

Illusions 151

Chapter 151

"I just received a call from Mr. Lucian Dashiell. The lady has been taken to the hospital with a high fever."

Cedric didn't even get to finish his sentence before Remington was already on the move.

Cedric scrambled to follow, while Evelina was still trying to catch up, only to see them already stepping into the elevator.

She hustled to catch up but missed the elevator by a hair.

Stomping her foot in frustration, fortunately, at this moment, the waiter she had asked earlier sent her the photo he had taken.

Evelina's expression softened as she looked at the photos, and she quickly forwarded them to Lizetta.

Lucian had to grill Yolanda to get Lizetta's current address.

He rushed over, knocked for a long time with no answer, then got the passcode from Yolanda to let himself

Inside, Lizetta was indeed out of it with fever.

Lucian scooped her up into the car, wrapped an ice pack in a towel for her forehead to cool her down, and by the time they were near the hospital, Lizetta finally regained her consciousness.

When Remington got to the hospital, Lizetta had just been wheeled into the ward.

The man strode quickly to the ward door and was about to pull it open when he caught sight through the window of Lucian giving Lizetta a drink.

Lucian's arm n was around her shoulder, holding the cup, being super careful with every move

And there was Lizetta, all cozy in his arm, tilting her head up and taking sips like a good girl.

It was a shared room, and the old lady on the next bed was watching with a big grin on her face.

"Sweetie, your hubby is both a looker and so attentive!"

Remington's handsome face turned icy, he couldn't watch or listen anymore, and burst through the ward door.

It was as if he brought in a gust of cold air, the man with the commanding presence immediately drew everyone's attention in the room.

Lizetta looked up at him, furrowed her brows slightly, then coolly looked away.

*Remi," Lucian greeted.

Before he could say more, Remington walked over, took the cup from his hand, and said,

"I'll take care of her. Thanks for tonight, it's getting late, you should head back."

Lucian, seeing his cold demeanor, was a bit worried and stood his ground.

Obviously, Lizetta and Remi were separated. With Lizetta still having a high fever and the atmosphere being as it was, Lucian naturally was not at ease.

But Remington's gaze grew even colder, "You not leaving?"

"Alright," Lucian nodded.

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But as he took a step, Lizella leaned over and caught the hem of his clothes.

"Fer's been drinking, he should go rest. I'll be fine once I'm done with the IV, Lucian can take me back,
no

trouble Remi

Lizetta looked indifferently at Hemington

She could still sell the alcohol on Hemmation, and thinking of the photo with bright lights and an ambiguous atmosphere she saw before falling unconscious, feeling resistance and disgust.

"Lizetta, I'm your husband! Remington's face shifted, his gaze fented on the small hand clutching Lucian's

He remembered how, when I trotta was atch on a child, the docile little girl would become clingy.

sick

She rolled on him, would whimsically grabs onto his alt like the, not letting him leave, wanting him to personally care for and stay with her.

That look from Remington was like a blade about to lash through the nit

Lizetta's face paled, but she didn't let go, and bald coldly,

"We've already signed the divorce papers, it handly counts

"Lizetta" Remington's face turned ashen

Lucian was taken aback, suprised and concerned

"Divorce papers? Remi, you're divorcing itch?

Remington wasn't in the mood to tackle Lucian's questions, and ordered in a deep voice,

"Cedric, please see Lucian out

Cedric stepped forward, whispering persuasively, "Lucian, the boss and the young missus are just having a spat. She's sick, and the boss is looking after her, things will smooth over. You shouldn't intervene."

Lucian, frowning, didn't insist further and turned to Lizetta saying, "Litchi, you and Remi need to have a real talk."

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"Are you not letting go?" Remington quipped with a mocking look as he stared at Lizetta.

Feeling a bit embarrassed but with Lucian having said as much, Lizetta finally released her grip.

Once Lucian left, Lizetta flopped back onto the hospital bed.

She turned over, presenting her back to Remington, her whole stance screaming resistance.

Remington's eyes darkened further, aggravated for no reason by the old lady next door who kept gossiping and watching.

With a swift motion, the man yanked the curtain between the two hospital beds shut.

The old lady muttered, "Such a foul temper. What's the use of being good-looking? No wonder his wife wants a divorce. He's nowhere near as good as that young man was."

Remington became more detached, but he wasn't about to pick a fight with a sick old lady.

