

My Baby's Daddy Chapter 507

My Baby's Daddy Chapter 507 "There is a way, but it can't be implemented right now. It's gonna take a period of observation. We can't undergo the brain treatment until the examination data reaches the ideal state. "How long do you roughly need?" "About three months! During this period, we will do everything in our power to maintain your father's treatment while he is in a coma." "Please prescribe him with whatever medication he needs. Money is not a problem," said Elliot. "We will, Young Master Elliot.

We guarantee to provide the best available treatment for Mr. Tillman," they replied. With a question that had been lingering on her mind, Anastasia took the opportunity to ask, "Does my dad's episode have something to do with his alcohol intake-specifically two glasses of wine?" "Miss Tillman, if he only drank two glasses of wine, it would not cause his heart failure. We suspect that your father had ingested the medicine by mistake."

"Yes. We found a small piece of residual pill in your father's mouth and it is a poisonous drug for the cardiovascular system. Rather than strengthening the heart, it has the opposite effect.

As for the exact properties of it, it will take two days for us to verify." "What?! My dad took the wrong pill?" Anastasia was shocked to hear that.

Why would her father take the wrong pill? "Perhaps you should inquire with someone who stays with your father about the situation and the kind of drugs he usually takes."

"Okay. I'll get to the bottom of it while I collect some samples of my dad's medications for your inspection."

"That would be great." "Elliot, it's cold at night. We've arranged a room in the hotel opposite the hospital. Take Miss Tillman over to rest! Rest assured we're here to take care of Mr. Tillman!" suggested Benedict.

Elliot nodded in agreement and looked at Anastasia. "Benedict and the others will guard here.

They'll inform us right away if something happens." Anastasia knew that treating her father would be a long battle that would take more than a day or two.

She had to maintain her physical strength and body in order to take care of her father.

When they walked out of the hospital and entered the car, she was thinking about one thing why is there even a chance for a poisonous drug within the reach of my dad, let alone mistakenly ingest it? "Elliot, I want to head home and check on the kind of medicines my dad is taking.

“Okay, I’ll drive you there.” He nodded. On the other side, Naomi and Erica were in the lounge when Alex quickly walked in and informed them.

“I heard from the doctor earlier that Elliot took off with Anastasia.” “Where did they go?” “Not sure, but I’ll take you guys home! Let’s come back tomorrow morning,” he offered.

An exhausted Erica then prodded her mother to leave. “Mom, let’s go! I want to sleep.” With that, the mother and daughter decided to go home.

Along the way, Alex asked Naomi if the pills were left at home which she then answered, “I only bought two bottles. One is in my hand now and the other is at your place. I didn’t leave any at home.” “Hurry up and get rid of it! We can’t let anyone discover it,” he suggested. As such, Naomi told him to stop by the road.

She threw the pills into a nearby river and returned to the car and assured, “Don’t worry, Anastasia will never know what medicine we gave her dad.” Erica, the other accomplice, also breathed a sigh of relief. “Anastasia definitely won’t suspect us.”

Elliot’s car was parked outside the gate of Tillman Residence. After keying in the passcode at the door, Anastasia found that the lights were still on.

She also saw the driver, Joe, sleeping on the sofa. When Joe heard the noise at the door, he immediately woke up.

“Miss Tillman, you’re back. What about President Tillman?” “Why are you here, Mr. Bachelor?” “When Madam left just now, she asked me to stay and watch the house, so I didn’t leave.

How is President Tillman?” Anastasia’s gaze turned serious as she inquired, “Mr. Bachelor, tell me about the situation last night when you saw my father passing out.”

“I sent President Tillman back home and left, but I suddenly recalled that Old Madam Presgrave gave a lot of gifts in the car, so I turned back. When I walked in with the gifts, I already saw President Tillman lying on the ground unconscious.”

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“What about my stepmother and stepsister?”

“They were all crying in fear and I wanted to take President Tillman to the hospital, but Mr. Hunter came, so they took his car and left.”

"How much time had passed between the moment you witnessed it and the time you called me?" Anastasia inquired calmly.

"About fifteen to sixteen minutes!"

To investigate further, she took out her phone and checked the call log. When she added up the time it took for her to receive the call, the time it took Joe to process the situation and the time it took her father to be taken to the hospital, it came to more than forty minutes.

