

## My Baby's Daddy Chapter 616

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At that moment, Anastasia's phone rang. After a glimpse at it, she said to her instructor, "Please excuse me for a moment."

"Hello, Dad," she answered as she picked up the phone and moved to the side.

"The final verdict is out. Erica will be imprisoned for fifteen years." Francis' voice could be heard on the other end of the line.

She consoled her father and said, "Don't be sad, Dad. She should face the consequences for her actions. Naomi may not have taught her, but someone else now has to."

"I'm perfectly fine. I'm only calling to let you know about it since her biological father has also been sentenced to eight years."

Anastasia consoled her father again, knowing that he was still in sorrow over Erica's imprisonment. Despite the fact that Erica was not his biological child, he treated Francis as if she were.

Hayley's final verdict would also be announced tomorrow. Given the amount of monetary stakes, a severe penalty was unavoidable. Karma had finally reached those who had harmed Anastasia.

Three days later, it was announced that Hayley Seymour would be sentenced to 18 years in prison with the imprisonment happening thereafter. On that same day, Anastasia was to be married on a private island.

Despite her old age, Harriet was overjoyed to be able to attend her grandson's wedding.

Many guests arrived at the venue before the big day. They could splash around in the water and celebrate the upcoming wedding while taking in the spectacular scenery.

The same day, Arthur's bodyguards packed their bags in the bar because they were traveling to the island for the wedding too.

Sophia was also ordered to pack her belongings. She knew Arthur was going to attend a wedding, so she packed a few sets of vacation clothes for herself.

They were on the cruise ship at 12.00PM, and Sophia was staring at the sea in a daze. She occasionally glanced over at the man in a lavish suit on the other end of the liner. She didn't dare to act rashly after being pushed by Arthur the day before. He always maintained an aloof demeanor, as if warning them not to approach him.

A small island appeared on the horizon two hours later. The lush greenery, the bright sun, and the long white sandy beach made people feel free, as if they wanted to run on it.

When Sophia saw the private island, she exclaimed softly, "This island is so beautiful!"

After she disembarked from the ship, the bodyguard assisted her with her luggage. She couldn't wait to get to the beach and play.

"Can I play for a while before returning?" she asked Arthur.

"No." It was a flat refusal from the man. He wouldn't let her do anything she wanted because tormenting her was the source of his joy.

She made a long face because she had to follow him into the car while looking back at the lovely beach. Arthur was the owner of one of the villas there, so Sophia was to stay in the same villa with him as his date.

"You are not allowed to go anywhere on this island without my permission," he said, sitting on the couch and instructing the girl in front of him.

She flinched at the man sitting with crossed legs. His haughty expression was drawing a line of supremacy between them as though he was the king and she was his petty servant.

Sophia became increasingly aware of her low social standing. She regretted having pawned herself by being by his side and losing all of her freedom. It was unfair because she had always been her parents' precious daughter.

"Understood." she gave a nod. She was left alone and dazed in the villa after he left.

Inside a cafe, the afternoon sun glistened on two handsome men having a casual conversation like a piece of artwork.

Many women were admiring them as if they were a beautiful painting. Many guests of the Pregrave Family were present, and they were intrigued by the young man chatting with Elliot, the family's head.

They discovered the stranger was Elliot's friend after a series of questions and had no idea where he came from or what his name was.

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Ambling along the beach, Anastasia was accompanying Jared holding a basket full of beautiful shells. She joined the 'treasure' hunt, as though she had returned to her childhood days.

"Mommy, look! Isn't it pretty?" He picked up another shell.

She complimented, "Yeah. You're much better at searching than I am."

"Mommy, great-grandma said that I can make ornaments out of these, so she can decorate her house with them. I should find more." The boy was in high spirits because of the request.

Anastasia nodded. "Okay."

Feeling the soft sand squeezing through the toes alongside with the warm touch of the sunlight was one of the wonderful things one could experience.

The employees on the island were busy preparing for the wedding and providing their best service to the important guests.

Right then, a cruise ship moored by the shore, after which a sexily dressed girl disembarked the ship. Scanning the scenic area, she couldn't hide the fervent ambition in her gaze.

