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The more Anastasia felt like she physically desired him, the more she felt anxiety rushing up in her chest. How could I be interested in Hayley's man? Anastasia couldn't push him away, so she had no choice but to wriggle her way out of his grip. He panted slightly as he held her arms up above her head. He was rather frustrated by her resistance. "Don't you like this, Anastasia?"

"What should I like about it? Would you like to get kissed forcefully?" Anastasia pushed him off of her angrily. "Stop touching me. I'll call the police if you do it again."

Elliot narrowed his eyes. I clearly felt her body embracing my touch earlier. I'm sure she has feelings for me. However, Anastasia had a distinct, threatening look in her eyes. "Where's the guest room? I'd like to nap for a while more," she told him.

"You can sleep in the master bedroom," he replied.

"I don't want to sleep on your bed," she said in a disdainful tone. Elliot was annoyed at her seemingly endless requests. "There are guest rooms on the third floor. You can pick one for yourself."

After that, Anastasia took her bag and her phone up to the third floor, where she chose a guest room and locked the door before lying down on the bed. For some reason, she couldn't stop thinking about what had happened earlier. Am I secretly a masochist? Do I actually want him to do things to me? She patted herself on her head to stop herself from overthinking. She decided that she would leave the house first thing in the morning.

Anastasia set an alarm clock for 7.30AM, and she rubbed her half-opened eyes while getting out of bed when the sun came up. After washing her face with some water, she brought her bag down. She didn't want to trouble Elliot anymore, so she decided to leave on her own.

When she stepped out of the villa, she was too dumbfounded to move for a moment. The residence was located on top of a hill, and it was nearly a 4-mile-walk for her to reach the foot of the hill. She would have to walk for one hour! Right when she decided to start her long trip down the hill, she heard the metal doors opening behind her, and a black car slowly made its way out of the house. Since when did he wake up? Anastasia was stunned when Elliot rolled the window

down. "Get in," he uttered without looking at her.

Anastasia didn't want to get in the car when she sensed the icy, arrogant aura he gave off. However, when she thought about the one-hour walk down the hill, she bit her lip and forced herself to get in the car. His car sped down the hill, and she felt as if her heart were about to leap out of her chest. Does he think he's steering a plane?

When they got to the main road at the bottom of the hill, Anastasia tried to stop the man. "You can drop me here, President Presgrave." However, the man didn't stop driving-he continued on the road that led them to her house. She could tell that he intended to send her home, so she had no choice but to remain in the car.

When they got to her housing area, she thanked him politely before getting out of the car and walking toward the entrance of her residential unit. She had just gotten to her front door when she bumped into her father and son, walking hand-in-hand. Jared was neatly dressed in his school uniform, and the young kid was pleased to see her home. "You're back, Mommy!"

Francis noticed how sleepy she looked. "You can stay home and get some rest. I'll send Jared to school," he offered.

"Okay. Sorry for troubling you, Dad." Anastasia patted her son on his head. "Be good at school, okay?"

"I'm always good, Mommy." Jared nodded thoughtfully before he held onto his grandfather's hand and skipped his way to the elevator. Jared was happy to spend time with his grandfather as it wasn't something he could do every day. After Anastasia got home, she felt all the tension leaving her body. She flung herself onto the couch before texting Felicia to ask for the first half of her day off. She decided that she would get some rest before going into the office in the afternoon.

It was 11.00AM when a phone call woke her up from her nap. "Hello?" she replied in a muffled voice.

"Are you not feeling well, Anastasia?" Nigel asked worriedly.

"I'm fine."

"Why aren't you at the office, then?" he asked.

"I took half a day off, so I'm at home now. Is anything the matter?" she asked.

"I'll talk to you in the afternoon then. You should get some rest. I have a mystery gift waiting for est you," he uttered in a mysterious tone. After she ended the call, she checked to see that it was

nearing 11.30AM. So, she hurried off to take a shower before cooking herself some instant noodles for lunch.

