

Illusions 71

Chapter 71

Lucian overheard their chat and cocked his head towards Lizetta, saying, "Go ahead and play with them. If you lose, I'll take the shots for you."

With Lucian backing her up, what's there for Lizetta to fear? Besides, she wasn't scared in the first place!

She grinned and gave Lucian a playful eyebrow raise before looking at Evelina, "Bring it on."

Evelina's eyes curved into a smile. "I'm so jealous of you, Liz. Even without Remi taking care of you, you've still got Lucian treating you like a princess."

Lizetta shot back with a smirk, "What, were you raised on a diet of wind?"

Evelina was taken aback.

"How else could every word out of your mouth be so loaded?" Lizetta said while shaking the dice and slamming the cup down on the table. "Your turn."

She lifted the cup to reveal a six and a five.

Wearing a sour look, Evelina shook the cup for a long time until Lulu leaned in.

"Let me do the honors for Ms. Hawthorne. I'm on a lucky streak."

As Lulu spoke, she lifted the cup – two fours. Not too shabby, but still a loss against Lizetta.

With an awkward smile, Lulu handed a glass of booze to Evelina, who took it and turned to glance at Remington.

The man, still lounging back in his leather chair, was casually smoking; with his legs crossed and resting on the coffee table, he looked utterly unbothered by the whole scene.

Evelina bit her lip, "You ask the question."

Lizetta smiled lightly, "I'm curious about something. When I was six, uncle and auntie brought me back to the Hawthorne family for a visit, and that very night you had a fever and nightmares. Nora the maid said I had jinxed you, and the next day I was sent away immediately. I heard water in your room in the middle of the night, were you taking a cold shower?"

The moment Lizetta and Evelina locked eyes, people started paying attention.

Now, Lizetta's question had Evelina's expression freezing, and she could feel the prying eyes from all around.

Back then, of course, she was all intentional. Lizetta, bruised from Hans' beatings, was kicked out barefoot in the dead of winter to buy him cigarettes, and she happened to run into the Hawthorne family's car.

Her parents took Lizetta home, and Evelina, hearing Elara crying about how pitiful Lizetta was, wanted to keep her so the two girls could grow up as sisters.

That just wouldn't do!

So she took a cold shower that night and feigned fever and tantrums, before she clung to Elara, saying Lizetta reminded her of the hellish times at the Gardenia family's, and even got Nora to vouch for her.

The next day, sure enough, her parents sent Lizetta packing early.

"What are you talking about, Liz? I would never do such a thing. You must have heard wrong." Evelina denied vehemently, but her brief stiff expression had already spoken volumes.

Lizetta didn't expect much sportsmanship from someone like Evelina, so she didn't press further and continued playing with Lulu.

Evelina sat there, feeling like she was on pins and needles, as she sensed that everyone was still sneakily watching, judging and seeing right through her.

Lulu also lost to Lizetta and, pouting, tried to get Frank to drink for her.

Frank caressed her face, saying, "Baby, I like a woman who can stand on her own two feet."

Lulu contorted her face and downed the drink.

She couldn't believe Lizetta's luck could hold out forever.

But Lizetta just kept on winning.

Throwing two sixes, she looked leisurely at Evelina, "Truth again?"

Evelina, afraid of Lizetta's cunning, picked up the glass, "I'll drink."

With a hard gulp, she tipped her head back, but then a hand reached over and took the glass from her.

It was Remington.

The man holding the glass looked at Lizetta, all cool and indifferent.

"She's not in a position to drink. I'll take it for her."

As Evelina almost had a miscarriage recently and had just managed to stay out of bed for a few days, naturally, she couldn't drink.

A smile spread across Evelina's face as she leaned intentionally into Remington's embrace.

"Liz, Lucian said he'd drink for you, and Remi is doing it for me, you don't mind, right?"

Lizetta didn't want to care, but just moments ago Remington was pouring drinks for Cassius, and now he was blocking them for Evelina.

Love and lack of love, the epitome of double standards.

Lizetta swallowed a sip as bitter as gentian, while maintaining a facade of carefree laughter.

"Sure thing, Mr. Dashiell, just don't regret it later."

Remington tilted his head back; with the drink sliding into his mouth, his sexy Adam's apple bobbed, while his deep eyes were fixed on Lizetta the whole time.

The dice-throwing skills Lizetta had were taught by him personally.

The girl had a knack for it, indeed a chip off the old block.

No one knew better than him how capable she was. Evelina wouldn't stand a chance against this little vixen, and she could bleed internally and still lose.

Remington set the empty glass down, giving Lizetta a noncommittal eyebrow raise.

Lizetta lowered her gaze with a cold laugh. The damn man wanted to shield his lover from drinks; what was there for her to be heartbroken about?

After that, Evelina and Lulu kept on losing.

Lulu was almost crying, but she was still holding up as she had a good tolerance.

And Remington, one glass... eight glasses.

Evelina said with concern, "Remi, stop drinking. I don't want to play anymore."

Chapter 72

Remington just gave her a smile with a hooked lip. "No worries."

The man, slightly tipsy, had that extra bit of a roguish charm compared to his usual cool and lofty demeanor.

His shirt collar was unbuttoned at the top, revealing a collarbone hidden in the dim light, which glowed with a blush; it was deadly sexy.