When Cedric came back, Remington ordered, "Arrange a private room."

Before Cedric could move, Lizetta, propped up slightly on the bed, rejected the idea.

"I don't need it. I'm staying just one night and will be discharged tomorrow." © 2024 Nôv/el/Dram/a.Org.

It wasn't a big deal for her, the fever had gone down with the IV, and she'd likely be fine by tomorrow.

Lucian, being careless, had just gone to get her test results, and Lizetta had requested the doctors to consider her pregnancy when prescribing medication.

But Remington, always astute, wasn't easy to fool.

Lizetta worried he'd move her to a different room and call in a new doctor, and if her secret was
be done for.

"You won't rest well here," Remington disagreed, glancing again at Cedric.

out, she'd

Lizetta grew anxious, "Is it because you're worried I won't rest well, or is Mr. Dashiell the one who can't stand it? If it's too much to bear, Mr. Dashiell should just leave. I don't need looking after, I can handle myself!"

Her emotions flared, and Cedric looked to Remington.

"Mr. President?"

"Step out for a bit."

That was conceding to Lizetta's wishes, not to change the room.

Cedric thought only the missus could defy the boss like that and get away with it.

The boss clearly cared, yet why couldn't the two of them ever patch things up?

Cedric left, and Remington bent down to check Lizetta's forehead, She dodged but his large hand insistently found its way there.

"Burning up like this, what can you handle? Stop being so damn stubborn!"

Feeling his palm against her, Lizetta, vulnerable as she was, couldn't help but crave that bit of tenderness, her heart fluttering weakly

Then she heard Remington's biting sarcasm, "Getting ill and not calling me, what, do you want to end up so feverish you become an idiot, for me to be responsible for you all my life?"

She had a fever, didn't contact him, but went to Lucian instead.

And that last time with March, for such a big deal, she reached out to Lupian too, keeping him in the dark completely.

A restlessness surged in Remington's eyes, his emotions tumultuous

Just as Lizetta felt a stir of emotion, she was met with his mocking tone

She yanked his hand away. "Even if I burn up into an idiot, I won't hang myself just to not be a burden on

you."

Remington snorted, "Never seen an idiot hang themselves, you'd be better off relying on me."

Lizetta choked, feeling like if the fever didn't do her in his attitude would

Lucky for her, a nurse came in to administer her IV, and Lizetta cooperated. The nurse advised

"We haven't added any antipyretics. Family members should keep an eye on physical cooling methods. monitor the temperature constantly, and call us if it doesn't drop in an hour."

Remington narrowed his eyes at the nurse. "Why not use antipyretic injections?"

Obviously, it was because Lizetta was pregnant, and they were trying to avoid the use of anorectic injections if possible.

Lizetta's heart skipped a beat, nervously eyeing the nurse, panic-stricken

The nurse, puzzled by Remington's question, thinking how could such a handsome man lack common sense? Didn't he know pregnant women should not casually use antipyretic injections?

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Before the nurse could finish, there was a loud crash.

It was Lizetta, acting on a sudden impulse, who knocked the cup to the floor, where it broke into pieces.

Propping herself up with one hand on the nightstand, while still half sprawled on the bed, he frowned and bent over to help her.

"Tell me if you need water, what are you messing around for, or is it that you don't want to bother me now?"

Lizetta's face was a picture of panic, like a kid who had done something wrong.

"I didn't realize I was so weak"

Remington's anger melted away on the spot, and he helped her lie back down.

She's sick after all, what was there to make a fuss about?

He rubbed her head in a resigned gesture, feeling her feverish face, and asked with a frown, "Why aren't you using any antipyretic injections?"

With that distraction, the nurse had already left the room.

Cedric came over to clean up the broken pieces, Lizetta explained, "The fever wasn't this bad when the doctor checked earlier. It's better to take less fever medicine if possible, I can take some later if the fever doesn't go down."

Lizetta fidgeted with her fingers under the covers, afraid Remington might get suspicious.

But the man didn't seem to overthink it. He fetched some cold water, wrung out a towel, and started wiping her face and neck, then moved to loosen her collar.

Lizetta was a bit embarrassed and grabbed his hand.

"I can do it myself."

Remington looked at her with his calm eyes, "Are you still being coy at a time like this?"

Lizetta felt a bit helpless, "We're about to get divorced."

"Don't talk about divorce. Even if we were divorced, I'm still your brother. I took care of you when we were

kids, didn't 17"

He forcefully pulled away her hand and started unbuttoning her shirt.

