

Illusions 81

Chapter 81

“Did you hear that? That’s the sound of the baby’s heartbeat, strong and awesome, a healthy little munchkin right there.”

Lizetta lay on the examination bed, listening to the heartbeat echoing in the room, and her own heart—started racing as if it was hit by a wave of excitement.

Her eyes welled up as she looked at the doctor.

“That’s wonderful, thank you.”

“You’re too skinny, the baby needs nutrition. Make sure you’re eating well, and have you been taking your folic acid?”

Lizetta nodded, “Been on it for half a month now.”

Since the pregnancy test came back positive, she had Yolanda help her buy folic acid, which she’d been taking daily alongside her vitamins.

The doctor nodded, “Good, good. Consider whether you want to register here at the hospital. You can get up now.”

Jenny, who was accompanying Lizetta for the prenatal checkup, quickly stepped forward to help her sit up, beaming with joy.

“Congrats, you’re gonna be a mom!”

Lizetta’s hand rested on her belly, her heart swirling with emotion.

“Yeah, becoming a mom is kind of magical.”

As she left the exam room, the corridor ahead suddenly buzzed with commotion.

Lizetta’s heart tightened, and she had a bad feeling. She paused and stared ahead.

The crowd parted, and the tall and straight figure of a man came striding toward her.

Lizetta locked eyes with him, her heart squeezing again. His expression was usual, his handsome face revealing no emotion.

She wondered how much he had guessed. Trying to stay calm, she feigned surprise.

“What are you doing here?”

Remington had already reached her, snatching the pregnancy report from Lizetta’s hand.

“Lizetta, playing it cool, huh? How long were you planning to keep this from me?”

His large hand gripped the back of Lizetta’s neck, his touch searing.

Forced forward, Lizetta stumbled into the man’s arms. Looking down, she saw the crumpled pregnancy report in his hand, his knuckles white with tension, betraying his anger.

She looked up, her face still feigning shock.

“What are you talking about? What am I hiding from you?”

Seeing her caught red-handed yet still playing dumb enraged Remington.

His jaw clenched as he held up the pregnancy report, "What's this? Explain what '8 weeks pregnant' means?"

Lizetta burst into laughter, "So, you think I'm pregnant? Please, look closely. Whose report is this?"

Remington now saw that the name on the report wasn't Lizetta's, but a stranger's.

Jenny.

"Uh, that's mine, are you Liz's husband? There's been a misunderstanding." NôvelDrama.Org owns this text.

Jenny, who had been silent until now, stepped forward, nervously reaching for the pregnancy report in his grip.

She couldn't understand it; she was a minor actress, pretty as a picture, and yet her presence felt so overlooked.

Lizetta pushed Remington away, taking Jenny's side.

"This is my friend Jenny, I was just accompanying her for her prenatal checkup."

With a look of exasperation and leaning in closer, she whispered to him.

"Did you forget I took the contraceptive pill right in front of you this morning? If I were pregnant, do you really think I'd be drinking alcohol and popping birth control?"

Remington's piercing gaze shifted between Lizetta and the unfamiliar woman she was holding.

“Your friend? How come I’ve never met her before?”

Lizetta, clearly impatient, retorted, “You’ve been overseas so long, there are lots of my friends you don’t know.”

She didn’t want to argue further and tried to walk away with Jenny.

But Remington stepped in front of them, his gaze settling on Jenny.

“Ms. Abbott, you’re so young. Are you married?”

Jenny felt the intimidating aura of the man before her and as if her soul was being scrutinized under his deep and fathomless eyes.

She clutched Lizetta nervously, “I’m pregnant, of course. I’m married.”

“Oh? Ms. Abbott, what do you do, and who’s your husband?”

Fearing Jenny might crack under the pressure, Lizetta pulled her behind and glared angrily at the man.

“That’s enough! You grilling a criminal or something? My friend’s just gotten pregnant, and you’re scaring her half to death. Are you gonna take responsibility if something happens? Freak, get out of the way!”

Chapter 82

Lizetta was ready to hightail it out of there with Remington and Jenny in tow.

But out of the blue, Remington grabbed Lizetta’s wrist, his voice icy as a winter lake.

“What’s the rush, Lizetta? Got a guilty conscience?”

Lizetta glared at him, her lips twisted in a mocking sneer.

“Ha, why you getting all worked up? Wishing I was knocked up so you could hustle me into an abortion clinic and get it done then and there?”

Remington’s forehead vein was doing a little dance. “You know it!”

Lizetta’s breath caught in pain, she shook off his grip. “Too bad, your hopes are dashed.”

Remington let go and takes a step back.

Lizetta felt a wave of relief, but it was short-lived when she caught him giving Cedric the side-eye.

“Fetch the doc, will you?”

Clearly, he wasn’t born yesterday and wasn’t taking her word for it.