The room was buzzing with teasing: Evelina blushed, and her eyes on him were brimming with tender affection, oozing charm like nobody's business.

Lizetta suddenly felt that winning was so overrated, and her eyes burned a tad.

"Got into a spat with Remi? Come on, Lucian will show him who's boss."

Lucian chimed in; standing up and pulling Lizetta to her feet, she announced loudly.

"I'm done here, I'm gonna take Litchi for a spin on the dance floor."

Lizetta followed him, and the two quickly left the private room.

Once Lizetta was gone, Lulu perked up.

She hadn't won a single game; didn't she have any pride? Thumping her leg, she shook the dice cup and rolled a couple of fours before she prodded Evelina.

"Hurry it up. Ms. Hawthorne, your turn."

Next to her, Remington had been giving off a frosty vibe ever since Lizetta left.

Evelina, distracted, made a careless throw.

"Ahaha, I won, I won, drink up!"

Lulu shoved a glass into Evelina's hand, who turned to pass it to Remington, "Remi."

But Remington wouldn't even glance at her, and he said coldly.

"Heh, you think I'm some kind of drink buddy?"

He only takes drinks from his wife, what's this dirty, stinky stuff got to do with him!

He stood up and strode off.

Evelina froze, and Remington's tall figure was already a few steps away.

Evelina wanted to follow, but Lulu leaped onto her legs, hugging them in a drunken rage.

"You can't go! Ms. Hawthorne, how can you bail on your tab, drink up!"

“Let go!” Evelina shook her off angrily.

“Why are you being such a pain, I know, you were being sneaky with the questions earlier too, I knew it!”

Everyone in the room watched, but their expressions were varied.

Evelina felt as exposed as if she’d been stripped bare, wishing she could kick Lulu to the curb and slap her twice. for good measure.

She couldn’t back down, nor could she handle her liquor, with her eyes reddened, she looked pleadingly at Cassius.

Thinking about how Sterling family and the Hawthorne family were old family friends, Cassius looked rather conflicted.

He always thought Evelina was innocent and viewed her as someone to be pitied, as she have had her life stolen and have endured so much hardship as a child, and then her marriage prospects were snatched away.

But today. Lizetta’s question seemed to reveal a different side of Evelina.

Still, he came over, picked up the glass and drank for Evelina.

Frank came over with a dark face, pulled Lulu off and dumped her on the couch, asking Evelina with concern.

“You okay?”

Evelina ignored him and hurried after Remington.

After they left, the private room lost its buzz, and everyone quickly followed suit.

Just as they left, someone leaning on the second-floor railing, with his eyes bulging, looked down at the dance floor and exclaimed in shock.

“Holy smokes! That’s freaking amazing!”

Timothy and the others looked too, only to see, on the dance floor’s oval stage, usually a wild party, today a solo.

act.

The woman, in T-shirt and jeans, was dressed like an average college student, not a bit of skin showing.

But on stage, she twisted and swayed; every move of her was graceful and seductive, and every strand of her hair seemed to dance; her glances and turns were enchanting, full of allure.

Legs lifted, hips sent, bending over, hair flung, fluid as water yet with an edgy swing, bewitching to the core, a contradictory mix of sultry and pure.

No wonder once she hit the stage, it was hers alone, and everyone else seemed to vanish in embarrassment.

It was Lizetta.

Five minutes ago, Lucian had dragged her onto the dance floor, close to the stage, then suddenly leaned in and

shouted in her ear.

“Remember what teacher Yvonne said? The stage is yours as soon as you step on it! Go for it.”

Before Lizetta could grasp what was happening, Lucian had hoisted her onto the stage.

Lizetta truly enjoyed the spotlight, and in almost a second, she was in the zone.

She danced like no one was watching, totally unaware that the stage had turned into her personal showcase, stunning everyone.

Until the music in the bar abruptly stopped, and after a series of flashing lights, the entire dance floor fell silent.

Then, the frenzy kicked back in.

Lizetta stood frozen on stage, with her mouth agape, as she saw men and women in the crowd start to passionately embrace and kiss.

The lights flashed again, and she thought she saw Evelina grabbing the tall man and standing on tiptoe to kiss him.

And the man, embracing her, lowered his head.

Bang!

With a loud noise, lights were out, and the dance floor was plunged into darkness.

Amidst the darkness, the sound of kissing all around was enough to send shivers down the spine.

Lizetta's mind, however, was still flashing with the image she just saw; she stood there, pale as death, as if she

was trapped in everlasting night.

Then, someone grabbed her ankle with a greasy, nauseating touch, and dragged her down from the stage.

Chapter 73

Lizetta freaked out, stomping her feet in panic.

Out of nowhere, another hand popped up, grabbing at her pants, tugging at her calf.

Lizetta wanted to scream in terror, stumbling, about to be dragged off stage by a bunch of groping hands.

Suddenly, a force wrapped around her waist and pulled her into an embrace.

Then, Lizetta heard a series of blood-curdling screams, and the hands groping her vanished into thin air.

A commotion broke out beneath the stage.

Lizetta was spun around in someone's arms, carried away from the edge of the stage.

Her heart still racing, she instinctively looked up to say thanks.

But before she could speak, her chin was grasped, and a man's slightly rough fingertips rubbed over her lips.

Then a masculine scent overwhelmed her, muffling her voice completely.

