

Too Far 471

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"Don't worry. Jared will be fine."

"How about you? I worry about you as well, you know, not just Jared," she said in a hoarse voice.

"I will be fine too. Trust me." He laughed, trying to ease her worries.

"Promise me, Elliot, that you will come back safely."

"Is there any reward for returning safely?" he suddenly asked in a serious tone.

"Let's get married when you're back. I will marry you and be your wife!" Anastasia answered decisively.

That surprised Elliot. "Are you saying it for real? You'll marry me as long as I return safely?"

"Yes. I'm not deceiving you." Anastasia was equally serious. She was willing to do anything as long as he returned safely to her.

Can he, though? Can he escape from Riley's men without any harm?

All of the kidnappers were well-trained, and their abilities were not to be underestimated.

"Deal. I'll crawl back to earth to marry you even if I'm in Hell." Elliot's tone was solemn, and it was as if he were swearing an oath.

However, that scared her. "I don't want you to crawl back, Elliot. I want you to walk back, safe and sound."

Crawling back meant he lost an arm or a leg. She couldn't bear the thought of it because it made her heart race with fear and insecurity.

"I know. I promise to walk back to you." Elliot laughed, as if he had infinite motivation to keep his promise.

For the next two hours, Anastasia had no idea what she was doing. Her mind was on the verge of collapsing and she didn't take her gaze away from the surveillance camera for even a second, occasionally catching a glimpse of Elliot on the deck of his boat. However, no matter how hard she stared at the screen, she couldn't see Jared.

"President Presgrave is only ten nautical miles from them now. They will be exchanging the hostages soon."

Rey and Anastasia tensed up and focused on the screen as soon as they heard that. Finally, the two ships appeared to be only a hundred miles apart. Elliot's yacht arrived quickly at Aliona's, and from the screen, Aliona greeted him personally with a wide and polite smile.

Meanwhile, on the two yachts on the international seas, Aliona saw Elliot coming down from his yacht. She was wearing a figure hugging dress that made her appear graceful. She knew that she couldn't conceal her identity any longer.

“Elliott, we don’t need to go this far.” Aliona exhaled a sigh. She could finally feel like she had him under control.

“Give me the child.” Elliot glared at her. “You can deal with me in any way you want.”

A tinge of hatred flashed through her eyes when she heard that. How did Anastasia captivate him to the point where he is willing to sacrifice himself to save her son? Her son is not even related to him!

Aliona clapped and within seconds, her bodyguard brought a child out from the cabin. When Jared saw Elliot, the boy was so surprised that he exclaimed right away, “Mr. Presgrave!”

Elliot’s gaze was fixed on Jared’s face and when the man noticed the blood on Jared’s face, he glared venomously at Aliona. Aliona sensed ruthlessness in his gaze, which terrified her. She quickly explained, “He was disobedient, so I taught him a lesson. Nothing else.”

“I’m fine, Mr. Presgrave.” Jared did not want Elliot to worry about him.

“How do I get this child back?” Elliot asked calmly.

“I’ll hand him over to your men while you come to me. The rest of your life is up to me,” Aliona said calmly. She bet everything she had this time to complete her mission, so she had to be ruthless.

Elliot then approached her men. There were tens of them on the deck now, compared to Elliot’s two bodyguards. In addition, Jared was present. Elliot, she reasoned, would not dare to do anything.

After all, Jared’s life might be endangered if the situation got chaotic.

Walking over to Aliona, Elliot voluntarily extended his hands for her men to tie.

“Pass them the child. Otherwise, I’ll hunt you down using all I have.” His words were like a curse or spell hovering over her heart.

Aliona waved her hand and Jared was released immediately. However, he ran straight to Elliot.

“Why are you tied, Mr. Presgrave? I don’t want you to be tied by them just to save me. She’s an evil woman!” With an angry expression, Jared pointed at Aliona.

Though Elliot’s hands were clasped, he was still as unyielding as usual when he squatted down. He looked at Jared solemnly and said, “Jared, return to your mommy. I will be fine.”

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“I don’t want to leave you behind, Mr. Presgrave. Let’s leave together. I don’t want to leave without you!” Jared hugged Elliot and started crying anxiously.

Elliot then used this opportunity to signal to his men and one of his bodyguards, Ricky, rushed over and grabbed Jared. Jared, on the other hand, struggled to get away, attempting to pry open Ricky’s grip and refusing to leave. Hence, Ricky had no choice but to forcibly remove him from the yacht.

Jared’s cry could still be heard in the air. “Mr. Presgrave! Mr. Presgrave...”

