

Illusions 111

Chapter 111

Remington looked up, “So, running errands is your hobby? How about I transfer you to the Dashiell Group’s logistics company to shine bright?”

Cedric shuddered, quickly packed up his stuff, and bolted out of the office like a bat out of hell.

Remington went back to his paperwork, business as usual, but there was a hint of Irritation in his eyes.

That woman was playing him like a fiddle, getting better at giving him the cold shoulder, blocking him and hanging up on his calls like it was her day job. Did he have no pride? Still bending over backward to shower her with resources?

Instead of living the cushy life as Mrs. Dashiell, she was hell–bent on chasing hardship. If she had such a hunger for suffering, he’d let her have a taste for a few more days. Once she’d had enough of the pain, she’d know where her safe harbor was.

At Meadowbrook Meadows.

Right after Lizetta hung up the phone, Yolanda huffed, “Let’s steel our heart and be done playing with jerkfaces! I’m off to go head–to–head with the trolls!”

She was all geared up to go back to her room and have a keyboard war with the haters. But Lizetta grabbed her, “Chill, staying in constant fury may take a toll on the breasts. Let’s roll; time to hunt for some grub.

“But.”

“Forget about online drama. I’ve got it covered; no rush, we can clap back tomorrow.”

Lizetta dragged Yolanda out the door, and they found a cozy little diner. Breakfast arrived, and Lucian called.

“Litchi, everything at the police station is crystal clear. It’s classified as an attempted sexual assault, and you were defending yourself, no blame on you. That dude woke up and after two days of observation in the hospital, he’ll be transferred to the detention center, no light sentence. Your info’s been locked down tight; you just take it easy.”

Lizetta let out a sigh of relief, “Okay.”

“Not sounding too chipper. You’re not still at odds with Remi, are you?”

Lizetta cracked a smile, “I’m thinking of how to thank you.”

“At least you’ve got a conscience. Don’t go overboard, just brew a few more jars of green plum wine for me this year. I’ve already finished mine, no more in the Dashiell family mansion either. I’ve been craving that taste.”

Behind the Dashiell family house were a few green plum trees. The fruit was tart, and

Lizetta would make green plum wine every year,

The doctor said it was good for digestion and fatigue, and helpful for cardiovascular diseases, so Fiona was quite fond of it.

Lucian too said that Lizetta’s plum wine tasted like home, different from any other drink. In the four years he hadn’t been home, he never forgot to ask for his yearly fix.

Lizetta always made sure to send some his way, even if it meant air freight.

“It’s not the season yet. How about I set you up with a girlfriend instead? You’ve finally had some reputation now; why let good things go to waste?”

*Stop! Grandma and mom are on my case about marriage enough as it is, it's bad enough from them since they're the elders, but what gives you, a little squirt, any right to nag?"

Lizetta went silent, "By right of being your sister-in-law."

"Pffthaha."

Yolanda could imagine Lucian's bafflement on the other end and couldn't help but spit out her soy milk in laughter.

"Marrying Remi sure made you bold! Oh, there's a race at the club next week; wanna come watch?"

Lizetta wasn't too keen on joining the crowd, but Yolanda got excited, shaking her arm and cooing in a low voice.

"Let's go, let's go! I've never seen a car race before."

She had gotta pamper her bestie!

"Alright, I'll bring Yolanda along."

After breakfast, Lizetta headed to the set to shoot a couple of dance stand-in scenes.

It was a period drama about palace intrigue, with the second female lead being a seductive empress who captured the emperor's heart with a dance.

Drenched in favor, she became the protagonist's greatest rival. Later, due to arrogance and family downfall, she lost favor and was locked up. Proud and haughty, she refused to just rot away.

Barefoot and disheveled, she climbed the same stage where she once danced to enthrall the emperor. A sword dance followed, filled with mournful cries, and at the end, she slit her throat, a beauty's life tragically cut short.

These two dances were crucial – one had to be enchanting enough to captivate an emperor, the other mad and mournful, embodying the character's joys and sorrows. The role wouldn't stand without them, and the challenge was immense.

Yet Lizetta nailed them with ease, both in one take.

"Bravo, bravo, beautiful dancing! You captured exactly what I wanted! Gorgeous face, great on camera! I can't bear to replace these shots in post-production; you're born for this gig!"

The director repeatedly praised her while reviewing the footage and instructed his assistant, "Send her an extra sum of money, and keep her contact info."

That was code for future collaborations.

The second female lead waiting to reshoot her scenes was none other than Lulu, the celebrity they had seen at Maplewood Club the other day.

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The production crew was abuzz with gossip. She knew that everyone was poking fun at her, saying that she was getting totally outshone by her dance double—from her temperament and looks to her physique.

She was already seething with anger, and the director's words just added fuel to the fire.

Boiling with rage, she set out to confront Lizetta but was stopped by her agent.

"What the heck are you doing?!"

“Miranda! That little dance double is getting ahead of herself!”

*The director is a pragmatist and hates it when actors cause trouble on set. If you want to keep filming, you’d better play nice!”

Reprimanded by her agent, Lulu nodded with red eyes, holding in her anger.

