heard that, she immediately rejected him. "I am busy with work."

"Come and get your bracelet." The man's low voice rang out again.

Not wanting to make a trip to his office for a bracelet, she brushed him off. "Give it to someone else. I don't want it."

Elliot started to threaten her. "Anastasia, do you want me to give it to you in front of the whole office?"

His words immediately gave Anastasia a headache and she asked in a baffled manner, "Elliot, must I accept it just because you want to give me it?"

"I will give you 2 minutes. If you don't come up by then, I will be coming down to you." He then hung up after saying that.

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Anastasia took in a deep breath and she eventually still stood up from her chair.

A man was fiddling with an exquisite woman's bracelet in the president's office. He had a bracelet thicker than the one he was playing around with on his wrist and it complemented the limited edition wristwatch he had on.

As she pushed open the door to come in, a smile instantly appeared on the man's face. With his deep eyes locked on her, he elegantly stood up and made his way toward her.

"Why don't you ever listen to me?" Elliot asked grumpily as he looked at her being all upset. It was always after he threatened her that she would listen to him.

Seeing the thin bracelet in his palm, she declared with no mercy, "Bring it for a refund. I don't want to accept this present."

However, just as she finished saying that, the man had grabbed her by her wrist and was trying to put it on her despite her refusal. "A refund? For what? I want to wear matching bracelets with you."

And just like that, Anastasia now had a bracelet on her wrist. Even though the design was simple, the gemstones on it probably weren't cheap.

"It looks quite lovely on you. You aren't allowed to remove it," he demanded.

She looked at the bracelet, her emotions a mess. She was troubled as to whether she should accept it or give it back.

Elliot suddenly started undoing the buttons of his top at this moment, making Anastasia look at him with her guard up. "What are you doing?" she asked him thereafter.

The man only continued to unbutton the first 3 buttons of his shirt, and the moment he did so, she noticed a familiar-looking necklace hanging on his neck. She unknowingly gasped, "How did you manage to get it done so soon?"

It was the necklace that she had designed for him before. She hadn't expected him to wear it so soon.

"It is a gift from you, after all. Of course I had to tell them to make it faster and I just received it earlier today. I am very satisfied with it as it suits me well." Then, Elliot started to lovingly touch the necklace. "I will always think of you when I wear it."

After she heard those words, her cheeks suddenly felt warm. "You bought it with your own money. What has it got to do with me?"

"Of course it has something to do with you. This necklace contains your feelings for me. Don't necklaces signify lingering affection?" Elliot asked with a smile.

The set of thick and thin bracelets resembled a male and female snake coiled around each other, which was what she had indeed thought of when she designed the necklace. She didn't think he would see through her intention at a glance.

Such a question had only caused Anastasia's face to burn even more as she asked, "If this is the case, can I have my commission this month?"

The man let out a vexed 'hmpf' when he heard her words before he started to complain, "Why don't you just marry me since you are so concerned about money? You would immediately gain financial freedom."

"I feel better when I spend the money that I earn myself. It is not something spending someone else's money can be compared to," she challenged him with a raised eyebrow.

Since he couldn't come up with a better rebuttal, Elliot fell quiet for a moment before he abruptly extended an invitation to her. "Let's have lunch together."

"No can do," she swiftly rejected him. "I already have a lunch date."

Thinking that Anastasia's lunch date might be Alex, Elliot immediately demanded, "Who is it?"

She would do anything to not have a meal with him, so she smoothly answered, "Felicia."

"Cancel it. I already booked us a table," he insisted as he wanted to bring her somewhere nice for lunch.

She was immediately rendered speechless by the man who left her with no leeway.

After that, Anastasia glared at him and scolded, "Can you not be so domineering, Elliot?"

"Okay, I will be more gentle." Then, a smiling Elliot added, "Only if you stop rejecting me, though."

Anastasia fell silent for a while before she eventually replied, "I will be accepting the bracelet then, but out of courtesy, I will give you a present as well. I will buy you anything you want this afternoon."

This was the only solution she could come up with. She couldn't possibly just take without giving something back.

Hearing that she wanted to give him something in return, he grinned before he joyfully asked, "Is that so? Can you give me everything I want?"

"As long as I can afford it," she replied as she lightly chewed on her red lip.

"Alright. Select a few underpants for me from an underwear store!"

A baffled Anastasia hurriedly rejected Elliot. "But I don't know how to pick stuff like this."

