

My Accidental Husband Is My Revenge Partner Chapter 15

15 A Commotion At The Party

“Excuse me?” Anastasia questioned, a deep frown evident on her face.

Michelle immediately intervened, Richard, what are you saying? Is this how to talk to a guest?” She glared at him, her anger and annoyance evident in her expression.

The last person she needed to spoil her plans was Richard, who had unexpectedly appeared out of nowhere. She knew his presence could potentially disrupt everything.

When she sniffed him, she realized he was drunk.

‘Dammit, Michelle cursed in her thoughts.

She looked at Selene who was still clearly annoyed by his comment earlier.

“Please Selene, I’m sorry for the way he spoke to you. It seems he’s a little drunk, that’s why he’s behaving like this,” she immediately apologized.

Anastasia didn’t reply to her. She struggled to keep her emotions in check, feeling disappointed. She had hoped Richard would change, even just a little, but it was becoming increasingly clear that he was never going to change.

Anastasia moved back and left with a smile. Her eyes searched for Xavier but didn’t see him around. She went with the possibility that he must have gone to talk with his family.

Ana took a drink from a waiter who was walking by and gulped it

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down. She felt the alcohol mixed with ice burn her throat slightly.

“What am I going to do here now that I’m all alone?” Anastasia wondered out loud. Most of the guests were talking about several things she didn’t understand.

All of a sudden, her eyes caught Michelle and Richard talking about something since she saw their mouths moving, she was probably reprimanding him.

"I wonder whether she's able to tame that rapist. Hmm," she hummed, her eyes narrowing. "I don't think he's treating her the way he treated me before. I think it's Michelle who bullies him," she mumbled as her eyes glared hard at them.

The intensity of her glare seemed to have been too hard since Michelle looked around until their eyes met.

Michelle smiled at her, and Anastasia felt compelled to return it. As Michelle continued talking with Richard, Ana noticed someone sitting in the seat opposite her.

She looked at the person and sighed, already tired. The people sitting in her seat were no more than the people she was meant to call her mother, father, and brother. Her parents were seated, while her brother, Jack was standing, his hands in his pocket.

Anastasia didn't need to look up at him to know he was glaring at her. She could already feel the intensity of the glare.

"Selene, I hope Michelle was able to convince you to forgive us," Anastasia heard Amelja speak.

Ana sighed loudly, unable to hide her reaction to the terrible acting.

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"Mrs. Harrison, you are apologizing too much. I already told you, I forgive you but if you continue this, people will simply think I annoyed you with that kind of pitiful expression on your face," said Anastasia, clearly annoyed with the way they kept on bothering her, with the excuse that they were simply apologizing.

She suddenly felt tired after speaking with both Michelle and Richard and now, the three people in front of her had come to exhaust her remaining strength.

Amelia widened her eyes at her while Ana tilted her head to look at the woman. Now that she'd thought of it, she doesn't look like any of her parents. Michelle was a carbon copy of their mother, but she had their father's eye color.

On the other hand, Jack looked more like their father while having their mother's hair color.

"You are Anastasia, my sister. You can't fool me. I know you well, you are my little sister. You just disappeared and now you are pretending you don't know either of us. You need to come back home with us, Ana," Jack suddenly declared.

Ana suddenly laughed out loud. She didn't know exactly what triggered her laughter but she knew it had to do with one of the things that Jack had just spewed from his mouth.

Ana continued to laugh, making the three people feel embarrassed since a few party guests were starting to glance at them from time to time.

“Stop laughing!” Jack ordered, slamming his fist on the table in a fit of rage.

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“And what gave you the right to raise your voice like that at my guest?” Xavier questioned from behind him, raising his voice even louder, drawing a bigger attention.

Jack felt the hair on the back of his neck stand on end, as though a lion had just roared behind him. The voice was unmistakably Xavier’s, deep and commanding. Fear rooted Jack in place; he was too scared to turn around and meet Xavier’s piercing glare.

On the other hand, Ana was beyond surprised when she heard Xavier’s voice. She didn’t want him to come make a bigger scene or make a mistake by calling her by her real name.

“Why would Jack harass a guest like that? With the way he

slammed his fist on the table, it seemed he wanted to hit her in the

face instead.”

“I wonder. Yes, she looks a lot like their daughter but is this the way they treat their daughter? The parents didn’t even bother to stop him knowing he was speaking to a guest of Old Wallace.”

“Maybe they think since they are in-laws with the Wallace family, they can do whatever they want and get away with it.”

The party guests whispered amongst each other, curious to see what would soon display.

“I’m talking to you,” said Xavier.

Anastasia stood up from her seat and went to him.

“Xavier, you need to calm down, people are watching. Let’s not bring attention to ourselves,” she tried to calm him down.

Xavier ignored her words and grabbed her wrist, looking into her

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ocean-blue eyes with concern.

“Did he hurt you?” He questioned, the intensity his eyes held wasn’t soothing. She wasn’t hurt but she also couldn’t voice out her answer.

Before she could finally open her mouth to speak, Xavier had already left her side and punched Jack across the face.