

Chapter 409

Anastasia nodded wearily. She gazed at Elliot pensively while he slept soundly under the dim glow of the lights. The sedative had evidently overpowered the effects of the drug from earlier and the IV solution was being transfused slowly through a tube that was attached to his strong arm by a short needle.

As she watched him, she began to wonder if Aliona had planned on forcing herself onto him before making him take responsibility later.

The plan was a good one, admittedly, but unfortunately for Aliona, Anastasia caught on to it and thwarted it in time.

Anastasia was incredibly relieved that she had attended the benefit gala with him tonight. Had she not been there, he would have fallen into Aliona's evil clutches. She had come upon him lying unconscious in Aliona's hotel suite, and with the effects of the drug snatching away his voice of reason, she couldn't help wondering if he and Aliona would have gone all the way had she not intervened.

Eventually, she fell asleep. She wasn't sure how much time had passed when she felt herself being picked up and pulled into a warm and comforting embrace.

It was already 3.00AM when Elliot woke up to see that the girl had dozed off on the couch with his suit jacket draped over her. He felt his gut wrench, and he rose to carry her over to the bed.

The effects of the drug had worn off by then. When he saw the claw mark that ran along the delicate skin of her neck and her tousled hair, his heart twisted.

As he sighed, he blamed himself for having put her through the tiresome ordeal of saving him.

Meanwhile, back at the hotel, Aliona was fuming in her suite after her plan was ruined. She wasted no time lashing out at the two security guards who had let Anastasia out of their sight. As things were, she

did not stand a chance to get close to Elliot, much less claim him as her own. In fact, she wouldn't be surprised if he hated her with a passion.

"Miss, should we bring you to the hospital to get your face treated?" the bodyguard asked out of concern.

Naturally, Aliona had seen the imprint on her cheek where Anastasia had slapped her earlier. The scratch marks all over her body were even more jarring under the light. She couldn't believe how savage and persistent Anastasia had been during the fight. She had only been wearing a thin nightgown when the brawl happened, which exposed most of her skin to Anastasia's vicious attacks.

"That wretched little b*tch!" Aliona bit out as resentment and rage burned in her eyes. "I won't let her get away with this!"

In the hospital, Anastasia stirred from her sleep when it was slightly past dawn. She opened her eyes slowly, only to meet the dark and amused gaze of the man sitting next to the bed.

She instinctively covered her face with her hands. Suddenly, she registered where she was. Wait, how did I even end up in bed? He must have carried me over from the couch!

"I've been staring at you for the past half an hour. It's a little late for you to hide your face now, don't you think?" Elliot teased as a low chuckle escaped him.

She flushed and let her hands drop, then turned to look at him with her clear and unwavering gaze as she asked, "Are you okay now?"

"I am." he reassured with a smile. He reached out to stroke her hair, but when his hand came away with a few broken strands of it, he asked in a pained voice, "Does your scalp still hurt?"

Of course it does! Aliona practically tried to weed my hair out with her possur hands! “Not really,” she lied nonetheless as she lifted the covers off her and got out of bed. She was still wearing the dress from last night, though it was a little wrinkled now.

After leaving the hospital, Rey dropped them off at Elliot’s villa, whereupon Anastasia hopped into the shower, put on a change of clothes, and went downstairs.

Presently, Elliot was on a call with Lucas. “Mr. Dora, I just called to let you know that your daughter, Aliona, spiked the drink you gave me last night,” he said unhappily.

“What? Are you alright, Elliot? I know Aliona can be impulsive, but she never should have gone this far no matter how much she likes you!” Guilt worked its way into Lucas’ tone as he added on the other line, “Please don’t hold it against her. She’s only young, and she didn’t think before she acted.”

‘Ill let this incident go, but only because you and I are on good terms. That said, I don’t ever want to see your daughter again,” Elliot said icily, the anger in his voice evident.

“I’m sorry, Elliot. I’m truly, truly sorry that she put you through this,” Lucas humbled himself and apologized profusely.

Elliot hung up the phone and turned to see that Anastasia had already come down the stairs. He reigned in his anger and resumed his affable and charming disposition as he asked, “Are you hungry? How about I make you something to eat?”

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Anastasia gaped at him. “You know how to cook?”

“Nothing fancy, but I can do a mean steak.”

“Alright then, I’d very much like to try your cooking.”

He went into the kitchen to get started on lunch for her. For a moment, it was as if she had become a distinguished guest, and he was the personal chef who would tend to her palate.

He pulled the dark gray apron over his black shirt and matching trousers. He might be cooking, but it seemed as if elegance did not abandon him even while he was operating the stove.

He kicked off Anastasia’s dining experience with a hot cup of coffee. “Enjoy, Miss Tillman,” he said teasingly with a playful smile.

She sat on the couch and reached for the coffee, indulging in the personal service that he rendered her. As she nodded, she brought the cup to her lips and took a sip, pleasantly surprised to find that it had the sweet aroma that she preferred in her coffee.