She checked the map and found that the time from home to General Hospital was about twenty three minutes. Alex said that he had taken the wrong way, but did it really take him more than twenty minutes to detour? Why did he not take Dad to People's Hospital, which was only ten minutes away from home? Why did he take Dad to another hospital after detouring for forty minutes?

Anastasia's heart was full of doubts. She did not want to overthink Naomi's motives and thoughts, but their unreasonable time on the road was the very factor why Francis missed the golden hour.

"Mr. Bachelor, do you know what kind of medicines my dad usually takes?"

"I only know one; he usually takes a pill to relieve his heart discomfort. After the last time he fainted, President Tillman took it with him every day, saying it was to protect his heart."

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After listening to Joe's statement, she rose to her feet searched for the medicine in the cabinet. She could not bother much anymore as she went to the master bedroom on the second floor. In the cabinet, she found a bottle of heart medication that her father often took. Other than that, no other medicine was found.

She took out more pills from several bottles of medicine in the cabinet. She wanted to clarify if the pills left in her father's mouth were from the ones at home.

When all the pills were gathered, Anastasia requested Joe to cover for her. "Mr. Bachelor, I got some pills from home, but please keep it a secret from my stepmother, will you?"

Joe could not help but feel a tug in his chest. He had always been loyal to Francis, so he naturally nodded affirmatively. "Okay, I won't tell them."

Just as Anastasia and Elliot were about to go out, they saw Naomi and Erica rushing in through the door. Judging from the luxury car parked outside, they must have assumed that it was Elliot's and panicked.

They did not expect Anastasia to come back at all. !

"Anastasia, what are you doing here? Why are you running around instead of taking care of your dad in the hospital?" Naomi immediately questioned Anastasia out of her guilty conscience,

However, Anastasia answered coldly, "What's wrong with me coming back? This is my home after all."

Naomi choked at her reply, then saw Anastasia and Elliot walking toward the gate.

After the couple had left, she immediately entered the hall and saw Joe, who was about to leave. She hurriedly asked, "Joe, what did Anastasia do when she came home just now?"

"I'm not so sure. I came out to smoke earlier, madam. If there is nothing else, I will be leaving too." Joe quickly covered for Anastasia.

"She must be up to no good if she came home secretly." Erica gritted her teeth. Once Anastasia sat in Elliot's car, she closed her eyes and calmed herself down for a few seconds before uttering, "I have a feeling this isn't entirely an accident. When Naomi and Alex took him to the hospital, they took way too long. It was the delay that caused him to miss the golden hour."

"Do you suspect your stepmother?"

"My dad treats her well. I really hope that she has nothing to do with this incident, but if I really find out that she plotted something, I won't let her get away with this." Anastasia gritted her teeth and clenched her fists as grief and resentment surged in her chest.

"Relax. If it's her, she'll definitely leave a trace." Elliot comforted her once again. Not only did he find Naomi suspicious, he also thought that Erica and Alex were problematic.

When Elliot took Anastasia back to the hotel, it was already 2.00AM before he knew it.

Back at Tillman Residence, Naomi was sitting on the sofa while panic took over her. She thought about what she had done at this moment and she suddenly got cold feet.

Well, what's done is done... it's either I go big or go home, then. Otherwise, things would become more troublesome. But... What did Anastasia do here? Did she suspect something? I thought the performance by Erica and I was convincing enough, even in front of Joe! No... there's no way they could have found out...

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Maybe I'm just reading too much into this, Naomi told herself.

Meanwhile, Alex arrived at Hayley's little apartment and found her waiting for him. After a round of passionate tussling, she started asking him about Francis. All he divulged was that Francis had suddenly collapsed and was sent to the hospital for an emergency life-saving procedure.

Hearing about Francis' situation, Hayley nodded. She was not angry when she sensed how wary and secretive Alex was toward her, seeing as the end she sought to achieve was for Anastasia and Elliot to call off their engagement.

With Francis still in a coma, Hayley doubted that Anastasia would continue with the engagement; it was not proper in light of the grim situation at present, and besides, the cheerful novelty of her upcoming nuptials would have already worn off by now.

