

Chapter 411

“What is it?” Elliot asked.

“Five years ago, we... we had a baby together.”

Elliot had one hand in his pocket as he stood in front of the French windows in the study, and when he heard what Hayley said over the phone, his eyes widened. “What are you talking about?”

“Our baby didn’t manage to survive, but I was looking through my stuff and I found the sonogram from all those years ago. Our baby.” Hayley let out a heartbreaking sob. “I lost the baby at three months... I’m so sorry for not being able to keep him.”

He was shell-shocked. He never thought that he had hurt Hayley more than she let on five years ago, and he didn’t ever expect her to have gone through a miscarriage.

‘I didn’t know that I was pregnant at the time. I was always so overworked and tired, and by the time I found out I was expecting a baby, the fetal heartbeat had stopped.’ She was crying even more mournfully now on the other line as she went on to say, “It was all my fault. I didn’t know I was having a baby. If I did, I would have done everything I could to bring the baby into this world.” “Stop crying,” Elliot urged gently. “That’s enough now. Don’t beat yourself up over this; maybe this is just fate at work.”

“I get really cold whenever winter comes around. The doctor mentioned that it’s a side effect from the miscarriage. Elliot, I want to see you, right now..” Hayley pleaded, “Can you please come over and see me?”

He frowned. “Right now?”

“Yes, right now. I’m really, really unwell, and I want to see you. Please,” she begged.

“Okay, I’ll go over now,” he agreed. He couldn’t believe that Hayley had suffered a miscarriage that left her with such brutal side effects.

Presently, it was evening time, and Anastasia was resting in her bedroom when Elliot pushed the door open to come in. “I need to head out for a while. Mrs. Collins will come by later to make dinner.”

“Oh, okay,” Anastasia replied with a nod.

Elliot’s dilemma was clear in his obsidian eyes as he gazed at her. He didn’t want her to know that he was going over to Hayley’s place because he didn’t want to hurt her.

“What time will you be back?” she pressed.

“A little later than usual.”

“Alright then. Go ahead.” She didn’t want to intrude too much upon his personal life either.

He gave her a long look, then turned and left.

Meanwhile, over at Summit Mansion, Hayley flew into her room and sat down in front of the

anity. She happily grabbed her cosmetic bag and began to put on her make-up so that she looked ready to welcome Elliot.

The swelling and bruises on her face from the plastic surgery had healed over, and having gone through a rigorous skin treatment, she was glowing beautifully under the lights. A delighted smile curled on her

lips, and she was entirely happy with how the procedure had turned out even though she bore some semblance to Anastasia now.

She carefully applied her make-up to create an effortless and natural look, then ran toward her wardrobe to pull on a stunning negligee that revealed just the right amount of skin. After that, she grabbed a white fur coat and draped it over herself to add a luxurious touch to her overall appearance.

When she was done, she sat on the couch and waited for Elliot to show up.

As night devoured the land, a black sedan drove into the front yard of the mansion. Elliot's elegant and towering figure stepped out of the vehicle. He was dressed in all-black, and there was an imposing air of nobility about him as he made his way up the path to the front door.

Hayley was peering at him through the window with unadulterated adoration. She had been wanting to claim this man as her own, in life and in bed, ever since she laid eyes on him. At the same time, she was admittedly flustered and nervous, she wasn't sure if he would take too kindly to her new face, but at the thought of how men often fell for beauties, her desire to be loved by him overpowered her fear and uncertainty.

Elliot opened the front door, which had been left unlocked, and walked into the house. He was greeted at once by the sight of Hayley lounging on the couch in the living room, the dim lighting overhead casting a warm glow over her skin as the thin blanket slid halfway off her torso. Just then, she looked up slowly, and her eyes lit up when she registered his arrival.

Upon taking a good look at her face, he stopped in his tracks. His eyes narrowed slightly as he appraised her, and for a moment, he couldn't believe what he was seeing.

He could see traces of Anastasia's delicate features on Hayley's face. Shock rippled through him as he belatedly realized that she had gone for plastic surgery. Just so she could look like Anastasia, he thought grimly.

“What’s wrong, Elliot? Do you not like the way I look now?” Hayley looked crestfallen. “I know how much you like Anastasia, so I... I did my best to look like her. I did this for you. Please don’t push me away after this!” She sounded like she might cry any time, though she was subtly pleading for his compliments.