"What do you mean by you don't know how to? Do you mean to say that you don't know my size?" He suddenly grabbed her hand and pressed it against his lower abdomen. "Feel it with your own hands, then."

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As though she had been scalded by boiling water, Anastasia immediately retracted her hand and hissed, "Elliot! Stop messing around!"

"Okay, then! I am fine with a leather belt as well. I want one that fits." Elliot decided to stop teasing her.

"That is fine. I will give you a leather belt," she agreed quickly. It was as if she wanted to get away from him as soon as she could.

After she returned to her office, she was called by a nearby Felicia. "Anastasia, can you come here for a second?"

Then, Anastasia followed her to a quiet corner in the pantry.

"Anastasia, have you heard news about our company's relocation?" Felicia suddenly asked.

As she was surprised by Felicia's words, Anastasia asked in return, "Relocation? Where to?"

"I heard that they have vacated 2 floors in Presgrave Corporation for us to use as our new office space." She added with a smile, "We are moving to Presgrave Corporation."

"What?!" Anastasia couldn't help but feel surprised about it. Why didn't Elliot tell me? she thought. Why are we moving to his company out of nowhere?

"Regardless, this is a good thing. Our new office will definitely be bigger than now. I am sure we will have more benefits working there too."

Anastasia blankly blinked after hearing Felicia's words. She wanted to find a time to ask Elliot if the rumor about the relocation was true.

Right at this moment, Felicia's observant eyes landed on the new bracelet on her friend's wrist and she laughed out loud. "A present from President Presgrave?" she asked.

The question left Anastasia's cheeks burning. "Felicia, did you choose this?"

"Sure did! He gave me a rather abrupt call one day, and I had to rush off to a jewelry store to pick out a pair. I finally chose two matching ones that came to 2,000,000 and thought it was for Aliona!"

Anastasia's breath hitched. 2,000,000? That is super expensive!

A smiling Felicia then continued, "I didn't expect it to be for you. I would have chosen something more expensive if I had known."

Anastasia started to turn red from embarrassment under Felicia's scrutinizing eyes. She felt as though all her thoughts and emotions were being read like she was an open book.

Felicia lightly patted her on the shoulder a few times. "You have to be braver if you like President Presgrave. Don't let anyone slip in when they find the opportunity to. The president always has some rather ambitious women revolving around him."

"I—" Anastasia stammered.

"Admitting that you like someone isn't something for you to feel ashamed of. Anastasia, I know that you feel pressured about bringing a child into a new marriage, but President Presgrave is worth betting your heart on," Felicia advised genuinely.

Indeed, Anastasia agreed that Elliot was someone whom she could fall in love with. However, she had an emotional hurdle that she couldn't easily overcome. That night from 5 years ago had left a deep scar within her. On top of that, knowing that Hayley and Elliot had shared a past made it so much harder for her to open her heart to him.

Anastasia's phone started going off at 11:00AM sharp. As soon as she saw that it was Elliot calling, she picked up the call and greeted, "Hello!"

"Underground car park. I will see you in five." In his low, clear voice, he added, "And you can't say no."

Since Elliot insisted on buying her a meal, she had no choice but to accept it.

By the time Anastasia arrived at the car park at the appointed time, Elliot was already in his car. She then opened the door to the passenger's seat, but didn't notice how two black SUVs, one at the front and another behind, had started moving to keep them safe as soon as he drove out of the car park.

They soon arrived at a high-end restaurant.

After they ordered their meal, she blurted out a question that she really wanted to ask him. "I heard that the company is relocating. Is it true?"

"Mhm. It is." He briefly nodded in reply.

She picked up her tea cup and asked with a smile, "Why are we moving? The Bourgeois building may be a little short, but everything else has been perfect."

"Did you know that I go to and fro from Bourgeois and Presgrave Corporation everyday just to see you?" Elliot rested his hands in front of his collar with his fingers intertwined as his elbows rested on the table. His deep gaze was extremely enchanting. "It has been tiring, yes, but I loved every moment of it."

Anastasia's breath seemed to stop for a second there. Does he really come to Bourgeois everyday just to see me?

"But I have realized recently that the security measures in Bourgeois are quite poor. It doesn't help me with my work, and this is why I decided to relocate the company. By moving, we can finally work in the same building. We can also see each other every day, get to and from work together, have coffee together... It will be easier for us to do anything we want to."

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Elliot said that the main reason for relocating the atelier was to make it easier for him to see her.

