

# **My Accidental Husband Is My Revenge Partner Chapter 07**

## Chapter 7: I Will Help You With Your Revenge

He strode towards her, his movements flowing with effortless elegance. His eyes locked onto hers, holding her gaze until he stopped right in front of her, his jacket draped casually over his arm.

“You finally decided to wake up after wasting six months sleeping?” He questioned, his voice cold and deprived of any kind of emotion. He watched as her eyes widened in surprise. 1

“Six months?!” Ana exclaimed, hoping he would say he was simply joking but his expression didn’t look like one who was.

‘If he’s here, that only means that they know I’m alive,’ Anastasia thought to herself. 1

“What are you doing here?” She questioned him back, her eyes alert. She was ready to bolt out of the room at any moment.

Mark took a look at the two of them and quietly slipped out of the room.

“Is this your way of telling me thank you for saving you?” Xavier fired back. Walking towards the couch that faced the bed, Xavier settled on it and dropped his suit jacket on the other side. “You are lucky you didn’t die right before I saved you.”

Anastasia froze stiff, her face etched in disbelief.

“Why would you save me?” she asked.

Ana watched as Xavier’s eyes darkened at her question.

“Because you are my wife,” he answered. The cocky yet nonchalant tone of his voice only grew Anastasia’s confusion. “Is that enough reason?” 1

“Aren’t we divorced?” she asked. “I signed the papers but it was delayed because you were on a business trip. Shouldn’t you be married to Michelle by now?”

“I didn’t sign the divorce papers,” he responded.

Anastasia’s eyes widened in shock.

“But why?” she asked, curiosity laced in her tone.

Since he didn't sign the divorce papers, it only meant they were still husband and wife. That reality made her feel uncomfortable since she didn't want to be connected to either the Wallace or the Harrison family.

"Because I want you as my wife," Xavier replied, frowning. Since he walked into the room, she had already rained question after question on him.

He continued, "Your family said you were traveling. If I wasn't the one that sent you to the hospital, I might've actually believed them."

"And they let you?" Ana asked. She found that hard to believe, considering how eager Michelle was to have Xavier as her husband.

"What can I say?" Xavier said, leaning back. "I am a busy man. They'll simply have to make an appointment based on my schedule."

Anastasia couldn't help but scoff.

"I don't want you as my husband, Mr Xavier Wallace. I don't want to be connected to either you or the Harrison family. I just want a peaceful life from you people," she pleaded.

She believed all her problems would vanish the moment they were out of her sight. Unfortunately for her, Xavier doesn't plan to divorce now or anytime soon.

"Regrettably, once something is mine, I never let it go," Xavier smoothly said, which only caused Ana to further furrow her eyebrows. 1

"I will help you," he suddenly declared, catching her off guard.

"Help me with what?" she asked, clearly confused.

"Revenge, Anastasia," he said. "I know you want it."

The way her name so easily rolled off his tongue caused shivers to run down her spine, her skin tingling as though someone had gently blown at it. "Continue to be my wife and I will help you get your revenge." 2

Anastasia's eyes widened as she watched Xavier stand from his seat. He made his way over to her, leaning down and closing the distance between them. He was so close that Anastasia momentarily forgot to breathe, her breath clogging in her throat as she stared at him, wide-eyed.

She always knew Xavier Wallace was a handsome man, but up close, he looked like an angel of death, promising her vengeance against those who had wronged her. 1

"I will provide you with all the resources you need," he continued. "All you need to do it tell me everything that happened to you. And of course, continue our marriage."

Ana had just escaped death at the hands of her father. Trusting another man, even her rescuer, was unthinkable.

But...

Her hand trailed down to her belly, which was now flat. She didn't have an obvious bump back then, but there was once a life there. Now, it felt empty; there was no more life growing inside her. Her child was gone, and the killers were none other than her own family. The pain of that realization cut deeper than any wound.

"Why would you want to help me in the first place?" she questioned, wary.

Xavier finally pulled back. "That's for me to know and for you to find out," he said. "Do we have a deal?" 2

Ana bit her lip in contemplation. This was as good as signing a deal with the devil. She couldn't decipher Xavier's intentions. What could he possibly gain by helping her? However, she was desperate.

Her fingers fiddled with a loose thread on her gown, her mind made.

Her father, Michelle, everyone. They were all going to pay. She would make sure these murderers died in cold blood even if this was the last thing she did. 1

Tears brimmed in the corners of her eyes as she met Xavier's gaze.

She said, "In that case, it's nice to officially meet you, Xavier Wallace. I am Anastasia, your new wife."