

Escape from a Sanctuary Full of Lies Chapter 4 - Chapter 4

I stared into Xavier's pleading eyes and finally asked the question that had been haunting me.

"Do you remember what you promised me before we were married?"

Before we said our vows, I had made him swear: if he ever cheated, he had to tell me, and I would disappear from his life forever.

Xavier immediately nodded in agreement.

"Why are you bringing this up now? Have I done something to upset you?"

He stood up quickly, his expression turning serious, and instructed his assistant outside the door, "Bring me the plans for the conservation center!"

Within moments, his assistant returned with a large portfolio. Xavier unrolled architectural plans across the bed—a stunning, state-of-the-art marine conservation center.

Xavier gestured to the sprawling design and declared passionately, "This is for you, Miranda. A testament to my devotion. How could I ever look at another woman?"

He then turned to the nurses and his staff. "Tell my wife exactly what our interactions have been lately. Be thorough!"

The staff recited their encounters one by one.

"Mrs. Colton, my last interaction with Mr. Colton was to present your revised physical therapy plan."

"Mrs. Colton, I only saw him when he asked me to source the best organic meals for you."

"Mrs. Colton, I spoke with him when he noticed your saline drip was running low and demanded I replace it."

Each person described their interactions, all centered on my well-being. Some couldn't hide their admiration for his obsessive attention to me.

When Jennifer's name was mentioned, he stated coolly, "She's a fragile friend of the family. I feel a duty to help her. That's all. Miranda, you are my entire world."

Though his words were a performance, they were flawlessly delivered.

I laughed bitterly inside, gesturing for everyone to leave.

Having demonstrated his loyalty, Xavier seemed to relax. He sat on the edge of my bed, took my hand, and said earnestly, “Miranda, you know you're the only one I've ever loved. I could never want anyone else.”

I gave a soft “Mm” and pulled my hand free, ignoring the flicker of disappointment in his eyes.

As if remembering something, he added, “Miranda, I have an urgent business trip to Monaco tomorrow, so I can't be here with you. But my phone will be on 24/7. Call me if you need anything.”

His words were laced with deep affection, sounding completely sincere.

Stifling the sickness in my stomach, I nodded. “Be safe on your trip.”

For a split second, I saw a shadow of guilt in his eyes. Then he spoke again, his voice tinged with what sounded like genuine reluctance.

“But I'll miss you terribly. Even for a day, I hate the thought of being away from you.”

He sighed dramatically before continuing, “When you're well, we'll oversee the new center together. I'll delegate more at the firm so we never have to be apart.”

If I wasn't already aware that he was leaving to arrange an illegal organ transplant, I might have been moved by his speech.

Finally, he kissed my forehead with a show of great reluctance and left the room.

The moment he left, I checked myself out of the center. At our penthouse, I packed a single duffel bag and left the signed divorce agreement on his polished mahogany desk. Without a backward glance, I boarded a flight to Athens.

Before the plane took off, I blocked his number, deleted my accounts, and vanished from the digital world.