

N Destiny 571

Chapter 571

“Do you know that I was conscious for about ten seconds that night? And how much it pains me to hear what you've said to Erica?” Francis asked.

Naomi's face blanched at the revelation as she drew a sharp breath in horror. He woke up?

“I'm so sorry, Francis. I was wrong. Please give me another chance. Help me out and I'll do anything as you say to repay you for the rest of my life.” She was willing to do anything just to leave this appalling place.

He shook his head. “I'm not here to get you out. You should atone for your sins.” “Francis, I'm sorry! I was wrong...” She began wailing from the bottom of her lungs. Still, Francis was not to be moved as he continued and questioned, “And what

about Erica's true identity? I bet you had used Anastasia's blood to replace hers in order to deceive me. You've used me to bring up your daughter for over 20 years

and yet, this is how you treat my daughter? You're heartless, Naomi.”

“To Erica, you've always been her father. She's a good daughter and she loves you.” Naomi tried to put in good words for her daughter.

“If she truly loved me, she wouldn't have joined hands with you to conspire against me by changing my last will and taking away my company. And for sure, she wouldn't have murdered someone just to hide the truth of her identity!”

“Erica is still young, that's why. She doesn't know anything. Save her, please! She's your daughter!” pleaded Naomi. “Anastasia will deal with you and Erica as she has the right to do so. Everything will

be done according to her call and I won't interfere in this matter,” Francis uttered, driving the last nail into her coffin. As the realization of her last strand of hope vanishing dawned upon her, her eyes

widened in total fear. "What? You're going to let her handle everything? N-No. Francis, she hates me to death; she'll kill us! I'm begging you. Please save us!"

"If you had treated her nicely, she wouldn't have taken things this far. It's your karma." A visit at death's door had cleared the haze in his mind. He had made up his mind to spend the rest of his lifetime with his biological daughter in peace; the others did not bother him in the slightest anymore.

After saying what he intended to say, Francis rose to his feet.

"Francis. Francis! Don't go! Please, save me!" The desperate woman banged her head onto the transparent barrier continuously in an attempt to make him stay.

Still, he tuned out the noise and left without turning his head.

Meanwhile, Naomi, who was held by the officers, did not feel a smidgen of pain despite the bleeding. Instead, the unprecedented despair was swallowing her little by little inside out.

The jewelry showcase commenced as scheduled at 2.00PM on Friday and it was expected to end at 9.00PM.

Since Anastasia's jewelry would be displayed in the afternoon, she and Felicia promised to meet up together. They seated themselves at the front row, which was the best spot to watch the show.

Underneath Anastasia's long coat was a black dress that hugged her figure well. In spite of the unobtrusive color, she exerted

elegance that could readily captivate others with one single movement.

The ceremony opening was then followed up by the runway where the models began to take the center stage and present the jewelries, which were imbued with exotic styles from worldwide. Akin to other audiences, Anastasia was having the time of her life while discussing the features of the design with Felicia at times.

Finally, Anastasia's work 'Gloryio' was mentioned alongside her name when the host was introducing the next design. Her heart palpitated and before long, she saw that very necklace worn around the

model's neck. The model's enticing collarbone complemented the jewelry well by drawing all eyes onto the item as it glittered under the illuminating lights.

As soon as the model took the limelight, the crowd plunged into a silent commotion with murmuring voices echoing against the walls.

After a few rounds of catwalks, the models retreated to the backstage, where a number of rich people expressed their liking toward Gloryio. After all, it was a one-of-a-kind jewelry that was worth adding to their collection. "I'm sorry, but this set has been taken."

"What? | should be the fastest one. Who is it?" the rich lady growled in disapproval.

"It's President Presgrave of Presgrave Group. It is said that he wishes to give it to his lover," explained the manager.

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Almost instantly, the rich lady broke into a smile. "Oh! | gladly admit that I'm indeed one step too late. He has good taste." That was a given, considering that the designer was Elliot's very lover!

After the showcase, Anastasia decided to invite Felicia for a cup of coffee, but an employee approached Anastasia before she could even leave her seat. "Miss Tillman, please come backstage for a moment."

Albeit slightly surprised by the request, she went backstage together with Felicia, only to be welcomed by the manager with a smile. "Miss Tillman, it's a pleasure to meet you. | have a present for you."

"A present?" While Anastasia was taken aback, the incisive Felicia had a vague guess of the situation.