Lizetta wanted to say that was then, how could it be the same now?

After they got married, he hadn't taken care of her like this, so feeling uncomfortable was natural.

But she knew that even if she spoke up, Remington wouldn't back down.

She just didn't get it, why, when they had decided to split, was he suddenly so caring and attentive?

Was it because, in his heart, he had already ended their marriage and reverted to seeing her as his little sister again?

That wouldn't be so bad, Lizetta thought.

Remington wiped under her arms and chest, even went to the lengths of wiping down to her thighs. He tirelessly changed the water several times.

Lizetta couldn't send him away, she was worried that her temperature wouldn't drop and that she wouldn't be able to take the antipyretics.

Fortunately, an hour later, her temperature came down, thanks to Remington making her drink several glasses of water, along with the IV

She needed to use the restroom.

By the time Lizetta anxiously checked the IV bottle for the third time. Remington suddenly flipped her

covers off

"What are you doing?"

"Helping you to the restroom."

Lizetta bit her lip. "How did you know?"

She had planned to hold it until the IV was done, but only a third of it had gone through

She was too embarrassed to ask Remington for help, yet he had figured it out anyway

The man chuckled, "You've only got one bladder, take care of it

Remington, carrying the IV bottle, helped Lizetta into the bathroom, then faced an awkward moment.

"Turn around"

Remington complied and turned away

Lizetta was wearing pajamas, which were easy enough to slip out of

She steeled herself and squatted, but nothing happened for a while, and she couldn't force it

Even though they had been mated for two years, they hadn't really lived together, and doing her business in front of him, especially when they were about to divorce

As Lizetta was stuck between a rock and a hard place, Remington said.

"Lizetta, if you keep dwelling. I'll have to treat you like I'm helping a baby pee"

Probably frightened by the imagery he invoked, Lizetta finally managed to go.

The sound was a bit loud, and she instantly covered her face

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Remington caught a glimpse of her ears being flushed red as a beet, and his thin lips curled slightly.

After coming out of the bathroom, Lizetta was still blushing like crazy. She just pulled the covers over her and pretended to be asleep, with eyes shut tight.

But it seems she was so drained that she accidentally dozed off for real.

When she woke up again, the daylight was already flooding in.

Lizetta opened her eyes and saw the man, who crashed out in front of her hospital bed.

The beds in the standard ward were pretty cramped, and there he was, sprawled out, and his tall frame looked ridiculously cramped.

His usually immaculate hair was a bit of a mess, with some stray strands obscuring his noble brow and eyes.

Lizetta was stunned. She genuinely hadn't expected him to stay by her side all night.

A beam of light was slowly crawling up the hospital bed, and as it drifted toward him, Lizetta lifted her hand to block the morning rays from hitting his face.

In the quiet filled with drifting dust, she traced the lines of his face with her gaze.

*Honey, your hubby may have a bit of a sharp tongue, but he's pretty caring, you know. You had a fever again in the middle of the night, and he looked after you the whole time; he was pretty patiently at that,"

whispered the old lady in the next bed

Lizetta snapped back to reality and gave the old lady a small smile.

"I see you two aren't completely out of love. Why rush into a divorce? All couples have their spats. Give it some more thought before you do something hasty."

Lizetta's smile was tinged with sadness.

"It's not a rash decision. It's been well thought out. We can't make it work anymore, and our relationship isn't what you think it is," she said.

The old lady sighed, not pushing the matter further, as they were strangers, after all. Then she got out of bed to take a stroll.

While Lizetta was lost in thought, one of her hands that had been shielding Remington's face was suddenly held in his grasp.

She looked over, and there he was, awake. Lizetta's heart tightened as she fell into his deep eyes.

"You're awake, huh?"

Remington didn't move, and just lay there holding her hand.

"Not that kind of feeling? So what is it between us, then?"

Lizetta hadn't expected him to overhear.

Her voice was hoarse as she replied, "You know"

"I don't, enlighten me," Remington said, while lifting his head with a cold smile playing on his lips.

Lizetta bit her tongue, "Broth—mmph." NôvelDrama.Org: text © owner.

Her words were cut off as Remington suddenly leaned in and sealed her lips with his, silencing all her

unfinished sentences.

His breath was scorching, and his kiss was fierce.