Anastasia's face reddened under his gaze. To distract herself, she tapped her finger on the teacup that she was holding. "What's so special about seeing me?" she asked.

Why does Elliot want to see me for no reason?

"Apart from work, you are the most important thing to me every day since I have met you," Elliot responded as he glanced into her eyes. Although he was not good at loving someone, the way he communicated his love was direct and didn't beat around the bush.

But his love was too overwhelming, which caused her a lot of pressure and trouble.

"I'm not worth it." Anastasia stroked her long hair as she said. Under the afternoon sunlight, her heated cheeks exuded a charming aura and was seemingly attractive.

He supported his forehead with his palm and admired her as if he were admiring a masterpiece—every scowl and smile of hers, every microexpression of hers, he was taking into his eyes and remembering in his heart.

How could such a woman exist in this world and make me madly fall in love? In the face of loving her, my pride and dignity have become insignificant.

Now that she was under his gaze, Anastasia was a little flustered and covered her face in embarrassment before she begged, "Please don't look at me like this. I can't take it."

Elliot burst out laughing as he teased, "You can't take it? What if I spend the rest of my life staring at you?"

"Who would want to be stared at by you for the rest of their life?" Anastasia retorted, but her eyes were filled with shyness.

"If you don't want me to look at you, then who do you want to be stared at?" he jealously asked and added, "By Alex Hunter?"

Anastasia had no idea where this man's jealousy came from. She had nothing to do with Alex, so how could Elliot feel jealous all the time?

"I don't have anything to do with Mr. Hunter. We're just friends," she explained inexplicably.

"I don't care. In short, I don't want you to get too close to him," Elliot commanded as he squinted his upturned eyes.

Only men understood the mentality of their peers. Even if Anastasia hadn't noticed it lately, he could see through Alex's dirty thoughts about her at a glance.

Anastasia blinked her eyes a few times after she heard him. She could only say that this man was too domineering.

When the food arrived, Elliot had been passionately serving the food to her to make up for what angered her for the past two days. It was also because she had appeared to have lost some weight.

If another man served her food, she would definitely reject it. Why didn't I feel that way when Elliot served me the food? she wondered.

After Anastasia returned to the office, she went to the bathroom and overheard the staff discussing the company's relocation while she was sitting inside the toilet cubicle.

"Oh my goodness! Great, we can now go to work in the Presgrave Corporation where all the high-paid financial tycoons are! That is where the elite gathers," said one of the staff.

Right then, Elliot's words appeared in her mind. "I made this decision just to see you conveniently."

If this was any other woman who learned that Elliot went to such lengths to see her, I guess she would be madly in love with him.

Meanwhile, in Hogland, Hayley was sitting in a high-end hospital's office with a translator standing beside her.

In front of Hayley were the successful cases of plastic surgery in the hospital as well as the plastic surgical projects that they were best at. The doctor in charge asked her to pick one that she desired.

Hayley glanced at these beautiful faces and all of them looked like masterpieces created by God. However, she shook her head and took a photo from her bag, which she handed to the doctor. "I want this face," she declared.

The doctor reached out and took the photo. The woman in the photo had perfect bones and she was a natural beauty. Her face was indeed more perfect than any cosmetic product.

"It doesn't need to be identical; even a fifty percent match will do, but I would like to have her eyes," Hayley demanded.

The translator on the side promptly translated her words. The doctor examined the woman's face before he turned to Hayley and paused for a while before he continued, "The operation is quite risky. We need to work on several aspects of your face. Are you sure you want to do it?"

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"I will do it. No matter how much it will cost." Hayley's eyes flashed with determination. For the sake of beauty; for Elliot; and for the status of Mrs. Presgrave. I would do everything!

Looking at her determination, the doctor nodded and agreed.

Meanwhile, back in the country, Aliona found an excuse to knock on Elliot's office door. She planned on inviting him to dinner tonight since the scandal between them had unfortunately been proven to be inaccurate. Everyone could tell that Elliot only cared about Anastasia at the welcome party.

Therefore, early in the morning, the staff from the Department of Design had spread the news around the company. As a result, everyone stopped discussing the scandals.

"Come in." Elliot's voice sounded from the office.

Aliona pushed open the door and walked over with a bright smile. "Are you busy, Elliot?" she inquired.

"Do you need anything?" he asked as he closed the laptop.

"Are you free to have dinner together tonight? I want to ask you something." She came up with a reason.

"I am not available for dinner. If you have any questions, please ask them now." He declined her request politely.