The manager took out an exquisite white box before opening it to reveal a necklace. It was the one Anastasia had designed! She exclaimed, "This is my

design, though! Is it really for me?" "Yes. Mr. Presgrave has specially noted that he wishes to give it to the woman he loves the most."

A blushing Anastasia could not contain the sweet joy in her heart. Needless to say, the man had always been adept at giving surprises.

"Anastasia, it seems like there's a good reason for President Presgrave to insist on using the best diamonds. He's been planning to give it to you as a gift from the very start," teased Felicia.

Anastasia could not help but grin from ear to ear. "So, you've known this beforehand? Why didn't you tell me?" "If I've done that, there wouldn't be any

surprises and President Presgrave's effort would've gone down the drain." After looking at her own work, Anastasia told the manager, "Please send it to my place."

"Understood."

Anastasia left her address with the

manager before leaving. Right then, she

thought of the man she had been missing. "Have you received the present?" Elliot chuckled with his low voice.

"Yeah. But why?" asked Anastasia.

"It's our engagement soon, but you still need a set of jewelry. I think it'll be meaningful for you to wear it at our engagement ceremony."

She had nothing to rebut the ideal answer as she was equally pleased. "I think so too." "I'll see you later tonight." "Okay. I'm still shopping, just so you know." She was on cloud nine.

As the engagement ceremony was nearing, Anastasia had been busy these days. Just selecting six sets of gown alone took up a lot of time since she had to take the details into account as well.

Amidst the hectic days, Harriet was the happiest person of all. The future she had been envisioning was coming true at long last- Anastasia was going to be her granddaughter-in-law.

There was a pre-gathering at Presgrave Residence later that night and Anastasia could finally see Nigel, who had been preoccupied due to a business expansion. He barely had the time to catch a breath.

"Still, I can finally become your family as your brother-in-law." He smiled.

"It feels kinda weird." She tried to contain her laughter as she was only two years younger than him.

"Fine. You can marry me, then," he said in undertone so that it would not reach Elliot's ears.

She played along. "Say it out loud for your brother to hear."

Suddenly, someone patted Nigel's shoulder. It was Elliot, whose eyes had narrowed dangerously. "What did you just say?"

"Huh? Did I say something? I said nothing!" Nigel blinked his eyes several times at Anastasia, signaling her to not let the cat out of the bag.

"It's nothing." She was about to burst into laughter because of the funny outcome.

Then, Elliot excused himself to greet the seniors and Nigel patted his chest in relief. "I've been afraid of him since I was young. You can never imagine his stern face when he's angry with me. Yet, he used to stand up for me whenever I got into trouble. I really admire him."

“For real? Tell me more about his younger days! Did he do anything mischievous or embarrassing?” A curious Anastasia was all ears.

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Nigel recounted his childhood memories. “Once, I offended the seniors in my school and Elliot—who was abroad at that time—returned to the country immediately to take down seven of them all by himself! I was cheering for him at the sideline and he won! He was so cool!”

As she was listening to the story, Anastasia could literally picture the scene in her head. She had seen pictures of Elliot in his teens and he definitely had the looks of a rich young boy.

“Has he gone out with other girls?” she whispered.

Nigel shook his head as he did not dare to make up a lie for it either. “Though the girls had been lining up to date him, he didn’t like any of them. Only you.”

Anastasia was giddy with merriment at that moment. “Really? Are you telling the truth?” “I swear.” Based on their long friendship, she was able to discern the sincerity in his eyes and trusted his words. “Okay. I believe you.”

After greeting the elderly members, Elliot turned his head to see the duo talking with such proximity. Watching how their heads almost touched, Elliot guessed that Anastasia was prying into his past.

His aroused interest led his feet toward them, after which he crossed his arms while pricking up his ears to hear the conversation.

Both of them were so immersed in the gossip that they did not realize the protagonist was just right there. Meanwhile, Nigel’s eyes lit up as he recalled something. “I’ll tell you one of his dark histories.”

“Dark history?”

“Before he was 16, he drove the car and was caught red-handed. The police gave him a lecture and forced him to rewrite all of the driving rules by hand.” Nigel guffawed without feeling a tad of guilt.

Anastasia let out a hearty laughter as well. Suddenly, they could feel a cold chill accosting them as a voice resounded. ‘Is it that hilarious?’

The smile on Nigel’s face went stiff before he cleared his throat. “Elliot, I’m already saving your face by not exposing the time you entered the ladies’ by mistake.”

