

SHATTERED ILLUSIONS: LOVE, LIES, AND REDEMPTION

Chapter 6

But this just made it even harder for Lizetta to swallow, it was downright pathetic

Her eyes were blazing with fury. "Yeah, I wanted kids before, but now, no way, no how! I'm still young, why should I go off the deep end and pop out babies for some old geezer! I'm not playing tricks, I'm dead serious about getting a divorce!"

"Ha, divorce? Screw up, trash my stuff, and then wave divorce in my face like some kind of threat! Don't forget how you landed the title of Mrs. Dashiell. You gotta earn the right to even talk about splitting up"

He just laughed off her words, not even finding them funny. He seemed livid, a vein throbbing on his forehead as he gripped her chin and commanded.

"Take it back!"

"Or what? I'll spit in your face and we'll see if you can take that back, Lizetta shot back defiantly, locking eyes

with him.

In the distance, the glare of approaching headlights shone, casting a pale light on Lizetta's ashen face and her nearly bare, alabaster body. She was terrified and tried to dodge out of the way, but Remington held her shoulder firmly. The light grew brighter, and he watched her disheveled helplessness with malicious

amusement.

Lizetta was shaking and cowering, wisely yelling out, "I'm sorry!"

The next second, the man grabbed a blanket and wrapped her up in it haphazardly, while Lizetta scrambled to the side in a panic.

He let her crawl away, picking up the shredded dress and shaking it out in disbelief.

Of course, no earring would fall out. Only then did Remington believe that the earrings were truly gone.

"Look at you, growing a backbone! Lizetta, there's a limit to this nonsense!"

Those earrings had its significance, she tossed it away over some petty issue, and had the guts to bring up

divorce.

After his cold words, Remington straightened his clothes, got out of the car, slammed the door hard, and headed for the driver's seat.

Lizetta curled up, clamping her lips shut, scared that if she opened her mouth, she would burst into tears.

He didn't love her, didn't trust her, and would never see her scars. Even now, he still thought she was just acting

up

He didn't realize the courage she had to muster just to let go of the earrings. Her face was pale, her eyes hollow and empty

Remington, with a stern face, glanced at her through the rearview mirror, feeling a twinge of heartache and an almost imperceptible panic

In the past, she would have thrown herself at him and begged for forgiveness when he got mad, but today

The car was eerily silent Back at the villa, Remington carried Lizetta, blanket and all, out of the car

Edith was at the hospital, no one was home, and the place was pitch black.

Remington carried Lizetta up to the second floor and into the bathroom. The sound of running water filled the space, and Lizetta struggled to lift her head.

"What are you doing?"

"Playing dead no more?"

Remington ripped off the blanket and dumped Lizetta right into the tub. The water in the tub was shallow and a bit cool, Lizetta's right leg was propped on the edge of the tub, her legs forced apart in a humiliating position

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She tried to pull her leg back, but Remington held her knee down.

"I've got no interest in fools flirting with death! Warm up and get out to treat those wounds, and keep your feet dry."

He left after saying that, not lingering any longer.

The water in the tub gradually warmed, and Lizetta collapsed from exhaustion.

On the balcony, Remington tore off his tie and lit a cigarette, his Adam's apple bobbing, smoke billowing out.

His voice, raspy from the smoke, spoke into the phone, giving the license plate number, "Go get those earrings back."

At the hospital lobby, Lizetta still had the earrings on; it wasn't hard to guess where they were.

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A torn set of condoms, piled up in the trash can, Remington's gaze drifted over, the smoke swirling, the irritation in his eyes slowly fading.

The same person who was scheming to have kids a moment ago, now talking about divorce, really?

Wrapped in a bathrobe, Lizetta limped out of the bathroom as Remington sat on

the edge of the bed on the phone.

"Yeah, rest up, I'll come see you tomorrow."

Lizetta's eyelashes drooped as she walked towards the sofa.

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At two in the morning, still having the

no with om

energy to mess around with someone else's man, Evelina must be some kind of angelic witch, sharp as

a tack; who needed rest? The content is on Novelxo.org! Read the latest chapter there!

She grumbled internally, and before her butt hit the sofa, Remington scooped her

up onto his shoulder.

His towering height - six foot two - made Lizetta let out a scream, disoriented and tossed onto the bed.

She scrambled up, furious and ready to cuss him out, but a wave of nausea hit,

and she rushed to the side of the bed to throw up.

Her back was patted, and Remington

handed her a tissue. Lizetta caught

her breath leaning against the d headboard, and he handed her a glass of water.

She had barely taken a sip when he asked, "Pregnant?"