Cedric was on it like white on rice, and the same doc who’d checked out Lizetta earlier was back at the double.

Lizetta was frozen, the chill in her veins thickening as the doctor approached.

“My wife’s got a bit of a tummy ache, could you check her out again?” Remington didn’t even wait for the docto get close before stepping up.

The guy was sly as a fox; any doc would make a beeline for the patient on hearing that.

Lizetta’s palms were sweaty, head bowed, blood running cold.

“How come your stomach’s hurting? Weren’t you fine just now? Where

seat, and I'll take a look," the doc urged, reaching for Jenny.

does it hurt? Don't stand there, take a

Lizetta finally let go, stepped forward with an apologetic smile for the doc.

"Sorry for the mix-up, didn't mean to waste your time, she's alright."

Jenny's nodding along, the doc's puzzled.

Lizetta looked over at Remington, "Satisfied, Mr. Dashiell?"

Remington's stony-faced but seemed 90 percent convinced, gave the doc a nod.

"Sorry, it was a misunderstanding."

Once the doc scooted off, Remington turned to Lizetta.

"Cedric will take Ms. Abbott, I'll drive you back."

"No need!" Lizetta'd got an edge to her voice, helping Jenny out the door.

In the elevator, not until the doors shut did she let her guard down, fear and panic flooding in.

"Liz, you okay?" Jenny was worried.

Lizetta took a deep breath, steadied herself, shook her head at Jenny.

“Thanks for that.”

“No biggie, see? Told you I can act and keep tight-lipped. But your hubby’s a looker. Who’d have thought, with looks like that, he’d be such a piece of work, ready to off his own kid.”

Lizetta was biting her lip, still hearing his icy “get rid of it echoing in her ears, treating their baby like trash.

Her face was pale, Jenny’s still gabbing away.

“Good thing you spotted your ex-colleague and were prepped. We even had the doc in on it and man, she could act! Almost had me fooled—talent’s really hidden in the most unexpected places.”

When they exited the elevator, Lizetta was back in control, carefully supporting Jenny,

They hopped in a cab and take off, Remington too got in his

Cedric’s at the wheel, couldn’t quite figure out what Remington was thinking

Not sure if Remington was happy or not about Lizetta not being pregnant, he didn’t dare make small

“Check into that Jenny.”

“Got it.”

“Back to the office.”

When Remington was back at his desk. Jenny’s background check was already on his plate

“Jenny’s married, secretly tied the knot with some B–lister, and she’s classmates with Miss Yolanda. Looks like Lizetta became friends with Ms. Abbott through Yolanda.”

All the info checks out: Remington’s last shred of doubt evaporated.

But as time went on, he would regret this day, over and over.

He was so close to the truth, yet why didn’t he grasp it?

Chapter 83

Remington had headed back to Oakridge Heights early, pulling up to a stop.

Leaning back in his seat, he was eyeing the villa with a gaze as heavy as the air pressure around him.

The place was pitch–dark, a dead giveaway that Lizetta hadn’t come home again.

He lingered in the car, not getting out, until Cedric piped up. “Mr. Remington? You freaked out Lizetta’s friend at the hospital, she might be steamed. Maybe you should sweet–talk her a bit?”

Remington glanced over. “And how do you suggest I do that?”

“Grab a bouquet? Throw in some sweets, girls dig that stuff. Flowers and treats always cheer them up.”

Cedric felt partly to blame for today’s fiasco and was eager to make amends, throwing out suggestions left and right.

Remington’s lips curled into a mocking smile. “Girls also dig jewelry, don’t they?”

He hadn’t forgotten the morning’s episode, where he pushed a jewelry box towards the girl, only to have it chucked squarely at him.

Remington was starting to think his assistant was becoming useless; his skills were going downhill.

Forty minutes later, in the shadows beneath Yolanda's apartment building.

There he was, in the driver's seat, with a bunch of gaudy red roses, courtesy of the florist's hard sell, sitting on the passenger seat.

Sixth floor, lights off. Lizetta wasn't back yet.

He glanced at his watch again, pushing nine o'clock, growing impatient, when he spotted a familiar graceful figure sauntering by with a shopping bag in tow.

Remington reached for the flowers, ready to step out.

Then a tall, lanky guy caught up with Lizetta, taking the shopping bag off her hands with a bend of the waist.

They knew each other, obviously, chatting and laughing as they walked up.

The guy even patted Lizetta on the shoulder, and instead of ducking away, she beamed back at him, all smiles.

Remington's movements froze, the emotion draining from his eyes.

Next thing he knew, the two chatted for a bit outside the building. Lizetta waved goodbye cheerfully to the guy before taking the bag and heading inside.

The man stepped back, gazing up, watching the lights flick on floor by floor until they hit the sixth, then he turned and left.

Sitting in the car, Remington let out a snort.