“Well, it's not like you’re much better than I am. I have plenty of stories about you too!” Elliot squinted his eyes with a piercing gaze at his brother.

“What? Elliot went to the ladies’ before?” Anastasia’s eyes widened in shock. Was he mistaken as a pervert?

Elliot smiled widely, albeit dangerously. “If you would like to learn more of my stories, I'll tell you later tonight in bed. Don’t listen to his nonsense.”

She smiled while blushing in embarrassment whereas Nigel patted Elliot's shoulder. “Patience, Elliot. Be patient. You’re going to get married soon.”

In fact, Elliot's patience was wearing thin to the point that he could not fall asleep. at night. Although there were three days remaining before the engagement, it felt like a century to him.

Time flew by and it was the engagement day at long last.

The press, which had quite reliable resources, began to offer their sincere wishes to the couple with the intent to spread the news. Soon, the Internet went wild over the engagement of the renowned President Presgrave of Presgrave Group.

On the other side, Hayley saw the news and shoved everything off the desk in a fit of pique at her rented room. In the end, Anastasia had become Mrs. Presgrave and Hayley was left with nothing.

Due to her face, Hayley had been staying indoors. However, she was left with not much money; even her meals would become a problem if she could not come up with a solution soon.

Desperate times always called for desperate measures. The desperate woman, who met a dead end, had an idea. She could disguise as the gigolo to receive some money from Anastasia, who was going to marry Elliot soon.

Anastasia would be mindful of her reputation by now. Thus, Hayley could threaten her with the incident that had transpired five years ago.

With that ace card in her sleeves, Hayley was certain that Anastasia would provide her with some money in order to retain her reputation.

A few hundred thousand meant nothing to Anastasia, but it was enough for Hayley to lead a good life for a few years.

Therefore, Hayley had decided to gamble for once. She had nothing to lose anyway, so why would she be afraid?

Chapter 574

After taking a deep breath, Hayley took a burner phone and dialed Anastasia's number. "Hello. Who is this?" Anastasia's voice came from the other side of the line.

Hayley made sure that she was using a voice changer app. "Anastasia Tillman, I heard that you're getting married soon. Congratulations!" It was a sarcastic tone.

"It's you?" Rage soared in Anastasia's voice at the drop of the hat. "Yes, it's me! I miss our son so much. I wish I could see him." "Don't you dare come close to my son!"

"I can do that if you give me some money. Otherwise, I'll expose everything that had happened five years ago. I will tell everyone that you slept with me and that you've worked at the club!"

Anastasia, who was currently at Elliot's villa, tried to maintain her composure

while dealing with the scumbag she had been waiting for all this time.

“Money? How much do you want?” She feigned fear at the threat.

Hayley did not hesitate once she heard the offer. “One million.”

“That’s impossible, but | can consider it if it's a hundred thousand.”

“Five hundred thousand. That's final.”

“| can’t give you more than a hundred thousand.” Anastasia was determined to catch the guy. “Y-You're going to marry Elliot Presgrave, that rich guy. How can you not have more than that?”

The altered voice rang a bell for some reason. ‘His’ voice and tone was familiar to Anastasia’s ears. Then, a figure seeped into her mind. Hayley. Perhaps the person talking is not

the gigolo, but Hayley? As an afterthought, she decided to test the waters by saying, “Elliot and | are not on good terms. He won't give me any money.”

As she had expected, the person snorted coldly. “Anastasia Tillman, that trick won’t work on me! He'll give you anything you want for sure.”

“The news is fake. He doesn’t love me. It’s a loveless marriage.” “Anyone but me will believe in those lies. | know a lot about you and Elliot.”

Anastasia’s gaze was flaring with ire as her conjecture had hardened into conviction. It was Hayley calling her at the moment. It seemed like Hayley had been trying to contact her from the beginning in order to blackmail her.

Since the gigolo did not have the audacity to appear before Anastasia, Hayley was trying her luck to blackmail Anastasia by pretending to be him.

She must be missing the lonely Erica who's currently in prison. | guess | should

grant her a wish by sending her to jail as

well!

It was easy to prove whether the person on the phone was indeed Hayley or not throw the bait and make her show up!

“Fine. Five hundred thousand is what you want, isn’t it? You gotta promise that you stay out of my son’s sight or I’ll make you pay for it,” warned Anastasia.

