

My Baby's Daddy Chapter 517

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After carefully examining the will handed to him by Anastasia, Mr. Brown said with a stern expression. "On the surface, there doesn't seem to be any problems with the will. However, we would need your father to confirm its validity."

Anastasia knew that her father was the only one who knew the real content of the will, as even her father's lawyer had taken Naomi's side.

Presgrave Hospital.

Afraid that Anastasia had suffered grievances, Elliot, who was waiting for Anastasia's return, immediately dragged her into a quiet lounge the moment he saw her. "Tell me, did they give you a hard time?" he asked with his gaze on her.

Anastasia calmly filled Elliot in regarding the content of her father's will.

Elliot narrowed his eyes, his gaze chilly. "Are you just going to let your father's company fall into that woman's hand? Should I start making some moves myself?"

However, Anastasia shook her head. "I know how to deal with them. I'll make sure that they pay the price they fully deserve." Her eyes tinged with sorrow before she changed the topic. "How's my father?"

"His vitals are still stable so far."

Immediately, the grief in her eyes turned into hatred. "One is my father's wife, and the other his daughter. They actually did something this despicable just so they could have my father's company. I assumed they knew my father was going to let me inherit the company, so they decided to do something like this to him. If only I knew this would happen, I would've refused to go help out at the company back then. At the very least, my father would still be safe."

"Do not take their faults as your own. You are innocent in this," Elliot assured her. Looking at her exhausted pale face, he immediately wrapped his arms around her. "Rest for a little while in my arms."

Anastasia leaned against his chest. "Have you sent Jared back?"

"Yeah. He was very willing to go to the Presgrave Residence."

"I'm glad to hear that." Anastasia felt grateful that the Presgrave Family had given her son a place to live.

2:00 PM in the afternoon. Naomi and her daughter arrived at the lobby of Presgrave Hospital. This time, they were being led by one of the nurses to the hospital ward after going through the proper registration process. "As expected, this place is something else," Naomi muttered as her eyes wandered the spacious and upscale interior of the hospital, which looked just like a luxurious hotel.

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"Mom, that man's in there." Erica looked through the window at Francis who was in the ICU. Furthermore, she no longer addressed him as her father. It was clear that any filial piety she had for her father was long gone.

"How about taking a rest inside here for now? We will consult the doctors first before making the arrangements for you two to enter the ward later," the nurse explained.

"Alright." They then entered the lounge room.

On the way out, the nurse intentionally left the door slightly open. Just as Naomi and Erica were about to sit down and have their cup of tea, they heard a female voice coming from outside their room. "Dr. Jones, since my father just had a checkup this morning, can you explain to me in detail regarding my father's condition?"

Noticing the female voice belonged to Anastasia, the mother-daughter pair made eye contact with one another before they quietly went closer to the door to eavesdrop on the conversation.

"Miss Tillman, we have good news for you. We've just introduced the most advanced international brain scanner and medicine in our hospital. We'll be able to effectively treat your father's condition for him to regain consciousness as soon as possible now."

"Really? That's great news! Does that mean there's a possibility that my dad will wake up?"

"Very much so. If there aren't any problems, he may even regain consciousness by next week," the doctor said confidently.

"Thank you very much, Dr. Jones. You really are the global leading neurology specialist."

“Hehe. You are just too kind, Miss Tillman. Since Mr. Tillman is Young Master Elliot’s future father-in-law, how can we not put our utmost effort into treating him? We will definitely do everything we can to save your father.”

“Thank you, Dr. Jones. However, can I ask you for a favor? Later, two of my family members will be visiting my father. Can you please refrain from telling them the news about my father regaining consciousness?”

“Why?” Dr. Jones was puzzled.

“Regardless, please do me a favor, as this is my family matter.”

“Alright. I’ll do as you say.”

The two of them continued their conversation while gradually walking away from the room. Behind the slightly opened door, the mother-daughter pair were looking at each other in disbelief, as they could not believe the possibility of Francis waking up. Not to mention, he would wake up next week at the earliest.