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Anastasia arrived at the office at 2.00PM. She saw her trophy on the shelf when she walked past the hall of her department. For some reason, she still felt like the trophy didn't belong to her. Did Elliot pull some strings to get me this? He's the only one who knows the truth, and I can't do anything if he doesn't want to admit to anything.

A while after she arrived in the office, someone came over and asked for her. A few staff members of some high-end company that tailor-made evening gowns for their clients were there to see her. They had prepared three different dresses for Anastasia to try on. So, this is the mystery gift that Nigel was talking about earlier, huh? She didn't know what to feel about it.

It was true that Anastasia didn't have the right formal outfit for such dinner parties, so she decided to accept Nigel's offer. She picked a classy-looking gray gown made of silk. It didn't look too flashy nor too simple-it fit what she was looking for. "Hello. Can I know the price of this dress?" she asked one of the staff members.

"Oh! It was not too expensive. It costs about 10,000," the person replied. She narrowed her eyes when she heard the answer. Is it really that cheap? This silk looks really expensive!

After the staff members left her office, the three of them let out a long sigh as they got into the elevator. This lady's boyfriend loves her so much! He forced us to say that this dress is worth 10,000 when it's actually worth 1 million. Is he afraid that she wouldn't accept his gift otherwise?

Soon enough, Anastasia received a call from Nigel to check if she had taken the evening gown. "Thank you for preparing this outfit for me, Nigel. That was really thoughtful of you," she uttered.

"It's no worries at all. This is my grandmother's dinner party, so I hope that you enjoy it as well. Also, I'm looking for a place in the building opposite your office. My new office will be located there if everything goes as planned," he uttered. Anastasia immediately got up to stare out of her window. There was a new

building that had only been completed a while ago. "You can do whatever you want since you're rich," she replied in a playful tone.

"Okay. I'll see you at dinner tomorrow night. I can't wait to see how stunning you look in your dress." Nigel sounded like he was busy with other things. "Okay! You go on with your work, then!" Anastasia didn't want to bother him, and she was busy with her own duties as well.

Meanwhile, Nigel stepped out of the building opposite Anastasia's office after he ended the call. He took a look at his wristwatch before he realized that there was one more thing he had yet to do.

He immediately hurried over to the most high-end mall in the city center. This was the only mall that sold all of the international jewelry brands, and he wanted to pick a diamond ring that fitted his taste. He was going to use it for his proposal.

Elliot arrived at Presgrave Group for work that morning. He stood in front of his large window, dressed in a simple white shirt and straight-fitting slacks. His aura fit his role as the leader of a company. Right then, Daniel knocked on the door before greeting Elliot politely. "I've arranged your dinner with the president of Benson Corporation," Daniel said.

"Okay!" Elliot nodded. Then, Daniel lowered his gaze for a while. He didn't dare to look Elliot in the eye after what he had done with Hayley that night. Although Daniel hadn't done it voluntarily, he still felt bad when he thought about Hayley and Elliot's relationship.

Elliot glanced at his wristwatch. He had intended to pay a visit to the Bourgeois Jewelry Atelier, but he didn't have any time left as he had a client to meet in 30 minutes. Since when did I start thinking about this woman? I used to only think about work. Nowadays, I'm even thinking of her adorable son. For some reason, Elliot felt happy just thinking about how he would see her at his grandmother's dinner the next day.

Later that night, Anastasia had a good sleep with Jared in her arms. She knew that Jared enjoyed being with his grandfather, so she figured that she would get Francis to stay with Jared for another night during the charity dinner she had the next day.

The charity dinner was hosted on a Friday in a seven-star hotel in the city center. Many important people from various industries had been invited, and many of them felt honored to receive an invitation. That afternoon, Anastasia was still busy working on her drafts in the office. She had already informed her dad that she would need him to care for Jared that night.

She had just gotten into work when her landline began to ring. "Hello?" She picked the call up.

"Do you need me to pick you up for the dinner party?" A man's deep voice came from the other end.

She rejected him without thinking twice. "No, thanks."

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"Do you have a car?" Elliot asked.

"I'll call a cab," she replied.