Lizetta's eyes widened as she realized she was being kissed forcefully, her lips pried open with dominant aggression.

"Mmm. Mmm!"

Lizetta trembled all over, raising her hand to slap the man's face hard.

Her wrist was gripped tightly by the man, and when she tried to knee him, he reacted quickly, pinning her firmly in his arms.

He was tall, lifting her off the ground by the waist, her toes dangling, powerless.

Just as she was about to bite him in fear, the hand on her wrist moved, forcing her hand against his cheek.

Tears of humiliation threatened to fall, but the familiar touch made her pause.

Her fingers traced the man's prominent brow.

Finally, he loosened his grip a little, "It's me."

His husky, familiar voice drained all the strength from Lizetta, and she slumped into his arms.

He didn't completely move away from her lips, their mouths still grinding softly, sparks flying between them.

Lizetta's mind went blank, with only one realization.

He was kissing her!

Remington was actually kissing her!

Seemingly sure she recognized him, Remington abruptly lifted her chin and sealed her lips again fiercely.

His masculine pheromones enveloped her, overpowering.

He ravaged her with his kiss, uncontrolled and fierce.

His breath was scorching, igniting her.

Lizetta's body turned to mush, completely overpowered, melting into him.

With her eyes closed, her eyelashes trembled, belatedly soaking in the familiar embrace and scent.

It was tranquil, affectionate, thrilling, and haunting.

The thing she had longed for, yet couldn't attain.

She should have felt excitement, sweetness, but for some reason, a sourness tinged her nose, tears welling up behind her closed lids, streaming down her face.

Tasting the salty tears, Remington seemed to snap back to his senses.

He stiffened, lifted his head, and let her go.

That was when the bar lights suddenly blazed, the music blaring.

The dance floor came alive again.

Lizetta looked up, her teary, reddened eyes reflecting the bright lights, her little face pitiful with tears, yet her cheeks flushed and lips quivering with desire.

Remington's Adam's apple bobbed, his eyes unreadable.

He scooped her up and strode away from the stage.

Carried in his arms, Lizetta felt weary and puzzled. If he was here, who was with Evelina?

Over there.

Evelina pushed away the person holding her, growling angrily.

"What the hell? Get off me!"

up and she

She turned and squeezed into the crowd, heading towards the stage, but by now, many had climbed up couldn't spot Remington anymore.

Instead, she saw Lucian dancing closely with a short-haired beauty and asked loudly.

"Lucian, where's Remi and my sister?"

Lucian glanced at her, "What time is it? They probably couldn't wait and went home to get a room. If you need something, go check it out."

The hottie dancing with Lucian was annoyed, wrapping her arms around Lucian's neck, swaying her hips, and shoving Evelina aside.

“Who’s she?”

“Just someone who doesn’t matter.”

Evelina stumbled from the shove, and someone took the chance to cop a feel of her chest, pushing her to the brink of collapse.

Chapter 74

Remington scooped Lizetta into the back seat and then hopped in himself.

Cedric fired up the engine and, sharp as a tack, hit the button on the console to raise the partition.

The confined space was all man-scent.

The tingling at the base of Lizetta’s tongue was a not-so-subtle reminder of the recent events.

Her cheeks were burning up, and leaning against the window, she was almost pressing her face against the glass in embarrassment.

Remington glanced at her and couldn’t help but feel a bit helpless.

Lazing back in his seat, he looked pretty chill and in a good mood, giving the huddled Lizetta a sideways look.

“You carrying some germs or something?”

Lizetta scowled and shot back a glare.

“You’re the one with germs!”

What was he on about, saying she had germs right after they'd kissed.

"Why you keeping your distance then?" Remington raised an eyebrow.

"If I had germs, you'd be the first one to catch 'em!"

Remington cracked a smile and suddenly leaned in close.

"How would you pass them on? Like this?"

He tilted his handsome face and his lips gently brushed against her rosy ones.

Lizetta froze like she'd been zapped.

Remington chuckled, "Seriously, was that your first kiss?"

Lizetta felt mocked. Of course it was her first kiss, but clearly not his.

His kissing skills were top-notch, nothing like a newbie's, so good she couldn't even kid herself about it.

When Lizetta thought that he might have honed those skills with Evelina, her blush faded, replaced by a sick feeling of disgust that almost brought her to tears.

She glared at him, her words dripping with sarcasm.

"Oh, how refreshing. Two years married and you're asking if it was my first kiss. Don't you feel like it's a slap in the face to your manhood?"

Remington felt the sting of clear revulsion in her eyes.

His expression turned icy as he pulled her over to him, sitting her down on his lap.

“Yeah, your excuse for a kiss was pretty fresh too. No need to sugarcoat it.”

was quiet,

He leaned in slowly, cupping her face, kissing her swollen lips, her eyes glistening with tears. The kiss was tender, and lingered longer without the bar’s chaos.

Lizetta’s tongue was enveloped, her lips sucked gently, his hand threading through her hair, cradling the back of her head, as if he was controlling her thoughts just as easily.

When she was out of breath and pushed against him weakly, he finally let her go.

His suit pants were all wrinkled from her grip, and Remington, breathing hard against her shoulder, was like a caged wild animal, radiating danger.

And boy, was his reaction obvious, and he seemed pretty stoked too.

Lizetta dared not move, afraid to set something off, her blush spreading from behind her ears

her neck.

