

Illusions 131

Chapter 131

Hearing it was Evelina, Lizetta chilled out instead. Looked like the one who should be freaking out now was probably Remington.

She leaned into his ear and taunted, "Aren't you gonna let go? If Evelina gets shocked and something happens to the baby, don't expect me to take the fall."

Remington's grip on her waist tightened a bit, but soon enough, he let her out of his hold. Lizetta wanted to hop off him quickly, but his hurry to avoid any scandal made her feel kinda ticked off.

She chuckled with a mischievous glint in her eye and reached to roll down the car window. But her hand was suddenly seized by the man, his voice sharp, "I know what you're playing: get away from me now!"

Lizetta's face lost its color, feeling as if she'd been slapped hard. She got up and moved back to the passenger seat.

As soon as she settled down, Remington rolled down the window. Evelina's smiling face appeared, her makeup on point.

Last night, Evelina's social media followers dropped like flies, and netizens pressured her to post donation

receipts.

In the end, the Hawthorne Group's official website released a statement saying that as the Hawthorne family's daughter, Evelina's charitable donations were done in conjunction with the Hawthorne Group.

The Hawthorne family must've spent a fortune on internet mercenaries to cool down the heat, finally putting an end to the taunts.

Gotta say, Evelina had got thick skin, right now, she showed no sign of being fazed by the public opinion, her voice brimming with surprise.

“Remington, is that you in the car? Oh, Sis, you’re here too?”

She acted as if she was clueless about the tense vibe inside, all innocently enthusiastic.

Remington nodded at her and said, “Go wait for me in the office.”

Lizetta couldn’t be bothered with Evelina and didn’t even turn her head, but when she heard Remington’s words, she subconsciously pinched her fingertips.

So, Remington had arranged to meet Evelina today. No wonder he was too busy to come to the café and sent Cedric down instead.

“Okay, I’ll head up then,” Evelina obediently nodded..

She turned to leave but glanced back, considerately saying, “Take your time talking, Remington. I can wait a bit longer. The desserts prepared by the CEO’s office taste so good, I wonder which shop they’re from.”

Remington then turned to look at Lizetta, “Which shop are the desserts from?”

Lizetta used to be a junior clerk in the CEO’s office, handling all sorts of errands. The desserts for the female guests at the CEO’s office were her responsibility, and they had a specific partnership with a dessert shop.

Lizetta looked up with a smile, “From LR.”

Remington eyed the smile at the corner of her lips and ordered in a flat tone, “Call them and arrange a weekly delivery to the Hawthome family mansion.”

Evelina beamed with joy, “Remington, you’re so good to me. Thank you, Sis.”

She tilted her head, gave Lizetta a smile, and cheerfully headed toward the elevator, her footsteps seemingly mocking Lizetta.

Lizetta’s smile froze on her face, but Remington was still looking at her coldly, “Why haven’t you ordered yet?”

“Mr. Dashiell, you seem to forget, I’m no longer the CEO office’s errand girl.”

Remington chuckled, “So what? I can’t boss you around anymore?”

Lizetta bit her tongue and nodded. She whipped out her phone and efficiently ordered a year’s worth of luxury dessert delivery service for Evelina, paying up.

“Satisfied, Mr. Dashiell? Mind reimbursing me, 10 grand, thank you.”

She flashed the payment QR code in front of Remington.

Yet his expression was mockingly cold, “Did I say I’d reimburse you? Weren’t you the one wanting to play matchmaker for me and her? Is ordering some desserts for your future sister-in-law too much to swallow?” Lizetta’s smile turned provocative, “Sign the agreement, and I won’t just order for a year. When you two tie the knot, I’ll gift her a decade of desserts as a wedding present.”

She tossed the divorce agreement back in front of Remington. The chill in Remington’s eyes deepened, but without taking the agreement, he transferred 10 grand to Lizetta.

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Dropping over 2 grand on desserts, and pocketing a cool 7 grand plus; not a bad deal, but Lizetta’s heart was filled with a bitter taste.

Back in the day, she was all in as a diligent clerk, and the dessert place she picked, LR, was chosen after taste-testing a bunch of them.

She wanted to treat his guests right, so he could have smoother sailing at work and a more pleasant negotiation atmosphere. But in the end, her thoughtfulness was just used by him to curry favor with his sweetheart.

Seeing that he wasn't going to play ball today, Lizetta didn't want to stick around. She grabbed the divorce papers and went to pull open the car door. Just before stepping out, she threw out a casual remark.

"Mr. Dashiell, so concerned about Evelina yet refusing to divorce, you aren't scared I'll screw around with the desserts and off Evelina's kid?"

