



Hayley's Jealousy

Anastasia smiled glacially. "Do you really want to know? I'll tell you then. The person that my mom saved back then was actually Elliot."

Hayley was stunned and overwhelmed by horror, wondering whether it was truly Anastasia's mother who saved Elliot. No way! That was too much of a coincidence! If it was true, Anastasia could probably make the Presgrave Family repay her even though she wasn't aware of what happened that night.

"Therefore, I'm warning you not to piss me off; otherwise, I'm going to be the one who'll end up as the young mistress of the Presgrave Family," Anastasia warned Hayley.

Hayley shivered in horror at that moment, clenching her fists as her fear took over her rational mind. "Anastasia, I'm sorry for what happened back then. Would you please forgive me?" Hayley guiltily begged for forgiveness.

"You want my forgiveness?" Anastasia sprinkled the water droplets at Hayley on her hands by flickering with her fingers. "You wish!"

Although Hayley blocked the sprinkle with her hand, her face still ended up getting inevitably wet. Having her eyes glued to Anastasia as she walked away, she was taken over by the rage and grudge. While Anastasia's appearance was especially eye-catching to many men in the fair, Hayley was reminded of her popular good looks during their childhood. Anastasia, I will never let you marry Elliot! He is mine and only mine! Hayley clenched her fists at the thought of that.

When Anastasia returned to the table, she sexily flickered her hair around her ear. Then, she looked up once again, only to meet the man's eyes once more

when the illuminating candlelight shone on them and made them look like black obsidians. On the other hand, it seemed to Elliot that the lady was like a shining pearl that glowed in the dark as her beauty and elegance drew the attention of every other man

who laid eyes on her. However, little did Anastasia know that she was one of the most beautiful socialites attending the jewelry fair.

Not long after that, Hayley returned from the washroom as well, pretending to look sympathetic as she made her way to her seat next to Elliot. Unlike her insolent and haughty attitude in the washroom earlier, she now appeared to be an innocent lady who needed a man to protect her, which disgusted Anastasia and killed her appetite. Thus, she quickly grabbed herself a glass of water to keep herself together.

“Miss Tillman, this is the beef steak with truffle that has just been served. Would you like to taste one?” John got her a glass of water.

“Thanks.” Anastasia smiled gratefully in response.

When they were done with dinner, the ensuing session was used to introduce the banquet’s theme. However, Anastasia made her way to the balcony alone with her glass of red wine, probably because she was the only person without company that night. Glancing at the city view that looked like a golden paddy field that shone in the night, she couldn’t help but feel sad about the fact that people tended to lose themselves in the process of pursuing wealth in modern society.

“Why are you here?” A deep voice from a man was heard.

Without even looking back, Anastasia knew who was talking and sluggishly sniggered. “What’s wrong? I had to report to you before I attended this jewelry fair?”

“Who is Nigel Manson to you?”

Anastasia turned around in surprise, gazing at the attractive man who was holding a glass of red wine in his hand with a frown. "You know Nigel?"

"Yes, I do." Elliot calmly answered, to which Anastasia wasn't surprised at all. After all, she believed the reason Nigel was invited to a jewelry fair like this one was probably because of his wealthy and influential family. For that, she didn't think it was surprising for both men, who were a part of the upper-class society, to know each other.

"You haven't answered my question. Who is Nigel to you?" The man behind Anastasia refused to give up asking his question.

Anastasia sipped her red wine. "Why should I tell you?" She then walked away without bothering to wait for a response from him, feeling disgusted about his position as Hayley's boyfriend. While the lady was walking away, Elliot was left behind, squinting with a darkened expression on his face.

Meanwhile, Hayley was chatting with a socialite among the crowd when she noticed Anastasia leaving the balcony. Knowing that Elliot was also there, she couldn't help but feel jealous of the lady. Was Anastasia trying to seduce Elliot? Then, she caught a glimpse of Elliot leaving the balcony as well, just when an idea sprang to her mind and prompted her to approach Anastasia with her glass of wine in her hand.

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