

## My Baby's Daddy Chapter 366

### Chapter 366 Requesting for a Long Holiday

Therefore, even if Old Madam Presgrave had threatened to crash the stock market in order to save her grandson, it was completely understandable.

Due to such immense pressure, the police force could only do their best to save the young Elliot. After all, it was their responsibility to do so.

If it weren't for the continuous pressure from their superiors, would Anastasia's mother still be alive? Would Anastasia be able to spend her childhood with a mother without having to lose someone she loved dearly?

It had been a long time since Anastasia missed her mother so much, and her mother had been an imaginary figure as far as she could remember. She didn't even have a single memory of her mother, for she had only been one year and eight months old back then.

Back then, Anastasia wasn't aware of anything yet. There were only photos of her mother looking at her tenderly, and that triggered Anastasia's emotions as tears started rolling down her face. She felt heartbroken.

She didn't resent anyone, but she didn't want to see anyone from the Presgrave Family either, including Elliot.

She thought the only thing she could do was to cut her ties with the Presgrave Family and never involve herself in their affairs anymore. Only then could she return justice to her mother.

Just then, there was a knock on the door, and she could guess who it was.

However, she didn't want to get up, let alone open the door.

"Anastasia... It's me. Can you open the door?" It was Elliot's voice.

The knocks on the door stopped for a while, but they quickly resumed. It seemed that Elliot was determined to see her, or else he wouldn't leave.

After wiping off her tears and composing herself, Anastasia washed up and walked toward the door.

Her gaze wasn't fixed on Elliot, who was standing outside. Instead, she uttered indifferently, "You should go. I don't want to see you."

Hearing that, Elliot was flustered. He didn't know what Riley had told her, but it was definitely something that hurt her deeply.

"Why don't you want to see me?" Elliot inquired hoarsely.

Anastasia's eyes instantly turned red as she looked up at him, saying, "I just don't want to see you. Don't come and find me, and don't try to contact us again. You and your family better stay away from mine."

"Anastasia..." Just as Elliot wanted to say something, what came in response was a shut door.

As he stood outside, Elliot was perplexed. Anastasia's words were like needles piercing his heart, making him struggle to breathe.

He could sense the hint of resentment in her eyes. What on earth had Riley told her?

Why did he make her hate the Presgrave Family?

In reality, that wasn't the case. Anastasia didn't hate the Presgrave Family; she just couldn't accept what the Presgraves did back then to save Elliot.

If the Presgraves hadn't done that, would her mother still be alive today?

While closing her eyes, Anastasia realized that Elliot would have been dead at the age of six if her mother were still alive today.

As that thought came into mind, she felt a pain in her chest that suffocated her.

Anastasia was greedy, for she wanted Elliot and her mother to both be alive.

In a while, she was going to bring her son home, draw lines with the Presgrave Family, and live a happy life with her son without the involvement of the Presgraves.

Nigel could hear the determination in her voice through the phone, so he sent Jared back to her house before dinnertime.

"Mommy!" Jared hopped down from the car and ran toward Anastasia.

She carried her son and turned to Nigel, who was getting off the car just then. She said, "Thank you for taking care of Jared."

"It's my responsibility. Are you alright?" Nigel inquired with concern.

"I'm fine."

“Why is your ear hurt, Mommy?” Jared’s sharp eyes immediately noticed the injury on her ear and cried out loud.

“I just got a minor scratch. Don’t worry,” Anastasia reassured her son with a smile.

However, Nigel knew what she had been through. His gaze was laced with concern as he looked at her. “No matter what, Elliot and I will do our best to help you.”

“Thanks. You should go now!” After saying that, Anastasia held her son’s hand and went home.

On the way back to their house, they saw two people who looked rather familiar. “Mommy, aren’t they Mr. Presgrave’s bodyguards?”

In response, Anastasia denied while saying, “No. They aren’t.”

Though Elliot had already left, his two subordinates were guarding downstairs while Anastasia brought Jared back home.

She wanted to apply for an extended holiday and not return to the office for the time being.