"Do you have anything important to do tonight, Elliot?" Aliona looked a little aggrieved.

Of course Elliot had important things to do tonight. He'd gone a few days without seeing Jared, so he would accompany Anastasia later today to pick Jared up from school and have dinner at Anastasia's house.

"Yes. I have some important things to do." Elliot nodded.

Aliona could tell that it must have been related to Anastasia. After all, no one could influence Anastasia's weight in Elliot's heart.

"Forget it. It's alright." Aliona was deliberately acting depressed and trying to attract his attention.

"If it's about work, you can ask Director Evans. She will take care of you," Elliot comforted her and glanced at his watch. "Aliona, you may leave now," he added.

Now, it is time to pick up Jared.

Aliona had no choice but to leave the office and she couldn't react even though she was annoyed. When she returned to the office, she noticed Anastasia was carrying her bag and leaving work. Seeing that, Aliona felt a stabbing pain in her heart. Are they going to leave together?

When Anastasia arrived at her car, Elliot was already there. His tall figure was leaning against her small car and he looked even more charming than the male model.

"W-What are you doing standing next to my car?" she asked with a faint smile.

"I am coming with you to pick Jared up," he replied as he arched his eyebrows.

"No, thanks. I can do this by myself." Anastasia instinctively didn't want to trouble him.

"Jared must have missed me. I have to come along." After saying that, he held her wrist and walked toward his car.

"Hey, hey! I am driving, Elliot," she insisted.

"Your car is not safe enough. Take mine." After Elliot settled her in the passenger seat, he quickly got into the car.

Anastasia ended up picking up her son with him just like that.

She enjoyed the scenery along the drive. As she bent her head and glanced at her bracelet, she quickly peeked at Elliot's one. The matching bracelets of theirs looked so intimate that it made her heart race.

Aside from that, the way Elliot held the driving wheel with one hand was such eye candy that caused her heart to race even harder. She had been thinking too much in the past few days; that was why she couldn't look at his face as naturally as she used to.

When they arrived at Jared's kindergarten, Elliot dragged Anastasia to the director's office before she could go to Jared's classroom. It turned out that he wanted to apply to be in the facial recognition record and collect the entry card.

While the young female teacher operated the facial recognition system, she couldn't help but peek at Elliot's stunning face in the camera several times. Oh my, Jared's father is so good-looking!

Throughout the process, Anastasia could only watch how Elliot socialized with the teacher. Before she could even speak, he had already claimed himself to be Jared's father and she couldn't refute him in front of the teacher either.

In fact, Anastasia had previously asked by the teacher about Jared's father's employment. At that time, she had lied that he was abroad. Now, Elliot's appearance had successfully covered up for her lie.

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Elliot came out of the office with the corners of his lips curled up. "If you're not free in the future, I can pick Jared up," he offered.

He is right, Anastasia thought. It was always a good idea to have a person as a backup in case of an emergency. "If that's not too much trouble for you," she responded.

"Whatever things that you think might trouble me are nothing to me," he clarified.

Before they could even arrive at Jared's classroom, they found him sitting on the bench next to the classroom.

Jared spotted her with his sharp eyes and exclaimed, "Mommy!"

Anastasia immediately stood still, waiting for her son to come and hugged her. However, when Jared ran over with an overjoyed expression, she didn't know it was because he saw Elliot with her.

As Anastasia squatted down and anticipated for Jared to leap into her arms, he suddenly went past her and ran toward someone behind her. At that moment, she felt disheartened. When she turned around, she noticed Elliot tightly hugging Jared, who chirped happily, "Mr. Presgrave, you finally came to pick me up!"

Since she felt a little jealous, Anastasia turned her head just to meet Elliot's upturned eyes and his expression was like the cat that earned the cream. At first, she was stunned for a second, but she couldn't help bursting out in laughter thereafter. When did he win over Jared's heart to such a degree? she wondered.

As soon as Jared got in the car, he began bombarding Elliot with questions.

"Mr. Presgrave, were you busy?"

"Mr. Presgrave, why haven't you come to pick me up? I thought you had forgotten me!"

"Mr. Presgrave, are you coming to my house for dinner tonight?"

"Mr. Presgrave, why don't you go to my house for dinner tonight?"

"I miss you so much, and so does Mommy!"

An embarrassed Anastasia wanted to cover Jared's tiny mouth so that he would stop his nonsense.

So, when Elliot's gaze was reflected from the rear-view mirror, she merely glanced at him and diverted her gaze nervously after that.