Neither spoke in the silent car, just their uneven breaths filling the space.

After a while, Remington finally looked up at her flushed face.

“Dumb bunny, ever heard of breathing?”

Lizetta, feeling ridiculed, tried to slide off his lap, but Remington gripped her waist and leaned in for another kiss. Lizetta dodged and thought, “what’s with this guy, suddenly can’t get enough of kissing?”

Now that her head was clear, she wasn’t in the mood to play along.

She put her hand up to block Remington’s lips, “I’m not going back to Oakridge Heights.”

Before Remington could frown or get mad, she pushed him away and sat beside him, adding slowly.

“Let’s make a stop at the hospital first.”

Remington, still in a pretty good mood after seeing her kiss-bruised lips, decided to indulge her.

He tapped his shoe against the partition.

Cedric lowered it.

“Change of plans, head to the hospital first.”

At the hospital, Lizetta got out and Remington draped his jacket over her shoulders.

The night had turned cold, and Lizetta, hugging the jacket close, hurried into the building.

After making sure Thaddeus was fine, they both headed back to Oakridge Heights.

The bedroom had indeed been redecorated; new sofa, new carpet, but Lizetta had lived there for two years. The sudden change was a constant reminder of Evelina’s intrusion that day.

Chapter 75

"I'm gonna hit the shower first."

Lizetta looked away and had already stepped into the changing room to grab some fresh clothes. Remington loosened his tie, unbuttoned his collar, and slumped on the couch, rubbing his temples wearily.

Back in the private box, Lizetta didn't hold back, and he ended up knocking back quite a few drinks.

Now the booze was kicking in hard, making him feel pretty lousy. In the past, she would have been all over him with worry, probably would've made him some hangover soup by now.

Watching the woman head to the bathroom with her PJs, without a backward glance, Remington felt even more down in the dumps.

A mix of feeling slighted and lost, like he was being ignored.

Lizetta showered in record time, blow-dried her hair until it was damp, and then stepped out of the bathroom.

Remington was nowhere in sight in the bedroom, but the lingering scent of alcohol he left behind was unmistakable.

Lizetta thought about Remington's not-so-great stomach, and considering he had her back tonight against those creeps at the bar, who knows what would've happened without him, she decided to go find him.

Sure enough, there was a light peeking from the study. Lizetta pushed open the door to see the man on the phone behind his desk.

She didn't disturb him, just closed the door and went downstairs.

“Lizetta is my wife, her big bro is also my brother-in-law. It’s only fair he stays in the Dashiell family’s VI hospital suite. I don’t care who ordered what, if today’s stunt happens again, you’re out of here, got it?”

Remington was on the phone with the hospital head honcho. Shortly after hanging up, Lizetta had whipped up some hangover soup and knocked on his door.

But when she walked into the study, she saw Remington on the sofa area, hurriedly pulling down his sleeve as she entered.

“Why aren’t you in bed yet?”

Lizetta put down the hangover soup and suspiciously reached for his hidden arm.

“What are you up to?”

“Nothing, is that hangover soup for me?”

As Remington reached for the bowl, Lizetta grabbed his arm, yanked up his sleeve, and her eyebrows knitted

together in concern.

“What the heck, why isn’t this cut healed up yet?”

Remington’s arm was still bandaged up, blood seeping through it.

He reassured her, “I got bumped into at the bar, it was almost healed. I’ve re-applied some ointment and re-bandaged it, it’s nothing.”

He pulled his sleeve back down, but Lizetta's frown didn't fade.

Was it from when he got hurt sticking up for her on stage?

She couldn't help but get imitated, "You're injured, and you're drinking?"

Was Evelina really worth him neglecting his own health, to drink on her behalf and play games?

Remington raised an eyebrow, "Weren't you the one who told me to drink?"

Lizetta was on the verge of exploding, scoffing as she handed him the hangover soup.

"With logic like that, how has the Starlight Group not gone under yet?"

After handing over the soup, Lizetta stormed out. Remington watched her go, a sly smile on his lips...

At least she had the decency to make him some hangover soup.

He took a small sip and winced.

"Man, that's nasty. What is this, poison?"

Meanwhile, Lizetta returned to her room to find a few new messages on her phone from an unknown number. Opening them, she found photos of Remington and Evelina abroad – different settings, different seasons. different outfits. It highlighted Remington's neglect over the past four years and his time spent with Evelina.

Lizetta had wondered if Remington had met up with Evelina during his business trips, if he was having fun with another woman overseas while she missed him. But seeing those pictures laid out in front of her was like

a

punch to the gut.

Teeth clenched, she dialed the number straight away.

The call was cut off. Evelina, of course, was too scared to pick up, fearing a recording or worse, a complaint.

Now, even if Lizetta took it to Remington. Evelina could easily deny a random number.

Realizing this, Lizetta blocked the number, and just then the door opened, and the man stepped in.

Lizetta was seething. She pulled up Evelina's contact and called directly. Sure enough, it was picked up almost instantly.

Lizetta sneered and tossed the phone onto the sofa, then turned and walked towards Remington. She tiptoed. wrapping her arms around his neck.

"What took you so long? I've been waiting forever."

She too had a rebellious streak and a thirst for revenge. Evelina had been disgusting her repeatedly, so why not give Evelina a taste of her own medicine?