Miranda tried to soothe her, “She dances well, but when the movie hits the big screen, you’re the one who’ll benefit. Don’t be so short-sighted!”

With that, Miranda walked away.

She chased after Lizetta, who was leaving the studio, and stopped her.

“I’m Miranda, the agent for the second female lead. You’ve worked hard today, and you did great. Here, take this token of appreciation.”

Lizetta had heard from Yolanda that it was common for stand-ins who did a good job to receive money from actors and directors. Since the director’s assistant had already given her one, she didn’t hesitate

to thank Miranda and accept another from her.

As she turned to leave, Miranda spoke up again.

“Would you consider signing an agency contract with me to become a formal actress?

You’ve got the looks and the talent. I guarantee that within three years

two I can make you a top star. Shall we discuss a contract?”

no, make that

Lizetta smiled lightly, “Thanks for the offer, but my ambitions lie elsewhere. Goodbye.”

Her refusal was quick and decisive, and she walked away without hesitation.

Miranda was surprised by her firm rejection. Becoming a top star is a huge temptation- don’t dance stand-ins dream of stepping into the spotlight?

But she could see that Lizetta’s refusal was genuine, not just playing hard to get.

It was clear that Lizetta knew what she wanted; with both personality and conviction. A flash of admiration and regret crossed Miranda’s eyes.

She caught up to give Lizetta her business card before she got into her car.

Call me if you change your mind.”

Lulu watched from a distance, stamping her foot in frustration. She went back to the set and grabbed her phone from her assistant, opening WhatsApp.

Lizetta left the set and returned to Oakridge Heights.

She remembered there were two jars of plum wine left at Oakridge Heights – perfect for taking to Lucian.

Remington was hardly ever home, and now, at just past four in the afternoon, it was even less likely he would be there.

Lizetta entered the villa to find it eerily quiet. She headed straight for the liquor cabinet but instead of finding her wine, she found only Remington's collection.

Figuring that Hanna, who always picky about everything, might have decided the two jars of wine weren't presentable, and had Edith stow them away in the storeroom. So, Lizetta went to the storeroom, searched through the boxes and cabinets, and indeed found the wine hidden in the furthest corner.

But as she climbed out with the jars, her dress caught on something, and it ripped with a tear.

She was wearing a tight, straight-cut long dress, and the tear was significant enough to reveal her thigh with any slight movement.

With no other choice, she went upstairs to her bedroom, entered the
picked out a pair of jeans.

changing room, and

As she bent over to take off her dress, halfway through, a man's deep voice suddenly sounded from behind.

"What are you doing?"

Startled, Lizetta panicked, tripping over her half-pulled-down dress and lurching forward.

"Ah!" she screamed; eyes shut tight.

The expected fall didn't happen; instead, the man caught her, becoming her human cushion.

Still

in shock, Lizetta's chin knocked against the man's chest, the pain making her rub it as tears welled up in her eyes.

From underneath, Remington's chilly voice rang out, "There's no need to act like a complete fool if you want a divorce."

Lizetta opened her eyes and gave his chest a frustrated punch.

"You're the fool! If you hadn't scared me out of the blue, would I have fallen? What are you Loven doing here?"

It was like seeing a ghost in broad daylight.

"This is my house," Remington scoffed coldly.

But Lizetta found his words immensely ironic. During their two years of marriage, had he ever treated this place like home?

He barely came back, and now, for some reason, he seemed to be everywhere.

"Fine, fine, your house. I'll leave right now."

Lizetta tried to get up, but his large hand pressed on her lower back and pushed slightly.

She fell back onto him, their bodies fitting together perfectly, and she heard his mocking

voice close to her ear.

"If you can't bear to divorce, just say it. There's no need for these games, fluttering your lashes and throwing yourself into my arms."

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Lizette looked up, her gaze locked onto Remington.

"My left eye diagnoses you with delusion of grandeur, and my right, with narcissism—both quite severe. I' check where to register for your treatment."

Remington didn't get mad, and his thin lips curved slightly.

"You'd be more convincing if you put your dress on before making such statements."

Lizetta remembered how she was awkwardly bent over pulling off her dress when he walked in. The action now seemed rather embarrassing.

And now, the torn dress was still half-draped over her knees, a chilly breeze teasing the space between her legs.

Her bare thighs were pressed directly against the fabric of the man's suit pants, through which she could feel the texture of his muscular thighs and the heat of his body.

Compared to her utter disarray, he looked like he was about to attend an important event, even his bow tie was impeccably knotted.

To any onlooker, the scene would seem as if she was the one seducing him.

Lizetta's face flushed with embarrassment, then boiled over into anger.

“Mr. Dashiell, don’t flatter yourself! I didn’t know you were home! If I had, I wouldn’t have come in. Let go of me!”

She wriggled and twisted, her soft and fragrant body sparking intense friction and heat against him.

A tightening in his lower abdomen, and Remington let out a soft grunt.

It was extremely sensual, and the desire was at its peak.

Lizetta froze, her ears burning up.

But before she could react, the world spun around as the man’s strong hands cradled the back of her head, wrapped around her waist, rolled over, and pinned her underneath him.