When Elliot heard Jared’s cries, he felt his heart ache and tears welled up in his eyes as well. Jared was akin to his own son. To him, both of them were related by blood.

That made Aliona sneer. "What an emotional father-son duo! You should know by now how you would be treated here, Elliot."

She then ordered, "Retract the suit against my father and return him his freedom!"

A phone was handed to Elliot. At the same time, a sniper was aiming at the three people who had just left the yacht.

Elliot's gaze dimmed when he saw that. He took the phone and called Captain Anderson. When the phone was answered, Elliot said calmly, "Captain Anderson, I want to retract my allegations against my uncle, Riley. Please release him three days later."

"Are you sure that you want to forgo the investigation of the incident that year, Young Master Elliot?"

"Yes. My uncle is not the suspect," Elliot replied in a serious tone.

"Fine. I'll arrange for his release."

"Thank you." After hearing that, Aliona kept the phone, feeling satisfied. She then signaled to her bodyguards. "Let them off. We'll leave right now."

Anastasia, who was watching everything through the surveillance camera, was crying at this point. She witnessed Elliot's sacrifice to save her son. The man now had his hands tied, and he was like a helpless beast who had succumbed to Aliona.

"Miss Tillman, your son is safe now. I will send someone to get him. Now, let us handle the rescuing of President Presgrave."

"Elliot... Please save him!" Anastasia pleaded with Rey and the group of men with him.

"Don't worry. We won't let anything happen to President Presgrave." Rey nodded. He appeared to be extra calm.

Anastasia then rested in a corner as she waited for Jared to return. However, her heart was still troubled over Elliot's safety. She wanted both of them to be safe.

Meanwhile, Jared was already with the rescue team.

At this moment, the surveillance team reported that their tracking on Aliona's yacht was lost. She had cunningly sailed into the waters of a country with a signal interception system, effectively blocking all of their tracking signals. Hence, under the protection of that country, she and Elliot vanished from their radar.

Rey did not expect Aliona to be this cunning too. He took his phone to a corner and dialed a series of numbers. "Hello?" On the other end of the line was a man's cold voice.

"Sorry to disturb you, Young Master Weiss. I need your help concerning President Presgrave's life."

"What? Elliot endangered his own life?" The man on the other side of the phone was shocked.

"Yes. He needs your assistance now."

"Where is he?"

“He was now kidnapped into the waters of Dansbury. We have no idea if he is still alive. Please enlist the assistance of Young Master Lloyd as well in order to save President Presgrave.”

“Just how did he get himself into such a situation?” Arthur sighed. “Give me his last tracked location.”

Rey felt relieved after that and immediately sent Elliot’s last known location to Arthur. The former knew that if Arthur and Richard intervened, Elliot’s chances of survival would improve dramatically.

Truth was, Rey was unsure of their identities because he had only seen them on the phone. Both of them were Elliot’s close friends who had been through life and death with him. Despite living quietly in some parts of the world, they had exceptional wealth and abilities.

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Before Elliot left, he had instructed Rey to not contact these two guys unless absolutely necessary. But now, Rey was terrified of how things had turned out, and he had no choice but to enlist the duo’s assistance.

On Aliona’s yacht, she was sitting on the sofa in the living room, staring at the man who was tied on the bed. She was unwilling to kill him, as she couldn’t bear the thought of him dying too.

“Elliot, if you listen to me and have a child with me, I can beg Father to let you off the hook. We can then spend the rest of our lives together.” After she finished her words, she approached him and raised his chin with her finger. Her gaze seemed to be questioning him.

Elliot, on the other hand, had a razor-sharp gaze that made anyone who looked at him nervous.

Aliona continued, feeling irritated, “Don’t look at me like that. If you want to live, you can only do what I just said.”

“You’re not qualified to have my child,” he replied coldly and turned his face to the side to break away from her fingers.

That made Aliona grit her teeth in rage. She looked at his angular brows and nose, and he appeared exceptionally wild and unruly to her.

But his personality was particularly appealing to her. He was so seductive that she couldn’t bear the thought of killing him.

“Do you really want to die, Elliot? Whether you want it or not, I’ll be pregnant with your child, and the child will inherit the Presgrave Group. Father will undoubtedly see to it!” Aliona yelled, as if she were insane. She then grabbed Elliot’s face and tried to kiss him hard.

However, he gave her a warning look, which terrified her.

Seeing that, she held back her urge of kissing him and reluctantly let go of his face. “What do you like about Anastasia? Am I not better than her?”