She wasn't ticked off, not by a long shot. She seemed in high spirits, simply not in the mood to come home,

that's all:

Stepping out, he tossed the roses into the trash bin and drove away

Before heading home, Lizetta had made a run to the corner store for some necessities and bumped into Granny Susan's grandson from the neighborhood.

Granny Susan had taken a tumble by the flowerbed a few days back, and Lizetta was the one who found her and called the ambulance.

Granny Susan's grandson had been waiting to give her the good news that Granny was stable now. Lizetta was genuinely pleased.

Old folks fainting could lead to big trouble; she could rest easy now.

Once home, she went to pour herself some water and heard a familiar car sound from downstairs.

Lizetta, glass in hand, walked over to the window for a peek.

A sleek black sedan, Remington's ride, was pulling away smoothly.

She paused for a second, but it was just that—a second. Then, with a cold Indifference, she drew the curtains shut.

The next day, around noon, Remington wrapped up an International meeting and headed back to his office. Right then. Fiona's call came through.

He sank into his office chair, fingers deftly loosening his tie a notch, and answered the call.

“Grandma.”

“You little rascal, are you asking to be written out of the will? What kind of mess have you gotten yourself into now? Can’t have kids is one thing, but scandals all over the place! Liz hasn’t kicked you to the curb yet, she’s practically a saint!”

Fiona’s booming voice cut through any greetings Remington might have had.

He pulled the phone away slightly, waited for her to finish her tirade, then emotionlessly brought it back to his ear.

“What scandal?”

“Don’t play dumb with me! Are you back at it with that Evelina? There are pictures online, a full-on make-out session in a bar! I’m an old lady who knows how to surf the web, you know!”

Chapter 84

“No way, Granny, most of the stuff on the internet is bogus. You’re up there in years – surfing the web could be bad for your health. Remington rubbed his temples in frustration.

“Don’t try to pull the wool over my eyes. If Liz bolts, you’ll be crying rivers!”

“She’s not going anywhere; she can’t live without me.”

“Oh my dear boy, did you skip washing your face this morning?”

“What?”

“How else can you be so full of hot air!”

Remington was speechless.

“Get a move on and clean up this internet mess! And pick up Liz for lunch. I want a video call to see you two together!”

“Got it.” After hanging up, Remington called Cedric in to give him instructions.

*Scrub the online gossip.”

Cedric was a bit taken aback: Remington usually didn’t give a hoot about such rumors.

He used to say that the Starlight Group spoke through its achievements the boss’ personal life wasn’t a big

deal, and he wasn’t keen on wasting the company’s PR resources on his own affairs.

There had been a rumor or two with some female celebrities in the past, all given the cold shoulder.

Just like Remington said, once the buzz died down, it was old news.

But this time, it seemed he wanted to step in.

“Right, Mr. Remington, I’ll get the PR department on it.”

Must be because of Lizetta, has Remington finally seen the light?

Cedric felt like he'd hit the jackpot today. He was about to leave when Remington added another task.

"Check where she is and book a restaurant."

He didn't specify who 'she' was, but Cedric caught on quick.

Cedric was efficient: he was back in less than ten minutes, though looking a bit hesitant.

"Mr. Remington, Lizetta is currently at the Mermaid Restaurant.

Remington stood up, grabbed his suit jacket, and headed out.

"Who's she having lunch with?"

He glanced at his watch; it was still a good while before lunchtime.

Cedric bit his lip. "You might want to see for yourself, Boss."

The Bentley slowly pulled up outside the restaurant. Just as Remington was about to get out, his phone rang – it was Hanna.

He glanced at the screen, didn't pick up, and turned off the phone as he stepped out and walked into the restaurant.

It was the lunch rush, the restaurant dimly lit to mimic the deep sea atmosphere, yet most tables were empty.

Instead, a throng of customers surrounded a huge glass tank in the middle, snapping photos and recording with

their phones.

Kids were shouting excitedly amidst the bustling noise.

Remington felt irritated, his phone vibrating incessantly as if it wouldn't stop until he answered.

Annoyed, he answered the call, and Hanna's urgent voice burst through.

"Remington, Evelina is pregnant! She's pregnant, how can you still not hurry up and divorce Lizetta!"

Remington's face was stone-cold, "How do you know she's pregnant?"

He scanned the room but didn't spot Lizetta, his icy gaze turning to Cedric.

Cedric, feeling the pressure, pointed towards the crowd. With a slight frown, Remington made his way over.

His height advantage allowed him to see over the crowd to the mermaid swimming in the large glass tank.

She wore a large silver fishtail that wrapped only up to her hips, her upper body almost bare except for two tiny seashell-shaped bras that barely covered anything, revealing vast expanses of smooth, pale skin and a curvaceous figure.

Her hair flowed behind her like seaweed, a red rose clenched in her teeth as she smiled and blew kisses to the audience, mimicking a heart shape with her hands.