The changing room’s plush carpet cradled her soft body.

“Mph!”

Her words were tightly sealed by his scorching breath against her lips.

Lizetta widened her eyes, and to her surprise, the man hadn’t even closed his own. In their close gaze, his usually cold, deep eyes were now filled with desire for conquest and plunder, like a whirlpool ready to devour her.

Lizetta’s heart trembled, and she wanted to bite him. But the man anticipated this and released her, looking

up.

Lizetta panted, “Do you take something?”

He went from frigid to a horned-up jerk in the blink of an eye!

“So, if I took some, could I use you to cool off?” Remington’s lips curved slightly as he lowered his hips.

Lizetta felt it all over; her body shivered, and she looked at his shamelessness in a new light.

“Get off me! I don’t want this. I came back for my stuff, not for this. I didn’t mean to lead you on, you’ve got it

all wrong

She was frantic, now certain that she was carrying a baby.

The doctor had wamed her to avoid intimate relations during the first three months, and Lizetta struggled fiercely.

But Remington held her wrists firmly above her head, bending down to plant fervent kisses along her neck and collarbone, his hot breath spreading to her sensitive ears.

“Why not? We haven’t tried it elsewhere. Be good, go with it, save yourself some suffering later!”

The more she resisted, the more turbulent the emotions in his eyes.

The sound of his belt buckle being undone made Lizetta’s scalp tingle, and she screamed.

“No! We’re about to get divorced, we can’t do this! Go find Evelina if you’re that hot and bothered, let go of

me.”

Remington's anger flared when she suggested he go to Evelina, a fiery rage igniting through him.

His hands caressed her body, lifting slightly to rip away the torn dress at her knees and reaching for the last piece of fabric underneath

"You lied to me, didn't you? Your body's a lot more honest than you are."

Lizetta trembled, swamped with shame and helplessness. Under his teasing her body uncontrollably craved him.

Perhaps her heart had failed to be hypnotized and still loved him

But what of it? She didn't want this.

"I'm a normal woman, it's natural to react, it would be the same with any other man, mph!"

But before she could finish, Remington pinched her cheeks, silencing her.

His expression darkened, "Lizetta, listen to yourself

Lizetta's mouth gaped, her cheeks burning red, the marks of his fingers evident, her eyes brimming with tears—a pitiful sight.

Remington released her, the red imprints on her cheeks stark against her skin, his brow furrowed.

"You're so delicate, don't intentionally anger me if it hurts."

Lizetta tried to move her numb jaw, about to speak, but his kiss fell on her once more, kissing her deeply.

His large hand also slipped under her sweater, seeking the clasps at her back with a clear intent.

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Lizetta thought he had calmed down, but unexpectedly, he hadn't given up, prompting her to struggle again with renewed vigor.

He overpowered her significantly, and with her eyes shut, she was drowning in fear and confusion.

The horror she had faced not so long ago flashed back, and Lizetta's emotions just crumbled. Tears started streaming down her face.

Tasting the bitter saltiness, Remington sensed something was wrong and retreated from her lips.

She found her voice, and her bruised, delicate lips moved to voice a faint sound.

The moment Remington heard her clearly, he felt as if struck by lightning.

She said, "Don't, brother, please don't."

Remington stiffened and lifted his head to see the woman underneath him pale and terrified.

She kept her eyes tightly shut, turned her head away, her lashes wet, and her tears silently pouring down in sheer desperation and panic.

All of Remington's lust dissipated in an instant.

He let go abruptly, his face a stormy shade of thunder, his eyes a whirlpool of indecipherable emotions.

Feeling a sudden lightness, Lizetta lay still on the floor.

After a while, she steadied her breathing and emotions, and opened her eyes. The dressing room was empty; he was gone.

On her bare skin, the residual warmth he left felt almost present.

Lizetta wiped away her tears, got up quickly, put on her pants, and staggered downstairs.

She was about to leave with two jars of wine from the small living room table when Remington's voice echoed from the spiral staircase.

"What are you taking?"

Lizetta froze. She thought he had left. How was he still here?

She turned to look and saw Remington in a different suit, a slate gray three-piece with exceptional style.

Standing on the stairs, his appearance was clean-cut and abstinent, cold and aloof, as if what had just happened in the dressing room was a bizarre dream of hers.

Lizetta pursed her lips before replying, "I came back for the plum wine."

"What do you need that for?"

"Lucian wants to drink it. I'm going now."

Lizetta averted her gaze and was about to leave, but she had barely taken two steps when Remington came the stairs in big strides, catching up and gripping her arm tightly.

“What are you doing now?!”

Lizetta was annoyed; Remington’s handsome face was even colder.

“Weren’t you very proud? Not taking anything, huh? Put it down!”

Frowning in irritation, Lizetta retorted, “I meant it when I said I’m not taking anything. These two jars of wine

aren’t worth much, and I made the wine myself. They’re mine. What’s wrong with taking them?”

His expression and gaze made her feel like a shameless thief.

