

Chapter 406

Anastasia was trying to shake off the two security guards, but when she saw Aliona walking up the stairs, she wondered if Elliot was on the second floor as well.

After all, Aliona gravitated toward Elliot no matter where he went. Anastasia reckoned that he was on the second floor, so she made her way upstairs. However, even as she arrived in the corridor, she wasn't sure where to start looking; all the lounges on this floor were identical, and their doors were all firmly shut.

Just then, she caught sight of someone being hauled out of the lounge at the end of the corridor. While she was turning away, she could clearly see that the figure being carried away by two security guards was none other than Elliot.

What's wrong with him? She grew anxious immediately as her heart leaped to her throat. Elliot looked weak and drained, and he couldn't walk without the two guards supporting him under the

arms.

The next second, she saw Aliona emerge from the lounge before she followed the two guards toward the elevators. At once, Anastasia's stomach churned. What the hell? Did Aliona drug him?

A fiery rage seized Anastasia as she hurried over to the elevator lobby, where she saw that the elevator Aliona and her henchmen had presumably taken had stopped on the fifteenth floor. The banquet hall where the auction was being held was on the eighth, which meant there were a good seven floors that got in the way of Anastasia's rescue mission.

She pressed the button on the panel repeatedly, but no elevator came down for her. As of now, the only thing that flooded her mind were thoughts of how Aliona was close to claiming Elliot as her own.

Anastasia couldn't quite understand where her sudden possessiveness was coming from, but she was adamant to keep her man away from other women's clutches. With that in mind, she was even more determined to go up and stop Aliona from doing anything despicable to Elliot. What the hell is wrong with Elliot? Why does he keep getting drugged? Isn't it bad enough that he had slept with Hayley unintentionally five years ago? Now, he's about to fall victim to Aliona!

Finally, an elevator arrived on her floor. She hurried through the open doors and stared anxiously at the floor numbers displayed on the little screen in the elevator, feeling bile rising in her throat. Never had she imagined that an elevator could move so slowly.

She couldn't believe that the fifteenth floor felt so far away. Is Aliona getting her hands all over Elliot now?

Meanwhile, Elliot had been carried into a suite and plopped down on the couch. The security guards had left, and right now, Aliona was sitting on the other side of the couch with a smirk on her lips as she appraised the sleeping man.

He was a work of art. She took in the chiseled angles and planes of his handsome face, and when her gaze fell upon the perfect curve of his lips, she swallowed. She wanted nothing more than to kiss him right now and see how he tasted.

However, she wasn't in a hurry to make a move on him, knowing that he wouldn't be able to resist seeking her out and pulling her into his arms the moment he woke up. All she had to do now was wait for him to regain his senses, and she wanted to make sure that the first thing he saw when he

opened his eyes was her in a suggestive outfit.

She went into the adjoining bedroom to put on the night-gown that she had prepared for this night. Once she put it on, no man would be able to resist the temptation of bedding her.

When Anastasia arrived on the fifteenth floor after what felt like ages, she stepped out of the elevator doors and surveyed the eerily quiet hallway. She didn't know which room Aliona was in but she was desperate enough to knock on every door until she found out.

She was going to do everything she could to stop Aliona's hideous acts before she got away with them. I have to save Elliot no matter what!

While the thought of this was amusing, it didn't change the fact that the man needed saving tonight. She was going to be his knight in shining armor for a change.

Anastasia began to knock on every door along the hallway. Seeing as there were several rooms left vacant for the night, she didn't get a response after knocking on a handful of doors. Once in a while, she would come across a room that was occupied, and presently, the woman who opened the door was astonished to see her. "Is there something I can help you with?"

"Sorry, I must have the wrong room. I apologize for disrupting your evening," Anastasia replied courteously.

Then, she went on knocking one door after the next. She couldn't care less about the embarrassment, and every time she knocked, she would dodge to the side of the door, afraid that Aliona would not open up if she saw her through the peephole.

At last, when she came to a stop at the fast room, Anastasia took a deep breath and rapped her knuckles against the door several times.

This was Aliona's suite. She frowned when she heard the knock, and she wondered with no small amount of disgruntlement who would bother her at this crucial time. Then, she thought that perhaps one of her henchmen needed to speak with her, so she crossed the room to answer the door.

She looked through the peephole, but when she saw that nobody was on the other side, she turned to walk away. Just then, another series of knocks came, and she impatiently threw open the door without checking this time.

Only one person was standing out in the hallway,

Anastasia let out a breath of relief when she saw Aliona at the door, dressed in nothing but a suggestive nightgown. I've found you.

Aliona flushed as she demanded hotly, "What are you doing here, Anastasia?" As soon as the words left her mouth, she belatedly realized what was happening and quickly reached to close the door.

However, Anastasia was quicker. She slammed her palm against the door before it shut all the way