If they did not approve her request, she would simply resign.

## **My Baby’s Daddy Chapter 367**

### **Chapter 367 Can’t Come Over for Lunch**

The next morning, Anastasia applied for time off for her son and called Felicia. When Felicia heard that she was going to take three months off, she was shocked.

“Did you tell President Presgrave about this?” Deep down, Felicia felt that it wasn’t in her power to approve Anastasia’s leave.

“You can discuss it with him, but if he doesn’t agree, I will resign from the job.”

“Okay. I’ll ask him,” answered Felicia.

Ten minutes later, Felicia returned the call. “President Presgrave has approved your request and will offer you three months of paid leave, but I’m going to miss you so much.”

“Thanks.” Anastasia thought she would miss Felicia a lot too.

“Let’s keep in touch!”

“Sure. Thanks for taking care of me all this while, Felicia,” said Anastasia thankfully.

“Don’t say that. I’m aware that the reason President Presgrave acquired QR Group isn’t that he sees the growth potential in us; he only did it because of you. Without you, Bourgeois wouldn’t have been so lucky.” Felicia had seen through everything.

Anastasia’s heart twitched at that, so she asked Felicia, “Do you know who negotiated with the client I went to visit yesterday?”

It was because her kidnapper seemed to expect her to be there, and it felt like she had stepped into a trap.

Felicia didn’t know about the kidnapping incident, so she didn’t think much about it as she answered, “Aliona was the one who negotiated with the client. She was supposed to go and meet them, but the client specified that they wanted to see you, so I sent you there instead.”

Aliona?

Is she anyhow related to the kidnapping case? Anastasia furrowed her brows and fell into deep thought.

She couldn’t figure out if Aliona was related to Riley or the client, but why was the client assigned to Aliona first and passed on to her eventually?

“Thanks, Felicia. Let’s meet again soon.”

“Sure!” Felicia replied with a smile.

After hanging up the phone, Anastasia glanced at the time. It was time to prepare lunch for her son.

However, there was nothing in the fridge, so she turned to Jared. “Jared, come grocery shopping with me.”

“Okay!” Jared exclaimed in excitement.

With that, Anastasia grabbed a parka and put it on him. The weather outside was already at 50 degrees Fahrenheit, so she had to make sure that he wouldn’t catch a cold.

After going downstairs, Anastasia noticed that the bodyguards from yesterday were still standing in the same spot. When she left, they followed her.

Anastasia allowed them to follow her as she and Jared entered a supermarket to get some groceries.

While Anastasia was picking some vegetables, she heard her son's excited voice. "Mr. Presgrave!"

As soon as she raised her head, she saw Elliot in a black trench coat walking toward her among the crowd. His tall and straight figure moved in an imposing manner. He crouched down and picked Jared up as the little boy rushed toward him.

Instantly, Anastasia's mind turned chaotic. She had thought it through for the past two days and made up her mind to stop seeing him.

At this moment, however, he messed up all her plans.

"Mommy, you should buy extra ingredients! Mr. Presgrave will be coming over for lunch!" exclaimed Jared.

Anastasia felt as if there was something stuck in her throat, but she quickly retorted, "He's busy. He can't come over for lunch."

"Mr. Presgrave, are you really not coming over for lunch?" Jared asked Elliot.

Elliot looked at Anastasia, who was picking the vegetables, and asked tentatively, "Are you going to cook for me too?"

"Nope!" Anastasia uttered without raising her head. She was holding two bags of vegetables as if comparing them both, but in reality, she couldn't even focus.

Her attention wasn't on the vegetables at all.

However, her indifferent reply hit Elliot the hard way. With a sullen face, he turned to Jared and said, "Your mom is right. I'm busy, so I can't come over to have lunch with you."

"I really want you to come, though!" Jared pouted.

"I really want to come too!" Elliot offered a helpless chuckle.

Sadly, someone didn't want him there.

At that moment, Anastasia's eyes turned red, so she shifted to another area to pick other ingredients. At the same time, she looked far away, intending to stop her tears from flowing.