To that, he did not answer. Aliona was so incomparable to Anastasia that Elliot did not even see the need to answer her question.

'You better think it through, Elliot, whether you want to let me get pregnant naturally or through the doctor's method. Aliona then slammed the door and walked away after she said that.

Elliot closed his eyes, gauging how much time had passed. By now, Anastasia should have gotten Jared, and he felt relieved thinking of that.

As for his own safety, he figured that Rey had informed his two friends.

Elliot did not want to alert the two friends of his unless it was absolutely necessary. But, clearly, the situation now warranted that, and he would undoubtedly be mocked by them when he saw them later.

No, he reasoned. Instead of waiting for them, he decided to flee on his own when the opportunity arose in order to preserve his dignity.

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A black helicopter was rising in a huge castle in Flor.

At the same time, the chairman seat in Yelina's military meeting was empty. The man who was on this seat had left.

Anastasia was standing at the pier, her tears flowing as she looked at the yacht which was less than a hundred meters away from her. When the yacht arrived at the port, the bodyguard lowered Jared, and the boy immediately ran toward her.

"Mommy? Mommy!" Jared yelled while running, his eyes reddened.

The two of them then hugged each other tightly. Anastasia repeatedly kissed him, trying to make sure that he was fine.

But when she saw the red mark on his face, her heart ached, as if it had been stabbed with a knife.

"Who hurt your face?" she asked as she suppressed her rage.

"The evil woman! She even kidnapped Mr. Presgrave!" Jared answered with tears in his eyes. "Mommy, please save Mr. Presgrave. He's in danger!"

"Rey is saving him. Don't worry. Nothing will happen to him. Let's go back to the hotel first." Anastasia carried Jared in her arms and comforted him. However, her words could not put herself at ease either.

Jared had just been kidnapped and he must have been frightened by it. Hence, Anastasia could not let anything to terrify him further.

She was sitting on the bed, wiping Jared's face with a wet towel. She felt compelled to kill the vicious woman, Aliona, after seeing her child's tender face that had a visible red mark on it. How dare she injure Jared?

"I'm fine, Mommy, but Mr. Presgrave was taken away by them." While Jared was speaking, his tears dropped from his beautiful eyes. He had been crying all his way back.

Anastasia's tears welled up as well when she saw that. However, she knew that crying couldn't solve anything, so she turned around. Wiping her tears off, she replaced it with a smile. "Jared, Mr. Presgrave is good at everything. He'll be back safely. We have to trust him."

"Alright!" Jared was comforted and nodded his head.

While hugging and kissing her child, Anastasia swore she would never let him experienced such terror again. The incident this time had almost scared her to death.

Jared was, after all, only four years old. He was exhausted from crying for so long and he finally fell asleep in her arms, with tears still on his face. Her heart was aching for him when she saw him in this manner.

Anastasia then covered him with a blanket and accompanied him on the sofa, fearing that he would have a nightmare.

Meanwhile, Aliona's yacht had arrived at the pier. Elliot was taken to a science laboratory, where Aliona had arranged for herself to get impregnated with Elliot's son. After Elliot was killed, she could then bring her son back as Elliot's legitimate heir and send him to Harriet to become the successor of the Presgrave Group.

She looked at the man in the laboratory who was handcuffed in front of her. Despite his current situation, he maintained his domineering demeanor. His face still bore the marks left by the bodyguards when he refused to exit the yacht earlier.

As a result of his refusal to cooperate, Elliot was beaten up by them. Aliona had no say over it as they only followed Riley's instructions. Thus, they would not treat Elliot better simply because of what she said.

Furthermore, Riley's right hand, Paul, had a crush on her. He undoubtedly treated Elliot harsher because of that.

Aliona walked into the laboratory with a towel in her hand. "Elliot, you'd best be cooperative. They don't entirely listen to me."

Just as Aliona was about to wipe his face, Elliot coldly rejected her. "Don't touch me."

"I just want to wipe your face."

"I don't need that. Piss off!" He was unappreciative of her help and merely gave her a cold stare.

That annoyed her. At this moment, Paul entered and scoffed at him. "Miss Dora is kind enough to be polite to you. You had better be grateful."

He immediately punched Elliot in the chest, to which the latter only grunted. Hence, Paul was unsatisfied. He continued to lash out at Elliot with another punch. Seeing that, Aliona immediately pulled him away. "Paul, don't hit him!"

"Miss Aliona, he'll be useless after tonight. You don't need to feel sorry for him," Paul said, his tone emotionless.