It was none other than Mason's younger sister, Katrina, who had never expected the service would be so perfect. As long as their names were on the guest list, they had the privilege to arrive earlier to enjoy themselves.

Since she was a relatively reputable car show girl, she had stunning looks and a fiery attitude. Needless to say, she had her own purpose for attending Anastasia's wedding. Elliot's social circle was rife with rich people. Hence, it was definitely her golden opportunity to hook up with someone!

As the night loomed and the sky darkened, the island was illuminated with lights like a celestial castle levitating above the sea.

Both Anastasia and Elliot were having dinner with Harriet while listening to the concierge's report on the guests.

Following

that, the couple strolled in the vicinity without Jared, who was tired after playing the whole afternoon.

With street lights lighting up the route by the beach outside the cafe, the vast sea that was hovered by the night sky was serene. Elliot had no time to spare during the day, so he spent the whole night keeping Anastasia company.

The villas were perching on the trough area of the huge island like a crescent moon. Compared to daylight, the night view was exceptionally gorgeous as the moonlight glow brushed against the surface of the sea.

Suddenly, rock music could be heard from all sides. A band was performing in front of the guests and employees. With over a hundred people, the revel was in full swing.

At that moment, Anastasia noticed that some of them were spectating something. Curious, she took hold of Elliot's hand and strode over to join the crowd.

Soon, it was revealed that the one who had taken the spotlight was a girl rocking along the rhythm. Her bold moves displayed her perfect curves, showing no sort of embarrassment. Needless to say, most of the spectators were men.

Anastasia was stunned when she recognized who the girl was. It was Katrina, a model who was adept at dancing. Still, her dancing appeared quite ostentatious on the beach right now.

In the meantime, she spotted Anastasia as well as the handsome Elliot from the crowd. Twisting and turning her body, she glided over and halted before them. Like a snake, she was flexing her flexibility with slithering movements in front of him.

It wasn't until then that she moved toward Anastasia and clung onto her arm.  
"Anastasia, long time no see! Do you still remember me?"

Anastasia was not foreign to Katrina's energetic soul, for she knew the girl's character better than anyone else. Although Katrina was a materialistic girl, Anastasia's contemporary perception of Katrina had changed as the soon-to-be Mrs. Presgrave.

"Katrina, it's been a while," greeted Anastasia in return.

However. Katrina was making eyes at Elliot. “Anastasia, who’s this handsome guy standing next to you?”

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“He’s my honey,” introduced Anastasia, who was assaulted by a sense of danger coming from Katrina.

“Mr. Presgrave, nice to meet you. I’m Katrina Sullivan, Anastasia’s best friend.” Katrina beamed with pleasure.

“Pleasure to meet you too.” Elliot nodded in response.

Her smile had always been alluring to the eyes. Like an invisible hook, it kept trying to catch hold of his attention since it was an endeavor to get into his good books at first meet.

“Katrina, I hope you enjoy your stay here.” Anastasia removed Katrina’s hand from hers. “I have to split now.”

“Sure.” An awkward Katrina withdrew her hands before looking at Elliot, who had turned around. She was desperate to see what kind of response he had.

She believed that no man could ever restrain himself upon seeing her dancing, not even Elliot. From her point of view, rich guys had a rather unbridled indulgence for woman and sex. As long as one could pique their interest, they wouldn’t let the chance slip through their hands that easily.

Twirling her hair, she watched the couple leave and a smile crept up her lips. Elliot Presgrave. As expected of the perfect man, he can make anyone fall for him with that looks, body and domineering aura. Back then, Anastasia insisted on keeping the baby no matter what. Is it because she knew that Elliot is the father?

Katrina was deeply impressed by Anastasia’s scheme—leveraging her kid to marry a rich guy.

Meanwhile, Anastasia’s mind was repeating Katrina’s amazing dance moves while loafing about with Elliot. That twisting body and seductive gaze of hers were a deadly weapon that could draw every man’s attention readily.

Anastasia knew Katrina very well as Katrina used to take pleasure in seducing the rich. Was her fiancé the prey tonight?

“She’s Katrina, Mason’s twin sister,” a vexed Anastasia piped up.

Elliot chuckled as he had an insight of her thoughts. “Are you worrying about something?”

“What do you think of her dance?” She cocked her head at him.