As she reached for the door, a heavy force clamped down on her shoulder. Lizetta was yanked back into the seat with a jerk. She frowned, turned her head, and met Remington's icy glare.

"I dare you!"

The guy was clearly hitting the roof, the grip on Lizetta's shoulder almost losing control. Pain spread from her shoulder, but it was nothing compared to the ache in her heart.

Yet, Lizetta just laughed, "What wouldn't I dare? You said it yourself; I'm Mrs. Dashiell. The legit wife taking care of the mistress's kid is only natural. Or should I keep the little bastard around and be Zion City's laughing stock?"

Remington's eyes sharpened, twitching at her words.

"Shut up, that child isn't a bastard!"

Lizetta felt like her throat was stuffed with waterlogged cotton, unable to make a sound, just stubbornly staring him down.

Silence fell in the car. Until Remington sneered and let go, "Lizetta, you're wicked. All this just to get a divorce?"

Suddenly, he snatched the divorce papers from her hands. He moved so fast that the edge of the paper sliced a small cut across Lizetta's palm.

Fine, I'll sign. But don't regret it!"

He grabbed a pen from the glove compartment, signed his name, and tossed it onto Lizetta,

"3 million, in a month, and don't give me any dirty or stinking money with a shady history!"

Lizetta was stunned, frozen until the man barked at her again, "Get lost before I change my mind!"

Snapping back to reality, Lizetta grabbed the papers and stumbled out of the car.

The man sat in the car, watching her clutch the divorce papers like a prized possession, running faster than a rabbit, and disappearing in a blink.

Lizetta left the parking lot, her pace slowing down, her back slick with cold sweat, exhausted as if after a battle.

She flipped open the divorce papers, staring at Remington's signature. He had signed with such force that he punctured the paper in two places, his anger evident.

He still cared about Evelina and her child, couldn't bear Evelina facing even a hint of threat, and had signed immediately upon hearing they could be harmed. How ironic.

Top floor, CEO's office.

When Remington entered, Evelina got up from the sofa, "Remi, why didn't Lizetta come up? I hope I haven't disturbed you guys again; sorry, I didn't know she was here."

Her expression was apologetic and tense, but Remington didn't look at her, walking straight to his desk to sit down, succinctly asking, "What is it?"

Evelina could read between the lines, "If it's nothing important, beat it."

She clutched her purse, reluctant to leave like this but noting his foul mood. She approached the desk, placing a few invitations on it.

"My solo concert is the day after tomorrow, and I'd like to invite your whole family to come. Here are the

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Remington's eyes flicked over those invitations, and he gave a nod as a sort of acknowledgment.

"Anything else?"

Thinking about that divorce agreement, Remington was getting irked, not really in the mood to even pretend to care. Noticing Evelina still standing there, he lifted his gaze and asked.

Evelina was biting her lip, looking all pitiful, "I've got a photo shoot for a sponsorship later; it's my first one. Could you come with me, Remington?"

The gig Evelina had was for a game under the Starlight Group. Remington just so happened to have plans to swing by there in the afternoon, so checking in on Evelina was no biggie.

He nodded, "Sure, but I've got another meeting later."

Evelina's face lit up instantly, her smile understanding and sweet, "Then I won't keep you. Remember to balance work and rest, Remington. See you this afternoon"

She left, got in the car, but then she slammed her bag down on the seat in a huff.

April was waiting in the car and saw her mood, asking with concern, “Mr. Dashiell didn’t agree to come to your solo?”

Evelina managed to suppress her anger, “He did”

Leaving the invitation meant he was going to show up April breathed a sigh of relief, “Well, that’s great then. Why the long face?”

Lately, Evelina had been hyping up her romance with Remington online. If Remington was a no-show at her first solo, the internet trolls would have a field day

Evelina was peeved, of course, because of Lizetta Just thinking about the charged, almost flirty vibe between them in the car earlier made Evelina green with envy

Then she remembered Remington had asked Lizetta to order desserts for him, her mood brightened, and she whipped out her phone:

The call connected and she played with her hair, “Sis, I’ll have my assistant send you a list of my favorite desserts later. If what you’re ordering isn’t on there, would you mind canceling and reordering? You know, being pregnant makes me a bit picky with flavors, you understand, right?”

Evelina finished, but there was dead silence on the other end. She pulled the phone away, checked it, and put it back to her ear, “Hello?”

There was a soft click, clearly Lizetta hadn’t even been holding the phone to her ear.