Chapter 76

Remington was caught off guard by Lizetta's enthusiasm, and pleasantly surprised.

Almost instantly, Remington got some kind of signal, grabbed Lizetta by the waist, took a couple of steps, and then the two of them tumbled onto the bed.

His large hand was burning hot, wandering up Lizetta's calf, pushing the silk nightgown up until it bunched at her waist, revealing her irresistibly gorgeous legs.

"So into it, huh? You want it?" His hand was kneading her slim waist while his husky voice was softly nibbling at

her car.

Lizetta turned her head to dodge his breath and caught a glimpse of her phone still lit up on the couch.

Wonder if Evelina is fuming with anger. She'd better have a blowout with that jerk later.

"Ouch! That hurts, take it easy."

He nibbled the soft spot behind her ear and Lizetta's eyes misted up as she clenched her fists and thumped him. "Focus! And don't you dare get on stage to dance again without my say—so!"

She had no idea how many people she dazzled on stage today or how many guys were going crazy with desire.

At that moment, he was itching to drag her down, hide her away, pin her beneath him, and not let anyone else get another glimpse.

"I'll dance if I want to, I- Mmm!"

Before Lizetta could finish her sentence, Remington's head lowered and he kissed her deeply, his unique. masculine scent engulfing her.

His hand glided under her nightgown, over her smooth back, pulling her tender body against his, their bodies rubbing frantically, stirring up the deepest desires.

“Already melting without a touch? Lizetta, admit defeat to me, say we won’t divorce, and I’ll give you anything.”

Remington’s kisses trailed from her eyebrows to her nose tip, down to her dainty chin, spreading downward to her neck.

His voice was low and teasing, almost bewitching.

Lizetta was kissed into a daze, but at the mention of divorce, she suddenly snapped to attention.

She opened her eyes to see the phone on the couch had switched to the home screen; Evelina had hung up.

She pushed Remington away fiercely. “Back off, I want to sleep!”

Remington, still buzzed from the booze, was intoxicated by the soft, fragrant woman beneath him, her clothes still on, which was making him even more heady.

Rejected suddenly by Lizetta, his desire unquenched, his temper flared.

With one hand, he pinned her wrists above her head and gripped her chin.

“You get all fired up over not divorcing, you that eager to leave me? Lizetta, I am not someone you can come and go as you please, provoke or push away whenever you feel like it!”

With that, his fingers hooked around the collar of her nightgown and yanked it open with a sudden force.

Lizetta had no chance to resist as he took her right then and there, pulling her into a whirlpool of passion.

The phone on the table started buzzing again, this time it was Remington's.

Lizetta, spurred on by anger, lifted her body and bit down on his Adam's apple.

eyes

Adding fuel to the fire, his Adam's apple bobbed rapidly under her lips, and he tilted his head back, his swirling darkly.

forgotten you

"Don't bite like that, lesson from the first time?"

Lizetta instinctively recoiled, her eyes brimming with tears.

The first time was on her eighteenth birthday night; he wasn't sober, and she was too naive.

The injury was pretty bad, stitches were needed, and she couldn't get out of bed for several days. Even thinking about it now made Lizetta feel utterly embarrassed.

"Then be gentle."

She was worried about the baby. Remington leaned down to kiss her, his voice muffled.

"I can't be gentle, you've ignited a raging fire in me, feel it yourself."

He guided her hand down, and Lizetta's face flushed red. She resisted, but her fingertips eventually landed on his chiseled abs, igniting an even deeper blaze.

That night, she trembled beneath him like a delicate flower in the rain, like a small boat tossing in the waves.

He blocked her, pushed her.

Her refusals were silenced, even her moans turned sweet, completely conquered by him.

The buzzing phone was long forgotten and ignored.

In the heat of passion, her vision darkened as his large hand covered her eyes again.

He always did this; they never tried any other way.

What it meant when a man wouldn't look at her in bed, Lizetta didn't know, but she was sure it wasn't a good

sign.

Her heart soured, and she reached up to pull his hand away.

In the past, he held on tight. Lizetta thought it'd be the same this time, but to her surprise, his hand moved away easily.

When his face came into view, he was also tightly embracing her, reaching a climax.

Chapter 77

Evelina called Remington three times, and nobody picked up.

Thinking about what they were up to, she couldn't help but slam her phone against the wall.

She stormed out of the club and even checked the hotel upstairs. She pulled some strings, but there was no sign of Remington and Lizetta booking a room.

So, did Lizetta tag along with Remington back to Oakridge Heights or what?

Weren't they about to split for good?

Why the heck did she go back? What a homewrecker!

And Evelina thought of those suggestive noises she heard on the phone. It didn't take a genius to picture the steamy scene, making Evelina green with envy, wanting to scream her lungs out.

No way!

She wasn't going down without a fight!

Why should Lizetta, the phony princess, get all the good stuff!

While Evelina was fuming with impotent rage, Lizetta was zonked out asleep.

When she woke up the next day and moved a bit, the silky sheets caressed her even silkier skin, and the naked feeling brought all of last night's memories flooding back.

The vision of a man on top of her, dripping with sweat and looking all kinds of sexy, made Lizetta's cheeks turn crimson, and her heart flutter.

They'd done it three times last night, and the last two rounds, Remington didn't even bother to cover her

Two years of marriage, and he never kissed her, not even during the most intimate moments; he never wanted to face her.