She was as enchanting as a real deep-sea mermaid, stunning and spellbinding.

But this also managed to make Remington feel dizzy and his handsome face turned ashen.

He was so livid he was practically ready to explode, and at that moment, Hanna's voice echoed in his ear.

"Is the baby in Evelina's belly yours? Is that my grandchild? Remington, I want you to divorce Lizetta immediately and marry Evelina."

Chapter 85

Remington's eyes were glued to the glass tank, his hand clutching the phone so tight his veins were popping

out.

He looked calm and collected, but his jaw was set in a hard, barely contained anger.

"Who told you the kid's mine? I'm not planning on getting divorced, so back off!"

He cut Hanna off with a cold voice and hung up the phone without another word.

His gaze never left the figure in the glass tank, and he took another step closer, his face turning even sourer.

Cedric seriously wondered if, in the next second, Remington would ball up his fists and smash the tank to pull his wife out with his bare hands.

"Mr. Remington, please keep your cool!", Cedric pleaded.

Remington gritted his molars to keep from losing it right then and there, and barked, "Clear the area, now!"

"Mr. Remington, you're making a big scene: keeping Lizetta's mermaid gig under wraps is gonna be tough."

A vein in Remington's forehead twitched, perhaps his stare was too piercing because Lizetta turned over, and when she glided to the other side, she met his gaze.

She froze for a moment, a stream of bubbles escaping her lips.

He was stone-faced, but Lizetta felt like his eyes were throwing daggers.

She got a little flustered and quickly turned her gaze to the group of kids plastered to the outside of the tank, giving them a wink.

Her noon show lasted a total of forty minutes, and after diving in and out of the water a hundred or so times, Lizetta was gasping for air and swam up to the surface.

But before she could fully emerge, a large hand reached into the water, grabbed her arm tightly, and yanked her out with a swoosh.

Fresh out of the water, Lizetta's eyes stung, her face dripping, and she couldn't open her eyes.

As she was fished out of the water and into the man's arms, the familiar strength and height instantly told her who it was. She kicked and struggled.

"What are you doing? Put me down, I'm not done performing!"

The woman in his arms was soaking wet, her skin bare, her seaweed-like hair clinging to her face and neck, her tail flicking continuously.

She looked as pitiful and vulnerable as a real fish out of water, igniting a predatory desire to dominate.

Remington's face was as dark as the depths, his voice colder than the pool water.

"Lizetta, I'm really pissed off right now! If you don't want to be stripped of your fish skin in public, behave yourself!"

Lizetta was scared stiff by his ominous tone and gradually stopped struggling.

Cedric hurried over with a cashmere blanket, but only got a glance before Remington's terrifying look made him quickly turn away, not daring to stare.

Remington shook out the blanket and wrapped Lizetta up, striding out as the path had already been cleared.

He carried Lizetta out of the restaurant, with the bodyguard already holding the car door open.

Lizetta was stuffed into the car and plopped onto the back seat.

She immediately tried to throw off the blanket and escape.

But Remington was right behind her, slamming the car door shut, and at the same time, his large hand pinned her shoulder down, keeping her firmly under his control.

"Let go! I'm working right now: what the hell are you doing?"

Lizetta squirmed, trapped under Remington's grip, his handsome face stormy, his voice cold.
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"Get lost!"

The driver wasn't Cedric, and had been completely flabbergasted at seeing Remington bring a mermaid into the

car.

At Remington's sharp command, he bolted out of the car, closing the door behind him and stepping back several

paces.

Lizetta kept pushing against Remington, her face flushed with effort.

"If you don't want us to trend for a car make-out session, then just chill out!"

Remington pressed down on Lizetta, his voice deep and cold, warning her in her ear.

Remembering their current situation, Lizetta froze, and then glared at Remington indignantly, "I'm just doing my job."

"Huh, just doing your job? Is this a real job? I taught you to dive, not to dress like this and flaunt yourself in places like this!"

Was this woman blind? Couldn't she see the lecherous gazes those men outside the tank were shooting her?

Damn it!

A cold frost covered Remington's deep eyes as he spoke, and he tugged at the two seashell bra cups on Lizetta's chest.

But the bra was so flimsy it tore off in his hands, his forehead vein throbbing, his expression even more

menacing.

“Lizetta! What the hell are you wearing?”

“Ah! Pervert!” Lizetta screamed, covering her chest with her hands, her eyes reddening from his harsh words, her neck stiffening.

Chapter 86

“I’m doing legit work here! You’re the one looking through tainted glasses. Maybe you should get your eyes checked, see if they’ve got some kind of lusty filter on ‘em, then get your head examined to check if it’s filled with nothing but junk!”

Lizetta was fuming. She was just doing her job, and somehow it got twisted into selling her body and flirting.

Did he seriously think she wanted to be a mermaid?

Her eyes were stinging from being in the water so much, having to dive in over a hundred times every half-hour, which was killing her.