He naturally went to her house for dinner in the evening, as if their relationship was back to normal after the past few days.

After dinner, Jared couldn't wait to go downstairs and play. While Anastasia cleaned up the table and washed the dishes, Elliot took Jared downstairs to the park for a walk. They felt like a family of three; reassuring and warm.

It was after 8.30PM that Anastasia finished cleaning the dishes. Feeling slightly tired, she sat on the couch and switched on the news. The door swung open at 9.00AM and Jared's laughter could be heard from the entrance.

"Mr. Presgrave, can you teach me that next time? I want to be the same as you," Jared asked as his voice was full of admiration.

"Sure. I'll teach you when you're older," Elliot answered him in a low-pitched voice.

Although it was early winter, Jared's face was flushed as he was perspiring. As soon as he entered the door, Anastasia said, "Go and get your pajamas, Jared. I will bathe you soon."

After Jared heard her, he obediently headed to his room to get the pajamas. Then, she poured a glass of water for Elliot as he must have been tired looking after Jared. "Here. Drink some water," she said.

Elliot didn't take the water. Instead, his large palms gently wrapped around Anastasia's waist and he leaned toward her abruptly. As she held the water in both hands, her beautiful eyes widened. She could feel the atmosphere was getting sensual, and when combined with Elliot's attractive hormonal smell, it was deadly alluring.

"You are being nice to me." He seemed moved.

Anastasia thrust her hand out and passed the water to him as she explained, "Jared is too active, so you must be tired."

Elliot took the water, raised his head and gulped down the glass of water. His sexy Adam's apple moved up and down as he swallowed. It looked so manly and wild that she dared not look at him.

"I will bathe Jared first. Get some rest before you leave," she said politely as she couldn't rush him to head home immediately.

When Jared entered the bathroom, he suddenly said, "I can bathe myself, Mommy. You can leave me here. Mr. Presgrave said that boys should learn to bathe on their own."

Silence greeted the air.

Though it was unexpected from Jared, Anastasia was very pleased that her son desired independence. She then showed him how to turn on the water and adjust the water temperature. As Jared was intelligent, he quickly picked them up.

After that, Anastasia pushed open the door and came out of the bathroom. Elliot was casually sitting on the couch, and his lazy look was still charming. He was fiddling with the TV remote control to search for news that grabbed his attention.

“Jared said he wants to bathe by himself,” Anastasia said to Elliot. Then, she asked, “Do you want some fruit?”

“Yes. Please,” he answered curtly.

Luckily, she had just bought some fresh cherries. Although they were expensive, she still bought them because she loved cherries.

After she washed a plateful of cherries, she placed them in front of Elliot. Since she had nothing else to do, she sat beside him and took a cherry to eat. Just as her red lips were about to bite the cherry, he turned sideways and held the back of her head with one hand before his lips domineeringly approached her to snatch the cherry from her mouth!

He snatched it. With. His. Tongue.

Anastasia couldn’t react; her mind went blank for a moment and her cheeks were heated. When she came back to her senses, he was gracefully chewing the cherry that should have been in her mouth.

“You—” She was so angry that she started to laugh. This man was so repulsive and he had been playing these ambiguous games with her since she had known him.

“It’s sweet. Just like you.” At this point, Elliot still had the heart to praise her.

To prevent the same thing from happening again, she moved to the side bit by bit and finally sat on the chaise lounge one meter away from him.

Now, Elliot had to reach for the cherries himself.

When Jared came out of the shower, Anastasia draped a thick coat on him to keep him warm. Meanwhile, Elliot glanced at the time and rose to his feet. “I should go,” he stated.

“Mr. Presgrave, see you tomorrow.” Jared waved at him.

“See you tomorrow,” Elliot said. Before stepping out of the door, he added, “Rest early.”

That night, Anastasia was still unable to sleep and remained awake until early morning. In the darkness, she gazed at the luster reflected by the diamonds on her bracelet that resembled a bright star in the gloomy night, shining on her heart and bringing her warmth.

Although it was late when she finally fell asleep, she slept peacefully and at ease.

It was freezing cold outside when Anastasia and Jared were out of the apartment early the next morning, making it feel that winter had already arrived. When they were halfway to the kindergarten, it even started to rain. On a busy morning, the whole city seemed crowded.

After dropping her son at the kindergarten, she rushed to the atelier.