Elliot raised his head and his gaze appeared to be one of a predator's. If he wasn't tied up, he would have ripped Paul into pieces.

"You're not a big deal after all!" Paul spitted mockingly.

"If you're that good, fight with me alone." With his teeth gritted, Elliot tried to provoke Paul.

"Let's do it, then. I'm not afraid of you at all. I'm going to step on you and have you lick my shoes." As Paul was one of the Bauer Mercenary Group, he had absolute confidence in himself.

Elliot responded with only a cold stare, as if inviting Paul to have a fight with him.

A tinge of mockery flashed in Paul's eyes before he turned and left the laboratory. After he left, Aliona turned and looked at Elliot. "Don't provoke him anymore. He can be really ruthless."

She then shamelessly continued, "We will be together tonight, and we will do whatever it takes to have a child, whether you are willing or not."

Elliot looked through her with disgust when he heard that. In his mind, he only had one woman, one who could never be replaced.

It was late at night and Paul was in his room, wiping his saber. He was in a provoked state. Remembering that Elliot was about to die, he wanted to prove himself to Elliot. After all, he was competitive by nature.

If he could defeat the reputable Elliot, it would be the most glorious moment of his life.

"Bring Elliot to the courtyard. I'm going to teach him a lesson."

"Paul, he needs to be with Miss Dora tonight to..."

Paul's expression turned awful when he heard that because he had been having a crush on Aliona for the past three years. Knowing that she was about to offer herself to Elliot and coupled with the fact that Elliot was being unappreciative, Paul was burning with rage.

"I'll spare his life." Paul merely wanted to vent his anger, and he was dying to vent it on Elliot.

And so, his man immediately went to bring Elliot over for his higher-up to do so.

In an open area in the courtyard, Elliot was brought out, with his limbs remained chained. Paul found that unchallenging, so he instructed, "Release him."

"Paul, what if—"

However, Paul was full of himself. Hence, he did not believe that Elliot could defeat him. With that, he sneered. "How would such a pampered young master defeat me? Guard by the side, and if he dares to flee, teach him a lesson."

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Six of his men then stood beside them, waiting to witness their battle. Elliot, on the other hand, was dressed in a black coat, a vest and a black shirt inside. He exuded ruthlessness in the midst of the darkness.

For a brief moment, Paul was concerned when he noticed Elliot's chains had been removed. He knew that Elliot was not someone to be underestimated. Paul had, however, boasted in front of his men, and he had no choice but to continue for the sake of his dignity.

"Come on, Elliot. I'll let you have the chance to challenge me," Paul said, his voice cold.

To that, Elliot agilely removed his coat, revealing his sturdy build. His muscles beneath his shirt could vaguely be seen under the moonlight.

"Come on," he responded nonchalantly.

Paul's fists were clenched tightly. He was dying to teach Elliot a lesson and beat him to a pulp right now. It would be even better if Aliona could see it so that she would know he wasn't inferior to Elliot. Paul hoped to win her approval as well as her love after this.

Meanwhile, Elliot took advantage of Paul's love for Aliona to obtain such an opportunity. He secretly scanned his surroundings, looking for anything that could help him.

The courtyard was dead silent at this point, leaving only the sound of the breeze ruffling.

Finally, Paul yelled and dashed toward Elliot, but Elliot easily avoided him. His ease in avoiding Paul's attack astounded Paul, who began to feel an unknown fear of such an opponent.

Just how capable this man, being the young master of the Presgraves, is?

Paul hated Elliot's face the most. His appearance was so perfect that Paul had the urge to destroy it. With that, he raised his fist, preparing to give Elliot's face a hard punch.

All his strength was exerted in that punch. However, his fist was about to strike Elliot in the face when his wrist was grabbed by a powerful palm. The palm had so much strength in it that it made Paul's bones ache. Seeing that his action stopped, Elliot immediately flipped him over his shoulders.

That caused Paul to lie flat on the ground. He couldn't care less about the pain in his back and he stood up immediately, ready for another fight. However, he felt an excruciating pain in his clenched left hand.

"You've had training, haven't you, Elliot?" Paul clenched his teeth and his eyes were filled with rage.

"Are you afraid now?" Elliot sneered. His sneer exuded an inexplicable aura that made one fearful amidst the cold wind.

Paul's subordinates, who were standing off to one side, started to guard against Elliot.

"Afraid of you? Dream on!" A provoked Paul attacked again. He kicked his leg and started a hand-to-hand combat with Elliot.