Meanwhile, in the hotel, Anastasia could not sleep. She stood in front of the floor-to-ceiling window and stared out at the hospital across the road. Worry was evident in her eyes, and for each day that Francis stayed unconscious, she grew even more anxious.

Elliot sighed softly and wrapped his arms around her from behind. "Let's get some rest, shall we?"

She leaned into his arms. At this moment, his embrace was the only thing that kept her grounded when everything else in her life was tossed up in the air. Faith came with the sense of calm that washed over her; she was sure that Francis would wake up soon.

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She somehow drifted into sleep as Elliot held her through the night, but it was not a restful slumber. Elliot, on the other hand, hardly slept a wink, for he woke up as soon as he felt the slightest movement from her.

Anastasia woke up the next morning and heard Elliot speaking on the phone with Benedict, who had called to tell him that Francis' condition had not changed much since last night, though there were several tests that the hospital had scheduled for him.

"Anastasia, the facilities in the hospital are limited. We're going to need you to sign the consent form if we want to bring your father back to the hospital my family runs."

"I'll do it," she said firmly. "I don't care if Naomi objects to it. You can bring Dad over to your hospital for a thorough check-up and all other necessary procedures."

Elliot nodded and immediately gave instructions over the phone. "Bring him over to the hospital and run all the necessary tests."

Having taken her breakfast, Anastasia headed over to the hospital to sign the patient transfer paperwork. It wasn't until she saw her father being wheeled into an idling ambulance that she felt hope course through her. She prayed furtively that Francis would receive better treatment over at the Presgraves' hospital.

The ambulance had only just left when Anastasia's phone rang. She glanced at the caller ID, and upon seeing Naomi's name flashing on the screen, she knew that her stepmother had already found out about Francis' transfer to the Presgraves' hospital.

"What is it?" Anastasia demanded fearlessly, sparing no niceties as she picked up the phone.

"Don't think I don't know what you're up to, Anastasia! Who gave you the right to have your father transferred to another hospital? Your father is in no condition to be moved around willy nilly! You better pray that he wakes up, because if he doesn't, then you'll have hell to pay!" Naomi snapped belligerently on the other line.

"I'll take full responsibility for anything that might happen," Anastasia replied curtly. "He's my father, and I want him to wake up more than anyone else, especially you."

"Save your false sentiments for the fool who will believe it, Anastasia. You just want your father to die so that you can take over his company. That's it, isn't it? I know exactly how that mind of yours works, you wench! You've been eyeing his company all along!" Naomi accused, twisting the situation to make it sound like Anastasia was the one with ill intentions.

Anastasia was so enraged by this that she trembled. She knew Naomi was only razzing her up, but her blood still boiled all the same. "I don't care what you say. All I want is for Dad to get the best treatment there is." She decided to ignore the wretched woman after this.

"I refuse to let my husband be treated at Presgrave Hospital. I don't feel good about it, and I demand that you have him sent back to the General Hospital at

once! You hear me?!" Naomi roared.

Without another word, Anastasia ended the call and turned to address Elliot, who had been standing at the side all this while, "Let's go."

Presently, Naomi gritted her teeth as she sped over to the hospital. "That useless wench hung up on me!"

"Mom, what do we do? Presgrave Hospital has state-of-the-art facilities and some of the best doctors in the world. If Dad regains consciousness after receiving treatment there, then all our efforts will be for nothing!" Erica wailed.

"We're going to Presgrave Hospital right away. I'm going to bring my husband back to General Hospital no matter what!" Naomi seethed, making up her mind to use the wife-card to her advantage.

Over in Francis' most trusted law firm, Alex was in the middle of a conversation with a middle aged man. On the table was an agreement with a bank card laid on top of it. "I heard that you've racked up quite a lot of gambling debts, Mr. Smithers, but I'm sure that the money in there is enough to help you tide things over," Alex pointed out matter-of-factly.

"Looks like you came prepared, Mr. Hunter. How is President Tillman doing?"

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"Due to the delay in administering immediate medical treatment, President Tillman has been declared comatose, and he might never wake up again."