Now that Anastasia had priced up the offer due to ‘fear’, Hayley was in triumph as her trick was working. “Okay. | want the money

now. Judging from how hasty the person was, Anastasia was certain that it was indeed Hayley attempting to bamboozle her. Hayley was in dire need of money to refine her looks, yet Elliot had driven her away previously.

Therefore, she acted as the gigolo to get money from Anastasia, which caused Anastasia to frown in vexation. Why didn’t | realize earlier?

Anastasia was not going to forgive Hayley this time round. “How should | give you the money?” “I’ll send you the location. And you gotta leave the money there in an hour.”

“The amount is too much. I’ll give you a hundred thousand in cash and the remaining amount with a credit card. But you gotta promise me that you won't bother my life again. Otherwise, | won't give the money to you.” Anastasia feigned uneasiness.

“Okay. | promise, but you have to give me the right amount of money.”

“Deal.” Having said that, Anastasia terminated the call before dialing Elliot’s number and informed him about the situation, asking him to trap Hayley into admission.

As Anastasia had enough on her plate with tonight’s engagement ceremony going on, she could not afford to worry about this matter.

Chapter 575

After settling the money matter, Hayley heaved a sigh of relief as she left her room, thinking that Anastasia was so foolish to have fallen for such a trick. Five hundred thousand would be enough for Hayley to survive for years.

Not only that, there was a chance to recover her looks! As she was feeling giddy about her ‘flawless’ plan, Hayley figured that she could make Anastasia her very own magic money tree in the future after having successfully deceived Anastasia like a fool.

Hayley ordered Anastasia to put the money into a locker at a grocery store before texting the password. An hour later, she would be swimming in cash and doing anything she fancied with the card.

In order to get the money furtively, she planned to wear a disguise apart from hiring someone with two hundred dollars to help her move the money.

Half an hour later, amidst the crowded locker room, there was a guy shoving a bulging bag into one of the lockers. He set a password before taking his leave.

Mixing around the nearby throng was Hayley, whose eyes were staring at the locker with excitement. She believed it!

Considering how much money she would own in the near future, five hundred thousand was a trifle to Anastasia. It would not pain her at all.

Soon, Hayley received a message from Anastasia that read, 'I've left the money as told. You better do as you've promised. Otherwise, you'll never get away from it.'

Asniggering Hayley glanced at a young man next to her, who seemed quite dense, before asking whether he wished to earn himself some easy cash.

He nodded vigorously, after which she instructed him to move a hefty bag from the locker to her car.

He did as she told immediately upon receiving the money. The loaded bag was so heavy that he could barely move it. After looking left and right, she wore a cap before trailing behind him. She even covered her face with a mask for this mission.

Once the man had arrived at the entrance, she instructed him, "Drop it there. Thanks." "Miss, what is in that bag? It's so heavy," asked the curious man.

Hayley glossed it over by saying, "Just mask packs from my friend."

After that, he took the thousand dollar cash and left like a happy bunny.

At the same time, Hayley hauled the bag to the side to have a look of the content. It was loaded with cash as she had expected! Just as she was about to carry the bag, a shadow loomed over her and caused her to raise her head at the oncoming person.

The two men donned in casual attires showed their police badges. "Hayley Seymour, you're under arrest for blackmailing Miss Tillman a large sum of money. Please follow us to the station for investigation."

Her face went pallid within split seconds. What? How did she find out that it's me?

"N-No! | didn't blackmail anyone. She gave it to me willingly!" With that being said, she forwent the money and dashed with all her might. Still, the bodyguards, who were already guarding outside, thwarted her and rendered her forlorn escape invalid.

“Let go of me! Who are you?!” “We're Miss Tillman's bodyguards. You can't escape, Hayley.”

“How did that b*tch know that it's me?!”

“Do not speak of Miss Tillman like that.” Then, the bodyguard flung her toward the ground.

Aspasm of pain contorted her face and her heart sank to the pit of her stomach, for she had not foreseen herself to be the one who would fall in the trap.

Now, Hayley had completely understood why Anastasia was willing to increase the amount to five hundred thousand-the higher the amount of money involved, the heavier the penalty would be. Still, the hindsight was too late.

“Anastasia Tillman!” growled Hayley before she was cuffed and taken away by the police.

In the meantime, Anastasia, who was in the makeup room, was informed that Hayley was taken into custody. Everything had gone as planned and it added to the icing on the cake on her engagement day.