In a hand-to-hand fight, fighting skills and quick reaction were crucial. Everyone present could see that Elliot was equal to, if not better than, Paul in terms of agility and strength.

Yet, Elliot was beaten up by Paul earlier today when they disembarked from the yacht. How did he remain so ferocious?

"Be careful, Paul."

“Shut up!” Paul yelled. At this moment, Elliot gave Paul a kick on his chest. Elliot’s movement was as fast as lightning and Paul was unable to avoid it. As a result, he fell nearly two meters away.

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“Elliot, one more time!” Paul was getting frustrated, and his eyes turned red. He was using all his strength to fight, but Elliot could still cope with it.

This man has unfathomable strength. I am the best in the Bauer Mercenary Group, and I can’t beat him!

At this moment, Aliona heard a noise. She walked out of the backyard to see Elliot and Paul fighting, and she panicked. “Paul, stop it! Cuff him now. You can’t win against him!”

However, her words made Paul furious, as he did not want to lose against Elliot in front of her.

Although he was not confident, Paul tried to muster all his strength to take Elliot down.

At this moment, a silver light flashed under the moonlight. There was an army knife in Paul’s hand as he was desperate. I must make Elliot yield even if it means I have to use a weapon!

“Paul, stop! Don’t hurt him.” Aliona’s face paled in fright, as she didn’t want Elliot to be hurt before sleeping with him.

However, Paul was seeing red. He had lost his subordinates’ respect and now, he had lost his dignity in front of her. I must make Elliot bleed!

Elliot’s gaze sank as he dodged Paul’s attack. Paul was like an uncontrollable wild beast that tried to stab everyone he saw, and it was hard to predict his movements. Facing an irrational enemy, Elliot reacted with calmness.

At the same time, he was looking for the best opportunity to neutralize Paul. Finally, Elliot found the chance. When Paul saw the opportunity to stab his thigh, Elliot immediately choked Paul with his arms.

Although Elliot’s thigh was hurt, he also managed to choke Paul and end the fight.

“Let go of Paul.” One of his subordinates immediately came over with a gun. Elliot reacted fast enough to push Paul into the trajectory of the bullet. Suddenly, Paul let out a low cry of pain as the bullet shot into his abdomen.

“I’m sorry, Paul!” The subordinate panicked as he felt his legs getting weak.

Aliona also panicked as she didn’t expect Elliot to find a chance to escape. Now, he was holding Paul hostage.

“Let me go or I’ll kill him.” Paul was sweating and choking as Elliot continued to strangle him, and the former was turning pale, as if he was going to stop breathing altogether.

“Kill Paul, but don’t let Elliot escape!” Aliona went crazy and didn’t care about Paul; she only needed Elliot to be by her side.

However, the group of mercenaries was filled with Paul’s subordinates, and they cared about the man.

At this moment, Aliona walked up to the nearest mercenary and snatched his gun. Then, she aimed at Paul. Paul's life flashed before his eyes as Aliona shot three bullets into his chest.

Looking at the deranged Aliona, Elliot knew Paul could not be his shield any longer. When everyone was still stunned by the turn of events, Elliot let go of Paul and rushed to the high wall under the moonlight, as if the injury didn't affect his speed.

Aliona looked at Elliot, who had climbed over the wall and escaped. Then, she shouted, "Get him back! Now!"

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It was only then that the mercenaries finally returned to their senses and hurriedly jumped over the wall. Behind this private house was a dense forest hillside. Meanwhile, Aliona followed one subordinate and drove a car from the front yard to chase Elliot.

Under the night sky, the forest stretched to the far end of the mountain. Aliona purposely chose this covert location to carry out the childbirth plan.

However, she didn't expect Elliot to flee.

"Chase him! Elliot shouldn't be able to walk far with his injured leg." Aliona took the cell phone and conveyed the message to everyone.

Back at the hotel, after Anastasia put her son to sleep, she found that Rey and his team had turned off the monitoring equipment and were resting. It was as if they had stopped the rescue plan for Elliot.

"What's wrong, Rey? Are you giving up on Elliot?" Anastasia asked anxiously.

"Miss Tillman, please be rest assured. Another group of people will save President Presgrave, and they are more capable than us," Rey comforted her.

"Who are you referring to?" Anastasia asked in surprise.

Rey took Anastasia to another lounge. After sitting down, he told her something.

"President Presgrave has two close friends. Both of them are powerful and capable. Now, they are rescuing him. We just need to wait for the good news."

"Who are they?" Anastasia asked because she was worried.