Remington scoffed coldly. “Aren’t the plums from the Dashiell family’s orchard? Do you even know how much that rum you brewed sells for a bottle? And those jars, they belong to the Dashiell family, don’t they

Lizetta glanced at the two glass wine jars in her hands, which to the unaware might seem like antiques.

“You don’t drink this wine.”

“Who says I don’t drink plum wine? Even if I don’t, they’re still mine! Nobody should lay a finger on Remington’s stuff!”

Too fed up to deal with this Scrooge, she tried to walk away, but Remington didn’t let go and reached for the jars instead.

Lizetta struggled in annoyance, and accidentally, one of the wine jars fell to the ground, which to the unaware might seem like antiques.

“Are you hurt?”

Remington lifted her away, his brow furrowed as he checked her legs.

Lizetta slammed the other jar down on the table, “Yours, it’s all yours, are you satisfied now?”

Having said that, she pushed him away and left in a huff.

Remington stood there, looking at the mess on the ground, his handsome face icy cold.

As Lizetta left Oakridge Heights and got into the car, she received a call from Joseph.

“Liz, Wilma took me to the amusement park for the night, but I turned around for a second, and she was gone. There are so many people.”

Joseph sounded helpless, and Lizetta immediately felt anxious and asked him

“Which amusement park? Stay put, don’t go anywhere. I’m on my way, got it?”

After getting the details, she instructed the driver to change course.

Upon arrival, the sky was dark, and the amusement park was lit up. Lizetta indeed spotted Joseph squatting alone in a corner by the east gate.

A man with granny gray hair, earrings, and a black mask—looking very much like a kidnapper—was bending down, coaxing Joseph to eat some cotton candy.

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Lizetta was taken aback and rushed forward, grabbing the man’s outstretched hand and executing a classic Judo throw.

Bam!

The man hit the ground, with the cotton candy falling beside him.

Lizetta kicked the cotton candy away as if it was the poisoned apple that killed Snow White.

She quickly pulled Joseph to her side, examining him up and down with concern.

“Joseph, are you Okay?”

“Liz, I’m fine, but he..” Joseph pointed to the man lying on the ground.

Lizetta glanced over, and there the man was, still lying there, tall and thin with long arms and legs. Meeting her gaze, he weakly waved his right hand.

“Miss, come on, I did help you once. Did you have to go all WWE on me?”

Lizetta recognized the voice she was always sensitive to voices and quickly remembered.

“It’s you! The motorbike guy from the that day?”

The man smirked, raising his eyebrows. He had a pair of deep, captivating eyes and was wearing a large mask, looking clean and handsome with a particularly dazzling smile.

*Liz, you misunderstood; he’s my classmate Nancy Madden’s uncle.”

At that moment, a little girl in a puffy dress, holding a cotton candy just like the one on the ground, ran over with wide eyes of surprise.

“Why are you lying on the ground?”

Hamilton Madden, looking a bit embarrassed, reached out to Lizetta, “I think I broke my waist. Mind lending a hand?”

He stayed put on the ground, attracting stares from the surrounding crowd. Lizetta was worried he might have actually hurt himself.

She grabbed his hand, but in the next second, Hamilton used his waist and abdomen to spring up, pulling Lizetta off-balance and right into his arms.

Hamilton tilted his head down, pulled off the mask, and revealed a handsomely delicate face.

Above them, lights strung in the trees suddenly lit up. The two of them stood close, gazing into each other’s eyes; the halo of the colorful lights mirrored in their gaze, resembling a sweet, young couple.

Outside the amusement park, Cassius squinted as he captured the moment on his phone and sent it straight to Remington.

“Remi, heads up, your cuckoldry is en route.”

He did not like Lizetta and was hoping Remington would misunderstand and be displeased, so he deliberately left out the kids from the shot.

The phone spun in his palm; just as he was about to put it away, Remington called.

Cassius clicked his tongue and answered.

“Where you at?” The man’s voice was calm, but Cassius could sense the underlying tension.

He smirked, “Remi, are you planning to catch them in the act?”

“You know too much,” Remington’s voice was chilly.

Cassius felt a shiver down his spine and decided not to push his luck, so he shared the location.

“Better hurry, Remi, I’ll keep a close watch for you.”

He hung up, only for the phone to ring again. He answered without looking, “Relax Remi, don’t you trust me? I’ve got a tight leash on Lizetta and her ‘lover’.”

“What Lizetta and lover?”

A woman’s voice came through and Cassius realized he had Evelina on the line.

Meanwhile, Lizetta and Hamilton had already checked into the amusement park, and Cassius hurried after, making excuses.

“I’ve got something urgent, gotta hang up.”

He hung up, but Evelina had heard the amusement park’s PA system over the phone and was already excitedly grabbing her bag to head out.

Joseph insisted on going to the park to play. Lizetta, always spoiling him, agreed to go in.

The two kids dashed ahead while Hamilton and Lizetta walked together, with him reaching out a hand to her.

“Let me formally introduce myself. My name is Hamilton Madden, 20 years old, single since birth, standing tall at 6.2 feet, and weighing...”