Lizetta was forced to tilt her head back, engulfed by the heat wave, and perhaps it was the night before her eyes that was too heartwarming and beautiful.

She easily succumbed to his teasing and passion, forgetting to resist, forgetting even to breathe.

By the time she came back to her senses, her face was beet red.

Remington finally let go of her, and rest his forehead against hers; his eyes were deep and intense.

“Siblings? So you think what we’re doing now is incest?”

Lizetta was panting: her mind went blank, and she struggled to comprehend his words.

It had been him who always pushed her away and rejected their relationship, leaving her in the cold for four

years.

He was t

the one who refused to have children and thought of it as incest.

His large hand caressed Lizetta’s face, “Lizetta, I wouldn’t kiss my sister like this, you get that?”

Lizetta felt a pang of unspeakable bitterness, and her eyes started welling up.

Afraid he'd see it, she quickly lowered her head.

Remington had only recently been willing to kiss her, so now, he no longer saw her as a sister, but purely as a

woman.

"Liz, tell me, do you really feel nothing for me, no love at all?"

At that moment, Remington's pale fingers gently lifted Lizetta's chin.

He stared into her eyes with his deep gaze, and asked softly.

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Remington's words got Lizetta's heart racing faster than any sweet nothings ever could

But before that sweet feeling could spread, it was quickly replaced by bitterness

If this had happened six months ago, heck, even two months ago, she'd be over the moon.

But now, it's just too late.

Even though her heart still skipped a beat, she no longer wanted to look back, nor did she have the courage

1. to.

Lizetta looked at the man she loved, her pale lips curving slightly.

“Yeah, the feelings are gone.”

Her words sent a chill through Remington, who tightened his grip on her chin.

“Did you ever love me?”

A pang of pain hit Lizetta’s heart. How could she have not loved him? She hadn’t even moved on yet.

But then she remembered that night when she was stitched up, lying in bed, and felt she needed his

concern.

But he was nowhere to be found. When she finally got through to him on the phone, being nervous and hopeful, she confessed her feelings

“I’m sorry, brother, I like you”

She still remembered his cold response.

“Stop calling me “brother. Doesn’t it make you sick? Lizetta, you really stop at nothing to stay with the Dashiell family!”

He said she disgusted him, and that her love made him sick.

After that, Lizetta never dared to confess again.

At twenty, they got married, and she told him.

“Remi, I’ll be the best wife; I would take care of you and stand by you, through thick and thin. Can you try to work on this marriage with me?”

She hid her love for him in plain words. How could the best wife not love her husband?

But he said, "Lizetta, save your energy. Let's just have a marriage of convenience, which would be better for both of us."

He threw at her a marriage of convenience contract. Even so, she was foolish enough not to give up.

Two years of draining effort.

Now, Remington was asking this question again. How was she supposed to answer?

The truth would just give him another chance to humiliate her.

They were getting divorced, and there was no need for any of this anymore. Lizetta didn't want to be entangled with him any further.

She looked at Remington and shook her head with conviction.

"No, I don't love you."

Chap

In her heart, she silently thought that, yes, one day in the future, Lizetta would definitely not love Remington

anymore.

She could do it.

Remington stared at the woman before him; her eyes were clear and calm, devoid of any emotion

He knew what she looked like when she lied, and it was nothing like the calm she showed now.

She had never loved him.

Remington's lips curled into a mocking smirk, and his expression remained unchanged as he released the grip on Lizetta's chin

He stepped back, standing up

"That's for the best. You're right, divorce is indeed our best option

Lizetta pursed her lips, and her eyes and brows bent slightly

"Yeah, Remi, after the divorce we can be like before, I

But Remington cut her off, while looking down on her with a cold gaze.

"You're wrong. I, Remington, will not be siblings with my ex-wife! Lizetta, stop dreaming. We will never be siblings in this lifetime! It won't just gross me out, and my future wife won't accept it either After the divorce, we'll be strangers until death."

Lizetta's face turned ashen, her expression freezing, and she felt hollow in her heart.

After a while, she barely managed a smile

"Okay, I understand."

Remington scoffed, "Lizetta, you'd better not show your face around me again?"

“Okay.”

“Get the 3 million together, and I’ll let you go.”

“Okay.”

Watching the woman coldly responding with ‘okay after ‘okay, Remington felt a chill in his bones.

She didn’t love him. The woman who stayed by his side out of obligation was pale, sad, and tired, and clearly not happy.

