

Chapter 405

The only way to avoid Elliot's suspicion was to have Lucas hand him the wine. Aliona sat on the other end of the room, but her gaze was fixed on: Elliot and the glass of wine in his hand. She had to make sure that he finished every last drop.

She had spiked the wine with a powerful dosage of the drug, which was specially — made to knock someone out temporarily, only to have them wake up as the effects of the drug hit their peak.

The woman whom Aliona had arranged to get close to Anastasia was swooping into action now. She greeted Anastasia after walking up to her and said politely, "Miss Tillman, I heard through the grapevine that you're a jewelry designer at Bourgeois. I was wondering if I could have a moment with you?"

Anastasia looked at the elegantly dressed woman and nodded, not wanting to turn her down. The woman led her to the side of the room, away from Elliot and Lucas. Then, she explained with a smile, "If you must know, I have taken a liking to your designs, and I'd like to have a jewelry set custom-made. Could you squeeze me in for an appointment so that we can go over the details?"

"I'm no longer working in Bourgeois, I'm afraid, but I can recommend someone whose work is far better than mine if you'd like," Anastasia offered. Naturally, she would love to help bring in business to Bourgeois, and though she had left the atelier, she was still supportive of Felicia's work.

Presently, in the banquet hall, Elliot had taken the glass of wine Lucas offered him.

After making some sentimental remarks, Lucas said to the younger man, "Here's to pulling off this event successfully." He made a toasting gesture and added, "Bottoms up, Elliot."

Being the younger of the two, it was only courtesy for Elliot to finish the wine. He tipped his head back and gulped down every last drop of wine, then looked down again to see that Lucas had already finished his own drink.

The two men held onto their empty glasses as Lucas went on to say, "There's something I'd like to discuss with you, Elliot. Shall we head on to the second-floor lounge?"

Glancing over in Anastasia's direction and seeing that she was in the middle of conversing with a woman, Elliot turned to follow Lucas up the stairs.

Meanwhile, Aliona was so excited to see Elliot finish his glass of wine that her heart beat wildly in her chest. Her plan was finally going to succeed; she was but one step away from making Elliot hers tonight.

She greatly anticipated his performance later on. While he would pass out from the drink at first, the aftermath that followed was something to look forward to. She felt certain that he would please her in all the ways she had dreamed he would

The mere thought of that sent a pleasurable shiver down her spine as she pulled out her phone and ordered the person on the other line, "You can get rid of her now."

Anastasia was still talking about jewelry with the woman from earlier when two security guards suddenly walked up to her and said, "Sorry, miss, but we noticed that you weren't on the guestlist. I'm afraid we have to ask you to leave."

"My apologies. I came here with Young Master Elliot at the very last minute, which is why my name wasn't on the guest list," Anastasia explained.

The interruption provided the woman a chance to slither away, and Anastasia was left alone to deal with the guards. They insisted, "In that case, could you please come with us for verification purposes?"

Upon hearing this, Anastasia looked around the hall to search for Elliot's familiar figure. She didn't want to follow these two strange guards out of the hall, and when she couldn't find Elliot, she said stubbornly, "I'll find someone who can verify my attendance as Young Master Elliot's plus-one."

“Miss, we have reason to believe that you are here with suspicious ulterior motives. Please come with us,” one of the security guards ordered as he reached out to grab her by the wrist.

Just then, she looked up in time to catch the pleased look on Aliona’s gaze from across the room. It was then that she realized these two guards were acting on her orders. Throwing me out, I see, Anastasia mused. She had no reason to stay here anyway, but she didn’t want to give Aliona the satisfaction.

At that moment, however, she saw Aliona turn to head up the stairs to the second floor.

Anastasia swiftly shoved the security guard’s hand away from her wrist and blended into the crowd of guests. Then, she made her way over to the buffet restaurant from the other side of the hall.

She wanted to look for Elliot, but she had made one round through the vicinity and

found him nowhere in sight.

In the lounge on the second floor, Elliot was listening to what Lucas had to say when he suddenly felt as if his blood was rushing to his head. He blinked hard, but when that did little to alleviate the dizziness, he glanced at Lucas and said, “Mr. Dora, my head is spinning.”

“Why don’t you get some rest, Elliot? Here, you can take a nap here and return to the party later,” Lucas offered as he went over to help the younger man. As Elliot’s conscious mind slowly slipped into the darkness, he lay down on the couch and dozed off within seconds.

Shortly after, Aliona pushed the door open and walked into the lounge. She looked at Elliot’s unconscious form, and a devious but elated smirk curled on her lips. “Finally, he’s mine.”

Lucas glowered at her in disgust. “Take him upstairs. You’ve finally got what you asked for.”

Aliona smiled as she drawled breezily, "Go down and entertain your guests. I don't want any of them bothering me tonight."