"Their last names are Lloyd and Weiss. I don't know their background, but President Presgrave once told me that Old Madam Presgrave sent him to a secret training camp when he was an eight-year-old until he was sixteen. During the training, he met the young masters of the other two families and they trained for eight years together. They are close like brothers. If one of them is in danger, the other two will lend a hand."

Anastasia was shocked. She didn't really understand Elliot's background.

"Moreover, they have their own tracking systems with accurate positioning. As long as they arrive at Dansbury, they will be able to quickly find President Presgrave and save him." Rey believed they would definitely rescue Elliot if he didn't die before they got to him.

Hearing this, Anastasia felt a little relieved.

A private plane landed smoothly at an airport in Dansbury. Three black armored SUVs appeared at the rear of the aircraft. The vehicles drove out of the airport and headed in one direction.

Less than twenty minutes after the group left, another private plane arrived. The dark color sucked up the lights near the airport. From the rear, another two cars rushed into the dark.

Meanwhile, Aliona had no idea who she had offended. She ordered her subordinates to search the depth of the jungle for Elliot.

"Find him now! Don't let him escape." Aliona didn't want the plan to fail as she spent a lot of money on it.

She would never have had the chance to complete the plan if she had failed today.

"Miss Dora, this jungle is simply too big." Her subordinates felt that the task was arduous.

"I don't care how you do it, but you have to find him. Go!" Aliona sat in the car and ordered. Then, she left the car and took a flashlight to search in a direction.

Where can Elliot go? He was stabbed in the leg and must be bleeding badly, and it will consume his strength. He can't go too far with the injury.

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In fact, Elliot was nearby. He was lying under a big tree at the moment. He tore off his shirt and tied a knot on his leg to stop the bleeding. He felt his strength was ebbing away, but the group would never catch him.

If my calculations are correct, the two of them will arrive soon. I just need to stay in a safe place and wait for them to rescue me.

To find someone in the middle of the night was a nuisance. Aliona's dozen subordinates had been searching for a long time but to no avail.

So, they returned and tried to follow Elliot's trail. They started from where Elliot had jumped over the wall, followed by the blood stains he had left. Following the blood stains, Aliona thought he bled too much and could have fainted on a field due to blood loss.

A subordinate immediately reported, "There are pieces of cloth here. He must have torn off the clothes to stop the bleeding. There is a lot of blood, though, so he couldn't have gotten far."

Aliona's eyes flashed with joy. "Come on, get him back to me! The doctors are here."

At this moment, they heard the sound of a helicopter coming to them. The sound of the spiral was very loud.

Aliona's expression became dark. Her subordinates also had a bad hunch. Why is there a helicopter coming here in the middle of the night?

"Don't worry about it. Continue to find him." Aliona hoped that the helicopter was not here to rescue Elliot.

A few minutes later, the helicopter circled over their heads and parked on a field near them.

Four people stepped out from under the plane. One of them was a young man dressed in black. He stood there like a strong boulder, eluding an awe-inspiring aura.

He held the iPad in his hand and then pointed in a precise direction. "Go find him over there."

Then, the man stepped forward with his long legs and stepped onto the grass. The lush grass squeaked under his feet. He put his strength in the legs akin to that of a soldier.

"Sir, a group of people is coming over," his subordinate said.

"Deal with it," the man answered in a low voice and continued to walk.

His three subordinates immediately went in the opposite direction.

The man finally walked to a big tree and sighed. "Are you still alive?"

Elliot leaned against the tree trunk. Opening his eyes, he answered the man humorously, "Never better."

The man walked to Elliot and squatted down before him. A ray of light emitted from the iPad and scanned Elliot's body until it met his bleeding thigh. "Let's go. I'll take care of it for you."

After speaking, the man wrapped his long arms around Elliot and helped him stand up. Both of them had similar heights and build. Then, they slowly walked in the direction of the helicopter.

Aliona's men were running to the helicopter when they were attacked by a mysterious group of people. Her men were not ordinary citizens, but she still lost half of the men after a surprise attack from the enemy. Aliona squealed as she saw a dark figure appear before her. Her both arms were then restrained, and the pain made her cry out. "It hurts. Let me go!"

At the same time, Elliot was sitting in the helicopter cabin while wearing a black coat. The man was standing beside him as he skillfully treated the wound.

"It's been a while, Richard," Elliot greeted.

"Almost two years." Richard Lloyd raised his head, his young face having angular features.

The two looked at each other and smiled as they bumped their fists together. Their brotherhood never faded with time, as revealed in their eyes.