“Done talking?” Lizetta’s voice was slow and casual

Evelina felt like she’d just hit a soft wall with all her might, her expression souring.

“Lizetta, isn’t it just basic manners to listen when someone’s talking to you?”

“Heh, maintaining some self–respect and not being the homewrecker – that’s basic integrity. Do you really think you have the right to lecture about manners?”

Evelina laughed lightly. “Such sharp words, Sis. Being so bitter isn’t attractive to men, you know”

Lizetta couldn’t be bothered to listen to her bragging. “No need to thank me. It’s just ordering a dessert after all. Remington gives me a pretty sweet allowance. If you have more little errands like this, feel free

to call me again. I’m hanging up now, got nothing else to say”

Evelina was speechless for a moment, and then regained her composure, “Actually, there’s something. My solo is the day after tomorrow, and you absolutely must come, Sis.”

As if Lizetta would go. She scoffed lightly, “Sorry, but I can tolerate gossip just fine, but I have zero tolerance for lousy bitchy lines. For the sake of my ears and mental health, I’ll pass.”

She hung up right after.

Evelina sneered, “Classless tramp!”

April was about to console her when her own phone rang.

After answering, April’s expression became serious, “Alright, I understand. Hide out of town for now. If this blows over, I’ll throw in another 50 grand. But if you spill something you shouldn’t, don’t blame me for not being nice.”

“What happened?” Evelina frowned.

“That thing, Mr. Dashiell is on it, and Linda got taken away.”

Evelina sat up straight, and April continued.

“Also, at the hospital, Daniel was supposed to be discharged today and transferred to the detention center, but then some guy dressed as a janitor burst into the ward and castrated Daniel,”

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“What do you mean by ‘castrated’?”

Evelina felt a chill down her spine, and April’s face turned ghostly pale.

“You know, it was chopped right off in front of Daniel and minced into pieces. They’re still trying to save Daniel as we speak.”

It had to be Remington’s handiwork. That was brutal!

Evelina, despite being a woman, instinctively crossed her legs and broke out in a cold sweat. She slumped back into her chair, nervously grabbing April’s hand.

“What if Linda gets suspected? Could she rat us out?! What are we gonna do?”

Evelina was freaking out; if they got caught, even with her ‘get out of jail free’ baby on board, she’d still be skinned alive.

April took her hand reassuringly, her face pale but composed, “Don’t worry; Linda doesn’t know jack – she won’t spill anything.”

Still, Evelina couldn’t shake the anxiety. Before, Lucian had only seen Daniel as a horndog, so why had Remington started digging deeper?

Meanwhile, Lizetta was sitting in a private room with Yolanda, waiting for someone.

Lizetta needed to round up 3 million, and her dance gigs wouldn't cut it. She'd reached out to Hamilton for help in finding a reliable agent. She wanted to license out the songs and dances she'd created over the past few years.

Yolanda had come along, and Lizetta calmly brewed tea. But Yolanda, glued to her phone, suddenly exclaimed.

“Holy smokes!”

Lizetta slowly poured the water, watching the tea leaves unfurl before looking up.

“What's up?”

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“Liz, check this out, Daniel got his comeuppance – it's all over the news!”

Lizetta took the phone and was equally stunned.

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“That Daniel is a monster, a pervert! Serves him right to be castrated, his dirty dick minced! They should have ground him to bits; damn it, drugging and raping a pregnant woman!”

The news revealed that the man who had attacked Daniel in the hospital, and his wife had been childhood sweethearts, deeply in love.

His wife had been targeted by Daniel who, after multiple failed seduction attempts, had drugged and raped her.

At the time, his wife was two months pregnant with twins and, unable to cope with the trauma, had committed suicide by jumping off a building, taking three lives with her.

Due to insufficient evidence and the March family's influence, the case had been brushed under the carpet.

“This guy is a real man! Now Daniel's little “bird’ can't ‘fly’ anymore, talk about karma!” Yolanda ranted righteously.

Lizetta was speechless. She pushed the freshly brewed cup of tea towards Yolanda and stood up, “I've got

to make a call.”

This incident had happened over a year ago, yet that man sought revenge now, Instead of doing it earlier or

later.

Lizetta stepped into the open courtyard before calling Remington. She looked anxious, her heart filled with

unease.

Did this incident have anything to do with Remington? She didn't want him to get his hands dirty because of

her.

After a while, Remington's cold voice answered the phone, "What, you've got the 3 million already?"

Lizetta bit her lip, "No, it's not that. I haven't got it yet. There's something I want to ask you."

