

My Baby's Daddy Chapter 101

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"What do you mean? Last night you cupped my face and kissed me, so shouldn't you have watched yourself too?" Elliot asked in a hoarse voice because Anastasia had taken quite the initiative last night.

Anastasia blushed as she struggled to explain. "Last night... I-I wasn't myself. I don't remember anything from last night."

The man snorted. "Oh, really? Shall I help you remember?"

"No-" Before she could finish, the man had already made the decision for her. His thin lips began to tackle her red lips forcefully. Instantly, her mind went blank. If this man wanted to kiss her, he should just say so instead of coming up with so many excuses.

However, for some reason, every time this man kissed her, she would panic and resist at first, but she would soon lose all sense as the man kept going. As her face and ears went a deep red, she could almost taste the happiness of a kiss.

No... She absolutely refused to admit that kissing him was even a tad enjoyable. Finally, save for the kiss, she had also felt a sense of danger from the man.

Anastasia began to panic, for if she allowed Elliot to go on, the consequences would be unthinkable.

"Mm..." Anastasia reached up and hit his back but found that his back was so hard that her own fists hurt.

Elliot broke the kiss, but he didn't get up to release her. Instead, he admired the woman with messy hair in his arms, for she looked like an alluring fairy. However, when he remembered how that jerk had treated her in a similar way, he felt the urge to kill rising within his heart.

Out of nowhere, Anastasia felt pain in her scalp, and she realized that strands of her hair were stuck on a button of the man's shirt. The man realized it as well, so he lowered his head and gazed at her with a cunning look. "Undo it yourself."

Anastasia's scalp was getting numb from the pain. Soon, she proceeded to pull at her hair, but the strands wouldn't budge. In the end, she would have to undo the button.

Hence, she could only blush as she undid the third button of the shirt. In an instant, her sight was filled with the man's firm, honey-colored chest. She hastily averted her gaze, refusing to look.

"Are you satisfied with my figure?" the man asked in a teasing manner.

"No." Anastasia provoked him on purpose as she humphed.

"Which part of it do you not like?" The man was still on top of her, and his eyes narrowed as he continued asking.

Anastasia's breathing paused for a while, for this topic wasn't quite family-friendly. She gritted her teeth and said, "All of them. Get off me."

Suddenly, Elliot pressed against her, letting her feel his pride. He asked again in his hoarse voice, "Are you sure?"

Anastasia was going crazy at this rate. She reached out and pushed him forcefully before he finally allowed her freedom. He sat up, a suggestive tint still lingering on his handsome face.

"All right, we should get back to the company." Anastasia let her hair loose, recovering her aura of a professional woman.

The man behind her took his phone and followed her out. Downstairs, Nigel had already left with a broken heart. Elliot drove Anastasia back to the company.

Along the way, Anastasia didn't offer to chat, but she made a mental note to never let this man into her house again instead.

"The results of the jewelry competition will be out tomorrow. Are you excited?" Elliot turned around to ask her.

Anastasia was excited, of course. She wanted to win the huge cash prize, but she wasn't quite willing to tell him.

"What can I say? My rivals are all very talented, so I may not be able to win."

"Have more confidence in yourself and just anticipate it," the man said meaningfully.

Anastasia didn't think too much about it. At that moment, she just wanted to get back to the company as soon as possible.

Just then, Elliot's car phone rang, and the display indicated that the caller was Hayley. Anastasia frowned, somewhat furious when she remembered what the man had done to her just now.

"Elliot, I'm warning you. I hate Hayley, and I hate it more when you touch me."

Anastasia turned her head, having no regard for the fact that he was her boss.

Elliot frowned a little, but he didn't pick up the phone.

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Anastasia suddenly reached out and pressed the touch screen, answering the call for him. Elliot turned to look at her, but she simply glared back with glee.

"Hello Elliot, I'm at the company now. Why aren't you here yet?" Hayley's cutesy voice rang out.

"I'm on my way," Elliot answered in a low voice.

"All right, I'll be waiting!"

"Sure."

"You haven't forgotten your gift for me, right? It's your fault for not accompanying me last night," said Hayley in a spoiled manner.

Anastasia listened without any expressions while Elliot glanced at her, then told Hayley, "We'll talk when I get back to the company."

With that, he hung up. Anastasia noticed how fast he had ended the call, so she suddenly sneered. "Is there anything I shouldn't be hearing?"

"We are just normal friends," Elliot explained in a low voice. Ever since he found Hayley, he had maintained a certain distance between them because he simply wanted to compensate her. Other than that, he had no other thoughts of her. Anastasia's gaze went cold, disgust apparent in her eyes. "Don't touch me ever again."

Panic flitted across Elliot's eyes. "Anastasia, I can't change what happened in the past."

"Everything Hayley touched is dirty to me." This time, Anastasia said it loud and clear in person.

After her claim, Elliot's expression fell. On the way back to the company, Anastasia ignored Elliot, and the latter's expression was also terrible. From the way it seemed, her words had probably struck a nerve.

The car had just pulled up at the underground car park when Anastasia opened the door and left right away. Elliot followed behind her, and when the elevator was about to close on him, Anastasia didn't hold the door open for him. She didn't want to be on the same ride as him, but the man's slender arms still reached her. Sensing an object in the way, the elevator doors opened again, allowing Elliot to enter. There was a pressuring aura about him, as if he were a sharp, brandished blade.

Anastasia crossed her arms and leaned against the wall. She could see Elliot's complex and deep gaze in the mirror, sharp as a crouching beast in the forest. His fiery eyes were trained on her.

Finally, the elevator door opened. Anastasia walked past him in order to leave, but the man held her waist and spoke in her ear through gritted teeth. "No

matter how dirty I am, you mustn't despise me."

Anastasia broke free from his grasp and left the elevator, snorting inside. I'll still despise you, anyway. So what?

When Elliot returned to his office, Hayley was already sitting on the couch waiting for him. She had dressed up meticulously for the occasion, and she was indeed prettier than she used to be. Everything she wore was branded, and she had spent a lot of effort on her makeup as well.

Regardless, Elliot could care less. A woman who could attract him would do better than look pretty on the surface; she must also possess an innate charm that reached the depths of his heart.

"You're here, Elliot." Love and admiration spilled forth from Hayley's gaze as she got up to welcome him.

Elliot nodded, then made a call to Rey through the internal phone system. "Bring the present."

The disappointment was evident in Hayley's eyes. Why? Why didn't he go in person to choose the present for me? Why did he ask the assistant to do the work for him?

Soon, Rey walked in with a set of jewelry before handing it to Hayley. "Miss Seymour, is this to your liking?"

Hayley opened the box to see a three-piece set, and the design and diamonds were absolutely stunning. In the end, she pursed her lips and smiled. "I love it, thank you."

Hayley looked back to see Elliot lost in thought, completely overlooking her existence.

"Elliot, I made reservations at a restaurant tonight. Let's have dinner together!"

Hayley took the initiative to invite the man, but he raised an eyebrow and declined. "Hayley, I have an appointment at night. I can't cancel it."

"But I really want to have a meal with you," Hayley begged with a pleading look in her eyes.

"I have to meet a very important client tonight, so I can't cancel. We'll do it next time, all right?" Even though the words sounded normal, when Elliot spoke them, his voice would carry an undeniable power with it.

None would dare to defy his wishes.

Hayley bit her red lip, but she could only nod pitifully. "If you say so."