If it weren’t for him blocking her path to become a dance instructor, would she have to work this hard?

Remington’s chest heaved slightly, his eyes bloodshot.

Lizetta felt a t second.

twinge of fear, shrinking her neck a little as she thought he might lose control and strangle her any

Luckily, there was a knock on the car window at that moment.

It was Cedric. Remington sat up, and Lizetta quickly followed suit, wrapping the blanket around her again. shrinking into the corner of the car.

Remington adjusted himself and rolled down the window, his profile cold and merciless.

Cedric, bending down, didn't dare peek inside. "Mr. Remington, everything's been taken care of."

All the photos and videos on the guests' phones were deleted. But man, the boss' possessiveness is off the charts.

Actually, the lady's photos were pretty beautiful, albeit a bit revealing.

But in that particular setting, it looked quite artistic, not sleazy at all.

But Cedric wouldn't dare say that out loud. He didn't want to end up dead on the street.

"Drive!" Remington, hearing that things were handled, softened his expression a bit and gave the command.

As the car drove off, the bodyguards at the restaurant finally withdrew.

From the restaurant window, Daniel watched the departing car with a sour face.

"See that? Mr. March, do you really think she's some pure and noble goddess, huh? If the price is right, she'd even do it in a car on the street. I couldn't do such a thing. Pretending to be high and mighty, all she wants is to fetch a good price."

Daniel's expression was dark as he turned back. "Is that so?"

Linda smirked, leaning in to whisper, "I even heard something else, whether you believe it or not, you could always go check for yourself."

The whole ride. Lizetta huddled in the corner, her head down, ignoring Remington.

Before long, the car stopped, and Remington got out and picked her up from the car.

Lizetta was topless, still in her soaking wet, enormous mermaid tail, which got stuck in the car door. Remington yanked it out, splashing his suit pants with more water.

His face darkened, but Lizetta just sneered.

She looked around and noticed it seemed to be a hotel.

“What are you bringing me here for?”

Remington looked down at her with a cold smirk. “To gut and skin a fish. The chef here is the best at filleting.”

Remington carried her into the elevator and soon into the presidential suite on the top floor.

He threw her onto the bed, and the blanket fell open.

She covered her chest with one hand, trying to hide under the covers, but with her legs trapped in the tail, her movements were restricted. Before she could hide, Remington was on her, grabbing her arms.

He had somehow removed his tie and used it to bind her wrists tightly.

When he let go, Lizetta’s hands and feet were bound, leaving her helpless on the bed, truly at the mercy of his blade.

She was both angry and ashamed, glaring at him.

Only then did she notice his black suit was a mess, dampened and wrinkled, not looking shabby but somehow more dangerous.

He knelt on the bed, his icy gaze fixed on her as he methodically took off his watch, tossed it aside, and began unbuttoning his shirt cuffs and shirt buttons.

Lizetta had never seen him like this, radiating aggression from head to toe.

Her face turned pale. "What are you doing, don't mess around!"

After undoing three buttons, Remington, seemingly impatient, ripped his shirt open.

The buttons popped, and his shirt flared open, revealing sexy pectorals and a perfectly sculpted six-pack. "Teach you a lesson!" he sneered with coldly pursed lips, his gaze sweeping back and forth over Lizetta's tail. "How do you mermaids mate? The mermaid princess had to walk on knives for the prince. Should I take a blade and open you up too?"

He sounded serious, his tone dark and foreboding, not joking at all.

Lizetta swallowed nervously. "I'm not a kid anymore, you can't scare or trick me."

Before she could finish, she saw Remington actually walk over to a side table, pick up a fruit knife, and head towards her with a sinister smile.

Chapter 87

Lizetta was scared stiff as she propped herself up, her knees awkwardly and clumsily shuffling backward, a bitter irony in her strong demeanor.

"Mr. Dashiell, when did you start moonlighting as a sushi chef, how come I—ah!"

Remington came over, his hand wielding a knife that he thrust down fiercely.

Lizetta screamed, closing her eyes.

Of course, there was no pain, but when she opened her eyes, she saw her large tail fin pinned to the bed by his knife, unable to pull it free despite her efforts.

She was immobilized.

Remington sat down beside the bed, casually tugging at the pinned tail fin, asking.

*Realized your mistake yet?"

Lizetta didn't think she had done anything wrong. She turned her head, tears swirling in her eyes.

"I earn my keep, and if you think I've shamed you or tarnished the Dashiell family name, then hurry up and let's get the divorce papers."

Her words only fanned the flames, and Remington's face turned cold as he gripped the knife handle and slashed upwards.

Rip!

Lizetta clenched her eyes shut, feeling as if her legs had felt the cold sharpness of the blade.

In an instant, her tail fin was split, and although she broke out in a cold sweat, her legs were finally free.