She just wanted to escape.

Holding onto her was meaningless.

With those words, Remington, without giving Lizetta another glance, strode away.

His figure disappeared at the hospital room door, and Lizetta collapsed back onto the bed and had tears break through in an instant.

She curled up, unable to stop shaking, with the taste of blood in her mouth.

He had let her go.

Lizetta could feel it; this time he really wouldn’t hold her back or make things difficult for her again. This is the property of Nô-velDrama.Org.

It was exactly what she wanted, so why didn’t she feel any relief?

Maybe because, after all, she had lost her brother too.

Lizetta cried for a long time. When she finally calmed down and grabbed her phone to call Yolanda to pick her up, she saw the photo Evelina had sent.

In the photo, Remington was wearing the same clothes he had left in that morning, in a club's private room, and Evelina happily nestled in his embrace.

Lizetta's emotions drained from her eyes; at that moment, she felt an immense relief.

She was glad she hadn't fallen for the man's warmth and attempts to hold onto her, and she hoped, truly hoped, that this time Remington had really let go.

Chapter 156

Hospital parking lot.

The black Cullinan hadn't even settled into the parking spot before its owner was ordered to scam from the hospital.

Cedric had picked up breakfast this morning and packed it in a thermal container, but didn't manage to deliver it to the ward.

The tension inside the car was thick enough to cut with a knife. Remington, sitting in the back seat, had his usual poker face, but Cedric could feel a crushing and destructive vibe in the air.

He seriously felt like bursting into tears.

He thought that after the boss cared for the missus all night, they'd kiss and make up today.

But how did things get even worse?

All the way, Cedric was on pins and needles, not daring to utter a word.

Cedric thought the boss being like this would affect his work, but instead, Remington didn't even go home to change. He headed straight to the Starlight Group.

He immediately got into work mode, and his efficiency that morning was through the roof, more than ever before.

After wrapping up the morning's work and returning to the office, Cedric reported the afternoon's schedule.

"Ms. Hawthorne's solo concert. The lady of the house just called to remind you not to miss it."

Remington nodded, signaling he got the message

Looks like he's really going.

Cedric was utterly baffled. Could it be that the boss actually has a thing for Ms. Hawthorne?

He left the office, and after sitting for a moment, Remington reached out and pulled open the bottom drawer of his desk.

When the drawer slid open, he took out a brocade box and a diary.

The brocade box was the one on hand when Lizetta smashed the cake against the car window.

Opening the box, he found there was a top-notch, heirloom jade bangle from the Dashiell family.

Remington gently caressed the bangle, and his eyes darkened.

He suddenly clenched the bangle; his grip was so tight that his veins popped on the hand, as if he was about to crush it to pieces.

After the surge of uncontrolled, violent emotions was quickly suppressed, he eventually placed the bangle back in the box.

The lid of the brocade box was closed, as if it would never see its owner again, and would be forever sealed in dust.

Remington tossed the box back into the drawer, and the diary that came with it fell to the floor.

As the diary opened, the old pages revealed a familiar handwriting full of character—a stream of tender thoughts from a young girl.

Today is the 1196th day I've loved Lucian.

That prow was hied with Lucian's name

A few teardrops blurred the handwriting, which was the silent testimony of a young girl's secret crush

The irony was that Lizetta had learned to write by copying his handwriting

Using a script so similar to his to write these words, she'd protest if you called her heartless.

Remington stared at the diary, his gaze heavy with shadows, then he suddenly lifted his foot and stomped down herd on it.

The next day.

Timothy came to the Starlight Group for a project meeting. After it ended, he insisted on tagging along with Remington back to his office for a cup of coffee. This is property © NôvelDrama.Org.

Absorbed in the project cooperation document, Remington ignored him.

Cedric brought Timothy his coffee, but after one sip, Timothy scrunched his face and set it down. He looked at Remington behind the desk.

“What’s the deal here, why does your coffee taste different? Don’t tell me you’re messing with me on ригрове.”

He stood up and walked over to Remington’s desk, leaned over, and took the cup of coffee in front of Remington, taking a sip.

Having not touched his own coffee, Remington paid no mind to him.

But Timothy frowned soon after, “This is just as bad. Who made this, wasting such good coffee beans.”

He put down the coffee cup. “No shade, Remi, but it’s tough to downgrade, huh? Did you change assistants? The one who used to make the coffee.”