“Miss Tillman, shall we start with the makeup?”

“Sure,” replied Anastasia as the elite makeup team tended to her at Elliot's villa.

Chapter 576

At the Presgrave Residence, Elliot was back to pick his grandmother up. Because of her advanced age, he had to personally come and pick her up before settling her down at the hotel.

“Hey, Elliot! Why aren't you wearing the watch I gave you? Do you not like my present?” Harriet saw Elliot's watch in the car and she could not help but recall the one she had given him.

Asmiling Elliot replied, “Okay, Grandma.

I'll wear that watch tonight!" "That is your lucky watch. It has been blessed by God and was bought according

to your zodiac sign!" she responded.

"Blessed by God?" This amused him.

"Of course! This watch brings good luck to you."

"Alright then, I will wear it later."

Meanwhile, at the hotel, there was not enough time for him to pick up Anastasia because Elliot had picked Harriet up, so he asked for a motorcade to head over in

his stead. Coincidentally, Jared was at the hotel too, so he could take care of the place for the time being..

"You didn't need to pick me up. It's a hassle for you to come back and forth. I can take a cab by myself." Anastasia told him. "Oh, yeah. Anastasia, help me take a watch from the cabinet." Elliot told her."

"Sure! Which one?"

Elliot sent a picture to her. "Help me to search for it. It should be at the top."

"Okay. Does this watch have any special meaning?" she asked curiously. After all, she knew that the watch he specified definitely had something to it.

"It was a gift from my grandmother."

Anastasia felt a surge of joy, as she was a bit jealous, wondering which woman gave him that! “Okay. I will bring it to you later,” she replied.

Applying perfect makeup, she paired it with her white diamond dress, which made her very elegant.

Anastasia then arrived at Elliot's bedroom and entered his closet. Inside, there was a display glass for his watches. Under the lights, the watches radiated its uniqueness and showed off the man's taste for the finer things in life.

Looking up, Anastasia could see the light emerald watch reflecting a motif of a wolf's head upon taking it out.

She took it with her after making sure it was the same one as in the picture. Then, she placed it in her bag and went down to the motorcade that was waiting for her.

The twilight was prominent today, which signaled a very romantic night to come. The three cars slowly left the villa, with Anastasia sitting in one of the luxurious cars' back seats. The hotel for the engagement was a seven star one in the middle of the city and it was one of the properties of the

Mansons. The exterior of the extravagant hotel was lined with festive lights, making the whole place look even grander.

One could somewhat see that on the inside of the black car sat an elegant woman that radiated her charisma outwardly.

As the car parked at the entrance, a man had stood there for quite a while in a stylish black suit and combed hair, accentuating his good looks. He could not help smiling upon seeing the car arrive.

The woman he had been anticipating finally arrived.

He personally opened the door to the sight of Anastasia staring back at him too. Witnessing the man's charisma made her shy as she slowly looked away.

Nevertheless, one could blatantly see that the look in her eyes was full of love and care for the man. Nigel, who was standing at the side, felt frustrated at the sight of this. Hmph, I'm also dressed to the nines today. Any woman would be attracted to me, but why isn't Anastasia sparing me a glance?

Never had he seen Anastasia look at a man with such a gaze. He had once hoped she would look upon him so, but now he understood that he was not worthy of it.

Chapter 577

Only Elliot was worthy of such a gaze.

It was as if the heavens had decided they were a pair from the start and that he himself was only a missionary who sent Anastasia to Elliot.

This was still devastating to him, even though he already knew the truth.

Nevertheless, he was not jealous of them. Rather, he truly wished them happiness, as the thing he hoped to see the most was Anastasia living the life she wanted.

Anastasia, who was being extra shy today, was being led by Elliot into the main hall quietly and obediently. Only when they entered the elevator did she finally turn back and see Nigel. She raised her hand to greet him. "Hi, Nigel." Smiling somewhat bitterly, Nigel replied, "You finally see me,"

Anastasia started blushing harder and harder, while Elliot only looked on smilingly, admiring the woman who was soon to be his fiancée. He also showed

what it meant for one's mind to be filled with someone.

Tired of being the thirdwheel involuntarily, Nigel coughed lightly. "Can you two stop publicly displaying your love? At least wait until the engagement party is done and dusted."

Smiling, Elliot peered at him. "Nigel, you wouldn't understand this feeling." Anastasia started laughing at his words while covering her mouth, as did Nigel, while thinking about it. Inside the venue hall.