Lizetta laughed, gesturing for him to cut it out, “You don’t need to go into that much detail”

Hamilton raised an eyebrow, “Nah, I have to. I’m your blind date, after all. I even thought to prepare a detailed introduction for your review to show sincerity.”

His earnest expression left Lizetta speechless.

She thought Joseph’s talk of arranging a blind date was just for fun, not expecting the little
set it up.

Seeing Hamilton still offering his hand, she shook it politely.

“I’m Lizetta Gardenia. Nice to meet you, but I’m not interested in younger boys.” “Who said anything about “big sis’? Ever seen a big bro as tall and mighty as me?” Hamilton protested, leaning in closer with a teasing twinkle in his

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“An adult, 20, pure machol Do you see it clearly?”

Lizetta nodded, and just as Hamilton was about to nod in satisfaction, she said nonchalantly, “Not even eligible to marry, at best half a man, I guess.”

That comment wasn’t too hurtful, but extremely insulting.

And the key point was that, it’s true—males at twenty indeed weren’t of the legal marriageable age.

Hamilton grinds his teeth, “I’m the puppy dog type that the ladies adore, how can you diss me like that? Miss, you’re really one of a kind, it just makes my heart race even more!”

Hamilton whipped out his phone, flashing a slight smile, “You promised last time, next time we meet, you’d add me on WhatsApp.”

Lizetta didn’t play coy and took the phone to add him.

Ahead, Nancy and Joseph sneakily looked back, with Nancy lifting her little chin proudly.

“See, my uncle’s super cool, he’ll definitely win over your sis!”.

Joseph pouted, “That’s if he can catch her; Liz isn’t easy to pursuit, it’s just WhatsApp for now,”

“Hmph!”

“Hmph!”

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The two kids huffed, turned their heads away, and refused to look at each other.

Hamilton was very talkative and knew when to advance or retreat, with a sunny personality that was pretty

comfortable to hang out with.

Young people always easily become familiar with each other. Lizetta, who had been confined in the Dashiell family and to a marriage for the past four years, had always felt out of touch.

But hanging with Hamilton, she did revert back a bit to the carefree and unrestrained feeling of her age.

And with the two kids as social lubricants, they got familiar after a few rides.

Unbeknownst to them, someone had been sneakily live-streaming the whole thing from behind.

After getting off the Raging Rapids, all four were a bit wet. Lizetta pulled out a tissue and bent down to dry.

the kids' hair.

She felt a touch on her head and turned to see Hamilton with a tissue, helping her dry off too.

"Don't move, you're drenched here, gotta dry it off or you'll catch a cold," he explained.

Just as Lizetta was about to speak, her arm was suddenly yanked powerfully to the side.

Stumbling, she fell into familiar arms and looked up to see Remington's handsome yet icy face.

"Why are you here?" Lizetta was surprised.

Remington's eyebrows lifted in sarcasm, "Of course you didn't want me here. You seem to be having a great

time.

His gaze was dark, the grip on her arm tight, almost like a husband catching his wife cheating.

Not somewhat, perhaps he actually was?

But just as Lizetta had this thought, Remington turned and called Cassius over.

Cassius, with his hands in his pockets, walked over. He was a big star, with his trench coat's collar up, his hat and mask tightly on, even wearing a wig. Lizetta almost didn't recognize him. x

He gave Lizetta a cool nod, "What a coincidence."

Surprised, Lizetta looked back at Remington, "You came to the amusement park with him?"

"Why not?" Remington responded as if it was the most natural thing.

Lizetta's puzzled gaze flitted between the two men, and Cassius stepped forward, draping an arm over Remington's shoulder.

"Remi and I are close, are you jealous?"

Alrighty then.

Lizetta didn't pry further, but now Hamilton stepped up and asked, "Lizetta, who's this?"

His eyes had already sized up the suddenly appeared Remington from head to toe.

Quite handsome, with commanding presence, not an average Joe.

Men of this age, successful in their careers, were most prone to arrogance and self-importance. Not as likable as him, not as tender.

Most importantly, older men lack stamina, definitely couldn't compare to him.

Hamilton came to that conclusion and handed Lizetta another tissue.

“Wipe yourself down some more, you’re still a bit wet here.”

Before Lizetta could take it, Remington grabbed the tissue and wiped for Lizetta.

He had a cold expression throughout, not even glancing at Hamilton, as if treating him like an assistant.

Hamilton snickered, pulled back his hand, and stuffed it in his pocket.

Lizetta gave him an apologetic smile, about to make introductions when Joseph ran over to hug Remington’s arm, flatteringly calling out.

“Bro.”

Done, how did his brother find them?

Remington looked down, giving the kid a chilling, frosty smile.

This little guy had taken someone else’s side to pry at his own brother’s love interest.

He should’ve made him face the wall and think about his actions last time, made him stand there till the end of time!

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“Walt, you’re Lizetta’s cousin?” Hamilton was surprised.

Lizetta and Joseph didn’t share a last name, so when Hamilton asked Joseph, he said Lizetta was his cousin.

He guessed that Lizetta must have taken her mom's surname.

Lizetta saw his misunderstanding and wanted to explain, but to her surprise, Remington nodded first.

"You got a problem with that?"