But last night was different; he kissed her, and he was hooked, even in bed, it was different.

Even if Lizetta didn't want to overthink, her mind was running wild.

She forced herself to stop and reached for her phone; it was nearly eight.

There was a message from Yolanda. Lizetta quickly sent her an emoji, and Yolanda immediately called.

"Liz, why didn't you come home last night? Also, did you see the news on Twitter?"

Lizetta felt awkward admitting she'd followed Remington home, the whole night was a blur, and she was still in a muddle, so she instinctively hid it from Yolanda.

"Oh, I spent the night dealing with stuff at the hospital. What's up online?"

It was normal for Lizetta to stay at the hospital since Thaddeus had a close call; Yolanda didn't suspect a thing.

"Some blogger spilled the beans on Twitter that Remington was messing around in a bar last night, even locking lips with some hot chick on stage for everyone to see. They posted a blurry pic, and I swear it's badass Remington. Evelina even chimed in. You better check it out. When the heck are you and badass Remington getting hitched? If you drag it out, the whole world's gonna know he treated on you."

Lizetta was speechless.

She'd just libbed to Yolanda and didn't dare tell her the hot chick might be her.

She hung up, about to check out the Twitter drama with Evelina, when the door opened, and Remington walked in

with a tray.

Lizetta instinctively sat up, tugging the sheets to cover herself.

"Why cover up? I was the one who bathed you last night."

Without him mentioning it, Lizetta hadn't even noticed.

She'd been so wiped out she'd fallen asleep right away, and now she was all clean and dry, obviously thanks to Remington's handiwork.

He'd never done that before; they didn't even sleep in the same room at night.

Lizetta's face flushed with a mix of embarrassment and sweetness, her heart racing.

Remington had already stepped up to the bed, seeing her shy away, he set the tray on the nightstand and leaned in.

"Aren't you going to thank me?"

Lizetta glanced up at him with a reproachful look, "How could you?"

She started, her voice a bit raspy, and then she closed her mouth, embarrassed. Remington's lips curved slightly, handing her the cup of water on the tray.

“Grunt and sweat all night, you must be parched, have a sip.”

Lizetta’s face heated up again, feeling like smacking him.

She took the cup and drank, soothing her dry throat, then Remington handed her something else.

“Take your medicine, too.”

Lizetta saw the little pill pinched between his fingers, felt like she’d been slapped out of the blue, her blood running cold.

It was a contraceptive pill.

“We ran out of condoms at home, I’ll be careful next time.”

Seeing her hesitation, Remington lifted his hand to rub her head slightly apologetically.

The condoms they had before were tossed out because of Hanna’s tampering, and there were more in the dressing room, but Evelina threw those out last time she visited.

Since Lizetta hadn’t come home these days, he’d forgotten to buy more, so they hadn’t taken precautions last night.

Lizetta took the pill from his hand, looked up at him, and suddenly smiled.

“So scared I might get pregnant, eh? Next time we’ll have to be extra careful, maybe wear two condoms with a layer of cooling gel in between. If the inner one breaks, I’ll know, and if the outer one breaks, you’ll know. That’s safe enough.”

Remington frowned unhappily. “Lizetta!”

Chapter 78

Lizetta's face went ice cold, "What if I'm actually knocked up?"

After dropping that bomb, her heart squeezed tight with anxiety.

She thought, Remington, please don't let me down, our little peanut is listening too.

But the guy's handsome mug had already turned frosty.

"Just pop the birth control and you won't get pregnant!"

*There's no such thing as a surefire bet, what if?" Lizetta clenched her water glass.

Remington looked like he'd rather be anywhere but here, his face oozing impatience, and he snapped, "If you're preggers, get rid of it! Take the pill!"

Lizetta's heart felt like it was wrapped in a tight mesh of barbed wire.

She forced a smile, bleak as hell, tipped her head back, fished out the pill, and tossed it into her mouth.

She took a swig of water, swallowing hard.

Slamming the water glass on the nightstand, she grabbed the duvet and got out of bed, took a couple steps but then spun around, fixing a hard stare on the man whose expression was hard to read.

"I misspoke earlier, let's make it crystal clear, there ain't gonna be a next time between us!"

Last night might as well have been a dog bite! Jerk!

Lizetta stormed into the bathroom, slammed the door, and spat out the pill she had been hiding under her tongue with vengeance.

Bitterness spread in her mouth, she quickly grabbed a water glass to rinse, but tears dropped relentlessly into the sink.

She couldn't figure out why Remington had to be like this.

Dangling hope in front of her only to crush it into dust over and over again.

After washing up, Lizetta finally calmed down, gently touched her belly, and whispered, "Hey little one, let's make a deal, let's pretend that crap we just heard was a fart, vanished, unheard, okay? I love you and will protect you. The world's still a beautiful place, you just grow healthy and meet me soon."

Exiting the bathroom, Remington was gone.

Thinking about what Yolanda had said, Lizetta logged off Twitter and saw the gossip blogger's posted photo.

In the pic, a tall, strapping guy strolling off the stage, a delicate figure in his arms. The man's broad shoulders shielded the woman almost completely, leaving only her little legs dangling from his arms, swinging.

The pic was blurry but oozed intimacy.

This morning, Evelina tweeted and tagged that blogger.

