

Chapter 439 Nowhere to Go

As Anastasia was leaning against the glass display and admiring his collection, she felt a warm sensation behind her. When she turned around, she was met with the man's intense stare.

The fire within his gaze was unmistakable.

She could understand what Elliot, as a normal twenty-eight-year-old man, was thinking of at the moment.

However, his phone rang unexpectedly. He took a look at the screen and saw the name that disgusted him.

The call was from Hayley.

Anastasia saw it too, and she immediately raised her head and wanted to ask if he would answer the call.

However, Elliot rejected the call and blocked Hayley's number.

Anastasia knew that, despite their previous one-night stand, Hayley's act of harming his grandmother was totally unacceptable to Elliot, and that by doing so, she would never see him again.

Noticing that he wasn't in a good mood, Anastasia hugged him and said, "I'll prepare dinner tonight. What do you want to have?" "I enjoy whatever you cook." Elliot hugged her back, pressing her against his chest so they could hold each other tightly.

All Anastasia could smell as she was buried in his arms was his hormonal scent, and she heard him say beside her ear, “But you’re my favorite dish of all.”

At that, she pushed him away with a smile. “I’m sorry, President Presgrave, but such a dish is not available tonight.”

She exited the room after finishing her words, leaving him smiling alone in the room. Elliot was patient enough to wait for what he desired.

It was a dark night outside. All of the other watches in the glass display were dimly lit; only the watch they were looking at earlier had a wolf’s head on it, exuding a domineering aura.

Meanwhile, Hayley sat dejectedly on a bench on the cold street. She had called numerous times, but none of her calls were answered.

She knew that Elliot had blocked her.

The cold breeze blew through her, and she immediately wrapped her arms around herself. It was only now that she realized the expensive clothes she was wearing weren’t designed to withstand cold weather, as those who could afford them would never be forced to live on the streets.

Suddenly, she thought of another person, and she dialed Daniel’s phone number using her phone.

“Hello?” His voice sounded aloof.

'It's Hayley. Can I sleep over at your place, Daniel?' Biting her lips, she requested.

"Miss Seymour, I'm sorry, but we shall not be in contact anymore."

"How can you treat me like this, Daniel? We've slept together so many times. Don't you have any feelings for me?"

'If 'm not mistaken, Hayley, you were always the one to make the first move. Which man will reject a woman who took the initiative? Truth is, I really don't have any feelings for you.' Daniel was fired by the Presgrave Group, and he blamed Hayley for his loss of such a well-paying and promising job.

"Daniel, you're such a b*astard," she scolded.

'I liked you before you had plastic surgery. However, now that you've had surgery, I find it repulsive that your face is filled with prosthetics.' He then continued, **"You look exactly like a ghost when you cry."**

His words enraged Hayley to the point where her face flushed and she thought she was going to blow a gasket.

"Anastasia is naturally beautiful, but yours is man-made. Don't even think about comparing yourself to her. You will never be able to match her beauty in your lifetime." Daniel spit out even harsher words.

"That is absurd! In every way, I'm not worse than she is!" Hayley screamed angrily.

“You’d do well to wake up! President Presgrave has been uninterested in you since the beginning. A lowly woman like you even wishes to be a princess, but even with the crown on, you’ll look amusing!”

“Shut up, Daniel Lancaster! You have no right to talk to me in such a way,” she angrily refuted.

“Don’t ever call me again. Weil, now that you have a new look from the surgery, you might be able to survive if you sell yourself.” “Piss off!” Gritting her teeth and trembling with rage, Hayley squeaked out these two words and hung up.