Elliot had sharp senses and realized that Anastasia was crying, so he quickly uttered behind her back, "I'll bring Jared home."

Anastasia didn't respond. When she turned around, she saw his tall figure carrying her son out of the supermarket.

## **My Baby's Daddy Chapter 368**

### Chapter 368 Why Are You So Cold?

Anastasia took a long time to compose her feelings. She ended up buying a lot of groceries so that she could stay home with her son for a few days without having to leave the house.

As she carried a huge bag of groceries out the door, one of the bodyguards came up to her and inquired politely, "Miss Tillman, do you need help with that?"

"No, thanks." Anastasia offered a grateful smile. She didn't have to treat them indifferently, after all.

After struggling to carry her groceries to the lobby of the housing block, she called Elliot and asked him to bring Jared home.

"Hello?" When the call connected, she could hear his deep and raspy voice.

"I'm beside the lift. Bring Jared over!" said Anastasia.

"Can we talk?" There was a hint of a plea in his voice.

"I don't want to," replied Anastasia as she rejected him.

"No matter what my uncle said to you, one thing that will never change is my love for you. You're important to me, Anastasia." Elliot's voice was hoarse.

"That's enough, now give me back my son," Anastasia ordered before hanging up the phone.

If she were to continue the conversation, the decision she had made with much difficulty might collapse.

There was no longer any possibility between them.

At least, they would never be together in this lifetime.

Soon, Elliot held Jared's hand as they made a turn at the small avenue surrounded by trees. The two looked identical as if they were father and son.

"Mr. Presgrave, can't you leave after having a meal with us?" Jared whined.

He sounded as if he had asked this question many times before.

Elliot raised his head and looked at Anastasia pleadingly; it was as if he was silently asking if he could come over to her house to have lunch.

Anastasia looked at her son subconsciously to avoid his gaze. Her tone sounded a little harsh as she uttered, "Jared, don't be rude. Mr. Presgrave is a busy man, so let's not disturb him."

Just as Elliot wanted to open his mouth, Anastasia's glare left him stunned—it was a cold and warning gaze.

Since he was left with no choice, Elliot heaved a sigh and crouched down to fix Jared's collar while coaxing him tenderly, "Your mommy's right. I'm too busy right now, so I can't come over for lunch. Let's do it next time!"

"When will that be?" Jared quickly asked.

"When I'm not busy."

"When will you not be busy?" Jared's childish voice felt like a bullet hitting his chest.

"I..." When Elliot looked up tentatively at Anastasia, she wore an expressionless face, so he could only turn to Jared and say, "I might be busy for a long time."

"Alright. It's time to go home! Mr. Presgrave has to leave." While holding her son's hand, Anastasia struggled with the heavy grocery bag.

Just then, an arm stretched out to take her grocery bag. "I'll carry it up for you."

"It's fine," Anastasia insisted stubbornly.

Elliot, on the other hand, was adamant about helping her carry it up. "I'm not that busy until I don't have time to take you upstairs," he muttered bitterly, not caring if she was willing to let him help.

This time, Anastasia couldn't be bothered to argue with him since she knew that she wouldn't win. She felt as if something was stuck in her throat, making it difficult for her to talk.

In the elevator, Anastasia had her head hung low. Thankfully, it only took a few seconds to reach her floor. After opening the door to her house, she uttered to Jared, "Go inside."

Since he was unwilling to give up, Jared asked one more time, "Mommy, can't we let Mr. Presgrave come in for a while?"

Hearing that, Anastasia scolded strictly, "I've already told you, Jared. Mr. Presgrave is busy. Why can't you listen to me?"

Jared sensed that his mother was upset and reluctantly entered the house. Just as Anastasia was about to enter the house after taking back the grocery bag, Elliot turned to Jared and informed him, "Jared, I need to talk to your mom for a second."

With that, he shut the door. All of a sudden, his stance changed.

His gaze was burning as he looked at Anastasia.

"Why are you treating me so coldly?" Elliot questioned in a raspy voice. He found it unfair to be ignored.