When Anastasia arrived, everyone in the company was discussing in excitement the one big thing—the relocation of the Bourgeois Jewelry Atelier, which meant that the atelier had merged with Presgrave Corporation and they were going to work at the headquarters. All of them were pumped as if working in a place that was full of opportunities and elites would change their lives.

However, what they didn't realize was that the atelier's fate had changed because of Anastasia.

If Elliot had not purchased the atelier to be closer to Anastasia, it would have remained a classic domestic brand whereas its marketing approach had now grown to twice its original size and gained momentum to become stronger and more international at the same time.

In fact, whenever any industry under the Presgrave Corporation was in Elliot's hand, there were only successes and no failures.

As for the relocation, the credit belonged to Anastasia since this decision was only made to allow Elliot to see her every day.

Anastasia was also looking forward to the move because she had calculated that the distance between Presgrave Corporation and her son's kindergarten would be reduced by five kilometers.

At 10.00AM, Anastasia was in the office making the final changes to her work for the jewelry show since The Starry Night diamond manuscripts had satisfied her the most.

A knock came on the door as she was staring intently at the manuscripts. Just as she raised her head, a man pushed the door open and entered without her permission.

It was Elliot walking in with a bouquet of bright red roses in his hands.

"You—" Anastasia swiftly stood up in astonishment and looked at him with a bashful look.

He held the flower in front of her and handed it affectionately. "This is for you," he said.

She looked behind him and noticed a few nosy coworkers were outside her door, tilting their heads to peer in. Such an action had made her perplexed as she inquired, "Why did you send me flowers?"

His thin lips curved up as he smiled from his black eyes. "What else? I am pursuing you."

Anastasia took the roses with an amused smile. "Thank you," she said gratefully.

"You can give it away or keep it for yourself. I don't mind it either way." Elliot beamed at her.

She glanced at the roses and asked curiously, "Did you choose this yourself?"

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Elliot nodded and replied, "Yes."

"Then, I won't give it away." Anastasia didn't want to waste his effort in choosing these roses for her. The last time she gave it away, he blew his top.

He pursed his lips after he heard her as happiness flashed across his eyes. Does this mean that Anastasia has finally started to accept my love?

At that moment, Anastasia noticed there were more nosy coworkers gathering outside her door, which was when it dawned on her that Elliot had just strutted through the entire design department with the roses before entering her office. Great. There is no way out of this scandal now.

"Next time, let the flower shop's worker deliver it. You don't have to send it yourself," she reminded him with a grin.

He squinted his upturned eyes and assured, "In the future, any flowers for you will be chosen and delivered by myself."

Anastasia didn't know how to respond to Elliot's voice. At that very moment, her landline rang. She picked up the receiver and answered, "Hello?"

"Anastasia, it's meeting time." Felicia's voice sounded from the other side.

"Okay. I'll be right away." After she hung up the phone, she placed the flower on the table and said to him, "I need to attend a meeting."

Then, he gave her a cheeky smile and said, "We're going together."

As soon as Elliot pushed open the office door, the onlookers immediately dispersed but he was not bothered with them. He gazed at Anastasia and instructed, "You should proceed to the conference room first."

When Anastasia stepped out of her office after Elliot left, a female assistant approached her and asked, "Anastasia, why did President Presgrave send you flowers?"

"What else? It is because President Presgrave is pursuing Anastasia!" someone answered in the background.

"Guys, let us just focus on work," Anastasia insisted with a polite smile as she headed toward the conference room. "? "

However, when she was passing a corner, she suddenly bumped into someone. Her shoulder was hurt by the force and the other person was pushed against the wall. When she raised her head, Aliona squinted at her and her eyes were filled with malice. "Don't you even look while you're walking?" she chided.

In that instant, Anastasia deduced that Elliot's flower show had agitated her.

"Sorry about that," she faintly apologized to Aliona.

However, her smile seemed to add fuel to the fire as Aliona turned around and walked away, looking even more aggravated.

In the conference room, Felicia instructed Anastasia to take her previous seat and the empty seat next to Anastasia was reserved for Elliot.

At this moment, Aliona had just entered the conference room and as she walked to her seat, a female designer tried to intentionally flame the fire. "Anastasia, President Presgrave personally bought you such a big bouquet of roses. You are so lucky!" she stated purposefully.

Another designer concurred, "Of course. Anastasia is President Presgrave's true love!"

Anastasia was not happy to hear that as she lifted her head and glanced at the two female designers, warning them silently with her gaze. Immediately, the two designers stopped making waves and exchanged a timid smile.