"Where is he?" Elliot asked.

"He should be here soon," Richard said while checking his watch.

Sure enough, they soon heard the engine noise from the road next to them. As the car was speeding, the brakes sounded unbearably sharp.

Under the cold moonlight, everything around it was filled with a dreaded presence. Surrounded by a few men in black, a man in a white high collar with a gray trench coat came over. The car light illuminated his surroundings. The man was filled with pure aura, like a prince who stepped out from an ancient and mysterious world.

He saw the two men in the helicopter, and his sensual lips curled up into a lazy smile.

"I never thought we would meet again under these circumstances. Such fun." At that, he heard the fight on the other side, so he signaled his subordinates. "Assist them."

In an instant, his subordinates ran into the dense forest.

"Are you alright?" Arthur Weiss, who had just arrived, looked at Elliot's leg with concern.

"It's nothing." Elliot was stubborn and tried to act tough in front of his friends.

"Elliot, it's your fault I dirtied my shoes, so you must buy me a new pair." Arthur raised his legs arrogantly and showed them the soles stained with mud.

"Sure, it's on me." Elliot and Richard looked at each other.

"You're still a clean freak after all these years. It is a miracle that you can survive after all the training under the mud and rain," Richard joked.

"Never speak of it anymore. It was a nightmare." Arthur gave a stretch and raised his head. "It's been a while since we returned, and I want to visit some places."

"Yeah, I also want to visit a few elders."

Soon, Aliona and her subordinates were detained. When she looked at the three men standing next to the helicopter, her face turned pale in shock.

Why are there another two equally prestigious gentlemen standing next to Elliot?

Who are they? Are they powerful? Why did they arrive here at the same time? How can they accurately find the injured Elliot?

"Elliot, how could you let this nobody corner you?" Arthur asked as he stared at Aliona.

Under the gaze of the men, she suddenly felt that she was as insignificant as the blade of grass under their feet. Her plan failed, and what awaited her would be a miserable ending.

"Arrest the group. I'll deal with it later," Elliot said in a deep voice.

Back in the home country, Anastasia sat before her son's bed with red eyes while waiting for the news that Elliot was safe.

Suddenly, her cell phone rang. Although there was an unknown number on the screen, she was still excited and quickly picked it up. "Hello?"

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"It's me. I'm on my way home, and I'll be there in seven hours." A deep, familiar voice came from the other end of the phone.

She finally burst into tears after hours of worrying. She covered her mouth and walked to the balcony.

"Okay, come back soon!"

"How is Jared doing?"

"He's still sleeping."

"You haven't slept all night?" Elliot asked as he heard her hoarse voice.

"It's okay. I can handle it."

"You must get some sleep while I'm coming back," the man ordered in a stern voice.

"Okay, I'll do that," Anastasia agreed willingly.

"See you back home." With that, Elliot hung up.

Anastasia held her phone and sighed with relief. She relaxed and sat on the balcony sofa, thereafter closing her eyes. Although only a day had passed, it seemed like a century for her.

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Riley's release procedure had just been completed in the police station. He then cracked and loosened his muscles. He had been detained in the station for a long time, and he missed the outside world. His goddaughter finally bailed him out.

Even though I don't think her plan is good.

"Mr. Presgrave, you can leave after you sign this document." The police officer came over with a release note for him to sign.

Riley took the pen the police handed over. Before he could sign the paper, someone stopped him by pulling his arm away.

He turned to look at the police officer and asked, "What are you doing?"

Captain Anderson came over and said with a sullen face. "Riley Presgrave, I just received a call from Young Master Presgrave. You are suspected of being the mastermind of a kidnapping case. In addition, your old case will be subjected to retrial. Get back to your cell!"

Riley visibly panicked, and it was unlike his usual calm demeanor. Did my goddaughter actually fail again?

"Take him back. The procedure is voided," Captain Anderson ordered.

Riley's hands were cuffed once again and he was taken back to his cell. He looked back at the outside world that was far beyond his reach, and he knew that he would never be able to escape his cell from now on.

It turned out that he had underestimated Elliot.

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Chapter 480

Rey sent Anastasia back to Elliot's villa. Although she was still a few hours away from seeing Elliot, she couldn't sleep anymore.

Besides a cup of coffee to keep herself awake, she never ate anything. Rey ordered the chef to cook her a meal, but she only stared at the time on the phone.

"Miss Tillman, please eat something. President Presgrave will be so distraught if he sees you malnourished!" Rey tried to persuade her.