She bent her knees and kicked out at Remington.

The man grabbed her feet and bent them upwards, Lizetta's knees pressed into her stomach, a humiliating position that left her immobile, her face red with frustration. © NôvelDrama.Org - All rights reserved.

"Do you think I'm dead? Or that I'm lacking money for food and clothes, that you need to go out and do this to support yourself?"

His

s expression was gloomy, and Lizetta, biting her lip, was too tired to speak.

He had never been stingy with money towards her. Even when he wasn't home for the past two years, his secretary would transfer half a million to her account every month, and the latest fashion and bags were delivered to her door on time.

Jewelry too; she had it all.

From a young age, he had given her the best.

But because of this, Lizetta could never hold her head up in their marriage, lacking the confidence to even stand

tall.

She felt greedy for desiring his love, feeling unworthy.

"Speak up!" Remington angrily pinched Lizetta's chin, forcing her to face him.

Tears were in her eyes, but her lips curled up in self-mockery.

“Right, you’ve never wronged me. I’m like your pet canary. No, at least a sugar daddy gets pleasure from keeping a pet canary. But you don’t love me. After marrying me, you came home even less, spending years abroad. You shouldn’t be called Devil Remington; Poor Remington suits you better!”

She owed him a great debt, feeling that even liking him was a desecration, dirty.

Since her first crush at fourteen, she had worked hard to make money, paying into the Dashiell family account every year, trying to repay what she could.

She thought that once she had paid it all back, maybe then she could leave the Dashiell family and pursue him with dignity.

Unfortunately, later on.

Her efforts were probably a joke in Remington’s eyes.

“So I’m just the big sucker, am I? Splurging money and energy on an ingrate. Ha, at least an ingrate has warm blood, unlike you, now a cold–hearted, cold–blooded mermaid of beauty.” Remington scoffed coldly.

Lizetta felt a tightness in her chest, “Then stop being the big sucker. I’ll leave with nothing. Shouldn’t you be happy? You can marry Evelina; she’s pregnant. Aren’t you in a hurry to avoid having your child born a bastard?”

“Of course, I’m in a rush.”

Remington released her legs, seemingly unwilling to look at Lizetta any longer.

Thrown to the side, Lizetta’s tears leaked from the corners of her eyes, her heart dying.

It was laughable that she had once doubted Evelina’s child was his because of the slight difference in his behavior towards her and had even thought about verifying it.

Ridiculous.

“Leaving with nothing is too easy for you. I’ve said before, divorce will cost you three million. I raised you, I can’t just let you go for free, to the benefit of some other man.”

The man spoke again with a cold voice, and Lizetta laughed, “Then don’t get in the way of me making money.”

Before she could finish, Remington flipped her over and pressed down on her.

Lizetta, worried about the baby in her womb, struggled and pushed, “Get off me!”

“With what you earn as a mermaid, I’ll be in my grave before you can pay back three million. Instead of being so clear-cut with me, why not just sleep with me? I’ll pay you two thousand each time. Stop acting like a paragon of virtue in bed! What do you say? Agree, and for last night’s three times, I’ll transfer the money right away.”

Chapter 88

Lizetta was staring at Remington in disbelief, her face ghostly pale, and her lips trembling.

Seeing her like that, Remington felt like his normally cold heart got a little squeeze.

His handsome face softened a bit, but when he thought about what she had been up to lately, he felt a lump in his chest and just couldn’t bring himself to sweet-talk her.

In the midst of this standoff, the ringtone of a cell phone broke the silence.

Remington rolled out of bed, grabbed a dagger, and casually cut through the tie binding Lizetta’s hands.

Immediately, Lizetta burrowed into the covers.

Picking up the phone, Remington's expression turned gentle.

"Yeah, when have I ever not played by the rules? Alright, alright, I got it."

It must be Evelina.

Lizetta realized that hearing him coddle someone else didn't sting as much anymore; it felt numb and dull.

Was that a good thing?

While she was pondering, Remington sat down next to her, straightening his shirt.

"Granny wants to video call us."

Lizetta froze, and Fiona's call came through, with Remington sliding to answer it promptly.

Lizetta scrambled to wrap herself in the blanket, while Remington pulled her close for the camera.

Fiona broke into a grin upon seeing the young couple together and said to Lizetta,

"Liz, honey, all that gossip about kissing in a bar is just tabloid trash. Remington also said it's not true. I took care of it, so don't you worry. And if Remington ever gives you trouble, you just tell me."

It turned out that Fiona had seen the rumors online and was concerned. She laughed.

"Granny, the woman Remi was hugging in the bar was me; I wasn't mistreated."

Fiona clutched her chest in relief. "That's my boy, I knew Remington wouldn't go chasing skirts! He doesn't have the EQ for juggling women."

Remington was speechless.

Lizetta nodded with a smile, but her heart sank.

