

Chapter 413

However, Elliot had already slid into his car and closed the door. Hayley hurtled toward him, but just as she was about to reach the door, he backed out of the driveway smoothly and sped off into the night, leaving her shivering in the cold breeze,

The fur coat on her kept her warm, but there was no thawing of the icicles that pierced her heart following his harsh rejection. The courage she had summoned just to go through with the plastic surgery was all for naught; Elliot wasn't impressed by her new face at all, nor did he glance at it for even longer than a few seconds.

She couldn't understand why this was happening. He likes the way Anastasia looks, doesn't he? I've had all this work done just to look like her, so why am I still not good enough?

Gritting her teeth, she fished out her phone with a malicious gleam in her eyes and selected the picture she had taken earlier before sending it to Anastasia.

With her chest rising and falling rapidly, she screamed into the night, "If I can't have you, Elliot, then neither can Anastasia!" She stormed back into the house and plopped down on the couch, grabbing the bottle of wine she had been drinking before Elliot's arrival, and threw her head back as she gulped down the contents. However, at that moment, her eyes widened when she realized that the wine had lost its familiar tangy fragrance, and it seemed like it had been diluted with water.

Hayley stared at the wine in astonishment. Have I left it exposed to the air for too long? She filled half a glass with the wine and drank it, only to find that it was as tasteless as tap water.

Her hand flew to her throat as her mind scrambled for an answer. What's happening? Why can't I taste the wine?

As panic seized her, she hurried to the fridge and rummaged the drawer for a handful of cherries. She didn't bother washing them as she shoved them into her mouth. The sweetness of the cherries, which

she was sure she had tasted just the day before, had been severely diluted, barely coating her tongue. It was as if her taste buds were degenerating.

She started to grow anxious as she ran into the kitchen. She had never cooked here, but the servants had stocked up the salt and sugar. Having found a bag of salt, she tore it open and shoveled a handful of it into her mouth. The saltiness ought to make her cringe and shudder, but she could not taste it at all, and she only became incredibly thirsty afterward.

“My taste buds!” She let out a frantic shriek. Then, she crouched down on the floor and clutched her throat. She couldn’t believe that the plastic surgery had caused her to lose her sense of taste.

Without wasting another second, she dashed out of the house and into the garage, driving over to the hospital.

Meanwhile, Anastasia was curled up in bed with a good book, and she had spent the better part of the last few hours without her phone. Now that she wanted to check the time, she began to search for her phone.

Elliot’s villa was huge, and it would take a while for her to find the phone she had so casually set aside somewhere.

It was only after she ventured down into the living room that she found her phone on the table next to the couch. She sat down to check the time, only to see that she had received a new message

She clicked into it, and the contents made her eyes widen in shock. The text was sent from an unfamiliar number, and the picture that came with it was one of a woman, who bore a striking ... resemblance to her, snuggled up in Elliot’s arms.

Anastasia did not miss the fact that Elliot was wearing the same clothes he had when he left the house earlier. When he said he was heading out, did he really mean he was going to some other woman’s place?

She glanced at the woman in the picture again. Aside from the strong resemblance they shared, she was a little stunned to see that there was something unnervingly familiar about the woman.

Anastasia had no idea that Hayley had gone under the knife. More importantly, it had been a major procedure. It was only normal that Anastasia could not recognize her underneath all that make-up and raunchy outfit.

How did this woman get my number anyway? She even sent me this picture to rile me up!

She tossed her phone aside as frustration and anger welled up in her. Just then, she heard the sound of a car, specifically Elliot's, pulling up outside.

She fixed her murderous gaze on the door, and sure enough, it wasn't long before Elliot walked past the threshold with his car keys in hand.

Anastasia narrowed her eyes and crossed her arms as she stared at him like he was the guilty cat that ate the canary.

Catching sight of this, Elliot felt a chill run down his spine as he asked, "What's wrong?"

He had been happy to see that she was waiting on the couch for him, but when he caught the murderous look in her eyes, he began to wonder what he had done to offend her.

"Nothing," she bit out coldly. She smiled, but it did not reach her eyes as she drawled, "Did you have fun, President Presgrave?" He raised a brow at her and countered, "Did you wait up for me on purpose?"

“Don’t flatter yourself; I only came down for a drink,” she said humorlessly as she rose to pour a glass of water for herself.

“I want a drink too. Pour one for me?”

“Unless your arms or your legs are broken, do it yourself!” Anastasia snapped as she took the glass of water she had poured for herself and went up the stairs.