

My Baby's Daddy Chapter 459

"I can shut up, but does shutting up change anything? Does Elliot really not care that you gave birth to a b*stard child? There is not one man, especially someone with a status like Elliot's, who likes raising someone else's child." Hayley snickered.

Not wanting to hear her speaking for a second longer, Anastasia hissed, "Are you done talking? If you are, you'd do best to leave."

Unfazed by Anastasia's anger, Hayley continued spewing venomous words. "I pity your son. He will never know who his father is, and even worse, he will never know how he was brought to this world."

Anastasia's fists were already clenched, and she had to hold her anger back as she growled, "Don't make me hurt you on this fake face of yours."

Hayley was about to take a step back when she heard the door to the private room Elliot was in making a noise, as though it was being opened. Her quick thinking made her raise her hands to push Anastasia, making Anastasia shove her out of reflex.

"Ah!" Hayley immediately let out a pained howl as she sat on the floor, complaining. "Anastasia!" She wiped away her tears as she mumbled, "How could you hit me? What did I do wrong?"

Anastasia was caught off guard at first, but when she turned her head and saw Elliot coming out of the room, she immediately understood what Hayley was up to.

Seeing Hayley covering one side of her face as she stayed seated on the floor, Anastasia squatted down to her height, and in a cold voice, she threatened, "Since you are accusing me of hitting you, it wouldn't make sense if I don't really give you a slap, right?"

Before Hayley could even react, Anastasia raised her hand in the air, and swung it on the uncovered side of Hayley's face.

Smack!

Five finger marks could be seen on Hayley's face, that was heavily coated in make-up, the next second.

"Anastasia Tillman! You—" Hayley was so infuriated her gaze was murderous. She couldn't believe that Anastasia would lay hands on her.

Hayley couldn't bother with the pain in her cheek when she saw Elliot walking toward them. All she did the next moment was cry out with a wronged expression on her face. "She pushed and hit me, Elliot! You have to side with me!"

Elliot walked over and stood beside Anastasia as his cold eyes glanced at the teary-eyed Hayley. The next second, he was holding and checking Anastasia's hand with his head lowered.

"Let someone else do the dirty work if you are going to hit someone next time. It will dirty your hands," he said in a caring voice.

Hayley could feel a knife being driven through her heart upon hearing that. Not only did Elliot not pity her, he was more concerned about Anastasia's hand being dirty.

This was what truly insulted her.

Anastasia, too, was surprised by Elliot's words. What Hayley had said earlier still felt like a thorn in Anastasia's wound, but the man's tenderness now was more real than anything else.

"Let's go and get your hand cleaned up." Elliot held Anastasia's hand and started walking away. He didn't spare another glance at Hayley, who still remained on the floor.

All that show Hayley had put on was for naught.

After Anastasia and Elliot had disappeared into a corner, Hayley immediately got back up, the embarrassment on her face becoming more evident.

She knew that it wouldn't hurt the man one bit even if she were to die in front of him.

Everything that she was doing was only her digging another deeper hole for her to fall into.

After Anastasia was done washing her hands in the washroom, she saw Elliot waiting for her as soon as she went back outside.

She let out a small laugh and huffed. "What a stress reliever."

"Don't bother yourself with her," Elliot reminded. "That kind of woman doesn't deserve your time of the day."

Anastasia nodded in response. "I know. Let's go home! It is time to pick up Jared."

Elliot then held her hand and started walking in the direction of the elevator. His group of bodyguards were already waiting and ready to leave with them both.

Now that it was almost Christmas, the view outside was beautifully decorated with the colors of Christmas. It went on along the whole way they drove.

Elliot's warm hand was wrapped around Anastasia's cold one the entire journey.

By the time they were back to the Presgrave Residence, Jared had fallen asleep out of exhaustion, whereas Harriet was still wide awake. She hushed the couple when they came in. "He just fell asleep."

"It is alright. I'll carry him to the car," Anastasia smiled. Her sleepy son would stay asleep if he wanted to even if she were to move him.

"Let me do it." Elliot swiftly took a step forward and picked Jared up in his arms. The young boy dazedly opened his eyes to look, and he soon closed his eyes again when it was a familiar face that was carrying him.

"Be careful on the road," Harriet reminded them before they left.

Anastasia then spoke, her voice slightly apologetic. "Please take a rest, Grandma. Jared will only disturb you if he were here."