Evelina, [He's low-key, please cooperate, thanks, photo.jpg]

it was

Talking about keeping it low-key, but the photo she attached was of herself holding a wine glass, though it filled with juice. In the reflection off the glass, you could barely make out a man's stern profile.

Netizens zoomed in on the photo, identifying the silhouette as Remington.

And that wine glass? Turns out it was exclusive to the Maplewood Club, the same place the gossip blogger had been.

Case closed, the woman kissing Mr. Dashiell on stage last night? Evelina.

The blogger deleted the photo after being called out by Evelina, who politely replied no worries.

By the morning, Evelina had gained a few hundred thousand followers from flaunting her love life, with

[The hot and gentle violinist dating the austere, loyal, and smoldering CEO, oh my god, what a perfect combo, I'm dead.]

(Where can I sign up for a childhood sweetheart CEO boyfriend? Asking for a friend, kinda urgent.)

[Mr. Dashiell's so dominant, won't even let Evelina drink at the bar.]

Evelina was even mingling in the comments, getting praised for being down-to-earth.

If Lizetta hadn't been the main character of that bar incident, she might've believed all of it herself.

She fe

felt so grossed out, but now she doubted even more that Evelina's kid was Remington's.

That Evelina, never a true word out of her mouth!

Lizetta headed downstairs, ready to leave.

“Where you heading?”

From the dining room came a man’s voice.

Lizetta looked over to see Remington sitting at the dining table, newspaper in hand, bathed in a flood of sunlight from the floor-to-ceiling windows, casting a warm glow around him.

Ditching the suit jacket for a simple grey sweater and casual pants, there he was, sitting in the morning light by the dining table, looking less like an ice king and more like a cozy hubby, pretty easy on the eyes.

But remembering what he’d just done, what he’d said, Lizetta thought even a pig looked better than him.

She looked away and kept walking.

“Eat before you go!” Remington’s voice was deep and firm.

Lizetta wasn’t about to listen to him, didn’t even look back, but just as she reached the entrance, she was blocked by four bodyguards and ushered back inside.

Fuming, she stomped back to the dining room. Remington hadn’t even flinched, still cool as a cucumber, eyes on his paper.

Only when he heard the chair scrape did he leisurely fold up his paper, set it aside, and picked up a fancy box from the next chair, sliding it across to Lizetta.

Chapter 79

Lizetta could tell it was jewelry without even looking. Remington knew how to play the game—slap you one minute and hand you a candy the next. He was slick.

Was he training a dog?

Lizetta cracked a smile, but the very next second, she grabbed the brocade box and chucked it at the jerk.

“Ouch!”

Who would’ve guessed she nailed him right on his arm wound, causing Remington’s brows to pinch together.

Lizetta got a bit flustered, practically jumping out of her skin.

But she quickly settled down and fired back, “Don’t even try to play it up! It was just a brocade box. Anyone else might’ve thought I threw a brick at you!”

She served herself a bowl of porridge. The scumbag was infuriating, but a girl’s gotta eat.

The little one inside her belly needed nourishment, after all.

In her head, she was secretly gloating. “Baby, I just gave him what he deserved for you.”

But her joy was short-lived because she noticed blood seeping through Remington’s arm, staining his light grey sweater red.

“Why the heck is it still bleeding? Don’t move, I’ll go grab the first-aid kit.”

Lizetta put down her utensils and scurried off.

She carefully untied Remington's bandage—thankfully, the wound hadn't reopened, just a bit of oozing.

As Lizetta reapplied the medicine and bandaged him up again, she couldn't help but express her concern, "What did the hospital say about your blood test last time?"

His wound had been dragging on for half a month, not healing properly, which was totally not normal.

Remington glanced at her, "How sweet of you to care."

Lizetta shot back. "Don't get it twisted. I'm just checking if you've caught some deadly disease, so I can prepare to inherit your massive fortune."

"Don't hold your breath. The blood tests came back fine; nothing to worry about."

He said it so casually, but Lizetta was even more worried now.

On her way to work, she still called Cedric to ask about Remington's wound.

Cedric's voice was heavy, "Preliminary results didn't show anything, but the doctor wants to send the samples abroad for a more detailed analysis. It'll be a few days before we get the results."

Cold sweat broke out on Lizetta's palms. If there were no problems, why the need for an international checkup?

"Ma'am, Mr. Remington doesn't like people fussing over him and doesn't take that injury seriously. I'm a bit worried. You'll have to keep an eye on him to make sure he's properly medicated and changing his bandages."

Lizetta's heart sank. Even if the love was gone with Remington, he was still her brother.

There were bonds that couldn't be cut, especially since his injury was connected to her.

"Got it," she responded.

Cedric hung up and glanced at the rearview mirror.

"Mr. Remington, Mrs. Lizetta seems really worried. Her voice changed and everything. If you keep this up and she

finds out, she's gonna be even more pissed."

Remington, sitting with his legs crossed reviewing documents, didn't even look up but his thin lips slightly curled.

"If you keep your mouth shut, she won't find out. Mind your own business!"

Remington's arm injury happened when he dived into the deep sea to help an injured diver, spending too long in seawater, leading to inflammation and pus.

He had it cleaned up before returning home, but why the wound hadn't healed these past few days, Cedric was clueless. Still the boss was surely tougher than a bull."