He was sharp enough to know that it was a fatal question. “Regardless, her character is bad.”

“How so?” Anastasia questioned further since she had witnessed how Katrina gave him hints a few times.

“If she isn’t Mason’s sister, I wouldn’t have allowed such a person to attend our wedding.” The disgust in his eyes was evident.

Only then, she realized that Elliot found Katrina’s dance to be infuriating more than she did.

“There’s a campfire over there. Let’s go take a look.” Anastasia pulled his hand to lead him toward that location.

The music and laughter from the revel filled the villa and reached Sophia’s ears. They were prompting her to head outside, but Arthur had unfortunately left her alone to have fun all by himself.

Not only did she have legs that could bring her anywhere she wished, she also didn’t want to waste the night spent on such a beautiful island. With hindsight, she left the villa.

As she didn’t have any sense of direction at the unfamiliar place, she simply went to where the music came from. Unbeknownst to the poor girl, Arthur actually returned the next moment she left.

This perverse woman. How dare she go out without my permission! Hmph! Sophia Goodwin, you’re going to get it from me once you return!

As Sophia had arrived at the beach, she saw the chairs prepared under the lights. She took a seat before a waiter asked for her order.

She ordered a glass of juice and turned to look at the people who were having fun. Despite her quiet disposition, one of them was immediately

attracted by her sheer presence.

With lights shining upon her, her surreal features adorned with long tresses were revealed, exuding an enigmatic air that awaited one to probe further.

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“Hi, Miss. Hanging out alone? Mind if I have a drink with you?”

Sophia raised her head to look at the handsome man before smiling. “Suit

yourself.”

“I’m Jacob. What about you?”

“Sophia.” She wasn’t shy to introduce herself.

Even though the wedding was strictly hidden from the public eyes, everyone knew that the Presgrave Family was the richest family in the country. Just entering its name into the search engine was enough to know how wealthy they were. Similarly, the invited guests were surely from high society. Thus, Sophia wouldn’t mind the idea of getting to know some new friends here.

Sophia and Jacob really clicked right from the start, especially after knowing that they had graduated from the same high school. Time flew by as they were engrossed in the conversation. When the music stopped, the night tide began to rise.

She sprang to her feet abruptly. “What time is it?”

“It’s still early. It’s almost 10.00PM.”

“Huh? It’s almost ten? I’ve been out for more than an hour? I gotta go now. Let’s talk next time, Jacob.” She bid Jacob goodbye hastily.

“Sophia, do you work here?” He was curious, for the guests were allowed to enjoy their time the whole night without worries.

“I—I came with my friend, but I gotta head back earlier.” She couldn’t find the right words to describe it as she had no right to attend the wedding in the first place.

Turning her head, she was nonplussed by the unfamiliar environment again. Which way leads to Arthur's villa?

"Jacob, do you know where Villa No. 58 is?" questioned the distraught woman.

"Yeah. It's quite far, though. I'll lead the way." Jacob was willing to help a beautiful and a dorable girl like Sophia.

"Really? Thanks!" In fact, she was a little afraid because the route was deserted, so she was pleased to have company along the way back.

They blabbered on and on while heading back. Although his eyes showed infatuation for her, Sophia was so dense that she deemed it as his outgoing personality. The guests are nice. It's probably they're having a blast here.

When they arrived at Villa No. 58, she thanked him, "Thank you for sending me all the way here, Jacob. This is where I stay. Be careful on your way back."

"Can I see you tomorrow too?" Jacob asked.

"Tomorrow—"

"Why don't we exchange our numbers? We can have a cup of coffee together someday," he suggested.

"Sure." Sophia wouldn't reject someone who had helped her.

Unbeknownst to them, someone was hiding in the darkness at the balcony on the second floor. Due to the quiet environment, he overheard their conversation.

"See you tomorrow." Jacob took a few steps back and almost stumbled over a stone.

"Watch your step." She stretched out her hand to hold him and he grabbed it reflexively to keep his balance.

He let out a wry smile. "Sorry for scaring you."

Sophia withdrew her hand with a smile, "Watch out. There's plenty of stones here."

"Alright. Bye." He waved his hands and left despite the heavy heart.