They had announced their relationship to the public as a happy couple just two days ago, but now, he felt like she had dumped him and brutally pushed him away.

## **My Baby's Daddy Chapter 369**

### **Chapter 369 Not Good Enough for Him**

Throughout his entire life, Elliot had never been treated this way.

A surge of complicated feelings crept up Anastasia's heart as she suddenly declared, "Let's not meet again, Elliot. Let's forget everything that happened before! From now on, we will be strangers."

The word 'strangers' hit him right in the heart.

"Why should we be strangers? I want to marry you and make you my wife. I'll give you and Jared a complete family," Elliot retorted through gritted teeth. His words were unquestionable.

"Do you want to know what Riley told me? I'll tell you now. In order to save you back then, your grandmother called to threaten the mayor, saying that if they didn't save her grandson, she would cause a nationwide stock market crash and create a financial disaster," explained Anastasia, her eyes turning red at the same time.

She bit her lips and continued, "That was why the mayor requested the police force to save you no matter what, even if that meant taking the life of his officers. Just like that, I lost my mother."

Tears rolled down her cheeks as she spoke. However, she didn't wipe them off and glared at Elliot in resentment instead. "My mother wouldn't have died if she did not go there to save you back then. Because of you, I lost her."



As he watched her cry, Elliot felt like there was a fire burning in his heart. It was also his first time hearing that his grandmother had threatened the mayor to do such a thing.

In order to save him, his grandmother had made such a harsh decision. That explained why his grandmother was so determined to make Anastasia her daughter-in-law, for she must have lived in regret for her whole life.

"I'm sorry." Watching her tears flow, Elliot could only feel sorry for her. He had no right to say anything else, even though he desperately wanted to wrap her in his arms and wipe away her tears.

However, he had lost the right to do so.

After taking a deep breath, Anastasia looked up. Her tears had stopped, and her voice sounded calm now. "I don't want to see you or your family ever again. Let's not contact each other anymore."

All of a sudden, an unbridgeable gully formed between them. No amount of money or feelings could fill it up. Perhaps, it would never be able to disappear in this lifetime.

"I'd like to apologize to you and your family on behalf of mine." Elliot looked at her, his eyes full of hurt.

As she turned away, Anastasia wiped away her tears and retorted, "It's fine. Just go!"

As if trying to test the waters, Elliot uttered, "If you hate to see me, I promise to never appear in front of your eyes again."

Anastasia accepted his test and gave him a firm reply, saying, "You'd better keep your promise."

Her words hit him like a bullet once again.

"Take care, Anastasia." The look in Elliot's eyes currently resembled a severely injured animal that was suffering.

Just like that, Elliot left as she wished.

However, Anastasia felt like she had suddenly lost all of her strength. Crouching on the ground, she let her tears fall on the ground silently. Her heart was aching so bad that she couldn't breathe.

After staying outside for a while, she entered the house. She quickly pretended to be in a good mood when she saw her son sitting quietly in front of the TV.

"Jared, shall I make fried chicken wings for you today?"

“Okay! Has Mr. Presgrave left?”

“Yup. He’s left.” After saying that, Anastasia entered the kitchen and started cooking. While chopping the ingredients, she accidentally cut her finger since her mind was distracted.

Fortunately, she was quick to realize this and only caused a scratch. Shaking her head, she freshened herself up so that she could take care of Jared.

The next morning, Anastasia received a call from her dad saying that he would be coming over to see Jared and have dinner with them.

When Francis arrived, he brought a lot of toys for Jared. After all, he adored his grandson very much.

As he sat on the sofa, Francis smiled in contentment. “Jared is finally going to have a complete family.”

Anastasia, who was wiping the table, suddenly halted her actions. After she raised her head, she turned to Francis and said, “Dad, I broke up with Elliot.”

“What? Why did you break up with him?” Francis couldn’t help feeling shocked.

“We’re not meant for each other, and I’m not good enough for him.” Anastasia made up a random excuse.

