

SHATTERED ILLUSIONS: LOVE, LIES, AND REDEMPTION

Chapter 1

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They said a man was most likely to cater to a woman's wishes in bed and right afterward,

After a heated romp, still basking in the afterglow, Lizetta lay spent on the man's chest, her eyes misty as she looked up at him and held out her hand.

"Where's my anniversary gift?"

Unlike her disheveled state, the man was still dressed to the nines, with only his tie a bit loosened, revealing a sharp, sexy Adam's apple.

His deep-set eyes were sculpted, with a natural cool, abstinent vibe in them. But it was this dapper dude who, just moments ago, had gripped her waist, not letting her pull away, driving passionately, pulling her into the whirlpool of desire.

Lizetta's heart was still racing, sweet anticipation brewing within.

The man glanced down at her, "What anniversary?"

Lizetta froze. He had been away on a business trip for over a month, and she thought his return today was to celebrate her birthday and their wedding anniversary with her.

She had heard that he went through quite a hassle abroad to buy a naming right to a small asteroid, and his mom had even given him the Dashiell family heirloom jade bracelet.

Either would have made her ecstatic.

"You know exactly what I'm talking about!" Lizetta huffed, reaching up to kiss his lips.

But she missed. Remington dodged. Her kiss landed on thin air; she didn't even graze his face.

Lizetta stiffened. They had done everything, but he had never kissed her. She thought today would be different, but it turned out.

A woman's sweet softness, a brief careless fling was simply not enough. Remington's body reacted swiftly, taking her hand and placing it on his belt buckle, his voice teasing.

"Not satisfied just now? Want a gift? Let's see how you perform."

Lizetta fought down the creeping feeling of disappointment, her cheeks flushing again. Though they had been married for two years, intimate encounters were scarce. She was a bit shy, pulling her hand away.

"You do it yourself," yet, leaning in, she handed him a condom.

Ostrich act, Remington snorted. His gaze fell on the condom, his eyes suddenly icy cold, his hand pinching her chin.

"Lizetta! Who taught you these nasty tricks?"

His handsome face lost the lustful heat, his voice now only cold and displeased, the earlier flirtatious warmth vanished like a dream.

Lizetta was dazed, only realizing what he meant when she saw that all the condoms were tampered with. She understood that Remington thought she had sabotaged them, just like the scheme she pulled on him four

years ago.

From head to toe, Lizetta felt a cold chill, "It wasn't me!"

She went to the drawer to find the remaining condoms to prove her innocence, but they too had been carefully opened.

Remington was already getting dressed, looking down at her from his lofty position.

"Not you? Who else would come in here?"

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Remington was a clean freak with a strong sense of territory, he didn't like servants in his bedroom

Lizetta, fearing his displeasure, took it upon herself to clean the room, something Remington was well aware of. Yet, her efforts now served as evidence against

her

With a sour feeling in her heart, Lizetta remembered her mother-in-law had visited a few days ago and had entered the bedroom.

"It was your mom."

"My mom? You think that's likely?" Remington's voice was chillingly cold,

Hanna would be overjoyed if Lizetta couldn't have children, paving the way for a divorce. Lizetta's lips moved, but she found herself speechless.

He didn't believe her, and nothing she said would make a difference. Had it she explained enough in the past?

"You're incorrigible!"

Her silence seemed like an admission, Remington's eyes sharpened, and he

turned to leave.

Lizetta, in a panic, reached out to grab his hand. Just then, Remington's phone rang. He shook her off to answer it, his voice instantly softening on the other end.

"Yeah, I know it's today. I'll be right there; you wait for me."

Lizetta faintly heard a woman's coquettish voice from the phone. As he opened the door, she grabbed her nightgown and got out of bed to follow him.

Her gown snagged on a wine glass on the bedside table, shattering it, wine splattering everywhere.

Lizetta didn't care, running to block

the door, angrily confronting him, "Who is she? Have you been with her this whole month you were away? Now you're leaving me to go see her? You can't go! You promised to spend today

with me."

Remington's gaze was cold as he looked at her, his voice as chilly as a winter night, "Lizetta, time and again, do you think you have the right to ask anything of

me?"

Lizetta's face turned pale in an

instant. The man pulled away

om

mercilessly and walked out, leaving

Lizetta leaning against the door frame, tears in her eyes, shouting, "If

you leave, we're getting a divorce!"

Down the corridor, the man's

footsteps didn't pause for a second, quickly disappearing around the corner.

Lizetta collapsed under the

weight of it all, kneeling on the floor.

When she was eight, Remington had taken her, barely alive, back to the

Dashiell

family, making her his sister in

name.