Cedric hesitated, then said, "Mr. Remington, I think you should be honest with your wife."

Remington looked up, "My wife just called to check on me. If I remember correctly, your girlfriend hasn't even contacted you since you've been back, right?"

Cedric was speechless.

But Remington just smirked. He was different.

His wife cared about him alright. Just last night she made him a hangover soup, and she purred like a kitten in his arms all night long. This morning, she nearly cried when she saw his arm was still not healed.

Even though they had a spat in the morning, she still called Cedric, clearly still concerned about him.

Cedric glanced back unintentionally and almost popped his eyeballs out.

Was Mr. Remington love-struck?

His expression was like a young man in the throes of spring.

Cedric blinked hard, and as Remington raised his cool gaze, Cedric shrank back in his seat.

Scary stuff, he must've seen it wrong.

Lizetta had just arrived at the Mermaid Restaurant when she ran into Mr. March, the guy who had hassled her before.

Dressed in a white suit today, he looked like a modern-day Prince Charming, walking towards Lizetta with a bunch of flowers.

"For you, Ms. Gardenia. Hope you like them."

Behind him, a few restaurant servers cheered, and Lizetta almost rolled her eyes at the sight of the big bouquet of roses made from cash.

“For me?”

“Yeah, if you like them, I can send them every day!”

Daniel thought Lizetta was charmed and pushed the bouquet closer.

Lizetta sidestepped and nodded.

“Then I’ll use this cash to pay you to never show up in front of me again, OK?” Dropping that line, she briskly walked into the restaurant.

Chapter 80

Daniel’s smile froze, and he was utterly humiliated. Linda, a waitress dressed as a maid, sidled up to him.

“Mr. March, Lizetta’s playing hard to get. She’s not into these flowers, but I sure am. How about you give them to me instead?”

Linda was easy on the eyes, and normally, Daniel would’ve jumped at the chance with such a beauty throwing herself at him.

But ever since he laid eyes on Lizetta, she’s all he can think about.

with

a rare gem right in front of him, all other jewels just look like plain rocks.

“Scram!” he snapped angrily.

Linda couldn’t save face and ran off crying, her hands covering her face.

And Evelina, watching from a car across the street, caught the whole scene.

This morning, April stumbled upon a video on a short video platform titled “The Most Beautiful Mermaid” and showed it to her. That was how she found out Lizetta was doing mermaid gigs here.

She came to check it out for herself and didn’t expect to catch such an entertaining scene.

“Wow, the young madam of the Dashiell family, slumming it as a mermaid to make ends meet. Looks like Lizetta’s not having a grand time with the Dashiell family,” she said with a satisfied chuckle, leaning back in her

seat.

April, sitting beside her, chimed in. “She’s got no family backing her up, and her reputation’s in the gutter. How could she be taken seriously? Not like you, Evelina, born with a silver spoon.”

Evelina smirked, leaned in, and whispered some instructions to April.

“Be careful with it.”

This time, she was determined to ruin Lizetta once and for all!

After her performance, Lizetta stepped out of the restaurant and noticed she had missed several calls from Yolanda half an hour earlier.

Calling back immediately, Yolanda picked up right away.

“Liz, you need to get to the hospital now. I’ve arranged a prenatal checkup for you.”

“Huh?” Lizetta was taken aback.

“No time to explain. Hurry over, they’ve started shooting. The director’s on my case.”

Lizetta had been anxious about not having a prenatal checkup.

She agreed and immediately hailed a taxi to the hospital.

Yolanda might be a bit of a loudmouth, but she’s reliable. Sure enough, everything was set up smoothly.

An hour later, Lizetta sat in the gynecology waiting room, a bit on edge and fidgeting with her fingers, when she heard a voice of surprise.

“Lizetta? What are you doing here?”

Lizetta looked up to see a pregnant woman with a big belly standing in front of her, equally surprised.

“Lydia? Are you here for a checkup?”

Lydia had left her job when she was about four or five months along, not showing much, but now her belly had

blown-up ball

Life grabbed Uzette. “Yeah, I have a relative who works in OB/GYN here, so I registered. What about you.

take the could continue, her number was called over the loudspeaker, She hurriedly said,

“Ks my turn go for the checkup first and we can catch up later”

Stendes of saving Lizette relieved

Lite 56 se 100w back at the president's office, Cindy, the secretary who was close to Lydia, was looking at a o see Lys had sent her from the 08/07 waiting room. The photo was taken from a distance to capture

the only do strow Lyde, but also the OB/GYN sign and half the people in the waiting room.

Growned in on the photo checking out Lydia's complexion, but was suddenly drawn to a figure in the some of the gas caring in surprise,

So she's pregnant too, that's why she left her job. What's there to hide? They even said in for a look, it's really her, huh."

Just the Park sounded from behind them.

They purses, turning to see Cedric standing there, and immediately stood at attention. on purpose.

Gray stared to explain, but Crane simply reached for her phone, glanced at the photo, returned it, and

is the? Send me the photo, now."

He grows sten, Aher finishing his command, he briskly walked into the president's office.

Oro tromes and sent the photo.

No way pot a ot of gossip and now it has to be reported to the boss?

Care strode to the desk slid the phone over, "Mr. Remington, your wife's at the hospital getting a prenatal

The thing seaters kept a steady face, but his hand pressed down harder, and the pen punctured the