In fact, Remington had been looking elsewhere, but it seemed his emotional intelligence wasn't quite up to

scratch.

Other guys could have flags waving all over town and still keep things tight at home, but maybe Remington just didn't bother to hide it, or perhaps he didn't care about her feelings.

"Granny, don't worry, we're not fighting," Lizetta beamed, eyes twinkling.

*Liz, dear, let me tell you, before Remington was born, your mother-in-law had a minor surgery, and I always suspected the doctor left a piece of gauze inside her, and that's why Remington turned out so twisted. Be patient with him, and if you really get mad, just hit him, whip him with a belt, he won't dare to hit back!"

Lizetta didn't know what to say.

"Granny, I'm right here, you know," Remington said with resignation.

Fiona suddenly noticed their surroundings, her eyes lighting up.

"Are you two at a hotel? Oh dear, I didn't mean to interrupt. Okay, you kids carry on, I'll hang up now."

The screen wobbled as Fiona seemed to remember something else and chimed back in.

“Liz, put a pillow under your hips later, trust Granny, it works.”

Before Lizetta could clarify, Fiona had disconnected.

Feeling embarrassed. Lizetta blushed and burrowed deeper into the blanket, glaring at Remington with annoyance.

“You did that on purpose, didn’t you?”

Knowing full well that Fiona was going to call he still took her to the hotel and put her in this situation, letting Fiona jump to the conclusion that they were there to make babies.

Remington looked down at her. “If we didn’t come to the hotel, were you planning to dress up as a fish and go out for a swim?”

Lizetta didn’t want to discuss it further.

*Granny wants great-grandchildren, and since you’re obviously not going to have a baby with me, stop getting her hopes up. Evelina’s pregnant. If you’re worried Granny won’t approve of your thing with her, just tell her. She’ll agree to our divorce for the sake of the child. And if you’re worried that a divorce will look bad for the company, we can just get the certificate and not announce it. It’s not like it’ll have any impact since we’ve been secretly married anyway.”

She tried to talk to him in a calm and collected manner, but her heart still ached with the words.

She had decided on divorce and hadn’t wavered.

Whether in marriage or love, both parties need to be equal for it to last. She and Remington were n footing; it was a lopsided marriage from the start.

never on equal

She had been too greedy, always hoping that Remington would fall for her, but even without Evelina, their relationship was doomed.

Chapter 89

Remington's handsome face was the picture of calm, his deep eyes cooling as he fixed them on Lizetta.

"Mrs. Dashiell, you're such a sport, always looking out for me. Since that's the case, if Granny isn't a fan of Eve, could you maybe put in a good word for her, help me sway her?"

Lizetta was floored; she was already bending over backwards, and now Remington had the nerve to ask her, his actual wife, to pave the way for his mistress.

She clenched her fists, taking a deep breath to keep from planting one right in Remington's smug face.

For the sake of the divorce, she bit her tongue.

"Fine, I'll do my best."

Who would've thought, after agreeing, Remington's face would turn even colder. He suddenly stood up, looming

over her.

"Most Touching Character of the Year – they should really create a Devoted Wife Award just for you."

Lizetta was livid. If this guy wasn't her brother, she'd be drawing circles and hexing him to drop dead in the street in a minute.

Remington stormed out, slamming the door behind him, leaving them at odds once again.

In the car.

Seeing Remington with a frosty look on his face, Cedric internally sighed for what felt like the thousandth time.

Couples' fight didn't last long, but here Remington and his lady were, taking their spat to a hotel, and still no make-up in sight.

Remington left so quickly, Cedric was starting to wonder if the boss had lost his touch.

"Sir, do you want me to get Mrs. Dashiell's belongings from the restaurant sent over?"

Remington glanced over, "You got nothing better to do?"

Cedric just couldn't believe that Remington had it in him to leave his penniless wife stranded at a hotel. That's cold, man.

Remington's fingers swiped across his phone, opening WhatsApp and the chat with Lizetta, a mocking sneer at the sight of the red system notification.

"Did you find out what I asked you to?"

Remington pocketed his phone, and Cedric sat up straight.

"Got it

it all sorted. Mrs. Dashiell is juggling three jobs. Apart from the mermaid gig at the restaurant, she's also a dance double on a set and teaches private dance lessons to a seven-year-old girl. I've already made sure the restaurant won't be expecting her back. Do you want me to interfere with the other two?"

The other two jobs didn't seem too shady, Remington stayed silent for a moment before responding.

"Leave it be."

"Another thing, there's this online influencer who posted a video of Mrs. Dashiell's mermaid performance, and it's gotten quite hot. I've had it taken down, but plenty of copies are probably out there."

Remington's lips pressed into a thin line, "Got it."

He closed his eyes, clearly done talking about it.

But his mind was replaying memories of teaching Lizetta to dive, back when she was a fifteen-year-old girl, just

after her exams.