"The roads will be closed, so cabs won't be able to get in," he explained. She frowned before answering in a firm tone, "That's fine. I'll just walk over to the hotel."

"I've never seen a woman as stubborn as you," he uttered in a grumpy tone.

"Well, you've met me now. I'll end the call now. I'm busy." She ended the call right after finishing her sentence. She was probably the only one who dared to speak to the president in such a tone. Even those in Presgrave Group wouldn't dare to speak to him in such an impolite manner.

Meanwhile, the man wore a dark look on his face after Anastasia hung up his call. I really don't know what to do with this woman. It's hard for me to gain control over her, but that only makes me more interested in achieving this. It's like I'm challenging myself to conquer someone who can't be conquered.

Anastasia got off work 30 minutes earlier, and she brought her evening gown home before pulling her makeup pouch out. She decided to put on some makeup since she hadn't used her skills in a while.

At the same time, someone else was also getting ready for the dinner party. The more Hayley thought about Harriet looking down on her, the more Hayley was filled with resentment. This drove Hayley to attend the dinner party tonight. She couldn't just go up to Elliot, so she had to pretend that she had just shown up at the event somehow.

After thinking about it for a while more, she came up with a proper plan. At 7.30PM, she would pretend that she needed to see Elliot for an emergency. That would explain why she ended up at the dinner party. She had picked out a dress and put on makeup for the night, so all she had to do now was wait.

The sun had just started going down when Anastasia got ready to leave her house. Someone rang her doorbell just before she headed out. She was shocked as she wasn't expecting anyone at that hour. The moment she opened the door, she saw a bouquet of roses covering a man's face. The very next second, the man moved the roses away to show his bright, handsome smile.

"What are you doing here, Nigel?" She stared at him in shock.

"I'm here to pick you up for the dinner party, of course. I can't let my beautiful woman go to the party in a cab, can I?" he replied.

"How did you know I was going to get a cab?" Anastasia gave him a sheepish smile.

"You love saving money, so I don't think you'd hire a private car for the night, would you?" Nigel knew her well. I guess I can save on my cab fees since he's here to pick me up, she thought. "Why did you bring flowers?" She was a little more taken aback by the way he had presented her with the roses.

"I feel like giving you flowers every time I see you," he replied.

"Mr. Nigel!" Jared ran out when he heard Nigel's voice. Nigel handed the flowers over to Jared.

"Here, Jared. Bring these flowers in. I'll bring your mommy out for a dinner party now."

Jared happily carried the flowers back into the house while Anastasia shut the door and left with Nigel. While they were in the elevator, Nigel couldn't help but glance at her outfit. She looked especially elegant in her gray silk dress. It brought out her curves and enhanced her figure, making her look extremely stunning.

"It fits you really well," Nigel exclaimed. He was the one who hand-picked all three of the outfits, and he had a feeling that she would choose the ash gray one.

"I bet this dress costs more than 10,000, right? Don't lie to me!" Anastasia knew that the staff member had lied to her earlier, and she was certain that it was Nigel's instructions.

"The price of the dress doesn't matter as long as it looks good on you," he replied. As he stepped out of the elevator, he casually slipped his hand into hers.

"Tonight's an important night, so we shouldn't be late."

Anastasia didn't know what to do after he held her hand, so she simply allowed him to lead her out of her residential area. His flashy sports car was parked at the entrance of her residential area, and both of them stepped out of the building looking like they were a prince and princess prepared for a party. Many passersby glanced in their direction as they walked.

However, at that very moment, a black Rolls-Royce Phantom appeared from the other side of the road. The man inside the black car happened to see the man and woman walking out while holding hands.

Nigel held the door open for Anastasia, and she got in the passenger's seat elegantly. Then, Nigel walked around the front of the car to get in the driver's seat.

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Nigel shifted his gaze to the road after he got in the car. At that moment, he caught sight of a black car in his rearview mirror. The car was quite some distance away, but he could tell that it was his cousin's car. I'm glad I got here before him, Nigel thought. I want Elliot to witness my relationship with Anastasia so that he'll know he doesn't have a chance. Tonight, I'm going to use my actions to show Elliot that Anastasia belongs to me.