Before he finished speaking, Remington slammed the project document on the desk, and the chill in the air soon spread.

“Noisy!”

Any sane person would take the hint at this point, but Timothy was one to stir the pot; he raised an eyebrow. “Got it, it was Litchi who used to make the coffee, right? No wonder it’s not the same; she could give baristas a run for their money. Remi, for the sake of this coffee, you better sweet-talk her back.”

Remington lifted his eyes, and his gaze was as cold as ice.

“I’m not in a good mood today, and I’m itching to do something painful; care to give it a shot?”

Feeling a chill run down his spine, Timothy immediately zipped his lips and headed out.

Cedric came to see him off; Timothy pulled out his phone and started scrolling as he walked towards the elevator, still keen on gossiping.

“What’s the deal with Remi and Litchi?”

Cedric gave a polite smile and shook his head; it was not that he didn’t want to spill the beans, but he was clueless about it too.

However, Timothy seemed to have spotted something shocking; stopping in his tracks, he exclaimed.

“Whoa, savage. Your boss and the lady are really going for it separately, huh?”

its

A couple both trending for the wrong reasons.

Chapter 157

“What’s with both doing their own thing?”

Cedric asked, while glancing at Timothy’s phone screen, and his expression shifted slightly.

Two trending topics were almost back-to-back.

#MrDashiellRomanticFlowerGift/

#HottestRacerLucianSuspectedNewRomance #

“Sir, I won’t see you out, take care,” Cedric hastily said it to Timothy before scurrying off to the CEO’s office.

Before entering the office, he had already skimmed through the trending gossip.

“Boss, you and the missus made the hot search. You went to Ms. Hawthorne’s solo concert yesterday and the lady asked you to pick up a bouquet for her, right? Well, someone snapped a pic of you with the flowers and it’s blown up online, and it’s all the rage now”

“The missus went to Mr. Lucian Dashiell’s race last night and got caught up in a misunderstanding. Some pics that look kinda cozy ended up on the trending list too.”

As Cedric spoke, he handed over his phone, and felt a sense of unease gnawing at him.

Those photos of Lizetta and Lucian did look quite intimate.

The netizens are clueless about their relationship, so they munched on those sugar-coated rumors, and now Boss Rem being cuckolded was on the trending list.

He wondered if Remington will blow his top after seeing this.

However, Remington seemed utterly indifferent to the online scandals, simply stating, “Isn’t it time for the video conference? Get ready.”

Cedric, taken aback, pocketed his phone again, “What about the trending stuff?”

“Get mine pulled down,” Remington instructed.

Cedric nodded, “Got it, so obviously the missus’ will be,”

He subconsciously thought that the gossip about Lucian and Lizetta would be taken down as well.



But Remington spoke up again with a chilly tone, “Leave the rest, and don’t report her matters to me anymore.”

“Huh?” Cedric was completely flabbergasted.

Remington glanced up, clearly dissatisfied with his reaction time.

“Didn’t catch that?”

Cedric shook his head quickly, “Got it.”

But as Cedric left the office, he looked back in disbelief.

Behind the desk, Remington was as composed as ever.

Yet the boss was now turning á blind eye to the missus affairs. This is property © NôvelDrama.Org.

Now there’s a real problem brewing!

In the dance studio, Lizetta sat down for a break, dripping with sweat.

Yolanda was next to her, stretching and browsing the hot searches.

“Liz, you must be trending material, getting on one list after another. But hey, netizens think you and Lucian are a match made in heaven! A wild rogue racer X ice-cool gorgeous campus belle. Wow, netizens these days are on fire; they even dug up your college beauty queen days and the dance video when you won the Lotus Cup.”

Last night, Lizetta and Yolanda went to watch Lucian’s car race..

Just as she had a few extra words with Lucian, she was snapped in so-called intimate photos and plastered online.

With Lucian being hot stuff since he came back, Lizetta got dragged into the trend.

She didn’t really care though, thinking that she was just a regular person, and the hype would die down soon, but Yolanda was gobbling up the drama.

“Lucky we went to the race yesterday, or we’d just be watching Evelina the bitch and Badass Remington trending today; talk about frustrating. Now we each have our own trend, fair and square, isn’t that great? But I bet Evelina and Badass Remington’s trending was staged by her, she always played games. As long as she kept stirring the pot, it’ll burn eventually!”

Lizetta had seen the trending topics about Remington and Evelina too.