Unconvinced, Francis questioned, “What do you mean you’re not good enough for him? Does he look down on you because you have a child?”

## **My Baby’s Daddy Chapter 370**

### **Chapter 370 Meeting at the Police Station**

Anastasia quickly explained, “No, Dad. It has nothing to do with him. He adores Jared, but I don’t like him anymore.”

Somehow, she felt bad for Elliot when her father scolded him.

Francis was once again surprised. “Why do you not like him anymore?”

As she raised her head to look at her father, she wondered how her father felt about losing his wife and being forced to live on with his only daughter.

“Dad, have you ever hated the Presgraves?”

After pondering for a few seconds, he responded, "What's the use of hating them? Your mother was responsible for saving them back then, after all."

"Do you think it would've been possible for Mom to live if she hadn't been so devoted to her job?" Anastasia inquired as she sat beside Francis.

"Why do you ask? Did you break up with Young Master Elliot because you can't accept the fact that your mother sacrificed to save him?" Francis was now looking at her with a heartbroken expression.

"Yes." Anastasia nodded.

"However, I know your mother. If a child was going to be killed in front of her, she would've definitely gone out of her way to save him."

"Is it possible that she rescued him under pressure? He was the only heir of the Presgrave Family, after all." Anastasia looked at her father, knowing that he must not have been aware that Old Madam Presgrave had threatened the mayor.

"The situation was very chaotic and critical at that time. The kidnapper grabbed Young Master Elliot by the neck and was about to cut his head off. Who would have the heart to see such a tragedy happen? Your mother was the closest to him, so she knocked the killer down with all her might before pulling Young Master Elliot into her arms. The kidnapper then stabbed her like a madman. Later on, the others rescued Young Master Elliot while the kidnapper was shot dead on the spot. Sadly, your mother passed away."

Anastasia closed her eyes and imagined the scene before her. She began to cry because she was so heartbroken.

"Alright. If you can't accept it, let's cut ties with the Presgraves. As long as it doesn't make you sad," Francis comforted her. He could understand her feelings.

After dinner, Francis offered, "Why don't you work at my company? I should teach you how to manage the company now."

"Are you sure you want to hand the company to me, Dad?" Anastasia looked at him. After all, he had another daughter as well.

"I can only count on you. Do you think I can put my hopes on Erica?" Francis sighed. "She has been spoiled and pampered since young, so she only knows how to spend money lavishly. At least there is some hope if I pass the company to you. I just hope you don't treat your sister badly in the future."

All of a sudden, Anastasia felt burdened. She nodded and answered, "Okay. After I send Jared to school tomorrow, I'll come by the office."

She added, "I also have one more thing to tell you; I've found the main culprit behind Mom's death already. He's Riley Presgrave, Elliot's uncle."

"What? Are you sure?"

"He was the main culprit behind Elliot's kidnapping case, and Elliot will re-investigate his charges. If they require your cooperation in the future, please cooperate with them so that we can arrest this murderer and bring Mom justice as soon as possible."

"Okay, I will give my full cooperation if needed." Of course, Francis wouldn't let the murderer go.

After sending her father off, Anastasia's phone rang. When she glanced at the name on the screen, she quivered slightly.

It was Elliot.

After taking a deep breath, Anastasia picked up the phone. "Hello?"

"The police will summon you tomorrow to make a statement. Does Jared have a place to go?"

"I'll be sending him to school," Anastasia replied.

"Okay, do you need me to accompany you tomorrow?"

"No. I'll be fine," Anastasia refused and hung up.

After sending her son to school early the next morning, Anastasia rushed to the police station with Grace to make a statement.

They explained the whole process of the kidnapping incident. Anastasia's subsequent experiences were also recorded, but she did not mention what Riley had told her.

When they came out of the police station, they bumped into Elliot.

Anastasia was aware of when he had arrived, as well as why he was waiting there.

"Hello, President Presgrave," Grace greeted in surprise.

"You should head back to the company first, Grace!" Anastasia said to Grace.

"Sure. I'll be taking my leave, then." Grace didn't want to interrupt the little couple.