After watching him leave, she took a deep breath and wheeled around, only to find the doors were closed, but she neither had the card nor the password to open it.

“Oh crap! How am I going to go inside?” Her face scrunched up in distress, causing the man to snigger while observing from the second floor.

“Young Master Weiss! Young Master Weiss! Are you in there?” she shouted at the closed door.

Arthur came down in a black pajamas with a glass of wine in hand.

Sophia’s face brightened upon seeing him. “Young Master Weiss, could you open the door for me, please?”

Lying against the door frame, he gazed at her through the glass. “Mind telling me who allowed you to go outside without my permission?”

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“I—I’m sorry.” Sophia admitted her fault.

“You’ll be sleeping at the doorstep tonight. You’re not allowed to come in or go anywhere without my orders.” Arthur’s icy tone indicated that it wasn’t a joke.

“What?” Her eyes widened in shock. Even if summer was coming, it would be very cold at midnight. She was already feeling the chills right now, so how was she supposed to survive the night outside?

“Please, Young Master Weiss. Please forgive me this one time! I promise that I’ll listen to you from now on.” She raised her hand to promise the moon and the sky in her attempt to convince him into forgiving her.

“You’re not that bad. You managed to seduce someone by just heading outside once.” He made a snarky remark.

“We graduated from the same school, that’s why. He sent me home because I didn’t know the way back. It’s nothing like what you think,” she explained.

However, Arthur, the cruel man who wouldn’t go easy on girls, couldn’t care less about it. No one could ever persuade or dissuade him on something once he had made up his

mind. "Enjoy your stay outside. Mark my words nothing will come good if you disobey me."

Although the black silk pajamas hugged his broad shoulders and well defined body without exposing its skin, his toned abs were vaguely discernible due to its thin fabric. In addition to his tall stature, he exuded a domineering aura effortlessly.

Still, Sophia wasn't in a state of mind to drool over such a pleasing sight. While he walked to the parlor, her face contorted in displeasure as she had to spend the night outside. He's so cruel!

There was a table and chair for her to take a rest, but the night wasn't as serene as one expected. Sometimes, a squeaky cry of a bird and the sight of a cat fleeing from out of nowhere pierced through the silent air. Under such circumstances, a poor Sophia curled herself on the chair, hugging herself to retain her warmth.

One of the posh villas were Anastasia and Elliot's matrimonial house. The exquisite yet minimalistic interior filled the place with a mixture of romantic and wholesome atmosphere.

Anastasia was still bathing when Elliot returned after settling some work. Listening to the running water, he smiled lightly while undoing the buttons on his shirt before opening the door to the shower.

Looking at the intruder, she dipped herself into the bathtub. "I'm not done yet!"

"Let's shower together, sweetheart."

"You're going to say that we're running out of water, aren't you?" Anastasia chuckled.

"Nope. I thought I should give you a shoulder massage since it's been a tiring day for you." He approached closer with a sinister smile.

The night belonged to the lovers; the fire in them ignited ardently after having quelled for so long. She knew that she stood no chance against the man whom she had fallen deeply in love with. Even if she was all in, she

couldn't help but submit herself to Elliot until she fell asleep in his embrace.

There was a girl fast asleep on a bench placed outside of Villa No. 58. It was already midnight and the temperature had dropped. No matter how much she tried to endure the cold by hugging herself, she was freezing in her sleep too.

In the meantime, Arthur couldn't sleep in his comfortable and warm room, for his mind kept thinking about the girl, who was still outside.

It was 3.00AM, yet she neither made a fuss nor shouted during the past four hours.

In the end, he got up from bed and opened the bedroom door. As the chilly air caressed his skin, his face stiffened. Due to the huge temperature difference between day and night on the island, one could even feel the cold in the villa, let alone being outside.

He descended the stairs and went out. As soon as he pulled open the small gate, he could see Sophia sleeping while trembling in the cold under the street light.

If she falls sick, I gotta ask someone to take care of her and that will be a hassle. I should just let her sleep inside. He made up an excuse in his head.

"Hey. Sophia Goodwin, wake up," Arthur called her in an attempt to wake her up.

She pried open her drowsy eyes to see the man, who was standing beside her with arms crossed. "Can I head inside now?"