Everything looked very romantic and dreamy. Since Anastasia liked a blue themed engagement venue, the whole thing was decorated in teal and sky blue, making it seem very simple yet dazzling.

Blue roses were scattered around the scene, making the venue have a slight flowery scent. Upon being sent to the waiting room by the side, Anastasia finally remembered about the watch, so she took it out and gave it to him. 'Is it this one?'

Elliot nodded. "Yup. It's this one." Taking off his other watch, he said, "This was a gift from my grandma for my 20th birthday. Wearing it, he continued, "Grandma said that this was a watch that would bring me luck and happiness."

Anastasia agreed with him. "Your grandmother's words should be correct."

Elliot's gaze wavered at this, as it was this precise watch that attracted Hayley, the evil woman, who nearly led Harriet to her demise.

In his mind, he just treated it as a gift from his grandmother and not as a lucky charm.

He now thought that he was indeed lucky since he had met Anastasia.

Jared stepped out with Elliot, and they entered the room later, accompanied by two bodyguards. "You look so pretty today, Mommy!" The

little child stared at Anastasia. He thought that this was the prettiest he had ever seen his mother and that she looked like a bride.

Hugging him, Anastasia hit his head dotingly. "Thank you, sweetheart. Are you happy, Jared?"

"Of course | am! | can finally call Mr.

Presgrave as 'Daddy'!" Jared nodded. Stunned, Anastasia laughed at his words. "Yup. He's your daddy from now on."

Time was slowly passing by, with Francis sitting right in front of the hall in a suit, looking elegant. He did not know how to describe his feelings since his only daughter was getting married today. It was after experiencing so much that he understood one thing: only those that shared his blood would truly love him and that he would spend the rest of his life making it up to Anastasia and her mother.

As for the others, he did not want nor need to care about them.

Harriet's daughter, Brenda, walked over and said, "Mom, it's almost time."

"Let's start then!" Harriet could not wait to announce that Anastasia was about to be her future daughter-in-law. "Mum, you've been wishing for this for so long!"

"Indeed | have!" Harriet was thoroughly overjoyed.

The engagement ceremony was scheduled to start at 6.50 pm, so there were just two minutes left.

Elliot walked on stage, and the lights only served to accentuate his perfectly sculpted face.

Chapter 578

No matter his figure or looks, one could almost say that he was perfect. This made some of the girls on the scene envious of Anastasia.

Besides that, Harriet also felt very proud, as her grandson was, indeed, handsome! Since he was young, he had always made her proud, especially when everybody would praise him no matter where he went.

By then, Anastasia had already come out of the waiting room and was waiting in the main hall. Even though it was only an engagement party, she was standing on the red carpet with a bouquet of roses in

her hands. When the time came, the golden gates opened whilst romantic music slowly played in the background as she walked down the aisle to the man on stage. "Wow! The bride is also very pretty!"

"She's gorgeous!" "They really are a pair meant for each other." The songs of praise all came from the old and young. Tonight, they only invited the extended families of the Presgrave Family and some important guests.

So, it could be said that they were all well acquainted with each other. Walking step by step to the stage, Anastasia saw that the host tonight was none other than Jonathan, who was going to be the witness to their engagement.

Anastasia smiled at her future uncle before Elliot held her hand and stood beside her. After a short speech, Jonathan congratulated them again.

"Here, we bear witness to the pair of couples, Elliot and Anastasia, wishing them a happy life thereon after and that they never part."

"Now, let's have the groom put the diamond ring on the bride to signify his love. After this, we will be looking forward to the upcoming wedding."

The gaffer immediately dimmed the lights, leaving only the lights on the stage, focusing on the pair like a beam of moonlight. This enabled everyone to see them clearly.

Elliot first put Anastasia's diamond ring on her while his was on the tray held by a woman, which Anastasia took. Reaching out, Elliot revealed his hand with his watch sticking out.

A ray of green light hit Anastasia, who was about to put the ring on him. Attracted by the light, she forgot to put the ring on him, as she only stared at the reflection on his watch.

Under the dim lights, an emerald wolf's head reflected itself from the watch.

The ring in her hands dropped because she was so shocked.

Elliot looked up and saw that Anastasia was stunned while staring at his watch to the point where it was as if she had seen something horrifying.

“What's wrong, Anastasia?” Elliot hugged her.