She opened her mouth but hesitated, unsure how to phrase her question. If this was really an accident, wouldn't bringing it up out of the blue make Remington suspicious?

"If you're not calling about the money, then I gotta go."

Lizetta blurted out hastily, "Wait! I've got something to say!"

She was panicking, and on a whim, she thought of what Yolanda had said earlier and asked, "There's this joke going around online today about a man's bird' not being able to 'fly'. Do you know what that means?"

As soon as she said it, she wanted to bite off her tongue. But if Remington wasn't involved, he shouldn't understand.

The other end of the phone went silent. Lizetta's heartbeat sped up in the silence.

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In a flash, she heard the rustling of pages over at Remington's end of the line, followed by his nonchalant drawl.

Lizetta, if you're gonna kick yourself for this, move your butt back to Oakridge Heights, say you're sorry, and I'll pretend I never inked that divorce paper. No need for another call spouting nonsense."

Hearing him say that, Lizetta actually felt relieved. Looked like Remington wasn't behind it after all. She let out a sigh of relief and replied.

“No regrets here, Mr. Dashiell, you’re barking up the wrong tree. I’ll scrounge up the 3 million as fast as I can, so I’ll let you be.”

With that, she hung up.

In the presidential office of the Starlight Group.

Remington chucked his phone on the desk and loosened his tie a bit. That woman said she’d hustle up the 3 million quick; her determination to ditch him was rock solid.

But he thought she was spoiled rotten if she really believed 3 million was chump change. Ha, Remington didn’t buy it; no way Lizetta could pull that kind of cash out of thin air so fast.

Let her knock herself out. At the end of the day, she was not getting rid of this marriage. With that thought, Remington’s expression softened, and he picked up his phone to call Ray, “Find anything?”

Ray was in some abandoned factory, with a woman tied to a chair behind him, face streaked with tears. It was Linda.

“Just like you figured, Linda was just a pawn. She said some middle-aged dude at a restaurant gave her Mrs. Dashiell’s address and spun a yarn about her entertaining sugar daddies there. She ran her mouth to Daniel out of jealousy for Mrs. Dashiell snagging his attention. I tried to check the restaurant’s surveillance, but the footage from that day was toast, still no trace of that middle-aged man.”

“Dig him up!” Remington’s eyes turned icy, his voice a low command.

At the private room.

Lizetta ended her call and was about to head back to the private room when she spotted Hamilton strolling over with a snappy-dressed woman,

It was Miranda, the agent Lizetta had met before on the set, who had slipped her a business card.

“Miranda, this is the one and only Maestro Adagio, real name Lizetta.”

Hamilton and Miranda approached, making introductions.

“Who would’ve thought you were Maestro Adagio! What a delightful surprise.”

Miranda beamed at Lizetta, offering her hand. Lizetta reciprocated, “Let’s talk inside.”

Hamilton raised an eyebrow, “You’two know each other?”

Miranda explained, “We’ve crossed paths before. Ms. Gardenia was a dance double on set, and I wanted to sign her as a talent. Little did I know, she was also the hotshot music and dance arranger everyone’s buzzing about. Now I’m even more keen to not let such a promising prospect slip away.”

With those looks and moves, and all that talent, she was born to rock the entertainment scene. Miranda came recommended by Hamilton, and Lizetta had a good impression of her from before. They hit it off well.

As lunchtime neared without a deal set, the four of them decided to grab a meal at a restaurant.

Negotiations went smoothly, and they signed a contract after the meal. For 1.8 million, Lizetta sold all her work from the past few years to Miranda’s agency.

Miranda would handle the future arrangements for the music and dances, and Lizetta would soon get the-

money.

As they were leaving. Miranda still tried to persuade Lizetta, “Are you sure you won’t consider becoming a talent? if you sign, I’ll push for an A-list contract with the best perks and resources, all written into the agreement upfront.”

Lizetta shook her head with a smile, “It’s not that I don’t trust you, Miranda. I just really don’t have those plans.”

Miranda still felt it was a pity, “But aren’t you in urgent need of money? If you sign as a talent, the company can advance you a sum.”

Lizetta kept shaking her head. Miranda left first, and then Lizetta thanked Hamilton, who stood with his arms crossed, leaning against the nanny van.

“How much more do you need? I can lend it to you.”

Lizetta wasn’t close enough to him to borrow such a hefty sum. Still, she was short over 1 million, and there was no way she could make that by just taking odd jobs.

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She didn’t mince words, “Let’s forget about borrowing money, but there’s a favor I might need to ask of you.”

Hamilton raised an eyebrow, “You’re my idol, and helping out my idol is an honor for me. What is it?”