Colin's eyes lit up at this. Knowing that the deal was sure to be risk-free, he happily reached for the agreement and the bank card while demanding, "I want two percent of the shares in Tillman Constructions after I see through the deal." This was the perfect opportunity for him to get rich, and he would be a fool to not seize it.

Alex had the authority to agree to this proposition, and he knew he had to, seeing as switching out the will was the most important part of the entire scheme. "Very well. In that case, we'll be on the same side from now on," he replied, nodding.

Then, Colin went over to the safe and took out the old will Francis had made, then tore it into pieces in front of Alex. Having done so, he slipped the new one into the safe.

A satisfied smile played on Alex's lips. At last, the will has been successfully switched. Now, Naomi and Erica stood to inherit sixty percent of Tillman Constructions; that translated to a good seven hundred million in assets and liquidity.

Meanwhile, over at Presgrave Hospital, Francis was sent into one of the check-up rooms to

run several tests. Anastasia waited anxiously in the hallway with Rey, who stood behind her to keep her company while Elliot went back to the company to handle important work matters.

"Would you like to sit down, Miss Tillman?" Rey asked, looking at the woman with concern.

"No, I'm fine," Anastasia muttered tiredly as she shook her head. She prayed furtively that the tests would show positive results.

Just then, a nurse stationed on this floor came up to them and said, "Miss Tillman, two of your family members have arrived and they're waiting outside the entrance. They're really anxious. Should I let them in?"

Anastasia frowned. She didn't have to ask to know that the ones throwing a fit outside the entrance were Naomi and Erica. She wanted Francis to have these tests done without interference, so she instructed the nurse, "Keep them outside and do not let them in."

"Very well."

The nurse had only just walked away when Anastasia turned to address Rey, "Could you go with the nurse and see what's the fuss about?"

"Of course. I'll get right to it," he agreed and hurried toward the elevators.

Naomi's aversion toward Presgrave Hospital isn't just because of my relationship with the Presgraves. What is she so afraid of? Is she worried that Dad will receive better medical treatment here? Anastasia wondered grimly.

Presently, Naomi and Erica were arguing with the security guards in the Presgrave Hospital lobby.

"I'm warning you—if I don't see my husband by the end of the day, I'll have this hospital torn down!" Naomi threatened at the top of her lungs.

The security guards eyed her steadily, completely unaffected. They highly doubted that the likes of her had the power to demolish the Presgraves' hospital building.

"Hand my father over right now or I'll sue every single one of you! I'll expose you for being accomplices to a kidnapping crime!" Erica had unfortunately her mother's affinity for dramatics and somehow associated volume with intimidation.

"I'm sorry, but this is a private hospital, and I'm afraid you can't just have your way. You are not allowed to enter until further instructions say otherwise."

"My husband is in there right now! Why am I not allowed in?! I bet that scheming little wench Anastasia put you up to this, didn't she? Tell her I demand to see her this instant! Go!" Naomi

At that moment, Rey drew close to the scene of the fiasco. Recognizing him at once, Naomi barked, "You're Elliot's assistant, aren't you? Bring Anastasia out right now!"

"Miss Tillman is currently with President Tillman while the doctors run the necessary tests on him. Please refrain from causing a scene here," Rey pointed out sternly, frowning.

"She has no right to transfer my husband here! I'll make her pay if anything happens to him."

"That's right! If my father's condition worsens after this, it'll be all her fault," Erica chimed in hotly.

Rey raised a brow and said with forced patience, "I assume that both of you are unaware

that Presgrave Hospital has the top-of-the-line facilities and the finest medical team, which will be of great help to President Tillman's condition and subsequent recovery. There is absolutely nothing for you to worry about," Rey explained.

However, Naomi panicked even more when she heard this. It was precisely because she knew about Presgrave Hospital's advanced facilities and world-class medical team that she did not want Francis to be here.

"You don't even know what Anastasia is plotting! She's only after her father's company, and no one else wants him to die more than she does! I don't feel safe leaving my husband in her hands. She's up to something, and trust me when I say it's nothing good!" Naomi snapped belligerently.

Upon hearing this, Rey grew grim and countered, "Mrs. Tillman, I suggest you refrain from casting aspersions on Miss Tillman's character. She will be Mrs. Presgrave soon, and she is President Tillman's daughter. I can assure you that she bears no ill will toward him."