The sports car sped down the road while the man in the black car glared into the distance with a dark look in his eyes. No one could tell what was going on in his mind. Elliot felt a surge of anger bubbling in him as he thought about how the woman had rejected him so firmly. It turns out it was because she had already told someone else to pick her up, he thought.

Anastasia didn't notice that someone else had come over to pick her up as she was distracted by other thoughts in her mind. Is Hayley going to be there? If she's going to be there, then I don't think I'll stay for long. Since Elliot and Hayley used to have a thing, perhaps Old Madam Presgrave might prefer Hayley to be Elliot's wife.

She didn't know why she was troubling herself with all these pointless thoughts. While they were on the way to the dinner, Nigel told her his ideas about his office design, and he got some of her opinions. When she heard that it cost Nigel more than 50,000 to rent his office each month, she was utterly speechless! I hate rich people!

"Can you try saving up some of your dad's money?" she asked in a concerned tone. He immediately burst into laughter. "I'm only spending so much because I know I have the ability to earn it back! Don't worry about me, Anastasia!"

"I can't even earn your one month's worth of rent in one year," she replied. Then,

she thought about the 1 million that she had won. She still felt rather uneasy about taking the money.

"You can always ask me if you need any money," Nigel told her in a sincere tone.

"I don't need money. I have enough to spend on myself," she replied with a smile.

She could always adjust her lifestyle to fit her monthly income.

Finally, they arrived at the hotel for the charity dinner. The hotel belonged to the Mansons, and it looked extremely luxurious and exclusive. That was when

Anastasia understood how rich Nigel truly was. When he got out of the car, he

bumped into his father's assistant. "Your dad is asking you to greet the guests,

Young Master Nigel!" the assistant said.

"Okay. I'll go say hello to them. Can you bring this lady over to the hall?" Nigel asked the assistant.

"Sure. Please follow me, Miss," the assistant replied.

"I'll come over to you in a while, Anastasia. You can go up to have some food first," Nigel said. "Okay!" She nodded. About ten minutes later, a tall, lanky man

walked into the hotel with a confident and elegant stride. He looked especially respectable in his formal black suit.

"You're here, Young Master Elliot. Please come in." The hotel manager jogged over to greet him. "Go on with your duties! You don't have to worry about me."

Elliot waved the manager off before he walked over to the elevator.

The hall looked like it could fit about 500 people. I'm really getting exposed to a whole new world today, Anastasia thought. There are people from all kinds of industries. The Presgrave Family sure is powerful!

Anastasia held a glass of red wine in her hand. She felt rather self-conscious since she didn't match the standards of the other guests there, and she had just been

looking around her when she nearly bumped into someone behind her. "Ah!" She cried before stumbling backward and looking up. What's he doing here? The

person she had bumped into was Elliot!

"Apologize." He shot her an icy glare.

"I'm sorry," she uttered hastily. She could feel an icy aura coming from him as he walked past her, and she bit her lip as she thought, What's up with him tonight?

Is he trying to act like he doesn't know me? Fine. There's no need for me to pretend to be close to him now I don't want any unnecessary troubles.

Right then, two girls let out a loud cry from beside her. "Hey, that's Young Master Elliot! He's so handsome!" one said.

"I know, right? He's every girl's ideal type, after all." another girl said. Anastasia blinked confusedly. Is Elliot that attractive? Everyone's ideal type, huh? Little do

they know that Elliot's actually made up of ice.

Anastasia was starting to get hungry, so she walked over to help herself to some of the buffet dishes. All of the food looked good, and Anastasia filled her plate with a bunch of her favorite dishes as she continued thinking about the party. I bet Old Madam Presgrave is going to be busy tonight since she has so many guests to greet. I have to see her before I leave.

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So, until I get to meet Old Madam Presgrave, I'll take my time to eat up all the food here. I can spend as much time as I want since Dad is taking care of Jared, Anastasia thought.