Lizetta got straight to the point, “I saw your company’s official website is looking for a dance instructor, and I was hoping you could hook me up.”

Not everyone might have known about this dance instructor position, but as the leader of the boy band EchoVerse Boys, Hamilton was well aware that it was specifically for their group.

EchoVerse Boys was the hottest boy band of the last couple years. The company was bringing in a special dance instructor to craft their first album, aiming to capitalize on their popularity with a release

next month. Their original dance coach had to cancel due to an accident, so the company was scrambling to find a replacement

Having Lizetta as the dance instructor meant she'd be working closely with them day in and day out, and Hamilton was definitely looking forward to it

He snapped his fingers right away. "I'm on it. Need a lift back?"

Lizette shook her head, "No need, we drove."

"Then I'll catch you later"

Hamilton made a phone gesture with his hand and waved goodbye to Yolanda at the back before bending down to get into his car

As his limo pulled away, Yolanda stepped up and put an arm around Liberta's shoulder.

"That handsome is just so sweet and cute, really knows how to charm people. The way he said goodbye almost stole my heart."

Lizetta raised an eyebrow "I'll shoot you his WhatsApp

But Yolanda immediately waved her off. "Nah, I'm more interested in watching you play the long game. Keep him on the hook, and piss off Badass Remington."

Lizetta was planning to take on a few endorsements, and the previous collaboration with the gaming company had been a success

Skyward Studios was planning to launch a brand-new fantasy MMORPG this year, and they had already sent Lizetta a letter of intent with a tempting offer

Once the deal with the gaming company was sealed, and if everything went smoothly, she should easily rake in the 3 million.

“Let’s head to Skyward Studios

Lizetta ignored Yolanda’s wild ideas and pulled her to the car. Right now, Lizetta just wanted to make money, get a divorce, and fly far away!

When they arrived at Skyward Studios and gave their names, the receptionist smiled and said, “Please follow me. We’ll go straight to the motion capture studio, everything’s been arranged for Ms. Gardenia to try out the dance moves”

Lizetta thanked her and followed, unaware that Evelina and April had emerged from the elevator behind them. Evelina frowned as she watched the backs of Lizetta and Yolanda

“Why is she here too?”

“I’ll go find out,” April quickly followed behind.

Five minutes later, April came back to Evelina and whispered a few words.

“It’s a blockbuster mobile game Skyward Studios is creating. They’ve hired Lizetta as the dance performer, and she’s currently in the motion capture studio trying out the dance?”

On hearing the words ‘blockbuster game, envy flickered in Evelina’s eyes. The game she was endorsing was just a minor one, and she couldn’t stand the thought of Lizetta outshining her again.

She was determined to snatch this opportunity away. At that moment, a couple of sharp-looking men surrounded a tall figure walking by.

The man had a reserved demeanor but an overpowering presence that quieted the surroundings.

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Evelina's eyes gleamed, and she cheerfully stepped forward, "Remington, I was just about to head to..

photo studio. Why don't you come and take a look?"

Remington nodded, "Let's go."

With a twinkle in her eye. Evelina walked beside Remington, chatting now and then. To the onlookers, their relationship seemed incredibly close.

Remington didn't stick around for Evelina's shoot, he just made a brief appearance at the studio before leaving with his entourage

But Evelina achieved the effect she wanted. During a break in shooting, she summoned the head of the game development department, and April brought over some coffee.

"Louis, we heard that the company's blockbuster game is looking for a lead dance performer? Eve has dance training too. Could we possibly get her that opportunity?"

"We're all at the same side, right? No need to let the opportunity go to waste. Mr. Dashiell would be thrilled, I'm sure."

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Evelina just got back to the country to make her mark, and she was already snagging endorsements for their games without any portfolio to show for it.

The gossip about who had got her back had been buzzing through the company for ages, and today, the moment Remington showed up for the shoot with Evelina, word spread like wildfire.

It was no secret Mr. Dashiell was Evelina's sugar daddy, it was plain as day for everyone to see.

Louis chuckled, "Ms. Hawthorne sure is a jack of all trades, can even dance, huh? How about this? Let me Just run that by Mr. Dashiell."

Louis wouldn't dare tick off Evelina, but this new game was a big deal.

The last smash hit from the company featured some dance moves from Maestro Adagio that really popped against all odds, and they'd genuinely reached out to that same choreographer this time around.

They got turned down at first, and now, after finally getting them on board, the company wanted to give them the boot? That was not only unfair, but Louis also wasn't buying Evelina's chops.