Lizetta frowned; why would he deliberately mislead Hamilton?

But the next second, seeing Hamilton scratching his head and quickly changing his tune, apologizing to Remington, even asking if the "cousin" was thirsty or wanted something to drink, Lizetta caught onto Badass Remington's game.

When it comes to being sly, it has to be him!

"He's not thirsty! Hamilton, don't bother with him, don't go!"

Lizetta couldn't bear to see such an innocent guy like Hamilton getting toyed with by Remington, a man with a black heart and rotten liver and stopped him from buying drinks.

But Remington tightened his grip on Lizetta's hand, looking down and saying.

"Heh, when someone's courting, which one of them doesn't run errands? I'm giving him a chance to show off." He looked back at Hamilton.

"What do you think?"

Hamilton smiled and winked at Lizetta, saying,

"You're right, Lizetta, watch Nancy for me, I'll be right back."

With a wave, he dashed off towards the vending machines.

Lizetta pushed Remington away, grabbing a kid by the hand.

“We’re gonna play over there and leave you and Mr. Sterling to your duo time.”

Dragging the kid away, Lizetta left. Cassius watched her go and then looked at Remington.

“Remi, how dare she treat you like that?”

He expected to see Lizetta crying and begging for forgiveness when Remington showed up, but this is it?

Remington couldn’t be bothered to reply, just asked, “What are you doing here anyway?”

For Cassius, a grown man, to bump into Lizetta here; it was kind of weird.

Cassius reached out to pat Remington’s shoulder, “Forgot already, Remi? We came here for some duo time, remember?”

Remington was grossed out, his eyes shooting daggers.

“Try touching me again and see what happens.”

Cassius withdrew his hand, and Remington had already started walking towards Lizetta.

Cassius followed, explaining. “This amusement park was part of my mother’s dowry. Recently, they added drone shows and a few other attractions for the evening slots, so I came to check if out.”

Then a staff member called Cassius over, and he left, leaving Remington to chase after Lizetta alone.

By then, Lizetta had been pulled to the entrance of the haunted house by two kids.

Hamilton also came back with drinks, buying warm milk for Lizetta and the two kids. Handing it to Lizetta,

he smiled and said.

"I got you the sugar-free kind; it won't make you fat, wanna try?"

It was clear from her figure that Lizetta kept herself in shape with discipline.

Lizetta hadn't expected such thoughtfulness from a young man and was about to take it when Remington swooped in and grabbed the milk.

"I just wanted to drink."

Hamilton turned to him, "Didn't you want something cold? This iced lemon tea's for you."

He handed over the drink, but Remington didn't take it, saying lightly,

"I can't handle sour."

Lizetta frowned, thinking to herself that vinegar was sour too, and why did it feel like Remington was being jealous?

Just then, a soft voice rang out.

"*Remi, how did you end up here?"

It was Evelina running over, and upon seeing Lizetta, she exclaimed in surprise,

“Sis, you guys are here too! Are you going to the haunted house? Let’s go in together.”

She positioned herself next to Remington.

Lizetta glanced at them and looked away.

She knew it – Remington and Cassius, two grown men wandering around an amusement park, of course, they were with Evelina.

And what was she going to do about it? Was Remington hiding something?

Ha, afraid she’d go mad and hurt Evelina or something?

“Is this my cousin’s wife? There’s another lemon water here, do you want some?” Hamilton smoothly offered the drink to Evelina.

Remington’s gaze turned frosty as he eyed Hamilton, his eyes narrowing.

This guy was probably playing double games.

Evelina smiled, did not refute, and took the drink, “Thank you so much.”

Joseph looked pleased to see Remington. If Remi treated Liz right, he’d definitely support his brother.

Chapter 118

Little did he know, Remi wasn't there to appease her, he brought that detestable woman along again.

Joseph grabbed Lizetta, clearly annoyed, "Liz, let's hurry inside."

Lizetta was pulled into the haunted house by two kids, and as Remington tried to follow, Evelina grabbed his

1. am.

"Remi, I'm a bit scared. Can you take me with you?"

Remington frowned, "Did Cassius send you?"

Evelina shook her head, her hand on her belly, and exclaimed in surprise, "No, it's just that there are more kids around on the weekends. I'm expecting about to be a mom, you know, so I wanted to come see the little ones, get a feel for motherhood."

Then she eyed the milk in Remington's hand, "Remi, I can't have cold drinks. Can I have the one you're holding?"

Remington wasn't going to drink the stuff Hamilton bought anyway, so he handed it over to her. Thinking that Lizetta might be scared of haunted houses because of her past, and without further questioning Evelina, he stepped forward to catch up inside.

The haunted house was hospital-themed, starting with a morgue.

The smell of disinfectant and the eerie blue lighting, with bloodstains everywhere and NPCs popping out anytime, made for a full-on immersive experience.

Lizetta was indeed scared and regretted her decision to enter just because she was annoyed with Evelina.

“Scared? No worries, just hold on to me.”

Hamilton said with a smile, grabbing Lizetta’s sleeve and placing her hand on his shoulder.