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“Mom, what should we do now?” Erica asked sullenly.

“Don’t panic. Let me think about what we can do.” Naomi was equally anxious. Should Francis wake up to find the contents of his will having been replaced, he would most definitely be furious and might divorce Naomi and kick the mother-daughter pair out of the house.

In one of the corners of the corridor outside, Anastasia was looking at the lounge room with calculative eyes. Just as she planned, the mother-daughter pair had listened in on the play she had with Dr. Jones. As she knew Naomi’s greatest fear was her father regaining consciousness, she was fully anticipating what Naomi would do next. If all went according to her expectations, Naomi would go frantic in trying to prevent Francis from regaining consciousness.

Pacing around restlessly in the room, Naomi wondered if Anastasia was lying to her. But this is the Presgrave Hospital! She heard that the doctor treating Francis right now was a global leading neurology specialist. Adding to that, the hospital had gathered countless skilled doctors. Thus, she couldn’t discount the possibility that Francis would wake up. However, she couldn’t understand why Anastasia had

told the doctor to refrain from telling her about this. Was it to prevent me from doing something? How dare that girl try to hide this from me? she thought. Then, the nurse came back in and invited them to visit Francis. Sitting by the bed, Naomi noticed that Francis was slowly regaining the colors in his face and the mysteriously high-end looking machines, as though they were a source of life that could wake Francis at any moment, on him. Glancing at these machines, Naomi had the immediate thought of taking them off Francis to settle this matter quickly. Regardless, they left the ward as soon as the visitation hours were over. When they left the ward, they ran into Anastasia, who feigned surprise. "You're here."

"How is your father?" Naomi asked deliberately.

"It's not looking good. The doctor told me the chances of him waking up are miniscule." Anastasia told them the truth.

"Don't you lie to us. Will my dad be waking up or not?" Erica asked with slight anger.

Anastasia's eyes flickered slightly as she deliberately leaked hints of emotions in her eyes. "Why would I lie to you? My dad will not be waking up anytime soon." Naomi thought that Anastasia was lying to her so that the latter could use Francis to deal with her after he regained consciousness. Hence, Anastasia told her that her husband would not be waking up anytime soon just so she would let her guard down. Hmph! I won't fall for that, she thought. "Then take good care of your father. We'll come and visit him tomorrow. There's something back in the office that requires my presence right now." Saying that, Naomi left in a hurry with Erica in tow.

Looking at the backs of the mother-daughter pair gradually vanishing in sight, Anastasia knew they had taken the bait. She then took her phone out and dialed Rey's number. "Rey, please arrange some men for the next phase of the plan." "Don't worry, Miss Tillman! We'll keep a close eye on Naomi and Erica the entire time."

Anastasia knew Naomi would definitely find a way to deal with her father regaining consciousness, yet she hadn't the slightest idea on what Naomi would do specifically to harm her father once more. Right now, all Anastasia had to do was wait for the moment Naomi would strike, and catch her right in the act.

As soon as Naomi and Erica entered their car, they called Alex and told him everything they heard in the hospital, including the fact Anastasia had lied to them.

"Are you sure that President Tillman will wake up?" Alex asked cautiously.

"We're not sure. However, we overheard the conversation between Anastasia and that doctor and heard Anastasia asking the doctor not to tell us the truth! You should know that the doctor-in charge is the world's leading expert in neurology!" Erica said in anger,

"Don't make any moves for now. I'm afraid Anastasia might be planning some sort of trap for us here." Alex was planning to be cautious until the end.

Left without any choice, Naomi could only listen to Alex, and stopped thinking up methods to deal with Francis.

Nevertheless, Anastasia had expected this development. Even if Naomi was on guard, the fact that her father would wake up any moment now was like a ticking bomb in their head, as they would

feel a sense of danger at all times. It would be like a nightmare haunting them at their every waking moment.

Just as Anastasia expected, the seeds of fear had slowly taken their roots in Naomi's heart, as she could not eat nor sleep well after she had returned home, fearing she would wake up to hear the news that her husband had regained consciousness.