In the photos, the man was holding a huge bouquet, probably having personally delivered it on stage to Evelina.

During the two years of marriage, she certainly hadn’t received any flowers from Remington.

The photos also captured Evelina’s parents sitting with Hanna, and the netizens were buzzing about an impending wedding.

They talked about how perfect childhood sweethearts were and how well the parents got along; some netizens had already listed auspicious dates for the year, urging them to tie the knot.

“Ha, Badass Remington is in such a rush; he barely inked the divorce papers and was already planning a wedding with the bitch! What a jerk, cheating so hard he might just split his seams!”

Lizetta was lost for words.

“Wait, my comment won’t post. Huh, looks like the trend got pulled?”

Yolanda refreshed the page a couple more times. Not only was the hot search gone, but the whole topic had been scrubbed clean; every related article, post, and comment was shown as 404.

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Oh, this is epic.

“Badass Remington’s handiwork? Yolanda asked

Lizetta nodded, “Seems like it.”

Only Remington could clean up this mess so thoroughly

Yolanda clicked her tongue, “What’s with Badass Remington? Is Miss Goody Two-Shoes about to blow a gasket? This pair of lovebirds sure has a weird vibe. They haven’t tied the knot yet they’re already out of sync?”

Lizetta just gave a faint smile, she wasn’t surprised

“Remington’s always been low-key Just cause he pulls the hot search doesn’t mean he’s got beef with Evelina. We’re not officially divorced yet. Maybe he doesn’t want Evelina to be thrust into the spotlight too soon and took flak as the other woman Could be he’s protecting Evelina”

Lizetta’s analysis was on point, no tears, no heartache

Yolanda didn't know whether to feel happy for her or sorry

It just hit her right in the feels

She waved it off, "Enough about the jerk and his mistress. I'm gonna go ship you and Lucian to cleanse my palate. Badass Remington wouldn't pull your hot search too, would he??"

Seeing that the hot search on Lizetta and Lucian was still going strong, even climbing the ranks, Yolanda said.

"This hot search is like hinting Badass Remington is a cuckold, shielding our side!"

Lizetta's gaze drifted, with a moment of tranquility in her eyes

Since Remington had removed his and Evelina's hot search, he surely knew about her and Lucian's buzz.

The fact that he ignored it clearly showed he had let go, not seeing her as Mrs. Dashiell anymore.

Which was just fine.

"Liz? you hear me?"

Yolanda's voice snapped Lizetta out of her reverie.

"Huh?"

"I said haters gonna hate. Look at this, they're mocking you, saying you're not even in Lucian's league."

Seeing Yolanda's face flush with irritation, Lizetta chuckled and ruffled her hair.

"Don't be silly, Lucian and I aren't an item. This whole 'not worthy' thing is nonsense. Why bother with them?" "That's not the point! I can't stand anyone talking smack about you! And there's this one person posing as a dance connoisseur, who mentioned world-class dance master Dories arriving in Zion City this afternoon and called her the elusive gem of our country's dance scene.

Yolanda excitedly pulled Lizetta, "You're meeting Master Dories at the airport this afternoon, right? Conta on, let's pear up to slap those haters in the facer

Master Dories was coming to the country with her legendary ballet troupe for a world tour hot in Zion C

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but at the Sea City Art Center.

She would only be in Zion City for half a day to meet a few local dancers.

It was a tight schedule, but Dories agreed to meet Lizetta during her downtime.

Lizetta had arranged with Dories's assistant Anna to pick her up from the airport and accompany her back to the hotel.

After picking up the flowers she had ordered, Lizetta was almost at the airport when Lucian's call came through.

"Litchi, I just got out of a three-hour sim training and caught wind of the hot search. Already had my assistant handle it. You good?"

"I'm fine. But Lucian, since when did you as an athlete start living like a celebrity?"

The fact that watching a car race with him had made it to the hot search was unexpected for Lizetta.

“Can’t help it, my good looks always overshadow my talent, such a hassle.”

Lizetta laughed, “Your talent is clearly overshadowed by your thick skin! Don’t worry about the hot search for me; it doesn’t matter whether it stays up or not.”

After all, pulling from the hot search costs money, and Lizetta didn’t want Lucian to go out of his way or spend extra because of her.

But Lucian sensed something off, “Litchi, you and Remi aren’t seriously getting a divorce, are you?”