Lizetta pulled her hand back and forced a smile, “Keep an eye on Nancy and Joseph. Don’t get lost. I’m fine.” She figured she wasn’t that weak, after all.

Just as she thought this, a terrifying strobe of light flashed, and people around her started screaming and running.

Lizetta, freaked out, ducked her head, and ran with the crowd without looking back.

She dashed into another room, reaching out to grab Joseph ahead of her.

“Joseph, don’t run off. Ahh! Ahh!”

She was sure it had been Joseph running ahead, but when the light flashed, Lizetta saw a ghastly child’s face instead.

The right eye was gone, leaving a bloody hole, and the left eye was staring at her with a sickly green gaze. She screamed in terror and ran, swinging her arms wildly, but then she bumped into something.

Not knowing if it was a person or a ghost, she screamed again, flailing her hands in panic.

“Shh! Lizetta!”

A familiar deep voice came from above, with its usual lazy mocking tone, calming Lizetta’s pounding heart,

She looked up, “Remi?”

*It's me. If you're scared, why would you plunge right in? You're silly as hell!"

Remington wrapped his arms around her, pressing her face into his chest, his large hand soothingly stroking her hair as he led her forward.

Breathing in his familiar scent, Lizetta instantly felt at ease and looked up slightly.

"Joseph's gone."

Remington had seen Hamilton with Joseph and the girl, and since Joseph was brave and not afraid of haunted houses. He wasn't worried, nonchalantly protecting Lizetta, he said coldly,

"Where's your little puppy, huh? How come he left you behind?"

Lizetta shot back sarcastically, "And your sweetheart? If she sees this, she'll be so upset and in pain again. Let go of me, I'm fine now."

She didn't see Evelina, and when Remington heard Lizetta's ungrateful retort, he let out a cold laugh.

"Evelina's not as foolish as you. She knows it's fake and wouldn't get that scared. Your face is so white you could scare off the NPCs. What's the point in running?"

His words were harsh, but Lizetta felt warmth in her heart.

Knowing Evelina's melodramatic nature, even if she wasn't scared, she'd still be clingy and crying all over Remington.

Now, Remington was by her side, and Evelina was nowhere to be seen. Had they gotten separated, or was it possible that Remington didn't like Evelina as much as it seemed?

Lost in thought, Lizetta stayed in Remington's embrace, and before she knew it, they had reached the haunted house's exit.

People from different paths started crowding together at the exit, making it congested.

Lizetta was shielded within Remington's embrace, his towering figure creating an indestructible barrier that enveloped her securely.

In the crush of the crowd, she indulged herself, reaching out to hug him.

But just then, he suddenly let her go.

He moved away from her, his tall frame cutting through the crowd, striding towards a specific spot up ahead.

Suddenly without protection, Lizetta was stepped on, her body swayed, and she fell forward.

Chapter 119

"Are you Okay?"

Hamilton popped up out of nowhere, steadying Lizetta just before she fell to her knees.

Lizetta caught her balance and looked around. Through the crowd, she caught a glimpse of Remington's towering figure, shielding someone in his arms.

She couldn't get a clear view, but Lizetta knew it was Evelina.

"Back off! Someone fell down here!"

Someone yelled from behind, but the crowd kept pushing.

It seemed the drone show had started, not far in front of the haunted house, and everyone was eager to watch, causing the congestion.

Lizetta turned her attention back to Hamilton, who was anxiously asking, "Where's Nancy and Joseph?"

Hamilton gave her a reassuring smile. "Don't worry; they're safe. Let's head out."

"Okay." Lizetta nodded.

They walked further out before they were no longer brushing past one another. The drones took off with a whirl, screams erupting all around.

Against the black curtain of the night, the drones formed the word "love," and Lizetta looked up to see it morph into two initials.

"E W." Hamilton read aloud, "What's that about?"

He looked down only to see Lizetta's face pale as a ghost.

Staring up at the stars, her eyes were like falling meteors, shattering into light, and fading into ashes.

"Love E W".

Hamilton didn't get it, but how could Lizetta not?

Remington had come to the amusement park with Evelina tonight, all for a romantic confession

Hamilton felt a sting in his heart and stepped forward to block her view. He gently pressed on her shoulder, steering her body in another direction.

“Look over there!”

Lizetta blinked and saw nothing but pitch-black darkness. She looked up at Hamilton.

“So, what’s over there?”

Hamilton looked embarrassed, touching his nose, “Just darkness, really. Use your imagination, and it can be anything.”

Lizetta blinked again.

Man, that’s cold.

Hamilton probably felt the awkwardness too, as they just stood there staring at each other. Then, as if on cue, they both burst out laughing.

“Uncle! Did you forget about us?”

Nancy’s shout came from a distance, and Lizetta turned to see Nancy and Joseph perched on a big tree.

Nancy was waving her small hand, lips all pouted..

Hamilton explained, “There were too many people coming out, so I put them in the tree and went back to look for you.”

The kids were clearly getting antsy.

Lizetta and Hamilton went over to bring them down.

“Do you want to play something else?” Lizetta asked.

Joseph, not really in the mood anymore, yawned, “Liz, I’m pooped. Let’s head home.”

