

# **Escape from a Sanctuary Full of Lies**

## **Chapter 1 - Chapter 1**

# **Escape from a Sanctuary Full of Lies**

## **Chapter 1: Chapter 1**

After my car accident, I overheard my husband, Xavier Colton, talking to a surgeon in the rehabilitation center.

“Prepare my wife for surgery and take one of her kidneys. Make sure the transplant is a success.”

He then placed a gentle hand on another woman’s arm and said, “Jennifer needs it to live, so the transplant team must be ready. I want her healthy again.”

I recognized the woman—Jennifer, a socialite whose family Xavier had financially saved.

I heard him sternly remind the surgeon once more, “But ensure Miranda’s recovery is flawless. If this surgery causes any other issues, I’ll destroy you.”

My world collapsed. I never thought the man who once worshipped me would suddenly turn against me.

Without hesitation, I left him with signed divorce papers, wishing him success in his “life-saving endeavor.”

---

1

As I made my way back to my room, I kept replaying what I had just heard.

The husband who once treated me like a goddess, claiming I was his entire world, was now planning to betray me—arranging for a surgeon to carve out a part of my body.

And he knew better than anyone how much my work, my very life, depended on my physical health.

A young nurse looked at me admiringly as she passed and said, “Your husband is incredible. He booked this entire floor for you to rest. He even hired private specialists to oversee your care. And that’s not all—he’s been here with you around the clock. Isn’t he just the most devoted husband?”

Another nurse chimed in, "When you were brought in after the crash, your husband cried until his eyes were swollen shut. I've never seen a man so terrified for his wife. I heard he pursued you for five years. He even put his entire portfolio into a trust in your name to marry you."

If I had heard this before, I would have felt like the luckiest woman alive.

But now, it made me feel physically sick.

Just then, Xavier's furious voice echoed from a nearby suite, "You're all incompetent! It's one woman, and you can't keep an eye on her?! If anything happens to Miranda, you'll all pay for it!"

Xavier rarely lost his temper. The last time was when a research vessel of mine was lost at sea, and he was so desperate he nearly bought the entire shipping company just to get it back.

But now, seeing the veins bulging on his temple didn't move me. I simply said calmly, "Xavier, I'm here."

The moment he saw me, his face flooded with relief. He rushed over and hugged me tightly.

"Miranda, where did you go? Why didn't you tell me? I thought something terrible had happened to you." His voice shook with worry, sounding so genuine it was almost impossible to disbelieve.

I gently pushed him away and said, "The room felt confining, so I went for a walk in the garden."

Only then did he seem to relax, though he still gripped my hand tightly, refusing to let go.

Soon, he took a syringe from a nurse and brought it toward my arm with seemingly unwavering tenderness. "Darling, it's time for your painkiller."

Looking at the needle filled with clear liquid, I felt a shiver of ice crawl up my spine. The scene I had witnessed earlier flashed through my mind.

"This medication makes me feel groggy. I don't want it," I refused.

In the past, Xavier would never defy my wishes. But this time, he was unusually insistent, "If you don't take this, your recovery will be slower, and you won't get back to your research. Didn't you always say the ocean was waiting for you?"

He knew my passion for my work was my weak spot, certain that mentioning it would persuade me.

But I no longer trusted him. Without a second thought, I knocked the syringe from his hands.

"I said I'm not taking it," I stated, my voice flat.

For a moment, his gentle mask froze, and a flash of cold fury crossed his eyes.

I thought knocking it away would save me, but the next second, everything went black, and I lost consciousness.