"Louis, you're making a mountain out of a molehill here, man. Eve's gonna be the future Mrs. Big Cheese of the Starlight Group. You think Mr. Dashiell can't trust my girl Eve?"

April tugged at Louis, who effortlessly played it cool, agreeing to go and check with Remington. At that moment, Remington had just stepped out of the boardroom, fresh from the annual plan meeting. Louis brought up the issue, and Remington's face clouded over just a touch.

"Do I need to remind you, Louis, how crucial it is for the game's animations to be smooth and appealing? That original choreography and the dancer can't just be swapped out on a whim?"

Louis got a bit of

a scolding but inwardly breathed a sigh of relief. Thank goodness, the boss hadn't let his brains go south with lust.

He quickly suggested, "The original dancer is actually in the motion capture studio right now, trying out some moves. Maybe you would like to take a look in person, Mr. Dashiell?"

Remington nodded, and Louis hurried to lead the way.

Outside the motion capture studio, Louis gently pushed the door open. Remington immediately spotted the woman dancing in front of the black backdrop, wired up to the gear.

As she moved, the tech crew captured every nuance, ready to replicate it for the game's characters.

Lizetta was fully in the zone; the crew focused on their jobs, oblivious to the newcomers.

Just as Louis was about to speak up, Remington raised a hand and firmly shut the door, sealing it. Louis thought Remington was pleased and didn't want to interrupt the session, only to hear him say in a stern voice.

“Let Evelina give the original choreography a shot. If she's up to the task, sign her on.”

Louis was floored. Why had the boss suddenly done a one-eighty? But Remington was already striding away his expression cold, his steps brisk.

That woman Lizetta, still trying to make a buck off him and planning to ditch him at the altar? She'd got some nerve – might as well shoot for the stars!

Lizetta was in the midst of her routine when Louis suddenly barged in with company.

“Let's take a break for a sec.”

Lilla paused and looked over in time to see Evelina greeting everyone with a big smile.

“Hi, I'm Evelina, auditioning for the dance role today. Hope we learn from each other.”

April came in with an assistant, handing out coffee and boba tea, creating a lively atmosphere.

Yolanda, fuming, confronted Evelins, "That gig is Li's, quit betting in! With those uncoordinated limbs of yours, what, you planning to churn out a bunch of disabled game characters or what?"

Lizetta had already unhooked herself from the gear and walked over, looking at Louis, "Louis, Skyward Studios invited me for this collaboration. Was there something unsatisfactory about my performance just

Louis looked unsteady, but Evelina chimed in with a smile

"But, don't make it hard for everyone else to be honest with you, this game company is part of the Starlight Group Remington had his say thinks I'm a better fit, asked me to replace you. Louis just had his hands tied." Of course, she was afraid to spill the beans to Lizetta She was stirring the pot between Lizetta and Remington and getting Louis indebted to her all in one go

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Lizetta clenched her fists tightly, having just thought she glimpsed a man's silhouette darting past the door during her dance.

She thought she might have seen wrong, but it was really him. Over and over, he snatched away her opportunities and creations to give to Evelina.

But Lizetta still held onto a sliver of hope, her questioning gaze turned to Louis, who sheepishly smiled and pulled her aside, "Sorry about that, Ms. Gardenia. Your dance really suited the game we're developing, it took it to the next level.

We were totally on board for a collab this time too, but I guess the boss had other things on his mind. He just checked out your original dance, wasn't thrilled, and decided we can't go forward with the contract."

So, Remington saw her, knew it was her, and that was why he pulled the plug? Lizetta's palm pinched in frustration, feeling a numbness in her heart.

“How could you do this to us?! Isn’t this just toying with people? Your big company playing games without a shred of integrity!”

Yolanda was fuming, teeth clenched, but Lizetta held her back, “Let it go, Yolanda; let’s just leave.”

Remington’s orders were final; making a fuss now wouldn’t change a thing.

Stepping out of Skyward Studios, Lizetta and Yolanda saw Remington’s car roll up, the back window halfway down, revealing the man’s cold, haughty profile.

Yolanda immediately charged forward, “Stop the car!”

Without Remington’s say-so, the driver dared not halt, continuing to drive as the man’s gaze didn’t even flicker their way.

Yolanda, fueled by rage, dashed in front of the car, determined to get justice for Lizetta.

“Yolanda!”

Lizetta saw the danger and rushed over, trying to pull Yolanda back. In the backseat, the man finally looked up, his pupils shrinking, “Stop the car!”

He commanded sternly. The driver slammed on the brakes, but the two women grappling in front of the car had vanished from sight, possibly hit by accident.