Anastasia served herself a bowl of porridge. After taking a few spoonfuls, she asked, "When will he arrive?"

Rey shook his head in response. "I'm not sure, but it should be around 3.00 PM."

Two private jets landed at the international airport. Fifteen minutes later, four eye-catching black SUVs were driving on the road.

They went straight to Elliot's villa.

An hour later, the villa's gate opened as the cars drove in.

Rey said excitedly, "Miss Tillman, President Presgrave is back."

"Mr. Presgrave!" Jared ran out like a rabbit, and Anastasia followed suit.

She held his hand while waiting in the parking slot. Looking at the SUV which was similar to an armored car, she waited for Elliot to alight.

From the second car, a young man jumped out of the passenger seat first, then opened the back seat door. He helped Elliot, who had an injury on his leg, to get down from the car.

Anastasia's heart clenched tightly and all she had eyes for was Elliot.

When she saw that he was injured, her breath stopped for a second and her heart was in her mouth.

He's injured. Is it bad?

"Let me go, Richard." Suddenly, Elliot pushed aside the friend who was supporting him.

As Elliot spoke, Richard, who was holding him, stiffened. "Don't pretend to be all strong right now," he said.

"I promised her that I will walk to her." Again, Elliot reached out and pushed Richard away. I must keep my promise to her.

After letting Elliot go, Arthur walked to Richard's side, thereafter crossing his arms and saying incomprehensibly, "Women sure are troublesome."

"You're right." Richard nodded in agreement.

Therefore, the fact that the two of them were still single was not without reason.

When Anastasia realized that Elliot insisted on walking toward her, she ran over. She hugged him tightly and then stretched out her arms to support him. Her tears were streaming down her face as she sniffled, "Your leg is hurt. Stop walking."

"You said you would marry me as soon as I walk back, so does that count?" Elliot stared at her with a serious look, indicating that he had done it.

Anastasia nodded and replied, "I always mean what I say, but your injury—"

"It's not a big deal. It will get better in a few days," he comforted her. Then, he turned around and said, "I'll introduce you to my two best friends, Arthur Weiss and Richard Lloyd. They are two of my closest friends that I haven't seen in years, and it is thanks to them for coming to help this time," he explained.

The two men, who were always high up, stood two meters away and suddenly became unable to socialize. One scratched his head, and the other waved his hand. Both looked at Anastasia and said in unison, "Hello, sister-in-law!"

Hearing that, Anastasia was thunderstruck. "Hello!" she squeaked, her cheeks crimson.

The three of them were about the same age, but Elliot was one year older than Richard and Arthur.

Hence, the title of sister-in-law.

However, when the two of them noticed Jared, who stood next to Elliot and Anastasia, they immediately exchanged a shocked glance. On the way back, they already heard about how Elliot pursued Anastasia and were aware that she had a child.

However, they suddenly thought of something at this moment. Why does Anastasia's son look identical to Elliot?

Right then, Elliot turned around and beckoned at them. "Come in and have a rest before you go," he said.

When Richard was about to take a step forward, Arthur tugged at his arm and stopped him. "We have got stuff to do today. We will come again tomorrow," Arthur stated.

After speaking, he pulled Richard into the car, and the four armored vehicles turned around and left.

Elliot didn't urge them to stay. They purposefully allowed room for him and Anastasia to get together, which was also a tacit understanding between the buddies.

Eyes reddened, a guilty Jared asked as he hugged Elliot's other uninjured leg, "How is your leg, Mr. Presgrave?"

To him, Elliot's accident was all because of saving him.

Elliot's big palm gently caressed Jared's head. Looking at Jared's tears made his heart tighten. Jared's sorrow could instantly pass on to him, and it was as if there was a blood bond between them.

“Jared, stop crying. Let’s get him into the house first,” Anastasia comforted the boy. After this incident, it seemed that her son had grown up and became more sensible now.

Soon after, Elliot’s personal doctor, Benedict Palmer, arrived, and that was when it dawned on Anastasia that she didn’t actually know the people around him.

Benedict was not quite thirty years old, but his medical skills were already at the highest level. He was also the leader of the Presgrave Group’s private hospital.

As one of Elliot’s closest people, Benedict was in charge of Elliot’s health.

While cleaning the wound, Benedict asked about the previous incident with Harriet. At the time, he couldn’t rush back after the incident because he had gone abroad to study.

Anastasia, who was sitting off to one side, could feel the tingling sensation on her scalp as she looked at the wound on Elliot’s leg. The wound was neither deep nor shallow, but it was definitely not a minor injury.