He had seen the drone show’s opening confession too, and felt bad for Liz.

He wanted to lift her spirits, but with that jerk here, she probably wasn’t up for fun.

“Let’s go then.” Lizetta agreed.

Hamilton chimed in, “Kids should sleep early. Let’s all go. I’ll drop you

off.”

Lizetta didn’t want to bother Hamilton, but he was so insistent; with Nancy clinging to her waist, she reluctantly got into the passenger seat.

The kids in the backseat soon fell asleep after the car started moving.

The car was silent, and Hamilton turned to Lizetta. “Do you mind if I put on some music?”

Lizetta smiled faintly, “Of course not.”

Hamilton played the music, and a familiar melody caught Lizetta off guard.

It was one of her original songs. Lizetta thought it was a coincidence, but the next few songs were all hers

too.

She concealed her surprise, “You like Maestro Adagio?”

Hamilton looked at her, not hiding his admiration. “Yes, I’ve been a fan for a quite some time. I’m a die-hard.” He was so earnest it made Lizetta’s face blush.

Even though he didn’t know she was Maestro Adagio, being praised by a fan to her face was a first for

Lizetta.

She coughed and turned to say something, but then Hamilton stopped at a red light.

He turned to her, his eyes burning with sincerity, and said, “I used to be a fan of Maestro Adagio, but now I’m a fan of her as a boyfriend.”

“You don’t even know if she’s a man or a woman, how could you?” Lizetta’s words trailed off as she caught on to the warm, amused gaze of Hamilton.

Chapter 120

was astonished, “How did you recognize me?”

The videos she posted on Twitter usually only showed her hands playing an instrument, and when she danced, she wore a mask the whole time.

In real life, it was the first time a fan had recognized her,

Hamilton just chuckled. The red light turned green, and he drove off.

Lizetta, hanging on the edge of her seat with anticipation, urged, “Tell me! You must be a fake fan, leaving your idol hanging like that?”

“I’m a die-hard fan! I’ve watched each of your dance videos at least a hundred times. The last time I gave you a ride on my motorcycle, I thought your figure looked familiar. But it was dark, and I wasn’t sure. You have a tiny mole on the side of your right index finger. I made a point to check tonight, and that confirmed

Lizetta glanced down at her hand. The small mole was tucked between her index and middle fingers, barely noticeable.

She was thoroughly impressed that he had noticed

Just then, a cellphone ringtone sounded from the back seat.

It was Joseph’s phone. Lizetta leaned over to grab it.

A call from Remington.

Her smile slowly faded, and she immediately switched it to vibrate.

But Remington called again quickly, and Lizetta pursed her lips as she answered

“Where are you?” The man’s voice was deep and with annoyance.

Lizetta responded coolly. “It’s me. We’re on our way back now”

“Get off the car now, send me your location, and I’ll come to pick you up!” Remington commanded, brooking

no argument.

Lizetta bit her lip. Wasn't he with Evelina, having just made a romantic confession? Why wasn't he glued to his sweetheart, but instead, looking for her and Joseph?

"No need, you take care of Evelina. Joseph is already asleep

"I said get off now, Lizetta. Can't you understand?"

The man cut her off, his voice laced with anger and a chilling edge that Lizetta could feel through the phone.

She thought of how he had left her in the crowd, unhesitatingly squeezing through to Evelina, and the drone lights twinkling in the sky, her heart felt like it was fraying at the edges, tearing apart bit by bit.

She moved her lips, her breathing sluggish.

"Is it cold? Should I turn on the heater? Hamilton's considerate voice broke the silence in the car.

Lizetta snapped back to reality. "No need to trouble yourself, Mr. Dashiell. We're almost home."

After she finished speaking, she hung up abruptly.

She muted the phone and shoved it back into Joseph's backpack.

The car was quiet again. After a moment, Lizette turned to Hamilton, "You just..."

"Yeah, I did it on purpose."

His acknowledgment was so straightforward and candid that Lizetta couldn't even get mad.

But Hamilton looked at her warily, “Sis, are you mad?”

His eyes were innocent, and careful, like a puppy dog.

Now Lizetta know what people meant by ‘puppy dog type’. She said, not amused.

“Just drive well! Don’t look at me, look ahead!”

“Okay.” Hamilton Immediately turned his head and straightened up in his seat, looking obedient as can be. But this guy, nowhere near being so naive and silly, was clearly more complex than he seemed.

At the amusement park parking lot.

“Roml, can you take me back? I was scared, and my stomach’s been feeling queasy. I’m a bit frightened. I can only relax if you’re by my side.”

Evelina had been placed in the back seat of the car after being knocked down and stepped on in the crowd. Cedric was about to close the car door, but Evelina wouldn’t have it, gazing longingly at the man standing outside.

His figure was tall and commanding, standing in the night, his handsome face as cold as ice, radiating a ‘keep out’ aura yet dangerously alluring.

Evelina saw him on the phone, surely arguing with Lizetta.

Now was her chance to make a move.

It was worth it when she saw the new drone show on her way to the amusement park, which could be customized for her, and she immediately spent twenty thousand to arrange one for herself.