The people below were anticipating the two exchanging the engagement rings when the bride dropped the ring and froze there, looking like an icicle.

All of a sudden, Anastasia turned to the gaffer and said, “Could you turn off the lights?”

Abit dumbfounded, he then immediately followed her request and switched off all the lights.

The whole venue descended into

darkness. In the dark, everyone was shocked and stunned, as they all did not know what Anastasia was going to do. Even Elliot did not know what Anastasia was thinking of..

Anastasia was fixated on the watch, as the wolf's head reared itself clearly upon the moment the lights went out.

Covering her mouth, the overwhelming

emotions nearly made her faint. Her mind went blank while the memories from five years ago appeared. Although it was a dark night, she still remembered everything.

The watch was the exact same as Elliot's, with the rare design of a wolf's head.

“Anastasia, what's wrong? Are you feeling alright?” Elliot's concerned voice came as he hugged her and felt that she was trembling all over. It seemed like something terrifying had happened to her.

Chapter 579

“Why are you determined to find the woman from that incident five years ago?” Anastasia’s eyes were filled with curiosity. Elliot did not know how to explain it to her, but no matter what, he could not quell the urge to find her.

All of a sudden, Anastasia’s tears began to stream down her face. She covered her mouth as an overwhelming wave of emotions washed over her.

“Anastasia, what’s wrong? Did I do something? I’m sorry.” Elliot was frantic. Despite not knowing what he could have done, he was certain that he must have done something to make her cry.

However, Anastasia’s tears flowed even harder once she heard what he said. She cried so profusely that she began to hiccup.

No one would know what she was going through right now. She finally found relief from the thoughts that had chained her down for nearly six years. The vision

of that terrible beast of a man that she had concocted in her heart had changed to the man in front of her. He was no beast!

Only the gods would know how incredibly freeing it felt to have the burden of these torturous thoughts and feelings lifted off her shoulders.

Elliot was beside himself with worry, but Anastasia threw herself into his arms and spoke with a teary voice, “Thank goodness it was you. I’m glad it was you.. As long as it’s you... it’s not that bad after all.”

He pulled her into an even tighter embrace. However, he had no idea what he could do to comfort her. Her sorrow seemed to stem from somewhere deep within her soul, and he hated that he did not know her enough to understand what was happening to her.

Even though he could not make out what her words meant, he felt she really needed him.

“Anastasia, could you tell me what’s happening?” he asked as he gently stroked the back of her head.

Finally, Anastasia pushed him back a little before explaining it all to him.

“Do you think Jared looks like you?” She looked up at Elliot and asked.

“Yes. Everyone who sees him says he looks like me.” This was something that he was incredibly happy about! “Why do you think my son would look

like you?” she asked him a tricky question

on purpose.

True enough, her question had stumped Elliot. He stared at her in trepidation, afraid that she might start crying again if he said something he should not have. Anastasia decided to put him out of his misery. She raised her hand and lifted his watch. “I told you before that the man who hurt me that night five years ago left me a watch, but I didn’t take it and threw it away instead.”

Elliot did recall her saying that.

“The watch I threw away was retrieved by the staff at the club. They must've thought the watch was too expensive to just keep to themselves, so they contacted the person who booked the room. That person took the watch and kept it in her possession. Five years later, someone came to her and asked if she was the woman in the room back then. When she realized that the man was the wealthy and powerful president of Presgrave Group, she readily said she was,” Anastasia recounted as if she was telling a story.

Elliot's eyes flickered back and forth as the revelation sent waves of shock through him, and his breathing grew heavier.

“It’s you. That woman from that night five years ago... It’s you, isn’t it? Anastasia? Hayley was the one who booked the room, so she had my watch and received the compensation that I owed to you instead.” Elliot was both shocked and furious, but at the same time, he was ecstatic.

“Jared’s my son. He’s my son... I’m his father!” He began to tear up as he was

overwhelmed and on the verge of exploding from all the emotions that welled up inside him..

Anastasia nodded. ‘Yes, Jared is your son. You're the man that slept with me that night.’”

His heart was filled with guilt and self blame. He hugged her tightly and kissed her hair as he blabbered on and on, “I’m sorry! I’m so sorry... I’m sorry. I’m the worst. I’m the b*stard who deserves to rot in hell. I’m sorry...”

She looked up at him and refuted him. “Stop saying such nonsense.” All at once, Elliot lowered his head and began to kiss her fervently.