Remington’s hands, resting on his knees, balled up fiercely. He flung open the car door and stepped out, striding towards the front.

There, Yolanda had narrowly avoided being hit, tumbling to the ground unsteadily. Lizetta, pulling her back, was dragged down with her, both landing in a heap, utterly disheveled.

Remington approached, seeing they were unharmed, and spoke with a steely face, “Nice try playing bumper fraud.”

“Badass Remington, you hit your own wife with a car, now that’s slick!” Yolanda spat back angrily.

Lizetta, pushing herself up from the ground, held back Yolanda from charging again, and said to Remington.

“Mr. Dashiell, you got it wrong. Scammers pick on the soft–hearted, kind ones. A black–hearted capitalist like you doesn’t even qualify to be scammed.”

Remington snorted coldly. Of course, he understood why Lizetta and her friend were so pissed.

Throwing a tantrum because the deal fell through, acting all crazy with embarrassment, and now they want

to break away from the Dashiell family, leave him? What a joke!

“If it’s not a scam, that’s good.”

With that, Remington turned and headed back to his car.

Yolanda, furious on Lizetta’s behalf, shook off her restraint and blocked the car door, glaring at Remington.

“Badass Remington, you’re a real heartless, bone–eating capitalist, aren’t you? Other tycoons at least leave their ex–wives with half their wealth, or at the very least, a car and a house and alimony!

But look at you, Liz has been practically a widow for the two years she's married to you, and you're leaving her with a mountain of debt in the divorce! She tries to make a buck, and you block her path, snatch her resources to pamper your mistress.

Siphoning food from your wife's plate to feed your mistress, you're too stingy to play sugar daddy! What did Liz do in her past life, dig up your ancestors' graves or something, for you to humiliate and bully her like this? What kind of man are you!"

Chapter 139

Remington was giving Yolanda the cold shoulder, his eyes practically freezing over with the lack of warmth in his gaze.

Lizetta, scared he might do something to Yolanda, quickly stepped in to shield her.

Remington scoffed coldly and barked an order, "Take her away!"

Immediately, a few bodyguards stepped up and started dragging Yolanda away.

"Yolanda!" Lizetta, worried sick, tried to intervene but found herself caught by the man's iron grip around her

slim waist.

He yanked open the car door, and before she knew it, Lizetta was tossed into the vehicle.

"Badass Remington! The one trash-talking you is me, so come at me! Liz!"

Yolanda was freaking out, scrapping with the bodyguards. But before she could break free, Remington's car was already speeding off with Lizetta.

Inside the car.

Lizetta climbed up from the back seat, fixing her hair, surprisingly unfazed. She knew deep down that Remington wouldn't hurt her- that trust was etched into her very bones since childhood.

It was like it was coded into her DNA, impossible to rewrite.

“Where are we headed? I want to get
out.”

Remington chuckled, “Weren't you the one running your mouth about how I made you a widow, how I'm not a real man? Let's find a place and shoot a video to hash this out, give me a chance to clear the air.”

Lizetta was speechless.

She thought Remington was just spouting hot air, but then he actually told the driver, “Head to the nearest

hotel.”

Lizetta started to panic, “It wasn't me spreading that; it was just Yolanda blowing off steam because you snatched what was mine and gave it to Evelina. If you're really ticked off, isn't an apology enough?”

Remington shot a glare at her anxious face, the anger inside him raging hotter. Was she that scared of him touching her?

She was all defiance and backbone just a moment ago, but the moment he mentioned a hotel, she was quick to say sorry.

He lifted her chin with his hand, “Snatched away? Ha, everything in Skyward Studios is mine to give. If I want to give Evelina the chance, I will. What’s it to you?”

Lizetta bit her lip, seething and resenting the situation. If she couldn’t land this deal, she’d be 300 grand short of the 3 million she needed. She swallowed her pride and tried to reason with him.

“But you know my dance skills well; Evelina can barely move to the rhythm. Mr. Dashiell, you’re not known for playing favorites or blurring the lines between business and personal. Otherwise, the Starlight Group wouldn’t be thriving. You’ve always been about fairness, valuing talent.”

“Are you talking about me? In your eyes, aren’t I Badass Remington, with a rotten heart? You’re really buttering me up to get this job.”

Remington’s brows arched sharply, his tone dripping with sarcasm. But Lizetta wasn’t just flattering him; she had been running errands in the president’s office of the Starlight Group for ages.

Remington’s work ethic and principles were beyond reproach, he was a leader who never noted on a whim. Yet she never expected that these principles would become worthless when Evelina came into the picture.