Lizetta didn’t hide it from him, “Yeah, but keep it under wraps for us. I gotta go, busy here.”

Meeting Master Dories went smoothly. She wasn’t the ice queen Lizetta had expected, but rather down-to-earth and even a bit naive and romantic.

On the way back to the hotel, Lizetta played the tour guide, sharing a lot about Zion City and Sea City’s attractions and local culture.

Master Dories enjoyed their conversation a lot and insisted on having Lizetta by her side at the hotel.

What Lizetta didn’t expect was to run into Remington and Evelina at the hotel, right outside the room Master Dories had booked.

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Evelina never thought she’d bump into Lizetta here of all places. The sight of Lizetta looking all cozy with Master Dories sent a flash of jealousy racing through her eyes.

Talk about a ghost that won’t go away!

Lizetta’s gaze only paused for a second on Evelina and Remington before she coolly looked away.

As for Remington, he didn't even glance at Lizetta once, treating her like she was a total stranger.

"Remington, why is my sister here too?" Evelina asked him, looking puzzled and under her breath.

With one hand in his pocket, Remington replied with icy indifference, "No idea."

Seeing that neither Lizetta nor Remington had any intention of greeting each other, and both acting colder than a couple of strangers, Evelina figured out that Lizetta's presence wasn't orchestrated by Remington.

Evelina relaxed, with a radiant smile playing on her lips, and gave Lizetta a defiant look.

"Master Dories, that gentleman over there is Mr. Dashiell and his friend."

The blonde man by Remington's side stepped forward to whisper something to Master Dories, who then nodded towards Remington.

The man then approached and greeted Master Dories.

Listening to their smooth conversation, Lizetta, who was eavesdropping, found out that Master Dories' husband was Remington's business partner,

It was through this connection that Remington had introduced Evelina to Master Dories.

Evelina was aiming to join Master Dories' touring accompaniment team as a violinist.

Master Dories' domestic tour might not have the sizzle of a top celeb's, but it was indeed a big deal in the dance world.

If she could get into the accompaniment team, it would be a stamp of approval for Evelina's skills and would seriously level up her cool factor.

That was the deal Remington and Evelina had agreed upon before. Text property © Nôvel(D)ra/ma.Org.

Evelina would keep the baby, and Remington would pave the way for her to access resources.

"Evelina, Master Dories has agreed to listen to you play the violin later. Come over and thank her in person," Remington said, turning to Evelina.

As Evelina didn't speak a word of Iridian, she hadn't understood a thing when Remington and Dories spoke earlier.

Hearing this, she hurried over and offered her thanks in English.

But Dorles' reaction was lukewarm at best, with just a slight nod.

Master Dories then turned back to Remington, saying, "Mr. Dashiell, your Iridian is so good, and I never expected to find so many Iridian speakers in Zion City. Like Ms. Gardenia, her Iridian is spot on too, which made me feel right at home the moment I got off the plane!"

Dories then pulled Lizetta closer and, with her curiosity piqued, she asked, "But do you two know each other? Your accents are so similar!"

Lizetta glanced at Remington, with her eyes flickering slightly.

She and Remington had learned Iridian from the same teacher, so of course they sounded like.

Back in the day, it was the Dashiell family who had hired a language tutor for Remington Lizetta, just a kid of eight or nine back then, was super clingy with Remington. Whenever he was home, she'd stick to him like glue.

That's why Lizetta could speak all four foreign languages that Remington knew

Remington's cool gaze finally brushed over Lizetta for the first time

His look was neutral, merely polite, and he quickly shifted back to Dories as he said, "We don't know each other. So, is Ms. Gardenia the interpreter?"

Lizetta didn't want Remington to know about her studies abroad, so before Dories could say anything she nodded and said, "Yes, I'm the interpreter. But with Mr. Dashiell's Iridian being so good, it looks like there's no need for me here."

Dories did have an interpreter in tow, but they were delayed and would arrive on a later flight.

Lizetta happened to speak Iridian, which was a pleasant surprise for Dories. On their way to the hotel, she had temporarily enlisted Lizetta as her interpreter.

Evelina, standing off to the side, was completely lost as to what the three of them were talking about.

She felt utterly superfluous, and was crushed by a sense of humiliation as Lizetta completely overshadowed her.

With her head down and fists clenched, she brimmed with resentment.

Soon after, Lizetta accompanied Dories into a room, and once the door closed, Evelina asked.