She wa

was daring and a quick learner, and thanks to her dance training, she had strong lungs and was soon free diving with ease.

She had even dressed up as a mermaid to swim with dolphins, insisting he take lots of pictures.

At night, while he was in a video conference at the hotel, she'd curl up at his feet, flipping through the photos.

Distracted during his meeting, a note slid under the table to him.

[Remington, do I make a pretty mermaid?]

It made him chuckle, and he scribbled a reply while still in the meeting.

(Don't you dare show anyone else, you're too convincing. I'm afraid you'll get snatched for experiments.)

A rustling came from below, and he glanced down to see her covering her mouth, giggling at the note.

Soon another note appeared.

[I'll be good, only for you to see.]

Remington's lips curled in scorn.

That woman, her own promises forgotten.

She shouldn't be wearing a mermaid tail; she should be wearing a fish head!

The phone rang, the hotel landline.

Remington answered.

"I don't have a change of clothes, could you send some down, please?"

Lizetta had taken a shower, only to find out there were no clothes to change into. Worse yet, her phone, purse. and clothes were all still at the themed restaurant, leaving her without a penny.

"My people aren't at your beck and call."

Hearing his cold voice, Lizetta clenched her teeth, frustration boiling over in her tone.

“Remington, you’re the one who dragged me here!”

Chapter 90

Yolanda just joined the film crew. She was the main stunt double, and they’d gone into lockdown mode for filming, so there’s no way she’s coming back anytime soon.

If Remington decided to be a jerk about it, Lizetta would be left high and dry with no one to turn to.

“Here, borrow a phone. I’ll Venmo you some cash, get the waiter to snag you some clothes, and we’ll call it a day.”

The guy seemed super impatient, and before Lizetta could even reply, he hung up on her.

Lizetta was steaming mad as she slammed down the phone, but with no other choice, she did as the man said. and borrowed someone’s phone.

She unblocked Remington, sending him a raging, fuming emoji.

When Remington saw he was back in the chat, his lips curved into a smirk, and he transferred 60 grand.

Seeing the 60k notification, Lizetta remembered his words, 20k per sleepover. Her hands trembled as she clutched the phone.

Remington waited a bit, but when he didn’t get a reply, he texted her again.

[Don’t bother with the restaurant. I’ve had someone pick up your stuff and bring it to Oakridge Heights.]

He was just about to hit send when that familiar red exclamation point popped up again. Remington couldn't help but laugh it off.

After changing into her new clothes, Lizetta cabbed back to the restaurant to collect her belongings and gave a sincere apology to the owner.

That evening, she taught a dance private lesson to a grade schooler, and it was already nine when she left the student's place.

Lizetta couldn't stop thinking about Remington's arm injury. She'd promised to take care of him until he healed, and she wasn't about to break her word.

But before heading back to Oakridge Heights, she decided to swing by Yolanda's place first.

She had a dance routine prepped for Master Dories' audition and had recorded it to show her mentor, Yovonne. The video was on her laptop, which she needed to pick up.

The building's motion sensor light was busted again. Using her phone for light, Lizetta climbed to the fifth floor and was rummaging through her bag for the keys when she caught a whiff of cigarette smoke.

Yolanda lived on the top floor, the sixth, and the neighbors had moved out.

This wasn't the brand Remington smoked.

A chill ran down Lizetta's spine. She kept her head down, pretending to search for her keys, but then she swiftly turned and bolted downstairs.

Too late.

Footsteps caught up to her. Before she could round the stairwell corner, her hair was yanked back.

“Ah! Hel—Mmph!”

She tried to scream, but a hand clamped over her mouth.

The man dragged her up the stairs. Lizetta grabbed the railing, but he had no mercy. He slammed her head against the wooden banister.

Dizzy and vision blurring, her bag and phone tumbled to the ground.

The cracked phone screen lit up with an incoming call—her emergency plea for help was answered.

Tears streamed down Lizetta’s face. Even if she couldn’t make a sound, she hoped Remington would sense something was wrong and come to her rescue.

Maybe his voice would scare off the attacker.

But then the man behind her noticed the call and stiffened.

However, the next second, a woman’s voice came through the phone.

“Looking for Remi? He’s in the shower after I got his pants dirty. I’ll have him call you back later, okay?”

And with that, the line went dead.

Lizetta felt her blood turn to ice.

At her most critical moment, she had dialed an emergency contact instead of reaching for her pepper spray—a homificaly wrong decision.

It left her in utter despair.

Apparently, the man behind her found it amusing too, as he let out a mocking laugh.

“Your emergency contact is a married man? You really do get around, don’t you? Quite the actress, aren’t you, Miss Mermaid?”

Linda said this woman was nothing but trouble, and Daniel hadn’t believed her until he saw the high-end cars showing up for her every other day.

She lived in a place like this, with fancy cars at her beck and call, it was obvious what she was doing.