Anastasia nearly suffocated from the ferocity of his kiss. | thought he was in the middle of an apology, so why is he kissing me instead?

She had not forgotten about settling the score with him for what he did five years ago! Elliot was breathing a little heavily as he stared at her with loving eyes. “I’m sorry. | owe you too much, and | won't be able to pay it all back even if | spent this lifetime, and the next, and every single one after that doing so.”

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Anastasia blinked at him. “You can take your time to make it up to me.” No one knew what she was thinking inside.

If it were fated that she could not escape the trap Hayley had set up for her, then she would rather it be him than some other random guy.

Fate had caused her a lot of pain and sorrow, but it had now given her a chance to set the record straight, and true love as well.

“Grandma told me that this watch was my good luck charm. It turns out | had been wrong about it. It truly is my good luck charm. Elliot meant every word he said.

When Anastasia recalled what Hayley had done, she gritted her teeth in contempt. “Don’t let Hayley get away with this. | want her to pay for what she did.”

Elliot was just as furious as she was. He — clenched his fists and declared. “I will make her pay heavily for everything.” Anastasia looked up and suggested, “Run a DNA test with Jared to confirm it.”

“Why would | need one? Jared is my son.” Elliot did not feel a speck of doubt at all about this. He had long since felt an inexplicable connection with Jared.

From the moment he first met Jared, he had a feeling that they were related.

“Jared will be very happy to know that you're truly his father.”

Elliot grasped her hand and asked, “Can | break the news to all the guests today? The fact that Elliot is my son.” Anastasia saw the impatience in his eyes and thought to herself. Why not?

Tonight was not just their engagement ceremony, but also the moment when the father and son duo would formally reunite with one another.

Meanwhile, at the ceremony, the couple in question had disappeared without a trace, and Harriet could barely take a few bites. She was sorely worried that

Anastasia would scoff at Elliot and refuse to marry him again.

Nigel had been tasked to take care of Jared. Jared tried looking for Anastasia a couple of times, but Nigel stopped him. He thought to himself, | better not let this kid go looking for them. What if he walked into something that’s not meant for kids to see? Therefore, he did his best to coax Jared. He even used the ultimate trump card—the mobile games on his phone to keep Jared happy.

Brenda approached the main table. "Mom, these are all your favorites. You should eat more," Brenda tried to convince Harriet.

"Why aren't they back yet?" Harriet asked.

"They probably went off to discuss something. Relax, Mom, Brenda reassured her. Just then, she spotted the couple walking into the hall hand-in hand, so she chuckled and said, "There they are now.

True enough, the newly-engaged couple who had run off earlier came back with their hands clasped together. Elliot led Anastasia up the stage before calling out in the direction of the main table, "Jared, come here." The little kid happily leaped out of his seat beside Nigel and went up the stage. Elliot bent down and carried him.

As Anastasia stared at them, her eyes were filled with content. Her son's father was not some unknown gigolo. The Presgrave family blood flowed through his veins, and he was the rightful heir of the Presgraves.

Elliot took the microphone and gazed out at the attendees who were all staring at him. He had a hard time suppressing his excitement and he announced, "I just received some wonderful news. It turns out that Jared is my son. He's the son that Anastasia and I had five years ago, and I am truly his father. We are family through and through."

"What?! Is that true?!" Harriet was the first to stand up in surprise.

"I've always said that Jared and Elliot looked like father and son," Brenda commented.

Nigel was floored. He had been curious to know who fathered such a cute child with Anastasia five years ago, and now it turned out that he had to credit his cousin's genes for it?

It was no wonder that Elliot had defeated him in the battle for Anastasia's love. Elliot's son had been right beside Anastasia all along!

Still, Nigel was genuinely happy for his cousin that Jared belonged to their family.

Francis had frozen in shock at the news. His grandson was now the young heir of the Presgraves. This news took him by surprise.

“I knew it! I always said that Jared looked just like Elliot when he was a kid, so this is why... He’s indeed my great-grandson!”

Harriet was on the verge of fainting from all the excitement she felt, and Brenda swiftly held onto her. “Mom, don’t get too excited! Remember your weak heart!”

“It’s fine. I’m fine. I can take it. It turns out that my great-grandson had come to us a long time ago. Jared is the Presgrave family’s great-grandson!” Harriet cupped her mouth with her hands as tears of joy trickled down her cheeks.