“I have received your design manuscripts. From now on, we will spare no effort in preparing the jewelry show.”

Finally, the meeting had started.

“What should we do if plagiarism happens, Felicia?” Alice asked suddenly.

Felicia’s expression became serious. “Let me reiterate. In our industry, plagiarism is a serious matter. When plagiarism occurs, it first damages the individual’s reputation, and more importantly, it brings dishonor to the company. Furthermore, it results in significant losses for the company, hence our company strictly prohibits plagiarism.”

Alice curved her lips with a satisfied look after hearing Felicia’s statement. “I agree. If such behavior is found, this person must leave the atelier,” she concurred.

After speaking, Alice glanced at Anastasia wittingly with a smug expression.

At this moment, the conference room’s door was pushed open. Elliot entered and sat beside Anastasia.

At first, Anastasia was calm with Elliot’s appearance, but she noticed that both of their arms were on the table and their couple bracelets were on display.

She blushed and quickly hid her arm under the table , but fortunately no one had noticed this.

When Felicia was talking about the current prospects of the international market, Anastasia’s cell phone rang suddenly. She glanced at the phone and noticed it was an unknown number. She bent down to hide her head under the table to answer in a low tone, “Who is this?”

Chapter 339

“Hello, is this Jared’s mother? Your son has been injured in a fight at school. Can you come over now?” An anxious female voice sounded at the other end.

Anastasia sprang up in terror. “What? My son is injured?” she asked in a panicky tone.

At this moment, Elliot’s chair scraped the floor as he also rose to his feet. His gorgeous face was visibly tense as he stared at Anastasia anxiously, who was still on the phone.

In the next second, he grabbed her wrist and stormed out of the conference room while she was still listening to the teacher on the phone.

For a few seconds, the conference room fell silent as everyone was taken aback by the scene.

It is Anastasia’s son that is injured. Why would President Presgrave get so anxious as if he were the child’s father?

Could it be that the father of Anastasia’s son is President Presgrave?

At that moment, Aliona’s expression turned upset as if someone had slapped her on her face.

Anastasia seemed to deliberately and repeatedly display Elliot's love for her in front of Aliona to the point where he was even concerned about Anastasia's son.

"Cough. Let's continue with the meeting." Felicia made an awkward cough before she reminded the crowd.

As she sat in the car, Anastasia was nervous and worried. The teacher didn't clearly explain the situation on the phone. She only mentioned that another child was also injured as a result of a fight besides her son.

She placed her hand on the forehead and sighed. How could my son possibly fight?

On the driver's seat was Elliot driving with a menacing expression. He stepped on the accelerator hard and dashed across the street.

Anastasia's thoughts were focused on her son, so she didn't think the speed was deathly fast, but she was appreciative of what Elliot was doing for her as she could feel his concern for her son.

At this moment, her cell phone rang. She took the phone out and noticed it was an unknown number, but she picked it up hastily. "Hello?" she answered.

"You are Jared's mother, aren't you? Is this how you educate your child? Your son has harmed my son! Just you wait to be prosecuted and I will make sure that your son is forced out of school." A sharp and arrogant female voice sounded from the phone.

Anastasia scowled. Obviously, the woman was the mother of another injured child.

"Hi there. I'm still on the way, but I will inquire about the incident once I have arrived," Anastasia replied politely.

"Hmph! What do you need to know? Just quickly come over to apologize and process the withdrawal application for your son!" After saying that, the woman hung up the phone.

Anastasia's worries intensified. Did my son throw the first punch?

Elliot had also heard the arrogant female voice through the phone, so he turned his head and comforted her, "Don't worry, Jared will not be kicked out of school." Not while I am here.

"I want to understand the situation before we jump to a conclusion. I believe that Jared will not take the initiative to hit people," she said with a sigh.

He parked his car at the kindergarten's main gate when they arrived. At once, she dashed out of the car and strode toward the school while she was closely followed by him.

As they walked into the kindergarten, a teacher led her to the school's assistant room, where the principal was gently coaxing a woman. It seemed that the shrill female voice belonged to the woman who was fashionably dressed and wearing an excessive amount of jewels.

At first glance, they could tell that she was from a background that held a high status and power in society.

"Mommy!" Anastasia noticed her son was being punished by sitting on the chair when she recognized a familiar voice.

Immediately, she dashed over to Jared and hugged him firmly. "Jared, look at me. Where are you hurt?" she promptly asked.

Jared pointed to his forehead where there was a noticeable bruise.