For Evelina, he would even kick Lizette to the curb without a second thought. Her heart felt like it was being aliced open, yet Lizette still looked at him with pleading eyes, hoping for fairness, for him to change his mind.

“I can guarantee my dance will be worth every penny, adding sparkle to the game if you don’t believe me, let me compete with Evelina and see the final results”

“No need. I’ve made up my mind. The opportunity is Evelina’s, and even if she’s not up to it, it won’t be yours. Add sparkle to the game? You’re just a dancer, Lizetta; you’re not so irreplaceable!”

He cut her off, his icy words filled with dental, disdain, and contempt for her. Lizetta felt a heaviness in her chest like a boulder was sitting on it. She didn’t want to exchange another word with him.

“Stop the car! I want to get out!”

Chapter 140

Lizetta whipped around and yanked the car door with all her might, even pounding on the window glass.

“Bang, bang, bang!”

“Are you out of your freaking mind?” Remington yanked her back.

Lizetta lifted her head from the man’s embrace, her eyes bloodshot, glaring at him with disgust.

“I’m not crazy. I just can’t stand sharing the same air with you; I’m about to hurl!” She was dead serious, feeling like she was about to throw up in frustration.

Remington, however, thought she was so disgusted with him that she was on the verge of puking, especially since the look she gave him was devoid of any past trace of sweetness, adoration, or tender reliance.

His heart clenched, his Adam’s apple bobbed violently, and he abruptly closed his eyes and let go of her.

“Stop the car! Let her bail,”

The car screeched to a halt, and Lizetta couldn’t wait to shove the door open and jump out. True to form, the car didn’t stick around for a second and zoomed off.

Thinking of Yolanda still at Skyward Studios, Lizetta flagged down another ride and headed back. When she returned, Yolanda was sitting at the flowerbed by the entrance.

“Liz, you okay? Badass Remington didn’t do anything to you, did he?”

Lizetta shook her head and gave Yolanda a once-over, making sure she hadn't been roughed up by the bodyguards, before asking.

“What are you doing sitting here?”

Yolanda was fuming, “Obviously, I'm waiting to give Bitch Evelina a piece of my mind. This ain't over, even if I can't snatch back the opportunity, I'm going to give her a taste of her own medicine and tarnish her reputation right here! She's not getting off scot-free!

Lizetta pulled her up, an idea forming in her mind. Just then, Louis happened to be escorting Evelina out

Evelina had tried out the dance; she indeed knew how to dance, after all, Elara was a dancer. But her skills were amateurish. Without Lizetta to compare, she might have barely passed muster, but next to Lizetta's shining example, Evelina's dancing was painfully subpar.

Louis was inwardly troubled, but Remington had announced—if Evelina could cut it, the gig was hers.

Even though Evelina was clearly out of her depth, she was the future boss' wife, and Louis didn't dare offend her, so he just bit the bullet and went along with it.

n our end.”

“Ms. Hawthorne, whenever you're ready to sign the contract, we're all set on

Evelina's face lit up with a smug smile as she saw Lizetta and intentionally walked past with Louis.

“Sis, you're still here? I was just about to sign the contract with Louis. If you're having trouble finding a ride, how about waiting until I'm done, and I'll give you a lift?”

Yolanda clicked her tongue, itching to tear her apart, but Lizetta squeezed Yolanda's wrist.

“I have a way to make her back off,” she said to Yolanda, not bothering to lower her voice, and Evelina heard it, scoffing dismissively.

The meat was already in her mouth – did Lizetta really think she would give it up?

“Ms. Hawthorne, can we have a word in private?”

Lizetta looked at Evelina, who thought the former must have lost her marbles.

She chuckled, “I’m in a hurry to sign the contract.”

Lizetta leaned in close to Evelina’s ear, “What I want to talk about involves Remington. If you still want my divorce from him to go smoothly, you’d better listen.”

Evelina narrowed her eyes but ultimately followed Lizetta aside. Lizetta didn’t waste words, she opened her purse and showed Evelina something.

Three minutes later, Evelina came back and told Louis, “Louis, for the dance role, Lizetta is the better fit. Your company should stick to the original contract with Lizetta; I’m bowing out.”

Louis’ eyes brightened, “But Mr. Dashiell…”

Evelina smiled gently. “I’ll handle Mr. Dashiell, you don’t need to report back to him anymore.”

Louis was already not pleased with Evelina, so now that he could get back on track without lifting a finger, he naturally had no objections.

He sent Evelina on her way, fearing any last-minute changes, and immediately went with Lizetta to sign the