That night, Naomi woke up from her sleep in a cold sweat. She then sat up and looked at the pillow beside her. As the fear in her gradually poisoned her mind, even the sound of a car passing by was enough to cause her to tense up.

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After such a night, Naomi immediately went to the hospital and overheard two nurses discussing Francis' condition as they passed her by.

"I heard Dr. Jones saying that Mr. Tillman's medicine has started to take effect and that it's very effective."

"Really? That's good news to hear."

Naomi started to panic, as she began to believe the possibility of Francis waking up since even the nurses were talking about it. Sitting by Francis' bedside, she started to feel unease as she stared at his sleeping face.

On the other side of the window, Anastasia stood silently while intently watching Naomi's chilling gaze of hatred. She was waiting for the moment of Naomi's breakdown, the moment Naomi took action due to the fear inside her.

Just like the day before, Naomi left once more. As she walked along the corridors of Presgrave Hospital, her eyes wandered around the high-tech hospital that looked as if it could raise a man from his death. Upon leaving the hospital, she came to a conclusion that she couldn't let that man wake up, as she couldn't lose the shares she and her daughter had gotten. He must die, she thought, with viciousness in her eyes. With everything that I've done, what difference would it make, doing one more cruel deed?

Naomi planned to hide what she was about to do from her daughter and Alex, as she feared her daughter would crumble under the pressure and that Alex would stop her since he did not understand the fear she was experiencing. Therefore, she decided to do this alone.

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If Francis died in Presgrave Hospital, Naomi could even pin his death on Anastasia and sue the hospital for a huge amount of compensation. All in all, to Naomi, there were only profits to be made should Francis die in Presgrave Hospital.

With this thinking in mind, Naomi made a call to the unscrupulous owner whom she had gotten the previous pills from. She had already planned the method of how she would administer the drug, as she noticed that Francis' arm was hooked up to some tube for his medication. By discreetly injecting the tube with the lethal drug, Francis would surely die unwittingly. At that time, the hospital would have to take full responsibility for his death.

As for the surveillance camera in the ward, Naomi surmised that it would be enough as long as she had her back to the camera while using her clothes as a cover while she was injecting the drug into the tube. Naomi, who was immersed

in her planning, was completely unaware that every movement of her wicked plan was being monitored, as a black car followed behind her when she

entered the unscrupulous store.

Anastasia received a call from the bodyguard she placed on Naomi saying that Naomi had entered a drugstore and left after spending 10 minutes there.

Furthermore, the bodyguard noted that Naomi looked tense when she left the store in a hurry.

Looks like she took the bait, Anastasia thought. She had expected Naomi to be impatient, as Naomi needed to make sure her plans so far were ironclad due to the huge benefits she was going to obtain. Naomi needed to make sure her husband would no longer wake up in this life so that

she could be the president of Tillman Constructions, which was worth billions.

With all these in mind, Anastasia expected Naomi would make her move on the next day.

In the evening, in a certain restaurant, Elliot brought Jared to meet Arthur and Richard for dinner. Due to the sudden cancellation of the engagement, Elliot was sorry for leaving his friends behind and putting them on hold.

"It's fine. We'll still be there as promised the next time you get engaged." Richard laughed lightly.

Then, Arthur steered the conversation to the recent events. "I may need to stay here for a few more days since I still haven't found the thing that I lost!"

Richard turned his attention toward Arthur and noticed the chain he usually had around his neck was missing. Slightly surprised, he asked, "Don't tell me you lost your heirloom treasure?!"

Arthur sighed depressingly. "It is just like you said."

"Where did you lose it? Is there any hope of finding it? Do you need my help?"

Elliot asked with concern while he handed small slices of his steak onto Jared's plate.

"There's no need for you to help. I've already gotten a clue that it was a female thief who took it."

"A thief that could steal something of yours? Don't tell me you have fallen prey at those kinds of places?" When Richard recalled how often Arthur would patronize those kinds of places, his tone turned slightly harsh.