There was another sports car outside the hotel-it was Hayley's ride to the event. She had put effort into her outfit, and she had come up with a good idea of what to do. She strutted over to the main lobby. There was a checkpoint where staff members were to check for the guests' invitation cards at the entrance, but Hayley walked in without stopping by. A female security guard hastily stepped forward with a smile. "Please show me your invitation card, Miss. Thank you."

Hayley instantly raised her eyebrow before speaking in a haughty tone. "Do I need an invitation? My boyfriend didn't tell me anything about that!"

"Who's your boyfriend?" the security asked.

"My boyfriend's Elliot, the young master of the Presgrave Family," she replied in a firm and loud tone. Suddenly, the hotel manager, who had been standing beside the security guard, hurried over. "Hello, Miss. I'm the hotel manager. Are you President Presgrave's girlfriend?"

"Yeah! My name's Hayley. Isn't Old Madam Presgrave's dinner party happening tonight? I'm sorry. I didn't know I needed any invitation cards. Can you just let me enter?" she uttered in an innocent tone.

Right then, Daniel, who had already come to an earlier agreement with Hayley, put on a worried expression as he hurried over to Elliot, who was chit-chatting with a few seniors. "Miss Seymour is here, President Presgrave. She's being stopped at the main lobby."

Elliot knitted his brows together while holding onto his glass of wine. "What's she

doing here? Did you tell her to come?"

"Yeah! I mentioned the party when I delivered some of her daily necessities to her yesterday, President Presgrave. Did I say something wrong?" Daniel replied. Elliot couldn't say that his grandmother hadn't invited Hayley. However, since Daniel had already brought up the party, Elliot had no choice but to bring Hayley in.

"I want you to go down and bring her up," Elliot ordered. Daniel quickly put on a flustered expression. "I'm sorry, President Presgrave."

Elliot only gave him a side-eye without saying much. Daniel might have been a little too much of a busybody this time, so Elliot had no choice but to ask Hayley to come up. Daniel hurried over to the main lobby before approaching the hotel manager, who had been talking to Hayley. "Excuse me. Miss Seymour is one of President Presgrave's VIP guests. This was a mistake on the company's end-we missed out on her invitation card!"

The hotel manager knew that Daniel was Elliot's assistant, so the hotel manager quickly turned to Hayley with an apologetic look on his face. "I'm sorry for the mistake, Miss Seymour. Please come in."

Hayley put on a haughty expression as she gave the female security guard a disdainful glare. "Is this how you guys do your job? You totally ruined my mood." Then, she allowed Daniel to lead

her into the elevator. Daniel felt cold sweat forming on his forehead once they made it there.

Hayley loved it when people provided her with special treatment, so she gave Daniel a satisfied look. "That was quite good. Elliot didn't say much, did he?"

"President Presgrave was a little shocked, but he didn't say much," Daniel replied.

Hayley let out a scoff as she thought, It's just as I had expected. It was Old Madam Presgrave, not Elliot, who didn't want to invite me.

After this event, Hayley developed a sense of hatred toward Harriet as she felt hurt by Harriet's actions. Anastasia's going to be here tonight, so I have to seize this opportunity to show her how sweet I am with Elliot. Also, from tonight onward, I want everyone to know that I'm Elliot's girlfriend. I bet that will piss the old woman off.

Daniel brought Hayley over to Elliot. Many of the guests there were extremely wealthy people with high statuses, yet Elliot still seemed to stand out in the crowd. It seemed like the people around him were just props and backdrops that served to enhance his presence.

His aura was too strong for others to steal his spotlight away-it was almost as if the light followed him wherever he went. Hayley felt herself going head over

heels as she stared at him longingly. She admired him, and she wished she could have him all to herself.

"I'm sorry, Elliot. Should I have stayed home instead?" She gazed at him with an innocent and flustered look on her face. He curled his lips into a smile. "The HR department missed out on your invitation card. It's fine. My grandma's the one hosting this charity dinner, so you should just enjoy yourself tonight!"