

Chapter 402

Anastasia frowned. She found it odd that the man claimed he had nothing to live for on one hand while refusing her money on the other, and odder still was how someone so heated down insisted she stay away from Elliot. He simply wasn't making any sense.

In the end, the man's greed got the better of him as he said, "Fine, wire me the money!"

'Ill hand you the card with the money in it if you come over personally to retrieve it," Anastasia countered stubbornly.

"Trying to lure me out, I see. Hah! I'm no idiot, Anastasia. I know you're trying to set me up to get caught! Save your energy and don't bother trying to catch me; you won't succeed. Stay away from Elliot if you know what's good for you, you hear?"

With that, the man hung up.

Anastasia stared at her phone as she pondered on their conversation. She couldn't help wondering why the man so stubbornly demanded that she stay away from Elliot. Does he bear a grudge against Elliot?

More to the point, the man had figured out that she was, indeed, trying to lure him out into the light by using money as bait.

In the past, she would do all that she could to avoid ever meeting the man who had assaulted her five years ago, but now, he was forcing her to confront him. She was starting to realize that the only way she could move on from her nightmarish past was not by running away, but by facing it head-on fearlessly. Perhaps it was only after she had personally condemned the sc*mbag to a life of imprisonment that she could finally look back on the incident from five years ago and learn to walk away from it.

Anastasia vowed that she would never let this man escape the rule of law no matter what. She wouldn't let him get away with what he had done to her, even if it meant having to tell Jared the truth about his birth.

Meanwhile, over by the man-made lake near Summit Mansion, Hayley was seething with rage as she clutched her phone in one trembling hand after she realized that Anastasia could no longer be manipulated by her vicious, albeit empty threats.

She had planned on using the identity of the male escort to force Anastasia into staying away from Elliot, but the call had ended with Hayley being the one

threatened instead.

It was 3.00PM when Rey pulled up outside Anastasia's apartment. She got into the car and was ferried to a boutique in the heart of the city.

"Miss Tillman, President Presgrave has asked that you pick out a dress for the benefit gala tonight, which you will be attending as his date," Rey informed politely.—

Anastasia nodded. If she was going to attend an event with Elliot, it was only par for the course that she had to pick out something elegant and understated to match his refined grace. After all, the last thing she wanted was to humiliate him by wearing some old dress pulled from the back of her wardrobe.

The boutique had a wide collection of designer dresses from Anastasia to choose from, and the owner personally led her to peruse the seasonal items that were on the more exclusive end of the evening-wear spectrum.

However, Anastasia had turned down all of these dresses in favor of a beige one that accentuated her flawless, porcelain skin, which seemed to glow under the lights.

Time ticked by, and before anyone noticed, it was already 5.00PM. Anastasia emerged from the boutique with her make-up done and her dress fitted. The beige evening dress hugged her slender figure and flattered her curves, and her hair was gathered elegantly at her nape with tendrils framing her face. Coupled with the shimmering earrings she was using, she was the perfect picture of poise and grace.

“You look beautiful tonight, Miss Tillman,” Rey praised with a smile.

“Thank you,” she replied graciously. She slid into the backseat of the car as Rey held the door open for her, and the staff at the boutique came out to send her off, enviously watching her leave.

As Anastasia leaned into the seat, she looked like a young lady born out of aristocracy whose every little gesture and expression radiated innate elegance.

Not two minutes after the car had pulled up outside Presgrave Corporation’s headquarters, Anastasia saw a towering figure step out of the revolving doors of the main entrance before he proceeded toward her. He looked ethereal when the twilight rays from the winter sun played over him, giving the illusion that he had a halo around him.

Anastasia’s eyes lit up at the sight of him, and she didn’t even realize that she was gazing upon him with love and endearment.

Then again, anyone would look at Elliot the same way if they caught even the slightest glimpse of him!

Elliot opened the door and slid into the backseat next to her. His eyes fell on her appreciatively, and he found himself unable to look away.

He thought she was already gorgeous enough without dressing up, but now that she had, he was surprised by how breathtaking she looked.

Anastasia couldn’t help blushing at the way he was staring at her, and she self consciously tucked a lock of hair behind her ear as she asked shyly, “How do I look?”

“No words can describe how beautiful you are right now,” Elliot said honestly as he grinned, the corners of his eyes crinkling lovingly.

She gaped at him. “You’re exaggerating, aren’t you? I think I look passably decent, if not slightly better than how I usually look.” “I think you’re drop-dead gorgeous,” he went on to praise.

A little flustered by how earnest he sounded, she pointed out, “You look really good in a suit as well. In fact, you’re the only man I know who can look this handsome in a suit.”

He was pleased to hear her compliment, and a delighted smile curled on his lips.

Alas, neither of them ever stopped to think about how Rey-the perpetual bachelor who was driving them to the benefit gala at present-might feel as they rubbed their relationship in his face.