A concerned Elliot squatted down and looked at Jared before asking calmly, "Who caused this bruise, Jared?"

Jared pointed at a chubby child standing next to the teacher. "It was him who whacked me," he responded.

"Who threw the first punch, Jared?" Anastasia asked.

"He was the one who first bullied Tracey, and he beat me when I tried to protect her. I only shoved him after he made the first move," he explained as his eyes flashed with indignation.

She realized that his son was fighting righteously, but while she stroked Jared's head and tried to comfort him, a shrill female voice sounded behind them.

Chapter 340

"You're this kid's mother, aren't you? Get over here and settle this problem; sign the withdrawal application." The woman raised her voice as she approached Anastasia aggressively, without giving her a chance to refute.

"Why should my son withdraw from school? It's your son who bullied others!" Anastasia stood up and retorted coldly.

The mother had learned about Anastasia's background from the teacher before Anastasia's arrival. As Anastasia had no political background and no social standing, the mother looked down on her as she was only an office worker.

"What? How dare you talk to me like that! I can get your son out of the way right now, believe it or not," said the mother with a smug face. "Your son is nosy and he injured my son. You can only leave once you have compensated us," she commanded.

"I trust Jared; he will not hit others for no reason." After saying that, Anastasia walked straight to Principal Miller. "I want to find out the whole truth, Principal Miller. I believe the school is under surveillance and I would like to see the CCTV footage of the incident."

"We're already dealing with this, Miss Tillman. Please be patient. When there is a result, I will notify you. Please send Jared home first." The headmistress who was in her early forties comforted Anastasia as it was evident that she was unwilling to aggravate the situation.

The mother sneered behind Anastasia after she heard the principal. "Did you hear that? Go back and wait for the result. At the same time, the medical bills will also be sent to you," she scoffed.

"You must expel Jared from school, Mom. I hate him and I don't want to see him anymore." The young boy who bullied Jared crossed his arms and exuded arrogance. It wasn't a surprise that his character was as haughty as the mother's.

Jared, who was standing beside Elliot, immediately had a darkened expression and raised his chin to refute, "I hate you too, and I don't want to see you either."

The chubby boy grimaced at Jared and growled, "Just wait! My dad will definitely make you a dropout."

Seeing that, Anastasia blinked her eyes as she was lost for words. At this moment, a low-pitched male voice sounded beside Jared. "You will not be expelled from school, Jared. Not while I am here."

Subsequently, Jared felt a sudden boost of confidence from Elliot's supportive statements. With that, he glared at the chubby kid and declared, "I won't be expelled from school."

At that moment, Anastasia glanced righteously at the principal and she reiterated, "Principal Miller, I have the right to know what happened. Even if Jared is expelled, I deserve an explanation and to be treated fairly. If my son hits his classmate first, I will apologize and proceed with the compensation. If it were the other way around, I would expect the same in return." Clearly, she was not stepping away.

At this point, the principal frowned with a strange expression. "Can we talk privately, Miss Tillman?" Principal Miller asked.

After the woman saw the principal's reaction, she arched her eyebrow with a smug face and provoked, "So what if my son hit yours? Your son will still be expelled."

Anastasia glared at her before walking toward Principal Tillman for the private conversation.

Principal Miller raised her head to look at Anastasia and she said solemnly, "Miss Tillman, please accept my apologies on behalf of the school regarding this incident. You may not know, but this lady's

husband is one of the shareholders of our company. It will be unwise to go against them. Here is the deal. I'll give you a full refund for the school fee. Simply apologize to her and transfer your child to a different school."

Anastasia knew in her heart that this woman must have the means to support her haughty attitude, but she didn't expect her husband to be a shareholder in the school.

When Principal Miller noticed Anastasia remained silent, she continued, "It's not the first time something like this has happened. Last time, the previous parent submitted the withdrawal application and left. Even if Jared stays here, I'm afraid they won't let him go. I am doing this for Jared's sake."

Right then, a chubby man rushed through the door and exclaimed, "Where's my son?"

"Honey, over here!" As soon as the woman noticed her husband had arrived, her smug grin became even more apparent. With her husband's presence, the principal won't dare to go against them.

In the meantime, Principal Miller was still waiting for Anastasia's response as she doesn't want to complicate the matters any further.

When Anastasia looked at the family, the woman smirked back at her with a contemptuous look. "Can our school set some threshold in the future, Principal Miller? Don't just let anyone's child in; or else these inferior people will impede my child's development," said the woman to the principal.