

My Accidental Husband Is My Revenge Partner Chapter 08

Chapter 8: New Trouble

With her reply, a satisfied grin stretched Xavier's lips. He reached and held onto Anastasia's outstretched hand, the warmth of his hand seeping into her cold palm.

"Perfect," he said. However, his expression soon darkened. "But I will need to know exactly what happened in order to best help."

Ana's face fell. There was a lot to recap and she wasn't sure where she could even start.

However, Xavier mistook her silence for hesitance. 3

"Perhaps you should rest," he suggested. "We can talk about this later on."

"No," she firmly said. "I have been resting for six months, Mr Wallace—"

"Xavier," he corrected. "If we're husband and wife, you should start addressing me by my first name."

Anastasia pursed her lips, and then she nodded.

"Xavier," she corrected herself, "I can tell you what happened."

"Good," he said. She was tougher than he originally thought. "For starters, why did your family try to kill you?" he asked. "Why did they lie about you going on vacation?"

Recalling these memories would only bring about pain, but it was a necessary evil. He patiently waited for her to speak, sitting by the bedside and closer to her.

Anastasia sighed heavily. She wasn't sure if she could fully trust this man, but there was nothing more she had to lose. She had already nearly died once. This was a risk she was going to take.

"My family has always favored my younger sister, Michelle, more..." she started.

No detail was spared when she recalled her treatment at home, spilling every memory she could remember. When she got to the topic of Richard, however, Anastasia paused.

This was Xavier's younger brother. Even if she shared the horrid things he had done to her, she wasn't sure if Xavier would believe her. Hence, she licked her lips, choosing to

leave out the part where Richard had used her body relentlessly for his own pleasures just because they were engaged to be wed. 4

Even so, knowing how the Harrisons had treated Ana was enough for Xavier to clench his fists in anger. His eyes darkened as he listened, each detail only further increasing the storm in his eyes. 1

“They promised my freedom if I gave everything up and signed the divorce papers,” Ana said. “I should’ve known that the only sort of freedom they were going to give me was death.” 1

She looked at Xavier, surprised to see the fury on his face. However, the moment their eyes met, his gaze softened. He was still enraged but it was clear to see that it was directed by the unjust way she was treated. Knowing that at least one person sympathized with her, Ana felt her heart warm just the slightest.

“I know that Richard is still your brother, but he’s part of the people who have ruined my life,” she reminded gently. “So, if you’re willing to assist me with my revenge, you must be ready to watch me ruin your brother’s life along with the rest of them.” 2

“I’m aware of that,” Xavier said. He reached to her and gently ran his thumb under her eye, wiping away a stray tear that she didn’t even realize had fallen. 1

Unbeknownst to Ana, Xavier wasn’t a fan of his deadbeat brother. For years, he had been hoping Richard would grow some sense, but since the latter had dug his own grave, he ought to be prepared to be buried in it. 2

“You can deal with him however you like.” 3

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Anastasia was discharged from the hospital after a few more weeks of rest. Unfortunately, he wasn’t available to personally pick her up, but a car had been arranged to fetch her to Xavier’s home.

“Ma’am, we are here,” the driver, Jake, announced once they arrived at their destination.

Ana fluttered her eyes open and wiped her face with her hands. She then stuck her head out the window to see where they were.

As her eyes landed on the mansion, a surge of anxiety shot through her.

“Is this Xavier’s mansion?” She questioned as she took in the enormous house. Beautiful trees with different colors of flowers grew around the mansion, making it look enchanted. 1

There was a large fountain in the center with smaller fountains surrounding it while swans swam in them, making it look even more enchanted.

“Yes, Ma’am,” the driver responded, leading her inside.

Ana thought she’d seen it all when she was outside, but when she walked inside the house, she didn’t want to leave anymore.

The interior was so vast that she initially mistook it for an event center, with its fancy furniture adding an elegant, masculine touch. The walls were painted a sleek gray, and the TV was enormous, rivaling the screens at the cinemas. 2

“Mr Wallace said he will be back later tonight. He mentioned to have dinner first without him,” Jake said before bidding her goodbye.

At the dining table, Ana sat alone as she waited for dinner to be served.

Two maids came out from the kitchen and served her. Ana mumbled a thank you as she stared at the delicious meal in front of her.

She started scooping some food in her mouth but at the first bite, she coughed hard and instinctively grabbed the cup of water beside her and gulped it down.

“I’m sorry miss, was the food a little too spicy for you?” one of the two maids that came out asked her. Her voice was laced with concern but her expression didn’t show it at all.

The maid had her brown hair tied into a neat bun, and black eyes while her thin lips were stretched into a mocking smile as her eyes glared at her.

Ana stared at her for a few seconds before it darted to look at the other maid beside her.

She had brown eyes and black hair tied into a bun.

Mark had specifically reminded both Xavier and Ana that she needed to be on a blander diet for the next few weeks for her recovery. She highly doubted Xavier would forget, considering how often Mark repeated it.

That would mean that these maids most likely intentionally added extra spice to the food. Judging by how they both stared at her disgustingly as if she was some trash that wasn’t supposed to be there, she was confident in her guess.

“Why don’t you have a taste and let me know?” Ana suggested.

The two maids glanced at each other as they scoffed.

The one with the brown hair spoke, dropping the act, “Miss, honestly, I think you lost your way here. Don’t you see this house? Do you know the owner? It’s Xavier Wallace, one of the richest men in this city. Oh wait...” She paused, covering her mouth as she gasped dramatically.

“You must be his new toy, but what makes you think you are worthy enough to stand beside him? What can you offer him that we don’t have?” She questioned Ana. 1

Anastasia stared in shock at the maid who had just spat in her face. Her eyes darted between the maid and the other in the room. Then, with a decisive motion, she pushed her chair back and stood up.

“What did you just say?”

The two maids glanced at each other first, slightly taken aback by her change in tone before the brown-haired one continued.

“I’m telling you to leave this house. Who are you even? Do you think that Xavier won’t get tired of you, you wretched who—” 1

The brown-haired maid didn’t get the chance to finish her sentence before a hard slap landed on her cheek, leaving it numb.