

My Accidental Husband Is My Revenge Partner Chapter 20

20 She's Allergic To Oranges

"She's in trouble," Kace mumbled to himself when he got a phone call on his phone. He used the binoculars immediately to see if there was any threat around her but they were simply talking. "What is going on?" He asked himself. @

At the dining table, Michelle smiled at Anastasia as she placed a glass of orange juice in front of her. The air was thick with unspoken tension; they both knew Anastasia was allergic to oranges. This was a deliberate test. If she had a reaction, it would confirm her identity as Anastasia and not Selene.

"You know, Selene, I was the one who squeezed out the oranges, especially for you," said Michelle with a big smile stretched on her lips. "It's very delicious, you should have a taste," she added.

Anastasia glared at the glass of orange juice in front of her, the sharp citrus scent already making her nose twitch. She took shallow breaths, fighting the urge to sneeze.

Just the smell of it could set off her allergies, but she couldn't afford to react. Her eyes narrowed in determination as she steeled herself against the impending itch and discomfort. She felt her throat tighten and her skin prickled with anxiety. She needed to maintain her composure. One sneeze, one hint of a reaction, and her true identity would be revealed.

"Thank you," Selene mumbled, returning the smile. Her fist was clenched under the table because she had never predicted that they would use orange to try to trap her.

"So Selene," Amelia called. "Now that I think about it, I've never

seen you in a movie yet."

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"That's because I've never acted in one. I'm just waiting for a big project that can boost my popularity across Radiantia entirely," Selene replied. Amelia nodded in understanding.

Everyone sat on the dining table and got ready to eat. Richard sat beside Anastasia.

He also wanted to find out if the person who looked like Anastasia was her or someone else. But he was also planning the things he would do to Anastasia as soon as she got a reaction from the juice.

He missed having sex with Anastasia and Michelle never let him get close to her. They don't even sleep on the same bed back at the Wallace mansion. She would comfortably sleep on the bed while he slept on the couch.

"Go ahead, Selene? Aren't you going to sip from your juice?"

Michelle asked, an evil grin on her lips and Anastasia didn't fail to notice it either.

She was trapped.

Anastasia continued to tap on the wristwatch secretly without anyone noticing. She couldn't take her phone out to text Kace because Richard was sitting so close to her and he would be able to read the text. If she delayed any longer, she was going to get caught and all her plans would be destroyed.

Hesitantly, Anastasia reached for the glass of orange juice and sipped from it. She could feel her hands threatening to shake due to her reactions but she tried to mask it in.

"It's very delicious like you said," said Anastasia and the smile on each of the family members immediately faltered.

They knew that her allergic reactions didn't take more than thirty seconds before they started acting up. Michelle checked the time on her phone and a whole minute had already passed.

She exchanged looks with her parents before their smiles grew back on their lips.

Michelle turned back to Selene and replied, "I told you, didn't I?"

Have some more and eat too."

Even though their eyes were already eased since she didn't get any reaction, they still hoped she would but unfortunately for them, Anastasia disappointed them terribly.

"I'm on a diet," said Anastasia, forcing the words out of her mouth.

"Come on, you can just have a lit-"

Michelle was immediately interrupted by the opening of their front door as Xavier walked in, his aura intimidating as ever.

“Xavier, we didn’t know you were coming over. Do you want to have dinner with us?” Robert suggested, but Xavier didn’t pay him any mind.

On the other hand, as soon as Anastasia saw Xavier, instinctively, she ran towards him and hugged him tightly.

Everyone in the room was surprised by her actions, including Xavier because this was the second time they were having physical contact and she was the one who initiated it.

“P–please t–take m–me away f–from here,” she whispered so that only him would hear, while she struggled to breathe. Xavier had no idea what was wrong with her but he didn’t waste any time to wonder either.

He grabbed her bag that was on the dining table and together, they left without Xavier acknowledging the Harrison family.

As if they were in a trance, the Harrison family didn’t dare to stop them either so they left the mansion and headed towards Xavier’s car.

Xavier opened the car for Anastasia and helped her in. Her face was already red and puffy, one of her reactions and the second was being out of breath.

“Kace, drive!” Xavier ordered Kace who was already in the car. Xavier brought out his phone and called Mark immediately. When the latter picked up, he yelled through the phone, “I want you to come to my house immediately, Anastasia is sick!”

“What? What kinds of symptoms is she showing?” Mark asked him, already packing his things and getting ready to go. It was evident from Xavier’s tone that it was a serious matter.

Xavier stared at Anastasia whose eyes were already closed while her face continued to swell, her head resting on his chest. Xavier explained what was happening immediately.

“She’s having an allergic reaction, I will be there right now,” Mark cut off the call and dashed out of the hospital.

Xavier placed his fingers on Anastasia’s nose and he could barely feel her hot breath on his fingers. He gritted his teeth in anger as he ordered Kace from the front seat. “Drive faster!”

Kace immediately stepped on the gas.

Looking back at Anastasia, Xavier mumbled, “You’d better not die on me like this.”