

Chapter 408

It was as if there was a raging fire burning in Elliot, and it didn't feel like it was dying down anytime soon. It was then that he realized he had been set up.

At that moment, Aliona reached out to stop Anastasia while seething, "You can't take him away now. He needs a woman!"

"And he has one—that's me. He has no need for you," Anastasia retorted furiously as she held onto Elliot to keep him upright.

Upon hearing this, Elliot's eyes glimmered happily. She's going to save me, he thought.

"Don't go, Elliot!" Aliona cried out pleadingly, reaching out for him.

However, one baleful look on his part was all it took to make her falter. He glowered at her warningly as he bit out in disgust, "Don't touch me." He didn't need to think to know that she was the one who had drugged him tonight.

"Come on," Anastasia prompted as she opened the door and led him out. Then, she fished out her phone and called Rey, asking him to meet them at the hotel entrance.

Back in the suite, Aliona was close to unraveling with hysteria. She couldn't believe that her plans had once again been thwarted by Anastasia.

Meanwhile, Anastasia hauled Elliot into the elevator and propped him up against one wall. Now that her hands were free, she tried to comb her hair into submission with her fingers and straightened her slightly crumpled dress. When she tilted her head and saw the imprint on the alabaster skin of her neck, she cursed, "Damn it."

Elliot's heart twisted as he assessed the damage on her. He then asked weakly, "Does it hurt?"

She shook her head and turned to look at him glumly. "You ought to thank me for saving you before you became Aliona's plaything in bed."

He gaped at her speechlessly. With superhuman effort, he pushed through the fire that was threatening to consume him and asked in a strained voice, "You got into a fight with Aliona to defend my honor?"

"Are you implying that I shouldn't have done that to save you? You just want to sleep with Aliona, don't you?" Anastasia countered sharply as she gave him an accusatory look.

"The only person I want is you, Anastasia," Elliot forced out almost breathlessly as he leaned against the elevator wall, too weak to stand properly on his feet. In a show of his genuine desire for her, he added, "Let's switch hotels. I need you."

"Switch hotels? Fat chance! We're going to the hospital." She had only just said this when the elevator doors opened, and she snaked an arm around his waist to haul him out.

He was evidently disgruntled as he muttered, "I thought you were going to sacrifice yourself to save me from distress."

"You've overestimated the extent of my selflessness," she pointed out sarcastically. As if I would ever think about doing that, Elliott

Just then, Rey hurried up to them, and when he saw how unwell Elliot looked, he urged. "What happened to President Presgrave?"

"He was drugged. Quick, we have to get him to the hospital!" Anastasia said.

Upon hearing this, Rey hastily helped Elliot over to the car.

When Elliot had settled into the backseat, he could feel the heat in him grow relentless. Rey was behind the wheel, and Anastasia was seated close to a man whose smoldering gaze was fixed on her.

She sensed the desire that was pulsating through him, and when she turned to check on him, he lunged forward and kissed her.

“It hurts... Help me, Anastasia,” he pleaded in a low and husky voice.

Anastasia quickly pulled down the screen that separated the front and backseat of the car while trying to shove the man away from her. “Just hold on a little bit longer, Elliot. We’re almost at the hospital.”

However, with the effects of the drug peaking in him, waiting was no longer a viable option for him. He desperately needed relief now.

“Elliot, just hang on a little bit-”

She was cut off when he leaned forward and kissed her hungrily,

In the driver’s seat, Rey stepped on the gas and weaved through the lanes on the road as he sped toward the hospital. He didn’t want Elliot to make any mistakes out of impulse tonight, or else Anastasia might hold a grudge against him.

Having sought relief in the kiss, Elliot visibly calmed down in the spacious backseat. He managed to recover a sliver of self- control as he murmured in a pained and hoarse voice, “Anastasia... I need you...”

Fortunately, there was a hospital nearby. After Rey pulled up at the entrance, he tapped on the window to indicate that they had arrived. Anastasia shoved Elliot and his restless hands away from her and said, “Come on, Elliot, pull yourself together. We’re already here at the hospital.”

Rey opened the car door for them, and Elliot obligingly stepped down from the car. Anastasia took her purse and followed suit before she walked with him to the doctor's office.

A series of procedures later, he was put up in a hospital room and hooked to an IV. As the sedative worked through his system, Elliot was like a tamed beast, and he eventually drifted off into a deep slumber.

It was only then that Anastasia finally relaxed. She leaned into the seat next to the bed tiredly and thought with dismay about how she had not unleashed her full force on Aliona during the fight earlier. There was residual adrenaline thrumming in her veins, reminding her that she ought

teach that wretched girl a hard lesson.

She was pulled from her thoughts when Rey, having sorted out the paperwork at the counter, returned to ask, "Miss Tillman, would you like to go home?"

"No, I'm good. I'll stay here and look after him."

"Very well, then. I'll be right outside, so just call me if you need anything."