

Escape from a Sanctuary Full of Lies Chapter 3 - Chapter 3

Chapter 3: Chapter 3

Xavier remained still for a second before his control shattered, swiftly cradling her head and deepening the kiss with a desperate, feverish passion.

"Xavier, please be gentle. I'm worried about my health..." she whispered against his lips.

"Be quiet. I'm handling it."

I couldn't bear to watch what came next. As I fled, their desperate whispers stabbed at me like knives.

The man who had once sworn to protect me for eternity was now secretly clinging to another woman behind my back.

It felt like an invisible hand had struck me across the face. The humiliation was absolute, swallowing me like a riptide. My knees gave out, and I collapsed to the floor in a pathetic, broken heap.

A nurse rushing past hurried to help me up. Seeing the silent tears streaming down my face, she assumed I was in pain and consoled me, "Ma'am, please don't cry. Mr. Colton would be devastated if he saw you like this."

Seeing the nurse's genuine concern, I could no longer hold back my grief. I burst into wrenching, silent sobs.

After weeping until I was empty, I returned to my room and collapsed onto the bed.

When I came to, Xavier was gone. Instead, Jennifer stood at the foot of my bed, her expression grim.

Her gaze held no trace of sympathy. Instead, she looked at me with a cold pity and said, "You saw, didn't you? He's doing this for me. He loves me."

I clenched my fists, my body trembling as I asked, "How long have you two been together?"

Jennifer smiled faintly, raising two fingers.

"Two years. Two years ago, he met me at a charity ball and was captivated. That very night, he stayed with me until dawn. When he went home, he felt so guilty about you

that he transferred his assets into your name. But those resources were meant to save me. You've taken what was supposed to keep me alive!"

I bit my lip so hard I tasted blood, fighting the urge to lash out.

Seeing my restraint only made Jennifer bolder. She added with a cruel softness, "Do you think he truly loves you? He comes to me whenever he can. Even now, with me so sick, he can't stay away. And by the way, on the day of your accident? He wasn't in some board meeting—he was with me at the hospital, holding my hand through a flare-up. He can't live without me anymore. If you have any decency, you'll grant him a divorce."

Her words hit me like a physical blow. I remembered that day—the blinding pain as the world spun, the near-death experience in the ambulance.

The paramedics called Xavier ten times, but he never answered. Eventually, his phone went straight to voicemail.

The next day, he returned and knelt by my bed, claiming he'd been trapped in a hostile takeover negotiation. He hated himself for not being there and even slammed his fist against the wall in self-recrimination.

But in reality, while I was fighting for my life, he was tending to another woman.

The last shred of hope I held for him disintegrated. My heart turned to stone.

Jennifer, sensing her victory, grew even more confident. With a triumphant little smile, she sneered, "Oh, and next week, Xavier is taking me to Monaco. His 'humanitarian trip'? It's to finalize the arrangements for my private transplant surgery. He's saving my life."

With that, she turned and walked out of the room like a fragile, victorious queen, her head held high.

As I watched her leave, a sharp pain shot through my side. The next moment, darkness closed in, and I lost consciousness.

When I opened my eyes again, it was already the next morning. The first thing I saw was Xavier, his eyes bloodshot as he sat beside me, watching over me.

The moment he saw I was awake, he pulled me into his arms, his voice thick with emotion.

"Miranda, you're finally conscious. You scared me half to death just now."

The memory of what I'd witnessed in the hall flashed through my mind, filling me with disgust. I pushed him away.

"I'm fine," I said, my voice ice.

Xavier froze, stunned by my coldness. A flicker of hurt flashed in his eyes.