

My Accidental Husband Is My Revenge Partner Chapter 11

11 New Identity Revealed

The day of Xavier's grandma's birthday had finally arrived. Anastasia's heart fluttered with a mix of excitement and nerves as she prepared to meet both Xavier's family and her own. She could almost feel the weight of the moment pressing down on her, the anticipation buzzing like static in the air.

She applied her makeup with care, adding just a soft touch to enhance her natural features. The subtle shimmer highlighted her cheekbones and made her eyes sparkle, ensuring she would glow beautifully under the lights. She took a deep breath, hoping the extra effort would help her feel more confident amidst the party guests.

She picked up the black dress that the fashion designer had delivered to her the previous day.

The dress flowed gracefully to the ground, its length surpassing her toes. The dress didn't cling too tightly to her waist, it allowed her some space to breathe.

Tiny diamonds adorned the fabric, sparkling with every movement and ensuring she would stand out. She silently thanked Xavier for his thoughtful choice, feeling a surge of appreciation.

"Are you ready?" Xavier asked from the door, already clad in one of his best-tailored black suits.

His hair was combed back, with a few strands artfully falling onto his forehead. He looked so charming and handsome that Ana forgot to breathe for a moment. Little did she know, Xavier felt the same way about her.

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"I'm almost ready," Ana responded, wearing her earrings.

When she was finally done, the both of them walked downstairs, heading outside. Two cars were already parked in front of them.

Since they wouldn't be going together, they had to go in different cars.

Anastasia got into the car while Xavier got into his and zoomed off.

“Good evening ma’am,” Jake greeted from the front seat.

“Good evening,” Anastasia returned the greeting.

Jake ignited the engines of the car and they zoomed off as well.

As they neared their destination, Anastasia’s heart raced. The silence in the car was so profound that she feared Jake might hear the frantic beating.

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When they finally reached the event center, the first thing that caught Anastasia’s eye was the swarm of paparazzi. They rushed at the people stepping out of their cars like a pack of hungry animals, bombarding them with a barrage of questions.

“There are so many people,” she mumbled.

Anastasia heaved a sigh, closing her eyes for a few seconds before opening them, a smile on her lips. “I am Selene Jones.”

The car at the front drove away, giving the paparazzi the chance to station their cameras on the car she was seated in.-

Anastasia stepped out of the car, and immediately, camera flashes surrounded her, capturing pictures from every angle.

The paparazzi didn’t recognize the woman at all and curiosity was evident in their eyes as both men and women ogled at her dress.

However, since this mysterious woman had been invited to the eldest member of the Wallace family’s birthday celebration, no one dared to disrespect her.

Whispers of curiosity were shared among the reporters, but they made sure to maintain a polite distance. The Wallace family was known for their exclusivity, and being invited to such an event signaled importance and influence. The reporters understood that anyone who had received such an invitation must be someone of a high status.

On the other hand, Anastasia had to cover her eyes due to the amount of cameras that flashed in her face. They were so bright that if she dared look at them directly, she would go blind. But she couldn’t help but be glad they didn’t ask her questions.

As she made her way inside, she was surprised no reporters dared to block her way. They just took as many pictures as they could before she finally disappeared inside the huge hall.

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The hall was brightly lit, though not as intensely as the camera flashes outside. Anastasia lowered her hand from her face and

took in the sight of the party guests mingling around her.

Just as she'd thought, there were only well-known influential people who came to the party, wearing flashy dresses and suits, intending to outshine one person or the other,

When Anastasia looked up, she saw the Wallace family seated beside Old Wallace, exactly as Xavier had described.

Anastasia inhaled deeply and then exhaled, trying to find her comfort. With each step she took, her posture straightened and her stride grew more assured, her confidence building with every moment.

Unbeknownst to Anastasia, she was grabbing so much attention that people couldn't help but stop to look at her. She shone as bright as the diamonds on her dress. The female guests felt a pang of jealousy when they saw how elegant she looked. While the male guests couldn't help but drool.

From upstairs, Xavier gritted his teeth as he watched the men ogle at his wife.

If not for one thing, he would've been walking beside her.

The elderly woman, who was surrounded by people, had a huge smile on her face. Despite her old age, she looked healthy and happy and seemed to be full of energy too. She joked with the people surrounding her and they laughed out loud.

Anastasia couldn't help but admire the woman. When she had visited Harrison's mansion the first time, she had been worried that Anastasia was going to marry her deadbeat grandson, Richard. But Anastasia had to lie to her, saying that was what she wanted.

Anastasia made eye contact with Xavier. She immediately looked away because they were not supposed to know each other.

All of a sudden, she felt a piercing gaze from the side. Looking at the side, but not directly at the person, from the corners of her eyes, Anastasia spotted Michelle with Richard.

A faint smirk pulled on Anastasia's lips as she walked towards Old Wallace. She could feel the weight of people's gazes burning behind her back, not only Michelle's but simply Ana ignored it.

She took Old Wallace's hand and kissed the back of it. "Happy birthday, Mrs. Wallace, I'm Selene Jones."

